WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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TOCK COMPANY IN NASHVILLE

It has been several years since ashville provided a legitimate thea- for Nashvillians. It has been en longer since such excellent work that now done by the Nashville ic Repertoire Company at the rpheum has been available for such low price.

They have already given *Death kes a Holiday*, by Walter Ferris; e bill last week and this week is *s a Wise Child*, by Laurence E. hnson; and are working on *The negar Tree*, by Paul Osborne.

If the attendance is encouraging is week, the company is planning to ay on. Surely no girl interested in od entertainment could afford to iss this opportunity to see many of e best plays that have been written ithin the last few years. There is a atinee every Wednesday and Satur- ay afternoon. Girls may attend in arties with a chaperon should the mpany continue.

GLEE CLUB TO BE IN NEWSREELS

The Vitaphone test that was made f the Glee Club just before the holi- ays is reported to have been very uccessful, and negatives of the test ave been sent to the Associated ress Newsreel.

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club has esumed regular rehearsals again in reparation for the spring concert.

COUNCIL DANCE OPENS 1933 SOCIAL SEASON

Saturday night, January 7, "Rec" Hall was the scene of another of those opular Student Council dances. The rugs and furniture were removed for the revelers. Among the guests who were enjoying the first festivity of the new year from the side were Mrs. Rose, Miss Sisson, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, and a number of chaperones and teachers.

The colorfulness of the occasion was punctuated by the number of new gowns that were worn. Among those particularly noticeable were Mary Peckham in black velvet, Ruth Sauerhering also in black velvet with a white satin cape. Wilma Baker helped to uphold Pembroke's fashion standing by appearing in a "double date" grey rough crepe. Naturally enough, Pat Mars looked up-to-the-minute in green velvet trimmed with white lace. Looking as sweet as she is in a brilliant printed silk was little Pilar Estrada, that popular Spanish missy. Among many others who have chosen grey were Rena Berry, Billie Plock, Louise Florez. Lora Gillis was in hyacinth blue.

As a special feature Pilar Estrada and Dolores Smith tangoed for the guests.

"TAKE INVENTORY," DR. BARTON ADVISES

Dr. John W. Barton was the chapel speaker for Friday, January 6. Dr. Barton compared the stock-taking process which is undertaken in stores at this time to a kind of stock-taking the students might take of themselves. "There are certain definite things you can do in stock-taking," said Dr. Barton. There will always be things to do to make the stock complete, he added.

Pointing out that the students had just as much time as before, Dr. Barton left it up to them as to how they might best spend it. He urged that the students might prepare themselves for the world to think of them.

"We neglect the fact," said Dr. Barton, "that we are a chosen few." He further suggested that the students put a full value on their school work.

"In the past twelve months have you made any gains?" asked Dr. Barton. He then stressed the importance of good will, an attribute even highly sought by all business houses. Friendship and confidence were urged as important parts in school life.

In conclusion, Dr. Barton suggested that each student put down in black and white what she thought she was worth, what progress she had made in the past year and what progress she hoped to make in the next year.

"DREAM PICTURES" TO BE PRESENTED JAN. 18

The popular and well-known Mr. Branson De Cou will make another visit to Ward-Belmont Wednesday, January 18.

His program for this evening is to be a musical travelog of art and photography through *Alaskan Wonderlands*. Memories of '98 and some authentic photographs made during that gold rush will be shown.

This famous wanderer brings to us in unbelievable reality scenes and places that we may never hope to see. The girls that were here last year will recall the pleasure that they received from his travel story of Russia.

Mr. De Cou has chosen "Liszt's Evening Harmonies" for music during the performance.

FORMER STUDENTS IN NEW YORK

Nancy Baskerville, '26, soprano, and Janie Elwood, '26, contralto, former Ward-Belmont students, are now singing in the Music Hall of the New York Radio City. The two are doing trio and ensemble work.

CALENDAR

Saturday, January 14—
Ariston Tea Dance.
Wednesday, January 18—
Branson De Cou's Dream Pictures, "Alaskan Wonderlands."

SNAPSHOTS NEEDED FOR YEAR-BOOK

The *Milestones* Staff wants to express its appreciation for the co-operation it has received from the boarders in having their pictures taken. There are just a few who have not as yet had their pictures made and these have been given the opportunity to sign up for them last Thursday and Friday.

Within the month the Staff hopes to be able to send to press all the club sections of the book. The work is steadily advancing and the book is taking shape rapidly. The Staff is working very hard to please you and to give you something in which will be reflected the entire year—you, your friends, your favorite sports, your favorite haunts. The formal pictures which Mr. Thuss has been taking of each of the students show each of you in a more or less formal mood. But the pictures which probably bring your friends back to you most vividly are the snapshots which you and your friends take of each other.

Marjorie Jacobson, business manager of the *Milestones*, has taken over the snapshot department. She has appointed one girl in each club to take snaps of her own club sisters. Even that, however, is liable to leave out someone, so the Staff asks each girl to take the responsibility of handing in at least two snaps of herself and her friends. Please do not feel bashful about handing in snaps of yourself—we are asking you to—we want this book to be truly representative of every girl in school.

Send your snapshots through House Mail to the *Hyphen* Office or give them to Marjorie Jacobson or your club snapshot representative. Anyone who has pictures of any of the faculty, administration, household, servants, or campus views are asked to send them in. Help your *Milestones* to be the best ever published.

DR. BARTON WRITES EDITORIAL FOR JUNIOR COLLEGE JOURNAL

In the January number of the *Junior College Journal* the first article, an editorial entitled "Individualized Instruction in Junior Colleges" is well worth reading. It is worth every Ward-Belmont student's attention not only because its author is our own Dr. Barton, but also because of the fact that the subject is especially pertinent to Ward-Belmont.

Ward-Belmont is a junior college and one of its foremost aims has been "individual attention to all students." In this editorial Dr. Barton discusses this subject extremely well, and points out the challenge to junior colleges is the attack of the large universities and colleges of on the problems of individual needs. It is up to the junior colleges, now, to make good in this most important of their functions, Dr. Barton concludes.

CRIPPLED CHILDREN WELCOME GIRLS

The visits to the Junior League Home were resumed last Sunday afternoon when several girls made the trip for the first time since Christmas. Upon arriving, the girls found that they had not been forgotten, and were welcomed with open arms. Gene Bradford hurried to the playroom where she was greatly in demand among the more active children, and there they played "Hiding," "Red Light," and "Farmer's in the Dell." Mildred Edmondson made her way to the little boys' ward, where she read numerous stories, while Jane Moore amused the older boys. Helene De Mun made a general pilgrimage and captured every heart with her contagious laugh.

Another popular visitor was Mrs. Nicholls, who presented lime drops to the entire group.

This visit was one of the most enjoyable so far and with real regret, did it come to an end.

HOMECOMING TO BE APRIL 14, 15, 16

The dates for the annual Ward-Belmont Homecoming have been decided upon and the school will entertain the alumnae on April 14, 15, and 16. The first announcement of the date was made in the New Year's number of the *Alumnae Journal*, which came out on December 30. This second announcement is made so that the students and faculty may know and urge any of their friends who were former students to come back and visit Ward-Belmont at that time.

Definite plans have not as yet been made for the entertainment of the visitors. Should there be any suggestions on this subject from students or faculty the Alumnae Office would be glad to receive them.

During the year many of the alumnae have written in that they were planning to return on Homecoming and so far there seems to be a long list of possible visitors. The Alumnae Association will appreciate any aid the members of Ward-Belmont may give in urging the alumnae to visit us at that time. We would like to make this Homecoming a record-breaking one in attendance and in enthusiasm.

DAY STUDENT CLUBS

The Angkor Club meeting on January 10 was held in the Agora Club house. The house is really lovely, and the sofas very comfortable.

Everybody is much excited over the basketball games which begin very soon. The girls are proud of their standing in hockey, they managed to get to the semi-finals, and they are hoping to do as well and better during the basketball season.

As there was no program, the meeting adjourned after a few announcements.

how's your glove-life?



Doing nicely, we hope, with at least one pair of kid gloves for each ensemble. Of course, they should be good gloves, any other kind will cheapen your costume. Castner's, realizing that you don't want to pay a lot for them, offers you genuine imported ones (novelties and plain slip-on styles) in black, brown, white and cream.

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OR STUFF—

And then there are those girls who seem to see life through horse's eyes. We have been clamoring for an introduction, because even though we have graced this campus these many years now, we have never had a horse's-eye view of it.

A number of girls are carrying purses to class again. It must be nice. . . .

We just wish we had known the Orpheum was opened when it gave "Death Takes a Holiday." As it is, we waited until this week and we were able to get tenth row seats for fifty cents to "It's a Wise Child." Just going automatically gives you late permission, even though you can't get refreshments afterwards. Tell me the home office doesn't guard solicitously the figures of "our girls."

Finder please keep: colds lost by students, tempers lost by same, memories lost by faculty, etc.

We notice that a great many of the Pembroke girls know "Underneath a Harlem Moon" by heart and sing it lustily *day and night*. Nancy McFaddin and Dolores Smith do it so nicely that one really doesn't mind.

Conclusion:

Third day of diet:

The starving Armenians and us are the same person—ourselves and the inner man.

CLUB CHATTER

Back to the old grind again with more vim and vigor than ever. Vacation must have done all of us good, really I never saw so much enthusiasm and joy, especially at the clubs Wednesday night, it seemed like a family reunion. It's just an old Spanish custom—kissing each other on both cheeks, you know. Anyhow, Club Village, we're glad to be back with you again.

The thought of hearing Edna St. Vincent Millay speak on the radio took a number of parties to Club Village Sunday evening. It is rumored that the party at the Osiron house missed the program because a certain Anti Pan big shot, so to speak, and another certain Del Ver, with the eyebrows and the Stan Laurel expression, couldn't get together on the time of the broadcast. Even if they weren't able to agree on the station, they certainly led the grand march to the kitchen. Soper provided them with delicious popcorn. If you are unable to guess the names of the persons described, well, give it up as a sad job. I won't mind it a bit.

Garufa seems to be quite the sensational tango, down at the A. K. house. Pilar and Isabel Estrada honored the members of the club with the various dances of their country, which is Ecuador, and not Paris. The Ranchera, a dance that is similar to our modern Charleston, proved a favorite with Charlie, Carol, Mary Beth and Katherine, but for Ginny, Daniel, Cherry, Shenk and Miss Wells —you've guessed it, the tango. Come back again, girls, all of us are happy to have you around. Your country and customs sound most interesting.

Penta Tau, Penta Tau! How will we ever stand it. Surely Chris, Carol and Pyeatt weren't down to see you Sunday night, giving the much used excuse that they intended to stud... To tell you the truth, I went by abo... 7:00 that night and saw them di... gently working on something. W... it a jig-saw or was it a Germar ma...

One other word for the Spanis... girls. I didn't know that so mu... popularity existed. Every club wou... like to have them as a little siste... and a member. Whoever gets the... will be lucky—meanwhile the batt... rages on.

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT STARTS JAN. 1...

With the Ariston Club playing the Eccowassins, the club basketb... tournament will begin Monday afte... noon, January 16th, at 2:45. Th... tournament will continue throughout the week to the following Tuesday, Jan... ary 24th.

The entire schedule as posted on the Athletic Bulletin Board, is as fo... lows:

Monday—
2:45—A. vs. Ecco.
4:15—D. V. vs. A. K.
4:30—F. F. vs. A. P.

Tuesday—
2:45—Ang. vs. Agora.
3:00—Td. vs. O.
4:00—Tri K. vs. X. L.
4:15—P. T. vs. T. C.

Wednesday—
2:45—Ecco. vs. F. F.
4:15—A. vs. A. K.

Thursday—
2:45—Ang. vs. X. L.
3:00—Td. vs. A. P.
4:00—Tri K. vs. Agora.
4:15—D. V. vs. T. C.

Friday—
2:45—P. T. vs. O.

Monday—
2:45—A. vs. O.
4:15—Ang. vs. Ap.
4:30—D. V. vs. Agora.

Tuesday—
2:45—Td. vs. X. L.
3:00—P. T. vs. Ecco.
4:00—F. F. vs. T. C.
4:15—Tri K. vs. A. K.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT HAS RECITAL

The expression class gave its first recital in Miss Townsend's studio on Friday, January 6 at 3:45. The character monologues included:

The Unregenerate Youth..Ruth Fry...
When Does the Train Go.....
.....,Evelyn Cooper
Moving Day.....Audrey Tate
Louise Lunches.....Nadyne Lit...
Escorting Harriet..Ruth Sauerhering

The monologues were very well done and showed much talent. The other half of the program was occupied by a one-act play which was called *In Quoque.*

The list of characters included:

Frank.....Jennabeth Jones
Nellie.....Lodie Willis

Another one-act play, *The Sc... Man*, was also presented. The list of characters were:

Gladys.....Helen Justice
Ethel.....Yvette Fran...

Miss Townsend was very well pleased with the efforts of her students. The selections were most interesting and the characters were cleverly portrayed.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN
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EDITORIAL

NOSTALGIA

The title is simply a very pretty word for a rather ugly, melancholy disease better known as homesickness. It is a silly useless ailment to which good sports find themselves immune as a general rule, however, if they do happen to succumb, they find an effective cure in work, study, friends.

The season when nostalgia is likely to be prevalent is just after Christmas holidays.

As everyone knows, Christmas comes but once a year with its happy good times, but many people seem to think it should last the entire year—peculiar idea but rather popular.

Dances, dates, dinners, luncheons, sleigh rides, and all sorts of parties, all perfumed with the fragrance of the Christmas cedar, rich dainties, and great log fires—wasn't it wonderful! Weren't the nights gorgeous! Weren't in bed before two all the time you were home, were you?

But, seriously, life's a happy combination of achievement and amusement. Good times can't be had at home all the time. Imagine how monotonous it would become; people would gradually cease to rush up to you and say how happy they were to see you because you would become such a common sight, always having one large time, that they would finally consider you just one of the frivolous, shallow younger set. When they know you've been away several months, working, and trying to make the very most of a beautiful opportunity is the time when they welcome you; they admire the girl with a little character and ambition who isn't willing to always live off her father's bank account.

The world's a big old place with many communities where you can always find a second home when necessary, although, perhaps, not as dear as the one you first have loved. Your school is your home now, where you can find love, knowledge, joy, and rich advantages. In preparing for one's self a worthwhile place in life, it is necessary to make adjustments easily, to be self-dependent, to be a good sport, to keep one's chin up, and work towards a goal which is high and worthy of being gained.

S. P., '33.

A LOOK AHEAD

Have you noticed how a carefree holiday season, remarkably filled to overflowing with all the excitement young people are capable of managing, is invariably followed by a too long period of discontent and laziness as far as school responsibilities are concerned? The inclination seems to be the turning of a rather unenthusiastic frame of mind toward the remaining year's work. This is a veritable morning-after-the-night-before condition, for which we are slow to find a remedy. And the deplorable part about it is that out of this attitude develops a number of rather impulsive ideas such as packing up to go home, or affecting an indifference toward school obligations in some form or other. Oh, all sorts of ridiculous schemes! A little agreement and sympathy on the part of a classmate adds sufficient fuel to these fires to make them become dangerous and hard to quench. Of course, the result is actually going home, or doing such as the case may be. Then the tables turn, the girl becomes penitent, wants to come back, and finds that impossible. A year of school is wasted, the ideal plans of our parents are selfishly thwarted, and consequently they are made miserable. Also a mark goes down forever against the girl's name.

It isn't the Christmas holidays that bring the change; it is a selfish desire for constant pleasure over which com-

(Continued on last column this page)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Bon jour . . . mes amis . . . comment allez-vous . . . and all that sort of thing. . . . Was Santa good to you? I'll bet he was . . . and now you are all ready to welcome the dear little new year in. Be good to him this year and in 360 days he will be quite a grown man. "Lotta" says she knows every one had a perfect time and so there is no need to go any deeper into that subject.

Was this your experience?
(Just one good neighbor to another.)
"My, hasn't she changed?" "Only since September, too!"
"Her folks say she is doing right well in her studies too, but then they would say that." "And did you notice how she high-hatted the Jones boy?"
"She is looking mighty well only a little heavy, don't you think?"
"Well, I always did say that college was all right for some people but . . ."

What nine out of every ten students planned to do during the vacation . . .
Read at least six required books.
Review for all final examinations.
Catch up on all back correspondence.
Mend a few of the holes in well-worn stockings.
What nine out of every ten did do during the vacation was . . .
Sleep late every morning.
Go to dances every night.
Visit a little in between times.

We wonder why . . .
The girls on the Florida train nearly burst a shirt button this morning when Miss Sisson read the letter from Mr. ———, Pres. of Duke?
Every one is sporting new clothes?
Any one ever made semester exams come right after a vacation?
Four girls in Founders were blessed with wisdom teeth so soon before the ex's? It really isn't fair to the rest of us, you know.
There are so many new pins and rings being worn here? Is it a new style or just a belated Xmas romance?
Some people have all the luck and lose eight pounds? "Noddy," how did you do it? (Maybe we shouldn't ask that.)

We promised to insert an ad here and hope you won't mind . . .
Lost one five-pound bulge. If found, please return to Miss Dorothy Beasley, 303 Senior.

The very latest in news . . .
Another petition bit the dust.
Jane Carling is the only person on the campus who can hide a can opener so that she can find it when she wants to use it.
There are about four perfectly grand pictures on in town. Don't miss them, and by all means see "Rasputin" when it comes.
The Student Council dance was a big success as usual.
"Slim," pardon me, "Slymme" or "Slymne" had a birthday.

(Continued on page 4)

EAGLE FEATHER

MOUNTAIN NIGHT

Cushioned on pine-needle pillows
Beside the dull redness of a dying fire,
I have felt the mountain night about me.
The mighty sky above—
A vast ballroom,
With star dust scattered there.
The moon in full regalia slips
Along the dim horizon
To dance with long and lacy shadows
That hide in the mountains dark fringes.
They tread those stolen measures
To the weird and melancholy music
Of the werwind as he plays in the lyrics
Of the pines.
I hear the soft furtive sounds of the wild creatures
As they go whispering by on hidden paths;
The sleepy chuckle of the jolly camp robber
As he tucks his sassy head
Beneath his underwing,
While in the semi-darkness
On a tiny glacier lake
Comes the muffled twinkle of the liquid blue
As a rainbow trout springs in the air,
Drops back into the icy water,
Leaving only ever-widening ripples
On a quiet moonlit pool.
From far off in the distance
Comes the coyote's lonely howl;
It echoes on the air
And re-echoes where
The luminous maraposia lilies
Are strewn like pearls among the rocks.
I move nearer to the dusky fire
And snuggle deeper in the blankets.
I look up to the mountains
As they stand there in the night.
And drink the majesty and the wisdom
The deep contentedness and inward smile,
For, in all the stillness of the mighty peaks,
There is a ruggedness that's peace.

Rubie Battey, H. S. '33.

A PLEA

Come away with me my darling,
From the rushing city street,
Come, steal off into the woodland
To the woodland green and sweet,
Oh, come live in my small cabin
In my cool and calm retreat.
Far from hurry, sadness, sorrow
Off from misery, pain and heat.
Down below there flows the river.
And to those who wish to hear,
It relates amazing stories
Of its travels: far and near.
High above the bright birds twitter
And the flowers, smiling glad
For there's not a time unhappy
Nor a moment that is sad;
Why not come with me, beloved,
From your work, be carefree, gay;
Where there's heavenly peace around us
And where joy rules day by day.

Rena Berry, '34.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from first column this page)

mon sense must triumph. Instead of a few weeks of pleasure being more than we have the courage to give up, why not rather consider them as a needed relaxation or stimulant that may enable us to go on accomplishing with more enthusiasm? The holidays are a fresh addition to our store of happy memories by which life is made fuller, not memories that when brought forth dangerously suggest a plan disastrous to our whole objective in a school career.

Taking a mature, responsible stand in life often necessitates bravely giving up selfish interests in order that we may wisely prepare for the days and years ahead. Think how much bigger and more valuable an idea is that of wanting to conquer the obstacles lying in our paths instead of turning our backs on the first difficulties and running home to mother. May we be wise and honest with ourselves in planning "the look ahead" for 1933.

V. W., '34.



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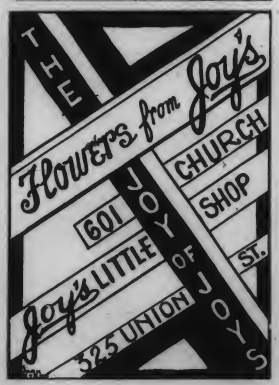
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WILLIAM FARRIS ON CHAPEL PROGRAM

William Farris, basso, entertained the Ward-Belmont girls with a delightful program of songs in chapel Monday morning, January 9. The program, which contained a wide variety of songs was enjoyed very much by the students. Irene Crane Humphrey accompanied Mr. Farris in the following selections:

Aria from Simon Borconezra...*Verdi*
Home on the Range.....*Gwin*
Captain Mack.....*Sanderson*
Bitterness, Love.....*Dunn*
Why Shouldn't I?.....*Russell*

Two encores were given:

How Do I Know I Love You?...
.....*Hewitt*
Song of Songs.....*Moya*

DR. HILL FIRST VESPER SPEAKER OF 1933

Dr. John Hill who is traditionally the first speaker at the first regular vesper service of the school year and a frequent and much welcomed visitor throughout the whole year, was the speaker at the first vesper service of 1933. He said that although his message wasn't a New Year talk, that it might be applicable at any time and any place. Dr. Hill's advice was to consider the practical side of life—how other people feel toward you. He spoke of the development of personality.

Ann Durand opened the service with an organ prelude. Julia Bales Noe, "Y" president, presided. After a prayer in unison Dorothy Beasley sang. The devotions were closed with a hymn and benediction.

DEL VERS TO AID DAY NURSERY

Representatives of the Del Ver Club went with Miss Van Hooser to visit the Fannie Battle Day Nursery the Thursday before vacation. The tree, candy and toys that the girls took were greatly enjoyed by the thirty or thirty-five small boys and girls and time passed all too quickly. Some of the older children and the sponsors of the nursery begged the girls to return soon and they promised.

The nursery is located in West Nashville and is situated overlooking a high hill. It seems an ideal spot for a home of this sort. Rooms for various aged children are provided and many are taken care of there.

The Fannie Battle Day Nursery could not be worked in on the well-planned and already overflowing list of "Y" work and so, in the future, the Del Ver Club plans to do something toward its benefit, as they feel it is a worthy cause.

WIDE VARIETY OF MAGAZINES IN LIBRARY

The magazine racks afford a delightful as well as an instructive diversion from the rest of the scholarly material in the library. There are magazines to satisfy the every whim. Those which would be an aid to the music student are: *The Musical Quarterly*, *The Etude*, and *Musical America*. There are many art magazines such as *Design*, *The American Magazine of Art*, *Art and Archaeology*, *School Arts*, *Commercial Art and Industry*, and *Arts and Decoration*. For the lovers of dumb animals *The Nature Magazine*, *Our Dumb Animals*, and *Bird Lore* will furnish many happy hours. Some of the numerous literary magazines are *The Literary Digest*, *Scribners'*, *The Outlook*, *The English Journal*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and the *National Geographic*. All of these magazines mentioned above, although they are but a small part of those found on the racks, hold a wealth of material for the mind. Indeed, what would one do without the magazines?

WARD-BELMONT FIRST READER

I.

Who is this?
This is Fanny.
Where is Fanny?
Fanny is at Monitor's meeting.
What is Fanny doing?
Fanny is looking up at the ceiling.
Why is Fanny looking up at the ceiling?
She is embarrassed.
Why is she embarrassed?
She has been reported.
What for?
She rolled down her stockings.
Why?
She was hot.
Is rolling down your stockings a grave offense?
No.
Then why was Fanny reported for it?
It is unladylike behavior.
Will Fanny be punished?
She will receive a minor.
Will that have any effect on Fanny?
No, she will probably roll down her stockings again tomorrow.

II.

Who is this?
This is Mehitable.
Where is Mehitable going?
She is going to Mrs. Armstrong.
Why is she running?
Because the 8:30 bell has already rung and she will be late to class.
Is Mrs. Armstrong her teacher?
No.
Then why is she going to Mrs. Armstrong?
She has to report to her.
After that, will she go to class?
No, she will go to her locker.
Why?
To get her books.
Will she spend long there?
Yes, she has to unlock the locker.
Why?
Some "durn" fool turned the dial so it won't open.
Why does she take so long?
She can't remember her combination.
What excuse does she give her teacher?
She says her sister fell asleep in the doorway and wouldn't wake up, so she could get out.
What is the result of this?
An F on Mehitable's report card.

III.

Who is this?
This is Regina.
What is Regina doing?
Regina is sitting down.
Why is Regina sitting down?
She is forced to sit down.
Why is she forced to?
She is in chapel.
What has that got to do with it?
She goes to Ward-Belmont and every girl must attend chapel.
What do the girls do in chapel?
They twiddle their thumbs.
Is that entertaining?
No, but it's the best they can do.
Why isn't Regina talking?
A Monitor will shake her head if she talks.
Why will a Monitor shake her head?
That's a nasty trait Monitors have.
What if a Monitor does shake her head?
That is the customary thing to do before you report a girl.
How long does Regina stay in chapel?
Until the speaker wears himself out.
Is the speaker interesting?
No.
Then why is he there?
The chapel committee has to have an excuse for chapel.
What condition is Regina in after chapel?
Her hat is crooked, her hair is down and her clothes are in threads.
Why?
She is the daily victim of the lunch seekers' stampede.
Oh!

IV.

What is this?
This is Bartholomew.
Is it alive?
Yes, it is a human being.
What are those black things on Bartholomew's face?
They are glasses.
Why does he wear them?
He has weak eyes.
Why has he weak eyes?
He strained his eyes reading in the dusk without a light.
What was he reading?
He was reading one of Thackeray's novels.
Was it interesting?
Yes, to him.
Wouldn't it be interesting to anyone else?
No.
Then why did he like it?
He was that type.
Has he ever read any of Peter B. Kyne's or Carmen Barnes' books?
Sh! don't say that. He thinks Kyne is an old word for cattle and Barnes are places to keep them.

LANDIS SHAW, H. S. '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 3)

Clem Dow has a Ouija board and it told some mighty embarrassing things the other day. How about it, Ann Durand?

It is late and the brain refuses to function. It is just a little au revoir and a toodle oo and so long, good-bye.

Yours forever,

"Snoopy."

ARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

...day—

...nd again the merry round of ...sses have started and Christmas is a ...eam. I wonder how we ever ...aged to stay up past ten-thirty, ...ry.

...olli...y does not seem to be the thing ... campus is specializing in these ...s. And speaking of breaks, Funk ... Wilkins certainly are getting ...m. Of course, if we had had the ... Diary, it probably would have ...n ... New Year's Eve.

...Hop...fully waited tonight after ...hts to see if all my work and ear... effort during vacation had been ...ile, but no special, so I guess it ...st have been.

...rsday—

...Now our dear teachers are talking ... the "little tests" they are going ...give us before exams.

...Spring seems to really be here. Sex...t and Edmonson were having a ...ly time roller skating this after...on. I wonder if they have found ...t how good that is on the stockings ...?

...Good old basketball this afternoon. ...elt just like I was having a mild ...ack of apoplexy after I got ...rough. You don't suppose we could ...ve done anything to injure our ...nd during Christmas, Diary?

...Studied far into the night with the ...nsoling thought of tomorrow being ...riday.

...iday—

...The suite-mate was in such a genial ...ood this morning that I played on ...r sympathy to the extent of bor...wing a stamp so the family would ...ow that I was here and to kind of ...mind them of all that food, week...nds and stuff they committed them...lves to upon the moment of bidding ...rewell to their charming daughter.

...Lots and lots of classes today and ...en lab which is the final crushing ...ow, and again we played basketball. ...ther I'm athletic or just crazy, I ...n't know which, I wonder if I will ...er be half as fast as Tony, Diary? ...don't think it could be the years of ...du...ance she's spent here because ...e *would* be wonderful if that's the ...se. Perhaps she's able to resist the ...ot ...lls even on the nights we have ...sh.

...tu...day—

...A ...ew hours of honest toil this ...orn...ng and then to our smoky city ...r l...nch and a really good movie for ...ch...ange. That Hepburn creature is ...sci...ating even though she isn't as ...ve... to look upon as you are, Diary ...ear.

...To the club for dinner, with ham...urg...rs and cokes and nothing else. ...The ...lance was really good and very ...urp...ising to be dancing in dignified ...R...." Hall. Diary, I'm firmly con...in...d that "Snooky" is one of the ...ew attractive girls on this campus.

...Sun...day—

...And why, oh why, did they make ...s g... to church today in the rain and ...all?

...The chicken seemed to have a bit ...ore taste today, perhaps it's only ...ecause we aren't used to it again.

...To the club this afternoon and read "Magnificent Obcession." The Florida millionaire lad seemed to cause quite a bit of excitement in the dining room.

To bed at eight with the happy thoughts of all the studying I hadn't done.

Monday—

And some other little girls realized the futility of a petition once again.

Read all the magazines over in the library and thought seriously of borrowing a few, but then decided against it. All these new shoes the campus is blossoming out in make me rather sorry for my poor brown and white affairs.

You'll have to excuse me, Diary, if I'm rather trite this time, but you know "that after holiday spirit" still has us.

CLOSE-UPS

Happy New Year, everybody, for the last time this year. As yet I can't get my eyes open wide enough to find out just what sort Baby 1933 is, but he certainly got a remarkable start in the world. (You know, the "now just let me sleep, 'cause I sure feel bad . . . but what a marvelous time I had" idea!)

Wandering into the station at Cincinnati with my battered and timeworn hat box on that eventful evening that marked the beginning of "W-B 1933 history," I heard the most bewildering shrieks and cries coming from the waiting room. Realizing it could be only one thing, I dashed in and found, as expected, our good old schoolgirl chums getting right back into the spirit of things. Just as I started to rip over and join the crowd, who should come bumping into me but a very distracted young person in a black seal coat. Gazing up I discovered none other than "Cherry" enthusiastically looking for her suitcase. It really was a great event to see everybody again, and after greetings were passed around, I went off in search of a bite of the apple Patsy was generously distributing. Finally along came Betty Randle all dressed up in a corsage, but she wouldn't tell us who from. It is so hard to guess! Train time arrived at the witching hour of eleven so we plied on, a very sleepy crowd, and excited. Get Dolores to finish the tale.

Poor Middlemarch was certainly roused with a sudden start from its dreamy holiday slumbers when we came shouting in on Wednesday. Perhaps it laughed at our mad, futile dashing to the mail boxes, but most of us did come back with a very good reason for so doing. Plenty of new frat pins around, too—we noticed yours, "Fran."

Betty Ann and Rena spent Christmas in a rather Venice-like town, since the flood in Georgia necessitated using a boat for transportation. Sounds delightfully different.

After all, school is a pretty good place to be and now that there is no Christmas to look forward to, why not buckle down and work a bit—at least until after exams. We often hear discontented comments made by certain individuals around school, especially now that exams are approaching. Don't be a grumbler, but a good sport, and soon your scholastic troubles will be over and clear sailing ahead.

You will have to "gin" and "beer" it, as "Marge" says, because it's too late to tear this up and start over! There is the most beautiful moon looking down through the trees, all of which reminds me that I am very sleepy and, just a wee bit sad. G'night.

PSST!

To be original, this worthy column might begin with a belated "Happy New Year." Have you, by any chance, noticed the sort of weary look that seems prevalent on everybody's face? The boarders look like walking ads for the lovelorn, you know, sleeping in class *et cetera*.

Why is it that "Sug" won't get us a relative at Fort Benning? That must be a sort of heaven. Oh, well, any place in Georgia would be, I hear.

Have you heard "Duck" tell of orchids every night while she was cocacolaing in Atlanta? Speaking of that fragil flower, the orchid, "Ginny" must have a friend what are.

Have you noticed that Mrs. Willie C. wears her best bib and tucker to school every day—why? I wonder why.

Nancy Schumacher, a prominent member of the Senior class, has just returned from an extensive vacation at St. Thomas Hospital. Miss Schumacher states that school is the best place after all.

There are altos and altos, but Mildred Burton's alto is the best alto of all the altos.

Hello, Miss Crane, we see your goldilocks are long enough to put up now.

Get "Sug" to tell you the story about "Adelaide."

Isn't it hard to get up at seven now? Oh, how we'd love to remain in bed.

Have you met the gorgeous-looking person Margaret Swaney goes with? Girls, you're missing the chance of a lifetime.

I think you're going to have to name Valmon Louise the wife of Baron Munchausen.

You "oughta" hear Virginia Hamilton and Lisbeth Smith get together and tell about their dates. Oh, boy, whatta laugh.

Ella Lee Ward says that three different boys gave her something for Christmas and she didn't give them anything. Gee, I wish I could keep a couple of them fooled that way.

A week-end flight of 8,000 miles from London to India and back is planned by an English aviator.

Pawning of children and the giving of young girls in marriage still persists in Rhodesia among the native tribes.

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SIXTH GRADER WRITES OF WORLD TOUR

The following letter was received by Miss Annie Allison from Corinne Howell, a member of the sixth grade class of the Elementary School last year, who is making a tour around the world with her mother and two sisters. All of the girls have been in school in Ward-Belmont and are writing most interesting letters to Miss Annie and to their teachers. This particular letter, however, seemed such a remarkable one for a ten-year-old child in this day of the lost art of letter-writing, that the HYPHEN is glad to present it to its readers.

Pacific Ocean
October 19th.

Dear Miss Annie,

Our trip so far has been such a success that I'll be writing you books before I get back.

In the morning of October seventh (day after our sailing day) they found some stowaways on our ship, our boat signalled to another one that was going back to New York. A life boat was lowered and they put the three stowaways which were two boys, who had escaped from the reform school, and a two-hundred-pound woman. The life boat started over to where the other ship was about a half mile away. When it finally reached the other boat, the boys started up a rope ladder to reach the boat but the woman refused to go up the ladder swinging over the ocean. Finally they gave her a bounce up the ladder and when they let her go she fell on one of the crew and nearly flattened him out. By tying a rope under her arms they finally got her up.

Early in the morning of October the 10th we arrived in Havana, Cuba. I got up early and when I looked out of my port hole, I could see the dim outline of Cuba. After breakfast we were very near land, for in fact, you could look way down the coast and see Havana. It was the most picturesque sight I have ever seen. As we drew nearer we could see the famous Morro Castle, then we passed on through the Havana harbor.

We passed right by the place where the famous ship Maine was sunk.

We stayed out in the harbor a while before docking and while we were out there, some boys swam out around the ship calling to the people to throw them money and when some one would throw a penny they would all dive into the water after it and the boy who got it would put it into his mouth.

A sea train passed us which is a new kind of boat that carries a train.

When the boat was docked we got in a car and rode to the Columbus Cathedral. There we saw a wooden statue of Columbus which was carved so well that you could see the veins in his arms. The statue was sixteen feet tall but was cut down to thirteen feet. In the heart of this statue was a note from the carvers saying that whoever found the note to pray for his soul. There were many other wonderful things there.

We road by a monument to the soldiers who were killed on the ship Maine. On the top is the largest eagle in the world made out of bronze.

In the City of Havana there is only one cemetery where the richest man and the poorest man are buried. There are some wonderful monuments and the entrance is through a great arch with triple gates. When the poor people can not pay their dues the bones are taken out and thrown in a large pit, later they are taken and thrown in a lot together.

The beer gardens is another place of beauty. Every Sunday they have picnics and sell beer. It is very pretty, decorated with green.

The Capitol has a dome like the capitol at Washington and is richly decorated. In one room there is a large bronze statue, meaning liberty, thirty-five feet high, made of hollow bronze.

Several miles out of Havana we went to a farm and saw there things growing: pineapple, coconuts, bananas, oranges, lemons, coffee, lime, saron, elephant ear root, and Royal Palm. We left Havana at midnight.

On the morning of October the 14th we started through the Panama Canal. At seven o'clock we went through the break waters. There other ships were docked waiting us to go through the Canal, one w Dutch, one French, and one w American. As we started thro the Canal we seemed to be in midst of one of those South Ameri jungles. On one side we saw str roofed houses in the midst of pal coconuts, and banana trees, on other side a native was singing in native language and small boats w being loaded with sugar cane a bananas. A bird was singing morning song and here and there alligator would slide into the wa from its sunny banks.

The locks are the most wonderf piece of machinery in the world think, with its great gates of ir swinging back and forth. We w up 95 feet to the great lake which a sunken forest, in some places y can see the top of the trees stickin out of the water. Once through t lake you see more jungles.

At two o'clock we arrived at Balb where we saw a wonderful statue Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacif Balboa is an American city and ve clean, Panama is a native city a very dirty. At the President's pla in Panama we saw the changing the Guards. We rode out to the o City and saw the ruins of old Pan ma that was destroyed in 1660 Morgan. On our way back to Pan ma we stopped and got a coconut see if we liked it, but I didn't.

We left Panama at eight o'clock.

Wishing you were with me,
Love,
CORINNE HOWELL

THIS AND THAT

The President of the United State only runs for two terms becau George Washington declined a thir term in his Farewell Address. Jeffe son thought the danger of person control so great that he proposed constitutional amendment providin for one term of seven years but th bill failed to pass.—*Atlanta Journa*

The cost of the World War, $500 000,000,000, would buy a home, fiv acre plot and $1,250 worth of furn ture for every family in the Unit States, Australia, England, Belgium France, Russia and Germany.—*Chri tian Science Monitor.*

"Within a few months ultra-shor wave radio telephone service is like to be in everyday commercial opera tion," remarked Marconi, inventor o wireless.—*New York Times.*

Among 200 recent applicants for job of janitor at a trade school i Slanz, Czechoslovakia, were eleve doctors of philosophy and two profes sors.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A scholarship given by Lady Mowl son of London, England, in 1643 t Harvard College is the oldest award in the United States—*Christian Sc ence Monitor.*

At the present time there is a bi up before Congress to limit the leng of the session of Congress that known as the "lame-duck."—*New York Times.*

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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RST AID DEMONSTRATED

The chapel speaker for Friday, uary 13, was Mr. Harry Kenning, d representative of the American d Cross. Mr. Kenning spoke on t a d and life saving.

Mr. Kenning explained that the d Cross is trying to teach those t don't swim to swim and to teach se that do swim to save lives. He ted that the emergency first aider's k was to care for the injured be- en the time of the accident and the e of the doctor's arrival.

After a short outline of the body eleton Mr. Kenning pointed out the essure points. Pressure on the pres- e point nearest the wound will stop blood flow. Then the prone method resuscitation was demonstrated.

Mr. Kenning urged safety above all, d then, that we learn to swim, rn life saving, and that all be good st-aiders.

WENTY-TWO AT JANUARY BIRTHDAY DINNER

The mid-winter colors of crimson d silver made gay the new year's emiere birthday dinner Thursday ening, January 19. At each end of e table were red drip candles and each guest a red rose.

Dr. and Mrs. Barton who are al- ys such welcome guests at these ebrations were present. Mrs. Rose esided with her usual quiet dignity.

The first-month-of-the-year girls o were sharing the honors included ilma Brown, Virginia Kiesel, Helen rker, Charlie Holcomb, Sarah Poor- n, Lenore Friedman, Mary Jane ote, Rena Berry, Katherine Ras- ussen, Ganel Stuart, Virginia Liv- gston, Betty Grammes, Billie Mae ock, Viva Lee Davis, Edith Reager, orothy Stewart, Jane Carroll, and rances Summers.

XPRESSION STUDENTS IN RECITAL

Friday afternoon, January 13, at :45 o'clock, in Miss Townsend's stu- o, the expression students gave a ecital of stories and character stud- . The following girls gave read- gs:

lizabeth Crowe...Midshipman Easy irginia Knox...A Christian Soldier atricia Mars..Springtime a la Carte elen Hogan.....Almost a Tragedy ildred Edmondson .....

.....The Prince of Illusion atherine Combs.....A Real Lady

The girls showed their good train- g and their ability to retain these adings over the strenuous holidays. hey offered a most enjoyable treat those who were present.

Miss Townsend cordially invites all attend these recitals which the stu- nts will put on throughout the year.

PARENT-TEACHER TEA SUCCESS

The annual meeting of the Ward-Belmont Parent-Teacher Association was held last Wednesday, January 11, in Recreation Hall. This organization has as its membership the mothers of the day students in the high school and college departments.

Margaret Pierce, an advanced student of Stetson Humphrey, opened the program with a number of songs.

Miss Linda Rhea, in her short talk on "Reading as a Leisure Time Activity" made the statement that mothers should read with their daughters rather than to them. At one time it was the duty of a mother to read aloud to her daughters, but now a mother's duty is to censor and direct the choice of reading matter in which her girls indulge in their leisure time.

Miss Annie Allison, principal of the high school department, spoke on "Educational Progress in Schools."

(Continued on page 6)

JUNIOR LEAGUE HOME VISITED

Again last Sunday the crippled children at the Junior League Home welcomed interested members of the Committee. The usual size of the party was somewhat reduced, however, and the children were quick to notice this, as each girl is remembered and eagerly looked for when Sunday comes around.

Alma Lunderman played outdoors with the more active children, while Marjorie Bierce willingly let the little girls in the ward win her over completely. Ella Mae Goodrum and Virginia Winston mastered the difficulty of reading in two different rooms at once by standing in the doorway to relate the exciting adventures of "Tarzan" and "Dr. Dolittle."

Mrs. Nicholls explained funny papers so satisfactorily that she was at once a very popular person with all the little boys.

The HYPHEN account doesn't half tell you how pleasant an afternoon such as this can be. Come and see for yourself next week.

DR. PUGH AT VESPERS

The very welcome Dr. Prentice Pugh was the speaker at devotional Sunday evening. He said he would give the girls a sermon which practically preached itself. His text was, "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened," but he presented it in such a manner as to make it most applicable to everyday life. He interpreted each phase as a worthy effort which is justly rewarded.

Jane Briggs presided and Beth Lee gave a vocal solo, accompanied by Ann Durand on the organ. Ann also played the organ prelude. After prayers and hymns, Vespers were closed with a benediction.

BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS

With the Aristons defeating the Eccowasins by a 30-12 score the club basketball tournament got under way Monday afternoon at 2:45. Both teams worked hard for points but the Eccowasins were not equal to the opposition given by the Aristons. Miss Cayce and Henrietta Cherrington officiated at this opening game.

Line-up follows:

Ariston-30	Pos.	Eccowasin-12
Hall	F	M. E. Polk
Hardison	F	A. Bradford
D. Hill	C.F	Glasgow
Allen	G	Wright
D. Jones	G	Billington
Margaret Brugh	C.G	Ford

The closest game judging from the scores was played between the A. K.'s and the Del Ver's Monday afternoon at 4:15. With the game ending in a 35-34 victory for the A. K. club the first day of the club basketball tournament was brought to a close. Henrietta Cherrington was the outsanding player for the A. K.'s.

Line-up for the game:

A. K.-35	Pos.	Del Vers-34
Smith	F	Knowles
Willert	F	Maechtle
Cherrington	C.F	Myers
Gilchrist	G	K. Brown
Tate	G	Nehls
Keidel	C.G	E. Neuman

In perhaps the fastest game of the basketball tournament the Tri K's defeated their sister club X. L. by a score of 39-28, Tuesday afternoon at 4:00. Some splendid playing was done by members of both teams.

(Continued on page 6)

DISCONTENTMENT VS. UNCONTENTMENT

He is "A lover of all people" said Dr. John W. Barton in introducing Dr. George Stoves, pastor of the West End Methodist Church and the chapel speaker on Wednesday, January 11. Dr. Stoves enlarged upon the quotation from Paul, "I have learned therewith to be content."

Dr. Stoves expressed, first, his belief that Christianity is a teacher which stresses the education of the spiritual part of nature. The Christian religion is a sort of contentment education.

To explain his point, Dr. Stoves distinguished between discontentment and uncontentment. "*Dis*contentment," he said, "is a spirit of fault-finding and pessimism, while *un*contentment presents achievement but not complete conquest of the final goal." "I'm speaking of contentment in the presence of uncontentment," stated Dr. Stoves.

"Too many of us feel that it is an awful thing to live," said Dr. Stoves. "It is great to live, the greatest thing in the world. I thank God that there is a life for me to live," he said. "We ought to create that feeling of contentment."

SYRIAN PRINCESS CHAPEL SPEAKER

Princess Rahme, of Syria, was the chapel speaker on Monday, January 16. The Princess traces her ancestry back to 85 B.C., in Syrian royalty. She was educated at the Presbyterian College in her own land and now devotes her time to lecture tours, having finished her education in American institutions of learning.

After singing, accompanied by her secretary, an old Syrian love song in the ancient language of Palestine, Princess Rahme located her country geographically. Syria lies west of the Arabian Desert and east of the Mediterranean. "Syria is just another name for the Holy Land," she said.

The Princess then commented on the difference between American and Syrian customs. She closed her address by urging the remembrance of a popular old Syrian proverb, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and ye shall find it after many days."

KENNETH ROSE TO BROADCAST

Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department of Ward-Belmont, will broadcast Sunday, January 22, at 5:30 over radio station WSM. His first number will be the Andante Movement of the Symphonie Espagnole, by Lalo, with an orchestral accompaniment. His other two numbers will be "Bird as a Prophet," by Schumann, and "Tambourin Chinois," by Kreisler.

SCHOOL TRIPS ANNOUNCED

In the chapel Tuesday Dr. Barton made the announcement of the Washington trip for the Presidential inauguration which is to start March 2nd and last until the 6th, provided that there are twenty-five in the party. He followed this announcement with one similar to it, that of the trip to the Magnolia Gardens which will come sometime in the spring depending on the advancement of the season. Both of these trips will be very interesting and delightful and both are open to everyone in school.

TRI K DANCE TONIGHT

Invitations have been issued for the Tri K dance to be held in the gym this evening. The theme of the dance has not yet been disclosed, but as the Tri K's always have something unusual it promises to be a gala affair. The guests will be received by Miss Morrison, club sponsor, Jane Roudebush, president, Jane Curfman, vice-president, Elsa VanDerhoef, secretary, and Virginia Kiesel, treasurer.

how's your glove-life?



Doing nicely, we hope, with at least one pair of kid gloves for each ensemble. Of course, they should be good gloves, any other kind will cheapen your costume. Castner's, realizing that you don't want to pay a lot for them, offers you genuine imported ones (novelties and plain slip-on styles) in black, brown, white and cream.

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LOIS MILTON GIVES TALK

Last Sunday morning found an unusually large group of girls gathering in the big Y room for Sunday school. Favorite hymns were sung; and then Lois Milton led the devotional thoughts of the group for a few minutes with a short talk. She gave those who tremble and get panicky at the thought of exams some good and practical advice. She said that praying and reading the Bible each day will produce an inner poise and strength that will change the whole aspect of the day. Things will be accomplished when we hardly thought we could do them. Lois then emphasized her point with several references from the Bible.

Miss Sanders led both the discussion groups, in which she condensed Lois' topic to *Poise* and the group enlarged upon it and discussed the subject further. A number of practical conclusions were drawn from this discussion by those who were present.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS VISIT HOME

Two members of the Committee, Jeane Myers and Lois Milton, went to the Tennessee Children's Home on Saturday afternoon, January 14. The children were playing with their new Christmas wagons and dolls and other toys which were displayed with great pride. A few were discovered in a quiet corner with their books and Jeane and Lois joined them in reading *Alice In Wonderland*, a *Child's Garden of Verse*, and many other eternal favorites. Not until the visit had lasted an hour and a half did the two girls think of leaving.

OR STUFF—

We have not decided whether or not it was sacrilege to the well-established conventions of eating or a tribute to Willie, but we were a bit taken back when we saw one of the outstanding individualists of the literary field scraping the cherries from her pie and eating only the crusts. Good old French pastry—

We nominate for special attention: Jan Maechtle because her laziness is always rewarded with a goal when the guards are at the front.

Jeanette Knowles, Catherine Brown, and Clemence Dow because they can concentrate enough to work a Ouiji board.

Audrey Tate for cheerfully singing off-key at any time to amuse down-hearted people who request.

Wilma Harrel, whose *father* phones several times a week.

People who pass book shops without buying books.

Betty Hamilton who is by herself a successful cheering section for the T.C.'s.

We wish to take this occasion to welcome Miss Ferry, and suggest that for the sake of her rather delicate health she emphasize as many oral lessons as possible and let the written work go until she is strong enough not to weary over a stack of illegible French papers. (We speak French like a native and write it like a bull at a banquet.)

The Wordsmiths were pres... with *The Addresses of Abraham Li... coln.* The books are bound in ... leather, and are one inch high ... one-eighth of an inch thick. Any ... son who can read the whole book w... out going blind, please go he... room for a Hershey. They are ... ing them for five and fifteen cents.

May we add in parting that ... enjoyed *The Vinegar Tree* at ... Orpheum the other night?

CLUB CHATTER

Ho hum, I'm so tired, dear d... village; with exams and everyth... coming on I fear I shall be compel... to neglect you for a while. I d... imagine you'll have much attendan... in your little town next week beca... as I understand it, we have "d... week beginning Monday during wh... we all make preparations for ... much dreaded and deadly enemies... tests.

Agora club news: Marian Kay... Lois Milton and Juliette Hutton m... fudge and cookies down at the c... last Saturday. Well Marian, af... three months of Chemistry, I h... that you disregard all formulas a... make "slushy" fudge or was it t... cookies?

Helene Loeb gave a birthday par... for Giny Livingston last Saturd... night. The guests included Ge... Bradford, Mary Bickerstaff, Horten... Hart, Marcie Mathews, Elizabeth Zu... Leonore Friedman, Alice Menef... Jane Briggs and Idel Boyd. The r... freshments sounded mighty good ... me, chocolate cake, cocoa, and fudg... Later in the evening, the guests pa... ticipated in a little bridge and oth... war-like games.

Miss Sanders, we all take our h... off to you because you read Edna S... Vincent Millay's poetry just as s... would probably wish you to. At t... Tri K house last Sunday Helene D... Mun was so enthralled with the m... lowness of the reader's voice that s... actually went over and talked to h... —with onions on her breath. Imagi... her or Miss Sander's embarrassme... DeMun's excuse was that she boug... a hamburger at the tea room but w... all happened to remember that it wa... Sunday.

Mary Martineau, Billie Mae Plo... Peachy Sauerhering, Maxine Ellet... Lodie Willis, Marjorie Jacobson an... Helen Larimer formed a perfect part... the other night and tripped down t... the Osiron house for dinner which co... sisted of cold buns, boiled fran... furters, pot-ash coffee and delicio... pecan-crisp ice cream. The girl... danced and ate, mostly ate. They ha... quite a keen time.

PERSONALS

Saturday, January 14—

The girls of the Indiana Club went to the Orpheum Saturday nite.

Beth Lee and Nancy McFadin went to dinner with Sara Brandon.

Jane Sevier spent the evening with Mrs. James Freeman of Birmingham.

Louise Lathrop and Mary Louise Perkins went to town for dinner and a show.

Gene Bradford had dinner with her aunt, Mrs. Mark Bradford.

Mary Daniels spent Sunday after... noon and evening with Mrs. Fortune...

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN
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EDITORIAL

DEAD WEEK

Dead Week—How many of us will really take advantage of the opportunity offered by this extra time to study?

Many exams will be passed during exam-week which we would fail miserably if we were asked to take them now, just because of this extra time allotted to us by a wise home department.

None of the old girls, we are sure, will be anything but thankful for this week, but some of the new girls may not understand its entire significance. Dead Week is the week before examinations. During this time no evening privileges are granted. All girls including Seniors, may leave the campus in the afternoons only by filing their requests through the home department. Even these privileges are limited as the idea of Dead Week is to provide a time when there is as little as possible to do and as much time as possible to give to studying for exams.

We suggest that each girl in school take complete advantage of this week by curtailing her trips to town as much as is possible. Use this time well and then when exams are over make merry with a clear conscience.

INTELLIGENT ON-LOOKING

The basketball season is on! Games are being played off with rapidity and the field of undefeated teams is being narrowed.

Here is suggestion number one: What about supporting your own team and your sister team. Think how much more fun it is to get excited over the games and enter into the spirit of the times than to sit back or not even attend the games.

Suggestion number two: In the last few days we have all witnessed some splendid sportsmanship on the basketball floor. Teams, defeated, have come off the floor disappointed and feeling badly over losing for their club, but never in any case has there been lacking the smile and word of congratulation for their victor. Of course the winning teams all are sporting and sympathetic but it's not quite the same after all.

We think that just as much sportsmanship should be shown in the gallery as on the floor. Applaud a good play whether it is benefiting your team or the opposing team. Everyone should appreciate the beauty of a good play—show that you do.

All right, now, let's have some really intelligent on-looking!

CAMPUS COLUMN

If about two hundred and fifty students had a dull feeling in the pit of their stomachs and relished their lunch not at all the other day . . . there was a reason. Exam schedules had just come out. Well, bring on the black coffee and muffled lamps. The cramming will begin to commence. Just one of the events that makes life so interesting. . . .

Have you heard . . .

About these people who take trips to Haunted Houses? Really now that is something new and different. And do you expect me to believe you honestly made fudge over a fire?

That there will be a swarming of Ward-Belmontites in Chattanooga over the period between exams?

That there are such things as Jigsaw puzzles? Oh, now, you're fooling me!!!

About the grand time the presidents' council members had the other night at Dean Burk's? They wish to express thanks again!

How exciting the Tri K and X.L. basketball game was? Why you will never guess what agony Lotta went through when that long Willis gal leapt for a basket and when cute Lil reached up and calmly tossed the ball for a two-point gain.

We think it a good time to let this be known about these people:

Did you know that Ail was and is too good natured for anything ?

Did you know that Shenk is just too charming?

Lydia Fountain has the most infectious smile we have ever seen.

Anne Willetts and Nell Betty Anderson are great little basketball players.

"Fully" gets the most awful feeling in the pit of her middle when it is time for a game. But then I guess there are more of us than that who feel likewise.

The famous foursome, Dot Glander, Ruth Nehls, Jakie, and Larry nearly fainted when Dot bought new tennis shoes for the game. (I mean Dot nearly fainted, too, at the expense she thus incurred.)

Carol has a terrible time getting us all to have our pictures taken for the *Milestones*. How about a little aid?

"Rummy" gets out altogether too much for one able-bodied girl.

Love doesn't always satisfy an empty tummy. If you believe it does you should have been in senior the other night when two well-known upperclassmen toured the halls for food after a date with *the* one.

So what?

Bomke has cut and waved her hair very becomingly.

The Tri K dance is Saturday the 21st and what will we wear?

Roller skating and puzzle fitting have come back in style or is it just a return to childhood?

Teachers are giving every one of us much too much work.

The new pieces are well worth listening to. I mean, of course, over the radios. Have you heard "Day and Night," "Contented," etc?

Cooper, Fountain, Hill and numer-

(Continued on page 4)

EAGLE FEATHER

WHY LIBERI LEAVE DOMUS

Hic latinum is the mortus of me,
Erat tantus hard—could clamo—Oh gee.
Quisquae says erat jam gone and dead,
Sed mihi a solid as heavy as lead.
The a's and the ae's sunt the bunkums de lax,
Pour mihi they never give any pax.
Longa mots et shorta phrases
Et clauses so mixed erat all hazes.
Romani must have mortus young from worry
Trying dicere latinum grammar in a hurry.
Si ego gettum rungs 'neath my eyes et greying hairs
Be sure erat only Latinum giving me scares.

Virginia Livingston '34.

MY LIFE

Said the seer,
"Fame and fortune
Are not yours until middle age."

Youth—my youth,
Precious, priceless, temporary,
Shall it be wasted—
I asked,
Spent in drudgery,
Only to be replaced by fame—empty fame?
No!
I will live and love,
And wrest from life
An extra portion of pleasure!
So, I did not work at all.

I could do that—sometime—anytime —
Before Middle Age.
I only lived and loved
And did not notice
When the Ecstasy of Youth faded
Into the monotony of Age.

Now I am old,
And have neither
Fame, nor friend, nor gold.

Wilma Baker '34.

TO—

I stood alone, and sank into a sea
Of girls—girls all about, but not one knew
The destitution of my heart. It grew,
For I was alone—always was to be.

Weeping hearts and laughing smiles around me—
All of these had wistful memories, too;
Agonies—when youth has naught in lieu
Of dreams to dream, or vividness to see.

Then, in that friendless mass, I saw a smile—
Only a smile it was; and yet unlike
The plastic masks that made me want to strike
The insincerity the others had.

The pasty forms were only to beguile;
But hers! I wish she knew it made me glad!

Virginia Doss '33.

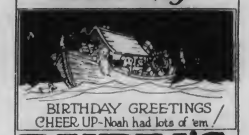
MOODS

Two moods are mine—
The first, is like a misty veil
Hiding the world from me.
It dims my sight and makes me sad and dreary.

The second, takes me on a sunbeam bright
To heights of ecstasy!
In it sunshine penetrates my very soul,
And warms me with contentment.
Of the two—I like the latter best.
But maybe God sends the bluish veil to me—
To make the sunbeams brighter.

Celia '33.

Send BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
CHEER UP-Noah had lots of 'em

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CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 3)

ous others have already signed for next year's rooms. Lines are forming on the left of Miss Paine's door. The Seniors are beginning to clean house and it doesn't seem possible that Spring has come.

Patty Mars is all excited about going to play with the little boys and girls at the Fannie Battle Day Nursery. She loves them dirty, she says.

Yeah Man!

It is time to go to classes and I would much rather tell you the news. I wonder if I can persuade "Snoopy" to do a little reporting for me but I am sure I can't.

The very best of luck to you all and work hard and be good and be careful and wash behind the ears and beware of Council!!!

I'll be a seein' yah soon.

"Lotta" vs. "Snoopy."

CLOSE-UPS

Hi de hi de—hoooe—dum, de dum—and worse! When I am the sole owner of *The Amalgamated Phonograph Record Corporation, Incorporated*, don't you think it would be a first-rate idea to make a personal recording of Miss DeMun singing a la shower for constant use in all sections of Ward-Belmont? Then we could play the whole lot at once and the effect would be stupendous.

It really is very late, and, dear reader, if you only had visions of me writing this in the quiet, scary dark you could understand why I got the above idea to hear Helene going operatic on "My Man" right now to liven up the gloomy atmosphere. Ugh! A cockroach just turned a somersault off the chandelier.

And how do you like basketball? I'm getting to be a devout admirer of anything that looks like a net or a pair of gym shoes. That A. K.-Del Ver game was certainly strenuous. Smith, where did you get the grotesque-looking pants? I kinda wondered—. The most dangerous opponents you can find seem to be Cleo and Cherry. (Oh, it's no laughing matter.) We're quite glad to know how the Del Vers feel toward gum chewing. Next time the home supply gives out it's nice to know where to find some.

Onions for dinner and the atmosphere is still revolting. I hope I never meet another one from now till—the end of all. And that must be exams.

It really was quite daring and different to get all dressed up last Saturday and walk boldly off the campus with a don't-care-if-I-do air. Across the street into a house at that! Even if the action was perfectly legal, since it was all for the interest of the Ariston tea dance, the sensation of walking out was quite satisfactorily independent. A very lovely party, and we thank you for the outing.

Who should be sitting in chapel today but Joe Scott. It's very nice to see you and Jinny Wilkins back again after your Christmas holiday illness. Why didn't I think of that?

Katrina nearly caused the undoing of her hall by unexpectedly popping out of the infirmary the other night. She looks healthier than the rest of us, likes the infirmary radio, and expects to come down to stay real soon. Maybe if she doesn't get any mail for awhile her temperature will jump back to normal.

The Tri K dance will be a veritable fashion show of Christmas models, *n'est ce pas?* Wonder how many dresses like mine I'll see?

It's getting darker and darker; I'm getting sleepier and sleepier. If only someone in Founders could make coffee-coffee instead of tea-coffee, it wouldn't be such a job to keep the eyes open. Tomorrow we shall get interesting letters. I have a feeling.

PSST!

Poor Edith Anderson! Even though she counts her calories, she stays the same. Poor Edith Anderson! And especially when you see little Lisbeth Smith eat and eat and eat and never gain a pound. It must be wonderful.

Virginia Hamilton and Queenye Sloan simply can't decide whether to let it grow or have it cut. Won't some of you helpful people lend a suggestion?

Say, Martha White gets flowers, yes, my dear, real flowers, on the 13th of every month. Sort of an anniversary celebration or somethin' so I hear. Oh, well, that must be wonderful, too.

And speaking of Friday the 13th, it was not so unlucky for Mimi Wright. A certain tall, blond Sigma Chi brought her a huge box of candy when he came out that night and was she thrilled!

One of the most popular girls in town had two dates broken with her for Saturday night. But since she had made three she was still one to the good. We had better explain that it was with great regret on the boys' part that they were broken. Hell week and fraternity initiation interfered with their plans.

Those girls who were lucky enough to rate the Ariston tea dance say it was simply lovely. The hostesses in tea gowns, with flowers and pleasant smiles as accessories, saw to it that everyone was having a marvelous time. And the home looked very festive. You would never have recognized it.

Margaret and Milbrey told "Sug" that they had a lot in common. Quick like a trigger, Miss Bryan replied, "Yes, you all are common in a lot of things." Was that the way to speak to our dear friends—joke or no joke?

The Eccowasins were prouder than pie when they were able to stay ahead of the Aristons for a whole quarter in the basketball game last Monday. It's no disgrace to be wiped up by a grand team like the Aristons and the Eccowasins take off their hats to them.

Did you know that "Sug" had a wreck the other after-midi? She was sitting harmlessly in Lize (her Ford—French for Lizzy) when a 75-year-old insurance salesman crashed into her. Poor Lize is a trifle wrinkled from the shock.

Listen, girls, don't we all wish that we had a Dave like Martha White? It must be wonderful, so I hear.

What makes Almeda Charlton and Elizabeth Beasley so attached to each other? It must be because of Miss Herron's English—huh?

If you want to know how it feels to be on the Honor Roll, ask Marcella Jacobs.

LIBRARY WHISPERS

The genealogical tree has become a somewhat popular theme for writers of fiction as evidenced by the increasing numbers of such novels in recent years. In addition to the well known authors of that type of work, such as Galsworthy, Walpole and Marshall, there are many others worthy of note. The Ward-Belmont Library has the following representative collection of such family histories.

Aldrich ...A Lantern In Her Hand
Aldrich .....White Bird Flying
Barnes .....Years of Grace
Bentley .....Inheritance
Buck .....The Good Earth
Dane .....Broome Stages
Butler .....The Way of All Flesh
De La Roche .....
Jalna series (three titles in set)
Hawthorne ...House of Seven Gables
Lagerlof .....Ring of Lowenskolds
Lewishon .....The Island Within
Marshall .....Abingdon Abbey
Marshall .....The Graftons
Rolvaag ..... Giants In The Earth
Rolvaag .....Peder Victorious
Tarkington .....
.....The Magnificent Ambersons
Walpole .....Rogue Herries
Walpole .....Judith Paris
Walpole .....The Fortress
Walpole ..... Fortitude
Walpole .....Duchess of Wrexe
Wescott .....The Grandmothers

FRENCH CLUB HAS BRIDGE PARTY

The French Club met last Thursday night, January 12, in the Penta Tau club house. The entertainment for the evening was bridge and enough of the members were present for about ten tables. All of the bidding and conversation was carried on in French, making the evening really most enjoyable. The meeting was pleasantly concluded with hot chocolate and small cakes.

MOVIES TAKEN OF RIDING SHOW

The family of Betty Hamilton, while on a visit to the school, made some moving pictures of the riding students and also of the final hockey game on Thanksgiving Day, between the Penta Taus and the Tri K.'s. After the films were developed they were sent to Betty that she might show the girls how others see them. The Riding Show pictures were shown first to the Riding Certificate students and again shown to the Penta Tau and the Tri K. clubs at the Tri K. club house, Wednesday night, January 11, by Miss Carling.

The following girls rode in the Riding Show pictures: Virginia Kiesel, Betty Hamilton, Rubie Battey, Shirley Lege, Virginia Wilkins, Lois Schwartz, Elizabeth Wansley, Elsa Van Derhoef and Dorothy Glander.

RLS VISIT VANDERBILT HOSPITAL

The Vanderbilt Hospital Committee ade its first visit of the new year the hospital Tuesday night. The ls who accompanied Miss Van ose were Mary Norcross, Lodie illi and Inda Drushel. The girls ere glad to renew acquaintances nce the holidays and their friends the hospital seemed glad to see em again.

There were happy reports for the spital of the two large wards that ad been decorated by the Committee r the Christmas season and appre- ative comments on the Christmas ees and gifts that had also been pro- ded. One gift, a radio, that went a patient who has been in the hos- tal for two years was in use Tues- ay night when the girls arrived.

PRESIDENTS' COUNCIL ENTERTAINED

Presidents' Council was enjoyably ntertained last Friday evening by ean and Mrs. Burk at their home. ames of both contract and auction ere played. Those who did not care play bridge were provided with ig-saw puzzles. Margaret Thomp- on received first prize and Frances oltzman second.

A delightful salad course was erved. Mrs. Burk was assisted in ntertaining by her two daughters, ean and Margaret, and Miss Case- ier.

Those present were Mary Peckham, arah Bryan, Lauryne Edwards, orothy Stewart, Shirley Lege, Helen onley, Julia Bales Noe, Rubie Bat- ey, Mai Noy Van Deren, Margaret hompson, Mary Ann Kelly, Frances oltzman, Janet Maechtle, Jane oudebush, Nelle Hurston, Beth Lee, elen Rauch, Lois Milton, Charlotte henk and Mary Margaret Craig.

WORDSMITH MEETING HELD

Last Tuesday evening Virginia Doss ntertained the Wordsmiths at their irst meeting since the holidays. The rogram consisted of works of two of he members which were duly riticised by the other members. Re- reshments were then served and the irls returned to the school after a elightful evening.

ATHLETICALLY SPEAKING

The first game of the season was extremely exciting. The Aristons defeated the Eccowasins. The first half was very messy, the girls on both teams were nervous and excited, and as a result the half was slow. In the second half the Aristons settled down and began to score, being led by Dot Hill and Jane Hall. The Eccowasins also had some good players. As a whole, it was an exceptionally good game for the first one of the season.

On January the 16th, last year, the A.K.'s met and defeated the Del Vers by three points. This year the Del Vers were out to make it a different story, but they lost again, this time by only one point, 35-34. At the end of the first half the score was identical with that of last year, 18-12. The Del Vers seemed to take things very easily but during the second half much excitement was aroused. The score see-sawed back and forth, no one being sure of winning. Both teams lacked team work, but the game was very exciting. Dot Glander was the outstanding player for the Del Vers, and Cherry, for the A.K.'s.

The Anti Pan and F. F. game showed some of the college girls that the preps are capable of playing as well if not better than most of them. Mary Jane Foote, Helen Stillmanks, Frances Summers, Mary Ann Kelly and Vera Hudson were the outstanding prep players on both teams. Rae Baker deserves a great deal of credit because she was responsible for quite a few of the F. F. baskets.

Angkor-Agora game was certainly a win for the Angkors—the score being 58-0. The Agoras just didn't have any competition to offer the Angkors but they never gave up until the whistle blew the last half.

The Osirons and Triads played the second game on Tuesday afternoon. The game wasn't as exciting, because of the lop-sided score, as the one before. Elizabeth Daniels was outstanding because of her keen eye for the basket and her exceptional speed. The score of the game was 5-31.

The Tri K-X.L. game was the outstanding game of the afternoon. Both teams played a fast game, but there was too much passing and not enough shooting. Anne Shaw and Lil Jones were the outstanding forwards on both teams. Rena Berry and Toney just seemed to be entirely out of the game, but we all know that that won't last long. The final score was 39-28.

The Penta Tau-T.C. game was certainly not an exciting one as can be told by the score of 17-45, with the Penta Taus winning. Nancy Brown and June Rose Copeland were the outstanding players for the Penta Taus as they are both fast forwards and made some beautiful shots. Gene Bradford playing for the T.C.'s scored most of their points. All during the game there was entirely too much stumbling and falling down to say that either team played.

Swimming, it seems, has been neglected for the interest in Basketball. All girls out for the Swimming Meet have been working hard and deserve much credit. Dorothy Stewart, swimming manager, tells us that there will be a good meet because of the competition which has developed between the clubs. We hope she is right. Some of the outstanding swimmers and divers are Lou Lathrop, Audrey Bradford, Roberta Munger and Dorothy Stewart. They are all good and have been working very hard since Christmas.

GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

By Helene Loeb, '34

"God of the open air,
To Thee I make my prayer."

The heavens, the land, the waters, and the life of the earth are every day teaching us of God and His work. May I be able to reach my God of the open air.

Who is there that has absorbed the soft, silvery lights of the moon and the golden splendor of the sun, who has gazed deep into the heart of a flower and looked lovingly at the green foliage of a tree, who has watched the flashing lightning in the sky: What is God? God is nature! Who is there that has watched a wee animal build its home with loving care, who has seen a mother protect and care for her children that can ask: What is God? God is life!

"Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings. . . ."

God is nature! When the cares of the world become a bit too heavy, and in our minds we feel we must give in, it is in nature that we may find consolation. The woods in musty autumn, in glittering winter, in fairy spring, and in golden summer are but a church in which peace, solitude, and comfort may be found. A stroll on the open road, and, behold, once more contentment fills our hearts. A quiet walk on a graveled path bordered with colored, gay flowers, a deep, deep draught of the beauty of a rainbow and all our sorrows, all our doubts have fled. Give me one little bit of nature, and I shall be happy; I shall have found myself again.

"God's in His Heaven . . .
All's right with the world."

God is life! How often have we begrudged the day when things from the desired course have fled! How often discontentment rears as some huge giant threatening the beauty of our lives! Why cannot all things on this earth be happy, the possessors of everything desired, we ask? Were all so good, so perfect, so true as to leave nothing wanting, would we even then be satisfied and happy? The very defeats and disappointments of life are the foundations of our gratitude, our love of life. No thing is perfect. The good is given with the bad that the good may be accepted and cherished in good faith. The world is right; it must be right, we say. And dull cares are lifted from our hearts.

"God preaches—a noted clergyman—
And the sermon is never long.
So instead of getting to heaven at last
I'm going all along."

Nature and life are God! God is religion! Nature and life are religion, the true religion of all. Our beliefs may be expressed in manifold forms, but the foundation for all is the same—God. We seek religion, believing many ways. We follow many different routes, but all lead through the forest of nature and the sea of life to God. Heaven is everywhere about, in nature and in life, could we but see it.

May I be worthy of all that has been given me; May I be capable of realizing and making the most of it.

"God of the open air,
To Thee I make my prayer."

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BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS

(Continued from page 1)

Miss Morrison and H. Cherrington were the officials for this game, the line-up of which was as follows:

Tri K.-39	Pos.	X. L.-28
R. Toney	F.	A. Shaw
L. Jones	F.	R. Berry
E. Van Derhoef	C.F.	K Willis
Bosserman	G.	N. B. Anderson
Bierce	G.	G. Furrh
Fulenwider	C.G.	V. Throgmorton

Substitutions: Tri K., none; X. L., J. Young for A. Shaw at forward; C. Dow for Furrh at guard.

In what was considered by officials a very weak game, the Penta Taus defeated the T. C. club by a 45-17 score Tuesday afternoon at 4:45.

The line-up:

Penta Tau-45	Pos.	T. C.-17
Copeland	F.	G. Bradford
N. Brown	F.	M. Sherman
Wansley	C.F.	B. Randle
Lege	C.G.	Marjorie Lincoln
Soper	G.	Huson
Munger	G.	Tebbs

Substitutions: Penta Tau, Siegmund for Munger at guard; Munger for Soper at guard in fourth quarter; Peckinpaugh for Wansley. T. C., Holtzman for Harrell at guard.

PARENT-TEACHER TEA SUCCESS

(Continued from page 1)

In Dean Burk's talk on "Quality Credits," he discussed the fate of Junior College graduates when they entered four-year institutions.

It is an acknowledged fact that Junior College graduates, when they enter a four-year institution, surpass in academic accomplishments and leadership the students of the same class who enrolled in the four-year school in their freshman year. This is because, Dean Burk said, two-year schools, during the first few months, pick the girls who are to be the leaders or who have shown leadership qualities, whereas, in the four-year schools the lower classmen have little or nothing to do with the actual leadership of the institution.

The Ward-Belmont records of graduates from 1927-30 show that out of the 237 that received their diploma from this school, 213 of them have succeeded in the schools of higher learning in which they enrolled.

At the close of the business session the parents and teachers enjoyed a social hour. Mrs. Barton presided over the tea table, assisted by Mrs. Benedict.

MUSIC NOTES

A pre-Christmas piano recital was given by the pupils of Miss Amelia Throne in her studio, on Tuesday, December 13.

Miss Eleanor Linebarger, a voice pupil of Miss Florence Boyer, assisted in the recital.

The program was enjoyed very much by the guests present.

Prelude in C Major.....*Bach*
Mildred Dorris

Fragrance From the Garden...*Pesse*
Mary Borrows Hickerson

The Meadow Lark .....*Smith*
Georgia May Freeman

Dancer in the Patio.....*Repper*
Margaret Balsiger

Valse Interrompue .....*Le*
Ann Fensterwald

Ave Maria .....*Cherubi*
Pagoda Bells .....*Mannin*
The Hills of Gruzia .....*Medniko*
Of luce di quest' anima....*Donizet*
Eleanor Linebarger
(Pupil of Miss Boyer)

En Bateau .....*Zeckw*
Lizbeth Smith

Tambourin .....*Rameau-Godowsk*
Louise Cook Neely

Mr. and Mrs. Stetson Humphrey entertained the Woman's City Club with an operatic program on Wednesday night, January 18. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey sang arias and duets from operas written during the latter part of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries. The outline of the scenes and characters of the operas from which the numbers were taken was given by Mr. Humphrey.

A lecture was given by Stetson Humphrey before the Music Teachers Guild on Monday night, January 16. The subject of the lecture was "The Growth of Music With Its Comparative Sociological Background," and consisted of a study of the growth of music from the barbaric ages to the madrigalian era.

ANGKORS HOLD PROGRAM MEETING

At the Angkor Club meeting on January 17 Marian Hill and Grace Benedict presented a program called *From Long Ago Till Now.* Marian as the man in the show, was confessing his love to his bashful sweetheart, Grace. It was really very funny, and kept the girls all convulsed with laughter.

There were announcements about two topics, basketball and pictures for the Milestones after which the meeting adjourned.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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OUNCIL HOLDS SPECIAL MEETING

There was a special meeting of udent Council at the A. K. house turday evening, January 21, honor- Miss Sisson. Cases discussed were ose of girls who could only eat so any waffles and little pig sausages. ch girl received a severe repri- and.

The girls enjoyed meeting socially d talking informally with Miss Sis- n about various phases of school e. The retiring Council members pressed their interest in the work at had been done so far this year d hoped the new members would joy it as much as they had.

YM OFFICE FIGURES SHOOTING PERCENTAGES

F.'s Have High Running Score

The Gym Office furnished the *yphen* with some very interesting gures on the various goal-makers the club teams in this season. hrough a system of keeping count every try and every goal made by ch forward the following percent- es were made.

	Tries	Goals	Per-centage
Jones	66	36	55
Shaw	55	24	48
J. Foote ...	140	61	43
Cherrington	49	20	41
Toney	82	33	38
Daniel	80	30	37
Hall	109	40	37
Baker	88	32	36

The High Averages are as follows:

	Tries	Goals	Per-centage
elores Smith.	23	12	51
lsa Van Derhoef	9	5	55
Martle Sherman	16	8	50

The F. F.'s had high running score ith 189 points, the Tri K.'s were ext with 179, and the Aristons, third, ith 143. All the others were below 00. Thursday afternoon the Tri K.'s efeated the Angkors, and the Aris- ons the Penta Taus in two hard- ought games. The Aristons and Tri K.'s will draw to play the F. F.'s and he winner of that game will play the emaining team for the championship.

SW. IMMING MEET TODAY

This afternoon we will witness one of the most exciting events of the chool year. The Swimming Meet, in which we will see all phases of swim- ming and diving, has promises of be- ing exceptionally good. The meet will egin at about two o'clock.

DE COU DREAM PICTURES ENJOYED

One of the most interesting entertainments that has been given at Ward-Belmont this year was presented Wednesday night, January 18, when Branson De Cou showed his pictures of Alaska.

The pictures were marvelous! It is seldom that one sees such beautiful colors in slides. The pictures of the flowers found in Alaska were exquisite. All in all, it made Alaska look awfully attractive.

Mr. De Cou gave a very entertaining talk during the pictures. He is quite a personality, different from most men who have been all over the world. Mr. De Cou looked, acted and talked as though he really liked and enjoyed being here, which of course, the girls appreciated.

One of the best parts of the whole program was that in which Mr. Henkel played the organ during the pictures. The combination of music and those gorgeous pictures was delightful and it was different from anything presented at Ward-Belmont this year.

Everyone enjoyed the pictures very much and hope that the school will have more entertainments like that one.

TRI K.-A.K. GAME BRIGHT SPOT OF SEASON

The basketball tournament was brought to the semi-finals Tuesday, January 23, with four games. The teams were well matched and the games were hard fought. The game between the Tri K. and A. K. teams was perhaps the fastest and most exciting game of the day. The final score, 49-26, was in favor of the Tri K.'s. Henrietta Cherrington was again the outstanding player on the A. K. team in spite of the fact that she suffered an injury to her knee last week. Toney and L. Jones, forwards, and M. Bierce at guard, were good in their positions. The winning of their three games enables the Tri K.'s to enter the semi-finals.

Lineup:

Tri K. (49)	*Pos.*	*A. K.* (26)
Toney	F.....	Cherrington
L. Jones	F.....	Willert
Van Derhoef ...	C.F.....	D. Smith
Bosserman	G.....	Tate
Bierce	G.....	Keidel
DeMun	C.G.....	Gilchrist

With Mary Jane Foote as the outstanding player, the F. F. club defeated the T. C. club by an 87-22 score Tuesday afternoon. The T. C. guards were unable to stay with Foote who made a basket practically every time she received the ball.

The lineup:

F. F.	*Pos.*	*T. C.*
Foote	F.....	Bradford
Baker	F.....	Tebbs

(Continued on page 6)

TRI K'S GIVE HUNT CLUB BALL

Somehow, there is nothing that quite upholds the social prestige of the gym as does a dance like the Tri K Hunt club ball of last Saturday night.

The walls were lined with grey paper and adorned with picturesque riders on prancing horses. At each end of the room were white hurdles that made decided contrast against the grey. Strips of matching grey were hung to form a sort of ceiling.

The receiving line was headed by dainty Jane Roudebush in a charming black velvet worn with long white gloves. Miss Morrison, sponsor of the club, stood next, followed by the other officers in the order of their authority: Jane Curfman in dark green trimmed in fur, Elsa Van Derhoef in a changeable blue-green velvet and "Ginny" Kiesel in red crepe cunningly cut.

There never was such an extravaganza as the Special given by this Tri K Hunt Club. In the chorus of lady hunters were "Buzzy," Jane Carrol, "Ginny" Kiesel, "Fully," Betty Woodrow, "Dottie" Funk, and Elsa Van Derhoef. They were in complete riding costume from derby to boot and quirt. The red coats were very startling and colorful. In contrast to the line number was the dainty exhibition waltz by Lora Gillis and Obduha Raffety to "Beautiful Lady." The rest of the evening Lora made an imposing figure on the dance floor in her "full dress."

Among the outstanding fashions were those worn by the following people: Ann Loftin was in blue velvet, little Grace Benedict in yellow net embroidered in wool. As is to be expected Beth Lee and Dorothy Stewart were to be termed "gorgeous." Mrs. Humphrey was there in that lovely, lovely sequin coat. "Blonde Venus" Virginia Wilkins wore deep orchid and "Jan" Maechtle was attractive in pale peach. "Boy" Lege caused comment in a red print with organdy ruffled collars and cuffs.

CHAPEL TURNED OVER TO SONGS

With the idea in mind of having something entirely new and different, the chapel committee presented O. E. Harbin as the leader of the chapel program on Friday, January 20. Mr. Harbin is the recreational director of the M. E. Church, South. He is the author of *Phunology* as well as several other books on recreation.

The chapel time was spent in assembly singing led by Mr. Harbin. The songs sung were *Vive l'Amour*, an American College song; *Down In the Valley*, a tune from the Kentucky mountains; and *A Merry Life*, an Italian song. The program was completed by the singing of two rounds, *Row, Row, Row Your Boat* and *Poor Little Innocent Boy*.

W.-B. ALUM. PLAYING IN CURRENT SHOW

Among the attractions coming to Nashville in the near future is the celebrated musical hit "Of Thee I Sing" which will be presented on February 6, at the Ryman Auditorium.

Of particular interest to Ward-Belmont is the fact that Cornelia Chason, a graduate of Ward-Belmont in 1926, is playing with this company. Miss Chason has until recently been with the Chicago company and when in Milwaukee was entertained at a tea by the Milwaukee Ward-Belmont Alumnae Club.

MISS NORRIS TALKS ON PRE-EXAM STRAIN

"What strain can this metal stand"? Thus Miss Norris, in chapel Monday, January 23, opened her address concerned with preparation for examinations. Metal to stand strain must be specially prepared, said Miss Norris. She then explained how much the student's life before exams is similar to metal, and urged the girls to prepare wisely for the strain.

Miss Norris pointed out the two factors necessary for the preparation for the strain of exams. Physical training and emotional preparation are both needed. Above all, Miss Norris urged that the students not worry. "Worry is a substitute for action," she said.

DR. POWELL SPEAKS ON LEE

To commemorate the one hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary of Robert E. Lee, Dr. W. F. Powell, pastor of the First Baptist Church, spoke in chapel, Wednesday, January 18, on the *Religion of Robert E. Lee*.

Dr. Powell spoke of Lee's having "spiritual control of a life moving on a plane higher than human." Robert E. Lee's religion is best expressed by the eighth chapter of Romans, the twentieth verse, according to Dr. Powell. "And we know that all things work together for good. . . . If God be for us, who can be against us?" "The religion of Robert E. Lee," said Dr. Powell, "is the religion of a conqueror. He conquered himself."

"The most brilliant descendant of the Lee line," said Dr. Powell of Robert E. Lee, pointing out the ancestry of his family. Lee could trace his ancestry back to the followers of Richard Cour de Lion and William the Conqueror. The first native governor of Virginia and Light Horse Harry Lee were both his ancestors.

In a quotation from Roosevelt, Dr. Powell showed the high esteem in which all men hold Lee. "The greatest military commander that the world has ever produced." It was as a general that Lee especially showed his faith in God. Offered the position of commander-in-chief of the

(Continued on page 6)

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CLUB CHATTER

This is dead week—so:

There has been a general popcorn migration to the Del Ver club almost every day. The official poppers are Benny, Battey and Justice. The incentive seems to be the old records, which they have discovered are swell for kicking the gong around and popping, all in one.

Lauryne Edwards, Pat Mars, Helen Hogan and Louise Florez had a lamb chop au gratin potato dinner the other night at their club; they rumpty dilled far into the night, in fact, almost until 10:15.

You've heard of the foreign dinners that have taken the clubs by storm. Sauerkraut and spareribs and good old fashioned German dishes, fed the hungry seven, Helen, Beasley, Jan, Squeakie, Wenzel, Ail and Cleo at the Osiron house Saturday night. Next week on the menu comes pickled goose livers. Across the walk at the A. K. house was Council "gussling wazzles." Cherry, keep away from them! They make teeth more even and white.

What's this we hear about Dot Glander, Ruth Nehls, Ginny Throgmorton and Betty Hamilton, having oyster cocktails, cheese sandwiches, cake and cokes, at the T. C. club? What luxury! They even had mints and salted nuts. Not plain peanuts either! After the glorious meal Nehls showed the girls how the rumba is danced in Cedar Rapids. These graceful dancers that can twirl and twist!

Boy, Dick, and Wilma, the much envied trio, trip every afternoon down to the Penta Tau house, accompanied by sardines, pimento cheese, and more sardines. They have the right idea. Would that I weren't quite so restless!

Jinny Winston, why can't you hold a piece of cinnamon toast in your pretty patties? I noticed that you grabbed a piece the other day at the A. K. club, but I had my back turned only a second, when I noticed your empty hands. As I strayed toward your eyes, with a look of astonishment, the fragments of sugar and cinnamon on your cheek gave you away. I don't mind. Seven pieces aren't much anyway, especially when you have grand delectable green tea, with smudges of soot or Nashville smoke in it.

OR STUFF

May we suggest that we enjoyed the dogs and flowers in the Branson de Cou pictures—that is, what we could concentrate on between gasps of "That is perfectly lovely, perfectly lovely" made by the head of one of the two important divisions of this school and the head's two companions?

It took Miss Ross to explain the difference between being tardy and being late to Virginia Knox. Notebooks don't always walk with one, even though we tell them we are leaving. Do they Virginia?

Ask Carol Starbuck about the waiting room at the Orpheum, and about the American Athletic Associat (AAA) sign on front of the Ari Dodge.

Beth Lee ought to have a flock suitors. Her *tres beau* seq coat left a trail of gold on the Tri dance floor the other night.

We like Miss Hollinger's way saying that, although she didn't kn all the couples in the world, so could make a statement of that kind, thought Dr. and Mrs. Barton a congenial couple, and with their da ing children, a most charming fami We also agree with her.

If we were an English teacher, doubt if we would say that no mode physchological novel could be co pared with those of George Eliot Thomas Hardy, when the last bo we had read came out early in 19

A suggestion for exams: Take money usually spent in the tea ro for those undermining sweets and b teacher some roses. Spend the ti saved from eating in studying.

It wouldn't work for breakfast, b Marion Lowe had the right idea wh she said that oranges were meant be eaten in bathtubs.

We chose as the most ironic, m stupid, and most paradoxical act the year: The taximan's asking the tea room for a package of ciga ettes.

ROSE TONEY, SPEAKER

Rose Toney was the speaker Sunday School, January 22. Her ta which followed the singing of so favorite hymns, was very interesti and also most inspiring. She to the girls what these two and a ha years of college at Ward-Belmont h done for her; how much they sho mean to those of the girls who ha been here almost two years; and h much they will mean to those wh are new. Because the girls know th Rose is leaving them soon, and th she is so genuine, they all realized t more vividly the meaning of h words. They came away with a dee er desire to enjoy and appreciate the advantages.

TRIP TO CHILDREN'S HOME

Several members of the Tennesse Children's Home committee were de lightfully entertained by the childre at the Home last Saturday, Januar 21.

The afternoon's activities began with a general sing-song. The mem bers of the recently organized ta dancing class then gave several num bers and other children gave song dances, and acrobatic stunts. Musica games in which all took an enthusia tic part brought the play hour to close. As a special treat, apples were served to the children and the mem bers of the committee. The girl who were there reported that it wa quite a "party."

Some of the girls who went to th Home were Carol Goodenough, Lou Milton, Jean Meyers, Lydia Fountain Evelyn Cooper, Mary Elizabeth Hendricks.

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EDITORIAL

EXAMITIS

When one has appendicitis, the cure is the removal of the appendix; unfortunately, in the case of examitis, one does not remove the exam but looks upon it as one of those evils which she must grin and bear cheerfully.

The principal germ which causes this disease peculiar to college students is worry. When one is ill, naturally one does not ask that fresh supplies of the disease germs be daily put into her system.

However, too often, students are prone to wear long faces with deep, dark encircled eyes and ugly lines across their pale foreheads—such condition is produced by worry. These bringers of mirth and sunshine drag to meals, drop heavily into their chairs, and groan, "I've forgotten all I ever knew; how will I ever get by; wotta life!" It's hard for an examitis infested system to digest food which is gulped and swallowed on the run; when food can't be digested, knowledge usually has a hard time being ingested; headaches and nervousness follow, accompanied often by another complication, jitters.

Students have been taking exams for hundreds of semesters and very few of them have suffered any ill effects but usually emerge much better prepared for beginning the next semester.

An exam is just a stepping-stone from one problem to another bigger and more difficult problem, each one of which brings one closer to the ambition she longs to realize.

Nothing of value and worth was ever gained by sleeping through breakfast, rushing through lunch, griping through dinner, and worrying all night.

We live in an age when the men about us are facing, with perseverance and wisdom, seemingly unsurmountable problems. In exams we face one of life's minor, adolescent problems which will help us to learn, to progress, and to achieve in a sporting way so that when we complete our college work we will be ready to step into life, fit well, rub shoulders with humanity, and succeed because of our own efforts.

S. P. '33.

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

The coming of the mid-term Council elections will be the first opportunity for the new girls to contribute something to the school. The Council members who served the first term had quite a task. It was their duty to instruct each girl in the rules of the school. They commanded respect and tolerance for these rules. They created in the new girls an attitude toward citizenship that will affect all their years at Ward-Belmont.

The duties of the Council members are three-fold: She must see her duty and act accordingly, always being impartial and tactful; she must get along with all the girls, win their confidence and manage them as a body; she must be the representative of the student body on Council, and thus be able to see intelligently both sides of a question and understand the persons and cases involved.

(Continued on last column this page)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Lotta is just bubbling over to tell you the very latest news! So much has happened in the past week and it is all so exciting we must find an outlet somewhere.

Just by the very slimmest of chances Lotta got a bid to the Tri K dance and did she have fun? Oh, boy! Therefore the first part of this column today will be on the dance.

"Skippy," we think that you deserve all the praise in the world for making the dance a huge success. Also you were a lovable man and "Obbie" should feel quite complimented.

Lotta, for one, did not notice lack of "teamwork," such as there was in several of the basketball games last week (that is satire) in the "Special." You all were just great!!

And speaking of food. . . . Gee, "Fully," you were a life saver!

And now to go to the gorgeous dresses! Little Funk, we have raved about your stunning black and white creation until every one is tired of hearing us. "Dotty" Glander, you also took a prize with your black and white. We seem to run to sophisticated colors, at least. "Boy," if you find that perfect informal formal missing some day soon, make a search of Senior and I think you may find it. I ask you all, did you ever see such prescrumtious (is there such a word?) styles? I wished many times for a million or two. These weren't all that caught the eye, but time and space are limited and anyway we really are running a gossip column and not a style criticism.

I must leave the dance and tell you all something else, but before I go don't you think the Horse idea a swell one? Ginny, were you responsible for that?

And now to that much-talked-of and played basketball. Lotta may not be much of a judge but she thinks that all of the games have been pretty good and she also feels that there should be no criticism from the sidelines when every player on a team is doing her level best.

"Goodness, I am just worn out from watching the games," says one young lady, and Lotta quite agrees with her. Why with "Cherry," "Jay," Rae Baker, Lil and several others of you fast forwards and "Buzzy," Ruthie Nehls, Clem Dow and all of the clever guards, it is impossible not to tire just a-watching.

Rena, I was so glad to see you get back into your old stride in the game Tuesday. And, by the way, that reminds me! Did your trip home have anything to do with the swell playing? Guess I had better ask Betty Ann.

"Smitty," you are all right! Sorry you had to take that "Nasty old Chemistry" exam before the game. Anyway, you are swell.

Peckinpaugh, I was so glad to see you in the game. Where have you been?

I guess I have exhausted the supply of basketball knowledge, too, so will start on general happenings.

Have you all heard that "Sister" Balsiger is hatching mail? Yes, sir!

(Continued on page 4)

EAGLE FEATHER

DEATH

Behind the Pantiments the blood-red sun was setting;
The yellow sands still stretched for endless miles.
Two objects went with lagging feet across the burning waste.
One was grey and gaunt and tall in denim overalls.
The other was a long-eared burrow with a heavy pack.

Behind the Pantiments the blood-red sun was setting;
The yellow sands still stretched for miles
To where it met the low-slung mae's bordered blue,
And further on there rose in sovereign majesty
The mighty crested peak with all its towering coolness.

Behind the Pantiments the blood-red sun was falling low;
The yellow sands still stretched for endless miles.
The man no longer went with lagging steps but lay upon his face,
His fingers clutched the ochre sand in one last convulsive grip;
A hundred yards beyond, the burrow fell and rose no more.

Behind the Pantiments the blood-red sun had set;
The yellow sands still stretched for endless miles.
Many winds and sands have come since then
And bleached the bones to white and gleaming things.
The canvas pack has rotted with the years,
And left the unspent gold to scatter on the desert floor.

R. Battey, H. S., '33.

IMPRESSION, 2ND

We sat by the fire
Toasting marshmellows and drinking tea
While the rain comes solid on the black north-west windows—
Firelight, the music of a far-off orchestra,
The friendly gossip of this and that, and warmth, and rest.

Staring in through the windows, its back to the wind
Is I.
The rain pounds cold and unrest into my coat,
Calling and urging and arguing.
So I cry to the rain and the wind,
Running down the lane,
And scream at the evil wretched hags
Who outline their bodies against the night
For the lusty rain to know.
I dash headlong up the hill into a cloud
To thrash awkward limbs,
And spit down the chimney into the fire
(And throw slimy wet down the chimney into the fire)
By which I sit drinking tea.

H.Conley '33.

A PLEA

Eagle Feather has tried so hard
To please you with its treats,
But startling as it is to say
Eagle Feather still must eat.

So help me out right now,
And be real sweet and nice,
And try to write a poem once
Or maybe even twice.

And when that poem is finished
And copied and all such;
Just send it through to me
And I'll thank you very much.

Eagle Feather.

(Continued from first column this page)

The girls who are nominated for the vacant Council offices have, in these first few months, proved themselves as possessing these qualities. They may not be the personal friend of every girl—they may be the victims of petty prejudices, but one would hesitate to entrust a responsible position to a girl who was merely attractive but who lacked other ability. In voting for these nominees, consider the girl as she is; as she will be in her new position; what she will contribute to the school life that is lasting, and her attitude toward citizenship. Do not vote for a girl merely because she is your friend. Remember, the school has been running smoothly under capable hands, and the new Council members will be expected to carry on in the same way. Let everyone vote with an open mind and a free conscience!

W. B. '34.

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CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 3)

She has two slips of paper, one male and one female, in her box and every day there is a little "Mail." Sounds sort of fishy to me but she proves it. Must be like the hen that Darwin or somebody used and got 77 eggs in 76 days, or something!

"Conley" wishes that she could wear shirts and blouses forever. Sorry, dear!!!!

Guess who we saw in the library the other night? Yes, and actually working!!!! Why, Jane Sevier and Mary Jones, and Charley Holcomb! You all just keep it up and most of all, study. I mean, of course, that you are to be congratulated on your powers of concentration.

Yes, and Dukie and Rummy were also there doing something, we don't know what, but looking mighty busy about it and oh, so sweet.

"Ginnie" Knox, be good and don't work too hard or we will have to believe you are serious. So glad to see you up and around at the Tri K dance.

"Kid," where in the world did you steal the "spliffy" green and white shirt? We think it is quite the stuff. Maybe you made it like Kelly claims she can do. I know that they will make a seamstress out of that girl yet, and then what will we do with our best basketball player gone domestic?

Maybe at that I had better stop, for I know it gets long winded. By the way, (and here comes a little bit of sour grapes), the people who make sarcastic remarks that aren't even nice about other clubs' basketball teams and members, ought to try and play themselves. All talk and no practice makes someone a fool, you know!!!! Sorry!

Best of luck on the dear old exams, and love,

LOTTA CHATTER.

THIS AND THAT

If the proposed new currency, to be printed on paper which is one-half instead of one-fourth cotton, proves durable, everyone will be willing to join the use-more-cotton movement.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

From now on there will be no more "Lame Duck" sessions of Congress, Missouri passed the new resolution and this gave the required three-fourths ratification of the states. The new Congress elected in November will automatically open the following January.—*New York Times.*

By refusing to ride a horse at the presidential inauguration in Washington, Col. Herbert H. Lehman, New York's new Governor, proves that the man in the saddle doesn't necessarily have to put his feet in the stirrup.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The Senate passed the new bill to allow the Philippine Islands their freedom in 13 years over the president's veto. All that is needed is the vote of Filipino legislature to decide the question.—*Atlanta Journal.*

To supply all material needs, the technocrats declare that the adult population of the United States would have to work only four hours a day for four days a week.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Voting is compulsory in Belgium, and any citizen who, without reason, has failed to vote four times in ten years is deprived of citizenship and is debarred from holding any public office for ten years.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Japan is appropriating twice as much money for her army, navy and air forces as last year!—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The latest rumor is that Japan will recognize the independence and immunity of the Philippine Islands if the United States will recognize Manchoukro, new Japanese conquest in Manchuria.—*Atlanta Journal.*

MUSIC NOTES

Elizabeth Kerr and Isabel N... former Ward-Belmont students ... pupils of Miss Florence Boyer, ... at the Y. W. C. A. annual admin... tration banquet, Friday evening, J... uary 20. The two girls were well ... ceived by the audience.

The Vanderbilt Glee Club ... the direction of Stetson Hu...phr... sang in concert at the Tennessee P... technic Institute in Cookeville, T... nessee, Friday night, January 20. T... of Mr. Humphrey's pupils, Willa... Vaughn and Harold Culver gave ... eral solo numbers.

A PAGE FROM LIFE

By Wilma D. Baker. '34

And still remains the adolescent! Seventeen seems to be the critical age, the smart set of a city high school, the important part of the environment, and a young modern the central figure of the page.

It was only after making the most excrutiating promises her father could think of that Margaret Ferguson found herself in her sister's sorority house for a day and a night before the beginning of Easter vacation. Such a brief time can never give the excited high school girl a true picture of college life. She leaves with a confused impression of having rushed from one strange place to another, and of meeting hundreds of strange people all anxious to tell her that she's pretty cute, and has she heard the latest thing "Peanut" Prattz has done over at the house?

Margaret drove home with a bunch of her sister's friends. Against her wishes, they only discussed college a little, and then passed on to other topics of more complete interest. Soon they were telling their dreams.

"Have you dreamed that you were drowning and screamed for help?"

"Oh, yes. Have you dreamed you were falling through space and then woke up just before you hit the earth?"

Everyone had. One girl, a blonde whom Margaret admired, said,

"But I always bump and then, wake up."

Everyone had something to say about this. The girls informed the amazed blond that she was about to die, and the boys assured her a reasonable amount of flowers and mourning at her premature demise.

Soon the conversation turned to other things, and Margaret forgot the incident for the time being. She admired the girl a great deal and regretted her unfortunate death while she said good by to her some time later.

It happened to Margaret the night of the day she got home—the night of Good Friday. Perhaps it was because she was so tired. Anyway, that night she dreamed. She felt as if she were a bodyless spirit falling, falling, falling through space. Unexpectedly she felt a sudden contact with something hard and firm—she had the noiseless sensation of a thump or crash. With a start and a violent jump, she awoke. She was still in bed. Everything was perfectly natural. She turned over and went back to a very sound sleep.

The next night, sleep did not come so quickly. She watched the moo... light creep across the floor. She hea... the branch of a tree blow against ... house with a softly weird yet soothi... sound. She heard the noises of ... house at rest. It was the first ti... she had been alone since her Big A... venture! Inasmuch as sleep was ... stranger, she elected to relieve ev... moment of those too-few hours. Wi... out difficulty she recalled everyt... and everything, each person, ea... face, smile, inflection, every word ... conversation, every incident. Oh, ... had had a thrilling time! And th... the trip home! And the girl who w... going to die! Oh! why they said ... you bumped *before* you woke up, yo... die. And she'd dreamed that l... night. Well—there must be some m... take—she couldn't die!

To satisfy herself that this was ... a lot of bunk, as she expressed it, s... rose, turned on the light, and sat dow... at her dressing table. Absen... mindedly she powdered her nose ov... the thick cold cream and applied l... stick to already quite red lips. H... loosened, light brown hair fell in ... soft halo around her youthful fa... She sat staring at her familiar fe... tures. So she was going to d... Vaguely, she wondered how it wo... happen. She saw herself slowly fa... ing away like the old-fashioned p... in some of her grandmother's book... She had visions of a sudden and unex... counted-for death. She wondere... when it would happen. Soon? Pe... haps!

She switched off the light and ... turned to bed. All she could think ... was her approaching death. ... thrilled her a little bit. She would ... the first one in her set to die. There ... be a draped chair on the platform ... her at Commencement. They'd pri... her obituary in the school paper. H... obituary! What would they say ... Popular? Well, wasn't she? Leader ... She had been president of her sor... ity until her grades went down. Gr... student? Hardly! Still thinking wi... a secret pleasure of her approachi... death, she drifted off to sleep.

When she awoke the next morning ... the sun shone where the moon ha... been the night before. Easter Sun... day! It was warm. She had a ne... beige suit. Of course, she had take... it on her trip, but she had never wor... it at home. She would go to chur... There would be some girls there, ma... be, who would look on and admi... Lazily she got out of bed. And th... she remembered! She was going ... die!

(Continued next week)

HE DIARY OF MIS- TRESS BELLE-WARD

dnesday:

Sorry to have neglected you, child my heart, but you know Spring's ning on along with exams. All green benches seem to be in use it really must be spring.

Only a few classes today and then . Powell's speech about Lee, which rned to cause the war to be fought er again in the dining room.

Went over and watched the games s afternoon. Some of those girls re can play. Have you seen Lil nes make baskets?

Club tonight with much chatter on es. I'll have to start pawning ngs soon to keep from starving.

The Dream Pictures were very good ept we weren't able to dream much, ving to the little town child that t near. Sevier and Peckinpaugh it seemed. hat strange power do you "gals" ve?

hursday:

Awoke to the merry tinkle of the arm at 5. So many classes today n just about poohed. Hardly anything to do tomorrow, so it'll be a rfect day for town and so forth.

Murmurs of the Tri K dance are ing heard about the campus. To e club tonight after dinner and nced and groaned about the exams.

riday:

Now people have started talking out proctors for second semester. eally, Diary, I think you'd be charming as chapel proctor and I'll take hatever one's left over. Then I will et in on all the dirt.

To the movies this afternoon! The ore I see of Fredric March, the utter I think he is.

And then to the play at the Orheum tonight which was very good. m either going to be broke very oon or flunked, don't know which.

Saturday:

Saw Jay Foote and Jo Gardner industriously making candy at the F. F. house this morning, but owing to the urgent call of classes I couldn't stop.

We played very silly games in Club Village this afternoon and succeeded in getting very wet.

Dinner and then put on the best "bib and tucker" for the dance, which really was adorable. Jane looked knock-out with gardenias an' everything. Lora was very fetching in the "special." She certainly got a rush afterwards. And so to bed with thoughts of church tomorrow.

Sunday:

Couldn't find any money so had to get excused from church. Nancy McFadin seemed to have all the magazines in the world up in Rec so we had a jolly time reading them.

Then the unusual dinner of chicken and rice. Slept all afternoon and then Dr. Barton's talk in Vespers! It's always so nice to hear him talk, isn't it, Diary?

DR. BARTON, VESPERS SPEAKER

As the speaker of the evening at Vespers, last Sunday, the girls were very happy to have their own Dr. Barton. He always has something to say which holds a great deal of meaning for everyone and the girls always welcome his kind, sound advice. He said that the most interesting talks he had ever heard have usually been on common every-day things, applied in some way to bigger things. Thus, he concluded that life was a game and by process of elimination that a jig-saw puzzle was a game; therefore life may be a jig-saw puzzle. Dr. Barton proceeded them to make comparisons and it is surprising how true it was. Life is made up of many tiny, intricate parts which must be fixed together so that they fit perfectly and make a complete picture. If one puts the amount of time, interest, and energy on life that he spends on a puzzle, it is only natural nothing could be lacking to make a perfect whole.

Isabel Nash sang a lovely hymn and after a responsive prayer and benediction, the devotions were closed.

PLAY HOUR AT JUNIOR LEAGUE HOME

"Hey, come swing me," "and so Tarzan bounded into the woods with the ape." "What's your doll's name?" "Can you draw pictures of dogs?"

What in the world does all this chatter mean? Why just this—the Junior League committee had another gay Sunday afternoon with the crippled children.

The visit was begun with a romp in the yard with the more able youngsters. Then, after a group picture had been snapped of the girls with their little playmates, each old-timer went to her favorite place to entertain. Mary Jones, a new visitor, seemed to "take" immediately in the little girls' ward. Gene Bradford remained on the grounds to indulge in tag and other outdoor games. Marjorie Bierce and Mildred Edmonson were kept busy reading *Tarzan* to the boys, and gales of laughter issued from one corner of the room where Betty Crowe gave her amusing interpretations of the funny sheet for two little boys.

On the way home, the girls chatted about the many funny things that all little boys and girls do and say.

DAY STUDENT CLUB NEWS

The girl who was to furnish the program at the meeting of Angkor Club on January 24, asked that her act be postponed until next time so the roll was called, a few announcements were made and then the meeting adjourned.

It is remarkable how many of the announcements each time are about gym. Along with the last days of basketball it seems that there will come the first days of water polo and tennis and bowling. That is one thing about Ward-Belmont,— they do believe in exercise.

CLOSE-UPS

Books, books, books! Alarm clocks, and such soft beds—you know! "Garbo" eyes peering over French verbs and algebraic formulas with an air of sinister gloom and ambitiousness. Faces still seem to be remembering the after-Christmas spirit, but underneath it all runs a quiver of excitement responsible to those fortunates who plan to go home as soon after the last exam as the next train for Podunk leaves. *Les pauvres enfants!!* That's the campus atmosphere now. Let it cheer you, however unsuccessful you may be, that all over our broad and probably soot-filled nation, excluding your old home town, small knots of equally hopeless slaves are bent to the unimportant task of mid-year preparation. Still, in between times when the agony goes on between worn book covers, some pretty ingenious ideas are brightening up the next corner. Such as Elsa, Marge, and Mary Marm Lincoln are planning to enjoy as appropriate a time as their to-be-absent roommate will. Any *good* suggestions will be appreciated.

It seems that the Dream Pictures were really the acme of earthly perfection—especially "Pickles." Oh, who would be interested in climbing the wondrous mount—pack train and all the trappings, you know! (All very ridiculous suggestions but, like whipped cream, quite filling.)

'Tis saddening to have to wait a lifetime for more basketball games. Miss Foote attributes her success in the F. F.-T. C. game to a rather piratical attire and a dashing, defiant mood to fit. Next year we will try it, mebbe.

Beasley, Helen, Cherry and Dot know an awful lot about bus traveling, so don't be surprised if they run down to Cincinnati early some morning, a la Chicago fashion. They might report back to headquarters on the city highlights for our benefit. Think of it!

By the way, if you want a howl, get Ella Mae to read you her baby cousin's love letters.

Now run along, and don't forget to turn out the lights before you go to sleep . . . to write home for money . . . to throw something at the howling cats . . . to think this is grand stuff—even with your fingers crossed.

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TRI K.-A. K. GAME BRIGHT SPOT OF SEASON

(Continued from page 1)

Stout .....C.F..... Sherman
Drushel .....G..... Holtzman
V. Hudson .....G..... Harrell
Mullino .....C.G..... Lincoln

The Penta Tau-Eccowasin game on Tuesday afternoon was an extremely exciting game, but one would not call it well played. There was too much mauling and stumbling throughout the entire game. The substitutions of the P. T. practically saved the game for them, which proved to be very close.

The lineup:

Penta Tau (26)	*Pos.*	*Ecco.* (25)
Copeland	F.	A. Bradford
N. Brown	F.	Billington
Wansley	C.F.	Pope
Munger	G.	Glasgow
Soper	G.	Charlton
Lege	C.G.	Wright

Substitutions (Penta Tau): Peckinpaugh for Wansley at center; Siegmund for Munger at guard.

DR. POWELL SPEAKS ON LEE

(Continued from page 1)

United States armies, he finally decided for the way of the South after an entire night spent in earnest prayer. In spite of his decision to support the South Lee always begged that God bless the "men in blue."

After the Civil War, Lee retired from military service. He became president of Washington College at Lexington and did much to make it so great an institution. It was he who first introduced the honor system into educational institutions.

General Lee said of his religion, "As for myself, I can only say I am a sinner saved by the blood of Jesus Christ."

PSST!

Mrs. Psst, because of her long and fruitful Christmas, has been accorded a week's holiday, and we, her fairy godmothers, have written the column for her this time. You're welcome, dear Mrs. Psst.

Isn't it grand that the Angkors can be so high and mighty with a great, glorious, glamorous, glittering, Greek-god, Sug, on their basketball team. Can it be that they are trying to outdo Franklin's All-American?

What member of our Council is sporting a very intriguing new fraternity pin?

Speaking of Council, what former proctor has been severely bitten by love, shall we say? Her mind is no longer on her work. And she is even wearing a bandage.

Miss Cavert's report in psych class was very aptly illustrated, *n'est-ce pas?*

For information concerning the events of note that may have occurred at the Andrew Jackson last Saturday night ask our walking *Don't Quote Me*, M. E. W. She can hold your interest with the report for nigh onto two hours.

N. Schumacher was falsely q... in the HYPHEN a week or so ag... was never even asked that qu... Mrs. Psst, you may have a l... on your hands.

You know, the Franklin B... all wear the best loking sport c... to school. Maybe they are out ... Nashville's more or less d... Romeos.

Speaking of Romeos, ask ... Anderson who John Wilson is?

Isn't it Fortune-ate that E... Brandon gets to go to all the Va... bilt basketball games?

It seems that an exclusive g... of four high school girls do not ... for the Thursday menus at the ... room.

Jennyboo, we like the blue and ... dress you were sporting Tuesday.

Miss Anderson's training as a ... porter on the W.-B. *Journal* has ... her worlds of good, but on the o... hand, she was seen in the libr... deep in conference with a promi... post-grad who is interested in ... tionary work. There were sev... cases of hysteria nearby.

It is nice to have a cousin that ... take you to the gym dances. As ... day student club president.

If Sug keeps on being "pur... something will have to be done. To... day she informed the luncheon t... that "People who live in glass ho... shouldn't 'Thoreau' stones!"

Grace Benedict was hostess o... birthday luncheon for Cayce in ... tea room Monday. The honor g... attended, robed in two-tone blue, ... as she did not know she was the ho... guest (i. e., it was a surprise par... she forgot to wear her bouquet ... orchids or manicure her finger na...

Mlle. Mickie Perry is just a tr... too enthusiastic at the Angkor bask... ball games. She banged Mini on t... head so hard with a book that ... Aspirin was required to ease the pa...

Mary Margaret has a large fe... blister. Is it due, by any chance, ... a recent week-end visitor from A... bama?

Why does Katherine Kennedy sh... her eyes and screech whenever M. ... is mentioned?

And have you heard any of t... rumors about Nancy and the re... headed center from Georgia Te... They are flying around and you m... try to catch one on the wing.

Mary Currel Berry must have sp... a large part of her youth at Sun... school from all of the things she e... tell in Bible class.

The two little girls in the Fo... rumble seat with the blue umbre... pulled down over their heads, in sp... of the sunshiny day, caused quite ... burst of applause when they rode ... the Fidelity Theta house.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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Y.W.C.A. GIVES SPORT DANCE

Last Saturday night, February 4, the Chatterbox, the "Y" sponsored about the peppiest dance of the year. The after-Christmas spirit was high. Mrs. McBride, Miss Anna and all of the tea room notables were in attendance.

The special was a true success. "Queen" Justice and "King" Soper reigned supreme with a little help from "Chief Jester" Roach. Their entrance was heralded by Trumpeters Shenk and Noe. Others in attendance to their highnesses were train-bearer Moore, crown-bearer Roudebush, a striking figure in derby and boots, and ladies-in-waiting Tebbs, Gillis, Dow and Grammes.

Entertainment for the court was presented by Lois Schwartz in a full skirted costume of brilliant shades of yellow. Cocked over one eye was a knitted orange skull cap. Vocal music was contributed by the Misses Bryan and Schumacher who rendered *Jersey Cow*. Jester Roach, quite resplendant in figured pajamas from which were draped colored handkerchiefs, made a human appeal to the audience when she gave her pitiful wail for beer.

After the program, sacks of confetti were distributed and the floor and dancers were soon well sprinkled. The Tennessee Night Owls did much to make the evening a gay one.

ARISTONS BEAT TRI K'S IN FINAL GAME

Saturday night was important in the lives of some of the day students, as a day student team, for the first time in several years, was winner in the finals of the basketball tournament. There seemed to be more interest aroused by this final game than has been shown in any tournament throughout the entire year.

The game Saturday evening between the Tri K.'s and Aristons wasn't as good as some of the other games that we have had this year because of the high tension and nervousness of the players on both of the teams. The score, however, was close throughout the game and each team was fighting hard for every point.

Jane Hall scored most of the points for Aristons, and Lillian Jones for the Tri K.'s. Both these girls did some beautiful playing, helped by their team-mates. The passing between Dot Hill and Jane Hall worked faster than in any other game this season. The Tri K.'s didn't get as much chance to shoot as the Aristons did because they were so heavily guarded. Jane Allen did some beautiful guarding and deserves a lot of credit.

Each team fought to the best of its ability right up until the whistle and played clean basketball. The final score was Aristons, 31; Tri K.'s, 26.

GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON ELECTED

Tuesday, February 7, Martha and George Washington were chosen from the student body. A tradition of Ward-Belmont is the beautiful colonial dinner and dance given on February 22.

Lillian Jones was chosen to portray the part of Martha Washington and Lora Gillis is to represent George. On the night of Washington's birthday Martha and George will come down the stairway in Rec Hall and lead the way on to the dining room. They will be followed by those Seniors who are to dance the minuet later in the gymnasium.

After this group will come all the other boarding students.

"OF THEE I SING" ENJOYED

One of the best musical comedies that has come to Nashville this season is *Of Thee I Sing*, which was here Monday night, February 6th. Quite a few of the girls from School went to see it, and all of them enjoyed it immensely.

The play, which won the Pulitzer prize last year, was a take-off on our United States government. One of the funniest things in it was the way it showed the apparent insignificance of the vice-president. Evidently he is just a necessary nuisance.

The music and dancing was excellent. All in all it was "one perfect evening," but as a warning to future show goers, don't pay $2.20 for your seats, because your much less extravagant and much wiser friends, who paid $1.65, will sit just three rows behind you and laugh at you.

MUSICAL PROGRAM IN CHAPEL

A very interesting musical program was given Monday, February 6, at the chapel hour. Miss Catherine Guthrie, a pupil of Lawrence Goodman, and Miss Ella Lou Cheek, a pupil of Kenneth Rose, entertained. Miss Cheek played two violin selections: "Romanza Andaluza," by Sarasate, and "Hungarian Dance No. 2," by Brahms. Miss Guthrie gave as a piano solo Gershwin's famous "Rhapsody in Blue." The program was very much enjoyed by the students.

CALENDAR

Saturday, February 11—F. F. Dance.
Monday, February 13—Birthday Dinner.
Tuesday, February 18—Athletic-Active Members' Banquet.
Thursday, February 16—French Club Meeting.
Friday, February 17—Senior-Middle Dance.

BASKETBALL VARSITY ANNOUNCED

The basketball Varsity for 1933 is as follows:

First Varsity		Second Varsity
Cherrington	C. F.	Hill, D.
Jones, L.	R. F.	Tony, R.
Hall, J.	L. F.	Daniels, E.
Allen, J.	C. G.	Henderson, E.
Stone, B.	R. G.	Bierce, M.
Wright, M.	L. G.	Keidel, V.

A. K.'S WIN SWIMMING MEET

Tri K's Place Second

The Swimming Meet was as exciting as was promised. Dorothy Stewart was the outstanding figure of the day. She excelled in the three events she entered, taking three first places. Dick placed first this year in the same events that she placed first in last year, form, speed, and diving. Winning the Swimming Meet two years in succession is quite an accomplishment.

The two other girls placing in the Meet were Betty Grammes, second, and Grace Bosserman, third. Both these girls showed ability in the events they won. In fact, all the girls who participated proved good all-round swimmers, and provided a great deal of competition in the various events.

The A. K.'s placed first with 34½ and the Tri K's second with 11½.

The individual winners were:
Dick Stewart—17¼ points.
Betty Grammes—8 points.
Grace Bosserman—6¾ points.

The events in order were:

Plunge for distance:
First—Key, 50 feet, 42.7 seconds.
Second—De Mun, 48 feet, 9 inches, 41.4 seconds.
Third—Gardener, 45 feet, 3 inches, 32.8 seconds.

100 foot back:
First—Bosserman, 25.7 seconds.
Second—Bradford, 27.4 seconds.
Third—Peckinpaugh, 29.9 seconds.

100 foot breast:
First—Grammes, 30.7 seconds.
Second—Willert, 31.4 seconds.

Form:
First—Stewart, 27 points.
Second—Lathrop, 26 points.
Third — Grammes, Bradford, 24 points.

100 foot free style:
First—Stewart, 20.9 seconds.
Second—Cherrington, 21.4 seconds.
Third—Bosserman, 22.8 seconds.

Diving:
First—Stewart, 106.6 points.
Second—Bradford, 97 points.
Third—Lathrop, 78.3 points.

Club relay:
First—A.K., 42 seconds.
Second—Anti Pan, 44 seconds.
Third—Tri K., 45.1 seconds.

The A. K.'s won the cup this year, last year they tied with the Penta Tau's.

TRIP TO WASHINGTON DEFINITE

In the emphatic words of Dr. Barton, "The trip to Washington will be." He announced in chapel on Monday that the party will leave Nashville on Wednesday, March 1, at two o'clock on a fast train which will enable them to arrive in Washington in time for lunch on Thursday. That afternoon and all the next day will be spent in sight-seeing. The girls will visit the important government buildings and they will go to Mt. Vernon, Arlington, and Alexandria. March 4, Saturday, the Ward-Belmont party will witness the Inauguration, the parade, and the ceremony.

Late Saturday night or early Sunday morning the party will leave Washington. The girls will go to Lynchburg and to Lexington where they will see Washington and Lee University and V. M. I. Then they will be taken to see the wonderful Natural Bridge. From there, the girls will go to Roanoke, and thence home. They will arrive here at 12:40 on Monday, March 6th. The trip will be complete in every detail and every effort will be made for the comfort and enjoyment of the girls. They will have a private car although part of the journey is to be made by bus. The girls who are going will have an unforgetable experience.

HENKEL PRESENTED IN CONCERT

F. Arthur-Henkel, head of the organ department of Ward-Belmont, appeared in concert in the Ward-Belmont auditorium, Thursday night, February 9. Mr. Henkel's brilliant program was given before quite a large number of students and town guests.

I.

Toccata in F ..... *Bach*
Chorale—"Lord Jesus to Thee Do We Call ..... *Bach*

II.

Sonata—The 94th Psalm .... *Reubke*
Grave-Allegro
Adagio } Without interruption
Allegro

III.

Andante
Scherzo } From the 4th Symphony *Widor*
The Sun's Evensong .... *Karg-Elert*
Caprice (The Brook) ..... *Dethier*
Procession
Tu es petra (Thou art the Rock)
Byzantine Sketches ..... *Mulet*

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BANQUET

The Athletic Board wishes to announce that the banquet, held annually for the active members of the Athletic Association, will be given February 18, at 6 o'clock, in the Tea Room. All active members are invited.



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F. F. DANCE TONIGHT

Tonight the F. F. club will entertain with their annual dance in the gymnasium. This dance is always considered a lovely one, so everyone is looking forward to it with pleasant anticipation.

GIRLS VISIT VANDERBILT PATIENTS

On February 7, members of the Vanderbilt Hospital Comm ttee visited the hospital. Patients were visited in the Surgical and Medical wards.

Members who went were Marjorie Zaug, Sue McDermott, Bee Wertz and Mary Norcross. Miss Van Hooser went with the party to the hospital.

EXPRESSION CLASSES PASS TESTS

Expression classes 1 and 2 have passed acceptably their dramatic tests on plays, character studies, and lyrics. The program included:

Theatre Night, a play

Dick—Helen Justice.

Dolly—Yvette Franz.

Long Ago, 18th century play

Reginald—Audrey Tate.

Angelina—Virginia Livingston.

Character Studies

Elopement—Margaret Morris.

Girl He Forgot—Elizabeth Crowe.

Leetla Humpy Jeem—Kathryn Combs.

De Styleesha Wife—Mildred Edmunson.

Katie's Answer—Virginia Knox.

Nothing to Say—Ruthe Sauerhering.

Monologues

Comedy of Errors—Margaret Dorris.

Afternoon Call—Jenabeth Jones.

Narrative stories

Midshipman Casey—Mary Jones.

Heart of a Hunchback—Lodie Willis.

Lyrics

Evelyn Cooper.

Mary Esther Senter.

Ruth Frye.

Nadyne Lix.

GRANDMA GREY AT JUNIOR LEAGUE HOME

Last Sunday afternoon four "Ward-Belmont ladies" arrived at the Junior League Home just in time for afternoon tea which the little girls were serving in one corner of the playroom. It was dream tea served in cups of thin air.

When the girls had had enough tea, they all decided to have a game of *Grandma Grey*. Forthwith Helene Loeb, Audrey Tate, Gene Bradford and Kathryn Mulenbrock became the naughtiest children imaginable and little Grandma Robbie had to give them all sound whippings. It didn't have much effect, for those naughty children went right on with their game of *London Bridge* as soon as she had finished; so Grandma Grey decided she wanted to be part of the bridge.

From *London Bridge*, the girls turned to *Farmer in the Dell* and then a nice romping game of hide and seek. Kathryn Muehlenbrock played the piano for them awhile and then they played *Going to Jerusalem*. When little Walter managed to get the last chair, the girls were all rather exhausted so they sat down and listened to the terrible story of *Jack, the Giant Killer*, and the lovely story of *Cinderella*. Then the taxi came and the girls had to leave, but they're going back next Sunday.

MUSIC NOTES

The first of a series of student recitals was given Tuesday afternoon, February 7, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium. Pupils of Florence Boyer, Amelie Throne, Mary Douthit, and Stetson Humphrey were presented to the students. The musical numbers were greatly enjoyed by the students and guests present.

Voice—

(a) The Hills of Gruzia.....*Mednikoff*

(b) The Beaming Eyes...*McDowell*

(c) Non so pur .....*Mozart*

Miss Eleanor Linebarger

Piano—

Arabesque .....*Debussy*

Miss Juanita Roberts

Voice—

(a) Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt .....*Tchaikowsky*

(b) Mit Einer Primula Veris.*Grieg*

(c) Wie Melodien Lieht es Mir .....*Brahms*

Miss Elizabeth Shirk

Voice—

(a) Caro mio ben .....*Giordani*

(b) Der Fruhling .....*Grieg*

(c) The Last Leaf .....*Homer*

Miss Dorothy Beasley

Piano—

(a) Sonnette No. 104 .....*Liszt*

(b) Etude in D .....*Liszt*

Miss Isobel Goodloe

Voice—

(a) Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves .....*Handel*

(b) I Am The Harp .....*Huntington-Woodman*

(c) Oh, Could I Express in Song .....*Malashkin*

Mr. William Farriss

Lawrence Goodman, head of the piano department of Ward-Belmont, was the soloist with the Nashville Symphony concert, Wednesday night, February 8. He played the Concerto by Liszt.

Mr. Goodman will broadcast over radio station WSM Sunday afternoon, February 12, from 5:30 to 6:00.

ANGKOR CLUB MEETING

It certainly was a relief to settle down after exams and spend the time this week at club meeting that was spent in last-minute studying last week. The Angkor Club started the new semester off right by having a most unusual program Tuesday, February 7. Pilar and Isabella Estrada did a Spanish dance for them. It was very good and quite involved, and left the girls full of admiration that Pilar and Isabella didn't get their feet mixed up.

The club enjoyed it very much and hopes that they will come and dance again some time.

Valentine Day is soon coming—Happy Valentine—I bet the HYPHEN Office will get a lot—? Hint?

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Staff

Editor—Mai Noy Van Deren
Associate Editor—Louise Lathrop
News Editor—Mary Jones
Day Student Editor—Edith Anderson
Circulation Manager—Kathryn Bothman

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Sarah Poorman, Mary Ann Kelly, Janet Maechtle, Delores Smith, Virginia Winston, Louise Wolff.

Reporters

Helene De Mun, Virginia Hamilton, Mary Martineau, Milbrey Wright, Marion Gilchrist, Lydia Fountain, Mary Marjory Lincoln, Susan Hardy, Betty Ann Wright, Helene Loeb, Victoria Keidel, Wilma Baker.

EDITORIAL

WORTH OF A FRIEND

We are rather blind creatures, filled with an appalling habit of oversight. Oversight that narrows our outlook and blights that quality of four-fold growth in one of its forms, either the spiritual, mental, social or physical phase. Having attained a satisfaction in our mental or social capacity, we often overlook physical or spiritual growth. Perhaps the circumstance is reversed, depending on the individual case. The "grind" overlooks the pleasant society about him to seek a retreat in his books; the so-called social butterfly visits only one kind of flower and misses more than she sees. There are those, too, who make college one long "gym" class, getting little more out of the campus associations than a ready hand at tennis or golf. Not a very desirable condition in the least. To promote four-fold life is the purpose of every camp director and every school organization which realizes that the natural inclination is to follow the path of near-sighted desire without ever trying hard to explore the side paths as well.

But, you complain, preparing for future years demands constant effort toward one goal. It is not humanly possible to emphasize equally all phases of a four-fold life and at the same time keep true to our calling. Yes, this is possible. We have but one medium through which our eyes are opened to all the delights of this life, and that is the taken for granted blessing known as a "friend." What we are deficient in, a friend can provide. What we have no time for, a friend may. A friend has been wisely called a bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help, love and wisdom. Remember that to have a friend, one must be a friend, going out of one's own self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another person.

In college we have unlimited opportunities for making sincere, lasting friendships—the sort that are to be valued for what there is in them, not for what can be gotten out of them. The more worthwhile friends that we possess, the wider our horizon expands, and when this happens life has become fuller and four-fold.

V. W. '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Really—all we have to do is mention spring and buy a couple of spring clothes and what do we have? Spring? We do not! We get a blizzard. From now on we will comment constantly on the delightful winter weather and on the fact that we are so glad we can still wear the velvet dress!

And a word about the jolly week-enders—Little Eppie, between yawns, reports a total amount reading (the Columbia week-end was to be one of "lots of rest and reading") of sixty-three pages!

Exams seemed to prove too strenuous—you know the weakening process that is the aftermath—some of our very best members of the Chum Society were playing a wildly exciting game of "Hide and Seek" last week. Poor Copeland—"nary" a pillar would hide her!

The exchange of roommates and suitemates that is going on is making calling a great confusion—there have been several housewarmings—but the main difficulty lies in the necessity for a complete change of address for one's friends.

And Nancy Brown—we just don't blame Springfield at all for having her home every week-end.

Sister Balsinger has been good lately—the last part of exam week she managed to stay up the *entire* length of extra-study-time.

The snow has given a thrill to some of the Southerners—have you noticed the snowballing and fox and geese games going on?

The snow has its disadvantages though—it cakes under the heels and one may slide and slide and slide.

Mary Daniel is still sleepy from her week-end—but then we guess we'll forgive her.

Nancy Schumacher has been reading so much psychology lately, but she says that she doesn't need the knowledge because she doesn't have what the psychology is telling about!

Then there were the formal acceptances that Wilma Baker got when she summoned half of Pembroke to monitor's meeting!

Wasn't the dance last Saturday night fun? The confetti was the most fun—Gillis, we think, got the brunt of several sacks—but then Gillis and us had a swell time, didn't we?

Well, Tony, here's to you! We'll be expecting you back for Homecoming!

What to do! What to do! This cold weather is driving Cayce slowly crazy—you see it's about the Big Six! To run, it has to be parked on the down-grade and the box bush is in the way and—dear, oh dear, just ask Margaret and Elizabeth if it all isn't a great trial!

Here's a word of welcome to the new girls! We're glad you're here and hope you will stop feeling you're new very soon.

EAGLE FEATHER

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded—
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-bounded?
The sleek-barreled swell before the storm, grey, foamless, enormous and growing—
Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hurrican blowing
His Sea in no showing the the same—His Sea and the same 'neath each showing:
His Sea as she slackens or thrills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillman desire their hills!
Who hath desired the Sea—the immense and contemptuous surges?
The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star stabbing bowspirit emerges?
The orderly clouds of the Trades, the ridged, roaring sapphire thereunder.
Unheralded cliff-haunting flows and the headrail's low volleying thunder—
His Sea is no wonder the same—His Sea and the same through each wonder:
His Sea as she rages or stills?

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness rather than forecourts of
Kings, and her outermost pits than the streets where men gather inland,
Among dust, under trees—inland where the slayer may slay him—
Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom whereupon he must lay him:
His Sea from the first that betrayed—at the last that shall never betray Him:
His Sea and His being fulfills
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillman desire their Hills.

Kipling.

EACH SETTING SUN RISES

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through.

But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will close in on him by and by.

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near,
Between the woods and frozen lake,
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost.

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EXPRESSION PLAYS GIVEN

At the end of Dead Week on Saturday, January 28, in the expression studio from 6:45 to 7:45, the oral test of the certificate students was given in three 18th century Vignettes.

ASHES OF ROSES

Kitty Clive, noted actress .....Mary Martineau
Horace Walpole, her friend .....Lilian Kelly
Roxane, her maid .....Virginia Livingston
Phyllis, a country maid .....Louize Henderson

GRETNA GREEN

Avis Linley.....Elizabeth Beasley
Maria Linley....Virginia Livingston
Thomas Linley.....Mildred Pratt

SILVER LINING

Fanny Burney, authoress .....Bess Grigsby
Richard Burney, her uncle .....Lilian Kelly

These are dramatizations of moments in the lives of these celebrated people of the 18th century.

A PAGE FROM LIFE

By Wilma D. Baker, '34

(*Continued from last issue*)

Before her dressing table some thirty minutes later, Margaret experimented with her hair. She had been trying ever since Christmas to acquire a worldly, sophisticated air. She had worn her hair pinned tightly behind her ears, and done as much as she could to restrain her soft natural wave. She had used boxes of heavy eyeshadow and mascara. She had placed her rouge daringly. Now she sought for an unworldly air. She parted her hair in the middle. It wasn't so terribly becoming, but she looked different. She persuaded herself that she resembled any one of the ladies in a book of medievel etchings she had casually examined for history class. Her natural-toned powder gave her a healthy, out-of-door look that she found unsatisfactory. She rummaged in her mother's dresser until she found a light shade. It made her look quite pale. She decided against rouge and lipstick altogether until she got her smart hat pulled over her right eyebrow at the precise angle pictured in *Vogue*. Without doubt, she looked too colorless in this solid-toned beige outfit with nothing except her brown eyes and white skin to relieve the color monotony. She applied a bit of pale pink lipstick. Still, there was something lacking. Ah! A bit of grey eyeshadow under her eye rather than on the lid lent the final note. She discovered that by working her eyebrows in a certain manner, she assumed an air of tragic sadness. She highly approved of her last glimpse of herself.

Her family were concerned when she finally appeared. Decidedly, she was too tired to go to church, she insisted, not angrily, as she was prone to do, but gently, almost humbly. The family were astonished.

That afternoon she declined three invitations to go riding. She said she wanted to be with her family. The aforementioned family were to that point where they exchanged significant and questioning glances.

Monday morning at school, rumor sped from room to room. Margaret had gone up to college to visit her sister. Now she was acting queer. Unanimously, the romantically-minded girls decided that she was in love with a college man—a hopeless, unrequited love. Detail was added to detail by their highly imaginative minds. Margaret was an object of awed tenderness and pity. And how did Margaret act? She was sweetness itself, gentle, humble, and unassuming. Even her teachers noticed it. Where was the old high-spirited Margaret who would argue an hour for her point, always fuss about the length of an assignment, and then boldly declare she hadn't prepared it? This new personality was so trying. How much was put on and how much was real, the teacher had no way of knowing. It was both amusing and pathetic to explain to a newly-studious Margaret the meaning of long-past lessons.

Margaret enjoyed herself thoroughly as the days passed. Of course, she would have been quite perturbed if anyone had suggested such a preposterous thing! How could a girl who was going to die enjoy herself? She had changed? Yes! She was, as the preacher had suggested, making her way of life right so that her way of death might also be right. She had found that by putting a bit of eyeshadow midway between her cheekbone and her jaw gave her a hollow-cheeked, sunken look, very necessary to her role, as she saw it. She studied long hours so her teachers would get a better impression of her and forget her previous record. She could see it written in her obituary. "—— a quietly brilliant mind with a fine, sensitive soul, admired and respected by all her teachers." Who had fine, sensitive souls? She had read it somewhere. Oh, yes. Poets! They were queer people. Still, . . . it dawned on Margaret that she was a poetess. She was probably a genius, only she hadn't recognized her ability until it was too late. How thrilling it would be to have a lot of poems hidden in her desk where her mother would find them after her death, like Emily Dickinson's had been found! They would be published, and the world would mourn the loss of a genius who had died before blossoming, like a blasted rosebud. Like a blasted rosebud! Gee! That was pretty good already! She could probably write just lots when she got started. Where should she hide her poems? Her desk was full of bids. Reluctantly, she decided they were inconsequential and must be thrown away. Each one reminded her of a good time she'd had. Perhaps it would be better to keep them after all! They might suggest a poem to her. She sat down and looked through them, hoping to be inspired. She sat with a blank piece of paper before her for almost half an hour, but words did not come. She knew that after dinner, when it was dark, she'd think of something. If she went to the dance with Bill, she'd be too tired to write poetry when she came in. She broke the date and made one to go riding Sunday afternoon.

(Continued next week)



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IARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

dnesday

Only two more exams, Diary, then 're free again. We'd rather spend rest of the week composing the l but necessary letter to the family out how we did study, but some- ing just seemed to go wrong. Oh, m! Why weren't we born educated d saved all this fuss?

And now the lucky souls who are ing for the week-end have started ckin', and such. I believe Lou gets for being the most excited.

Studied very hard tonight till my bition ran out (as it always does ter half an hour) then read new ovie magazines till the wee small urs. Only one exam tomorrow! I onder if perhaps we wouldn't study tter if we spent the afternoon in wn?

hursday

Almost light at five this morning hen we got up to do penance for the ovie magazines.

After so much brain labor, really, wn was the only place to recuperate I wasn't born reading the diction- ry). The movie was good and the ocolate sundae wonderful; and so ack to the "grind."

I've heard of people missing trains efore but never did I think it would appen at Ward-Belmont. Wilkins roved the exception to the rule today, ut I can't understand how anyone ould miss a train leaving here.

riday

And now exams are over and those hat aren't, just aren't, I guess. Graduation seems to get a bit hazier ach month.

The campus looks rather deserted ow. Speaking of lucky people, I be- ieve Pat Mars and Helen Hogan head he list, getting to be day students. Oh, well, in four or five months we'll e, too, only probably it won't seem so nice then.

To the play tonight which was very good even if they did get rather mixed up in their parts.

Saturday

The novelty of doing nothing was so great this morning that we finally strolled (love that word as it kind of fits in after exam time) up to the stables to look at the horses. Couldn't find any of the things about them that Battey and Kiesel talk of.

Went walking this afternoon and then to the basketball game tonight. The Tri K.'s played a good game and so did the Aristons. Jane Hall certainly can make those baskets. I'd like to see Jane and Lil Jones in a contest to see who could make the most baskets.

And then the dance in the Tea Room! Really felt like I was at the Mardi Gras. Weren't Helen and Soper a cute couple? Betsy missed her vocation by staying here at school, I think.

Sunday

Slept and slept this morning. Then ate cheese and sardines and Hershey bars.

Read all afternoon at the club. Winter must be here again. And so to bed at eight with a clear conscience!

Monday

The classes today with the news of the horrible results! I'm glad I wrote that letter to the family.

Voted for myself for both George and Martha today, but unfortunately the ballot was stacked against us. But won't Lora and Lil be good? Lora looks rather George-ish anyway.

To town this afternoon to gaze longingly at all the new spring clothes, and here we haven't enough money to eat properly at the Tea Room.

CLOSE-UPS

"If it hadn't been so cold . . . if the lights hadn't been turned on . . . if we could have been in front of a nice log fire . . . anyway you turned out to be the sweetest girl in the world!" *That* was the best letter Founders has read in a long time. And Buzzie, newly named "Fuzzy," came home with a clothes pin from the same outing! Though why a clothes pin, or were you in the garden after wash day? Furgoonissakes!

Wasn't *Of Thee I Sing* super-sloboeoptious? Incidents in the audience were almost as amusing, such as the contest held by row Q to decide between the Bierce and Becker profiles. Quite a spirited beauty contest, from all the noise. But the *one* reason that the evening was perfection lies in knowing what Bing Crosby said when he came out of the bakery. You know, "be-de-din-do!" Little Jane does her best to keep us well informed.

The stay-at-schools didn't have such a poohey week-end, after all. Lots of sleep, extra space in the dining room and the new books of 1929 to read. Founders practised up to show Pembroke "What all young girls should know about birthday celebrations." Now that Helene and Chris have added another decimal to their ages we are glad to announce that the campus will no longer reek of soot and onions, but only soot. This overwhelming popularity of hamburgers!

How the support kept from toppling off the balcony at the game last Saturday still remains a mystery! 'Twas certainly the best game I've seen in my career. That Hall girl knows how to do it. Smith, when did your lovely countenance inspire a self-made portrait? With a light attached, too!

Oh, the bell! Where is it that the populace revolted against bells, cause they wanted to know the time like everyone else? Just a word to welcome all you newcomers to school, and Tony darling, the best of luck and good-bye to you!

It's snowing! Or does my crystal clear window deceive. Now to keep that skiing date with Miss McElfresh and Elsa!

OR STUFF—

Description of a skip, from behind: The skipper (*not* a naughty nautical term!) rises on toes, hoists weight of body to the starboard, freely lifts left leg, foot and all, with a gesture of "Aw, who cares, anyway?" jerks weight of body to the larboard pediment, and repeats the entire movement.

We hear that Emily Warren thought teachers gloated over the stiff exams they could give, and flunk girls. Well, Emily, with about a million little blue books to grade and another million reports to make out, the teachers do gloat—about the same way the administration does when a girl is expelled, or angels do when a soul is lost. Now you tell one.

Mary Soper looked at some pictures of the Chicago World's Fair Buildings and said that although the buildings were very good looking, she did not believe the World's Fair a good buy right now. Take warning, you gamblers!

June Rose Copeland is studying the sex of hose, soap, and toothpaste. She wants to mate the opposites of each species in the hope that "like father, like son" will be more productive than a delayed check.

We've heard it said that Betty was so insensitive to sound she mistook the rythmic beats of a popular piece pounded on the hot water pipes for the Morse Code, and was unable to understand either.

May we "remember" for a certain faculty member that it was Moliere who "told" her, in the person of M. Jourdain (*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*) that he, and all of us, speak in prose?

Fashion note for the uninitiated: From Paris, of course, come the newest and most formal of spring evening dresses introducing a style that probably will not become popular with the conservative until next season. And even then will not become the common herd, since only a very sophisticated person can wear a dress made of gayly checked rough crepe cut on a bias, forming a straight narrow skirt topped by a high neck and elbow length sleeves trimmed with wide, double ruffles of *moussiline de soie*. The decolletage is buttoned right up to the nape of the neck.

Of course, we are not really jealous, but we would like to know Dick's secret that makes a man drive all the way from New York every week end!

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DR. CURRIE AT VESPERS

Vesper service on sleep-over Sundays seems to mean a little bit more to the girls because it is the only devotional service on that day. This last Sunday, February 5, Rev. A. L. Currie, pastor of the Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church, and well known in the School, spoke to the girls of that great fault of selfishness which almost everyone shows at one time or another. Almost everyone, when he puts very much work on any certain thing and allows it to mean so much to him, expects a certain amount of return. They think it is only right that they should get some reward. Dr. Currie pointed out some striking examples of the unselfishness of Christ, the most familiar one being that about the shepherd who left the other ninety and nine and went to look for the little lost lamb.

Ann Durand played the organ prelude and accompanied the hymns. Jane Becker gave a vocal solo. After the hymns and prayers, the service was closed with a benediction said in unison.

CLUB CHATTER

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Betty, we're glad to know you! Even if the *joier de nee* party only consisted of four persons it was quite a gala affair. Glander, Throgmorton, and Nehls gave the dinner for Hamilton. Heh! heh! Don't eat too much cake and sour pickles; ain't good for nary one of ye frail critters. The Del Ver house has been the location for a good many celebrations of this sort.

Get Rummy, McFadin, Swinford, Lewis, Sybil, Young, Smitty and Winston to tell you about the "big" time that was had down at the X. L. house Thursday. McFadin used her little bedroom radio what has a $12 tube in it. She says she can get Hongkong, or was that just plain ole static that we heard? We were very fortunate in hearing it, if the station really was that remote land. I imagine Swinford would be more capable of illustrating or describing the dramas that were performed down there. She has genuine ability when it comes to dramatizing. Her technic and floor presence is superb. I, personally, would suggest to you, Sue, seeing a director. You may land something! Out of the rest of the whole mob, I think you are best suited to the role. What do you think?

Cleo, Ail, Kaeser, and Miss Jackson attended the weekly "get-together in German" club last Monday at the A. K. club. As I said, these meetings are held weekly and the girls (German students) assemble to read *Deutsch* for one solid hour. Miss Jackson condescends to tell the girls the meaning of words once in a while. When I was there at the last meeting, she wouldn't let me eat my dill pickle and cheese and crackers because the menu wasn't true to German style. The next time I'm going to take down a keg of beer and some pretzels. I expect to see a great number of girls there Monday at 2:45. Bring your own mugs!

"Slymme" we all wish you would go home more frequently. Squab, cheese sticks, cake, pie, chicken, and potatoes sound grand to all of I don't see how the T. C. house could hold all the food, much less the girls who were there, Rumy, Char Willert, Edmunsen, Wright. I'm but all the other girls were hidden hind the snow men. My memory me.

PSST!

This is Boscoe, Mrs. Psst's child, and she has placed the burd of all this week's gossip upon my defenseless shoulders, so all youse just lend your ears and youse will hear pullenty!

I heard, just heard, that many too many members of our Senior Class will be marching down the aisle soon after graduation. me, and someone said, and I heard, that one young lady wasn't going to wait until graduation. out! I bet you didn't know *that*.

Don't you love the quiet, serene Charlotte Holland goes around. sometimes I get so noisy I even myself, while Chal remains very aloof and unruffled.

Parties are brewing in the Many lovely open houses and for some of you boarders!

Mary Currell, Beverly, Lib Glow, and Mary Polk had a terrible time deciding whom they were going to send their invitations to for the open house Friday. I hope they had as good a time at Senior-Middle Open House as we did, dontcha?

What I want to know is this—who is Mr. Psst? There is Mrs. Psst, must be a Mr. Psst—don't you think? Now, will somebody please enlighten me?

Imogene Bratton, I love that lovely green coat of yours. But please, don't wear it out again in the rain as you did yesterday. That almost made me weep.

Thanks, Edith, you and Claudine for entertaining us at Club Tuesday. Sing "Willow Weep for Me" again some time, will ya, huh?

Have you noticed the relieved expressions on everyone's face now that exams are over? Gee, are we glad! Now everybody has a chance to start all over again.

Welcome back, Mary Weaver Harris. So glad to see you. Hope you haven't grown up too much for me!

We also have to welcome Patty Mars and Helen Hogan into our day student circle. Think of driving 130 miles to and from school every day. They must love it. But then, if I had that gorgeous-looking car, I don't guess I would mind so much. I'm gonna make 'em take me with them some time, 'cause I know the cutest boy in Pulaski.

Well, I hope you have enjoyed this gossip by the poor stepchild, Boscoe, and if you have, just drop a line to Station PSST and we will be glad to send you a sample copy of—oh, heck! S'long.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXI | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, February 18, 1933 | Number 17

A. B. C. CONTEST ANNOUNCED

The A B C Contest which is a tradition of several years' standing at Ward-Belmont will be conducted by the *Milestones* Staff, Thursday morning, February 23, at chapel time. To those of the student body who have been in Ward-Belmont before this year there is little explanation necessary, but for those whose first year it is the Staff wishes to say a few words about it.

Each year the Staff fits to each letter in the alphabet a descriptive adjective and presents the list in ballot form to the entire School for them to vote on. Each student then places the names of the girls whom she thinks best fit the adjectives on the ballot. After filling out the entire alphabet there is a final vote—that for Ensemble. Ensemble means that for that adjective each girl votes for the one girl in School who best embodies all these qualities and is the one whom she thinks is the all-round Ward-Belmont girl worthy of receiving the title of Ensemble Girl, which is one of the highest honors that may be given in Ward-Belmont. The results of the vote are not revealed until the *Milestones* are distributed in May and in the section of the book devoted to the A B C Contest the pictures are displayed of the winners.

This year the Staff has made a rule in order to make easier the counting of the votes. First, no one may place a girl's name more than once on a ballot.

This is an individual vote and the Staff asks that each girl will vote according to the dictates of her own opinion, not of some one else's.

Following is the ballot as it will read:

A—Athletic	N—Naive
B—Beautiful	O—Original
C—Charming	P—Popular
D—Democratic	Q—Queenly
E—Entertaining	R—Reserved
F—Fashionable	S—Sincere
G—Graceful	T—Temperamental
H—Human	U—Undaunted
I—Individual	V—Versatile
J—Jolly	W—Witty
K—Kind	X—X-quisite
L—Literary	Y—Youthful
M—Modern	X—Zealous

Ensemble.

COUNCIL ELECTIONS HELD

Boarding Student Council elections were held Friday, February 10. The following girls will hold office for the second semester of this school year:

Dorothy Glander, general proctor; Ruth Nehls, chapel proctor; Marian Connor Dawson, Senior Hall; Martha Pyeatt, Pembroke; Viva Lee Davis, Founders; Nancy Brown, Heron; and Jane Young, North Front. Each of the girls elected is very capable and will fill her position with credit to herself and Ward-Belmont.

DAY STUDENT PROCTOR ELECTED

The election of the new Day Student Proctor was held on Thursday, February 9, in chapel. Dorothy Jones and Anne Loftin, both new girls this year and Senior-Middles, were the two candidates. Dorothy was elected.

Both are examples of the best type of Ward-Belmont girl and either would have made a trustworthy and efficient proctor.

Dorothy has had executive experience before as she has held positions of responsibility with various organizations with which she has been connected. Everyone who knows her feels certain that her friendly personality and tact will enable her to hold her difficult position without making a single enemy.

F. F.'S GIVE STYLE SHOW DANCE

The F. F. Club Style Show Dance last Saturday evening, February 11, was in good season considering that spring will be here any time now.

In the receiving line were Margaret Simpson, president, and the other officers of the club, Frances Falvey, Rae Baker and Eula Mae Luper with their sponsor, Miss Bertha Rucf.

The room was decorated to give the impression of a fashionable coutourier's salon. The walls were light green with gold panels. The ceiling was of light green and was on a level with the floor of the balcony. This gave the effect of a low-ceilinged room. Gold Greek vases placed at intervals, added a charming note. At the far end of the gym was a larger gold vase which formed a background for the stage on which the models paraded the latest in spring clothes.

The gowns shown were from Grace's and the models were members of the club. They were pretty and well-trained and the show went off like a professional one. The red evening dress with the ruffled tulle cape modeled by June Stout took the prize for evening gowns. The honors for sport wear were given to Vera Hudson in the white suit. With the jacket

(Continued on page 6)

DR. SUHRIE SPEAKS

The chapel program speaker for Wednesday, February 8 was Dr. Ambrose L. Suhrie of New York University. Dr. Suhrie spoke on his conception of a good school.

"A good school is," said Dr. Suhrie, "a place where young people of any age come together to educate themselves and each other with the help of good teachers." Above all, Dr. Suhrie stressed cooperation as a necessary part of a good school. "Cooperation means," he quoted, "so to conduct yourself that others may be able to work with you."

"The spirit of every good modern school," concluded Dr. Suhrie, "is one of rivalry in which an attempt to do better each day is maintained."

SENIOR-MIDDLES ENTERTAINED

On Friday evening, February 17, the Senior-Middle Class was for the first time in the history of Ward-Belmont School entertained with a formal dance by the administration of Ward-Belmont in the large dining room from eight to eleven o'clock. The class is indeed grateful for this innovation and for the pleasant evening that was enjoyed by everyone present. Favorable comments from the girls could be heard on all sides.

As the guests entered the dining room, which was attractively decorated with smilax, palms, and lovely cut flowers, they were greeted by Mrs. Blanton, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Benedict, Miss Sisson, Mrs. Rose, Miss Rhea, Lauryne Edwards, Beverly Stone, Helen Larimer, Bob Durand, and Anne Loftin.

Much of the credit for the success of the dance is, undoubtedly, due to the smooth functioning of the floor committee who made it possible for everyone to become acquainted and to feel at ease with each other. This floor committee, which was indentified by flowers, was composed of: Anne Loftin, chairman; Mary Currell Berry, Margaret Brugh, Mary Brush, Helene DeMun; Mary DeVoe, Clemence Dow, Bob Durand, Lauryne Edwards, Elizabeth Glasgow, Frances Hale, Jane Hall, Dorothy Jones, Mary Elizabeth Polk, Jane Sevier, Christine Seigmund, Claudine Smelzer, Beverly Stone and Bettye Anne Wright.

Later in the evening a delicious supper, served in the small dining room, brought to a close one of the happiest occasions enjoyed by the Senior-Middle Class.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY DINNER THIS WEEK

The annual George Washington dinner will be held next Wednesday evening. George and Martha Washington (Lora Gillis and Lil Jones) will preside at the dinner and afterwards in the gym at the dance. Before them, and for the benefit of the guests, a group of Seniors will dance the minuet in costume.

DAY STUDENT PRESIDENTS MEET

A meeting of the Day Students Presidents' Council was held Tuesday, February 7, in Miss Sisson's office. The discussion for the most part centered around their recent letter concerning the faculty members' and the girls' interests in school. A plan was made whereby the girls would have representatives in their organization from the Senior-Middle and Senior Classes. Miss Cayce and Mary Margaret Craig are taking notes from each meeting and compiling them so that they may be used by each Day Student Club in their discussion periods.

SCHOLASTIC RECORD ANNOUNCED

Chapel on Friday, February 10, was devoted to a recognition of honor roll students. Dr. Barton, before giving out the grades, commented on the good marks that had been maintained this semester. "But," said Dr. Barton, "We are not striving simply for grades. We are striving for the most we can get out of the course."

The cup for scholastic achievement was won this semester by the Agora Club. This club had an average of 1.51. The F. F. Club had the second highest average, having raised their average from seventh place last semester.

All the club averages were:

Agora	1.51
F. F.	1.40
Tri K	1.38
Eccowasin	1.37
A. K.	1.36
Angkor	1.22
Ariston	1.20
T. C.	1.19
Del Ver	1.18
Penta Tau	1.16
Triad	1.13
Osiron	1.044
X. L.	1.043
Anti Pan	.899

Twenty-seven students made the high school honor roll. They are:

FIRST YEAR

Grace Benedict.
Matilda Gibson.
Sarah Goodpasture.
Marion Hill.
Mickie Perry.
Lucille Johnson.

SECOND YEAR

Sylvia Cohen.
Frances Rose.

THIRD YEAR

Mary Louise Bearden.
Virginia Brown.
Andrena Butterfield.
Virginia Corson.
Martha Craig.
Louise Douglas.
Margaret Greene.
Henrietta Hickman.
Alice Mueller.
Katherine Price.
Landis Shaw.
Anne Willets.

FOURTH YEAR

Nancy Edwards.
Louise Hardison.
Margaret Howe.
Jane Neil.
Emily Shacklett.
Mary Helen Simpson.
Malinda Jones.

Eighteen college students made the honor roll. This honor roll included all students carrying twelve credit hours of work who made no grade less than "B" in any academic subject and who passed required Physical Education. Of these students, Anne Loftin made all "A's" and May Dell Meyer made "A's" in all academic subjects. Mary Currell Berry made the only "A+." The college honor roll is as follows:

(Continued on page 6)



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MUSIC NOTES

Lawrence Goodman played Liszt's Concerto in E Flat during the chapel hour Friday, February 10. Catherine Guthrie played the orchestration. The Concerto was enjoyed very much by the students.

Catherine Guthrie and Stetson Humphrey are now considering an arrangement of Gershwin's *Rhapsody In Blue* for the Glee Club. Miss Guthrie and Mr. Humphrey think that the song could be worked out quite effectively by using a system of vowel sounds rather than words. If the arrangement is completed in time for work on it, it may be used in the spring Glee Club concert.

GIRLS VISIT OLD LADIES' HOME

Several of the girls on the Old Ladies' Home Committee surprised the ladies by a short visit Sunday afternoon. A few had gathered in the living room to listen to the radio, but others were soon brought from their rooms by the sounds of merriment. After chatting a little while, the group sang their favorite hymns accompanied by Alice Vivienne Hill. Marie Bomke and Miss Mary Ann Davis easily won recognition for their outstanding voices.

The girls who went were: Martile Sherman, Betty Crowe, Alice Vivienne Hill, Viva Lee Davis, Marie Bomke, Martha Rucker and Miss Van Hooser.

GOODMAN APPEARS WITH SYMPHONY

The criticisms that Lawrence Goodman, head of the Ward-Belmont Piano Department, received after his appearance as soloist at the first concert of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra were quite complimentary.

Sydney Dalton of the *Nashville Banner* said, "The soloist was Lawrence Goodman, and, while the many excellencies of his piano playing have long been known to us, his performance of Liszt's Concerto in E Flat gained him new laurels. He played with abandon and enthusiasm. His tone was rich and varied and his technique brilliant. It was an admirable interpretation of this interesting and exacting work. After many recalls he added Godowsky's fascinating *In Old Vienna*."

The *Nashville Tennessean's* criticism, written by Alvin S. Wiggers, said of the concert, "Lawrence Goodman, head of the department of piano at Ward-Belmont, was soloist and played Liszt's Concerto, No. 1, in E Flat, the orchestra accompanying him skillfully. Mr. Goodman's playing was extremely brilliant, and the difficult Liszt piece was a fitting vehicle for his splendid technique, abounding as it does in cascades of octaves, parallel runs, and other dazzling devices. After many recalls he played Godowsky's charming *In Old Vienna*."

PENTA TAUS GIVE DANCE FOR F. F.'S

Last Wednesday night from 6 to 8 the Penta Taus entertained the F. F.'s, their sister club, at a studio party to which all the guests were requested to come in masquerade. During the evening a delightful special presenting Mary Soper and Katherine Rasmussen was given. Mary and Katherine danced and Mary sang.

Dancing was enjoyed throughout the evening and the orchestra continued playing during dinner which was served at seven.

The party was under the direction of June Rose Copeland and was a huge success.

CLOSE-UPS

Read *this!* It's part of a quotation from an old book entitled "Belmont College" (date 1903), which Bomke brought back from a visit to the Old Ladies' Home, and you can't imagine the lotsa fun you have reading it! Quot, "The maids were all gowned alike in pretty frocks of sheer whitedimity, with lace and ribbons to complete the bewitching girlish costumes." Unquot! Must have been a Valentine banquet! And did you know that in those days the young ladies used bicycles to aid in getting to classes on time. ("The campus is huge, with considerable sunny lawn on which to romp." Can't you picture the romping? Horrors! Not without Soper and Copeland!) As they probably will forever, the day students even then gave lots of competition with cars—little two-seated runabouts! Pat Mann and Helen Hogan, you ought to thank your lucky stars that this is 1933, the day of satisfying automobiles. Oh, but as for me, even a pair of roller skates would look so tempting! Bomke will be very glad to loan the book to all interested, at the nominal cost of 3 cents per day. (Surprise to her, too.)

Quite a time at the A. K. Club last week! While getting generous with my scrumptious Valentine cake, a little mouse (aren't they dear?) slipped in the back door with an uninvited look on his face, and defiantly added himself to the party! Anyway it made a good excuse for not bringing any refreshments back to the stay-at-homes.

Wasn't the snow beautiful the other night? Marge and I sat by the window and watched it wend its way through the soot. Terribly cold, but worth the freezing, since one can experience such interesting thoughts, as, "Wouldn't this make a gorgeous painting!" "Doesn't one feel uplifted?" (The answer, more cold than uplifted.) And "wait till we're teachers and can go sleighing by moonlight!" No one has really lived who hasn't watched a snowfall. You even feel poetic, and that is most desirable these days with the Wordsmith contest going on.

Wasn't our public thoughtful this week, and not only parents, either. Quite a satisfactory time, of which we heartily approve! Founders is a regular green-house, candy shoppe by now. Topping the whole effect off with the Senior-Mid dance successfully showed what nice things can be done! And the Floor Committee didn't have such a lot of trouble, now did you? Except that it was a swell excuse to say, "Pardon me, duties of the Floor Committee, don't you know." All quite stimulating, but who was that reading a book under the piano?

This is great sport, Column, but it can't go on forever—even if eventful weeks do create a lot of news. Time to run along and learn a bit of First Aid.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN
Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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EDITORIAL

A-B-C

Nearly all schools have a Who's Who Contest of some sort to distinguish their most outstanding and characteristic girls. Ward-Belmont, with its usual mixture of tradition and originality, has what it calls an A B C Contest. Girls are voted on as having one of an alphabetic list of qualities, from Athletic, Beautiful, and Charming, through X-quisite, Youthful, and Zealous, and ending with the greatest of all, Ensemble.

With such a list, the idea of judging by popularity alone changes to a weighing of actual characteristics; so that, though a girl may receive more than one adjective in the voting, this is rarely necessary. Both preparatory and college, day and boarding girls are eligible.

Ensemble, as its name tells, is voted to the girl who is the nearest possible composite of all the qualities of the alphabet. This is the highest honor that the student body of Ward-Belmont can give to any one of its number—to select her as its most nearly ideal of the year.

This collection of girls in the *Milestones* of 1933, will present the most outstanding of the student body who have contributed to making this an Ensemble year. H. C., '33.

ENGLISH PROBLEMS

"My English problems, as I see them now, are rather gigantic in proportion; I must bring them to smaller dimensions by May. In my mind's eye these problems have assumed the shapes of giants and I am, say, Jack the Giant Killer, and seeking methods whereby I can do doughty deeds which will vanquish these devastating giants, from the otherwise prosperous land of English Composition. These harassing fiends are completely ruthless; they jump on fine Ideas which are starting forth, and maim and twist them beyond recognition. I must be a champion to the cause and do away with these scourges!

"At the present time the largest and most powerful giant is the one called Unsystematic Preparation. He is a rather lazy-looking rascal who is always seeming to be blundering into things. He is not so harmless as that, however; for as an Idea starts out on a voyage through Theme-land, Unsystematic Preparation offers to be a guide. With soft talk and assumed nonchalance he deceives the Idea with stories of the easiness of the way, only to leave the little Idea, when it reaches the forest of Sentence-Structure with all of its accompanying evils, to wander and get lost.

"If an Idea does manage to escape from the forest of Sentence-Structure it will be seen to meet the twin giants, Vagueness and Grammar. They are shrewd, tricky knaves who appear innocent enough, but trip you and lead astray the strongest and most powerful of ideas. As I have appointed myself guardian and champion of Ideas, I must think of some way to get rid of these giants.

"As I go on from month to month, I shall have to acquire the magic formula of Study and Application which will shrink these giants to mere dwarfs. This formula applied from day to day makes these rogues gradually grow smaller and smaller. When they have become very small, one can put an end to them with a single blow. Up with the banners and on with the war! By May the land of English! Composition shall no longer be darkened by giants fourscore." E. V. D., '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Listen my children and you shall hear, of the famous happenings that go on here. Really now, Lotta, we didn't think you had that much poetic ability. Perhaps, though, it is just a play on words *a la* puns and hamburgers, eh Dukie?

Did you know that . . .

Cleo can look like a fish when she wants to?

All fraternities are Greek to Jan?

Trina, Betty, and Little Knox enjoy deep dark secret closets to the fullest extent?

It has rained and snowed and shone in one short week? I guess you do and if not I am telling you that the Queen of Hearts, Ginnie, loves rain in the face.

Ail received the mitton?

Cherry is a walking advertisement of Fitch's Dandruff cure? Why the library gives evidence to doubting humans.

We have a new copy of "Abie's Irish Rose"? Are you Irish?

We doubt every ones' studying ability in the library?

Lotta has received several letters *a la* Dorothy Dix and feels it is her duty to print questions and answers forthwith—or something—mostly something.

Ques. 1. How can I make myself so mysterious that when I become a Senior, people will worship me? Viva Lee Davis.

Ques. 2. Why should I not paint and powder? Mary Joe Scoville.

Ques. 3. How can I make people over without offending them? Audrey Tate.

Ques. 4. What are the duties of General Proctor? Jane Moore.

Ques. 5. Is it correct to come to the library in Pajamas? Rae Baker.

Ans. 1. Don't worry, be your own sweet self, so quiet and demure and everyone will. (Will what?)

Ans. 2. Because you are neither a house nor a gun.

Ans. 3. Leave that to the dressmakers.

Ans. 4. Janie, you should know.

Ans. 5. Rae, you're asking me!

If you don't appreciate these let me know and I shall try and do better next time. Send in your troubling questions and if you want the answers to be confidential a stamped envelope would be advisable.

Have you seen . . .

The result of a fight Jay Foote had with her pillow? It's very "Eyevident."

"Squeakie" trying to smuggle a fur coat (?) into Senior on a dark night? Really, it is an accomplishment.

Results of Valentines day? It is quite an influx and a windfall for Joys, etc.

The hurried and adventurous trips that Jean Myers has been making to the Library for material on something?

June Stout Model? Its something to watch, especially in a gorgeous red dress.

Lotta is still begging for news, PLEASE . . . PLEASE . . . Please send it in and stop complaining about the lack of everything.

So long until next week.

EAGLE FEATHER

CAMOUFLAGE

Tall pine trees—barren except for tufts of green
At the tops—
Stand as tutelage guarding—perhaps warning
Us—
Of the writhing, lewd jumbo trees waiting to
Twine about us—
Dragging us into the mire—camouflaged by squat palmettos.

Tall, greedy towers of stucco culminating in
Grasping spires—
Stand as monuments of man's futile desires—
Money fulfilled—
Pursued and harrowed by the rushing and
Snatching—
Dragging us into the mire—camouflaged
By glitter.

Tall, aspiring thoughts groping for the
Finer things—
Stand as buttresses impregnating the walls of sanity
Against the crumbling forces of
Twisted concepts—
Which filter through—camouflaged
Against reality.

Dick Stewart, '33.

June has laid her finger on her lips;
Beneath the heavens, silence and darkness,
The darkness splashed with moonlight,
Interwoven with darting lanterns of fireflies,
And the silence
Intermittent with murmurs
From whispering grass and gardens.

On a lavender sky
Where it slopes to meet the dark and quiet earth,
Trees fling their black lace;
Stars fret its serenity with their silver filagree,
And, tangled in the top of the tallest tree,
Is the moon,
Its glowing ivory
Broken into many little pieces
By the black-webbed tracery of the topmost branches.

Beauty of spun crystal
Evanescent as perfume,
This night the elves and fairies
Court and keep their trysts.

Virginia Walker, Jr.-Mid.

TO HIM

When the skies are gray and lifeless
And the trees bare branches show
When the world grows too oppressive,
And my spirits have sunk low,
There's a solace he can give me
There's a haven that I know.

Simply standing close beside him,
Simply holding his strong hand,
Re-inspires me for my living,
Makes life easy to command.

Dolores Smith, '34.

REPENTANCE

If all the careless words, I often say
To thee (when my mind is all but mine own)
Should cause our friendship that has stronger grown,
To cease—my life on earth would soon decay.
If, through careless oversight, I fail to lay
The very best of me before a throne
In sacrifice to thee, may I bemoan
My fault, and ask contrition as I pray.
The best of contemplations that I could
Express were empty words—inanity;
The best of life that I have given thee
Had less of insight than it should have had.
This, my prayer, "Come heaven's curse, if I should
Make her world less beautiful, or less glad!"

Virginia Doss, '33.

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"Y" EVENTS FOR THE WEEK

Sunday, February 19th, 8:30 a. m., Sunday School; 9:15 a. m., Big Cabinet Meeting; 2:30 p. m., Recreation Hour, Junior League Home; 6:00 p. m. Vespers, speaker, Mr. George I. Briggs, president of Battle Ground Academy, Franklin, Tennessee.

Monday, February 20th, 2:00 p.m., Trip to Jarman Shoe Factory, sponsored by Student Industrial Commission.

Tuesday, February 21, 7:00 p. m., visit to wards of Vanderbilt Hospital.

Thursday, February 23rd, 7:00 p.m., visit to Florence Crittendon Home for Girls.

Saturday, February 24th, 1:30 p.m., play hour at Tennessee Children's Home.

A PAGE FROM LIFE

By Wilma D. Baker, '34

(Continued from last issue)

As she stepped into the car the next day, she had the feeling for the first time that the end was very near. She was almost sure it would be in a car wreck. It had been a week since she had had her premonition. Her days must be numbered. She who had always urged him on to greater speed now plead with Bill not to exceed twenty miles an hour.

"Aw, heck, Margaret. You surely have a bad case of nerves on! Snap out of it!"

She took this rebuff in silence. There was no point in explaining. You couldn't expect a man to understand.

They visited all her favorite old haunts. How superior Margaret felt to the childish banter passing between the girls and boys! Didn't they ever think of anything new? How inconsequential it all seemed! Condescendingly, she pitied them for their disregard of Things That Mattered, and silently prayed that none of them would be visited by her awful fate.

It was at Dot's house that she met Hubert. He was a college chum of Dot's brother and had spent the Easter holidays with the family. He had been injured while skating and was just now able to be up. Margaret scorned any comparison between him and the other boys. His very name was different. How romantic he looked! He was tall, and dark, and slender. He wore a bandage around his head at an angle that only slightly concealed the buoyancy of his black curls and did not prove to be in any way unbecoming. His long slender fingers gripped a cane which helped to support him.

To Margaret, he looked frightfully bored. She appeared slightly bored, too. They discussed boredom together. She told him she had just been up to State. He seemed mildly interested. Margaret ventured on literature. She wanted very much to convince him that she wasn't like the other girls her age who were capable of nothing except childish prattle. It developed that he liked Voltaire, Manzoni, Ariosto, Moliere, Dumas, Tennyson, Tasso, Swinburne, Omar Khyam, Tolstoi, and Nietzsche. So did Margaret. The fact that she had not heard some of the names did not bother her at all. She knew they were her favorites. If she could remember their names, she would read them the very next time she went to the library. Hubert talked on and on. He thought Shakespeare abominable. He had his own theories about life. Margaret was very lucky in that she always got her "Yes" and "I think so too" in at the right place. When the time came to go, Hubert was in the midst of an explanation of the relation of Immortality to Reincarnation. He felt that Margaret was interested and told her so. She said she would like to hear more of it. He decided to finish Monday evening at eight-thirty.

The next two weeks were glorious ones for Margaret. A month ago she would have been bored past distraction by the fluent and ever-ready-to-be-eloquent Hubert, but now she felt as if she were doing something very good for herself as well as arousing the envy of her classmates by sitting at the feet of the great Hubert and listening to him propound his immature and incomprehensible theories. She decided not to tell him about her approaching death. He would make it seem so purely physical and natural. She hugged one remark of his to her heart. Figuratively, each night she pasted a paper prayer before the idol of this Great Truth. He had said, "The greatest geniuses always die before maturity." Her written poetry wasn't so good, yet, but her spirit or soul or something told her she was a great poetess and anyway, no one could tell the meaning of some of the best poetry. Maybe that was why it was supposed to be so good!

Meanwhile, the unexpected happened. She wearied a bit of her "sweet-girl" role! The girls left her alone so much. Several times she had utterly forgotten her doom and really enjoyed herself in the old manner. It was quite puzzling. She no longer got much pleasure out of anything. However, she consoled herself, it couldn't be for long.

Hubert's last evening was a strangely silent one for both of them. Margaret wasn't consoled at the loss of Hubert, as she might have been before, by the thought that one who is going to die does not expect great love to reach her. She wished Hubert would say something, anything. This silence was too disturbing! The dance was terrible. Not even food satisfied her craving. They went to her home. They sat. Finally, she got up and crossed the room to turn the shade of a lamp so the light wouldn't glare in her eyes. Hubert followed her.

"Margaret?"

"Yes?"

"Do you suppose you could make it down to Northwestern for Commencement?"

A thrill passes through her. She smiled happily as in assent, but before she answered, fleetingly, the thought came to her that this was only April. By June she might be dead. However, she hated to disappoint him right now without giving him a better reason, anyway, one never knew ——

"I think so!"



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday:

Well. Diary, the talk in chapel was very different at any rate. We still wonder who the charming gentleman meant should help who.

Went over and watched water polo practice this afternoon. Some of those little girls like Babs Leake certainly can swim. I wonder how Isabella is able to play so well when she can't understand what it's all about.

Club tonight with a bridge party, more fun, but we won the booby prize. O well, it was nicer than the first prize. From long experience we've learned they usually are.

Friday:

We did the old trick of skipping Thursday, but then nothing happened yesterday to us at any rate, except the concert was very nice. Mr. Henkel always does give nice ones though.

This is the sort of a day a heavy coat would be nice instead of our beautiful (?) but light polo coat.

The campus seems to be suffering under an epidemic of broken arms. What with Mrs. Charlton and Mrs. McBride and all.

To bed tonight with all the new magazines and all my lessons as yet undone.

Saturday:

Only one class today and long pep talks with various teachers about how charming it would be to have me in the graduating class.

To town for lunch. The movie was kind of scary, but all the spring clothes we saw afterward made up for it.

The dance certainly was good. Margaret looked knock-out and some of those dresses modeled were "scrumptious" if there is such a word.

Sunday:

To the Episcopal Church today for a bit of religion. I do hope they appreciated our six cents.

Actually studied all afternoon and almost forgot about Vespers. Wish we had some of those scarfs Mr. Hart showed us. They'd be very nice over some of the dirty spots on the wall.

To bed at eight and thought how nice it is to have all my lessons done for a change.

Tuesday:

And again St. Valentine reigns! For once I don't get hungry before lunch; not that we rated anything, but the suitemate did in a big way.

Won't Nancy Brown make a cute council member? Can't imagine her in a monitors' meeting though.

"Y" GIVES FORMAL VALENTINE DINNER

Valentine's Day was celebrated at Ward-Belmont with a formal dinner. The dining room was decorated with red streamers around the doors and large red hearts on the center of each table. Every girl had a valentine at her place.

The prevalent spirit of gaity was enhanced by the specials. Bob Durand was courted with "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," "Violets," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" sung by Ann Shaw, Lydia Fountain, and Mary Louise Balsiger, respectively. The second part of the program was a delightful toe dance by Clemence Dow who was costumed as an eighteen century sweetheart. During her number she presented a basket of red roses to Mrs. Blanton. The third number was a duet sung by Dolores Smith and Beth Lee, both in eighteenth century costumes. The dinner culminated in the establishment of a new precedent, that of dancing in the dining room between courses to really good music furnished by Ward-Belmont girls.

The dinner was a unique experience to the new girls and a pleasant repitition to the old ones. Various corsages and chocolate boxes gave evidence that St. Valentine's Day has not lost its significance here.

CLUB CHATTER

The nationality bunch that has been dinnering at the Osiron House ever since school started, waxed Alaskan on us last week-end and had reindeer meat. Dorothy Mae Wenzel brought it as a souvenir or remembrance of her few days at home in the wilds of Wisconsin.

Soper is the best cook on the campus—that is for real meals such as grandmother used to get. She can bake huge potatoes in ten minutes. And the way she goes after turnips that some other person cooks! Ah, Soper, you are the plain house-wife type, aren't you?

Katherine Brown had a surprise birthday party at the X. L. house with chocolate cake 'n'everything, last Wednesday. Many more happy fudge frostings to you, Katie. The affair was also in celebration of Wilma Brown, a January baby. The girls who did the surprising were J. Kassel, J. Knowles, N. B. Anderson, K. Gover, K. Phillips and Dow.

Saturday night at the T. C. house Slymme, Willert, Holcombe, Naydine Lix, Ann Shaw, Pat O'Rear and Katie Brown indulged in hamburgers and snowballs. What kind of snowballs?

The dear mothers of the dears Holtzman and Tebbs sent them the nicest box for Valentine's day. Dottie and Fran threw or tossed a party Monday night at the T. C. house. Beasley, Helen, Cherry, Shenk and Cleo helped eat the Valentine.

Penta Tau's gave a masquerade party for the F. F.'s, their sister club, last Wednesday night. Katherine Rasmussen looked lovely in her eggshell sequin formal. She sorta grew up over the night. Did you find any earrings to go with your dress, Katie?

THIS AND THAT

A crisis seems to have arrived in the Chinese-Japanese situation. Japan has explained to the League their determination to keep Manchuria. China has now written to the League that they will withdraw their envoy in Tokio.

—*Atlanta Journal.*

The scene of the city of Rome in "The Sign of the Cross" is an enlargement of a prize-winning painting that Cecil de Mille found in Europe.

—*Scientific American.*

The total area of the United States and its dependencies and territories is 3,738,393 square miles. The area of Russia is 8,144,228.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The theory of Technocracy as recently put forth is not based on scientific and accurate figures. The research on this subject is being done at Columbia University, and Joseph Baker who is head of this department says that the statements of Howard Scott are not founded on actual figures as the research has not gone that far.

—*Atlanta Journal.*

The coinage of the silver dollar was discontinued in 1928. There is no existing law that authorizes further coinage.

—*Atlanta Journal.*

Texas served under six flags as follows: Fleur de Lis, France; Lions and Castles, Spain; Eagle and Snake, Mexico; Lone Star Republic of Texas; Stars and Bars, Confederacy; Star Spangled Banner, United States of America.

—*Atlanta Journal.*

The British crown was recently reset in order to strengthen the gold framework. Among the famous stones in the crown are; The Black Prince's Ruby which dates back five centuries; the pearl eardrops of Queen Elizabeth; the second largest part of the Star of Africa diamond weighing more than 300 carats; the great sapphire from the crown of Charles II; the sapphire from the coronation ring of Edward the Confessor; and other symbols equally as historic. Besides these larger stones, there are 2,783 diamonds, 277 pearls, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds and 4 rubies in the crown.

—*Atlanta Journal.*

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ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

With the exception of the Del Vers Club, other boarding student clubs will have a water polo team. Only one of the day student clubs, however, has a team for this sport. Water polo is the most strenuous sport for this quarter in physical education and requires considerable training. Miss Morrison and Miss McEttrick are the instructors in water polo. The clubs are working hard though it is uncertain as to which club will make the greatest progress because this week is only the second week of practice.

Bowling proves to be one of the most interesting sports for this quarter. Under the direction of Miss Cayce and Miss McEttrick all the clubs will have a bowling team. A good many of the girls have bowled before and some of them show good form. In view of the fact that this is only the second week of the quarter much progress has been made by the bowlers.

This is the second quarter for Apparatus. Last quarter was spent in the smaller room in the gym, but this quarter, since there is no other practice in the big gym, the girls are beginning heavy practice for the meet to be held at a later date.

Dancing and riding, the other elective sports, will follow the schedule as in the two previous quarters.

DAY STUDENT CLUB NEWS

Most of the meeting of the Eccowasin Club on Tuesday, February 14th, was devoted to an impassioned plea made by the president for snapshots and pictures for the *Milestones*. As a great inducement it was announced that the *Milestones* will pay for the film. What high-minded girl can resist such free publicity?

A few announcements were made concerning scholastic activities; the bowling managers were appointed, and the meeting adjourned to watch Queenie Sloan and Grace Benedict tap dance for the Angkors.

SCHOLASTIC RECORD ANNOUNCED

(Continued from page 1)

FRESHMEN

Inda Drushel.
Lauryne Edwards.
Alice Vivienne Hill.
Helene Loeb.
Anne Loftin.
Frances Maas.
May Dell Meyer.
Betty Willert.

SOPHOMORES

Helen Conley.
Eliabeth Daniel.
Virginia Hamilton.
Frances Holtzman.
Lula Lane Kirkpatrick.
Marcie Matthews.
Helen Miles.
Mary Peckham.
Sarah Poorman.
Margaret Thompson.

The Dean's list was also read. It is made up of college students who made 30 or more quality credits for the semester.

30 Durand, Bob.
Noe, Julia Bales.
Stewart, Dorothy.
30½ Bomke, Marie.
Kassel, Jeannette.
Knowles, Jeannette.
31 Beesley, Elizabeth.
31½ Baker, Rae.
Bryan, Sarah.
32 Wright, Bettye Ann.
32½ Balsiger, Mary Louise.
Becker, Jane.
Cornelius, Virginia.
Matthews, Marcie.
33 Martin, Etheldra.
Willert, Betty.
33½ Hendricks, Mary Elizabeth
Milton, Lois.
34 Benedict, Virginia.
Bosserman, Grace.
Bradford, Eugenia.
Gilchrist, Marion.
Hamilton, Virginia.
Livingston, Virginia.
McAdoo, Annette.
Stratton, Jean.
34½ Conley, Helen.
Larimer, Helen.
Polk, Mary Elizabeth.
Wright, Milbrey.
35 Charlton, Almeda.
Hardy, Susan.
Hart, Hortense.
Fountain, Lydia.
35½ DeMun, Helene.
36 Daniel, Elizabeth.
Holtzman, Frances.
Thompson, Margaret.
Tyson, Elise.
37 Briggs, Jane.
37½ Glander, Dorothy.
Kaeser, Marion.
Peckham, Mary.
Scovill, Mary Jo.
38 Drushel, Inda.
39 Linebarger, Eleanor.
Pyeatt, Martha.
40½ Berry, Mary Currell.
Maas, Frances.
41 Meyer, May Dell.
41½ Edwards, Lauryne.
Poorman, Sarah.
Stout, June.
42 Margaret Brugh.
43½ Kirkpatrick, Lula Lane.
Wansley, Elizabeth.
44½ Hill, Alice Vivienne.
45 Miles, Helen.
46½ Key, Nancy.
48 Loeb, Helene.
Loftin, Anne.
57½ Falvey, Frances.

F. F.'S GIVE STYLE SHOW

(Continued from page 1)

the outfit was most becoming, b when it was removed and the dr displayed, the clever top with t colored suspender back literal brought down the house. With it s wore a most attractive red Rob Hood hat. Mary Jane Foote w striking in a black flat crepe jump that was worn over a white embroi ered blouse with large puff sleeves.

The latest in millinery and foo wear finished the costumes. Th others who modeled were Ruth Saue herring, Rae Baker, Helen Conle Mary Mullino, Madora Thomas, Ma Bickerstaff, Viva Lee Davis and Ma garet Uptegrove.

The dance was a decided succe and the guests were a style revie w themselves. Among the guests honor were Mrs. Barton, Dean a Mrs. Burk, Mr. and Mrs. Benedic Miss Sisson and a number of othe of the faculty. Refreshments of gi ger ale and sandwiches were serve toward the close of the party. Th idea for the dance was unique, ce tainly, entirely different. Not only d everyone have a delightful time b also had the opportunity to view th latest in the fashion world.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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PRESIDENTS' COUNCIL MEET JOINTLY

A joint meeting of the Day Student and Boarding Presidents' Councils was held on Monday, February 20, at four o'clock in the Penta Tau house. Mary Margaret Craig and Mary Peckham, the two presidents, presided. The minutes of both units were read by Nancy Schumacher and Julia Bales Doe, the secretaries. The history of the Presidents' Council was related; how the boarders and day students used to meet in one group, but how they had since broken up into two units as a better means of progress. The relations of the boarders and day students in regard to friendliness and cooperation was discussed, and Mary Margaret told the group about the work the Day Student Council has been discussing in regard to the attitudes and relations of day students and the Faculty in an effort to bring about a better understanding between them.

The sponsors of the various organizations were invited for tea, which was served after the meeting.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT PRESENTS PLAYS

Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend presented the high school students in Expression in a program of modern one-act plays in chapel on Tuesday, February 21st.

The following is the program:

THE LETTER

Dick .....Mary Lee Wilson
Dolly .....Martha Craig
Mother .....Winifred Miller

THE NEW MAID

A Swedish Maid (Dolly disguised) .....Grace Benedict
Dick, her husband .....Marion Hill

WISDOM TEETH

Miss Wellington, a maiden lady .....Mary Lee Wilson
Henry Wellington, her nephew, a shy boy .....Martha Craig
Miss Pearson, her secretary .....Sylvia Cohen
An Attendant .....Winifred Miller

EN COSTUME

Long Ago—1780 A.D.

Miss Angelina .....Grace Benedict
Mr. Reginald .....Marion Hill

Now— 1933 A.D.

Joan Docot, golf devotee..Sylvia Cohen
Billie Jones, golf champion..... .....Marion Hill

X. L. DANCE MOTIF KEPT SECRET

The X. L. Club will entertain with its annual club dance tonight in the gymnasium at eight o'clock. In former years the dances have been very lovely, and the girls are elated over the affairs this year.

MILESTONES STAFF HOLDS ABC CONTEST

In chapel last Thursday morning the election was held for the ABC Contest. The contest was announced and explained in the last issue of the HYPHEN so everyone had a chance to think and talk about candidates before the election. The results of this contest will not be announced. No one except the *Milestones* Staff will know about the results until the Annual is issued at the end of school. This contest is a "milestone", the results of which all the girls will anticipate with much curiosity.

'CELLIST PRESENTED IN CONCERT

Gregor Piatigorsky, the well-known Russian 'cellist, was presented in concert Friday evening, at 8:30. He played to a large audience which received him most enthusiastically.

Piatigorsky has had a rather sensational rise in the musical world. At the age of six he was already playing and at the age of fifteen he was engaged as the first 'cellist by the Imperial Opera at Moscow. With the advent of the Revolution he was forced to undergo great privation and suffering before he finally escaped from Russia into Warsaw where in rags and tatters he made his bow to western civilization. Substituting for a 'cellist who had fallen ill he became famous over night and among other things a contract to tour America was offered him. This he declined and went to Berlin to study. He learned much from the hard school of adversity—much that a man in comfortable circumstances can never attain. However, still persistent although nearly half starved, and in rags, he accepted an offer to play the 'cello part in some chamber music. The flutist in the ensemble was a member of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and he rushed to the director immediately to tell him of the "find." The director offered him the position of first 'cellist and in a few weeks critics were writing of the "wonder 'cellist."

The meteoric rise of this young Russian followed. Ward-Belmont was very much pleased to be able to present him on their 1933 artists' series.

"SEE IT THROUGH" VESPERS MESSAGE

"See It Through to the End," was the message Mr. George I. Briggs, president of the Battle Ground Academy, of Franklin, Tennessee, and the father of one of the students here, brought to us. With several very interesting incidents and anecdotes he made his point clear and forceful. The only two qualities required to "finish" things were terrific determination and patience.

Mrs. Thompson, of Franklin, gave a vocal solo accompanied by Jane Briggs at the piano. After the prayers and hymns, the devotions were closed with the benediction.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION HOLDS BANQUET

The Athletic Association held their annual banquet Saturday night, February 18. The tables were in the shape of a "U" with vases of yellow and blue flowers here and there. At the head table were placed the officers, Miss Morrison and Miss Sisson. The active members had as their guests the Physical Education department staff. Shirley Lege welcomed the new active members. The entertainment for the evening consisted of a modern dance given by Evelyn Brandon, several popular songs sung by Mary Soper and a reading *Young Lochinvar*, by Rae Baker, which Madora Thomas, Marian Gilchist, Queenye Sloan, Lula Lane Kirkpatrick and June Stout acted out. The girls danced between courses, and everyone had a "swe'l" time.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED WITH DINNER AND DANCE

Washington's Birthday was celebrated in a brilliant manner Wednesday evening. As usual the elected George and Martha presided over the entire evening from the moment when, preceded by a court of seven couples of costumed Seniors, they made their entrance down the lovely winding stair in Recreation Hall. From the far end of the hall a company of thirteen couples in colonial dress joined the promenade to the dining room followed by the rest of the school. Lora Gillis, as George, and Lillian Jones, as Martha, made a charming picture together. They were ushered everywhere by their pages, Nancy Brown and Mary Jac Griffith.

After the dinner, during which all the costumed Seniors and guests were seated together in the small dining room, the entire assemblage went down to the gymnasium where George and Martha were seated on the platform and before whom the Colonial March and Minuet was done. Following that, George rose, bowed, asked Martha for the honor of the first dance and began the dance in which the whole school joined.

The Colonial March which preceded the minuet was one of the cleverest and most attractive specialties ever presented at Ward-Belmont. Miss Sarah Jeter trained the girls, who are all students under her. Those in the March were: Jane Bagley, Grace Benedict, Evelyn Brandon, Dolly Dearman, Yvette Frantz, Mary Lou Gibson, Llewellyna Granberry, Jane Hall, Katherine Harris, La Una Gay Parkes, Marie Shelton, Queenye Sloan, Margaret Street, Emily Taggert, Mary Wattles and Claudia Whitson.

At the end of the Colonial March the court and costumed guests moved out upon the floor in five sets and went through the graceful pirouettings and bows of the minuet. Those in the minuet were: in the first set, Marion Gilchrist and Madora Thomas, Frances Falvey and Wilma Brown,

(Continued on page 6)

DR. TAYLOR SPEAKS ON TECHNOCRACY

Dr. Alva Taylor, professor of social ethics in the Vanderbilt School of Religion, was the chapel speaker on Friday, February 17. Dr. Taylor was well qualified to speak on his subject, Technocracy, for he has done much research in this field. He is the author of *Twelve Hour Day In Steel*, co-author of *The Wage Question*, and author of the pamphlet *The Man, The Machine and The Job.*

The present group of technocrats was not the first to apply the name *technocracy* to such a movement, Dr. Taylor stated. It was coined some twelve years ago by an engineer who believed that help for the problems of of the day would be in the engineers and technicians.

A technocrat, according to Dr. Taylor, is an engineer or a technician who devoted himself to special engineering problems in a physical and mechanical world.

The technocrats at present are undertaking extensive work at Columbia University. They are studying the relation of energy to the production of goods by machinery. Skilled architects are working on some 3,000 energy charts, 300 of which are already completed.

Dr. Taylor stated that one can not as yet fully determine the outcome of this movement. However, he believes the technocrats are accomplishing a great educational undertaking. Some day we will say, concluded Dr. Taylor, that we are indebted to them for this thing.

DEAN STAPLETON CHAPEL SPEAKER

The chapel speaker for Wednesday, February 15, was Dean Ada Bell Stapleton, dean of women at Vanderbilt University. Miss Stapleton spoke on Agnes Maud Roydon, the English woman minister, who is now preaching in this country.

Miss Stapleton quoted as significant of the preaching of Agnes Maud Roydon that the rainbow in the sky is a covenant between us and God. "Our Lord," said Miss Stapleton, "has the soul of a poet and artist, as well as the soul of a prophet."

She briefly outlined Agnes Maud Roydon's life. She called attention to the fact that Dr. F. K. Stamm, minister of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church in Brooklyn, New York, in his conception of the ten greatest Christians he knows places Agnes Roydon as second in his list. "Agnes Maud Roydon," said Miss Stapleton, "is friendly, gracious, and learned." "She is teaching that God is love."

In conclusion Miss Stapleton gave a quotation from Browning as suggestive of Agnes Roydon. "There is a woman where the whiteness shows through her soul."



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ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Water polo seems to be the outstanding sport of the season. Everyone you see is complaining of how their eyes, nose and throat hurt, yet they love and adore the game. It's one of those things that simply "get you." The two teams that show the most promise are the A. K.'s and Penta Tau's. The A. K.'s are lucky in having several of the girls back who played last year. Dick Stewart and Betty Grammes so far seem to be outstanding players for the A. K. team. The Penta Tau's have mostly new material and are developing surprisingly well. We hope they continue to do so.

Bowling is more or less an individual game. Of course, the clubs have teams, but it's the individual who works for her own score. Among the day students quite a few good bowlers are to be found and the boarders are showing up fairly well. Milbrey Wright has the prettiest score of any girl in school (although she says her score was only 19 the other day). Elizabeth Daniel, a girl who made varsity last year will probably make it again as she is really an excellent bowler.

According to Miss Morrison, the apparatus is just "coming along."

TENNESSEE CHILDREN'S HOME ENTERTAINED

More fun! Twenty children from the Tennessee Children's Home went for a ride Saturday afternoon—and what a ride! To begin with, they went in three big Packards which had been loaned to them by Dr. Barton and Miss Sisson. The elegance and sophistication which would naturally come in such surroundings was absent in the excited little group.

Six-year-old Eunice in the front seat stood up, sat down, wiggled and twisted all the time exclaiming, "Oh, we're seeing everything! We're seeing everything!"

Some of the children had never seen the river and most of them were a little afraid of it when they crossed the bridge. Bessie said, "If we fell in, we'd die, wouldn't we?"

And Porter exclaimed, "Gee, it would cost a lot to bury all of us."

In Centennial Park, Christine wanted to see the peacock spread its "hind feathers." And Walter James wanted to know if "those were what they made beds out of."

At the airport, the manager took the children into the hangar and they actually touched the planes while he told them the difference between a biplane and a monoplane, etc.

The trip ended with ice cream cones, lolly-pops, and peanuts. The peanuts were taken home to the children who will go on the next trip. The committee members who went were: Lydia Fountain, Mary Elizabeth Hendricks, Hortense Hart, Marion Lowe, and Lois Milton.

CENTENNIAL CLUB PROGRAM INCLUDES W.-B. FACULTY

The monthly meeting of the literary section of the Centennial Club was held last Saturday, February 18.

For the past season the Club has been studying the development of American magazines and periodicals.

At this meeting, Miss Linda Rhea of the English faculty who has been doing considerable research on the subject, spoke on "Early American Magazines and Periodicals."

She mentioned in the course of her talk those magazines which still influence the public, *Harper's*, *Atlantic* and a number of others.

Her talk dealt with periodicals from the beginning of their publication to the end of the nineteenth century.

Mrs. Frances Stokes McCall of the grammar school faculty, reviewed *Ann Vickers*, Sinclair Lewis's latest book. Mrs. McCall's knowledge of books is wide and very deep. Her review was excellent.

"Y" VISITS JARMAN'S SHOE FACTORY

Last Sunday the Big "Y" Cabinet had the privelege of hearing Freda Nored tell of her experiences in different phases of factory life, and of factory conditions. This interested the girls greatly, and they were glad to learn that there was to be an opportunity to visit a factory on Monday afternoon.

Students from various colleges met at the factory and went through it together. They were shown the processes of shoe manufacture from the first step until they saw the finished shoe, boxed to be sent to the stores.

The girls had not dreamed of the work involved in the making of one shoe until they visited this factory. The making of shoes was not all they learned. They saw the men and girls at work and the conditions in which they live during the day. They were shown the cafeteria and the hospital which are in connection with the factory. There is also a dental clinic in connection with the hospital.

The employes work eight hours a day, and are about twelve hundred in number. All the factory workers are required to have completed at least two years of a high school course. The girls in the offices are all high school graduates and most of the men in the offices are college graduates.

W.-B. FACULTY SPEAK AT MEETING

On Friday and Saturday, March 3 and 4, the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Tennessee Philological Association will be held at Ward-Belmont School, George Peabody College for Teachers and Vanderbilt University.

Among the speakers Friday morning will be Miss Louise Herron, who will speak on the subject *Human Relations in the English Mystery Plays*. Another speaker will be Mr. Thomas B. Donner, his subject being *Authority or Usage: Meaning of Correctness in Punctuation*.

Friday afternoon, Miss Linda Rhea will give a talk on *Legare: A Classicist of the Old South*.

This Association includes members from the foremost educational institutions in the State. Miss Ellene Ransom, of the Ward-Belmont faculty, is vice-president of the Association.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN
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EDITORIAL

GREAT MEN

The birthday of Lincoln has just passed, and that of Washington was beautifully observed Wednesday with the chapel service, formal dinner, and minuet. These are the two outstanding men of American history. They were great because their characters stood for definite standards and ideals, such as integrity, understanding, broad-mindedness, and sincerity, all attributes which any person can have if he desires them.

There are different degrees of greatness in personalities. The political leader who, by the support of his party, helps to lift his country to a level which is higher and finer than that of former generations, is great, of course, but so are the sincere writers, philanthropists, musicians, educators, instructors who perform their duties to the very best of their abilities.

A person may not feel that he is particularly talented in any one of these fields; he may realize that he is not one of those favored few destined to become famous; however, such a realization should not be a discouragement and should not be allowed to kill ambition. Each person has a definite place to fill in the world. If a person finds his place, fills it as well as he is able, he can not die ordinary—he has been great. S. P.'33.

TRADITIONS

Traditions seem rather symbolic of the South and we have all heard of many of them. To us have been handed down many traditions of the Ward-Belmont campus; some about its garden-like beauty during the Civil War; some about its tunnel hidden beneath the summer house, and others of the great ball room which we know now as "Rec Hall." All of us, from whatever direction we may come, have had family traditions told us by different persons. How proud we are of them and how we cherish them!

Three particular traditions of Ward-Belmont which have very recently added another year to their age are: the formal Valentine dinner, the ABC Contest, and that very lovely occasion—Washington's Birthday. It seems that these three events work up to a climax.

First, we have the Valentine Dinner; then the ABC Contest in which we choose from among ourselves those whom we feel are representative of the various qualities which go to make up a complete person. From Charming, a quality which is both as modern as the Valentine dinner and as traditional as George Washington's Birthday, we pass to other qualities such as being literary, individual, or zealous. These last are the modern attributes of woman. Still we do not value them more than the quality of charm. Nor do we value our modernized Valentine festival more than the traditional loveliness and quaintness of our George Washington birthday dinner. All our holidays are traditional and yet they are a part of our modern life. We appreciate Ward-Belmont traditions—they are a lovely part of our life here.

M. N. V. '33.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Rushing overflow of news! And that is supposed to be sarcasm of the highest degree, for each and every one of you know that I did not receive a bit. Thank you for the good intentions, and it is the last time I shall ask. Do not be alarmed at what you read in here from now on.

Little girls who are making big names for themselves on the campus are—

Little Knox, with her ability to ask inane questions.

Lauryne Edwards and her good-looking clothes.

Dorothy Glander and the black and silver nails. Why I even heard and saw, partially, that one of the dignified (?) seniors was following in her footsteps! Surprising, to say the least.

Ginnie and Ail and Smitty and the lovely form they display on roller skates.

Sevier and Rasmussen, because they made a tremendous hit at the dance for "Little Sisters."

Not that anybody cares, but—

Mary Frances Barker and "Nooky" Keidel are going to the Mardi Gras. Envy, green and tempting, get behind me!!!!

The girls in Miss Pugh's Advanced Composition class insist that they have already encountered their life's problem, and take it from me they have!!!!!

A hundred years from now education will be administered through the subconscious route. Not that a good many studies are not already unconscious! Not that that has anything to do with the matter!

Seems to me some little girls who went to Chattanooga not so very long ago "sorta" rated this past week-end. How about it Anita and Helen and Mary Ruth and Evelyn??????

The ABC Contest is in the minds of every girl in school and we all can only hope for the best.

All in one large happy family!!!!

The girl who wears runs in her stockings and apologizes for them every day.

A poor president trying to get her girls to work. Oh, dear!

"Four who were brave," and weathered the rain to enjoy onion steak and ice cream on a Sunday night.

A few squabbles every once in awhile. How about it?

Eight girls who cannot eat with the rest of the family on Saturday nights, but must go to the club.

Oh, dear, there are just too many queer things to print, and so, for now, I will leave you with a good little thing to take to heart.

"Be frank and you won't be liked."

As ever,

"Snoopy."

EAGLE FEATHER

FACTORY GIRL'S FANTASY

On a Summer's Day

Oh, do you know what I would do?
I'd pluck a white cloud from the sky,
And float, and float, to the ocean—any ocean;
I'd find a rocky coast where the waves
Dashed foamily and in vain.
I'd build a cottage there and let the
Gray-green water lap at my doorstep and
Wash it twice a day.
And every morning the sun would make
A rippling path of gold leading me to heaven itself.
And every night the moon would make
A silver path leading me to the shadow fairyland of dreams.

I'd lie on a high crag and hear the gulls'
Lonesome cries.
I'd live alone and forget the world
With its ties.
And the goldfish would dance
To the tune of the tides,
While the world was aflame
With the sunsets red dyes.

I would, but I won't.
I'll pack and bind
With a thousand of my kind
Ornate boxes with gilded covers
For pretty girls from ardent lovers—
And in my lonely nights
I'll plan my fancied flights.

Wilma Baker,

I'm a memory miser
And, as such,
Am bound to failure and futility.

These crimson flowers pressed in this book
Are the memories of your kisses.
At my touch the petals break and crumble
Into nothingness.
Your words are taunting sprites
That dance,
Lightfooted,
In mockery before my eyes.
I would clutch them greedily
And bring them into life,
But there is naught but smoke
Swirling through empty fingers.

Dust and ashes are poor exchange
For blood and bone.
—Must there be just memories?

Virginia Walker, Jr., Mid.

THE PAGAN MOTHER

By the Ganges, a mother knelt to pray;
Clasped to her bosom was her infant son,
Whose life was fading ere it had begun.
To an earless god, she was heard to say:
"Oh Ganges, come I not always to lay
My best before Thee? Art Thou not the One
I seek with gifts, in preference to the Sun?
Hear my prayer, and take not my babe away!"
From East to West, her Pagan heart wept loud;
She rent her clothes, then broke her gems, and cast
Them at her god. He heard her not, 'though fast
Fell her tears on his shore. Her tired heart bled;
Then, o'er her Hindu face, there came a cloud—
Glass eyes stared upon the child—it was dead.

Virginia Doss, '33.

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KENNETH ROSE MEMBER OF NEWLY FORMED QUARTETTE

Kenneth Rose, head of the Ward-Belmont violin department, is a member of the recently organized Nashville String Quartet. An article from the *Nashville Banner* concerning this quartet is as follows:

"The Nashville String Quartet, a recently organized group of four of the leading musicians of the city, is another valued adjunct to the musical activities of Nashville. It is composed of Kenneth Rose, first violin; William Ravinson, second violin; Browne Martin, viola; and John Strand, 'cello, bringing together four experienced players whose qualifications admirably fit them for the exacting art of chamber-music.

Mr. Rose, of Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, is known throughout the South and Southwest as a violinist and conductor of eminence. His many successful concert appearances have established him as an artist of rare abilities.

Messrs. Ravinson and Strand, formerly of Chicago, are new additions to the musical circles of Nashville. Mr. Ravinson, a graduate of the New York Institute of Musical Art, was formerly a member of the St. Paul and Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Strand was solo 'cellist with Shean Opera Company, the Blaufess Ensemble, and teacher at the Sherwood School, in Chicago.

Dr. Browne Martin, of the Nashville Conservatory of Music, well-known musician and educator, has been prominently identified with various local musical activities.

The Nashville String Quartet is sponsored by a group of lovers of chamber-music who will present this organization in a series of musicales.

CLOSE-UPS

I can't think of anything I'd rather do than be propped up all comfy in bed listening to Cab Calloway. It doesn't sound restful, but 'tis. You shall have to bear up, you Saturday loungers, because this is going to be as from one girl to another via the cozy fireside chat method, probably influenced either from the study of the informal essay, the lazy spring weather, the hour, or the lack of news. Strange to say, in spite of all our apparent activities, I'm at a loss as to what to tell you except that Founders' backsteps are being re-plastered and it seems that most all of Pembroke has decided to make this a grand spring moving time.

Speaking of the lazy days creeping upon us, have you noticed the plentiful photography going on around the campus? Trina, Ella Mae, Mary Louise and Helene can give coy impersonations of most anything.

Betty Randle had a lovely surprise party at the T. C. house the other night. Lots of food and song including the real thing in birthday cakes. Perhaps you heard the *Club Village Crier* announcing our over-abundance of hamburgers. It was embarrassing passing the Osiron house full of guests.

Nice that it rained Sunday. Everybody seemed to have cut their hair or traded clothes as a result of the long afternoon.

Now all our holidays are over—unhappy thought. The dinner Wednesday climaxed our festivities beautifully and oh, our Martha and George are certainly both bewitching! It is indeed gratifying to have a party in the middle of the week. Wish we had another George to cut down this tree I'm up—such as signing off with a sorrowful sigh that you sissies wouldn't do anything one could write about, that is what would be the truth behind the news. Run along children, and behave yourselves, study hard, have a good time at the dance tonight and don't make any dates over the week-end. Not that you would. . . .

ADVANCED STUDENTS IN RECITAL

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented its advanced students in recital Thursday night, February 16, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium. The recital was attended by a large body of students and town guests, who pronounced it quite an enjoyable affair. Pupils of Hazel Coate Rose, Florence Boyer, Amelie Throne, Stetson Humphrey, Lawrence Goodman and Kenneth Rose were presented in the following program:

1. Piano—
   Song of the Sea .....*Ware*
   Miss Mildred Clements
2. Voice—
   Una voce poca fa (Aria from "Barber of Seville")
   .....*Rossini*
   Miss Elizabeth Kerr
3. Piano—
   (a) "My Joys.....*Chopin-Liszt*
   (b) Tambourin .....
   .....*Rameau-Godowsky*
   Mrs. John Lee Neely, Jr.
4. Voice—
   (a) Il est doux (from "Herodiade") .....*Massenet*
   (b) *Iris* .....*Wolfe*
   (c) Now the Time for Making Songs Has Come. .*Rogers*
   Miss Margaret Balsiger
5. Violin—
   (a) Romance (From Concerto No. 2) ....*Wieniawski*
   (b) Aubade Provencale ...
   .....*Couperin-Kreisler*
   Miss Eileen Sutton
6. Voice—
   (a) Che faro Senza Euridice (Aria from "Orfeo ed Euridice") .....*Gluck*
   (b) Death Chant (From "Songs of the Hebrides")
   (c) Where my Caravan Has Rested .....*Lohr*
   (With violin obligato by Miss Ella Lu Cheek)
   Miss Margaret Williams Pierce
7. Piano—
   (a) Submerged Cathedral .....*Debussy*
   (b) Isle of Joy .....*Debussy*
   Mr. Robert Tucker
8. Voice—
   (a) Vous qui faites l'endormie (Aria "Devil's Serenade" from Faust) .....*Gounod*
   (b) Litanei .....*Schubert*
   (c) Oh, Could I express in Song .....*Malashkin*
   Mr. William Farris
9. Piano—
   (a) Nocturne No. 5.....*Chopin*
   (b) Etude Op. 25, No. 7 ..*Chopin*
   (c) Rhapsodie No. 12.....*Liszt*
   Miss Virginia Davenport



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday:

Well, Diary, if it keeps up like this ing, we'll soon be needing Noah's rk.

After wading to a few too many asses this morning we went to town r lunch. Wonder why we never can esist those fudge cakes at Kleeman's? nd finally we got to see *The Sign of e Cross.* I don't think I'd care for milk bath.

Too bad there isn't a "C" for Cute the ABC contest. Ginny Winston ould fit it rather well, don't you hink? And wouldn't little Knox be ood for Naive?

Club tonight and then to bed, with ts of English to do! A special after ghts which had me kind of thrilled nd feeling important, but it was only rom the brother asking about all the hekels...I owe him. Sad! I believe e'd better go into bankruptcy.

Thursday:

Went down to the club this morning nd listened to a rotten program on he radio and drank some very weak ea. Oh, for the life of leisure!

Classes this afternoon and then the rushing blow of finding out we had o take bowling today.

Friday:

Again it's Friday and another week nearer June.

The dance certainly seems to be causing lots of excitement with Lauryne's Oscar coming and Margaret Morris' whole family and the boy in the white sweater with the big "Y" on it we saw standing outside South Front. And speaking of devotion, Helen Hogan gets the prize. St. Paul is a long way to come from for one dance, isn't it? What strong power these "gals" have.

Went walking this afternoon and so to sleep to the music of those envied souls.

Saturday:

Middlemarch was quite exciting this morning at breakfast with all the talk about the cute men, good orchestra, et cetera. It must be nice.

With Saturday open to "shoppers" the campus was almost deserted this afternoon. The Athletic dinner was very nice tonight. The food was grand and Soper sang very well aside from looking striking in the "tails." Lege, that's a very cute dress you had on.

Sunday:

An awfully nice morning for ducks. Went back to sleep after breakfast and almost slept through dinner. So "God's weeping" was very much appreciated after all.

To the club this afternoon with an open fire and all.

Tea with the good dill pickles, and then Mr. Briggs' talk which certainly was good. Wish we'd have more talks like that.

Monday:

Again the merry round of classes. Was glad to see Sarah Joyce Beasley back this morning. Wisdom teeth aren't much fun, are they?

Presidents' Councils' tea was very nice and the food was special. Miss Sisson always is doing nice things like that, though.

MUSIC NOTES

Last Sunday evening, February 19, an informal musicale was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stetson Humphrey. Pupils of both Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey appeared before the guests present. Among the guests was Mr. Phillip Brandon, director-actor of the Orpheum Players.

Misses Dorothy Beasley, and Ann Durand have successfully completed their vocal examinations. These examinations consist of public appearances, knowledge of various vocal techniques, and a suitable repertoire.

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club has been invited to sing at the Vanderbilt chapel on March 3. If the invitation is accepted it will add very much to the experience that the club has received through the pre-Christmas Vitaphone Tests.

Miss Margaret Balsiger made her first radio appearance over radio station WLAC Wednesday afternoon, February 22, at 4:00 o'clock. Her selections were *Smilin' Through, Where My Caravan Has Rested, Just A'Wearyin' for You.* and *Somewhere a Voice is Calling.*

Miss Elizabeth Kerr, Mrs. Sill McQuiddy Baurman, and Mrs. Emmieline Boter Kinnebrew, pupils of Florence Boyer, appeared in a musical at the Virginia Club meeting in the Centennial Club on Friday, February 17.

Miss Louise Herron, a member of the Ward-Belmont faculty, gave a short address on "American Impressions of England."

Many of the Ward-Belmont students attended the concert of Fritz Kreisler in the Ryman Auditorium, Saturday evening, February 18. All of those who attended thoroughly enjoyed the excellence of his playing and his choice of selections.

GIRLS VISIT SETTLEMENT

Several members of the Social Service Tours Committee of the Y visited the Centenary Institute on Thursday, February 16. The girls were very interested to see a real settlement house and spent several hours watching the workings of several groups and discussing with Miss Ellison, the head, and her helpers, the different encouraging and discouraging things coming up during the day in such an institution. This Committee sponsors many such trips and invites anyone who wishes to join the party.

LIBRARY WHISPERS

John Galsworthy, British novelist and playwright and winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1932, died January 31, at his home in Hempstead after a serious illness. He was sixty-five years old. Perhaps Mr. Galsworthy's chief distinction among many was his creation of what is undoubtedly the best known of all fictional families, the Forsythes. Through six novels and a number of short stories, Mr. Galsworthy presented a picture of three generations of Forsythes, so vivid and real that no one who has read of them can accept them as other than an actual family.

Although the first volume of the Forsythe books, *The Man of Property,* was published in 1906, it was not until 1920 that Galsworthy took up the idea of *The Forsythe Saga* as a whole. In the meantime he had written numerous novels which amounted to a social survey of the well-to-do classes of England. These novels include *Country House* (1907), *Fraternity* (1908), and *The Patrician* (1911). In 1920 the second Forsythe novel, *In Chancery,* appeared, to be followed by *To Let,* in 1921. These two, with *The Man of Property,* make up *The Forsythe Saga.* Three more novels dealing with the Forsythes, *The White Monkey* (1924), *The Silver Spoon* (1926) and the *Swan Song* (1930), constitute *A Modern Comedy.* Recently Mr. Galsworthy has been projecting a new family, the Cherrels, who appeared in *Maid In Waiting* and *Flowering Wilderness,* but such was his love for the Forsythes that he allowed them to appear to a certain extent as characters in these novels. A third volume to complete this triology was left completed by Mr. Galsworthy at his death. It will be published in the fall by Scribner.

For those wishing to read the novels by Galsworthy, the following list will aid in choosing them so as to obtain the proper sequence of events.

Forsythe Saga:

The Man of Property.
In Chancery.
To Let.
A Modern Comedy:
White Monkey.
Silver Spoon.
Swan Song.

Short stories connecting the longer novels:

Indian Summer of a Forsythe.
The Awakening.
A Silent Wooing.
Passers By.
The Cherrell Family:
Maid In Waiting.
Flowering Wilderness.

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By Phyllis Bentley . . . $2.50
THE FLYING CARPET
By Richard Halliburton $3.75

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Sunday school gathering opened with a song service in which the girls sang whole-heartedly their favorite hymns. Elizabeth Neumann read a most inspiring story from one of Victor Hugo's works. After her reading of "Providence and Apologue," she lead the group in prayer.

Delores Smith sang "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" in closing.

PSST!

H-e-l-l-o everybody. No, this isn't Kate Smith but Mrs. Psst herself. She's back on the job after a marvelous vacation and wishes to thank her Fairy Godmothers and also little Boscoe for writing the column these past few weeks.

What has Emily Frazer got against Nancy Schumacher? The other day they arrived on the campus thus: Nancy driving on the front seat and Emily alone in the rumble seat.

Ask our Council president what brought about the exclamation on the past Sabbath eve, "That's not nice."

Mary De Voe enjoyed her first gymnastic venture of the year on Monday. I hear as a result, she is near collapse.

There are a number of fraternity pins which have recently come to rest above the palpitating hearts of several day students. To mention a few of the blushing damozels, there are Jane Hall, Sug, Dot Jones, Elsie Caldwell, and Mary Currell Berry. We know several high-minded young things who have had the moral courage to refuse the fascinating object *d'amour*.

It is with deep sorrow and a touched heart that we hear of the destruction by fire of Robertson Academy. It is the alma mater of Nancy Schumacher, Mimi Wright, Jane Meadors and Grace Benedict.

We wonder which profession Eleanor Reed prefers—the ministry or the medical. I hear she's interested in both.

How could anybody be as dressed up at the end of the day as Nancy Edwards? She looks as if she'd come out of a band box.

In answer to little Boscoe's question regarding Mr. Psst, we wish to say that W-B is not a co-educational school so we have to exclude Mr. Psst.

LETTER FROM ANNE PARKER TO "Y"

The following letter has come to the World Fellowship Committee of the "Y" from Anne Parker. Anne is a missionary in the Belgian Congo, Africa, and the Easter offering of Ward-Belmont in 1931 was sent to the Girls School there in which she works. Many will remember her vivid presentation of the work at a vespers service last winter. She is studying French in Paris now, and will leave in March to resume her work in Congo.

"Christmas morning at the breakfast table I received your lovely gift. How kind of you to send me this most interesting book! I appreciate your love, thoughtfulness, and the gift more than words can express. I went to my room and read the chapter 'The Friendship of Jesus,' and then went to church with a consciousness that the true Friend was by my side. When I reach the Congo I will share the book with our fellow workers there.

"The Christmas holidays have meant much to me. We had school until noon on Christmas Eve. That afternoon Mary Moore (I judge that you remember her—anyway she is one of our Congo workers) and I went to see La Creche at La Madeleine. That evening, all American missionaries who are studying in Paris had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Tabor.

"Christmas morning, Mary and I worshipped, as usual, at the Methodist Memorial Church. The communion was served at the close of the service. I had Christmas dinner here where I board with the Duchemin family. I went over to Monsieur Debout and spent the afternoon with Mary. She and I went to church that evening at the Northern African Mission. Mr. Warren, a missionary, has charge of this Mission.

"I have greatly enjoyed the months of study. Mary and I boarded together during the first three months and then we decided that we would make greater progress if we were not together, for, of course, we always speak English to each other. Thus we moved. She is six miles out of the city limits. We board with Protestant families. Monsieur Duchemin is a teacher, and his oldest son is a doctor.

"Paris is a beautiful city. I have spent many half-holidays visiting museums, monuments, et cetera. I visited the battle fields during the summer.

"It has been a real joy and inspiration to associate with English, Swedish, and American missionaries. Our mid-week prayer service has been a real source of help for me.

"We expect to be in Paris until the end of February, and then we shall turn our faces toward our beloved Congoland. I eagerly look forward to seeing my office friends again.

"Again I thank you for the book.

"Your grateful friend,

Anne Parker."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED

(Continued from page 1)

Katherine Evans and Etheldra Martin, Mary Peckham and Dorothea Tebbs; in the second set, Mary Louise Perkins and Julia Bales Noe, Frances Fulenwider and Beth Lee, Jane Roudebush and Gay Furrh, Katherine Willis and Ann Durand; in the third set, Jeane Myers and Marion Dawson, Nelle Hurston and Nell McMurry, Edith Morrow Hyde and Annette McAdoo, Frances Holtzman and Charlotte Shenk; in the fourth set, Kathryn Bothman and Mai Noy Van Deren, Jane Curfman and Elise Tyson, Helen Parker and Virginia Roudabush, Mary Alice Ringo and Rebecca Powell; and in the fifth set, Dorothy Stewart and Carol Starbuck, Mary Elizabeth Cayce and Jane Pulver, Marjorie Moreland and Helen Hand, Sarah Bryan and Helen Conley.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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WASHINGTON PARTY SEES POINTS OF INTEREST

The party going to Washington for the presidential inauguration left on Wednesday at two o'clock. Several day students went, and were looking forward to having a "time" which did not depend on the President and his parade.

The party arrived in Washington in time for lunch on Thursday. That afternoon and all of the next day were spent in seeing the various government buildings. On Saturday, the girls witnessed the inauguration from a stand next to the one on which the President and his party were seated.

Late Saturday night the party will leave Washington in their private car, and arrive at Lynchburg early Sunday morning. They will get into busses and go to Natural Bridge for lunch, then go to Lexington and spend most of the afternoon seeing Washington and Lee and Virginia Military Institute. The girls will be taken back to Natural Bridge for dinner where a night illumination will be arranged especially for the Ward-Belmont party.

They will go back to Lynchburg, get back on the train, go to Roanoke and from there come home, arriving at 12:10 a. m. Monday.

DR. MIMS SPEAKS ON WASHINGTON

"What was it that made Washington great?" With this question in mind, Dr. Edwin Mims, head of the English department of Vanderbilt University, spoke in chapel on Wednesday, February 22.

"How could a man live at Mount Vernon with all its peace and serenity, with all its memories, and go from there to Valley Forge to suffer there?" Washington was great, said Dr. Mims, because "he was able to sacrifice himself for the good of a people." "First of all Washington mastered himself," he continued. "He had one of the great essentials of religion," said Dr. Mims. "He had the power of sacrificing himself for the good of a cause." "If ever a man was the incarnation of a new nation, George Washington was that man."

"What was it that made Washington great?" It was, said Dr. Mims, that the thought of happiness could not betray him into selfishness. Dr. Mims, in conclusion, urged that we, on George Washington's birthday, might get some of the real unselfishness and nationalism that was his.

CALENDAR

March 9—Music Recital—8:15.
March 10—Congregational Church Entertains.
March 11—Del Ver Dance.

ART STUDENTS VISIT EXHIBITION

The Commercial Illustration and Costume Design students of the Art Department were required to attend an exhibit at Watkins Institute. The Traphagen School of Fashion, New York; Pratt Institute; and several night Industrial Schools of New York, were represented. The exhibit was not large but some very good samples of certain types of commercial illustration and costume design work were shown.

CELLIST HEARD IN CONCERT

By Frances Pearson

On Friday evening, February 24, Ward-Belmont had the opportunity of hearing Gregor Piatigorsky, the eminent young Russian 'cellist.

His program opened with a lovely Adagio by Corelli, which was followed by a Tocesta of Frescobaldi. This group was brought to a brilliant climax in the unaccompanied suite in C by Bach. Piatigorsky proved his vast technical achievements and his musical sensitiveness in his performance of this significant work. A delightful old minuet by Valencine was added as an encore.

Piatigorsky's true artistic taste was revealed in his selection of several familiar Schumann pieces, which he played with feeling, style and versatility.

A noteworthy contribution to the program was Weber's Sonata in C arranged by Piatigorsky. His arrangement of an unusual Etude of Scriabin was very beautiful. The vivacious Hopak of Moussorgsky, Habanera of Ravel, and the appealing Zapateado by Sarasate concluded his program.

His final encores were Flight of the Bumble Bee by Rimsky-Korsakof, which in response to a tremendous applause was repeated, and a Courante by Lully.

Piatigorsky's wife, a charming young Russian, rendered excellent accompaniments and proved herself to be an accomplished pianist.

"Y" EVENTS FOR THE WEEK

Sunday—March 5.
8:30 Sunday School. Speaker, Jeannette Knowles.
2:30 Trip to the Junior League Home.
6:00 Vespers. Speaker, Dr. Roger T. Nooe.
Tuesday—March 7.
7:00 Visit to the Wards in Vanderbilt Hospital.
Thursday—March 9.
7:00 Trip to the Old Ladies' Home.
Friday—March 10.
6:00 Meeting of the Student Industrial Commission.
Saturday—March 11.
Play Hour at the Tennessee Children's Home.

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAY DINNER HELD

Early spring was the motif of the dinner for February's children. Tuesday evening, February 28, Mrs. Rose and Dr. and Mrs. Barton presided over one of the most anticipated of birthday dinners.

A huge silver bowl of tulips was the centerpiece and confetti was sprinkled on the table as a reminder of the Mardi Gras and the party days to come. Each place was marked by a yellow rose. Tall candles in silver holders lighted the room.

The guests were: Julia Bales Noe, Vera Hudson, Mary Jo Scoville, Helen Aldridge, May Dell Meyer, Edith Morrow Hyde, Betty Nyce, Josephine Scott, Virginia Winston, Helen Hand, Mae Noy Van Deren, Letitia Carruth, Josephine Gardner, Frances Maas, Margaret Shaw, Betty Randle, Yvette Franz, Helen Stillmanks and Martha Rucker.

"Y" GIVES PROGRAM AT HOME

A most interesting evening was spent by a group of girls at the Florence Crittendon Home on Thursday evening. Both the girls of the Home and those of Ward-Belmont participated in the program. First, Betty Crowe gave a reading which was followed by Delores Smith singing and playing a few popular songs. Then, Betty gave another reading, after which Virginia Kiesel performed a hunting dance. We were then entertained by an advertising game which had been prepared by the girls of the Florence Crittendon Home. After this a pantomime, "Young Lochinvar," was given. Mary Alice Ringo read the selection, while Louize Henderson took the part of the father; Jean Stratton was the mother; Eula Mae Luper was the young groom; Elizabeth Wansley was the bride; and Virginia Kiesel was the young Lochinvar.

The program was completed with a game of matching hearts, while refreshments were served. Others who attended were Katherine Rassmussen, Katrina Van Benschoten, Mary Jo Scoville, Jane Curfman, Letitia Carruth and Mary Ruth Vanderbilt.

JUNIORS GIVE JUNIOR-MIDDLES CABARET PARTY

The Junior-Junior-Middle banquet was held Friday, February 24, in the tea room. The idea of a cabaret was cleverly carried out in the decorations.

Mary Soper was master of ceremonies. Several entertaining "acts" were given. Louise Duncan played the piano, and Evelyn Sherry sang a group of popular songs. Among the songs was one written by Louise Duncan called *Worried*. Another act was furnished by Yvette Franz, who gave a delightful tap dance.

The Junior-Middles enjoyed the party very much.

X. L.'S GIVE CASINO DANCE

The X. L. dance was given Saturday, February 25, in the gym at 8 o'clock. The invitations asked us to attend a dance at the Casino X. L. and that idea was carried out in the decorations. The entrance was decorated with a gay white and green awning. In one corner stood an old-fashioned bar from which refreshments were served. The walls were decorated in grey and bright-colored chandeliers were hanging at intervals along the walls.

The special was given by "Bob" Durand, Nancy McFadin, Anne Shaw and Clemence Dow. The stage was decorated with giant poker chips, cards and dice. Against this background, the special was given. It consisted of a pantomime to music about the Queen of Hearts, the King and the Knave. Clemence Dow danced, impersonating a roulette wheel and ending the "Games of Chance" special.

The sponsor of the club, Miss McElfresh, received with Beth Lee, president, Nancy McFadin, vice-president, Mary Louise Perkins, treasurer, and Jane Becker, secretary.

PENSTAFF CONTEST OPEN

The Penstaff is conducting another contest for membership. The rules are the same as they were this fall. The organization hopes that there will be many tryouts this time. The rules are as follows:

1. Contest closes March 6.
2. Place your manuscripts in the box marked *Penstaff* which you will find in the basement of Senior Hall.
3. Do *not* put your name on your manuscript.
4. On the first page of your manuscript give the name of the class of which you are a member—Senior, Junior, Sophomore, or Freshman. (No paper can be judged without this information.)
5. Place your name and the title of your manuscript in a sealed envelope and drop into the box.
6. A contestant may submit as many pieces of writing as she desires.
7. Any kind of writing, narration, description, exposition, argument—may be entered.

MILESTONES ASKS SNAPS TO BE TURNED IN

In order to insure that the snapshots in the club sections of the year book will be well distributed, the *Milestones* asked one member of each club to take some pictures and turn them in. The Package Room has sold a great number of films for this purpose and we are calling them in. Will all those who have bought films for that purpose bring them to the HYPHEN Office by Wednesday of next week. Any other snaps that anyone may have that are good will be greatly appreciated.



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CHILDREN, THEME OF FIRESIDE VESPERS

The intimate and friendly Vesper service held, once a month at the various club firesides, this week followed the theme of the beauty and innocence of children. The girls gathered around the hearth and listened to and joined in the hymns, prayers, and poems comprising the devotions.

The poetry was divided into four parts:

1. In appreciation of children:
   Where Did You Come From, by George McDonald.
   Bartholemew, by Norman Gale.
2. Listening to children:
   Vespers, by A. A. Milne.
   All the Grown-up People Say, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
   The Moon's the North Wind's Cookie, by Vachel Lindsay.
3. In understanding of children:
   Little Jesus Wast Thou Shy? by Francis Thompson.
   The Lamb, by William Blake.
4. In thanksgiving for children:
   For Thy Fair Revelation in Childhood, by John Hoyland.

Devotions were closed with benediction, after which tea was served.

CLAYTON HAMILTON SPEAKS HERE

Talks on Browning

The chapel speaker for Friday, February 24, was Clayton Hamilton, dramatic critic and author-lecturer. Mr. Hamilton is a student of the drama and has been chairman of the Pulitzer Prize jury for several years. He is the author or co-author of numerous plays and books on the theatre. As a student of Browning, Mr. Hamilton spoke on Robert Browning's poem, "The Ring and the Book," and the play, "Caponsacchi," based on the poem, in which Walter Hampden is now playing.

Mr. Hamilton considered Browning's connection with the theatre. "He is the most dramatic of all English poets since Shakespeare," said Mr. Hamilton. "He was," he continued, "interested in the intricacies of human nature." "He considered that other people might be as interesting as himself, if not more so." "Browning," he said, "was fond of men and women" and he actually looked at them and listened to them.

"Despite his great dramatic gains he never succeeded in developing a practical theatrical method." Unfortunately, in spite of his natural endowments, Browning did not become a great poetic dramatist.

Browning's father, an extraordinary man, believed that a person could only learn what he really wanted to know. Because of this belief, Browning was brought up by tutors in the subjects in which he was really interested. "As a result, he learned nearly everything, because he was interested in everything," said Mr. Hamilton.

Browning's early writings were obscure, especially his plays. "He never learned about the art of acting," continued Mr. Hamilton. "Browning asked the actors to do things actors can't do."

"His very failure as a practical playwright forced him to find a new medium," said Mr. Hamilton. Browning found this new field in the dramatic monologue. These are best read and should never be recited, according to Mr. Hamilton. In regard to Browning's poems he said that one must not read them at all if one does not read them once, ten times, and ultimately one hundred times. "Browning is not to be read—but re-read."

In "The Ring and the Book" Browning uses the method of the dramatic monologue. The plot is developed from an actual murder case that occurred in Rome, in 1698. Browning lets the facts be interpreted by a series of monologues. The murderer himself, tells the story, then the victim, the lawyers, the populus, and the Pope. "It is," said Mr. Hamilton, "a most monumental poem."

From this poem has been derived the play "Caponsacchi." After three years of work "a thoroughly competent play" has been developed. Arthur Goodrich wrote the play in blank verse as nearly like that of Browning as possible so that the Browning lines that were included would not be too evident.

The play has been a complete success with Walter Hampden playing the leading role and it has played now some five or six hundred times. "The thought, the emotion, and some of the lines are Browning's," said Mr. Hamilton.

"Although during his life he failed to write a play for the popular theatre, he has, forty years after his death, written a thoroughly successful play." "Perhaps that is why we speak of the immortality of Robert Browning," concluded Mr. Hamilton.

"EDUCATION FOR THE FIT," MODERN TREND

Dr. John W. Barton, during chapel on Monday, February 27, gave a review of the American Association of Junior Colleges which he and Dean Joseph E. Burk attended. The meeting was held in Kansas City, Mo., from February 24, through February 25.

The program of the meeting was built around the general theme of what should be taught in the junior college. Quoting from the welcome address of Edward M. Bointer, of Kansas City, Dr. Barton said that it is "better for us to be intelligent users of ideas than clever creators of ideas."

Dr. Barton then pointed out the main points of some of the other speeches. He spoke of the change in the popular conception of education. First, education was for the few, then for the many, but now it is getting to be for the *fit*.

The value of literary subjects was stressed by Dr. Barton. "Regardless of what field or art you go into, more literary subjects are a good background for anyone."

"Y" VISITS HOSPITAL WARDS

The Vanderbilt Hospital Committee has had some very worthwhile visits to the Wards of the hospital during the past week. Some of those who visited the patients in the Medical and Surgical Wards were Virginia Wilkins, Virginia Breeding, Inda Drushell, Rae Baker, Sue McDermott, Mary Norcross, and Bea Werts.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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EDITORIAL

INDIVIDUALITY

It's the latest thing to be a decided individual. Or rather, it has always been important to emphasize this phase of personality, though this we are just beginning to realize. Mankind no longer uses the system of education; for example, as a means to hand out knowledge, but instead uses it basically for development of originating powers—we say individuality. More and more are we setting a value in the schoolroom on the growth of capabilities that make for individuality, and thereby achieving something of an Utopia. Dr. Bartin tells us that leaders in countless numbers of fine schools the land over are waging a war for individuality—to make the pupil less of a receptive machine, and more of a contributor to society and the world at large. The teachers doing their part are bridging the chasm between the chair and the desk so that no longer do they antagonize minds to whose level they cannot descend, but animate the student who feels that his welfare is the teacher's welfare, and so becomes desirous of being able to contribute to the enrichment of his mind or his individuality. Now it is the "do not think, but try" attitude of mind we are anxious to cultivate. Take knowledge, but only use it as a means of imparting knowledge.

A prominent teacher on the campus once sadly said that that is where we, as students today, fall down in overlooking that which we owe to ourselves and our environment—namely, the contribution from our individuality. Having acquired certain splendid attributes we are inclined to confine our abilities along one certain line, and bestow them, too, on one particular group. It is so easy to organize our days as we please, often in such a way that we are aimlessly cast adrift, getting nowhere and overlooking the deeper interest of this complex life about us. Here is where we must stress a bigness in our make-up, otherwise we may land in a slough of narrowness.

The sort of attitude we take toward school life in general has a great deal to do with the kind of material we will possess with which to store up an individuality. To give of ourselves profusely in everything we undertake, be it in big Ac, the gym, or club house, takes us a long way upward in this absorbing task of self-development.

Therefore, do not neglect to take the most from each day and use it as a part of you toward developing an abundant personality that will qualify as an individuality.

V. W., '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

This spring weather is getting me down just like the "Cow who swallowed a bottle of ink and moo'd indigo." Not bad even if it is stealing the "West Pointer's" thunder.

It seems that Mrs. Charleton and Mrs. Bryan are chaperoning the trip to Washington. Can you imagine anything more perfect?

There are times in the life of a flower pot when the end is reached. Please tell us what is like to be calmly felled from a third-story landing to a wooden grave?

And so "Noddy" believes that industry has its just deserts, does she? I think so and you should see her in the dress.

By the way, the "Sewing Bug" has bitten Senior hard and I hear that several of the more brave "Little Sisters" are attempting something easy like a blouse (?).

"Bob" Durand has certainly got them coming. Why, just the other day a very dignified (?) young fellow cheerfully admitted that she was the only one he could remember the name of to ask for a date. Keep up the good work "Bob," dear, and we think we will change the name to Jones or Hill or something equally as simple to remember.

Huh? Little Jane Becker floating dogs in Senior? Impossible! We won't believe it. Why, how could she be so cruel when she knows that they hate, as well as little boys do, to take baths?

Wouldn't it be amusing to see—

"Ail" come down off the high chair of dignity?

Beasley reduce? By the way she is seriously thinking of doing just that little thing. How about a collection to buy a girdle for the girl?

"Cherry" try to be mean to any one? Yes, it really would, for I think she would have a job beyond her power and then we would understand that it was a joke.

"Slymme" and Dot Glander do a May Day dance together?

Several of the high school preps act their age?

Helen Justice play the part of an Indian. We did and now advocate it for a sure cure for the blues. Try it!!!!!!

The dieting girls stay out of the tea room one afternoon? It is queer how they can refuse meals but then submit to temptation in the afternoon.

"Squeakie" with black hair and "Pooch" Stout with blonde or red?

So what?????

The X. L. dance was simply a dear. Nancy, my dear, as a tempter, you beat the apple in the Garden of Eden. Didn't Tallulah Shaw make a lovely queen? And, of course, there still remains our "Bob," and all there can be said of her is that if we were queen, a king like that would keep us happy.

Mary Jones is going to the Inaugural Ball. Dear, dear, dear!!!

The Senior-Senior-Mid banquet is coming soon and that reminds me why don't you pronounce banquet and bouquet the same way?

Is it possible that March is really here?

Now it is a forced issue that the bell

(Continued on page 4)

EAGLE FEATHER

EGYPT

Nightingales' notes drip from the eucalyptus tree,
Gray granite sphinxes squat on a saffron sea—
From a blue lagoon
The crescent moon
Climbs ebony steps; with a bright harpoon
Spears an eastern star, and rocks in the night,
Making filigree lace—
Spins silver threads and twists them tight
In a taut embrace—
Trace and retrace—
Thin skeins of light
Binding star to star in the blinding night.
On cypress branches bat wings light;
Ichneumons, small and loathsome, crawl
Deep in the dank dirt, dread to all
Whose conscience lies unquiet,
Whose flesh creeps, and whose diet
Is the bitter food of sad remorse.

Isis wings the sand-laden darkness,
Palm-leaves droop in dismal lankness,
Owls hoot in the jet blankness,
Buzzards' rankness
Haunts the stale air.
Celestial lotus, ivory white,
Bright as stars in candlelight,
Pure as innocence in the night,
Grows among swarming lizards,
Vile with the mud of the river Nile.

Far to the south in the golden sand
The enigmatic pyramids stand—
Where the Rameses sleep
And vultures keep
Their unrelenting vigil—in the priest Manetho's fabled land,
Where the vain flamingo stalks,
Where poppies and the helianthus bloom,
Where Tutankhamen's spirit walks,
And Cheops
Haunts the columned chambers of his tomb.

Josephine Scott, '34.

FAITH

A time I lived, I breathed, I knew the dart
Of love's pure ecstacy of golden glow.
In you there dwelt the soul of all my heart,
Seeming naught could take you where souls do flow.
I lived and breathed from out your life—my breath—
Yet now that spark that vivified—has died.
I find my eyes of all their sight—bereft;
And all that vision there has cried—untried.
I'm forced to wander alone in a daze
While one lone hope, your faith, shines through the mist;
A lamp, so I, faltering out of the maze,
May merge with thee: that in eternal tryst
My light will bright my eyes; my breath inspire
My life; my soul enthralled my heart's true fire.

Virginia Livingston, 34.

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CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 3)

has rung and I have a very boring class. So be good, column of me typewriter (I can't say heart for it wouldn't be true), and I'll return to you in just a short week. In the meantime, everyone "Remember that she who is catty and insincere is most unpopular" . . .

Signing off as ever, "Snoopy."

STUDENT RECITAL GIVEN

The elementary and intermediate pupils of Kenneth Rose, head of the department of violin, and of Hazel Coate Rose, of the piano department, both of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, were presented in recital Wednesday afternoon, March 1, in the Ward-Belmont Auditorium. The recital showed the excellence of the instruction the children had received and was greatly enjoyed.

The program was as follows:

1. Lightly Row .....*Folk Song*
   Peter Humphrey
2. Hanging Gardens .....*Davies*
   Jane Cornelius
3. Evening Song .....*Moffat*
   Jesse Wiley
4. Fairyland Music .....*Pagett*
   Anna Marie Cate
5. Concerto No. 4—Allegro ....*Seitz*
   Catherine Simpson
6. Spanish Intermezzo .....*Beneto*
   Llewellyna Granberry
7. Concerto No. 5—First Movement .....*Seitz*
   William Whittaker
8. Dragon Fly .....*Grant Schaefer*
   Jean Potter
9. Third Air Varie .....*Dancla*
   Benedict Goodman
10. Wooden Shoe Dance ....*Barbour*
    Sara D. Brown
11. Fifth Air Varie .....*Dancla*
    David Folger
12. Venetienne Barcarolle ...*Stickler*
    Catherine Simpson
13. Concerto No. 3—First Movement .....*Seitz*
    Jimmy Reed

CLOSE-UPS

Did you know that these heavenly days are ideal for picnics (ask Soper), that Pembroke has taken to indulging in great numbers of waffles on Sunday mornings, that Juju's home town is noted for milkfed chickens, that Mai Noy's name is Mai Flournoy, that Dr. Barton, in commenting on the tulips being two inches high, was informed that they have not been planted yet, that Cleo has effected dark glasses on account of the glaring spring sun (*le pouvre petit* comes from the land of igloos and whale meat, this heat is too much), that cokes are a demoralizing agent, that everybody (almost) has gone to Washington, that Smith (not our Smith) won't run for any office ever again (he says), that Hoover is going to publish books some of these days, that Elsa and Betty Woodrow have a doctrine on the hereafter they defy anyone to raise an eyebrow against, that B. Randall lost a gift from Dartmouth, that Senior Hall is reading *Jessemy Bride*, that Lauryne finds a rocking chair on the porch highly satisfactory for study, that we've all given up candy for Lent, that Mary Daniel is pining away in the infirmary, that Nancy McFadin and Betty Willert *almost* got a peep at the Mardi Gras, that a hug is a lot of energy gone to "waist," and that "Jimmy" Knox says the view from the fire escape is superb?

Today we're wishing we'd gotten a check from home before the Ward-Belmont delegation left for Washington. Mary Jones, how you find time to travel so much! Nothing but memories of last week's concert and the X. L. dance! The stunt was certainly novel, but how much more so if Ella Mae had fallen through the mosquito netting into the arms of his majesty Bob Durand!

Afar off comes the sound of a bell—perhaps it means breakfast—who knows? Will sitting here find them pancakes? Nit!

EXPRESSION NOTES

By invitation of the Business Men's Club of West End M. E. Church, South, Miss Townsend presents the following girls in plays. They will also be entertained at dinner.

Wisdom Teeth
Jenabeth Jones, Martha Craig, Sylvia Cohen, Virginia Livingston.

Long Ago
Marion Hill, Grace Benedict.

Now
Marion Hill, Sylvia Cohen.

Fast Friends
Charley Vene Tinnon, Quinnia Newman.

In honor of the D. A. R. chapters, Miss Townsend wrote the Washington celebration play for February 22, at the Centennial Club. The occasion was a good-will luncheon at which two hundred D. A. R. members heard the play. Those taking part gave a dignified and sympathetic interpretation of the play, *On The Highway*. The following girls were in the cast:

George Washington...Mary Peckham
An Ex-Service man.....Rae Baker
The Woodsman.Charley Vene Tinnon
Cabal.....Quinnia Newman
Interpreters .....
Mary Alice Ringo, and Jenabeth and Mary Jones.

The beautiful vocal expression and pantomime added to the significance of the play, and the D. A. R. chapters expressed appreciation and pleasure in the girls' efforts to interpret the life of the time.

DAY STUDENT CLUB NEWS

The meeting of the Eccowasin Club was held on Tuesday, February 28, at 11:30 o'clock. After the roll call, Miss Van Hooser gave a talk on community work for day students. When she finished, a number of girls signed to do work at the Protestant Orphanage. Virginia Hamilton told the girls that Miss Lester would give them kodak films for *Milestones* snapshots.

The Angkor Club regret to announce that their sponsor, Miss Rose Morrison, has resigned. She was so interested in the girls and all their activities that they are sorry to lose her. But at this club meeting, the girls elected a new sponsor, Miss Cooke. Many of them have been in Miss Cooke's chemistry class, and are all very fond of her, and the girls feel sure that she will be able to fill Miss Morrison's place with them.



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And talk about being *clever!* Well . . . you'd never dream in a million years what wonders have been done with our old friend the knit frock! Sleeves have grown large and powerful; necklines have climbed up for a bit of "chinning"; colors are as luscious as the rainbow! Better see them in our

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IARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

ednesday.

Only three more months, child of heart, and we'll be sleeping peacefully instead of getting up at five to udy history.

Pemb oke seems to be taking spring use-cleaning or rather moving rious y. Peckinpaugh and Wilkins e even buying paint for their new om. And we'll even be lucky if me kind soul washes our windows we can again gaze at the outer orld.

Watched water-polo this afternoon. seems to be a contest of who can ck who, but then of course that's om a purely unathletic standpoint. hem!

The program was quite good at the ub tonight except for the long and rdent talk on dues which was a bit mbarrassing.

To the library afterwards to try nd study but finally gave it up as a opeless job. And so to bed with hat should have been a heavily burened conscience.

hursday.

If news keeps on being so scarce e'll have to invent some excitement.

Had three lovely classes this morng and none of my lessons. Spent the me envying those lucky people going o Washington. We'll probably have o pawn everything we have to get ome on.

Voted for myself for everything in he ABC's except couldn't decide beween Beth and Dick for youthful.

Spent the rest of the day in Betty Knight's room listening to the radio nd eating toasted cheese sandwiches.

Friday:

Such a lovely breakfast this morng—soft-boiled eggs, instead of the sual yellow and white conglomeraion.

We spent the whole morning in the library with a short interval for a class. Then to the club this afternoon when we remembered about Hygiene in the middle of a very good orchestra. To bed at eight with some new movie magazines, when the horrible thought of it having been Mother's birthday came like a "bolt from above." And here we haven't even a Murad to aid us in being nonchalant. Now we'll never be able to express our secret desire for our birthday. 'Tis sad!

Saturday:

A wonderful day for a picnic, but unfortunately there is no picnic.

We cleaned dresser drawers, closets, *et cetera* all morning, then after much figuring went to town for lunch and outside spring window shopping.

Bought lots of nuts from the strange man downtown and excited envy, we hope, in the movie with them.

To the club for hamburgers and cokes; then to the dance which was very cute. The bar was most intriguing. Beth looked "knock-out."

Sunday:

We slept too late for any food anyone in the hall might have had, but then the strawberry shortcake at dinner made up for it.

We had a long and serious discussion with Wilma this afternoon on life. Walked up to the dining room only to remember tea in the club, so by the time we got there, most of those good cookies were gone. We finally gave up trying to get anything but hymns from the radio.

ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Spring—and with it comes Miss Carling's melodious voice—"To the right—cir—cle!" Or in other words Horseback Riding gets into full swing again. I think everyone who takes "horsing" is extremely glad that spring is here so that they can get back outside. Although all through the winter the certificate riders have been in the ring, the others have not. The certificate riders all declare that jumping is by far the most fascinating thing they have ever done. Go out and watch 'em sometime—we've got some good ones.

The X. L. Club certainly is going to "go to town" in the Bowling Tournament. They have some of the best bowlers in school. While watching Ann Durand, Rena Berry, and Bettye Ann Wright, I decided there was no reason for my continuing the sport of knocking pins down with a ball. One might as well be taking dancing as far as competing with them goes.

We hear Soper dropped Water Polo. She says the *water* got the best of her —or was it the bathing suit? Anyhow with "Lou" as guard the Penta Taus seem to have an excellent team. When the A. K.'s and Penta Taus play together there is really *some* competition. Some day I fully expect to have to drag the pool for some of the players. Two other good teams I have noticed are the Tri K and X. L.—in fact, we hear that there will be plenty of competition for any team that enters the Tournament.

The day students as well as the boarders are well represented in Apparatus. There are some girls out for the sport who show much promise. You should see Jane Moore do the travelling rings. Really, she's good; also Edith Morrow Hyde's ability in Apparatus is surprising. She is one of the best.

PSST!

Have you heard of the new club which was formed at bowling last Monday? It is called the Love Circle, and the only requirement for membership is that you be in love.

The same group almost proved to the rest of the class that they were crazy by "lithping" all the time.

Some of the jokes gotten off by the day students are "rite cute." Sug, looking at Mimi's legs, said, "Mimi, you have great understanding!" Mimi, not to be outdone, replied, "Well, Sug, you certainly are well reared!" Chalk up one for each.

Mary Elizabeth Polk has some cute new little curls and she says her hair is long enough to sit on if she tries real hard. So pretty!

If boarders want to be taken out by day students they had better not be too charming. We heard one attractive day student say that a certain boarder was "a snake in the grass." And she wasn't going to get her out any more. Is it nice, boarders, to take the little day students' men? In the words of Shirley Lege, "I think the boarders deserve credit if they can get a day student's man in the short time they have." Might I add some of us have been at it for years and ain't done no immediate good yet.

Isn't it nice that Jan Maechtle and Rosie Schumacher are so friendly at greeting one another in sociology class?

Mrs. Psst, your cousin done you proud, a cute little lassie she is, my dear.

MUSIC NOTES

Miss Eleanor Linebarger, a voice pupil of Florence Boyer, has successfully passed her certificate examinations.

Emmeline Boyer Kinnebrew, a pupil of Florence Boyer, will sing over radio station WSM at 5:30 P. M. Sunday afternoon, March 5. Mrs. Kinnebrew and Mr. John Lewis will sing selections from Rigoletto by Verdi.

Elizabeth Nellums, another pupil of Miss Boyer, sang over station WLAC at 4:30 March 1, over the Halcyon Club Hour.

A group of Ward-Belmont musicians and singers appeared on the Philological Association Program at Vanderbilt, Friday afternoon, March 3. A trio composed of Ann Durand, soprano; Dorothy Beasley, contralto; and William Fariss, bass, sang seventeenth century songs from Milton's "Comus." They were accompanied by a string ensemble composed of Martha Rucker, Annette McAdoo, and Weldon Hart, violinists; and Lydia Fountain, 'cellist.

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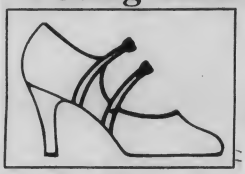
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THIS AND THAT

Of the 2,000 known kinds of germs and bacteria, only about 100 are believed to be harmful. The other 1,900 varieties are necessary to life in one form or another.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

King Christian of Denmark is the world's tallest monarch. He measures six feet, six inches in height.—*Tribune.*

The Romans introduced the bagpipe into Scotland.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Arithmonia is a strange malady. The sufferer is obsessed with an uncontrollable desire to count things.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The League of Nations condemned Japan's activities in Manchuria. The League does not fear that Japan will remain in the League, but fears that Japan will stay and take over the presiding of the League. Each nation presided by rotation and the next nation to preside is Japan.

There is a tax of ten cents on each pack of playing cards of fifty-four or less. The number 54 allows the inclusion of two extra cards in the pack by the dealer.

The question arises whether Roosevelt will be the 32nd or the 31st president of the United States of America. This is because Grover Cleveland served two terms as president which were not consecutive. Cleveland was the 22nd and also the 24th president. Therefore, Franklin D. Roosevelt will be 32nd president, although only thirty other men have been president of the United States of America.

HAPHAZARD THOUGHTS

Thoughts always come haphazardly while waiting for some one or something—here I am waiting for an inspiration, so I guess the best thing is to let the thoughts have full swing. Have you ever noticed that everyone is in a better humor in the spring? I have heard it said that it must be because that we are looking forward to good weather—blue skies—flowers—summer; and in the fall we are just waiting for winter—cold and bleak—to catch us. Well, maybe so—I know that these nice days recently have made me into a new woman. I am so happy—I'm glad to just be alive—have you ever felt like that? Just glad that you can take another deep breath of that glorious spring air?

Spring always makes me lazy—I love to think of sitting down in the club house and listening to the radio—and speaking of the radio, did you know that Margaret Balsiger is singing over WLAC next Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock? We heard her a week ago and thought she was swell. And another radio program to listen in on is that of "Dibbie" Barthell, who is on the Columbia System over WLAC, Mondays at five o'clock and Thursdays at 5:30. She's the best blues singer on the air!

We listened in the other day on a conversation concerning friends—and it was interesting to see the diff attitudes people have on friend Some take their friends for gra expecting them to always "u stand" and often hurting their f ings; others consider their friend the point of cutting themselves from others; still others never serious friendships—anyone who ready to do what they want to do the moment is their friend. Oh, list could go on and on! I wonde well, it doesn't hurt to hav personal introspection every now then. One thing I can cro won't fight with people—friend or Maybe I'm a natural pacifist. you know, life just isn't long enou to fight with people you care anyth about. And yet, I don't believe should let the other person run them—very complicated—life friends sometimes—and the funn thing about *that* is that friendship the one thing that should be essenti ly simple—simple in its sincerity depth. Wouldn't it be awful not have a friend? Oh, mercy, such thought—no one to run to—well, j to run to. Let's change the subje

People are beginning to talk abo coming back to school next year you know, it'll be great fun havi everyone back—let's all come back shall we? Oh, of course, except th Seniors—they can come back at Hom coming.

I heard very quietly that the AB Contest has been counted. Wonde who the lucky winners were—noth ing has leaked out, yet, and I gues nothing will—as the *Milestones* staf wanted to be sure it would be a secr and recruited most all the "counter from the faculty! And not only that mind you; they even deserted th HYPHEN Office and took up their work in the Dean's Office with Miss Wells Secret, secret, secret!

Secret is right—I think my inspir tion is lost—a complete secret not onl from me but from my public (?).

OR STUFF—

We are a trifle awed in the pre ence of Nedaye Eppes, Jan Macchi or Dukie Hill because they are mak ing dresses for themselves, just to re lieve the boredom. If we could only get the buttons on gloves, the snap on cuffs, the hems in skirts. . . .

We also heard that a number of children enjoyed a social evening in Rec Hall last Thursday evening Games played were "Question and Answers," "Truth and Consequences," and "Thimble, thimble, who has the thimble?"

At first we thought we'd like to be just a mouse in the corner during the third floor Founders' bull sessions on God, but after hearing Virginia Knox argue in favor of atheism, we want to be there very much in person with a Bible and Miss Van.

Answers that will never be questioned: Kathryn Evans, "No, how did you know?" Helen Conley, "I know all about them." Miss Rhea, "Reports are due Friday."

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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DAY STUDENTS START "Y" WORK

The day student social clubs have elected the Protestant Children's Orphanage as the center of their community service, and work was definitely begun on Tuesday afternoon, March 7th.

After the conference with Miss Beeves the superintendent, a recreation hour was held for all of the eighty children in the Home.

Mary Margaret Craig, Edith Anderson and Nancy Schumacher had charge of the nursery and kindergarten groups. Betty Anderson and Claudine Smelzer led the games with the little girls, while Virginia Hamilton and Valmon Louise Marks organized a tap-dancing class (much desired) for the Junior Girls. Imogene Gratton, Emma Young Horn and Jean Gregorie had relay races out in the lawn with the smaller boys; while Elizabeth Glasgow, Mary Elizabeth Polk and Mary Brugh were in on the baseball game for the older boys.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Orphanage on Monday, the offer of the day student clubs to undertake recreation activities among the children there was formally accepted.

EVALUATION OF *E* AND *I* GRADES MADE DEFINITE

During the year the faculty have been studying and working on various phases of the junior college curriculum as applicable to Ward-Belmont. Various committees have turned in their reports and these have proved most interesting. The controversy of the grades *E* and *I* has caused a great deal of interest, and with the decision made in the last faculty meeting comes the following announcement which is of equal interest to student *and* faculty.

A. Regarding the use of any grade, particularly *E* and *I*, the Committee recommends that the faculty adopt a

(Continued on page 5)

WINTER QUARTER SPORTS DRAW TO A CLOSE

With the advent of a new week there is also the opening of two tournaments. Beginning Monday, March 13, the Water Polo and Bowling Tournaments will take the center of the sport stage. The drawings were held on Wednesday hoon and the water polo schedule is as follows:

Game 1.—A.K. vs. Osiron, Tuesday, 3:45.

Game 2.—Tri K vs. F.F., Tuesday, 4:05.

Game 3.—X.L. vs. Penta Tau, Tuesday, 4:45.

Game 4.—A.K. vs. F.F., Thursday, 3:45.

Game 5.—Osiron vs. X.L., Thursday, 4:05.

Game 6.—Tri K vs. Penta Tau, Thursday, 4:45.

Game 7.—A.K. vs. Penta Tau, Friday, 3:45.

(Continued on page 5)

DR. BARTON EXPLAINS PRESENT CRISIS

Chapel time on Tuesday, March 7, was taken up by a talk by Dr. Barton. "I think," said Dr. Barton, "that some statements should be made in regard to the present condition."

Dr. Barton first explained the underlying immediate cause for the present bank holiday. Too much money has been hoarded, and, as a result, much of the "floating currency of the country" has been taken out of circulation. Hoarding gold in particular has been a serious trouble, for gold is the basis of all the money in the United States.

Recently the banks in Michigan closed. The great corporations in Detroit began to make demands for actual currency in other cities where they had funds deposited. Thus the trouble spread, until today, as a safety measure, every bank in the United States is closed by the order of President Roosevelt. "It is," said Dr. Barton, "no fault of anyone, anywhere, but merely a condition that developed." Dr. Barton stated that this

(Continued on page 2)

MAGICIAN TRICKS CHAPEL ASSEMBLY

"Well, I can't help it. Those knots did come untied, and he hadn't touched them," comes flowing fast and free. Yes, you guessed it, we had a magician to entertain us in chapel on Monday, March 6. He was Mr. Tom T. Crawford from Nashville and a very good magician he was, too.

Clever tricks followed one right after the other. Torn paper was made whole again. By the way, it seems from a remark made in chapel on March 7, Dr. Barton knows the trick of that now. And the ease with which Mr. Crawford snatched coin after coin out of the clear air! Oh, to be a magician in these depression days!

Mr. Crawford did let the girls in for some of his secrets, though. Not a bad idea, that making the knotted rope apparently whole again by cut-

(Continued on page 2)

UNEXCUSED CLASS ABSENCES FALL TO LOW AVERAGE

The report from the Dean's office shows that the record of absences from classes during the first semester of 1932-1933 is truly remarkable. Of the total of 1,756, 1,677 were excused, leaving only 79 absences unexcused. That means that only one-half of one per cent of the absences were unexcused. Thirty per cent of the excused absences were on the infirmary list.

Dean Burk writes, "It is my notion that the depression has 'depressed' wilful cuts almost to the vanishing point. Our students seem to realize the sacrifice entailed in making it possible for them to be in school this year and are responding in a very commendable fashion."

DEL VER CLUB ENTERTAINS

Tonight the Del Ver Club is entertaining with their annual dance. From all that can be learned it is going to be quite an unusual affair—at least different from any dance which has been given at Ward-Belmont this season.

DR. JAMES SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Dr. Powhatan James, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, was the chapel speaker on Wednesday, March 1. Dr. James derived his text from a portion of the eleventh chapter of Matthew, which says, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him."

"We need to go to school, all of us," said Dr. James. "Why not then go to the best teacher of all—Jesus Christ?" Dr. James then pointed out the ways in which Jesus can touch people. First of all is "his humility of spirit in the presence of truth." Then, said Dr. James, "Jesus knows us better than we know ourselves." He had experience, for "he was tested." "He ran the entire gamut of human experience," continued Dr. James. Above all, he had "divine authority."

Dr. James next sought to answer the question, "What can He teach us?" He can guide us in the way of truth "because He is the truth." "He is the life, as well as the way and the truth."

"How are we to learn?" "We must ask much," Dr. James said, "of Him, the Bible, God's people, and Christian history." "We must ask much of our own heart. You can trust the testimony of your heart better than the witness of your head," Dr. James went on to say. "We must remember Christ's past messages." "Tell the little you know, and that little will grow."

"What does He say?" asked Dr. James. In answer to His urge, "take my yoke upon," said Dr. James. "We are to take His yoke upon us if we are to learn of him." "It is a yoke of Christian service, and therefore generous service. His is a yoke of love, sacrificial love," concluded Dr. James.

"Y" CABINET ANNOUNCES NEW MEMBERS

The Executive Committee and Cabinet of the Y.W.C.A. wish to announce the election of two new members to the cabinet. Mary Jo Scoville will be in charge of the work at the Old Ladies' Home, and Jeannette Knowles will be chairman of the Membership Committee. These places in the cabinet were held by Viva Lee Davis and Marion Conner Dawson, who have been elected proctors,

WASHINGTON PARTY ENJOYS TRIP

(By Special Correspondent)

A party of twenty-five Ward-Belmont girls left at 1:15 on March 1, 1933 for Washington. The party consisted of twenty-two boarding girls and three day students chaperoned by Mrs. Charlton and Mrs. Bryan.

We arrived in Washington at 11:30 Thursday morning and were met by a bus and taken to the Powhatan Hotel. There we had lunch, and left on a sight-seeing tour of the buildings of interest in Washington. First, we went to the White House (one is only allowed to visit the right wing of the mansion). On the first floor we saw the Rose Room, and the room where the china of all the past presidents is kept in glass cases. On the second floor we visited the East Room where the dances and receptions are held. After leaving the White House, we went to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. We had a guide that explained the process of making money and stamps as we visited the various rooms. You should have seen the way those men and women were throwing $1,000 bills around. When I saw those millions of stamps, I

(Continued on page 6)

CHURCH SERVICES HELD ON CAMPUS

At the unexpected "Stay-at-home" Sunday, Dr. Barton led the service of prayer and singing. The choir of the Congregational Church was brought to Ward-Belmont to augment the regular school choir. The anthem "The Lord is My Light" was sung with William Fariss and Ann Durand taking the solos and recitatives. Dorothy Beasley sang "Oh, Lord Be Merciful," by Speaks, as an offertory solo.

Dr. Barton spoke on the present financial condition of today, and advised us that faith and prayer were necessary to bring the country out of its difficulties.

WARD-BELMONT ATTENDS Y. W.-Y. M. CONFERENCE

Cumberland University at Lebanon was the seat of the West Tennessee Y.W.C.A.-Y.M.C.A. Conference which was in session March 3rd and 4th. Ward-Belmont was represented by three delegates, Lillian Jones, Viva Lee Davis, and Alice Vivienne Hill, with the faculty adviser, Miss Van Hooser.

The conference was opened with a most interesting and beneficial speech on "Creative Education" given by Dr. Harper of Vanderbilt. In it he stressed the importance of freeing the spirits of the "growing people"—as he preferred to call students—and letting them pursue the subject of their choice according to their own methods. By this plan, education would be an "adventurous discovery." Dr. Harper also stated that most pupils are open-minded—information going in one ear and out the other.

Immediately following this address

(Continued on page 6)

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THE "Y" EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday, March 12:
8:30 Sunday School. Jeannette Knowles, speaker.
2:30 Trip to Junior League Home.
6:00 Vespers Speaker.
Tuesday, March 14:
7:00 Visit to the Wards of Vanderbilt Hospital.
Friday, March 17:
7:30 "Y" Cabinet will attend the service at the Vine Street Temple.
Saturday, March 18:
1:30 Play Hour at the Tennessee Children's Home.

DAY STUDENT CLUB MEETINGS

The meeting of the Eccowasin Club on Tuesday March 7, was undoubtedly one of the most interesting and enjoyable of the whole year. The girls had the pleasure of hearing Mary Martineau give three short readings. Mary did them excellently and was applauded very enthusiastically.

Elizabeth Glasgow read several announcements, and then she and Mary Margaret Craig led a discussion of the relationship between pupil and teacher, in which the whole club took part.

The Angkor Club met on Tuesday, March 7 at 11 o'clock. The roll was called and a few announcements were made. The girls had the pleasure of welcoming their new sponsor, Miss Cooke, and of introducing her to the members. The rest of the meeting was devoted to a discussion of plans for a party which is to be given and various committees were appointed to take charge of it. After this, the meeting adjourned.

CLUB CHATTER

Even though a number of the weekly visitors to the notorious Club Village were enjoying the thrills of the Washington trip, there was considerable stir at that section of the campus.

The usual Saturday night deserters of the dining-room and "respectable" food were partaking of American cheese, bread, canned baked beans and coffee (black). Quite a come-down after some of the past feasts!

Wonder where the visitors at the T.C., Penta Tau and X.L. houses were Sunday night? Del Ver has surely ostracized any other than their members That dance is to be a wow, and how? Poetic, eh, what?

Some one should send a complaint to the station W.S M. asking if their religious service must break up the reception of Eddie Cantor over their station. It is really very disconcerting to have one of Eddie's most amusing cracks at Rubinoff interrupted by, "This is station W.S.M., the National Life and Accident Insurance Company. The '————' will now broadcast their weekly Sunday night service." Ask one who has heard it.

Then there is the crowd that never has sugar, salt or sumpin'! If it weren't for some thoughtful people there would be a lot of tasteless food presented to the inner recesses.

Miss Clark's third hour English History class had an outing to the Osiron club to enjoy the Inauguration addresses over a radio noted for its excellency of tone and reception.

There was a real honest-to-goodness party at the Tri K house Saturday afternoon. Helen Larimer and Jane Carroll entertained with a bridge-tea. Their mothers were the providers of the delightful refreshments, napkins and ever'thing. And the best home made cookies and candy! M-M-M-M-M surely would have liked to be in on the leavings! Their guests for this occasion were: Miss Rhea, Betty Hamilton, Dot Glander, Ruth Nehls, Mary Jacobson, Martha Pyett, as campus friends, and Mrs. Proctor, Anne Loftin, Beverly Stone and "Lib" Glasgow from town. Quite a "fawncy" affair. Bridge prizes were won by Beverly and Ruth.

Wonder if there are to be any birthday parties soon? Hate to miss those affairs. They always have the choicest of foods.

That reminds me, Betty Ann Wright reports that they had "a lot of mess" at the T. C. house Saturday night. Others in the party were willing participants. It was whispered that they were such folks as the erstwhile and previously mentioned Dot Glander and Betty Hamilton, and Ginny Thrognorton, Mildred Edmondson, Ann Shaw, Betty Willert (there's a gal for you) and our own Slymme Warren. No wonder the T.C. mansion was so deep in repose Sunday—we all need a day of rest.

DR. BARTON EXPLAINS PRESENT CRISIS

(Continued from page 1)

moratorium was a good thing in that "the banks have closed before they failed."

Dr. Barton pointed out that "no checks are negotiable anywhere in the United States at this time." The school bank, like other banks the country over, is closed. However, said Dr. Barton, "the school will still accept checks for purchases in the tea room and the book room if you have a balance in the bank."

Dr. Barton, in urging the girls not to keep money in their rooms, pointed out the new way the school has provided for the safekeeping of ready cash. Any girl may put her money in an envelope, which the school will deposit in the safe rather than keep loose cash in her room, and may call for it at any time she needs it.

Mr. Benedict, in addition, emphasized the fact that "we are simply accepting it for safekeeping for you."

"We need your cooperation to help you look after your friends," stated Dr. Barton.

MAGICIAN TRICKS CHAPEL ASSEMBLY

(Continued from page 1)

ting down the size of the knot to a minimum!

In the course of the program, Mr. Crawford had any number of fair assistants from the audience. But the fairest assistants of all were none other than our delightful faculty members, Miss Sanders and Miss Clark. By the way, just how did he get those rings to fit in one another so smoothly?

Everyone enjoyed the program no end, even though some girls have expressed their disappointment that Mr. Crawford did not pull a few rabbits from a hat.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN
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EDITORIAL

CONFIDENCE, CREDITS, AND CASH

In an article in the February *Harpers*, J. M. Daiger wrote, "What American needs today is confidence, credits, and cash."

A students needs confidence not only in her nation and its government but also in herself and her work. Confidence complements ability in accomplishment. A distinctly inferior feeling may predominate a student's outlook when she enters school because of the wide difference between high school and college requisites; however, confidence and an open mind solve this problem. Confidence is a thing that comes from encouragement, steady working, and progress, all of which depend on the student's friends, as well as her own efforts, because they should be so interested in seeing her do well that deserved praise, along with encouragement and constructive criticism, will be given with no thought of jealousy.

Credits are necessary in the successful student's life for the same reason that monetary credit is necessary in the nation. Credits are earned through work and an evidence of worthy standards; they signify that the holder is able to back them up with ability and active knowledge.

Even though the cash is pleasant to have, when a crisis comes and one is obliged to be without cash, it is surprising how well one is able to adjust herself. It is at such a time that the more important necessities, confidence and credits, are considered and the primary objects of education are realized and appreciated.

S. P., 33.

THE NEW PRESIDENT

There is something contagious about the cheery smile and innate confidence of the man who for the next four years is to be the President. Such a disposition as his creates its own weather, and the brave emergence of Franklin Roosevelt from the clutches of a disabling physical malady shows how much of sunshine there is in it. It would seem that he is of the breed of which it has been said that it mounts to difficulty as the eagle to the crag.

He must needs mount high, for the difficulties tower. But buoying him up is the good will of all his countrymen regardless of section, class or party, and more convincingly in evidence toward a President now than at any time save in war.

In this feeling is the best of all assurances for the new administration and the common good. What has been needed right along is national unity, the abatement of factionalism, and the curtain rung down on the futile drama of cross purposes in the major departments of government. It is the national purpose, as it is the national need, that there shall be a program and policy under the guiding direction of the President which shall command the general support, and under which Americans may resume an interrupted march and swing forward again.

The new President promises a new deal. His country should meet him with a new spirit, which is yet its old and normal one—the spirit that treats every trouble as just a challenge and a call to victory.—*Cincinnati Times Star.*

THE CAMPUS COLUMN

With strains of "Twenty Million People" ringing in my ears and cherry pie sitting like a lump on my heart, or wherever it would naturally sit, I find that thoughts flee from any tangible hold I might have over them and so here I am.

Did you know that . . .

T. S. stood for typically southern?

Abbie has gone back on the "Irish Rose" and all of her dearly beloved friends? I am so sorry "Ail."

"Sunshine" has again been reduced to having nothing to wear? "Ginnie" called to the dancing rompers and they obeyed but went to the wrong room.

Rena Berry spent another week-end at home?

Jane Becker walked to Vanderbilt campus the other day without a chaperone? Or were you chaperoning, Ail? Now, don't get alarmed, people—Jane was well protected and the outcome was nothing more nor less than "Campus."

"Dukie" and Viva Lee simply can't cut out even the simplest of blouse patterns?

Ida Beth lost her heart to a V.M.I. fellow?

One of our illustrious violinists sprained two fingers very conveniently the other Monday night?

All of our famous men were born on holidays? I wonder who the man could have been to have so many days set aside for celebration as we have had this past week?

It is to be kept under the hat but . . .

The Del Vers are having their dance tonight much to Jan's relief.

Betty Anne and "Snooky" are planning to go away on week-ends despite the insufficiency of funds.

Betty Frantz is bound and determined to lose weight. Keep up the good work, old girl, and more power to you.

"Cherry" and the Phys. Eds. have to do an Egyptian dance along with the good dancers. Ahem!!!!

Several of the very notable Lent Resolutions have already been broken or forgotten.

We haven't been to Church for the last three Sundays.

Martha has a little trouble with the frolicsome young Seniors who invade the hall after the study hall bell has rung. We hear that some people are slow changing their clothes or so what?

And then again there are the people who . . .

Throw chairs and tin waste baskets about after light bell.

Eat fruit salad for midnight lunch and breakfast and and and . . . . . .

Can't stand their roommates any longer and must spend a perfectly respectable Sunday night in some one else's room.

Come into the hall and make it so uncomfortable for the more studious residents that they have to come out to see the trouble and are asked to report themselves.

Are campused over the week-end of a good (?) dance, Conley.

And that is quite enough gossip for one week so guess "Snoopy" will close for now and wish you all the luck in the world.

(Continued on page 4)

EAGLE FEATHER

THE SEASONS

I.

Beneath the gray-tinged clouds, the mountain peaks
Lift snow-capped summits unto darkened skies;
The tall pine, robed in hoary blankets, speaks
Of winter winds whose stinging knives incise.
Beneath the azure skies, the mountain trees
Grow green again, and laurels bloom in lieu
Of deadened shrubs; the streams begin to ease
From iced banks, and violets turn blue.
Beneath the sun-rimmed clouds, the mountain earth,
So cold and black, oozes blended green
Of moss and fringed fern. One view is worth
The whole of lowland planes and lowland mien.
Beneath the sapphire skies, the mountains high
Survey the little hills that never die.

II.

The January snow is yet to thaw,
And winter's stalagmitic ice distill;
In all of the opaqueness there I saw
A fragile sprout—a growing daffodil.
The darkened trace of wintry scenes has gone,
And mountains promenade in new aigrettes;
Beside the pebbled streams, one looks upon
Spring's favorite child—"the glowing violet."
When blackened clouds cause heaven's fire to cease
Its burning, and gentle drops of rain repose
A weary world, one views the masterpiece
Of Summer's placid art—a drenched rose.
When orange moons make timid hearts grow bold,
Chrysanthemums are tied in black and gold.

III.

When I met you, the snow was falling white
Upon a peaceful world. A distant chime
Rang softly through that holy Christmas night;
You gave me friendship in return for mine.
When I met you, a new Spring moon was high
And floating on the clouds. Your face was clear
And kind in the reflection from the sky.
I felt your friendship and my own cohere.
When I met you, the Summer air was still
And calm. Behind tinged clouds, a round moon shone,
And made us silhouettes. But not until
I saw your eyes, I knew friendship had grown.
When I met you, the leaves began to fall;
I know not why I loved you best of all.

Virginia Doss, '33.

TOKEN

I stand alone now, dear, beside the brook
Where mem'ries linger long. I see
As we saw, dear, this spot of reverie,
The sweetest melody within my Book
Of Love—a stream which tinkles on
With murmurs soft as angel songs, a breeze
Which whispers love songs to my soul, but grieves
My heart because I know that thou art gone.

My dear, not I myself know all my love
For thee. By sun and candlelight, each dream,
Each thought doth dwell on thee for love of thee.
Beside this brook I send to you this dove,
Whose sweet song brings the beauty of the stream
Together with one tender thought from me.

Sarah Poorman, '33.

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THE CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 3)

Oh, yes, before I forget it, I must leave you with this parting shot of good advice. Be neat in dress and you will be much more popular. It's the truth.

As ever "Snoopy."

DR. NOOE TALKS ON "ANDEAN CHRIST"

"Christ of the Andes" was the subject of Dr. Roger T. Nooe Sunday, March 5. This great memorial was built from the canon of the two countries, Argentina and Chile and stands forever as an emblem of peace between them. Dr. Nooe gave an interesting account of that phase of his South American trip during which he passed over the "Christ of the Andes" in a thrilling journey by plane over the mountains. Christ should mean the same thing to every one as He does to those people of South America.

Julia Bales Noe presided and led the services of hymns and prayers. Mrs. Katherine Warren sang, accompanied by Miss Boyer and the devotions were closed with Dr. Nooe asking the benediction.

MUSIC NOTES

The Woman's Club of the Congregational Church gave a choir party Friday night at the Congregational Church house. An exceptional and interesting entertainment was planned and carried out. The Ward-Belmont girls singing in the choir were present.

Virginia Davenport, pupil of Lawrence Goodman, played the "Nocturne," by Chopin, and "Andalucia," by Lecuona before the Woman's Club Wednesday morning.

Catherine Guthrie, of the Goodman studio, played in joint recital with a singer at Greenburg, Indiana (her home), on March 8, before the Greenburg Music Club.

Robert Tucker will be one of the soloists at the Nashville Symphony concert March 16. He is appearing with Margaret Pittman Bowers, a former diploma student of Ward-Belmont. They will play Saint-Saen's "Carnival of Animals" for two pianos and orchestra.

Lawrence Goodman will appear in concert on Tuesday, March 14 in the Ward-Belmont auditorium. A very interesting group of selections will be offered.

Pupils of Mary Douthit, Helen Jackson, Amelie Throne, Stetson Humphrey, and Lawrence Goodman were presented in recital Thursday afternoon, March 2, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium. Students and town guests present were quite pleased with the numbers given.

Piano—
Valse in C sharp minor.....*Chopin*
Miss Hazel Williams

Piano—
(a) Dreams .....*MacDowell*
(b) Wild Hunt .....*MacDowell*
Miss Ella Mae Goodrum

Piano—Hungarian .....*MacDowell*
Miss Charlotte Shenk

Piano—
(a) Reflection on the Water.... ..... *Debussy*
(b) Soaring .....*Schumann*
Miss Jane Briggs

Harp—Etude .....*Schumann*
Miss Frances Summers

Piano—
(a) Prelude .....*Stojowski*
(b) Danse Humoresque..*Stojowski*
Miss Flora Bentley

Voice—
(a) Gavotte (Aria from Nanon) ..... *Massenet*
(b) Four Ducks on a Pond..... ..... *Needham*
(c) Vous dansez Marquise..... ..... *LeMaire*
Miss Ann Durand

Piano—
(a) Etude .....*Scriabin*
(b) The Sea .....*Palmgran*
Miss Ruth Nehls

Arthur Henkel will play a request program of chimes every Sunday evening at 6:30. The first of these programs was played last Sunday, March 5. Mr. Hinkel asks that the students express their requests for numbers for these programs.

William Vaughn, tenor, of Stetson Humphrey's studio, sang a group of songs for the War Memorial Men's Club. He scored a real success and was called back for several encores. Miss Catherine Guthrie played.

Miss Margaret Balsiger, pupil of Irene Crane Humphrey, sang over radio station WLAC Wednesday afternoon at 4:30. She sang an entertaining group of semi-classical songs.

A letter has been received from Dr. E. S. Lindsey, president of the Tennessee Philological Association, stating that the singers and ensemble made the real highlight of the Philological Society meeting in their presentation of 18th century songs. The group, pupils of Irene Crane Humphrey, Vivien Olson, Kenneth Rose, and Stetson Humphrey, have been asked to repeat the program and to cooperate with Dr. Lindsey in a fuller and larger program sometime in the spring.

Mrs. S. B. Ziegler, who is studying with Stetson Humphrey, is singing the offertory at the Congregational Church Sunday, March 12. She will sing "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," by Koontz.

A student recital was given in chapel Friday, March 3, with pupils of Humphrey and Goodman appearing. Miss Dorothy Beasley and Miss Isobel Goodloe played and sang the following numbers:

Voice—
The Spirit Flower.*Campbell Tipton*
Morning .....*Speaks*
Ich Leibe Dich .....*Grieg*
Miss Dorothy Beasley

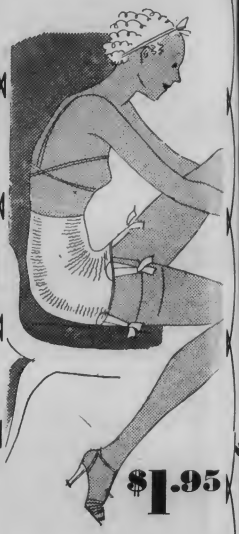
Piano—
Sonette .....*Liszt*
Etude .....*Liszt*
Miss Isobel Goodloe

Hooper Scott, baritone, one of the interesting vocalists who appeared on the students' recital Thursday evening March 5, has just returned from a six weeks' professional engagement. Mr. Scott and his brother have been students of Stetson Humphrey for the past three years and have been successful in forming a fine male quartet that sang professionally this past summer. Mr. Scott went on tour with the company that appeared at the Princess Theater a few weeks ago, and has been quite popular with his ballads.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Wednesday.

Diary, it seems we have to be more discreet in what we say about sandwiches and such as we almost caused very innocent person some majors with our gossipy talk.

All the classes we've been wanting to cut all year seemed to come this morning, what with "Hygenie" and all. Saw Adelade tearing to class with a huge pile of books. I wonder if she was just being kind and returning everyone's overdue library books, like we never do, or if she really had studied all of them.

We rounded up fourteen cents this afternoon and went to town but only to roam about and look as if we just couldn't be troubled to go to that lovely movie we were looking so longingly at out of the corner of our eye. Bumped into "Rassmus" who looked as if she were taking the town home with her. Perhaps we might be able to borrow a nickel for a Baby Ruth from her.

The Washington people finally got off. Oh! well it might rain Saturday and if it does we'll be all warm and dry in classes.

Thursday.

Wonder why Miss McLester only says grace at noon? It would be so lovely to have her at breakfast—kind of wake us up, don't you think?

It's sort of nice just being able to sit where the fancy takes you in the dining room. That's one good Mr. Roosevelt has already done.

Everyone seems to be popping out in spring clothes. Did you notice the cute ones Nelle Hurston had on?

Really a day of leisure today with hardly any classes and no bowling. Read the nicest movie magazine tonight—all about how Garbo may return and she may not. It seems to be causing as much talk almost as prohibition.

Friday.

Spent the morning at the club and the afternoon seeing Mrs. Armstrong and going to classes.

Watched the riding people this afternoon. Battey and Kiesel certainly make those horses jump that brush thing or whatever is the proper horse term.

Browning's, or perhaps I should say Mr. Hampden's, play sure was interesting and we felt very wicked coming in way after lights.

Saturday.

Spent the entire morning washing and mending or else we would have had to look around for some nice large barrel.

Played so much tennis this afternoon that I'm all ready to challenge Tilden or who ever's champion. Know that he'd be terribly scared.

To the club tonight. It's very handy now that we can sign slips at the tea-room so we actually had something besides hamburgers. Told ghost stories all evening and so to bed.

Sunday.

I sure am beginning to like Roosevelt. Now that the banks are closed we got to sleep this morning, which was very much appreciated.

Ate oranges all morning to try and make up to my stomach for the absence of the lovely eggs.

Slept all afternoon and almost through vespers which would have been a bit sad.

Tried and tried to get Millay on the radio tonight but guess she's stopped talking or the radio is rotten, and I strongly suspect the latter.

EVALUATION OF *E* AND *I* GRADES MADE DEFINITE

(Continued from page 1)

uniform procedure, and that the grades shall be interpreted and used according to a common agreement and understanding.

B. Regarding the use of *E* the Committee recommends

1. That the grade signify that the work of the pupil has been near enough to a passing standard for the teacher to believe that there is some hope of the pupil's passing without repeating the work of the entire semester;

2. That in order to raise the grade the pupil should be required to do extra work and to repeat the semester examination;

3. That the time limit for raising such a grade should be not later than the end of the first quarter of the semester following that on which the *E* was received;

4. That only one re-examination should be given, and that a grade below passing on such re-examination should automatically be recorded as an *F* (or failure) for the semester;

5. That the grade in question (*E*) should be used sparingly, especially for the work of the second semester; and

6. That it should be remembered that the grade has a definite value and is not merely indicative of unfinished work.

C. Regarding the use of *I* the Committee recommends

1. That the letter should not be considered as a definite grade, but that it should be rather a symbol of incompleteness, without evaluation;

2. That it should indicate merely that the teacher is not ready to turn in a grade, on account of work unfinished for reasons beyond the control of the student;

3. That the time limit for completing such work should not be later than the end of the first quarter of the semester following;

4. That at that time, whether or not the work has been finished, the teacher shall turn in a definite grade, with definite evaluation, in place of the *I;* and

5. That *wilful* negligence in performance of assignments shall definitely lower the pupil's grade at the time when such negligence occurs.

Added by motion from the floor:

B. 7. That a grade of *D* be the highest grade that may be established by re-examination.

C. 6. That a student who feels herself overburdened with too many *I* (incomplete) grades to make up in one quarter may secure permission from the Dean to finish some of her work later than the time recommended above. The teacher for whom the work is to be finished late shall be notified of any permission so given.

WINTER QUARTER SPORTS DRAW TO A CLOSE

(Continued from page 1)

Game 8.—Osiron vs. F.F., Friday, 4:05.

Game 9.—Tri K vs. X.L., Friday, 4:45.

When this schedule is completed the undefeated teams will play for the championship at a date arranged later.

The bowling schedule is a little more complicated—each club enters five girls the first day. The four highest scores of these five are counted the team—the lowest eliminated. The eight teams making the highest scores will go into the second round. The four teams totalling the highest scores in the first and second rounds will go into the third round, etc. The team who makes the highest *total* score wins the tournament.

The schedule is:

Monday, March 13—
2:45
Angkor
Ariston
Eccowasin
Triad
3:45
Osiron
Del Ver
T.C.
Agora
4:30
Tri K
F.F.
X.L.
A.K.
5:15
A.K.
Penta Tau
Wednesday, March 15—
2:45
4 teams
3:45
4 teams
Friday, March 17—
2:45
4 teams
(semi-finals)
Monday, March 20—
Finals

A few observances on these two sports might not be amiss at this point. As an observer of practices we recommend keeping an eye on the Penta Tau water polo team. They *are* good. We have also noticed that the day student bowlers are out-shining the boarders daily. Looks like two very exciting tournaments in the offing.

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WASHINGTON PARTY ENJOYS TRIP

(Continued from page 1)

thought of the times I had searched for one little stamp here at school. We then visited the museums. There we saw many historical things of interest. Two of the things that interested me most were the inaugural gowns of the ladies of the White House since Martha Washington's time, and the plane in which Lindbergh made his famous flight.

We then went to the Library of Congress, and after going through the Library we went on the balcony and saw the original Declaration of Independence. Our next stop was the Pan-American Union, and next the Capitol. The entire building is beautiful, but the dome is the most outstanding part of the Capitol as far as beauty is concerned. As we were walking down one of the halls we saw Speaker Garner, and our guide asked him if he would come over and speak to us, and when he came you can imagine how thrilled we were.

We returned to the hotel, had dinner and went to a show afterward. Friday morning we went to Mt. Vernon. Enroute to Mt. Vernon we went through Alexandria, Virginia, where Christ Church is. This church is the one which George Washington and Robert E. Lee attended. We also visited the Masonic Lodge where Washington was Grand Master in Alexandria. We then went on to Mt. Vernon. We went all through the mansion and spent most of our time looking around the grounds.

Back at the hotel we had lunch, and then left for Arlington. Enroute we saw Woodrow Wilson's home, and we stopped at the National Cathedral. It is not anywhere near completion, and it is said it will not be finished for twenty years and perhaps not then. In the Cathedral there are Woodrow Wilson's, Bishop Satterlee's and Admiral Dewey's tombs. We then continued on to Arlington where we visited the old Robert E. Lee home, and then went on to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier which is in front of the Memorial Amphitheatre. We then went to the Lincoln Memorial. Around this structure are thirty-six shafts which represent the number of states at the time of Lincoln's death. This being our last stop, we went back to the hotel and had dinner and some of us went to the movie. There was such a crowd of people in town that it was almost impossible to get in the show.

Saturday was spent entirely at the inauguration and the parade. We left the hotel about 11:30, and went to the Capitol to hear Roosevelt's inaugural speech. After standing in the cold for over an hour, we were very glad that we had seats for the parade which lasted from about 2 o'clock to 6. It was terribly cold, but we got used to it after a while. We had dinner at the hotel and there was such a crowd in town we knew it was practically impossible to go to a movie, so we stayed around the hotel until 11:30. In the meantime we watched the fireworks from the roof. At 11:30 we went to the station.

We arrived in Lynchburg, and the bus took us to Natural Bridge. I think it would be utterly impossible for me to try to describe this place. It is one of the wonderful structures of nature, and perfectly beautiful. We had lunch there and then the bus took us to Lexington to visit Washington and Lee and V. M. I. Just ask any of the girls and they will tell you that we certainly had a grand time. A few of the girls have cultivated a love for engineering (ask some of them about it). We returned to Natural Bridge for dinner, and afterward they put on a special illumination program for us. It was the most impressive and beautiful program I have ever seen or heard. The bus took us to Roanoke about 10 o'clock where we caught our train for Nashville.

We arrived back at school about one o'clock, March 6. Everyone was rather tired and sleepy, but we have memories of a grand time.

WARD-BELMONT ATTENDS Y.W. Y. M. CONFERENCE

(Continued from page 1)

an open forum, in which the points brought out by Dr. Harper were discussed, was conducted by Dr. Hart, also of Vanderbilt. Although all did not agree that we are ready for such a drastic change in methods, the advantages of "Creative Education" were admitted by all.

After more than an hour of tense discussion, the meeting was adjourned and the delegates were free to spend an hour in "creative" recreation. At six, they met again at the boys' dormitory of the university for a banquet, the main event of the conference, as far as promoting fellowship was concerned. Each of the nine colleges was recognized and welcomed. A musical program was rendered throughout the meal, even including the "Bells of Ward-Belmont," which caused four delegates to forget their manners and sing at the table. At the close of the banquet, an inspiring talk was given on "Bits of God in Us All," by Dr. Bray.

At the round-table discussion after dinner, reports were made by delegates of the different colleges. It was found that the "Y" functions in various ways on the several campuses. The advantages and disadvantages of the work of each "Y" were recorded, and in a general summing up, ways of improvement were discussed. This was by far the most beneficial meeting of the conference. It adjourned about ten-thirty for the delegates to rest before the next session starting at eight, Saturday morning; however, several delegates were surprised to meet again at a late supper in town.

The Saturday morning session was begun by a devotional service. Following this, instead of an address by the appointed speaker, who was unable to attend, Mrs. Hart-summarized the discussions which had taken place. The matter of the concerns on the campus and the making of a program out of interest was resumed and continued throughout the morning.

At noon, the conference adjourned for this year. However, after lunch, an important executive meeting was held, in which plans for the next conference were decided upon. The invitation to meet at T. P. I. in Cookeville was accepted, and the time was set for the last week in October, 1933. Four faculty advisers were also chosen of which Miss Van Hooser is one. Morton King of Vanderbilt was appointed executive chairman for this year, and will have charge of the next meeting of the conference.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXI | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, March 18, 1933 | Number 21

ENIOR-MIDS CHALLENGED

"W challenge the Senior-Mids!" With this purpose in mind the Seniors resented in chapel on Monday, March 3, their challenge for Senior-Senior-Middle Day, April 8.

The skit used for the challenge acused the Senior-Middles of introducng technocracy into the school. The Seniors, choosing to fight it out with their lower classmen on the athletic field, submitted their challenge.

The Seniors not only used a very new idea for their skit, but showed how it affected different phases of school life.

GYM MEET TO BE HELD SOON

The annual Gym Meet will be held in the gymnasium on Friday evening, March 24, at 7:30. This Meet cludes the winter quarter's ndoor gymnasium. The cla part in it are: all the classes, the first, secc year high school clas ege class in folk dan of this part of the M participate in an Ap which they have b the regular Apparat

The work done by will be most interest petition in the App will be keen. The p promptly at 7:30. A be in the gym by 7:1

GLEE CLUB GIVES CON

The annual Glee Club concert which will be held on March 21 this year will be augmented by a violinist and a pianist from the Rose and Goodman studios. Quite an interesting program is expected. The men's and woman's music clubs of Vanderbilt are reported to be very interested in this concert, and will probably attend.

The club, though smaller than in former years, is more musical and surer of their music than in previous concerts. Several new types of numbers will be presented; among them will be a group of entertaining dance forms. The Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria" is to be used.

SENIOR-SENIOR-MIDDLE BANQUET

The Senior-Middles are entertaining the Seniors at the annual Senior-Senior-Middle Banquet Thursday evening, March 23, at 6:15. The formal banquet at which the younger class is hostess to the upper class is a tradition of long standing. The plans, or the motif, of the banquet have not yet been disclosed but the affair promises to be a gala one from the amount of hard work being put in on it.

FIRST DAY OF WATER POLO TOURNEY EXCITING

The Water Polo Tournament opened Tuesday with three games, the A. K.-Osiron, the Tri K.-F.F., and the Penta Tau-X. L. The first two were not as close as the last but equally as interesting. The A. K.'s defeated the Osirons 30 to 2 and the Tri K.'s won from the F. F.'s with a score of 29 t 13. The Penta Tau-X. L. scor with the Penta Taus victori 12. The Penta Tau team very well against the e X. L. five. Katherine beautiful game for the ter. Louise Lathrop to cope with her and team went on for a v victory.

BOWLING TO NE

bowling t rou which ined play

ERS GIVE

The Del Ver Club enter urday night, March 11, annual dance. The gym decorated to represent a gle. Spanish moss was from the ceiling and hun and bushes around the wal variety of flowers and vine terwoven into an effective ba

The orchestra played in hut which was covered with palmetto leaves. Miss H sponsor of the club, Janet M Virginia Benedict, Rubie Batte Emily Quinn received the guest they arrived. The entrance to dance floor was quite unusual, for t doorway was in a different place.

The special was indeed different. Elizabeth Kerr, a Del Ver alumna, sang *Pagan Love Song* and *The Desert Song*. Lodie Willis danced as a native of some South Sea island before a hideous and very fierce idol which was erected at one end of the room. As the dancer crumpled before the idol, a native priest, Helen Justice, got up from the shadows and crept forward. He seized a captive, Emily Quinn, and while weird music was played, carried her to the altar and with supplications offered her to the idol, stabbing her just as the lights were extinguished.

MILESTONES DINNER HELD LAST NIGHT

The annual *Milestones* dinner was held Friday night, March 17, in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. Each year the *Milestones*' Staff through the courtesy of the school act as hostess to the boarding department at a formal dinner on St. Patrick's Day, at which event the editor and business manager of the yearbook speak. Dr. ened the speeches introduced this year's editor. ing of what them in Mar- ager, ales ring ees. sed -in- ents t the f has g out a nt will be

T CLU E TA

play press

The ence without they did students Norris, Mi son. These others were ga sider the possibili put on by the faculty. debated and thus a chapel program presented by the faculty was evolved.

Every part of the faculty program was enjoyed by the audience. From "Miss Sanders'" hints on conduct through "Mr. Humphrey's" superb rendition of "The Road to Mandalay," the program was a splendid one. So the faculty has expressed itself, though they didn't know a thing of it.

CALENDAR

Saturday, March 18—
Agora Tea Dance.
Athletic Association Circus.
Monday, March 20—
Bowling tournament finals.
Senior-Middle response to Senior challenge.
Tuesday, March 21—
Glee Club concert.
Wednesday, March 22—
Water polo finals.
Thursday, March 23—
Senior-Senior-Middle banquet.
Friday, March 24—
Gym meet.

MODERN VIEWS OF LIFE AND DEATH DISCUSSED

The chapel speaker for Wednesday, March 8, was Rabbi Julius Mark, of the Vine Street Temple. Rabbi Mark expressed his theme in these words: "I am going to speak to you on two of the greatest mysteries of life and yet two of the starkest realities, life and death."

Rabbi Mark considered what the moderns have to say about life and death as expressed by several new plays and books. The first play considered was *Death Takes a Holiday*. In this play Death takes a holiday to find out why people fear him. "He sees people in pain. . . . worrying, and yet they cling to life," said Rabbi Mark. Through his observations, Death finds that "the secret of life is love and the hope of winning love."

"Suppose Life takes a holiday for just a moment," continued Dr. Mark. He then pointed out the many different conceptions of life. To some it is a stage or a series of incidents. In *Mourning Becomes Electra*, "life is considered a joke," while in *Grand* it is presented "as a revolving

scussion, Dr. Mark com- ill Durant's book, *On the ife*. In this book, Mr. ollected from various modern times their be- aning of life. All of n this differed. "Near- Dr. Mark, "however, se- me things as that which orth living to them, love ve of friend, love of the ich they happened to be 'Life," said Rabbi Mark, modern point of view, e of his fellow men and love ork."

i Mark then considered the *The Man Who Played God*, nd showed how re-interest in his fellow men had reawakened an afflicted pianist's desire for life.

In his summary, Rabbi Mark said that, "Love is that magic word that lifts man out of the despair of life." "Men cling to life because of love. That which means most in life," concluded Rabbi Mark, "is love."

CHURCH SERVICE HELD IN CHAPEL

Church services were again held in the Ward-Belmont chapel Sunday morning, March 12. Miss Cora Brown, who has traveled extensively on missionary journeys in Africa, was a most interesting speaker. She told of her experiences in Africa. The central theme of her talk was a plea for race equality here in America.

The choir of the Congregational Church again augmented the regular school choir. Mrs. Zeigler sang the solo, "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say." "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears," by Speak, was sung by the choir under the direction of Stetson Humphrey. Margaret Pierce took the contralto solo and obligato part.

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GIRLS VISIT TENN. CHILDREN'S HOME

Once again members of the Tennessee Children's Home Committee set forth about 1:30 Saturday afternoon, March 11, to the Home. The girls were met with open, eager arms and were soon surrounded by several children, all wanting to hold the "lady's" hand. The number of girls made it possible for one girl to be obliged to take care of four or six children, thus making the personal contact much easier.

Immediately the "ladies" took their groups into different corners of the play room and dining room where they read to them or listened sympathetically and interestedly to the incidents for which the children seldom find listeners. When such quiet recreation became tiresome two or three groups got together and played *Farmer in The Dell, London Bridge Is Falling Down* or *The Cat and The Mouse*. Such activities, however, could be played when the "ladies" are not there, so this type of recreation was soon abandoned for the more unusual and seemingly more enjoyable pastime of sitting near the "lady" and holding her hand.

All too soon the "ladies" were obliged to depart but not without many solemn promises to return on the following Saturday. Those who went were Betty Crowe, Mary Elizabeth Hendricks, Susan Hardy, Mary Bickerstaff, Gene Bradford, Etheldra Martin, Lois Milton, Lois Schwartz, Louise Woolf and Jean Myers.

DAY STUDENTS CONTINUE "Y" WORK

The Community Service Center of the day student social clubs, the Protestant Orphanage, was a scene of gay activity on Tuesday afternoon. The grounds of the Orphanage were alive with various groups of children engaged in playing and long after the active games were over, the boys and girls gathered with their favorite Ward-Belmont leaders for discussions together. Stretched out in the grass in the warm sunlight, the process of getting acquainted made rapid progress.

Mary Margaret Craig, Anne Loftin, Edith Anderson and Sarah Bryan were in charge of the kindergarten and nursery children; Betty Anderson and Claudine Smelzer directed the smaller girls; while Angie Cantrell and Imogene Bratton played with the smaller boys. Elizabeth Glasgow and Valmon Louise Marks were in charge of the older boys and girls.

MISS MORROW SPEAKS AT SCARRITT

The Student Industrial Commission had its monthly meeting for March at Scarritt College Friday night, March 10. Mary Jones represented Ward-Belmont.

After dinner, which was in the dining room of the College, the members of the Commission met for a discussion, led by Miss Morrow of the Nashville Y.W.C.A., on the situations caused by the depression. Miss Morrow discussed the wages and hours of work for women and girls in the various states of the Union and mentioned the sweat-shop system used by some employers in the manufacture of various articles of clothing.

Plans were made for the April meeting which will probably be held at the Knapp Farm some week-end. It will be of interest to some to know that Miss Morrow will lead an Open Forum Thursday night, March 23, from seven until seven-thirty. Those interested in the situations caused by the present economic conditions are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

MUSIC NOTES

Flora Ann Williams is announced to sing in Dallas, Texas, March 17 a leading role in Victor Herbert's opera "The Red Mill." Miss Williams is a former voice student of Florence Boyer.

Isabelle Nash sang the offertory at the Immanuel Baptist Church last Sunday morning. Miss Nash, a voice pupil of Florence Boyer, sang "The Lord Is My Shepherd" by Van der Water.

Claude Sharp, of the Stetson Humphrey studio, has been acclaimed the most popular radio tenor of the South in a recent edition of a radio news magazine. The excellence of his work was brought to the attention of the National Broadcasting Co., and they are now picking up one of his programs every week. Mr. Sharp sings on one of the sustaining programs over radio station WSM. He is a lyric tenor, has splendid diction, and is quite an intelligent musician.

William Fariss, pupil of Stetson Humphrey, is singing "Lord God of Abraham" from Elijah by Mendelssohn for the offertory at the Congregational Church, Sunday morning, March 19.

The oratorio "The Holy City" by Gaul, will be sung on Good Friday by the school choir augmented by students from the Humphrey studio. This beautiful and popular oratorio has many beautiful solos, duets, and choruses. Stetson Humphrey will direct the oratorio. Arthur Henkel will be at the organ.

Miss Isobel Goodloe, pupil of Amelie Throne, leaves on March 23 for Bells, Tennessee, her old family home, where she will give a piano recital before the Music Club. She is expecting friends from Memphis, Dyersburg, and Jackson to attend the recital, and a reception will be given for her afterward by Mrs. Walter Bell.

Miss Goodloe's program will consist of the following selections:

Invention II Part No. 15 .....*Lack*
Invention III Part No. 3 .....*Lack*
Sonata op. 13 1st movement
.....*Beethoven*

Evening in Saville .....*Niemann*
Nach stuck F Major .....*Schumann*
Minstrels .....*DeBussy*
Rhapsody F Sharp Minor ..*Dohnanyi*

Sonata No. 104 .....*Liszt*
Etude in D Flat .....*Liszt*

Continued on page 6)

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN
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EDITORIAL

REFLECTION

These past three months of college have been the first definite break in my life. There have been changes before, but each previous one has come so gradually that by the time it had fully developed I was accustomed to it. Certain things here at Ward-Belmont have impressed me as being outstandingly different and have taught me new values in life. I feel that my viewpoints concerning study, other girls and athletics have been the most definitely altered ones.

It may seem rather strange that my idea of the value of study has changed, for, after all, my high school education was preparation for this very thing. I don't fully understand this change of attitude myself, but that it has taken place is an unaltered fact. Whether it was brought about through ideas gained from the various speeches we have had in chapel, through the suggestion of someone else, or through the self-analysis that most of us use at times, I could not say, but something has caused me to realize that I am not in school for the sole object of passing certain courses and receiving a degree for doing so. These things are mere material things that are to prove that I have acquired knowledge to help me later in life.

And this knowledge we should all acquire has a broader scope than merely studies. I think that the necessarily close association with other girls here at Ward-Belmont will do as much as anything to prepare me for later life. Already I have learned to judge my associates differently and to raise different standards for them. Always before if one's dress and appearance were not to her advantage and if her personality was not such that she gave a favorable impression, immediately I—and I think many are guilty of the same thing—did not bother to probe more deeply. In other words, I rather inclined toward snobbishness. However, being forced into a closer relationship with girls, a relationship in which every girl's real self is soon shown at its best and worst—I have found again and again that I can no longer depend on these hasty judgments. They seemed very reliable when I could judge a person and then never see her again, if I so desired, but Ward-Belmont has made me wonder at times what real friendships and valuable associations they have made me miss in the past.

One other thing protrudes in my mind when I think of the changes the past three months have wrought: That is my altered mind toward athletics. Physical education has always been to me one of the despised subjects that we were forced to take. Perhaps my dislike was formed when someone told me that we had to take it because it was "good for us." Athletics are good for us, but it has taken Ward-Belmont to show me that they not only perform the solid but unromantic good of strengthening our arms and legs, but that they also elevate our spirits, develop our minds, and in every way bring out the best that is in us. Physical education at the high school which I attended dealt mostly in learning to place the palms of our hands on the floor, keeping our knees straight

(Continued on page 6)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Honestly—

Here it is the eighteenth of March and after the terrible storm the other night we are willing to believe the old saying that March comes in like a lion. It just doesn't seem possible after all, that it is only two months and less than a half till graduation.

You all should have eaten some of the candy that Viva Lee made the other afternoon. The children must be hard up for food if they would eat that. Personally I didn't get any, so maybe it is sour grapes.

Lou Lathrop and Nelle McMurray sat in the window Tuesday night with the lights out and watched the lightning, thrilled to death.

Some people have a lot of nerve. I am not mentioning any names but think that there are five W.-B. girls who can explain the situation.

Louise Florez, June Rose Copeland and Jan are on a perfect diet, eating only two meals a day. It does work, for if you don't eat dinner you can go to bed right after and you won't miss it. (Then make up at breakfast.)

The Day Nursery Bug has bitten again.

People, People, People—

They say that "Tile" looks like Katherine Hepburn. Is it true?

Also "Dukie" claims that she has all the grace of Zazu Pitts. We have heard of conceit before but really you should take a mirror to the bowling alley. . . .

And that reminds me, Lauryne and two others were discussing cities to visit this summer down at the bowling alleys. Why don't they all visit Bowling Green? Help, just a suggestion!

Our Own Editorial Policy—

Absolutely all the freedom in the world: Free dances, free lunches in the tea room, and free rides to somewhere on Sundays.

Positively no requirements.

Jazz orchestras or at least radios to pep up dull classes.

A supply of pillows for the use of class and chapel snoozers.

A supply of patience for despairing professors.

A supply of intelligence for stupid pupils.

How about it? Don't you all think it a rather good policy?

Did You Know That—

It is most time for exams again and term papers are coming fast and furiously?

Spring is almost here?

Stamps are a valuable thing to have when they declare a bank holiday? Why I did all my shopping on the strength of stamps as collateral.

The Senior-Mids as a whole were either too young or else the Seniors are too deep, because they did not get the drift of the Senior challenge. I vote the Seniors have another chapel program and give a primer class of Senior-Mids a lesson explaining things very detailed.

Time to quit—

Here it is time for my thrilling Spanish class, so toodle-oo and a fond good-bye until we meet again.

S'long, "Snoopy."

EAGLE FEATHER

DARK SWIM

Copper moon,
Crystal stars,
Velvet blue of the heavens,
Silver blue of the water,
The background and reflector
Of God's old splendor
New again tonight.
I walk slowly to feel
The sand, loose and cool and clean,
Push up between my toes.
With eyes half closed
I wait to feel the first
Cold lap of the water.
Farther and farther out
'Til the insiduous arms
Of the waves fold
Softly over my shoulders,
As if to carry me down
To ghostly cool and solitude,
Where I might rest long,
Unperturbed, tranquil, beneath
Such beauty of which
I could be an unseen part.
Resting, solitary, with no dread
Nor hate for the hurry
And uncertainty of the future—
Should I dread that uncertainty
Or wonder whether it will
Hold the bitter or the sweet—
And so I swim slowly, lazily,
And roll on my back to float
And look at the mystery and beauty
Of it all, while my heart thrills
As the waves separate and let me through.

Sara Poorman, '33.

SECRET.

I shall make a song like your hair . . .
Gold-woven with shadows green-tinged
And I shall play with my song
As my fingers might play with your hair.
Deep in my heart
I shall play with my song of you,
Gently . . .
I shall laugh at its sensitive lustre . . .
I shall wrap my song in a blanket,
Blue like your eyes are blue
With tiny shots of silver.
I shall wrap it caressingly,
Tenderly . . .
I shall sing a lullaby
To the song I have made
Of your hair and eyes
And you will never know
That deep in my heart
I shelter a song of you
Secretly.

Gwendolyn B. Bennett.

THE MASK

So detached and cool she is
No motion e'er betrays
The secret life within her soul,
The anguish of her days.

She seems to look upon the world
With cool ironic eyes
To spurn emotion's fevered sways
To scoff at tears and sighs.

But once a woman with a child
Passed her by on the street
And once she heard from casual lips
A man's name, bitter-sweet.

Such baffled yearning in her eyes
Such pain upon her face
I turned aside until the mask
Was slipped once more in place.

Clarissa S. Delaney.

GREETING CARDS
Thinking of you CARDS
when you haven't time to write
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CLOSE-UPS

"Spring, spring, beautiful spring!" At last Nashville's taking on a bit of that Southern weather it's credited with, just when we were becoming a bit disillusioned as to the idea of there being a sun. Toney writes how she'd love to be back, especially during these days. Did you know she's developed a deep affection for gardening? I can't help wishing (in spite of math) that school would last on and on, 'cause there is such a short time left of this year. Let's make the most of it.

Helene is a bit worried. She's heard of a woman who woke up one morning with that terrifying disease, "elephantitus." The poor soul (the woman, you understand) got so fat that when she died a side of the house had to be removed in order to get her body out. Still, I shouldn't believe it, my dear.

Miss Throgmorton is highly relieved, as aren't we all, that the banks have reopened. Now her family won't be stranded *sans* coin on their automobile trip. Families are such a worry.

Great suffering catfish! Wasn't that tornado, thunderstorm, fire *et cetera*, of last Tuesday night the upsetting thing? Especially since all the lights went out and left us there in the dark. Mary (shh, s'secret) lost a screen whilst leaning out the window to measure the rain fall. Certainly a swell time to find out our rating in the family's estimation when last week they wired relatives in California to see how they stood the earthquake, but for us and a tornado—tsk, tsk. Buzzy and Betty thought it a lovely night for dates.

What enthusiasm water polo merits! Thought the balcony would give way last Tuesday, but then it was study hour so maybe that explains the mob scene. And three cheers for the pluck of Miss Mary Jones, and Dick's tricky back-to-the-goal throw. And, athletically speaking, Cherry has organized a tiddly-winks (get Pilar to pronounce it) club. Something on the order of bowling but requiring much better form.

By the way, not that it's important, but who let the air out of Robert Mackle's tires one night past? Of course, he might have run over a hairpin, but then. . . .

Have yourself a time in St. Louis, Betty Willert, while we go to the circus and get excited over the Senior-Mid stunt this week.

THIS AND THAT

The last "Lame Duck" Congress this country will ever have closed Saturday, March 4, at 12 o'clock.—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Disarmament Conference was jarred out of its inactivity when Germany threatened to walk out a second time if something definite was not accomplished. England took the situation so seriously that she sent Premier Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon to see what they could contribute.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A legislation in Wisconsin sponsored a bill which would have required all oleomargarine sold in the state to be colored a brilliant green.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A base pay of $10 a day for a five-day week as a permanent policy for American industry is advocated by Charles F. Abbot, executive director of American Institute of Steel Construction.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

In the new plan for repeal of prohibition each state is allowed one vote; therefore a small state like Vermont can cancel the vote of a big state like new York if they voted differently.—*Atlanta Journal.*

President Von Hindenburg has passed a law against communists. All liberty rights are suspended. This is the most serious emergency decree in recent years.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A marriage license is denied to Turkish applicants until they present a certificate showing that they know the new alphabet.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

P-S-S T

This is Boscoe, ladies and er, well, just ladies, the HYPHEN voice of Mrs. Psst's poor step-child. My, how she mistreats me! I almost forgot unreeling to you the latest and most thrilling events of the day. We're off!

Youse little gals look ral cute with your fair tresses parted in the middle; what's the big idea, Nancy, you and Mimi?

I met Helen Hogan today and I think she is just too darling. Now all I have to do is to meet Patty. Aren't they both grand to look at, though?

And speaking of cute people, how about Christine Cochran? I used to play with her when I was a wee lassy, but I think she's even cuter now, especially since she's cut her hair. She's Lisbeth Smith's cousin, you know.

Did you see Hampden in Caponsacchi? If you didn't, you just don't go to Ward-Belmont, because I honestly believe *everybody* was there. However, I'm sure Mr. Hampden could have cheerfully murdered the 14th row. I coughed the entire time, Lib wept loudly at the end, Marks laughed at the wrong time and Charley Vene and "Mud' whispered about good and bad entrances and in between times we all jabbered to that good-looking red-headed boy we all knew.

I sure envy Lib Beasley and Almeda. All they can talk about is Washington. Say, you needn't rub it in.

Did you hear about the tea party that Helen Larimer and Jane Carroll gave for Lib Glasgow, Beverly Stone and Anne Loftin? Miss Rhea and Mrs. Proctor were there, too, and they reported a grand time—doing jig-saw puzzles and playing bridge.

Well, did you see Marjorie Connor chasing Mildred Burton around, throwing raisins at her mouth? If the banks stayed closed much longer, Mildred, you'd be glad to get those raisins.

Mrs. Psst, this may not be a co-ed school, but I still insist that if you are Mrs. Psst there simply has to be a Mr. Psst.

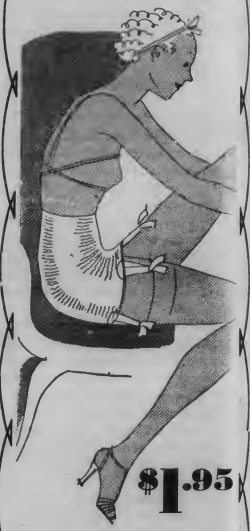
I wonder what reward I'll get for relieving Mrs. Psst of her duties this week. Maybe she'll buy me a doughnut; how I love 'em!

Jiggers, the cops! S'long, keed!



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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION GIVES CIRCUS

The gates of the Ward-Belmont Athletic Association Circus will be opened Saturday evening, March 18. The wonders of this show are too many to relate, but any who miss this stupendous production and collection of marvels will regret it always.

Advance notice advises all who attend to stop at the gate for their tickets for which there is no charge. Some of the most remarkable acts will be the bareback riders, the unusually well-trained animals (some the only ones of their kind in captivity) and the clowns. One of the main attractions will be Falvey's Band, whose appearance here was made with special arrangements.

Do not fail to attend this most wonderful show!

CLUB CHATTER

"Spring has came and fall has fallen." All of these indications were verified by Club Village Sunday night. The place looked like a summer villa. The moon was so thrillingly white and was filled with the promise of a rich and profitable year for those girls who would soon be bidding a fond adieu to W.-B. and all that she has meant to their happiness here and all that she will mean to their future welfare.

That sounds rather serious. It really isn't; but that moon and them trees and those girls with their laughter and eating are impressing.

The Del Ver house was taking a day off so they asked Clem and her Merrymakers to pep things up. They did. Heard that popcorn was in order and General Hilarity reigned. Kassel hates to play for an audience but her melodious and enchanting interpretation of some of the master composers was audible at all corners of the famous resort. By the way, as I recollect, she mentioned the fact that she was leaving for home ports at the end of this week. Our regards to Paul!

"Slymme" Warren (how does she rate the attention of this columnist so regularly?), was making cinnamon toast some place.

A group of would-be intellectuals were intensely interested in the President's address and operatic music that was heard over the T. C. radio.

Has anyone seen Ail, Jo, and Becker? They're loose again. They were certainly on the go Sunday night, first one place then another, climbing in and out of windows, and frightening everyone.

Much as it is against my principles, I must remark that I saw a request from that unholy Saturday night bunch in Mrs. Charlton's office the other day.

Preps were invading the Osiron house and was the popcorn good?

Some contend that they try to write letters and study at that Sunday night expedition to The Haunt.

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REFLECTION
(Continued from page 3)

and the like. The course was a good one, but it lacked the thrill of competition, of team work, and of sportsmanship. We have had all of these here, and they are the things that are really valuable.

These three things—study, girls and athletics—with one other, have combined to really help me appreciate more fully this life, which consists largely of commonplace, everyday things. At times during the last few years when I have assumed that *blase* attitude that is found only in youth, my mother has asked me if I really appreciated the values of life. The meaning of her question is just becoming clear to me, and I think that it cannot be understood until one does begin to appreciate these values. The rather disciplined life that is necessary for such a group as ours to lead has forced us to turn from our free "running around" to something else for our pleasures. It is this change as much as any other one thing that has combined and acted upon the other three to make this improvement that I feel the last three months have worked.

MUSIC NOTES
(Continued from page 2)

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented several of its students in a recital on Thursday evening March 9, at 8:15 in the Ward-Belmont auditorium.

Piano—
(a) In Autumn.....*MacDowell*
(b) Uncle Remus.....*MacDowell*
Miss Jeanette Olliver

Voice—
(a) O du mein holder Abendstern (Aria from Tannhauser). ..... *Wagner*
(b) Rose in the Bud.....*Forster*
(c) Without a Song.....*Youmans*
Mr. Hooper Scott

Piano—
(a) In a Boat.....*Zeckwer*
(b) Rondo from Toy Box Suite.. ..... *Debussy*
Miss Lisbeth Smith

Violin—
(a) Adagio Religioso (from Concerto No. 4)....*Vieuxtemps*
(b) Czardas .....*Monti*
Miss Annette McAdoo

Piano—
(a) Reflections in the Water.... ..... *Debussy*
(b) Soaring .....*Schumann*
Miss Jane Briggs

Voice—
(a) Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta voix) (Aria from Samson et Dalila) .....*Saint-Saens*
(b) Vergedliches Standchen.... ..... *Brahms*
(c) Prelude from Cycle of Life.. .....*Landon Ronald*
Miss Dorothy Beasley

Piano—
(a) Etude .....*Scriabin*
(b) Gardens in the Rain..*Debussy*
Miss Mary Perkins Trimble

OR STUFF—

The forgotten man is receiving too much space. And so are the presidents on the campus. Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce (n. l. Alexander Hamilton) for a few moments considered the idea of giving a tea or something for the vice-presidents.

We firmly believe that Copeland, Soper, and Vera Hudson could make the four Mills brothers green with envy. Their imitations are better than the originals.

We enjoyed the Wordsmith luncheon for Mr. Hamilton. The food was good, the service excellent, and the conversation amusing, because, in all due respects to, or perhaps because of, his great learning and intelligence, Mr. Clayton Hamilton has forgotten, or never learned, the thing that was a pleasing fault in Browning—that other people might know as much as he.

May we ask for a bit of credit in "discovering" a "find"? Katherine Meuhlenbroch fixes German potatoes as they ought to be fixed. She also plays the piano, and has ideas. Don't forget that we were the first to mention her.

When teachers get coy: The Philological Society dinner. Martha Pyeat thought the lecturer was speaking in Latin.

Dolores Smith almost fainted on us during the murders in *Caponsacchi*. We suppose we'd have loosened her clothes, propped her feet higher than her head, and bathed her hands and face with cold water, as per book.

A veritable Utopia is in the making here. The girls of Miss Norris' new Psych (Why not Syk?) class are making new social contacts daily, enjoying them, doing considerate deeds once a day, enjoying them (!), and so keenly analyzing cause and effect of personality that there isn't a chance of being just human, any more.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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DANCE RECITAL TO BE SPECTACULAR

One of the most enjoyable and certainly the most colorful of events on the Ward-Belmont spring calendar is the dance recital. This year the department of dancing, under the direction of Sarah Jeter and Louise Smith, is presenting their annual recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday evening, March 31, at 8:30.

The recital will include girls of all ages, from the tiny kindergartners to the college girls and semi-professional dancers, studying with Miss Smith and Miss Jeter. In all, the cast will number over one hundred.

Among the most sensational numbers will be the opening which will be a gorgeous, spectacular Egyptian group done to the Triumphal March from Aida. The costume accessories for this number have been executed by the Art Department and are correct in every detail. Another group which will interest the girls will be the very smallest of the children in a Peter and Molly Rabbit number.

Continued on page 6)

GLEE CLUB SCORES SUCCESS IN ANNUAL RECITAL

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club has again appeared in its annual spring concert. On Tuesday evening, March 21, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium, a most delightful and entertaining concert was given under the capable direction of Stetson Humphrey, director of the voice department of Ward-Belmont.

The soloists of the evening, Catherine Guthrie and Annette McAdoo, played with their usual brilliance of tone and technique. Miss Guthrie, a diploma student of Lawrence Goodman, is quite well-known at Ward-Belmont and in Nashville for her excellent piano work in her own compositions as well as in compositions of other musicians. Miss McAdoo, also a diploma student and a pupil of Kenneth Rose, is quite outstanding in Ward-Belmont for her work as a violinist.

The Glee Club was assisted in the concert by Catherine Guthrie, accompanist; F. Arthur Henkel, organ accompanist; and Frances Helen Jackson, harp accompanist. The addition of the harp and organ gave much broader musical background for the voices.

The whole ensemble looked very lovely in their pastel-colored dresses against the dark velvet background.

The officers of the club, Ann Durand, Dorothy Beasley, and Elizabeth Shirk, as well as the soloists, were presented with beautiful corsages and bouquets of roses and sweet peas. The men's and women's choral clubs of Vanderbilt presented the club with a beautiful basket of red and yellow

(Continued on page 4)

WATER POLO VARSITIES NAMED

The HYPHEN takes great pleasure in announcing the names of those girls who have been chosen for the Water Polo Varsities. Congratulations are in order for the following:

The first varsity:
C. F. Gillis
R. F. Stewart
L. F. Willis
R. G. Gardner
L. G. Lunderman

The second varsity:
C. F. Peckinpaugh
R. F. Bosserman
L. F. Grammes
R. G. Lathrop
L. G. Breeding

DR. COLEMAN, DEVOTIONAL SPEAKER

Dr. William Coleman, professor of religious education at Vanderbilt University, was the chapel speaker on Wednesday, March 15. He spoke concerning "certain elements that enter into our religious—all our living."

"I have in mind," said Dr. Coleman; "three elements that go to make up a successful woman, that go to make up a deeply religious nature."

The first element considered was imagination. "Youth's the time when we're stirred by our dreams. We want to attain something that is really worthwhile," said Dr. Coleman. That each of us make our lives fit an ideal was his urge. "Jesus has become for each and everyone of us an ideal individual," reminded Dr. Coleman. "Are we going to take Jesus seriously?"

Secondly, Dr. Coleman suggested that through the intellect dreams can be fulfilled. "We can dream our dreams . . . but intellect puts us on a steady ground." An intellectual approach to dreams is necessary to make them realities. "You may have your dream, but weigh it in the scale of intellect," continued Dr. Coleman. "Jesus becomes greater and finer as we approach Him along the highway of intellect."

The third element is that of high courage. "You may have your dream; you're approaching it intellectually. Have the high courage to spell it out."

"Look straight before you into the things that are eternal," said Dr. Coleman in conclusion. "Live the square life."

GIRLS MAKE SURPRISE VISIT TO OLD LADIES' HOME

Monday night the Old Ladies' Home Committee and several other girls gave the ladies at the Home a surprise by walking in on them quite unexpectedly.

After visiting many of the ladies in their rooms upstairs, a large group assembled in the living room where a short program was given.

(Continued on page 6)

STUDENTS ENJOY CIRCUS

Elephants, camels, bears, giraffes, sawdust, dirty kids, pink lemonade, clowns, tumblers, peanuts and plenty of excitement all mixed together drew everyone to the gym Saturday night, March 18, to see the Annual *Kountrie Sirkus* presented by the Athletic Association. The "kid" complex was certainly brought out then; the older they were, the more infantile they acted.

The handsome ring-master, in the person of Helen Justice, was perfect in her very "adjectivial" descriptions of the colossal, stupendous acts. Such well-trained animals have never before

(Continued on page 4)

DEL VERS WIN BOWLING

Varsity Announced

The bowling tournament this year was very interesting. The Del Vers and Agoras were high and were the two left for the finals. After much straining of muscles and eyes the Del Vers won the cup. Marjorie Zaug and Cleo Neumann did some pretty bowling for their respective teams. Each club who had a team bowled to their best ability. The fate of a bowling team is uncertain, as on some days it will make exceptionally high scores, and the next day the scores will be extremely low and as a result the team would be eliminated. After all the whole sum should be the judge of the best team.

Highest individual score:
Zaug, 147; Lege, 140.
Zaug, 133; Lege, 132.

With the close of the season comes the awarding of varsity places. The first bowling varsity is as follows:

1. Neumann.
2. Bryan.
3. Zaug.
4. Jacobson.

Those on the second varsity are:

1. Glander.
2. Lege.
3. R. Baker.
4. Sloan.

WARD-BELMONT AIDS RED CROSS WORK

The horrible, terrifying tornado which ripped most of East Nashville into splinters on Tuesday night, March 14, left behind it many homeless and destitute families. Miss Sisson made an appeal to the entire school to contribute clothing and money to aid these people. She told of the efficient and effective way in which the Red Cross is doing its best to meet the desperate needs of these people and asked that committees be appointed in every hall to collect clothes and money from the girls.

CALENDAR

Friday, March 31—

Dance Recital—Scottish Rite Auditorium—8:30.

SENIOR-MIDS HOLD ANNUAL BANQUET

On Thursday evening, March 23, at 6:15, the Senior-Middle Class entertained the Senior Class with its annual banquet in the attractively decorated dining room.

The guests were received in Recreation Hall by the class officers: Lauryne Edwards, Beverly Stone, Helen Larimer, Bob Durand, Anne Loftin; by Miss Linda Rhea, sponsor of the class; Sarah Bryan, and Miss Oscie Sanders, president and sponsor of the Senior Class.

After being cordially received in Recreation Hall, the guests proceeded to the dining room, the decorations of which were arranged to carry out the theme idea of the seasons of the year. The table for the speakers, officers of the classes, and special guests from the Administration and Faculty, at one end of the dining room, was decorated in yellow and white in honor of the Seniors, while flowers of various colors were placed on the other tables. Vines and palms were used

(Continued on page 6)

PENTA TAU'S WATER POLO CHAMPIONS

Remained Only Undefeated Team

The first water polo game of the season was the A.K.-Osiron game on Tuesday, March 14, which was very one-sided, although the latter team fought up until the last whistle blew. The A.K.'s got their signals working exceptionally well and as a result the score was 30-2 in favor of the A.K.'s. The trio, Gardner, Grammes and Stewart, scored most of the goals and played like clockwork.

The second game of the afternoon was the Tri K.-F.F., the Tri K's winning 29-13. The F.F.'s gave the Tri K's a real fight although the score does not show up that way. Jay Foote played exceptionally well, scoring most of the points for the losing team.

The Penta Tau-X.L. game was by far the most exciting of the day. Both teams were evenly matched and fought hard throughout the contest. During the first half the X.L.'s played circles around the Penta Tau's, but in the last half the Penta Tau's rallied and won 17-12. Willis played a beautiful game for the X.L.'s.

The second group of water polo games were of about the same caliber as those of the first.

The X.L.-Osiron game on Thursday, March 16, was not an exciting one as can be seen from the score 29-6 in favor of the X.L.'s. Nancy Key played well and scored many of the points made by the X.L.'s..

The Tri K-Penta Tau game was very exciting, but the score wasn't as close as most people expected. The Tri K's were outplayed but put up a

(Continued on page 5)

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SENIOR-MIDS ACCEPT SENIOR CHALLENGE

The Seniors-Middles responded to the Senior "Montfleury's" challenge to a duel by defeating him gloriously by means of the hand and rapier of "D'Artagnon," Dolores Smith. In this clever skit, which drew characters from *The Three Musketeers* and *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the Senior-Mids burlesqued and cavorted very effectively.

If the Seniors did not get all the finer points, they did get the main one which was that the Senior-Mids are arrogantly confident of defeating the Seniors. But that mighty question cannot be settled before April 8.

Katrina Van Benschoten who wrote the skit did an excellent job, and every girl who took part was a polished actor. In other words, it was "not bad."

PENSTAFF CHOOSES THREE NEW MEMBERS

At a recent meeting of the Penstaff the old members welcomed three new ones who were taken in as a result of the contest conducted a short time ago. Those girls who are now members of the high school honorary literary society, Penstaff, are: Sara Brandon, Carolyn Eskridge, and Louise Douglas. They were chosen for membership on the excellence of the manuscripts which they entered in the contest and which were judged by a committee picked from the faculty of the School. The HYPHEN offers its congratulations to these three girls.

FRIENDSHIP, THEME OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

The big "Y" room was full of an eager, interested group who listened to Jeanette Knowles, the Sunday school speaker. Her subject was *Friendship*.

"We cannot have a beautiful, lasting friendship with a person if we are not willing to share," Jeanette said. "Neither can there be a friendship of unequality. Helpfulness and love go to make up the perfect friendship."

The favorite hymns were sung, and the service ended, the discussion groups meeting afterwards.

MISS HERRON, VESPER SPEAKER

At Vespers, Sunday evening, March 19, Miss Louise Herron, of our own faculty, spoke to us of a few interesting facts of her sojourn in England. Of special interest to her was the national life. It was a year of crisis, of depression, yet the situation was met with ably. The surface of life was seemingly unruffled; people paid high income taxes willingly, keeping their faith high in their country and institutions. Miss Herron noted a special emphasis on the character and honesty of individuals. Even such people of political differences as Lady Astor and Bernard Shaw were genuine friends.

Miss Herron mentioned the "soapbox oratory" of Hyde Park. England is a country of adjustment with conservatism. As the axle of European nations, it is one of the most democratic, regulated by a strong spiritual force. She made an interesting comparison of the Empire State Building and Mt. Vernon as two material and spiritual values. A country should be great first in things of the spirit.

Jane Briggs as vice-president of the "Y" led the services. Rae Baker gave a vocal solo. After prayers and hymns, devotions were closed with the benediction.

EXPRESSION STUDENTS PRESENT PLAYS

On Saturday evening, March 25, in the School Auditorium, the students of the Expression School will present three modern one-act plays. A fuller description will precede the performances. The faculty and student body are invited to be present.

It is enough to say at the present that Jennabeth Jones, Betty Crowe, Mary Jones, Audrey Tate, Helen Justice, Evelyn Cooper, Mary Martineau, Virginia Livingston, Ruth Rye, Mildred Edmonson, Katherine Combs, Virginia Knox and a dozen others will shine as lovers, forlorn maids, and irate fathers.

Watch the bulletin board for a cast of characters and plan to be present Saturday night.

ANGKORS DISCUSS SCHOOL PROBLEMS

The Angkor Club met on March 21, at 11:30 o'clock. After the roll call, Sarah Bryan made an announcement about social service work. Then there was a discussion about the following points:

a. Lack of school spirit.

b. Antagonism between teacher and pupils.

c. Lack of prospect work.

The girls felt that this discussion will make school more pleasant for everybody.

GERMAN CLUB PRESENTS PROGRAM

The chapel program on Friday, March 17, was presented by the German Club. A group of German songs were sung by members of the German department. The songs were illustrated by tableaux.

The following program of tableaux and songs was presented:

1. *O alten burschen Herrlichkeit*—Aileen Freeman, Hortense Hart, Kathryn Muehlenbrock
2. *Die Lorelei*—Ruth Helen Sauerhering
3. *Ach, wie ist's möglich dann*—Betty Grammes, Charlotte Shenk
4. *Zwie Herzen im dreiviertel Takt*—Obduhah Rafferty, Lora Gillis

P-S-S-T-!

Little Boscoe asks what was the big idea behind Nancy and Mimi parting their hair in the middle. We have inquired, and this is why: having seen Elissa Landi (with hers *comme ca*), charm Frederic Marcus Superbus, the Christians and the lions, in *The Sign of the Cross*, they thought maybe they would be equally successful with the braves of Nashville. Mimi, being of a cowardly nature, gave up after one week, but Nancy is still determined that if Elissa's hair does it, hers can too.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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EDITORIAL

SPRING AT WARD-BELMONT

Most all poets at some time or other have talked of spring in glowing terms. We do not pretend to be a poet nor will we attempt glowing terms, but at Ward-Belmont there are certain things which make each of us feel that spring is really here.

Birds and flowers are always associated with spring. Certainly there is no scarcity of either of them on our campus. Tiny flowers which were planted when this was the Belmont estate are all about us. Most unexpectedly we find a little yellow or white crocus growing by one of the walks. Red and yellow tulips will soon be blooming and some few jonquils have already made their appearance.

Even club village will soon be transformed into a real little city with blooming flowers and shrubs all about the houses. Music will be heard through open windows and doors, and girls will be spending much time out on the campus.

GROUPS

Group pictures for the *Milestones* are being taken this week. The pictures of the different campus organizations are being finished for the Annual of thirty-three. The groups of girls in these pictures are all close friends; nothing brings people closer together than work in which each has her definite contributions to make; these pictures are to stand for splendid efforts, accomplishment, co-operation, friendship, and a deep love. After we leave school to go to another school or to begin other life activities in the world, we will belong to a vast organization of humanity striving towards success and happiness; as members of that organization it is up to us to give infinitely more of ourselves and our best efforts in order to make it stand for a great movement with sincere backing which will influence others, who may not be well adjusted to the duties of life, to take part and become active members in a community and world organization which is for the betterment not only of themselves but of everyone in the world at large and of posterity.

CAMPUS COLUMN

HELLO EVERYBODY!!!!!!

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT:

How insipid one can look from the stage in a Glee Club recital? It's true, but personally I enjoyed the music immensely.

How much work Juji does with the Y.W.C.A.?

The possibilities of a tornado or rain storm keeping one from going home? Ask Alice Menefee.

JUST A SUGGESTION:

Why don't we have some budding Elks or Kiwanians amongst our dear children? We just found out that last year one of our very, very secret, secret organizations dropped its charter in the hall and as fate would have it the hostess came along and was about to pick it up when her glasses fell off. Praise be to falling glasses!!! It allowed the sergeant-at-arms to rescue the charter.

We think that that sort of thing is very thrilling, so why not organize? The members could disguise themselves in pink shirts and yellow stripes and polka dots and get away with murder.

And now that we've mentioned murder, our challenge follows easily: How about a neck stick for the Athena of the Glee Club who insisted on sacrileging the good "Ave Maria" and the rest of the selections by causing certain Glee mates to choke over giggles, thus spoiling throats and bringing blushes to the culprit.

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION:

All of you optimists who are keeping notebooks on "HOW TO HELP MY HUSBAND ECONOMIZE: ONCE I GET MARRIED," listen! Last week we suggested his cutting Havana cigars in two; this week Ganel Stuart gave us this idea. . . .

1. Use your child Psych. book and get the baby heavy.

2. Take him into a furniture store and try him out in the various baby buggies.

3. If the buggies break you can buy it for fifty cents. A big economy. . . .

P.S. Ganel bought a table from Smith the other day for 25c.

WE APPRECIATE:

The Senior-Middles' kind hint in Chapel in answering our challenge. Beware, little "Van," and don't leave the dorm after nine on a dark night.

The lovely cold weather on the first day of spring.

The popcorn and fudge that some people ate last week in preference to going to the storm area.

IT IS REALLY TRUE THAT:

Jane Becker and N. Lix enjoy the cracker crumbs and ghost stories in the rooms of their Senior friends. I am so sorry that I can't mention two other little sisters, for they have forbade my ever using their names in the paper again. Such conceit.!!!!!

It is late and I must end this, so until we meet again!!!!!!! as ever, Snoopy.

EAGLE FEATHER

ELEGY

I shall lose your face in the flickering of strange faces
That rush towards mine all day.
At night I shall go to the nervous, crowded places;
I shall concentrate on the people and the play,
And follow along to the dancing and be gay.

I shall lose your voice in the anarchy of voices—
The rustle of wheels and footsteps and the wind;
I shall listen all day, I shall learn innumerable noises
To disintangle from what the city has dinned—
And at the end
Waiting for sleep, I shall think of the music or say
Old rhymes and pray.
All this to frighten the ghost of one sound away;
All this to frighten away one ghost who would start
Perilously into my blood by day and night,
Perilously upon my mouth with the remembered kiss
Like a paralysis
Till I am wound in your beauty as in a tightened net
And suddenly it is enough and I must forget,
Forget your beauty before I am mad with its sting.

I know the way. One loses part by part
Till all is lost but the unknowable thing—
The dream, the image not of sound or sight:

It is a wild perfume upon the world; it is the bright
Perpetual honey in the hive of spring;
It is the broken bell whose legends ring
Fatally and forever in my heart.

George Dillon.

THE SILVER BIRD

The river was dark and turbid
But a sudden silver bird
Went skimming along with a rhythm
As light as a lilting word.

Each wave caught a moment's shimmer
From the dip of the glancing wing;
Oh, how a mood is transfigured
By the touch of a joyous thing!

J. B. Rittenhouse.

THE MASTERS

You have taught me laughter,
  Joyousness and light;
How the day is rosy wild
  Star enthrilled the night.
Maybe God can teach me
  After you are gone,
How to bear the blackened night
  And the dreadful dawn.

M. Widdemer.

CHECKERS

A checkerboard of ebony and ivory
The latticed moonlight makes
Upon the floor.
Come let us play. The stakes?
Your dreams for mine. The score—
We'll use the stars for counters;
One thing more: you must not cheat,
So you play fair;
My heart can stand defeat
And if I win—
But come—the moon moves swiftly;
Let's begin.

F. D. Pindler.

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CLUB CHATTER

There were a variety of doings in the Village this week. As we progress around the circle we peep in the Anti-Pan window and see Dolores Smith sheding a ray of sunshine with her melodious and popular voice. Then Helen Justice, as another visitor, is assisted by Yvette Franz in a famous "Dick and Dolly" skit. Justice has an inborn knack for entertaining both off and on the stage. At the T. C. house they discussed future plans for programs, but the entertainment for that evening was left to the individual member and a number were dancing while others partook of the game of bridge and double "sol."

The next stop was the Del Ver house. Those industrious members were re-hashing their well-appointed dance and relaxing after three weeks of strenuous activity.

As may be recalled, March 15th was the Wednesday before "St. Pat's" Day and so, the Penta Tau's nominated and unanimously elected effervescent 'Berta Munger to lead the gang in some "St. Pat" games. She did. They were surely busy at it when I looked in.

Ah, those Tri K's, besides being able to make a clean sweep of the athletics, can certainly hold some serious discussions. Such words as "citizenship," "community," "leader," "service," reached my Indian ear.

The X.L.'s weren't having such an active meeting that night.

Seein' as how the Osiron dance is not more than five weeks off, Helen Rauch has already started pushing the plans and paper cutting.

At the Agora house, last-minute plans and discussions for the tea-dance of last Saturday were in order. It was reported to be a fashionable affair with all notables present.

At the F.F. house all was dark and mysterious. After a little time and thought, it developed that a game of murder was in session. Next they had an exciting scramble in playing "sardines."

What a contrast was the A.K. group and their neighbors, the F.F.'s! Here was hilarity and there the girls were eagerly listening to Miss Sanders' review of "Forgive Us Our Tress-passes" by Lloyd Douglas.

A bit of scandal. . . . Do you all think it was nice to take those cookies from the F.F. kitchen Sunday night? I am speaking to a certain bunch of Four Horsemen known during the day as Kiesel, Becker, Gardner, and Freeman. Same to you, sometime!

"Heavings," but Club Village was deserted Sunday evening. All of our "Songbirds of the South" had urgent invites to spend that evening in the company of Mr. Stetson Humphrey, Glee Club director of this institute!

Louella Jones, Little Leek, and a number of other popular preps were spending a quiet evening at the Anti-Pan residence.

Lodie and Peach Sauerhering were trying their luck at a few of the more popular song hits of yesterday and in between tries were discussing the latest mystery story, "The Disappearing Act of Mothers-Cookies."

Some one, I couldn't see the face, was seated in a big grandfather chair before the radio of the Agora house and completed the picture of a "Quiet Evening at Home."

Seem to be petering out on any items of interest. In case I might miss any bit of news I would appreciate any house-mail notes. Address is HYPHEN Office, Tower Room, beneath Pembroke. Thank you.

STUDENTS ENJOY CIRCUS

(Continued from page 1)

been exhibited. The intelligence of the seals, the aptness of the monkeys, the lovely fur of the bears, the graceful elephants and the giraffe's eyelashes all brought forth exclamations of admiration. The acrobats and tumblers were marvelous in their daring feats. Everyone watched the tight-rope performers with bated breath—adenoids, more than likely. The bare-back riders were lovely and charming beyond all dreams. The minstrel show, with its hilarious jokes, clever songs and dance acts, left the audience quite breathless with laughter. A prize offered for the best family was easily won by *Third Floor Founders*. They were all there, from Elsa Van Derhoef as the grand-aunt to Little Knox as the infant. Lula Lane Kirkpatrick as *Hector* easily copped second place.

Miss Sanders as Dr. Ray and Miss Clark as "Dr. Ray'th nieth" capped the climax with a medicine show.

GLEE CLUB SCORES SUCCESS IN ANNUAL RECITAL

(Continued from page 1)

roses in which there was a flower for each girl in the Glee Club.

The program consisted of numbers ranging from a group of dance rhythms to the heavier and more difficult groups. All of these numbers were excellently given.

Glee Club:
a. It Was a Lover and His Lass... ..... *Morley*
b. Go Down to Kew .....*Wendt*
c. The Big Brown Bear.*Manna-Zucca*
d. The Sleigh.....*Kountz*

Piano Solo:
a. Romance .....*Schumann*
b. Scherzo C Sharp Minor....*Chopin*
Catherine Guthrie

Glee Club—Dance Rhythms:
a. Minuet .....*Mozart*
b. Barcarolle .....*Offenbach*
c. Pavane .....*Delibes*
Soprano Solo—Elizabeth Shirk
d. Gavotte .....*Gilberte*
e. Gipsy Dance .....*Kieserling*

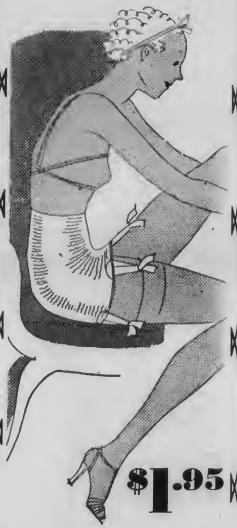
Violin Solo:
a. Adagio Religioso (from Concerto No. 4) .....*Vieuxtemps*
b. Czardas .....*Monti*
Annette McAdoo
Hazel Coate Rose at the Piano

Glee Club:
a. Morning Hymn .....*Henschel*
b. The Fountain .....*Bartlett*
c. The Cloister Gate .....*Grieg*
Soprano Solo—Margaret Balsiger
Alto Solo—Margaret Pierce
Organ Accompaniment—F. Arthur Henkel
d. Ave Maria (Choral arrangement by Humphrey) .... *Gounod-Bach*
Violin Abligato—Annette McAdoo
Harp Accompaniment—Frances Helen Jackson
Organ Accompaniment—F. Arthur Henkel
e. Dear Land of Home (from "Finlandia") .....*Sibelius*
Organ Accompaniment—F. Arthur Henkel



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

A very peculiar day, Diary. It was so cold for no wrap and too warm for any wrap, and too much spring for me to accomplish anything. I made a conscientious effort and spent the afternoon in lab. Everyone except Fish Carruth, Mickey Aldrich and I sent wires from their parents asking if they were alive or caught in the tornado. Neither my suitemate nor I caught the cold we prayed to get as a result of venturing to the concert last night.

Lora Gillis lent me a book that I intended to read during club, but Miss Sanders reviewed and compared *The Magnificent Obsession* and *Forgive Us Our Trespasses*, by Lloyd Douglas, so we listened to her. She really has a splendid analytical quality—maybe we only think so because we hold the same opinions—

Dick Stewart, Carol Starbuck, and Virginia Winston entertained the girls as they came from Club Village. Not everyone can laugh to an advantage.

Thursday—

Everything went wrong today, but we managed to get a few things done. Carol and Ail spent the afternoon bobbing up and down in front of the window of the club. We thought we'd die once when we saw the piano almost tip over on them. We shan't even guess what they were doing. Keidel and Nig Banker spent the afternoon going up to Middlemarch and back.

The water polo was much more entertaining than Tuesday's games.

Sarah Poorman, Jane Curfman, Keidel, and a number of girls spent the evening in the lab. Miss Hollinger rigged up a microscope that made tracing an art instead of a crime. We think we'd like night lab if we could spend our days doing other things.

Friday—

We got some of our test papers back today. So that is what the teachers think of us! Oh, well. . . .!

We have never seen a more exciting water polo game than the one between the Penta Taus and the A. K.'s, although we were afraid several times that all ten of the players might drown instead of about two of them.

The German club gave chapel this morning. It was really good. The French club practice at our table regularly, and they have told us just when to laugh, etc. If their program is as good as the one this morning, O. K.

The prospects for the week-end seem quite bright, what with one thing and another.

Saturday—

What a day, what a day! Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy! We only had one class. Senior-Middle meetings never fail to amuse us. It took Shirley Lege to tell the new girls what was what about Senior-Senior-Middle day. We caught a glimpse of Miss Rhea and Miss Edwards fervently giving thanks to the-gods-that-be because S. R. L. had decided to become a S.-M. She is not only athletic, she is an efficient manager, *dearie*.

To town and saw "The Crime of the Century." We got an awful case of the jitters.

The Agora tea was one of the loveliest affairs we have attended this season. The orchestra was peppy, for a change. Everyone was there in new spring dresses. Lois looked sweet and lovely in blue. Dick looked smart as Schiapparelli in a new beige swagger suit. Ella Lu Cheek made quite a picture, what with her good figure, her dress, and her car.

After dinner, the circus. The first and last of its kind—last because no other year will find such a happy combination of funsters among the performers. Helen Justice was *magnanimous*. (I bet she wished she had discovered that word!) The get-ups of the audience were splendid. The circus this year was a big success.

Sunday—

The pouring rain the night before was too much for us. We read our book in chapel after we had explained to Mrs. Hall that we were there. After dinner we enjoyed a good old "talkee" with a pal, and then went over to Senior in time to envy Wansley when she went out, and to receive all the news of the tornado from Ail and Jane Becker. We heard some wails that were supposed to be girls practicing their glee club songs. We spent the evening doing just that. While sitting on the steps of Pembroke we noticed Jane Carroll and Virginia Wilkins come in from town, both looking particularly happy.

Monday—

Good old Monday! Blue, and rainy, and colder than cold. We went to town again this afternoon—we still had a quarter, you understand. This time we saw "After the Ball" and wished all the time that it had been "No Other Woman." We looked in windows until we had selected our wardrobe, and then hied home.

The gang that went to Somerset, Kentucky, came in dragging their feet, which is always an indication of having had a good time. Poor Katy looked as if she were walking in her sleep.

Martha Pyeatt and Catherine Brown flew a kite this afternoon. Now, they are girls who really get out and do things. I wish they would show us how it was done.

We managed to stare at a biology book for awhile, knowing all the time that we were studying the wrong things.

Tuesday—

We didn't dare get up for a long time because it was so cold. The heat wasn't turned on in Pembroke until after breakfast. Miss Lydell cheered us considerably by telling of snow in June, and other pleasant matters.

Biology test flunked flat. To sleep in about three other classes. Letter from parents asking if we would wait a week to write after a tornado had hit our native city. Shampooed the hair and did the nails because we had study hour. Sang in the Glee Club concert and shall have to dodge certain of my friends as a result. To bed without a lesson prepared, and at least a million reports due. If we only had a talent, we could have an artistic temperament!

THE AGORA CLUB GIVES TEA

The Agora Club gave the first tea dance of the spring season Saturday afternoon, March 18. Miss Lois Milton and Miss Casebier received over one hundred guests to the jonquil-decorated club house. Annette McAdoo and Helene Loeb presided at the tea table, where green and white sandwiches, green sugar, and cakes carried out the spring motif. The music of an unusually good four-piece orchestra added to the guests' enjoyment.

PENTA TAU'S WATER POLO CHAMPIONS

(Continued from page 1)

good fight. The Penta Tau's played a steady and exceedingly rough game.

Finishing this second group of games was the A.K.-F.F. game. The two centers, Jay Foote and Dorothy Stewart both played well and were quite evenly matched in speed. However, Stewart usually succeeded in getting to the ball a second earlier. The A.K.'s won from the F.F.'s by a score of 23-11.

The third group of games turned out to include the finals, since only two teams were left who hadn't been beaten. It seemed a shame that these two exceptionally good teams should be playing against each other in the three required games, thereby leaving no team for semi-finals or finals.

The A. K.-Penta Tau game on Friday, March 17, was the finals, because these two teams were the only ones who hadn't been beaten. Both teams put forth all they had and at the end of the first half the A. K.'s were leading by one point. During the last half the Penta Tau's scored enough goals to win 13-7. Breeding, Copeland and Peckinpaugh played well for the Penta Tau's. The outstanding players on the A. K. team were Josephine Gardner and Dorothy Stewart.

In the F. F.-Osiron game Jay Foote showed up beautifully, scoring most of the 30 points that were made. The pass between Baker and Foote worked nearly every time. The Osirons fought hard, but just didn't have the material to win. The final score was 30-8.

The Tri K-X. L. game was not very close, but if the X.L.'s regular team had been playing, the game would have been much better. Gillis and Bosserman played well for the Tri K.'s and were the reason for the Tri K's having a much larger score than the X. L.'s. The final score was 24-5 in favor of the Tri K's. Willis played her usual fine game, but she did not have the cooperation of the rest of the team.

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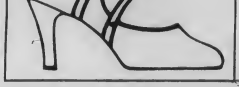
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"THE STORE ALL WOMEN KNOW"

DANCE RECITAL TO BE SPECTACULAR

(Continued from page 1)

They are comical mites in their clever costumes as they go through their steps.

One of the most unusual numbers in the whole show will be that which is named "Spaghetti Italienne" and for which Elise Tyson has designed the back drop. We leave the rest for you to see without our having told you anything about it.

The children's ballet will be "Once Upon A Time" and the familiar storybook characters will be interpreted by the eight-to-ten-year-olds. In this will be the Raggedy Ann's and Andy's, Hansel and Gretel, Miss Muffet and The Spider, and the Pied Piper of Hamlin and His Children.

Adding variety to the program will be an East Indian Chuddah which was arranged by Ruth St. Denis, a Chopin Valse done by three soloists and a group of fourteen in soft, filmy costumes, a most brilliant scarf number, and the "Shine On Your Shoes" number which is a novelty tap group.

One of the high spots of the program will undoubtedly be the Merry Widow Waltz as interpreted by Sarah Jeter and Fletcher Harvey. Those of the Ward-Belmont girls who have not had the opportunity of seeing Miss Jeter and Mr. Harvey dance have something delightful in store for them.

The grand finale will be exactly that. The number being used is the Ballet done to Chopin's Grande Valse Brilliant, the choreography of which is by Michel Fokine. This Ballet was originally used in the *Ballet les Sylphides*, presented by the Imperial Russian Ballet and has never before been presented in Nashville.

The final rehearsals are now in session and the department is working very hard. All indications point to a big success and an event in the Ward-Belmont life which will be long remembered.

SENIOR-MIDS HOLD ANNUAL BANQUET

(Continued from page 1)

effectively in other parts of the dining room.

During the dinner music was furnished by an orchestra that also played for dancing after the following program was presented:

Toastmistress .....Clemence Dow
The Seasons .....Lauryne Edwards
"Autumn to winter, winter to spring,
Spring into summer, summer into fall—
So rolls the changing year, and so we change;
Motion so swift, we know not that we move."
Autumn .....Helen Loeb
"All cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd in nodding corn."
Dance .....
Grace Bosserman, Jane Carroll, Yvette Franz, E'Lois Geibel, Virginia Livingston, Katherine Rasmussen, Lois Schwartz, Virginia Wilkins
Winter .....Mary Martineau
"In winter when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines
And wind, that grand old harper smote
His thunder harp of pines."
"Freicheux" by Carlos Salsedo.....
.....Ganel Stuart
Dance .....Jane Hall
Spring .....Margarette Dorris
"Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and
The air with melodies vernal."
"Springtime is here"...Jane Becker
Dance .....Yvette Franz
Summer .....Margaret Bruton
"I question not if thrushes sing,
If roses load the air,
Beyond the heart I need not reach,
When all is summer there."
"Memories" .....Angie Cantrell
The Years at Ward-Belmont.....
.....Sarah Bryan
The Cycle of the Years.....
.....Dr. John W. Barton

The entertaining program, the singing of the songs of good-fellowship, and the final singing of the *Bells of Ward-Belmont*, left a lasting impression on the minds of all those present.

GIRLS MAKE SURPRISE VISIT TO OLD LADIES' HOME

(Continued from page 1)

The ladies were much interested in listening to Pilar and Isabel Estrada talk and sing in Spanish, and in watching them dance. Grace Benedict's tap dancing was thoroughly enjoyed. But if you ever wanted to see the ladies laugh, you should have been there when Helen Justice gave her readings about the *Match Girl*, the *Boy Who Made a Speech* and the *Baseball Game when the White Sox Played*.

The Ward-Belmont girls were not the only entertainers. Mary Ann Davis, one of the peppiest old ladies at the Home, whistled. If you don't think that is amusing, just ask Pilar.

After the program the girls visited with the old ladies. In closing their visit, the girls sang *The Bells of Ward-Belmont* and *Good-Night Ladies*.

Those who went this time were Helen Justice, Pilar Estrada, Isabel Estrada, Mary Jane Foote, Helen Conley, Viva Lee Davis, Alice Vivienne Hill, Mary Jo Scovill, Martile Sherman, Grace Benedict, and Lillian Jones.

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SENIOR-SENIOR-MIDDLE DAY DRAWS NEAR

Senior-Senior-Middle Day, which is an annual, and one of the most outstanding events of the school year, is to be held on April 8.

It is a day in which the Seniors and the Senior-Mids meet in contest in the various sports, and the entire day is built around good sportsmanship. The whole school takes sides in arousing display of class and school spirit.

The development of the plan came about when the two classes competed in an unorganized fashion. Now the contest under organized and legitimate plan cements good will and class spirit.

In 1919, the Senior-Mids challenged the Seniors to a track meet and basketball game. The Senior-Mids won the Inter-class contest that year. With each new year each class contributed to the establishment of new ideas and rules which became traditional and were passed on from year to year. In all the years that followed the Senior-Mids failed to win many contests, but they showed themselves to be good losers as well as winners.

This year the contest between the two classes will be in basketball, baseball, hockey, bowling, and water polo.

Preparations for Senior-Senior-Middle Day are being made by both classes. The various teams appear for practice early in the morning, which shows their enthusiasm and class loyalty. At present the Senior-Mids are making a desperate attempt to take the Senior Banner away from the class of '33. From now on until Senior-Senior-Middle Day there will be much excitement, but on that day the climax is reached. Everybody is elated over the approach of the prospective day.

DR. F. R. FRAZER, CHAPEL SPEAKER

Dr. Francis R. Frazer, from the University of London, spoke in chapel on Wednesday, March 22. Dr. Frazer is this year's visiting medical professor to Vanderbilt from England. By knowing each other better in the educational field, English and American concord may be furthered, was the opinion of Dr. Frazer.

In speaking of the English schools, Dr. Frazer pointed out their differences from American schools. The "public school" means for the English, not a school open to the public, but a school "controlled by a board of public men."

Dr. Frazer pointed out that the only co-education in England is found in the education for young children and finally in the university work. He commented especially upon the many privately-owned schools for girls throughout England.

"In England," said Dr. Frazer, "we work toward a matriculation as a standard." He commented further, explaining how students in the government schools having ability to achieve such high standards are given the opportunity to go on in the field of higher learning. The others do not generally go through high school.

There are numerous private girls' schools in England. In these the emphasis is put, not on any particular scholastic standard, but on sports, social, and general training the girls may need. Dr. Frazer emphasized again and again the school sportsmanship and school loyalty manifested in the English school by particular means of banners, mottoes, and colors.

Dr. Frazer closed with a discussion of Oxford and Cambridge.

SENIOR AND PEMBROKE CLOSED

Monday morning a big white sign with only six red letters hung at the side door of Senior; the letters were few but most expressive—Senior hall was "Closed" to underclassmen; its sacred corridors were no longer to resound with the pattering feet of the younger students. The Senior-Mids decided that Pembroke would be closed, too; the inspiring presence of upperclassmen was no longer desired in their precincts.

However, just before rising bell that morning, there was a great commotion down at the Senior side door; two Senior-Mids, unable to comprehend the word on the sign, or perhaps not believing in signs, which is a rather trite excuse, attempted to go within the forbidden hall. They met with prompt opposition and were very soon placed on the outside of the door through which they had essayed to enter.

Not long after this episode, to the horror of all classmen, on the campus was seen the remains of poor little Jane Becker, limp and worn from her valiant efforts to trespass on forbidden territory.

In case some may misunderstand the meaning of this simple word *closed* we understand that it signifies not open or fast shut. We hope that no other disaster such as that of Monday will occur during the intervening days before April 8.

HOMECOMING PLANS REVEALED

Homecoming plans are at the height at the present moment and the Alumnae Office becomes busier as each day brings the campus closer to Easter week-end. Again the Alumnae Association wishes to announce the dates for 1933 Homecoming—April 14, 15 and 16.

From all indications there will be a good sized group back on the campus and the Association has made some plans for their amusement.

Friday is the day of arrival for most of the visitors and so there is little planned. They may stroll the campus, see any of the faculty they wish to, and drop into ths HYPHEN office to chat with each other and the Alumnae Staff. Friday evening, from eight to ten, the Alumnae Association will give an informal reception in one of the club houses for the returning alumnae and the faculty. We hope to be able to broadcast the chimes during this time.

Saturday morning there are plans afoot for the arrangement of a basketball game to be played by the varsity and a team made up of those stars

(Continued on page 6)

PEANUT WEEK ENDS TONIGHT

Tuesday morning, March 28, Peanut Week began; everyone found a small peanut beside her plate and in this peanut was the name of the girl to whom each individual is to play "shell" for a week.

"Be nice to your peanut, do something for her every day, but do not let her know who you are." Such amusing letters and gifts the girls found in their mail boxes this past week and of course, interest was added because no one knew from whom their gifts came.

Tonight everyone meets their "shell" at 7 o'clock in Recreation Hall and discovers who she is. A short skit about "Peanut Week" will be given from 7 to 7:30 in Rec Hall.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY DEAN SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

The chapel speaker for Monday, March 27, was Dr. A. J. Brumbaugh of the University of Chicago. Dr. Brumbaugh has been speaking here on the junior college.

In order to emphasize his three distinct points, Dr. Brumbaugh first told the story of the young Indians who were candidates to become Indian braves. Each was to go across the desert and up the mountain as far as he could; each was to bring back a token from his final goal.

"In such an enterprise," said Dr. Brumbaugh, "the path looks entirely different in retrospect than in prospect." He then pointed out that the experience of students is much like the climbing of a mountain. Students go through the climbing, scrambling, and tripping, but "as you look back on the whole thing, it takes an entirely different retrospective."

"The path is winding, and you'll get lost unless you keep your goal in mind," warned Dr. Brumbaugh. "It isn't the direction alone that counts, but it's distance and direction together that count."

Speaking of grades, diplomas, and certificates as the tokens, Dr. Brumbaugh said, "These little tokens are worth nothing in themselves . . . except as they symbolize something accomplished on your part. They should not mean an end in themselves, but should mean you have achieved a mastery of something you set out to accomplish. This token ought to express the power to be."

True education involves a cooperative enterprise for the issues of life aided by the instructor to the point where you can think independently, was Dr. Brumbaugh's expression in closing.

F. F.'S WIN APPARATUS MEET

The Gymnasium Demonstration and Meet was held Friday, March 24. The first half of the program which was devoted to demonstrations, was excellent and showed signs of intensive training. The elementary class in gym opened the exhibition with two folk dances, *Come, Let Us Be Joyful* and a Norwegian Mountain March. The Junior High School girls gave a wand drill which was very effective. A setting-up drill and marching was exhibited by another high school class. The college class rendered two folk dances which seemed to afford quite a bit of amusement. Danish gymnastics and an Indian club drill were performed by the physical education students. The club drill was the last number and was by far the best.

The second half of the program was the competitive apparatus meet. In these events each girl performed five exercises. She did at least one on each piece of apparatus. Each performance was judged on a basis of ten.

The first club honors went to the F. F.'s, who had a 75.5 average. The Penta Tau's received second place with 75.1 and the Triads came in third with 74.

The individual honors were won by Rae Baker, Virginia Brown, and Henrietta Cherrington. Baker and Brown tied for first place with 86 points. Cherrington took third with 81 points.

ECCOWASINS PLAN PARTY

At the meeting of the Eccowasin Club on Tuesday, March 28, plans were discussed for a party which is to be given jointly with the Aristons in the near future. Committees were appointed and suggestions were made.

DR. BRUMBAUGH MEETS WITH FACULTY

Discuss Educational Procedures

On Monday, March 27, at 9:30 the college faculty was addressed by Dr. A. J. Brumbaugh, dean of the students at the University of Chicago. He has organized the personnel work of that school and had taken a prominent part in state and college educational surveys in various sections of the country.

Dr. Brumbaugh spoke to the faculty on the major trends of educational procedures. He stressed the fact that all educational procedures are undergoing a critical evaluation. He discussed at some length the development of the aims and objectives of colleges as they differ from those of the early schools which were usually founded for religious instructions. In discussing the curriculum he told in some detail of utilizing survey courses and comprehensive examinations to integrate college and high school work more perfectly. Dr. Brumbaugh merged his third and fourth trends in methods of construction and in the new techniques of measuring the effectiveness of instruction in a few brief statements. He emphasized the statement that society deserves that youth be taught, and the success of college is the quality of its teaching.

In the afternoon of March 27, both the high school and college faculty met with Dr. Brumbaugh in the library and discussed the fifth trend of educational procedures. This was the individualization of teaching as shown in the development of student counseling. Dr. Brumbaugh says that students need counseling not only for educational problems but also in making vocational choices, in caring for health, in learning to use finances, and in making social adjustments in a new environment. He stated very strongly his belief that every member of the faculty is responsible for counseling his students. A centralized department, under the guidance of trained counselors makes it much more possible to assist students whenever the need arises. In response to questions from the faculty, Dr. Brumbaugh told something of the set-up of his own office and of the arrangements for regular conferences with each student.

The faculty were high in their praise of Dr. Brumbaugh and expressed the conviction that the meetings with him had been well worth while. Certain suggestions that he made may be incorporated into the system in use in Ward-Belmont. The administration was pleased to find that Ward-Belmont is following very much the same progressive methods as those in use in the University of Chicago in counselling students. The Ward-Belmont system provides similar contacts with students but lacks much of the formalized routine and of the record keeping found necessary in the larger institution.

PENNANT HUNT IS ON

A group of Seniors has been secretly appointed to hide the Senior Pennant. No one knows who is on the committee except its members. A group of Senior-Mids, whose identity is just as mysterious, has also been appointed to look for it. The rules are that this committee and no one else can begin looking for the Pennant March 29, and if they have not found it by April 7, they must stop, as that is the deadline. Finding the Pennant is reward and honor enough in itself, but if the Senior-Mids find it they can do anything they want to with it.

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SPRING, THEME FOR FIRESIDE HOUR

The Fireside Hour, conducted at the various clubs by leaders and assistant leaders, had as its theme last week, the "Beauty of Spring." Hymns and prayers and meditation, followed by the reading of lovely poems, made the service very beautiful. The first group of poems interpreted spring's invitation.

I Meant to Do My Work Today, Richard Le Gallerine.

The Beauty of the World, Elizabeth Kirby.

The second group gave glimpses of the flowers.

"One May Only Listen," Ethel Romig-Fuller.

Blue Squills, Sara Teasdale.

Beyond, Thomas J. Jones, Jr.

The next group were songs of spring.

Nightingales, Grace Hazard Conkling.

The Secret, Arthur Wallace Peach.

A Blackbird Suddenly, Joseph Auslander.

Stars, by Sara Teasdale, told of the night magic of spring.

The meaning of spring was expressed in *The Heart's Questions*, Cale Young Rice; *From Renascence*, Edna St. Vincent Millay; *Worship*, Margaret Laudrum Watkins.

GOODMAN PRAISED BY CRITICS

Ward-Belmont presented Lawrence Goodman, on March 14, in his annual recital. As usual, the Nashville papers have praised his playing greatly. Following is the criticism which appeared in the *Nashville Banner*. Mr. Sydney Dalton says: "Despite the fact that Tuesday was the least inviting evening of the season for any musical event, those music-lovers who gathered at Ward-Belmont to hear Lawrence Goodman, head of the piano department of that institution, were rewarded with one of the best recitals this popular artist has given, at least, within my memory.

"Mr. Goodman was to have appeared earlier in the year, but an accident to his hand caused a postponement. The trouble, brought on, perhaps, by over-practice, returned, and threatened to prevent his playing on Tuesday. However, as Mr. Goodman explained to the audience before the opening number, he was determined to go through with it this time, if possible, and asked their indulgence should he be forced to omit some of the more taxing numbers.

"It turned out, however, that he not only gave the entire program, with some added encores, but performed it with such dash and brilliancy and musical interest as to make it one of his outstanding achivements. He has an unusually fine, well-rounded technique, combined with a broad, colorful tone that retains its richness from the softest to the loudest gradations.

"But these qualities have always marked his playing. On Tuesday, there seemed to be a decided advance in interpretative control. Musically enthusiastic by nature, Mr. Goodman's playing has been frequently characterized by pronounced tonal and rhythmic contrasts that approached over-emphasis. On this occasion he exhibited an emotional control that lent admirable balance to his interpretations, with most gratifying results.

"The program ranged from a Scarlatti Pastorale, through Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Wagner to the moderate moderns. Particularly noteworthy were the playing of the Beethoven-Busoni 'Ecossaises,' the Schumann 'Papillons,' and the Liszt arrangement of Wagner's 'Liebestod,' from 'Tristan and Isolde,' in the first part of the program.

"The last group was introduced by a fanciful little number by Guthrie, a pupil of Mr. Goodman, who is also studying composition. It bore the title 'Sparrows,' and showed the young lady to have creative talent. Minuetto, by Zanella; 'Andalucia' by Lecuona; 'Desir' and 'Caresse Dansee,' by Scriabin, and Joseffy's Czardas completed the program and afforded the artist further opportunity of showing his ability in the later developments of piano literature.

"Mr. Goodman was given an enthusiastic reception, and responded to insistent demands for an encore with a Chopin Nocturne."

MRS. STEWART'S DEATH COMES AS SHOCK

Ward-Belmont was grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. May R. Stewart who for so many years was connected with the school as field representative. Mrs. Stewart died at her daughter's home in Dallas, Friday, March 17, and was buried in Mt. Olivet cemetery in Nashville on Monday, March 20.

Mrs. Stewart was born in Gallatin but spent most of her life here. She was the widow of William H. Stewart, of Nashville, who died about 40 years ago. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Stewart became connected with Belmont College as field representative and as hostess in one of the sorority houses, and after the consolidation of that college with Ward Seminary, remained with Ward-Belmont in the same capacity. She served for some 30 years as field representative but was formed to resign two years ago due to failing health. Many are the Illinois girls who remember Mrs. Stewart as the representative who brought them to Ward-Belmont.

For the past two years she had made her home with her two daughters in Dallas. The pallbearers were: Dr. J. D. Blanton, A. B. Benedict, Dr. John W. Barton, Kenneth Rose, Lawrence Goodman, Warner McNeilly, John R. Witherspoon, William H. Weymss, and W. D. Calgy.

MISS TOWNSEND PRESENTS FIRST YEARS IN PROGRAM

The group of plays presented last Saturday evening in chapel were well received and well warranted the approval of the audience. These students have only been studying expression since fall.

In the first play, "The Rose-Shaded Lamp," those taking part were: the wife, Ruth Helen Sauerherring; the husband, Nadyne Lix; and the burglar, Audrey Tate. The plot was clever and humorous and the girls did well.

A clever skit was presented by Jenabeth Jones, Mary Jones, and Evelyn Cooper. The suspense was awful and the situation most amusing. The title, "Red Carnations," was surely appropriate.

A famous "Dick and Dolly" play was given by Helen Justice, as the husband, and Yvette Franz, as the untiring wife. Yvette has the cutest dialect and Justice looked quite at home in the suit she had wired for from home.

The feature of the evening was "The Neighbors," a one-act play which had been under construction for a comparatively short time. Betty Crowe in the role of Mis' Abel was very good.

Another star was little Ginny Knox with her "Buffalo Bug," and as lovers Kay Combs and Mildred Edmonson were excellent. They were almost too much for the best interests of the health of the crowd. We all felt most sorry for Margaret Morris. It seemed that the story might have at least let her get the little boy. Others in the cast included three students who were recruited from another class to take part. These were: Gran'ma, Bess Grigsby; Mis' Moran, Marianne Kelley, and Ezra Williams, Mary Martineau.

Yvette and Helen also gave a cute play called "The Same Man." What a laugh to find that the man each was supposed to love deeply was the selfsame individual!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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EDITORIAL

LET'S GIVE OUR BEST

Isn't our campus the most exciting place now? The Senior and the Senior-Middles have each withdrawn into their own camp of war and are making secret plans for that trying day which is coming, April 8. With all the class meetings, closed halls, and early morning practices so in evidence, we feel sure that that day will certainly be one which will go down in Ward-Belmont history as great.

A little later the "alums" will be coming back to the campus overjoyed at being able to wander about club village, and glad to stroll through Middlemarch—in fact, just thrilled to be on the campus again. Naturally we are all anxious to see the old W.-B. girls, to know what they are like, to find out what they enjoyed when they were here, and to hear how things have changed while they have been away. The "alums," too, are anxious to see the new girls, to make new friends and renew acquaintances.

Each one of us will naturally enter with a great deal of spirit into Senior-Senior-Middle Day. Homecoming is, in reality, just as much fun for us. As the old saying goes—the more we put into something, the more we get out of it. Let's give our best, then, to both Homecoming and Senior-Senior-Middle Day.

PEANUT WEEK

Tonight, 1933's Peanut Week will be all over, your long hidden identity will be revealed and, surprise of surprises, you'll find out to whom the thoughtful acts of Peanut Week can be credited. It was lots of fun, meant a lot to the campus spirit, and ended up with each of us having a new friend, or a better friend, to add to our store of friendships on the campus.

Why not keep Peanut Week flourishing, even if the event is actually over? Now instead of giving gifts themselves, show your Peanut lots of little kindnesses by being attentive to her. By June you'll not only have one "Peanut," but a whole "sack full." Isn't that an idea worth putting into practice?

APPARATUS LETTERS AWARDED

The following girls have completed their work for a Ward-Belmont letter in apparatus:

Henrietta Cherrington.
Jean Campbell.
Isabel Estrada.
Edith Morrow Hyde.
Virginia Hamilton.
Alma Lunderman.
Etheldra Martin.
Katherine Rasmussen.
Frances Rose.
Mary Louise Reinke.

Betty Penick received her club letter in apparatus.

CAMPUS COLUMN

WELCOME SWEET SPRINGTIME, WE GREET YOU IN SONG (AND ANKLETS)

Isn't it simply wonderful to wear the good old things? I've never felt quite so comfortable.

And to think that we can also stay up until 11 o'clock is too much all in one week!!!!!!

We saw Nelle Hurston and Jan batting the old tennis ball around yesterday. They swear that they'll lose ten pounds by May, but we have our doubts.

Edie and Lou were certainly working up an appetite this morning. Has the back hand improved, Lou?

Then there are the two Founders girls who simply must wear off some of that excess "what"? And by the way, if it was one of you two who left the gold bracelet—beware!!! Mrs. Charleton is getting tired of its visits to the lost and found.

* * *

WHY IS IT THAT—

The best of plans always go astray? I think that I shall have to advertise for a good home to visit. Every time I make arrangements for a week-end, something drastic turns up.

The Saturday nite dinner crowd was so exclusive the other night at the Del Ver house? Chicken salad sandwiches, fruit salad and everything. The sissies!!!!

Our small sisters in Founders closed the Hall? It really isn't the most effectual thing in the world, for we all can always go to the infirmary, you know!!!

* * *

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT—

The rather surprised ride that two "Little Sisters" received Monday morning? Quite a nice way to leave the dignity of Senior Hall. Eh, Nadyne and Jane????

The poetry and so forth that Dot Beasley has been receiving from her "Shell?" Believe me, I think that the Wordsmiths or Penstaffs should gather that girl into their fold.

Breeding and Wilken's trip to Hoptown? If not, do get within speaking distance of them and you will get the treat of your lives for, really, Breeding can be very expressive with those eyes on the subject of Paul, Tom or Dick, or whatever it was.

And that reminds me, Squeakie and Dede had a very eventful trip which has resulted in dates from Springfield boys. Some people have all the luck with these Southern fellows.

* * *

IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT—

The people who saw "Rasputin" will scare the very shirts off your backs. And there is a very gentle hint. Don't miss the picture if you can, for it is worth going miles to see.

Summer will be upon you and where will the grades and studying go? The way of all things, I suppose!!!

You sarcastic and grumbling people are going to be left behind when it comes to honors at the end of the year. Buck up and think of all the good time ahead and let's see if we can make these last two months (less than that now) the very best ever.

Some of you campus loungers will get ant bites or the itch or something along that order. We are always beware(ing).

* * *

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT—

The Dance Recital is going to be a howling success? This is not paid advertising for, as you know, it will be a thing of the past when this paper comes out. But that is where I can predict and you will have a chance to judge and see how well I am able to foretell.

Certain girls in one of the classes had to pray mighty hard to pass a little test they had the other day? How about it, Mai Noy, Lou, Edie, Willis, Nancy, etc.???????

And now the best of things must end, so until I see you all again, best of luck, Seniors, and confidence, Senior-Mids.

"Snoopy."

EAGLE FEATHER

MUSIC

My soul is a mummy
Shrouded with endless yards of linen,
Bound,
Strapped,
Secure.
Music is borne into my soul.
The tape near my heart
Falls loose at my feet.
Slowly, silently,
The cloth unwinds,
And my soul is freed!

Through the mauve mist of my imagination
I see it,
A naked, white, slender thing,
With flowing hair,
Gaily dancing, joyfully pirouetting
On a shaded greenwood.
It is grace!
It is Youth!

The melody changes.
My soul flits at dawn
O'er flower-filled fields.
The wind, meeting it,
Bows the colorful flowers in simple homage
Before the light tread of its dainty bared toes
That scarcely touch the softest petal.

Another tune
Will frame my soul
In a picture of an
Ancient Oriental temple,
Where it,
Beautiful features hidden in a cool shadow,
Warm shapely limbs
Enveloped in a flaring skirt
Of gauzy gossamer,
Only life-bought gems giving glimpses of light,
'Mid exotic fragrance,
To music that is liquid,
Because it flows in the red blood of men,
Dances,
Wildly,
Passionately,
The Dance of the Nautch Girl.

These musics I hear,
These pictures pass,
Spectral, haunting,
Before my eyes,
While I,
Heavy,
Clumsy,
Leaden-footed,
Must stand aside
And see my soul soar!

Wilma Baker, '34.

FRENCH CLUB GIVES PROGRAM

La Cercle Francais had charge of the chapel program for Friday, March 24. For the first part of the program Jane Becker sang two French songs, *Ca. . . . C'est Paris*, by Joce Padillo, and *J'ai Deux Amours*, by Vincent Scotto.

The second part of the program was a comedy, *La Faim est un Grand Invention.* The cast was as follows:

Marie .....Mary Jane Foote
Colette .....Ann Willetts

Servants d'auberge.

Monsieur Crabuchet, *aubergiste*—— ..... Eugenia Bradford
Dick .....Frances Fulenwider
Bob .....Martha Pyeatt

Soldats Americains.

Madame Crabuchet....Helene de Mun
Pierre, juene valet de ferme..... ..... Pilar Estrada
(*Autres domestiques.*)

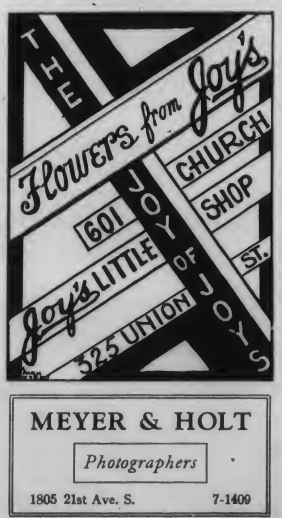
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CLOSE-UPS

P-nut! Bobby-socks! Exams! Eleven o'clock! Senior insults! All in one week, mind 'ya. Who said our campus wasn't a stirring place to exist in? Must be the spring weather or the stimulation from Senior-Senior-Mid activities, but at any rate there's lots of goings-on for which a columnist is truly grateful.

MUSIC NOTES

Miss Dorothy Beasley, of the Humphrey studio, and Miss Jane Briggs, of the Goodman studio, appeared before the Franklin high school this past week. Miss Beasley sang "Spirit Flower," by Campbell-Tipton, and "Morning," by Speaks. Schumanns' "Soaring" was the selection played by Miss Briggs.

William Fariss and William Vaughn, both pupils of Stetson Humphrey, sang Arias from *Elijah* at the Congregational Church, Sunday morning, March 26.

Harold Culver, radio artist, who studies with Stetson Humphrey, was one of the outstanding features of the flood relief program that was given at the Orpheum Theater last Tuesday night. Several students of Sarah Jeter also appeared on the program with a dance number.

Those students who were using their radio sets Monday afternoon probably heard Margaret Balsiger and Catherine Guthrie in one of their popular afternoon broadcasts. Among the songs used were *Pale Moon, Morning*, and *Song of a Garden*.

At a meeting of the Woman's Club of the Congregational Church, Margaret Pierce sang a few songs written by Mrs. A. D. Biettel, wife of the pastor of the church. These selections were quite delightful and were very much enjoyed by the members of the club.

A pupil of Florence Boyer, Emmeline Boyer Kinnebrew, appeared on the Little Symphony program over radio station WSM on Sunday evening, March 7th. The *Broadcast News*, a popular radio magazine, ranked Mrs. Kinnebrew's voice with those of the singers appearing on the Grand Opera programs. Mrs. Kinnebrew has not only appeared on both commercial and sustaining programs, but has often appeared, on invitation, on several special programs.

Pupils of Amelie Throne were presented in a studio recital on Wednesday, March 22. A pupil of Florence Boyer was also presented.

Nacht stuck ..... *Schumann*
Serenade ..... *Schubert-Liszt*
Sonata Op. 13 ..... *Beethoven*
Isobel Goodloe
Valse Interrompue ..... *Lack*
Nelle Hurston
In Deep Woods ..... *MacDowell*
Mary Louise Balsiger
Valse Moderne ..... *Ise Joels*
Pauline Holladay
VOICE
Baby ..... *Bertrand Brown*
Valley of Laughter ..... *Sanderson*
Harryette Sudekum
(Pupil of Miss Boyer)
Fairy Princess Valse ..... *Farrar*
Dorothy Baker
Hanging Gardens ..... *Davies*
Minnie Carter Bailey
The Princesse ..... *Manna-Zucca*
Ann Caroline Gillespie
At Night ..... *Paderewski*
Prelude ..... *MacDowell*
Elizabeth Butts
Ricordanza ..... *Liszt*
Louise Cook Neely

One of the most outstanding programs sponsored by the Bohannan Music Club was the recital given Monday evening in the Tennessee College Auditorium by Miss Elizabeth Kerr, soprano, and Miss Catherine Guthrie, pianist, representing the music department of Ward-Belmont. Both young ladies were enthusiastically received by the club.

SPRING SPORTS SCHEDULED

The spring gym schedule has been arranged as follows:

Electives:
Riding.
Dancing.
Hygiene—all Seniors.

Tennis—
Section 1—M., W., F., 9:30.
Section 2—M., W., F., 10:30.
Section 3—M., W., F., 1:45.
Section 4—T., Th., S., 8:30.
Section 5—T., Th., S., 9:30.

Archery—
Section 1—M., W., F., 9:30.
Section 2—M., T., Th., 10:30.
Section 3—M., W., Th., 2:45.
Section 4—T., Th., S., 8:30.
Section 5—T., Th., S., 3:45.

Baseball—
Eccowasin vs. Aristons—M., W., 2:45; Th., 3:45.
Angkors vs. Triads—M., 3:45; T., Th., 2:45.
Agora vs. Osiron—M., 4:45; W., 3:45; F., 2:45.
A. K. vs. Penta Tau—T., F., 3:45; Th., 4:45.
Anti Pandora vs. T. C.—M., W., 3:45; F., 4:45.
Del Ver vs. Tri K—T., F., 3:45; Th., 4:45.
F. F. vs. X. L.—T., 4:45; Th., 3:45; F., 2:45.

SPRING TERM RIDING BEGINS

Horseback riding, one of the most popular athletics, will begin the spring term Monday, April 3. Each year the number of girls interested in this activity increases. One of the main features of the spring athletic schedule is the annual Riding Show, which will come this year on May 6.

The Ward-Belmont stables have always had a ranking group of horses, and this term has added a new horse named "Chimes." He is a five-gaited mount and much is expected of him.

THIS AND THAT

A proposed law in Lisbon, Spain, would forbid pedestrians speaking while they cross the street.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The German Reichstag passed Hitler's demand for a four-year dictatorship.—*Time.*

The Naval Observatory time signals are considered the most accurate in the world and are radiocast six times a day; preparations are being made to send the signals every hour on the hour.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

More than 25 pennies can rightly be refused by the clerk at the post-office window as Section 147 of the Postal Laws and Regulations states that "minor coins (5 and 1 cent) are legal tender up to 25 cents."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

No newspapers were for sale in Vienna because newspaper typesetters have gone on a strike against the Government imposing preventive censorship on the socialist press.—*Constitution.*

Small change was so scarce in France following the World War that thousands of merchants wrapped postage stamps in waxed paper and used the small parcels as change.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A law that will require at hitch-hikers and pedestrians on Kansas roads to carry red lamps is being contemplated by the state legislators.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

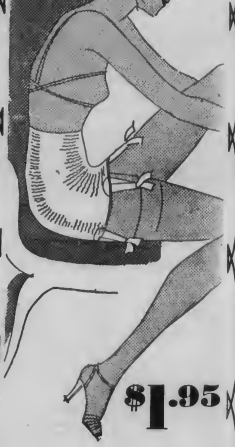
CALENDAR

Tuesday, April 4—Day students entertain.
Thursday, April 6—Evening student recital at 8:15. (Music students only required.)
Saturday, April 8—Senior-Senior-Middle Day.



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DIARY

WEDNESDAY—

This day began musically (Big Ben alarm) at five when I rose and wrote a long book report, about five pages of French translation, and about fifty pages of history. Lab this afternoon lasted until a quarter of six. I had a conference that began at five-thirty. I took time out for dinner, then went to club where various girls did various things. E'Lois Geibel danced and Beasly sang. We heard Smitty raise her voice in song over at the A. K. house.

To Rec hall this evening. To all those who were startled out of their studious stupor just before nine-thirty by the big bell, Jane Becker, Ganel Stuart, and Madora Thomas may supply information. The chances are that Katherine Muehlenbrock may know something about it, too.

To bed with the pleasant prospect of three unprepared lessons to do in the morning.

THURSDAY—

The lessons did themselves. With the scorn of the poverty-stricken for the wealthy, I passed the throng at Miss Lester's window who were ordering corsages for their dates.

Posed at least half an hour in the bitter wind for the picture of the HYPHEN reporters, this being the third noon I have given over to picture making. Mr. Thuss will soon call me Pal.

Attended the banquet in full dress tonight. There was only a *bit* of crowding near the front of the line in Rec hall. Maybe it wasn't crowding—only people swarming around Boy and Dick to touch the gardenias and see if they were real. I managed to eat the cold dinner and feel somewhat cheered. Helene Loeb was the only speechmaker who said anything worth while and didn't sound affected when she said it. Jane Hall and Yvette Franz both did some graceful dancing. Since my date had two tests and a book report for tomorrow, we left after the first dance. I suspect that the banquet will be called a success. Miss Rhea is really the perfect sponsor.

FRIDAY—

Another day—what more can I say? And I really didn't mean to speak in rhyme. It was a prosaic day, anyway. Miss Ransom's class was more or less startled out of its usual lethargy by being forced to write a theme on pink fingernails. Of course, it really is not our business to spend our spare time thinking up theme subjects, but if it were . . .

To lab to draw leaves, and leaves, and leaves. Charlotte Shenk says that she has been hearing buds, roots, and stems from Fran Holtzman for so long that she could pass a test on the course herself. It's a bright girl . . .

We went to the gym meet from force of habit, and wracked our brain through the entire thing trying to think up our gym number so we would get credit for attendance, but it wasn't asked for. We have yet to understand how so many people got out of it this year, and why it wasn't compulsory. We were awfully glad the Penta Taus won. However, we thought Charlie Holcomb was plenty cute. We can't remember whether or not last year's junior phys. eds. were as raw as this year's, but the Seniors sho' are good.

To dinner and to bed with Pilar's *mal de tete*, which reminds us of the French play this morning that we thought very good. Much to our surprise, and probably because we had been told when to laugh, we understood every bit of it. It was nice to note certain linguists in the audience who have never studied anything except Latin, Spanish or German, laugh with the rest of the crowd, just as if they caught the joke. I guess the joke's on them.

SATURDAY—

Well, we can't say exactly that this Saturday could be compared with last Saturday, and yet . . .

We did all our Monday's lessons first period this morning. We then labored through a period of biology lecture, and spent third period dressing for town. We decided to wear black, since spring was in the air. Before leaving for town, however, we dropped in for a Senior-Middle meeting. If everyone knew how amusing they were, maybe more girls would go. I guess a sense of humor is a gift of God, though.

To town and seated at "Rasputin" by 12:30. Needless to say, we enjoyed the picture immensely. To Kleeman's for some soup, sliced chicken sandwich and iced coffee. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in inquiring for shallow bowls, buying hats, nightgowns, and purple sweet peas. Back home without a sigh of regret.

We went to the Tri K tea intending to stay a moment and remained for hours, or so the Tri K's probably thought. Martha Pyeatt, Jane Curfman, and Audrey Tate are planning a reunion in Colorado this summer. Why doesn't some one tell them about the Colorado luncheon?

We hastened down to the F. F. house and did a lot of things to steaks and spaghetti. Keidel ate her first onion and liked it. Not so strange! The ice cream preserved on dry ice was a new feature of club dinners to us. Jeanette Knowles was surprised by our use of a tablecloth and silverware.

To the chapel for Miss Townsend's plays. We cannot say enough in praise of them, and that from us who are never flowery. We were particularly astonished at little Knox in the last one. She actually *rushed* on the stage for her first entrance, and we nearly slid from our seats, because we have *never* seen her rush before. Miss Ross should have seen her hurrying, because Miss Ross is the one who believes Knox to be constitutionally unable to hurry.

Down to the club again where Katie Gover, Jones, and Nig Banker made all sorts of cinnamon toast.

Back to bed at the usual time. The Seniors evidently didn't know that we suffered from amnesia, so they hid the banner. Better luck next time . . .

SUNDAY—

We awoke at six, but stayed in bed until nine, when we went down to the club. Mrs. Charlton delivered a long dissertation on why should everyone want to go to the A. K. house when there were nine others on the campus. We didn't tell her that the club with the most complete collection of other clubs' utensils is the most popular.

We felt sure the speaker at church was giving a series of lectures instead of just one. It was amusing to see Rae Baker and Lora Gillis turning various colors every time they were addressed.

After dinner (did anyone see Ella Mae Goodrum building air castles with her hands, and at the table?) we spent our last afternoon in Senior for quite some time. They will miss us.

To the club for tea and vespers. I think almost every club had "Ave Maria" for their special music.

We stayed at the club through study hour. Some things amuse us tremendously. For instance, some people think we are going to have broken hearts if they pass within six feet of us (having left the door open, too), and don't speak to us. If they only knew . . .

We also wish to thank the various people in Club Village who gave us food when we were hungry, thus re-establishing our faith in humanity.

Soper and Peckinpaugh seem to like the Great Outdoors.

MONDAY—

The first sounds that reached my consciousness were the shrieks of Jane Becker and Nadyne Lix as they were dragged home by the Seniors at 6:45. I guess the joke is on the Mighty Leaders. The suitemate went to some sort of practice, and I reluctantly rose and went to breakfast.

I enjoyed the unusual privilege of a vacant second period while all the teachers attended a faculty meeting. Was graciously let out of gym classes for the week, and so returned to the room intending to do in five hours what I had planned to do in a week. I was stricken with an awful attack of spring fever, and the only thing I could do was play a leech act and talk and walk with people. I knew that a number of girls were maliciously minded, but I didn't know that so many were maternally minded. I agree with Dr. Brumbaugh, who was a most excellent speaker, that girls should put their minds to international relationships rather than mother-in-law relationships.

Adhered to my diet with more than my usual pertinacity. (Associatien with May Dell Meyer having given me the vocabulary.) To the library to stare at books and more books. To home, and so to bed. In looking over the records of the past week, I find I was in long skirts every night. This diary ought to be called the "Diary of a Modern Mrs. Pepys."

TUESDAY—

This day shall go down in history for me as a day of surprises. I was so sleepy last night that I was surprised when I woke up this morning. I was so bored with the preparation that I was surprised to find myself interested in my classes.

And as for chapel—! That deserves a paragraph all its own. The new rules! Five minutes after we left the chapel, Nancy McFaddin was in anklets. After lunch a number of soft white legs were revealed to the blazing sun. There was a regular exodus down town and Woolworth's was raided for anklets, and more anklets. Copeland is going to amputate one "limb" because she has lost one-half of her favorite pair of anklets. Good idea!

To town this afternoon to get my friends some toys for their peanuts. I got something for everyone except my own dear peanut. Will she be surprised? Everyone got some beautiful dresses.

Home rather early and to council, where I supplied that august body with a burst of mirth.

After dinner a pep meeting. What a name for what a meeting!

Everyone is showing off the fluffy fur she has gathered from her legs after a six months' hibernation

To to the library, but Martineau has apparently checked out a book that all Pembroke is going to read before I get it, so back to my room where I flitted from one subject to another without mastering one.

Christine Siegmund displayed quite a fit of temper during recreation hour because of Catherine Brown's playfulness.

To bed at eleven, feeling as thrilled at staying up so late as if I had attended my first dance, or anyway something extra special.

Geibel danced at the T. C. Club the other night. She has that certain something.

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GLEE CLUB CONCERT LAUDED

The Glee Club concert which took place March 21 was very well received by the local critics. Alvin Wiggers of the *Tennessean* and Sydney Dalton of the *Banner* made the following comments on it:

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club, 1933, gave a concert Tuesday night in the school auditorium under the direction of Stetson Humphrey, head of the department of voice.

There were seventy girls and when the curtains parted they presented a lovely sight. Many of the voices are of beautiful quality, and they blended with admirable smoothness. Mr. Humphrey has had much experience in training choruses and his conducting is inspiring, conveying to his singers the exact shading he wants, and as a result the effects were very satisfying.

The numbers given were: *It Was A Lover and His Lass*, by Morley, *Go Down to Kew*, by Wendt, Manna-Zucca's humorous *Big Brown Bear*, Kountz' *The Sleigh*, a group of dance rhythms, including the Minuet from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, the Barcarolle from Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffman*, a Pavane by Delibes, a Gavotte by Gilberte and a Gipsy Dance by Kieserling. The altos were especially good in the Barcarolle.

Later they gave Henschel's *Morning Hymn*, *The Fountain*, by Bartlett, *The Cloister Gate*, by Grieg, *Ave Maria*, by Bach-Gounod and *Dear Land of Home* arranged from the lovely melody in Sibelius' tone-poem, *Finlandia*.

In the Grieg piece the soprano part was taken by Margaret Balsiger and the alto part by Margaret Pierce. Both young ladies have pretty voices and they sang very effectively. In the *Ave Maria*, Annette McAdoo played a good violin obligato and Frances Helen Jackson a fine accompaniment on the harp. In the Delibes chorus, Elizabeth Shirk sang the soprano solo in fine style. Piano solos were given by Catherine Guthrie, of Greensburg, Indiana, pupil of Lawrence Goodman. She is a talented composer as well, having written several pieces which Mr. Goodman has played, and a very original composition which the Ward-Belmont orchestra has given under Kenneth Rose. Her solos were Schumann's *Romance in F Sharp* and Chopin's Etude in C Sharp Minor, and she played them with good tone and brilliant technique. She also furnished splendid accompaniments for all the choruses.

Annette McAdoo, of Lebanon, Tennessee, pupil of Kenneth Rose, gave two violin solos, the *Andante Religioso* from Vieuxtemps' Concerto, No. 4 and *Czardas* by Monti. She possesses good technical equipment and gave interesting interpretations. Hazel Coate Rose played sympathetic accompaniments and F. Arthur Henkel gave admirable support on the organ to the last three choruses.

ALVIN S. WIGGERS, *Tennessean.*

Seventy fresh young voices, composing the Ward-Belmont Glee Club, were heard in concert on Tuesday evening in the school auditorium. Stetson Humphrey, head of the voice department, conducted. Catherine Guthrie, a pupil of Lawrence Goodman, and accompanist for the club, played a group of piano solos. Annette McAdoo, who studies violin with Kenneth Rose, was the other instrumental soloist. Incidental solo parts were sung by Elizabeth Shirk and Margaret Balsinger, sopranos, and Margaret Pierce, contralto.

There were fourteen numbers given by the chorus. Of these several were especially well done, such as the *Gavotte*, by Gilberte; the *Gipsy Dance*, by Kieserling; *The Cloister Gate*, by Grieg, in which Miss Balsiger and Miss Pierce did very good work in the solo parts, singing with surety and understanding, and the charming *Dear Land of Home*, from Sibelius' *Finlandia* which brought the program to a close. Another feature of the evening was the singing of Miss Shirk in the *Pavane* by Delibes.

Miss Guthrie, who is also a talented young composer, gave an excellent account of herself in Schumann's *Romance* in F Sharp and Chopin's *Scherzo* in C Sharp minor. Her tone was of good quality and her technique well developed. In the *Adagio Religioso*, from the Fourth Concerto by Vieuxtemps, and in Monti's *Czardas*, Miss McAdoo drew a rich tone from her fine instrument and played with ease and accurate intonation. Both young ladies showed the results of capable training.

Hazel Coate Rose lent Miss McAdoo valuable support at the piano. Arthur Henkel, at the organ, enhanced the effect of three of the choruses, and Frances Helen Jackson, harpist, joined with Miss McAdoo, Miss Guthrie and Mr. Henkel in supplying a colorful accompaniment for Mr. Humphrey's choral arrangement of the Bach-Gounod *Ave Maria*.

SYDNEY DALTON, *Nashville Banner.*

HOMECOMING PLANS REVEALED

(Continued from page 1)

who are among the returning alumnae. At 12 o'clock will be the regular luncheon and business meeting at which a new president and officers must be elected this year. Following this, for those who wish, there will be cars at their disposal to take a drive through Percy Warner Park and around Belle Meade until time to return for the Tea Dance which the T. C. Club is holding from four to six. After dinner, which is at six o'clock, a short entertainment will be given in the chapel and then the alumnae are invited to the Osiron Dance held in the gymnasium.

Sunday there will be the yearly early morning Easter services which the visitors may attend. Later the Tri K's will entertain them at a breakfast given in honor of the returning Tri K alumnae. After-dinner coffee will be served in Rec Hall for the Senior Class and the alumnae by the Alumnae Association at which a short musical program will be presented. Later in the afternoon the alumnae are invited to the A. K. Easter tea which will close the functions planned especially for the Homecoming weekend.

This, then, is the tentative outline of events for the week-end—if any who read this have a suggestion to make, please hand it in for consideration.

There was a birthday some place Saturday night and your reporter missed the actual "scene-ing" of the affair but report has it, and many confirm its integrity, that not many spreads have been so elaborate.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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SENIOR—SENIOR-MIDS CLASH

COLLEGE CLASSES BATTLE FOR HONOR OF DAY

Today's the day! The big moment in the life of every Senior and every Senior-Mid is here—Senior-Senior-Middle Day.

Both Seniors and Senior-Mids arose early and impatiently waited for the bell to sound when demonstration for Senior-Senior-Middle Day was legitimate. Then, suddenly the campus was littered with girls rushing hither and yon to raise their class colors. It was amazing how rapidly the orderly campus was converted into a motley conglomeration of purple and white, and yellow and white. Banners are flying and colored streamers are floating from every conceivable space—from the athletic fields to the dining hall. The Senior Banner rules supreme on the highest pinnacle of the Tower, while the Senior-Middle Banner gloriously waves on South Front.

There are early morning parades, demonstrations, rivalry, yells. Then comes the important feature of the day, the athletic games. The class spirit of each girl is strung to its highest pitch as her team appears in class colors. From one sport to another—basketball, baseball, water polo, hockey, and bowling—until the winner is determined.

Tonight the verdict shall be given; tonight the winner of Senior-Senior-Middle Day is made known! Who shall it be? Who shall enter the dining hall singing in triumph—Seniors or Senior-Mids?

SPIRIT OF OLD '33 HIGH

The big day of the year—Senior-Senior-Middle Day! By evening the tale will be told—the Seniors will again be victorious or the Senior-Middles will be down in defeat.

Hilarious preparations have been on foot in the Senior ranks for two weeks now so success is assured.

"Cherry" and her mighty quartet have put into shape invincible teams which have challenged those of the primer crew to fight to the bitter end. The contests will doubtless be the tensest, most breath-taking, suspense-inspiring matches the school has ever witnessed.

Ida B. C. and Queenye have developed and organized a pep team among the Seniors which will spur their several teams to victory. Vibrant songs and rousing yells have penetrated Senior's corridors for nights in preparation for this day on which their colors are to signify victory in every event.

The inspiration of the Senior body finds itself in "Sug" and Miss Sanders for whose sakes the members of the class will continue to uphold the former standard of old Senior classes—good Sportsmanship.

CALENDAR

Tuesday, April 11, Orchestra Recital.

Thursday, April 13, Student Recital in the afternoon.

Friday, April 14, Homecoming, 14-16. Alumnae-Faculty Reception.

Saturday, April 15, Annual Alumnae Association Luncheon. T. C. Tea Dance. Osiron Dance.

Sunday, April 16, Early Morning Easter Service. Senior-Alumnae After-Dinner Coffee. A. K. Tea.

SENIOR-MID TEAMS UNDER ABLE LEADERS

The Senior-Middles are very enthusiastic over Senior-Senior-Middle Day. Pep meetings have been held in Pembroke Hall every evening after dinner with Helen Justice in charge of the songs and yells.

Grace Bosserman was selected to have charge of all sports. She has appointed Marie Peckinpaugh to have charge of water polo, Shirley Lege for baseball, Alma Lunderman for hockey, Dorothy Jones for basketball, and Dorothy Glander for bowling. The Senior-Mids have some very good athletes, and are giving the Seniors a good fight.

SENIOR-MID SPIRIT RAMPANT AS BIG DAY DAWNS

Traditions, traditions! so many have been met within these last two weeks, the two classes concerned became so pepped up w th the idea of Senior-Senior-Middle Day until the enthusiasm soon spread to all other classes. The Senior-Mids, although most of them are new to the idea, have entered into the spirit of the occasion, turned out to the early morning practices, and lent their lusty lungs to pep meetings with a will that refuses to be turned back despite aforementioned traditions. With all the fire and zest of uncultured youth, the Senior-Mids tear down the defense of the dear Seniors' example, student insurrection last Saturday night.

There are many famous names on the teams. All are in good condition and ready for victory. Friendly enmity had been the undercurrent of all activities. At all times and in most unusual places, Senior-Mids were seen plodding, poking, climbing, squirming; they must have been looking for something. Did they find it? Classes may come and classes may go, but never was there a Senior-Mid class like this. May they never lose their spirit.

GIRLS VISIT CHILDREN'S HOME

Saturday afternoon, April 1, brought another outing to the Tennessee Children's Home. When the "ladies" arrived the little girls were going through a dance routine, so the girls were invited to see them. They surely could tap. Then the boys and girls gave a show. First the boys played elephant "to music," changing with tempo into marching, skipping boys, bears which frightened the girl fairies. After the show everyone went out on the playground. Each "lady," with her brood, tried to find swings enough, and "swing me," "higher," "I'm almost died down," filled the air. Jeanne visited the playhouse, much to the children's enjoyment. While on the playground Jimmie Austin showed the boys how to whistle through grass, admitting that it was hard to do. The end of the play hour came all too soon and, with promises to come again, the girls left. Julia Bales Noe, Lillian Jones, Jeanne Myers, Lois Milton, and Marcie Matthews were those who were on the trip.

DANCE RECITAL ACCLAIMED BY HUGE AUDIENCE

An appreciative, enthusiastic, and astonished audience viewed the dancing recital which was presented Friday evening, March 31, by the Ward-Belmont department of dancing under the direction of Sarah Jeter and Louise Smith. It was appreciative of the excellence and beauty of the work done by the girls, enthusiastic over the novelty and wide scope of the program, and astonished by the spectacular numbers, the excellent lighting effects, and the professional ease with which the entire recital was put on.

There is little doubt that the audience's favorite number was the unusual tap and line routine entitled "Spaghetti Italienne." From the moment the spotlight revealed the chef ready to lift his silver cover and disclosed the dish of spaghetti beneath, through the tap routine, the audience was entranced. Then, when at the finish of the first number they formed into a line which reached diagonally clear across the stage and put on as perfectly-trained a kick routine as has ever been presented in Nashville, the applause became thunderous.

The children's part of the program

(Continued on page 6)

NEW RULINGS GO INTO EFFECT

Wearing anklets is a great idea and the girls are most enthusiastic about it. They seem to have put them on never to take them off again, in spite of the rainy weather and Miss Sanders' personal opinion. This innovation in the Ward-Belmont uniform was not adopted thoughtlessly at a moment's notice, but rather is the result of patient months—even years—of legislation and petitioning. Now that it is really legal, everyone is enjoying it to the fullest.

Imagine the surprised expressions on the faces of the alums at Homecoming, when they see all the millions of legs and not one long, black gym stocking. They'll gasp, faint, then rise and cheer.

Their second gasp will come when, on driving on the campus between 10:30 and 11:00 p.m., lights in the college dormitories will still be burning brightly. Another feather in the cap of the Ward-Belmont students of this year—all college girls will be governed by the following revised edition of evening study-hour rulings: The evening study hour in college dormitories will begin at 7:30 and continue until 9:30; from 9:30 to 10:00 will be a recreation period, and study will be resumed until 11:00, at which time the light bell will ring.

SENIOR BOARDERS ENTERTAINED

Sarah Bryan, president of the Senior Class, entertained during the past week, the Senior boarding students with a series of parties at her home. The Senior girls have enjoyed these more than the hostess knows. Each party had several tables of bridge and refreshments were served later in the evening.

Those girls receiving bridge prizes were Henrietta Cherrington, Nelle McMurry, Jane Roudebush, Frances Holtzman, Jane Carroll, and Edith Morrow Hyde.

PROMINENT STUDENTS VOICE CAMPUS SPIRIT

The whole campus is excited over Senior-Senior-Middle Day. Here are a few remarks on the subject from some of our outstanding students:

Shirley Lege says, "Good sportsmanship and the spirit of fair play should predominate; we are only playing after all." That is a fine idea, Lege, let's all of us try to live up to that.

Grace Bosserman, "The Senior-Mids have the team work to win, if they will just get the spirit." Come on, Senior-Mids, let's see you get some of that good old fighting spirit.

Betty Hamilton gives us all a good example when she says, "I want the Senior-Mids to win, but if they lose, I hope they will lose like good sports, because after all it is only friendly competition."

From the Seniors we gain the same idea of good sportsmanship and fair play.

Mary Peckham, "We are out to win, but we are not so interested in the outcome as in how we play the game." If all of us live up to that, the day will certainly be a success.

Louise Lathrop, "The Seniors are going to win, but it will be a good fight."

Henrietta Cherrington sounded more determined when she said, "The Seniors are going to win; that is all there is to say."

These are a few remarks, so read them and draw your own conclusions, but let's all hope this Senior-Senior-Middle Day will be the best ever.

W.-B. ORCHESTRA IN CONCERT APRIL 11

On Tuesday evening, April 11, the Ward-Belmont Orchestra, under the capable baton of Kenneth Rose, will be presented in their spring concert. A very interesting program has been planned that does justice to Mr. Rose and those under his stick.

Overture-Sakuntala .....*Goldmark*
Italian Symphony .....*Mendelssohn*
First movement
Symphony Espagnole .....*Lalo*
allegro non troppo
Ella Lu Cheek
Tone Poem-for Orchestra
.....*Weldon Hart*
Dance of the Bajaderes (No. 2.)
.....*Rubinstein*

Ella Lu Cheek does a fine piece of work as soloist in the Symphony Espagnole. Her fineness of technique and tone stand out against the background given by the orchestral accompaniment. Through the courtesy of Lyon and Healy, of Chicago, Miss Cheek will play on the Artot Stradivarius. This violin was used by the French violinist, Lafont, in a musical duel unsuccessfully waged with the great master, Paganini.

The Tone Poem is done by Weldon Hart, one of the first violinists of the orchestra, in a very modern manner. This selection is interesting for its combinations of tones.

W.-B. RIDERS TO ENTER SHOW

The Junior Riding Club of Nashville, of which Miss Catherine Noel is president, will hold its spring horse show May 13 and 14. There will be a pair class and a walk-trot class open to entries from schools and academies. Miss Carling hopes to enter some of her best riders in these classes.

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STRONG SENIOR TEAMS ENTER CONTEST

The Seniors are looking forward with great anticipation to the annual contest between the Seniors and Senior-Mids. The pep meetings held in Senior each night are overflowing with enthusiasm and pep. There is a firm determination to win prevalent in the whole class and each girl is doing her utmost in the various sports and committees. Confidence and good sportsmanship run high and they all expect it to be exciting and loads of fun.

Henrietta Cherrington is in charge of the sports. Those under her are: Milbrey Wright, hockey manager, with Katherine Willis, sub-manager; Cleo Neumann, bowling; Lillian Jones, basketball; Madora Thomas, baseball; Louise Lathrop, water polo.

NITE CLUB OPENING BIG SUCCESS

The Eccowasin and Ariston clubs sponsored the opening of the Silver Moon Nite Club on Tuesday evening, April 4. The presidents, Elizabeth Glasgow and Dorothy Hill, received with Mrs. Shackleford and Miss McEttrick, the sponsors. The club was decorated in midnight blue and silver, and a feature was the large silver cresent on a blue background which hung above the fireplace in the hall. At nine o'clock the floor show began. Dorothy Jones was master of ceremonies, and introduced the guest stars who made up the evening's entertainment. They were Ruth and Red (Ruth Carlin and Winbourne Paris) who sang three very clever songs; Claudia Whitson, who did a beautiful dance; Dolores "Ruth Etting" Smith, whose voice was especially appealing in "I'm There With Love"; Jane Bagley, with an East Indian dance; Evalyn Brandon, who tapped; "Bing" Soper, who sang with and without his megaphone; and June Rose Copeland, whose imitation of Cab Calloway was no less than perfect.

Afterwards refreshments were served by a group of attractively dressed waitresses. A large number of boarders and day students were present, and everyone seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

MARY ALICE RINGO PRESENTS DIPLOMA RECITAL

Thursday evening, March 23rd, marked the opening of the expression students' recitals. Miss Mary Alice Ringo read "The Charm School." A well-known and appreciated drama of modern boarding school life. There were a number of parts and Mary Alice carried them with the ease of one who knows how such things should be done.

The studio was very prettily appointed by spring flowers. On the stage was a brass bowl of cherry blossoms which lent a distinctive air to the occasion. A large bouquet of American beauty roses was on a small table at the right of the stage. About the studio were bunches of jonquils and other early spring favorites.

The guests enjoyed Mary Alice's production and have appreciated her work in previous appearances.

MR. PORTER SPEAKS TO Y. W. C. A.

Members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet attended the Intercollegiate Worship service held at Scarritt College last Sunday morning. The particular service was in the interests of the World Student Christian Federation. Chorus and solo music was furnished by the A. and I. Negro Concert Singers. The music proved one of the most enjoyable features of the entire program. Mr. David R. Porter of New York City made a most interesting and helpful address on *Some Convictions of American Students.* He expressed the belief that American students are getting down to the inner realities of life and are attempting to face and solve problems which have so long been shunned. He brought out the student's increasing interest in social and international problems. But, Mr. Porter also warned youth against superficiality and the useless expenditure of money, as well as time.

A lovely choral number by the concert singers closed the service.

GIRLS HEAR DR. JONES

On Sunday, April 2, at six o'clock in the afternoon, in the War Memorial Auditorium, Dr. E. Stanley Jones spoke at a Student-Young People's mass meeting. About two thousand students were present from the schools in Nashville and from surrounding towns. The program was as follows:

Presiding: Morton B. King, Jr., Vanderbilt, President Inter-Collegiate Council.

Piano Prelude: Rosa May Butler, Scarritt College.

Hymn (audience standing): "Eternal God, Whose Power Upholds." (Tune: "America, The Beautiful"). Leader, R. Hayes Striger, Fisk.

1.
Eternal God, whose power upholds
Both flower and flaming star,
To whom there is no here and there,
No time, no near, no far,
No alien face, no foreign shore,
No child unsought, unknown,
O send us forth, Thy prophets true,
To make all lands Thine own.

2.
O God of love, whose spirit wakes
In every human breast,
Whom love, and love alone, can know
In whom all hearts find rest,
Help us to spread Thy gracious reign
Till greed and hate shall cease,
And kindness dwell in human hearts,
And all the earth find peace.

3.
O God of beauty, oft revealed
In dreams of human art,
In speech that flows to melody,
In holiness of heart,
Teach us to ban all ugliness
That blinds our eyes to Thee,
Till all shall know the loveliness
Of lives made fair and free.

4.
O God of righteousness and grace,
Send in the Christ, Thy Son,
Whose life and death revealed Thy face,
By whom Thy will was done;
Inspire Thy heralds of good news
To live Thy life divine,
Till Christ be formed in all mankind
And every land is Thine.

Invocation (in Chinese): Benjamin Kwok, Vanderbilt.

Introduction of the speaker: By the Chairman.

Spirituals: Fisk University Octet, Mrs. James A. Myers, directing: "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See," "On My Journey," "I Know the Lord Laid His Hands On Me."

Address: Dr. E. Stanley Jones, of India.

Forum Announcement.

Dr. Jones talked about many of the religious problems which are facing students today. He brought in the conditions of religion in China, Russia, and India, and explained those conditions there. He emphasized the words Christ used when He said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Dr. Jones discussed the application of religion to modern life. He closed with a prayer for those individuals in the audience who wished it for themselves.

Dr. Jones' unusual vitality and freshness of spirit make him a living example of the faith he believes in. His splendid delivery and sincerity won the audience to him. Those who heard him took advantage of a real opportunity.

Members of the Ward-Belmont Y. W. C. A. Cabinet sat on the platform with other representative students of Nashville. About 75 Ward-Belmont girls attended this meeting.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Associate Editor—Louise Lathrop
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Helene De Mun, Virginia Hamilton, Mary Martineau, Milbrey Wright, Marion Gilchrist, Lydia Fountain, Susan Hardy, Betty Ann Wright, Helene Loeb, Victoria Keidel.

EDITORIAL

SPORTSMANSHIP

Two teams, well-matched, meet on the hockey field or on the baseball diamond, each excited, uncertain, and hopeful over the outcome of the game; and at the end of an hour's play one team is victorious, while the other has lost, as far as points are concerned, a thing trivial enough in itself but may be the cause of hard feelings and jealousy which can spoil the fun of a day such as this which we all want to enjoy and remember as one of our happiest. Good sportsmanship is a thing which we, as representatives of this schools, stand for and take for granted as a part of every girl's personality.

In every sport of this day may the best team win, and may the spirit of fun and sportsmanship dominate to make the day one which we all, whether losers or victors, shall love always as exemplary of the feeling and spirit characteristic of the classes of which we are members.

LEST WE FORGET

During the preparation for Senior-Senior-Middle Day and in the excitement over Homecoming the preps and their activities are sometimes seemingly pushed into the background. However, the preps are an important group here on the campus. Some of them go out and cheer for the Seniors while others take up the battles of the Senior-Mids. If it were not for these girls who are members of neither contending group the two classes would have few outside their own class to add to the excitement of that great day.

Some of our preps have been on the campus much longer than many of the Seniors or Senior-Middles, so, of course, Homecoming means more, in reality, to them than it does to many other girls.

While we are having Senior and Senior-Middle activities uppermost in our minds, let's not completely ignore these other girls.

LET'S WELCOME THE ALUMS

In just a week we will be welcoming back to our campus the Homecoming alumnae. These girls have all been students in Ward-Belmont last year, five years ago, ten years and many more years ago in some cases, and are anxious to be back just to feel the thrill of being on the campus again. They have, in coming, accepted the invitation of the Alumnae Association and of the School to spend this Easter week-end with us. The Association will have plans for their entertainment which they hope will meet with their approval. However, the most important part of the Homecoming is the greeting which the students on the campus accord them. We urge that each girl make it a point to speak and be just as cordial as possible to these returning alumnae—banish any thought of strangeness and remember we are all Ward-Belmont students no matter what year we attended. Half the success of the week-end depends on every one of you. Will you help the School in making the alums feel at home? Yes, we know you will. Remember some day each of you may be a Homecoming alumna—so come every one let's give them a BIG WELCOME!

CAMPUS COLUMN

RAH! RAH! FOR SENIORS, SENIORS WILL WIN. . . . COME ON, YOU SENIOR-MIDS, YOU ARE GOING TO WIN!!!!!!!!!!

POOR SNOOPY HAS BEEN DETAILED TO SIT IN DOORS AND WRITE THIS COLUMN WHEN THE SPRING IS CALLING, OR IS IT JUST "BOY" YELLING FOR EARLY MORNING PRACTICE. . .

Well, which ever it is that is calling—a much more pleasant job would be out playing baseball.

Speaking of baseball have you seen "Cleo" swat the ball or "Ail" get in under one of those swift flies? It's worth watching.

Pep meetings and early morning practices will be over for a little while now; and oh, how lovely the bed looks at six and seven with me lying in it rather than somewhere else.

Why didn't "Cherry" accept the Senior-Mid invitation to their pep meeting the other day? Yeah, we wonder. . . .

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT HOW NICE IT WOULD BE TO . . .

Collect all the themes, letters, and pictures turned out in Spanish class?

Be able to dance like Miss Jeter and Fletcher Harvey? I hear that the girls are all going on a diet in hopes that some day. . . . Don't get jealous, Mary.

Sketch out-of-doors? One can get so much reading done. Can't they, Mai Noy?

Carry Peanut Week right on over into the whole year? It would be keen if every one had as great a "Shell" as I had.

Own a tea room? I think I heard some girl say that she was going to start one this summer. Was that you, Lauryne?

Just go home for the week-end? Yes, you have not . . .

I HEARD THAT . . .

"Smitty" got up in the middle of the night. Too enthusiastic dieting, or was it the opposite?

"Gabriel Over the White House" is a swell picture, but, oh, you should have seen the "Keyhole." Cherry bought a new shirt and blouse on the strength of it.

Fez hats are going to be quite the thing. I love 'em!!

E'lois just had a ppppeeerrrffecct time!

Dot and Ruth did some tall stepping.

"Brad" pulled a fast one on some of her teachers April 1st.

Oh, you have no idea what I hear around this school!

HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT . . .

The closer spirit between the day students and boarders this year? We certainly did have a wonderful time the other night at the day student formal dance. And oh, the *fellows!!!!*

Getting your rooms signed up for next year, Senior-Mids?

All the sewing going on in the various halls? Can it possibly mean that th's wild modern generation is going back to the stay-at-home, fireside-sewing girl of our grandmothers' time? Can it?????

The good looking clothes some of our members can afford to buy? Mighty swellelegant, but I prefer (?) to make mine. (Oh, yeah!!!?)

A way for me to get some more news about the girls on this campus whom I never see??????

Mother's Day coming soon??

OH, YES, IT IS TIME TO TOODLE-OO, SO
BEST OF LUCK, AND CLEAN YOUR WHITE SUMMER SHOES.
"SNOOPY."

EAGLE FEATHER

BUDDIES

By Sara Poorman, '33

The deep, mellow kneel of the old bell in the little church told the people of Ashby that the last solemn rites for young Lieut. Prather would soon be completed. There in France he had died a heroic death of which only one person really knew the truth. The story was never completely known, except that Joe had died in a successful attempt to save the life of his buddy, Ralph Sturm.

For eighteen years Joe Prather and Ralph Sturm had been "pals." One never spoke of the boys individually, it was always "Joe 'n Ralph." They'd started to school together. The first day they had staged a grand mud fight at recess over who was going to sit by Rose Murphy; and finally Rose had decided to sit alone.

Ralph was a clean-cut, good sport; Joe was clever and quickwitted. From the first they had sworn eternal friendship.

In high school there had been no rivalry for team positions. Joe 'n Ralph were built like young giants, fine physiques and finer morals. The school boasted widely of Joe 'n Ralph, the Galloping Ghosts. Each wore four black service stripes on his red sweater. Their scholastic standing differed only three-sixteenths of one per cent, Joe's being the higher.

Only once had they really quarreled; at the Junior-Senior party they each wanted to take Rose home. In the end Joe had strolled nonchalantly down the walk with Rose while Ralph, locked securely in the shower room, could do nothing but think sad, sweet thoughts of Joe.

Then in April the war had been declared.

Joe 'n Ralph, never hesitating, enlisted. When the day arrived for their departure, the simple thought of Rose was all that quelled their eagerness. Together they walked towards the station, silent and looking at old familiar sights for perhaps a last time. Then Joe spoke, "Er—I've left a book at home, I've got to have it; you go ahead, Sturm, see ya in a few minutes." Joe raced home, grabbed the first volume he saw, then cut across the lot to the next block and the Murphy home. Rose was sitting on the steps with her hands clasped in her lap "just thinking." She made a sweet picture in the sunlight. Her fair hair, tied neatly back with a blue ribbon, was spun gold in the sun's glow; she looked very small and very alone.

"Hello, Rose, I had to come and tell you good-bye; Sturm and I leave—in half an hour. Will ya write to me, Rose—couldn't ya, once or twice? I love you very much and I just thought you ought to know how I feel about it—you see I may—stay in France. Then he kissed her very tenderly and ran.

On the way to the station he met Ralph hurrying rapidly toward him.

"Where ya going?"

Ralph hesitated and finally stammered, "I forgot my toothbrush—" and went on. As for Ralph, no second thought was given to the toothbrush and he soon arrived at the place so lately visited by Joe.

Rose was still seated on the steps fingering the little ruffles of her dainty blue dress.

As Ralph came up the walk she smiled, "I thought you'd gone."

"No, Rose, I—er—well, I just thought I'd ask you to—well, you can have 'Rags' while I'm gone if you like dogs."

"I'd love it, Ralph; I'll go after him in the morning. But wait just a minute, I've a picture—you can have it—if—you want it."

Ralph's face was wreathed with a boyish grin, "I'd love it, Rose."

The picture was lovely as Rose herself, and when Ralph opened it as he strode off down the walk, there in one corner was written something which Ralph had always hoped could be true; he was very happy.

Meanwhile Joe had arrived at the station; happening to think of the book he was holding, he opened it to the title page and read "Favorite Recipes for Summer Salads." Then he laughed and decided to "let Sturm' lug it around." Opening Sturm's bag to put the book inside, the first thing that caught his eye was a toothbrush.

(To be continued)

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PEANUT PROMENADE SOLVES MYSTERIES OF WEEK

On Saturday night, April 1, Peanut Week ended with a promenade in Recreation Hall at seven o'clock. The purpose of the promenade was to give the "peanuts" an opportunity to find out who the mysterious person was who signed "Your Shell" to all the clever notes they received, and to thank her for all the little things she so thoughtfully put in the mail box during the past week. The "shells" had ways figured out by which the "peanuts" were to discover them, such as pass words or specific details of clothing and also in other odd ways identities were revealed and all girls had an opportunity to thank a benefactress. Then "shells" and "peanuts" danced together in the big "Y" room or just got together and talked in Rec Hall. It will be hard to get used to not being so popular as we were last week. It was such fun receiving all kinds of little gifts and notes and also in planning surprises for some one else.

MUSIC NOTES

A very interesting musical program was given Friday morning in chapel. Pupils of Rose, Humphrey and Douthit appeared on the program.

Piano:
Waltz .....*Chopin*
Hazel Williams

Violin:
La Gitana .....*Kreisler*
Frances Falvey

Voice:
Aria from Elijah.....*Mendelssohn*
William Fariss

Piano:
Three Preludes .....*Chopin*
Juanita Roberts

Mildred Dorris gave a program of voice and piano selections last Wednesday at the Sumner County High School at Portland, Tennessee. She sang "Villanelle," by Dell' Acqua; "Cradle Song," by Brahms, and "Gypsy Weather," by Snodgrass. Her piano numbers were "Andante in G Minor," by Schumann, and "Rhapsody No. 6," by Liszt. Miss Dorris is a pupil of both Florence Boyer and Amelie Throne.

Mrs. Emmeline Boyer Kinnebrew sang on the tornado relief program at the Orpheum Theater a few weeks ago. She and John Lewis sang "Song of Love" from *Blossom Time*, one of the Schubert operas, and received a tremendous ovation. Mrs. Kinnebrew is a pupil of Florence Boyer.

Arthur Henkel gave an organ recital Friday morning at the Tennessee Federation of Music Clubs at Columbia, Tenn. Mr. Henkel played the "Concert Overture" of Rogers, "Andante," by Widor; "Bach's "Toccota" and "Mountain Sketches," by Clokey. His last number was the "Finale," from the Sonata of Baldwin.

On Sunday, March 26, an interesting program might have been heard over radio station WDAC. An old Ward-Belmont student, and pupil of Florence Boyer, Marylyn Sweitzer, appeared in a number of voice selections.

The Ward-Belmont voice department wishes to announce a recital by Irene Crane Humphrey on the twentieth of April.

Margaret Balsiger and Catherine Guthrie again appeared over radio station WLAC, Monday afternoon at 4:00. They are from the Humphrey and Goodman studios.

Claude Sharp, a pupil of Stetson Humphrey, has recently been acclaimed by a popular radio journal, the most popular radio tenor of the South. Mr. Sharp has recently been heard on a national hook-up.

William Vaughn, of the Humphrey studio, sang the offertory at the Presbyterian Church Sunday night. He sang "If With All Your Hearts," from Elijah, by Mendelssohn.

Margaret Balsiger, pupil of Irene Crane Humphrey, sang the offertory at the Congregational Church last Sunday. Handel's "With Verdure Clad" was used.

Sunday afternoon, April 9, a very beautiful cantata, "Story of the Cross," by Dudley Buck, will be given at the Christ Church. Irene Crane Humphrey will take the soprano solos. The choir will be directed by Arthur Henkel.

Under the direction of Stetson Humphrey the oratorio "Elijah" will be given at Vanderbilt on April 12 and 13.

Several of the members of the music departments of Ward-Belmont have been going to the neighboring high schools to give musical programs. On March 22, Lawrence Goodman, Irene Crane and Stetson Humphrey, Kenneth Rose, Jane Briggs, Dorothy Beasley, in company with Dean J. E. Burke, attended the Franklin High School. On March 31, Irene Crane Humphrey, Annette McAdoo, Ella Mae Goodrum and Dean Burke went to the Isaac Litton High School. Florence Boyer, Mildred Dorris, Billie Newman, Charley Vene Tinnon, and Dean Burke visited the Goodlettsville High School on April 3. Other representatives will visit Bellevue High School on April 6, Springfield and Clarksville High Schools on April 18, and the high school in Murfreesboro on April 21.

CLUB CHATTER

What a week-end or strong-end, one of the two! All of the good souls went to hear Stanley Jones and came back to argue the point.

T. C.'s worked a jig-saw puzzle at club Wednesday night.

A keen and much-enjoyed party was held at the Osiron house Saturday evening by the Oklahoma Club. Hamburgers were plentiful and onions, too.

Wednesday, April 5, the Tri K's had another club dinner and served a feast of chicken, they say.

The ten popular, and much-in-demand crowd, made up of Senior-Mid proctors and presidents, had a dinner left over from the party of the preceding Saturday, when the day student comrades joined the festivities.

Part of my weekly contributions were campused and others just plain out of town.

There was Funky, Peckinpaugh, et cetera, at the Penta Tau house Saturday. I saw "Peck" doing her popular tap number out on the stepping stones. Was it a "heavy hangs over thy head part," Peck? or plain performing.

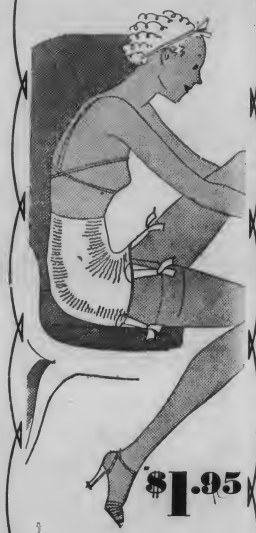
Another day, another dollar, oh, yes? You know one amusement that does not weigh heavily on our already greatly deflated pocketbooks is spending an evening in the company of our friends and enjoying the club radio. Another aid is having a box from our doting mother to help out on the food question.

Such was the case Saturday evening when Shorty Kassel presided over an immense cake her mother had sent. She was ably assisted in the service by Clem Dowe (our little "rah-rah" girl). And the Del Ver house shook with the merriment of a number of other celebrities in the form and *figures* of Katie Brown, Nell Anderson, Chris Seigmund, Martha Pyeatt, Kathleen Phillips and Kate Gover.



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DIARY

Wednesday—

Everyone blossomed out in anklets this morning. Even though she has twenty-three pair of them, Mary Jane Foote almost forgot to put hers on at the last minute. I felt actually wicked all day, and could hardly look anyone in the face. What if she should report me? Oh, well, everyone had them on.

The morning was miserably spent in classes, and the afternoon in lab. Lab, I want you to know, consisted of sitting out on the lawn, in the middle of the wild pansy patch, and plucking beautiful flowers which I immediately dissected for pistil, stamen, etc. I am almost overcome by convulsions every time I hear "the girls" talking in technical terms. While I plucked flowers, you may be sure that my white legs were exposed to the hot sun. When I came in I had an awful ring around the ankle, so I was sure I was well on my way toward the mahogany color that is my goal for this summer. The ring washed off.

To club where I was startled into listening to the business meeting. The Penta Taus also had a business meeting. We heard rumors that Mary Martineau read both at the A. K. house and at the Del Ver. We know she read at the A. K. house because we heard Betty Willert say so.

To bed at eleven, having studied *all* my lessons.

Thursday—

The day was cold, but no one seemed to mind it. More socks, or as Miss Sanders said, anklets, bobbie socks, socklettes, etc. We also liked your comparison of short skirts and socks to infants, Miss Sanders.

Although I had intended to spend the afternoon doing nothing desperately, I went to town with a very nice special chaperon. I wore my new spring hat, so of course there had to be rain. I got soaked to the skin. I went into Montgomery Ward's for the first time. We got stalled in Stokes and Stockell's long enough for me to read through all the magazines. To school, sitting on a wet car seat.

No sooner home than to a meeting, dinner, and then Mary Alice Ringo's recital. Aside and irrespective of the formal press notices, we want to say that we enjoyed it; that she put something extra in an already familiar play that added to its enjoyment, and that we wish everyone had heard it.

To the room for a doleful three hours of theme writing and history reading. Whuppee, but collitch is fun!

Friday—

A full morning and afternoon of classes. Speaking of concentration, if you have to be in study hour by a certain time, you can do in forty-five minutes what it normally takes three and one-half hours to do. Ask any of the biology lab followers.

There was a great deal of indecision as to costume to wear to the dance recital. One thing regulation does do, it solves the clothes question. Everyone was going to wear semi-formals, but at the last minute everyone blossomed in mere informal dresses. We haven't seen so many funny looking clothes, nor so many very good looking ones for a long time. Gene Bradford pulled a cute trick in the street car, and Delores Smith led some singing, so the trip down and back was quite home-like.

As for the recital itself, we have never seen anything that equalled it. I guess we ought to add that we have seen dance recitals before, but this one really was the best. Everything clicked just perfectly. Laurels go to the solo dancers, Clem Dow, Yvette Franz, and Miss Jeter herself. One thing we liked especially about "Jete's" dance was all of it, all elevated into a dream world; and then she walks off the stage in a most matter-of-fact way to thunderous applause.

We saw all the Phys Eds and some other girls we didn't even suspect of taking dancing. We also saw Mary Jane Pulver and Mary Elizabeth Cayce sitting "over there with the other little girls."

We can't understand why we should be so tired from just *seeing* people dance, but we are as tired as if we had done every one of the dances ourselves. Well, maybe not quite that tired, but certainly fatigued.

Saturday—

To go on with our daily weather report: it is still rather chilly. Classes consisted of looking at slides while Miss Hollinger lectured. Spent third period studying for a make-up test. And then to a Senior-Middle meeting. I wouldn't take anything for those meetings. They are so *humoresque*. More people ought to come. On Senior-Senior-Middle Day, both classes are going to sing different songs to the same tunes. Whuppee!

The make-up test could not have been worse if we had written it for our teacher. Tried to concentrate in the library, but once Wilkins, Breedings, Peckinpaugh, Funk, and Pivoto get started haggling over forty-five cents, there's no peace for the rest of us. I love to hear them. They are so cute.

Again we spent the afternoon on a bench on the campus inside the circle. We were campused, you understand, so we foreswore the tea room and club village. No tan on legs yet.

Had dinner with Miss Pulver and brother Buzz, a cute lad. We learned that Elizabeth Shirk and Bill Ferris are singing *Elija* the fourteenth of April. Also, everyone seemed to have enjoyed "At the Keyhole," with Kay Francis.

To the room immediately after dinner, with a ream of paper, intending to write that history report. Did just things instead. We should like to suggest the organization of a Banana Lovers Club, but it probably wouldn't be very exclusive, and would lead to contests and rivalry, and one thing and another. The Senior-Mids went into Senior, carried on by the mob spirit, I suspect, but what made the Seniors come into Pembroke? Our leaders! ———Phoof!!

To bed at ten-thirty, but not to sleep until eleven, because after all a habit formed is a habit formed.

Sunday—

The only April Fool's joke pulled on us came a day late, when the alarm tinkled and then roared fully fifteen minutes before the regular rising time. To breakfast soon after, where we really indulged. To Sunday school where we saw Gillis (sans the white coat), Cleo, Jeanette Knowles, Lois Milton, and just lots of other people. We have always thought that the cutest people attended Sunday school, so we have been careful to go ourselves.

To church with Spanky Starbuck. Whuppee!

Ate a delicious dinner after we had our sewing lesson. The third attempt to write the history report ended in discussing peanuts and shells. My shell never revealed herself, but she sent me two nice notes, and candy twice, which pleased me immensely. Shall I take this occasion to thank her? Peanut Week was quite a success this year. Everyone seemed to be quite pleased with their shells—Soper in particular.

After a hurried tea we went to hear Stanley Jones. He was very good. . . . Too good to say anything more about. June Stout looked actually beautiful sitting on the stage under her tricky black hat with its wreath of very white flowers. In the bus coming home, Mary Bickerstaff, Gene Bradford, Virginia Livingston and Alice Menefee argued about God. We thought about Dr. Jones' saying that we didn't break laws or rules, but rather we broke ourselves on them. Seeing the ring about the moon, we thought some more, and so far, far into the night———

Monday—

Up with a terribly sleepy feeling this morning. Handed in the history report with a glow of pride. Every one else handed hers in too, though, even Charlie Holcomb. They certainly represent a struggle.

Funkie, bright girl, delivered a long dissertation upon mob psychology, and how the mob was always too dumb to open the other door at Middlemarch when we were on our way to chapel.

Loitered through the afternoon to a busy evening. Perhaps we should attribute it to the temperament of the genius, but there is something slightly stupid and pathetic in the disbanding of a permanent organization eight weeks before the end of school. Oh, well, we were never quitters.

To the library where Gillis, Buzzie, Cherry, Ail, Jane Becker, and Jo Gardner made some little disturbance going in and out, as did some other girls.

To bed with some heavy thoughts about some shallow people.

Tuesday—

Up eagerly because of the sun. To breakfast for half an orange and then to a meeting. Read *Ann Vickers* instead of doing the innumerable things one always should be doing when one reads. To class to learn that birds are really as much animal as any other vertebrate. Whew! Whuppee!

Saw Botticelli in a new light after Miss Ross explained him. To chapel for a few announcements, and then to a meeting. Granting you that birds are animals, we are still slightly surprised to see girls eating, sleeping, walking, and talking, all, without brains.

To psych where we heard about all the freaks that make up the "society" of each girl's particular home town. Unapplied psychology could put a "k" in "fish," to quote Dr. Barton on the comparison.

To sun in club village, where Soper and Shirley (to you, and YOU, and *YOU*, and me) pitched a few balls. Seeing other people exercise always tired us, so we re-tired (get it?) to the tea room for a hamburger.

Dinner in due time, and then the opening of the Silver Moon Night Club. It was quite lovely. The day students in waiters' Tux were quite handsome. As a master of ceremonies, Dot Jones is very good. The program was excellent. It was a trifle hard for those removed by several walls and rows of people to "hear" the special dances, but everyone enjoyed Soper's singing.

Home late, so we spent the forty-five minutes until light bell, reflecting how much easier it is to strip a bed than to change it.

The other day when we were down town we saw innumerable grey suits. Our black was quite conspicuous and for the first time we appreciated our regulation outfit.

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CLOSE-UPS

Fight, Seniors! Yeah! Senior-Mids! Here we are in the midst of a—what are we in the midst of? For the best answer the lucky number will win a stucco bathtub. Well, anyway, the fight is on—Alma and Boy leading with thousand dollar bets, and all of us gulping Welchade, wide-eyed. Yes, you guessed it! Senior-Mids are *right* in the lead. Wonder what strangers think of our landscape decoration at this moment! Now go back and read that over like Graham McNamee would.

I'm convinced this is a highly satisfying world! Look around, right behind you at all the swellish things that are going on! Trees are treeing, birds are birding, and Miss Soper, our Texas representative, is still slightly worn out after hiding gifts all over ye campus for P-Nut Goodrum (not that I mean that's swellish). Sop, let's tell all the people that you *can* keep a straight face at the crucial moments, can't you? And, speaking of being worn out, Dottie G., and Ruth Nehls never have recovered from that trip to the big city of home. They say it's "sure nuff" pleasant! Little Knox has taken to sailing ducks in drinking fountains this nice spring weather. Ponder and Jinny T. have hopped off to Louisville; Louise Florez, Lora, and Buzzy indulge in *real* shopping expeditions with a plan of campaign and plenty of reinforcement; Rubie Battey (and we don't blame you!) has taken an adverse stand on this water-fighting question amongst ye puddles in North Front halls; Sevier, Swinford, and Siegmund—that trio that freckled ladies keep their light-o'loves away from—have been doing more than a bit of social service work among the day student homes, and the rest of us find a solace in "tennice." Yeah, Lauryne! The girl that's brave enough to play with a pinned-up skirt! (Ha! I gotcha) Sug, you certainly have been nice to our Seniors with all this entertainment! Thanks to you, old deah, many an hour that would have been chalked up to studying, has been pleasantly spent. You know, it's my special privilege and bounden duty to pass along a hint on "how to keep thin with laughs." Run over tonight and sit with Dukie, Viva Lee, and Miss McLester and I'll guarantee you'll know enough jokes by time for ice cream to fill all those letters you're "aiming" to write this week-end. There's the one about poached eggs and verandahed eggs!

Just a word in passing about last Friday night's social function. (An lil Mary Jones—just got *so* excited!) How about La Grammes in that Spaghetti number? Jo Gardner'll tell you all about how Pilar, Jack Bond, Nancy and other "stable" celebrities, got an orchestra seat look at the back drop all last week. By the way, Isabelle, you're getting to be the greatest of athletes. To see you ride Miss Carling's little charges en Francaise, oh, la! la!

Just another little household hint and merrily I go see that guy Euripides that's lurking on the campus again! Try using butter-crunches next time you're out of cards and feel like a bridge game.

OR STUFF—

We'd like to have reminded our peanut that we were in school.

Josephine Gardner, Ail, and Jane Becker had some excellent home-roasted peanuts at the A. K. house the other night. It was a shame they didn't last longer.

We received some very excellent criticisms the other day. The HYPHEN centers around the same people too much; only a few people catch the gist of most of the "wisecracks"; the columnists use their space to hurl impolite bandinages at one another, etc. The same criticisms have been going on for years. It was the purpose of this column to be a perfect example and model for the other columns. All we can say now is that it is easier said than done, and will our critics please step up and lend a hand?

DANCE RECITAL ACCLAIMED BY HUGE AUDIENCE

(Continued from page 1)

was delightful and no one will ever forget their charm and grace or the spirit with which they each "put over" their numbers. The clever idea of the living story book characters was an innovation which delighted old and young. And who will *ever* forget the "Easter Rabbits!"

Perhaps the most colorful number was "Egyptienne," in which thirty girls took part. The picture left with the audience on the "black out" was both dramatic and inspiring. Another lovely number was the "Valse Bluette," in which the five toe dancers in blue and silver executed a graceful ballet.

The solos were unusually good. Margaret Street was presented in a hoop dance in which she handled the large hoop with great charm and grace. Claudia Whitson made a delightful Moorish Gypsy, and the dexterity with which she played the tiny cymbals on her fingers is to be complimented. Yvette Franz did a Hungarian Gypsy number, "La Zingana," in an inspired manner, and Clemence Dow did a very difficult number as the personification of a roulette wheel. Dolly Dearman was presented in a classic number to the second movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

The most acclaimed of the solos was the Merry Widow waltz done by Miss Sarah Jeter and Fletcher Harvey. Everyone felt that they had watched something, the loveliness of which hurt. The grace and litheness of the dancers was altogether breath-taking, to say nothing of the beauty of the steps of the dance itself. There were a great many sighs of sheer contentment after the number was finished, and had Miss Jeter and Mr. Harvey wished it there is no telling the number of curtain calls there might have been.

To go through the entire list of numbers would take much space, so suffice to say, there was not a number which was not thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. The Department of Dancing is to be complimented highly on their recital, as it was certainly the most colorful, most professional entertainment of its kind we have seen in Nashville.

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Ward-Belmont Welcomes Alumnae

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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WORDSMITH EDITION

ENIOR-SENIOR-MIDDLE DAY GREAT SUCCESS

ood Sportsmanship Outstanding

Senior-Senior-Middle Day—here at st, and gone too soon! The strenu- s day was ushered in by mad dashes er the campus at the dot of seven clock of the college girls eager to ow their colors first.

At 8:30, the classes assembled for e parade to the athletic field. The niors led the line with a huge yel- w float in which sat "The Powers at Be" and Miss Sanders, Mrs. well, and Miss Casebier and offi- ls of the class. This was followed several take-offs on the Senior- ids. One of which was the guillotine on which hung the sadly mutilated dy of a dummy typifying a Senior- id. Later this hideous spectacle was headed as the Senior-Middles filed to the field. Another horror was e weary, bedraggled figure of Vir- nia Kiesel as she stood the tortures the pillory. A swarm of sadly aten peasants followed the display they were kept down by the whips nd swords of the nobles, depicting e mighty Seniors. The Senior teams llowed in cars which carried them the field.

Following the Senior teams came e Senior-Middle section of the pa- de. There were bicycles in many olors, and clowns who were appar- tly making fun of the Seniors, and ho succeeded rather well. Miss Rhea nd the officials of the class were shered in cars to the field. The end as brought up by the teams of the lass in cars.

After the sports of the day, and the ad but rather beautiful ceremonious inner, a Senior-Senior-Middle Dance as held in the gym. It was the losing event of the day, and the eary athletes managed to whirl emselves about with their rivals of e morning and afternoon. The ex- llent sportsmanship of both classes as again apparent as it had been all ay as the girls of each mingled to- ether.

——WELCOME ALUMS——

CAMOUFLAGE

Tall pine trees—barren except for
tufts of green at the tops—
Stand as tutelage guarding—perhaps
warning us—
Of the writhing, lewd, jumbo trees
waiting to twine about us—
Dragging us into the mire—camou-
flaged by squat palmettos.

Tall greedy towers of stucco culminat-
ing in grasping spires—
Stand as monuments of man's futile
desires—money fulfilled—
Pursued and harrowed by the rushing
and snatching—
Dragging us into the mire—camou-
flaged by glitter—

Tall aspiring thoughts groping for
the finer things—
Stand as buttresses impregnating the
walls of sanity
Against the crumbling forces of twist-
ed concepts—
Which filter through—camouflaged
against reality.

DICK STEWART, '33.

RETURN

"All things come home at eventide": I, too,
Shall let my wayward wings find rest once more,
And slip in silence to the place where you,
My little loves, are waiting as before.

The cups of tulips and the sheltering eaves,
Where falls the rain's staccato, and the glow
Of friendly windows, glazed unfurling leaves
Of old magnolias—these again I'll know.

Always my flight was tinged with vague regret
That I must go away, and yet the things
That I knew there have been my amulet
And given strength to my uncertain wings.

So have I flown past many a spire and dome:
Mother of Women, I am coming home.

DORRIS FISH, '32.

W.-B. TO HAVE PLAY DAY WITH LOCAL Y. W.

On Saturday, April 29, the Athletic Association is planning to have a play day with the Nashville Y.W.C.A. Two years ago they had a similar play day, and it was a grand success. They were unable to have one last year because the calendar was crowded with other events. Only fifty Ward-Belmont girls may enter. The events will be as follows: swimming meet, basketball, volley ball, tennis doubles, baseball, and bowling. One girl is not allowed to enter more than two sports. After the events of the day, supper will be served in club village at twenty-five cents a plate. After supper the group will dance in the gym, and the orchestra will be furnished by the Nashville Y.W.C.A. Any member who cares to take part in this day sign up in the gym office, and be sure to pay for your supper when you register.

——WELCOME ALUMS——

VARSITY BASKET-BALL TEAM PLAYS ALUM TEAM

Friday evening, April 14, immediately after dinner, there was a basketball game in the gym between the varsity of this year, and the alumnae who made varsity when they were in school. The alumnae that played are as follows: Rose Morrison, '27; Jane "Judge" Epperson, '32; Rose Toney, '32; Marjorie Remington, '32; Mayre Brandon, '28; Dorris Fish, '32; Catherine Blackman, '28, and Catherine Stahlman, '26. It is interesting to know that Morrison, Blackman and Stahlman played on the same team when they made varsity. This was before we had clubs.

The varsity of this year is as follows: Henrietta Cherrington, Jane Hall, Lillian Jones, Beverly Stone, Jane Allen, and Milbrey Wright. The second varsity acted as subs. They are as follows: Marjorie Bierce, Rose Toney, Dorothy Hill, Elizabeth Daniels, Elizabeth Henderson and Victoria Kiedel.

HOMECOMING DRAWS RECORD CROWD

Ward-Belmont is welcoming back on the campus this week-end the largest number of alumnae for the 1933 Homecoming that has ever come back before. Approximately one hundred girls are staying in the dormitories on the campus enjoying "being back on the circle." At the annual business luncheon today over one hundred and seventy-five have been prepared for.

The Alumnae Association welcomes back every girl and hopes that they will enjoy their complete stay here. A program has been planned for the girls but ample time has been left for them to simply "be on campus." Friday evening the varsity-alumnae basketball game was the main event, followed by the informal alumnae-faculty reception in the X. L. house. Saturday morning, time was arranged for the alumnae to go swimming if they wished, and at noon today the business luncheon was held. Saturday afternoon the T. C. Club is giving a tea dance and this evening the Osirons are holding their annual dance.

Sunday morning some of the clubs are entertaining their alumnae at breakfast and the Alumnae Association is having after-dinner coffee for the alumnae and the Senior Class. Sunday afternoon the A. K.'s will entertain at their Easter tea.

——WELCOME ALUMS——

COMMITTEE VISITS HOSPITAL WARDS

Members of the Vanderbilt Hospital Committee made their weekly visit last Tuesday night. They called on patients of the Medical and Surgical wards.

Plans have been made to surprise these patients with Easter baskets on Sunday morning. The following members, chaperoned by Miss Van Hooser went to the hospital:

Sue McDermott, Rae Baker, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Marjorie Zaug, Inda Drushel.

SENIOR-MIDS DEFEAT SENIORS

'34 Wins Three, Ties One, Out of Five Sports

What a surprise Senior-Senior-Middle Day was to the Senior-Mids! The Seniors were favored to win, but the Senior-Mids fooled everyone by winning three and tying one game out of five.

Before they knew it the parade was over and they found themselves out in the field on the baseball diamond half scared to death. However, after the first two innings the Senior-Mids got their confidence back and there was no stopping them. The final score was 18 to 11 in favor of the Senior-Middles. Virginia Wilkins pitched a grand game for the Senior-Middles and much of the credit for the victory goes to her. Shirley Lege and Inda Drushel claimed the batting honors by each making a home run. The sensational honors of the game go to Ail Freeman who made a beautiful catch of a long fly to left field.

From baseball the victorious Senior-Mids proceeded to the bowling alley in high spirits only to have them dampened, for the Seniors won the bowling tournament by seventeen points, the total being 417 to 400. Elizabeth Neumann was the outstanding bowler.

The hockey game, the last contest during the morning, left both the Seniors and Senior-Mids in suspense. The score was 2 to 2, tying the honors for the day thus far. It was a hard fought game, both teams being equally matched. However, most of the players on both teams were off form. Queenie Sloan played exceedingly well for the Seniors.

The suspense the Senior-Mids were in between the morning and afternoon games! They had an even chance to win the day but had heard so much about how the Seniors were going to send the Senior-Mids to the bottom of the pool during the water polo game that they thought their

(Continued on page 3)

——WELCOME ALUMS——

PLAYING

When I was still quite small, and you
quite large,
We played. You liked soft, happy
things,
The dainty clouds like mother's scol-
loped linen,
Sunsets like the cheeks and eyes of
children,
Butter moons a-melting down the
ricer,
And golden stars, the firelight through
God's keyholes.

Now, when I think our moon can
also be
A silver-shaded lamp on polished
marble;
Our sunset turns to a golden plate
up-standing
On a giant's buffet of tempered steel;
And clouds are dirt on angel chil-
dren's dresses;
I hope, a sudden play time refuge
seeking,
That you can warm your hands before
God's fire.

HELEN CONLEY, '33.

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THE ETERNAL MYSTERY

DICK STEWART, 33, AND WILMA BAKER, '34

Melano Verchezzi, aged sixty-eight, his short, stooped body bent to one side in the attitude of the sweeper, sat low in his chair, dreaming his favorite dream. He saw his grandniece, Antonia, dressed in a neat black dress with a white collar, standing behind a counter. This evening it was a hose counter. He heard her say in her nicely modulated voice, "Hose? What color would you like to see, madam?" He saw innumerable, perfectly groomed women purchasing sheer hose from her. He saw the archdeacon of several counters, Mr. Greenway, the floorwalker, pause and admire her from a distance. He noticed with a smile of satisfaction that the other clerks saw nothing different in her, that they liked her and accepted her as one of themselves.

Maria, his youngest sister, fifty-two, grandmother in blood and mother in fact to the adored Antonia, looked up from her ironing, and punctured his dream with two words.

"Antonia's promised."

Melano turned his head slowly, as if it were the pivot for a heavy wheel. He stared at her, unbelieving.

"When?"

"The banns will be read Sunday. Tell her ye're heppy, Melano. Soon there 'ull only be the two of us, an' we're gitting old."

Rather abruptly, Melano left the room, opened the flimsy door, was in the reeking hall, bounding down the sonorous stairs, standing, panting convulsively on the sorry stoop. His sunken black eyes, unseeing, stared into the darkness wildly. How long he stood there he did not know, but presently, drunk with grief, he began to walk down the street with the careful and deliberate steps of the drunken man, or with the intense restraint of the condemned prisoner walking the Last Mile.

As consciousness gradually returned to him, he saw his life in retrospect. The Sicilian farm where he had been born was faded in his memory to a mere myth, associated with incidents told by his parents to the children. Sometimes an odor he could not trace partly recalled a half-forgotten scene of his childhood. Nor could he remember the passage over to America. He had been twelve, and the oldest of the family, but he had not understood the tearful packing of familiar things in large sheets of homespun cloth, nor the long walk to the little boat that took them to the side of the ship that was larger than any of the mountains he had ever seen. He had not understood the wretched food and stale air in the close quarters beneath the water line. He had not understood the crowds of foreigners in their queer dress who stared at them and asked them questions and felt their feet before they were plunged into the stony, pathless forest of New York. He had been glad when they, all ten of them, found the familiar faces of his mother's sister and her husband. They went to their home, talking so rapidly that they didn't see the city. The "home" had consisted of two rooms and a small porch in the back of the third floor of a shabby tenement. They shared these two rooms with the twelve of the other family for about a month, and were happy. As for Melano, the luxury of the new quarters was questionable. America the great! America the free! America the land of golden opportunities! He wanted his Sicilian landscape that enclosed peace and familiarity.

How well he remembered those first years in America! His father worked by the day building tracks for the horse-trolley. Melano, with his brothers and sisters, played in the crowded streets of their district with others of their kind. Sometimes he worked at odd jobs, but mostly he just played. The ever-increasing family lived in two rooms on the third floor just across from the domicile of his aunt. The whole family got up early. The kerosene lamps, one for each room, were lighted to dispel the smoky dawn. Breakfast was a jolly meal. They were all refreshed, and made light of the day before them. His father never failed to remind Melano to bring water to his mother from the hydrant on the street that supplied eight houses. Through the day there was much noise and scolding. Just after dark the family ate its last meal, —ate rather slowly as if they were tired. In the summer, his parents sat out on their stoop and talked with their neighbors. There were frequent celebrations and holidays, but the same things always happened.

At the age of fourteen, Melano took his first steady job. He was to receive twenty-five cents a day for assisting a fruit huckster. From that time on he always had a job.

On Melano's sixteenth birthday, his sister Maria was born. His father was killed in a drunken brawl during the celebration.

Melano began selling newspapers. His mother became a charwoman. Each morning at four they crept quietly away from their sleeping family and, the streets once gained, walked rapidly between the piles of rubbish on the narrow sidewalks flanked by discouraged buildings, across the muddy pavements, often making short cuts through the mire of gloomy alleys where they waded through the smells of every day's food mingled with the breakfasts being prepared, until they reached the cleaner, broader sidewalks, the busier pavements, the tall, brave buildings, and knew they were in the heart of the city. The revolving doors of Lassell & Lewis', Exclusive Importers, separated Melano from his mother until late at night when he stole into the stuffy room and lay down, exhausted.

There came a day when his mother was not well. She had a cold. To Melano's suggestion that she stay away from work, she went deeply into the subject of Lassell & Lewis', Exclusive Importers, as taskmasters so strict and exacting that the worst slavedrivers appeared to be saints in comparison. She went that day and the next. The third day she sent Melano. When he returned, she was dead.

It is not odd that during the three years Melano had conducted his mother to Lassell's, the imposing facade had made no impression on him; the huge plate glass windows sparsely filled with tasteful but expensive luxuries had left him unmoved. He was a child of the streets, used to doorways as a shelter, regarding windows jealously because they offered no protection from the cold. With his gutter cronies he denounced the people who could afford the things they happened to notice on display anywhere. Lassell & Lewis' was only a name on his mother's check to him.

He had received minute instructions from his mother, so he was fairly sure what should be done that first morning when he arrived. Nothing was said by the person in charge when the stocky nineteen-year-old boy took his place and scrubbed his portion with vigor. For several mornings he worked steadily. Of course, he, with his youth and strength, always finished before the old women did. At the end of the week as they gave him his check they asked about his mother. He was offered a job in the packing department. He asked for a job to clean. They let him sweep after hours.

Melano's reasons for refusing the job in the packing department were vague. He felt the responsibility of his brothers and sisters, yet some intangible force kept him from shutting himself in the basement away from the splendor of the store itself. For that is what he saw in the store. When he stepped in the first time and saw the white-sheeted counters glaring through the gloom like so many ghosts at midnight, he had raised his eyes to the lofty ceiling of the street floor, and seen the grace and beauty of the marble beams. It was to him a temple. He loved to clean the gleaming tile, to unmask the attractive counters. He felt as if he could not be separated from it.

Before long he gave the store his full time. He was regarded by his superiors as a very ambitious young man because it seemed as if he could not do enough. Instead of holding several jobs, which he might easily have done, Melano flung himself wholeheartedly into just working for Lassell & Lewis', but because he was slightly stupid and wholely untrained his efforts were misdirected and he made no advancement.

He had not been in the store long before he felt a sense of inferiority toward most of the other employees with whom he came in contact. There was so much magnificence, so much casual extravagance. He felt the contrast most keenly when he returned to the shabby rooms that housed his brothers and sisters. It came to him that there was a difference between him and the people who came to the store. He tried to talk to the price about it, but the man was not understanding. God and Lassell's were one in his mind. He became moody, restless, unable to enter into the jolliness of the life about him.

When he was thirty-five, he was the only one of his family who was not married, settled down, and a progenitor of the race. Although most of them had moved to other quarters near by and were more or less self-supporting, they did not hesitate to accept aid from him. He had been promoted to the ranks of the day janitors. A sublime vista opened before him then. He could hardly push his white canvas cart through the aisles for staring at the shoppers. He could hardly direct his broom for listening to their conversation. The well-dressed crowd jostled each other good-naturedly, and Melano stood by, fascinated. Their voices were neither shrill nor harsh. Their colors were mild and well blended. He learned with amazement the slight courtesies they observed, the words "Pardon me," and their usage; to step back and let another person pass; not to finger things on display, not even to touch them; to be calm under the most exasperating circumstances; to act as if the other person were right even though she might not be. He saw strong men, men he could admire, bend their will completely to the whimsies of some lady. He saw no exhibition of physical prowess, no assertiveness of power on the part of the men. He stood by, every day, brush in hand, and surveyed the motions of the motley crowd.

At night he returned to his tenement, ate his food in verbal silence, and went to bed, his mind troubled with a weighty problem. He knew there was something wrong with him as an individual. Ever since he had entered the revolving doors of Lassell & Lewis', Exclusive Importers, a change had come over him. He had lost the swift repartee he enjoyed with his street friends. He had lost the cynicism and bitterness that had dominated many a mood and deed. The familiar place, people, and customs which he recognized as belonging to home were distasteful to him, and he didn't know why. It was as if he spoke another language himself although he heard theirs. He felt so alone. He could not rise to the heights he saw in the store, and he felt no common bond, blood or otherwise. He knew only that to him the store was a cathedral. He worshipped blindly the uplifting beauty of the edifice, the seething life it contained, and the intangible thing represented by its clientele.

He was like a child before anything that was Lassell & Lewis'. He never noticed the new electric lights lining the streets, but when Lassell's installed electric lights with conspicuous chandeliers, he was convinced that they were an invention peculiar to the store alone. He failed to note that advance of electricity in commerce, but when Lassell's installed escalaters, and later sumptuous elevators, his pride was an ecstasy. The water

fountains on every floor delighted him. He never saw an automobile without thinking of its parent, the Lassell & Lewis' motor delivery trucks. In fact, the passing of the years meant only new improvements to Melano. He never saw any changes outside the store. He himself was not conscious of time. As long as times changed, interior decorators came and went, so Lassell & Lewis' might change with them. The Spanish-American War meant simply patriotic placards in the windows, and increased sales. The political chaos around him was transfigured to smart sayings on the lips of employees as they greeted each other every morning. Economic situations affected him little. It would have been almost impossible for Lassells to fire him. The social revolt of the new generation against Victorian ideals were reduced to a change of fashion within the store. An enigma to his employers, a shy, watchful, willing man to the other employees, Melano did not live outside Lassell & Lewis'. Never, never did Melano understand that Lassell & Lewis', Exclusive Importers, was slipping from a first to a second-class store.

When Melano was fifty years old, several events occurred that revolutionized his life in a manner he had been hoping for unconsciously for years. He was made head janitor over all the floors. This meant an increase in salary. For himself alone, he might have lived in luxury on the amount gained, but there were, as usual, others to whom the bulk of the check would have to go. Melano's youngest sister, Maria, had married when she was sixteen. Her daughter married seventeen years later. Her husband was killed by a collision between one of the new electric street cars and one of the new automobiles that was entirely out of the control of the driver. The birth of her child a few weeks afterward caused her death. Maria was a grandmother at the age of thirty-four. She had no disposition to marry again, even though she had been a widow for several years. She and Melano decided to take the young baby and to move into quarters by themselves. The tribal instinct had never been strong in Melano. He did not miss his brothers and sisters and their noisy families. The progress of the age had been felt even in the sorry district where he lived. He had been obliged to move several times during the years because contractors came to tear down the old tenements and erect new stone skyscrapers on the location. Melano and Maria settled into what was to them a most luxurious apartment in a fairly new building. They were next the roof on the fourth floor, but they had a minute porch looking out on hundreds of other porches just like theirs, and a spot of sky you could see if you leaned backwards against the porch railing. They had two rooms, and a small third one that might have been a closet or a hallway. There were electric lights in all three of the rooms, and a sink with a hydrant in the back room. A stove that heated as well as the one they had was planted firmly in the best position calculated to heat all three rooms. The walls were soiled by the innumerable tenants who had preceded them, but nothing could affect the somber garishness of the wallpaper. Melano was more than ever observant of the people who filed past him without seeing him. He bought with caution the things he imagined they had in their homes. The baby, Antonia, was never to suffer as he had. Maria didn't understand his motives, but she enjoyed the facts. He made her give up the kind of cooking she had always known. By means of curious contact with some of the neighbors she learned to prepare what Melano believed to be American dishes. He never particularly noticed filth in the food, but he was fastidious about dress and the rooms. Maria remonstrated that she nearly killed herself cleaning them daily, but Melano insisted. Their flat was a wonder to all who came there.

Antonia was considered fortunate, although someone remarked that it was wrong to bring up a girl used to so many things because when it came time, she would be unable to find a man who suited her. Melano thought on that for several weeks. And then his dream was born!

He didn't know exactly how it would come about, but he wanted to give Antonia the things he hadn't had, to make her an equal of even the snootiest employee in the store. He wanted her to be just like them. Then, some day, Antonia would be a clerk!

This was his dream. He had no set plan of his own, so he followed the advice of most everyone. A man called one day and said that Antonia should be in school. Very well, Antonia went to school. It kept her out of the streets. When she finished one school, she told him there was a higher school she wanted to attend, but it cost quite a bit. Melano investigated the high school one day by merely looking at it from the sidewalk where he stood, victim to Antonia's pleadings.

That was four years ago. As Antonia developed into a rather pretty young girl, his hopes mounted even higher. Although he had never in any way told anyone his dream, it seemed as if Antonia had sensed it for some time and was anxious for its culmination. Melano had bided his time, for he knew there would be a vacancy soon, though there wasn't one now. He had never known a June to come when several of the clerks had not left.

And Maria had shattered the dream of eighteen years with two words! For the first time in his life he became conscious of the beauty of the night. He had not walked far at all. He was on a perfectly familiar street about two blocks from his home. He noticed that he had been walking in the direction of the store. He could never remember walking the opposite way. The street was familiar, yet where were the sooty, red brick houses that leaned slap-shackle against each other? The commercial nucleus of several blocks was only a little way off. The many lights there sent up a glow that was met by the frosted lemon of the moon that was hidden from Melano's view but that was nevertheless shining somewhere, and the light of the stars that were as large and white as the stars in the flag that had waved outside Lassell's during the war. Had he been younger he might have reached up and got one. The street lamp not far from where he stood sent out a pallid light as if placed there by Divine Ordinance to secure favorable contrast for the moon and the stars. The hideous ugliness of the houses crowded onto the sidewalk by day was hidden. They rose, merged, black velvet masses, not separate, but as a wall with an uneven top. Here and there, windows mirrored the stars. The cold gray stone pavement was soft and black as damp loam soil. That was all he saw, but he was seeing it for the first time. The habitual stinks of the street arose about him, made strong by the afternoon's sun. A breeze from somewhere was immensely refreshing, because it carried on it the unfamiliar fragrance of flowers. The beauty of the night caressed him, and his heart was soothed.

Two figures strolled around the corner, hand in hand. He stepped back as he recognized Antonia with the taxi driver she intended to marry. As soon as they got beyond the aureate street lamp, they withdrew in the shadows, but their united figures were for an instant silhouetted against the vague light. They walked on, his arm about her waist. Melano studied their faces as they passed him. He, accustomed to reading lives in faces, saw on their uplifted countenances something he had seen very rarely in all his years. The look of true love is deep and penetrating. The look of perfect understanding is broad and big. The presence of both in two people sure of each other results in an inconceivable expansion of the personalities, and lends an aura of enchantment to the couple. If Antonia must marry, Melano was glad that she had found what most people looked for all their lives, and he was satisfied.

A step or two from him, and Antonia was once more drawn close to her lover. Melano thought briefly of Lassell's, saw its harshness, turned again to the night, and suddenly became aware of the noises of the streets adjacent to the one of his renascence. Distance mellowed, shouting shrill voices into a quiet hum. A portable Victrola scratched out a frenzied tune. The noise of life rose around him and the taut figures before him. He saw the visions of life perpetuated—a greater thing than his dream. He had the sense of being part of infinity. The pulses of life roared in his ears. It was like the finale of a movie, but Melano had never seen a movie.

PASSETH

Time bounds
Like a little gold bull-dog.
He pulls my dress with his tiny teeth,
He gnaws my shoes
And urges me on.
Somewhere.

Time lies
Like a little brown spaniel
Asleep in the light and shadow of fire
In a twilit, December room.

HELEN CONLEY, '33.

High ambitions,
High ideals;
One follows on the other's heels.

One sets standard,
One sets price;
But each is as the toss of dice.

Yet the toes of each
Are as guiding lamps;
Will they turn for inward or outward tramps?

VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON, '34.

LITTLE SON

Little son, as I cup my hands about your face
And look down deep in your eyes,
I see a message that God gave you
As you came to me through the skies.

I see the peace of the present day
And a love which will never end;
The sureness of an age-old faith,
And the strength which only God can send.

—LOIS MILTON, '33.

SENIOR-MIDS DEFEAT SENIORS

(Continued from page 1)

only chance of even tying the day lay with the basketball team. So who could blame them for almost going wild when the Senior-Mid team made the first water polo goal? That was all the team needed to make them determined to win the game which they did by two points. The final score was 8 to 6. The only Senior player that was able to score was Kay Willis, but she was held down exceedingly well by the splendid work of Alma Lunderman, Senior-Mid guard. Grace Bosserman played an unusually good game for the Senior-Mids.

"Too bad, Seniors, but you can't stop us now." That was the way the Senior-Mids felt when they went to the basketball game, the final and deciding contest of the day. The Senior-Mids gained a lead in the first quarter on the Seniors which they were not able to overcome, and beat the Seniors 26 to 16. Jane Hall played one of the fastest and best games exhibited this year. Glander and Hall got their signals working from the first and the Senior guards could not break them up often enough to make any progress. Cherrington was the outstanding player on the Senior team, but she was covered so thoroughly by the excellent guarding of Victoria Keidel that she was not able to make her usual number of baskets.

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WORDSMITHS

HELEN CONLEY, *President*
MISS THEO. SCRUGGS, *Sponsor*

BAKER, WILMA	LOEB, HELENE
BRYAN, SARAH	LUNSFORD, NANCY
DOSS, VIRGINIA	MILTON, LOIS
JONES, LILLIAN	POORMAN, SARAH
LATHROP, LOUISE	SCOTT, JOSEPHINE
LIVINGSTON, VIRGINIA	STEWART, DOROTHY

EDITORIAL

WORDSMITHS CARRY ON

This third edition of the Wordsmith HYPHEN expresses for 1933, as the first and second did for their years, an effort to continue the work of this literary group as expressed in the first edition two years ago: "an attempt to prove the active and useful existence of the Wordsmiths as an organization."

Since its beginning from term papers and class themes six years ago to its present status as a school organization, Wordsmith has furnished for Ward-Belmont college girls of literary interests, both day students and boarders, a goal for those who are not sure whether or not they can really write, and an incentive for those who write whether they are sure or not.

With the fearlessness of the young and inexperienced, we have even tested the field of the drama, in addition to poetry of all types, essays, short stories, dramatic monologues, and criticism. Seeing and helping others to develop, we can grow ourselves in many more ways than would be possible if we worked alone. Wordsmiths owe much to Miss Theo Scruggs, sponsor for the past three years, whose belief in us has contributed greatly to our work together.

With its rapidly changing membership, Wordsmith has seen and will see many fortunes. It is our sincere hope that, passing from the hands of the girls of '33, it will continue to grow finer and stronger in the following years.

HELEN CONLEY, '33.

APPRECIATION

As we welcome our Alumnae, a keen sensation of appreciation and understanding comes to us. We are naturally very happy to have them here, and it gives us pleasure to see their happiness in meeting old friends, and reviving memories of days gone by.

The very fact that so many alumnae have come from far and near, and so many messages have been received from others who are wishing they could be here, makes those of us still in Ward-Belmont know that it has held, and always will hold, its girls close to her heart, and that no matter where they go, or what they do, they are always of vital interest to Ward-Belmont.

How fortunate we all are to have known the warmth of such love and interest. We are happy to be here together, and when the day comes for us to come back to a Homecoming, may we bring the inspiration and the joy, that the 1933 Homecoming alumnae have brought to us.

SARAH BRYAN, '33.

THE CALENDAR

The old adage "Make Hay While the Sun Shines" is one for all of us to adopt as we see how quickly the lines are being run through the days of our school calendar. On every hand we hear—"Only six more weeks"—or "Only thirty-seven more days of lessons." It would be well, even though it might not be as much fun, if at the end of one of our busy days, we could mark down the things that we had really accomplished that day, instead of marking it off with a merry gesture, and letting it tumble, ten-pin like, in a heap with many other days that have been previously scratched off.

It will be only a short time now before we shall be face to face with final exams. For many, there will be even more at stake on these exams than all the others we have encountered, and endured. Let's be prepared this time—let's have less cramming at the last, and let's try to make each day's work the very best we can. From now on we can expect, and will have many, interruptions, many diversions—activity in every direction. Let's think out, and plan our days so that we may have time for everything. When we allot our time, let's do our best to concentrate—if we can succeed, and we can if we really try. We can do more in less time, and help ourselves more than anybody else can help us. With all of this, do not let us forget the other fellow.

It will all be over far too soon, and many of us will be answering our class bells for the last time here. We will then be thankful that we still have the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" to call us, as it has so many of our alumnae now with us, and we can meet again and look back on the days of which we are now writing, and wonder, yes wonder, if there ever were or could be happier ones.

SARAH BRYAN, '33.

CITY LIFE

The steam arises from the city streets
Fresh washed by water-truck fountains. The stifling air
Is pierced by speeding fire trucks hurrying where
The cries make human blood congeal. One meets
The blackened ambulance and draws aside
To let it hurry by.

The ten-cent stores
Are filled with dirty smelly folk and scores
Of bargain hunters. Factory workers ride
To mills where iron is melted into forms
And sent to build large things. The employee
At dusk, rolls up his overalls, but he
Who owns the mill leaves clean. The city swarms
With every class of man; and every strife
Prevails between them. All make city life.

—VIRGINIA DOSS, '33.

THREE I LOVE

I love the man who held me first in arms
Of strength and peace; and I, his first-born, had
Each human mark and trait that God transforms
Through heritage. He holds me still—my Dad.

I love the One who brought me fuller life
And patiently directed steps I trod;
He guided me to keep me from the strife
Of earthly things. He guides me still—my God.

I love the man whose presence gave to me
My first delight — enchantment mixed with fear;
His sturdy hands did lift my Soul to see
A nobler world. He lifts me still—my Dear.

These three I love, all separate and apart
From other friends I place within my heart.

—VIRGINIA DOSS, '33.

SOMETHING

My spirit is restless,
It cannot be stilled;
My soul is breathless,
My heart cannot be filled.

Why am I desolate?
Hunting and seeking—
What do I want?
Why am I speaking?

There is something eluding,
I know not where.
Enhancing—I'm grasping
For solace somewhere.

Somewhere let this spirit
Be else but a guest.
Somewhere endear it—
Find its haven of rest.

Let this soul be open and free
To pour out the spirit some way;
A spirit hidden in the intricacy
Of a heart only able to pray.

VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON, '34.

GREACO-MODERNE

Satirized—
Life, animate and inanimate;
From the cradle to the grave,
Be it hero, jack, or knave;
Strife, carnate and incarnate
Catherized.

Old and new,
Babies, or books, or boats
Are written as incomparable
With a spirit inconquerable,
And, true and clever strokes
Bold and few.

WILMA D. BAKER, '34.

EAGLE FEATHER

BUDDIES

Sarah Poorman, '33

(*Continued from last week*)

Eventually they left the training camp and were sailing east to France and—war. Joe spoke often of how much Rose must be missing him; but Ralph seldom talked because, Joe decided, maybe he was seasick or possibly homesick.

As they set foot on French soil at Brest, the two young men were little short of thrilled. What was in store for them off at the front? How many Heinies would they both put to sleep? Wonder if they would recognize Jack Pershing? Like to have a hand on Kaiser Bill!

Joe 'n Ralph were located within ten miles of the front. Life was real there in the barracks, fun in a way and plenty of excitement to keep things from being boresome. Certainly was a big thrill to feel the heavy shells falling on the iron roof in the middle of the night or to wake and see the red glare of an exploding shell as it splintered a building to bits. In fact, Joe 'n Ralph were enjoying "this man's war" immensely.

But the actual state of military affairs was serious. German forces had made a great showing in their March-April drive. They had gained much territory, captured 90,000 prisoners and 1,300 guns; however, they were getting farther and farther from their supply center. Little fighting occurred in May as each side was preparing intensely for another conflict.

On the morning of June 3 orders arrived at the barracks that two American divisions were to move on to Chateau-Thierry nearby. At noon the men set out; tramping steadily over the little, dusty road, they sang as only a great throng of men can sing of things they love. Old Dixie melodies boomed from their throats as they covered the long stretch to Chateau-Thierry.

They encamped within half mile of their destination. At dawn came the alarm. The enemy had crossed the river. No time could be lost. The firing had begun. The first division advanced slowly, step by step, fighting to the death. Man after man fell under the deadly assault of the German machine guns; defeat seemed inevitable. The second division advanced, Joe 'n Ralph in the front ranks. Farther and farther they pushed on, the enemy retreating; the Americans shoved more heavily. The Germans gave way as night fell.

Joe's gun was shot from his hands, and his right forearm was shattered. Stumbling over human bodies, turning over lifeless men, and gazing, dazed, at the horrible shattered figures bleeding on the earth, Joe sought Ralph. Blinded by the darkness, Joe pitched headlong into a deep shell hole and lost consciousness.

Hours later, he awoke, startled, and attempted to rise but fell back with a heavy groan. Immediately above him appeared a man, half of his face shot away, blood spurting from many wounds. "Camarad—camarad—code message; woe to the Fatherland, I have failed!" With a pathetic cry the man dropped heavily in the hole, dead.

Clenched tightly in his stiffening hand was a bit of paper. Seizing the message Joe mustered every ounce of energy and drew himself slowly out of the hole, leaving behind somebody's son, a white man the same as he, an enemy, dead.

In the morning sun the earth was dreadful to behold. The stench of the many dead was awful. Scattered about the battle field were several of the medical corps seeking the wounded.

Revealing the importance of the enemy message, Joe was rushed immediately to headquarters. When the code was deciphered it was learned that enemy forces were being concentrated at Belleau Wood. Orders were dispatched, preparation completed, troops rushed to that point. A fierce two-day conflict ensued and after a severe contest the Americans swept the wood free of the enemy. Due to the timely arrival of Joe and his information the battle had been won. Joe was decorated and promoted to Lieutenant.

Ralph had emerged unscathed from the fight and returned to the barracks a nervous wreck. Upon learning that Joe was missing, he had contracted a terrific fever. The evening Joe arrived at the barracks he immediately sought Ralph and found him asleep. Rose's picture was there near his pillow; and Joe read the little autograph. In a moment he was mad with jealousy, and sick. Sinking heavily onto his cot he hid his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. He looked very young; his face was fair and clean shaved; his dark hair was rumpled and clinging in ringlets to his damp brow. His long, muscular body was limp and miserable.

"I sorta hoped Rose—was my girl—what do I care! Let the big dobey have her. I'll never get out of this hell-hole alive any way!" He stumbled down to the bar and drank till he fell in a stupor.

Ralph recovered the moment he learned that Joe was back; but he knew the moment he saw him that something had gone wrong.

Four weeks had passed when the great counter offensive began. Foch had been massing his strength along the whole battle front, preparing to strike with irresistible power. The blow was struck on September 26. The Germans were far from their base of supplies, jaded and worn by a strenuous campaign; thousands of the best troops were lying dead on the gory field. They were

scarcely able to withstand the enemy assault. It was the greatest battle in the history of America—the Meuse-Argonne. It was on the most treacherous battle ground in France—woods, hills, swamps, ravines, and slopes. The hills and slopes bristled with machine gun nests, cement emplacements, and barbed wire entanglements. After a tremendous bombardment of several hours, tens of thousands of men rushed across No Man's Land in spite of the barbed wire and great shell craters.

In the rapid advance a small group of men were cut off from the rest of the army; they were completely and quickly surrounded by the enemy, their only protection being the trenches and their small supplies of ammunition. Little thought was given the matter until night fell and no aid arrived.

"We'll stick to the death; can't surrender. Hear me, men, we do not surrender!" commanded Lieut. Prather.

"We'll all stand by, sir," spoke Ralph steadily.

The next day passed quickly; the surrounded men were fired on from all sides; however, no casualties resulted.

The second day the men were suffering from thirst and hunger. A small clear brook sang merrily over the pebbles at the foot of the ravine; unintentionally the little stream was taunting these men, driving them mad. To venture after water was certain death, for in the nearby trees were posted innumerable sharpshooters or "snipers."

At length Prather ordered Private Sturm to the front.

"Sturm, take six canteens to the stream and bring us water!" commanded Joe flatly.

Ralph stared, "But, sir, it's sure death—I know, sir,—but I can't!"

Joe's face flamed with rage and hatred, "Orders! Go, now."

Sturm's eyes filled, "Yes, sir,—but Rose—you'll tell her goodbye."

He crawled quickly from the trench with the canteens bobbing at his belt.

Joe watched him disappear over the slight slope. Many thoughts rushed to his tired mind, "Murdering him—We're buddies—Joe 'n Ralph. For God's sakes what have I done— He—Sturm loves Rose and Rose—loves him. I couldn't face Rose, I wouldn't try."

As Joe glanced up towards the slope, his eyes caught sight of a "sniper," in a large tree not two hundred yards away, raise his gun to his shoulder.

Quick as a flash Joe leapt from the trench, down the slope, and knelt at Ralph's side. The hammers of two guns clicked. Both shots went straight to their mark. The "sniper" lunged from his lofty perch and fell dead at the tree's roots. Blood gushed from Joe's throat, he clung to Ralph, "So'long, Sturm, I've been some buddy—be good to her—"

"Aw, Joe—" and Sturm's great heart cracked.

The aged minister knelt, placing one hand softly on the flag about the coffin and extending the other in blessing towards his people, "Father of love, draw these sorrowing ones closer to Thyself in the person of the sympathetic Saviour. Be thou companionship for their perplexity, strength for their weakness, and courage for their bereavement. Show them that all Thy plans for Thy children include two worlds. This we ask in the name of the Saviour who bled and died that we might live. Amen."

THE PARSON AND HIS PARISH

SARAH POORMAN, '33.

In one of the many beautiful subdivisions of this world, there lives a wealthy and influential parson whose great joy it is to boast of a parish in which every type, color, and breed of humanity are parishioners. The parson is affectionately known as Uncle Samuel to his parishioners who love him dearly for he is always considerate and kindly and sympathetic towards any little complaint that they might wish to confide in him. He is a man of deep thought, with ideas which he considers worthy of being given to every man, worthy of being observed, and absolutely worthy of resolute, eloquent preaching. He is so anxious concerning the well-being and progress of his congregation that he exerts himself to the utmost, preaching not only on Sundays but through the other six days of the week as well. His euphuistic sermons have beautiful texts; his favorites are "love thy neighbor as thyself; within my parish, let there be neither light wines nor beer; and peace be upon thee."

The parsonage, after many large additions, is now a spacious residence of forty-eight rooms all in constant use because the parson's family is large. His great household is in the hands of committees popularly elected by members of the family, who, detesting discipline, give the honor to the easy-going good sports who spend most of their days on the golf links or on the beautiful parish lakes trying to catch more big fish. However, the spirit of good-will and anxiety to help his fellowmen so dominates the godly parson's life that he bravely neglects his home periodically to go forth to redeem his benighted parishioners.

Over in the eastern corner of his parish one morning, the parson found a great family on the verge of starvation; the sight of the little belly-pinched yellow babies hurt his tender heart. The parson felt that this family wasn't as clean as it might be and its members would hardly be desirable as house guests, but the thing he *could* do was to make them happy and contented in their own home.

Home he ran, his white whiskers flying in the breeze; dashing into the dining-room, he caught the four corners of the table cloth up into a knot and strode down the front steps with the noonday lunch slung over his shoulder. Of course, the distribution from such a conglomerate source *was* a little muddled and unsystematic, but his parishioners were fed, his purpose was accomplished. His feeling of satisfaction was exhilarating; he had found inspiring pleasure in his benevolence and he was very happy. Since that time he has often visited that family and some of the neighboring families in order to distribute necessary supplies; but on his way home, the dear old man is sometimes quite shocked to see, standing in bread lines, several of his own rural relatives, the wheat straws and corn silks still clinging to their shabby jeans, as they stand wearily waiting for their share from the great bean pot.

The parson's charity extends even to the lending of his money. Financial troubles are common among his parishioners but he is ever ready with the cash or with advice to help them through the straits; in spite of his efforts, it seems that they can't get affairs straightened out and functioning normally. However, when they do need money, their first impulse is to turn to the parson whose kindly generosity is a common fact of interest among the parishioners. Uncle Samuel has loaned many dollars to some of his neighbors but when the time comes for the payment of their debts to him, they are never able to meet them especially if there is an interest rate attached. Such heavy debts are disgusting hinderances to the happiness of the debtors, so occasionally to cheer their spirits the parson lends them more money so that they can pay him the interest due on the old debts. His neighbors borrow among themselves also when it's necessary so that, besides owing the parson great sums, they owe each other considerable amounts too. When the parson discovered this state of affairs which so perplexed his parishioners, he advised the use of moratory measures which they immediately accepted. This plan of the parson's has been so successfully carried out that now no one pays anybody anything, even the parson finds his own wallet fairly well drained.

It has been more than a decade now since the parson has indulged in his after-dinner claret and champagne and Bourbon and sherry and red-eye. He has been the temperance union's staunch benefactor and supporter. He forbids his family to touch a drop of any alcoholic beverage except for medicinal purposes, but now and then while he is away helping the parishioners, the children do not seem to be able to resist slipping over to the neighbor's to get a little brew to wash down a salty pretzel. The parson seems to be weakening as he grows older and since he has become burdened with such great problems he has expressed the opinion that a potent stimulus occasionally might not be such a bad thing after all.

At the time when the parson was showing great interest in the affairs of the temperance union, his family organized a committee to aid him in this splendid moral project; they called their committee the L. R. C. (Let's Reform Committee). And then, as is often the case, after the first burst of enthusiasm, the interest of the members waned. Much to the parson's disappointment the L. R. C. was not at all the effective force he had hoped that it would be. However, since the parson has been showing lately an interest in various alcoholic stimuli, the formerly latent L. R. C. is stirring again; its members plan to renew oaths of loyalty to the parson; they pledge themselves to be of true help to him; incidentally, L. R. C. now stands for Liquid Refreshments Committee.

His parishioners to the east occupy much of the parson's time; they can not seem to live agreeably together. The big lazy one continually irritates the little active one and vice versa. The parson longs to settle this eternal squabble and to have tranquil peace throughout the parish; his desire is to solve the difficulties between these two quarrelsome people without entering into the trouble himself; he wants to be the unseen, yet effective, peacemaker. His mind and thoughts are often deeply engrossed in this subject; at such times he wants to be bothered with no other worries or disturbances but wishes to have complete, unbroken silence. During these periods of concentration the children, being of very considerate natures, leave the house and contentedly settle down on the front porch to play "Cops and Racketeers."

Peace in his parish is the parson's primary concern. In fact, several years ago on the first Sunday of each month, a peace sermon was delivered with all appropriate ecclesiastical embellishments on such a text as the following, "Peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and strife is not." At that time, the organist was a democratic, well-meaning young man named Wilson who attempted to lend, through his music, a pacific atmosphere to the services, but his hearers found themselves unable to appreciate and understand his renditions. However, the parson's sermons with their deep sentiment and moral pleadings were, at first, well-received; they were inspiring because the minds of the parishioners were very impressionable, although not retentive to ideas of sagacity and consequence. Later the parson abandoned these services, and outlined several dissertations on the evils of drink and the laxity of prohibition to be delivered in the spring.

With the apparent failure of his pacific sermons, the parson has appointed himself to sponsor parish peace societies. At least once each year, the parson and parishioners send their representatives to a meeting place where they can consider quietly, for indefinite periods, the matters causing troubles and quarrels. The two mainstays of the parson in these peace conventions are his old friends from way back, Colonel Schootem and Admiral Sinckem. Now Schootem and Sinckem went to school together and have for many years been the closest friends; one never thinks of one without the other—great men, very interesting, but with ideas which can not always be considered constructive. The parson personally interests himself in two major organizations for the promotion of peace and often donates his advice to them for the sake of showing his interest and good-will; however, he is a very busy man in other matters and can not afford to become involved as a member in either association because, after all, the parsonage is pleasantly located and seems sufficiently distant from any center of trouble.

Little misunderstandings do occur occasionally, however, especially when the children are idle on depressing, rainy days. The only things they have to keep them busy are a few mechanical toys, but since there aren't enough toys for everyone, there is always a little friction among the youngsters. After a brief period of thought which seemed years to his young mind, Sonny Scott decided that these mechanical toys were not the toys his brothers and sisters should have. He reasoned that they should be replaced by something interesting, a little more ordinary and plentiful—something easily accessible for everyone. The parson smiled, saying that he had been of the same opinion for two decades but hadn't been able to find any satisfactory solution; whereupon, Sonny said, "Papa, give us ergs, we can always get ergs, lot of them; then we could all have something to do, can't you see?"

"Ergs, Sonny? They would bring so much more chaos and conflict; I can't seem to understand—"

But Sonny was anxious to be father's little helper, so he made his notion known and expressed his idea so appealingly that before the parson could check the procedures, Sonny had the sympathy of half the household. Unfortunately, little Sonny had all his ergs in one basket, and one day while he was out soliciting sympathy for his reform, he tripped over his own feet; the basket fell; the ergs were shattered, and so Sonny Scott's exploit ended and all his brothers and sisters continue to try to occupy their time with the few little old mechanical toys that they have, while irritation, disorder, and trouble are ever-present.

The parson, nearly distracted at the discontent in his own home, fears that he is losing his former prestige among his parishioners for whom he has endeavored so whole-heartedly to set an example. The pitiful old fellow began his household with its Christian ideals many years ago, but since that time the ideals of democracy, plutocracy, and technocracy have intermingled themselves with the original until they all have become concentrated into a complex enigma.

As a result of such depressing troubles, the parson's former healthy vigor is gone; this policy of helping everyone in general has called for his patience, strength, good judgment, and money. His policy evidently has failed, his strength is failing, his money and that from the kiddies' savings banks is gone, but having regained his good judgment and patience, he has outlined for next Sunday's service a sermon from this text, "O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory be turned into dishonor? How long will ye love vanity and seek after falsehood?" After the sermon the parson desires that the members of the family offer sentence prayers followed by a gentle benediction from the parishioners; the new organist, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, will render, by request, the postlude "On to Redemption" by Felix Littlegraft.

SUMMER LOVE

Last summer in the warm, soft nights
You gave me love—a joyous, full, eternal love,
Only to draw it away again
As the softness of summer nights
Is drawn into the cold, copper cask of autumn.

—LOIS MILTON, '33.

EMANCIPATION

WILMA D. BAKER, '34

Skipper's Cove, Me.,
July 21, 1933.

Tommy:

I am writing you, as I always do when I am in trouble, without any intention of mailing what I have written. You are a sort of spiritual outlet for me. I have to keep my fingers busy. This room has been fine-combed for anything that might give me any comfort. Even though walls are a soft green, nevertheless they are walls; the bed is huge and comfortable, chairs are perfect, the desk is the right height, and everything is pale green with undertones of primrose yellow. Only I and my little blue typewriter are out of place. But the bathroom door has no lock! And the books! Tommy, you would go wild if your reading were as limited as mine is. I would no more read one of those books than anything. Travel books, satires, feeble attempts at humor and lightness. And there is no clay! Tommy, she's taken away my clay. How can I model without clay? I used soap for awhile, secretly, but now I am only given liquid soap. Day after day I am shut up in this room with nothing to do! Mother says, "Why don't you read?" But Tommy, there's nothing to read. I write you. I spend hours writing you a letter every day. It is the only thinking I do. I repeat all my grievances over and over. Then I'll remember them. I am becoming so accustomed to insult and humiliation that it almost passes over me. I tell you about it, because I know you will take me away from it. Why haven't you come before, Tommy? It has been ten years since I saw you.

Did you know I loved you, Tommy? Loved you and loved you and loved you? I do. I just found it out. I used to think I liked you only because you were the only person who spoke a civil word to me of your own accord and not because you were afraid of my mother. You understood about my work. You liked my animals. But now I know I love you. It's awfully nice having someone to love. I wish you'd come and take me away.

You have been everything to me these past ten years. It was you who persuaded mother to send me to Paris and New York for further study instead of trying to make a social butterfly out of me. I can never repay you for saving me from that, Tommy. Even though I did go away I had to come back every two or three years, and then she tried to sell me off to some man who didn't want me. You should have been to some of those futile dinners where every eligible male available grimaced at me. Some of them even proposed. I was so surprised. I guess Mother paid them quite highly for that. I asked a man once, but he didn't answer me. I explained about my Mother's marriages to another man. You always thought Mr. Preston was my father, didn't you? Mother says he was. He may be, at that, but I know she divorced a first husband whom I believe to be my father, and married Mr. Preston. Mother was horrified when that choice bit of scandal got around. I didn't have to come home for almost years after that. When I did get home again I was, of course, surrounded by more men. It isn't marriage or men that I object to, Tommy. You know that, because I love you. I can't fit in with society in general. It is so narrow and confining. I want to feel damp clay turn into a living animal under my fingers. But I started to tell you about the last time I was home. I am changed, Tommy. You might not even recognize me. I am still tall and slender and eccentric. Mother says my independence has added a very becoming sophistication and individuality. Men must think so, because even before I was dragged from my studio this last time, I was besieged by callers. I decided something had to be done about it. They left me no time to work. I have to work. I can work day and night and never notice the time. All I ask from life is a place to work, quiet, materials, and a place to walk when I want to rest. Is that too much? What bridge party or formal dance could supply the thrill of achievement I have whenever I look at the long rows of finished animals in my studio? Can you guess what I told them? I told one man, in a burst of confidence after I had accepted him, that a very mild form of insanity ran in our family. I told him my father had died of it, and my Mother was only slightly affected on certain subjects. He didn't appear as shocked as I had hoped, but he must have talked, because right away Mother brought me off up here.

Tommy, I'd have loved it here if it hadn't been for Mother. She won't let me model. I have won several prizes for my work. At first I proudly brought them home with the models because I thought my success would reconcile her to my having a career. She threw my animals on the floor and shattered them. I can never forget nor forgive that, Tommy. Three times she broke my masterpieces. I don't see why she objects. A famous sculptor is no more to be looked down on than a famous artist or poet. Just because I model animals instead of people is not to my shame. I am good at what I do, so where is the disgrace? She has never seen any of my work except what I brought her, yet every time I mention it she shudders. I'm glad I'm not dainty and fastidious.

Well, Tommy, she won't let me model, and she won't let me read what I want to. She says I have been ill and have worked too hard, but the only sensible cure would be more work. I'm—how do you say it?—losing my perspective, up here with nothing to do. I went for long walks at first. There is nothing quite like long walks to relieve the mind. I can always see new animals to fashion when I return. And I love water. You know how much I love water, don't you, Tommy? We went swimming once, and walking once, and talking once, together. Three times I saw you, and now I love you, even as you loved me then. Why didn't you marry me? Oh, I know! I shouldn't have gone with you. My work obsessed me. It would now, if Mother would let me work at it. As I said, when I was first here I took long walks alone. Once I met an old sea captain and I modeled him in mud. I don't do figures very well, but I got him just as he was. I didn't notice until afterwards that he was drowned. He hiccoughed so life-like. Mother was furious when she found it out. She wouldn't let me leave my room afterwards. But I know something she doesn't. That was the time I was gone a day and a night. I found a high rock projecting straight off the water. First you wade out to the rock, then you climb its slippery sides, and then you can jump off into the still water on the other side if you want to. It looks awfully shallow, but it's deep, deeper than I could dive. Some day I shall slip out there and when I feel the swirling currents I shall forget how to swim. I have to sneak to do anything. I am caught if I try to leave the house. I refuse food at mealtime, but I slip downstairs every night and eat. I forget sometimes and model with cheese and butter. After all, a thirty-year-old girl ought to be allowed the freedom of her home, even if she isn't enough of her Mother's daughter to delight in society.

Anna has just said that Mother wanted to see me. I guess she has seen the upholstering I slashed last night with the bread knife. I have always hated the fat, squashy stuff, so last night I just cut it. It was so much fun, Tommy.

Well, I have enjoyed writing you. I shall address the envelope, stamp it, and seal it, then I shall tear the whole thing up and go downstairs, but I feel strong enough to face her now that I have written you.

Love,
ADELIA.

Skipper's Cove, Me.,
July 21, 1933.

Dear Tommy:

Although it has been ten years since I saw you, I feel quite justified in writing you and calling you Tommy. Your dear Mother mentions you so often in her letters. It was with real sorrow that I learned of the slow growth of your practice. You are fighting the world single handed, Tommy, and not even the best of men can do that.

I wish you would come to see us. Adelia and I are up here for a bit of rest. It was you who pursuaded me to send her away to be trained as a sculptor. I wish I could have foreseen the outcome, but of course none of us could at that time. I know I am a sentimental old lady, but I have never ceased hoping that my daughter who is so fine and beautiful and intelligent would settle down with a man equally as fine and establish a home. I cannot become accustomed to careers for women.

You understand her much better than I. When I first read of the auditions she was receiving, I was quite pleased. In fact, I was almost reconciled to her becoming a sculptor and living with all these queer people who are artists. But when she brought home for me the first piece that had won a high award, and I saw that bloated fish (She called it the *Poisoned Fish*) that looked so real it was repulsive. I couldn't bear it. I dropped it. Adelia never quite got over that. Tommy, will you tell me when

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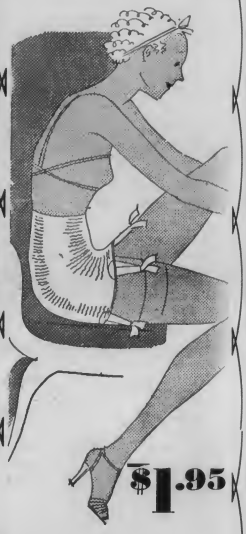
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you come just why she always models grotesque animals, catches them at weird, unnatural moments? The critics are very sympathetic and praise her to the skies. I guess I am just silly, but young ladies didn't think along those lines when I was a girl.

Adelia had a nervous breakdown, and we came up here so she could recuperate. I fear she has been working too hard, and not only that, she has shut out from her life almost all other interests. She seems not to miss friends and things I usually expect girls to enjoy. She has spoken of you almost constantly since she became well. She says that it was I who kept you apart ten years ago. Tommy, I realize that I was wrong. Adelia needs you. She loves you yet; I am sure of it. If you could come to her now when she is so ill, you would bring new life to her. I regret more than I can say having interferred once, and this is the only amends I can make.

Adelia comes from a splendid old family. There has never been a taint of any sort on any of the Prestons or the Mortons. Your dear Mother will attest to that. I have guarded Adelia's inheritance zealously pending the time when she could turn it to some good and unselfish use.

Today when I was in Adelia's room I saw a letter to you on her desk. I am mailing it in the same post with this letter. I do not know what she said, but I wish to vouch for anything in the letter, and to beg you to come visit us immediately.

Do you remember the collection of Chinese pewter you admired so much? I think I shall give it to Adelia when she is happily settled. Give my regards to your dear Mother.

Yours truly,
MRS. HENRY PRESTON.

P. S.—Adelia has gone walking. She has been gone since I left her some four hours ago. I wish you were with her, Tommy. I worry about her so much. Perhaps it won't be long before you can accompany her. The country is so beautiful here.

Apt. 9B, Kirby Apartments,
Chicago, Ill.,
July 21, 1933.

Dear Alice:

Tommy has just been to see me, and he is so happy. I thought I would write and tell you the good news the very first thing. You have always taken such an interest in him. For several years now he has been quietly engaged to Miss Roberta Robinson, Leland and Lola Robinson's daughter. You remember them, don't you? Bob, as everyone calls her, is very attractive and terribly in love with Tommy, which affection he returns. They have been engaged for three or four years, but Tommy would not marry her until he could give her as much as her father does. He is so independent, dear boy. Well, today, he settled an important case out of court and got so much bonus that he was able to buy a partnership with Thorne and Armstrong, the really important lawyers here who have wanted him for some time but thought he ought to have a bit more prestige in his own right, though of course his father's reputation would have served him well if he cared to use it.

As soon as he completed his business arrangements he phoned Bob and they were married. They are leaving tonight for a six months' cruise of the Mediterranean. I think they will go to Scotland and Northern England for a bit, too. Well, I am so excited that I shall have to write you at another time. I was terribly disappointed at first because every Mother plans a big wedding for her only son, but I am so fond of Bob that I am happy just because they are.

Do write me soon, for I know I shall be lonely with Tommy gone. How is Adelia? She must be quite famous by now. Tell her to write me sometime.

Love,
EMILY.

SHIPS AND SEAS

I.

When I first saw the sea, its waves were still
And smooth like polished glass. I saw, upon
Its blue-green clearness, sailing ships at dawn,
Prepared to take good tidings and good will
To foreign shores. I stood and watched until
Each colored flag had dwindled and was gone;
I looked into the calm beyond, yet drawn
By placid scenes its peace and solace spill.
But then I heard that out where giants wade,
The waves grew tired of calm and tried to shake
The inmost part of this earth's core, and take
Each bit of life. The Good-Will ships then fell
As victims of its rage, and each one made
That night its voyage to heaven or to hell.

II.

The men who walk upon the city streets,
Who sit at oaken tables when they dine,
Who drink from small thin glasses filled with wine,
Are only ships or parts of ocean fleets.
These men, like sailing ships, perform their feats
Of strength; at dawn, each vessel waits in line
Until the signal sounds. Their frames enshrine
The secret of their victories or defeats.
This ebon stream of life swells like the sea
On which a fleet of ships may sail. The calm
May reign, yet the infernal ocean's palm
May claim a multitude of seamen's breath.
To men and ships of strength there cannot be
Defeat, for God and Life can conquer Death.

—VIRGINIA DOSS, '33.

FAITH

A time I lived, I breathed, I knew the dart
Of love's pure ecstacy of golden glow.
In you there dwelt the soul of all my heart,
Seeming naught could take you where souls do flow.
I lived and breathed from out your life—my breath;
Yet now that spark that vivified—has died.
I find my eyes of all their sight—bereft;
And all that vision there has cried—untried.
I'm forced to wander alone in a daze
While one lone hope, your faith, shines, through the mist,
A lamp. So I, faltering out of the maze,
May merge with thee: that in eternal tryst
My light will bright my eyes; my breath inspire
My life; my soul enthrall my heart's true fire.

VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON, 34

HOME

You're such a funny little town
Snuggled down among the hills,
Curled up on the river's bank.
Sometimes I think I'd like
To hug you.
But the dignity of your quiet, shaded streets,
The gentle graciousness of still, white houses
Hidden among the pines and beeches,
Stops my arms and makes me
Kneel instead.

—LOIS MILTON, '33.

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BILL

HELEN LOEB, '34

Poor old Crazy Bill. He is quite the town character, this man who sells magazines and newspapers. Every day he pulls his little wagon along the street, calling his wares, greeting his friends along the way—and they are many.

Bill has a fascination all his own. He seems never to grow old, and yet I could safely wager that he is well on his way toward the middle fifties. Still he looks no older, it is said, than he appeared ten years ago.

Some day, I think, an artist will want to paint a picture of Bill. I can imagine how he would look, gazing at me from the cover of, let us say, *The Saturday Evening Post* or *Collier's*. He would be the very subject for the very covers, which seem to live and breathe, that these periodicals present. There he would be, figure somewhat bent, dressed in somber clothing, cap pulled debonairly to one side. He'd be drawing his little cart piled with gayly covered magazines, and at his heels, rather run-down heels, to be sure, would follow a little, bedraggled stray dog (all stray dogs liked king Bill). Above all, Bill's priceless smile would shine forth. He always smiled, it seemed, and I can't remember ever seeing him with a gloomy visage.

His approach was always sounded well ahead of him, for he had a strong voice, well adapted to his occupation. No vendor anywhere could call his wares better than could Crazy Bill. Through the entire list of magazines he went, forgetting none and over-emphasizing none. Why, Bill had all the publications from *Harper's* right down to *Gunpoints*.

All sorts of stories had been built up around Bill. The most popular tale related that he was the heir to the vast fortune of the N——s, as well as to the N——s huge mansion, the town's pride and joy. Rumor had it that, since Bill wasn't "quite right" as people said, he had lost personal control of the estate. The fortune had been, it was said, entrusted to the lawyer, who controlled all expenditures, while the mansion was sold as a funeral home to the leading funeral establishment of the town. But, despite his allowance, poor Crazy Bill took to selling newspapers and magazines. I suppose, since this story added so much mystery to Bill, we never bothered ourselves to investigate his true station in life. To this man the gossips added romantic flavor, and Bill, as time went on, became, more decidedly than ever, the town character.

And then, too, the local candy company named a new confeciton after him. For awhile "Crazy Bill Candy Bars" were prevalent, but like so many fads this one had a short life and was soon heard of no more. I remember that when I was a very small child, I used to believe that Bill had been named for the candy. And I dare say the same opinion was held by other youngsters of my age. I imagine, as I think of it now, that Bill must have been highly pleased to gain such recognition from the people with whom he associated each day. Certainly he got no return from this publicity outside of the realization of his real part in the town community.

To many children, Crazy Bill was, at first, a person to be feared. Children hearing his voice, for it *was* monotonous and penetrating, would shudder if they chanced to recall the times their mothers had threatened them with Bill. "I'll just give you to Crazy Bill to carry off," they'd say. Poor Bill! But as the children grew up they found in Bill the truest and best of friends. His "Howdy, Son," or "Hello, Miss" were favors not to be scoffed at. He was always ready to help a young fellow out. Every girl in town had a gay smile for Bill when he gallantly doffed his cap, an act he could perform with true gentlemanly grace. His steady customers never forgot him, and as his trade flourished, he became more and more a vital part of the community.

Now people say that Bill's crazy. Maybe they're right; perhaps he isn't "quite right," as they say. But even though Bill may not have a big mind, I'm sure his largeness of heart fully makes up for his intellectual deficiency. Whenever I think of the many stray dogs Bill has cared for, I know that his heart must be of more than ample size. Not only has Bill cared for many of these little beggars, but he has found homes, good homes, for them. It was Bill who brought us our darling Puff. Puff was a wee dog that he had found. Bill's care had made the dog so presentable a sight that on first sight we immediately were captivated by the tiny, fluffy creature. Now Fluff's an important part of our family. We're happy because we have him, and I know Bill's happy he could give his little friend a home.

You would know that anyone so good to dumb animals would be a good friend to all humanity. That's just what Bill is . . . everybody's friend. Bill helps everyone he can, from the little fellow who's lost his penny for the candy he did so want, to the big fellow who needs some change for a cup of coffee. Although Bill hasn't any too much for himself, he's always ready to share that little with the other person. And he gives so graciously! I can hear him say now, "Go on, Son, take it and buy some food. Your face looks sort of peaked. Ah, I don't need it. Only'd spend it on smokes, and too much smoking don't agree with me anyhow."

Bill's one of the very best citizens of our town. True, he doesn't do a lot of work for it, and true, he doesn't pay many taxes. But Bill is a real asset when it comes to directing strangers. Some tourists stopped and asked for directions as I was talking to him one day. Bill obliged, and immediately he added to his instruction as to the right turning, "You might look about our town a bit 'fore you go on. We're sure got one pretty little city here. And clean? Say, there's no place like it." Now, I call that real community boosting. And when someone told Bill later that it was the governor to whom he had spoken, he only said, "Right nice looking fellow, ain't he? Pretty tough job he's got, though."

Bill gets more real, simple pleasure out of his life than any other man I know. He's perfectly happy and contented and wouldn't change his position for anything in the world. "I guess I'm a mighty lucky feller," he told me once. No big business man takes more pleasure and pride in his work than does Bill in his simple occupation of selling magazines.

I don't think any of us knows exactly why we call Bill crazy. Perhaps it's because he hasn't advanced to any degree in the so-called business world. Bill can't "just git book-learning," he says himself, but he possesses something better—a love for his fellow men, and an appreciation of them. I guess Bill is really dull in a way, but he has a shining personality, there's no doubt about that.

Bill's been misnamed, I fear. It isn't Bill that's crazy. I guess we're the ones that are crazy, for we don't realize and appreciate a good thing when we see it. Some day, perhaps when Bill is already gone, we'll wake up and say, "Friend Bill."

THANKSGIVING

Dear Lord, I'm thankful, I suppose.
For winter's snow and summer's rose;
For morals straight and plainest face
That eliminate the sinful pace;
For middle class admittance t[illegible] pit
Where looking up I see th[illegible];
For love and life I get from [illegible]
But must not meet in nearer [illegible]
For cotton and wool so wearabl[illegible]
Albeit they are not so fashionable;
For clerical respectability
That makes for peccability.
Dear Lord, I'm thankful, I suppose,
For mediocracy and cursed repose.

WILMA D. BAKER, '34.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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HOME-COMING IS SUCCESS

Largest Attendance on Record

The 1933 Home-Coming may be termed as the most successful one in the years during which Ward-Belmont has entertained its alumnae, if numbers mean anything. Eighty-eight girls stayed on the campus, and one hundred seventy-five attended the annual business luncheon on Saturday, April 15. The campus was crowded with cars bearing the license plates of a dozen or more states, and all in all, twenty-three states were represented.

Presuming that the majority of the alumnae had arrived by dinner time Friday night, April 14, the program planned was opened with the basketball game between the 1933 Varsity and a team composed of alums. Before the game, a short and clever skit was given in which two girls bearing a placard, "As Ward-Belmont students *think* we are" were followed by stiff-jointed and hobbling alums wearing the heavy serge bloomers and the long black stockings (familiar even to the class of '32). Directly behind them came another placard, "As we really are," and with a jog-trot, the sprightly alumnae team came onto the floor. The game, in which the alumnae were victorious, was followed by a reception in the X. L. club house to which the faculty members also were invited. The atmosphere, rainy though it was, outside was no more damp than the interior of the dormitories when the returning graduates of the school heard the chimes playing *The Bells of Ward-Belmont* and the Senior song.

Saturday noon the group gathered in the small dining room for the business luncheon. Mrs. Joe Zanone (Lucylle Oliver, '20) presided in the absence of Elizabeth Barthell,' 28, the president of the association. During the course of the luncheon, the alumnae were addressed by Dr. John D. Blanton, Dr. John Barton, and Mrs. Zanone. Dr. Blanton was as inspiring

(Continued on page 6)

DR. RAYMOND DEVOTIONAL SPEAKER

The chapel speaker for Wednesday, April 12, was Dr. Raymond, of Vanderbilt University.

In speaking of the Holy Week, Dr. Raymond pointed out that we haven't recorded a single work that Christ performed or a single word that He spoke on the Wednesday of Holy Week. It was a "day of silence," said Dr. Raymond. "He probably spent it with His friends. In all the surge and hurry of the last week of flesh, He had time to be silent."

"I believe," said Dr. Raymond, "that this day of Wednesday has something for us, as we think of the poise of Jesus." "Jesus stood in the midst of the strain of Passion Week," he continued, "and had time enough to be silent."

Dr. Raymond pointed out that the "religious experience of Jesus is the most precious possession of the human race." He continued by saying that the greatest achievement of life is to share in the religious experience of Jesus.

Stating that what he particularly admired in Jesus was His great poise, Dr. Raymond defined that kind of poise as being that which will enable us, in the center of confusion, to be calm.

"Let's have," said Dr. Raymond, in conclusion, "a Wednesday in our lives in the midst of Holy Week. . . . so that we can share in the religious experiences of Jesus."

COUNCILS HOLD CITIZENSHIP PROGRAM

Student Council had charge of chapel on Tuesday, April 18, when the value of good campus citizenship was discussed.

Mary Margaret Craig, president of the Day Student Council, spoke on the qualities of good citizenship. She especially emphasized honesty and truthfulness, loyalty and co-operation. It is "our duty," she said, "to co-operate by not thinking of ourselves, but of others." She also outlined the history of student self-government, and pointed out the ultimate goal of student government in Ward-Belmont as being an honor system extending over the entire school.

A comparison of Ward-Belmont regulations with those of several other junior colleges was presented by Mary Peckham, president of Boarding Council. In conclusion, she pointed out that Ward-Belmont regulations are not as numerous as in many other schools and that they "contribute much to the School of which we are so proud."

A. K. DANCE ANNOUNCED

About two hundred invitations have been extended to guests for the A. K. dance, Saturday, April 22. The motif of the dance, except that suggested by the invitations, has not been announced. Dick Stewart is chairman of the dance committee.

DEL VERS ENTERTAIN WITH OPEN HOUSE

The Del Ver Club entertained with a very well-attended open house last Saturday afternoon. Iris, tulips, and lilacs added a colorful touch to the newly furnished house.

Janet Maechtle, Miss Alma Hollinger, and the other officers received the guests. Elizabeth Neumann poured. Many Alumnae apparently enjoyed this very informal manner of entertaining, for they stayed quite awhile chatting about their old Ward-Belmont experiences.

ALUMS DEFEAT VARSITY IN BASKETBALL

The exciting basketball game that took place Friday night between the Alumnae and this year's Varsity was won by the Alumnae 35-30.

At the end of the first half the Varsity was leading and it looked as if the Alumnae were beaten, but during the second half Epperson managed to outplay her guard and with the help of the rest of the team made one basket after the other. Cherrington played an unusually nice game and scored most of the points for the Varsity. Stone displayed some beautiful guarding against Epperson, and it was unfortunate for the Varsity that she was taken out on fouls during the second half.

The Alums who played were: Epperson, Toney, Neisler, Cayce, Jeter, Mackey, Stahlman, Fish, Nash, Morrison, Rebman, and Reynolds.

OSIRON DANCE GREATLY ENJOYED

As a climax to a delightful weekend of Homecoming the old girls and students were entertained with a Musical Ball given by the Osiron Club. Cellophane hung over silver paper gave a modernistic note to the room. A border of black and silver musical notes reflected the black and silver of the huge banjo that contained the orchestra. A chandalier of mirrors was suspended in the center of the room and made a constant play of reflected lights over the dancers.

The special numbers were cleverly announced by two pages, who were dressed in attractive cellophane costumes. The first number, "The Girl in the Little Green Hat," was sung by Lydia Fountain and Billy Mae Plock. Both girls carried out the cellophane motif by wearing little green cellophane hats. The next number proved to be quite entertaining to the old girls. It was a skit showing Ward-Belmont "way back when" and "now." The differences in regulation, gym clothes, and evening dresses were shown. Both of these numbers were given behind cellophane. The third number, "Confessions," was given by a chorus of cellophane-clad, youthful maidens supporting Mary Martineau, the "man" of the occasion.

The "Musical Ball" was one of the most outstanding dances of the year. The gay spirit of Spring prevailed in the decorations and in the dresses of the dancers. Both old and new girls seemed to enjoy it very much.

GEORGE HAY TALKS ON RADIO

Working in his personal experience in the form of radio program, Mr. George Hay, publicity director for WSM, presented facts on commercial radio activity during chapel on Monday, April 14.

Mr. Hay spoke of radio as the most recent publicity medium. "Radio is merely a medium for news, music, and education," he said. He commented especially on the fact that it is not, and often cannot, be used enough as a medium for education.

Then the program was left open to questions from the audience. In answer to the question: What is the influence of letters you receive in determining programs? Mr. Hay stated that such correspondence guides the programs almost entirely. He pointed out that just as in newspapers, "certain features go," there is a prevalence of certain programs on the radio because the majority rules. As an illustration of this he spoke of the WSM Saturday night program, on which the record of correspondence has been set, 53,000 letters having been received on this program from every state in the Union.

Mr. Hay was assisted throughout the program by several piano selections played by Robert Tucker, a pupil of Lawrence Goodman, and a member of the WSM staff.

ORCHESTRA CONCERT PRAISED BY CRITICS

The annual orchestra concert of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory drew a large audience Tuesday night, April 11th. It was a concert filled with many interesting things.

Kenneth Rose had trained the players and made a success of it, as he has for fifteen seasons past, since becoming head of the violin department. His understanding of the capabilities of the student body, assisted by trained town players, enables him to select each year a program varied enough to please every taste. His conducting was incisive and inspiring.

Carl Goldmark's overture on a Hindoo subject, *Sakuntala*, famed for its beauty of themes and romantic atmosphere, was played remarkably well, and the allegro-vivace movement of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony was done with splendid clarity. This work is now celebrating its centenary, as it was finished March 13, 1833, and first performed at a London concert on May 13, following, when the composer was on his third visit to England.

Miss Ella Lu Cheek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will T. Cheek, was soloist, and her playing of the first movement of Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*, with orchestral accompaniment, was rewarded with salvos of applause and a deluge of flowers. Her poetic interpretation and the beauty of her tone gave evidence of a very musical nature, while her technical facility and the smoothness of her bowing showed ambitious application.

The Stradivarius she played on was used by the French violinist, Lafont, in 1816, when he arranged a musical duel at La Scala, Milan, with Paganini, three years his junior, and in which contest the great Italian violinist remarked that "Lafont probably surpassed me in tone."

Miss Cheek's encore was Chaminade's *Caprice Espagnole*, in which she played the difficult harmonics clearly. Her able accompanist for this was Hazel Coate Rose.

Weldon Hart, of Erin, Tennessee, has been a pupil under Mr. Rose for six years, the last three of which he has held a Juillard scholarship. This year he receives his certificate and he is also graduating at Peabody. For a young student his composition for orchestra, called simply, "Tone Poem," is truly remarkable.

He conducted it himself in fine style, and the work has an atmosphere of the modern French school, with its many fleeting bits for flute, clarinet, harp, etc., but differs from many modernistic things in that it had a coherency and continuity with glowing passages for strings holding it together that made it a well-thought-out and very satisfying piece, truly amazing in the effectiveness of its many orchestral combinations, which did not seem at all haphazard, but well planned. He received great applause for his fine work.

The concert concluded with a brilliant rendition of the Dance of the Bajaderes, from Rubinstein's opera, *Feramors*. Miss Frances Rose was the very capable pianist for the orchestra and Weldon Hart was concert master.

ALVIN S. WIGGERS, *Nashville Tennessean.*

The Ward-Belmont Orchestra, under the baton of Kenneth Rose, reached new heights of achievement on Tuesday evening, April 11th, when it gave its annual concert in the school auditorium. So far as the playing is concerned it was one of the best, if

(Continued on page 6)

CALENDAR

Saturday, April 20—
Texas Club picnic
A. K. Dance

Tuesday, April 25—
Certificate Music Students' Recital

Thursday, April 27—
French Club party
German Club party

Friday, April 28—
Tri K Supper Dance

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Thinking of you CARDS
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LILY PONS ENJOYED BY LARGE AUDIENCE

A large group of interested Ward-Belmont girls attended the concert given by Lily Pons, Monday evening, April 17. Miss Pons, the petite, young French artist, won the hearts of all who heard her. Her program allowed her voice to be shown at its full value. Those who attended reported a most enjoyable evening.

DR. CURRIE SPEAKS AT EASTER SERVICE

The early morning Easter service was held at 7:30 Sunday morning in Recreation Hall, with Dr. Armand Currie, of the Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church, for speaker.

The school choir and Y. Cabinet formed the choir, which, dressed in white, marched down the stairs. Lillian Jones presided before the alcove, which was banked in Easter flowers. Members of the faculty, household, and student body were present.

Dr. Currie spoke in his usual direct manner on the service which is the responsibility made clearer to each person by Easter time.

A. K. CLUB GIVES TEA

Although the A. K.'s do only a little bit of entertaining throughout the year, they manage to plan really big affairs. They gave the traditional Easter tea the Sunday afternoon of Homecoming weekend.

This year, the tea was especially nice. The house was decorated with many spring flowers. Charlotte Shenk, in a black printed hostess gown, received with Miss Wells, who wore a navy blue and white striped organdy afternoon dress. Dick Stewart, wearing a smart printed gray dress, and Betty Grammes, in red crepe, poured. Miss Elizabeth Philips, president of Student Council, '31, now a student at Northwestern, was an honor guest.

In addition to about a hundred and fifty guests from the student body, the entire number of alumnae were invited. The house became filled with girls who exchanged reminiscences. Although there were a great many people present all the time, most of the guests stayed long enough to talk at length with practically all of the other guests.

The A. K.'s themselves were all charmingly dressed and proved themselves excellent hostesses. Music was provided by a three-piece orchestra.

The tea was under the supervision of Josephine Scott.

VESPERS DEDICATED TO GRENFEL

The Easter Vesper service was dedicated to the cause of the Wilfred Grenfel stations in Labrador. Ward-Belmont, by an annual offering, helps to retain a nurse there to continue to minister aid to those unfortunates of whom we seldom hear. A lovely program of poetry and music was given, including *The Message of Easter in Poetry*, by Dorris Fish, '32, and an account of *The Evening of the First Easter Day*, from Luke 24: 36-39, read by Helen Conley. Margaret Pierce sang a vocal solo and Ganel Stuart played a harp selection, *Fraicheur*, by Carlos Salzedo. After the usual hymns and prayers, the devotions were closed with the benediction.

TEXAS CLUB GIVES ANNUAL PICNIC

Today the Texas Club is having its annual picnic at Shelby Park. The party consists of about fifty people. They will leave at three-thirty and return around seven o'clock. A good time is assured for all.

Miss Blythe is the sponsor of the club. She will be assisted in chaperoning by Miss Mary-Jane Pulver, Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce, and Miss Florence Boyer.

ACHIEVEMENT TEST TAKEN BY STUDENTS

Monday and Tuesday of this week all members of the Senior Class, quite a few Senior-Middles, and some High School girls took the Pennsylvania Achievement Tests. The same type of test was given here last year but the questions have been revised and improved. The objective of these tests is to measure Ward-Belmont's rank with other schools in general culture.

T. C. CLUB ENTERTAINS WITH TEA

The T. C. Club entertained, Sunday afternoon, with a tea. Invitations were issued to all the alumnae and a great many students. The house was attractively decorated with spring flowers. Delightful refreshments were served.

Miss Mary W. Shackelford, Club Sponsor, Frances Holtzman and other officers were in the receiving line. An orchestra provided the music for dancing.

CLUB CHATTER

If everything of importance that has occurred in the select vicinity of Club Village was put into capitals, there would be an entire column of capitals similar to those found in other sections of the paper.

Wonder if the alums felt as much at home as they had in the past? That was a rhetorical question; besides, I'm ready to say that they did!

A number of the more ambitious ones entertained their alumnae Sunday morning at breakfasts. The X. L.'s, Tri K.'s, Osirons, Del Vers, F. F.'s, Penta Taus, and Anti Pan's brought out the silver and china and exhibited those who are "carrying on." Miss Sisson was an honor guest at the X. L. house that morning.

There is little need of mentioning the A. K. tea in this lowly column. I can understand how it is their pride and joy. Elizabeth Phillips, president of Student Council in '31 and an old A. K., added a sort of air to the receiving line. To us "new 'uns" she made an impressive figure. Imagine going down a W.-B. receiving line and not being able to exchange more than perfunctory "how-do-you-do's." "Scotty's" dad is a masterpiece. I can understand where Scotty got at least part of her good looks. I noted that a number of our prominent campus cut-ups came to stay and brought the children.

Believe it or call me a so-'n-so, the Del Ver house is transfigured, transformed, and the old order given over to the new. The radio is even in commission. Congratulations! Tell us how.

Lauryne Edwards entertained her mother at a fancy affair last Friday. Mrs. Florez and Louise added greatly as guest and hostess. There was a big five-pound box of candy, 'n mints, 'n sandwiches, 'n tea, 'n entertainment provided by such celebrities as Smith, Goodrum, and Dukie Hill.

The T. C.'s and Del Vers had tea dances and open houses this week. Both were well attended.

Dukie took the best cake to the F. F. Club Sunday. Scovill and her "boy friend," and brother were there. The cake made the rounds fourteen ways. Poor cake! Dukie had her sister, Leore, here this weekend, too.

There will only be one more full moon to gaze calf-eyed at. The April moonlight brought out Victrolas, divans, and "mooning" girls. In fact, the Tri K.'s just moved out to the front lawn Sunday afternoon.

Guess I have hit the highlights and the headlights.

Forgot the X. L. picnic—they had one of those rare times.



an answer to the school girl's prayer for slimness plus comfort!

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You energetic young collegians, you—lend us your ears! Here's a lastex girdle—light, soft, supple, boneless, that's built to fit your figure and your pocket book as well!

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EDITORIAL

To us this springtime should hold an even deeper significance of newness than did the New Year we watched slip in at the close of the holidays, for spring marks the finish of our year's work and a fresh start toward another. No one can help but thrill at the challenge of that thought, and the challenge, too, for making the present a step in such a direction. On these gorgeous mornings, when we watch the streaked colors of a golden dawn break through the trees and over our campus, it is almost impossible to miss that exalted feeling that this is our world; that each new day on the way to June *must* be filled with all the blessings that school life affords, and that even though these days cannot go on interminably they can leave a vastly influencing imprint on our spirits if we but continue to open our hearts to all about us. There *is* a soul-satisfaction in the achievements we have made thus far; yet in spite of what we have done, let us not forget there are just as many responsibilities of which to be mindful at the completion of this year as there were last fall. Now is the ideal time to sit down and look in the mirror, as it were, to push aside any pride, selfishness, or conceit that dims the image, and see ourselves in the light of fair, true criticism. There have been mistakes during the year; perhaps we have not accomplished as much as we feel capable of, or perhaps we have done some things which we regret. Dig down deep into your memory-mirror and capture all the vaguely recorded errors that you may view them intelligently and constructively. Then do not be afraid to apply a remedy, even if the fault is so enveloping that you consider it a hopeless attempt or the hour too late to try. If the year has been a huge success, do not slacken your pace now; make a fine finish.

We pass this way but once; we take and give abundantly if we are wise; we have our "New Years" that we may live better; and, finally, we shall carry the inspiration W-B has given us ever on—until she may be justly proud to call us hers.

LITTLE WOMEN

O little women of long ago,
Meg and Amy, Beth and Jo,
Let me come to your house once more
To live again the joys of yore.

Tumble me, Jo, 'till I'm breathless
and laughing,
Talk to me, Beth, 'till I'm mindless of
chaffing,
Play with me, Amy, and show me your
pictures,
Strengthen me, Meg, with your endless
devotion.

O little women of long ago,
Meg and Amy, Beth and Jo,
Take me from unending pain
Of earthly life to peace again.

To our own world where I may know
The quiet, sure release from woe.

—LOIS MILTON, '33.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Quoting those who should know, we note that there are something like ten more recitations apiece before the general exodus.

And while you are going, remember Woodrow, who will be on her way to New York, Washington, Casper, and other points East.

Not to mention, or even whisper about Viva Lee and "Dukie" (if you scan those two names together, they're trochaic trimeter—with due respect to English Tyoes) who will greet the June moon from West Point.

And, of course, "Berta" will celebrate at W. and L.

All Senior needed was a midnight breakfast while waiting up for the returning alums, as well as the alums who no longer have a dead line. Juje and Ail really awaited Flentye.

Will someone please announce how long one should wear the same orchid? Maybe that's why they're so popular—they last on and on and on.

All the corsages were marvelous. The nice part about not having one —yes, there was a nice part—was that you could enjoy them all and pick your own.

Speaking of flowers, Little Eppie's room in the Infirmary looks like a movie stage set, even to the heroine lying, pale and interesting and not even suffering decently, on the plain white bed.

If you want an authority on the subject, ask:

Mary Marm about getting properly excited when parents come to see.

Sue about a certain Phi Delta pin which has strayed from its master.

Weezle and Squeekie as to the dates 'way from Henderson.

Clem and Katie as to the technique for Sunday breakfasts.

Lauryne about how to be a charming tea hostess—because one hears that she was, and that her tea was quite lovely.

And then there is that kind (goodie, the agreement is right) of person who goes to three-hour services—we wouldn't find out till too late! Under Class I come Bomke, Holtzman, Lix, and Tebbs.

Martineau and the special worked beautifully, as did the whole Osiron dance. After going around in so many circles, you feel like an airplane in a tailspin, or one of the prisms on that enchanting "gadget" hung from the ceiling.

Alma and "Ginny" really can trade —they swapped a typewriter for a "tablecloth" blouse. How do they do it?

And some people are glad the alums are gone because they made so much noise!

Knox suggests sending home toy roosters for reconciliation gifts. We'll see how it works before we do something that will bring a need for it.

Slymme has some goldfish named "Rena" and "Betty Ann." Thank goodness, namesakes still go by opposites.

Incidently, a word to the wise, if the wise need a word: Picking spring flowers is a council offense.

EAGLE FEATHER

MY KIN

I.

My grandfather
Is winter.
He is somewhat
Gnarled and worn by many seasons,
Yet his hair is just touched by the frost of years.
His hands are as strong
As winter's clasp;
His eyes as twinkling as the sun on ice.
When he smiles
His stern face cracks and seams
Like the river ice
As it breaks up
Under the chinook winds.
His bristling mustaches
Remind one of wind-blown icicles
On the corner gable.
His laughter is as gusty as
The North wind
On a busy winter's night.

II.

The little sister
I never knew
Should be as spring;
Pale yellow hair—
Slim body,
Dressed in the palest of greens—
Eyes—the clear blue
Of the first spring day.
She should be as shyly beautiful
As the young, spotted fawn;
As silver-voiced
As the coroling cardinal
In the flowering dogwood.
About her should be
The faintest odor
Of white violets from
A sheltered woodlot.

III.

Mother is summer,
Tall and serene,
With vivid coloring—
The rich, full-blown
Beauty of old, informal gardens.
She is as bright and sunny
As the long days;
As busy and industrious
As the hive of bees down in the orchard.
She is like her hollyhocks
Sometimes—a trifle
Practical and prim in the sunshine.
But when the evening comes,
The primness goes away
And she is as darkly glowing
As the scarlet hibiscus,
Resting in its marshy home.

IV.

Father is autumn—
Straight and hardy
As the red-bannered oak;
Ruddy-cheeked
As a Jonathan apple;
Twinkly-eyed as the
Brown squirrel gathering hickory nuts
Among the leaves for his winter stores.
Sometimes when he
Stands among the yellow
And bronze chrysanthemums,
Tying up their stems,
The wind brings the mellowed sweetness
Of sun-dried hay,
And it's somehow very like him—
Clean and sweet.
He is our provider,
Who sets by a great store
Of good things
With the promise of many more.

RUBY BATTEY, '33, H. S.

OBSCURITY

A deep, hidden valley,
But I stepped across.
In daylight's pure sally
I knew the false moss.

But what if again
I meet that chasm or other,
When night spreads her pain
Will I know the way over?

VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON, '34.



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CLOSE-UPS

Get the alumnae mattresses out of your bathtubs—and write us how you feel after almost a week of our Homecoming? I'll admit it was most strenuous, diverting, and exciting to have people tear madly into your room and swear up and down it belonged to them! Then to find out that they are so-and-so of whom you have been hearing for weeks. Really, it was a tremendous revelation and nicely connected things a bit. Senior certainly had a time over the spectacular greeting Scottie, Huguelet, and Phil received—among all the rest. Kiesel and Ail came forth in full glory and an umbrella; Hurston thought she would brush up on her French at two in the morning; Jan took to cover and waylaid a blanket; Judge and Cherry saved places on the couch (what a basketball team!); and all was just the opposite of two o'clock that morning in Founders! Imagine the entrance—Ail Freeman, if you ever meet us with an umbrella! Anyhow, after this week, we've all come to the conclusion that alums are pretty nice to have around. Toney proves how one gets attached when she drove thirty miles of the way home and then turned around to come back. Atta girl!

Of course, you've seen the Del Ver house of late; it looks scrumptuous with that new furniture! Lauryne, your tea was lovely, by the way. Hasn't this been an up-in-the-clouds time with alums, families, and *et ceteras* down for the weekend, the T. C. and A. K. teas, the Osiron dance, and orchids on Easter? The week was *smooth!*

Mary Jones has a new idea; she wants everybody's home town paper for use as wallpaper! Pretty clever, but why the domesticity? Dot Jones, we see the circles under your eyes: don't you think you need a rest trip to St. Louis? Tebbie, you're one girl that can get flowers without the accompanying nervous fits. Katie Gover, did you know you're getting to be quite a tennis player? (We watch over the back fence.) If we all got together this spring, we might publish a work on tennis—who knows? That is, if track doesn't wear us out in the meantime. Rena, Ponder, and Alma, show us how to throw ten-ton balls, and Bettye Ann, I'm warning you, that roommate of yours plans to turn your room into an athletic field! Jane Young, when you go to Miss (Mrs.) Mary B., tell her "hello" for us.

Won't it be nice to get our Pennsylvania test grades! Yours, on the way to being cultured.

Elsie Shultz Winchell.

PSST!

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how do you do. This is little Boscoe again. The same little stepchild of Mrs. Psst. But I'm not worrying—big staircases from little steps grow—see?

Here's my chance to ask Sara Bowen if Poor Richard was an almanac or *what?*

Margaret Powell, why holler, "Yoo-hoo!" so loudly every morning? I don't think Billye is deaf, do you?

Edith, you're so-o-o graceful. Girls, have you ever noticed how she waves those hands about when she's walking? Somebody suggested that Edith was just waving the germs out of her way so she could pass.

Speaking of Edith, she wants somebody to bestow upon her a nickname. I call her "Peaches," but she says that's not cute. Won't somebody offer a suggestion?

Beverly, I saw you and Joe at the airport Sunday; were you out flying or just spectating? How did you like the parachute jump? And did my eyes deceive me or was that your kid brother along with you?

I never saw so many contented families as I did Sunday. If you want to be reassured that the world is all right after all, just watch the contented families go by—you know, Ma, Pa, Big Sis, and, oh, just loads of little ones, all smiling.

Betty Anderson, you are one sweet person. I think you're plenty good. You certainly know how to care for old war veterans, yassuh!

MUSIC NOTES

The oratorio "Elijah," by Mendelssohn, was given at Vanderbilt, Thursday, April 13, under the direction of Stetson Humphrey. William Fariss, William Vaughn, and Claude Sharp took the solo parts. Ann Durand substituted for Irene Crane Humphrey in several soprano parts.

William Fariss, of the Humphrey studio, sang the offeratory Sunday at the Congregational Church. He sang Olmstead's "Be Ye Glad."

"The Holy City," by Gaul, was given by the Ward-Belmont choir at Scarritt College, Friday evening, and will be given Sunday night at vespers at Ward-Belmont. Stetson Humphrey directed the choir both evenings.

Another delightful students' recital was given Thursday afternoon, April 13, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium. Pupils from the piano and voice departments appeared on the program.

1. Piano—
   (a) At Night .....*Paderewski*
   (b) Praeludium .....*MacDowell*
   Miss Elizabeth Butts
2. Voice—
   (a) Orientale .....*Cui*
   (b) I Passed by Your Window .....*Brake*
   (c) Tears .....*Olmstead*
   Miss Bob Durand
3. Piano—Whims .....*Schumann*
   Miss Katherine Willis
4. Voice—
   (a) An Old Violin .....*Fiaker*
   (b) Madonna's Lullaby ...*Lord*
   (c) A Fairy Story by the Fireside .....*Merikanto*
   Miss Julia Bales Noe
5. Piano—Ricordanza .....*Liszt*
   Mrs. John Lee Neely, Jr.
6. Voice—
   (a) Stars and the Crescent Moon .....*Coates*
   (b) Villanelle .....*del Acqua*
   (c) Gypsy Weather ..*Snodgrass*
   Miss Mildred Dorris

"Y" NOTES

Sunday afternoon "Liz" Wansley and "Ginny" Kiesel went with Miss Van to the Florence Crittendon Home. They took flowers for the girls' rooms and a large basket of colored Easter eggs, which were appreciated a great deal by everyone there.

The day before Easter was enlivened at the Tennessee Children's Home by an Easter egg hunt. The children hunted eagerly for the eggs, for the one who found the golden egg received one of the four prizes. Moreover, there was a second prize for the one who found the greatest number of eggs, and two other prizes for those who found the purple and red Easter eggs.

Everyone had a jolly time. Especially were the children surprised when they found that they were to be treated to "Newly-weds" and marshmallow Easter bunnies. One can imagine the eager little faces as they were streaked with chocolate and ice cream.

Lois Milton, Elizabeth Hendriehs, Lois Schwarz, Julia Bales Noe, Lillian Jones, and Jean Myers had a splendid time enjoying the novel excitement.

Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Marion Low, Bea Werts, Frances Falvey, and Marjorie Zaug visited in the Medical and the Surgical wards of Vanderbilt Hospital, Tuesday night.

The entire committee surprised the patients of the wards Easter morning with individual Easter baskets. These were placed on their breakfast trays.

DIARY

Wednesday—

Jane Moore said Miss Morrison said that there was so much to be seen that was lovely of a morning she didn't understand why people slept then. I got up a little before five to investigate. She is right about the loveliness of the morning, but I'll wager she hasn't had as many recent experiences with poetic descriptions of Ward-Belmont as we have had.

To early morning Lenten service which Julia Bales Noe led. Don't know why; just enjoy those services!

More poetic descriptions of Ward-Belmont; more ravings about the Industrial revolution; more sixty-fours in French tests! And then to Biology "lab" to eat worms, figuratively and literally. Miss Hollinger cheered us by saying that if we spent something like thirty hours a day in the "lab" we could make up the work she assigned and there'd be no more "lab" periods for us when we finished. She calculated on the last of April or the first of May. Optimist!

In accordance, we suppose, with the upward trend of the depression, our favorite Swiss cheese on rye sandwich has gone up a nickel, but Dixie cups are larger.

Club after dinner. Ours was merely a game of conversation. If you could find no one else, you talked to yourself. There's something in the theory that it "ain't" wise to lend out all your talented members for the entertainment of other clubs, nor to let a great many members attend delightful picnics like the X. L.'s. That is, it isn't good if you have planned a program, or a committee meeting. Which reminds us: We certainly enjoyed the chapel speaker this morning, who said that if a bunch of Americans were cast on a desert island, the first thing they would do would be to appoint a committee.

To the library after club and read two hundred pages in an hour and a half. We were reading Cyr's *Third Reader*, by way of explanation.

To bed, being very, very sleepy.

Thursday—

Up just in time to be late to the Lenten service. A light breakfast and then an hour and a half spent on a theme which must have found its way to the waste basket sometime during the second and third period because it wasn't here when we returned from those classes. I always did like to write themes over, especially when I can't remember what I said.

Was greeted by a number of alums as if they had been our "buzzum" friends these many years. We are glad to see them back.

To town for no other reason than a white brush for white shoes and white socks for gym. Ate for an hour in Mocker's, and then shopped for good looking clothes in all the best places. We just have to see some decent rags now and then. We told the eager clerks that dear old mother (wouldn't she love that title?) was coming in a week or two, and we wanted to have our clothes selected.

Back in time for a meeting, and then a very excellent dinner, after which we alternately stared at the book and the clock for an hour and a half. Helen Conley, Dukie Hill, and Delores Smith seemed to have a great deal in common. We have no curiosity, though.

Back to the hall to hear the nightly chant, "Has any one any food?" and let myself go to sleep on an empty stomach,—empty, but we can't figure out why.

Friday—

Un jour memorable! Up betimes for the Lenten service. To breakfast where we noticed several of our old pals back. Prepared many lessons between eight and eight-thirty, and then to class. Managed to be about thirty-five minutes late to the second period class on account of meeting almost everyone we ever knew. A number of Senior-Mids, like Helen Larimer, Jane Carroll, Bob Durand, Katherine Rassmussen, etc., adhered to fashion by going to church. To chapel to meditate, a rather hard job on an empty stomach. . . .

To church, myself, right after lunch, in company with Jane Moore. Returned with Jan Maechtle, Idel Boyd, Marie Bomke, Betty Willert, Erna Hock, and a number of others, too silent to identify.

Back on the campus to find more and more alums pouring in. The ones that hated it worst are the greatest sentimentalists. All the girls who left after one year are loudly voicing their regret, because after all, one year at Ward-Belmont is like half a meal, or the first half of a book, or movie. As you all know, it's the second half of anything that satisfies, and so it is with the second year at Ward-Belmont. Ask any alum.

To dinner where there was much ogling and wild waving, not to mention shrieks of delight from very many people. Was able just to look at Fish; simply couldn't say a word.

Long walks and long talks of days past with certain alums, and then to the basketball game. The alum skit was utterly charming and not a little prophetic. The game was spirited and even the Varsity was glad to see the alums win.

To the library for a dreary hour, and then to the room for an hour's studying before we remembered that we had no lessons to prepare for Monday and Tuesday on account of the Pennsylvania tests. To sleep with a contented murmur.

Saturday—

Greeted the cold and rainy morning with a frown, but went to the Lenten service. Archery right after breakfast. We simply don't understand why Sug Bryan and Jane Curfman have to look so sweet and wholesome and appealing to the standards in vogue about twenty years ago.

Classes were rather a bore, but we managed some way. Lunch without the blessing, but the food was good, although not quite the same as the alums enjoyed, we understand. Homecoming is a great thing. . . .

To town where we tried in vain to look at dresses we knew were at least two sizes too small for us—a good excuse for not buying—since the depression, stores never carry small sizes. To the "White Sister," but the show was spoiled for us by the presence of Clark Gable.

Home in time for the Del Ver open house and the T. C. tea. Ate enough at both houses to make up for the food we didn't get in town. Saw enough alums we used to know intimately to cause us to renew many an old correspondence. Poor Phil has forgotten almost all the French she ever knew, and yet she is tremendously interested in Pilar.

To dinner with another alum pal. Rather tired, but exuberant, we went to the Osiron dance. It was cute, and a fitting memory for the alums to carry home with them. Martineau looked very nice.

To bed with aching feet but lots of food for thought.

Sunday—

Awoke to the really lovely strains of some song sung by the choir, which passed through all the halls. We think we like waking "in tune." To the early morning service where the message brought by Doctor Currie was worth many of the financial sermons we have been sitting through lately. To breakfast and then to Middlemarch to watch with no little envy, we admit it, the many girls who received so many flowers. Then we began the awful search for some one to go to church with. Almost every one was going to her own church, and hardly anyone belongs to ours that we know of, and so—we got to church, but didn't return until one o'clock.

Dinner was excellent. When we think of Easter last year, we regard this rather cool, sunless day with the dampish air, as a bonny spring day. The first thing we did after dinner was to help get Keidel and Buzzie off—not that they needed much help, but we stood around eating their candy and being helpful with advice. Two finer girls could not have been selected to represent Ward-Belmont at a convention.

We spent the greater part of the afternoon at the A. K. tea. Experience has taught us that to all other teas we must go at the last minute and only spend sixty seconds of it there, but to A. K. Easter teas, we must go early and stay late if we would do the smart thing. The A. K.'s made a rather fashionable showing, mentioning especially Dick in a printed grey dress, and Grammes in red, both who poured. The guests were well dressed, and everyone had a bit of florist shop to display. We understand that Mr. Benedict and Doctor Scott (a nice looking man, Jo) made the fireplace work after Phil and her valiant band gave up. Jane Moore slightly resented people's taking her for an A. K., but then some people forgot Shenk was president.

To a very nice Vespers service—very because it was short, and nice because Fish read poetry to us.

To the Del Ver house for an hour's chat, and then to the room for two hours of cleaning—the white shoes, yes, actually! and the white gloves, and the borrowed books, etc. We certainly hate to see the alums leave. We know we won't miss them till they're gone, because having them here seems natural.

Monday—

Managed a bit of extra sleep before rising for breakfast, where we said good-bye to a number of departing alums. To a meeting before walking in on the Pennsylvania tests, where we expected to shine. Some three hours later, a green worm crawled

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from the test room, massaging the palpitating super-pharyngial ganglia that until this day was called our brain. Was consoled by any number of persons who told us that the test was much easier this year than last. As far as our public is concerned, when our score comes out, we forgot a great many things that we once knew well. *Oh, yeah?*

No classes this afternoon, so spent some time talking with Kay and Hockey, and trying to get a moment with Miss Pulver. Just whiled away the whole afternoon.

To Lily Pons after dinner. Beasley, Shenk, the Balsigers, and the Humphreys were in a trance practically the whole time. They were not only intrigued by her stylish and petite figure, her beautiful face, but they also like her voice, which we didn't know anything about. Miss Toney, Miss Roudabush, and Miss Noe were there in the company of Miss Sanders and Miss Clark. Miss Fulenwider was there in the company of a tall, dark, handsome man.

Again we notice that we are just as tired after seeing and hearing a program as if we had done the performing. To bed, still doubting the advisability of not having opened the suitemate's window.

Tuesday—

Up very late, but to breakfast on time. Another meeting afterwards and then to the Pennsylvania tests. They seemed rather simple to the girls who knew the answers. Personally, we know now how little we know. If we had only realized our ignorance at the beginning of our college career instead of in the middle, we might have been able to have remedied the situation.

Enjoyed chapel very much. We are really rather fond of Ward-Belmont, so we like to hear how well it rates with other schools.

To a class after lunch, and then to archery. The way Lois Milton hits the bull's eye is something to look out for in the tournament.

Intended to do many things this afternoon, but mainly watched baseball from the field. Wilkins really goes to town as a pitcher.

Spent the evening wondering how the teachers will receive me back to the fold after my absence. Changed the sheets on the bed, wondering all the while whether or not their smooth coolness was just compensation for the trouble they caused.

ORCHESTRA CONCERT PRAISED BY CRITICS

(Continued from page 1)

not the best, of the performances it has given in recent years.

Mr. Rose showed good judgment in arranging the program—primarily in choosing numbers that were within the technical capabilities of his players, without, at the same time, sacrificing quality. The result was a verve and facility in the playing of all sections that added in no small measure to the enjoyment of the music.

For this, of course, Mr. Rose divides praise with his fifty instrumentalists. He had evidently gone to great pains to mould them, so far as possible, into a well-coordinated group of interpreters. The tone was at all times of good quality. And the strings, particularly the violins, are to be commended in that the majority of them were students in the school. There was very little raggedness, and comparatively few lapses from pitch.

Goldmark's *Sakuntala* overture, a melodius and enduring work, made a good opening number. The orchestra settled down to it immediately and gave a satisfactory account of themserves. It was followed by the first movement of Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, in which the transparently happy mood of the music was reflected in the playing.

A novelty that deserves special comment was the "Tone Poem," by Weldon Hart. Mr. Hart has studied violin under Mr. Rose for six years, and has frequently given evidence of his ability as an instrumentalist. On this occasion, however, he appeared as composer and conductor, and made a success in both capacities. His "Tone Poem" is a meritorious work, showing him to be possessed of considerable talent in this rare field of musical activity. He has ideas, a nice feeling for orchestral coloring and a modernistic flare. As a conductor his beat was sure, and he brought out many of the less obvious details of the score.

The soloist was Ella Lu Cheek, who played the first movement of Lalo's *Spanish Symphony* for violin and orchestra. Miss Cheek has been heard in solos before, but never to better advantage. Her tone was most agreeable; she played with considerable technical surety, and knew her part thoroughly. Her performance was highly creditable to herself and to Mr. Rose, who has been her only teacher. She was forced to add an encore, for which Hazel Coate Rose was the efficient accompanist.

The program ended with a spirited rendering of the second "Dance of the Bajaderes," by Rubinstein, bringing to a close a musical event that was a credit to the Ward-Belmont Orchestra and to its skillful and musicianly conductor.

SYDNEY DALTON, *Nashville Banner.*

HOME-COMING IS SUCCESS

(Continued from page 1)

as usual, and Dr. Barton reminded the girls that the trust of Ward-Belmont was still in their keeping and told them of the only manner in which they might continue to serve the school.

Mary-Jane Pulver, '28, Executive Secretary and Treasurer, in whose hands rested the successful spirit of this Homecoming, read the minutes of the 1932 luncheon and the treasurer's report for the year. Following this, Elizabeth Shirk, '31, gave the report of the nominating committee, and the following officers were elected: President, Catherine Blackman, '28; First Vice-President, Grace *Cavert* Stumb, '31; Second Vice-President, Kathryn Funk, '31.

Virginia *Smith* Miller, '25, first Executive Secretary, was a well-known addition to the group.

There were a number of Ward Seminary and Belmont College graduates present, and Miss Hood, of Belmont College, was able to be there also. When the years, beginning with 1914, were called, alumnae from every class through to the most recent, 1932, stood. This in itself is a tribute to the school which will not be forgotten.

The T. C. and Del Ver tea and open house, respectively, that afternoon, and the Osiron Musical Ball that night were attended by the alumnae. Sunday morning, there was an early service in Recreation Hall, at which Dr. Currie spoke, and after dinner, coffee was served to the alumnae, the members of the Senior class, the faculty, and the household. The annual Easter tea given by the A. K. Club concluded the program for many who had to leave Sunday evening or Monday morning. Some fortunate few were able to linger through the following week, but the majority had gone by Monday night.

The time, to quote *Hamlet*, may be out of joint, and there may be prevalent in the world a spirit of disquietude and uncertainty, but loyalty and sincere devotion to that for which Ward Seminary, Belmont College, and Ward-Belmont has stood brought back these girls of other years who wanted to refresh their memories and rest assured that the old motto, "Uniting; Continuing," still carries on.

The members of the Old Ladies' Home Committee provided a pleasant surprise for their friends on Easter morning. Each person's place at the breakfast table was marked by a nest filled with eggs, with bunnies topping the whole. Mary Jo Scoville and other representatives of the committee paid a short visit to the home on Saturday evening.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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STUDENT CONFERENCE HELD AT VANDERBILT

A Student Conference, dealing with the subject: "Re-Thinking Missions," was held at the Y.M.C.A. Graduate School on Saturday and Sunday, April 22, 23. Leaders from the colleges and universities of Nashville and the surrounding territory attended, and the discussions were led by Raymond Currier, educational secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement of New York City. The discussions centered about the topic, "What It Means to Be a Christian in the World of Today."

Representing the Ward-Belmont Y.W.C.A. on all sessions of the Conference were the following: Mary Jo Scoville, Jeanne Myers, Marion Connor Dawson, Katherine Bothman and Ruth Frye. In addition, over 20 members of the Cabinet and others who were interested, attended the closing session of the Conference on Sunday morning.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS PRESENT PLAY

"Not Quite Such a Goose," a play in one act, by Elizabeth Gab, was presented in chapel on Friday, April 21. This play was one of three which have been worked out by some of Miss Ordway's high school English students.

The play centered around Albert, the young seventeen-year-old boy who was "not quite such a goose" as to be girl crazy. But finding that some girls, in particular, Hazel, are really nice, he soon changes, until in the end he is admiring the "beautiful rose" that his girl has just given him.

The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Bell .....Matilda Gibson
Albert Bell .....Mickie Perry
Hazel Henderson .....Jane Meadors
Sylvia Bell .....Betty Rye
Phillip Flick .....Elizabeth Craig

W.-B. STUDENT WINS HONORS

Virginia Walker's Essay Takes First Place

The winners in the student contests in short story, essays, poetry, visual arts, drama, and others held by *Scholastic*, the national high school magazine, were announced in the April 29, issue of the magazine. Ward-Belmont was very much complimented to find that Virginia Johnstone Walker, a member of the Senior High School class was named winner in the essay contest and received the first prize of fifty dollars.

Virginia Walker is a member of Penstaff and her work has appeared several times in *Eagle Feather*. Her prize winning essay entitled "Reluctant Feet," may be found in *Eagle Feather* of this issue on page three.

Scholastic offers yearly prizes for poetry, essays, short stories, etc., in these nationwide contests. Upwards of thirty thousand students from more than two thousand schools enter, so that to win first place is really a worth-while accomplishment. The judges for the essay division of the contest for this year were Thomas L. Masson, former editor of *Life*; Fred Lewis Pattee, Professor Emeritus of English at Pennsylvania State College; Robert Cortes Holliday, Director Holliday School of Writing, and Alfred S. Dashiell, Managing Editor *Scribner's Magazine*.

Sincerest congratulations are due Virginia Walker. Ward-Belmont is very proud of her accomplishment.

GOODMAN GIVES MUSICAL LECTURE

Lawrence Goodman, who has done much to increase musical appreciation in Ward-Belmont, gave an interesting lecture recital Thursday evening, April 20.

Mr. Goodman chose as his subject, "Women Who Influenced Great Composers," and developed this intriguing title in a delightful manner. He chose as his composers: Bach, Brahm, Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, and DeBussey and showed the effect on their lives and compositions of various women with whom they came in contact. The story of Liszt seemed most to attract and hold the students. His brilliant, vivid style was more easily understood and appreciated after Mr. Goodman's excellent description of his life.

During the lecture several members of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music gave various selections of each composer. The lecture seemed to make the music much more interesting to the students.

Virginia Davenport gave two selections on the piano, "Chromatic Fantasy," of Bach, and "12th Rhapsody," of Liszt. Ruby Briggs Sprouse played Brahms "Rhapsody," and Jane Briggs played "Soaring," by Schumann. Chopin's "Ballade" was effectively played by Catherine Guthrie. Two numbers were sung by Elizabeth Shirk; Brahms' "Wie Melodien Zieht Es Mir," and Liszt's "Wanderero Nacht Lied." Martha Rucker gave the violin solo "Frasquita," by Lehar.

This lecture recital was one of the most interesting things given in the musical line at Ward-Belmont. Lawrence Goodman's effective handling of the subject, as well as the assistance given by those who played and sang, made it one of the big successes of the year.

TEXAS CLUB PICNIC ENJOYED

The Texas Club gave their annual picnic last Saturday, April 22, at Shelby Park. The party consisted of about fifty-five girls. The chaperons were Miss Blythe, the sponsor, Miss Cayce, Miss Pulver and Miss Boyer. The party left around three-thirty and returned at seven-thirty.

The girls roamed around the park for awhile and then decided to play baseball. They played until five-thirty, when supper, consisting of potato salad, ham and chicken salad sandwiches, chess pies and Coca-Cola was served. Everyone seemed to enjoy it. Miss Morrison, Miss Sisson and Dean and Mrs. Burk came out for awhile, late in the afternoon, as guests of the club.

After supper Dean Burk played baseball with the girls. The two teams playing were the "ham sandwiches" and the "chess pies." Dean Burk, who played for the "chess pies," made a sensational slide to third base, making the game a great success.

CALENDAR

Saturday, April 29
Play day
Monday, May 1
Baseball games begin.
Wednesday, May 3
Diploma Recital, 8:15.
Thursday, May 4
Student Recital, 4:30.
Friday, May 5
Expression Play.
Saturday, May 6
Riding Show.
Penta Tau Dance.

SHAKESPEARE PLAY ANTICIPATED WITH PLEASURE

Ward-Belmont, under Miss Townsend's direction, has the unique distinction of having presented annually for fifteen years a Shakespear play in the simple mode of his day. This year the School of Expression will present "As You Like It," on Friday night, May 5. If you want a thrill, watch for Combs and Crowe in the fat parts of "William " and "Audrey," Justice as the elegant "Le Bean," and the entire group of first-year students in hunter's green and cocked hat as foresters. The parts of the most important characters naturally fall to the Senior expression students, as it is their play. Mary Peckham gives a tremendously fine impersonation of "Rosalind," and Mary Alice Ringo gives her a close second as "Celia." Rae Baker and Charley Vene Tinnon have the manly parts and give a fine illusion of power. Quinnia Newman, as "Touchstone," is light of foot, and swift of retort. The Seniors are assisted by the certificate students, who play Adam, Frederick, the Banished Duke and Corin. The high points in their part fall to "Sylvias" and "Phoebe" (Grigsby and Livingston), while "Jaques" (Kelly) gives beautifully "all the world's a stage."

W.-B. A. A. COMPARES FAVORABLY AT A. F. A. C. W. CONVENTION

Ward-Belmont was one of the seventy-five colleges represented at the Seventh National Convention of the Athletic Federation of American College Women which met on April 17-20, in Austin, Texas, with the University of Texas as host. About 200 delegates from colleges and universities throughout the United States attended the convention.

The Federation was started by a group at the University of Wisconsin seventeen years ago under the leadership of Miss Blanche M. Trilling, professor and director of physical education for women at the University of Wisconsin. The small meeting held at that time proved so successful that an organization was formed which was to meet every three years at the college at which the Federation decides at the convention by vote upon all invitations extended. At the seventh national convention just held the University of Minnesota was selected for the eighth national convention of the A. F. A. C. W. to be held in 1936. The Federation is composed of representatives from women's athletic associations in 237 American colleges and universities.

In order to realize its purpose "to further athletic interests and activities for girls and women" the Federation adopted a new platform which reads:

1. To increase number of women participating in W. A. A. activities.
2. To promote those activities which may be adapted to the needs of after-college life.
3. To accept as far as possible only well trained and properly qualified instructors and officials of W. A. A. activities.
4. To require medical and physical examinations without exception for participation in all W. A. A. activities.
5. To offer assistance in the promotion of a sane program of athletics for high school girls.
6. To oppose commercialized women's sports.
7. To promote sports in which both men and women may participate.

(Continued on page 6)

A. K.'S GIVE EGYPTIAN DANCE

The A. K. spring dance, held last Saturday evening in the gym, carried out a novel theme, Egyptian in its entirety.

The gym walls were hung with brown paper, suggestive of desert sand, decorated on either side with paintings of huge Egyptian figures. Tall columns and incense burners placed along the walls carried out the motif. Instead of having the orchestra in one corner, it was successfully placed in the balcony and a pyramid, taking up the entire space at the far end of the room, served as background and the means of introducing Betty Grammes, the "mummy" who interpreted an Egyptian symbol dance. Gwashi girls in attendance were Josephine Scott, Mary Beth Lewis, Henrietta Cherrington, Betty Willert, and Josephine Gardner.

Fresh fruit heaped on silver trays was passed later by the attendants and proved a novel way of serving.

Charlotte Shenk, president, Miss Aileen Wells, sponsor, Carol Starbuck, Ella Mae Goodrum, and Betty Willert received the guests.

COUNCIL OFFICERS FOR NEXT YEAR ELECTED

The returns of the student council election which was held Friday afternoon, April 21, are as follows:

President .....Viva Lee Davis
First Vice-President..Martha Pyeatt
Second Vice-President....Lora Gillis
Secretary .....Dorothy Glander
High School Representative .....
.....Frances Prince
Chapel Proctor.....Marie Bomke
General Proctor....Mary Beth Lewis

All of these officers will, we feel sure, carry the ideas and ideals of Ward-Belmont to an even higher peak than ever before.

Viva Lee Davis, chosen as President of Council, has been accorded the highest honor that it is in the power of Ward-Belmont students to bestow. The office is one which requires the best of ability and a most conscientious effort. We know, having chosen her, the student body will stand behind her and the year '33-'34 will be a great success.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS PRESIDE AT CHAPEL

Chapel services on Wednesday, April 19, were in charge of the high school students. The theme of the service centered around the Ward-Belmont School hymn.

Margaret Green spoke on "The Place of Hymns in the Lives of People," and gave a short history of church singing. "Charles Wesley, as the Author of Our Hymn," was discussed by Landis Shaw. The general work of this hymnal writer, brother of the Wesley who founded the Methodist Church, was spoken of. The actual choosing of this particular hymn at Ward-Belmont was presented by Lora Gillis. She explained how the words of one hymn and the music of another were combined to make the hymn representative of the spirit of Ward-Belmont.

Clyde Partlow presided over the services. The prayer was given by Henrietta Hickman, and the responsive reading was led by Margaret Howe.

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W.-B. GIRLS VISIT JUNIOR LEAGUE HOME

Sunday afternoon, six of the girls went to see their little friends at the Junior League Home. Many fast friendships have sprung up between the girls and these children, who look forward eagerly to the time when Ward-Belmont girls can come to see them. One girl was disappointed to find that several of the little ones she had wanted particularly to see had left the institution. Others had come to take their places, however, and she soon made new friends.

Those who went were Idel Boyd, Betty Crowe, Sarah Dewey, Mildred Edmunson, Ruth Frye, and Anne Shaw.

DAY STUDENT COMMUNITY WORK PROGRESSES

Several interesting events have happened lately in connection with the Community service of the day students' clubs of the Protestant Orphanage. In addition to the weekly play hour on Tuesday afternoons, which has been regularly carried on, the kindergarten and nursery school group at the Orphanage enjoyed an automobile ride about the city. An Easter egg hunt for all the children was held on the Saturday afternoon preceding Easter.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. J. P. Williams, Mrs. John Overton and Mrs. John Bransford, members of the Board of the Orphanage, met with a committee of the day students to discuss the work with the children in which they are so much interested. The day students included: Sarah Bryan, Mary Margaret Craig, Edith Anderson, Anne Loftin, Nancy Schumacher, Imogene Bratton, Elizabeth Glasgow, Valmon Louise Marks, Betty Anderson and Claudine Smelser.

EXPRESSION STUDENTS IN SEVERAL PERFORMANCES

At Springfield High School assembly, April 11, Charley Vene Tinnon and Quinnia Newman gave a one-act play, "Fast Friends." They acquitted themselves well. At Clarksville and Lebanon on April 18, three first-year expression students gave a good presentation of "The Red Carnation." The students were Jennabeth Jones, Mary Jones, and Evelyn Cooper. On Friday, April 21, Catherine Combs and Virginia Livingston gave, in Murfreesboro, a duologue of Austin Dobson's "Secrets of the Heart." They were dressed in the characters and pleased the audience. The Expression School thanks Dean Burk for the privilege accorded them of performing in these various towns.

On Monday, April 17, Misses Crowe, Combs, Grigsby, Morris, Martineau, and Kelly, gave "Neighbors" at the Watkins Institute to a large audience. They gave a very good performance.

THIS AND THAT

North Carolina boasts the largest yield per acre of peanuts.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Germany has passed a law prohibiting all alien born students admission to Universities, this automatically closes the universities to Jewish students.—*Constitution.*

George Washington was the only president ever elected unanimously.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Every city, town, village, and hamlet in Cheshire has been asked to write up its history and customs so that the county may have its own Doomsday Book.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

French farmers use sulphuric acid extensively to rid their wheat fields of weeds.—*Journal.*

Sixty-four tons of letters were sent by air from England last year, exceeding all previous records.—*Tribune.*

One hundred thousand square miles of Alaska's total area is suitable for agriculture.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

"HOLY CITY" PRESENTED AT VESPERS

The Ward-Belmont students were delightfully entertained during the Sunday vesper hour by the sacred cantata "Holy City" by Gaul. The chorus, made up of the school choir, augmented by students from the Humphrey studio, sang under the direction of Stetson Humphrey. F. Arthur Henkel accompanied them at the organ.

Ann Durand, soprano, sang the aria "These Are They," and in the duet, "They Shall Hunger No More," with Dorothy Beasley. Miss Durand also sang in the trio and quartet. Dorothy Beasley sang the contralto arias "Eye Hath Not Seen," and "Come Ye Blessed." She also appeared in the trio and duet.

The tenor, William Vaughn, sang two arias, "No Weeping Yonder" and "My Soul is Athirst for God." He also sang in the quartet.

Hooper Scott, baritone, sang "List the Cherubic Host" and the basso, William Fariss, sang the aria "Behold I Create a New Heaven."

Rae Baker, a pupil of F. Arthur Henkel, played an introductory number on the organ.

This cantata is one of the loveliest musical programs that has been given this year, as has been proved by the favorable remarks made by the students and guests present.

GUTHRIE PRESENTED IN DIPLOMA RECITAL

Catherine Guthrie, pianist, and pupil of Lawrence Goodman, was presented in her diploma recital Tuesday evening, April 25. She was assisted by Dorothy Beasley Mezzo-soprano.

Miss Guthrie showed excellent technique in her playing, and played with her usual brilliance of tone. The tremendous ovation she received was highly merited. Interesting features of her concert were two of her own compositions "Smoke" and "Soul of Today." Both of these were done in the modern manner and showed great talent.

Smoke ..... *Guthrie*
Etude Op. 10, No. 3 ..... *Chopin*
Ballade in A-flat ..... *Chopin*

CATHERINE GUTHRIE

O mio Fernando (Aria from "La Favorita") ..... *Donizetti*

DOROTHY BEASLEY

Afternoon of a Faun ..... *Debussy*
Soul of Today ..... *Guthrie*
Marche from the "Nutcracker Suite" ..... *Tschaikowsky*
Perpetual Motion ..... *Weber*
For two pianos

CATHERINE GUTHERIE AND LAWRENCE GOODMAN

Spring ..... *Grieg*
Do You Know My Garden? ... *Wood*
Because ..... *D'Hardlot*

DOROTHY BEASLEY

Concerto in D-Minor ..... *Rubinstein*

CATHERINE GUTHRIE
With second piano accompaniment
Irene Crane Humphrey at the piano for Miss Beasley.

PRAYER DISCUSSED IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

Sarah Poorman spoke in Sunday school of the climb to attain a goal. In the story, a young girl struggled up the sides of steep mountains, stumbling and troubled. When she attained the top and looked down, she saw great beauty on the mountain side. The girl might have taken in part of the beauty as she climbed—flowers growing by the wayside, or little mountain streams. Beauty would have made the climb much more enjoyable.

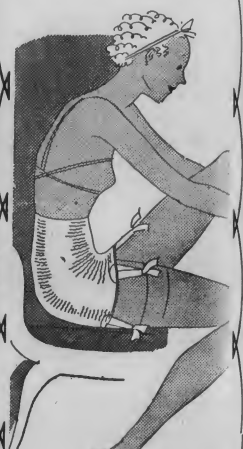
After Sarah's talk, Miss Sanders' group met to discuss prayer. To pray is natural and spontaneous to human beings. The great characters of history had well-developed prayer lives. The child develops the prayer attitude early and is helped by this attitude throughout life.

Miss Van Hoser's class attended the Student Conference at the Graduate School, Y.M.C.A.



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EDITORIAL

ELECTIONS

This past week and the one to come are of the greatest significance, for they mark a period set aside at Ward-Belmont that we might elect next year's officers. The girls serving this year have almost completed their terms, and presidents of the "Y," Student Council, and Senior class for next year have been elected. These are only a few of the highest offices on the campus that are a real honor to attain.

The responsibility is hard to realize now, for this year is passed so smoothly and orderly under the capable management of our "President's Council" that we hardly realize their importance. Think for a moment how the wheels of the student organization machinery would run without capable leaders. The momentum left over from the year might start the next year off with all signs pointing toward full speed ahead, when, after a few weeks of responsibility, the intricate mechanism of our campus machines would slacken their pace under the guidance of inexperienced hands, and with the "lubrication," which tact and sympathy affords, missing, our machines would finally stop with a final "rusting" from inefficiency as a whole. Then it is necessary to start over with complete reorganization. Rather than bring about such a condition, we want to be careful as to our selection of preeminent girls for 1933-1934, so that campus activities may go on as smoothly as they have this year. Leaders are girls of capability, poise, understanding, and firm wills. Let us feel that we have picked our next year's officers not because they are our best friends or our club sisters, but because they have every qualification for carrying on and improving Ward-Belmont for the common good of everyone. V. W. '34.

BEAUTY

When we find ourselves enjoying something beautiful and pleasant, we hate to see the thing pass, but we wish that it might last indefinitely so that we might continue to enjoy it. Especially in traveling, when we view beautiful scenes and visit enchanting cities, we long to stay there always where we might see the loveliness. But life isn't like that; we can't allow ourselves to stay in one place for long; we can't let ourselves stagnate.

We must always move on and on and up to bigger and finer things which will help us to live the life that is broad and complete. There is not only beauty in nature, but there is beauty in love, friendship, fine ambition, learning, and in all of living, a beauty and joy which is to be found everywhere. There is beauty in work as well as in pleasure, and may it not be that we will wait until after school is over to look back over the time spent here to see the loveliness of opportunity and knowledge. S. P. '33.

CAMPUS COLUMN

April is showering us with plenty of pleasant shocks. The weather for instance, the fact that there are still five whole weeks of school (for the Seniors) and *only* five more weeks for everyone else, and also that May Day will be 'specially lovely if planned for so diligently in April.

We heard that . . .

On the third floor of Founders, Buzzy has this swell picture of all the gals that went to the convention with herself and Keidel in the front row as big as life. She also brought back a lot of this yummy Mexican candy that even beats our "T" room, almost!!!!

Betty spent all her train fare on good looking clothes; Randel's family are coming next week-end.

Elsa had Greig down for the week-end.

On second floor Founders there runs a rumor that feasts are the thing (especially of late). How about those "Beans?"

Things our Mamma never told us . . .

That Grammes would make such an enticing Mummy. Really it was a great b't of dancing, my dear. Congrats!!!

To have a wonderful time at Club meetings by giving a program dance like the Penta Taus did.

That Dukie, Bomke, and Ginnie were going to take pictures of illustrious notables for the *Milestones* or surely we would have warned Ail and Carol to get away and not have the rear view photoed. (To be published at a later date.)

The following is too much . . .

Jones has gone for the week end trying to get an inspiration.

Viva Lee (Miranda) has been practicing "You're an old Smoothy," directed by an umbrella.

Sue McDermott went to sleep in chapel after the trip to Birmingham.

Vera Hudson wants the post (main one, mind you) in the dining room taken out for her special benefit so that she can eat in comfort.

Pivoto must like baseball fingers or she wouldn't have two of them all at once. Oh well . . .

Conley has made the best looking checked gingham dress. You do have a right to be proud, my dear. Yes, indeed you do.

Have you heard about . . .

Smitty trying to pass the banana peel? It's a great story and I'll tell it to you some time, my dear, yes indeed.

Jane's and Lil's new dresses? It just isn't fair the way these people find time to sew when we would so love to, but are kept inside doing this column for the enlightenment of the masses. AHEM.

Marge Jacobson and the rain of peanuts as she descended from her yellow and black motor the other evening? It's worth hearing about and I certainly hope that the mad scramble after the said nuts was not indicative of a starving population.

The long, long trip Ginnie and Jan are planning for this summer? Anyway, it sounds good and their families will be, oh, so willing to let them start out. However, it was all the result of too many of Joe Gardner's ginger snaps. . . .

The toot that Ginnie's Sleepy Sam went on the other night? Poor dear!

Buzzy's and Nookey's trip? Well you will!!!

Is it true that . . . . . .

While Shaw is taking track Viva Lee tries on all the big straw hats in Founders?

Lodie and Scottie have cut their bangs A La De Mun?

Bob enjoyed the Texas Club picnic the other day? At least about 6:30?

Nothing like it . . .

Yvette goes to sleep and forgets about Monitors' meeting. How could you do such a thing?

Clem certainly has a wonderful catcher's position. Watch it everybody. It is a big treat. (To what?)

EAGLE FEATHER

RELUCTANT FEET

Virginia J. Walker, H.S. '33
First Prize Essay, Scholastic Contest

After each of my succeeding birthdays, in a following flush of dignity, I have said to myself, "Now surely, I am fairly grown-up. I have put away finally and forever 'childish things.'" Then, as the newness of being one year older, with its consequent added privileges and increased deference to one's opinion—as the strangeness of this wore off, I had to admit woefully to myself that no startling overnight change had been wrought by the passing of another milestone. As I had been before, so was I after. The childish things were still with me.

Now I am seventeen. On my seventeenth birthday I did not make my usual rash statement; I only wondered and waited. Now as I near the half-way mark in my eighteenth year, I begin to think that perhaps I could have laid away the childish things in proper state this last June, for my customary declaration would have been much nearer the truth than ever before. Here, at this point, I can see my elders smiling with an ill-concealed amusement that a seventeen-year-old should so certainly assume any kind of maturity. I admit willingly that they have every reason for laughter. I, too, laugh sometimes, yet after five months of wondering and observation, I have come to the conclusion that I am indeed in the process of attaining finally that state of "grown-up." Of course, from my first breath, I have been doing just that, but now it begins to seem perilously near. I begin to see visible changes and alterations as proof. I have arrived, it seems to me, at the stage of being half girl, half young woman. Like Longfellow's damsel, I have come to the point of "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." I am certainly not anywhere near entire young womanhood, but as surely as flowers must bud, blossom and die, just as certainly and fatefully am I leaving my "teenhood" behind and going—where? Sheltered still within the shadowed coolness of early morning, I feel the heat of noon very near me and I shrink from it. I want desperately to flee this threat of hard, merciless light, irretrievably back into the shade again. Is it not ironic that it should happen this way? After years of dreaming and longing for it, of struggling to capture it from imagination's net from doll playing and dressing up; now as I find the object of my desires approaching materialization, I view it not as a golden fulfillment but as a black menace.

Everyone knows how hugely important little things loom in a normally sensitive child's mind. Since I can remember, I have felt this with uncomfortable intensity. In grammar school the fact that some girls whispered with giggling delight over some secret, obviously excluding me; that I had blurted out some blatantly "wrong" thing in a group of my parents' friends and realized only after it was said; that I had been appointed to watch the books of the older girls whom I adored with little girl awe; that some friend had smiled condescendingly or hadn't smiled at all—all these things and a multitude of as seemingly trivial could make or mar my day. The coming to pass of any one of these incidents brought a sense of depression or an almost triumphant happiness which formed a background to all my daily routine. "Normally sensitive," you may say in disgust, "that's temperament, morbidness!" But indeed it is not. Nearly every child experiences these vague hurts, small but intense joys, bewilderment, sometimes a smoldering rebellion at things forced on him but not understood. To protect myself from these upsetting feelings, I instinctively longed for the self-assuredness, the poise of maturity, though I doubt if I realized that it was toward those qualities that I was groping my way.

I took a step from grammar school to high school and, as far as I can remember, my propensities for sweeping from happiness into gloom at the moment's slightest notice, had diminished not the least bit. At thirteen, dolls left a dry taste in my mouth and boys took on an entirely new interest for me. I simply exchanged dolls for boys. My mother looked on this with mournful eyes as an indication of that dreadful "growing-up"; but though perhaps it was a sign superficially, deep inside I was still the uncertain child that I had been. Boys gave me a heretofore unknown self-confidence, but that, too, was shallow. I persisted in doing awkward things and saying them—such embarrassing, humiliating words and actions which, in remembrance, brought hot blushes and futile self-depreciation and disgust. Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, during each interim, subtle changes worked quietly on me. More and more I assumed the appearance and mannerisms of young ladyhood, yet a person smiling or not smiling, or any like event, could still knock my increasing self-confidence temporarily from off its precarious perch.

At seventeen, then, behold! For the first time, I clutched the beginning of true poise and assurance with a firm hand. No longer is it of life and death importance to my opinion of myself if this girl or that boy like me. My seventeenth year has brought me a budding sense of values whose existence I had never suspected until now. It has brought me nonchalance based on a mysteriously appearing confidence. Dances no longer bring sickening panic. Boys hold no more terror, nor girls. It is all very comfortable. It is really a "grand and glorious feeling." Like a cat prisoned on an ocean-tossed raft, once again with his feet on stable land, I stretch myself with a luxurious feeling of security and purr. As I have said, these recently entered strange domains are very exciting, but as my newly acquired possessions pile up I have realized the cost of each. Independence has brought



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indifference to things that formerly have given me an aching thrill or sent me off into a positive delirium of happiness. Many remain yet that give me that thrill and that happiness, but little by little they will dwindle until none are left me. It is against this that I raise my voice in protest, knowing too well that my rebellion knocks at closed doors. I realize that for joys lost I gain kinds in compensation. Those that I leave behind are as powdered blue and pale rose to the crimson and royal purple of those that are to come. For the shallow delights of today, I shall experience events, deep and soul stirring. I know this. But they will be well defined, clear cut. The breathless, excitingly indefinite magic will be gone. I shall get big things, but I do not want to pay the price. Let me keep the mystic enchantment, the frail, white-flower-and-moon-mist ecstasy! Let me always have a half suppressed excitement of Pandora about to open her mysterious coffin, the thrilling expectation of something "just around the corner"—let me keep all of these, I cry. And as I speak, I know that it is hopeless.

Perhaps my elders are again smiling at amusement. But I have only been crystal gazing. There is much more of the brook to follow. With "reluctant feet" I walk along its bank and as I go, I gather the smallest rose jealously, for in the distance the river glitters with sapphire menace. Some day I may look back on my "teens" and say "How trivial!" May the gods, as long as possible, keep me from it!

CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 3)

Pembroke's picnic fed the whole hall later in the evening.

A certain girl's embarrassment when a policeman told her to stop pinching another girl on the bus. And who were the two?

A conglomeration of State Songs on a bus coming home from a Shelby Park picnic!

Muggs trying to learn how to toast weiners and marshmallows!

Well and so farewell . . .

Snoopy.

CLUB CHATTER

There is a rule in our honor system which states that when a girl is serving a sentence as a result of an accumulation of offenses against the highly esteemed constitution of laws, she is subject to further punishment if during said time she, among other things, enters the vicinity of our club village. This condition is commonly known as *campus*. The point is this: I am forced to take the information afforded me through the kindness of a number of the *pals*. What unused space remains shall be and always can be satisfactorily filled with a little homespun philosophy.

The club makes an inviting place to spend the short time between dinner and study-hall. Such people as the erstwhile misses Edwards, Hill and Davis have found this short time profitably spent at dancing in the F.F. Club.

It's about time for a bit of personal comment. Wonder if all of the clubs are having as hard a time to becide on who's to follow as some with whom I have talked. W.-B. just has too many good girls. Guess that the F.F.'s and A.K.'s have about decided to sweep the world off its feet next year. The rest of us will have to band together and discover wherein lies our power. Everyone and everything has at least one outstanding feature. That should be encouragement.

Here's a good space filler and deserves the leading notice. Nell Betty Anderson, "Shorty" Kassel, Kat Brown, Clem Dowe, Jenny Jones, Katie Gover, Louise Florez, (one of the few who has not been duped with a nickname), Lauryne Edwards (another who has been fortunate in able to retain her Christian name), Marge Jacobson, Larry Larimer, Katie Phillips, and Proctor Pyeatt, all and each, partook of a steak supper at the newly remodeled D. V. House last Saturday evening. Potatoes, beans, rolls, and coffee composed the dainty supper. They messed a bit and the above feed was the result. Can bet that little Kat was the head inspirationer (if there exists such a word).

Someone left their unappetizing left-overs at the F. F. House Sunday. That isn't a very becoming thing to do. Even though we are fortunate enough to have someone wash up after us, that gives us no license to leave absolute chaos in our wake.

Some of the hostesses for the day Saturday night took time out and had dinner at the club. A rare time was had romping about in flesh-colored liatards (I've always wondered how to spell that word).

Some day I'm going to slip down to the anti-pan house and get a look of the Preps at their Sunday afternoon tete-a-tetes. At tea one night I found that the afternoon's search had had disasterous results. Namely that the subject under fire was in the kitchen during the entire hashing. Have known some of the "elders" to give a "pal" a hashing, but, to have our deah highschool sisters do one of their members in such a fashion is not at all surprising.

CLOSE-UPS

To eat, drink and be merry, there's nothing like a Texas picnic or a French Club picnic for that matter. Lora, we're sorry no one knew 'bout the "chum society" before this!

And did you see the good-looking car and family from Michigan last week? They were the Beasleys, now worthy property of Dot and entertainers of Senior Hall to the delight of all. (Certainly am growing poetical these days.) When at least one half of Mrs. Powell's charges filed into said auto—who could help but gasp with surprise at the beauty that exists on our campus—even if beauty does indulge in extensive tea-room campaigns once in a while!

And speaking of beauty, have you seen Little Eppie wandering about—all dressed up like a young interne nurse, or the convenient "s'm'p'n" in Miss Sewell's white coat. Eppie, you are a trump and we're mighty glad to know that it won't be long before you take your last pink pills and come down for good.

Have you ever witnessed such fast moving elections as we have? There's hardly a chance to down the first piece of rye bread before congratulations are in order. Again, Congratulations Viva Lee, now will you behave? Except don't stop borrowing picture hats from Shaw. You are just too cute for words in that red straw. Jones Jones—won't you hurry back and help save the millinery in 272? Martinea, why so happy to find "Granny" Morrison knitting? Is it encouragement you need? Jane Allen, you must come to Saturday night dances a lot, and bring all your little friends, dear. And what a lot of lads there were present. "Juliet" Smith must have her romantic serenading afterwards. Jo Scott you are ze perfect Egyptian —oh, la, la! And with those bangs.

Speaking of bangs, Battey, Eloise Mae, Helene, Justice, Lodi, Scott, Dolores—you really should organize a club.

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DIARY

Wednesday—

Rose sleepily, and then wakened suddenly when we realized it was our birthday. We approved of the weather and everything. To classes, feeling rather special. Shone brilliantly in French, even though we had read the fifty pages the night before when we were almost too sleepy to turn the pages. To chapel where we kept thanking the gods that the preps hadn't taken charge of devotionals while we were among them. We really enjoyed the services, though, and thought the preps should be congratulated on the originality of their subject matter. We have always liked the Ward-Belmont hymn, and were glad to learn the special things about it.

Received eighteen blood-red roses from the family to commemorate this day, and those just when we had decided to send them a thank-you gift for having placed us in this Vale of Tears.

To lab after lunch where we did mollusks to some, and clams to others.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent pacing the miles between Middlemarch and the room. About five, we decided we were coming down with the "flu," so took ourselves to bed for a quiet snooze. Got up, much refreshed, and went to dinner to hear Miss Townsend speak on various things. She didn't get to meet Lily Pons after all. We are very sorry.

To club for one of ye business meetings. To the room late to play with the flowers and try to arrange them decently. To bed, nursing bruised hands, and thinking we shall have another birthday July 4, when there's a celebration.

Thursday—

Although we were shivering, we went to breakfast telling everyone what a splendid day it was. Tried to read Emil Ludwig out in the sunshine, but got too cold, so came in and went to sleep for awhile. Puttered through classes more or less indifferently. Fish joined the art history class and embarrassed the stars by reciting more than they could—and she a year from all that!

To chapel, where much speculation followed the second voting for May Queen, College Maid, and Prep Maid.

Tables changed and as usual we got a fairly nice table. After lunch to psych to wonder whether or not we should tell Miss Norris about the skeleton in our family closet. Decided against archery this afternoon because we were so exhausted after the last hour we had of it.

We hear that Bessie Mae looked lovely at her wedding, but we know Pulver, who also looked lovely, was the more excited of the two.

We were rather startled by the announcement of the lecture, but we complied with the rules of study hour, nevertheless. To important meetings, both before and after dinner. Speaking of the American Committeeman!

Dare say we enjoyed the lecture more than Mr. Goodman intended, but we did enjoy it. We had already read about George Sand and Franz Liszt, so we could afford to be slightly blasé. Martha Rucker really can play the violin. We must admit that we didn't know she had it in her.

Finally back to the room for an hour of intense concentration on the life of Pasteur. To bed hoping the cold will be much worse.

Friday—

Up half the night doing things with the cold that far exceeded our wildest expectations. To breakfast where we discover we have one of those hostesses who serve the cereal. They ought to unite as a type and hire themselves out as commissaries in the army.

Through three classes in a sort of hazy fog of sneezing and coughing. To a very interesting chapel service. The preps are really bringing themselves out this year. The play this morning was very nicely done. We have only one complaint to make. If girls out here are going to impersonate the opposite sex, is it too much to suggest that they have their trousers just *slightly* fitted?

The invitations for the A. K. dance came out after chapel. Everyone was waving around manilla scrolls sealed with the A. K. seal in bronze wax. Quite original invitations, these.

To lab after lunch, where the cold evidently did us some good. Everyone complained about the odor of the preserved mollusks, but as for us, we couldn't smell it. Had to leave lab rather suddenly after hearing how much work we were behind—the cold was simply too much for us.

To the room and to bed. First time in our life a ballot was brought to us, but we voted a straight Democratic ticket.

To dinner for fish and the announcement of the elections. Viva Lee Davis certainly is a good girl to have as president.

To the room for study and more aspirin. The only real thing we have accomplished today is the blowing of the nose, and that rather constantly. To bed, wishing for an end to it all.

Saturday—

Up late, feeling as if we could conquer the world. To breakfast and to a meeting.

Thought I'd sit out in the sunshine, but there was nothing but rain. Tried to read about Napolean, but found him too dynamic. Cut a class just because we were feeling naughty, and nothing gives us more pleasure—such a spite to the teacher, don't you know? Ambled through the morning rather aimlessly, the cold making steady headway.

To Glee Club after lunch, and then for an afternoon's sleep.

To the club for dinner. The hamburgers in the red looked exactly like dog meat. We didn't dare say "Fido" or "Bowser," or any name that might be applied to a sweet pedigreed mongrel dog. Dropped into the A. K. house to kill time before going up to dress. Jo Scott (cute and Frenchy with bangs), Mary Beth Lewis, Betty Willert and Betty Grammes, can certainly tell some entertaining stories on occasion.

To the hall where we received a short course in handshaking. We are supposed to have what is known as a "fish" hand, and we are being taught ye olde Westerne grippe by some young enthusiasts.

To the dance about half an hour late—our mistake, we should have been on time. In spite of our heavy cold, we could smell the incense far down the hall. The dance was Egyptian and rather different, what with the invitations, the incense, the fresh fruit, and the orchestra in the balcony. We hope that latter item becomes a fixed custom because the additional floor space is nice, and then the appearance of the orchestra doesn't interfere with the motif of the dance.

Home finally, and not too tired. Pembroke Hall is planning a picnic. Maybe we'll be more in the mood by Tuesday. To bed with a sigh of relief.

Sunday

Up before the heat was turned on, to work on our history report. We rather wish we could sweat blood literally or something so Miss Rhea would appreciate our work on those monthly reports.

We went to breakfast rather sleepily, and then to Sunday school which lacked its usual crowd. More history report and then to church where we were slightly astonished at the Nashville lasses. They devote their whole devotional hour to the making of eyes at boys that aren't even cute. If I were a boy here, I shouldn't look at one of them, and then would I be popular! This watching of the girls was fairly entertaining, so we didn't mind getting back a little late.

To dinner for fried chicken. Frances Falvey wishes there weren't gravy on the chicken; then we would pick it up in our fingers as is proper. What is there left when the joy is taken out of eating?

Did history report all afternoon. To tea and then to Vespers. A cantata, "The Holy City," was sung. One girl, who is very careful always to say "mon" and "hond" and "ond" for —you know what, fell down on her accent and blurted out "thim" for "them" with equal consistency.

Heard Nedaye was sitting in a swing for a few hours. We are awfully glad. Have intended to write her and Keidel all week.

To the room with an uninteresting book.

Monday—

Was greeted early by Keidel. She and Buzzy report a nice time, although the convention nearly did them in. Keidel said that they couldn't learn so much because Ward-Belmont was so far ahead of the other junior colleges represented that their ideas were all has-beens here, or else our (Miss Morrison's) methods were all better.

Managed thirty pages of French before 8:30. That is really good going for us. We knew most of it in class, too. We made an awfully good showing of having studied when all the time we knew we hadn't cracked a book except history this whole weekend.

Was agreeably surprised by the announcement of the Senior president for next year. It seems too soon for elections. Dukie Hill is so efficient-looking that the Senior class ought to be an example of efficiency next year.

Spent the afternoon puttering around. Finally began to study and outlined the introduction to Miss Pugh's book of short stories. And it isn't due until Wednesday!

To dinner and then to the library.

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Jo Scott, Rubie Battey, and Helen de Mun have all forgotten themselves so far as to cut bangs. It isn't that bangs don't make one pretty, but they detract from the individuality of the face—to our mind.

To the hall where Monitors' meeting was rather long and drawn out for no reason that we heard. Virginia Breeding and Jeannette Knowles carried on an interesting conversation concerning bubble-gum. Little Funk supplied the information about its ingredients, and a good "chaw" was had by all.

To bed—just because it is eleven o'clock.

Tuesday—

We just love Tuesdays because we have first period free. We can do more in that first hour than we can in a week of night study hours. Profited by the one this morning and then went on our way to the second period class, only about fifteen minutes late. Met Mrs. Armstrong and excused ourselves out of the cut we took Saturday. Slipped quietly into biology lecture and to sleep until 10:30. Failed to waken thoroughly and Miss Ross said spirited things because we couldn't think very quickly.

To chapel finally for announcements of sorts. We were pleased that Jane Briggs is "Y" president for next year.

Indulged a great deal in the tuna fish salad because we were very hungry and Mrs. Armstrong encouraged us so by telling us we were actually thin and peaked-looking.

To psych for awhile, and then to lab where we expected to make up an afternoon's work. Were allowed to bring the work to the room and finish it there. Peckinnaugh reports a good time in Evansville.

There was much excitement about the Pembroke picnic, and a great deal of preparation for it. The girls must have had a good time, because we haven't heard a peep out of them since.

To the birthday dinner in due time. Had a very good time, and, of course, good food. Dr. Barton was full of jokes, and parried with the girls. He was as pleased over the pink birthday cake as his son John might have been.

To the library for a boring hour of outlining bird books.

To the room where we decided that changing sheets was the only thing that spoiled Tuesdays.

W.-B. A. A. COMPARES FAVORABLY AT A. F. A. C. W. CONVENTION

(Continued from page 1)

8. To promote the adoption of a health concept by all college women with the hope of actual improvement in habits of living.

9. To simplify the system of awards in our respective colleges.

At the open meetings and the business meetings of the official delegates held during the four-day convention, the platform was changed as stated above; various suggestions were made for carrying out the platform such as Intramurals, Sport's Days, Outing Clubs, etc.; and the plans of the different colleges were discussed so that each one might benefit by the plan of the other college. The name was also changed from Athletic Conference of American College Women to Athletic Federation of American College Women, since the name Conference left the impression that the organization only functioned during the conference time instead of every day at the different colleges.

On Tuesday morning the delegates were formally welcomed by Miss Ruby Terrill, dean of women, and by V. I. Moore, dean of student life at the University of Texas. This was followed by a business meeting at which reports of sectional conferences in the eastern, western, and central sections were given. Miss Anna Hiss, director of physical training at the University of Texas, then addressed the group on "Aims Suggested for A. F. A. C. W."

In the afternoon the delegates attended suggestion groups which were divided into meetings for co-educational universities with Denison College, leader, and the University of Minnesota, summarizer; junior colleges with Stephens Junior College, leader, and Ward-Belmont, summarizer; women's colleges with Wellesley College, leader, and Agnes Scott College, summarizer; municipal colleges with Barnard College, leader and Toledo University, summarizer; teachers' colleges and normal schools with Santa Barbara State Teacher's College, leader, and Michigan State College, summarizer.

The discussion topics were "Closer Cooperation with Other Organizations on the Campus," "Closer Cooperation with Colleges in Vicinity," "Outing Clubs or their Equivalent," "Intramural Programs," and "Sport Days."

Other topical discussions the following day were: "Present Trends in W. A. A.," "Financing W. A. A.," "Point and Award Systems," and "How to Obtain Interest and Activity in W. A. A."

During the convention entertainment was furnished by the University Light Opera Company in the presentation of "Katinka"; by a Quadrille by Bit and Spur (University Riding Club); by a program by the Orchesis (University Dancing Club); by a water pageant by the Turtle Club; by the University Glee Club, and by entertainment of other sources.

Many University students who have attended Ward-Belmont in former years called on the Ward-Belmont representatives and inquired about Ward-Belmont students and faculty members. Helen Cline, who was also president of the Athletic Assoication at Ward-Belmont, is the incoming president of the University of Texas Sports Association and she presided over several of the meetings at the convention.

The convention on the whole should serve as an aid to the development of a program of athletics which will meet the demands of each respective college with the ideal being "Sport for the love of sport."

MUSIC NOTES

Mrs. M. E. Nellums, pupil of Florence Boyer, and Louise Cook Neely, pupil of Amelia Throne, were chosen to play on the program of the Alumnae Musicale given before the Tendredi Musicale last Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Robert Cooney. Mrs. Nellums was accompanied by Florence Boyer.

Irene Crane and Stetson Humphrey gave a joint recital before the Vanderbilt Women's Club, Tuesday afternoon in Memorial Hall. They sang two operatic duets, several arias, and two song groups. F. Arthur Henkel accompanied them.

Margaret Balsiger, pupil of Irene Crane Humphrey, sang the offertory at the Collegeside Church last Sunday morning. She sang Little's "How Lovely are thy Dwellings."

Miss Balsiger also gave her regular radio program Monday afternoon.

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club, under the direction of Stetson Humphrey, will assist the expression studio in the Shakespearian play which will be given in the Ward-Belmont Auditorium May 5th. The club will sing revised 17th and 18th century songs.

A very delightful and entertaining chapel program was given by Kenneth Rose and Lawrence Goodman on Monday. Mr. Rose gave Cesare Frank's violin sonata accompanied by Mr. Goodman. Mr. Rose and Mr. Goodman included this number in the program they gave in Frankfort, Kentucky this last Wednesday. They attended the annual meeting of the Kentucky State Federation of Music Clubs.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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MAY DAY PLANS NEAR COMPLETION

The annual Ward-Belmont May Day Festival will be held on the west campus May 13, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The festival is to be a very lovely affair. The festivities will begin with a general procession of all clubs with their respective maypoles. The Senior Class will follow them and will precede the entrance of the May Queen and her attendants. After the crowning of the queen there will be entertainment on the lawn. This will include dancing by the children in the elementary school and the dancing classes. The concluding event will be the winding of the maypole.

This festival will be the most important of the Spring events, and is anticipated by all of the Ward-Belmont students.

MISS RHEA ENTERTAINS CLASS

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the season was the tea for the Senior-Middle class given at the Del Ver house by Miss Linda Rhea, the sponsor, last Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Rhea, in a pale blue afternoon dress and corsage of gardenias, received with Helen Larimer, Alice Vivienne Hill, Ann Loftin, Dorothy Jones, and Beverley Stone. Mrs. John D. Blanton poured. Assistant hostesses were: Miss Emma I. Sisson, Miss Ellene Ransom, Miss Katherine Lydell, and Miss Gertrude Casebier.

The house was decorated with spring flowers, purple iris predominating, thus carrying out the Senior-Middle colors. Miss Rhea has been an excellent sponsor to the class and a helpful friend to all the Senior-Middles. She proved herself a delightful hostess to the last official gathering of the body she has befriended throughout the year.

EDITOR SPEAKS AT DEVOTIONAL

Dr. William Allen Hooper, of the Vanderbilt School of Religion, was the chapel speaker on Wednesday, April 26. Dr. Hooper is not only the author of several books on education and religion, but is also editor of *The Journal of Christian Education* and associate editor of *The Christian Quarterly*.

Dr. Hooper spoke concerning the right "dress" to wear when going to worship God. He emphasized the idea that there should be no distraction of mind from the main idea of worship. But more than that, he continued, the person must be in a reverent mood ready to worship. He must forget himself in the feeling for God.

PUBLICATIONS' EDITORS ELECTED FOR 1933-'34

HYPHEN and *Milestones* elections were held Thursday, April 27. Helene Loeb was chosen editor for the HYPHEN for the year 1933-'34 and Marjorie Jacobsen, *Milestones* editor. Both girls are very competent and will fill the situation very creditably.

Helene Loeb is a reporter on the HYPHEN this year, writing up the chapel programs and Marjorie Jacobsen is business manager for the 1933 *Milestones*.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" PRESENTED

The Ward Belmont School of Expression presented its annual Shakespeare play Friday evening. The delightful comedy, "As You Like It," was well presented and enthusiastically received.

The leading roles were taken by the members of the diploma class. These include: Vivien Rae Baker, Charley Vene Tinnon, Mary Peckham, Mary Alice Ringo, and Quinnia Newman.

The certificates assisted them in the production: Elizabeth Beasley, Mildred Ann Pratt, Lillian Kelly, Louize Hendeson, Bess Grigsby and Mary Martineau.

A number of first-year students carried the minor roles of foresters, courtiers and blue-boys. They were: Helen Justice, Mary Jones, Evelyn Cooper, Audrey Tate, Elizabeth Crowe, Katherine Combs, Jennabeth Jones, Grace Benedict, Mildred Edmunson, Lodie Willis, Martha Craig, Marion Hill, Luella Jones, Mary Lee Wilson, Yvette Franz, Ruth Sauerhering, Sylvia Cohen, Winifred Miller, Mary Jones, Ruth Frye, Nadyne Lix, and Jean Stratton.

Three of the voice students added their talents to the performance, Misses Dorothy Beasley, Eleanor Linebarger, and Jane Becker.

The scenery and costumes contributed much to the colorfulness of the stage.

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS ANNOUNCED

The graduating classes of Ward-Belmont will be pleased to learn that the speakers who will address them are three distinguished men and accomplished speakers.

The Baccalaureate service will be held at eleven o'clock, Sunday morning, May 28. The speaker will be Bishop James M. Maxon. Dr. Maxon was born in Bay City, Mich. He received an honory M.A. from Knox College. Later, he got his D.D. degree at the University of the South. at Sawanee, Tenn. Dr. Maxon has been the rector of many leading churches in many cities. While he was rector of Christ's Church, Nashville, he was elected bishop of the Tennessee diocese. He now makes his home in Chattanooga.

The High School Commencement services will be held at eight o'clock Monday evening, May 29. The speaker will be Dr. John W. Barton. Dr. Barton, as vice-president of Ward-Belmont, is well known in educational circles and a very popular speaker at the school and elsewhere.

The Junior College Commencement services will be held at nine o'clock Tuesday morning, May 30. The speaker will be Mr. James B. Hill. Mr. Hill is a native of Tennessee. He was born in Spencer, Tenn. He graduated from George Peabody College for Teachers, and then became a telegraph operator for the Nashville, Chattanooga, & St. Louis Railway. He was promoted from office to office and for the past few years has been president of this road.

Surely the school could not have obtained three more interesting speakers for the classes graduating this spring.

STUDENT GAINS HONORS

Virginia Hamilton, one of the outstanding Seniors of this year, has received a scholarship from Mills College, Oakland, Calif. We all extend our congratulations to Virginia and wish for her a happy and successful year.

HUMPHREY CONCERT WELL RECEIVED

Local Critics Praise Both Artists

One of the most interesting and entertaining of the Ward-Belmont concerts was given last Friday evening, April 28, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium. Stetson Humphrey, baritone, and Irene Crane Humphrey, soprano, completely captivated their audience by their charming songs and personality.

The critics from both the local papers have praised the concert highly in the following write-ups and have expressed the thought of the entire student body who showed in their vigorous applause their appreciation of the recital:

The joint recital by Irene Crane Humphrey, soprano, and Stetson Humphrey, baritone, at Ward-Belmont on Friday evening was received with much enthusiasm by a good-sized audience, which proves the popularity of these artists, coupled with the students at the school as well as with their many friends in town.

Mrs. Humphrey has a voice of velvety quality, well trained, and she has a keen sense of dramatic values. Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" was sung with smooth finish, Donaudy's "O del mie amato ben" was a study in expressiveness, while Marguerite's despairing lament in prison, from Boite's "Mefistofolo" was dramatically done and in good operatic style. Her encore was the popular "In the Luxembourg Gardens," by Mrs. Manning.

In her second group the soprano sang the aria "Voyons Manon," from Massenet's "Manon" with depth of feeling, as also Arensk's gloomy "Valse." "Bless This House," a new song by May Brahe, and two colorful ones by Mrs. Minnin, "Chinois" and "Hop-Li, the Rickshaw Man," brought so much applause that she added the humorous "You Don't Know What You're Missin'" and then a vocal arrangement of Chopin's Etude No. 3, in E.

(Continued on page 7)

DR. COFFIN SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

The chapel speaker on Thursday, April 27, was Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, president of the Union Theological Seminary of New York City. Dr. Coffin has been president of the Seminary since 1926, before which he was for some twenty-two years associate professor of practical theology there.

Speaking of the food making chlorophyll present in green leaves, Dr. Coffin compared this connective with the human blood element, hemoglobin. Thus both the tree and the human have a similar manner of operation.

"Trees have lessons to teach us," continued Dr. Coffin. Trees lose their chlorophyll during the winter when the sap retreats to the roots, but "still the trees believe, so after any upsets in faith the human should, following the example of the tree, still believe."

Dr. Coffin found the cure in religion for the agnostic. The people "stuck on themselves" come out of it by religion, because they meet "one better than their best."

"It is only when a person is lost in his subject that he does as he ought to do," continued Dr. Coffin. "Unpleasantness nearly always arrives because something is small." Again the answer is found in religion and Dr. Coffin pointed out that "fellowship with the living God" enlarges youth.

RIDING SHOW THIS AFTERNOON

This afternoon, May 6, the annual Spring Riding Show will be held. The event proves to be an interesting one as there will be several difficult classes. Among these will be the pair jumping, single jumping, combination class, and the pair class. The riders have been working hard this spring in order to put forth their best efforts on the day of the show.

The girls taking part in the show are: Virginia Winston, Viginia Kiesel, Elizabeth Wansley, Rubie Battey, Elsa Van Derhoef, Elizabeth Henderson, Susan Hardy, Betty Hamilton, Shirley Lege, Mrs. Margaret Davis Harris, Harryette Sudekum, Beatrice Werts, Louise Wolff, May Dell Myers, Erna Hach and Ganel Stuart.

CLASS OF '34 ELECTS PRESIDENT

Last Monday the Senior-Middle class elected the president of the Senior class for the year 1933-'34. The choice of the class, Alice Vivienne Hill, has proved herself a popular and capable leader this year. She succeeds as president of this class Lauryne Edwards who was elected at the beginning of the year. Lauryne has coped with the problems of the new girl, accepted responsibility in an excellent way and has been a most efficient president of the Senior-Middle class.

JANE BRIGGS LEADS "Y" FOR 1933

Jane Briggs was elected to lead next year's "Y" Cabinet. Her opponent for the position was Helene De Mun. Both girls are ably suited for the position and the Cabinet could not have had a more capable leader than Jane Briggs. This year Jane served as second vice-president of the "Y."

The elections for first vice-president, second vice-president, secretary, and treasurer will be held Thursday, May 4.

CALENDAR, MAY 6-13

Saturday, May 6:
- Horse Show.
- Penta Tau dance.

Tuesday, May 9:
- Archery Tournament
- Student Recital at 8:15.

Friday, May 12:
- Baseball finals.
- Diploma recital.
- German Club picnic.

Saturday, May 13:
- May Day.

PENTA TAUS END SEASON OF CLUB DANCES

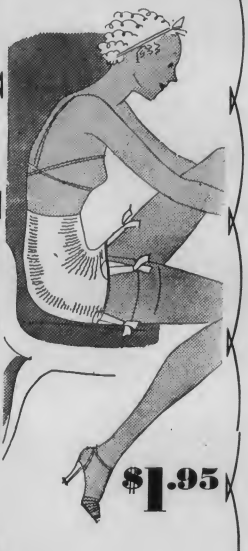
Tonight, May 6, the Penta Tau Club will give their annual dance at the gym. This is the last dance of the school season and is expected to be one of the best.

Shirley Lege is chairman of the dance committee, with the executive committee, Katherine Rasmussen. Nedaye Eppes and Mary Lula Pivoto working under her. Johnny Miller and his orchestra are playing.



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GUTHRIE PRESENTED IN DIPLOMA RECITAL

Catherine Guthrie, in her diploma recital, last Tuesday, April 25, was most enthusiastically received by a good-sized audience. Catherine, who received her certificate in piano last year, is now working for her diploma and is supervisor of music practice. The local critics gave her a most favorable write-up which follows:

"Catherine Guthrie gave her diploma piano recital at Ward-Belmont, Tuesday night, before a large number of her friends from town and from among her fellow students. She was assisted by Miss Dorothy Beasley, mezzo-soprano.

"Miss Guthrie, who is from Greensburg, Ind., and has been a student under Lawrence Goodman, head of the department of piano, for the past three years, is not only a brilliant pianist, but she is also a composer with a great deal of individuality. Mr. Goodman has on several occasions played her pieces and the school orchestra included one on its program last year.

"She has good technical facility and plays with much style. She began with her own composition, "Smoke," which is a clever, modernistic thing. Chopin's Etude, No. 3, in E Major, with its lovely opening melody and showy middle section in diminished sevenths, and the Ballade in A flat, both received interesting readings from the young pianist and were beautifully played.

"Unusual features were several two-piano pieces, played with Mr. Goodman, Debussy's atmospheric "Afternoon of a Faun," Miss Guthrie's own "Soul of Today," which was another finely thought-out piece depicting the hurly-burly and stress of modern life, the March from Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite," and Weber's well-known "Perpetual Movement" were excellently synchronized, and received much applause.

"A stunning performance of the first movement of Rubinstein's great Concerto in D minor closed the program. With Mr. Goodman playing the orchestra part on a second piano, Miss Guthrie played the solo part with great brilliance, and was rewarded with an ovation and beautiful floral tributes.

"Miss Beasley, of Detroit, who is a pupil of Stetson Humphrey, head of the voice department, has a voice of sympathetic quality and great sweetness, and she sang the big aria, "O Mio Fernando," from Donizetti's "La Favorita" very artistically, and also Grieg's "Spring," "Do You Know My Garden?" by Woods, and "Because," by Guy D'Hardelot. She, too, received much applause and the accompaniments were played by Irene Crane Humphrey.

ALVIN S. WIGGERS,
Nashville Tennessean.

REV. PUGH, SUNDAY CHURCH SPEAKER

"The Kingdom of God . . . is to be made of easy access to those who wish to enter." With this theme in mind, Rev. Prentice A. Pugh, pastor of the Church of the Advent, delivered the sermon for church services on Sunday, April 30.

Rev. Pugh, in speaking of the New Jerusalem, pointed out that each side of its wall had three gates. Thus people coming from any direction might find an easy way of entering the city. Referring to religion he said, "The approach to God is easy. There are gates on every side—three of them. And you can come in at your gate."

To show the two different types of people, those that feel and those that reason, Dr. Pugh related the story of the reappearance of Christ on Easter Day. Mary responded only to the calling of her name and showed "the faith that feels," pointed out Mr. Pugh. "But," he continued, "Thomas had to actually feel the hands of Christ to believe, and this shows 'the faith that reasons.'" "There are times when we feel God's presence—and that is satisfactory, and then there are times when we reason," said Mr. Pugh.

"If we want to see God, all we have to do is to look around us," concluded Mr. Pugh. "There is one God to whom we can go. There is a new life, that we shall die, but we shall live forever."

PICNICS HOLD SWAY

Springtime is one of the loveliest of the seasons in Tennessee. The parks and gardens are most attractive now and so Ward-Belmont girls are taking advantage of the beauties of nature and are going on many picnics. One could almost say, less poetically, however, that "In the spring Ward-Belmont's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of picnics."

Last week the girls of Pembroke Hall went to Shelby Park and according to Clemence Dow had a very good time although they could not go canoeing on the lake.

The French Club also had a picnic last week right here on the campus. The principle entertainment was a treasure hunt. Last Wednesday the A. K.'s went to Percy Warner Park during the regular club time. A very good lunch was provided and those who were not busy taking in beautiful scenery played baseball.

The F. F.'s entertained their sister club, the Penta Taus with a picnic at Percy Warner Park on Wednesday also. Everyone had a good time.

The day students are planning to have a picnic next week, and the Glee Club and German Club will have picnics also during the coming week.

TRI K'S GIVE SUPPER DANCE

The Tri K supper dance last Friday evening was one of the first affairs of its kind to be given on this campus in several years. Such a good time was had by all the guests that similar occasions may well be wished for.

The limited number of guests were received by Jane Roudebush, Miss Emma I. Sisson, Miss Rose Morrison, and Virginia Kiesel. Johnny Miller and his orchestra furnished good music for the two hours. Many lovely spring dresses were worn, especially the electric blue and red dress of Jane Roudebush, the pale blue and dark brown dress of Annette McAdoo, and the black and white ensemble worn by Jane Carroll.

At six a two-course supper was served. There was more dancing afterwards, and then the guests returned to study hour before the concert, feeling as if they had really been somewhere.

VESPERS HELD IN CLUB HOUSES

The Fireside Hour had as its theme the love of home and beautiful things. Different phases of love and beauty were interpreted in the words of poets. And the prayers and hymns showed how the love of God is interwoven so closely with all other love.

"When you love, say not, 'God is in my heart,' but rather, 'I am in the heart of God.'" *Beside the Way*, Jeannette Marks; *The Name*, Arthur Ketchum; *A Love Song*, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., were joyous songs of love. Toward an understanding of love, these poems were read:

Is Love There, So Simple?—Irene McLeod.

The Reflection—Christopher Morley.

The Garden of Dreams—Bliss Carmen.

The Road—Louis Untermeyer.

Thy Hand in Mine—May Coleridge.

The eternal discoveries of love were described in:

Sonnets from the Portuguese XLIII—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Love, The Prophet—Kehlil Gibrun.

The Sacrament of Love—John Oxenham.

The service, teaching the meaning of love and of devotion to God, the Father of love, was closed with the benediction.

MAY DAY, THEME OF CHAPEL

To keep up the old custom of celebrating May Day, chapel on Monday, May 1, was devoted to spring poetry and song. Margaret Balsiger sang *Hark! Hark the Lark*, by Schubert, and *The Time for Making Song Is Come*, by Rogers. Miss Martha Ordway spoke of the origin of May Day and then read a poetical appreciation of Keats, *The Apostle of Beauty*.

Speaking of the old celebration of May Day, Miss Ordway said that it was a "tangible expression of one's love of beauty." In early times the people got up early and went into the woods to gather flowers to decorate the doorways. The rest of the day was spent in dancing and song. "It was a day that was sacred to love," Miss Ordway added.

Miss Ordway then reached the climax of the day, the May Pole, around which they all danced. The May Pole was "as definitely an English custom as the whipping post." Continuing further the history of the celebration of the first day of May, Miss Ordway told of the act of the English Parliament in 1684, when, because of the Puritan influence, all May Poles were taken down, and dancing was prohibited. The Restoration brought back the celebration, but the spirit was not the same.

The whole celebration centered around the beauty of early spring and the thankfulness for the season. "I want to be thankful," concluded Miss Ordway.

GIRLS ENJOY COLORFUL STEEPLECHASE

Monday afternoon, May 1, a group of equestrian enthusiasts attended the Steeplechase at Overton Downs, on the Franklin Road. There were four preliminary races consisting of a pony race, a mule race, a farmer's special, and an open race. The main event was colorful with a large field running over a pretty and not very difficult course.

The milling crowd of spectators testified that depression or no depression, horses will have their backers. Those who went from Ward-Belmont were Betty Hamilton, Shirley Lege, Virginia Kiesel, Elizabeth Wansley, Josephine Gardner, Aileen Freeman, Susan Hardy, Elsa Van Dorhoef, Rubie Battey, and Mrs. Margaret Davis Harris. The girls were chaperoned by Miss Sisson, Mrs. Rose and Miss Rose Morrison. Miss Carling and Elizabeth Henderson were patrol riders.

FACULTY RECEIVES MAY BASKETS

On Monday morning, May 1, before breakfast, several of the Seniors, representing the class, delivered May baskets at the doors of the members of the administration, faculty, and household, in keeping with the beautiful tradition of former years.

The baskets were filled with bright-colored tulips, sprays of spirea, and purple iris; the handles of the baskets were marked with bows of yellow satin ribbon, significant of the Senior Class.

Several of the day students gave the flowers. Frances Holtzman was appointed chairman of the committee responsible for arranging and delivering the baskets.

CLUB CHATTER

The first thing on today's program is the mentioning of Miss Rhea's tea at the Del Ver house. Whenever I think of Miss Rhea, I conjure a picture of spring flowers in attractive bouquets and so plentiful that they fill the room with the sweetest scent. The tea was no exception. Everyone was there and everywhere were good little sandwiches and cake.

There have been a number of visitors to our little village. Last week at play day the chicken supper was served there. Afterwards the girls took over the Tri K and Del Ver clubs. We all had a good time. During the proceedings the unholy ten who invade some club on Saturday night were clamoring out the A. K. front window begging for food.

Can't quite figure why anyone could stay indoors last Sunday. A few did, however, and as we passed the F. F. house, there sat Snooky, Madora, Nedaye, and Gilchrist. A quiet evening at home!

It's quite exciting to imagine our club village the scene of battle. We looked down last Sunday from the tower and saw the gentle, colorful scene while Mr. Henkel told us that the tower was once a Civil War signal tower and that the soldiers were stationed on the next hill. That was more than half a century ago. Don't suppose it ever entered anyone's mind that some day our busy club village would replace that war-like scene.

A number of the girls have been patronizing the village of an afternoon. A visit to the tea room and then off to dirty up some kitchen!

The Penta Taus are busy with their danee. But it's to be a hot-cha affair.

Sunday breakfast is a popular institution. At the X. L. house Sunday (which house, by the way, I heard someone mention is the most home-like they'd ever seen) was Katherine Willis, Gay Furrh, Etheldra Martin, Frances Falvey, Katherine Evans, Nancy Key, Grace Benedict, and Inda Druschel. They had breakfast together again. The last time Inda spilled the coffee down the front of her. That is really very careless. Didn't know "Indy" was that kind.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

JOSEPHINE SCOTT, '34

I think that there is no place quite so restful as a museum of art. Its calm serenity, its quiet atmosphere of reflection, the gentle fall of water in the fountain garden, are as soothing to tired nerves as an opium pipe to a drug addict.

I am thinking particularly of the Cleveland Museum. It is of Grecian architecture, and stands in a wooded park on a hill overlooking the city. A copy in marble of Rodin's "Thinker" stands in front of the museum, and below it, at the base of a great flight of steps, is a tall fountain and a lake, where seven swans float lazily, and pigeons gobble the knick-knacks thrown to them by children.

I often stop at the museum if I happen to be driving that way. I go and pass the time of day with Aphrodite, who stands in an alcove at the foot of the stairs, or ask the Three Fates how many times the shears have snipped the threads of life that day.

I wander into the great armor room, where clay horses bear upon their broad backs plaster knights, charging ferociously at the mild, white-haired attendant who sits by the door. To think that Charlemagne and Richard, Barbarosa and the Black Prince should stand quietly day after day in a corner, with neat little white cards pinned on their breasts, and iron rods down their backs to keep them from falling over! I wonder if they realize now how little crusades, battles, or revolutions serve to stem the tide of human vents; that there will always be another crusade to undertake; another institution to uproot, and another cause to fight! They probably know now that human nature remains the same, no matter what the age or century may be.

In the Egyptian room there is one thing which particularly fascinates me. It is a tall figure of a cat, a brilliant blue-green cat, with sleepy, non-committal yellow eyes. I wonder what secrets of the pyramids dwell within that feline heart; what ghostly orgies those yellow eyes have witnessed, when, in the dead of night, the pharaohs burst their mummy-wrappings, yawned and stretched, and stepped from their sarcophagi. Well, tall cat, who knows? Maybe, to this day, when the museum clock strikes twelve, you arch your green, glass back and rub up against the showcases, uttering a soft Egyptian purr.

I pass on into the portrait room, and sit on a round yellow bench while the people present introduce themselves. The red-haired lady in the green velvet dress, with the parrot on her shoulder—stunning, isn't she? Cold, though, and a bit repulsive, like a damp, moss-covered rock from a slow stream!

That young girl, Elsa, in the demure white dress—how sweet she is! No, not sweet, eaxctly! Her black eyes have a depth, an eerie, wild look, as if but a thin thread holds her from the world of elves and pixies.

The lively old man in the corner there, drinking beer from a mug and eating cheese and bread, his rosy cheeks rounded in a jovial laugh—how welcome he makes me feel! He beckons me to the table and bids me share the feast, but I remember my dental appointment and hurry out. I stop for just a moment in the Fountain Garden, sit on a bench from old Pompeii, and watch the lively water bubble from the cupids' mouths in a tinkling, gurgling stream of mirth. Then I go out through the revolving gates, and a corner paper boy blares in my ear, "Prom'nunt banker c'mits soo-i-cide. Read all about it in t'night's Nooz."

The British House of Commons has given a second reading, by 124 votes to 30 to a bill to render penal any of a large range of actions capable of being regarded as disrespectful to established religion.

NOVEMBER NIGHT

We sit by the fire
Toasting marshmallows and drinking tea
While the rain comes solid on the black northwest windows—
Firelight, the music of a far-off orchestra,
The friendly gossip of this and that, and warmth, and rest.

Staring in through the windows, its back to the wind,
Is I.
The rain pounds cold and unrest into my coat,
Calling and arguing and urging.
So I cry to the rain and the wind
Running down the lane,
And scream at the evil, wretched hags
Who outline their bodies against the night
For the lusty rain to know.
I dash headlong up the hill into a cloud
To thrash awkward limbs
And to throw slimy wet down the chimney into the fire
By which I sit, drinking tea.

HELEN CONLEY, '33.

Alone I stand apart and view the world
In all its shallow splendor
Of leaves of brilliant reds and yellows—
False colors which fade with wear
Into dull browns and brittle crispness
And leave the trees bared of their dress,
staid dignity;
Brilliant lights in crowded cities
Stripped of their living beauty and
Calling to the shallow feelings
And light emotions of a race of hurried men;
Fighting, struggling, working, slaving
For a god, whose glittering crown
Sheds a dingy golden light across their lives
And leaves its mark upon their tired faces;
And even steals
The lives of those unable to secure
His everchanging favor which rests
But lightly within an age and passes on
Unheedful of the human tears and passions.

LOUISE LATHROP, '33.

SONNET

If Death claims me tomorrow, gracious God,
Release, I pray You, on a high, green kholl,
The awful stunted thing I call my soul,
And lay my useless bones beneath the sod,
Where on the grave a peasant, thinly-shod,
May rest, footsore; send orioles in the gloom
To drip sweet Lethean notes upon my tomb,
And steal the footprints in the path I trod.
Then let my liberated spirit see
Death's wonders—look upon the angels' thrones,
Sail a frail ghost-ship in vacancy.
But if these marvels fade to monotones,
O let me crawl back to my grave, numbly,
And shrink, for warmth, against the rotting bones.

JOSEPHINE SCOTT, '34.

Oh, moon, whose silvery irridescence
Lights the blackest shadows of my room
And throws a net of aged limbs
In gnarled and slender shadows
Across the floor, changing chairs
And rugs into a moving pattern
Of the out-of-doors, what makes you
Seem so lonely, so detached?
Are the sights so pitiful
That they make you cold,
Remote?—Lovers wander in your light
Enchanted—What spell is that
You throw o'er them which rouses passions
When you yourself are
Unresponsive?
Can't you feel the throbs
Of human love which shake the earth?
Do you respond to the cry of the wolf
On lonely mountain top? He feels
But cannot bear the utter pain of loneliness.
When you are new your thin body
Is filled with tender delicacy
And fragile beauty. You seem to seek
For love. Yet as you grow and rise
Disinterested superiority and even coolpity
Are written plainly on your face.

LOUISE LATHROP, '33.

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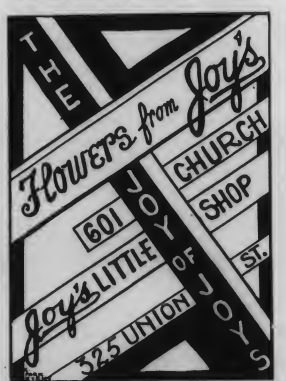
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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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EDITORIAL

TO DR. AND MRS. BLANTON

On Wednesday, May 3, Dr. and Mrs. Blanton celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Because of their long and very close connection with Ward-Belmont, we feel that no praise can be too great for these two who have contributed so much of their personality to the school. They have received many gifts and the sincere congratulations of their numerous friends. There is certainly not a person on this campus who does not love both Dr. and Mrs. Blanton dearly, and the HYPHEN takes this opportunity to express our congratulations.

Dr. Blanton has been affiliated with the school since 1892, when he was a professor of Ward Seminary, and in 1893 became president. Under his splendid management the school expanded greatly, and in 1913 he combined Ward Seminary with Belmont College thus establishing Ward-Belmont School. In 1914 he became president of the school. Mrs. Blanton continued as principal of the home department for several years.

These two people, Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, have done a great work. They have carried on the ideals first set by Dr. Ward, and under the Ward-Belmont name they have continued to inspire hundreds of girls every year to the finest and best in life.

M. N. V., '33 and V. W., '34.

THE SECOND YEAR

A great deal has been said about the regret the Seniors feel at leaving Ward-Belmont, but very little mention has been made of the regret any girl will feel who spends only one year here.

There is nothing more poignant than the sadness a girl feels when she follows the course of the year here while she is elsewhere and knows that she might have been a part of it all.

This year the new girls have looked up to the Seniors as the rightful leaders of the school. Next year, girls who were new this year will undertake the leadership of the campus. They will be to next year's new girls what the Seniors have been to this year's. Every Senior holds a position of importance, if for no other reason than that she is a Senior.

This first year at Ward-Belmont cannot possibly indicate the pleasure of a second year here. One would not leave an interesting book in the middle of it; one would not leave a good play after the first act; one would not leave an appetizing dinner after the first course; enlarge, round out your life at Ward-Belmont with the second year which is carefully planned to complete the first, and it will leave an indelible imprint of the fineness of charm and culture to be found here.

W. B., '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Hello, Peeples! And how are you this lovely May afternoon? Fine, I hope. There seems to be a lot of activity going on outdoors and here I sit chained to the desk for your pleasure (I hope). "Cherry" and Ail are playing a match with Nehls and Kid. Wonder who will be the tennis champion this year. Wouldn't it be nice if I could play? Oh, and there goes Helen Rauch in town again! Wonder what she wants this time! Every one seems to be getting May Day dresses, but she is making hers, and a lovely one it will be, too.

Have you all heard about the accidents the two lucky girls had very conveniently Sunday night? One was when the car in which two blondes were riding, ran out of gas (but that is really awfully old, my dears) and the other was a flat tire. This happened at the right place, right time, and almost resulted in two love affairs. Or so we hear. Is a flat tire a nice excuse for a proctor to use?

Listen, my children, and you shall hear, of the tragic death which occurred in Heron this past week. Nebuchadnezzar, Louise Wolff's goldfish, seemed conscious of the fact that beer was in and longed for something stronger than water. He jumped out of the fish bowl and his death leaves us wiping tears and wondering whether or not to be gullible enough to believe another fish story. Believe it or not, but for facts see that Goooood looo-ooking Veee-ra Hudson!

If you haven't heard about the latest way to fall off a train, apply to Betty Woodrow. She knows the best ways to land and also what to do after the event is all over. You know, be poised! (Sorry I can't spell "nonchalant," and I don't think that is correct, either.)

It's getting to be a big joke how much Elizabeth Dabney brushes her teeth. I hear she brushes them at least six times a day and has even invented a tooth paste of her own. Sounds a bit like Edith Hyde. I never knew any one girl to brush her teeth so often. Any way, you would think so if you were in a hurry.

Is it possible that we change tables for the last time?

Girls, don't start those drastic diets. Really, it won't do a bit of good and, anyway, just think how much you will lose once you do get home.

That reminds us, doesn't Mary Jac look cute and chubby. I swear I am not meaning to tease.

Baseball games started and I just hate to miss any of them so will you excuse me for this time? I know you all will and, anyway, I did get up a lot of news last week and next week will be even better.

Toodle-oo until we meet again.

"Snoopy."

"Y" PLAY DAY GREAT SUCCESS

Last Saturday, April 29, Ward-Belmont had a play day with the Y.W.C.A. girls. Fifty Ward-Belmont girls entered. They assembled in the gym and were divided into four groups, the yellows, reds, greens, and blues. The games began at 2:30 P.M., with tennis and volley ball being the first sports. The other sports followed in this order: baseball, bowling, swimming and basketball.

Supper was served in club village at six o'clock. It consisted of fried chicken, potato salad, sandwiches, pecan pies, and iced tea. Everyone seemed to enjoy it tremendously. At supper the "Yellows" were announced the winning team of the day.

After supper the Ward-Belmont girls were entertained by the Y.W.C.A. girls with a dance in the gym with Miss Ansley in charge.

EAGLE FEATHER

ON CIRCUS DAY

Out in our own paved street,
Stands ma, pa, sonny and me
An' baby and gran'pa, too, at the treat,
While gran'ma sits on the porch to see,
All wrapped in smiles, the parade go by,
On Circus Day.

First comes the screaming calliope,
Followed by a cage, colored heliotrope,
Which was drawn by a snow-white mare
In which there was a big lion that gave us scares
Held in by strong iron bars
On Circus Day.

Next in line was a big elephant
Who was trailed by six of his kind,
And a brown bear in his cage, so huge,
Borne by six black Shetlands, too,
The funny camel, was led by an Arab, next,
On Circus Day.

About a hundred funny clowns or more
Were at the grand parade
Beautiful women in lovely clothes,
Rode in tents on animal backs, while
Zebras, leopards, tigers and many others
Graced that parade so fine, with their presence.
On Circus Day.

Look at that pretty girl,
In that dress, a bareback rider,
And there is the ringmaster grand,
With his long snaky whip in his hand,
The trained seals are very cute,
On Circus Day.

Here comes a funny clown,
With a little dog all dressed up,
And the girls, in trapeze suits,
One dozen strong or so,
Perform their stunts so high in the air,
On Circus Day.

They have trained horses,
And dogs and elephants, too,
To say nothing of lions and tigers,
While the monkeys take your breath away,
With their clever tricks and gestures,
On Circus Day.

Of course there is a strong man,
A fat lady, and a living skeleton, too,
While the wild man and Spanish dancer
Are not left out of the group,
Midgets, fortune tellers and all kinds of eaters
On Circus Day.

LOIS SCHWARTZ, '34.

CLOSE-UPS

Rainy weather—and all of a greyish hue, but then it saves the trouble of getting up to play tennis—and not finding a court. Seems Cleo, Cherry, Shenk, Ail, Jan, and Jo never fail us in arriving first.

This week is of great distinction. It marks the advent of The Derby, the Ward-Belmont Riding Show, and the words, "I'm going home this month!" Can't you picture Rena, Bettye Ann, Dot, Ponder, Marge and Jean tripping over Churchill Downs so excited? Does anybody remember last year? Never mind, we're going to have a time today watching Pilot and Kiesel, Little Jack and Elsa of the golden hair, May Dell, Lege, and so forth, perform for the blue ribbons. Hie thee down to the riding ring, fair lassies, for the Great Show.

The beauties of club village a la spring green are as nothing compared to sights oft seen behind the walls of dear old A. K. Lauryne, don't you find the spot highly satisfactory as a practice studio for Grecian hula dancing, that is? Oh me, it's all too much for you! Wish Ella Mae would take her spring fever out in dancing instead of trotting up to sleep in the infirmary. It makes us feel as if getting sick were such a futile thing to do.

Battey, your operatic achievements are greatly missed in North Front. Why not vie for honors in Founders with Helene? What has happened to that still small voice? Betty Knight, why not try swimming in our nice pool instead—well, it certainly is great these last weeks of school, isn't it? Pinkston, glad to see you back after the long vacation. And Woodrow, too, that was some entrance, milady.

Oh, by the way, it is a shame, isn't it? that spending the night in Heron is such trial to—all?

The P. T.'s are swell baseball players and don't you 'spose their dance tonight is scheduled to run along the same lines? See you later—but before you go let's give three cheers for Dr. and Mrs. Blanton who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary this week.

MUSIC NOTES

Margaret Pierce, of the Humphrey studio, sang the offertory at the Collegeside Church last Sunday morning. She sang "Believe in God." William Vaughn, also of the Humphrey studio, sang the tenor obligato of the anthem "Seek Ye the Lord." These selections were repeated at the morning services at Ward-Belmont, with F. Arthur Henkel at the organ.

Saturday evening, April 29, Stetson and Irene Crane Humphrey appeared in concert at the Tutwiler Hotel in Birmingham, Alabama. They used the same program that they gave at Ward-Belmont the preceding Friday night.

Elizabeth Kerr, a voice pupil of Florence Boyer, sang last Tuesday, April 25, at the Rockdale, Tennessee, High School Commencement.

Emmeline Boyer Kinnebrew, pupil of Florence Boyer, and John Lewis were chosen to appear on the American Legion Program at the War Memorial Sunday afternoon, April 30. The program was broadcast over five separate hook-ups to the various veteran hospitals. Mrs. Kinnebrew sang several songs, among them "Roses of Picardy," and concluded her program with "The Star Spangled Banner." She was accompanied by the band.

LIBRARY WHISPERS

The following books, which are to be found in the Ward-Belmont Library, are selected from a list of books which represent the various vocations in fiction.

ACTOR

Show Boat—Edna Ferber.

"It is in the presentation of the troupe and the river life that Miss Ferber has especially succeeded." The latter part of the book pictures modern, sophisticated New York stage life.

Good Companions—John Boynton Priestley.

The *Good Companions* is the name of a group of traveling players in England.

Young Felix—Swinnerton.

The character of the hero, Felix, is unforgettable as he struggles against adverse circumstances to become an artist.

ARTIST

Roderick Hudson—James.

The book relates the history of a young sculptor tied down in a New England village law office who longs for freedom and art.

Portrait by Caroline—Sylvia Thompson.

This is the love life and home life of a woman portrait painter in England.

AUTHOR

Hudson River Bracketed—Wharton.

The hero, Vance Weston, is a young literary genius who develops into a real author through browsing in an old library.

CLERGYMAN

Inside the Cup—Churchill.

This is the story of an orthodox minister who becomes aware of the inadequacy of his church in combating social conditions in his community.

Doubleday—Walpole.

"The central theme is the Polchester cathedral, splendid and massive. . . ."

FARMER

One of Ours—Willa Cather.

An idealistic young man tries to find the good life on a Nebraska farm, but is unable to overcome the monotony and sordidness he finds there.

Grosset—Edna Ferber.

When her father dies, Selina leaves school in Chicago to teach in a Dutch farming community.

Four Ducks on a Pond—Ruth Sawyer.

Love of the soil is personified in Danny, the young Irish lad who becomes fond of his fellow student, Tad Mason.

Lantern in Her Hand—Aldrich.

This story of early pioneer days shows the trials encountered in the development of a new agricultural district.

Trail-Makers of the Middle Border—Garland.

This is one of the outstanding books on pioneer life.

Maria Chapdelaine—Louis Henon.

With artistic skill and masterly simplicity, the author presents the life of this pioneer family in Canada.

Giants in the Earth—Rolvaag.

Grasshopper plagues, bitter winters, and other obstacles which made life most unbearable are vividly described in this book.

Red Rust—Cannon.

This is an exceedingly interesting story of a young farmer who aims to grow a superior wheat immune to the ravages of the "red rust" that destroyed many crops in Minnesota.

Certain Rich Man—White.

This tells how an idealistic young man slowly developed into a hardened, unscrupulous business man whose sole aim was the accumulation of wealth.

LAWYER

Far Country—Churchill.

This is an account of the career of Hugh Paret, a young lawyer with high ideals who gradually succumbs to the demands of big business and wanders into the far country of lost ideals and compromise.

Honorable Peter Stirling—Ford.

Although written long ago, this story is still one of the best novels of law and municipal politics.

Silas Bradford's Boy—Lincoln.

"Bent Bradford returns home to Cape Cod from law school to establish himself in business."

THIS AND THAT

It was proved in the recent California earthquake that the skyscrappers received less damage than the smaller buildings, because the skyscraper has enough elasticity to bend. The buildings from four to thirty stories suffered most.—*Time.*

The Governor of Georgia issued an order that all car licenses in the state would be $3.00 when the legislature refused to pass the bill changing the price of licenses. The Governor called out the state militia to enforce this.—*Banner.*

Hitler asked for complete dictatorship of Germany until April 1, 1937. This means that the Reichstag will have no power for that time.—*Constitution.*

The Bank of England was incorporated July 27, 1694.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

It is said that the British Government will warn all British citizens to leave Soviet Russia, if the Soviet officials persist in bringing four imprisoned British engineers to public trial. Also it was considered that trade relations might be broken as the British Ambassador was not allowed to see the prisoners.—*Time.*

In the first two months of 1933, figures show that France's imports increased 9.3 per cent, while exports diminished 14 per cent.—*Time.*

It is necessary to have a royal license in order to own swans in England.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

OR STUFF—

Then there are the girls who call us "babe," "baby," or "kiddoo!" Lovely!

And the girls who must constantly comb their hair!

It seems that there are a few rare and noble souls who are first good club members and secondly fair-minded judges of character and ability.

Now is the time in every girl's life when she should remember to return all the things she has borrowed during the course of this school year. It will leave her rather destitute, but it must be done.

Katherine Willis always manages to have some good looking clothes on hand.

Very few of the girls who got May privileges early are using them yet. Like the people who care nothing of going to heaven, they'd rather be with their friends. . . .

Betty Ann Wright would like to fly a kite these nice days, but she hasn't a kite, and doesn't quite know how to make one. Would someone help her out?

IMPRESSIONS

The fog is soft and silent
As it blows and billows about.
With long, cool fingers
It strokes my face
And dims my eyes.

A rustling cornfield
Is a room full of tall, lovely ladies
Dressed in silks.

—Lois Milton, '33.

SONNET

You touched your cold, white fingers to my heart,
And plucked its strings, drawn taut with innocence.
As when a new-born angel tries his art
On golden sunbeam chords, and blythely thence
The virgin strains burst forth, too sharply sweet
For hearing; so my love-song to the spheres
Leaped up. My heart played melodies that beat
With pain, like pearls in a pool of tears.
Then tight your hard white fingers closed,
And tore the joyous singing chords in twain,
Where limp they hung and useless lay exposed,
Till now someone has made them sound again.
Dead rhapsodies deep in the past be long,
But mended strings permit a gentle song.

Josephine Scott, '34.

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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

To breakfast for an orange juice baptism. To the library quick, like a flash, and back to the room where we expected to do forty pages in half an hour. We did, too.

Got to class early, and therefore received a cool reception. To various other classes in which we remained awake with great difficulty.

Enjoyed chapel very much for no reason at all. Saw Helene Loeb taking notes like mad. The good feature about her job (she's probably never thought of this!) is that if she ever has to make a speech, she will know all there is to know about outline, points, climax, delivery, etc. Helene wouldn't make a bad "speecher," either.

Did you notice how we just nonchalantly coined that word, "speecher"? Can't say we're proud of it, but maybe we can do better next time.

To lunch and then to lab where we got the first A in our lives by perfectly dissecting the crayfish. Spent the greater part of the afternoon doing make-up work on the mollusk which had stayed in stale water a little too long. Left lab about five so sick that we reeled our way to the room and dived in the tub hoping to rid ourselves of the odor. Great success!

To dinner which was enlivened much by anecdotes from childhood. Made as few contributions ourselves as was possible. Learned agreeably of a sweet psych lesson for the morrow.

To club where we read during the entire meeting. We have a vague remembrance of a program of a sort, but we were absorbed in *The Choir Invisible*. Yes, we are reading it for pleasure.

To the library for an hour and a half of outlining bird books. Rena Berry thinks she picked the longest and dullest in the library, but she doesn't know anything about our book.

To the room where we fell for Keidel's clever trick with a realistic baby.

Arranged some flowers for the suitemate, and then went to bed, very tired and absolutely indifferent to the hundreds of pages of reading we are supposed to be doing.

Thursday—

Up feeling rather sprightly and to breakfast for as much food as possible. To the room where we managed in the first period to read sixty pages of history and about three of biology, and three short stories.

To class finally feeling as if we knew enough to satisfy. Made one contribution to class—the wrong answer to a question already forgotten by the teacher. To Miss Ross for consolation, for we know we can always say something bright in her class, even though we much prefer listening to her for she is very, very interesting.

To chapel for most excellent services. We must pause to announce that all the New Yorkers we know appear to have been cast in the same mold—they all look alike, and they are all rather good looking and exceedingly clever.

We were more pleased with the elections today, Loeb for HYPHEN—Jacobson for *Milestones*, and Keidel for *Athletic Association*—than we have been for any of the elections so far.

To psych and then to lab of our own accord where we did a bit of work that is supposed to get us through with the course by the fifth of May. Billie May Plock and several others are already through. Congratulations!

To the tea room where we were astonished to find chicken salad sandwiches (three on a plate) sold for a thin dime. We learned that May privileges begin Monday, so we were rather happy, even though we haven't the money to go to town with.

Late to a meeting and then to dinner. Beth Lee is firm in her refusal to carve anything. She will probably always have steak or oysters in her cottage by the sea. . . .

To the library for outlining the bird book. It's about parasites, and—would you believe it—the resemblance between bird parasites and human parasites is almost uncanny.

We notice that Cherry and Conley seem to have a great deal in common. Slymme was there alone. Jo Scott rushed in at 9:32 for a book.

To the room where we hear that Catherine Brown has some lovely new clothes. Uneventful evening, and therefore to bed.

Friday—

Up and to breakfast. (Just imagine breakfast in bed!) Finished up the studying left over from last night and went gayly to class earlier than we have ever been this year. Now that we are studying short stories English isn't quite so boring, and besides, when we are reading a magazine, it is something like studying our lesson. To history and then to French for a test on *Le Tour du Monde*. We certainly enjoyed studying that novel.

To chapel for about a tenth of a second and then into the merry (?) sunshine for half an hour's tanning. To lunch where we were much pleased with the gingerbread.

To biology lab after lunch. We stayed until 4:15. We had plenty of company. Marjorie Jacobson, Margaret Uptegrove, Keidel, and others were there, too, so we can't feel as if we were the only industrious person in school.

To the tea room instead of the library and then to the room to dress for the Tri K supper-dance. We had the time in our minds only an hour later than it actually was, so everything came out beautifully, and we weren't terribly late or anything. The supper dance itself was one of the most enjoyable affairs we have attended this season. The music was good. (Soper took the hair of the drummer and the features of the pianist and found the counterpart of a certain friend at home, so she was happy.) A number of new and lovely dresses were worn to advantage. Item. The food was excellent—you know, hot where it should be, and cold where it should be. Regretted to leave, but did, finally.

To the concert which we enjoyed immensely. Mrs. Humphrey really looked lovely. She sings well, too. We hope we didn't get reported for overenjoyment of the concert, but really, we have never seen such a perfect collection of hats as that displayed. Some looked like straw mushrooms, some like straw kettles, etc.

To the hall and joined in the chant for food, only to fall victim of a certain monitor who smeared things on girls' faces. Studied *Monday's* lessons for awhile, and then to bed.

Saturday—

Up in time for breakfast, and then to the library for an hour and a half of bird-book outlining. Dorothy Glanders was reading *Jeremiah* and intensely interested. (!) The awful cold of the girl below her seems to have risen through the ceiling and floor and given itself to her, for she is now suffering from one. Louise Florez was also reading an interesting book due for biology.

To a conference with a teacher. Not one word mentioned that did us any good. We were seriously advised to take up cooking as a new interest in life. If the crowd who can't make waffles or omelettes will call on us, we'll show 'em how.

To biology where we merely watched frogs—and we had studied our lesson for perhaps the first time this year. Martineau seemed much interested in the frogs, as did Fran Holtzman. We couldn't help noticing that the ones who crowded to the front to watch the experiments rushed to the back when the frogs leaped in their direction. We are glad that we are not a frog so that our most personal habits may not be known to the bored student.

To the bird book until lunch, and then to glee club. Hurried from singing to the "gym" where we watched Play Day or (since the Austen convention) "Sports" Day in the process of organization. Maechtle (who plays an exhibition game) was passing tennis balls with Dick in the "gym." The balls soared to the rafters every time. By and by more peoples came, and then the "Y" girls. They were nice, and most of them had good figures. "Betty" Neumann got to the "gym" just in time to go places with her team. Everyone went out to the tennis courts and to the newly erected volley ball courts and much games were played. Cherry didn't think much of the tennis of the girl who is champion hereabouts, but she beat Grace Benedict and that means she is good. Breeding and Pivoto found their volley ball interfered with their nursing of the baseball fingers, so they gave it up. The next sport was bowling. What bowled us over was that so many high scores were made by people who had such rotten form. Everyone seemed filled with a spirit of revelry, so bad form was just so much subject for laughter. To the swimming meet where many and diverse things were seen. Dick won with some of the most perfect dives we have ever seen her make. Gillis and Buzzie did well in the relay. To basketball finally which we enjoyed more than anything else. It was a good game, and honors go as much to the "Y" girls as to our home biddies. To club village for dinner of fried chicken (picnic style—you know, without the gravy), salad, and chess or pecan pie. Second helpings were had by all except Kiedel, and then everyone went to the dance in the "gym."

A few minutes before 10:15 we rushed in the room and grabbed a thing or two and went to Senior for the night, very tired, very happy, and feeling as if we had done something worthwhile, and made some contacts we should like to continue.

Sunday—

Forever endeared ourselves to the suite wherein we were a guest by turning the wrong gadget at the unearthly hour of 7:30 and thereby causing a miniature Niagara to flow until we don't know when. When we awoke again at eleven, it was still going, and we had missed the hour of all the breakfasts in club village to which we had been invited. We were too proud to go around begging the scraps when we knew there wouldn't be any. Came home and cooled off in a cold tub—the first this season for us. To church to see the mixed choir that is becoming quite common out here and to hear Dr. Pugh on "Gates." To dinner which we attacked with great gusto because we were as hungry as a farmer.

After getting Dow and Gover

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safely off, we decided to spend the afternoon at the club. A word of advice to the novice, now that the last sleepover Sunday is history—if you would have food, spend the afternoon in a clubhouse not your own nor even at one of your friends, and partake of the food as much as you wish. If you use your own clubhouse, you merely cut off your nose to spite your face, or some such expression.

To our own clubhouse when we had read all the short stories in two magazines, and the vesper hour was near. The A. K.'s were rather conspicuously on the lawn in front of their house. We understand that Miss Wells read *The Other Wise Man* to them. Fireside hour was different in almost all the clubhouses, or at least they all sang different songs. By and by girls holding plates of food began to fill the open doorways of the houses around the circle. It was a lovely evening and everyone seemed languorous and happy.

To the room at eight o'clock where we feel the bird book must be conquered. We managed to finish it, and so are going to bed with all the spirit of the victor after a long battle.

Monday—

To breakfast glorying in the day, but knowing it will be hot later. Managed to reread some French between eight and eight-thirty. To classes where the general boredom was relieved by our getting a B on a French test when the stars only got D. Charlie Holcomb also got a B. There's nothing like it.

To chapel where Miss Ordway gave a discourse on the history of May Day and May poles. Just wait until May Day is here, my dear. She also read some poetry and then Margaret Balsiger sang. Now it seems to us that there was some similarity in the "Hark, Hark, the Lark" as sung by Lili Pons and then by Margaret. We believe we enjoyed the latter's version more, but that may be merely because it was "our" Margaret.

While watching the May before lunch we saw any number of Senior-Middles on their way to town for lunch—taking advantage of their May privileges as soon as they can. Frances Maas and Christine Hughes (in a perfectly lovely dress) were just rushing to get away.

To lunch here, and then downtown ourselves. Began at Tinsley's and worked up the street, using our ruse of trying to buy size twelve dresses. No soap. Saw a rather lovely black linen dress, but decided it would be too conspicuous for May Day. Finally dropped in at "State Fair" where we expected to be bored. Whoever sings in the comedy has the right idea about rhythm. We could have danced on a dime, and how we could have danced! Enjoyed the picture very much. It reminded us of home, somewhat. The clothes were nothing to write home about, though. To Candyland for a "coke," feeling very virtuous because at all the wrong places there were huge signs advertising the sale of beer at fifteen cents. We don't want to get fat, though. Home on the street car after advising several tender S.-M.'s which car to take and by what time. Katie Gover has a signed check for her spring shopping. We have a blank one.

To dinner where we looked at picture albums, and then finally to the library where we rounded out the term on Michaelangelo. To the hall where monitors' meeting is being held. Among those present were Katy Brown, Dow, Wilkins, Breeding, Peckinpaugh, etc., who were surprised by the announcement that they had held a feast Saturday night.

To bed at an advanced hour, having read "Harper's Bazaar" instead of studying.

Tuesday—

Up, remembering that the rising bell had rung some thirty minutes before. Managed to get to breakfast on time, and we were so hungry that we were forced off the diet and ate a cake. It was quite good, too.

Back to the room where we did all the things one does when one has a vacant period ahead of her. Finished up some studying, typed themes until we ran out of paper, etc. It is remarkable how, at the end of school, so many teachers are going out of their way to see that the students are not overworked the last two weeks of school. By a superhuman effort, we may be able to get in the biology required of us, and then if we have any strength left, we may be able to turn in all the written themes which the English teachers have assigned in advance so that we may be working on them in our spare time. *What* spare time? we ask, knowing there is no answer. To go on with the story, though: If we get our advance lessons in, we shall be too "poohed" out to turn the pages of any book in preparation for the all-important exams.

Finally forced ourselves to class, first to the much-loved biology lecture which proved to be a lab discourse on the nervous system of the frog. Even though we are not a Del Ver, we are very fond of frogs, especially the legs, and we were much amused when it was called to our attention that Miss Hollinger, who spends fully a quarter of a term lecturing on the frog, is the sponsor of the club that has that intriguing animal for its emblem or mascot, or "what have you."

To art history: Betty Randle read *Vogue* during the entire period. Strain our neck as far as we could, we still did not see anything more worthwhile than the advertisements.

To chapel and then to the room. Jennabeth Jones received a whole wardrobe [including a duck (no pun) of a hat] from her mother who sends clothes but does not write. It is just the reverse in our family, but we'd take Jones and her wardrobe any day.

To lunch where we broke the diet for the second time and ate Sally Lunn. To psych where we discussed day dreams as if we had a special time and place for them instead of day dreaming during class period and acting accordingly immediately afterwards. To archery just because we thought perhaps Miss Cayce might have missed our bright and shining countenance. She hadn't, but we managed to acquire a score of some ten or twelve before we left, much fatigued.

To the tea room with two interesting preps. We just heard that Betty Knight fell in the babbling brook at the biology picnic yesterday. She was wise enough to remove her dress before she fell in. We think her clairvoyance should be congratulated.

To Miss Rhea's tea where we had many sandwiches and a lovely time. Haven't enjoyed a tea so much for a long time. We believe we are rather tired of the Saturday afternoon affairs we have been tripping to these many years.

To dinner where we broke the diet for the third time today in favor of the chocolate pie, and then to the room where we decided not to do anything except talk to Kiedel and we ended up by listening to her. To the library where much commotion was made by the Penta Taus who wanted to find a nightwatchman to turn on the lights in the little gym. We finally found him ourselves for them. Noticed that some girls can do a certain number of pages in twice the time a moron would take to decipher the simple language—that is, if you are waiting for the book.

To the room where we have been studying and piddling by turns. To bed, having changed the sheets, but wishing, with Virginia Ferguson, that we could stay up all night because we have so much to do.

Czar Alexander II freed 23,00,000 serfs in the Russian Empire at the same time 4,000,000 slaves were freed in the United States.—*Journal.*

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PSST!

"Woe is me, Oh, woe is me," as the poet said (I've forgotten which one); because Mrs. Psst still has a bad case of spring fever and it sems as if it is left up to me, poor Boscoe, to unreel some gossip. Hence, "Woe is me!"

First of all, congratulations, felicitations and all wishes for the future, Martha White. We think you're real lucky.

Katherine Kennedy has cut her hair —three cheers! You know, we thought she never was going to.

I saw Nancy Edwards being very studious in the library Monday. And that gorgeous hair of hers! Gee, but it's pretty, Nancy!

Do you know what? Lib Glasgow told me she didn't have any appetite when she's excited. Just between you and me, I don't think she gets excited very much.

Virginia Doss, I'm ashamed of you, sliding down bannisters. Now I know why they're always so shiny.

The freshman class gave a tea in the A. K. Club house last week and to hear Jane Meadors tell it, they had a g-r-r-and time.

We sure are proud of our council members for next year. Dot, I think you'll make a grand president and with all the rest of those grand people to help you.

Congratulations to you, too, Virginia Walker. We surely enjoyed reading your essay. Or rather having it read to us by the author herself, in person.

We hope the people of the Phys Ed department enjoyed their trip, because we surely did.

Nancy, I see you're still being brave and wearing your hair in the middle. By the way, have you had any outstanding results?

I never saw anyone so industrious as Angie Cantrell. Monday she studied and studied and I even think Imogene Bratton was trying to help her.

Well, I think that's about enough gossip for one week, don't you? So I'll ankle off and read some more about delinquent children for a psychology report.

OR STUFF—

Nashville weather is at its height —hot one day and cold the next. The new girls don't believe in spring except in terms of the young men who lightly turn to thoughts of love. . . .

Jan Maechtle has a whole collection of these "roll 'em" hats. They hold the hair down, and they look collegiate.

When the chapel speaker spoke of the queer girl in school, we wonder if everyone thought of her roommate or something. There is no one here this year distinguished enough to receive the name, "queer."

Wilkins, Breeding, Peckingpaugh, Dow, Pivoto, Funk, and others, had a feast Saturday night, but it was as well known as a secret.

Katherine Willis has a good looking grey coat with two shades of fox fur on it. Dick Stewart has an unusual putty beige coat with eccentric martin trimming. Annette McAdoo and Jeanne Myers always manage to be smartly and becomingly dressed.

The "bang" fad is all right now, but just wait until it passes and the girls are left with short strands that won't go anywhere. Buzzie ought to know something about that. Letting bangs grow out looks just about like letting a blond or henna pack grow off the hair. When the head is half and half, the effect is lovely.

If our plea for books to be returned is not answered, we shall be forced to insert an advertisement.

Speaking of books, have you heard about Shirley Lege's "circulating" library? The way her fine collection is disappearing, you'd think she still lived in Heron.

Large parts of the human brain can be removed by surgery without handicapping the individual, according to the Yale School of Medicine.—*Tribune.*

HUMPHREY CONCERT WELL RECEIVED

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. Humphrey was in fine voice, and he, too, has a flair for the dramatic and makes every song interesting and different from the others. Valentine's aria from Gounod's "Faust," "Even Bravest Hearts," was splendidly sung, and in Secchi's "Lungi dal caro bene," and Hahn's "L'Heure exquise" he evoked atmosphere and sang with fine mezzavoce. Hullah's "The Three Fishers," Walfe's "Iris," and Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers" were given with much expression. When recalled he sang a pretty lullaby of his own, which he explained was finished during the afternoon, and the popular "Clorinda."

The concert began with a duet from Verdi's "La Traviata," and closed with one from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." These were splendidly done.—*Alvin S. Wiggers—Nashville Tennessean.*

Continuing the annual series of faculty recitals, Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented Stetson Humphrey, baritone, who heads the voice department, and Irene Crane Humphrey, soprano, in joint recital on Friday evening. The program was made up of groups of solos by both singers with duets for the opening and closing numbers.

Seemingly, Mrs. Humphrey had completely recovered from the severe throat trouble that prevented her fulfilling her "Elijah" engagement. She was in excellent voice and her two groups were much enjoyed, the audience demanding encores. An outstanding feature of her singing was, as usual, appreciation of the musical and textual content of the songs, smooth phrasing and clear diction. Her interpretation of Donaudy's lovely melody in the fashion of the old Italian air, entitled "O del mio amato ben," was particularly well done. The brilliancy of the Boite aria, "L'altra notte," something of a novelty on recital programs, displayed her voice to full advantage. Her second aria "Voyons Manon" from Massenet's "Manon," was given in the true spirit of the character.

Mr. Humphrey's first number was Valentine's aria from Gounod's "Faust," beginning "Even Bravest Hearts," which he sang in English. In this number and in a later group, the clarity of his diction was also a noticeable feature. He gave Hahn's charming "L'Heure exquise," with its tricky rhythmic combinations, smoothly and in soft voice. The story of Hullah's rather commonplace "The Three Fishers," was brought out clearly, as was that of Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," though the climax of this favorite, introducing the French national hymn, was somewhat weakened by beginning it softly. Mr. Humphrey, too, was in his best voice on this occasion and several encores were demanded.

Both singers joined forces in duets from "La Traviata," by Verdi, and "Don Giovanni," by Mozart, and were recalled after both numbers.

F. Arthur Henkel was the efficient accompanist.—*Sidney Dalton—Nashville Banner.*

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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PENTA TAUS GIVE CLEVER STUDIO DANCE

Saturday night, May 6, the Penta Tau's entertained with the most novel of Studio Parties, which was enjoyed tremendously.

The gym walls were hung with white paper, and the ceiling was also covered with it. Artist's palettes were painted on the walls and at the door two bottles of paint brushes stood on either side. The orchestra was on a platform at the far end of the room. George, arrayed in beret and smock, served frozen grape punch at an improvised bar. Toward nine o'clock the easels and paintings at the left were illuminated by two spotlights while the other lights were extinguished. Wilma Brown, Katherine Rasmussen, and Mildred Edmunson dressed in pink, yellow, and blue blouses with black velvet shorts came out and posed on footstools for the artists, Roberta Munger, Louise Lathrop, and Virginia Wilkins—dressed in yellow, green, and pink smocks to match their models—to paint their portraits. The group did a clever dance to that new tune from "A Bedtime Story," *In the Springtime, in the Park, in Paree*. More dancing after this, and then home at the usual hour, everyone agreeing that it was the very sort of a dance to remember when they recall the club entertainments they've enjoyed so much this winter.

Those receiving were Miss Clark, sponsor; Nelle Hurston, president Louise Lathrop and Edith Morrow Hyde.

BASEBALL TOURNEY IN FULL SWING

The baseball tournament began last Thursday. The three teams that have remained undefeated are the Penta Taus, Tri K.'s, and Triads. These three teams are very strong and equally matched, which should make the finals very interesting. The scores for the games are as follows:

Anti Pan, 18 ..... T. C., 3
F. F., 30 ..... Eccowasin, 20
Del Ver, 33 ..... T. C., 18
Triad, 20 ..... X. L., 12
Eccowasin, 8 ..... Angkor, 0
Ariston, 3 ..... Del Ver, 0
X. L., 19 ..... Osiron, 15
Triad, 26 ..... A. K., 9
Penta Tau, 17 ..... F. F., 3
Tri K, 38 ..... Osiron, 3
Ariston, 14 ..... Anti Pan, 12
Tri K, 24 ..... Angkor, 15
F. F., 35 ..... Angkor, 18
Tri K, 16 ..... T. C., 8
Penta Tau, 15 ..... A. K., 15
Penta Tau, 17 ..... Ariston, 10

PHYS. ED. FACULTY HONORED BY ALUMS

While members of the physical education department were in Louisville attending a convention there recently, they were entertained at a tea given in their honor at the home of Ethel Krieger, '31. The guest list was made up of Ward-Belmont alumnae. The girls had a delightful time meeting Miss Morrison, Miss Cayce, Miss McEttrick, Miss Goodrich, and Mrs. Solon Rose who accompanied the department on the trip, and talking over "old times" at Ward-Belmont, and those members of the faculty enjoyed this opportunity of seeing the old girls again. Those who attended the tea were, Ernestine Clendinen, Margaret *Phillips* Huff (Mrs. Seaton), Mary Virginia Huff, Frances *Brooks* Jones (Mrs. Sam), Mary Lewman, Marguerite *Peck* MacDowell (Mrs. Sam), Alice Leslie Miller, Aileen Reager, Louise Sims, and Elizabeth Woods.

WATER POLO VARSITIES GIVE EXHIBITION

Thursday night, May 4, the first and second water polo varsities played an exhibition water polo game at the Y.M.C.A. Two halves were played instead of four quarters and because it was an exhibition game the score was not kept. However, both teams played exceedingly well.

The line-up was:

FIRST VARSITY

Gillis ..... Center Forward
Stewart ..... Right Forward
Willis ..... Left Forward
Gardner ..... Right Guard
Lunderman ..... Left Guard

SECOND VARSITY

Bosserman ..... Center Forward
Peckinpaugh ..... Right Forward
Grammes ..... Left Forward
Breeding ..... Left Guard

Munger and Copeland substituted for Lathrop, right guard.

A. SHAW, GLEE CLUB PRESIDENT

The Glee Club officers for next year were elected at the last official meeting of the Ward-Belmont Glee Club, Saturday, May 6. New officers elected were: Ann Shaw, president; Lydia Fountain, treasurer; and Jane Becker, secretary. They replace three very efficient old officers, Ann Durand, president; Elizabeth Shirk, treasurer; and Dorothy Beasley, secretary. These retiring officers have done splendid work, and leave a very high standard for the new ones to reach.

SUMMER WORK DISCUSSED IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

This last Sunday morning, after the usual opening Sunday school song Jane Briggs gave a short talk about the "talents God has given us." With a reference to the Bible story, she encouraged the group to put to the best advantage the gifts received of the Lord.

Then, Dukie Hill was given charge of the "Open Forum." She introduced the topic to be discussed—work that can be done and enjoyed in the community and in the church. Most of the girls had something to contribute; so many of them had had the experience of teaching and telling stories to children, of working in summer camps and in libraries. Helpful hints were gleaned by those girls who intend to enter into such summer activities.

Further discussion will be held next Sunday.

FRESHMEN GIVE TEA

The Freshman high school class gave a tea Friday afternoon, April 28, from 3:30 to 5:00 o'clock, at the A.K. club house. The house was attractively decorated with a profusion of spring flowers, and refreshments of punch, sandwiches and cake were served later in the afternoon. As entertainment, some of the members of the class put on a clever little play entitled, "The King's English." Those taking part were Marion Hill, Martha Armistead, Grace Benedict, Lucile Johnson, Shirley Leake, and Margaret White.

The tea was under the direction of Ellen Martin, president of the class, to whom a great deal of the credit for the success of the affair is due.

TENNIS DOUBLES TOURNAMENT NEARS END

The quarter finals of the tennis doubles match are now being played, and if the games are not delayed by bad weather, the finals will take place Wednesday of this week.

There have been some very interesting matches played, among which the game between Cherrington, Freeman, A. K.'s and Nehls, Knowles, Del Vers and the one between Bosserman, Poorman, Tri K's, and Wright, Berry, X. L.'s were the most exciting. It seems likely that the final match will be between Cherrington-Freeman and Rae Baker-Stout, last year's winners of the cup, but one never can tell.

SENIOR EXPRESSION RECITALS TONIGHT

Two Senior recitals in the School of Expression will be given Saturday evening at 6:45 o'clock in the studio. The two Senior expression students to be presented are Charley Vene Tinnon and Billye Newman. Both girls are well known to the student body and are especially well remembered for the work they did recently in the Shakespearian play.

Charley Vene Tinnon, we remember, gave a fine character interpretation of Oliver in "As You Like It." Her part in that stood out clear as a gem and she is even better in the arrangement of the three-act play, "The Family Upstairs," in which she gives a spirited interpretation of the everyday people we all know.

Miss Newman, who will read "The Patsy," will be remembered as taking so brilliantly the part of Touchstone in "As You Like It," last week. Her interpretation of the play she is giving Saturday evening will bring out again the delicacy of touch she exhibited as her Shakespearian part.

Both recitals are short and will be given the same evening. The Senior Class is especially invited and others who are interested in interpretation.

TRI K'S PLACE FIRST IN RIDING SHOW

Virginia Kiesel Individual Winner

Saturday afternoon, May 6, the annual spring Riding Show was held. Beginners, advanced, and certificate riders performed before a good audience. The following is a list of the events, the riders, and the winners:

CLASS ONE: JUMPING

Rider	*Horse*
Betty Hamilton	Shamrock
Virginia Kiesel	Dixie
Shirley Lege	Shamrock
Margaret Davis Harris	Little Jack
Elsa Van Derhoef	Nancy
Susan Hardy	Dixie
Rubie Battey	Nancy
Elizabeth Henderson	Little Jack
Elizabeth Wansley	Tommie

Winners: 1st, Betty Hamilton; 2nd, Virginia Kiesel; 3rd, Elizabeth Wansley; 4th, Margaret Davis Harris.

CLASS TWO: 5 GAITED COMBINATION

Rider	*Horse*
Susan Hardy	Jack Bond
Rubie Battey	Chimes
Elizabeth Wansley	Pilot

Winners: 1st, Elizabeth Wansley; 2nd, Susan Hardy; 3rd, Rubie Battey.

CLASS THREE: 3 GAITED

Rider	*Horse*
Virginia Winston	Tommie
Isabelle Estrada	Dixie

(Continued on page 2)

DR. BARTON DISCUSSES ECONOMIC SITUATION

Dr. Barton was the chapel speaker on Friday, May 5. He spoke on current events, emphasizing in particular the inflation which is now noticeable in the United States.

Defining inflation briefly, Dr. Barton pointed out that this increase in prices was instigated primarily to raise the selling price of farm products. "The more you have of anything, the cheaper it is in the field of economic goods," said Dr. Barton. He then showed how the United States is in just such a condition at present.

"If we can control the supply of things to such an extent that we can have stable prices," said Dr. Barton, "the situation can be helped." Explaining inflation, Dr. Barton said, "Make money cheap so the price of commodities will go up."

Dr. Barton then reviewed the new powers that have recently been conferred upon President Roosevelt. Previously only Congress could fix the fineness of gold. "For the past ten years it held gold up to a high standard," said Dr. Barton. But values have gone down rapidly in the last five years. Now the temporary *power* has been given to the President himself to put the values on gold in order to inflate prices to a certain point. He is to hold this power for two years. As a result, Dr. Barton pointed out, there are no more gold certificates.

These next years will be "two years of the worst times or the best times," said Dr. Barton. He concluded by saying that he firmly believed they would be "the best years."

BLANTONS CELEBRATE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary last Wednesday, were the guests of honor at a reception given in Rec Hall by the ladies of the household. Dr. and Mrs. Blanton stood in one of the drawing rooms and received congratulations and many good wishes for the future. Town guests were present as well as Ward-Belmont girls and each one was requested to sign his name in a register which Mrs. Blanton wished to keep.

Later in the evening Mrs. Blanton threw one of her bouquets to a group of girls assembled at the foot of the stairs. Helen Justice was fortunate enough to catch it.

Refreshments were served by several of the hostesses and each guest was given a small piece of wedding cake to bring them good luck in their dreams.

CALENDAR, MAY 13-20

Saturday, May 13.
May Day.

Monday, May 15.
Baseball Finals at 2:45 o'clock.
Beginning of Dead Week.

Tuesday, May 16.
Track Meet.

Wednesday, May 17.
Tennis Doubles Finals

Thursday, May 18.
High School Tea.

Friday, May 19.
Diploma Recital.
Day Student Picnic.

Saturday, May 20.
Glee Club Picnic.
Pen Staff Tea.

STUDENT RECITALS HELD

An entertaining student recital consisting of voice and piano selections was given Thursday afternoon, May 4, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium.

Piano—Golliwoggs Cake Walk.... .....*Debussy*
Miss Jeannette Kassel

Voice—
(a) Si mers oers avaient des ailes .....*Kahn*
(b) Macushla .....*McDermott*
Miss Ann Shaw

Piano—Arabesque .....*Debussy*
Miss Charlotte Shenk

Voice—
(a) The Star ...*Spanish-LaForge*
(b) Thou Art Like a Flower .....*Chadwick*
(c) The Answer .....*Ferry*
Miss Edith Anderson

Voice—
(a) Girl with the Flaxen Hair .....*Debussy*
(b) Dancer in the Patio...*Repper*
Miss Margaret Balsiger

Tuesday evening, May 9, Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented in recital a large and varied number of its students. Selections in piano, voice, violin, and harp were given.

Piano—Prelude .....*Gershwin*
Miss Frances Rose

Voice—
(a) Orpheus and His Lute .....*Sullivan*
(b) Do not Go, My Love.*Hageman*
(c) Be Ye in Love with April-tide .....*Ward-Stephens*
Miss Catherine Warren

Piano—
(a) At Night .....*Paderewski*
(b) Praeludium .....*MacDowell*
Miss Elizabeth Butts

Violin—Concerto No. 7 (first movement) .....*DeBeriot*
Mr. John Howard Wise

Piano—
(a) Dreams .....*MacDowell*
(b) Wild Hunt .....*MacDowell*
Miss Ella Mae Goodrum

Harp—Chanson dans la Nuit .....*Salzedo*
Miss Frances Summers

Piano—
(a) Etude .....*Scriabin*
(b) The Sea .....*Palmgren*
Miss Ruth Nehls

Voice—
(a) Uber Allen Gipfeln ist Rich .....*Liszt*
(b) Immer leisen will mein Schlummer .....*Brahms*
(c) Madchen mit den rothen Munchen .....*Franz*
(d) Warrum .....*Tschaikowsky*
Miss Elizabeth Shirk

Piano—Cantique d'Armour.....*Liszt*
Miss Mildred Clements

Violin—
(a) Nigun No. 7.....*DeBeriot*
(b) Dance in D Minor....*Joachim*
Mr. Weldon Hart

Harp Ensemble—
(a) The Song of the Volga Boatman.*Russian Folk Song*
(b) Fraicheur .....*Salzedo*
Misses Ganel Stuart, Frances Summers, Frances Helen Jackson

Jiano—Etude Op. 10, No. 12. .*Chopin*
Miss Frances Dean Smith

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CLOSE-UPS

Whew! And is it sweltering! All for the sake of you, dear column, will I vacate my ice cold shower to fret and fume over a fair amount of news—until it stretches out like a rubber band or a three-weeks'-old allowance! Meet the new campus motto—*worriendumest!* And will we go home with a C average, a perfect "figger," and a coat of sunny South tan? Or won't we? Seems the ayes have it. Betty G., we hereby proclaim you the first to sport the tan!

Didn't you feel exceedingly intelligent—or rather intellectual—there is a difference—*l'autre nuit* at the lecture *en francais.* As Buzzy would say, you certainly did get extra notice tripping in late, Chris and Mai Noy. Poor Chris, you have our sympathy for standing up an hour and some. Who hasn't been seeking baseball games of late? Well you'd best better park in the bleachers these days when you have a perfectly swell chance of seeing Soper and Smith in the same game. Or, how could the A. K.'s get along without Bomke to officiate as chairman of Bats?

Rasmussen and Pivoto, you looked mighty nice in particular on a certain Tuesday night. Remember? But you won't be the only ones in three weeks!

Mary Jane, don't Boy and Dick give you anything for breakfast Sundays? We found banana skins in the chapel seats—and you're under suspicion. Who were those clever children who consumed three boxes of bran, two quarts of cream, and three quarts of ice cream and a "Batallion" Saturday eve? Could it have been Alma, Trina, Elsa and company—no doubt? They weren't at church next day.

The most exciting thing of late—Miss Hamilton questions our choice—started out Sunday last. (And Slymme, Nancy, *et cetera,* did you enjoy yourselves said night? A shame it stormed and you had to sit in the car awaiting to come in.) Imagine coming back to find our campus blown about, lights out, Rec Hall illuminated with candles, and our dorms all dark and scary! Wonderful night to eat up Betty Randle's cake! Did you? We went to sleep. Senior and North Front sing-songed in the dark, and wasn't it you, Maechtle, *et cetera,* who conspired dressing up in sheets and scaring your neighbors—and yourselves? Can't you imagine Funkie sitting in the middle of the floor yowling at the storm? Then to top it off with last Tuesday's lightning is unnerving.

Rae Baker, your baby sister is a doll. See her tag All all evening at the Penta Tau dance? We loved that affair. It was mighty cleverly done. Wilkins, how much frozen punch did you find one can consume? And Lou, what happened to your handshake in the receiving line duties, or was that Sug cutting up again? We looked around just in time to see Wilma crash through the wall—disappearing in a wail.

Kiesel, run along and hunt up your's and Pilot's picture in Monday's paper—we are justily proud and very glad we stayed at school to see our own horse show. S'long.

TRI K'S PLACE FIRST IN RIDING SHOW

(Continued from page 1)

Susan Hardy .....Shamrock
Elizabeth Wansley .....Pilot
Ganel Stuart .....Jack Bond
Theresa Howley .....Charlie
Rubie Battey .....Chimes
Louise Wolff .....Brown Jug
Elizabeth Henderson .....Nancy
Margaret Davis Harris ..Little Jack
Harryette Sudekum .....Handy
Bea Werts .....Gypsy

Winners: 1st, Harris, 2nd, Howley; 3rd, Estrada; 4th, Stuart.

CLASS FOUR: BEGINNER'S CLASS

Rider	*Horse*
May Dell Meyer	Gypsy
Constance Collier	Shamrock

Winners: 1st, Collier; 2nd, Meyer.

CLASS FIVE: 3 GAITED COMBINATION

Rider	*Horse*
Elsa Van Derhoef	Pilot
Betty Hamilton	Jack Bond
Elizabeth Henderson	Chimes

Winners: 1st, Henderson, 2nd, Van Derhoef; 3rd, Hamilton.

CLASS SIX: PAIR JUMPING

Rider	*Horse*
Rubie Battey-Elsa Van Derhoef	Nancy and Little Jack
Virginia Kiesel-Elizabeth Wansley	Dixie and Shamrock
Elizabeth Henderson-Susan Hardy	Dixie and Shamrock
Margaret Davis Harris-Louise Wolff	Little Jack and Nancy
Betty Hamilton-Shirley Lege	Dixie and Shamrock

Winners: 1st, Battey and Van Derhoef; 2nd, Kiesel and Wansley; 3rd, Henderson and Hardy; 4th, Hamilton and Lege.

CLASS SEVEN: 5 GAITED CLASS

Rider	*Horse*
Virginia Kiesel	Pilot
Louise Wolff	Chimes
Shirley Lege	Jack Bond

Winners: 1st, Kiesel; 2nd, Wolff; 3rd, Lege.

CLASS EIGHT: Park Riding

Rider	*Horse*
Susan Hardy	Charlie
Elizabeth Henderson	Nancy
Ganel Stuart	Brown Jug
Isabelle Estrada	Gypsy
Elsa Van Derhoef	Little Jack
Margaret Davis Harris	Pilot
Bea Werts	Tommy
Harryette Sudekum	Handy
Virginia Kiesel	Dixie
Louise Wolff	Shamrock
Betty Hamilton	Jack Bond
Shirley Lege	Chimes

Winners: 1st, Hardy and Henderson; 2nd, Van Derhoef and Harris; 3rd, Kiesel and Wolff; 4th, Hamilton and Lege.

Class Nine: Best Rider; winners of first and second places in events numbers 2, 3, 5, and 7 ride for best rider.

Winner: Virginia Kiesel. For two consecutive years Virginia Kiesel has won the "best rider" cup at Ward-Belmont.

The officials at the show were Mr. Victor Coode, judge; Miss Jane Carling, instructor, ringmaster; Dr. John Wynne Barton, Scorer; Dr. J. D. Blanton and Mr. A. B. Benedict, presentation of awards.

The individual points scored were: Kiesel, 13; Henderson, 12; Van Derhoef, 11. The clubs scoring the highest points were Tri K, 24; and Penta Tau, 17.

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EDITORIAL

MAY DAY

Each one of us has thought many times before of the lovely traditions connected with Ward-Belmont. Certainly there is no more beautiful or more impressive one than that which we witnessed May Day.

The program was quite as festive as usual. Every girl in Ward-Belmont had her particular part to play, from the Queen, her two attendants, and the Senior court, to the very young children who danced on the green. The club maypoles were indeed effective; so many girls entering at one time into the spirit of the day was an impressive sign in itself.

Nothing could have been lovelier than the white-robed Queen and her two attendants walking up the long aisle to the throne having been preceded by the Senior court. Crowning of the Queen was the climax to this part of the program. Before the newly-crowned Queen, the rest of the events took place.

After seeing this we are sure that everyone will agree that this is one of the traditions which will be handed down from year to year with grandest memories.

MOTHER'S DAY

Tomorrow is the one short day of all the year set apart as Mother's Day. It's a queer thing that on this one Sunday, only, it is the custom to remember Mother with some little gift and sentiment.

In her life, if she set apart one day in which to do something thoughtful for us, life would not be so sweet as it now is, with the little thoughtful acts of Mother to give us encouragement and help us to happiness and achievement. We often simply take Mother for granted as if she would always be at home to do things for us; we can't imagine home without her but still it is hard to give up an afternoon or evening with the crowd to be with Mother and learn to know her. However, the time may come when we with others will wear the white flower instead of the red on Mother's Day Sunday.

CAMPUS COLUMN

It is a cheery "hello" you all do get this rainy May morning, but then again maybe its not raining. Is it? I am not at all responsible for the intelligence of this column after the storm last night and the cracks in the last Diary.

I'll let the gals that visited the Derby tell of their experiences and maybe that will please.

They must have had one big time all right. Just think of winning thirty dollars! Dot Glander, you are too lucky for all the world. I do wish that you had bet for me, too.

Marj and Larry (and that reminds me, I promised to have a column of apologies for wounded feelings—it was Larry who went with Marj to the Derby and not Jean) said that the best thing about a week-end trip of this sort is the service one gets on the train.

Jean McTennon, perhaps now you will know better than to wear a regulation black! Anyway we offer you our sympathies, too, but hear that you carried out the part with great ability.

Bettye Ann and Rena looked just like the end of a perfect week-end, so I'll not say anything more, but if you were to ask them what kind of a time they had the answer would be a long sigh. "Ponder," I guess you have some thanks coming for living in Louisville.

Things a little bird told me about the funny happenings during last Sunday night's storm. . . .

Tuesday night's was too close for comfort and the Seniors can't find anything funny about it unless you had seen me running around in black gym stockings and a winter coat preparatory to a heroic leap into the good-looking fireman's waiting arms, etc., etc., etc.

Freeman failed to close the windows and result—why a perfectly grand flood! It's a good thing that some one wondered where Ail was, or repairs would have been needed below.

Then, of course, the "Choir Invisible," taking possession of "Juji's" and "Perkie's room! Quite some harmony, if I do say it myself, and the storm was all but forgotten to the strains of "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes," or "I Am In Love," etc. There is only one objection to it and that is that when time came to go no one could find her own feet.

Then Conley and Cleo went back to the early adolescent stage and dripped wax from the candles all over everything.

Rae Baker certainly did have an experience to write home about. She and about twenty others were picnicking when the storm hit. A more

(Continued page 4, column 2)

EAGLE FEATHER

INTERIM

The night was made for rest and sleep,
For winds that softly sigh;
It was not made for grief and tears,
So then why do I cry?

The wind that blows the leafy trees
Is soft and warm and sweet
For me the night is a gracious cloak,
To hide my soul's defeat.

Just one dark hour of shaken depths,
Of bitter, black despair—
Another day will find me brave
And not afraid to dare.

Clarissa S. Delaney.

THINGS I LOVE

I love the winds that sing of roaring sails,
That go their spendthrift way down tractless lanes
And then again, I love the early glow
Of candlelight against the dripping panes.

I love the door of home and glowing hearth,
The solitude of hills—a whispering pine—
The fragrance of a rain-sweet trail at dusk,
And little pools where silver stars may shine—

A song when night comes groping over hills,
The drowsy chirp of birds, and bits of blue
Between the grayish clouds that roof the moor—
And little things that make me think of you.

Cristel Hastings.

BARTER

Life has loveliness to sell—
All beautiful and splendid things
Blue waves whitened on a cliff
Climbing fire that sways and sings
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell—
Music like a curve of gold
Scent of pine trees in the rain
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirits still delight
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness
Buy it and never count the cost
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been or could be.

Sara Teasdale.

FIRST FIG

My candle burns at both ends
It will not last the night
But, ah my foes, and oh, my friends
It gives a lovely light.

SECOND FIG

Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand
Come and see my lovely palace built upon the sand.

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

FAREWELL PARTY GIVEN CHILDREN'S HOME

Last Saturday afternoon a farewell party took place at the Tennessee Children's Home bringing to a close the year's work of the committee there. After various exciting games had been played the children gathered in groups to eat ice cream cones, filled with the kind of cream that each liked best. Small gifts were then given to all the children and long conversations took place before the hostesses could tear themselves away.

Those in charge of the party were Jean Myers, chairman, Lois Milton, vice-chairman, Elizabeth Hendricks, Lydia Fountain, Hortense Hart, and Marcie Matthews.

GIRLS SPEND SUNDAY WITH CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Gene Bradford, Alice Menefee, and Mildred Edmonson found that the Junior League Home was the very place to spend a rainy Sunday afternoon. Gene told stories, and participated with the active children in many indoor games in the playroom, well equipped for that purpose. Alice took great delight in reading funny papers to the little boys and visiting the other wards, and Mildred enjoyed talking to four little girls who told her all about their homes and school work.

Time passed quickly and it was with regret that the girls returned to school, leaving the children to prepare for their Sunday night supper.

DEAD WEEK, AN AID FOR STUDY

On Monday, May 15, Dead Week begins and lasts through the 20th. At mid-term all girls had an opportunity of knowing what this weak means. It will mean whatever each girl makes it mean. To some it will be only a week deprived of social privileges; to some it will be a time of hard study; to some it will be unimportant; to others vitally important as a last chance. To all Dead Week should be a time of unifying the courses each individual has been taking. This coming week is one more opportunity for girls to bring together scattered information about their courses and make each course a whole. The School arranges for this week in order to help girls deny the temptation to go out when they should be finishing up their work.

This week should mean just as much to high school students, and Senior-Middles as it does to those in the graduating classes, because each year is a unit toward an end, and a part of the education of each girl that is here this year. Even though some girls do not expect to go further in school, this last year should be properly concluded.

Every girl should take advantage of this week and make the very most of it. Study during this time may mean the difference between failure and passing.

MISS RANSOM, A. A. U. W. REPRESENTATIVE

Miss Ellene Ransom, of the Ward-Belmont English Department, is to be the representative of the Nashville Branch of the American Association of University Women at their Biennial Convention, in Minneapolis. Miss Ransom is president of the Nashville Branch.

OR STUFF—

And then there were those clubs that don't know when they are well off. . . .

We wonder if the chum society has elected a president for next year, now that all the other elections are over?

We hear that a number of Seniors have ordered announcements by the hundred—

Suggestions for graduation gifts:
Star sapphires.
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Packard roadsters (black, chromium plated trimmings).
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CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 3)

bedraggled bunch you never saw returning.

Rauch and Cherry were on a weekend and much too busy to pay any attention to the mere rain.

We hear that a feast was in order in Founders, as usual. By the way, that reminds us, where does all the food come from? Speaking of food, it was a lucky thing Beasley had some candy, or Senior might have starved. As it is, a general chewing took place.

The Horse Show, last Saturday, was a big success, and we enjoyed it thoroughly. Really the riders are quite clever. Even the two beginners who are so far ahead of everyone else that they can afford to leave us in the middle of an exhibition.

The tennis fiends of late broke all existing records when they played for seven hours straight with only a twenty-minute period of time out for dinner. Believe it or not they tied a white handkerchief around the balls and played by moonlight.

Saturday seemed to be a grand day for sunburn. Clem certainly got her share, and didn't Betty Grammes look snitzy with her brown? The rest of us merely tan by degrees.

Judging from all reports, the Rotarians gave the gals a big time. I don't see why Dad had to be a Kiwanian.

Does it seem possible that it is time to fill out home-going blanks? Loyce Hopp has thought of many plans and countless ways of getting home but has at last decided on one because she gets in a day earlier. What is a day more or less? Oh, yeah?

And while you are noticing things, don't overlook Helen Hand's new frat pin. Could you help but see it, though?

I just got a little late news from the Founders correspondent, so will relay it to you. . . .

When the lights were out Sunday night Marj Zaug got out a clean pair of pajamas and actually got the tops and bottoms to match. Then she went flying all over the hall on a carpet.

That night, Gene Bradford had the second floor petrified with her ghost stories and unearthly yells.

Someone really should donate to a worthy cause and buy Tile an alarm clock. . . . She has a terrible habit of sleeping through breakfast.

A cockroach in the form of Marj Zaug swiped Miss Clark's slippers while that erstwhile lady was in her bath. . . .

The dancing feet on the campus last night brought to mind Temple Bailey's "Silver Slipper."

Founders makes a fine baseball diamond or tennis court during these damp days. Ask Tile and Bradford or De Mun and Willert.

Someone please convince Munger that she has more of a chance to look like Norma Shearer than Carol Lombard. . . .

Bomke is going home via the Miss. paddling her own canoe. That was recently accomplished downstream by a scrubwoman.

There's enough of the latest and I'll be going until next week, when I will probably be getting out a next to last column. *Help! Help!*

As ever,
"SNOOPY."

P. S.:
"D's" are made by fools like me,
But only Drag can make a "B!"
—Apologies to "Purple Cow."

"NEIGHBORLINESS," THEME OF CHAPEL TALK

Miss Sallie Tom McKinnon, secretary to Foreign Fields for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, spoke in chapel on Wednesday, May 3. She spoke on the subject of world neighborliness.

"Who is my neighbor?" asked Miss McKinnon in reply to the biblical phrase which says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." "The man who ministered to the one in need, or the one in need is the neighbor, according to Jesus," said Miss McKinnon. "Whoever was in need was His neighbor," she continued.

Miss McKinnon emphasized world neighborliness, for "in the last ten years a world has been born; physically the world has been made one." Speaking of all the people eagerly waiting and in need for neighborliness, Miss McKinnon reminded us that they are "human beings, neighbors all."

"It is man himself," Miss McKinnon said, "who must create the divine in heaven and on earth." "We find God through our neighbors; we find our neighbors through God," she said in conclusion.

CLUB CHATTER

The most popular place on campus last week was Club Village. That little circle buzzed with the interest of elections. Around the circle with the new presidents we meet Mary Louise Balsiger, who will guide the Anti Pan fate for 1933-34. The much-rushed Mary "Marm" Lincoln was the T. C. choice. After Fran's good guidance, you will have a lot to live up to.

The best among the best was the Del Vers' choice when Helen Larimer was chosen by her club sisters to win again the citizenship cup as well as other trophies of competition.

What a combination the Tri K's have! Jane Carroll will go far and do much to uphold the particular branch of government given her.

The Penta Tau's have had much to live up to in the past, but there will be much more of a reputation after Roberta Munger's year as high man.

Bettye Ann Wright was not for coming back until the encouragement became so strongly in favor of her return. She knows what's what and how to uphold and further the X. L.'s present standing. Incidently, Ann Shaw is Glee Club president and an X. L.

There may not be so terribly much of Jeannette Kassel, but the Osirons realized that good things came in small parcels. The Agoras picked a good girl when they got Marjorie Zaug. Not only a good president, but the HYPHEN editor is on their roll.

Under the shadow of the tower, the A. K.'s must have been inspired to do big things. They have a number of presidents on their list. Betty Willert is the "It" for the tempting of new girls. Everybody hold on; the A. K.'s are off!

The F. F.'s may hold the honor of having the recently-elected Student Council president as a club sister, but they struck as good a mark when Susan Hardy was definitely made their choice to follow Margaret.

Besides the excellent new members of presidents' council, there is also the best of the staff of officers to carry on and carry further.

Finally and at last the Osirons had their picnic. What with rain and all, a fair crowd reported. Not only the Osirons but most every house had a party Wednesday.

If I were to have a party, and the entertainment for the pleasure of my guests was to be picked from the members of the clubs, here is the programme:

Dot Beasley .....song
Martha Rucker.....violin
Beth Lee.....fashion display
Smithy .....popular selections
Justice and Franz.....
.....Dick and Dolly Play

And if we wanted a real show, have Katrina Van Benschoten write and render a play.

The peonies in front of the Del Vers house are thriving despite somewhat unfavorable conditions.

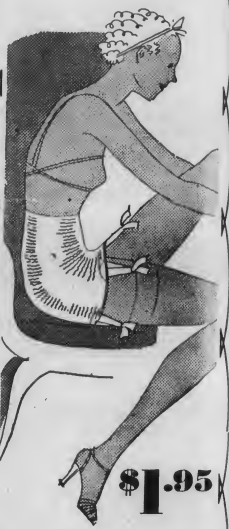
Take a picture of your club. There'll never be another like it, either the house or the picture. It's a shame so many are campused for the last-minute activities at the Village.

Only two more issues, fair reader! Better send my items in right shortly.



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Wednesday—

Rose, and rushed to close the window. We didn't realize that we had been freezing. To breakfast for much food, and then back to the old retreat, where we read fifty pages of history and three short stories before first period. We sound like a wizard at reading, but it's quite simple if you read only every other paragraph.

To class. Miss Rhea's room smelled of gardenias *and* other flowers. Could have stayed there for some time if we hadn't had to recite. Rasmussen and Larimer have the system of reciting. They just speil off the entire book and let the rest of us give the chapter headings as best we can. We were amused at Little Funk, in French. She manages to sound convincing in any language, and as for Peck—she could make white seem black—*en Francais*.

We really enjoyed chapel. Cleo said the woman had power—a peculiar sort of power, but something we all could feel. To lab rather late, where we were unable to do anything—just our mood. Whiled the afternoon away doing as little as possible, yet working our head off. Decided this was one of those "off days" you see advertised. To the tea room very late in the afternoon. We ceratinly wish they'd change their menu, but on the other hand, why should they, when everyone still buys chicken salad sandwiches, frozen fruit salad, peppermint ice cream, etc.?

To dinner in a formal because it is Dr. and Mrs. Blanton's Golden Wedding anniversary. We didn't get to congratulate them personally, but everyone seemed to have sent flowers. The dinner was very good, and we are just as happy for the Blantons as if it were our own anniversary.

To club for the elections. It seems impossible that the girls elected can carry on as well as the girls have this year, but we felt that way last year, and the year before, and the year before. . . .

Smitty said that the recital was wonderful. Martha Rucker has an unusual talent on the violin. Other girls seemed to have enjoyed the reception. Helen Justice got the flowers, or the cake, or however the expression goes.

To bed, promising to get up at five.

Thursday—

Had no more than got in bed when the alarm went off. Managed to stay up for ten minutes, and then slumbered peacefully until breakfast time.

Went to biology as is my habit, and Miss Hollinger spent the entire period trying to find out who had studied her lesson. The search was in vain.

To Art history, but Miss Ross was ill. We certainly hope she recovers right away.

To chapel for innumerable announcements, to lunch, to a meeting, and then to psych, which was really interesting. To archery, which was taught for the most part by Miss Morrison. A good time was had by all, especially Louise Florez and Muriel Leverett, who "arched" the entire period.

To various of the baseball games, but finally left in disgust, because even the winning teams weren't so good.

Spent the afternoon changing the ribbon on the typewriter, and consequently couldn't get the ink off the hands in time for dinner. Enjoyed the meal, anyway, and then returned to the room for some of that extensive studying. There was a bit of excitement in the hall about eight-thirty. We hope Bucklen is better, now. Decided at nine o'clock to see "Spring Has Came," so got up a party and went. We can think of no adjectives to describe this musical comedy. We have never laughed so much, never seen so much pure cleverness that was neither obvious nor vulgar, in all our lives. We discovered why men wear trousers—to cover their limbs—which are anything but graceful.

To home, where we really fell in bed.

Friday—

We were rather sleepy all morning, so we hardly felt the severe "call down" we received in French class. Note: We deserved what we got.

Dr. Barton talked on current events and succeeded in scaring (?) us to death. We gaze at the dimes on our desk and think, "You may be something now, but you won't be anything if we get to the point of paying $25.00 for a pair of shoes," and so on.

To lab fully intended to spend the afternoon, but it was such a nice day—we went out to the A. K.-Penta Tau baseball game. Smitty catches on the ground, and she and Soper (who can throw from Church Street to West End Avenue) often came in conflict. It was an amusing game, and not at all fast.

To dinner and then to Shakespeare. Shades of the grand old man! Compliments must go to Mary Peckham, Mary Alice Ringo, and Rae Baker, who had the leads; praise must go to Martineau for her supreme poise and her ability to get off the good old lines, "Now let us find books . . ." without seeming trite; but laurels must go to Betty Crowe for being an excellent comedienne. The other members of the cast were admirable. In fact, Miss Townsend's plays are very superior amateur productions. The blue boys, especially Mary Jones and Nadyne Lix, were excellent, whether they wished to be or not.

Too tired to do anything but give thanks we are Twentieth Century products, and then go to bed.

Saturday—

Still sleepy, even after breakfast, but happy, because we knew we'll get a bit of tan here and there from the sun. Sat out on the lawn until second period, and then to biology lecture to discuss ways and means of hearing (no rumors mentioned!).

Out on the lawn again, and then to lunch for much food, to Glee Club, and out on the lawn until the horse show. Now that was a show to please the heart of anyone. The town people differed from the judge in their selecting of the best riders, jumpers, etc., but he probably knew his trade. We thought May Dell Meyer and Constance Collier managed their runaway horses well. Wansley and Kiesel obtained their prayed-for blue ribbons, so I guess their suite is happy. Kiesel manages to be best rider without being horsey. . . .

To the tea room for a solid hour of eating such dainites as Dixie cups, pecan bars, etc. Showed our versatility by pressing a dress for a girl before dinner.

To the tennis courts after dinner to watch Foote, Stewart, and Lege hit balls back and forth into the darkness. They were joined by a motley group and wandered off, but we remained until eight-thirty, just for the sake of having a talk with an interesting person.

To the Penta Tau dance just as Miss Sisson got there. There's an art in knowing the proper moment to arrive. The dance was certainly clever. We liked the studio idea—it was so home-like that we mistook the walls—but let that pass. The special was "artistic," if you can forgive the pun.

To bed at great length.

Sunday—

Up early and collected some guests to go to the club for breakfast. Thought we'd set a record for eating bacon, but Carol Starbuck can go us one better if there's only one piece of bacon left. To church with *Bismarck* under the arm, but we got in our devotionals just the same.

To dinner for much, much food. Stalled around after dinner telling everyone how much we intended to do in the afternoon. Succeeded in washing our hair (all our friends washed their hair, too), doing the nails, and cleaning the white shoes and the room. We really oughtn't to say anything about it, but we spent one hour cleaning four combs.

To tea, where everyone was very well pleased with the "bologna," Ate

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a little too much. To vespers to hear Dr. Barton speak. He always says something worth while, and he endears himself to his audeince by stopping on time.

To the club we had gone to at seven-thirty in the morning, but some girls who came half an hour after us thought they got there first. We never argue, so we moved to another house. Ate much food, and were only slightly annoyed by the people who popped in and out asking for salt, sugar, butter, syrup, etc. Carol Goodenough had some popcorn that looked pretty good.

Enjoyed the lightning and thunder while we were sitting by the cozy fireplace, but in the height of the storm, the night watchman routed us. Came to the hall in our stocking feet, as did several others. Kathleen Huson and Wilma Harrell *thought* the boogey man came into the T. C. house. Once in the hall, everyone was carrying weak flashlights. Pembroke wasn't at all scared, and no one knew any ghost stories. Betty Hamilton sang for the crowd. Much was made of a girl who was wearing outer garments only. We resisted the impulse to make pie beds for everyone, and finally went to bed. Clem Dow was carefully marshalled into her room.

Monday—

Were greeted by many mighty Seniors who related how frightened they were last night, and how the hall had been afraid to go to bed, etc. Ate our breakfast placidly, remembering that we might get some more tan.

To classes where we made much of the lights that went out. We actually were sitting with the history book in the hand when the catastrophe occurred, but we have three classes. Guess we'll do the French for Wednesday.

Sat on the lawn and absorbed as much brown as possible. To town for an hour—an hour in which we bought more than we usually do in a day, and spent fifteen cents.

Spent the entire afternoon in the tea room, eating and watching others eat. Beth Lee is right entertaining with a piano. When Mrs. McBryde ran us out of the tea room, we sat on the lawn some more. To dinner and then to the French lecture. We didn't catch the name, but he was really entertaining. We understood —well, almost every word. I think all the girls enjoyed it. To the room for a great deal of concentrated study. Showed some girls how to use some really good shoe polish. Quite without meaning to, we started a "clean-white-shoe" agitation that has spread. We merely cleaned ours, and were so proud of them that we had to show them off a bit.

Monitors' meeting was quite a gay party except for the absence of refreshments. Almost everyone in the hall attended for diverse causes.

Ate a banana and went to bed long before the appointed hour.

Tuesday—

We could tell by the sky before *we* got up that something was going to happen today. Did the usual things, especially studied our biology lesson, before class. We were chagrined when we were confronted by the culture tests. Breeding and Martineau made a score of forty-four. We haven't had the courage to ask ours. Miss Ross was back in art history class. Chapel was very brief and to no point at all. A number of girls blossomed out in anything from all white to all black and went to the Rotary luncheon. Everyone seemed to have had a good time. The food was good. Virginia Barrett treated herself to two pieces of pie. We'd have done the same, if we could have remembered whether our father is a Rotarian or a Kiwanian.

To lab for the afternoon, and finished the frog. We may be through before schedule yet, but we doubt it. Martineau is finished, Uptegrove is finished, and any number of others.

To council, which is not our hangout, and then to dinner where we were entertained by North Front proceedings. Watched various girls dancing on the lawn after dinner. The piano put there for May Day may serve a good purpose yet. The girls seemed so happy and carefree, and the weather was just right for dancing outside.

To the library for futile searchings among psych books for a topic all ready for us to report on.

To bed, being very weary, and having changed the sheets.

Feel as if we ought to include the storm in today's account. It was an electrical evening, but about four A.M. things came to a climax. Various and sundry tales are told—everyone in Pembroke and Senior is convinced that the transformer was right outside her window. It really is outside Mrs. Powell's. Anyway, the thing was struck by lightning, and went up in the most beautiful blue flame we have ever seen. There were myriad sparks flying, and the whole thing was much better than the Fourth of July, but everyone didn't see it that way because there were many, especially in Senior, who quaked in the knees. Pembroke assembled for a few moments, and then everyone went back to bed, and really to sleep. Most people missed the shaft of pink light that opened from the sky right after the lightning struck, but it, too, was utterly lovely. Since the lights had gone out a long time before, a number of people who had intended to get up at five were unable to, Daniels probably taking the lead there. There are those who say that a cyclone passed low over us, etc. In spite of the fact that we thought there was going to be a fire, we did not decide which of our belongings to carry out with us, because we knew we'd get some new ones, etc. Mr. Benedict appeared on the scene in due time, and we think he ought to praise the girls a little for being so brave, because after all, there are a number of adults who fear thunder and lightning, but the girls all bore up most bravely. Great American Womanhood! . . .

MUSIC NOTES

Margaret Balsiger, a pupil of Mrs. Humphrey, is continuing her weekly broadcast over radio station WLAC with her usual success.

Isobel Goodloe, a piano pupil of Amelie Throne, played at a meeting of the Vendredi Club last Friday which was held at the home of Mrs. O'Brian Washington.

William Vaughn, of the Humphrey studio, has been singing in Memphis this past week.

Margaret Pierce, also of the Humphrey studio, went to Springfield, Tenn., Tuesday afternoon to appear on the Goodman Lecture Recital given there. Her selections were; "Death and the Maiden" by Schubert, "The Lullaby" and "The Blacksmith" by Brahms.

Elizabeth Nash, a pupil of Florence Boyer, sang the offertory Sunday morning at the Immanuel Baptist Church. She sang Mendelssohn's "I Waited for the Lord."

Dorothy Beasley, Irene Crane Humphrey and Stetson Humphrey appeared before a meeting of the Woman's Musicale here in Nashville last Wednesday noon. Miss Beasley sang "Stride Lavampa" from Verdi's "Il Trovatore," and a duet from "Madame Butterfly" with Mrs. Humphrey. Mr. Humphrey sang "Evening Star" from "Tannhauser" by Wagner, and also sang two duets with Mrs. Humphrey.

Elizabeth Shirk, of the Humphrey studio, sang "Oh, Divine Redeemer," by Gounod, as an offertory at the Congregational Church last Sunday morning.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXI | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, May 20, 1933 | Number 30

PRESIDENTS' COUNCILS ENTERTAINED

All presidents and sponsors of school organizations, both boarding and day students, were guests of Miss Sisson and Dr. Barton at an annual picnic given Monday, May 15, at Bonny Brook.

Soon after arriving a Treasure Hunt was started and many things were found by the various girls. Betty Grammes succeeded in bringing in more hidden treasure than anyone else. She was presented with a W-B seal mounted on a skin. The next event was a baseball game between the faculty and the girls. The sight of Miss Sisson and Miss Hollinger as pitchers and Dean Burk as catcher was greatly enjoyed—to say nothing of the spectacular runs made by Dr. Barton, Miss Reuf, and Miss Sanders.

A delicious picnic lunch was served and certainly everyone enjoyed sitting on the grass by Bonny Brook eating the stuffed tomatoes, sandwiches, chess pies, and the many other good things.

The School of Art of Ward-Belmont will give its annual spring exhibition of work from the classes in drawing, painting, design, and decoration on May 27 in the big Y.W.C.A. rooms.

PUBLICATIONS PICK STAFFS

The staffs of both the *Milestones* and the HYPHEN are just being formed. During the past week the following appointments have been made.

Virginia Winston has been asked to fill the position of associate and news editor of the HYPHEN and Sarah Ann Dewey will be one of the two circulation managers.

On the *Milestones*, Helene De Mun will be associate editor; Ruth Nehls, photographic editor; Elizabeth Glasgow, day student editor; and Patsy Schorndorfer, high school representative.

Both editors feel that their first few appointments are good and with the remainder of the staff picked just as carefully the publications will continue and progress to even greater success.

JUNIOR-MIDS TO HAVE SUPPER DANCE

On Friday, May 26, the School will entertain with a supper dance in honor of the Junior-Middle Class. It will be held from 5:30 to 8 in "Rec" Hall and about 200 invitations have been issued. This is the first time in the history of the School that the Junior-Middles have had a party with young men included, but if it is as big a success as were the two college dances, it will doubtless become a tradition. At any rate, the Junior-Mids are very much excited over it all, and will probably enjoy themselves thoroughly.

CALENDAR

Saturday, May 20—
Penstaff tea.
Glee Club picnic.
Domestic Science picnic.

Tuesday, May 23—
Children's Recital, 8:15.

Thursday, May 25—
Children's Recital, 4:00.

Friday, May 26—
High school dance.

Sunday, May 28—
Baccalaureate sermon.

Monday, May 29—
High school graduation, 8 P.M.

Tuesday, May 30—
College graduation, 9 A.M.



SARAH RICHARDSON BRYAN
May Queen

JANE D'ACY ROUDEBUSH
College Maid



JANET McFADDEN
Prep Maid



SARAH BRYAN CROWNED MAY QUEEN

J. Roudebush and J. McFadden, Attendants

May Day at Ward-Belmont was more beautiful than ever this year. The crowning of the Queen, Sarah Bryan, Senior Class President, before her school-mates and a large number of interested families and friends, was the most important moment in a very lovely festival.

The first event was a parade in which everyone took part. It was led by the Heralds who were Lora Gillis and Mary Ann Kelly. They were followed by white-clad out-riders who rode in couples. They were Margaret Davis Harris, Susan Hardy, Betty Hamilton, Rubie Battey, Elsa Van Derhoef, Elizabeth Henderson, Isabelle Estrada and Louise Wolff. Next came the dancers who were to perform later. The clubs, carrying their Maypoles, each decorated in the club color, followed.

From the opposite direction came the most important part of the parade: the Queen's Court. First the Seniors, two by two in lovely pastel organdies, walked by, holding shepherdess' crooks tied with bows to match the dresses. The Queen's heralds, Lauryne Edwards and Clyde Partlow, presidents respectively of the Senior-Middle and Junior-Middle classes, preceeded the flower-bedecked carriage in which rode the Queen, the two Maids and the Crown Bearer.

Sarah Bryan, the Queen, looked lovely. Her dress was made of sheer white organdie trimmed with tiny lace frills. The girdle was of white taffeta on which were sewed delicate seed pearls. She wore the train which is used every year. It was of white net, lace trimmed and it fell from a white taffeta ruff at the shoulders which framed her head.

Jane Roudebush, the College Maid and Janet McFadden, the Prep Maid looked very lovely together since one is a decided golden blonde, and the other a dainty brunette. The Crown Bearer was little Elizabeth Robertson who is only two and a half. Katherine Rasmussen and Jeanette Kassel were the pages.

The Queen and her attendants walked up a white pathway to the throne. Then Jane Roudebush placed a beautiful crown of flowers upon the head of the Queen, and the program began.

The first dance was the club Maypole dance, the Maypoles having been placed at various points on the campus. Then followed various dances including a Greenaway Polka by the advanced babies, "May Baskets" by the tiny tots, "Rope Skipping" by the advanced children, a Ribbon Dance by the elementary school, "Summer Days" by the intermediate children, "Villagers," by the older girls, an interpretative Waltz and a Scarf Dance by the advanced dancing pupils, and as a final, a country dance and the winding of the Maypole by Junior High girls.

"Y" MAKES CABINET APPOINTMENTS

The "Y" is pleased to announce the Executive Board of the "Y" for the year 1933. It is as follows:

President: Jane Briggs.
Vice-president: Bob Durand.
Second vice-president: Marjorie Bierce.
Secretary: Lydia Fountain.
Treasurer: Mary Elizabeth Hendricks.

The committee chairmen have also been appointed and have met with the Cabinet. They are the following:

Junior League Home: Ann Shaw.
Florence Crittendon Home: Helene De Mun.
Tennessee Children's Home: Margaret Uptegrove.
Old Ladies' Home: Helen Justice.
Vanderbilt Hospital: Inda Drushel.
Membership Committee: Katherine Brown.
Vice-chairman of Sunday school: Mildred Edmonson.
HYPHEN: Jean McLennon.
Entertainment: Virginia Winston.
Poster: Emily Warren.
World Fellowship: Nell Betty Anderson.
Public Affairs: Mary Francis Banker.
Tours: Martile Sherman.

The installation of these officers will take place at the Candle Light Service on Sunday evening.

JUNIOR-MID AWARDED LATIN MEDAL

Given by Eta Sigma Phi

Mary Helen Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpson, 2414 Kirkland Place, Nashville, a member of this year's senior high school class, has been awarded a medal in recognition of her excellent record in four years of Latin. She has maintained an average of B+ in this subject, as well as ranking high in all other work.

The medal was presented by Miss Ann Dillon, a senior at Vanderbilt this year, on behalf of Eta Sigma Phi, national honorary classical fraternity, of whose local chapter, Psi, Miss Dillon is president. In the endeavor to stimulate interest in the classics among secondary schools this fraternity is offering a similar medal to four other schools of the city, to be awarded to the student having the highest scholastic average in Latin for the four years of high school. The medal is struck in bronze, with a relief of the Parthenon on one side and the inscription, "Praestantia linguarum classicarum," and on the other the letters of the fraternity in Greek and the inscription, "Mihi res, non me rebus."

SEVEN GIRLS AWARDED BANKING PRIZES

Recognition was given in chapel on Tuesday, May 16, to the girls who have kept the best bank accounts during this school year. Previously Mrs. Bryan gave an award to the girl who had kept the best account, but so many girls had kept good accounts this year that she decided to give equal awards to them all.

The girls who were rewarded were: Evelyn Cooper, Virginia Hudson, Marjorie Jacobson, Helen Justice, Marian Kaesar, and Jeanne Myers.

Mrs. Bryan also presented an award to Elise Tyson, secretary of the Osiron Club, for keeping an unusually commendable set of books.

DAY STUDENT CLUBS HOLD PICNIC

Similar to Boarders' All-Club Banquet

Friday night, May 19, the four day student clubs had a picnic in Club Village. At this time the citizenship cup was awarded to the club with the highest score. A list of ten girls who had the highest individual scores was read. Almost every day student was present, and they had as their guests the faculty members who are particularly associated with the day girls. Everyone enjoyed this unusual addition to the school activities, and it is to be hoped that it will become a yearly event. (At the time of going to press the winners were still unknown.)

W.-B. RIDERS PLACE IN JUNIOR RIDING SHOW

Friday and Saturday nights, May 12 and 13, the sixth annual horse show of the Junior Riding Club of Nashville was held at the State Fair Grounds. A group of Ward-Belmont riders appeared in some of the classes each night. Friday night there were entered in the Three-Gaited Riding School Horses Class, Virginia Kiesel, on Brown Jug, Elizabeth Wansley, on Charley, Susan Hardy on Gypsy, and Mrs. Margaret Harris on Li'l Jack. In this class Elizabeth Wansley won second prize and Virginia Kiesel won third prize. In the fine harness class Betty Hamilton drove Jack Bond and Elsa Van Derhoef drove Pilot.

Saturday night there were Ward-Belmont entries in the horsemanship class. Betty Hamilton rode Gypsy, Mrs. Harris rode Li'l Jack, Elizabeth Wansley rode Charley, and Virginia Kiesel rode Brown Jug. In the Championship Five-Gaited Horse class Rubie Battey rode Jack Bond, and Virginia Kiesel rode Pilot. The Ward-Belmont girls and horses made a good showing among the best riders and horses of Nashville.

PENTA TAUS BASE-BALL CHAMPIONS

Defeat Tri K's in Final Game

The three undefeated baseball teams were the Penta Tau's, Tri K's, and Triad's. The Tri K's having scored the most runs during the season were put in the finals, and the Penta Tau's and Triad's played the semi-finals. This game was played on May 10, and the Penta Tau's won with a score of 26 to 16. The Triad's started out as if they were going to win, but the Penta Tau's slipped up on them. Peggy Wrenne, a Triad, pitched a beautiful game, and the team work among the rest of the team was just as good.

The final game between the Penta Tau's and Tri K's was played on May 15. The Penta Tau's defeated the Tri K's with a score of 37 to 8. This is the third year the Penta Tau's have won the cup, therefore it is theirs to keep.

"Y" CABINET HOLDS FINAL DINNER

Tuesday evening the "Y" Cabinet of '33 enjoyed a delicious three-course formal dinner in the private dining room. The executive committee made up of the president, Julia Bales Noe; first vice-president, Lillian Jones; second vice-president, Jane Briggs; secretary, Helen Conley; treasurer, Sarah Poorman; and sponsor, Miss Van Hooser received the guests.

The table was beautifully set with a lace cloth, low silver bowl of pale pink peonies, and four matching pink tapers.

During the dinner, the chairmen of the different committees made very brief resumes of the work accomplished this year. At the end of the dinner toasts were drunk to Julia Bales and Miss Van Hooser to whom the Cabinet members presented a dozen deep red roses symbolic of the faith and loyalty to an association which has completed a year of efficient work which has been beneficial to those less fortunate than we in six different countries.

MARGARET GREEN, PENSTAFF PRESIDENT

The Penstaff held its last regular meeting of the year Friday, May 12, at the home of Henrietta Hickman. Three excellent short stories, a few poems, and several familiar essays were read and discussed.

The election of officers for the next school year was also held, and the following girls were chosen:

Margaret Green, president; Mary Louise Bearden, vice-president; Louise Douglas, secretary-treasurer. At the close of the meeting, delightful refreshments were served.

HOME EC STYLE SHOW ENJOYED

A style show was presented in chapel on Friday, May 12, by students of the sewing department. Miss Frances Swenson, sewing instructor, pointed out, in a brief introduction, that all the garments displayed were made entirely by the students. The garments made and displayed by the senior students were also self-designed.

The senior students who modeled were Helen Rauch, Yvonne Moore, Elizabeth Daniels, and Margaret Swaney. The first year college students were: Lucille Ford, Catherine Bravender, Mildred Edmonson and Charlie Holcomb. Twelve high school students displayed garments. They were: Virginia Throgmorton, Rubie Battey, Sara Jane Ponder, Betty Mehornay, Mary Norcross, Obduha Raffety, Ruth Goldman, Ruth Godwin, M. Vera Devine, Emily Shacklett, Mary Ann Kelly, and Ann Whitmore.

There is one class organized in which girls not intending to take a regular course in sewing, may come and just learn to sew. The members of this class who modeled are: Elizabeth Glasgow, Ferne King, Christine Cochran, Jane Bucklen, Lodie Willis, Margaret Morris, and Agnes Pinkston.

The outfits displayed were pajamas, suits, wash dresses, silk dresses, sport dresses, and formals. As each girl showed her dress, her class and the price of her actual construction of her garment was announced.

REV. BARTON SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Rev. Henderson Barton was the chapel speaker on Wednesday, May 10. Dr. Barton took as his text Paul's letter to the Romans, to be found in the eighth chapter of the Romans in the New Testament. He interpreted the chapter, by comparing the highlights of the letter to precious jewels.

In the first verse, Dr. Barton said, "You see the blue of freedom." He symbolized this verse as the "sapphire of freedom." "The flash of purple, suggesting royalty is found in the fourteenth verse." "Jesus Christ made us to be children of God," he continued, "and adopted us into the royal family of God." The "green of abundance" in the twenty-first chapter was symbolized by the emerald. "To be a Christian," pointed out Dr. Barton, "does not mean you have to give up everything. To be a Christian means that you have to give up all that is evil."

The closing verse, the thirty-fifth, "is like the red ruby of his undying love." "The most precious possession in the world is to have the love of Christ Jesus," said Dr. Barton. He concluded his remarks by stating that all these precious jewels are made more valuable because they center around "the sublime diamond of the Lord."

HISTORY OF WARD-BELMONT REVIEWED

Miss Scruggs was the chapel speaker on Monday, May 15. She spoke on Ward-Belmont, giving an informal history of the school.

Ward Seminary was first started in 1865 by Dr. William Ward. At his death, the school was taken over by Dr. Hancock and Dr. Charles. It was from them that the school passed into the hands of Dr. and Mrs. Blanton in 1892. Dr. Blanton had been first teacher in mathematics and then vice-president of the school previous to this. It is under Dr. Blanton's supervision that the school has been made into a strictly modern school for girls.

In 1890, Miss Hood and Miss Herron founded their school, Belmont College, in Nashville. In Nashville, they bought part of the Acklen estate, which had for some time been one of the show places of the south. The old Acklen residence was used as the main hall, the parlors, now Recreation Hall, being used for the chapel.

When Miss Hood and Miss Herron wished to retire in 1913, Dr. Blanton and the trustees of Ward Seminary decided to consolidate the two schools, and in 1913 both were moved together on the Belmont College grounds to form the present Ward-Belmont.

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Helene De Mun, Virginia Hamilton, Mary Martineau, Milbrey Wright, Marion Gilchrist, Lydia Fountain, Susan Hardy, Betty Ann Wright, Helene Loeb, Victoria Keidel.

EDITORIAL

LOOKING AHEAD

Seniors, it's time to ask you a question: Have you ever heard the expression—and of course you have—that a college woman is completely spoiled for any real work in the world because of the fact that she comes from college filled with ideals and high purposes that she refuses to bring down to the level of the world she must work with? Her kind approves, but the rest of the world harshly condemns her, saying, "She has the big head." Remember when you were a Senior in high school and the class of the year before came home from college all puffed up? Disgusted, weren't you? Have people any cause for making such criticism? Of course they have. There are always some girls who have never learned to control their love of "showing off," or who, though outwardly gracious, do their gracious deeds in such condescending fashion that we know they are insincere and really feel above the rest of the world. And then above all horrors, is that girl who feels it her special God-given privilege to reform society, whether she is fitted for the job or not. We label these three types "the greatest single group of bores in the world."

What dreadful things to say about the "sweet girl" graduate, and yet isn't it a little true? Our graduating class has the advantage over other colleges. You Seniors can go out in the world with two years less of that feeling of superiority than is your heritage. So let's take warning! There is no necessity in letting oneself be stamped so cruelly. The saying is more tradition than fact, after all. We are very proud of you, Seniors, and we expect to hear of many wonderful things that you shall accomplish. But that's inevitable and goes without saying. Now guard against the feeling of arrogance and superiority. That spoils you if it once takes hold. Let this be an appeal. Do not antagonize a non-college woman when you go on in life. Rather, make these two years a tool—not a weapon. Then and only then, can you be justified in saying you've really graduated—in mind and in spirit.

V. W. '34.

PRACTICAL TRAINING

When Mr. Benedict announced in chapel on this past Tuesday, May 16, that he had come to make the banking awards, everyone remembered that Mrs. Bryan had offered, at the beginning of school, a prize to the student who kept her student bank account in the best order.

It was with rather a bit of pride that it was announced that several girls had won prizes. There were so many "bests" that Mrs. Bryan, unable to pick the best, decided to give equal prizes to six girls. One club treasurer had kept her books in such commendable order that she, too, was given a reward.

Those girls who won the banking awards had something to be proud of. They had shown that with care and thought they had accounted for the money and the account placed at their disposal. Every bit of applause they received was deserved, for they had shown their capability to correctly manage their affairs.

That for this year there are more girls than ever wortny of the award is another thing of which one may justly be proud. And Mrs. Bryan says that there were so many others who were "near best" that even the selection of the seven was difficult.

It seems that the awarding of prizes to these seven girls should encourage others to try to keep better accounts. It has made a very possible thing out of something that may seem very hard. So taking these good bankers as our model, let's work toward better banking; it can be done.

Think how much prouder everyone will be, if next year they can commend, say, fourteen good bankers and, perhaps, all the club treasurers.

H. L. '34.

CAMPUS COLUMN

This may be the last and then again maybe I will surprise you and have another one for your enjoyment. Storms and "Ham" not interfering.

We wonder why. . . .

Katrina found it necessary to turn on the faucet at the "Y" banquet Tuesday night? She was the first of the braves to submerge. But then it will be a common occurrence this time next week. . . .

"Cack" Brown finally sewed up her skirt? And she did it in three minutes. There is something for you to strive for, "Ail."

De Mun, Jones and ? have made so many, many trips to the beauty parlor of late? It couldn't be a desire to remodel the girlish figger and prepare for a grand old blow-out on home arrival!

Any one would want to be campused the last two weeks of school? It is really an awful cramp on one's style.

Did You Know That. . .

Charlie believes she is beginning to talk exactly like a Northerner? What fools we mortals be! Honestly, when I think what I wouldn't give for a lovely soft southern accent to slay the north with I could scream. . . .

Miss Rhea is actually getting her Ph.D. this spring and we dared to talk with her all by ourselves the other day? Congratulations!

When Viva Lee stood up to talk they all laughed, but . . .

There are some people who get five fried chickens from home? "'Tile," there is no excuse. . . .

We Wonder Who Hung The . . .

Stuffed P. J.'s on the flag pole? Pardon me, they were meant to be a perfectly good image and here I go calling them P. J.'s.

Replicas of Cooper and Fountain on their door?

Crepe in Miss Hollingers "Lab."??? Now, don't even try and tell me that the "Bell Witch" did it all, for I'll not believe you. . . .

And Then There is the One About . . .

The chew, chew, and the absent-minded professor. . . .

The death of Rena. How could you be so cruel as to leave poor Bettye Ann to swim for herself in this large cruel world and cold, dark fish pond. Mean thing, aren't you? And "Slymme" is so sad about the whole affair. . . .

The switched off lights in Pembroke. . . . How dare you???

The nightly phone calls that Rasmussen receives. . . . It must be nice when bored of an evening, but otherwise . . .

Chris and the blond blizzard. Beg your pardon, that should have been captalized. . . .

Our Mother didn't forget to tell us this one . . .

There was an awful lot of Religion connected with Cherry and Ail's and Buzzy and Sal's match the other day. I mean really we prayed, and how!!!

Horses have 36 to 40 teeth, and have to be filed inside down and outside up! Isn't that right, Ginnie????

That we had a perfectly wonderful time on the Council's picnic. You all should have seen the wicked pitch Miss Sisson has, and the wonderful slide for an out that Miss Reuf made! It was simply a wonderful day and even if all the bats weren't found, the treasure hunt was the best ever. . . .

A "toodle-oo" for this time, and it is getting closer and closer to the farewell time. If you don't believe it, listen in on the Senior step singing practices. . . .

As ever,
"Snoopy." . . .

EAGLE FEATHER

SPRING

In respectable clothes
In a respectable city
In a respectable country,
I stood on the steaming pavement
One warm May day,
And a wind came from somewhere—
And I turned away from
The stench of the city;
But to my surprise
It smelled sweetly
Of cool blue water
Under shady trees,
Of green leaves
And purple violets
Hidden beneath white dogwood trees.
But the respectable people
Showed no emotion
And continued to live their respectable lives
In the respectable city
In the respectable country.

—Wilma D. Baker, '34.

HAPPINESS

Time was, when I,
So calm, so quiet,
Read of new wine that
In old skins did burst them
With its new-born exultance.

And I had no understanding
With the joyful exuberance
Of old wine as it
Escaped from
A long-sealed bottle.

But now I know.

Now my soul within me,
In bubbling ecstacy
Beats
Again and again
At the steel strong walls
Of my soft white body.

Wilma D. Baker, '34.

AN AWAKENING

An April sky looked down on me at dawn
And sent an April wind across my face
To call me to the plains where I had gone
In winter's bleakest days when every trace
Was cold and dead and black. I closed my eyes
And dreamed of distant hills—but then that wind
From purple plains blew past, and sang, "Come find
The beauty that thy blindness doth disguise!"

I laughed with scorn, and mocked the call that led
To flat and pressed plains; and yet, I went
To see the lowland Spring—my Soul was dead
And just my heart lived on, all weirdly bent
With misery. "'Twill harm me not to see
This freak Spring plays," said I. I followed, too,
Still mocking as I went. At last, the view:
I *saw* the Spring of Middle Tennessee!

My heart lept up, and then stood still!
I saw no plain, no rugged peak,
No lonely mountain rill;
Instead, I saw a hill
Of promised Peace and Hope.
The bleak
Embittered thoughts escaped my heart
And I no longer felt disdain,
For I became a part
Of Nature's greatest art,
And found sublimity again.

When evening came, I left this new-found Peace
And Hope and followed, on another wind,
The path that led me here. And now, I cease
To count those things of beauty, for my mind
Forgets them all. I close my eyes and dream
Again of rugged cliffs and mountain sides,
Of distant temple peaks the gray cloud hides,
Of laurels, and the Nolichucky stream.

And yet, tomorrow, dawn will paint the sad
And darkened sky; the sun will shine,
And every cedar tree and pine
Will grow toward God. And I? I shall be glad!

—Virginia Doss, '33.

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"Y" ATTENDS VANDERBILT TEA

Last Thursday afternoon the Y.M.C.A. of Vanderbilt University entertained the "Y" cabinet of Peabody and Ward-Belmont at tea, in honor of Miss Carrie Means, National Student Secretary. Dean Ada Belle Stapleton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hart, and Mr. Nelson of the city Y.M.C.A. assisted in receiving.

Ward-Belmont girls attending the tea were: Julia Bales Noe, Lillian Jones, Mary Jo Scoville, Mary Louise Perkins, Mary Jones, and Marjorie Bierce.

CLOSE-UPS

Can you believe it? Are you as stunned at the thought as I am? Only ten more days before bidding W.-B. a fond farewell—you know that day—the one after English final, ten sleeps and many moons away. Dear me, I had better stop or we'll all be weeping and wailing like a fair-sized revival meeting. Just to cheer you up—(Mary Marm loved it) "How do you find yourself in the mornings?—I just throw back the covers and there I be." Apologies to the "Battalion."

Haven't you felt like "Tess of the Storm Country" all week? It was convenient to have it rain Monday at dinner time, though—so we could run back and close the windows—incidentally finish dressing.

Certainly enjoyed the tennis finals, Cherry, Ail, Buzzy, and Sal. Buzzy says she learned that graceful serve in tennis classes, but she does it well, for a newly-learned stroke. Ail, you've been an inspiration for playing net. I must get up some of these mornings and try a few high bounces. By the way, read that story "Tennis Racket" in the *Post*. It certainly did tickle Wilkins in the library Tuesday. Sounds queer, but then. . . . Interruption while Rena, and Nancy worry us over this X. L. May Pole question. Pulver suggests borrowing Glander's "daisy hat" for the extreme tip-top. Notice Smith's interpretation of the dance in those movies we're threatened with.

Bonny Brook is without a doubt the ideal picnic place. Enjoyed it tremendously, chess pies and the wading—except the downpour was just too bad.

Jane Carroll swears she can get a figger like yours, Ail, by September 21st if she, each day—plays tennis, drinks coffee and cokes and eats nothings, plays golf, plays more tennis and dances all night! Whee!

The A. K.'s had such fun at their pic-a-nick with the Del Ver's that they decided to honor their dear departing with a dinner last Wednesday. Daniel had fears that the bit of invitation was just another bill. Dot Fritz has decided that fear, by the way, is the grand method of losing weight. That's an idea,—then and why not engage Kelly to dress up in a sheet and play the Bell Witch every night for us, like she does in Heron? Or perhaps that weird white and green concoction of Jo Scott's would be a little worse. Lodie rolls those eyes and says it's frightful.

More letters! W.-B. letters at last, seem to be floating away. Tish, you certainly deserved the archery recognition—if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. We practically have a debating club on the campus. Haven't you been hoping some nice, efficient person would do something about starting one? Well, anyway, it's all over—the World War. Miss Rhea, we are very enthusiastic, one and all. Bomke is getting worked up over poor, overlooked Germany. There, there!

De Mun seems to be swimming in earnest in a cool, green pool these days, for the sake of a blue and yellow piece of felt. Did you hear Ella Mae, Jane, and Shenk over the radio last week? "Pupils at Ward-Belmont"—sounded great. The ladies are crying for more; any vacancies in your home town radio-land? This is station C-L-O-S-E-U-P-S, about to go off the air at exactly one minute till dinner. May we suggest at this time, Katy, that we would try adhesive tape on those shoes.

Now to run along! This last week "night life" is terrible. I'm quaking already with red marks before the eyes. How about a picture show tonight before the siege begins? I'll be seeing you, and for heaven's sakes—pass those exams.

P. S.—Did you see the lizard in the library Friday? Sue—Sue! Don't make us believe such weird stories.

CLUB CHATTER

Rain! Rain! Rain! Nothing is wetter than Club Village when the clouds let down their tears. The last good storm found O'Rear, Charlie, and Edmonson at the Del Ver house. Poor Charlie tried so hard to be brave and martyr-like. Wanted to write a farewell note. After the first half hour, Mildred resigned herself and professed not to be one bit frightened. Pat just sort of settled down and took it all in.

Conley told 'em ghost stories at the F. F. house that terrible night. A blazing welcome fire lit up the faces about the circle. A little courage was added by some music.

The night watchman chaperoned the bunch from the Penta Tau place. 'Spect it was Breeding and Company.

A number of kids were called to Monitor's Meeting because they weren't at their clubs Wednesday. There were so many disappointed "picnickers" and they were every place but their own house.

The supper dance the F. F.'s entertained with was an "it." An interesting crowd and good food which was pleasantly digested to the keen music. Luper's taste must run to peach evening gowns. Her winter and now her summer party dress was that shade. Vi Davis blossomed in a sweet powder blue affair.

The Del Ver's had almost an open house the other night. Their hangout is a most popular place since its rejuvenation. Louise Florez was tramping the floor looking around to find the odd dancer she had seen during the preceding dance. The point of that remark is, she was the odd dancer. Someone was kind and gentle with her when they informed her of the mistake.

Kay Combs, O'Rear, Mickey Aldrich, and Muriel Leverett found that someone felt they needed the "cokes" worse than the girls and their dates. That was a pretty low trick. The boys looked keen in their summer suits and the girls fairly beamed.

THIS AND THAT

In Enterprise, Alabama, the people erected a monument to the boll weevil because it had forced them to diversify their crops.

Atlanta Journal.

Fredrich Elert, first president of Germany, is a Jew.

Atlanta Constitution.

A bill was recently passed in the United States congress providing for the independence of the Philippines after a period of intervening years, but this has not yet been ratified by the Philippine Congress.

Times.

The term "Eternal City" has been applied to Rome from a very ancient period. The city is so called by Ovid, Virgil, and other official documents of the empire. Legend states that Rome was raised under the supervision of the immortal gods. This is given as one of the reasons for the use of the sobriquet.

Tribune.

The American Forestry Association estimates that there are about 250,000,000 seedlings available for planting this year.

Atlanta Journal.

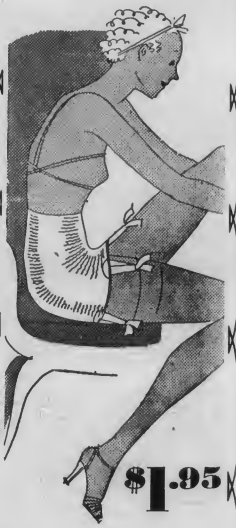
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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Up in spite of excessive sleepiness, and to breakfast for more accounts of the storm. For pure, unadulterated bravery, let us refer you to Misses Katherine Evans and Frances Falvey. Beth Lee, also of Senior Hall, seems to have wanted to walk in the storm.

Nearly killed ourselves typing a theme that wasn't due till next week. Oh, well, it's off our hands. Classes were so boring. We were rather fearfully bawled out for day-dreaming in class, but then, that's an experiment for psych (how shall we explain that *en francais?*).

To chapel to hear a man who stood very erectly and expressed pleasure at being out here. To lunch for a super-indulgence in ginger bread.

To lab where we work, and work, and work. To the tea room, but not to eat. Chicken salad sandwiches are hard to eat after the first thousand.

To club for a picnic supper with another club—we were not alone in this. The X. L.'s, the Tri K's, the Del Vers, the A. K.'s, and the Anti Pans all indulged, and it seems that we have left out some clubs. Everyone was going to Percy Warner, but the rain . . . a mere trifle, of course, but the rain . . .

In club village, we ate too much. Went to the library feeling like a stuffed toad and (we're no Del Ver mantlepiece, either!) read up on dreams just so we could have a comeback for Miss Reuf.

To bed, pooh-poohing people who predicted another storm.

Thursday—

If there was a storm, we heard nothing about it. Unregretfully learned that breakfast was our last meal at that table. Shall miss the hostess who serves the cereal.

Typed madly all first period, and then slept the second and third in biology and art history. We don't like to sleep, but the flesh is weak. . . .

To chapel for a most brief period. Lauryne Edwards extended her arms for silence, and succeeded in looking like our conception of the prophet Elijah. Now don't ask who he was, Jasper, for we shan't tell you! Joke!

To lunch at a most satisfactory table. We are with our *friends*—and so is everyone else—you know, with their friends.

Spent the early part of the hour persuading Mrs. Charlton to let us go down town after May day practice, and then the rain . . .

To psych to hear people like Alice Menefee, Sal Poorman, and Hortense Hart give reports on various things. Marcia said that Sal's description of the insanely moody fitted every one of her friends.

To lab until five thirty, but we finished, glory be! Heard from various sources that the chemistry final wasn't so easy. Audrey Tate had it all fixed up—the ones who thought they passed, did, and the others didn't.

To Senior after dinner, where we are told for the fifty 'leventh time about the Bell Witch. Nashville papers were so hard up for news they had to use the story. We are glad that we are not at all frightened.

To the library to do some work that isn't due till Tuesday, but even if Nashville is wiped off the map, we know better than not to have our lessons.

To bed, again repudiating reports of a storm.

Friday—

Hit upon the splendid idea of calling this week the "stormy Regime." That comes from reading *Bismark*. We got up at six, for we could hardly believe that there wasn't going to be a may pole practice. There wasn't.

To class with our nose in our history book. By history hour we were just to the place Miss Rhea began with last Wednesday. It certainly is nice to be up on all our work! Again received a calling down in French class for day-dreaming, only this time it was very severe. We don't believe in modern miracles, but if we could just speak fluently and eloquently *once*, and surprise Miss Reuf into thinking we were French-minded, we'd be happy.

Enjoyed the style show. Kelly, of course, was the star, Lib Glasgow the most beautiful with clothes that looked "custom-made" rather than home-made, and many of the girls in striking outfits. We rather liked Obduha Raffety's dress, and Bucklin looked very nice.

To town, just for not having lab. Tried to get a white dress for May day, but they'll have to let us be scullery maid or something, because we certainly haven't a white dress. Now that May day is postponed, we may have a chance, but we doubt it. Nearly roasted in town. Saw Glander and Nehls, Cowden, Henderson, etc. Nearly ate everything in Mocker's, and then drew the jumpiest street car in captivity.

Completely recovered even our appetite by dinner time, and we ate freely of fish, carrots, and cherry pie. Olives, celery, and rye bread are unmentionable. Read an article after dinner telling us that bread was an acid food, and lemons an alkali. Is this technocracy?

To the Del Ver house, along with Jennabeth Jones, Jeanette Knowles, Helen Justice, Virginia Benedict, Lodie Willis, Ruth Sauerhering, and Jo Scott (get her to do some impersonations some time; she's good!).

To the hall and waved goodbye to Funkie and Gillis who are going to the horse show, and then to our room for several hours' concentrated reading of *Bismark*. A man who occupies seven hundred pages *must* have lived an interesting life—if we could only see it. . . .

To bed, probably to dream about the Reichstag. . . .

Saturday—

To breakfast with much zest and appetite. To the room with a firm resolve to finish *Bismark* by second period. Did him in a swing on the lawn. Also studied the biology. Recited much in class as a consequence, although the bearded lady was never explained. To the library for the reading of a bibliography for the report.

Soper, Glander, Gillis, Dick, and Shirley took Bessie Mae and Mary-Jane and were off for a picnic. Didn't really envy them. A number of other people took their heat in town. We labored away in the library, what time we didn't spend eating Pivito's sweets. We were almost as pleased as Funk when her mother phoned up from town.

Saw Erna Hoch carrying some lovely peonies. Bob Durand and her friends looked very happy just before dinner.

A number of girls bought flowers of one sort or another to wear for Mother's day. We think that is much more pleasing than to get a corsage or flowers or a gift in commemoration of that day.

The tennis matches were rather enjoyable, in spite of the heat. For interesting answers ask Dot Jones and Buzzie about the "time out's" during the game.

To Kleeman's for dinner, but our companions had had too much food for the afternoon, and we were filled with a shrimp cocktail. To "Be Mine Tonight" but left after the first hundred feet of film; to Richard Arlin and Mary Brian. If it were only true!

Home at length to learn that we had missed exciting happenings at the horse show. We sincerely regret Ann Dickinson's fall, and hope that she recovers.

Sunday—

Up and to the club, this time the Osiron house. We wonder how we'd get along without Club Village. Last summer we heard a girl say that she wasn't coming back because there was never anything to do except study. We asked her if she'd ever been to the club for a meal, and she said no.

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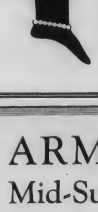
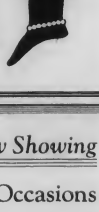
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No wonder she didn't enjoy herself. We wish we didn't enjoy food quite so much, because we can certainly eat too many eggs and too much bacon upon the slightest provocation.

Were unable to go to church, but read *Maid in Waiting* which had been highly recommended to us by our suitemate. Found it interesting. Charlotte Shenk, Rae Baker, Mary Soper, and others kept us company.

To dinner where we were much pleased with the "Southern Style" fried chicken. Could eat some right now, come to think of it.

To the room where we chained ourselves to the typewriter and wrote the history report. It really wasn't so painful because we had made some preparation this time. The preps are concerned with hygiene exams. If they could only realize the importance of a biology exam in comparison. . . .

To tea where we again found some most excellent food. Hope we don't get ill. We didn't regret not having any vespers, but we did think it peculiar when everyone applauded after the announcement.

To the club by six o'clock, and we stay until nine-thirty. Ate the remains of the picnic and had a splendid time. Have you ever tried untoasted cinnamon toast? It's just like bread w'th butter, sugar, and cinnamon spread on it.

To the hall and to bed, predicting a storm.

Monday—

No storm at all during the night. As is our wont on Monday, rose at five or thereabouts, and did the morning's lessons. We're so dumb after having studied that we wonder what would happen if we didn't study, just once. Received our expected special notice in French class. When we day dream, it is always with a purpose, and we have a passing knowledge of personal pronouns. We like the way Peck conjugates "*Je pleuve, tu pleuves, il pleuve, nous pleuvons, vous pleuvez, ils pleuvent.*

To chapel where Mary Helen Simpson got a Latin reward. We know first hand that she deserved it, because she used to be the only one in the class, except Mary John Atwell, who knew her lesson, and so "day by day, in every way." . . .

Miss Scruggs' talk was most interesting. We have heard her talk about Ward Seminary days, and what days they must have been!

Signing homegoing blanks provided a great deal of excitement, not to mention appetite.

Slept until time for the Penta Tau —Tri K baseball finals. Now that was a game! Neither team was particularly fast, but both teams had some good members. Lil Jones either kicks a ball or she catches it. De Mun made some noteable sacrifice hits. For the Penta Taus, Shirley and Soper maintained their records as the home run hitters. Munger played well. Wilkins pitched some very delectable balls. Funk seemed to have shouldered the responsibility of the entire Tri K team, and she shouted advice through the game, which, if taken, might have had something to do with the score.

To Miss Sisson's and Dr. Barton's picnic to which we have been looking forward for almost a week. Had as good a time as we expected, and that's something. The hunt for things to play with revealed everything from silvered rubber balls to ginger ale bottles. Beth Lee found a rake, and reminded us of "Maud Muller, on a summer's day" . . .

The faculty-student game was really very good. Miss Hollinger and Miss Sisson both made excellent pitchers. Dr. Barton at first base was as good as Graham McNamee at the microphone, only really funny. Miss Sanders and Miss Reuf hit some balls that went a long way. Mrs. Barton just caught and caught way out there in the field. After the game came the food, which ought not to be mentioned lest we grow descriptive and make ourselves hungry. The storm didn't bother the picnickers. Probably most of them thought that as long as they were going to be wiped off the map, they might as well be doing something they enjoyed.

Home through the rain, loving every mile. Kiesel, Ail, Joe Gardner, and so forth, hung "The Belle Witch" from the flag pole. We wonder if that appeased the fears of the mighty Seniors?

To the library for study, and then to the room for what we hope will be an uninterrupted sleep.

MUSIC NOTES

Miss Angie Cantrell was selected to sing at the baccalaureate services of the Donaldson, Tennessee, High School last Sunday, May 14.

Miss Mildred Dorris sang at the Goodlettsville, Tennessee, High School baccalaureate services the same evening.

Both girls are pupils of Florence Boyer.

Lawrence Goodman, head of the Ward-Belmont piano department, has repeated his lecture recital "Women Who Influenced Lives of Great Composers" several times in Kentucky and Tennessee. He has lectured in Henderson, Ky.; Springfield, Tenn.; Brownsville, Tenn.; Franklin, Tenn. His last recital will be May 22 in Clarksville, Tenn.

Several of his own pupils have accompanied him on these trips. They are Catherine Guthrie, Virginia Davenport, Ruth Nehls, Ella Mae Goodrum, Charlotte Shenk, Jane Briggs, Ruby Sprouse, and Mary Perkins Trimble. Martha Rucker, and Annette McAdoo, pupils of Kenneth Rose; and Dorothy Beasley, Elizabeth Shirk, and Margaret Pierce of the Humphrey studio have also assisted him.

Several pupils of Lawrence Goodman have broadcast recently over radio station WLAC. On May 9 Virginia Davenport broadcast, and on May 12 Jane Briggs, Ella Mae Goodrum, and Charlotte Schenk appeared. The programs consisted of classical selections.

Annette McAdoo, talented pupil of Kenneth Rose, was asked to play for a special service at the First Presbyterian Church, Wednesday evening, May 17.

Stetson Humphrey sang a group of his own songs at the composers program at the War Memorial Tuesday evening. Irene Crane Humphrey accompanied him.

Elizabeth Shirk, Margaret Balsiger, and Margaret Pierce were invited by the Vanderbilt Glee Club to attend their picnic Thursday afternoon, May 18.

Dr. Francis Wheeler, nationally known vocal teacher and radiologist, spent three days with Stetson and Irene Crane Humphrey studying and radiographing some of their pupils. On leaving, Dr. Wheeler said that in his travels throughout the country, nowhere had he found as fine work as was shown by the young ladies whom he studied and had sing in this studio.

Miss Margaret Pierce sang a program of composers' songs at the Thursday afternoon meeting of the Nashville Woman's Music Club. Miss Pierce is from the Humphrey studio.

Dorothy Beasley sang the offertory at the Congregational Church last Sunday morning. She also sang in Franklin, Tenn., Wednesday afternoon on the Goodman lecture recital. Her selections were two Brahm's numbers, Vergebleiche Stanchen, and Wiegenlied.

Mrs. Sam Zeigler, a pupil of Stetson Humphrey, gave a full program of songs at the Episcopal Orphanage recently. She included in this program a group of compositions of her accompanist, Mrs. Herbert.

Mr. Ed Baldwin sang "Little Mother of Mine" as an offertory for the McMurray class at Peabody on Mother's Day.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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DR. BARTON SUMS UP YEAR IN FINAL CHAPEL

Helene Loeb

Dr. Barton spoke in the last chapel of this school year on Friday, May 19. He spoke of the closing of school and mentioned some of the points he has met in his conferences with the graduating college students.

Speaking of the students who have not done their share at Ward-Belmont, Dr. Barton pointed out that unfortunately "they themselves have had nothing to contribute; Ward-Belmont has had nothing positive to make to them."

Dr. Barton urged that actual units of work, as important as they are, be not considered the entire value of the school year. "The diploma you're getting," he said, speaking to the Seniors, "is more than definite units; it's the sharing of each other's experiences."

"I think," he said in conclusion, "the school has developed this year in a remarkable way."

ALUMNÆ HONOR CLASS OF '33

Mai Noy Van Deren

Tonight the Alumnae Association of Ward-Belmont is giving a dance in the gymnasium to which the entire school is invited. The honor guests of the occasion will be the 1933 Senior Class who are being recognized as new members of the Association. Quite often there is a feeling that graduation from an institution means severing bands which are near and dear to the outgoing class; not so at Ward-Belmont, for the Alumnae Association strives to make each girl feel that instead of having reached the end, she is entering into a larger and fuller relationship with her Alma Mater.

Louise Smith, '24, and Sarah Jeter, '23, are in charge of the special entertainment. Jane Pulver, '28, executive secretary of the Association; Catherine Blackman, '28, president of the Association for the years 1933-35, and Grace *Cavert* Stumb (Mrs. Paul), '31, vice-president, will receive the guests.

NEW "Y" OFFICERS INSTALLED

Helene De Mun

The last Vesper Service of the year was most impressive with the installation of the new officers and cabinet members of the Y.W.C.A. in the candle light service. Each candle represented a purpose, to be kept burning, with a strong and faithful light for the next year. Representatives from the various student organizations made requests for the help and cooperation of the Y.W.C.A. so that the school might work as a whole.

During the program, Margaret Balsiger sang a vocal solo; Annette McAdoo gave a violin solo; Mary Jo Scoville spoke on *Following the Light*.

The new officers are Jane Briggs, president; Bob Durand, first vice-president; Marjorie Bierce, second vice-president; Lydia Fountain, secretary; Mary Elizabeth Hendrichs, treasurer.

THE BELLS OF WARD-BELMONT



The bells of Ward-Belmont! Oh, hear, they are calling
The old girls, the new girls, to meet once again;
And so, my beloved, when autumn leaves falling
Our Alma Mater sings to us the old refrain.

The HYPHEN Staff this year has attempted to represent its variety of readers. There are many different groups which the HYPHEN has tried to please—the student body, the alums, and those girls who are planning to make Ward-Belmont their Alma Mater in future years. Then there are a variety of activities; Athletic, Music, Expression, Art, Dancing, and Academic, which the paper has striven to represent accurately and impartially through its pages. The Staff hopes that their attempts have made the bands stronger between the various groups and has shown the place each activity plays in our school life.

To the alums the paper has brought the news of the campus activities and has helped them to know how the things they were interested in when they were here, are progressing.

To the girls on the campus the HYPHEN has brought, through its weekly columns, an account of some of the fun that has gone on this year.

To the girls who are planning to come to Ward-Belmont the Staff attempted to show impartially and accurately the many sides to a full life at Ward-Belmont.

Our aim and ambition has been to make the paper "fun to read." All that we can hope is that we have succeeded.

MAI NOY VAN DEREN, *Editor.*

ECCOWASINS WIN DAY STUDENT CITIZENSHIP CUP

Sarah Bryan Has High Individual Score

Milbrey Wright

On Friday, May 19, at 5:30 o'clock, the day students gathered in club village for their first annual picnic. Miss Cayce, the faculty member in charge of the day students, spoke, congratulating the day students on the fine showing they have made this year, and on the excellent spirit they have shown toward the School and toward their work. She mentioned the fact that the day clubs were organized in their present form six years ago, and that the original members are graduating this year. She then presented Dr. Barton who read the ten highest individual citizenship scores, after which he read the club scores, and called upon Elizabeth Glasgow and Mrs. Shackleford to come forward to receive the cup for the Eccowasin Club. Amid frenzied cheers from the Eccowasins and loud applause from the rest of the girls, the cup was

(Continued on page 5)

TRI K'S WIN ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP

H. Cherrington, All-'Round Athlete

Helene Loeb

The chapel time on Thursday, May 18, was taken up by the presentation of athletic awards. At that time, Henrietta Cherrington was announced as the winner of the medal for the Ward-Belmont All-'Round Athlete, Grace Bosserman and Shirley Lege were presented the medals of second and third All-'Round athlete. The Tri K club was presented with the All-'Round Club Championship award. Second and third places were won by the Penta Tau club and the A. K. club respectively.

To the girl in each club who had the highest and most satisfactory athletic record, bronze medals were awarded. The girls winning the medals were in the successive order of the number of their points: Agora, Ruth Frye; Osiron, Katherine Bothman; Anti-Pan, Isabel Estrada; Eccowasin, Audrey Bradford; X. L., Kathryn Willis; T. C., Gene Bradford, Betty Hamilton; Triad, Virginia

(Continued on page 8)

COMMENCEMENT EVENTS BEGIN TOMORROW

Bettye Ann Wright

Sunday, May 28, Commencement Week begins with the Baccalaureate sermon delivered by Bishop James M. Maxon, Bishop-coadjutor of Tennessee. The service will be held at 11 o'clock in the school chapel.

Monday, May 29, at 8 o'clock the High School Commencement will take place. The speaker of the evening is Dr. John W. Barton, vice-president of Ward-Belmont.

Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock is the Junior College Commencement and the School will have the privilege of hearing Mr. James B. Hill, president of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, give the Commencement address.

TRADITIONAL STEP-SINGING BEGINS TONIGHT

Sarah Poorman

A beautiful tradition is again to be observed in closing this year's work. Step-singing on Saturday and Sunday evenings before Commencement has for many years added beauty and sentiment to the students' farewells.

As the Seniors stand on the steps of Big Ac and look up through the summer house to the fountain and South Front, there comes a sudden realization that "the beauty that these days have been, can never be the same again."

The Senior practices are being led by Sug Bryan and Beth Lee; several songs have been submitted by Helen Conley, Sarah Poorman, and Dorothy Beasley. The Senior-Mids have been at work with theirs also, being led by Jane Becker and Ella Mae Goodrum.

BASEBALL VARSITY ANNOUNCED

Mary Tula Pinoto

The baseball varsity for this year is as follows: Shirley Lege, Lora Gillis, Henrietta Cherrington, Elizabeth Neumann, Ann Willetts, Peggy Wrenne, Virginia Brown, Aileen Freeman, Catherine Brown, and Mary Soper. Second varsity is Beverly Stone, Virginia Wilkins, Louise Lathrop, Dorothy Hill, Betty Penick, Grace Benedict, Landis Shaw, Kathleen Huson, Gene Bradford, and Jane Hovey. Lora Gillis and Peggy Wrenne have made first varsity for two years in succession so they received silver baseballs. Shirley Lege has made varsity for the fourth year. There were only six girls making Ward-Belmont letters and they were Henrietta Cherrington, Ann Willetts, Elizabeth Neumann, Aileen Freeman, Catherine Brown, and Mary Soper.

CALENDAR

Saturday, May 27
Alumnae dance

Sunday, May 28
Baccalaureate Sermon
X. L. Coffee

Monday, May 29
All-Club Banquet
High School Commencement

Tuesday, May 30
Junior College Commencement

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"RELIGION FOR THE INDIVIDUAL," CHAPEL TOPIC

Helene Loeb

Miss Sanders was the chapel speaker on Wednesday, May 17. She spoke on "What Religion May Do for an Individual."

First defining religion, Miss Sanders said that it was "the attitude and acts of man by which he and others recognized a power greater than himself." In speaking of religion, Miss Sanders classed it as "a mystical experience." "I mean by mystical experience," she said, "the assurance in the mind and soul of the individual that the individual is one with God." She pointed out that there is "an individual sense of fellowship with God." Religion is also "an ethical experience" because it may prove to be a "constructive religious experience," continued Miss Sanders.

In conclusion, Miss Sanders stated, "I hope you may find religion makes its contributions to you."

ART EXHIBIT OPENS TODAY

The Annual Art Exhibit of Ward Belmont School opened today, May 27-29, in the Y.W.C.A. Rooms. The work of the following girls who are to receive certificates and diplomas is on display:

Certificates

Audrey Bradford ....Commercial Art
Sara Lassiter .....Commercial Art
Nancy Lunsford ...Commercial Art
Dorothymae Wenzel .Commercial Art
Nadaye Epps .....Commercial Art
Mary Daniel ....Interior Decoration

Diplomas

Jane Roudebush .Interior Decoration
Dorothy Stewart .Interior Decoration
Dorothea Tebbs .....General Art
Elise Tyson .....General Art
Mai Noy Van Deren .Commercial Art

Work is shown from the classes in Drawing, Painting, Design and Decoration. Each student in the department has some work on exhibition. Outstanding work, in their respective courses, is shown by Tyson, Tebbs, Lassister, Mrs. Polly Sitler Wilson, Stewart, Roudebush and Lunsford. An excellent poster is the work of Mai Noy Van Deren as is also her work in costume illustration.

The exhibit shows a thorough knowledge of the underlying principles of art and much of the work shown is of professional excellence. Ward-Belmont school is to be congratulated on its competent corp of teachers: Miss Mary Wynn Shackleford, director; Miss Louise Gorden and Miss Olive Carter Ross.

GLEE CLUB HOLDS ANNUAL PICNIC

Victoria Keidel

Saturday afternoon on May 20, the members of the Glee Club had their annual picnic at Percy Warner Park. Upon arriving at their destination, the girls did not hesitate to follow Mr. Humphrey's suggestion to "lose themselves." The greater number of girls seemed to be most enthusiastic about acquiring a sun tan and felt no little elation as they watched their skin becoming a shade or two darker.

Later in the afternoon the party enjoyed a lunch which consisted of hamburgers, cokes, pies, and chocolate cakes.

Mr. Humphrey, the director, was assisted in chaperoning by Mrs. Humphrey, Miss Sisson, and Mrs. Bryan.

W.-B. ALUM PRESENTS CAKE AT ATHLETIC MEETING

At the recent meeting of the National Amateur Athletic Federation held in Louisville, Ward-Belmont presented the Federation with a birthday cake in honor of the tenth anniversary of its founding.

Miss Morrison received a letter from Miss Wayman, chairman of the executive committee, thanking the girls of the school for the cake. In another letter, Miss Hodgkins, field secretary, wrote and also extended her thanks. She also said, "I think you have reason to be proud of your graduate, Miss Mary Lewman, for the excellent speech she made. It was well thought out and most gracious, and she spoke extremely well."

The girls of the school appreciate very much Mary Lewman's representation of them and are proud in her success.

JANE ROUDEBUSH SPEAKER AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

The girls sang their favorite songs at Sunday school—the last that the girls of this year shall attend.

Jane Roudebush, the speaker of the morning, told of her desires and dreams of boarding school life before she experienced them; of her first feeling of lonesomeness; of her feeling of misery at the idea that she was merely a cog in the great wheel of school life; of her pleasure at finding that there is a serious side to campus activities and studies.

She closed with the idea that we all have our part to play in the activities of the school, and through the responsibilities we learn the value of our experiences at school.

The last meeting for the Seniors closed with the chorus of more lovely songs.

Miss Freddie Henry, of the Board of Christian Education, led the discussion groups on the work of the Daily Vacation Bible School.

SOCIAL SERVICE WORK AS SUMMER ACTIVITY URGED

One of the Ward-Belmont alumnae, Mrs. Bertha Medaugh Siegrist, returned to school on Monday, May 8, as the chapel speaker. Mrs. Siegrist spoke of the community service work in which she has been occupied.

In speaking of social service work she divided it into three sections. She showed how the social service work among the under-privileged is work done with the mind; playground supervision, work with the body; and church service, work with the soul.

Work among the under-privileged class was first spoken of. Mrs. Siegrist spoke in particular of the Mission School in North Nashville, in which some 125 children are entered. "It is the look in the eyes of the thankful child that makes this kind of work worthwhile," she said.

Mrs. Siegrist then mentioned the activity of the community supervised playground. She spoke of the weekly tournaments, talkie movies, story hours, dancing classes, and the band concerts which are held each week in four of the larger Nashville parks. "Each day you come in contact with human beings, and that is not of indifference to me," continued Mrs. Siegrist.

In discussing the church, she spoke particularly of the religious pageants that are undertaken. "It isn't really a play, it's an experience."

Mrs. Siegrist, in concluding, urged that girls try such community service. "Why not try some project of this sort this summer?"

PENSTAFF ENTERTAINED

Helene Loeb

The school entertained Penstaff at tea on Saturday, May 20, in the Del Ver's house. Selections were read from the best examples of humor, essay, poetry, and narration that have been written by Penstaff members this year.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE PICNIC A SUCCES

Victoria Keidel

The girls in the Domestic Scie department had a picnic on Satur afternoon, May 20th, at Mrs. Mart country home. Mrs. Dickinson, M Swenson, Miss Sisson, and M Church chaperoned.

The main recreation of the aft noon was strolling around and wad in the creek. From all reports seems as if someone accidentally t into the creek by just a slip of t foot.

Later in the afternoon the gir prepared their own lunch which sisted of fried chicken, corn on t cob, prepared over an open fire, cucumbers, carrots, doughnuts, lemonade.

Everyone enjoyed herself thoroug ly and felt as though the picnic h been one of the nicest of the year.

CLUB CHATTER

Mary Martineau

Well, palseys, it's goodbye and a the stock phrases which accompany parting pals.

In tribute to the Seniors, this l column is for them.

It's something to say that the U godly Ten broke their record a joined the dining room forces f dinner Saturday. They had had, to date, every Saturday dinner the Village. Good record!

Have noted a number of departin ones coming from the inner circl Mary Mullino, June Stout, Jan, Nel and others are doing double time; ta ing in the village and cramming, to Yes, even Seniors cram.

Here's one: The F. F. party we over big with Virginia Hudson. S most broke a promise she had ma to her daddy when she was twelv (That was five years ago). She to a bite of rum cake and murmure aloud over its deliciousness. Scott looked in surprise and says, "I thoug you promised your daddy never t touch any liquor?" "Well," say Hud son, "What is this?" "Rum cake says obliging Scott. Hudson forfeit her claim on the delicacy and co tinued on the pineapple ice.

Another popular foursome or eve fivesome at the A. K. house is Bo Dick, Wilma, and Starbuck. The use a table and everything.

Misses Jeter and Smith ente tained the dancing classes Saturd evening with a swimming party an a supper at their old club, the Osiron George didn't bring the food dow 'til most time for its serving. Wi guy. They must have heard of th club's awful "rep" when it comes t food disappearing.

What did Cowden, Woodrow, an the guest do behind the Del Ve House Saturday evening? Hm-mm!

Last club gatherings were hel Wednesday evening. The Agora A. K.'s, and Penta Tau's entertaine their departing members and wel comed their new officers at dinner and suppers.

At installation, some overflowed th salty brine and some stood the ordea untouched; when one broke, most al let loose. It's sad, yet, new blood keeps up the life activities.

It's rumored that the Del Vers are to have hamburgers and "cokes" a the Sunday breakfast. What a mea to crawl out to on sleep Sunday!

The village is a popular scene of sunbathing, both in the circle and behind the clubs. Goodness knows!

Glander and Gillis have been seen in the playful game of "drop the hanky" and "who's got the button"; probably have to use a zipper for that fast "extincting" bit of hardware.

Dear Editor: I thank you for the honor and pleasure of writing the antics of the girls in Club Village. It has been most informational.

MUSIC NOTES

Lydia Fountain

Louise *Cook* Neely and Annie Sul-an, pupils of Amelie Throne, played s Wednesday at the Alumni Musi-e at the home of Mrs. Joe Zanone. s. Neely played the Liszt *Rivoedan-*, and Miss Sullivan played the *F arp Major Nocturne*, and the *E inor Study* of Chopin.

F. Arthur Henkel, of Ward-Bel-nt, was the chairman of the venth Annual Tri-State Convention Organists that met here in Nash-le the 9th and 10th of this month. gan selections and talks on music re given by Tennessee and Alabama usicians.

Elizabeth Kerr, of the Boyer studio, ng a program of songs last Friday fore the chapel of the Murfressboro ate Teachers College.

Catherine Warren, also a pupil of orence Boyer, sang a group of songs fore the annual meeting of the istoric Unit of the Tennessee U.D.C. the Centennial Club last Friday ternoon.

The Offertory *Sun of My Soul* by ott was sung by Eleanor Line-rger at the Collegeside Church Sun-y morning.

Last Sunday evening, Isabel Nash, pupil of Florence Boyer, sang the fertory with Priestly Miller at the mmanuel Baptist Church.

Dorothy Beasley sang a program Brahms in Clarksville, Tennessee, onday afternoon on the Goodman ecture Recital.

William Fariss, a pupil of Stetson umphrey, who is now in New York, ng over radio station WOR in New ork last Saturday night.

Margaret Pierce, of the Humphrey udio, will sing Sunday evening at e War Memorial. She will sing *ve Divine* as an offertory number, d will also appear in two quartette mbers.

Margaret Balsiger was again ard in her regular Monday after-on program over radio station LAC. She sang the semi-classical *he Sunshine of your Smile, An Old iolin, To a Miniature, Dawn Song,* nd *At Dawning.*

Margaret Pierce and Margaret alsiger sang at the Chamber of ommerce banquet Friday evening, ay 19. Miss Balsiger sang *Smiling hrough, Kiss Me Again,* and *The leigh.* Miss Pierce sang *Where My avavan Has Rested,* and *My Lover a Fisherman.*

Irene Crane Humphrey has signed vitaphone contract and will go to os Angeles in August. She will be sed both in sound and picture work.

The writer of *Music Notes* wishes o thank the Ward-Belmont Conser-atory of Music for its cooperation in urnishing news of a musical nature o the HYPHEN.

WELDON HART WELL RECEIVED

Weldon Hart, in his diploma re-ital, last Wednesday evening, May 17, as most enthusiastically received by good-sized audience. The local ritics gave him a most favorable rite-up which follows:

"The Ward-Belmont Conservatory f Music presented Weldon Hart, a oung violinist from the class of Ken-eth Rose, in a diploma recital on Wednesday evening, assisted by Rob-rt Tucker, pianist, a pupil of Lawrence Goodman.

"Mr. Hart is already well known in local circles, both as a violinist and composer, and his recital was further evidence of the fact that he is a well-schooled and talented musician. His technique is well advanced, permitting him to interpret such standard works as the Grieg Sonata in C Minor, from which he offered the first movement, and the Mendelssohn Concerto with a degree of surety and grasp that reflected the highest credit upon himself and his instructor. He draws a good tone from his instrument and his intonation, even in difficult passages, is noticeably true. He played the lovely Andante from the Concerto with poise, and the exacting last movement was clear-cut, and taken at a rapid tempo.

"Ernest Bloch's *Nigun*, a richly-colored composition, steeped in the traditions of Jewish music, was, from a musical standpoint, one of his most successful numbers. The last item on Mr. Hart's part of the program was the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian Dance No. 2, which he played with spirit.

"In all his numbers, save the movement from the Grieg Sonata, he had the most skilled assistance of Hazel Coate Rose at the piano.

"In the Andante from MacDowell's fine *Heroic* Sonata, Debussy's *Joyous Isle*, Tansman's diverting piece of jazz, *Spiritual and Blues*, from his suite *Transatlantique*, and Grainger's arrangement of *Waltz of the Flowers*, by Tschaikowsky, Robert Tucker played with freedom and enthusiasm. He has a large tone and a facile technique, and in his solo numbers and the piano part of the Grieg Sonata, he showed genuine musical ability.

"Both the young men were warmly applauded by a good-sized audience." —SYDNEY DALTON, *Nashville Banner.*

"Weldon Hart of Erin, Tennessee, gave his diploma recital at Ward-Belmont, assisted by Robert Tucker, pianist, Wednesday evening, and the audience enjoyed artistic performance of difficult works, and responded with such prolonged applause that the two young men were recalled several times after each group of pieces.

"Weldon Hart has studied under Kenneth Rose for a number of years, and has often appeared in recitals. He has also conducted the Peabody orchestra, and several of his meritorious compositions have been played by the Ward-Belmont orchestra under the direction of Mr. Rose.

"His technique has improved greatly in the past few years, and his playing has broadened. Bowing, intonation and phrasing are all commendable.

"The first movement of Grieg's Sonata in C minor for violin and piano was played by both performers, and they gave a good reading of this mildly romantic work.

"Mr. Hart played Mendelssohn's only violin concerto complete, bringing out the lovely melody of the first movement and the ineffably beautiful andante with a full and lovely tone. The brilliant finale was done with spirit, and yet an accuracy that was highly creditable.

"*Nigun*, a very expressive, but frankly ugly, composition of the Swiss composer, Ernest Bloch, was played with deep feeling, and Hungarian Dance No. 2 by Brahms-Joachim received an excellent rendition.

"Hazel Coate Rose played splendid accompaniments for the concerto and the two later numbers.

"Mr. Tucker, pupil of Lawrence Goodman, has fine musical sensibilities, and adds very brilliant technique to a splendid gift for interpretation. He plays with a good deal of fire and abandon, and his performance carries conviction. The andante from MacDowell's *Eroica* Sonata, DeBussy's exotic *Joyous Isle*, Alexander Tansman's *Transatlantique* (a European's impression of American spirituals and blues) and Grainger's arrangement of Tschaikowsky's *Waltz of the Flowers* were really wonderfully well played."

—ALVIN S. WIGGERS, *Nashville Tennessean.*

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VIRGINIA DAVENPORT RECITAL WELL RECEIVED

Virginia Davenport, talented young pupil of Lawrence Goodman, appeared in concert Wednesday evening, May 3. Her program was very well chosen and she held the attention of her audience at all times. She was assisted in this concert by Martha Rucker, brilliant violin student of Kenneth Rose, and her instructor, Lawrence Goodman. Miss Rucker was ably supported by Hazel Coate Rose.

Following are the remarks made by the local critics on her performance:

The work of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music was ably represented on Wednesday evening, when Virginia Davenport, a candidate for diploma in piano, and a pupil of Lawrence Goodman, head of the piano department, gave a recital, assisted by Martha Rucker, a young violinist from the class of Kenneth Rose, who heads the violin department.

Miss Davenport's playing was also one of the pleasant memories of last year's student offerings at Ward-Belmont, but the varied and taxing nature of Wednesday's program gave a more exacting test of her abilities, ranging, as it did, from Bach's Chromatic Fantasy, to Liszt's masterful Concerto in E Flat.

As a rule, a student recital, even an advanced student recital, has little out of the ordinary to engage the listener's attention. On this occasion, however, there was much more than usual interest. Miss Davenport is an exceptionally talented pianist. Her technique is highly developed, with a flashing dexterity in rapid passages that is surprising, and a surety and ease that sets the listener immediately at rest. Her tone is of very good quality, and while her interpretative ideas are naturally in the formative stage, she evidently combines a musical nature with her technical gifts.

She played the Chopin Nocturne in F sharp with good singing tone, and the same composer's difficult Etude in F at a rapid tempo and with clarity. In the Liszt Concerto she had the assistance of her instructor at the second piano, and joined with him in a group of well co-ordinated two-piano numbers, in which Arensky's Waltz was particularly well performed.

Miss Rucker's performance of Wieniawski's taxing "Russian Airs," and later of a group made up of Dohnanyi's "Andante, alla Zingaresca," Kreisler's "Polichenelle," "Dream of Youth," by Winternitz, and Kreisler's arrangement of Albeniz's "Malaguena," marked her as a well-trained and talented violinist. Her intonation was noticeably good and she played her numbers with considerable feeling. Hazel Coate Rose gave her solid and sympathetic support at the piano.

This recital was the second of the diploma series at Ward-Belmont. Last week, Catherine Guthrie, whose work both as composer and pianist has on several previous occasions won favorable comment, presented a program that included a Ballade and Etude by Chopin, Rubinstein's Concerto in B Minor, with Mr. Goodman supplying the orchestral parts at a second piano, a group of two-piano numbers, and two of her own imaginative little piano pieces, entitled "Smoke" and "Soul of Today."

She was assisted by Dorothy Beasley, a pupil of Stetson Humphrey, who sang a group of songs and an Aria.—Sydney Dalton, *Nashville Banner*, May 4, 1933.

A splendid recital was that given Wednesday night, at Ward-Belmont by Virginia Davenport, diploma pupil of Lawrence Goodman, assisted by Martha Rucker, violin pupil of Kenneth Rose. The audience was very appreciative and each young lady was called out a number of times to acknowledge the applause.

Miss Davenport, who is from Sapulpa, Oklahoma, and has studied with Mr. Goodman the past three years, is a pianist who shows remarkable talent and plays with the accuracy, the skill, the temperament, and the poise of a young artist. Her playing is exceedingly brilliant and discloses a very musical nature.

Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy" and Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp were artistically done, and the difficult Etude in F, by the latter composer, with its melody in the left hand and glittering arabesques in the right, was played with most satisfying clarity.

Pieces for two pianos were charmingly played by the young pianist and her teacher, and the clear balance of tone and the synchronization of the delicate shadowing were admirable. "Sicilliene" by Bach-Maier, "Romance" and the lovely "Valse" by Arensky, and a very spectacular "Gracia," by the Spanish Infante were finely done.

The E-flat Concerto of Liszt, complete in four short movements without a pause, was a brilliant performance, with Mr. Goodman playing the orchestral part at a second piano, and the young pianist covered herself with glory.

Miss Rucker, who is from Columbus, Indiana, and studied before coming to Mr. Rose with one of his teachers in Indianapolis, also has fine talent and gave splendid performances of Wieniawski's "Airs Russe," Dohnanyi's "Andante, alla Zingaresca," Kreisler's "Polichenelle," Winternitz' lovely "Dream of Youth," and "Malaguena," by Albeniz-Kreisler. She has splendid technique, a beautiful tone, and plays with much feeling.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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EDITORIAL

ADIEU

As I realize that this is the last time I shall have the opportunity of writing an editorial, so many things crowd up to be said that I am left wondering which it shall be.

Anyway, I'd like to say with great emphasis how very much Ward-Belmont means to me and I'm sure every Senior girl will join with me in saying that the best we can wish for any girl is to have as pleasant a Senior year here as we have enjoyed. The aims, ideals, traditions, and goals of this, our school, are enough to inspire any girl to give back to the school the best that is in her.

There is a saying that when we look back in after years on our experiences we forget the unpleasant and remember only the good things. That does not hold true in this case, for even now on looking back over the two years here almost no unpleasant things come before us—really none that matter. Our life here has been happy and full in the finest way. Everyone on the campus has been ready and willing always to lend a helping and a boosting hand—we do appreciate it even more than they know.

Now as this year draws to a close and we bid adieu, we will not say farewell; to many fine friends in all branches of the school life we know that we will *always* associate them with our fondest memories.

Mai Noy Van Deren.

FINIS

The year has come to an end and before another week is gone the campus will be a changed place with its empty halls and silent lawns.

This week of examinations has showed us whether or not we have had a year of scholastic success; if we have worked earnestly, the marks and results have been gratifying; but if the results have been unsatisfactory, in many cases we have only ourselves to thank.

Although marks of scholastic standing seem of primary importance, the thing which in the long run will mean the most to us is the practical knowledge we have gained here, the realization of the other person's rights, the observation of rules necessary to help us live as a whole united and well-governed, the appreciation of the fact that a friend's love and thoughtfulness can help us out of the melancholy ruts, and then the most important lesson of all—there is no place in society for the person who is selfish, egotistical, and thoughtless of others' rights. Co-operation with and consideration of the fellowman are realized as prime necessities in a happy life not only here but elsewhere.

As we leave Ward-Belmont campus for perhaps the last time, it is our sincere wish that we, in some way, may have contributed some thing which has helped in keeping old standards high and may it be that our influence will be a definite aid in bringing to Ward-Belmont a future of many years filled with inspiring beauty and success.

Sarah Poorman.

THE CAMPUS COLUMN

'TIS THE END OF A PERFECT YEAR!!!!!!!!

And the Seniors wish to bid you all farewell and say the best of luck to returning Seniors next year. The column has had good luck in its subject matter for certainly there isn't a finer bunch of girls anywhere in any school.

AS A WORD TO THE WISE . . .

Have the most perfect time in the world during the summer. Get a good brown and bring it back to school with you. Please come to the World's Fair and let me know the minute you arrive. Yes, I mean it, every last one of you call me up.

INDIVIDUALLY . . .

Thank you, Ginnie Winston, Dukie Hill, Lois Swartz, and Virginia Cornellus for your cooperation with this column. . . .

Vera Hudson, I have enjoyed the choice bits you gave me at the last minute. Keep up the good work.

Helene Loeb, I know you will make the very best paper in circulation next year. Good Luck!

Viva Lee and the rest of council staff, you are going to be "Swell." May you get through the year without a single special meeting! And next year, don't embarrass any members of old council by standing when you should be seated. Isn't that true, Cherry?

Jane and the weeping cabinet, be good and you'll surely make a big success of the "Y" next year. Juji has left a vacancy that will be hard to fill.

There, now, that is enough of all the farewells and I'll try and get on a "cheerfuller" subject and leave the weepy ones for Sunday. . . .

SUMMER PLANS WE OVERHEARD. . . .

Cherry and Lora are going to be councilors at Camp. Congrats!!

Nelle Hurston is going to visit in Chicago and see if she can get a stiff neck. Imagine never having seen a tall building in that oh, so fair city. . . .

Nelly McMurry is going to New York for the month of August and then doesn't know where she will go to school but thinks it will probably be Vanderbilt.

Cleo and I plan to do a million unheard-of things, 'specially like driving to Maine and picking Cherry up, etc. . . . Oh, well, as I learned the other day, "Your reach should exceed your grasp."

Nancy McFadin will also be in Chicago as will Lou and Dukie and Squeakie and everyone else that I have talked to. I am so glad I live there and can play the mountain in Mohammed, or is it the other way around? Any way, people can come and see me. . . .

But the best thing of all will be just swimming, tennis, riding, reducing, and sleeping. Just think, a week from today we may still be sleeping. . . .

Exams are over and step-singing is tonight. Is it possible? I am sorry; I wasn't going to refer to that subject again, but my mind naturally runs along that track and after all I am a Senior and commencement means an awful lot to us. . . .

Just to change the subject, aren't the magnolias beautiful? Holtzman thinks so and is all for digging "wun" of them up and taking it home with her. . . .

Oh, really, there isn't much sense in carrying this out any more so think I'll just close with all the love in the world to a grand bunch of friends, teachers, sponsors, and night watchmen. These two years have meant more than you know, but wait till you receive the little old roll of graduation paper. . . .

GOOD LUCK, KIDS. . . . AS EVER, "JAN" . . .

(I spell my name Maechtle.)

EAGLE FEATHER

Louise Lathrop

GRADUATION

Not as little children
Who play at being grown-up
Nor yet as women
Who have run the gamut of experience,
Do we reach this ending
That is the beginning;
But,
Armed
With Youth,
The Wisdom of the Past
A curiosity about Life,
And being ready,
We stand,
Eager,
Expectant,
Unafraid.

Wilma Baker, '34.

ODE TO WARD-BELMONT

Ward-Belmont, on thy shadowed lawn
Of student's peace—our citadel—
We pause to look upon
Thy grace, ere we are gone
To distant homes.
Our heart's farewell
Shall bring a sadness, though within
The depth of every soul we see
A feeling not akin
To those who will begin
To weep, forgetting victory.

Ward-Belmont, by each glazéd tree
We place a landmark in our hearts
Of student memory;
Within our minds we see
Red toppéd tulips grow.
A part
Of every fancied life was spent
Within the lacy ironéd wall
Of summer houses bent
Into romance; thus lent
We minds to every natured call.

Ward-Belmont, in each silent hall
We found the new and unknown friends
Whose faces will recall
Our dreams when evenings fall
In years that are to be.
Soon ends
Our student years, and though we say,
"Farewell," to every girl with dry
Unmoving eyes, we lay
Deep tears before we stray
From out the spell of years passed by.

Ward-Belmont, leaving time is nigh
And we shall pass thy columns white
And strong. Oh, let us lie
Awake beneath thy sky
Of gemméd stars, and dream.
The night
Enwraps our failures, and our eyes
Are blind to sorrow days. Redeem
Each gladness in disguise,
Thou spirit of the wise,
And place us here in midnight's dreams.

Virginia Doss, '33.

Parting?
Leaving?
My mind is blank
To all such words.
'Tis full of sun and shadow—
Days passing on wings of laughter,
Minutes poised on shining teardrops.
There is no ending . . .
Sadly I admit defeat—
There is an end to everything.
Time passes on,
Resting only lightly,
Impatiently, on each hour
And we must follow
With eager, yet reluctant, footsteps.

Caroll Lewis, '34.

MILESTONES TO BE OUT TODAY

The 1933 *Milestones* will be ready for distribution today. This statement has been long awaited and the customary rush will doubtless follow. The books will be given out from the HYPHEN office by members of the staff. No one may get any other girl's book. This rule will hold fast in order to eliminate all confusion—each girl will call for her own book. Another rule is that no book will be delivered which has not been paid for in full.

The staff takes this opportunity of thanking the students for their co-operation in the compiling of the *Milestones* this year. Also, the Editor and sponsor wish to thank the staff for their work and loyalty. The staff hopes that the entire school will enjoy the book and that it will serve its purpose—to bring back many pleasant memories of this year we have spent together.

The X. L. Club is serving coffee in the club house after dinner Sunday, May 28, in honor of the visitors at the school. The members of the faculty, the visitors, and the girls who have guests are cordially invited to attend.

PARTING THOUGHTS

Virginia Hamilton

It's a sad thought, it's a happy thought and its's a thought full of tender memories, all very fresh, this thought of parting. For some it means parting forever, for some, only a short while, but it's the parting that brings that lump to our throats.

We, of the class of '33, fervently hope that we have made this dear old Ward-Belmont love us as much as we love it. We hope that there will always be a soft and tender spot in the big warm heart of Ward-Belmont for this class of '33. We hope we have made it a better place for you Senior-Mids to carry on in next year. And may you make it still better for those others who are coming next.

We have all grown to know each other very well this year, so well, in fact, that we will never forget each other in all the many years to come. I don't believe that a girl could spend two years at Ward-Belmont and ever forget it as long as she might live.

We come from all different places and we're going back to our different places but may the closing words of our Senior song express our feelings:

"And though we must part from
Each other some day
As Seniors have parted before
The glorious spirit of old '33
Will linger forever more."

DANCING CLASSES ENTERTAINED AT SWIMMING PARTY

Marion Gilchrist

On Saturday, May 20, Miss Sarah Jeter and Miss Louise Smith gave a swimming party in the Ward-Belmont swimming pool for their dancing students. The girls had a delightful time playing "tag" and "chip-a-lip" in and about the pool. After swimming for some time the party went to the Osiron Club house where sandwiches, ice tea, and olives were served. Miss Jeter and Miss Smith were charming hostesses and the girls had an unusually good time.

Ecuador is using wooden post cards. Balsa, a smooth, close-grained wood, is being cut into thin strips and used for post cards.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

DATE OF STATE LUNCHEONS ANNOUNCED

Each year the Alumnae Association sponsors meetings all over the country of old girls and new girls. The state Alumnae Clubs plan the luncheons and send invitations to all the former students of Ward-Belmont, Ward and Belmont who live in their state. The clubs have always been most interested in having the present Ward-Belmont students attend these meetings, not only this year's graduating class but the girls who are planning to come back next year. They have asked the HYPHEN to urge the girls to attend their state luncheons or the luncheons of whatever state they may be in on the date of the meeting.

We cannot tell you how much your presence will add to the meetings or how much you will get out of them. They are the representation of Ward-Belmont in the world today—the girls who have left school and made a success of their lives in their chosen careers. They, in turn, are most interested in you—in what you are doing here now, in what has changed, in the fact that you are now living through what is one of their most precious memories.

Remember, then, ATTEND YOUR OWN STATE LUNCHEONS! The schedule is as follows:

Alabama; June 8, Birmingham, write to Mrs. W. L. Dumas, Talladega, Ala.

Colorado; June 10, Colorado Club, Colorado Springs, write to Elberta Gooch, Wood Ave., Colorado Springs.

Georgia; June 16, Atlanta, meeting and tea, 3 p.m., at Mrs. R. L. Cooney's, 1810 Ponce De Leon Ave.

Illinois; June 3, Chicago, Medinah Athletic Club, write to Cecily Cone, 3600 Pine Grove Ave.

Indiana; June 3, Indianapolis, Marott Hotel, write to Mrs. Fae Patrick, 3055 N. Delaware.

Iowa; June 17, Des Moines, Younkers Tea Room, write to Harriet Page, 634 40th St.

Kansas; date undecided, Kansas City, Mo., write to Lela Owen, 3602 Karnes Blvd.

Kentucky; June 17, Louisville, write to Mary Virginia Huff, 4700 Southern Parkway.

Michigan; June 17, Ann Arbor, Women's League, write to Elaine Frost, 926 Bedford, Grosse Point, Mich.

Minnesota; June 20, Minneapolis, write to Constance Fegles, 4816 Sheridan Ave., S.

Mississippi; June 3, Jackson, Robert E. Lee Hotel, write to Pauline Williams, Belhaven College, Jackson.

Ohio; June 10, Columbus, The Maramor, write to Mrs. Richard S. Wolfe, 926 E. Broad St.; June 24, Cleveland, write to Virginia Graves, 10507 Lake Ave.

Tri-State; June 7, Shreveport, La., Washington Youree Hotel Roof, write to Mrs. Haller Jackson, 954 Oneonta St. (This meeting is for Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas girls close to Shreveport.)

Wisconsin; June 10, Milwaukee, College Woman's Club, write to Merry-Belle Palmer, 1914 N. Prospect Ave.

Pennsylvania; June 24, Harrisburg, Hotel Penn-Harris, write to Elizabeth Shirk, 200 Walnut St., Hanover, Pa.

England's supply of gold has increased to such a degree in the last year that it is rumored that sterling will be brought back to the gold standard.—*Times.*

CERTIFICATE RECITAL PRESENTED

Lydia Fountain

Ten students from the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music were presented in a certificate recital Friday evening, May 19. The young ladies were from the Rose, Humphrey, Goodman, Throne and Boyer studios. Each girl showed remarkable ability and proved herself a credit to the Ward-Belmont Conservatory.

The program was:

Piano—Hungarian .....*MacDowell*
MISS HAZEL WILLIAMS

Violin—Romanza .....*Wilhelmj*
MISS EILEEN SUTTON

Voice —
(a) Thy Beaming Eyes .*MacDowell*
(b) O, Luce di quest anima (from Linda di chamounix) .....*Donizetti*
MISS ELEANOR LINEBARGER

Piano—Rhapsody, F Sharp minor .....*Dohnanyi*
MISS ISOBEL LAURIE GOODLOE

Voice—
(a) Aria—Gavotte (from Manon) .....*Massenet*
(b) At Eve I Heard a Flute .....*Strickland*
(c) The Song of the Open .*LaForge*
MISS ANN DURAND

Violin—The Call of the Plains .....*Goldmark*
MISS FRANCES E. FALVEY

Piano—Little White Donkey ...*Ibert*
MISS CHARLOTTE SHENK

Voice—
(a) Aria—Stride la Vampa (from Il Trovatore) .....*Verdi*
(b) O, del mio Amato ben .....*Donaughdy*
(c) The Last Hour .....*Kramer*
MISS DOROTHY BEASLEY

Piano—The Sea .....*Palmgren*
MISS RUTH NEHLS

Violin—Mazurka .....*Zarzychi*
MISS ELLA LU CHEEK

Piano—Automme .....*Chaminade*
MISS ANN DURAND

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ECCOWASINS WIN DAY STUDENT CITIZENSHIP CUP

(Continued from page 1)

passed around and examined minutely.

The supper was then served. It was very good and very plentiful and there were enough coca-colas for Jane Hall to drink five bottles. After everyone had finished sucking on a dripping popsicle, the clubs gathered together, and each sang a song written for the occasion.

The day students had as their guests Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Dr. and Mrs Burk, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Miss Allison and Miss Sisson.

Following is the list of the ten highest individual scores:

Sarah Bryan (Angkor)—127.
Elizabeth Glasgow (Eccowasin)—122.
Grace Benedict (Angkor)—121.
Dorothy Hill (Ariston)—119.
Ellen Martin (Triad)—119.
Virginia Brown (Triad)—114.
Anne Loftin (Eccowasin)—113.
Polly Billington (Eccowasin)—112.
Mary Margaret Craig (Eccowasin)—112.
Milbrey Wright (Eccowasin)—111.
Dorothy Jones (Ariston)—110.
Louise Hardison (Ariston)—105.

The club scores were as follows:

Eccowasin	66.42
Angkor	62.
Ariston	61.52
Triad	56.44

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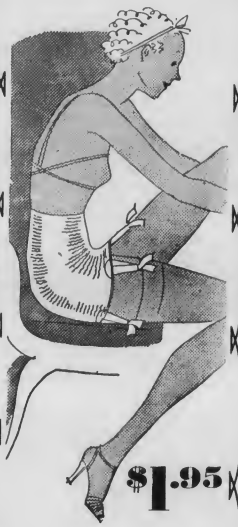
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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Felt the heat most terrifically even before we got up. Had no English class on account of Miss Ransom's being away. Intended to do art history note book, but read Booth Tarkington instead, and enjoyed him. To the regular history and French classes. Miss Reuf has given up reprimanding us for day dreaming, and just ignores us coldly.

Enjoyed Miss Sanders immensely in chapel. She surely knows how to talk to Ward-Belmont girls. We appreciated having her for our last chapel service.

Decided at 12:15 to go to town, so went, with all earnest intentions to be back at 3:45 for an archery make-up class which we couldn't afford to miss under any circumstances. Saw the "Story of Temple Drake" and deplored the waste of money—really, the book is much better, and not half so common as Miriam Hopkins when she tries to impersonate a southern belle of a good old family. Bet she's never been south of the Mason-Dixon line.

Home in time for the 4:45 archery class. Wanted to attend the tennis tournament, but just couldn't, you understand. We were glad that Cherry and Ail won. They must have done some tall playing, because Sal and Buzzie play very well indeed.

To dinner in the clubhouse, where our charming club sisters were all arrayed in flowing gowns. The A. K.'s wore green, almost to a member. We had candles, too, chicken, cold, but new peas and potatoes, etc. The Penta Taus really had a good time, too, according to Soper and Munger. There was weeping a-plenty at the Osiron, Agora, X. L., Tri K, Del Ver, but as for us, it was just one more meeting. We do think that dinners for the departing Seniors should become a tradition, because it is impressive.

To the room where Tarkington held sway until eleven o'clock.

Thursday—

To breakfast for much food which we regretted later on account of the heat. Piddled through first period, and then took our maps in biology and art history. Miss Ross explained "dead" week by saying that the Seniors hadn't slept for a month, and our class showed signs of not having slept for a week. Got a mental image of all our precious little grey cells just drying up and dying before our first exam.

To a lengthy chapel mostly occupied bythe Athletic Association. No one was more surprised by the varsities and the awards than that august body. We were glad to see all the medals given out, and the honorable mentions going to the girls who had made varsity for so many years. Jay Foote thinks almost everyone is an active member of the A. A. now. If she only knew. . . .

Cut Psych and spent an hour in the sun after two pieces of gingerbread. Shall never make that mistake again, even though we did begin to show signs of that mahogany hue. Our companion, little Funk, looks more like redwood, but time will tell. Dressed in an unfitted white suit and went to May day. Well, it was May day. Gillis and Kelly started the thing off, and then came the clubs toting their May poles with them. The dancers took their positions, and then the Seniors in the pastel organdies marched up the white carpet in the middle of the lawn. They marched against the sun, which was a mistake. The dresses were quite pretty, especially some that were self-designed. Lastly came the Queen and her attendants in the carriage Miss Sanders and Elise Tyson had so painstakingly decorated. After the three belles had stood for half an hour being photographed, they advanced to the throne, were duly crowned and began to watch the celebration. We thought not enough attention was paid to the crown-bearer, who was quite lovely. Sug was wearing a lacy summer dress in the height of fashion, and looked nicer than we have ever seen her.

Dragged ourselves to dinner, and ate and ate and ate. Went to Rae Baker's and Snooky Peckham's recital. Rae was amusing and surprising. Snooky was excellent. We enjoyed the play even though we had seen it several times.

To the art history notebook until very late.

Friday—

To breakfast for many eggs! Know we shouldn't eat so much in this heat, but must feed the inner man, or the little woman, or whatever it is. Rejoiced because we had no English, and really got down to work on the art history notebook. Attended regular classes. Dr. Barton spoke in chapel on various things. He said a great deal that was good. Course, he didn't mean us, but we always try to put the best foot forward regarding the school, because we can never forget that all the rest of our lives we shall either have to admit or boast that we spent four years in Ward-Belmont. Some people don't have any imagination, anyway, Dr. Barton.

To town where the heat almost laid us flat on the pavement. Really tried to get back for that last archery class, but missed it by an hour. Had a good time, though, and bought a dilly of a bathing suit.

The monotony of the study hour was broken by the appearance of a cow on the campus. We come from the heart of the agricultural district, but it took a Texan to tell us that it was a cow. We thought it was a deer. Anyway, when we tried to tell Dick that there had been a cow on the campus, she said that not all cows walked on four feet, and immediately began to impersonate. There was a cow here, though.

To dinner where we tried to get something out of Miss Pugh about the prep's English test tomorrow. No soap! She did tell us, however, that Sal Poorman and Virginia Doss already have jobs on newspapers for this summer.

To study hour and then to the concert. Hazel Williams, Eileen Sutton, Eleanor Linebarger and Falvey were the best in our estimation, although the entire program was very artistic.

Finished the art history notebook *and* Booth Tarkington, so just had to go to bed.

Saturday—

Up, being very, very sleepy, and made our way to the dining room, where we thought this was one of those trick days where everything is wrong, you know, dinner desert first for breakfast, and the courses served in reverse order. We got that idea because we were sleepy, and because we had strawberries. Ate them, and much else.

Slept until time for biology, and slept most of that period, our last class this year, without the slightest regret. Tried to go to town, but they are still counting privileges, and that sort of thing.

Decided at the ninth hour to go on the Glee Club picnic. Piled in the bus, read Jane Becker's movie magazine all the way out there, and then followed Mr. Humphrey's instructions to "get lost as soon as possible." Ail, Schenk, Little Lix, Spanky and I proceeded to get lost as well as possible. Followed the bridle paths because they were cool. Went back to "camp" when hunger pangs got us, and spent two good hours lying in the shade and shouting for George of tea room fame, because he was bringing the food. He came, finally, but not before Kiesel and Miss Carling came riding in and took Petie Humphrey off to meet George. Food is certainly the biggest item in any picnic, and the report was that there would be enough for two and a half plates a piece. We certainly got our share of hamburgers, cokes, potato chips, onions, pickles, chess pies, and chocolate cakes, after Miss Sisson came and organized the bread line.

Piled on the bus and sang all the way home. Smith and Cleo and Cherry were very entertaining, not to mention the choral attempts of Frances Maas on the "Pipes of Pan." We certainly had a good time.

Came rather belatedly to a dinner in club village, but managed to do nobly by our hosts. The food was so plentiful that Keidel and Jones and Gover (reducing on cokes at the Osiron house) got several hot dogs and hamburgers apiece. We felt rather sorry for the picnics who had to go on the swimming party, because the Glee club picnic was filling, but everyone had a good time. We let the food turn to fat while we played bridge and smeared banana oil on the fingers.

To home and to bed, having had a most pleasant Saturday.

Sunday—

Really wanted to go to the village for breakfast, but not receiving an invitation, went to the dining room for eggs, which we enjoyed very much. To Sunday school where we saw the new Y cabinet (the first time most of them have been there this year) and heard a friend of Miss Van's speak on vacation schools. No doubt we would conduct one if we felt we knew ever enough to come in out of the rain. Made our way to church in spite of the heat, and was much amused by the man who pulled the windows down as promptly as any member of the congregation opened them.

To dinner, and then for our favorite haunt in club village where we acquired many, many shades of tan on the arms and legs. We are worrying about our lily-white back, but time will cure it, maybe.

To tea and then to a lovely vespers service. The speeches of Viva Lee and Alice Vivienne, especially the latter's, sounded quite promising.

To the club where we were going to read since we had no exams for which we were going to study until the middle of the week. Between the chum society and us, poor Mary Jane must have walked off several pounds that we can spare easier than she. We ate a Swiss cheese on rye sandwich that we swore was a by-product of the American shoe company. Drank our fourth quart of coke for the week end. Soper drank her eighth, and is wondering why she doesn't sleep.

To the room and to bed without any qualms for the morrow.

Monday—

We were very happy because we had no exams. Spent the day reading, writing letters, etc. Went to the tea room with almost every victim of the exam. Breeding and Funk were trying their best to read the thousand pages of history in one day. They should have read it as they went along. It's easier to absorb in small doses, like strychnine. Went to town with Kelly in the afternoon to get my poor friends some gifts. When we got there, the town was bare, and so was our pursy-wursy. Roamed around and bought hats that won't pack, etc. Home early, and heard everyone on the subject of the three cute shows in town.

Did study art history for half an hour, and then gave it all up and went to bed.

Tuesday—

Knew we just must study a little to pass our two exams. In spite of the fact that we were told intelligence increased with hunger, we ate a good substantial breakfast. Sat and told a bunch of girls how hard we were going to study between 8:00 and 8:50, and then the bell rang. Ooh, what an exam! To help matters, we dropped from an A to a C on our notebook. Yes, we can remember when we were going to Stanford. Mayhap we passed the exam. Margaret Shaw thought it was a snap; so did Yvette Franz and Virginia Winston.

Just as we were going to weep on people's shoulders, we met the bunch coming from the biology exam, and

lent our shoulders. Keidel and Louise Florez thought it would have been simpler if they had at least heard of the questions. Of course, all that just encouraged us so much. We were able to sympathize with Funk and Breeding over their history. Decided we really ought to study for that subject ourselves, and so paged through the book, all the while commenting on the heat.

Reached the exam, and accepted the kind help of Jeannette Knowles to prop the door open. Miss Rhea did not approve of our brain child, and so we were allowed to fry in our own grease for three hours. The exam was lengthy, but not difficult. Passed down the hall and saw Miss Winnia in her room and Miss Ross in her room sweating over papers they were grading. Felt sorry for them. Looked out the window onto the street and saw a degenerate old man driving a degenerate cart pulled by a degenerate horse. We reflected that according to the best articles, he was eating his heart out for an education. Went back to the broiling exam room and watched our ink become diluted with our perspiration.

To the tea room where we rejoiced that our first two exams were over. Ate and ate and ate.

To the room where we again expostulated on how long we were going to study for our French. Got off the subject and just talked until dinner time. Saw Jennabeth Jones off to council and then realized that we had to go ourselves. Dressed hastily and got there just after council had disbanded. They had a special meeting after dinner to which we were rather cordially invited. Accidentally got in on a rehearsal for step-singing. The songs are much prettier this year than before, it seems. We hope they aren't touching, because we just hate ourselves for making public exhibitions, and it really can't be helped at step-singing. Attended a hall meeting by accident, too. Like the song that is sung to "School Days."

"Campus days, campus days,
Dear old W.-B. days,
Majors and minors and first accums
Taught to the tune of the council room.
We were the worst in Pembroke hall (Everyone sings that),
Took all the rules and broke them all,
But we were the ones that had the most fun;
'Tis sissies the rest should be called."

The above is the brain child of Brown and Dow, we are told.

Studied French for half an hour, changed the sheets, got out the laundry, and began on the last week of school, regretfully, for if it were not for the heat, and maybe some of the people, we could go on here forever.

WILMA D. BAKER.

CLOSE-UPS

Virginia Winston

It's too hot to play tennis, much too much trouble to study, and why pack until tonight? That leaves two possibilities—tea room and the final act of bidding you a fond farewell. Sevier, Willert, Slymme, Goodrum, Shaw, remember the theme song, "I Ain't Got No Money"? That decides it. Jones and Gardner talked for a week on the unbelievableness of a last trip home. How're you going to get the newspaper-wall-paper down to Georgia, Mary? Fran, Ail, and according to Jo, housefuls are going to hold a summer reunion at the Gardner home. We'll be there, Jo, to help Jones and Fran take care of the rest of the family. Then there's the nice possibility of a fair this summer, and meeting up with Lauryne, Miss Throgmorton—Pinky would be a fitting name—Jan, and so on. Picture the fun of calling them up some weekend. Cherry and Lora will be teaching nice little campers how to swim, play tennis and paddle their own canoes. Soper won't disclose any ideas, but if we ever do finish reexams and Tuesday rolls around, it won't be hard to be original ourselves. Can't you see Katie playing with her new "Tilden-Match" top-flight, Wilma bathing in the new grey and yellow suit, and our Seniors—Carol mostly—thinking they shouldn't have given all their furniture away?

May 30th's have a habit of rolling around just when we hate to even think of "good-bye." They won't really be good-byes. There are years and years of Homecomings ahead and the long time between now and a diploma.

At this point, Smith, good ole Smith, has a letter that wants ciphering. If you haven't anything to do—and of course you haven't—travel down and help her out. On the way, notice what goodlooking families our Seniors are beaming upon.

For the time being, we'll just say "See you at the Fair—and then try to beat you down here in the fall."

PSST!

Edith Anderson

"Our dear school days at W.-B. are o'er and gone." Gee, don't we hate to sing this? It was only yesterday we came and now we have to part.

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't think you'd all cry. I'm doing so anyway. Now for some brighter news: Wasn't Sug a beauty Thursday, all dressed up in white and all that flossy lace? We're sure proud of you, Sug, and you're every bit of a queen.

Didn't we have a grand time at the day student picnic? Of course, you know the Eccowasins won the Citizenship Cup and again Sug scored. She received the highest number of points of any day student. A clap for the Angkors.

Why were Sug's, Mimi's, Nancy's, Mary Margaret's, and Margaret Thompson's eyes so red last Friday? Could it have been because they tried to sing *The Bells of Ward-Belmont* in chapel?

What Senior day student seems to be getting all the old *beaux* away from the girls?

What Senior day student has decided to wait until her exams are over before buying her graduation dress?

Why does Martha White look so happy here lately? Could it be wedding bells?

What upset Mildred Burton in Psychology exam Monday?

Wouldn't we have loved to have seen "Duck" Cavert Friday night? You know she won the "Takky" prize at a party, and the way they said she dressed—well, I understand how she won the prize.

Ask Valmon Louise Marks if Elizabeth Wilhoite lives in the country. Valmon Louise thinks Goodlettsville is in the sticks when really it is an important part of Davidson County.

Didn't Elizabeth Daniels look stunning in the fashion show the other week? And think of her making and designing the dress she wore! Congratulations, Elizabeth; you'll make some man an excellent wife.

Many of our Seniors plan to go on to school here next year. They are Sug, Nancy, Mimi, Margaret Thompson, Elizabeth Beasley, Almeda Charlton, Valmon Louise Marks, and several others to Vanderbilt. Virginia Hamilton is going to Mills College, Oakland, California, and Mary Margaret Craig to Duke University.

Some things the day students will miss when they leave W.-B.: Miss Church telling the day students to *please* be quiet. Hearing Margaret Powell and Billy Newman giggle. The good old jokes that several Seniors would crack on Tuesday afternoon. Queenye running in the library looking for Lula Lane. And so many more things I'll never get to.

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ALL-CLUB BANQUET, FINAL SOCIAL EVENT

Virginia Winston

The last social function of the year will be given Monday evening, May 29, in the form of an All-Club Banquet. Each club will have its own tables, decorated in the club colors. Tables for the guests are to be placed between those of the clubs.

At this time Dr. Barton will award the citizenship cup and give a final address. This promises to be a lovely affair, for no other sort of entertainment could make so fitting a close to our social life at Ward-Belmont this year.

EXPRESSION STUDENTS FINISH YEAR'S WORK

Susan Hardy

The last week of school brings the individual programs from the entire first year and certificate classes. This is the required oral examination which precedes the semester examination on the technic of drama and speech and interpretation of literature.

PROGRAM

Narrative stories—
Her First Appearance
The Darling of Misfortune
The End of the Park
The Soul of O Sona Gan
The Prince of Illusion
The Blue Roses
The La Rue Stakes

Monologues—
The Real Lady
Inquiring About a Train
The China Doll
Her First Club Meeting

Poems—
At the Odeon
The Romance of a Rose
Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book

A one-act play for groups, in which were Misses Cooper, Dorris, Combs, Edmunson, Franz, Frye, Justice, J. Jones, M. Jones, Lix, Morris, Tate, Willis, and Sauerhering.

CERTIFICATE PROGRAM

Browning monologues—
A Tale
Up at a Villa
The Patriot
The Last Duchess
Evelyn Hope

An eighteenth century one-act play.
A one-act modern play—The White Silhouette, Crabbed Youth and Age.

Strong stories—
Highway Number 1
The Yellow Streak
A Man Without a Country
Madame Butterfly

The following girls did these: Misses E. Beasley, Grigsby, Henderson, Martineau, Pratt, and Kelley.

The Senior recitals are three-act plays. These have been delightfully given to interested audiences in the expression studio.

Mary Alice Ringo..The Charm School
Charley Vene Tinnon.....
.....The Family Upstairs
Quinnia Newman.....The Patsy
Vivien Rae Baker.....
.....The Twelve Pound Look
Mary Peckham .....
.....Come Out of the Kitchen

These girls have taken the parts in *As You Like It* of Celia, Oliver, Touchstone, Orlando, and Rosaline. The Seniors have also given three important one-act plays at the D. A. R., Good Will Luncheon, the Business Women's Dinner, the Men's Business Club of the West End M. E. Church South, the Vanderbilt Woman's Club and the Ward-Belmont audiences at chapel hours. So they write "finis" acceptably to their year's work.

TRI K'S WIN ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP

(Continued from page 1)

Brown; Angkor, Queenye Sloan; Ariston, Dorothy Jones; A. L. Marion Gilchrist; Penta Tau, Mar Peckinpaugh; Tri K, Lora Gillis, Del Ver, Elizabeth Neumann;; F. F. Rae Baker.

Silver medals were presented to the winners in individual sports. The following girls received these medals: Tennis singles, Henrietta Cherrington; swimming meet, Dorothy Stewart; gym meet, Rae Baker and Virginia Brown; bowling tournament, Marjorie Zaug; riding show, Virginia Kiesel; archery tournament, Mary Mullino; tennis doubles, Henrietta Cherrington and Aileen Freeman.

Club riding letters were presented to: Rubie Battey, Isabel Estrada, Betty Hamilton, Susan Hardy, Margaret Harris, Elizabeth Henderson, Virginia Kiesel, Shirley Lege, Ganel Stuart, Elsa Van Derhoef, Virginia Wilkins, Virginia Winston. Those who received Ward-Belmont Letters were Rubie Battey, Betty Hamilton, Susan Hardy, Margaret Harris, Elizabeth Henderson, Virginia Kiesel, Shirley Lege, Elsa Van Derhoef. The Riding cup is held by the Tri K club.

Club Archery Letters were presented to: Sarah Bryan, Mary Currell Berry, Virginia Carson, Henrietta Cherrington, Marion Low, Elizabeth Love, Elizabeth Neumann, Letitia Carruth, Mary Mullino. Those receiving Ward-Belmont Letters were: Letitia Carruth, Virginia Carson, Mary Mullino. The cup belongs to the Angkor club.

Rae Baker, Dorothy Hill, Dorothy Jones, and June Stout make up the Second Varsity Tennis Doubles Team. Varsity Letters were presented to Grace Bosserman, Henrietta Cherrington, Aileen Freeman, and Sara Poorman. The Tennis Doubles Plaque was presented to the A. K. club.

Members of the Second Varsity Baseball team are: Beverly Stone, Virginia Wilkins, Louise Lathrop, Dorothy Hill, Betty Penick, Grace Benedict, Landis Shaw, Kathleen Hudson, Gene Bradford, Jane Hovey. Those on the Varsity are: Shirley Lege, Lora Gillis, Henrietta Cherrington, Elizabeth Neumann, Ann Willetts, Peggy Wrenne, Virginia Brown, Aileen Freeman, Catherine Brown, Mary Soper. Ward-Belmont Letters were presented to Henrietta Cherrington, Elizabth Neumann, Ann Willetts, Aileen Freeman, Catherine Brown, Mary Soper. Lora Gillis and Peggy Wrenne were presented with special trophies, since they have made the varsity for two successive years. Shirley Lege and Virginia Brown who have made the varsity for three successive years, were given special honorable mention. The Penta Tau club won the Baseball Cup. They already own one cup, having won the baseball honors for three successive years, and are now starting on a new cup.

Special mention was made to Alma Lunderman and Shirley Lege for making three varsities, Lora Gillis, for making four, and Henrietta Cherrington, for making five.

The new active members of the Athletic Association are: Mary Louise Balsiger, Grace Benedict, Mary Currell Berry, Sara Brandon, Rena Berry, Catherine Brown, Letitia Carruth, Virginia Carson, Helene DeMun, Mary Jane Foote, Aileen Freeman, Gay Furrh, Jane Hovey, Kathleen Huson, Nancy Key, Mary Beth Lewis, Yvonne Moore, Ruth Morton, Betty Penick, Ann Shaw, Dolores Smith, Helen Stillmanks, Ellen Trabue, Virginia Wilkins, Betty Willert, Ann Willetts, Peggy Wrenne.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXI | Nashville, Tenn., Mid-Summer Issue, 1933 | Number 32

ONOR GRAD-UATES HOLD PROM-INENT OFFICES

Each year the ten girls in the Sen- Class who have the highest numr of quality credits for their two llege years in Ward-Belmont are aduated with *honor standing*. Sixhours of work is the amount reired for graduation, thirty hours a ar. An "A" average on sixty hours uld give a student 180 quality credits; a B+ average, 150 credits; and B average, 120 credits.

Those ten girls in the 1933 graduatg class who were graduated with nor standing are:

	Credits	Hours, +Phys. Ed.
rances Falvey	218½	79
ula Lane Kirkpatrick	175½	65
argaret Thompson	168½	62
elen Conley	164½	68
ancy Key (transferred 79)	164½	65
elen Miles	158½	65
izabeth Wansley	156½	65
ary Peckham	156	65
atherine Evans	155½	68
arah Poorman (plus 10½ quality credits in 4 non-credit hours in piano)	154½	65

It is always interesting to note the tra-curricular activities of those

(Continued on page 5)

. B. POEM ACCEPTED IN ANTHOLOGY

Of particular interest to the student dy was the announcement made by r. Barton at the Junior College Comencement of the honor which had en conferred upon the work of elen Conley, a member of the gradating class and president of Wordith. The announcement was garding Ward-Belmont's representaon in the Inter-Collegiate Anthology. uoting the letter concerning it, he id, "The finished Anthology will apar in manuscript form for exhibit nder the auspices of the Poets' Guild New York) at the World's Fair in icago this summer."

One hundred and fifty-seven colleges ere represented in the competitive eliminary trial of which fifty-nine hieved recognition and will be repreented in the Anthology. Wardelmont is one of the four junior lleges upon this list of successful mpetitors. Helen Conley's poem, Stage Fright" is the winning poem om Ward-Belmont.

E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York, ave become interested in the manuript, and will publish the volume of llege poems in the present summer ith a preface by Mr. William Rose enet.

Last year also, in a slightly differnt kind of volume entitled *American ollege Verse* and edited by Henry arrison, three Ward-Belmont alumæ were among the one hundred and even college students attaining recogition: Dorris Fish, Naomi Saip, and orothy Standifer.

Helen's poem was first published in he HYPHEN'S literary column, *Eagleather*, year before last, and at that me caused a great deal of comment nd praise from the student body. It is:

STAGE FRIGHT

To some of us
Death will bring
Realization
Like that of a child
Who, seized with stage fright,
Remembers everything
Except the next line.

HELEN CONLEY, '33.

TRI K'S WIN CITI-ZENSHIP CUP

Honorable Mention to Senior-Middle

Keyed to the highest pitch of excitement and suspense by Dr. Barton's favorite method of drawing out any announcement of extreme interest, the girls burst into thunderous applause when he finally announced that the Tri K Club stood first this year in the competition for possession of the Citizenship Cup.

For the past three years the Cup has been presented at the All-Club

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1933 MILESTONES WELL RECEIVED

The 1933 *Milestones*, resplendent in the gold and blue of its cover, was delivered Saturday afternoon, May 27, to the students of Ward-Belmont.

The art motif carried throughout the book is of the simplest, and matches the cover exactly—a vertical panel of gold stripes down the center of the blue cover with the blue lettering *Milestones*. The division pages are the same except with the reverse coloring—the blue panel on the gold page with the gold lettering, and the sub-division pages are the cream-colored paper of the entire book with the gold panel and the blue lettering. Repetition of the vertical panel and lettering holds the book together as a motif.

Always one of the first things to look for is to whom the book is dedicated. The staff chose to whom they wished to dedicate it and kept it a complete secret the rest of the year from even the honored person herself. This year the *Milestones* was dedicated to one of the younger members of the faculty, Miss Oscie Sanders, instructor of Religion and Sociology, with the following words: "To Miss Oscie Sanders in appreciation of her continuous guidance in showing us our weaknesses and helping us, by her love and encouragement, to strengthen them."

Through the book we find pictures

Continued on page 6)

POST-GRADS LEAVE W.-B.

Ward-Belmont's life as a four-year college for two of its students came to an end this June. In 1931 Elizabeth Shirk and Margaret Balsiger graduated from junior college, but the next year found them back. Many have wished they might return after graduation, that W.-B. was a four-year college, but few have actually made that wish come true. In the fall of 1931 Elizabeth and Margaret reenrolled in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music for work in piano and voice and also entered their junior year in regular college work at Peabody College. Arrangements were made and they continued their residence at Ward-Belmont with slight changes in regulations inasmuch as they were not actual members of the student body. They were roomed in South Front, and needless to say that the other residents of the hall will miss their presence keenly this year.

For this year ended their college careers in Nashville. They not only came back the year after they graduated but the year after that, 1932-'33. Now, unfortunately enough, there is nothing left for them to take. Elizabeth received her degree from Peabody in June and Margaret receives hers in August. So Ward-Belmont's oldest post-graduates are no more.

SENIOR CLASS GIVES BOOKS

Final Step-Singing Scene of Presentation

Many guests and parents thronged the campus directly opposite the front steps of the Academic Building Sunday evening, May 28, to be present at the final Step-singing and the presentation of the Senior Gift.

Following tea the members of the Senior and Senior-Middle Classes went to the chapel where with a brief ceremony the Seniors gave up their chapel seats to the Senior-Middles as

(Continued on page 6)

V. DAVENPORT WINS SCHOLARSHIP

Other Music Students Honored

Ward-Belmont has just received word that Virginia Davenport, a pupil of Lawrence Goodman, has been awarded a scholarship at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music for one year. This scholarship will entitle her to a weekly lesson with any artist-teacher she may choose at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Virginia Davenport received her certificate in piano in 1932 and her diploma in 1933. She was supervisor of practice last year and in addition to her diploma recital she appeared in several programs with Mr. Goodman's pupils in a number of towns in Kentucky and Tennessee. She also received her academic diploma this year.

Mr. Goodman also received the following items of interest: one of New York's largest broadcasting stations, WOR, announced in April that Marian Packard would be heard weekly over that station with Frederick Bristol in two-piano concerts. Miss Packard studied with Mr. Goodman and received her piano certificate in 1932.

Gertrude Leitzbach, a pupil of Mr. Goodman, has been engaged to teach at the American College in Beruit, Syria, and will leave shortly for that most interesting country.

Robert Tucker, a Goodman pupil, is now a staff artist at radio station WSM which is now one of the largest and most powerful broadcasting stations in the country, ranking with WEAF and WJZ. He is also appearing in recitals during the summer.

ART STUDENT WINS SCHOLARSHIP

On the excellence of her work in art, Lelia Johnson, '31, who has been taking post-graduate work in art for the past two years at Ward-Belmont, has been awarded a three-year scholarship. The scholarship is tuition for two years to the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts and one year's tuition in the Paris branch of that school, which is given through the school by Mrs. Sara Polk Bradford of Nashville, who is one of eight women who have presented scholarships to the institute.

Mrs. Bradford's scholarship goes only to southern girls, and she always has one girl in New York and one in Paris. From Ward-Belmont Sally Craig and Lelia Johnson's work was submitted along with the competitors from other southern schools.

The jury, made up of Ella S. Hergesheimer, Mrs. Edward Carter, Jr., and Mr. Lassonde, met Friday,

(Continued on page 3)

'33 OFFICIALLY ENTERS ALUMNÆ RANKS

Association President Speaks

An innovation in Commencement week-end which will probably become traditional was the Alumnæ Dance given for the entire school in honor of the Senior Class on the last Saturday evening of school.

As guests of the Alumnæ Association, the student body had a delightful time gathered together to witness the short ceremony by which the graduating class was taken into the Association. The guests were greeted at the door by the Alumnæ president, Catherine Blackman, '28, and secretary, Jane Pulver, '28. The room was simply but prettily decorated with the walls hung in dark blue and the ceiling, draped from a point in the center to the balcony, made of rainbow-colored streamers. Around the side was a green picket and all the doors were arched with lattice archways. The orchestra was seated on one side of the gym beneath an arched sign saying "Welcome

(Continued on page 6)

TRADITIONAL ALL-CLUB BANQUET HELD

With mingled feelings, the presidents and sponsors led their clubs into the dining room at dinner, Monday night, May 29, for the 1933 All-Club Banquet. In two divisions they came in—some through the side door of the small dining room, most through the main door into the big dining room—two by two to the last formal dinner of the year.

Parents and guests watched the parade of the clubs from their places, each family at the guest tables nearest their daughter's club. The groups went to their own tables designated by the decorations: The Tri K tables with red bouquets and each guarded by a large K, the Del Vers' with yellow streamers on the white table cloth, the Agoras' with tiny May poles of their club colors on each table.

Toward the end of the delicious dinner, the clubs, in turn, rose and sang their club songs. They were simply done and with the singing each club realized that this would be their last time together. A festive occasion, still the All-Club Banquet is a little sad for under all the gaiety and decorations and songs there is that note of farewell which always attends the partial breaking up of any group such as the clubs.

As the last of the clubs took their seats and their friends applauded their song, the opening bars of "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" were played and every girl was on her feet. Some frankly cried, others kept their eyes glued to the table before them, some sought the eyes of friends across the room, others avoided such glances, but few were unaffected by this final singing of the song that is their Alma Mater. Parents looked sympathetic, embarrassed, others surprised at the emotion shown, but they could not realize just what that song connoted to those girls who had lived and worked and played together for nine months. For with this singing they knew that they would be scattered, some never to see each other again.

Following the singing, Dr. Barton made several announcements chief of which concerned the announcement of the winner, club and individual, of the coveted Citizenship Cup and the presentation of that cup. Also announced, was the high school graduation exercises which took place immediately after dinner.

WARD-BELMONT HOLDS TWENTIETH COMMENCEMENT

Ninety diplomas and thirty-three certificates were awarded at the twentieth annual graduation exercises of Ward-Belmont Junior College, held May 30, 1933. Dr. John W. Barton, vice-president of the school, presided over the exercises.

James B. Hill, president of the N., C. & St. L. Railway, delivered the address to the graduates, speaking on "Women's Responsibility to and for Citizenship." Dr. Roger T. Nooe, pastor of the Vine Street Christian Church, delivered the invocation, and Dr. William F. Powell, pastor of the First Baptist Church, the closing prayer and benediction.

Dr. J. D. Blanton, president of Ward-Belmont, spoke very briefly, commending to the girls the meeting of the responsibilities urged by Mr. Hill, and, speaking a few words of farewell. Ella Lu Cheek, who received a certificate in violin, played Wieniawski's "Romance" as a violin solo. The processional, "March from Leonora Symphony," by Raff, and the recessional, "The Bells of Ward-Belmont," were played by F. Arthur Henkel at the organ.

Mr. Hill added to his introduction by telling the graduates that he was a Ward-Belmont father, having a daughter in the elementary school, and thus doubly interested in the school. Opening his address with the reminder that this class was going out into a world sorely troubled by unemployment, rumors of war, corruption in government, injustice, and disinterestedness in voting, he told them that they must meet it all intelligently. It is up to these young people, he declared, to make themselves thoughtful and well informed on our popular form of government, perhaps just to keep the standards to which we have become accustomed or perhaps from a less selfish reason, to actually help the social structure of the country.

When America was colonized it received all kinds and classes of people. It offered adversity, adventure, privation and toil. The products of this toil, privation, and severity of existence built fiber into the character of the people, created the characters which three hundred years later brought forth the United States.

Great characters then were not gauged by wealth, but by the personal character of men and women. Since those days there has come a great change in the attitude of women towards life. Women today are in all phases of life and have no right now to live life passively or waste life.

What is the future of our present form of government? Russia, Italy, and Germany have dictatorships. Are we so different? "Unless we correct some of the existing ills," said the speaker, "we may some day find ourselves under a military dictator, as is the case of Europe today. Great issues, which formerly required years to form, can now reach their fruition overnight." How can government exist, when private business cannot, amongst ignorance, indifference, and crooked politicians who think of nothing but private gain?

The massman takes the great economic development of this country in recent years for granted. He knows nothing of the inner workings creating it. Therefore, institutions are neither sacred nor permanent unless we do something to correct this. The incentive of this remarkable development has been the right to own property, to dispose of it and accept profit at will. This incentive has driven men and women to great enterprise and accumulation of wealth. This accumulation of wealth has received little praise and much condemnation. However, the incentive behind it has been the same and the process is the same which has caused the growth of the great developments and enterprises of which the country is so proud. The country has to go on and on under the system of reward for initiative. Yet, there are people who condemn the wealthy, who would not allow such accumulation of wealth, who would destroy this reward for initiative. Cannot we do something without destroying the processes which have brought about this great development?

"There is a great responsibility on the girls of today," the speaker went on, "not just to vote, but to know all about government and be able to fill your place intelligently." In the wards today, he admonished them, where the better educated classes live are the least number of votes, and where the people know nothing about the needs and ills of government are found the largest number of votes. Therefore, they should try to understand the problems of the country and undertake to correct these ills. Each of them has a place in life and will have a great deal of influence in molding the opinions of the country. To use this influence intelligently is the main thing.

Mr. Hill closed his talk saying, "Some of you will profit by what you learn here; the balance will learn only by experience. With all this is carried my good wishes and the belief that you will give serious thought to these problems and you will help to right many things that sorely need your help."

Following Mr. Hill's address came the conferring of diplomas and certificates. Dean Joseph E. Burk presented the candidates for graduation to Dr. Barton who awarded the diplomas and certificates. On the platform, in addition to those on the program, was Mr. A. B. Benedict, also a vice-president of the school.

The following members of the graduating class received diplomas:

GENERAL

Edith Patton Anderson, Tennessee; Elizabeth Grey Beesley, Tennessee; Mary Preer Bickerstaff, Georgia; Audrey Bradford, Tennessee; Eugenia Redd Bradford, Georgia; Wilma Reno Brown, Texas; Sarah Richardson Bryan, Tennessee; Margaret Cavert, Tennessee; Almeda Charlton, Tennessee; Henrietta Cherrington, Ohio; Helen Henderson Conley, Kentucky (with honor standing); Mary Margaret Craig, Tennessee; Virginia Davenport, Oklahoma; Marion Conner Dawson, Kentucky; Elizabeth Dillard, Tennessee; Mary Virginia Doss, Tennessee; Katherine T. Evans, Texas (with honor standing); Frances E. Falvey, Texas (with honor standing); Aileen H. Roebuck Freeman, Wisconsin; Dorothy Isabelle Fritz, Ohio; Frances Fulenwider, Colorado; Virginia Diane Hamilton, Tennessee; Mary Weaver Harris, Tennessee; Hortense Edna Hart, Missouri; Louize Henderson, Texas; Dorothy Hill, Tennessee; Frances Louise Holtzman, Pennsylvania; Nelle Hurston, Alabama; Edith Morrow Hyde, Alabama; Marcelle Jacobs, Tennessee; Lillian Grant Jones, Tennessee; Nancy Key, Texas (with honor standing); Virginia Kiesel, Wisconsin; Lula Lane Kirkpatrick, Tennessee (with honor standing); Louise Elizabeth Lathrop, Alabama; Beth Lee, Louisiana; Eleanor Driskell Linebarger, Illinois; Nancy Lunsford, Tennessee; Annette McAdoo, Tennessee; Nell Brown McMurry, Tennessee; Janet Lois Maechtle, Illinois; Marcie Elizabeth Matthews, Michigan; Helen Alwilder Miles, Tennessee (with honor standing); Lois Eleanor Milton, Pennsylvania; Marjorie Edwards Moreland, Kentucky; Billye Quinnia Newman, Tennessee; Julia Bales Noe, Tennessee; Helen Parker, Ohio; Mary Cain Peckham, Texas (with honor standing); Sarah Poorman, Illinois (with honor standing); Margaret Caroline Powell, Tennessee; Emily L. Quinn, Kentucky; Mary Alice Ringo, Indiana; Jane D'Arcy Roudebush, Missouri; Charlotte Ida Shenk, Pennsylvania; Margaret Simpson, Oklahoma; Carol Starbuck, Wisconsin; Dorothy Acheson Stewart, New York; June Stanley Stout, Illinois; Dorothea Jane Tebbs, Pennsylvania; Margaret Allison Thompson, Tennessee (with honor standing); Charley Vene Tinnon, Tennessee; Elise Vaught Tyson, Pennsylvania; Mai Flournoy Van Deren, Kentucky; Elizabeth Wansley, Texas (with honor standing); Ella Lee Ward, Tennessee; Dorothymae Wenzel, Wisconsin; Milbrey Ewing Wright, Tennessee; Elizabeth Zutt, Indiana.

Home Economics—Elizabeth Daniel, Tennessee; Yvonne Townsend Moore, Alabama; Helen Louise Rauch, Ohio.

Foods and Nutrition—Letitia M. Carruth, Ohio.

Physical Education—Marion Gilchrist, New Mexico; Mary Louise Mullino, Georgia; Queenye Estelle Sloan, Tennessee; Madora Margaret Thomas, Louisiana.

Public School Music — Mildred Amanda Dorris, Tennessee.

Piano—Virginia Davenport, Oklahoma; Catherine Guthrie, Indiana.

Violin—Weldon Hart, Tennessee.

General Art—Dorothea Jane Tebbs, Pennsylvania; Elise Vaught Tyson, Pennsylvania.

Costume Design and Commercial Illustration — Mai Flournoy Van Deren, Kentucky.

Interior Decoration—Jane D'Arcy Roudebush, Missouri; Dorothy Acheson Stewart, New York.

Expression—Billye Quinnia Newman, Tennessee; Mary Cain Peckham, Texas; Mary Alice Ringo, Indiana; Charley Vene Tinnon, Tennessee.

The following were awarded certificates:

Piano—Ann Durand, Oklahoma; Isobel Laurie Goodloe, Tennessee; Ruth Isabelle Nehls, Iowa; Charlotte Ida Shenk, Pennsylvania; Hazel Roberta Williams, Tennessee.

Methods of Teaching Piano—Mary Elizabeth Scott, Virginia.

Violin—Eilla Lu Cheek, Tennessee; Frances E. Falvey, Texas; Eileen Sutton, Tennessee.

Voice—Dorothy Beasley, Michigan; Ann Durand, Oklahoma; Eleanor Driskell Linebarger, Illinois.

Methods of Teaching Voice—Dorothy Beasley, Michigan.

Costume Design and Commercial Illustration—Audrey Bradford, Tennessee; Sara Morgan Lassiter, Tennessee; Nancy Lunsford, Tennessee; Dorothymae Wenzel, Wisconsin.

Interior Decoration—Mary Lucy Daniel, Tennessee.

Expression—Elizabeth Grey Beesley, Tennessee; Bess Kelton Grigsby, Tennessee; Louize Henderson, Texas; Virginia T. Livingston, Oklahoma; Martha Jean Stratton, Oklahoma.

Dancing—Sadie Marie Shelton, Tennessee; Claudia Gwynne Whitson, Tennessee.

Riding—Rubie Eleanor Battey, Illinois; Elizabeth Hamilton, Missouri; Susan Virginia Hardy, Indiana; Margaret Davis Harris, Alabama; Virginia Kiesel, Wisconsin; Shirley Rose Lege, Texas.

Secretarial Studies—Kathryn Margaret Bothman, Illinois; Eula Mae Luper, Oklahoma.

WARD-BELMONT OLD GIRLS MEET AGAIN

Both old and young alumnæ of Ward-Belmont gathered this June to recall their schooldays spent in Nashville in Ward Seminary, Belmont College, or Ward-Belmont School. The meetings to which they crowded were the nineteen Ward-Belmont alumnæ luncheons held annually each June throughout the country. This year they were unusually well attended and were held in, Indianapolis, Ind.; Kansas City, Mo.; St. Louis, Mo.; Chicago, Ill.; Des Moines, Ia.; Lincoln, Nebr.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Ann Arbor, Mich.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Atlanta, Ga.; Birmingham, Ala.; Shreveport, La.; Tulsa, Okla.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Colorado Springs, Colo.; Louisville, Ky.; Fort Worth, Tex.; and Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio. There will be at least three more meetings in other centers before September.

The Alumnæ Association and the school have been very much satisfied with the numbers which turned out this year to attend these meetings. They varied from small groups, such as that in Harrisburg, Pa., where there were sixteen present, to large groups as in Chicago and other large centers where more than fifty attended. Not only was the attendance higher this year, but also, there was more enthusiasm than usual, which might have been expected since Homecoming this spring had so many more former students back than ever before.

These luncheons, planned by the local alumnæ in conjunction with the Alumnæ Office at school, brought out this year two very definite things. One is the unusually active type of loyalty being shown by the Ward-Belmont Alumnæ and, the other, the great helpfulness they are giving in encouraging new girls to come to Ward-Belmont. This loyalty and enthusiasm, the meetings indicate, does not dim with age, for at these luncheons were found alumnæ from Ward's, Belmont, and Ward-Belmont and from as far back as 1869 and from as recently as 1933.

At several of the luncheons students who were in the school this past year were on the program. In Columbus, Ohio, Virginia Winston gave a talk on "A New Girl's Impression of Ward-Belmont," and Virginia Davenport, a post-graduate this year, played several selections on the piano. In Des Moines, Helen Larimer gave a short talk telling of the changes in Ward-Belmont during the past few years. Roberta Munger touched on the high spots of the past year for the luncheon in Birmingham, and in Kansas City, Mary Louise Balsiger was on the program for a piano solo. Helene DeMun brought the present-day student's reactions on Ward-Belmont to the Harrisburg, Pa., luncheon, and at the Indianapolis meeting Catherine Guthrie, a post-graduate this year, played three piano numbers, one of which was her own composition entitled "Smoke."

At nearly every one of the luncheons there were school representatives who were the honor guests of the meeting. Miss Jane Pulver, '28, executive secretary of the Alumnæ Association, attended the luncheons held in Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Des Moines, Lincoln, Minneapolis, and Cleveland. Mr. Benedict went to the Birmingham, Shreveport, and Louisville luncheons, and Dr. Barton to the meetings in Ann Arbor, Columbus, and Fort Worth. Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce, '28, past national president of the Ward-Belmont Alumnæ Association, and a member of the faculty, attended the Chicago and Atlanta meetings; Miss Sanders, a member of the Ward-Belmont faculty represented the administration at the Tulsa gathering; Miss Dorris Fish, '32, former editor of *Milestones* and president of the Wordsmith, 1930-31, attended the Milwaukee luncheon; and Elizabeth Shirk, '31, a post-graduate at Ward-Belmont for the past two years, acted as organizer and school representative at the initial alumnæ luncheon held in Harrisburg, Pa.

All these representatives are very closely connected to the school and could bring first-hand information to those alumnæ who were there to hear all about Ward-Belmont, and who came to the luncheons for the same reasons that the school is interested in continuing them: to renew old friendships and loyalties; to bring their greetings and to hear the greetings and the achievements of the school; to give their loyalty and good will to their Alma Mater.

MILBREY WRIGHT HIGHEST ON PENNSYLVANIA TESTS

Of interest to the entire school was the announcement made by Dr. Barton on Commencement Day, of the outcome of the Pennsylvania Tests. These tests given in Ward-Belmont for the second consecutive year were taken by all members of the Senior class and any members of the Senior-Middle class who cared to take them. This year, in giving them the science section of the test was omitted in the Ward-Belmont group inasmuch as Ward-Belmont offers only biology and chemistry. In 1932, when Ward-Belmont first took the tests, there were 35 colleges and universities taking part in this study of general knowledge. The number taking part this year was not known.

To Milbrey Wright, Senior day student, went the honor of having received the highest score in school, 706 points. This score even topped the high score of 1932. The following are the other fifteen highest:

Elise Tyson	692
Jane Briggs (Senior-Middle)	670
Helen Conley	659
Elizabeth Zutt	651
Bettye Ann Wright (Senior-Middle)	644
Nancy Key	608
Lois Milton	591
Frances Falvey	582
Eugenia Bradford	577
Ann Durand	574
Sarah Poorman	564
Wilma D. Baker (Senior-Middle)	546
Ann Shaw (Senior-Middle)	533
Mai Noy Van Deren	530

COLLEGE HONOR ROLL NUMBERS 26

Among the announcements made at the Junior College Commencement, one of the most interesting to the student body was that of the Semester Honor Roll. Fortunately, it had been compiled before graduation and it could be announced just as it is during the year. Twenty-six members of the college student body found places on this honor roll, the requirements for which are: no grade below B; at least twelve semester hours of work. So those whose names appear below made higher even than a B average—they made a B in every subject they were carrying.

The Senior Class had twelve on their honor roll which speaks well for them. Those twelve girls were: Eugenia Bradford, Almeda Charlton, Helen Conley, Frances Falvey, Virginia Hamilton, Frances Holtzman, Lula Jane Kirkpatrick, Helen Miles, Mary Peckham, Sarah Poorman, Margaret Thompson, Milbrey Wright.

The Senior-Middles on the honor roll numbered fourteen and they were: Mary Currell Berry, Jane Briggs, Margaret Brugh, Virginia Cornelius, Inda Drushel, Sue Hardy, Alice Vivienne Hill, Helen Larimer, Helene Loeb, Anne Loftin, May Dell Meyer, Martha Pyeatt, Martha Rucker, Ellen Trabue.

BISHOP MAXON DELIVERS BACCALAUREATE SERMON

"Any contribution you make to life will be an improvement over what I and my generation have made. There are many of you who have seen, some of you have felt, the failure of our trustworthiness," the Rt. Rev. James M. Maxon, bishop-coadjutor of Episcopal churches of Tennessee, told the graduating classes of Ward-Belmont School Sunday morning, May 28, in a baccalaureate sermon delivered at the college.

Bishop Maxon urged the girls to be trustworthy and thus escape for themselves and countless others the many troubles which are confronting the world today. "Thousands of people throughout the world have been trusted and proved untrustworthy, and, therefore, we are facing the *impasse* of life in all its phases," he declared.

Bishop Maxon described life as an opportunity of youth to labor, sacrifice, love, appreciate, and devote themselves to adding to their heritage that the heritage might be passed, enriched, to those who come later.

"I am interested in you because you are personalities and because your great possession is your 'power to become.' Being a personality, you are an heir of all the past, of the experiences of life, of the love of your parents, of the labor of countless thousands who produce your food and the necessities of life, of the labor of those who have stored up knowledge, of our government, of science, of art. In fact, we own nothing, but owe everything," Bishop Maxon declared.

"The Christian religion is based on the greatest thing in the world—a personality that transcended all. The incarnation is often mentioned, but we seldom take it in. What does it mean? What did God try to do? We know it means that the greatest thing God ever made was the human personality. And we know this because God took human form. This brings forth the truth that each girl is great—greater than all—and this is the most valuable truth in life," he declared.—*Nashville Banner.*

CAMPUS OFFICERS LISTED

The elections of the various student organizations held throughout the last few weeks of school are announced after each is held and to date there has been no total resumé of the new officers who have been honored by these elections. The following girls are those who have been selected by the students to govern them and lead them in their various activities. In several cases the election has been school-wide such as, Student Councils, Y.W.C.A. Executive Board, Editor-in-chiefs of the HYPHEN and *Milestones.* All other elections are by the members of the organizations.

The Boarding Student Council for 1933-'34 will be headed by Viva Lee Davis, F. F., from Illinois; first vice-president, Martha Pyeatt, Tri K, Colorado; second vice-president, Lora Gillis, Tri K, Ohio; secretary, Dorothy Glander, Del Vers, Ohio; high school representative, Frances Prince, T. C., West Virginia; chapel proctor, Marie Bomke, A. K., Iowa; general proctor, Mary Beth Lewis, A. K., Kansas.

The Day Student Council will have for its president, Dorothy Jones, Ariston; first vice-president, Beverly Stone, Angkor; second vice-president, Virginia Brown, Triad; proctor, Jane Hall, Ariston; secretary, Evelyn Braden, Angkor; high school representative, Matilda Gibson, Angkor.

Jane Briggs, Agora, Tennessee, will hold the position of president of the "Y" this coming year. On her Executive Board will be: first vice-president, Bob Durand, X. L., Oklahoma; second vice-president, Marjorie Bierce, Tri K, Ohio; secretary, Lydia Fountain, Osiron, Texas; treasurer, Mary Elizabeth Hendricks, Agora, Indiana.

On the Cabinet the following chairmen of committees were appointed: *Junior League Home,* Ann Shaw, X. L., Georgia; *Florence Crittendon Home,* Helene DeMun, Tri K, Pennsylvania; *Tennessee Children's Home,* Margaret Uptegrove, F. F., Nebraska; *Old Ladies' Home,* Helen Justice, Del Vers, Michigan; *Vanderbilt Hospital,* Inda Drushel, F. F., Texas; *Membership Committee,* Catherine Brown, Del Vers, Montana; *Vice-chairman of Sunday School,* Mildred Edmonson, Penta Tau, Alabama; *Hyphen,* Jean McLennon, A. K., Oklahoma; *Entertainment,* Virginia Winston, A. K., Ohio; *Poster,* Emily Warren, T. C., Tennessee; *World Fellowship,* Nell Betty Anderson, X. L., Texas; *Public Affairs,* Mary Frances Banker, F. F., Texas; *Tours,* Martile Sherman, T. C., Louisiana.

By a student-wide vote Helene Loeb, Agora, of Michigan, was chosen to guide the HYPHEN through the coming year, and Marjorie Jacobson, Del Vers, of Wisconsin, was elected to the editorship for the 1934 *Milestones.* The staffs of both publications are appointed by the editors and the sponsor. Shortly after the elections the following were appointed to staff positions: On the HYPHEN, Virginia Winston, A. K., Ohio, will be associate and news editor, and Sarah Ann Dewey, Agora, Michigan, one of the two circulation managers. On the *Milestones,* Helene DeMun, Tri K, Pennsylvania, will be associate editor; Ruth Nehls, Del Vers, Iowa, photographic editor; Elizabeth Glasgow, Eccowasin, Tennessee, day student editor, and Patsy Schorndorfer, Tri K, Ohio, high school representative.

The Athletic Board elected by the active members of the Athletic Association for 1933-'34 will be: Victoria Keidel, A. K., Texas, president; Grace Bosserman, Tri K, Virginia, vice-president; Dorothy Jane Funk, Tri K, Indiana, general manager; Jeanette Knowles, Del Vers, Indiana, treasurer.

The Glee Club members elected for their executive staff, Ann Shaw, X. L., Georgia, president; Lydia Fountain, Osiron, Texas, secretary; Jane Becker, X. L., Louisiana, treasurer.

The various social clubs held the elections of their presidents and then the elections of their other officers later. The club presidents are as follows: *Anti-Pandora,* Mary Louise Balsiger, Missouri; *T. C.,* Mary Marjorie Lincoln, Ohio; *Del Vers,* Helen Larimer, Iowa; *Tri K,* Jane Carroll, Wisconsin; *Penta Tau,* Roberta Munger, Alabama; *X. L.,* Betty Ann Wright, Georgia; *Osiron,* Jeannette Kassel, Texas; *Agora,* Marjorie Zaug, Wisconsin; *A. K.,* Betty Willert, Missouri; *F. F.,* Susan Hardy, Indiana; *Angkor,* Clyde Partlow, Tennessee; *Eccowasin,* Anne Loftin, Tennessee; *Ariston,* Janet McFadden, Tennessee; *Triad,* Mabel Ann Herbert, Tennessee.

Penstaff, the high school honorary literary society, elected officers for the coming year at their last meeting. Margaret Green, Angkor, Tennessee, is president; Mary Louise Bearden, Ariston, Tennessee, vice-president, and Louise Douglas, Angkor, Tennessee, secretary-treasurer.

The classes through the high school elected presidents as follows: *Freshman,* Jane Vance; *Sophomore,* Jane Meadors, Eccowasin; *Junior,* Ann Huddleston, Angkor; *Junior-Middle,* Ellen Bowers, Angkor. The Senior-Middle class does not elect until the fall, but the incoming Senior Class elected Alice Vicienne Hill, A. K., Tennessee, as Senior president.

ART STUDENT WINS SCHOLARSHIP

(Continued from page 1)

July 14, and after a thorough examination of all the exhibits entered, chose the work of Lelia Johnson as that which should win first place.

Miss Johnson's work, which was exhibited in the Ward-Belmont Art Exhibition in June, 1932, drew the following comments:

"The pencil work drawings of Miss Lelia Johnson were no doubt the best of the many pencil drawings shown. A large oak tree, with a bit of the campus and corner of the main building was delightful. Her 'Old Trinity' was good in both composition and technique. Miss Johnson's small water colors from life were the best shown."

". . . water color group was excellent, well above the level of student work, as was also Miss Johnson's 'Capitol Hill.'"

"Miss Lelia Johnson does exceptional work. Her pencil drawings of the Ward-Belmont Building, the old windmill, and Trinity Church are well handled. Her technique is suitable to the use of lithograph crayon and she should be skillful with this medium."

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EDITORIAL

COME, CHAT WITH US!

When the summer edition of the HYPHEN comes around, there are so many things to say that it is always hard to decide just what is the most important to you. What would be one of the first things we would talk to you about if we could see you? And we're stumped again—we'd probably be so glad we'd go tongue-tied. So we fall back on a rambling mood and decide to write as we might talk—after we had recovered from surprise and delight at seeing you.

First we should probably say, "How are you—what have you been doing? and what do you know?" And then, "How we have missed you all! The campus is awfully quiet—with just the sound of hammers pounding far away as various repairs go on in the buildings, and the sound of the lawnmower chugging around the various statues on the campus and, perhaps, the sound of Mr. Berry calling to the workmen and Mr. Puckett walking by. Otherwise the birds and drone of insects hold sway—a sleeping campus surely without the incessant, alive chatter of all you! And the class rooms—one hates to go in—the gym with the white cloth over the piano and the windows closed tightly and the club houses locked with the ghosts of furniture in their white coverings loom at you through the windows. Yes, it's pretty lonesome without you all."

Will you Senior-Mids and preps be back—ah, we wish we could say the same to the Seniors—and pitch into rushing all these new girls that will be here? Well, let us know right away so that we can all be making plans for the opening of school.

And you Seniors—what are you going to do next year? You won't forget to let us know, will you? Remember, we're always interested.

And then we would start in on the "do you remembers?" Something like "do you remember the gymboree the very beginning of school and how much fun we had doing the Virginia Reel? And the hockey games, really—those early morning practices when it was so cold? 'Member how exciting the Tri K-Penta Tau game on Thanksgiving was? 'Member Spalding's recital and the 'alums' who arrived that night? Oh, and the Gym Exhibition? And the breakfasts we had in the club houses—the Sunday fireside hours—the parties we tried to give in the 'gym' and could never get any music?—the sundaes we ate in Candyland and the 'stock company' that we all attended religiously? Oh, and a million other things!"

Do you miss Ward-Belmont? Have you considered how much Ward-Belmont has to give the girls who have not yet finished here—the preps who have two years of college here—the Senior-Mids who have the joys of being Seniors still before them? Any Senior will agree with us when we say that to leave Ward-Belmont without having been a Senior is like eating the cake and leaving the frosting. It is all one, and should be taken together! And to the preps—where else would you be able to enter college as easily and painlessly as coming back to the school where everyone knows you, where you have friends, and where the inevitable re-adjustment from high school to college is made so simply? What about it?

Did you know that some new girls are listening to what we're saying—you and we? And to them we want to say "Howdy" and we're glad that they are coming to Ward-Belmont. Funny the way we are all sittin' here chattin,' and none of us can see each other—but here we are just the same! Don't stand outside the circle, new girl; come over here with us and join in. Yes, you'll love school just the way we do and we're awfully glad you're coming—next year this time you will have had the same experiences we have had and realize more fully what Ward-Belmont really means. You have a wonderful

(Continued on page 5)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Today being Monday, and the day that all good HYPHEN columnists remember as the day the assignments were posted, this poor summer editor sits down to click out a few words to entertain you during the hot summer months.

But it's a lonesome job, we're telling you, what with no bells to disturb us, and nobody tramping by the door, nor anyone coming in to park the books on our nice black table! Wurra! Wurra! it is deserted we are!

And as we were feeling our worst the other day, the door popped open and there stood a pal! Lou Lathrop—none other—and were we ever glad to see her? And so we sat—she on the table and we on the desk—and just chatted and chatted. Lou looked very snappy in black and white, and was en route to a house party near here.

And thinking we had probably received our surprise for the summer, we were standing (very hot and tired) on the corner downtown waiting for ye oulde Belmont No. 2—when a soft-voiced individual says in our ear—"What are *you* doing here?" We echoed the words in stunned surprise as we turned to find Emily "Slymme" Warren standing beside us. "Slymme" was in, shopping around, so we talked—of course, *then*, it was no time till the durned car came!—and compared notes on our *active* summer.

In a letter from "Jan" Maechtle she tells us that she never knew she had so many relatives and friends—I think she has had a continuous house party since she reached home, and she loves it! Nelle Hurston spent some time there, and "Squeakie" Quinn was expected shortly. But then "Jan" is going to desert the big city for Henderson and points south.

We hear that a large "visit" was held in Cedar Rapids around the Fourth. The "*visitors*" were Dorothy Glander, Lauryne Edwards, Louise Florez, Marge Jacobson and Jane Carroll. The "*visited*" were Ruthie Nehls and "Larry" Larimer.

Mary Lou Balsiger is carrying on in Kansas City—although we heard earlier in the summer that she was finding it a bit dull.

We also heard the other day that Virginia Doss and Marjorie Lewis were en route to Michigan to visit Helene Loeb and Marcie Matthews.

"Ginny" Winston did herself proud at the alumnæ luncheon in Columbus, Ohio. She wrote us that she had a grand time and was looking forward to the beginning of things on Sept. 20.

"Cherry" and Lora are enjoying life in the Maine Woods. We hear "Cherry" and "Cleo" are considering Northwestern for this fall along with "Jan."

"Buzzie" just hied herself up to Harrisburg, Pa., for the alumnæ luncheon—we thank thee, Madam. Can't wait to see you this fall.

And from way down in Texas we hear that two loyal Penta Taus have confirmed their decisions to be with us next year—May Dell Meyer and Ganel Stuart.

Our friend, Miss Roberta Munger, has been doing the traveling act. Birmingham to Florida and back and heaven knows where now! 'Berta is another pal who did her bit with a talk at an alumnæ luncheon—bravo! (We got in quite a panic the other day 'cause we thought we'd lost the green lettering rule!)

All right, DeMun, nary a word, and is that nice? And we just a'waitin' to hear a word!

And we saw the Estradas up at Nakanawa a couple of week ends ago. Isobel saw us first and was she ever surprised to see us—"Cayce" being the other part of "us." She and Pilar love the camp. They are going to be in Chicago in August and then will go home.

And then there's our pal, Rena Berry! Not a single line has she penned us. Tsk, tsk, tsk!

(Continued on page 5)

EAGLE FEATHER

The Eagle Feather again spreads its wings, after the moulting season, and soars to literary heights. In this summer edition, it is our privilege to offer a few of the literary compositions which have been published in this column during the past year. We regret that the space is so limited that many of the contributions will have to be omitted.

This column has had a wide and varied career—as most columns have. It was begun five years ago, and is open to all students at all times who wish to contribute. Sometimes the Eagle has soared out of bounds (and the adjectives and lost loves and despaired lives flow freely) but most of the time the Eagle has stayed close to the nest, cocking a wary eye at the round ocean and the living air. Every Wednesday it swoops faultlessly and fearlessly into the HYPHEN Office, snatches a typewriter in its claws and carries it, and the ink-stained, moon-behind-the-head editor of its column into realms never before dreamed of—except, of course, by those who live and dream Eagle Feather thoughts.

And you'll believe the Eagle now, when you read the following, because you'll know that an Eagle Feather was dropped by the HYPHEN Office doorstep.—Reprint from HYPHEN, July, 1931.

Oh, moon, whose silvery irridescence
Lights the blackest shadows of my room
And throws a net of aged limbs
In gnarled and slender shadows
Across the floor, changing chairs
And rugs into a moving pattern
Of the out-of-doors, what makes you
Seem so lonely, so detached?
Are the sights so pitiful
That they make you cold,
Remote?—Lovers wander in your light
Enchanted—What spell is that
You throw o'er them which rouses passions
When you yourself are
Unresponsive?
Can't you feel the throbs
Of human love which shake the earth?
Do you respond to the cry of the wolf
On lonely mountain top? He feels
But cannot bear the utter pain of loneliness.
When you are new your thin body
Is filled with tender delicacy
And fragile beauty. You seem to seek
For love. Yet as you grow and rise
Disinterested superiority and even cool pity
Are written plainly on your face.

LOUISE LATHROP, '33.

Filigreed shadows on moonlit walks,
Old park benches surrounded by shrubs,
A child's soft laughter of sheerest delight,
The dripping of raindrops from leaves above;
The even rhythm of horses' hoofs,
The gentle murmur of flowing stream,
The rustling twitter of leaves on the roof,
Glowing eyes in the candle's beam;
Just disconnected thoughts and word
And yet they bring each time anew
The things we did and saw and heard
The times I spent alone with you.

CAROLL LEWIS, '33.

Camouflage

Tall pine trees—barren except for tufts of green at the tops—
Stand as tutelage guarding—perhaps warning us—
Of the writhing, lewd, jumbo trees waiting to twine about us—
Dragging us into the mire—camouflaged by squat palmettos.

Tall, greedy towers of stucco culminating in grasping spires—
Stand as monuments of man's futile desires—money fulfilled—
Pursued and harrowed by the rushing and snatching—
Dragging us into the mire—camouflaged by glitter—

Tall aspiring thoughts groping for the finer things—
Stand as buttresses impregnating the walls of sanity
Against the crumbling forces of twisted concepts—
Which filter through—camouflaged against reality.

DICK STEWART, '33.

Sonnet

When spring's sweet daring kiss first lightly woke
My spirit from the blissful dream of youth,
I feared the strange, wild words of love you spoke,
And fearing, forced myself to doubt their truth.
When summer's joy-filled, fleeting hours we shared,
And drank deep of life's wine cup, which too soon
Is drained, and you your love again declared,
I laughed, and blamed the wicked summer moon.
But now, when autumn's blighting winds have blown,
And care has made my heart and spirit bold,
Steadfastly your devotion has but grown
More pure. I need no longer love withhold.
Time-tempered, on life's ruthless forge wrought fine,
Is the golden chain which links your heart to mine.

JOSEPHINE SCOTT, '34.

(Continued on page 5)

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 4)

time ahead of you. Imagine just starting in again—a little "scarey," isn't it? but really lots of fun! Just remember, all these old girls went through the same thing, and that when you get on the campus you'll find just heads of girls with big information signs across them who will speak to you, pin your name on you, and then take you around and get you settled in your room. And, you know, they are just as anxious to meet you as you are to know them, because they want to make new friends, too.

Well, we've had a grand visit—oh, let's everyone really be on hand for just such a chat as this on September 20th!

EAGLE FEATHER

(Continued from page 4)

Tribute

Twice
I have seen Beauty—
In the pale blue sieve of the evening sky
Filtered through with stars
That are like white camellias
Which I could have plucked
And held in a bouquet
For thee, thou loveliest;
And in thy work-driven body,
Stooped and shaped
By the careless wills
Of us,
Thy children.

WILMA BAKER, '34.

Home

You're such a funny little town
Snuggled down among the hills,
Curled up on the river's bank.
Sometimes I think I'd like
To hug you.
But the dignity of your quiet, shaded streets,
The gentle graciousness of still, white houses
Hidden among the pines and beeches,
Stops my arms and makes me
Kneel instead.

LOIS MILTON, '33.

Scraps

I love the summer morning
When the sun slips,
A golden ducat,
From the slit
In God's cloud-embroidered purse—
From the tear he ever forgets to mend.

I love the summer evening
When the moon,
Is the silver eye
Of a giant Cyclops
Set in the broad forehead of the sky.

RUBIE BATTEY.

Faith

A time I lived, I breathed, I knew the dart
Of love's pure ecstacy of golden glow.
In you there dwelt the soul of all my heart,
Seeming naught could take you where souls do flow.
I lived and breathed from out your life—my breath;
Yet now that spark that vivified—has died.
I find my eyes of all their sight—bereft;
And all that vision there has cried—untried.
I'm forced to wander alone in a daze
While one lone hope, your faith, shines, through the mist,
A lamp. So I, faltering out of the maze,
May merge with thee: that in eternal tryst
My light will bright my eyes; my breath inspire
My life; my soul enthrall my heart's true fire.

VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON, '34

CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 4)

The campus is awfully quiet without you all here. And you know, we find ourselves already making plans for next fall and wishing that it would hurry and come. We hope we'll all be together again—no vacant gaps, now! Let's all be here!

I'll see you at the Fair—and so—
Au revoir!

HONOR GRADUATES HOLD PROMINENT OFFICES

(Continued from page 1)

girls whose grades are so very high. In looking over the above list we find that almost in every case the girls have been engaged in some very definite and time-taking form of activity which would show that they have not devoted themselves entirely, and without thought for anything else, to their studies. On the contrary we find them with a well-rounded campus life—balancing academic and campus activities in a very satisfactory manner.

Frances Falvey, to whom goes the honor of leading her class in number of quality credits made, has this distinction for the second time. Last year at the end of her Senior-Middle year she led the school in the number of credits earned that year. Frances is also a student of violin, has played in the Ward-Belmont Orchestra both years, and in '33 was vice-president of her club. Besides that she has done active work with the Y.W.C.A., has on several occasions aided in organizing a student jazz orchestra, and has taken a great interest in the German Club of which she was a member.

Lula Lane Kirkpatrick was a day student at school, took part in the French Club and in inter-club athletics, being an active member of the Athletic Association.

Margaret Thompson, a day student, was secretary of the class of '33, an active member of the Athletic Association, Proctor of Day Student Council in 1932, and first vice-president of Day Student Council in 1933.

Helen Conley has been a member of Wordsmith her two years in school and her Senior year was president of that organization. She was a member of the Glee Club and German Club, and was treasurer and then secretary of the Y.W.C.A.

Nancy Key was in Ward-Belmont just her Senior year and in that time proved herself an asset to her club both in cooperation in club and on the various athletic teams.

Helen Miles was a day student and was a nactive member of her club.

Elizabeth Wansley, a member of the Penta Tau Club, was very interested in riding. She received her varsity riding letter and was the riding manager on the Athletic Board her Senior year. She also was chapel proctor which position placed her on council the first semester of '33.

Mary Peckham not only made her high grades for one diploma but she received an expression diploma besides her general diploma. She was second vice-president of Student Council her Senior-Middle year and president her Senior year, besides taking a rather active part in the French Club.

Katherine Evans was proctor of Senior Hall the first semester of 1933, which position placed her on council. She also was a member of the French Club.

Sarah Poorman had many interests in many different organizations. She was an active member of the Tri K Club and went out for all athletics which earned her an active membership in the Athletic Association. She was a member of the second varsity tennis team, of the French Club, Glee Club, and of Wordsmith. In her Senior year she was an editorial writer on the *Hyphen*, president of the Illinois Club and treasurer of the Y.W.C.A.

TRI K'S WIN CITIZENSHIP CUP

(Continued from page 1)

Banquet held the last night of school—this year, May 29. The two previous years the award has gone to the Del Vers Club and had they won it again this time it would have passed into their possession permanently. Each year, before, the Tri K Club has been second by fractions of a point and this year they won out by 7.86 points, having average score of 92.08 points.

To keep the girls in suspense Dr. Barton left the club winner until the very last, and announced the individual winner first which was greeted by prolonged and most spontaneous applause. The girl who had gained the highest individual score of citizenship points during the year and who received Honorable Mention was Marjorie Jacobson of Appleton, Wis., a Del Vers, and a Senior-Middle. She was Business Manager of the 1933 *Milestones* and is the Editor-elect of the 1934 *Milestones*. This is the first time in the history of the award that a Senior-Middle has won it, and on that point alone there was great interest aroused. Her score was 138 points.

The names of the highest ten per cent in the school were then read off and are as follows:

2. Marian Gilchrist 132
   Martha Pyeatt 132
3. Sarah Poorman 130
4. June Stout 129
5. Rae Baker 125
   Henrietta Cherrington 125
6. Gene Bradford 121
7. Grace Bosserman 119
8. Helen Larimer 118.5
9. Jane Briggs 118
   Mary Peckham 118
   Dorothy Stewart 118
10. Helene DeMun 116
    Janet Maechtle 116
11. Frances Fulenwider 115
    Jane Roudebush 115
    Elise Tyson 115
12. Dorothy Beasley 114
    Virginia Winston 114
13. Aileen Freeman 113
    Louise Lathrop 113
    Julia Bales Noe 113

The other clubs' averages are:

2. F. F. 84.22
3. A. K. 83.48
4. Penta Tau 79.64
5. Del Vers 79.23
6. Osiron 75.87
7. X. L. 72.90
8. Agora 69.02
9. Anti-Pandora 65.13
10. T. C. 64.62

In the system used to ascertain the degree of citizenship of the girls they are graded under five divisions. The club ranking in these divisions is always interesting.

ATHLETIC PARTICIPATION

1. Penta Tau 19.4
2. Tri K 18.8
3. A. K. 16.6

ACADEMIC ATTITUDE

1. F. F. 14.2
2. Agora 11.8
3. Osiron 10.7

ATTITUDE TOWARD RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Agora 28.7
2. F. F. 28.6
3. Osiron 27.7

ATTITUDE TOWARD CAMPUS RESPONSIBILITIES

1. Tri K 14.5
2. A. K. 12.2
3. Del Vers 11

CREATIVE ATTITUDE

1. Tri K 21.6
2. Del Vers 21.1
3. Osiron 21

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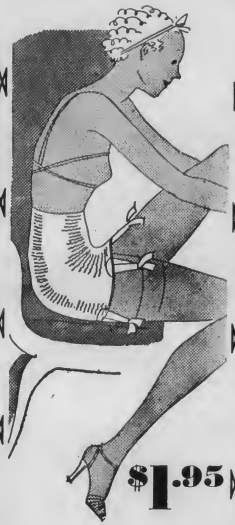
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KEEPING UP WITH THE FACULTY

Mr. Goodman is spending the summer at Monteagle, Tenn., keeping up a few summer classes and commuting in his new Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose have left for Colorado Springs, Colo., where they are having summer classes.

Miss Linda Rhea visited her brother, Robert Rhea, in Colorado Springs, in June and July, with her sister, Mrs. Lewis Baxter. She returned to Nashville about the middle of July for a day, got her car, and has driven with friends to her sister's home in Pelham, N. Y., where she will spend the remainder of the summer.

Miss Shackleford passed through Nashville twice on her way to and from Chicago where she went to the World's Fair. She enjoyed the Art Institute very much and said that she was able to attend a series of twelve very interesting lectures.

Miss Aileen Wells is on a six-weeks' trip through the East planning to spend time in Washington, New York, and Philadelphia. She is driving with her mother.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce is spending the summer in Nashville and enjoying it very much. She leaves July 29, for Chicago, for the Fair, where she will visit Jane Pulver and then drive on to New York and Camp Cohechee, Maine.

Miss Jane Carling is at Camp Cimmarroncita, New Mexico, where she is riding instructor.

Mrs. E. A. McEttrick, of Brookline, Mass., announced the engagement of her daughter, Mary Margaret, to Matt Doran McKnight, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. The wedding will take place in Brookline during the summer. We have heard that "Molly" will spend a month at camp and then return to Brookline late in the summer for the wedding.

We hear that Miss Swenson is doing some work in commercial clothing here connected with Tinsley's.

Miss Ferry has gone abroad to study this summer.

Miss Louise Gordon is arts and crafts counsellor at Camp Cohechee.

Miss Margaret Saunders is also connected wtih Camp Cohechee, in Fryeburg, Maine.

Miss Louise Smith is canoeing counsellor at the same camp, and Miss Sarah Jeter has been visiting there, resting, before she goes to New York to study.

Miss Mary Neal, staying with friends in Nashville, is recuperating from the illness which caused her to leave Ward-Belmont several days before school was out. She is feeling very well and is getting along rapidly.

Miss Morrison and Miss Sisson are again in the Maine woods enjoying their Camp Cohechee.

SENIOR CLASS GIVES BOOKS

(Continued from page 1)

the incoming Senior Class. Both classes then marched out of the chapel —the Seniors coming around the inner side of the circle and the Senior-Middles taking the outer side. As they appeared at South Front the carillon, with Mr. Henkel playing, played "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" as the two classes marched to their places, the Seniors on the steps, and the Senior-Middles to their left.

According to tradition the Senior-Middles carried the daisy chain which they laid on the terrace in front of the Seniors and which read "1933." The Seniors then gave their program of farewell songs. Just before their last song, Sarah Bryan, president of the class of '33, stepped forward and, with appropriate words, delivered the Senior Diary into the keeping of Lauryne Edwards, president of the Senior-Middle Class. She, in turn, presented it to Alice Vivienne Hill, the president-elect of the class of '34, who promised that her class would ever strive to uphold the Senior ideals.

The president of the Senior Class then asked Dr. Blanton, Dr. Barton, and Mr. Benedict to come forward. They stood in the drive facing her while she presented to them, in the name of the Senior Class of 1933, their gift to the school. The gift this year is 165 volumes of recreational reading-books selected by a committee of Seniors to start the recreational reading library proposed by the school. As she spoke the class parted in the center revealing a bookcase from which Frances Fulenwider, vice-president, and Margaret Thompson, secretary, drew aside the curtains revealing the books within. Dr. Barton very briefly and with much gratitude thanked the girls and accepted the gift in the name of the school.

The Seniors ended their program by singing for the last time their "Senior Song" and then "Taps."

As they moved off the steps to stand in the drive to the left, the Senior-Middle Class took their places and sang several songs bidding farewell to their sister class and promising their loyalty to all that means "Seniors." The Step-singing ended with the classes and other members of the student body singing "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" as both classes marched to Senior Hall where the traditional planting of the ivy took place.

The songs sung at Step-singing were all lovely. Some of them were composed by the girls in this year's classes and others had been handed down by other Senior and Senior-Middle Classes. Beth Lee conducted the Senior singing and Lula Lane Kirkpatrick was their accompanist, while Jane Backer was the Senior-Middle leader and Ella Mae Goodrum, accompanist.

'33 OFFICIALLY ENTERS ALUMNÆ RANKS

(Continued from page 1)

Alumnæ" and punch was served throughout the evening from a bar in the corner.

About nine o'clock the guests were divided into three groups. The Seniors were asked to stand on the side opposite the orchestra, the alumnæ, present, in front of the "Welcome Alumnæ" sign, and the guests at either end of the room. Arranged thus the alumnæ secretary presided over the brief and very simple program, first introducing to the Seniors and to the entire school the new alumnæ president, Catherine Blackman.

Miss Blackman made a most sincere and winning talk in which she explained the reasons why this was being given. Never before, she told them, had there been a specific function to mark the Ward-Belmont girl's entrance into the Alumnæ Association. This was to formally accept them into the ranks of the alumnæ and tell them how glad the Association was to have them. Then again, she went on, all during the last week of school, as she said she could well remember, the Seniors give up this and that, their chapel seats, their places on the steps—they have the feeling that they are almost being pushed out—others are taking their places. The Association, then, felt that it would like to help alleviate this feeling and give something *to* the Seniors—let them accept a new place, take on a new title, and feel that they are going on in Ward-Belmont. Urging them to active and cooperative membership, she said that they must realize that in graduating and becoming alumnæ they were by no means severing entirely their ties with the school they love so well. In fact, they are joining a new organization, just as closely linked with the school but even more powerful and lasting than their own Senior Class organization. With this all in mind, she declared, she would urge them to accept membership in the Ward-Belmont Alumnæ Association and pledge their loyalty and active cooperation as the alumnæ welcomed them into their ranks.

As the alumnæ president closed her talk, Sarah Bryan, Senior president, stepped forward and, in the name of the Class of '33, accepted membership into the Association and pledged the loyalty and cooperation of her class. Also, she said that she hoped that this class would take as its goal the aim of each sending to Ward-Belmont a new girl to fill the place she was leaving vacant. Both presidents stepped back and the secretary announced that two songs had been written for the occasion, the first of which would be sung as a solo by Elizabeth Shirk, '31, with Catherine Guthrie, '32, at the piano, and the second which everyone was asked to join in on, as copies had been given to both the alumnæ and Senior groups.

Following the singing of the alumnæ songs, the ceremony was brought to a close by the reading of the Alumnæ pledge which each girl came forward and signed, and which read as follows: "I, with the other members of the Class of '33, pledge to continue my interest in and loyalty to Ward-Belmont through my active support of the Alumnæ Association."

The "special" which had been turned over to Miss Smith and Miss Jeter, both members of the Alumnæ Association, was put on about nine-thirty. It consisted of four numbers: the first a Military Tap by Yvette Franz, the second a toe number by Obduha Raffety, and the third a Mexican Hat Dance by Clemence Dow. The fourth number was a surprise for the girls, and there was gasp of delight when Miss Jeter and her partner, Fletcher Harvey, appeared on the stage to do their lovely waltz number from the recital.

The dance ended at the usual hour and with the ending there was completed the first step of the building of the Alumnæ Dance Tradition.

1933 MILESTONES WELL RECEIVED

(Continued from page 1)

of the campus, administration, and then the Senior section, followed by the Classes, showing all the Junior-Middles and the officers of the other classes. The organizations come next headed by the *Milestones*' staff and ended by the French Club. The comparatively new section called Occasions, grown this year to ten pages, takes one through the year via HYPHEN clippings, programs, snapshots, and briefly-worded, headline-like commentary on each page. The clubs with all their members and a page of snapshots for each one brings every single girl before us. The last division page is titled Features and there we have the ABC Contest, the results of which are at last revealed.

We find that Henrietta Cherrington is athletic; Mary Elizabeth Polk, beautiful; Charlotte Shenk, charming; Mai Noy Van Deren, democratic; Dolores Smith, entertaining; Dorothy Stewart, fashionable; Lodie Willis, graceful; Mary Peckham, human; Mary Soper, individual; Helene De-Mun, jolly; Aileen Freeman, kind; Helen Conley, literary; Beth Lee, modern; Jane Moore, naive; Frances Falvey, original; Dorothy Glander, popular; Jane Roudebush, queenly; Lois Milton, reserved; Shirley Lege, sincere; Helen Justice, tempermental; Mary Ann Kelly, undaunted; Anne Loftin, versatile; Elizabeth Neumann, witty; Dorothea Jane Tebbs, exquisite; Lillian Jones, youthful; and Julia Bales Noe, zealous. The 1933 Ensemble Girl is Sarah Richardson Bryan, who was also president of the Senior class and May Queen.

The sub-division following is Activities, where there is a picture of George and Martha Washington, (Lora Gillis and Lillian Jones respectively), of the orchestra and glee club, of the varsities and individual winners of meets; then the pictures of the May Queen and her two maids, followed by a page of Wordsmith and a page of Penstaff offerings, a Sports Summary of the year, the acknowledgement page and the Senior addresses.

The book was received most enthusiastically and Sunday and Monday was just one long "will you write in my book?"

THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Wednesday

Exams today as on all days this week! Exams certainly do odd things to people. Half of the time everyone is so serious and working so hard and then when they take a breathing spell the reaction is terrific—I guess we're all a little crazy.

Went to the tea room at odd times all morning. It is so luxurious to be able to purchase a popsicle at eleven o'clock of a morning. Studied this afternoon for my exam tomorrow.

After dinner adjourned to the club house with Marge, Larry, Dottie, and Jane. We danced for awhile and then came up to join in for the last minutes of Step-singing practice. The Seniors practice every night and sound so good!

Thursday

Some people are through with exams after today—how gorgeous! Well, after tomorrow we will be a free woman, too. Went to town this afternoon; such grand sales and me with no money—oh dear!

People who don't have any more exams may gather up a group of equally-lucky people and repair to a club house for the evening. Just wait till we're through!

The preps are all in a flutter over their tea dance.

Friday

And today was one of great preparation, manicuring, hair-setting, etc., among the Junior-Middles. They all looked darling in their semi-formal clothes enroute to "Rec" Hall for their tea-dance. Mind you—this is *history*—imagine preps having a dance with boys! They said they all had a grand time.

My exams are over, thank heavens! —except for that one Monday—and I'm worn out and am going to bed pronto!

Saturday

Went to town this morning but had a hunch the *Milestones* would come out today, so came back for lunch. Sure enough, they were announced as going to be delivered at 12:30. And *then* wouldn't you know it would rain —and they couldn't deliver them from the printers for fear they would get spotted. And there we were in line and right near the front. Everybody left and a few of us sat in the HYPHEN Office with Funkie, Kelly, Soper, Marge, and Buzzie. *Finally* they came! And such struggling as those men had to do to get them in the office and opened. Very efficient those *Milestones* people are—the door propped back and the table across the door of the HYPHEN Office so no one could get in and bother them. *Milestones* is darling; the staff certainly should get a vote of thanks. Too bad that it comes out at the end of everything and there isn't a chance to really express our appreciation to those girls who have worked so hard all year that we might have a book like this. And after all we are all so lax in helping them—like postponing our picture appointments and forgetting to hand back our proofs, and never taking the snapshots we intended to for them! Yes sir—they're smart people!

The rest of the day was just a constant filling and re-filling of the fountain pen to get everyone to sign in our books. But it was lots of fun.

Tonight was the first Step-singing. It was lovely—just at sunset and all. And the Seniors standing together all in white! "Sorta got me!" After Step-singing was the Alumnæ Dance, given in honor of the graduating class. The room looked darling—and thank heavens, they didn't hang the gym in paper from the balcony—they put cheesecloth, blue, against the walls and left the windows uncovered and it approached being cool. The main idea of the dance—taking the Seniors into the Alumnæ Association—was just before the "special." The alumnæ president talked, after being introduced by Jane, and she was darling—sounded like she really meant every word—and she did! The songs were nice, too. Was surprised at the one they all sang—the Seniors certainly got the spirit of the thing—I don't believe a one wasn't singing.

The "special" was wonderful! Miss Jeter and Miss Smith had charge of it so it should have been. Yvette looked darling in that uniform and her dance was most intricate. Obduha was lovely—and "Clem"—did you ever see anything as cute and vivacious as she was? How she ever managed to dance on the brim of that hat without kicking it all around is beyond me—but she did! And *then*—when I saw Fletcher Harvey's back as he came out, drawing Miss Jeter—and she in that adorable pink dress —I felt as if all my prayers had been answered. They danced that lovely waltz they did in the recital—and really, there's something about Miss Jeter's dancing that just sort-of chokes you all up. It was a grand and glorious surprise and ending for the "special."

And so to bed—very tired after a strenuous day.

Sunday

Many families are here. People are going in and out and cars from every state are on the campus. There were countless breakfasts this morning—given by the clubs for their departing Seniors, by groups as farewell parties, by girls for their visiting mothers—. It's all a little saddening. The Baccalaureate Sermon was very nice—I liked Bishop Maxon.

After dinner the X.L. Club entertained, at coffee, all the guests on the campus and all graduates. It was lovely. Virginia Davenport played soft music, and everyone enjoyed chatting over the cups.

This afternoon some people studied, some sunned, some went out, and most of us packed. This packing business is terrible—it's a case of throw in a few things and then have to leave it, come back to it, do a little more, and then leave again. The afternoon passed very quickly. After tea the Seniors and Senior-Middles went to chapel for the giving over of chapel seats. The first "touching" ceremony of a "touching" evening!

It certainly was pretty seeing the two classes come around the circle and how anyone kept a dry eye through Step-singing is more than I can see. When those Seniors sang their "Senior Song" and then "Taps" —well, that was just too much! The Senior-Middle songs were lovely—but not so sad, of course, as the Seniors'.

How that ivy thrives with such a salty watering is more than I can see. After that the Seniors all went into Senior Hall living room where they gave Sug and Miss Sanders a gift. Poor Sug—I certainly felt for her—after all, she's been here since the year one!

After everything was over and we had dried our tears fairly well—we got a chance to ride with Cayce. Enjoyed it immensely, and came home ready to close the trunk and add a couple of licks to the mind for that durned English exam.

Monday

Thank heavens, that's over! Whee! Free—all exams passed and done with —that is, I should say "past." All afternoon helped decorate our tables in the dining room for All-Club Banquet tonight. Tearoomed—mercy, it was hard to believe it was for the last time this year!

Everyone gathered according to clubs just before dinner—and people looked so nice! Sort-of dressed up extra-special so we could remember each other more or less decently-clad! All-Club Banquet is in a class all by itself—I don't know how other people felt—but I know I felt as if we were all holding on to each other tightly for the last time and were all chattering to keep from going "sissy" on each other. The songs were pretty and were sung with such a nice feeling of dignity.

Excitement reigned at the Del Vers tables when Mary Lewman, '32, walked in just after dinner had started. And, of course, when Marge Jacobson was announced as the one who received Honorable Mention in the Citizenship business—the club was just crazy. But heavens knows, so was everyone else! I've never heard such applause for anyone—easy to see they thought she should have it.

Really, Dr. Barton can be the most aggravating person I have ever known. The way he announces that Citizenship Cup is enough to drive anyone insane! Well, it came out at last and the Tri K's are the lucky ones this year. A big disappointment, no doubt, to the Del Vers—it would have been theirs to keep had they won it again this year—but they took it beautifully. I heard one say that as long as they couldn't have it, they were glad it was the Tri K's, because each year they have been such a *close* second. Well, it keeps the cup in circulation, anyway.

High School graduation! And all of the old stand-bys and regular "pillars" of the school tripping across the stage! Just think—there was Boy Lege with her four years here, Lora Gillis with four, Ginny Throgmorton, with three and a half, and of course, all those day students who have been right through the whole four years! Dr. Barton made a grand talk—about not taking a cheap program for our lives. And Mr. Benedict surprised us all by presiding over the program! He *never* talks, and we all enjoyed him so very much tonight.

How much fun just to roam around until twelve o'clock and even then not have to go to bed. Everyone had feasts and Founders had a roof garden party. Last-minute packing took most of the time and, of course, last-minute bull sessions, too. It was hard to have to tell people goodbye—the ones that are leaving early in the morning. This isn't a very happy time!

Tuesday

College Commencement! It was just one grand rush from the time we got up—which was really early—until we found ourselves seated in chapel waiting for the Seniors to come in. They all looked darling! Mr. Hill was the speaker and was very good. But it was too much after Dr. Barton made the announcement about Mimi's high score in the tests and Conley's poem being accepted, and he said goodbye to the girls and then Dr. Blanton did, too!

It was terrible after graduation—so many leaving right off. Lou Lathrop dashed off, and Dick and Lora floated off—really everyone was crying by the time they had stood around Dick and Lora very long—even Bunny Gillis, '30, who came down to see little-sister Lora Graduate. We couldn't stand much more so—we left to finish packing the bags.

Lunch was peculiar—so few people there. Munger saw every train off—such weeping as attended each group! Finally, the Texas special left—the chum society nearly dissolved! Poor Pivoto—!

We left at 4:45 and I understood why everyone cried! To walk out the door—Miss Sisson saying goodbye to everyone—and looking back to see people standing on the porch waving goodbye—well, it just seems like you're leaving the only friends you have in the world and the only happy place you'll ever know!

The train ride home was fun and we all began getting excited over seeing our families after we got over the tears.

Tuesday

Home! It's good to be home. Have been in a perfect whirl telling the family about the last of school, and seeing everyone who has dropped in. Gee, I'm tired!

Wednesday

Being home is a thrill. Went around to various places today saying hello. It's so good to drive a car again. The crowd is drifting in from school—several yesterday, some today—an open house at Martha's tonight. Several visitors.

Thursday, June 2

Luncheon out and some girls over to play bridge, eac., etc.

Thursday, June 9.

The whirl of being home is over. I'm still feeling very comfortable—but gol-lee, I've *never* been so lonesome for people as I have been for the suitemates and roommate. I just don't see how I can get along without 'em the *entire* summer. And it's so quiet eating all alone—of course, the family is there—but it's so quiet! I'd give anything to get one glimpse of the "chums" or ole Kat Brown, or Crazy ole Clem—and "Snooky," 'n Kiesel ridin' out in the ring on Pilot —'n Ruthie Nehls and Glander and Rena and Bettye Ann and Wansley and—well, I guess the whole bunch! Back to W.-B. in the fall! I hope everyone will be back—I just can't stand not going back and bein' with everybody again!

HARRISON BROTHERS
Florists
SIXTH AVENUE, NORTH

W.-B. CONSERVATORY HAS SUMMER SESSION

The summer term of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music opened June 1 for six weeks, reports Lawrence Goodman, director of piano in the Conservatory.

Individual instruction for children, advanced students and teachers in technique and repertoire was given during the term, with the following list of instructors: Stetson Humphrey, Irene Crane Humphrey, Kenneth Rose, Hazel Coate Rose, Amelie Throne, F. Arthur Henkel, and Lawrence Goodman.

Mr. Goodman, who has been an instructor of music for many years, numbers among his pupils Marian Packard and William Young, radio celebrities, and David Barnett, soloist with the New York Philharmonic orchestra, the St. Louis Symphony, and the Padeloup orchestra of Paris.

Mr. Humphrey is director of the voice department in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, and incorporated in his summer course recent discoveries of Dr. Francis Wheeler, well-known radiologist whose work has attracted the attention of the *Scientific World* magazine. He was assisted in his course by Mrs. Humphrey who took a limited number of students interested in an intensive course in voice development.

Mr. Rose, violinist, who is recognized as one of the most distinguished figures in his field in the South, presented a normal course incorporating the most advanced methods of violin study.

Hazel Coate Rose, pianist, is well-known as an accompanist, and has played in recital and on tour for Fraser Gage, Paul Reimers, Nathan Milstein, Paul Althouse, and Sacha Jacobsen. She included classes in accompanying in addition to the regular teaching course.

Amelie Throne has been a member of the Ward-Belmont music faculty for many years and received her training under Josef Lhevinne in Berlin and Sigismund Stojowski in New York.

F. Arthur Henkel, for the past 10 years director of the Nashville Symphony orchestra, conducted a course in organ repertoire, both for church and concert choir conduction, and church music instruction.

DR. BARTON, H. S. COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER

44 Receive Certificates

Forty-four girls received high school certificates from Ward-Belmont at the High School Commencement held Monday evening, May 29. Mr. A. B. Benedict, vice-president of the school, presided over the program, and following the invocation by Dr. Howard I. Kerr, pastor, Hillsboro Presbyterian Church, he introduced the speaker of the evening, Dr. John Wynne Barton, also a vice-president of the school.

Dr. Barton began his address by recalling to the girls' minds the chapel speaker of several weeks before, from England, who had told them that every girls' school in England, whether public or private, has colors, mottoes, traditions, something besides study, faculty, rules, etc. The work is embodied in ideals.

Turning to our school he told them that the motto of their own school was "Uniting, Continuing," which was adopted in 1913, at the time of the consolidation of the two schools, Ward Seminary and Belmont College. It is a motto of action, he told them, comprehending the meaning of continuation.

He then gave a brief history of Ward Seminary in which he read the letter from Dr. Ward to his wife discussing founding the school. Also he read old commencement programs, from which the girls learned that Commencement continued for several evenings as each graduate had to give several essays, readings, etc. Then he read from a catalog dated 1871, giving the ideals of the school. The main ideas running through them were to give culture, not just veneer, but serious intellectual attainment; co-operative activity more than just what to say when it should be said.

In the founding of Belmont by the Misses Hood and Heron there was behind the school the idealism behind their lives. Their guiding thought was the desire to impart practical knowledge. From 1913 to 1933, we are still continuing and uniting both schools and ideals. Ward-Belmont wishes to give a true education including sincerity, uprightness, and refinement.

He went on to say that he hoped the girls would continue in their own lives the high standards of character, social life, and scholarship which they found at Ward-Belmont. The girls carry the ideals of the school and they can have a great influence among their acquaintances to higher thoughtfulness. "Use it," he told them.

Never use a cheap program of life, the speaker told the girls; never use a cheap program of character, scholarship or culture. Scholarship is more than just making a passing grade in a recognized school which is inspected and accredited. It is the working and training, to attain good scholarship, which we need, the discipline and sacrifice which we need in life.

Dr. Barton gave the girls a definite goal in school *and* life—Culture, Scholarship and Character. He urged them to live a life with a direction and have the stamina to discipline themselves for it. School is more than just sixteen credits and every girl is welcome to the heritage which comes to her. But carry out the responsibilities, he urged them; be a cultured lady, a scholarly lady, a lady with character. No one will tell each of them when they *are* these things, but the results of their lives will speak for themselves.

He closed, saying, "Continue to learn the lessons of the great university called life, and take along these tools to help—Truth, Earnestness, Steadfastness, Loyalty, and A Sense of Humor."

Following the address, Miss Ruth Nehls played a piano solo, after which came the conferring of the certificates. Miss Annie Allison, principal of the high school, presented the class to Mr. Benedict, who conferred the certificates. The exercises ended with a few words of farewell from Miss Annie and the closing benediction by Dr. B. B. Pennington, pastor, Belmont Methodist Church.

These girls received certificates: Jane Briscoe Allen, Tennessee; Mary John Atwell, Tennessee; Evalyn Curry Brandon, Tennessee; Anne Dorsey Briggs, Tennessee; Emma Berry Bryan, Tennessee; Bertha Jane Bucklin, Indiana; Marjorie Angela Connor, Tennessee; June Rose Rita Copeland, Texas; Elizabeth Glenn Dabney, Alabama; Nancy Elizabeth Edwards, Tennessee; Mary Jane Foote, Florida; Emily Keith Frazer, Tennessee; Josephine Lee Gardner, Michigan; Lora Gillis, Ohio; Blanche Irene Grammes, Pennsylvania; Louise Corinne Hardison, Tennessee; Mildred Marie Hayes, Tennessee; Elizabeth Carter Henderson, Tennessee; Margaret Thomas Howe, Tennessee; Theresa Dolores Howley, Tennessee; Louella Jones, Texas; Mary Malinda Jones, Tennessee; Shirley Rose Lege, Texas; Peggy Lovell, Tennessee; Alma Paine Lunderman, Kentucky; Janet Battle McFadden, Tennessee; Jane Moore, Kansas; Jane Lindsay Neil, Tennessee; Mary Margaret Norcross, Cuba; Clyde Partlow, Tennessee; Sarah Jane Ponder, Kentucky; Frances Patton Powell, Tennessee; Obduha Ethelyne Raffety, Tennessee; Marianne Trabue Rankin, Tennessee; Eleanor Eakin Read, Tennessee; Juanita Roberts, Tennessee; Florence Jane Scott, Indiana; Emily Agnes Shacklett, Tennessee; Mary Helen Simpson, Tennessee; Virginia Wells Throgmorton, Illinois; Virginia Johnstone Walker, Tennessee; Ann Robinette Whitmore, Tennessee; Mary Lee Wilson, Kentucky; Jane King Young, Maryland.

The following girls of this class were on the school honor roll for one year or more: Nancy Elizabeth Edwards, 4 years; Josephine Lee Gardner, 1 year; Louise Corinne Hardison, 4 years; Margaret Thomas Howe, 4 years; Mary Malinda Jones, 3 years; Janet Battle McFadden, 2 years; Jane Lindsay Neil, 1 year; Marianne Trabue Rankin, 1 year; Eleanor Eakin Read, 1 year; Florence Jane Scott, 1 year; Mary Helen Simpson, 3 years; Virginia Johnstone Walker, 2 years; Ann Robinette Whitmore, 1 year.

STUDENT REVIEWS YEAR IN CLEVER TALK

A talk given by Virginia Winston recently at the Columbus, Ohio, alumnæ luncheon attracted so much favorable comment that several people have asked that it might be printed in the HYPHEN. The talk was prepared by Virginia after a member of the Cincinnati Alumnæ Club asked her to give "A New Girl's Impressions of Ward-Belmont," at the annual alumnæ meeting, and to review the year in such manner that the former students listening to her would in their own minds follow her through her year and theirs, too.

Virginia Winston, as will be remembered, is the associate and news editor-elect of the 1933-'34 HYPHEN, and will also hold the position of chairman of the entertainment committee of the "Y." Her talk follows:

"Most of you have been at Ward-Belmont longer than I have, but not quite as recently. So wouldn't you like to go back over some of the outstanding events of this past year,—the milestones that have made 1932-'33 such a completely successful period?

"This, as you know, is the 20th year that Ward-Belmont has opened her doors. We find ourselves on the strange campus in a maze of unfamiliar, yet friendly, faces. Remember how it was? You felt so overwhelmed with the newness of it, as if W.-B. were a world all to itself, yet a world you knew you'd soon grow to love. Club rushing begins! The Y.W.C.A. and the Athletic Association hold a "gymboree" the first Saturday night. You should have been there to see the whole school, led by Miss Morrison, clapping off a Virginia Reel, probably not as authorities would have it done, but anyway the interpretation was a good one! The "gymboree" marks the breaking of the last fragment of ice, and from then on we beam upon all these strangers as we would upon old friends. Then we don "shirts and skirts" enthusiastically and take on the label 'Ward-Belmont girl.' Dr. Barton tells us 'homesickness' is ingrowing selfishness, yet I'm afraid lots of us are so guilty from the start. Soon, after much fighting over the many attractive girls ready for club life, initiation night rolls around. It's all very beautiful and impressive; we learn how to shake hands with the vigorous young ladies from Texas so that we aren't completely black and blue. Fag Day! It's even fun to have to eat eggs plus sugar and write letters to strange people—after you get into the spirit!

"By Sunday the first little homesick feeling comes along,—down in Club Village at an outdoor fireside. Thinking back upon this is like recalling living pictures of the ideals which Ward-Belmont gives in the forming of our character. The sun is just sinking in the west, all rosy red and gold beyond the singing tower. Here we pledge ourselves to lead a fuller, nobler life. That lonesome feeling is gone, and in its place comes a spirit of fine ambition to be loyal to all that is true and good in our year. Surely these are the happy, colorful moments of school life, we think, as we look about upon the grandest group of girls ever!

"Now we're to learn about spirit and cooperation! Of course, we know all about discipline from the first blue books, light bells, monitors that disturb those delightful spreads and midnight confidences, student council, Mr. Puckett, the night watchman, special permission, regulation and all the rest! We come to realize many things such as campus organizations, responsibilities, electing officers, working in groups, studying at certain hours, and responding to our new rules. We begin the sports season with tennis singles and hockey games; concerts with Richard Crooks and Albert Spalding. The night of the presidential election is particularly eventful. 'We all clamor downstairs to listen to the radio, drink 'cokes' and eat hamburgers. Needless to say, not a soul drifts off to sleep!

"Here comes the roller-skating craze! Big skates, little skates, four wheels and two wheels! The perfect stretch of cement is down from South Front to Pembroke, past that statue of the little colored fellow begging a ride. Surely you remember him!

"Football begins at Vanderbilt, and yellow chrysanthemums are seen daily in the package room. Thanksgiving Day arrives with 'visiting alums,' turkey, the final hockey game—a stirring event won by the Tri K's. The Senior-Mids take a trip, via bus, out to 'The Hermitage' for a picnic and are formally introduced to Nashville's historical beauty and chess pies,—the latter becoming a deadly rival of the cinnamon roll family.

"Then Christmas! Excitement, packing, the servants' program, and up at dawn to catch trains! We'll skip over exam time. Basketball starts, you alumnæ are again missed, and the A. K.'s win the Swimming Meet. We start tearing off the calendar with the trip to Washington, 'The Kountrie Sirkus,' the Senior-Middle Dance with most of the Vanderbilt Student Body as a special feature, Peanut Week, water polo and bowling! The 'sirkus' scores a great success: sawdust, clowns, animals, pink lemonade, and whole families of fat, chubby, W.-B. fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles, and children. Miss Sanders and Miss Clark turn out as quack doctors who give away quantities of the famous pink pills.

"Before long a sign appears over the summer house, 'Welcome Alumnæ.' Easter follows, with teas and breakfasts, rain and flowers. Homecoming is worth our efforts, and it's such fun to see old faces! Spring brings two new rulings: ankle socks and eleven o'clock light bell. The Senior-Mids now begin to get worked up! They're seen climbing trees, poking into forgotten places, and asking, 'Who has seen the pennant?'!! Tough is the fight on the purple and yellow campus Senior-Middle Day! We yell ourselves hoarse, but, no wonder! The Senior-Mids win the day!

"The end is drawing near, marked by the Spring Riding Show, baseball, picnics, magnolia blossoms, May Day, exams, the All-Club Banquet, and Dr. and Mrs. Blanton's golden wedding anniversary.

"It's true, we think, as we take down our pictures and pack books, that good times pass very swiftly. Our splendid year is climaxed by Commencement and a Founders' roof garden party, while 'tear-y' farewells write a 'finis' to this eventful chapter in our lives. As we drive to the station, our campus seems to whisper, 'Come back! We're waiting for you always.'

"Yes, it's a school worth a great deal in knowledge gained, in friendships with an excellent faculty and student body, in good times, in inspiration, in short, in all these things that go to develop fine lives. You want to come back for a P. G. course, don't you? I'll be there to help extend a welcome to you next year, and remember, there's always 'Homecoming.'"

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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WELCOME TO WARD-BELMONT

Campus Organizations Greet Student Body

BOARDING COUNCIL

Welcome girls! To both the old and new girls the Student Council extends a warm welcome. We old girls feel right at home, but what about you new girls? We can all easily recall the strange feelings we had when we first arrived at Ward-Belmont. Looking around we soon found friends eager to answer our most trivial questions. This year *we* are wearing the "Information" badges, and we're here to help you. Make good use of it!

HYPHEN

May I, on behalf of the HYPHEN staff, take this opportunity to extend our welcome to you?

Please remember us if you have questions that you would like answered. The HYPHEN office is next door to the book store, and there'll be someone there to help you out.

Again, welcome!

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Girls from the North and the East, the South and the West, the Athletic Association welcomes you to Ward-Belmont. Begin today to make this campus your home by joining us in your favorite sports. Let's have a year of fun! The Athletic Association extends to you a cordial hand of greeting.

NEW FRENCH LIT. COURSE OFFERED

Especially interesting to the French students will be the announcement of the new French course to be offered this fall. It is listed as French 23, 24, and is one in nine-

(Continued on page 8)



VIVA LEE DAVIS
President of Boarding Student Council



DOROTHY JONES
President of Day Student Council



ALICE VIVIENNE HILL
President of Senior Class



ELLEN BOWERS
President of Junior-Middle Class

SENIOR CLASS

Greetings to you, both old and new girls! As president of the Senior Class, I want to bid you welcome and to wish you, all, luck and happiness in this new school year.

To you, old girls, let's make this the best year ever, and renew those friendships that have added so much to our school life.

(Continued on page 8)

JUNIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

The Junior-Middle Class, which is the fourth-year high school class, welcomes all the new girls, both day students and boarders. To the old girls, our old friends, we say "Howdy." This year, we hope, will prove most successful for all of us and will be one of the happiest of our lives. So let's all join in and start enjoying each other, and school right now.

DAY STUDENT COUNCIL

There is no such thing as a true welcome without sincerity, nor is there such a thing as sincerity without welcome. So we offer you all a true welcome with all our hearts.

Y. W. C. A.

To each of you, entering Ward-Belmont for the first time, the "Y" has a special welcome. Perhaps, in the beginning, school will seem large and overwhelming; a maze of new faces will pass before you daily; classrooms will seem a trifle hard to find, and assignments hard to become accustomed to. If you find yourself facing a problem which baffles you, let a member of the "Y" help you. We are far from infallible, but we do want to be of assistance in these first days when there are too many new things to learn at once.

To the old students, the "Y" has much to say, also. Last year was the best that the school has ever known; this one must be still better. It is for you to assume a leadership which, with the co-operation of the new girls, will make Ward-Belmont a finer school, and each student a more completely balanced individual.

(Continued on page 8)

1934 MILESTONES

Welcome, new girls! How are you, old girls? Both of you start out your year by coming to chat with us in the HYPHEN Office. Take your snapshots early because you all want your pictures in the *Milestones*. Remember that we, the *Milestones* Staff, want to help you. We'll be waiting for you!



HELENE LOEB
Editor-in-Chief of Hyphen



VICTORIA KEIDEL
President of Athletic Association



MARJORIE JACOBSON
Editor-in-Chief of Milestones



JANE BRIGGS
President of Y.W.C.A.

Welcome, Ward-Belmont!

Loveman's greets
you this year
with a brand new

CAMPUS CORNER

the shop that knows
every answer to a
school girl's needs!



Meet our campus advisor, Miss Margaret Gailbreath, Randolph-Macon, '31.

Not an item has been forgot in this campus corner of ours! This for classes, that for football, this for proms, that for town. All picked to help a slender budget cover a multitude of requirements!

Second Floor

LOVEMAN BERGER & TEITLEBAUM Inc.

MUSIC CRITIC HEADS VOICE DEPARTMENT

Sydney Dalton, who has been the music critic for *The Nashville Banner* for several years and a teacher of voice in Nashville for five years, will join the staff of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music this fall as head of the voice department.

Mr. Dalton is an old friend of the school and it is with the greatest of pleasure that he is welcomed here. He not only possesses superior training in fields of music, being a graduate of the Dominion College of Music in Canada and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, but he has had specialized study among some of the foremost vocal teachers of both America and Europe. His work in piano and composition has also been notable. As a teacher he has had outstanding success, having trained numbers of fine voices.



Sydney Dalton

His musical compositions have been published by most of the leading musical publishers of the country. Mr. Dalton's teaching is based upon the best traditions of the vocal art, and because of valuable experience he is enabled to apply these principles in his teaching work. He strives constantly to develop general musicianship as an essential part of a singer's education.

In addition to his local work as a teacher he has been choir director and music critic. He has been a frequent contributor to the musical magazines of the country.

MUSIC NOTES

Kenneth and Hazel Coate Rose spent the summer in Colorado Springs where they conducted classes. Their season there was most successful as was the summer session which they held here in Nashville prior to their trip west. Several of Mr. Rose's Ward-Belmont pupils accompanied them out there—among them were Annette McAdoo, Ella Lu Cheek and Frances Falvey. Besides them there were many pupils from Indiana, Texas and Colorado. His pupils appeared several times in concert and on radio broadcast. Mr. Rose says that he intends to broaden his activities in Colorado Springs next summer and is looking forward to his work there that time.

Ella Lu Cheek and Betsy Lu Dudley, both pupils of Kenneth Ro appeared in recital programs at Mo eagle this summer. Miss Cheek cently played on a program at Tennessee Fair and is planning appear as soloist with Kryles' Ba when they make their appearance Nashville. Mrs. Dudley will be c nected with the Beethoven School the McLaughlin School this winte

Word comes from Weldon Hart, violin pupil of Mr. Rose, that he accepted a position with the Kentu Western Normal School for this ye Mr. Hart received his violin diplo this year and also his A.B. degr from Peabody.

Mathilde Weaver Dukes has be recently appointed assistant in st string department at the Bl School. She is also a pupil of M Rose.

Frances Pearson, a student violin, will attend the New Yo Graduate School this coming year.

A new talented pupil of violin th year will be Harold Kapp of Walt Indiana, who will enter Vanderbi this fall and will take his music wi Mr. Rose. He has been a pupil the Arthur Jordan Conservatory a at Butler College in Indianapol Mr. Kapp is also a member of th Kapp Quartette, which is quite w known.

Theresa Patterson, a pupil of Ke neth Rose, will be a member of th violin department of Martin Colle in Pulaski, Tenn., this year.

While Mr. and Mrs. Rose were Indiana this summer they were e tertained over the week-end by M and Mrs. Rucker and Martha Ruck the talented young violinist w studied under Mr. Rose last year.

Rubye Briggs Sprouse, pupil Lawrence Goodman, who compe for a scholarship offered to natives Tennessee by the Chicago Musi College and sponsored by the Tenn see Federation of Music Clubs, w the scholarship, which was a year work valued anywhere from four hu dred dollars to twelve hundred do lars tuition, depending on the pia instructor assigned to her. After audition at the College on Septemb 7, they assigned her the highest-pric scholarship, which is a year's wo with the famous Swiss concert arti and director of the Chicago Musi College, Rudolph Ganz.

GYM UNIFORM CHANGE

The Physical Education Depar ment has made a change in the u form required in their work. Pr to this year the girls have worn t full gymnasium bloomers and wh shirts. This year the uniform will blue flannel shorts, white shirts, and socks and tennis shoes. The chan from the gym bloomers to the flan shorts follows the trends of progre in physical education which is towa the greatest amount of action wi the greatest freedom. The shorts w all be six inches above the knee that there will be even uniformi Mrs. Bryan in the Book Room w carry the shorts and ankle socks well as tennis shoes, and the stude may buy them there.

ISS JETER SPENDS SUMMER STUDYING

Miss Sarah Jeter, instructor of ancing, and Miss Louise Smith, who Miss Jeter's accompanist, have re- ntly returned from New York, here they spent again a part of the mmer studying and collecting new eas for the dancing department this ar.

Miss Jeter, who was in New York ractically two months, took many fferent types of work in relation to r dancing. Perhaps, she says, e most interesting course she ok was the one given by Lucile arsh in anatomy and psychology. his course, says Miss Jeter, carries t her own theory that the dancer ould have a knowledge of these two lds. Miss Marsh, who has taught th at the University of Columbia d of Georgia, and who has written veral books concerning the dance in ducation, is a well-known teacher in r field and combines in this course e amount of anatomy and psychol- y that would be of great aid to a ncer.

Miss Jeter, of course, studied under any of the famous teachers who ave their studios in New York. Her ork with Fokine was an inspiration itself besides adding many lovely ings to her repertoire. She took p from Ray Leslie, James Whitton nd Jack Manning, and brings back ores of clever routines. Her acro- atic dancing she took from Karl eters, and character and national haracter dancing from Kotchetovsky f the Chauve Souris. Her work with he latter she particularly enjoyed, as he also did her studies with Mary Wigman, who is the foremost expo- ent of the German work.

Besides the actual dances and rou- ines which Miss Jeter brought back ith her, she and Miss Smith have, s usual, scores of new and clever deas on costuming, lighting and stag- ng effects, and many new musical rrangements for their numbers.

Prior to their stay in New York oth of them were at Camp Cohechee, njoying the benefits of camp life and esting up for their work this year.

MATH COURSE FOR CHEMISTRY STUDENTS OFFERED

Chemistry students will be espe- ially favored this fall. Dr. Hollins- ead, having observed in years past hat students who have difficulty with hemistry frequently do so because hey have forgotten how to perform ome simple arithmetic operations, has arranged with the mathematics de- partment for a brief, intensive drill n such things as use of decimal num- bers, simple proportion, percentage, etc.

A short test will be used as a means of permitting the students to find out which ones need to take advantage of the offer of the mathematics department to help out. The results of the quiz which Dr. Hollinshead has devised will not affect the students' standing in chemistry but simply reveal to some students an unsuspected source of trouble. The drilling on the fundamental operations will be a gift from the mathematics department.

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Leather Heels!

Everyone's talking about Chandler's Built-Up Leather Heels! They're not only the smartest shoes in town, but they look just like $8 and $10 styles! You will want several pairs!



Smart Spat Pump with hidden gore. Black Calcutta lizard combined with black suede. Brown dimpled calf with brown suede.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

Newspaper — National Scholastic Press Association — Member

Staff

HELENE LOEB.....*Editor-in-Chief*
VIRGINIA WINSTON.....*Associate and News Editor*

EDITORIAL

GREETINGS

"The bells of Ward-Belmont! Oh, hear they are calling
The old girls, the new girls to meet once again;
And so, my beloved, when autumn leaves falling
Our Alma Mater sings to us the old refrain."

Again the bells of Ward-Belmont have called, and again they have been answered. The old girls, the new girls have met once again.

With a thought of happy memories to be renewed, the old girls have come, knowing they will find on the Ward-Belmont campus those experiences which go to make a school year worth while. The new girls have come with a feeling of expectancy for the good things that have been promised, with a sense of adventure.

Before anything else, let the old girls tell the new girls how sincerely they are welcome. We know you're going to like it here; we have. We want to do all we can to make you feel at home. Remember that we were "new girls" once, ourselves, and we know that feeling of strangeness and homesickness that's bound to come. So give us a chance to show you that we do understand.

Of course, there'll be a lot of things you'll want to ask about. Just ask, and we'll be glad to answer all your questions. And if we don't know all the answers, we'll do our best to find out for you.

On a campus like this, we're all friends. That's what goes to make a really grand year, a year to be remembered. If there's work to be done, every single one of us will need to help. So let's start pulling together from the very first.

We can't begin to tell you new girls how eagerly we've been looking forward to meeting you. Why we've been counting on you and thinking of you all summer! In you we see new friends, new classmates, new club sisters, and new students to carry on the tradition of Ward-Belmont. So here we shout welcome. And let's go!

—H. L.

FACE ADJUSTMENT PROBLEMS SQUARELY

One of the problems that a girl at Ward-Belmont must face is that of the rules and regulations. The girls who never before have had a boarding school experience may perhaps have some little difficulty in adjusting themselves. They may find the many rules and regulations too cumbersome and restraining at first. The difficulty may also come to those girls who have previously attended some boarding school of adjusting themselves to the rules peculiar to Ward-Belmont.

At first glance some of these rules are apt to seem most unnecessary, but should we seriously consider them, we will find that there are good reasons behind the regulations.

That rules are necessary must be admitted. No organization can possibly be a success unless it has its own principles by which to be guided. Neither can it be a success unless it has law by which all are governed and guided alike. Ward-Belmont has never kept a rule when it has been proven unnecessary and has outworn its use. You can rightfully believe that after all these successful years of Ward-Belmont many of the unnecessary rules have been weeded out as they have become obsolete or not useful.

Now, we are not saying that all the existing rules are perfect. Nothing is ever perfect, and naturally times change. And, as conditions change, rules must be changed. We do not say that all of these unfit rules have been elimi-

(Continued on last column of this page)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Howdy! Hello! Cheerio! Greetings! and H'ye There! Are we ever glad to have you all here—new and old—we're just beaming over with beams at seein' you all!

Of course, our old-timers gladden our hearts to the very core—Dottie Jane Funk, Kid Knowles, Ruthie Goldman, Betty Knight, Soper, and several others. But we are no less happy to see our other pals from last year. And we sho' are lookin' forward to meetin' our new pals for this year. So drop in on us in the HYPHEN office and say "hello."

Helene Loeb, our good ole editor, is back and right on the job. I'm just tellin' you, you all better keep your eye on this paper, 'cause it's goin' to make history this year!

And workin' right shoulder to shoulder and typewriter to typewriter, as it were, with Helene is little ole Ginny Winston—just one of the sweller associate editors we have known. Ginny has had a glorious summer from all reports—and she and Helene have plotted and planned and schemed to do right by you all on the HYPHEN.

And Hel—lo, Miss Rena Berry! You don't know how glad we are to see you—how about the next dance? And then there's our friend, Emily "Slymme" Warren, who kept our spirits up with an occasional phone call when in Nashville during the summer.

Buzzie, were you surprised when Cayce called you way over there in Winchester this summer?

And here's that gang we all think are so swell—Glander (Dottie, how'd you like the—er—Fair?); Ruthie Nehls and Larry, who had many visitors this summer; Marge Jacobson, who has been working in her Dad's office and concentrating on ideas for the 1934 *Milestones;* and little Janie Carroll—gee, we're glad to see you!

Well, for mercy's sake—if it isn't Munger! How are you, and is this the cousin we've heard so much about? Are we going to have to coax you to come see us this year? Oh, yes, we still have that lovely green ruler!

And aren't the T. C.'s glad to see Mary Marn Lincoln and Betty Randle—not to mention how the rest of us feel. Good old Clevelanders together!

If it isn't Mary Lou Balsiger—just flying around Anti-Pan-ing for all she's worth. Did K. C. ever liven up?

My goodness! Our tongues are about hanging out we're said "hello" to so many people. Now come on, all of you, start sending us little bits of news and choice morsels about your friends so we can always live up to our motto for this column—"Complete Campus Coverage." "We'll do our part" if you'll do yours!

New Girls—don't fail to ask all of us old ones any question you may want answered. We're *liable* to know the answer and will be delighted to help you out.

Now that we've said "HELLO" to you—you come down and say "HELLO" to us. (Sounds like a game—but there is "abso-lutely" nothing up our sleeves.)

EAGLE FEATHER

This is the eagle feather,
Dropped and captured on these pages. . . .
Our words have the strength of the eagle,
Freeness . . . and grace . . .
We are brave . . .
We flaunt our bravery.
This is the eagle feather,
Caught . . . our wildest spirit,
But untamed.

MARIAN COX, '31.

(Reprinted from THE HYPHEN, September 26, 1930)

VESPERS

The sun's last rays are fading fast;
A peace descends
O'er all the earth.
No sound is heard save vesper chimes
That float from out the ivy tower
Marking the time of the worship hour.
The air is filled with a sweet calm;
An inspiration lifts the soul.
Struggling passions that enchain us,
Worldly problems on which we dwell
Sweet vesper beauty can dispel.

VIRGINIA WINSTON, '34.

BRIDGES

God made heaven and earth;
Then on earth he made sea and land.
He kept heaven for his haven,
On earth he put man.
Then—he gave man muscles,
Taught him to build bridges across sea and land.
Bridges to be built of toil and labor.
Then—he gave man disciples,
Disciples to teach man to build bridges
From earth to heaven;
Bridges to be built of hearts and souls,
Mercy and justice,
Deeds and kindness.
But after man builds bridges across sea and land
He is too tired—
He has no time to build bridges from earth to heaven.

VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON, '34.

SPRING

In respectable clothes
In a respectable city
In a respectable country,
I stood on the steaming pavement
One warm May day,
And a wind came from somewhere—
And I turned away from
The stench of the city;
But to my surprise
It smelled sweetly
Of cool blue water
Under shady trees,
Of green leaves
And purple violets
Hidden beneath white dogwood trees.
But the respectable people
Showed no emotion
And continued to live their respectable lives
In the respectable city
In the respectable country.

WILMA D. BAKER, '34.

(Continued from first column of this page)

nated, but we know that there is an earnest, effective and mutual cooperation between administration and girls all the while.

But, it is up to the girls, old and new alike, to give the rules every fair chance to prove that they are necessary and successful. The only fair chance that can be given is the faithful adherence by the girls to the rules and regulations.

—H. L.

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● FROCKS AND SUITS AND COATS in the most generous selections any Nashville store offers, sparkle with the thrill of youth, flattering the college figure, embracing every approved detail most beloved by campus and classroom, stadium and dance life. Just as you have demonstrated your fine discrimination in choice of a fine school, you're sure to make this store your source of wardrobe supply when you see how carefully we've planned for you!

● SHOES are notably great hobbies with us. Especially do we pride ourselves with intimate knowledge of the college woman's tastes. The most expensive-to-make copies, made exactly like expensive originals worn by the best dressed women in the world . . . look expensive but are not! Drop into our Church Street entrance, into a beautifully appointed shoe salon for your next pair of shoes.

● WHO IS THAT beautiful creature in the chic little hat? It's the NEW YOU! The right hat is the little hat . . . beret, turban, sailor, jockey . . . oh, just any number of entrancing styles, each with a name that typifies the style! On the second floor, right close to other fashion sections where you can harmonize everything you buy.

● BEAUTICIANS are up on the third floor in a beauty salon you'll love to visit. It's done in orchid and black . . . it is equipped with the very latest electrical devices and sanitary apparatus, so that you have the definite knowledge not only of health protection, but the services of the cleverest beauticians we can employ. You'll find everything in beauty culture here at very modest prices.

● LINGERIE has come to us this season just too pretty to cover up. Expensive as you like it or as modestly priced as you wish . . . it is all so thrilling we're most tempted to describe each garment in the stock. But it's best to come in and see it.

● ACCESSORIES run the gamut of Fall's fashion whims. Gloves and bags of course must be considered first . . . then hose, then jewelry, then neckwear and dainty handkerchiefs . . . and you can tell just as e-a-s-y that everything you'll see is of the vintage of '33-'34. All these items are right on the main floor.

● TOILETRIES, right at the Fifth avenue entrance, are every one Nationally Known. Nothing in here but what is recommended and has years and years of college acceptance to bid for your favor. What we are trying to tell you is that you cannot find a more attractive store, or better merchandise, or better values than at Cain-Sloan's, and that we're glad you came to Nashville.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Tuesday—Well, here I am on my way to school! It doesn't seem possible that I've said good-bye to the folks and the "gang," and that I'm on the train headed for Nashville. I wonder what school will be like? The girls I've met so far are awfully nice. And the chaperones—they're so nice, and loads of fun. The train left Chicago at 7:30, so I had the whole evening, practically, to get acquainted. The girls are all grand. We talked, and talked, and talked some more. It kept me from getting too terribly homesick. And then to bed.

Wednesday—This morning I saw Nashville for the first time. I must admit I wasn't terribly impressed. It seems sort of grimy-looking, but it seems to be quite a city. But the school—it's lovely, really southern! I like what I've seen of it so much. As soon as we had driven on the campus and had gotten out at Recreation Hall (Rec Hall, they call it), some old girls came up and made us welcome. They were so cordial and seemed so eager to see us. It made me feel much better and not quite so strange and all alone. After breakfast I went to find my room and my room-mate. She's darling, and I know we're going to hit it off. My hostess is so nice, too. In fact, everyone around here seems to be so nice. Of course, I went through the matriculation (I love the word) routine. In the evening Student Council entertained the school at a dance in the gym. It was my first experience at a dance with all girls. I didn't expect much fun, but it really was. Everybody seemed to have such a good time. And then, to cap the climax, we were given copies of the HYPHEN extra. So ends a perfect and exciting day. And I was certainly one tired little girl when I went to bed.

POOR-GRADE ALIBIS UNSOUND

BY DEAN'S STUDY

This is the open season on alibis! Students who may wish, in January, to explain to themselves, their teachers, and their parents why their first semester grades were not of the sort to create that "grand and glorious feeling" should be careful not to offer any of the following: The size of the city or town in which they did their high school work, the absence of Latin among the credits offered for college entrance, the fact that they had just fifteen acceptable units to offer for college entrance, and the fact that despite a "B" or better high school average they "just can't see" why their grades weren't better.

The dean of the faculty has just completed a study of the grades of the graduating classes of 1929 to 1933, inclusive, with the result that hereafter he will listen with considerable reservation to any of the explanations listed above. For instance, the average number of quality credits for all classes is 106. (Sixty quality credits mean a "C" average, ninety, a "C plus" average, one hundred twenty, a "B" average, etc.) The average for those from cities of over ten thousand population is 106; for those from towns of less than ten thousand, 105. Those graduates of the five years under consideration who did not offer at least two years of high school Latin for entrance, made a composite average of 97 quality credits—better than a "C plus." Those graduates who had entered on fifteen or fewer units (conditional entrance in the latter case) made an average of 90 quality credits in two years college study.

The "B" or better high school average students maintained their standing in college, averaging 119 quality credits. Since this is a group average, however, the dean warns such students in this year's graduating class not to be misled into believing that it means anything to the individual student. The co-efficient of correlations between high school and college grades of these "B" or better high school students is not large enough in any one of the five years to be significant. In other words, a "straight A" high school graduate may find herself at the bottom of the "B" average group when she graduates. In the years 1927-'29, the "B" or better average girls had only forty-five chances in one hundred of maintaining their relative standings. In the class which graduated June, 1933, the chances were only sixteen in one hundred!

The moral to it all would appear to be that, in Ward-Belmont, grades are earned by individual effort, and not even a "straight A" high school record is guarantee of high grades in college or an excuse for trying to ride through without continued intensive study.

CALENDAR

TUESDAY, SEPT. 19

Early arrivals come in.

Day Student Matriculation.

Informal party in Rec Hall after dinner for those already in school.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20

Information service for new girls functioning—ask the girl with the "information" sign.

Matriculation goes on in the gym all day.

Everyone is expected to attend the opening exercises in the chapel at 11:00 A.M.

Punch served in the summer house all day.

All meals at the regular hours.

Student Council invites all the girls to a dance in the gym after dinner.

Lights out at 10:30 P.M.

THURSDAY, SEPT 21

7:00 A.M.—rising bell—regular order of the day in effect.

Instruction begins. First class, 8:30 A.M.

The "Y" and the Athletic Association invite all girls to a party in the gym after dinner.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22

Regular classes and study hours.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 23

Evening—All-Club Reception. All new girls are invited to visit each club house and meet the club members at a formal reception.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 24

8:30 A.M.—Sunday school in the big "Y" room. Two groups after opening services for discussion of student problems led by Miss Sanders and Miss Van Hooser. All cordially invited.

10:20 A.M.—Bell for church. Go to the chapel immediately ready in regulation clothes for church.

1:15 P.M.—Dinner.

Outdoor vesper service in Club Village (weather permitting).

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SUNDAY DINNER 5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.
We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

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BOOK ROOM CARRIES DIVERSE STOCK

The place of greatest activity for the first week or two on Ward-Belmont campus is the Bank and Bank Room. A department quite unto itself, presided over by Mrs. Bryan, Miss Brown, cashier, and Mrs. Nelle Handley, who assists the first few weeks, the Book Room handles a diversity of articles. First of all every text book used in Ward-Belmont may be purchased in the Book Room. There are always a few second-hand editions for those who want them at reduced prices. Then the necessities of school, be it grade school, high school, or college, are found on the neatly arranged shelves, including everything from notebooks of all kinds, paper, pencils, ink, paints and brushes to crayons, lined tablet paper, and first and second readers. All of these things may be bought there at reasonable prices.

The Book Room is located on the ground floor of Pembroke Hall across from the side door of Senior Hall. Having once found their way there, the girls will undoubtedly return again and again for the other things found in stock besides school materials. Wastebaskets in various colors may be had to brighten up the room and matched to the variety of colored blotters for the desk. Pennants in the Ward-Belmont blue and gold will add to the hominess of any hall. New this year and particularly attractive are the tiny pillows in blue felt with the gold "W.-B." on them. These will, no doubt, be in great demand, so buy yours early. In this same department the girls will find all types of stationery—plain, some with club crests, some engraved with attractive Ward-Belmont designs, and some with individual monograms. The monogramming machine which is one of the main features of the stationery proved very popular last year.

In the jewelry section of the Book Room may be found club and school pins, school bracelets, and desk sets with the Ward-Belmont crest on them. Other novelties are seasonal cards, Ward-Belmont crest stickers, and pennant stickers for the backs of envelopes.

Mrs. Bryan is always delighted to assist the classes, clubs and other organizations in selecting and ordering decorations for their parties. Those in charge of decorations will do well to consult Mrs. Bryan in their planning.

The last but not the least feature of this department to be mentioned is the Student Bank which adjoins the Book Room. The Bank is under the direction of Mrs. Bryan and Miss Sadie Brown. Here it is where every boarder has a checking account in which she may deposit and draw upon her allowance as she needs it. The Bank does away with the risk of losing money and also is excellent training in keeping bank accounts and learning to manage money intelligently. Also every month each girl is sent a statement and her canceled checks. Every boarding student is requested and urged to lose no time in opening her account in the Bank and thus be relieved of the responsibility of keeping up with the money she has.



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PHOTOGRAPHER FOR MILESTONES, 1932

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You'll love these fine reproductions of old fashion coverlets. And you won't have any trouble matching them to any color scheme you wish—in rose, blue, green, lavender and gold. Made of fine quality cotton. **1.95** Today's Market Price, 2.95
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BELL SCHEDULE UNCHANGED

The Bell Schedule which is printed in the Blue Book is printed again below so that each new student will be sure to know what the bells are for. The schedule is the same each day except Sunday unless there is an announcement to the contrary. At first the number of bells may be confusing but soon they will become as matter of fact and as significant as the striking of a clock.

The big bell in the South Front tower rings at seven, seven-thirty, and eight-thirty in the morning. The bells for the class periods are the electric bells in each building. Again at chapel time, luncheon, dressing bell, dinner, study hour, and visiting hour the big bell is used.

Any changes in the bells are always announced beforehand.

7:00 A.M.	Rising Bell
7:30 A.M.	Breakfast
8:30 A.M.	First Period
9:30 A.M.	Second Period
10:30 A.M.	Third Period
11:30 A.M.	Chapel
12:00 M.	Luncheon
12:45 P.M.	Fourth Period
1:45 P.M.	Fifth Period
2:45 P.M.	Sixth Period
3:45 P.M.	Recreation
5:45 P.M.	Dressing Bell
6:15 P.M.	Dinner
7:30 P.M.	Study Hour
10:00 P.M.	Visiting Hour
10:30 P.M.	Light Bell

SUNDAY

7:30 A.M.	Rising Bell
8:00 A.M.	Breakfast
8:30 A.M.	Sunday School
10:20 A.M.	Bell for Church
1:15 P.M.	Dinner
5:00 P.M.	Dressing Bell
5:30 P.M.	Supper
6:00 P.M.	Vespers
8:00 P.M.	Quiet Hour
9:30 P.M.	Visiting Hour
10:00 P.M.	Light Bell

Y. W. C. A.

(Continued from page 1)

So, we greet you, New and Old. We will see you in Middle March, in the dining room, on the tennis courts, in the library. Remember, a "Y" member always wants to meet you and to know you better.

SENIOR CLASS

(Continued from page 1)

We are looking forward to making new and lasting friendships among you, who are to be our new classmates and club sisters; and we hope that you will let us help you in any way that we can.

NEW FRENCH LIT. COURSE OFFERED

(Continued from page 1)

teenth and twentieth century French literature. The class is small and will be taught by Miss Ruef. There is room for other French students who have completed French 13, 14 or its equivalent and if there are any who are interested and have not signed for the course they may do so by seeing Dr. Burk.

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Somebody's Birthday?
Send A Card
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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, September 30, 1933 | Number 2

SENIOR CLASS ENTERTAINS WITH COFFEE

The Senior class was hostess to the school at coffee after dinner Sunday, September 24, in Rec Hall. The tables were placed at the ends of the room with two Seniors presiding at each. Jane Carroll, Ruth Nehls, Helene Loeb, and Ann Shaw poured. Ann Loftin, Dorothy Jones, Beverly Stone, Mary Elizabeth Polk, Marjorie Jacobson, Viva Lee Davis, Nell Betty Anderson, Helen Larimer, Elizabeth Glasgow, and Victoria Keidel served.

The room was decorated with flowers, large vases of which were on every available table. The Seniors all wore afternoon dresses and made charming hostesses. The event served well to bring together again in an informal way the entire school to meet the Senior class.

DR. BLANTON SENDS GREETINGS TO STUDENTS

This year, for the first time since the beginning of Ward-Belmont, Dr. J. D. Blanton, president of the school, was absent from the opening chapel services.

Dr. Blanton sent the following telegram on the opening day, Wednesday, September 20, as his message to the school:

"Ward-Belmont School,
"Belmont Heights.

"Greetings and hearty welcome to students new and old. Last year's record in scholarship and citizenship was remarkable. May you not surpass that record this year. I believe you can and will. Best wishes for success. As texts for the year I offer Joshua one eight Psalms hundred nineteen eleven."

"J. D. Blanton."

It is Dr. Blanton's custom to take his welcome and farewell messages from the Scriptures. The texts he gave this year as a welcome are: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy ways prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."—Joshua 1: 8. "Thy words have I laid up in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."—Psalms 119: 11.

SENIOR CLASS ELECTION

The election of Senior class officers was held Saturday, September 23, in the parlor of Senior Hall. Alice Vivienne Hill, president of the class, presided over the meeting. The new officers are:

Vice-President—Elizabeth Glasgow.
Secretary—Evelyn Cooper.
Treasurer—Katherine Combs.
Day-Student Treasurer — Mary Elizabeth Polk.

COUNCIL PRESENTS MEMBERS

In order to present the Council members and to explain their duties, Student Council took charge of chapel on Tuesday, September 26.

Viva Lee Davis, Student Council president, explained the Council organization. "We are here to help you become better citizens and to help you in self-government," she explained.

Student Council secretary, Dorothy Glander; first vice-president, Martha Pyeatt; and high school representative, Frances Prince, were then presented.

As chapel proctor, Marie Bomke explained the general chapel rules. She made an appeal for courtesy at all times. "Please remember the chapel is the place where Ward-Belmont makes its public appearance."

The hall proctors were then introduced: Founders, Betty Heck; Heron, Virginia Barret; Pembroke, Mary Lee Wilson. Virginia Cornelius, proctor of Senior Hall, spoke in behalf of all the proctors. She urged the coöperation of all girls. The three major rules of signing in and

(Continued on page 5)

MISS CAYCE TALKS TO NEW DAY STUDENTS

All new day students were called together in the study hall Tuesday, September 26, at the regular club meeting time for the purpose of becoming better acquainted.

Handbooks were distributed to all students. Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce, day student sponsor, undertook to explain some of the rules and regulations required by the student councils of Ward-Belmont. She made several short announcements for the following week.

Miss Cayce requested that all new day students acquaint themselves with Mrs. Armstrong immediately. They are to report to her each morning upon their arrival at school, so that they may obtain information regarding school activities.

STUDENT COUNCIL DANCE

As is the custom, the Student Council was hostess Wednesday night, September 20, at the first dance of the school year. In the receiving line were Miss Sisson, Viva Lee Davis, president of Council, Dorothy Glander, and Marie Bomke.

The dance, which was held in the gym, was enjoyed by all the girls—both old and new. The music of Johnny Miller and his orchestra proved irresistible, even to those who were so tired. The dance was a grand opportunity for the old girls to get acquainted with the new girls and show their willingness to make them feel at home.

Everyone had a splendid time and hopes that the rest of the school dances will be as enjoyable.

DR. STOVES, CHAPEL SPEAKER

The first chapel speaker of the year was Dr. George Stoves, pastor of the West End Methodist Church, who has been in close contact with Ward-Belmont, Vanderbilt, and Peabody for a number of years, and, therefore, qualified as an authority on the subject of his address, "Young People and Religion."

"What are the young people's concepts like?" asks the wondering adult. Dr. Stoves answers, "Their attitude is one of indifference, for which we cannot blame them altogether. Modern religion offers no attitude of challenge, since in it there is an absence of the adventurous, daring attitude which we must have in religion, a bold and captivating religion."

To illustrate this lack in religion, Dr. Stoves concluded his address by quoting Mary Pickford's recent article published in the *Forum*, "What Religion Means to Me."

"Religion is something lived, and not discussed. To me, religion took on a new meaning when I considered God and good synonymous, and the quest for good similar to the quest for God. This is a challenge to identify the good in life. To achieve this we turn to learning the important art of thinking, for what we see without is what we are thinking within. Therefore, religion is also an attitude of thought, a way of living that is being one's best and looking for the best in others. Then, is not religion a practical and efficient way of cleaning our mental houses?"

WORDSMITHS' CONTEST OPENS

Wordsmiths, the Ward-Belmont college literary association, will open its semester contest for membership on Thursday, October 5. The contest will close on Monday, October 9.

The try-outs are open to all college students, both boarding and day students. Any kind of writing, narration, description, exposition, or poetry may be entered. A contestant may submit as many pieces of writing as she desires.

Manuscripts may be placed in the HYPHEN box in Middlemarch, or may be sent to Miss Jane Pulver through house mail. Do not put your name on your manuscript, but place it along with the titles of your entries in a sealed envelope to accompany the entered material.

HYPHEN HOLDS SALES CAMPAIGN

The HYPHEN campaign was started on Friday, September 22, and continued through Monday, September 25. Those that have not yet obtained their subscriptions may get them in the HYPHEN office, which is next door to the Book Store.

STUDENT PUBLICATIONS' EDITORS GREET STUDENTS

Friday, September 22, the sponsor and editors of the Ward-Belmont publications had charge of the chapel program.

Miss Jane Pulver, sponsor of publications and Alumnae secretary, initiated the program by giving a short talk on the history, plan, and significance of both HYPHEN and *Milestones*. To the new girls she introduced Marjorie Jacobson, editor of *Milestones*, and Helene Loeb, editor of the HYPHEN, who talked on their own publication, urging students to coöperate in helping both staffs to make this a splendid year for the newspaper and the yearbook.

Dolores Smith closed the program with the playing and singing of popular ballads.

Interested students were urged to coöperate with student publications in subscribing, turning in snapshots, and offering helpful suggestions to the HYPHEN and *Milestones*.

AGORAS WIN SCHOLARSHIP CUP AGAIN

The Scholarship Cup was presented by Dr. Barton to the Agora club during chapel on Friday, September 22. This cup has been given since 1926 to the club having the highest semester scholastic average. The Aristons were the first club to win the cup for three successive times, which entitled them to the permanent possession of the cup. The Agoras have now won the cup for two successive times.

The average for the last semester is, with two exceptions, the highest average ever given out. The Eccowasins during the second semester in 1930-31 made 1,872. During the second semester in 1929-30 the Agoras made 1,663.

The following is a list of the clubs that have so far won the cup:

1926-27—Second semester .....A.K.
1927-28—First semester .....Agora
1927-28—Second semester ....Triad
1928-29—First semester .....Ariston
1928-29—Second semester ...Ariston
1929-30—First semester .....Ariston
1929-30—Second semester .....Agora
1930-31—First semester ....Ariston
1930-31—Second semester .Eccowasin
1931-32—First semester ....Angkor
1931-32—Second semester .....A.K.
1932-33—First semester .....Agora
1932-33—Second semester .....Agora

CLUB REPORTERS TO BE CHOSEN

Due to the difficulty that was encountered last year in obtaining club news, a new plan for conducting the "Club Chatter" column has been adopted.

Immediately after club initiation, the clubs will be asked to select club reporters. These reporters will be responsible for their club's news.

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AFTERNOON TEA 3:00 to 5:00
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DR. BARTON'S TALK. HIGH POINT OF VESPERS

The outstanding talk, among the many worthwhile speeches given during vesper service in club village last Sunday, was the address made by Dr. Barton, who represented faculty, staff, administration, and home department.

His words came last in the service, and conveyed with them a meaning which summed up all that had been said, while adding even more to the rich insight which this service gave to old and new girls alike. In this talk a new significance was given to our year; a wider, higher possible plane of activity was brought to mind.

Dr. Barton wished us to consider that part of the ceremony, beginning with the ringing of the chimes and ending with the last representative's talk, as a symbol of welding the student body into the fire itself. "Every girl should recognize the full importance of the contributions of student body, and the necessity of coöperation of all groups."

Attention was drawn to the fire represented in a symbolism of all types of peoples, and the fire as a refining and welding agent in the interests of higher living.

The closing sentence of the speech holds a great deal of meaning, and is a part of an excellent speech that the student body would do well to remember.

"When I place my fagot in the fire you will not be able to distinguish the ashes of any fagot. This is the way I hope it will be; that we will coöperate as a common group in such fashion that in the end it will be impossible to distinguish each contribution, so perfectly shall they be welded together."

THE MEANING OF THE FIRE. THEME OF FIRST VESPERS

The first vespers service of this school year was held in Club Village on Sunday, September 24. This first Sunday service is held to symbolize the spirit of Ward-Belmont and the part that the various school organizations play in keeping the fire of Ward-Belmont alive.

Lydia Fountain, Y.W.C.A. president, presided. Miss Catherine Warren sang MacDougall's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

A violin solo was played by Martha Rucker.

The Meaning of the Fire was then explained by representation of the various school organizations. Lydia Fountain, representing the Y.W.C.A., told of the help which the "Y" wishes to give each girl in finding herself and her God. The president of Student Council, Viva Lee Davis, asked that all new girls make friends with the council as soon as possible, so that the Ward-Belmont tradition of friendliness might be carried out in full. Alice Vivienne Hill, Senior president, spoke of the things the Seniors wished to do to help and to lead girls of the school. The contribution of the Athletic Association to the fire was set forth by Victoria Keidel. The spirit of sportsmanship, and fair play was encouraged. Roberta Munger, ... resenting the social clubs, explain... the part that the club, or social li... had on the campus. She expressed ... desire that in the social life the gi... would carry out the spirit of Wa... Belmont.

The part the HYPHEN and *Milestone* ... wishes to play in keeping alive th... fire was told by Marjorie Jocabse... Then Jean Stewart spoke in behal... of the new girls, promising their c... öperation. The closing speaker, D... John W. Barton, stated that th... school officials and teachers would d... their best to aid the girls, and ask... that the students reciprocate. As ea... speaker closed her remarks she place... upon the fire a fagot, symbolizing th... things she contributed toward life o... the campus.

WARD-BELMONT ALPHABE...

Ac	North Front
Blues	Open house
Cinnamon roles	Post office
Dates	Questions
Exams	Restrictions
Faculty	Summer hous...
Grades	Tea room
"Hurry!"	Useful
Infirmary	Vacation
Juvenile	Watchman
Keys	X-cuses
"Lights out!"	Y? Y, not?
Middlemarch	'Z all

THREE CLUBS HAVE NEW PRESIDENT...

New club presidents elected th... year are:

Virginia Winston....A. K. Preside...
Mary Francis Banker.....
.....F. F. Preside...
Rena Berry.....X. L. Preside...

ALL-CLUB RECEPTION HEL...

One of the traditions of Ward-Belmont is the formal All-Club Reception, which takes place the firs... Saturday night after the opening ... school. On this occasion the old girl... receive in their club houses.

The reception this year began a... 7:30 and lasted until 9:30. Fro... 9:30 to 10:00, the new girls returne... to visit the clubs of their choice.

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LUNCHES

Send BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
CHEER UP-Noah had lots of 'em.
DURY'S
420 UNION ST.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Thursday—

Arose late and dressed in a mad rush. To breakfast, where I ate lightily, being pleased to observe that the management does not intend me to starve. Rushed hopefully to postoffice which I found full of girls. Alack! There was no mail, and I did, therefore, wend my sorrowful way to class. Wandered forlornly around big Ac searching for classrooms and found others in same boat. At noon many little cardboard notes deposed in my box. Accordingly, after classes, I did don my best bib and tucker and paraded down to Club Village. Tuck had to drag me from each one by the hair. They are all so lovely, and all the girls have such friendly smiles.

To supper where I again ate as though afraid the food would vanish before my hungry eyes.

Did discover that there is such a thing as quiet hour, to my great embarrassment. At ten an informal meeting of the entire hall took place in Tuck's and my room, and I did consume half a box of candy between paragraphs. And so to bed, with a suspicious monitor poking her head in to assure herself Tuck and I were not pulling a fast one.

Friday—

To breakfast again, where it required all my will power to wait until grace had been said. And I, dear diary, am the girl who used not to eat breakfast.

Loud cheers! Two packages and a letter! Sat down on a bench and wept lustily on Tuck's shoulder. Lydia Fountain, president of the Y, passed by and offered consoling words.

To classes again, where I did get on time to every class. Trotted down to the pool at four o'clock, where I did burrow around for a cap with no holes, and did succeed in finding one. Splashed merrily the length of the pool and back with great ease—Ahem! Dressed in a scramble and stumbled down the path to Club Village again.

Another quiet hour, which I spent peacefully in my room washing out stockings and taking a bath! And so to bed, a bit worried about the extra poundage.

Saturday—

Awoke early to my great disgust. Tuck's snoring kept me awake most of the night. Watched a young cockroach making its morning rounds, and hoped it would not decide on my mules for a home. It chose Tuck's.

Everyone off to town except Tuck and me, practically. Hall Hostess did very kindly ask us to go riding and we presented ourselves at South Front with eager faces. A lovely drive through Vanderbilt Campus, out to the Parthenon, and through Percy Warner Park. Here Tuck and I held hands and hoped our motor would not crash through the slender wooden rails, and dash us to pieces miles and miles below. Tuck said she did want her family to have something more than a sweet memory.

Back to school, where we did pop in and out of the tub and into our "formallest" formal in order to do honor to the All-Club Reception. Tuck regarded herself with dismay on account of her having gained four pounds already. To bed after soaking our feet in epsom salts.

Sunday—

A whole extra half-hour to sleep, praise the gods! To breakfast, where I weakened in the face of a strong determination to reduce. To Sunday school in the "Y" room. Very interesting. Tuck and I resolved firmly to go every Sunday. Back home where I did don regulation and set out for church. Listened to the sermon, for once, although a fly on top of the hat of the girl in front of me distracted my attention somewhat.

Spent an uninteresting afternoon

(Continued on page 6)

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Today's Market Price, 1.19

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You'll love these fine reproductions of old fashion coverlets. And you won't have any trouble matching them to any color scheme you wish—in rose, blue, green, lavender and gold. Made of fine quality cotton.

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Newspaper NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION Member

Staff

HELENE LOEB.....*Editor-in-Chief*

EDITORIAL

CLUB COOPERATION DESIRED

Perhaps at no other time during the whole year is club competition more evident than during the first week of school. It is during the first week that club rushing is uppermost in everyone's mind. Although the competition that accompanies club athletics is strong, competition is keenest when it concerns the acquisition of new club members.

All the spirit that accompanies club rushing is not to be condemned. It is natural and merely a sign of club spirit and enthusiasm, that this competition should be so keen. It shows loyalty on the part of the old girls to want what they consider the best for their club.

However, it is to be remembered that hostility between clubs is not to be tolerated at Ward-Belmont. When the final choice of clubs comes, it will be found that each club cannot have all the girls it wants, and each girl cannot always have the club she most desires. It is up to each girl to sincerely work for her club, even if it is not the club of her first choice.

But, perhaps where coöperation among girls in a single club will come, coöperation among all clubs may be harder to find. Friendly competition is to be desired among all things. Be for your club, in that you are for the good of all the clubs. All the clubs must work together for the good of the school.

Only by a friendly and coöperative club spirit can the social life of Ward-Belmont, in the hands of the clubs, as it is, be satisfactory.—H. L.

WORDSMITHS INVITE GIRLS TO TRY OUT

Perhaps Edna St. Vincent Millay was the inspiration of all the college literary societies. Certainly she is the direct product of one. We shall never know exactly the influence her classmates' criticisms and her teachers' more or less gentle guidance had upon the development of her entirely unsuspected talent. Perhaps, she, too, like so many girls on the campus of Ward-Belmont, "thought she would like to be able to write, but she really didn't know much about it."

No doubt many of the new girls, who have done literary work, journalism, or some form of writing beyond the ordinary, are eagerly looking forward to the first-year composition course. There they expect to unfold their genius and accept the breathless applause of their teachers. It is not so. Freshmen composition courses are for training purposes only, and a girl who likes to write poetry will have little opportunity to exhibit her sense of rhythm except in the longer prose works. A girl who knows she writes interesting prose will feel that she is not finding a subject among the various assigned topics wherein she can really express herself with any degree of feeling and style.

The Wordsmiths, meaning exactly that, is the literary organization on this campus that promises to nurture and develop you if you are a budding genius; promises to offer you the opportunity to express yourself in any field, on any subject, at any length. The Wordsmiths, as the name implies, is not a group of superior intellectuals, but a group of the best girls on the campus who are enough interested in themselves to seek development. They work together, criticize together, and applaud together.

The Wordsmiths invite every girl on the campus to try out for the contest.—W. D. B.

CAMPUS COLUMN

It certainly seems natural—seeing Viva Lee and Dukie back at their same old table in the library, hearing "Kid" and "Funkie" sound like a couple of horses with their rubberless-heeled shoes, seeing Soper sport around in her good-looking oxfords, listening to Mary Jac and Sarah Joyce talk to each other, seeing "Smit" and "Jete" tearing around the circle in their dashing blue roadster, for Pulver to still be trying to gain weight, having poor "Nehls" teased again, hearing Miss Carling tell the new riders that her horses are never wrong, having eggplant for lunch.

And doesn't it seem odd—having the new girls call the tearoom the Chatterbox—much too refined, for "Cack" to wear rimless glasses, for "Buzzy" to have such a sophisticated coiffure, to have shorts for gym even if they are long shorts, not to have the Humphreys with us, not to have such long "graces" like we did last year?

What would Senior Hall do without "Smith" to brighten it up with her crooning? They ought to hire you, "Smith," just to sing the blues away. I bet the A. K's appreciate your talent.

Frivolous Wilma D. was certainly throwing grapes in monitors' meeting the other night. She must have picked that up since last year, because all she ever threw then was instructions, and how she "thew 'em"!

Rushing has never been such fun before, because all the new girls are darling, such as—well, now that would be letting things out!

Was I surprised to find out that Sue Salter wasn't "Nooky's" twin sister, but just another cute girl who hails from Dallas, Texas!

Ask Jane Hodges to tell you about her much desired trip to Africa. I bet you're just dying to meet one of those bushmen, aren't you, Jane?

What's this I hear about an interior decorator coming down there to "fix up" Nancy Schmid's chamber?

Personally, I'll let my own originality be revealed in my boudoir, even if it might misrepresent it some.

"Ginny" Winston, "Nig" Banker, and Rena Berry, we congratulate you on your club presidencies.

How's this from Marion Lowe? She walked up to Dr. Rhea and remarked, "It's nice you are a doctor, because I am going to be a nurse!"

Maybe experience isn't the best teacher after all. At least it didn't teach Rena Berry to spell "busy" correctly. Maybe your mother will blame the telegraph office and not you, Rena.

The NRA idea hit Funkie last Sunday. She almost had "tarantulums" before she got out of church, so she could get back and finish her red, white and blue stand. It turned out to be a masterpiece, except for a few splotches here and there. Maybe you can understand why so many people sing "The Stars and Stripes Forever" when they leave Funk's room. The cans of paint have been handed down to Soper, and it's no telling what'll be painted now.

EAGLE FEATHER

WARD-BELMONT SONNET SEQUENCE

By Dorris Fish, '32

(Reprinted by request from the HYPHEN, Nov. 5, 1932.)

I

The Attic pillars and their cool, carved strength
Have shaded every Grecian poet's song;
Though men must fall and rise and pass, at length
Still stands their inspiration, firm and strong.

Above the trees where mockingbirds will hide,
These other pillars of another day
Look to the south with dignity and pride
And mellowed smiles for all that they survey.

Oh, dusky pillars, stand forever straight
Above the campus green! Though less your years
Your strength endures; your symbol is as great.
Men wept for Athens; you have women's tears.

And if myself turns coward further on,
I shall remember you—and fear be gone.

II

There was an angry wind that lashed the earth
And spun the silence of the prairie sand
Upon that mad March morning of my birth,
So I have always seemed to understand.

How like that day the blood surged in my heart
And knew the snow sting and the rise and fall
And conflict tearing self and sand apart!
But it has gone; this morning changed it all.

I came while heart and wind made wild caprice;
I found a pleasant fire—and daffodils
In small bronze bowls. I found a happy peace
Like spring on your New England's gold-rimmed hills.

There was assurance in your spoken word
Like daffodils that storm has left unstirred.

III

Here in the listless falling rain I stand
Waiting as if my untrained eyes might see
Spring coming quietly to take in hand
The doorknob of this tight-furled tulip. She

Will turn its crimsonness to open rooms
With myths of tall, green poplars in thin lines. . . .
The cloying fragrance of wisteria blooms
In globes of purple dripping from the vines.

Then in the chancel of a later night,
Magnolia trees in their communion mood
Will hold a fragile chalice, lone and white,
In reverent cathedral solitude.

If spring is just the same year after year,
Why am I breathless as I wait it here?

IV

October afternoon has spun a haze
With wings of dragon flies. A fall wind croons. . . .
There in the sunshine, warm, young bodies laze
On tall-grassed slopes and dream and hum new tunes.

Sounds through the winter air a carol now.
The chimes for chapel play; thin lies the snow.
And someone swings on a magnoila bough,
To shake its load on laughing girls below.

Spring nights, soft-slippered by the rain, begin,
And books lie idle for a quiet walk.
Above the splatter and the thunder's din
Come murmurs of a happy, friendly talk.

When summer comes how still it all must seem,
The campus, drowsing in a next year's dream!

V

I, too, have gone away. But never comes
A church bell or a distant chime at night
But I must hear the carillon. No drums
Beat stronger than the memory of moonlight

That wets gray slate roofs. And no white jade moons
But I must see the frosting lombardies.
No bird's song but I hear deceiving tunes
Of mockingbirds in magnolia trees.

No friend who smiles but I can dimly see
The smiling eyes of someone there who grew,
Like all the rest to be a part of me.
O little years, how I have cherished you!

No challenge but I feel the answer lie
In dreams that have come true—and cannot die.

YPHEN STAFF HOLDS TRY-OUTS

Try-outs for positions on the YPHEN staff will begin in the latter rt of this week. Applications for aff positions will be open from noon, turday, September 30, until 7:30 the evening of Tuesday, October 3. These try-outs are open to any girl the entire school who is interested this type of work. The girl should rite some articles in the particular ld with which she is acquainted and which her interest lies. These rticles, unsigned, are to be handed with an application blank. These pplication blanks may be obtained the HYPHEN office.

PSST!

The day student club reception was st a nice, quiet tea, with no hard eelings or caustic comment about ho'd get whom and how—oh no! hat's what was said—but, oh, boy, hat was thought!

You rushees really should feel comimented. Never was there such a ght for so many fair *femmes!*

Edith Kennedy did get to the Deke ance that Saturday night, and just sk her about the "dark and handome" who took her—if you want to et hurt!

"Lib" Glasgow, the honorable enior Vice-President, looks all worn ut. Do you suppose her "vices" exended beyond our campus—even nto the mountains—a while back?

Beware of her, girls, with the long, traight, brown hair! What? She egan only with tiles from Roman ath? Well, in that case, you'd betr nail your shoes on and watch the illing in your teeth!

SORORITIES PLEDGE W.-B. GIRLS

These girls from last year's class have sent word of their pledges:

Jean McLennan—Oklahoma University—Chi Omega.

June Rose Copeland—Oklahoma University—Chi Omega.

Billy Mae Plock—Oklahoma University—Kappa.

Margaret Simpson—Oklahoma University—Kappa.

Helen Hand—Oklahoma University—Kappa.

Ann Durand—Oklahoma University—Delta Gamma.

Audrey Tate—Colorado University—Pi Phi.

COUNCIL PRESENTS MEMBERS

(Continued from page 1)

out, keeping study hour, and no smoking were discussed. "So let's all be friends and work together. The proctors will meet you half way," she said.

To illustrate the rules of dress at Ward-Belmont, Nell Betty Anderson, general proctor, pointed out the faults in dress as demonstrated by models. The correct and faulty in costumes were presented, as examples, by the following girls: regulation, Marjorie Jacobsen and Catherine Brown; campus, Grace Bosserman and Delores Smith; gym, Dorothy Funk, Rena Berry, Mary Marjorie Lincoln, and Mary Jane Foote.

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(Continued from page 3)

writing letters to the family over which I shed a quiet tear. One entire page to mama contained sentences beginning: "I want," and "Send me."

Went piously to Vespers and was deeply impressed by the beautiful service. I shall treasure those few moments in my heart forever, for they made me feel that I was truly a member of Ward-Belmont.

To tea in Club Village, where I consumed quantities of everything. I can't get over those adorable houses. Each one is a little gem.

Tuck and I took counsel and decided that the situation was alarming. Henceforth, we are going to roll twenty-five times each night. I could just feel the fat screaming in protest at the unusual treatment.

And so to bed, with another day crossed off the calendar.

Monday—

Only one class this morning! Lounged around in the library pretending to study. Went to my mail box hopefully. No luck! Miss Lester disappointed me by not having any packages for me. BOO! HOO! Nearly died in chapel when the poor young man sang about being lost in a deathly place without his legions and cohorts. Everyone went into lunch humming "Short'nin' Bread." To Archery Class, where I became confused as to which was arrow and which was bow, and why. Archery was a graceful sport until I came along. Down to the Chatterbox, where I did gulp down a coke, and put myself outside a pear and a bar of candy. I don't think rolling is going to help Tuck and me much.

Study hour again, and I did compose a theme for English, study my biology, and make an outline for library methods. And so to bed, worn out by the heat, but thankful that the nights, at least, are cool.

Tuesday—

Arose with extreme pain on account of stiffness received from undue exercise last night. Breakfasted lightly on honey and stew. Classes all morning. Theme handed back with corrections on practically every line. Oh, me! I guess Tuck doesn't write as well as she thinks she does.

Paraded around the gym in a white sheet, pretending to be a ghost. I mean I was, not the sheet. Pulled on all sorts of gadgets and blew mightily up a rubber hose. Encouraged to find myself two inches shorter than I had thought, and doubly encouraged to learn that I have lost two pounds.

To town to the show, which was very good. It was a great relief to see a news reel again. I had begun to lose track of the outer world.

Wednesday—

Slept through rising bell, and just slid in to breakfast in time. Felt very gay all day. Much mail and some packages! Yea! I have been remembered of the gods!

Biology lab. for two whole periods! Scrambled out to Archery Class, after trying vainly to put a thumb out of joint to get an excuse. Found out the game is better than it seemed.

Had a terrible struggle to decide what club to pledge. Tuck and I had our first quarrel over the matter, but we patched it up successfully.

Tuck enjoyed a date tonight, the lucky! I stayed in my room and studied with great energy for about an hour. Then I borrowed Tuck's book on golf and spent the remainder of the evening munching candy, and reading.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, October 7, 1933 | Number 3

LOTH OR AD-VENTURE? ASKS DR. MIMS

The speaker for Vespers on Sunday, ctober 1, was Dr. Edwin Mims, head f the English department of Vander-lt University.

Dr. Mims said that he wished to uggest the two voices that were verybody's." The first voice is that ne which "is satisfied with yourself you now are." The second is the mperial voice that calls usto better hings; always calling us to work that emains undone."

To illustrate his idea, Dr. Mims oke of two poems by Tennyson, The Lotus Eaters," and "Ulysses." n "The Lotus Eaters" the first voice nd the spirit of "what's the use any-ow" is shown. The spirit of adven-ure is portrayed in "Ulysses."

"Most people," continued Dr. Mims, are content to put into harbor, when ey might be sailing the high seas."

Dr. Mims has been head of the anderbilt English department since 912. He is the author of three ooks: "The Life of Sidney Lanier," The Advancing South," and "Adven-uresome America."

CLUB MEMBERS INITIATED

Formal initiation was held in the lub houses on Wednesday evening, October 4. The ceremony of each lub was very dignified and impres-ive. Everyone was dressed in white, nd the new members were told the ecrets of their respective clubs. After the formal procedure was com-leted, refreshments were served.

SENIOR WEEK PLANS ANNOUNCED

The plans for Senior Week, October 9-14, have been announced. The chedule for the week is as follows:

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9

Senior Recognition service in chapel at 11:30.

Class picture will be taken on steps of Academic Building immediately after lunch.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10

Sports dinner in Tri K club house at 6:15.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11

Chapel service at 11:30 in charge of Senior Class. Anne Loftin, speaker.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12

Tea for faculty, household, and Senior Class in A. K. club house from four to six.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13

Class Recognition Day.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14

Seniors will sit together for dinner at 6:00.

Dance in the Gym for the Senior-Middle Class from 7:30 to 10:00 —formal.

BANK MANAGED FOR STUDENT PROTECTION

Mrs. Bryan, in chapel on Tuesday, October 3, gave the boarding students information concerning the Ward-Belmont Student Bank.

It was pointed out that the Student Bank is operated by Ward-Belmont for the protection of the girls. Through it they can also learn the value of money and how to bank. "We don't want you wasting your money," said Mrs. Bryan. The students were urged to remember that "the Student Bank is the only safe place for your money."

Mrs. Bryan asked the girls to always bring their receipt books when they made a deposit. They were also reminded to keep their check-book stubs in good order. "Only your stubs can tell you how much you have in the bank," she said.

Again this year a prize will be offered for the best kept bank account. Last year six girls were rewarded for keeping perfect accounts.

It was announced that, starting Wednesday, October 4, the bank will return to its regular business hours. It will be open from 10:00 to 12:00 and from 12:45 to 3:30. On Saturday, the bank will be open from 8:30 until 12:00.

IRINA SKARIATINA RETURNS TO W.-B.

Talks on Recent Russian Tour

Irina Skariatina (Mrs. Victor F. Blakeslee), authoress, spoke in chapel on Friday, September 29. She told briefly of her experiences in Russia during the Revolution and more in detail of her recent visit to Russia.

In recounting her personal reminiscences, Irina Skariatina spoke first of Old Russia. She told of the rule of the nobles that lasted over a period of some three hundred years. "I happen to belong to the Old Regime by birth," she said. However, as she explained, her teachers were liberal, and she is better prepared than most of the old Russian aristocracy to look upon the New Russia.

When the Russian Revolution came in 1917, Irina Skariatina's father and mother were both killed. She, herself, was put into solitary confinement and sentenced to death. Through the efforts of some Americans she was saved, came to America to find work, and later married here.

Her life in America was happy. "The only flaw, I was always homesick for Russia—I wanted to see things there for myself," she pointed out. As she was a member of the exiled

(Continued on page 8)

"Y" OFFERS DIVERSE ACTIVITIES

It is interesting to note the progress that has been made, in the Community service that the Ward-Belmont Y.W.C.A. carries on, during the past few years. Six years ago only occasional visits to the social agencies were sponsored; however, last year over half the student body took active part in the work; activity is now carried on regularly in five centers.

The first project, one of those begun in 1928, was at the Junior League Home for Crippled Children. At that time only fifteen children were taken care of in an old brick house in North Nashville. That year a small group of Ward-Belmont students went out occasionally to conduct the play hour. From its small beginning the Junior League Hospital has grown until today it is considered one of the finest in the South. And the part that the Ward-Belmont "Y" plays in the life of the Junior League Home has grown, too, because now the work is a constant activity. Every Sunday afternoon members of the committee conduct the play hour, not to mention the Christmas parties, Easter egg hunts, and various other gala occasions.

In the same year, the work at the Old Ladies' Home was begun. Here are about twenty-five old ladies who are eager to get in touch with youth and with the outside world. The students from Ward-Belmont miss their grandmothers, and thus a splendid opportunity is offered for both groups to become friends. The committee goes to see them regularly now and entertains them in whatever way they can, whether it be singing for them, talking with them, or oftentimes dancing for them.

Under the direction of the Social Service Department of the Vanderbilt Hospital, the Ward-Belmont girls are allowed to visit the wards. People come to the hospital from a wide radius, often with neither friends nor acquaintances in the city. It is here that a committee goes every Tuesday evening to help in whatever way it can. This work takes the girls into another world—a world they have often never known before.

Three years ago work was definitely launched by a "Y" committee of thirty-five girls at the Tennessee Children's Home. Now the Saturday afternoon play hour is a weekly event to which the children eagerly look forward. Last year the climax of their fun came in the form of a circus to which visitors also were invited. The second year of work there, the play room was completely redecorated. Last year the special project was the furnishing of a doll house which is large enough to accommodate the happy hours of make-believe of six little girls at a time. This year a manual arts class for boys will be begun, as well as a cooking club for little girls over eight years old. The doll house

(Continued on page 7)

SCHOOL OFFERS TRIP TO CHICAGO

About twenty girls are now enjoying the opportunity offered by the school to attend The Century of Progress.

The girls left Thursday, October 5, and will return in time for classes Monday, October 9. Two days have been devoted to attending the Fair. The following day will be spent in visiting as many interesting places in and around Chicago as possible. Probably one of the most interesting tours will be that one conducted through the Art Institute. As well as visits to the big stores and buildings, there is a fifty-mile sight-seeing tour planned.

DAY STUDENT CLUB CHATTER

The Angkor president, Clyde Partlow, elected last year, is attending school in Georgia this year. The club re-elected Elizabeth Henderson, last year's president, to serve in her place. The Aristons have a new sponsor, Miss Major, in lieu of Miss McEttrick who, 'tis said, was shot and fatally wounded by an arrow from Cupid—after all her experience in archery classes at Ward-Belmont, too!

The Eccowasins held their formal initiation ceremony last Tuesday. The other three clubs have announced their formal initiation for Tuesday of this week. No "Fag Day" has yet been instituted for the day students, so if the day student pledges saw the boarder pledges last Tuesday, thank their lucky stars for no "Fag Day"!

D. TEBBS BACK AS POST-GRAD

Dorothea Jane Tebbs, who graduated from Ward-Belmont last spring, has returned to school to take advanced art under Miss Shackleford. In 1933 she received a Ward-Belmont General Diploma and a General Art Diploma. Dorothea, who spent the past two years here, is from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. She is a member of the T. C. Club and last year was Art Editor of the *Milestones*. The campus takes this opportunity of welcoming her back.

HYPHEN CAMPAIGN SUCCESS

The HYPHEN campaign has ended, although it is still possible to obtain a subscription if you have not already done so. This year's success has been on a par with that of other years, and the HYPHEN is pleased to announce that the campaign netted two hundred and ten dollars, including boarding and day-student subscriptions. Remember, it is only through YOUR cooperation and support that we can look for a successful year, and find it possible to keep this paper up to its high standards. So back your school paper with contributions and subscriptions, before it is too late.

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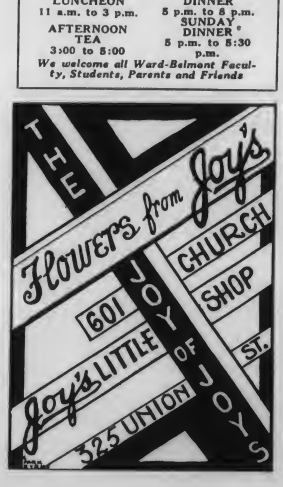
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We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends



GIRLS CHOOSE CLUBS

After nearly two weeks of strenuous rushing, peace reigns supreme. For rushing is over, and the new girls have chosen their clubs. As everyone is always anxious to know what club her friend joined, a list of the girls and their clubs is presented.

ANTI-PANDORA

Marion Collester, Charlotte Doughty, Sara Draffen, Edith Eason, Lucille Endsley, Frances Etheridge, Mary Crockett Evans, Martha Fisher, Virginia Grotz, Frankie Marbury, Janet Newbury, Marjorie Wells.

T. C.

Mary Ann Evans, Margaret Hetherington, Gwendolyn King, Mary Jane Kirwan, Louise Longworth, Jane Meyers, Mary Patterson, Katherine Pierce, Martha Pryor, Salanie Sherman, Charlotte Snyder, Wilnetta Warnock.

DEL VERS

Julia Acheson, Betty Barth, Judith Berry, Eunicemary Bicknell, Martha Jane Chattin, Matilda Dougherty, Jean Dayton, Mary Driscoll, Marion Farr, Mary Findlater, Louise Houk, Betty Otis, Marguerite Page, Betty Roth, Jean Stewart, Mary Ann Wirtz.

TRI K

Sara Jo Berry, Margaret Blackmar, Betty Bowman, Margaret Louise Boyd, Virginia Bradshaw, Mary Eleanor Clay, Stanley Elizabeth Clay, Isabel Coulter, Jo Ann Crawford, Martha Evans, Arlene Hershey, Jane Hodges, Winifred Marsh, Jean Munsie, Nancy Seitz, Leigh Taliaferro, Jane Taylor.

PENTA TAU

Tosca Ann von Borries, Patsy Brown Harvey, Katherine Hawley, Martha Buford Hayter, Edwina Holland, Katherine Hyde, Mary Alice Paine, Rose Cyrene Paulus, Helen Pillow, Ruth Potts, Jayne Priest, Virginia Reed, Louise Robinson, Ruth Robinson, Leta Shropshire, Louise Stanley, Ida Mae Wirtz.

X. L.

Mary Jane Bass, Jean Berryhill, Virginia Brice, Helen Downing, Marjorie Edmonson, Lattie Graves, Betty Hill, Katherine Lawhorn, Annette McMullan, Georganna Martin, Mary Milam, Elinor Mortimer, Irene Sartor, Agatha Taylor, Lois Welsh, Doris Wheeler, Jane Wilson.

OSIRON

Lurline Alexander, Mary Jane Dulaney, Rachel Hailey, Gail Lawrence, Rosella Lewis, Thelma Martin, Margaret Robbins, Elizabeth Ann Rall, Mignon Sanford, Mildred Scott, Mary Ellen Stokes, Marie Tower, Margaret Elizabeth Young, Doris Zweifel.

AGORA

Elizabeth Airheart, Esther Helen Azarch, Hilda Beck, Betty Bryant, Catherine Croswell, Frances Graham, Addie Belle Grandstaff, Jane Haffenburg, Janie Ruth Huey, Christine Jill, Mary Jane Safford, Cecile Seitz, Elizabeth Smith, Raedeen Tibbetts, Margaret Young.

F. F.

Alice Adams, Juanita Bogue, Carolyn Concklin, Polly Gay, Muryle Hall, Mary Hobson, Rosemary Horstmann, Mary Ellen Hudgins, Eleanor Irwin, Alsha McCourt, Eva Charity Ohlhaver, Harriet Ostergren, Juanita Phillips, Doris Sherman, Frances Street, Carolyn Sutton, Mozelle Trout, Jean Weis, Isabel Zimmerman.

A. K.

Marjorie Abbott, Margaret Ann Ahlfeldt, Mary Lalla Byrn, Nellie Clements, Margaret Colter, Clara Enloe, Betty Heck, Charlotte Heck, Kitty McKenzie, Arlyne Milligan, Gibertine Moore, Virginia Richey, Sue Salter, Nancyann Schmidt, Virginia Shaw, Olga Wardowski.

A. A. GIVES SPORTS DANCE

On the evening of Saturday, September 30, the Athletic Association entertained with an informal dance to welcome the new girls. The tea room, where the dance was held, was turned into a cafe. The tables were placed against the walls and room was made for dancing. The walls were decorated with gold and blue paper on which was a border formed of black silhouettes of hockey players, baseball players, divers, basketball players, tennis players and horsewomen, representing the various sports offered on the campus.

A number of old girls acted as a floor committee, keeping the girls dancing and making everyone have a good time.

The special was given in three parts. E'lois Geibel and Wilma Harrell first gave a clever tap number in Bowery costume. Later, Mary Soper sang several of the current popular songs and Elizabeth Bowman played. The final act was the hunting number done by Dorothy Funk, Grace Bosserman, and Jane Carroll, dressed in riding costume of white breeches and red coats. Jeanette Knowles acted as master of ceremonies, and Delores Smith as accompanist.

Refreshments could be obtained all during the evening from the tea room.

The dance closed the campaign for membership for the association.

HOCKEY AND TENNIS MANAGERS ELECTED

The club hockey and tennis managers have been chosen. They are:

TENNIS

Manager—Ruth Nehls.
Ariston—Virginia Carson.
Eccowasin—Mary Elizabeth Polk.
Angkor—Rebecca Hall.
Triad—Landis Shaw.
Osiron—E'Lois Geibel.
A. K.—Alice Vivienne Hill.
Agora—Ruth Frye.
Penta Tau—Mary Lulu Pivoto.
Tri K—Grace Bosserman.
T. C.—Ruth Goldman.
Del Ver—Ruth Nehls.
X. L.—Ann Shaw.
F. F.—Nita Bogue.
Anti Pan—Sybil Sudowitz.

HOCKEY

Manager—Grace Benedict.
Ariston—Dorothy Jones.
Angkor—Carolyn Eskridge.
Eccowasin—Claudine Smelzer.
Triad—Louise Duncan.
Agora—Marion Kaeser.
A. K.—Charlie Holcombe.
Anti Pan—Barbara Leake.
Del Ver—Marjorie Jacobson.
F. F.—Betty Frantz.
Osiron—Jennabeth Jones.
Penta Tau—Mary Soper.
T. C.—Martile Sherman.
Tri K—Dorothy Funk.
X. L.—Nell Betty Anderson.

"Y" HEADS PRESENT YEAR'S PLAN

The Ward-Belmont Y.W.C.A. had charge of the chapel hour on Monday, October 2. Lydia Fountain, the "Y" president, presided. She gave a brief summary of the work of the Association and read its purpose. After the introduction, she presented the officers, Bob Durand, first vice-president; Jean Stewart, second vice-president; Muriel Leverett, secretary, and Katherine Brown, treasurer, and the members of the Cabinet.

Following these introductions, the heads of the various committees gave short talks explaining the work done and inviting the girls to join them in their work for the coming year. Those speaking were: Bob Durand, Sunday School Committee, "Discussing Modern Student Problems"; Mary Alice Paine, Entertainment Committee, "Arranging Informal Good Times"; Martile Sherman, Tours Committee, "Getting Acquainted with the Community"; Eva Charity Ohlhaver, Tennessee Children's Home; Matilda Dougherty, Florence Crittendon Home for Girls; Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Vanderbilt Hospital; Ganel Stuart, Old Ladies' Home; Ann Shaw, Junior League Hospital for Crippled Children; Marguerite Page, World Fellowship Committee; Gail Lawrence, Membership Committee. All of these girls are chairmen of their respective committees. Other committee chairmen are: Jean Stewart, Vespers; Emily Warren, Posters; Martha Fisher, *Hyphen* Reporter; Harriet Ostergren, vice-chairman, Tennessee Children's Home.

These various talks were grouped under five separate program divisions: "The 'Y' At Work In The School," "The 'Y' At Work In The Community," "Serving the Community," "The 'Y' At Work In The World," and "The 'Y' At Home Again." After the program was concluded some small visitors from the Tennessee Children's Home were introduced to the school.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFERS GOOD THOUGHTS

"Pinning Patterns" was the title of the interesting talk given at Sunday school, October 1, by Marjorie Jacobson. In this talk the point was made that people usually try to fit others to their patterns instead of letting them form their own interesting and individual patterns. Marjorie pointed out the futility of trying to make others conform to certain personal patterns and pleaded for understanding and tolerance.

This regular Sunday school was led by the first vice-president of the Y.W.C.A., Bob Durand, who had charge of these Sunday morning services. Mary E. Clay, who will be in charge of the Sunday school choir, and Stanley E. Clay sang the closing prayer-hymn. Ann Shaw and Martha Rucker furnished the musical accompaniment.

Two discussion groups followed the Sunday school service. The one led by Miss Van Hooser discussed "College Friendships," while the discussion group, led by Miss Oscie Sanders, had its subject "Things Old and New."

EW BOOKS BECKON READERS

Senior Gift Ready for Use

The Senior class of 1933 presented, s its gift to the school, some one undred and sixty-five books for rec- eational reading to the school library.

A committee chosen by the class or- anized and selected a number of ooks for recreational reading. The ass felt that they wanted to give omething that could be enlarged upon nd also something that would be a easure for both the students and aculty. They had hopes that, through his gift, a collection might be started hat might lead to a recreational read- ng room.

The books given by the class are:

DRAMA

nderson—Elizabeth the Queen.
alderson—Berkley Square.
arrie—Representative Plays.
arrie—Mary Rose.
arrie—Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire.
esier—Barretts of Wimple Street.
onnelly—Green Pastures.
oward—Bitter Sweet and Other Plays.
alsworthy—Justice.
alsworthy—Loyalties.
alsworthy—Old English.
oodrich—Caponsacchi.
aufman and Ferber—Dinner at Eight.
illay—The King's Henchman.
ilne—Three Plays.
oses—Drama of Modernism.
'Neill—Nine Plays of Eugene O'Neill.
haw—Saint Joan.
herriff—Journey's End.

BIOGRAPHY

rliss—Up the Years From Bloomsbury.
arrie—Margaret Ogilvie.
obbe—Fanny Kemble.
ok—Americanization of Edward Bok.
avenport—Mozart.
eKruif—Microbe Hunters.
ePourtalls—Polonaise—The Life of Chopin.
oster—Larry.
arland—Son of the Middle Border.
rand Duchess Marie—Education of a Princess.
udson—Far Away and Long Ago.
ames—Sam Houston, the Raven.
ohnson—Andrew Jackson.
agerlof—Marbacka.
acLean—Dorothy Wordsworth.
aurois—Ariel.
aurios—Disraeli.
erezhkovsky—Romance of Leonardo da Vinci.
liveroff—Flight of the Swan—A Memory of Pavlova.
arker—An American Idyll.
oosevelt—Letters to His Children.
olland—Michaelangelo.
andburg—Abraham Lincoln—Prairie Years.
kariatina—A World Can End.
trachy—Elizabeth and Essex.
trachy—Queen Victoria.
tell—O Rare Ben Jonson.
ugimoto—A Daughter of the Samurai.
erry—Memoirs.
an Deren—The Lost Art—Letters of Seven Famous Women.
oung—The Medici.
weig—Marie Antoinette.

ESSAYS

Crothers—The Gentle Reader.
Cruse—The Golden Road in English from Beowulf to Bernard Shaw.
Grayson—Friendly Road.
Gissing—By the Ionion Sea.
Gissing—Books and the Quiet Life.
Graham—High Occasions.
Monroe—Singing in the Rain.
Morley—Shandygoff.

HISTORY, DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL

Adams—Epic of America.
Aldin—Cathedrals and Abbey Churches of England.
Allen—Only Yesterday.
Beebe—Areturus Adventure.
Cendrars—Sutters Gold.
Dreiser—The Color of a Great City.
Elliot—Old Court Life in France.
Halliburton—The Glorious Adventure.
Halliburton—Royal Road to Romance.
Hudson—Idle Days in Patagonia.
Lawrence—Revolt in the Desert.
Mais—The Unknown Island.
Morton—In Search of Ireland.
Radin—The Story of the American Indians.
Saxon—Fabulous New Orleans.
Wilstach—Potomac Landings.
Woon—The Paris That's Not in the Guide-Books.

POETRY

Benet—John Brown's Body.
Brooke—Collected Poems.
Cullen—Caroling Dusk.
De La Mere—Come Hither.
Dickinson—Poems.
Drinkwater—Twentieth Century Poetry.
Frost—Selected Poems.
Gibron—The Prophet.
Kipling—Verse.
Lear—Complete Nonsense Book.
Lomax—Cowboy Songs.
Lowell—What's O'clock.
Lowell—Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds.
Masefield—Salt Water Poems and Ballads.
Masefield—A Tale of Troy.
Masters—Spoon River Anthology.
Millay—Fatal Interview.
Millay—Buck in the Snow.
Millay—Harp Weaver.
Millay—Poems Selected for Young People.
Milne—The Christopher Robin Verses.
Noyes—Tales of Mermaid Tavern.
Parker—Enough Hope.
Robinson—Tristram.
Sandburg—Good Morning, America.
Sandburg—Early Moon.
Saratt—Slow Smoke.
Tagore—Gitanjali.
Tagore—Sheaves.
Teasdale—Rivers to the Sea.
Teasdale—Flame and Shadow.
Teasdale—Love Songs.
Wylie—Collected Poems.

FICTION

Aldrich—A Lantern in Her Hand.
Atherton—The Conqueror.
Bryne—Messers Marco Polo.
Boyer—The Emigrants.
Boyd—Marching On.
Boyd—Drums.
Buck—The Good Earth.
Cabell—The Cream of the Jest.
Cather—Death Comes to Archbishop.
Cather—Shadows on the Rock.
Cather—My Antonia.
Chapman—Happy Mountain.
Conrad—Lord Jim.
Conrad—Nigger of the Narcissus.
Dane—Broomstages.
Dostoevsky—Crime and Punishment.
Ferber—Cimarron.
Fisher—The Deepening Stream.
France—Crime of Sylvester Bonnard.
France—Thais.
Glasgow—Barren Ground.
Galsworthy—The Forsythe Saga.
Galsworthy—The Modern Comedy.
Hergesheimer—Java Head.
Hergesheimer—Three Black Pennies.
Hemingway—Farewell to Arms.
Heyward—Porgy.
Hudson—Green Mansions.
Kipling—Kim.
La Farge—Laughing Boy.
Lagerlof—King of the Lowenskolde.
Lewis—Arrowsmith.
Lewis—Main Street.
Lewishon—Island Within.
Mansfield—Garden Party.
Morgan—The Fountain.
Morley—The Haunted Bookshop.
Morrow—We Must March.
Peterkin—Scarlet Sister Mary.
Roberts—Time of Man.
Sedgwick—The Little French Girl.
Tolstoy—Anna Kerenina.
Walpole—Cathedral.
Walpole—Fortitude.
Wharton—Ethan Frome.
Wharton—House of Mirth.
Wilder—Woman of Andros.
Wilder—Bridge of San Luis Rey.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY

Brown—This Believing World.
Durant—Story of Philosophy.
Fosdick—As I See Religion.
Fosdick—Twelve Tests of Character.
Lippman—Preface to Morals.
Middleton—Jesus, Man of Genius.
Overstreet—About Ourselves.
Royden—I Believe in God.

THIS AND THAT

The shoe bill for the United States Army for the coming year will be something more than a million dollars. Bids for some 320,000 pairs of service shoes were recently submitted by six manufacturers. The lower bids averaged $3.25 per pair higher than previous prices for similar types.—*Literary Digest.*

Hitler has deeded Hindenburg a tax-free forest estate. A hint for the President to take to the tall timbers? —*Wichita Eagle.*

Up to midnight, August 13, World's Fair gate receipts had amounted to a little over $13,000,000.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Italy's air armada reached the airport of Rome after an eleven-hour passage from Lisbon (August 12), completing the most ambitious flight ever undertaken. Twenty-three seaplanes made the journey to the Chicago Exposition, under the command of General Italo Balbo, Air Minister. Two lives were lost in mishaps, one near the beginning and the other near the end of the flight.—*Review of Reviews.*

In Minas Geraes, Brazil, prospectors on the banks of the Saobento River reported finding seven huge diamonds, one of which weighed over 2,000 carats—second largest diamond ever found. About the size of a man's fist, a 2,000 carat blue-white diamond is worth $10,000,000.—*Time.*



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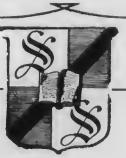
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STENOGRAPHER
RUTH FRYE

EDITORIAL

EAGLE FEATHER

"The Eagle Feather again spreads its wings, after the moulting season, and soars to literary heights." We take the privilege of reprinting this from the summer edition of the HYPHEN, July, 1931. It so aptly expresses our hopes for the Eagle Feather column for this coming year. We hope, in this column, to this year "soar to literary heights."

The Eagle Feather began its column career some five years ago. It has always been a literary column open to the contributions of all. It has always been a column that reflects the literary skill of the campus. We want this column to really be representative of the literary accomplishments of the student body at Ward-Belmont.

A student once said that some of the best constructive criticism she has ever received on her work was that given by her fellow-classmates. Not only were their criticisms valuable, but she, herself, could better judge the standard of her work after she had heard what students like herself had written.

Here, in the Eagle Feather, is a chance for the observance of others' work, as well as an opportunity to present one's own work for criticism. Only through good, constructive criticism can work be improved.

Eagle Feather is versatile in its field. There should not be the mistaken idea that the column is open solely to contributions of poetry. In Eagle Feather there is a place for poetry and prose alike. Prose is welcome, and book reviews are particularly desired.

Often another mistaken idea occurs, that the column is open to boarding students alone. It is a column that should be shared alike by boarding and day students. The fact that few day students have so far contributed does not mean that it is too late to start.

So, let us see your literary accomplishments. Let us know who the authors and would-be authors on this campus are. Help us to make the Eagle Feather this year a real reflection of the literary work on the Ward-Belmont campus. H. L.

DOWN WITH "MILQUETOASTS"

It has been three weeks since school began and most of the new girls have begun to feel at home and to find their own niche in school life. There is still the mad dash for the mail box, but not so many tears are shed over the letter which didn't come. Life is too full of clubs, lessons, and a million other things to waste much time in tears.

However, there are still a few people who hang back, who seem to be afraid to take part in activities. Most of these people are just shy. They say, "It's the first time that I have ever been away from home, and I don't know anybody, and I just can't seem to get into things."

Remember, girls, that cooperation is one of the watchwords of Ward-Belmont. You have to do your part. What if you don't know anyone. It's the chance of a lifetime to build a reputation and carve out the personality that you have always wanted, but couldn't have because everyone in town knew that you lisped when you were eight years old, and that you had once been known as the "town's worst tomboy."

Don't be a "timid soul" all your life. Now's your chance to really be somebody.

CAMPUS COLUMN

I heard that my column didn't raise any eyebrows, so I'm out to set a record. Don't forget to lower the brows after each remark, or you might get a habit like Marie Bomke. And speaking of habits—I hope Mozelle Trout certainly gets over her "bitiness" at the table. I wonder if Lurline Alexander will ever "go in" for girl's dances. Just remember, "When in Rome do as the Romans."

Marj Jacobson put over a good point in Sunday school when she talked about "pinning patterns." Don't be a loadstone on your friend's neck. It just isn't done, if you know what I mean.

A bunch of Pembrokites were "all let down" when they found out that Fag Day didn't mean cigarettes.

You'll need a good stiff stimulant before you can appreciate Cack's chair. And she's conservative! You might throw a few shirts and skirts over it in the day time, Cack.

Didn't you almost have kittens waiting for the club bids? And then when the new girls opened them, they didn't even look glad, sad, or mad.

Pembroke hall was all a-twitter about the fire when they discovered it was only Mary Helen Soper's radio. I didn't know radios caught on fire. Sounds odd!

How's this for a smart comeback?
Cack Brown: "Is your father a doctor?"
Funkie: "Surgeonly."

I heard that Betty Roth made beds and more beds fag day. Those Del Vers have a knack for making people work.

Arline Hershey, we give you credit for getting in and staying in "Lil" Jones' white hockey pants.

Milk on pancakes doesn't taste so hot, does it? Well, you can treat your fags the same way next year.

Judy Acheson was a forlorn mess Tuesday morning. Can you imagine her breaking up twigs? And can you imagine Louise Houk picking up hayseeds?

Were we ever envious when Jean Stewart, Cack, Funkie, and Marguerite Page all tramped out of the library to finish their apples before resuming their studies?

In case you want to know how I find out all the dirt about you, I'm going to let you in on a little secret: The cockroaches are my pals. They tell me everything you do, and then I give them cake crumbs. All fooling aside—I get my news through a magic crystal globe into which I look several times a day. Why even the other day I saw—

Does limburger cheese taste the same at one o'clock in the morning as it does at one in the afternoon? Maybe Charlie or Ann Shaw will tell you.

(Continued on page 8)

EAGLE FEATHER

FINDING A WAY

Last night I was tired and restless,
So I rode down a darkened road
That was sheltered on either side
By overlapping oaks;
Down in a quiet hollow
I found myself again,
Just listening to the crickets,
And to the night birds sing.
I found I had two beings,
Instead of just an outer "one."
Looking into a shadowed pool
I saw the "one" was hard;
But sitting in the placid moon
And thinking of past days,
I realized I had grown old too soon;
For inside I was a child,
That had traveled many by-ways
But at last I've found myself again.

R. P. B.

WHEN GENIUS BURNS

They said, "It burns at midnight."
So, to see if it were true,
I got up one midnight
To write a masterpiece or two.
I crept out very softly,
And sat down on the floor.
A breeze so cool and gentle
Was blowing through the door.
The words came fast, and faster.
I wrote faster than before.
Still that breeze came blowing
So gently through the door.
At two a.m. I finished,
And crept softly back to bed.
When I awoke next morning
The breeze was in my head.
So, all you would-be authors,
By one who knows, be told,
When you're writing stories at midnight,
Beware of catching cold.

GAIL LAWRENCE.

RAMBLING

How can I ask more of man or beast
Than to be at peace with the world?
I'd be content, to say the least,
And my head wouldn't be in a whirl!
How could I offer more to lad or maid
Than a glad hello or a happy smile?
Or a helping hand and a little aid,
Or listen to troubles or jest awhile?
Oh! the world would be a different place
And my days would all be sunny.
But, alas! I'm in great need of rest;
Imagination is funny.

R. P. B.

MEMORY

A bubble, tissue thin,
With its shimmering wall
Of color. And within—
Nothing.

MARGARET YOUNG.

MY DOLLS

Stoical of countenance, they sit
And guard my room the whole day long.
They never seem to mind a bit
When things go wrong.

MARGARET YOUNG.

FAERY MAYS

Faeries dress in Queen Anne's lace,
With buttons of clover red.
They part their hair with a gay cock's comb,
And sleep in a daisy bed.

MARGARET YOUNG.

MARE'S TAILS

Mares' tails, up in the sky,
Where are the mares?
They've gone away, and left
Their tails. I wonder why?

MARGARET YOUNG.

Y" CONDUCTS DRIVE FOR MEMBERS

After the Y.W.C.A. chapel program n Monday, October 2, a drive was ade for "Y" members that evening uring recreation hour and all day uesday. Every hall was visited by embers of the "Y" Cabinet, and very girl in school was given a per-nal invitation to join the Associa-on. Members of the Administration nd Faculty were visited Tuesday and ednesday. In addition to joining he organization, the girls were asked sign for the various committees for ocial service work. A wide variety f choice was given the girls in the lection of these committees. Those ho haven't joined the Y.W.C.A. are sked to join, and to start work on he various committees as soon as ossible.

AGS FROLIC IN ODD COSTUMES

Tuesday, October 3, was a day of oom for the new girls or "Fags," nd a day of haughty supremacy for he old club members. This was the ne occasion on which the old girls ould show their importance, and did hey? We will leave that to the ones ere for the first time to decide this uestion.

The Seniors wonder who the very mbitious young Fag could be who as brave enough to enter Senior Hall t the early hour of 6:50. However, he may not have been brave but nly scared to death that she would ot be at her Fag Mistress' door promptly at seven.

When the rising bell rang, Senior Hall was in an uproar. Many a Fag ished that Seniors would keep their ooms neater, that they didn't have eds to sleep on and that they didn't ave so many friends to whom they owed letters.

In a few moments, however, the ampus was a scene of confusion with ll the Fags kneeling before the old lub members. Some of the clubs took he Fags to their club houses where hey were given further instructions.

The Anti-Pans certainly looked wanky in their outfits. They re-minded the spectators of what the well-dressed Ward-Belmont girl shouldn't wear. The Del Vers' frogs looked sporty in their gunny sacks. The X. L.'s were running them competi-tion because they were the ones who were playing leap frog. They were dressed as babies and also played drop-the-handkerchief. Then came the wise old Osirons, but they weren't so wise, because they were going in the wrong direction—that is, backward around the circle.

The poor Tri K's, dressed in their black and white stripes, had to crawl all the way to the dining room from Senior. Any by the way, Seniors, wasn't that the best breakfast you ever ate? We noticed that the new girls certainly stayed at their tables for a long time at lunch. Could it possibly have been that they were hungry? They all sat on the floor at breakfast and ate only what was given to them by their Fag Mistresses —if anything.

Now you have all heard of pink elephants, but, my dear, did you ever see a blue elephant? The Agoras cer-tainly had them Tuesday morning; and the F. F.'s went in for pirates whose theme song was "Sailing."

After breakfast the Fags were all lined up around the circle. The A. K.'s were on their knees saying "A. K.'s be praised," which they con-tinued to say throughout the day. The Penta Tau's, dressed as kids, sang "School Days" at the top of their voices. Then they lined up and had a vaudeville act all their own in which each Fag performed. Someone did a Mae West, and you should have seen the one "wasting like a waste basket." It was great! The T. C.'s were cute in their black shorts and purple sashes. And weren't their parasols just too chic?

When 5:45 finally came the new girls heaved one great sigh of relief, but after all it wasn't so bad and every-one had her fun. But don't worry, little Fags, your day is coming even if you were all "fagged out" Tuesday night.

CHIME PROGRAM TO BE PLAYED

The program, to be played by Mr. Henkel on Sunday, October 8, from 6:30 to 7:00 P.M., is:

The Bells of Ward-Belmont.
Hymn—Lord, Speak to Me.
Hymn—I Love Thy Kingdom, O Lord.
Gavotte ..... *Handel*
Ave Maria .....*Arcadelt*
Norwegian Dance ..... *Grieg*
Irish tune from County Derry.
Hymn—The Spacious Firmament.
Hymn—The Shadows of the Eve-ning Hours.
The Bells of Ward-Belmont.

HOME THOUGHTS ABROAD

Dear Daughter—

We were very glad to get your let-ter. We had looked for one for sev-eral days. I am so glad that you like your roommate, and I'm sure that you are having a nice time, but I don't quite understand parts of your letter.

What is "Club Village?" What are North and South Front the fronts of? Where is the Ac?

From your account "fag day" must have been most interesting. But why did you have to borrow a green bath robe? I'm sure that yours is quite nice even if the colors are not so har-monious. The twelve braids of hair must have been very effective.

Robert is particularly interested in knowing why Jean Stewart should bail out the bath tub with a thimble.

Nothing of great interest has hap-pened here at home. Sarah is keeping her things in your room. She did the cutest thing the other day—I came in to find pictures of movie stars pasted all over the wall. She said she knew you wouldn't mind since you had all the advantages of being away at school.

Are your clothes warm enough? I am sending the toothpaste and long stockings which you forgot.

Write again when you have time. We enjoy your letters so much.

Lovingly,

Mother.

DAY STUDENT CLUBS PLEDGE NEW MEMBERS

All day student club pledges have been received and invitations issued to all day students for the year 1933 and '34.

Tuesday morning from 11:30 until 12:00 o'clock was the time for initia-tion of new club members. Four different club groups, namely, Ecco-wasin, Ariston, Angkor and Triad, met in the day student club house to conduct their formal initiation, each in its own customary way. Some clubs showed their faithful spirit by singing club songs while others gave pledges of loyalty.

It is the duty of all club members to impress upon the minds of new stu-dents the importance of the clubs in college life. These clubs aim to help in aiding Ward-Belmont mould more beautiful characters.

The interest and enthusiasm mani-fested arouses a spirit of good feeling among the girls on the campus. Con-tests carried on between clubs give life to the students and the campus begins to be filled with happy hearts.

The clubs enable the girls to have a better opportunity of displaying their talents and initiative and aid greatly in carrying on the social ac-tivities of the school.

May the clubs succeed in the work they are undertaking to keep up high ideals of character and standards of scholarship!

Ariston—Mary Boyd, Evelyn Boyd, Patty Chadwell, Eleanor Cleghorn, Frances Earls, Dorothy Evans, Eliza-beth Gray, Agnes Kerr, Kathryn Mills, Marion Nicholson, Helen Power, Kathryn Rich, Ernestine Terrell, Emily Taggart, Carmencita Torrey, Marion Truett, Alice Williamson.

Angkor—Jean Burk, Jane Briggs, Shirley Caldwell, Susan Cheek, Judith Davis, Lyrabeth Fitzpatrick, Nancy Houghland, Virginia McClelland, Dorothy Proctor, Janet Stonestreet, Jane Vann.

Eccowasin—Gloria Brackstone, Mil-dred Clements, Carroll Cole, Juliette Craig, Peggy Dickinson, Nelle Edwards, Rachel Farris, Virginia Freeman, Ann Caroline Gillespie, Llewellyna Granbery, Elaine Haile, Ruth Hunter, Marie Murrey, Frances Murrey, Betsy Proctor, Jane Wallace, May Evelyn Wetterau, Betty Wil-liams.

Triad—Neila Chambers, Nina Fran-ces Flippen, Emmaryne Hartnett, Patti King, Marion Latta, Elizabeth Neel, Sarah Pardue, Elizabeth Pinner, Wiladene Smith, Florence Welch, Dorothy Guy Wilson, Sara Womack.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OPENS WITH GOOD CROWD

A large attendance marked the first Sunday school of the new school year. The services were led by Bob Durand, with Mary Francis Banker at the piano and Martha Rucker playing the violin.

Marie Bomke, speaker of the morn-ing, spoke on "Religion On the Cam-pus." She told of the need of religion in the student's everyday life and the need of a little time for quiet reflec-tion on God.

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MUSICAL PROGRAM HELD IN CHAPEL

Burton Wilson, voice student of Sydney Dalton, and Ella Lu Cheek, violin student of Kenneth Rose, were presented Monday, September 25, during the regular chapel hour.

Mr. Wilson, whose rich baritone pleased the audience exceedingly, selected songs that were well suited to his personality. The first group was "Bois Épais-Lully," and "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves," Handel. Arrangement by Armbruster.

Mr. Wilson was accompanied by Mr. Dalton.

Miss Cheek, who has been on several of our musical programs, displayed her skill in "Londonderry Air," arranged by Kreisler, and the "Hungarian Dance No. 2," by Brahmes. Miss Cheek was accompanied by Mrs. Rose.

The last portion of the program was taken by Mr. Wilson—"The High Barbaree," Old English sea chanty, arranged by Armbruster, and "Short'nin' Bread," Wolfe.

MUSIC NOTES

Word comes from Catherine Guthrie, past diploma student of Lawrence Goodman, that she is playing every Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 over WHAS in Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. Dalton has the school choir organized. Last Wednesday, the new girls were initiated to the customary duties of a choir singer.

Virginia Davenport, past diploma student of Lawrence Goodman, has been awarded a scholarship at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. She has the privilege of choosing her own private instructor.

Amelia Baskerville, violinist, has been broadcasting during the summer over WLAC, and has also appeared in several recitals.

Virginia Davenport, another pupil of Lawrence Goodman, is in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music on a scholarship which she won in competition on June fourteenth. The year's work may be taken with any of the master teachers in the Conservatory whom she may choose.

Bob Tucker, also a Goodman pupil, has been made a member of the staff at WSM.

Catherine Guthrie and Elizabeth Kerr are going to New York to enter the professional field. Miss Guthrie, a Goodman pupil, has been playing once a week all summer over the Louisville radio station WHAS. Miss Kerr was a pupil of Florence Boyer.

EXPRESSION WORK PROGRESSING

On October 28, at the Parthenon, the reproduction of the Athenian temple in Centennial Park, a Greek play is being put on by Miss Townsend, head of the Expression Department. She is going to have her classes act out scenes from "The Immortal Marriage." Some of the characters in the Greek play are: Aspasia, Pericles, and Phidias. The costumes worn will be copied from the Greek apparel of olden times.

The Certificate class is doing one-act plays and studying the laws of pantomime. This is an interesting class and Miss Townsend invites those who wish to stop by and see some of their work.

Diction and action and laws of tone production hold the Freshman class. The study of character in action is one of the topics being mastered.

The Senior class, which is composed of Katherine Combs, Mary Jones, Jennabeth Jones, Ruth Frye, and L. Kelly, are studying the creative laws of pantomime and speech.

PSST!

We saw a bunch of former Ward-Belmont belles at the Dainty Maid Foodshop last week, and their complexions have changed quite a bit since they left us for Vanderbilt's "Land of freedom." Girls, cheer up, 'cause when you get there you can wear lip-stick, rouge, and high heels, too.

Did you know that Indians in paintings have brown hair, fair complexions, and near sweater suits? Well, we saw one in Miss Ross' Art History class one day! If you don't believe us, ask Beverly Stone.

You'd think the locker room after the fifth period on Monday was a nut house or a kindergarten! Don't be alarmed—the uproar was just a playful moment of Mildred Clement and Alice Williamson—oh, these Freshmen!

SCHOOL MEETS A. A.

Thursday, September 28, the Athletic Association was formally presented to the assembled school. At this time Victoria Keldel, president of the Association, introduced the members of her organization. Vice-president Grace Bosserman gave a short talk on the value of membership, followed by similar talks given by the treasurer, Jeanette Knowles and Catherine Brown, secretary.

Dorothy Funk, filling the position of general manager, explained that the dollar for membership is used to help cover the cost of equipment upkeep and replacement. Therefore, it is well worth while to join.

The remainder of the program was taken up with talks by the various managers on the benefit and activity of their particular groups.

Managers are: Grace Benedict, hockey; Ruth Nehls, tennis; Mary Jane Foote, water polo; Ganel Stuart, swimming; Beverly Stone, basketball; Ann Shaw, baseball; Mary Jones, bowling, and Barbara Leake, apparatus.

The offices of riding, archery, and track managers have yet to be filled.

WHAT ABOUT VIRTUE?

"Remove not the ancient land-marks which thy fathers have set." This text, the twenty-eighth verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Book of Proverbs, was used by Rev. John Ferguson of the Arlington Church as text for the unusual chapel address given during devotionals last Wednesday.

According to Rev. Ferguson, progress is due to certain great fundamental land-marks which have persisted since time immemorial. "Man had come a tremendously long way in understanding our universe. Physical pain has been eliminated to a great degree. Perhaps we can even go so far as to find a scientific utopia in which the prophecy of the Book of Revelations finds fulfillment in this world. In science, medicine, discovery, we have progressed marvelously."

"And yet," continued Rev. Ferguson, "How far have we gone in developing and keeping *the character* our fathers had? Our problems, even our recent 'depression,' might be the result of having moved some of our fathers' land-marks!"

"Honesty, integrity, honor, duty, sympathy, world brotherhood, love, high idealism, as portrayed by great men such as Scott, Robert E. Lee, Abraham Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson, are ancient land-marks which must mark daily living, and we cannot find *these* in 'short-cut' fashion."

What an inspirational ideal this address can set before the lives that have passed by these land-marks without notice!

"Though outwardly religion can change from year to year, the fundamental doctrines of religion must remain immoveable, imperishable. In this attitude the race's one chance of salvation is represented."

ELLA LU CHEEK TO BE SOLOIST

Miss Ella Lu Cheek, violin student, has been chosen by Bohumir Kryl, the famous band leader, as the only local soloist on the night program to be given October 13.

Miss Cheek has done all her violin study at Ward-Belmont as a student of Kenneth Rose, director of the violin department. She was a certificate pupil in 1933 and is a candidate for a diploma this year.

The possessor of a very fine G. B. Guadagnini violin, Miss Cheek owns also a beautiful Tourte bow from the Hawley collection.

LD FRIENDS RETURN

All you new-comers in our midst ve thus far been deprived of a cer- in Ward-Belmont experience, which n't help but make the old girls feel bit sorry for you, namely, the portunity of knowing the Blantons, ose favorite Ward-Belmontites, who em to have cherished and enriched rough the years all the tradition d sentiment we love about this old lace. Dr. Blanton has been connect- d with Ward-Belmont, either as aculty member or administrator, ever nce Belmont College and Ward eminary were consolidated in 1913. revious to this he was teacher and dministrator of Ward Seminary. rs. Blanton has been both teacher nd head of the home department dur- ng the past years.

It has long been customary for Dr. nd Mrs. Blanton to greet the student ody upon arrival, and introduce them o Ward-Belmont personally. This ear the Blantons were enjoying a isit in the East at the time school ormally opened, and since they were nable to be present, sent a message f welcome to the opening chapel.

The event of their arrival has been agerly looked forward to, and at last, Monday, October 2, marked the return f not only Dr. Blanton and his wife, ut their daughter, Mrs. Landon Townsend and her children, Mary Diell and Richard, as well. Mary has already entered in Ward-Belmont for he term.

Much to the dismay of the entire chool, Dr. Blanton had developed a severe cold, and, as his improvement was not as rapid as should be, it was necessary to remove him to the hos- pital. However, there is no cause for alarm. All of us sincerely hope that he will soon be back home, and as well as ever. The old girls are anxious to say "hello," and the new girls are eager to make his and Mrs. Blanton's acquaintance, for until they do— Ward-Belmont is not really Ward-Belmont.

A NEW GIRL SPEAKS

We have come to Ward-Belmont alone and friendless. We are making our way along strange paths. We are not quite sure, yet, what this is all about, but we are learning quickly. We are becoming instilled with that intangible force which clings to all the buildings, and whispers to us with the voices of past girls. We are finding ourselves a part of the school; a part of all that it embodies. Every- where we turn something reminds us that other girls have been before us, and many girls are yet to come. We cannot live selfish lives; there is an unwritten rule which stands out above all the others: to do the best we can, in the classroom, on the campus and off, in our associations with the old girls and our new friends; to help others adjust themselves to their new environment; to make them feel their lonesomeness less; to act for our class and not for ourselves. All these we have come to regard as a duty, not required of us by teachers, but by ourselves. We may, perhaps, be slow in the accomplishment of this duty, but we will achieve it in time.

You old girls, bear with us; remember that we are confused and bewildered in what seems to us an alien land. If we do little things that annoy you, and if we seem to you about the "dumbest" bunch of girls you ever saw in your life, be lenient. We are slowly getting accustomed to our new life. We're even beginning to like it. Of course, we still rebel against the rules and think they're silly, but you did that. And whenever we do anything which demonstrates our abysmal ignorance, we content ourselves with the thought that you were in our places last year.

But for all our mistakes and foolish deeds, we feel that we are learning something more precious than money can buy. We are experiencing moments which will grow dearer with time. We are sowing the seeds of friendship, honesty, straightforwardness, and all the vital elements which go to make up character. And in later years, when we reap the results of our sowing, we will not exchange our harvest for anything in the world.

M. Y. '35.

"The hour or more you devote daily to diligent study, quiet meditation, and intelligent preparation will play a vital part in determining the degree of your success when the supreme opportunity presents itself." —*Selected.*

"Y" OFFERS DIVERSE ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 1)

will serve as the center of these culinary activities.

The last remaining activity sponsored by the "Y" at Ward-Belmont was begun two years ago at the Florence Crittendon Home at the request of a Ward-Belmont graduate who is now on the board of directors. Students in the college classes carry on the work of this committee which embraces various forms of entertainment for the enjoyment of the girls there. This work is definitely scheduled and carried out.

Many Ward-Belmont girls have never been to any social agencies, such as social settlements, community houses, orphanages, and the Red Cross. In addition to the social agency committees, there is also a Social Tours committee which plans trips that will familiarize the girls with the social problems of a large city.

The trips and the five committee projects are made with the object in view of training the girls to return to their home communities where they may take part in definite community service.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Thursday—Did wake up very gloomy. Tuck had to restrain me with force from leaping up to the third floor to wreak violence upon the persons who do take fiendish joy in jumping up and down, and throwing the furniture at each other at the ungodly hour of five in the morning. Felt feverish all day on account of being thwarted. The rain did not help my naturally buoyant spirit to do any excess "buoying." Took revenge on Tuck by not studying this evening, which does always enrage her.

Friday—I wonder if it ever gets cold around here. About perished of heat, and did go around mopping my fevered brow diligently all day. Was thrilled to hear Irina Skariatina speak in chapel. Did think her the most charming speaker I've ever heard. Longed mightily for her book, but did not get same on account of funds being very low at the moment. Purchased my gym outfit which I love. It's going to be fun having gym in that rig.

Saturday—Tra, La La! To town to a show with Tuck! Did find time to purchase a bedspread to liven up the dwelling of Tuck and Company. Tuck's things are all in gray, and mine are all in pale rose. We feel very soothed in our pastel environment. Donned my best sport rag, and barged into the tea room feeling delightfully informal. Adored Soper's mooning and simply loved the three jockeys, although I saw there a need for a little co-operation. Went crazy over the Bowery dance, and the fine piano playing. I see we Senior-Mid's have a pianist, too. To bed completely worn out.

Sunday—Arose early, being duly forgetful of the extra half-hour on Sunday. Pranced joyfully into Sunday school, where I raised my tuneful voice in song. I wish more girls would come. It takes only a few minutes, and it just seems to start the day off right. Spent a lazy Sunday afternoon loungin' 'round waiting for tea. Thoroughly enjoyed Dr. Mims' talk at Vesper's, "Ulysses" being one of my favoritest poems. Wrote a huge letter to my adored "d' oldgint," who did nearly scare the wits out of his onliest by sending her a telegram. Did scout around in the halls for food, before retiring, being about to die of hunger. Did find a bunch of grapes going begging, and was heartily pleased to give them a happy home.

IRINA SKARIATINA

(Continued from page 1)

Russian aristocracy, it was difficult for her to gain entrance to the country. Through American influence, however, she was given permission to return. She is the first of the *titled* aristocracy "to go back."

Irina Skariatina accounts for the change in Russia by the fact that a new generation has grown up, a new generation that is building a new social class in the world. "The girls and boys that were babies during the Revolution are working now and working seriously."

That the younger generation is important in the New Russia was shown by an explanation of the present organization of the young people. T babies and all children up to se years of age are organized into Octoberites. They are taught fr the beginning that freedom is t most desirable of things. The ch dren from seven years to sixteen a called the Pioneers, a group that co responds to the American Girl a Boy Scouts. These young people a taught to do a good deed each da to fight illiteracy, and to help bui the socialistic state. The Communi tic youth from sixteen to twenty three are likewise grouped together

The thing that impressed Iri Skariatina most in Russia was th "everything is so new." "I think th are modeling this new Russia on wh America did," she also stated.

Formerly Countess Irina Vladim rovna Keller, Irina Skariatina ca to America in 1923. She has writte three books based on her experienc during and since the Revolution. Th first one, "A World Can End," wa published in 1931. "A World Beginn was her next book; "The First To G Back" appeared in 1933.

In "A World Can End," Counte Skariatina, speaking of her life, says "My life in Russia and my life i America are so different that I hav the uncanny sensation of having live twice: first in Russia where I die and was buried, and am now livin in our peaceful country cemetery— and now here in America where I am now living my second life with th unusual faculty of being able to re member everything that happene during my first life in Russia."

CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 4)

Have you noticed one of those ne preps in Heron—Max Evans? Wher did you get those big brown eyes All the better to see you with, grand ma.

After studying that the Anglo-Sax ons were habitual drinkers and tha the Americans have inherited th Anglo-Saxon characteristics, Dorothy Glander decided she wasn't an Ameri can, but Ruth Nehls still claims sh is—and Nehls has someone to back up the statement, too.

Christine Jill was so anxious t come to monitors' meeting that she came right in without being called Hilda Beck was bound and determined that she was a monitor, but Kit finally convinced her that hall monitors didn't have anything to do with general monitors' meeting.

Nellie Clements was certainly popu lar Monday night. She just flitted from one meeting to another. I cer tainly hope your blisters get better.

Viva Lee, you certainly caused some commotion about your regulation dress!

You didn't realize how short-winded you were until hockey practise, did you? Those hot rolls and "pitillos" consumed during the summer certainly tell on you.

And now, readers, as I gaze into my crystal globe, I see Sarah Joyce Beasley peaking under her bed. I thought only old maids did that!

SENIOR EDITION

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, October 14, 1933 | Number 4

ISTORY OF SENIOR HALL

As a mark of appreciation, Senior all was dedicated in 1928 to Eustice Hail, once vice-president of Ward-elmont.

The hall was completed May 23, 23, and was called Senior Hall. It tained this name until 1928, when was rededicated in memory of Eus-e A. Hail. Mr. Hail, who was vice-sident of Ward-Belmont for about teen years and a member of the ard for twenty-five years, was born Logan County, Kentucky, on De-mber 30, 1868. He got his start as news agent and correspondent in e town of Adairville, Kentucky. hile yet a young man, he moved to mbroke, Kentucky, where he be-me vice-president of the American ational Bank. It was there also at he became interested with Dr. D. Blanton, head of Ward Semi-ry, in merging with Belmont Col-ge, in 1913. He became one of the rgest stockholders in the consoli-ted school. During his later years, s practically retired except for the rection of Ward-Belmont's financial nd business affairs. It was in ap-reciation of his work that the hall as rededicated.

Dr. Edwin Mims, professor of Eng-sh at Vanderbilt, and lifelong friend Mr. Hail, was chosen to deliver the emorial address—an address citing e life and work of the man who had en instrumental in building the hall.

At the laying of the cornerstone, iola Jay, president of the class of 8, presented the newly dedicated all to the president of the class of 9, Dorothy Sabin.

ENIORS HOLD SPORT DINNER

The Tri-K house was the scene of most delightful buffet dinner at six-fteen, Tuesday, October 11. The ub house was attractively decorated ith yellow flowers and a cheerful fire as burning in the fireplace.

After dinner was served, Delores mith sang many of the requests, hile Ruth Robinson accompanied her. ollowing this program the girls anced. Miss Sisson, Mrs. Powell, nd Miss Casebier were guests of onor.

The committee in charge was Emily Warren and Katrina Van Benschoten, ho are to be congratulated on the uccess of the first dinner given to he class as a whole.

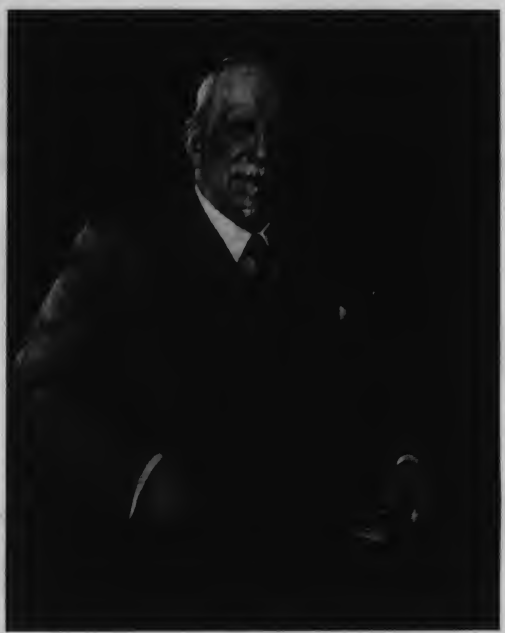
LASS RECOG-NITION DAY

Friday, October 13, was set aside as lass Recognition Day, in which the hole school participated.

The impressive ceremony took place n the front steps of the Academic uilding in the morning.

As Mr. Henkel played the chimes, he classes, wearing their colors, and ed by the vice-presidents who carried he class banner, entered from oppo-ite sides of the circle, while the spon-ors and president of each class came own the center walk. At this time ach class pledged itself to be loyal o the school and to its ideals. Dr. urk presented each president with a etter from the name "Ward-Bel-

(Continued on page 6)



DR. JOHN DIELL BLANTON, 1869-1933

"Nashville's pre-eminent position as the educational center of the South is due in a great measure to such leaders as Dr. John Diell Blanton, and those who have gone before him. By their efforts has been erected a great and enduring structure, the value of which cannot be overestimated.

Throughout the nation today, wherever graduates of Ward-Belmont College are to be found, there will be genuine sorrow at the passing of one who had been for many years both teacher and friend.

The name of Dr. Blanton is linked with that of Ward-Belmont, and the old Ward's Seminary. For more than forty years innumerable girls had come under his influence, to carry with them through life the spirit of the schools so dominated by his personality.

The field of education had an early appeal to this son of Virginia, who, after graduation from Hampden-Sidney College, taught for several years in Missouri, where he met and was married to Miss Anna Hawes Miller. She was to become his inspiration and helpmate, a life partner whose influence was a vital factor in his success.

Nashville first welcomed Dr. Blanton as vice-president of Ward's Seminary, where in 1892 he joined with the late Dr. William E. Ward in the development of that famous institution. A year later he became president of Ward's, remembered as having been located on Eighth Avenue near Church Street, and served in that capacity until it was merged in 1913 with Belmont College. Shortly after this consolidation, he became the president of Ward-Belmont, retaining that position until his death, despite the fact that for several years past ill health had curtailed his active work.

Nashville is indebted to Dr. Blanton in many ways. Beyond the important duties of college administration, his unflagging energy and spirit of service made him a leader in civic life. He was an indefatigable worker in the Chamber of Commerce and one of the most useful and beloved members of the Rotary Club, and there was unanimous approval when in 1928 he was awarded the cup which signifies Nashville's most useful citizen.

Even in the years of his decline, his spirit flamed high. In a multitude of ways, he has left his mark upon the city he loved. Death brings the realization of how greatly will be missed his wise counsel, his helping hand in worthy causes, his marked personal charm, his free and genuine hospitality, his high example of personal rectitude, and above all, his lasting influence upon the lives of the young

(Continued on page 3)

W.-B. GREETS CLASS OF '34

On Tuesday, October 10, the Senior class of '34 was formally presented by Dr. Barton to the students and faculty of Ward-Belmont. Alice Vivienne Hill, president of the class, had charge of the program, and after the class had taken its place on the platform with Dr. Barton, Miss Rhea, and Mr. Benedict, she opened the ceremony of recognition by calling upon the class officers to present the Senior platform.

Elizabeth Glasgow, vice-president of the class, gave the goal of the Senior Class to be the building of the highest character possible.

Evelyn Cooper, secretary, spoke on the need of integrity and honesty in the classrooms and in our social contacts. "Let us strive to be honest and maintain our ideals, and be sincere in our contacts with others," was her plea to the student body.

Katherine Combs, treasurer, speaking on friendship, said that our friendships grow steadily during our school years and become a part of us. Friends are the greatest attribute to one's character. "We wish to be your friends and you to be ours."

Mary Elizabeth Polk, day student treasurer, gave the usual definitions of scholarship. But, she said, scholarship to the Senior of '34 means an intelligent interest in the art of living and the ability to apply this interest in daily life.

Dr. Barton then was introduced and officially recognized the class. He charged the class with leadership and said that he felt that with those ideals expressed by the officers the class could not fail to be good leaders.

The recognition was concluded with the assembly standing while the Seniors, after singing their class song, marched out of the chapel.

CLASS OF '34 HAS PICTURE MADE

According to tradition the Senior class, with its sponsor, Miss Rhea, assembled on the steps of Academic Building Tuesday, October 11, for a group picture. The girls were all dressed in white, each with a yellow rose on her shoulder.

The picture turned out exceedingly well and may be bought at some future date by those desiring one.

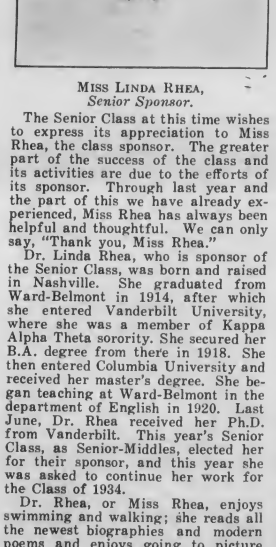
ON BEING A SENIOR

Now that I am become a Senior, I am thinking of my days last year when I only dreamed of being one. It was just about this time last year when I, in my Senior-Mid "freshness," began to feel that Seniors were just different, and that was all there was to it. Several of my best buddies were Seniors. When they'd vanish into Senior Hall (leaving me to hurry to chapel) I'd long to be able to invade the secret recesses of that sanctuary for just one meeting. Then they'd come out and we'd go to lunch together. The strains of that song they'd be repeating would somehow catch at my heart strings—so much did it seem to mean to them. I couldn't quite understand how they could feel so deeply over a mere class and a lot of traditions connected with it. Days moved on in hurried se-

(Continued on page 6)



Class of 1934



MISS LINDA RHEA,
Senior Sponsor.

The Senior Class at this time wishes to express its appreciation to Miss Rhea, the class sponsor. The greater part of the success of the class and its activities are due to the efforts of its sponsor. Through last year and the part of this we have already experienced, Miss Rhea has always been helpful and thoughtful. We can only say, "Thank you, Miss Rhea."

Dr. Linda Rhea, who is sponsor of the Senior Class, was born and raised in Nashville. She graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1914, after which she entered Vanderbilt University, where she was a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. She secured her B.A. degree from there in 1918. She then entered Columbia University and received her master's degree. She began teaching at Ward-Belmont in the department of English in 1920. Last June, Dr. Rhea received her Ph.D. from Vanderbilt. This year's Senior Class, as Senior-Middler, elected her for their sponsor, and this year she was asked to continue her work for the Class of 1934.

Dr. Rhea, or Miss Rhea, enjoys swimming and walking; she reads all the newest biographies and modern poems and enjoys going to picture shows. Many days in the week she can be seen leaving the campus in her new car (which is to say nothing of the many times she has taken Seniors, among others, for drives).

OUR HALL SPONSOR

One of the advantages that comes from living in Senior Hall is the chance that is given the girls to become acquainted with Miss Gertrude Casebier, the Senior Hall sponsor. The Seniors at this time wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Casebier for her helpfulness. She is always a good and true friend to "her girls."

SENIORS PRESIDE AT CHAPEL

Anne Loftin, Speaker

The chapel services, on Wednesday, October 11, were in charge of the Senior class. Anne Loftin was the student speaker.

"Is there not a moment in the day of every one of you when you have seen life—as a thing of loveliness and beauty?" Anne asked. She then commented on the fact that those of the modern generation have often let their inside feeling become so warped that they can only see life as something ugly. "Surely life is beautiful; surely the God that made it is a God of love," she said.

It was then pointed out that the students must place their ideals a little higher than they can easily be obtained. Anne spoke on how one should look at life and what should be found there.

She expressed the thought of the wrong outlook on life by saying that there will come the realization that "we're holding the picture upside down, so to speak."

"So when you look at life hold it at a right angle," she pleaded. "See things as God intended them to be seen," concluded Anne.

SENIOR CALENDAR INCLUDES TEA

Another event in the calendar of Senior Week was the Senior Tea given at the A. K. house Thursday afternoon, October 12. From four until six o'clock, the faculty, home department, and Senior class were delightfully entertained.

The color scheme of yellow was carried out in the yellow roses, chrysanthemums, and lighted yellow tapers. Tea, sandwiches, and cake were served to the guests.

Miss Linda Rhea, class sponsor; Mrs. Minnie Powell, Senior hall hostess, and the class officers received. During the afternoon musical selections were given by Martha Rucker, and Bob Durand. Miss Rucker, accompanied by Mrs. Kenneth Rose, played the two violin solos, "Caprice Vennois" by Kreisler, and "In the Canebrake," by Gardner. Miss Durand sang "Birdsongs at Eventide," by Coates. She was accompanied by Ruth Robinson.

Those of the Senior class that served were: Betty Randle, Marion Kaeser, Isobel Coulter, Kathryn Mathis, Ellen Trabue, Virginia Freeman, Muriel Leverett, Charlie Holcombe, Elizabeth Crane, Frances Hale, Dorothy Funk, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Mary Lulu Pivoto, and Jeanette Knowles.

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

Nell Betty Anderson—General Proctor; X. L. hockey manager.

Mary Louise Balsiger—President, Anti-Pan Club.

Mary Francis Banker—President, F. F. Club; Ward-Belmont organist.

Rena Berry—President, X. L. Club; HYPHEN reporter.

Marie Bomke—Chapel Proctor.

Grace Bosserman—Vice-president, Athletic Association; Senior Class HYPHEN reporter.

Catherine Brown—Treasurer, "Y"; Secretary, Athletic Association.

Jane Carroll—President, Tri K Club.

Anita Caudle.

Katherine Combs—Senior Class treasurer.

Evelyn Cooper—Senior Class secretary; circulation department of HYPHEN.

Virginia Cornelius—Senior Hall Proctor; HYPHEN reporter.

VIVA LEE DAVIS—President, Student Council.

Bob Durand—First Vice-president, "Y."

Lydia Fountain—President, "Y"; HYPHEN reporter.

Ruth Frye—Treasurer, Agora Club; HYPHEN stenographer.

Dorothy Funk—General Manager, Athletic Association.

Elizabeth Glasgow—Day Student Editor, *Milestones*; Vice-President, Senior Class.

E'Lois Geibel—Tennis Manager and Treasurer of Osiron Club.

Dorothy Glander—Secretary, Student Council.

Wilma Harrell—T. C. Club reporter for HYPHEN.

Alice Vivienne Hill—President, Senior Class.

Charlie Holcomb—A. K. Hockey Manager.

Juliet Hutton—Secretary, Agora Club.

Marjorie Jacobsen—Editor, *Milestones;* Del Ver Hockey Manager.

Dorothy Jones—President, Day Student Council; Ariston Hockey Manager.

Jennabeth Jones—Secretary, Osiron Club; Osiron hockey manager.

Mary Jones—Treasurer, Tri K Club; Tri K bowling manager.

Marion Kaesar — Vice-president, Agora Club; Agora bowling manager.

Jeanette Kassel—President, Osiron Club.

Victoria Keidel—President, Athletic Association.

Jeanette Knowles—Treasurer, Athletic Association; HYPHEN reporter.

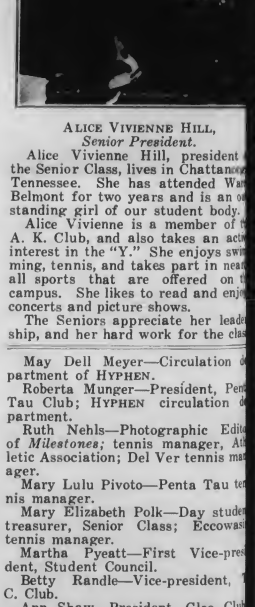
Helen Larimer—President, Del Ver Club.

Muriel Leverett—Secretary, "Y."

Mary Marjorie Lincoln—President, T. C. Club; HYPHEN reporter.

Helene Loeb—Editor, HYPHEN.

Anne Loftin — President, Eccowasin Club; HYPHEN reporter.



ALICE VIVIENNE HILL,
Senior President.

Alice Vivienne Hill, president of the Senior Class, lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee. She has attended Ward-Belmont for two years and is an outstanding girl of our student body.

Alice Vivienne is a member of the A. K. Club, and also takes an active interest in the "Y." She enjoys swimming, tennis, and takes part in nearly all sports that are offered on the campus. She likes to read and enjoys concerts and picture shows.

The Seniors appreciate her leadership, and her hard work for the class.

May Dell Meyer—Circulation department of HYPHEN.

Roberta Munger—President, Penta Tau Club; HYPHEN circulation department.

Ruth Nehls—Photographic Editor of *Milestones;* tennis manager, Athletic Association; Del Ver tennis manager.

Mary Lulu Pivoto—Penta Tau tennis manager.

Mary Elizabeth Polk—Day student treasurer, Senior Class; Eccowasin tennis manager.

Martha Pyeatt—First Vice-president, Student Council.

Betty Randle—Vice-president, T. C. Club.

Ann Shaw—President, Glee Club; baseball manager, Athletic Association; X. L. tennis manager; chairman Junior League Home "Y" committee.

Martile Sherman—Chairman, "Y" Tours Committee.

Claudine Smelser—Eccowasin hockey manager.

Delores Smith—School soloist, musical director Senior Class; HYPHEN reporter.

(Continued on page 6)

DR. JOHN DIELL BLANTON, 1869-1933

(Continued from page 1)

omen who were fortunate enough to d in him a teacher and a guide."

The Evening Tennessean, Saturday Evening, October 7, 1933.

"The news of the death Friday ght of Dr. John Diell Blanton, presi- nt of Ward-Belmont, will be a urce of regret to thousands of peo- e, here and elsewhere, whose lives had touched, whether in an edu- tional or a personal way. He was good citizen in every respect and a an of very real worth to the edu- tional institution of which he was e head; to his church, in which he as long a leader, and to the com- unity in which he lived. His was real contribution to life in the here in which he moved.

Nashville has long been an educa- onal center. It has long been a vorite location for schools for oung women. Some of these schools nk up with the days of the pictur- que, the distant past, but none who ve been associated with the educa- on of young women in Nashville has on a higher place in public esteem in warm personal regard than hn D. Blanton.

The business of education was his fe work, he had been engaged in it Nashville for forty-one years, and had endeavored to give to those mmitted to his charge the best in- truction that was possible. He him- lf gave high ideals of Christian anhood, and he endeared himself to ll who came within the scope of his fluence."

The Nashville Banner, Sunday, October 8, 1933.

"The life of Dr. J. D. Blanton was long one and his service was impor- ant and far-reaching.

Throughout his forty-one years in Nashville he wielded a strong influ- nce upon this community and no mall weight in the nation. As an ducator and school executive he had ome into close contact year after ear with hundreds of young girls nd young women. From every state n the union and from abroad they ave come every fall to Ward-Bel- ont school to obtain an education nd in surroundings representative f the best in both the Old and the New South to learn to live more beau- iful and more useful lives. The girls ho came under his influence, first at Ward's Seminary and later at Ward- Belmont School, returned to their omes when their education was com- leted to become leaders in the so- ial, religious and civic life of com- unities all over the country.

But Dr. Blanton was not complete- y absorbed in the school; he found ime to take a leading part in the work of his church, to participate ac- ively in the Rotary Club, to serve he business interests of the city hrough membership and office in the Chamber of Commerce, to act as host o groups of distinguished visitors to Nashville, to support various cultural nter-prises and to assume whatever esponsibilities go with the best sort of citizenship.

Under his presidency Ward-Bel- mont has brought countless artists in music, the theatre and other fields to Nashville and often the doors of the school auditorium have been open to interested people of Nashville as well as students for these affairs. On other occasions he was a staunch sup- porter of the appearances of visiting artists at other local auditoriums. Each year various exhibitions, such as that of the school's art and dra- matic departments, the horse show and the May Day festival have drawn large crowds from the city and the music faculty recitals also have been open to the public.

Though Dr. Blanton had not been in robust health for some time, his death Friday night came as a great shock. His loss to the city and to the manifold interests working con- structively in it will prove tremen- dous. For he brought into play a va- riety of talents all applied to one task—that of making life richer—for himself, for his friends, for the girls who came to his school and for the whole community. His benign influ- ence will long be felt for he be- queathed some of it to every young person who came under his influence and even adults were inspired by his example to greater and higher effort."

The Nashville Tennessean, Sunday, October 8, 1933.

Named "Leading Citizen"

(From the *Nashville Tennessean*, December 14, 1927):

"'Dr. John Diell Blanton.'

"The name rang out through the Chamber of Commerce today at the meeting of that body's forum and was met with a burst of applause from the crowd that had gathered to pay tribute to Nashville's 'leading citizen.'

"Paid the highest honor which that body could bestow upon anyone, the man who has played a leading part in the city's educational and civic life since coming here in 1892 as vice- president of Ward Seminary, was decorated with the laurel wreath of gratitude and his name emblazoned on the shield of service in a place second to none."

Nashville Banner, Saturday After- noon, October 7, 1933.

"Dr. John Diell Blanton, 74, presi- dent of Ward-Belmont School, and for more than forty years prominent- ly identified with the education of young women in the South, died at 10:15 o'clock Friday night at a local hospital of pneumonia. He entered the hospital Tuesday following his return Monday from a summer visit to his daughter, Mrs. Landon Town- send, of Montclair, N. J. He had been a sufferer from asthma for several years and since 1928 had been accus- tomed to spend several months each year in Tucson, Ariz.

"Funeral services will be held Mon- day at Ward-Belmont School, entrance at Sixteenth and Belcourt Avenues. Dr. James I. Vance will officiate and burial will be in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

"Honorary pallbearers will be mem- bers of the session of the First Pres- byterian Church. Active pallbearers will be the following men from the board and faculty of the school: V. I. Witherspoon, Charles Nelson, Dr. W. H. Hollinshead, W. V. Flowers, Law- rence Goodman, Kenneth Rose, Dr. J. E. Burk, and Thomas B. Donner.

"Ward-Belmont classes will be sus- pended Monday morning.

"Recognized throughout the South as an educational leader, Dr. Blanton had been associated with schools for women in Nashville since 1892, when he came from Missouri, where he had also been prominent in educational work, to assume the vice-presidency of Ward Seminary, which was then among the leading girls' schools of the section under Dr. William E. Ward. Shortly afterwards he became president of Ward's Seminary, and in 1915, two years after Ward's Semi- nary and Belmont College were con- solidated, he became president of Ward-Belmont School, recognized among the leading institutions for the education of young women in the South.

"Although in failing health for sev- eral years, Dr. Blanton retained his active connection with the school, al- though the management and other business details were left to Dr. John W. Barton and A. B. Benedict, vice- presidents of the institution.

Civic Leader

"Although Ward-Belmont School al- ways came first in his thoughts, Dr. Blanton found time to engage in those movements which had to do with the civic advancement of Nash- ville, and had been active in activities of the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club. He was a member of the board of governors of the Chamber of Commerce from 1919 to 1924, in which year he was elected vice-president, and in 1927 was again elected to its board of governors. In that year his services as a civic and educational leader were recognized at a public meeting of the forum at the Chamber of Commerce, when he was presented with resolutions of appre- ciation of his services as an outstand- ing citizen.

"He was also active in religious and fraternal work, having been identified with the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church and a member of its board of elders. In Masonry he held degrees in both York and Scottish Rites, being a Knight Tem- plar and a member of the Shrine.

"Dr. Blanton had also served as president of the Tennessee College Association, and as vice-president of the Southern Association, and as vice- president of the Southern Association of Colleges and Seconuary Schools. He was one of the organizers of the American Association of Junior Col- leges, and had taken an active part in the meetings of these organizations for years.

"He had been president of the Ry- man Auditorium Association for a number of years and was among that group of citizens who had saved the auditorium when its finances threat- ened its loss to the city for cultural and religious gatherings.

"Ward-Belmont School under his di- rection was always a substantial con- tributor to every movement which had as its object the advancement of the city's welfare. In addition to the school's contributions to civic move- ments, it also contributed largely of its own talents to the advancement of the musical and cultural life of the community, having organized the first Grand Opera in Nashville, to which tickets were donated free.

"Under Dr. Blanton's administra- tion the doors of Ward-Belmont School were always open for the en- tertainment of large groups of visi- tors meeting here in convention. It was in such invitations that he ap- parently saw an opportunity for ren- dering a larger service for the insti- tution.

"The Protestant Hospital perhaps owes as much to Dr. Blanton's inter- est in its organization as to any other. He and Mrs. Blanton had been large contributors to its development, and for several years he had been presi- dent of its board of trustees.

Virginia Native

"Dr. Blanton was born in Cumber- land County, Virginia, March 26, 1869, the son of Francis Baker Blan- ton and Eliza Diell Blanton. His father was a native of Virginia and his mother was born in New York. He attended Hampden-Sidney College in Virginia, from which he graduated in 1879, receiving his A.B. and LL.D. degrees from that institution. Fol- lowing his graduation he went to Mis- souri, where he taught in the district schools of Audrian County until 1880. In 1881 he was principal of the schools of Keytesville, Mo., and the following year was elected principal of Watson Seminary, Ashley, Mo., where he remained until 1885, when he became principal of Kahoka Col- lege, Kahoka, Mo. From this posi- tion he went to Elizabeth Aull Semi- nary at Lexington, Mo., where he re- mained until 1892, when he came to Nashville as vice-president of Ward's Seminary.

"While teaching in Keytesville, Mo., he married Miss Anna Hawes Miller, who survives him, and who has been associated with him in his long and useful career as an educator.

"In addition to Mrs. Blanton, he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Landon Townsend of Montclair, N. J.; three grandchildren, Anne, Mary and Rich- ard Diell Townsend; two brothers, Dr. J. C. Blanton of Richmond, Va., and J. P. Blanton of Farmville, Va., and a sister, Mrs. Oscar McCluer, of O'Fallon, Mo."

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STAFF

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.....*Circulation Department*

EDITORIALS AND FEATURES

JEANNETTE KNOWLES, MARY MARJORIE LINCOLN, DELORES SMITH, VIRGINIA WINSTON, MARGARET YOUNG

REPORTERS

RENA BERRY, VIRGINIA CORNELIUS, ANNE LOFTIN, MARY LULA PIVOTO, GRACE BOSSERMAN, MARTHA FISHER, LYDIA FOUNTAIN

STENOGRAPHER

RUTH FRYE

EDITORIAL

"LET US STRIVE TO PERFECT OURSELVES"

Since the whole is the sum of its parts, it is for the parts to be so perfected that the whole may be of supreme excellence. That means that our life here at Ward-Belmont is as complete as that of each individual. Shouldn't we then at least attempt to analyze ourselves and make the most of our God-given material so that we can contribute the more to our school? It is not at all a selfish motive, but rather one of great generosity.

As I was reading the other day from comments of Dr. Scofield, I chanced upon his definition of character, and it occurred to me that since character is the basis of our lives, we could use this definition to put ourselves to the proof. L

According to Dr. Scofield, Christian character is composed of three definite relations: character as an inward state, character in expression toward men, and character in expression toward God.

The first is a possession and manifestation of love, joy, and peace, those spontaneous qualities which make not only for our personal happiness but for a certain amount of that of others. Haven't you, at some time or other, felt the joyfulness and peace of an individual penetrate your gloom and raise you to his plane of life? No doubt you, yourself, have at one time been the uplifting influence. If you haven't, now is the great chance to try out this worth-while experiment.

Character in expression toward men is a compound of long-suffering gentleness and goodness. Quite often, this phase of character is a natural result of the first and might be called "the manifest fruits of the inner soul." If we truly love a person, won't we deal with him in just this manner? These qualities, then, seem to form the composition of the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Perhaps our main requisite for a perfect life is our expression toward God. Without this, it is hardly possible to attain the first two attitudes of and toward life. Our faith, weakness, and temperance, is certainly a foundation for our character and an everlasting source of comfort and strength. Try the simple process of utter reliability on the Supreme Being, and you will find this experiment with your life remarkably simple. I know that the majority of you will admit already such an influence on your lives.

This way seems quite confusing, but with a specific example before you, I think you, every one, will understand. While in the library you have undoubtedly looked many times upon the portrait of our beloved Dr. Blanton and have most certainly noticed the outstanding detail, the Bible which he is holding. Could there be a better representation of the source of such a beautiful and serviceable life?

(Continued on last column of this page)

SENIOR SHORTS
(Campus Column)

Someone asked me to write the column this week. I went down to get the magic crystal globe, so's I could get some hot news, and Kid Knowles comes booming in the door and knocks it out of my hand. Well, I just don't know whether the news will be so "hot" or not because most of the keyholes in Senior are stuffed with cotton.

Marie Bomke has powerful lungs, Jennabeth Jones is coming back to Nashville to drive up Acklen Street on Sunday, Katherine Mathis still talks about Joe Brown, "Kid" wears curlers to bed, "Slymme" Warren reminds me of "The Big Bad Wolf," Rena's name is Rena Prudence Faith Hope and Charity Berry—but just call her Rosy, Marie Tower eats bran every morning for breakfast, Delores Smith just can't take it, Shorty Kassel is small but mighty, Helene Loeb is a typical character of the business world, Sarah Jo Berry got a big kick out of Chicago, Mary Jones has the best apples, but don't tell her I told you.

"Mugs" Morris wears red and white checkered ear-rings, Wilma D. Baker's abode might be termed "bizarre," Leigh Taliferro keeps the conversation going in psychology class, Ann Shaw can really do her hair up now, Ruth Robinson resembles Grace Peckham, Rena Berry dances on her heels, Ruth Nehls can do snake hips, Martha Pyeatt has started hockey training already, Mary Jones thought sure she wasn't going to get any dinner Tuesday night, Katrina Van Benschoten has the softest voice, "Buzzy" has the best looking yellow silk shirt, Marie Bomke sings when she dances, Shorty Kassel wears lace petticoats, Cack is still wondering what analytics is all about, Dorothy Glander talks constantly about her "kitty," Gail Lawrence drinks buttermilk, Bob Durand can't figure out why her shoes cost more than other people's.

Helen Larimer thought she was getting roped into "sumpin'" the other day when she went on the picnic. What was that proposition anyway?

Smith and Pivoto made a lovely sprawl on the Tri-K Club floor at the Senior dinner.

"Slymme" Warren can certainly pronounce judgment on people.

Dorothy Funk likes beds. She ought to, anyway, she's around hers enough. It's too bad, Soper, that you're not a Senior. Anyway, we'll see you and Roth and Find later at the dance with all the rest of the Senior-Mids.

It takes "Funkie" thirty minutes to get ready for bed every night. That doesn't allow for the time she takes giving her suite-mate advice.

Ruth Nehls cooks the best raw hamburgers! Marj. Jacobson felt like a cave-woman after she had consumed three of them. Her chess pie brought her back to this earth.

You should hear "Cack" and "Kid" prove that there isn't such a thing as distance. They'll really make you believe that you can't walk from Ac to Middlemarch. Yes, and a cat has ten tails, but you'll have to get Cack to explain it.

Dorothy Glander has become the champion wrestler. She showed her ability before an audience of twelve down at the A. K. Club.

In case the remarks don't satisfy everyone, I'll hear about it, because I see all and hear all and write all. This is my first attempt, so don't be too hard on me, please.

EAGLE FEATHER

SENIOR SONG

I.

We pledge now our love for our old W.-B.,
We vow ever to be true;
We pledge, too, our love for our dear Senior Class—
God bless them, the old and the new.
We'll hold high those colors, the Gold and the Blue;
Our banners shall kiss the sky.
Our faith all resisting, our goal for life's best,
Our motto, "To do or die."

II.

The joys we have here will not fly as the leaves;
They'll last us life's journey through:
And the love we have now for the friendships we've ma
Will live in our memories, too;
And though we must part from each other some day,
As Seniors have parted before,
The glorious spirit of old '34
Will linger for evermore.

WARD-BELMONT HYMN

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

CLASS RECOGNITION SONG

Giver of Gifts, Treasurer of Beauty,
To Thee we bring our youth in glad surrender
That we and thee, both giving, may be blest—
Ward-Belmont, Ward-Belmont.

YOUR DEMANDS AND OUR POLICY

What do students expect of a Junior College newspaper? The HYPHEN has been attempting to solve that problem in the interest that your paper shall be truly YOUR paper, the reflection of student thought from student viewpoint, and hopefully attempting to capture and hold the interest of our readers.

The HYPHEN is desirous of encouraging all literary contributions and will welcome constructive criticism. Under a new and more complete system the HYPHEN hopes to cover more completely hitherto neglected sources. We want YOU to send us your suggestions, remembering that this is your paper.

Our policy is to face all issues truthfully, to print all news that is of major interest and importance, and to endeavor to awaken discussion and interest on the part of the student body. V. M. W., '34.

(Continued from first column of this page)

This is, then, what we might strive for individually and thus, collectively, we shall be strengthened.

ALICE VIVIENNE HILL, '34.

DR. JOHN D. BLANTON

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea."

It was characteristic of Dr. Blanton that one of his last requests should be that the school work be continued. The school meant a great deal to him; it was his home and his work. That last wish that school be uninterrupted may be taken as symbolic of his wish that the ideal and work he put into Ward-Belmont be ever carried on.

Just as the school meant a great deal to Dr. Blanton, so did Dr. Blanton mean a great deal to the school. He was the man who built into Ward-Belmont many of its traditions, its ideals, its significance.

We must carry on now that Dr. Blanton is gone. We must not fail the trust of the future of the school that he has placed in us.

There can be no more fitting tribute to Dr. Blanton than the continuance by us of his hopes for the school.

Ward-Belmont will always stand as a memorial to Dr. Blanton. The work that those here this year do will blend with the work of those of the past and those of the future in making it a fitting monument for such a man.

H. L., 34.

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See the many other dashing hat styles, all instant successes.

TO MRS. POWELL, SENIOR "MOTHER"

Years ago in Staunton, Virginia, there lived a little girl named Minnie Riley, who was later to become our own Mrs. Powell. But then, of course, she had no intentions of this, and was happy and contented living in the lovely Virginia town of her ancestors. Like all other young ladies of her day, Minnie Riley was educated in female seminaries. For her high school education she attended the Staunton Female Seminary, and later graduated in Music and Elocution from the Wesleyan Female Institute where she won various medals for her talent and ability. Often Minnie made speeches, and she was ever very fond of putting on school plays. At one time she took the part of a bride and shortly after her graduation from Wesleyan Institute she played this part again, this time in real life when she became Mrs. Powell.

The Powells made their home in Staunton, and Mrs. Powell's only child, a daughter who is now married and living in Nashville, attended Mary Baldwin College. During her entire stay in Staunton as a married woman, Mrs. Powell was tremendously active in church and hospital work. For years she was on the Hospital Board of the King's Daughters Hospital, and held various offices in her church.

After Mr. Powell's death, eight years ago, she left Staunton in January, 1926, after a long and worthwhile life there, to make Ward-Belmont her home. The following spring she took over the duties of club hostess for the then recently completed club houses. After two years as a club hostess, she went to North Front as dormitory hostess, remaining there until the fall of 1932, when she took Mrs. McComb's place as hostess of Senior Hall.

Mrs. Powell is exceedingly fond of girls. The individual girl's progress is of interest to her, and she never tires of playing the role of mother to her Seniors. She often says that "One's outer life is no more than a reflection of inner life," and surely this thought is often before her, for the Seniors have yet to find one who exemplifies more fully just how sweet and worthwhile life can be reflected.

Mrs. Powell admires the modern girl, calling her "independent, frank, capable, and expressive," and in no way any less attractive than the girls of a generation or two ago.

Among the many things Mrs. Powell loves are girls, yellow roses, blue, her grandson and granddaughter, her radio, Galsworthy, chicken dumplings, singing and "Evening in Paris" perfume. As a confidential reporter, may I reveal that she's also c-razy about visits from all of you.

NOTICE

Students who are candidates for any certificate or diploma to be awarded by the Junior College in May, 1934, must make application by October 20, for such certificate or diploma.

Signature slips are available in Room 107, Academic Building.

J. E. BURK,
Dean of Faculty.

CLASS RECOGNITON DAY

(Continued from page 1)

mont," exemplifying various traits of character to which we aspire.

Miss Norris, who originally organized this ceremony, then spoke. She was followed by a speech by Dr. Barton.

The presidents and sponsors representing each department were: Postgraduates, Dorothea Jane Tebbs, Miss Shackleford; special students, Jane Hall, Miss Jeter; Seniors, Alice Vivienne Hill, Miss Rhea; Senior-Middles, Jean Stewart, Miss Sanders; Alumnae, Rose Morrison, Jane Pulver; Juniors, Ellen Bowers, Miss Cayce; Junior-Middles, Anne Huddleston, Mrs. Shackelford; Sophomores, Jane Meadors, Miss McElfresh; Freshmen, Jane Vance, Miss Ordway; junior high school, Emmie Leake, Mrs. McCall; elementary grades, Mary Aileen Edwards, Miss Mosley; primary grades, Mary Diell Townsend, Miss Hall.

ON BEING A SENIOR

(Continued from page 1)

quence, and always those Seniors just lived in a different atmosphere.

The atmosphere rather started with Recognition Week which began on Monday. The class was lovely in white, seated upon the platform to receive Dr. Barton's good wishes and to put their ideals before the school. Again that song gripped my very being. The dance for us at the end of Recognition Week was a model of entertainment, with those Seniors making the most perfect hostesses I ever met.

A whole year followed, with each class participating in its own meetings, dances, and routine. I think it took the last week of it all to shake me from my lethargy of wondering and to show me wherein the Senior Class differed from the others. Perhaps a wee small hint had been dropped me on Senior-Senior-Middle Day, but I hadn't taken it in. However, on the last Sunday afternoon in May when those Seniors stood in the lengthening shadows of Big Ac, singing to the girls who were to take their places, I knew what I had been trying to figure out all year. Those girls were Seniors, and that name, if the bearer had proved faithful, was their passport from Ward-Belmont to continents of higher learning. When we moved up those steps and that Senior Class marched off, leaving us its place, you can believe me, I cried like any one of those Seniors. There we were, not Senior-Middles any longer, but Seniors. From that moment I felt the spirit of '33 that had been breathed into us by our sisters—the spirit of carrying on.

Now that I have become a Senior I know all that I wondered about last year. Senior Hall has become a reality to me. That Senior song has gripped me more than ever, and I find myself humming it on all occasions. Recognition Day was mine and the challenge "to do or die" has again been given me. I wonder when I stand upon the steps of Ac, in May, if I shall feel worthy of the place. When I think that this year is my last opportunity to render Ward-Belmont my best, I grow afraid. What if I fail? I know that if I fail in my simple task, the chain given to my class of '34 by that of '33 will be broken. I cannot realize my Senior membership at Ward-Belmont without feeling that I must not be the weak link that can sever the strength of the whole chain of years.

Now that I have become a Senior, it is my desire to be like the ones I knew last year—beautiful in character, loyal to ideals of self and of Ward-Belmont and most of all, eager to leave a high standard to those who will take my place.

Anne Loftin '34.

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

(Continued from page 2)

Beverly Stone—Second Vice-president, Day Student Council.

Ganel Stuart—Swimming manager, Athletic Association.

Katrina Van Benschoten—Secretary, Tri K Club.

Mary Ruth Vanderbilt—Vice-president, Anti-Pan Club; chairman Vanderbilt Hospital "Y" Committee.

Emily Warren—Chairman, "Y" Poster Committee.

Virginia Winston—President, A. K. Club; HYPHEN reporter.

Marjorie Zaug—President, Agora Club.

W.-B. ORCHESTRA ORGANIZES

Monday, October 9, orchestra practice was held for the first time this year. Mr. Kenneth Rose, the conductor, announced that the orchestra is going to be organized on the general plan of the Juillard graduate school of New York. This new idea adopted by Mr. Rose is something entirely new to the school. The orchestra is composed chiefly of stringed instruments augmented with the piano, wood wind section and organ. Since there has never been anything so unique here, it is sure to appeal to the hearers.

Ella Lu Cheek is concert master; first violinists: Martha Rucker, Mary Lalla Byrns, Mrs. Weason, Mrs. Oman, Amelia Baskerville, Mrs. Betsy Luske Dudley; second violinists: Mrs. John Duke, Mr. Perkins Sexton, Mrs. Hines, Mr. Martin, Sara Womak, John Howard Wise, Elizabeth Glasgow; 'cellist, Lydia Fontain. Mildred Clements has been appointed pianist.

Mr. Rose requests every girl to have an audition if she is in any way acquainted with instruments. Right now there are fourteen first violins, twelve second violins, six violos, seven 'cellos, two bass, and two harps, along with the piano and organ.

The first rehearsal was fine; everyone was enthusiastic, ready for work.

If any girl would like to form a group and organize a school orchestra, Mr. Kenneth Rose and Dr. Barton would gladly consider the cause. Many girls have come to Ward-Belmont with the anticipation of joining the school orchestra, but as it has been changed completely, only a limited amount of brass and wood wind is used; therefore, if the girls want to have this orchestra, see about it immediately.

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CLUB CHATTER

What a breakfast and what a club! Orange juice, marmalade, toast, coffee, and sausages galore before the "bestest" glowing fireplace you ever saw! Everyone was in the best of spirits at the Agora House and so comfortable that we all hated to leave our glowing paradise. You never saw such eaters in all your life. Girls ate so many sausages they began to squeal. And talk about the rest that disappeared—maybe it was Miss Casebier's merry laugh and winning ways that made us forget how much we had already eaten. I hope we don't do this often or we'll all be going through doors sideways like a piano. Radio music furnished the rest of our entertainment and allow me, a wonderful time was had by all.

If anyone has overheard any of the T. C.'s, she has probably received just a hint of the success of the breakfast in the clubhouse last Sunday for the new girls. The old and new girls were gathered around a long table whose centerpiece was a bowl of the choicest fruits.

A number of old girls were on the entertainment committee, making the new girls feel just as much at home as possible.

The breakfast marked the opening of a year of co-operative club spirit, as well as of fun, between the old T. C.'s and the new.

FIRST BRACKETS OF TENNIS TOURNEY FINISHED

The first round of the tennis matches has been held. The following girls, either by victory or a bye, remain for the second round:

G. Bosserman, E. Crane, V. Winston, J. Foote, D. Smith, M. Pyeatt, A. Shaw, S. Caldwell, R. Potts, J. Hodges, D. Jones, F. Street, J. Taylor, R. Morton, E. Butts, B. Rye, C. Fort, M. Sherman, C. Cornelius, B. Hall, P. A. Billington, M. Hobson, C. Holcomb, J. Davis, M. L. Reinke, J. Campbell, M. Soper, J. Knowles, R. Berry, W. Baker, R. Frye, E. Elrod, A. Williamson, G. Benedict, J. Vance, M. A. Paine, M. Robbins, L. Shaw, L. Glasgow, F. Rose, M. Hill, C. Stone, P. Chadwell, M. Gibson, B. Peinck, V. Cornelius, M. L. Boyd, L. Shropshire, T. von Borries, S. J. Ponder, D. Funk, V. Keidel, B. Heck, M. E. Hodgins, E. Warren, I. Coulter, K. Huson, M. M. Lincoln, J. Berryhill, A. Hershey, R. Nehls.

PSST!

We're not sure, we only heard—

That Angie Cantrell likes "French" dressing with her fish on Friday. Rumor started at Polly Inn.

That half of the W.-B. day student body attended the gym dance at Vandy last Saturday night—among them Sally Womoch. Sally, you know the old saying—"little girls" should be seen about, not heard about.

That Louise Fleming had a time getting Dorothy Guy Wilson to understand why a milk shake is white when it doesn't have chocolate in it.

That Emily Taggert peddles "corn cures." Well, if she doesn't, why the little brown box so often? Ask Emily about those new "holds" she has to show us that she learned at the wrestling match last week.

That Virginia Freeman is akin to our beloved "J. Wellington Whimpy"—well, anyway, she can't stop with one hamburger. But she does pay for them when she gets them.

That Theresa Howley looked lovely enough to have been the bride herself at the Beasley-McElroy wedding a week ago.

That Juliette Craig has a weakness for redheads. Of course, we mean redheaded boys; who mentioned girls?

That Miss Scruggs asked Lisbeth Smith to say something about Chaucer and that Lisbeth promptly replied, "Yes, ma'am, 'Chaw, sir,' is what you tell the man who asks you how to eat a tough steak."



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JUNIOR LEAGUE CHILDREN ENJOY W.-B. GIRLS

"Next time you come please stay a hundred hours," were the parting words that the girls who visited the Junior League Home Sunday afternoon received from a little tot. And they all wanted to know if they would be back next Sunday.

Upon their arrival Marion Low went directly to see if the baby to whom she took such a fancy last year was still there. The rest of the girls started on a tour to visit all the wards; however, Betty Bryant never got past the little boys' ward, because they begged her to stay and read the funnies to them. Buena immediately took possession of Elizabeth Airhart by taking her down to see their swimming pool and play room.

When the girls were ready to leave Virgina Ferguson was still reading Peter Rabbit stories to eight little boys and there was much ado while drawing her away from them.

DR. HILL INSPIRES GIRLS IN VESPERS TALK

"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not; they begin anew every morning. Great is thy faithfulness." With this Biblical passages from *Lamentations*, Dr. John L. Hill opened his vesper's address on Sunday evening, October 8.

Dr. Hill first pointed out the general facts that may be gained from this passage. The passage teaches "that our dependence on God is absolute, complete, entire." "Our very existence today is a mercy," he continued.

The fact that God's mercies begin anew each morning was spoken of. "God gives us a new supply of His mercy without asking what we did with the supply we had before."

"In the light of these facts," questioned Dr. Hill, "what should be your attitude and mine?" He answered his question by stating that one should be quietly trustful, confidently busy about the Father's work; one should find in every experience of life evidence of God's mercy.

"There is in every experience of life some evidence of the mercy of God, if His children are only able to find it," concluded Dr. Hill.

Dr. Hill has been editor of the books and other publications of the Baptist Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention since 1922. He is also the author of "Life of Jesus" (1925) and "The Urge of Love" (1930).

PREP PATTERINGS

They say columnists are a horrible lot, but we are going to start right in and demand reform. Let the gym shorts be *seven* inches above the knee! We expect nothing to come of this clarion call, but if it fills up space in our column, what's the difference?

All last year, and the year before that, and the year before that, and—but maybe you're tired of this. I know we are. Anyway, all that time, we fought for socks, and look what's happened! This just shows our good influence.

In this, our first column, which, in all probability, will be rejected, we will not get too personal, but *do* we know some things to spring in later columns, in case we are accepted on the staff! This is an obvious hint to put us on. For instance, several things about Audrena and Betty Butterfield's European trip this summer that wouldn't have been included in the regular tour of the Tuileries, or, for that matter, Versailles, either, are lodged in our retentive little mind—and do you know the low-down on certain Juniors this year that make subject-matter for the gossips of the town?—And did you hear about Eleanor Bailey's party late this summer?—They're still talking—and it wild?—We might tell you about it some time, but you'd have print the paper on asbestos, so guess we can't.

And isn't it nice that the Fresh this year don't have to be trained hockey?—They had it last year. can remember how dumb we Miss Morrison practically tore hair, and "Cayce" raved. We flunk the hockey exam the first time just barely got by on the second tr We hope they don't have it again th year.

Things you nor we, either, knew till now: That Patsy Schor dorfer writes with violent green whenever possible—That Virgin Carson asks thousands of question chemistry about molecules—sh afraid she'll step on one and mash That Mickey Perry hates to ma speeches, but who doesn't?—That certain talented girl drew a profil Mary Alice Nolan in history class other day, when we were supposed be listening to a talk on the Na and Hitler—That the Pen Staff no boarders in it this year—they graduated—And that we want so new ones in our august body. A also do you know that one mem was railroaded through last year, b never again will it happen—That went to a "*A Nous la Liberte*" at Belmont Sunday night and sat rig behind Miss McElfresh, so we caug on, with her aid, and could explain to others less fortunate than we their location—That we will merel sign our initials to this until we b come famous—then we will sign ou name—That you can see your nam in print if you'll tell us somethin about yourself. We'll spread it a over the campus—That we're a Sout erner, suh, and resent those crac the boarders make about our accen

"READY FOR SERVICE." THEME OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

That the girls are really interested in Sunday school has been evidenced by the fact that so many of them are taking an active part in the services. Last Sunday the number attending was indeed gratifying.

Matilda Daughtery gave a most beneficial talk on *Ready for Service*. She brought out the fact that many of us are willing to serve but few are ready. Mary Lalla Byrns played the violin, accompanied by Ruth Robinson on the piano. The prayer song was rendered by Mary Eleanor Clay.

Afterwards the discussion groups went to their appointed places. Miss Sanders' group discussed *New Sleeves in Old Dresses* and Miss Van Hooser continued last Sunday's discussion, which was on *College Friendships*.

GIRLS VISIT TENN. CHILDREN'S HOME

On Saturday, October 7, Miss Van Hooser accompanied by eight girls visited the Tennessee Children's Home for the first time this year. While Miss Van Hooser was making arrangements with Miss Spear to have Ward-Belmont girls visit the Home on Sundays instead of Saturdays, as has been the custom in the past, the girls became acquainted with the children.

Charlie made a hit with the little girls while Sally Zimmerman and Marion Kaeser seemed to be enjoying themselves playing baseball with the boys. Carolyn Sutton has decided that pushing swings has its points. Arlene Hershey and Peg Young were very popular with everyone but seemed to like slides. The other girls were here and there making all the children happy.

Announcement will be made as to days for the Tennessee Children's Home, but meanwhile, come on, girls, and get interested. Do something for others as well as yourself.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, October 21, 1933 | Number 5

ILESTONES AND HYPHEN CHOOSE STAFFS

The staffs of the HYPHEN and the *lestones* have been completed, and e started their work for the year. se school publications, namely, the ool paper and the annual, were in rge of the chapel hour recently. wever, at that time the entire staffs d not been selected.

The *Milestones* staff consists of the lowing: Marjorie Jacobson, editor-hief; Marguerite Page, associate tor; Ruth Nehls, photographic edi-; Emily Warren, art editor; Sally ig, associate art editor; Elizabeth sgow, day student editor; Mildred tt, business manager; Patsy horndorfer, high school representa-ve. This staff has started work on 1933-34 *Milestones*, and wishes e cooperation of every girl in the hool in regard to pictures and tronage.

There are two HYPHEN staffs—the ecutive and the writing. Of the ecutive: Helene Loeb, editor-in-ief; Gail Lawrence, associate edi-; Margaret Young, news editor; nrietta Hickman, high school edi-; Evelyn Cooper, circulation mana-. Of the writing staff, the feature iters are, Virginia Winston, Mary arjorie Lincoln, Dorothy Funk, De-es Smith, and Jeannette Knowles. na Berry, Lydia Fountain, Virginia rnelius, Annie Loftin, Grace Bos-rman and Martha Fisher are the sporters. May Dell Myers and Ro-rta Munger are assistants to the rculation manager. The staff ste-graphers are Ruth Frye and Mar-y Zaug.

Each club also has its own reporter ho is responsible for her club's part the club news. The different school ganizations also have their report-s who contribute.

WORK OF TENNES-SEE CHILDREN'S HOME PRESENTED

Mrs. Fannie B. Elrod, traveling ecutive secretary for the Tennessee hildren's Home, was the guest speak-r at Sunday evening Vespers. The ervices were in charge of Eva Char-y Ohlhaver and Harriet Ostergren, airmen of the Tennessee Children's ome committee.

Mrs. Elrod began by telling about he organization of the home, which ok place in 1913. "It is not," she aid, "an orphanage. The children nly remain there until some plan an be made for their future. It is on-sectarian and non-political." The hildren do not pay board, as a state ppropriation supports the institu-ion.

If a child has been placed in a pri-ate home, and an event occurs which enders it impossible for the child to ay there any longer, the child re-urns to the receiving home. Mrs. Elrod gave an example of a boy, welve years old, who had been dopted while yet a baby, and whose oster parents had died. He was re-urned to the home, and staved there ntil provision was made for him. ery often, in cases like this, some raternal order will put the boy in a chool and attend to his education.

In the last twenty years rapid im-rovement has been made in the stand-ards of child care, not only in pri-ate homes, but in schools and hos-pitals. "The under-privileged child of oday," Mrs. Elrod stated, "has the improvements and care of a child in a private home."

The Tennessee Children's Home has a well-equipped dental room, and all

(Continued on page 8)

PEANUTS! PEANUTS! MYSTERY WEEK STARTS

". . . If you want to be a peanut
don't be blue
Peanuts in a little bag are calling
you.
Don't tell who your peanut is
Surprise her with little gifts. . . ."

With this Peanut Vendor song another Ward-Belmont tradition was ushered in—Peanut Week. Peanut Week, a week of cheer and surprise for everyone, is conducted each year by the "Y."

An air of mystery pervades the campus during this week, as each girl goes about doing nice things for her Peanut, and wondering just who her Shell is. Little gifts of candy, magazines, and odds-and-ends keep the housemail staff busy. The amateur poets are seen wracking their brains over an "Ode to a Peanut" or some clever ditty to accompany a box of, say, hairpins or an apple. Conversation usually centers on the clever gifts of a Shell, of plans for newer surprises for a Peanut. In fact, Peanut Week absorbs the whole campus life.

It was rather difficult at first for the new girls to understand the exact procedure of Peanut Week. It is a week that brings all of the girls into a closer and more friendly acquaintance with each other. It was started at the chapel hour on Tuesday morning, Oct. 17. Mary Alice Paine, chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the "Y," first told of the purpose of Peanut Week, and the way in which it is carried on. Then a group of peanut vendors appeared and after singing the Peanut Song, distributed the peanuts from the baskets they carried on their arms.

In each peanut shell was the name of a girl. Her Shell was to do just as many nice things as possible for her without letting her identity be discovered. So it goes in a huge circle, each girl being kind and helpful to another girl, and in turn having someone do nice things for her. On Saturday evening, October 21, every girl in school is invited to a dance to be given by the "Y." At this dance the Peanuts and Shells will meet and the mystery will end.

The "Y" hopes, however, that even when Peanut Week is over, and the housemail staff is resting, the girls will carry on the spirit of friendliness that characterizes Peanut Week.

SENIOR-SENIOR-MID UNION DANCE FEATURE

One of the cleverest features of the Senior dance, given in honor of the Senior-Middles, was a mock wedding, joining the classes of '34 and '35 as friendly enemies.

To the lovely strains of that beautiful melody, "Mighty Like A Rose," the bride's mother, Miss Rhea, Senior sponsor, and members of the immediate family, Miss Sisson and Mrs. Powell, were ushered to their places.

The "Wedding March" brought on the contestants. First appeared from the side, bridegroom Jean Stewart, president of the Senior-Middle class, with her best man, Elizabeth Glasgow, Senior class vice-president. Down the main aisle came bridesmaid Eleanor Reed, day student treasurer of the Senior class, followed by groomsman Juanita Roberts, day student treasurer of the Senior-Middle class, and Carolyn Conklin, boarding treasurer of the Senior-Middles, and Kay Combs, boarding treasurer of the Senior class, as bridesmaids. Mary Diell Townsend was flower girl. Mary E. Polk came next as maid of honor. Then the climax of the procession, the bride, Alice Vivienne Hill, entered, clutching the arm of her father, Miss Sanders, Senior-Middle sponsor.

With the following ceremony, during which "Parson" Dot Jones, officiated, the two classes were united:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together tonight before this beastly mob to join together the Senior and Senior-Middle classes in the clutches of combat, which is commended by Dr. Barton, to be honorable among even the worst of us; therefore, it is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but lovingly, and soberly, and in fear of the powers that be. Into this safety match these two contestants are not to be joined. If any of youse guys don't like it, jest come up to see me sometime. Who giveth this unapproachable damsel to this nitwit? Wilt thou take this most divine of all humanity to honor, follow, and obey with love, until this year doth end? Wilt thou take this moron to be a thorn in thy side and mud in thy eye, as long as you can take it and

(Continued on page 8)

PARTHENON, SCENE OF EXPRESSION PLAY

Miss Townsend has accepted an invitation which was extended to her by one of the cities' most noted clubs to take part in the club's honoring the Parthenon on Friday, October 28. She has chosen a scene taken from "The Immortal Marriage," in which Phidias hands over to Pericles the finished building in all its beauty. Pericles and Aspasia, his wife, accompanied by priestesses, soldiers, flute girls, dancers and maidens bearing the peplos, enter the Parthenon and do homage with song and dance and religious observations, to the great statue. The parts will be taken by the entire expression department. The part of Phidias is taken by Jennabeth Jones, Aspasia by Mary Jones, and Athenid by Mary Lee Wilson.

Miss Townsend hopes that in the future she may be able to present this scene to the students in Chapel, for it is not only a scene of beauty, but of educational value as well.

EARLY FALL BIRTHDAYS HONORED

Friday evening, Dr. and Mrs. Barton, and Mrs. Rose were hosts at the first birthday dinner of the school year. It honored those girls whose birthdays come in the latter part of September or the first of October.

A long mirror bordered with varicolored fall flowers was in the center of the table. Silver candle-sticks bearing tall tapers of old-ivory furnished light. Each girl received a French bouquet. Place cards were little sport figures dressed in fall colors.

These dinners, which are always formal, are events to be looked forward to, and the girl whose birthday comes during the school year may consider herself lucky.

Those who attended the dinner Friday were: Mary Virginia Brice, Martha Jane Chattin, Mary Crockett Evans, Martha Fisher, Betty Franz, Carol Goodenough, Rachel Hailey, Gwendolyn King, Helen King, Katherine Lawhorn, Kathryn Mathis, Mary Alice Paine, Juanita Phillips, Louise Robinson, Sue Salter, Jean Weis, Mary Ann Wirtz and Margaret E. Young.

VIEW OF HAWAII PRESENTED

Dr. Martha Jones, Chapel Speaker

Speaking particularly of the people of Hawaii, Dr. Martha Jones, of the Queen's Hospital, Hawaii, in chapel on Monday, October 16, pointed out the correlation between diet and health.

Dr. Jones explained her research work in the study of diet and health. She showed how the Hawaiians once had strong physiques and healthy teeth because of their diet of taro and sweet-potatoes. Since the entrance of foreigners and foreign food into Hawaii the race has lost much of its health. Bronchial diseases and teeth decay are prevalent.

"What are we going to do about it?" asked Dr. Jones, after picturing this deterioration of the Hawaiian race. "It has been my good fortune to help in the solution of this problem," she continued.

Dr. Jones then explained the research work which she and others did to solve this problem. They found that the diet of the Hawaiian people today is chemically opposite from the old diet of the original Hawaiians.

After working, on a large plantation, for three and a half years on the establishment of health centers, ninety-five per cent of the children were enrolled. They were given their meals each day at the health centers and were gradually educated to a liking for taro and sweet-potatoes.

As a result of this return to the original diet, the Hawaiians are beginning to acquire strong physiques and healthy teeth again, Dr. Jones explained. The Hawaiian race, she continued, is healthier, happier, and more useful.

Dr. Jones spoke of the great influence the foreigners have had on Hawaii, "the Paradise of the Pacific." The islands today are an integral part of the United States. Honolulu is a modern American city. "It is perhaps one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world," Dr. Jones pointed out.

RECOGNITION DAY SPEECH INSPIRES STUDENTS

What Obligations Do School and Student Have?

The annual Ward-Belmont Class Recognition Day was held on Friday, October 13. Miss Mary R. Norris, who originally organized this ceremony, was the speaker.

Dr. Burk presented the letters spelling Ward-Belmont to the presidents and representatives of each class. Dr. Barton introduced Miss Norris. Her speech follows:

"This is a day set aside each year for the entire student body to consider what Ward-Belmont really is, and what the obligations of its students are. This year the day comes at a time when our hearts have been so stirred that we can understand more fully than ever before just what our school means.

"Many lives have made their contribution to Ward-Belmont. What a varied company there would be before us if we could suddenly see them all,—the gardeners who first laid out these walks and flowering borders, the architects and workmen who planned and constructed these buildings, the girls who started and maintained the many traditions, the teachers who opened up the gates of so much knowledge and beauty, the chief executives

(Continued on page 8)

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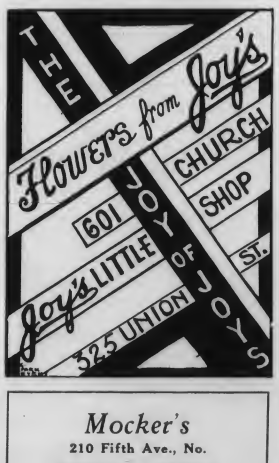
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JOURNALISM CLASS VISITS NEWSPAPERS

The journalism class on Monday afternoon, October 9, visited the offices of the *Nashville Banner* and the *Nashville Tennessean*. This field trip was taken in connection with their present class study of the modern newspaper.

Since the facilities of both newspapers were opened to the students, the complete routine of a newspaper was viewed. From composition to press room, the whole life of a newspaper was seen.

It is in the composing room that preparation for the public appearance of the newspaper first starts. Here the writer's material is set up in type. This work is done either by the Linotype machine, which casts the slugs (solid lines of type), or by the monotype, which casts and sets type. These machines are run by a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter. The Linotype varies in its make-up, some machines being able to set two kinds of type at once, others four. It was particularly commented upon by the head compositor that the operators of these Linotype machines must be highly skillful. Only a light touch on the keyboard will produce a letter in type; too decided a pressure will result in a double letter. In this part of newspaper composition the rapidity with which work could be accomplished was noticed.

After the slugs have been cast, they are taken, and the pages are set up in galleys (metal trays to hold type) according to the dummy, or plan. From these pans of type is made the proof, which must be taken to be checked, with the original material as a guide, for mistakes. The proofreaders must be unusually careful and accurate. Because their work is so exacting and is such a strain on the eyes, these proofreaders work in alternate shifts of generally one hour. From this corrected proof the type is reset and any noticed mistakes are rectified.

When the type has been finally arranged, it is taken to a press from which a mat is made. This mat is a cardboard impression of the type. The cardboard used for this operation is covered by several thicknesses of tissue paper to prevent the type from cutting through the board. This process, like the others connected with the newspaper, takes but a short time. When it is completed there remains the cardboard mat with the impression of the complete page of print. The slugs of type may then be melted and prepared to be re-used.

It is from these mats that the actual form from which the paper is printed is made. The heated mats are placed in a half-cylinder casting box and are filled with molten lead alloy. (The mats are heated so that the metal will not cool too quickly.) After this metal has been cooled sufficiently, the mats are removed, and the metal forms are filed.

The metal forms are then conveyed to the printing presses where two half cylinders are fitted together. The papers are printed by the cylinder presses, which prints both sides of the paper at once. From form to form the paper goes (all in merely seconds), each page being printed in its turn, until the last part of this huge press cuts the pages, folds each paper, and automatically keeps count of each paper printed.

From the presses the papers are to be counted (this is not difficult since each fiftieth paper is marked in some way), marked for local delivery, and addressed for out-of-the-city delivery.

But all that concerns the manufacture of the newspaper. Before these processes even begin, the material must be prepared by the reporters and editors, obtained from syndicates, and provided by advertisers. The majority of the news in the large newspaper offices is obtained by telegraphic machines which automatically type the news as it is received. This type of news comes to the newspaper through some press association like the Associated Press (A.P.) or the United Press (U.P.).

The entire atmosphere of the newspaper plant seems hurried and not always entirely efficient. Everything must be done in the shortest possible time. One of the head compositors commented to a student that though she thought them busy then (they were preparing for the sports edition), if she wished to see a really busy newspaper office, she should be able to see the office when there was an extra to be prepared, a news break to be printed, or a new scoop (an exclusive story) to appear.

WHAT LIES BEYOND?

James E. Clarke, editor of the "Presbyterian Advance," answered his own question in chapel last Wednesday, October 18, in a most interesting discussion concerning that part of life which lies beyond our physical existence.

He introduced his subject by reading several passages of scripture; 1 Corinthians 15 from the Moffatt translation, and portions which considered man as being of earth material and the inheritor of heaven. Is man, then, a living spirit or a piece of machinery?

"Today we arrive at conclusions, by experimentation, rather than by the easier method of acceptance, yet we still maintain that there exists beyond the realm of science a part of man that we cannot put our fingers upon. Yet man is more than merely psychological responses, reflex actions, and chemical substances. There is something which we call spirit or personality that really controls and manages the life of a man.

"That spirit may be gone when all else is left; surely it works both ways. For example, radio sets that are out of condition do not pick up sound, yet those sounds are still in the air."

Mr. Clarke said in conclusion that in after life the spirit undoubtedly achieves all that it was incapable of doing in bodily life, for our limitations lie in the body. He mentioned the idea which William James has so nicely expressed. "Our body, like a window of many colors, is letting a little of the light through, and the window must be smashed before the whole light can come through."

TUESDAY CHAPEL BRINGS FIRE-DRILL, ETIQUETTE AND PEANUT WEEK

That an ordinary chapel meeting can even be transformed into something hilarious was certainly proved last Tuesday, October 17.

Following Miss Sisson's announcements on Rec. Hall etiquette, Miss Blythe, fire-drill supervisor, talked on the important rules for us to observe during fire-drills. She especially emphasized those rules concerned with the order of student rooms during the drill; such as, raise all window shades, close windows, and leave the lights turned on.

As the assembly seemed to be over from all outward appearances, the student body proceeded to move on toward the dining room. But just in time, Ruth Robinson rushed out on the platform and began to play the "Peanut Vendor," as a number of the campus beauties entered from both sides of the stage, dressed in gayly-colored costumes and carrying baskets of the, at present, popular peanuts. Singing and dancing of considerable originality resulted in an uproar. When the audience had revived, peanuts for eating were tossed from the dancer's baskets and peanuts concealing the identity of our charges for "P-Nut" week passed around. The talented chorus included Mary Soper, Isobel Coulter, Sue Salter, Dolores Smith, Virginia Shaw, Stanley Elizabeth Clay, Rose Cyrene Paulus and Alice Adams.

"ENTER, MADAME!"

(This article begins a series of sketches of campus personalities that will appear in the HYPHEN each week —Ed. Note.)

Katherine Brown, better known as 'Cack" resides in Miles City, Montana. (By-the-way, Cack, did your mother express you down here?) She attended the Custer High School and is now continuing her search for knowledge at Ward-Belmont—good luck Cack!

Katherine confesses that her likes are on a similar order to all of ours. She enjoys going to Western movies and eating peanuts while in the show. Her next best recreational pastime are steak-fries, which she attends religiously every week-end down at some club house. How the western people do love to eat! No wonder they raise cattle!

Some of Miss Brown's dislikes are very unusual. She does not like early morning hockey practices—(you are a lazy hound). She cannot make herself enjoy the Four Marx Brothers —(probably not, likes never attract).

She likes Tennyson's poems—(what intellect, Cack! Who would have guessed?). But she does not like to get up early (Cack, your temperament is not normal—poetic nature calls for early rising, you know, sun rises—when all of "nature's beauty unfurled." You must get yourself together).

Miss Brown enjoys being waked up in the middle of the night by distant voices; please go up to see her some night about twelve for at that time she is most amusing!

OCTOBERITES FIND MEANING OF BIRTH MONTH

Lucky maids to be born in October. Yours is the month of the harvest moon, of falling leaves, of ghosts and goblins, a month of mystery and beauty, of golden days and frosty nights.

It is also a melancholy month. October is pictured as riding upon a scorpion, which represents the increasing power of cold over nature. It is known as the wine-month, and in medieval times the sport of hawking was chosen to represent it.

You, who have birthdays in October, are privileged, for you alone may wear the opal, or eye-stone, without fear. Your birth has given you a power so strong, that no matter how much it pries into your affairs, it can reveal nothing.

Nineteen is your lucky number. It is the number of the sun, and hence of gold. But beware, how you care for your gold, for October is a fickle month and your luck may change.

Remember also, that winter is just around the corner and conduct yourselves accordingly. The saying, "a whistling woman and a crowing hen will always come to a bad end," is especially applicable to Octoberites.

Ward-Belmont girls with birthdays in October are: Margaret Anne Ahlfeldt, Nell Betty Anderson, Margaret Blackman, Mary Virginia Brice, Jean Dayton, Bob Durand, Mary Crockett Evans, Martha Fisher, Betty Franz, Dorothy Funk, Frances Graham, Arlene Hershy, Gwendolyn King, Jeanette Knowles, Barbara Leake, K. Mathis, Juanita Phillips, Louise Robinson, Sue Salter, Frances Street, Agatha Taylor, Emily Warren, Mary Ann Wirtz, and Margaret E. Young.

GLEE CLUB STARTING WORK

The first Glee Club meeting was held Tuesday, October 17, in chapel. There are approximately sixty girls in the entire club. Nominations for officers were made.

Mr. Dalton announced that the club will begin work immediately on carols. They will give their first concert about Christmas time.

ARGE GROUP JOINS PLAY HOUR

Since the children are always out the yard to meet the Ward-Belmont rls when they arrive you can imag the surprise last Sunday afternoon en we got there and saw no child- n! After looking about for a few ments we suddenly heard voices nging, and as we looked in the win- ws we saw them all there. How long you suppose we had to wait for m? Immediately one little boy rned to look out the window, and en he saw us he burst into a broad n, began punching the children near m, and in a very few minutes they came bounding out the door and were surrounded.

Thus another afternoon of fun be- n for all of us. You may think we ve to do all the entertaining, but u just haven't heard Mary Francis, ed four, sing "Springtime In The ckies."

I'm afraid Eva Charity Ohlhaver is ing to have some trouble if she con- ues monopolizing that adorable by, Mary Ellen. Why not give meone else a break, Eva?

So many of us went Sunday that ere was almost a girl for every two ildren. And did they have fun ad- iring Charlotte's red finger nails. harlie Holcomb proved to be the most pular among the boys. One little rl wanted to know if Carolyn Sutton d Sally Zimmerman were sisters!

There were so many of us there, cluding Harriette Ostergren, Marion aesar, Clara Enloe, Raedeen Tib- tts, Marian Collister, Carol Good- ough, Wilnette Warnock, Jean Weis, arion Lowe, Rachel Hailey, Jane aylor, Sunny Taylor, Charlotte nyder, Martha Fisher, Peggy Young, nd Polly Gay. And what a good me they all had!

IRST EXPRESSION RECITAL GIVEN

The first expression recital of the ear was given Friday, October 19, at :45 in Miss Townsend's studio. Members of the first year college and he certificate classes took part. The rogram consisted of short character nterpretations. Those taking part ere:

Geography

ohn Jones .....Nancy Ann Schmid ane Jones .....Arlyne Milligan

Secrets of The Heart

inon .....Helen Pillow inatte .....Lois Welch

At the Ferry

he Mother .....Jane Haffenberg he Father .....Lurlin Alexander he Boy .....Louise Robinson

Tu Quoque

rank .....Julia Acheson ellie .....Martha Craig

The Cut Finger

he Boy .....*Jane Weis* he Grandmother .....Ruth Hunter

Certificates

At the Door

ostess .....Jean Stewart uest .....Carolyn Bryant

That Baggage

he Crabbed Gentleman..... .....Heloise Crownover he Actress .....Mary Lee Wilson

MAKE-UP TESTS SCHEDULED

For the convenience of both teach- rs and students, make-up tests will e held each Saturday afternoon at 2:45 in room 108 Academic Building. These tests will begin October 21. Students who wish to make up class work missed because of absence, or to take special tests assigned by their instructors to remove unsatisfactory grades, must apply to Dean Burk *not later than* Thursday preceding the Saturday on which the test is to be taken.

"Y" NAMES DELEGATES TO INDUSTRIAL GROUP

The chairman of the Committee on Public Affairs for 1933-34, Mary Jane Dulaney, and Gail Lawrence, chairman of Membership Committee, will represent Ward-Belmont on the Student Industrial Commission of Nashville.

The Student Industrial Commission is composed of two representatives from Vanderbilt University, Peabody, Scarritt, and Ward-Belmont College, and eight girls representing various industries. This group meets once a month for dinner, which is followed by a discussion concerning problems of interest.

LIBRARY OFFERS POPULAR SERIES

The novels of Galsworthy and Walpole are the most widely read books of fiction in the college library. Students are interested particularly in the series of novels which deal with the adventures and misfortunes of the famous families created by these English novelists. Although each book is complete in itself, the novels gain in interest and charm if they are read in chronological order. The library has compiled the following list of the two series:

Galsworthy

Forsyte Saga — A Modern Comedy
- The Man of Property
- In Chancery
- To Let
- White Monkey
- Silver Spoon
- Swan Song

Short stories connecting the longer novels:
- Indian Summer of a Forsyte
- The Awakening
- A Silent Wooing
- Passers By

The Cherrell Family
- Maid in Waiting
- Flowering Wilderness
- One More River

Walpole

The Herries Family
- Rogue Herries
- Judith Paris
- The Fortress
- Vanessa

New Books in Library

"One More River," by John Galsworthy—was completed six months before his death in January, 1933. In this book Galsworthy brings to a conclusion the story of "Dinny Cherrell," who is the most charming of his heroines.

"The Master of Jalna," by Mazo De La Roche. This is the biography of a red-headed man named Renny. Tells of his many experiences and adventures in life.

"As the Garet Turns," by Gladys Hasty Carroll. This is a typical American story betraying the lives of the New England farming people.

"One More Spring," by Robert Nathan. Noel Coward says: "It is a shy and charming book. I always find that Robert Nathan's zest to wisdom is enchanting."

"Wild Decembers," by Clemence Dane. This is a story of the Brantes. The author also wrote, "Will Shakespeare" and "A Bill of Divorcement."

"Young America Looks At Russia," by Judy Acheson. This is an account of an American girl's travels in Russia. She tells of the conditions, thoughts and actions of the Russian school boy and girl.

"Miss Bishop," by Bess Streets Aldrich, also author of "A Lantern In Her Hand." This is the biography of a woman revealing her two personalities—Ella as a teacher and Ella as a person.

"The First To Go Back," by Irina Skariatina. She was the first of the former titled aristocracy to return to the Soviet Union. She returned after 10 years' absence and in this book she has written her impressions of the new order as it is today.

THE CONTRIBUTION BOX

EDITOR'S NOTE: You, perhaps, recall how urgently we asked at the beginning of the year for your comments on the HYPHEN. We want your constructive criticism. To prove that we meant all we said about wanting your comment, we, the HYPHEN staff, are offering the student body this Contribution Box. It is our sincere hope that, through this column, you will let us know your ideas, ideals, and hopes for the HYPHEN. Remember, it is your paper. Help us to make it really representative of you.

DEAR EDITOR:

You mentioned, in a recent HYPHEN, that all criticism on the part of your general public would be appreciated. May I, then, give you my opinion on what I think might improve our school paper?

It seems to me that space might very profitably be taken up by running in each issue a Short, Short Story, which need be only one column in length.

I think the HYPHEN would be considerably improved by this addition. Poetry is very well in its place, but not all of us like and appreciate poetry. Fiction, whether it be biographical, character sketch, or story, is always sure to be welcomed by your readers.

DEAR EDITOR:

We crave variety! Can't we have some more columns? "Campus Chatter" and "Psst" are fine and we all like to read them, but so often they are about the same people and the same things.

Couldn't there be hall reporters who could gather up the interesting things about people in their halls? We know a number of girls who worked on their high school papers who would like to do something like that.

In English class the other day we got into quite an argument about reading books and poetry. Most of the girls said that they didn't have time to read many books, but that they would like to have some way of knowing what the new books were and something about them. A section, "On the Bookshelf," or something of the kind, containing short sketches or reviews from new books would serve the purpose. It would also help us not to feel so utterly dumb when we happen to get into a conversation with some really well-read people.

X., Y., AND Z.

MUSIC STUDENT IN RECITAL

Frances Patrick, a former certificate pupil of Amelie Throne will give a recital in Murfreesboro, Tenn., with Glen Carroll, soprano, on October 23.

Miss Patrick has recently returned from studying in Chicago where she was a scholarship pupil of Mossaire Boguslawski. In June she won a scholarship at the Chicago Conservatory, but after being offered the same advantages at the Boguslawski College of Music, she decided to accept the latter.

Miss Patrick was an organ certificate pupil at Ward-Belmont also. She plays at Woodland Presbyterian Church, in Chicago.

X.L. CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

Thursday noon, October 12, a special meeting of the X. L. club was held to elect officers for the coming year.

Vice-president—Annette McMullan.
Secretary—Mary Jane Bass.
Treasurer—Lattie Graves.
Sergeant-at-arms—Mary Milam.

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STENOGRAPHER
RUTH FRYE

EDITORIAL

IDEALS OF THE SENIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

We, the Senior-Middle class, are beginning to mold our lives here at Ward-Belmont. We feel that we have become a part of a whole that stands for ideals which are valuable and well-founded. We want to make our class one that will stimulate others to follow in our direction. It is our ambition to develop a strong character, and to establish loyalty among us, since loyalty is an essential element in school life. We cannot hope to make each project that we undertake a success, unless each individual is loyal, both unto herself and to her fellow students. We want to conform to traditions and transmit them in a more beautiful way than ever before. We want to show devotion and admiration for our ideals by living up to them faithfully.

Each one of us has some particular work to perform during our stay here. As James Russell Lowell says, "Nature fits all her children with something to do," so shall we be given our work. Some people are quicker than others to adapt themselves to a situation and to make a place for themselves wherever they may be. It is these people who should help those who are less fortunate. We believe that during the year, each girl will find that she is needed; that she is here for a particular reason, even though it be small.

Everyone wants to enter into the school spirit wholeheartedly and earnestly. "Plunge boldly into the thick of life! Each lives it, not to many is it known; and seize it where you will, it is interesting." Is this not true? If we come to school just to say that we have been here, we are not receiving the benefits that are ours for the asking. School is a place to develop our personalities, to broaden our minds, and to quicken our senses. It is up to us to make ourselves outstanding. It can't be done by letting others work for us. We are alive! Opportunity is at our feet. The majority of us realize this, and are going to grasp it. It will be our duty to bring pleasure to other people, for that is what gives us joy and peace. It will be our duty to be loyal to our class and work, for that will bring unity and work for the best in class and individual. JEAN STEWART, '35.

Germany has withdrawn from the League of Nations! And the whole world is seriously and with no little amount of worry considering her action.

The National Socialist government of Germany announced on October 14 the Reich's withdrawal simultaneously from the Disarmament Conference and from the League of Nations. Foreign Minister von Neurath, explaining this withdrawal of Germany, said to Arthur Henderson, president of the Disarmament Conference: "It is now clear that the Disarmament Conference will not fill its sole object, namely, general disarmament."

But, the nations of the world know that there is more behind Germany's withdrawal than her disappointment in the Disarmament Conference. For a long time now Germany, aroused, particularly in the past few years, by Chancellor Hitler, has been "put out" by the confining terms of the Versailles Treaty. In this pact the arms of Germany were greatly limited, and she, now more than ever, resents her enforced inferior military state. Hitler has announced in no uncertain terms that Germany refuses to be a nation "of second-class rights" and wants "equality and honor."

However, serious as is Germany's refusal to participate in the Conference of the League, of greater importance is the future which accompanies her action. At the same time as the announcement of withdrawal was presented, President Paul von Hindenburg dissolved the Reichstag and decreed a new election for November 12.

"The new election," we are told in the New York *Times* of October 15, "will be rather a plebiscite to range the people behind the present government in any course it

(Continued on last column of this page)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Here I am back again at my old job —and I think I have some real hot news. Anyhow we'll shoot the works and you can judge for yourself.

Wasn't the Senior-Senior-Middle dance a knock-out? It was worth the entire evening just to go and see all the lovely dresses—and weren't there some really gorgeous ones, though?—for instance: Dorothy Funk's green satin number that only she could wear, Bettie Roth's exquisite wisteria affair, Ruth Nehls' rich brown chiffon-velvet, and Judy Acheson's striking Chinese coat, and just loads of others that I couldn't begin to describe even if I used a dictionary. Lurline Alexander, you did have a good time at the dance, didn't you? And, "Cack," just how was the punch?

Ruth Nehls is probably the most easily amused person on the campus. All Glander has to do is to wiggle her toes and Ruthie just goes into hysterics.

Sally Lou Houk is going to play on the hockey forward line after all. She decided that it might be "dull" standing between the goal posts with nothing to do.

One of my suppressed desires is to be able to play the violin as well as Martha Rucker. Her playing really does something to you.

As I was browsing around the HYPHEN office, I chanced upon some of Nancy Ann Schmid's poetry. I was so wrapped up in them that I was almost late to class. It must be grand to be really talented in something!

Thelma Martin, I'd do something about that person who won't let you have three spoonfuls of sugar for your coffee.

Jane Hodges, on being asked if she were ever going to get married, said, "No, I guess I'll just be a widow." Well, lots of funny things happen sometimes.

Mary Jones can make the best toasted marshmallows on crackers! She found out, however, that it takes more than cinnamon and bread to make cinnamon toast.

I'm still trying to figure out who is the best Mae West—Bettie Roth or Smith. Guess I'll see who gets the most people to come up.

Quips:

Jean Munsie likes hot dogs, Helen Downing is an artist, Mignon Sanford resembles Joan Bennett, Pivoto is wearing her own shoes this year, Gail Lawrence has already learned the ropes in Spanish class, Nita Bogue looks like Ella Mae Goodrum, Hilda Beck has a certain group of people baffled over a pair of shoes, Salanie Sherman is the curly-haired lass on the campus, Virginia Barrett, Patsy Schorndorfer, and Frances Prince might be called the three musketeers, Sarah Jo Berry gets five-pound boxes of candy, Shorty Kassel is very ticklish, Martha Pyeatt can be described as "complaisant," Kid Knowles doesn't "soft-soap" people as much as she has been accused of doing, Tottie Robbins has a winsome smile.

I wouldn't exactly call you a traitor, Buzzy, but I couldn't have done what you did even if I didn't like the nail polish.

Virginia Ferguson can write the most humorous themes! Our Advanced Composition class would be most dreary without you, Virginia.

Soper still thinks that the conglomeration she ate at the Del Ver house wasn't chile. We'll call it "Glander's concoction" and let it go at that. Jean Munsie sorta liked it after all.

(Continued on page 8)

EAGLE FEATHER

THE DESERT

Arid valley,
Stretching wide,
Lizards dally,
Rabbits hide,
Giant cacti,
Reaching high,
Cattle die,
Winds that sigh.
Empty spaces—
No white man.
Bygone races,
Great god Pan.
Sunshine bright,
Boiling sand,
Dazzling sight—
No man's land.
Wild-cats creep,
Coyotes cry,
Sagebrush heap,
Challa dry,
Indian tea,
Four o'clock frail,
Far to the lea—
Winding trail.
Turquoise skies
Far above,
Mirage that lies—
No land of love
Sung of by bards.
Soaring buzzards,
Dead horse flesh,
Rainy seasons
Roaring washes,
Old Thor's son
In rage slashes.
Distant ranges,
Purple shadows,
Color changes,
Cloud that goes
Leaving trace
On burning sand.
Sturdy fall
Of mountains grand,
Rugged, austere,
Majestic, still,
Stirs hearts to fear,
Stirs hearts to thrill—
Friend of one heart,
Foe of another.
Sand makes eyes smart,
Heat takes one's brother.
Desert in daylight—
Burning, dusty,
Senses that fight,
Hearts strings rusty.
Yet for all
The heat, the glare,
Crazy weed tall,
Its trials I dare.
And when I die,
I hope out there,
Let me die
And rest forever. K. V. B. '34.

DISSATISFACTION

How few of us find life always satisfying
But more like the nursery of a rich child
Who, having so many toys,
Knows not what to play with next
And he tires of them all. V. W. '34.

PEARLS

Like dew-drops in the morning
They glisten in the sun
Then slowly melt to nothingness
When the day is done.

Like snow-drops so pure and innocent
With halos that glow and shine
On the heads of sacred angels
Bent earthward to the shrine.

But lastly like the tear-drops
Falling for all the strife
That fate arranges carefully
In our thoughts, our souls, our life. M. C. '35.

(Continued from first column of this page)

may choose to take in foreign affairs." Along with this plebiscite will come, we are told, the dissolution of all State Diets, which are not to be replaced by new bodies; and the wiping out as political units of the old Federal states of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurttenberg.

It is believed to be the intention of Chancellor Hitler, following the November election, to declare that Germany is not bound by Part II of the Treaty of Versailles, containing the military and naval clauses.

Meanwhile, it will take Germany two years to formally make a complete break with the League. However, if Hitler defies the former Allies, as he certainly will if he tampers with the terms of the Versailles Treaty, there is talk of military action by France.

"It is perfectly true to say that the political situation in Europe today is the worst the Old World has seen since the end of the World War," says A. L. James in the New York *Times* of October 15. H. L. '34.

CLUB CHATTER

Genius reigns this year among the ri K's! Have you heard "those Clay sters" do their act? In fact, they mpose their own music!

Martha Pyeatt has been appointed ergeant-of-arms. Now watch the Tri toe the mark!

Virginia Bradshaw hasn't been the me since Sunday. How about it, rginia?

Certain young ladies have gone "de- ne" in their fudge parties this last ek. Yum, yum! It sure was good, ne!

It has been rumored that some of e girls are going to have a supper wn at the Tri K house Thursday. on't forget to wash the silver, girls!

During the regular meeting of the . C. Club last Wednesday night, the ckey team was named. The girls ho are expected to bring honors to e "dear ol' purple and white" this ar are: Martile Sherman (mana- er), Ruth Goldman, Margaret Heth- rington, Kathleen Huson, Mary Jean irwan, Mary Marjorie Lincoln, Jane eyer, Kathleen Pierce, Betty Randle, arlotte Snyder, Wilnetta Warnock, nd Betty Alery.

The old and new Anti-Pans cele- rated their first meeting with a sup- er at the club house last Wednesday ight.

The Penta Taus really had a treat iven them at their last club meeting! Miss Sisson gave a very interesting alk on the history of the Ward-Bel- ont Clubs and how they were named. After the talk was completed the offi- ers of the club gave the meaning of he word Penta Tau in short speeches. anel Stuart was appointed house anager, or in other words, "Keeper f the keys," and May Dell Meyer as elected treasurer.

Toska Ann Von Borries and Jayne Priest were certainly looking sweet he other night for their dates. Oh, for the luck of some people!

The A. K. club wishes to announce hat they have established a new en- urance record. Their charming gold- sh went without any food for five ays, and so far it appears that he has suffered no ill effects from his trenuous diet.

We wonder if Virginia Shaw was n love, homesick, or just feeling sen- imental Sunday night. She certainly made us long to see a certain some- body when she was playing "I Love You Truly," on the A. K.'s newly tuned piano.

That reminds us. Someone cer- tainly deserves a vote of thanks for having the piano tuned for the Senior Tea. Miss Rhea, we wish the Seniors would entertain at the A. K. house more often. Perhaps, next time you'll do something about the rugs.

It won't be long, now, until the hockey game will be starting and Dolores Smith will be wearing those cute green pants again. Won't the new girls love them?

If you like French-friend potatoes you should cultivate Charlie Hol- combe. She cooked the potatoes at a steak supper the other night, and just ask the Heck twins how many they ate.

And it was that very night that one of the A. K.'s davenports learned some interesting details. I know Hol- combe, Geibel, Cack Brown, and the Hecks are glad davenports can't talk.

Friday night the Del Vers house rocked with mirth and merriment and smelled of chile. Soper says that she never tasted chile like that, but Glan- der, the cook, insisted it was. Any- way, "Glander's Concoction" fed Soper, Findlater, Larrimer, Funk, Jacobson, Brown, Munsie and Rena Berry.

Our idea of an interesting club pro- gram would be a debate between Clara Emloe and Virginia Winston on "Which is the More Worthwhile, a Sigma Nu or a Sigma Chi Pin." We hope the argument wouldn't come to blows. Clara might be injured, for "Ginny" has the advantage in size.

Was that dinner at the F.F. club good, Wednesday night? Viva Lee seemed to think so and she's most al- ways right. Says Miss Lee, "Let the new members work while we rest." A slogan never to be forgotten—at least not for awhile.

Jay Foote—Vice-President.
Eva Charity—Secretary.
Juanita—Treasurer.
Sally Zimmerman—Sergeant-at-arms.

Above are the new F. F. officers. Here's a happy year to them.

The Del Vers blew themselves and took each other on a big picnic for their first meeting. The bus was held for many minutes but finally got off to a noisy start. We just never thought we'd make those Percy War- ner hills.

Arrived at the picnic grounds. The long grass called to the childish na- tures of several and a good game of football was had—and were we ashamed when we lost Slymme's swell football! The songs coming home on the bus were very sweet—weren't they Glander and Nehls?

But to go on, the hamburgers were wonderful and the songs around the firelight made a whole of old and new girls. The park policeman liked our namburgers, too—mmm! Such protec- tion! And did you know that Jane Pulver is delightful to take along with you, 'cause she brought her own lunch?

Food seems to be the main attrac- tion of this write-up, but those Del Vers always get the food—and are real sweet about giving some to their friends. Sunday night marshmallows and crackers were served. So great was the crowd that we could scarcely name them all.

DAY STUDENT CLUB CHATTER

The Aristons, Triads, and Angkors had their individual formal initiation ceremonies in the day student club house last Tuesday. These ceremonies are very lovely and tend to impress upon the girls their responsibility to the school, to the club, and to their own better selves. It is hoped that every new and old club member will renew their pledges to these ideals, not only on club initiation days, but very often throughout the year.

Some of the clubs have not yet completed their elections, but these "returns" came in last week:

Triad—Secretary, Juanita Roberts; Treasurer, Peggy Wrenne.

Angkor—Secretary, Jane Briggs; Treasurer, Margaret Green.

Eccowasin—Vice-president, Angie Cantrell; Secretary, Claudine Smel- ser; Treasurer, Mildred Clements.

Each club has now a reporter for the HYPHEN, so find out who yours is, and give all the news you can to her.

MAIL-BOX

Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 26, 1933.

DEAREST BOOTS:

I was really glad to hear from you. When I saw that old train on the tracks I was all for staying at home, engineering or no engineering, college or no college.

The journey up was fine until we hit Minnesota, then we nearly froze to death. Gosh, but I had a funny feeling when I got off of the train and saw Gene! I was just in time to take my College Ability test. It was some test! Took two hours, and then I had to convince the dear guy that I didn't have to write an English theme, because I was a prospective engineer. Incidentally, I'm the only girl enrolled in the course, and I have to take Foundry!

September 29.

Sorry it's taking me so long to finish this, but I've really been tearing around. If you think that you're hav- ing a hard time, listen to this—I got a notice to report to the Chemistry auditorium at 9:30 yesterday morn- ing. Of course, I went. Can't you see me parading innocently into an auditorium filled with 500 boys, and me the only girl? We had to take some really swell three-hour exams. I managed to come out in the upper ten, though, so I guess I'm safe for a while.

I registered this morning, and it was really amusing. First you had your picture taken with a number un- der it, *a la* Sing-Sing. Then I filed around, with everyone awkwardly stumbling out of the way. Being the only girl is quite an advantage. I didn't have to stand in line; the line just moved. In 90 minutes I received three invitations to lunch, one for din- ner, and one for a show, but I ate with Gene.

Last night he had to practice with the orchestra, so I went to the show with his roommates; they are swell kids. So far life has been grand, but labor begins Monday.

October 8.

Gosh! I just discovered that I had forgotten to mail this letter. Forgive me, please. To me life is just one big rush after another. Classes are now no novelty—too hard work. And if you think that your algebra is ter- rible—every single person in my class (except me) is a boy—and every boy wears a National Honor pin, and there're a dozen valedictorians—how can I expect to win? Chemistry is fun—with 210 kids in the lab. at one time. Darling, you should see me in Gene's overalls parading around the foundry. If I make you some book- ends will you use them?

I can stay out until 10:30 any night and am allowed two 1:00 a.m.'s a week. Last night the orchestra escorted me to the opera—"The Bo- hemian Girl." It was lovely and I really liked it. Afterwards we went to a swell dine and dance place where it is all music and nothing but can- dles used for lighting.

Not for a minute have I regretted coming—everyone is swell.

Be a sweet child and write often. . . . I like your letters, "grandma."

Love, BANGS.

2ND BRACKET OF TENNIS TOURNEY FINISHED

The second round of the tournament has been held and the contestants are going into the third round. Those girls who remain are:

G. Bosserman, C. Concklin, B. Hall, D. Evans, R. Berry, J. Taylor, M. J. Foote, M. Pyeatt, A. Shaw, R. Potts, D. Jones, E. Elrod, G. Benedict, M. A. Raine, L. Shaw, V. Carson, M. Hill, P. Chadwell, M. Gibson, M. L. Boyd, V. Keidel, E. Warren, I. Coulter, J. Berryhill.

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WARD-BELMONT TAKES IN CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

About twenty-one girls took advantage of the opportunity to go to Chicago this last week-end with the school party. Eva Charity Ohlhaver, Harriet Osterman, and Marjorie Abbott went home, but the others were intent on seeing Chicago and the World's Fair. It was the first trip to Chicago for several of the girls. The entire party noticed the difference in temperature almost immediately.

Evidently failing to realize how strenuous Friday would be, the girls were exceedingly peppy on the train Thursday night, and felt as if they had had no sleep at all when they were called early the next morning. The station was as unimpressive as the one here, and girls new to the city were very disappointed. After Miss Cayce had counted the luggage several time, it was thrown on top the bus, and the party conveyed to the Palmer House. The girls had breakfast and received their room assignments, three girls to each room. As soon as possible the girls were taken out to the Fair Grounds. They were urged by Miss Morrison and Miss Cayce to wear their campus shoes, but most of the girls were too conscious of their appearance. After taking a sight-seeing tour of the grounds so they would know about what they wanted to see more closely, the girls struck out in pairs and small groups. They met at noon in the Belgium Village and had lunch there. From the various accounts, it would seem that most of the girls had spent their time buying souvenirs of the "World's Fair, 1933" variety, and going into all the side shows. Others had been careful in their selection of only the free exhibits. It was suggested that all the girls visit the Planetarium, the Hall of Science, the Federal and State Buildings, the Horticultural Building, and the Electrical Building. The party assembled that evening in front of Pabst's Blue Ribbon Casino, where they had dinner, gathered autographs from Buddy Rogers, and watched the floor and the fashion shows, etc. Rose Cyrene Paulus and Mary Lulu Pivoto viewed the Casino from a closer view than the others. At an early hour, the party divided, some girls going back to the hotel, some staying on at the Casino, and others going out with Miss Cayce through various places of amusement overlooked during the day. "The Streets of Paris" were visited, and we were exceedingly amused by one "leddy" barker made up to look like a hybrid of Madame Pompadour and Mae West. We just wish we could tell you all some of her clever sayings about herself and which school she was working her way through. Mary Benson and Cornelia Ford were fascinated by the jewelry display. We managed to see the floor show and a modernistic dance by a rather talented dancer, as well as some gymnastics by some rather "plumpish" girls. Both in "The Streets of Paris" and in the Belgium Village, the "merchants," waiters, etc., spoke French, so we were able to flaunt our French 23, 24 a bit. We did jew down a perfume salesman in French, and we managed to get an answer to our question *"Dans quelle place fait-elle ca parfume?"* From the bundles, one would say that the girls purchased much in the way of linens and laces, etc. Jane Wilson had the right idea, in more ways than one. When the "rickshaw" boys followed her trying to find a customer, she let them carry her bundles while she walked on ahead. She also got a little dancing diploma. . . .

The six girls were able to taxi back to the hotel for thirty cents, much to their mutual astonishment. All home remedies for tired and aching feet were tried that night, and fashion had to bear up under a number of slams as the girls bathed and massaged their burning feet. The next morning, despite slight difficulties in getting on our shoes, most of the girls managed to get down to breakfast. Since we could not get a guide to the Art Gallery, we went to Marshall Fields', browsed around for several hours, had lunch, and met at three o'clock. There were those who made a systematic tour of the store, beginning on the first floor and working up. There were those who did not get away from the jewelry counter. There were those who bought something in each department, almost. There were three exhibits in the store that were rather interesting. In the book department there was a famous collection (we've forgotten the collector's name) of original Shakespeare manuscripts, complete with corrections and write-ins, first programs of first performances in the old Globe Theatre, and the first "Folios" that were printed. There was, on another floor, a display of the Russian court jewels, and jewels of the royal family. There may be words to describe them, but we don't know 'em. And then there were the model homes, which brought out the domestic in most of us.

When we assembled in the store before leaving for a sightseeing tour of the city, there stood Dorris Fish, '32, just beaming. Of course, we weren't glad to see her or anything, and didn't fall on her neck, but she went with us on our tour, which was really a delightful tour, even to one who thought she had seen *so* much of Chicago. Stopped at the Elk Memorial Building, and after viewing that lovely work of art, wondered why so much fun was made of visiting Elks. Miss Morrison found out, and was much disturbed when she couldn't say the Beatitudes. Straightened out that little matter, and went on to the Rockefeller Chapel. Enjoyed the quiet peace and beauty of it, then went outside and bought fruit from an Italian or Greek vendor, whose difficulty with the English language was great indeed. However, there were those on the trip who thought that was merely a Northern accent. We were very careful to show the "Loop" to Nell Betty. The Palmer House is right in it. And then she wanted to see the "L."

Once back in the hotel, the girls hurried to get dressed for the big event of the trip—dinner in the Empire Room of the Palmer House. That dinner was most enjoyable. The girls looked very nice in their dinner dresses, and the chaperones were justly proud of them. They shared the small mezzanine with a group of Japanese ladies and gentlemen. The ladies all had long hair which they combed straight back from the face and fastened at the nape of the neck with a long pin. The hair fell down their backs. The party must have spoken their native language. Anyway, they did not speak English. The floor show was as good as we had been led to expect. We were especially fond of "The Last Round-Up" because it was sung by an artist who was also a natural blonde, wonder of wonders. Rose *Sirene* Paulus managed to envelgle the headwaiter and the chief soloist to do a few things for her.

Sunday morning, and the girls were called early so they could go to the Art Institute. Being unable to procure a guide, Miss Morrison endeavored to show us the pictures we should see, and why we should see them. She was very good at it, too. Yes, "Slymme," we saw the "Nude Descending the Stairs," and Miss Cayce figured it out with no trouble at all. After we had looked at the sculpture and prints, we left. Thanks to Miss Ross, not one girl in our party thought Egyptian art "crude" nor the pre-Renaissance art "primitive." We recognized a De Vinci all by ourselves without a catalogue. That goes on record with the argument in French.

We went out to the Fair again, and this time the girls knew exactly where they wanted to go. We all ate in different places, from the Eitel Cafeteria to Leopold's. Many souvenirs were bought, and everyone succeeded in seeing everything she had wanted to see. We must refer you to Dukie for information about the Skyride.

We taxied home early in the afternoon, at a cost of seventy, eighty, and ninety cents. There was a taxi war on, evidently. The girls tried, mostly in vain, to repack their suitcases. The ones who had extra room in their bags soon had the miscellaneous belongings of several other girls. We swallowed a dinner at Hartman's, hoping we could chew and digest it later. Actually made the train on time, where we met Eva Charity and Harriet again. Eva is devoted to her parents, and hated to leave them. She has a cunning trophy of the chase, a medal, which you all must see.

Mrs. Fish and Dorris went to the train with us, so we did have a bit of that "homey" atmosphere. The tendency was to take the aching feet to bed right away, but it was some time before the usual rubber of contract was played, the new magazines exhausted, and the stories of the homegoing girls told. Marjorie Abbott acquired a becoming bob at home. Max Evans would like to take three courses in how to oust a visitor who has overstayed in her upper berth. Nevertheless, Cornelia was lots of fun, and we were glad she was with us. We really got acquainted with the day students. They were a very cute bunch.

We got off the train in Nashville and made a dash for the familiar taxis and hurried out to school with all the zest with which we left. We were glad to get away, and we were glad to get back.

PREP PATTER

Well, well, and well! Here we are with a second column, a thing we thought we'd never accomplish!

It certainly was a shock to what we playfully call our mind—we mean the news about Dean Burk rushing wildly down stairs to the chemistry room when Miss Cooke let a flame get a trifle too near some hydrogen. For the uninitiated, hydrogen will burn, and it makes a loud popping sound in doing so. This particular bit fairly shook the building. Soper said she heard it in Pembroke and thought it was merely a pleasant little shooting, so she didn't inquire further.

Did you hear about Virginia Carson and Gardenia? That's the name of her car. She has had it for some weeks, now, and *still* takes somebody with her whenever she goes anywhere; she's afraid it'll stall. We suggest that she paint it a brilliant orange with purple spots. Let's liven up the campus!

Another thing, our freshmen are certainly ambitious. One swung so hard with her hockey stick the other day that she slammed Landis Shaw above the eye and raised a lump the size of an egg-plant. Landis meandered to French class with an ice pack clamily dripping across her forehead. Surprising, the energy these freshmen put into their strokes!

Do you remember, and of course you do, the balloons the Junior-Middles carried on Class Recognition Day? Miss Sanders told us in measured accents, tinged with evident desperation, beforehand, that if one, single Junior-Mid popped one, single balloon, *none* of the classes could *ever* have *any* balloons again, on her word of honor, etc.

And of course you noticed the pops that broke the sanctified silence, and of course you know that we are, in a manner of speaking, in something like disgrace.

We would like to donate a nasturtium, or a snap-dragon, or a petunia, maybe, to Martha Beasley for getting her history report in on time, and on Monday, too. We started to rise up then and there and give a cheer or two, but we decided Miss Hay might not understand, so we formally congratulated Martha after class, omitting only the ceremony of kissing her on both cheeks.

We think we'll get belligerent and drop a few hints. These are some of the things we could do without:

—Evelyn Braden's singing in the locker rooms—or anywhere else, for that matter.

—Breaking in new campus shoes. Our arches are about to fall. After wearing high heels all the summer, it is really a let down. We admit this is a pretty punk pun. How's that for alliteration, Mrs. Souby?

—Physical exams, and those non-descript garments we casually refer to as angel robes that they drape us in. We have always gotten "D" on our posture. We do hope we don't die on their hands. We've almost drowned ourself drinking water for those abominable health charts we are compelled to keep.

—A certain girl's raving over a piano player that has captured her heart.

—Alice Overton's chewing gum (suggested by the Proctor) as she was making out monitor ships.

—Hippy Bearden's one corkscrew curl that she twists so industriously.

—Lengthy piano solos or statistics, either, in chapel.

Things we wish we had:

—Bonny Hager's ability to make the Anglo-Saxons look ridiculous. (Required reading—"An Anglo-Saxon curtain call"—by Miss Hayes.)

—Betty Frantz' charming manner.

—Carol Cole's black hair, or almost anybody's red hair.

—Margaret Blackmar's ability to draw.

—Anne Huddleston's eyes. If you didn't know it, they're big, black, and languorous.

—And one thing more we want is Peggy Price's taste in clothes, hats, and what have you.

We'd like to know as much about hockey as Shirley Caldwell, too. We made Varsity last year, and never did know any of the penalties. She makes us feel like a rank amateur. If she doesn't make Varsity this year, of next, we'll eat, oh, we'll eat one of those coca-colas with ice cream in it, and everybody knows how we hate them.

We also have some things to look forward to. One of them is more innovation in the lunch room menu. Another is the time when Andrena Butterfield goes to Vanderbilt. One of her friends swore he would be a history professor and flunk her. It won't be long, now. He will get his M.A. degree next year, he says, if he keeps on, and Andy will graduate from high school here this year. We hope he doesn't flunk us, too.

H. H.

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IARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

dnesday—

Arose in a splendid humor, due, no ubt, to the glorious weather. Went classes singing joyously, until ck's rude remarks sank in. En- ed Anne Loftin's speech in chapel mensely. I was indeed amazed to rn that she is not taking expres- n.

All the Seniors are wearing white s week, and very nice they look, Tuck and I discussed the ad- ability of putting on our white esses, but decided that the Seniors ght think we were aping them, l get swelled heads.

Went to club meeting, where our b voted vociferously for a curtain be hung in the gym. The old girls ought it a marvelous idea and they oroughly convinced me. Tuck's club ted "yes," too.

hursday—

Tuck arose early and put down the ndows, so that the room would be ce and warm to dress in. I lay ed thinking how wonderful it would if I didn't have to get up for any- ing, but Tuck said that she'd rather ve her breakfast. Tuck never gets ulful about anything but food.

Gollee! I never did see such a day. loom everywhere! Not a thing went ght. Tuck fell down the steps of and skinned her knee all up, be- les tearing a hole in the sleeve of r brand new sweater. I got a six my biology drawings, and we didn't ve anything I liked to eat for nch.

Went to chapel, where everyone re- arsed the Class Recognition Day rvices with half-hearted vigor. Such eek, mild voices as we had until ld to shout, which we did with a will, hereby relieving a little of the sad- ess in our spirits.

Was peacefully washing out stock- gs in my room, when I discovered a lephone slip on the dresser. Tore wn the hall wrathfully, to demand hy I had not been warned of it, but ceived no comfort. Fortunately, tudy hour had not begun, and I got old of my caller. A gentleman, mind ou, desireth to call upon me! Ye ods! I gloat, hear me!

Friday—

Up betimes, and donned my fanciest hite dress. Pinned a strip of purple repe-paper across my chest, and trutted out to give the world an yeful. Classes let out fifteen minutes arly, and Tuck and I still had to cramble to get down to chapel on ime.

We paraded solemnly out at the ead of the line, with Sarah Jane onder having a time trying to eep order. It certainly was a lovely ight to watch all the girls dressed in hite going around the circle. It was imply beautiful, and I would have een lost in the glory of it for weeks, f the Junior-Mids hadn't kept burst- ng their balloons—the babies!

Saturday—

Was positively chagrined to learn hat Tuck put me to bed last night hen I fell asleep over my biol. les- on. Accordingly I was not prepared or our test. Ouch!

Went down town to see Bing Crosby n "Too Much Harmony." It was fun. met all Ward-Belmont there, rec- gnizing Kitty MacKenzie's laugh bout two aisles to the right. After- ard, Tuck and I proved ourselves rue greenies by losing ourselves in he maze of what Nashville is pleased o call streets.

Would have forgotten to sign in, if Tuck hadn't taken a few of my ribs ut with her elbow. I was in such fluster after that, what with taking bath, squirming into my g-rdle, try- ng to tie the sash on my formal, and ll, that I completely forgot to break ut in my loud nail polish. Accord- ngly, I went to the dance without it, nd felt miserable all evening.

What an orchestra! What punch! What specials! Congratulations, Sen- ors! The gym looked "magnorficent" all decorated up with green branches, arbors, rustic fences, and what not. I adored Sue Salter's imitation of Helen Morgan; and those black finger- nails made me green with envy. I hope Sue can be persuaded to sing again some time.

And that wedding! Never shall I forget it! Miss Sanders made the handsomest man, and Jean Stewart's trembling bridegroom was perfect. Orchids go to Dot Jones for her preacher. And, oh me, Dukie Hill was exquisite in that white satin formal! I'm goin' up an' see her s'm'time.

I retired, footsore and weary, as usual, but I did have the best time. If all the dances are as successful, we have quite a year to look forward to.

Sunday—

The morning after! It was a strug- gle to get my feet into the good old regulation, and I was glad, for once, that we bound to church in buses.

Had another call slip when I got home, dee, dee! I'm going to have my date Monday, and he's getting Tuck one. Filed immediately, and learned that the boys' names have to be down on the slip. And they have to be on an approved list or they can't come. Tuck and I are all of a doodah, and so is everyone in our near neigh- borhood. We nearly got reported for talking after light bell, but the moni- tor was kind, and it was our first offense.

Monday—

Rushed through the day waiting for the big event. Had a terrible time dressing, because Tuck wanted her bath the same time I did. Got already betimes, and then sat around and stewed until time to go to Rec. Hall. Waited some more in the big "Y" room, and then—be still, my beating heart!—the fatal moment came. I'm in love! He was adorable! Tuck got the football player, but I didn't care. We sat and talked for two solid hours, but the time just flew. Tuck and I came home burbling, and this time I *know* we got reported for talking. Who cares? Tira loora loo!!!!

CLUB HOCKEY STARTS

The regular club hockey practices have been announced. The schedule is as follows:

MONDAY

2:55 Agora, A., Ecco., Triad.
3:30 Agora, A.K., A.P.,
4:15 D.V., X.L., O.

TUESDAY

2:55 Ang., Triad, Ecco.
3:30 P.T., T.C., T.K.
4:15 X.L., F.F., D.V.

WEDNESDAY

2:55 A., A.K., F.F.
3:30 O., T.C., X.L.

THURSDAY

2:55 Ang., Triad, A.
3:30 T.C., Agora, A.P.
4:15 D.V., A.K., P.T.

FRIDAY

2:55 Ecco., T.K., A.P.
3:30 T.C., Agora, P.T.,
4:15 F.F., O.

SUNDAY SCHOOL THEME. "SECURITY"

Every Sunday morning at eight- thirty a number of girls may be found in the "big Y" room where the stu- dents themselves have charge of the Sunday school service. Last Sunday the music was especially enjoyable, with Martha Rucker, violinist; Dolores Smith, vocalist, and Anne Shaw, pian- ist.

Bob Durand, the presiding officer, presented Martha Fisher, who ad- dressed the group. Her subject was "Security." She emphasized the fact that although we do not know what each day will bring forth we must trust in Him who makes the day pos- sible and so go securely on our way.

Immediately afterwards the two discussion groups met with Miss Van Hooser and Miss Sanders.



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Joan Blondel - James Cagney
"In Nashville it's the Knickerbocker"

RECOGNITIOIN DAY SPEECH INSPIRES STUDENTS

(Continued from page 1)

who have laid down the framework of this school and have made it what it is! But we are not apt to see visions of this sort. We take what is around us very much for granted. Our eyes are usually very dull, and we go through the day's routine without seeing what labor of every kind from that of the servant to that of the brilliant executive has gone into making these days full of order and beauty and opportunity. But this week we have been stabbed wide awake, and we have sene what one life has done for the school and for the community. Ward-Belmont is not just a campus and a collection of buildings. It has a spiritual life of its own because a man of spiritual power has put his life into it. To those who have been here for any length of time, Ward-Belmont has been a home as well as a school, for the head has been like a father. It has never been so large that the individual has been a number or simply a member of a group, but she has always been of value in herself just as a member of a family is. Nor has the school ever been so small as to be purely self-centered, as a loving family is tempted to be. It has been continually brought into contact with the community and with the larger world, for Dr. Blanton's interests were as wide as human needs.

"No generous spirit can accept a gift without feeling a sense of obligation. Surely you have not gone through this week without longing to do your part in carrying out worthily the great work of the school. Perhaps you came here just to get something. Some of you came for good times, and you certainly will have them. Some of you came to get knowledge, the age-old goal of an education; and we meet before this building today because behind its portals you may explore the treasuries of science and history and literature. Some of you came to develop some special skill, as in music, art, dramatics, dancing, or the practical arts. We have provisions here for wider knowledge and interests, for finer appreciations and skills, and we wish you to make full use of them. But you have not caught the spirit of this place unless you have begun to want to give something, too. You have been thinking this week of a giving, sharing life. What are you going to give Ward-Belmont this year? Is it going to be any richer because you have been here? How are you going to use your talents in its service? Are you going to give meaning to its traditions and practice to its ideals? Soon your officers will receive the letters of the name of Ward-Belmont. This is the symbol of the fact that the good name of Ward-Belmont is literally in your keeping. You will represent Ward-Belmont in car and store and restaurant, on the train, and in your own community. Will you bring it honor?

"You will all take the pledge to uphold the ideals of the school and to hand it on stronger and more beautiful than it was given to you. It won't take long to say the pledge, but will you keep it during the months till summer comes again? By your faithfulness and honor in the class work, by your fair play and sportsmanship on the athletic grounds, by your loyalty to friend and club and class, will you build a good year for yourself and for the school? It isn't easy to carry out these pledges. You are still in an individualistic period in your lives. Even our Seniors, who have had the longest experience and practice in living with others, will find it hard at times not to obey the screaming child in their breasts demanding that she have what she wants, when she wants it, no matter who suffers. You live in a fiercely individualistic country that has found it so difficult this summer to take the first steps toward a more co-operative society. And yet all over the world there is this movement toward better ways of living together. Perhaps there is a new and better world in the making. In many different nations, groups of young men and women are putting the welfare of their own country before their own individual interests, and are finding a strange new joy and vitality in so doing. A young Russian girl asked a traveler, 'What are the social ideals of American girls?' When he answered, 'Most of them haven't any. They are simply interested in their own personal pleasures and ambitions,' she exclaimed, 'But how dull that must be! I wouldn't like to live there.' If you can learn to consider the interests of this community instead of just your own, you will be building a better world, not only on the campus, but in your own hearts.

The song with which you will close this ceremony gives the heart of the whole matter. Recognize the gifts the school has to offer, and try to see the deeper meaning that lies behind those gifts. Generously bring your own gifts.

"'Giver of Gifts, Treasurer of Beauty,
We bring our youth to thee in glad surrender,
That we and thee, both giving, may be blessed.'

"May you win that blessing!"

WORK OF TENNESSEE CHILDREN'S HOME PRESENTED

(Continued from page 1)

the children receive constant care and attention. There is a registered nurse to take care of the babies, and the children are under the supervision of someone skilled in kindergarten training all the time.

Mrs. Elrod closed her speech by inviting all the girls to come to visit the home, and after the lecture, very kindly showed pictures of the home and children to those who were interested.

SENIOR-SENIOR-MID UNION DANCE FEATURE

(Continued from page 1)

she can dish it out? I now pronounce you friend and foe."

Preceding the wedding, Sue Salter, atop the piano, sang a la Helen Morgan. Her numbers were: "Stardust," "My Forgotten Man," and "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." Following the ceremony, Dolores Smith sang "Don't Change," and "Don't Blame Me."

This dance, given by the Seniors in honor of the Senior-Middles, was held as the last event of Senior Week.

(Campus Column)

(Continued from page 4)

Mildred Scott, if you ever get tired of hearing about Claud, you might try rat poison.

Nell Betty, people won't realize what a "peach" you are until next semester.

Who was the person who caused so much commotion when she walked into Spanish class the other day? She really only went because she had some letters to write.

For the benefit of the old girls, Margaret Uptegrove is at Boulder and has pledged Kappa Alpha Theta.

Dukie was a dream of a bride at the dance. Didn't it make you all thrilly, Dukie?

Findlater and Soper have some of the best wall decorations! It's worth your time to pay them a visit.

Those visitors you had Sunday, Eunicemary, were just after some nuts, but they kinda got gypped.

Patsy Schorndorfer has dropped her "r's." You'd betty hurry and get them back, Patsy, or else people will get the wrong idea.

Did everybody get a cute peanut? Don't forget that a note a day keeps the blues away. I'll be seeing everyone at the promenade, tonight.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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IGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED

The high school honor roll for the nth ending October 13, was an- unced by Dr. Barton in chapel on iday, October 20. The students on e honor roll are:

FIRST YEAR

Jean Burk.
Susan Cheek.
Nelle Edwards.
Rachel Farris.
Ann Carolyn Gillespie.
Llewellyna Granbery.
Elaine Haile.
Virginia McClelland.
Dorothy Proctor.
Willadene Smith.
Jane Vance.

SECOND YEAR

Grace Benedict.
Peggy Dickinson.
Matilda Gibson.
Sarah Goodpasture.
Marion Hill.
Lucille Johnson.
Barbara Leake.
Mickie Perry.

(Continued on page 8)

NTI-PANS PRESENT ANNUAL DANCE

The Anti-Pan Club gave its annual nce on Saturday evening, October . The dance was held in the gym- asium from 8:00 to 10:00.

Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, vice-presi- nt, was general chairman of the nce. The other committee chairmen ere: Frankie Marbury, invitations; ise Elrod, orchestra; Mary Lee ilson, decorations; Margaret Morris, efreshments.

The receiving line consisted of Miss rances Swenson, sponsor; Mary uise Balsiger, president; and the her club officers.

FOOD" A LA CHAPEL

Under the clever supervision of rs. Dickenson, traveled economics acher, last Monday's chapel assem- y journeyed to Great Britain, not to ight-see," but to find out what sort f foods are found on an English able.

Since the novel subject requires milar treatment, the HYPHEN is at- mpting to be as original as the peaker. We have therefore, compiled n English menu, typical of the maller hotels and homes, and an English-Food Dictionary" which ight prove helpful someday. Who nows?

Menu

Breakfast

Porridge with milk (no salt)
Oranges
Prunes
Bacon and eggs

(Continued on page 7)

"THE GOBLINS'LL GIT CHA EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT"

"Who! Who!" says the owl. He is a symbol of Hallowe'en, and rightly, for in most countries the traditions and customs connected with the celebration of October 31, concern "who." He is, however, a very wise old bird, and will not tell all that he knows. Each country has its own ways of finding out, and its own ways of celebrating this day.

Hallowe'en, All Hallows Eve, or Nutcrack Eve, as it is called in northern England, is dedicated to the spirits. This is the one night of the year when witches may soar over the moon on their broomsticks, when fairies and goblins have power over any unlucky human they may find out after dark, and when, by invoking the aid of spirits a man or maid may peep into the future.

In Ireland a young woman will put three nuts on the bars of the grate, naming one after herself and the others after lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, that lover is unfaithful. If one burns, that lover has some regard for the girl; and if the nut named after the girl and one of the others burn together, the two will be married.

In Sweden each girl makes a dream pancake out of three tablespoons of salt, one of flour, and enough water to make a paste. This must be baked over a slow fire and eaten just before retiring. The girl must drink no water before going to bed; and the person who brings her water in her dream is the one whom she will wed.

An old Scotch custom is to take a candle and an apple into a dark room. The girl stands in front of a mirror with the candle in one hand and eats the apple. The face of her future husband should appear over her left shoulder.

Another custom, said to have very good results, is to wet the sleeve of a dress and hang it before the fire to dry. Then get into bed and watch the sleeve until midnight when an apparition should appear to turn it.

The Scotch placed great faith in the colewort. Each couple would go out into the yard blindfolded and pull up the first stalk that they came to. They then returned to the house to inspect their prize. As the stalk was big, little, crooked, or straight so was the future husband or wife. The quantity of earth hanging to the stalk denoted the amount of dowry, and the taste of the pith the temper of the future mate.

Three dishes, one of clear water, one of colored water, and one empty, were placed on the table in England. The blindfolded candidate put his finger into one of the dishes. If it was the clear water he would marry a

(Continued on page 8)

HEIFETZ TO PLAY HERE

Jascha Heifetz, great violinist, will be presented in concert in the Ward-Belmont Auditorium Tuesday evening, October 31, 1933.

An emotional experience, charged with beauty, rich with spiritual warmth, is a Heifetz concert. The great music of all time is interpreted through the medium of a faultless technique, illumined by a rare and sensitive personality. This combination of almost inhuman virtuosity with all too human understanding—that is one of the mysteries of great art—one of the secrets of Heifetz's art.

A lifetime of playing is behind Heifetz's today, and several outgrown careers. He has been successively an infant prodigy, a boy wonder, an adolescent genius. He passed through the fire of these dangerous periods to emerge, a great and mature artist.

Heifetz is greater, if possible, now than ever. His extraordinary technique, flawless intonation, impeccable musicanship, and golden tone are crowned by a new warmth and humanity. The Olympian perfection is still there, but it is the enriched beauty of a god who has discovered the earth, and found it good.

"A musician always prepares for

(Continued on page 8)

STEPHENS APPEARS IN CHAPEL

James Stephens, Irish poet, novelist, and critic, spoke in chapel on Tuesday, October 24. He spoke of the aim, inspiration, and accomplishment of a poet.

"A poem should be as definite a thing as a brick wall," said Mr. Stephens. In discussing the aim of a poet, he remarked that "the thing a poet is trying to do cannot at all be done."

Mr. Stephens spoke particularly of his own experiences as a poet. "Our own difficulties we can speak about." He felt he was justified in speaking to the students on his writing, because "a number of you are bound to be writers, painters, musicians, and so on."

"There are all kinds of poetry," said Mr. Stephens. He urged that there should not be too complicated or too "wordy" a poem. "In general," he continued, "if you can shorten the poem by a word, the poet has not achieved his purpose."

The importance of originality in poetry was stressed by the poet. "The trouble with most writers is that they write someone else's poetry."

It was pointed out that every poem should have two subjects, one obvious, the other concealed. Mr. Stephens

(Continued on page 5)

SECOND EDITION OF "WHY NOT?" COMING SOON

Of much interest to the campus is the news that Sarah Jeter and Louise Smith, instructors of dancing at Ward-Belmont, are directing the second edition of "Why Not?", the Scottish Rite-Junior League show. Those who remember last year's clever production will set aside the date for this year's.

The show will be given Monday and Tuesday nights, November 6 and 7 at the Scottish Rite Temple. A snappy musical revue, it will be different from the usual run of revues in more ways than one.

In a personal interview with Miss Jeter and Miss Smith the HYPHEN correspondent gathered some news on the material to be used in the show.

Chief among the numbers being used is the double piano interpretation of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" done by Lawrence Goodman and Bobby Tucker. Mr. Goodman who is director of the piano department of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory will take the second piano for Mr. Tucker, who is a pupil of Mr. Goodman's and now a staff artist with WSM.

(Continued on page 8)

CURRENT EVENTS TALK CENTERS ON GERMANY

Realizing the importance of a knowledge of world affairs today, Dr. Barton discussed current affairs in chapel on Friday, October 20. He spoke particularly of the present conditions in Germany.

Dr. Barton spoke of Germany's withdrawal from the League and from the Disarmament Conference. Since Germany withdrew because of its objection to the Treaty of Versailles, mention was made particularly of the

(Continued on page 7)

SENIOR-MIDDLES HAVE CLASS PICNIC

One-thirty Saturday afternoon in the chapel marked the beginning of another successful Senior-Mid picnic. The girls assembled in their chapel seats, and went out to the busses with their various captains for the day.

After a period of much delay, fussing around, changing busses, and getting generally excited, the party started off. What a spectacle! Girls were hanging out of the windows waving madly and shouting at one another in a spirit of great hilarity.

The drive out to the park only increased the fun. The busses went by Fraternity Row, and many were the sighs that were sighed because all the boys had gone to the football game.

At the gate of Percy Warner Park,

(Continued on page 5)

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CLUB CHATTER

Come up and see some of the T.C.'s sometime! They'll tell you all about the dinner down at the club last Wednesday night, from five to eight. If you like wienies, glowing fireplaces, radio music, and plenty of mirth and merriment, you'll like to know all about it.

Wilma Harrell and Martha Pryor have been appointed T.C. entertainment and house managers, respectively.

It was necessary for the T.C.'s to elect two new officers. They are Mary Ann Evans, treasurer; and Betty Abry, secretary. Goodluck, officers!

Last week-end the Del Ver Club was the scene of much merriment. Saturday night Ruth Nehls, Slymme Warren, Cak Brown, Marjorie Jacobsen, Helen Larimer, and Dorothy Funk feasted on spaghetti, hamburgers, and coco-cola's. Dorothy Glanders presided as cook.

Sunday night Mary Findlater, Janet Newberry, and Betty Roth enjoyed a surprise package full of good things to eat which Mary Soper received from home the day before.

The Anti-Pans have been making preparations this week for their Hallowe'en Dance to be held Saturday night in the gymnasium. At the last meeting extensive plans were made, and all the details were discussed. The following committees have been appointed: Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, general chairman of the dance; Frankie Marbury, chairman of the invitation committee; Elise Elrod, chairman of the orchestra committee; Mary Lee Wilson, chairman of the decoration committee; Margaret Morris, chairman of the refreshment committee.

It is the custom for each club to entertain during the year. The Hallowe'en Dance will be the first to be held this year. Invitations have been extended to a number of guests.

The fudge made by a certain group at the Osiron house one Sunday night not long ago was rather sugary, but "Porgie" managed to put away a great deal of it.

Mickey's long distance phone call nearly broke up the Osiron meeting last Wednesday. These long distance telephone calls are exciting affairs, eh, Mickey?

Say, have you heard? The Osirons are the proud possessors of a torch singer. And it's none other than Elizabeth Ann Rall. After hearing and seeing her deliver "Louisville Lady" you won't wonder that she's done it four time already at the club house for the benefit and amusement of her sisters.

Wednesday evening all the Penta-Taus dined at the club house. It was an informal affair. After dinner the new girls showed the old girls just how much talent they had, and it was really a lot. Later a business meeting was held. Mary Alice Paine was elected vice-president of the club. She'll make a good one, all right! Ida May Wirt was appointed sergeant-at-arms. Also a program committee was appointed. In this group are Mary Alice Paine, Sarah Jane Ponder, Ruth Robinson, and Patty B. Harvey.

A peppy group of about ten girls keep the gas stove burning in the Agora Club House each Friday night. Hot rolls, cold meats, dessert and so on (mostly so on) serve as eats. Dancing and individual entertainment follow.

Also each Sunday afternoon it is filled with some girls studying or others experimenting with fudge and pop corn—and you've never tasted better. Yes, Agora's doorway will be worn out by Christmas.

At the last A. K. club meeting, Dukie Hill kept insisting that we read something light. Like "Christopher Morley Says His Prayers," Dukie?

Bomkie is certainly down on war. By the way, Bumps, is Roy of age yet?

About that game of leap-frog! If you don't think it's fun, you just ask Olga, Charlie, or Arlyne.

Maybe you think it's not cold at early morning hockey practice. If you don't want to see for yourself just ask Virginia Richie how it feels.

Nellie, you'll certainly make some man a fine wife. You're really doing wonders by the A. K. House.

We think Kitty McKenzie should take Home Ec. lessons after that candy party the other night.

The F. F.'s had a grand time at the club Wednesday night. Jay Foote certainly thinks up the most amusing games to find out the talent of the new girls.

Everyone was really surprised to find that the new members had such imaginative ideas. At least it is hoped they were original.

Alice Adams and her group were awarded first prize. Carolyn Conklin, Nita Bogue and their gang won second.

Here's to more games and talents, Jay!

All the new and old X. L.'s celebrated by having dinner at the club Wednesday. The menu consisted of hamburgers with matching accessories.

The X. L. hockey players aren't quite sure when to practice but Nell Betty knows.

Ann Shaw says popcorn tastes much better burnt.

Anyone wanting the perfect menu see Bob Durand.

To look at Jane Wilson one wouldn't imagine she had the storage space for so many hamburgers.

COMMITTEE VISITS HOSPITAL

On Tuesday evening, October 24, Mary Jane Bass, Marion Farr, Betty Barth, Carolyn Conklin and Mary Ruth Vanderbilt visited the medical wards at the Vanderbilt Hospital. They spent an hour talking with the patients and cheering them up. This committee, with Mary Ruth Vanderbilt as chairman, does much toward making life more pleasant for the patients.

STUDENTS PRESENT SCENES AT PARTHENO

The classes in expression gave w finish and taste the scenes from "T Finished Temple" at the Parthe before a critical, though appreciati audience.

The Temple dancers were Mi Grace Benedict and Dolly Dearman

The perfect rhythm of the ensem work was notable. The movem were full of symmetry; the voice w pleasing to the ear. The costu for the entire play were colorful a appropriate.

This work was done as a part the dramatic course. The pag form was stressed. The choral spe ing was a new form and splendi effective.

PIGEON-HOLING PERSONALITI

Dr. A. D. Beittel of College Congregational Church, gave a v interesting talk in chapel, Wednesd on the subject of pigeon-holing pe sonalities.

"It is a fine thing," said Dr. Beit "to have a language, but it is dang ous also. Words can never qu convey personal feelings."

He proceeded to illustrate this po by saying that if he had had his ho blown away in a tornado, and w attempting to tell some one just h he felt about it, he would be unab to get across to them his reaction the situation.

"It is very helpful to have wor to use," stated Dr. Beittel, "but th become dangerous when we are c sumed by emotion."

We clasify people by some cha acteristic to which we react in strongly emotional manner.

"Americans," says Dr. Beittel, "a themselves in to thinking that th are intelligent. They are not. Th act on the basis of feeling and n intellect."

People are very complex organism They cannot be analysed with a simp formula.

Europeans think of Americans a wealthy, loud-mouthed, and ignoran But they should not judge all Amer cans by this standard.

There are words which are like light cord. They are as highly charge and as dangerous. Words should n be used in the emotional sense. Th should be watched or they will l us into doing something which w should not do.

If we go back to the Gospel, we w find that Jesus refused to classif people, and put them in their pigeo holes. He evaluated people on th basis of what they were, and wh they did, and so should we.

JEAN MUNSIE, SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT OF "Y

The Y.W.C.A. announces the ele tion of the new second vice-presiden Jean Munsie. She has taken h place among the members of th executive committee and will also ha charge of the Vespers Services.

HINGS I NEVER KNEW 'TILL NOW

It seems that the fate of nations
s decreed they shall barely wiggle
of one predicament in time to keep
ointments with another. So it is
h America in regard to the depres-
n, and the newly magnified prob-
of world peace. In a recent cable
m Paris, Francois Latour, former
sident of the Paris Municipal
uncil, who has just been in the
ited States, expressed his admira-
n for our courage and dignity in
trials of depression, by saying,
he economic crisis has been severe
erywhere, but doubly severe in
erica. Despite this situation the
ited States' morale remains ad-
rable. Americans, far from ac-
pting defeat, are still magnificently
dy for any action or experiment,
matter how untried, in order to
d a way out the difficulties." This
most universal opinion ought to
ke us feel good.

Recently a David Lloyd George
lkie on the international situation
s ordered cut from the newsreels
3,000 British motion pictures, The
wsreel showed a scene at Geneva
hen Arthur Henderson, president of
e Disarmament Conference read the
nouncement of Germany's with-
awal. Lloyd George expresses the
lief that the other signatories of
e Treaty of Versailles had broken
ith with Germany by disarming.
he same newsreel is being used to
dvocate rearmament. All British
ovies end their programs with a pic-
ure of the king reviewing the vast
ation-wide fleet, the officers singing
God Save the King," while the bat-
eships, cruisers, and submarines pass
ross the screen. Meanwhile armas-
ent and aircraft shares are soaring
o the stock exchange.

President Roosevelt received an
onorary degree of doctor of laws,
ast week, from Washington college,
hestertown, Md. During the cere-
ony he made this statement in re-
ard to his position. "Some countries
hich have dictators have laid down
-year plans and 10-year plans. How-
ver, I believe that in this country,
hich has not a dictator, we can move
urther in a shorter period without
aming a definite period length of
me." What a President! No wonder
ther nations join us in admiring his
pirit.

"A momentous day in World Af-
airs and for the cause of peace."
hat is the way that the Moscow
ress hails the move made by Presi-
ent Roosevelt for opening Soviet-
merican negotiations toward recogni-
ion. If this takes place the reckless
lements aiming at an infraction of
eace will have to consider such a
orrelation of forces most seriously.
Up in Seattle they're seeing a trade
oom if we recognize Russia. The
ress firmly believes this should not
e the basis of recognition, attractive
s it may seem, but rather base rec-
gnition on the fact that comity re-
quires we diplomatically recognize a
overnment that is just as stable as
various other governments with which
we exchange ambassadors. Britany welcomes our bid to Soviet! Germany, on the other hand, dislikes such a move, fearing further loss of trade and a strengthening of the "iron ring" around Hitlerism. Germany's entire views have not been published as yet (October 25) the leading question of current history seems to be this question of Russian recognition. And while we're on the subject of Russia, a Soviet balloon recently broke altitude record. You can't keep a good nation down.

President Roosevelt's announcement of the early inauguration of a plan to control the price of gold has given a decided boost to American financial markets. Prices are to be raised, and we hope that this will get us further along the road to a managed currency.

Lindbergh missed his former "Lindbergh crowds" at the quiet arrival in England last week. He was flying with his wife in the same plane which went from Southhampton to Norway this fall.

Germany held a national Thanksgiving day! And was it a day! Five hundred thousand followers of Hitler assembled from all parts of Germany on a hill near the old city of Hamelin in Westphalia to hear the chancellor extol the peasant as the "Bulwark of the Future" and to give thanks for the abundant harvest.

Now to wind up by returning home! Up in Detroit 5,000 men are walking on the sunny side of the street and storming the offices of the American Legion. Henry Ford is offering the unemployed war veterans jobs on the V-8, and Detroit is smiling its broadest smile.

And, now, smile your broadest and run along 'till next week.

BARN DANCE ENDS PEANUT WEEK

What a grand wind-up for Peanut Week! The "Y" certainly did a grand job on their dance. The gym was decorated with bales of hay, cornstalks, and a young crescent moon up in the window. And didn't all the "boys" and girls look too funny for words? Such ingenuity as was displayed in the costumes! Ganel Stuart and Soper won the prize for being the most outrageously dressed and they deserved it, although "Shorty" Kassel and "Larry" Larimer ran them a close second.

A short intermission was given to afford each "Shell" an opportunity to find her "Peanut," and for the two girls to get acquainted. The special was an old-fashioned Virginia Reel done by Ann Shaw, Roberta Munger, Jean Munsie, Viva Lee Davis, Eva Charity Olhaver, Jayne Priest, "Nig" Banker, and Betty Bowman. Preceding the special, Soper sang "I Like Mountain Music" just like one would expect an old Tennessee mountaineer to sing it.

One of the high-lights of the dance was when the lights were turned out and the "harvest" moon shown down on those dancing to "Harvest Moon." Altogether it was a most perfect barn dance, even to the haywagon that carried us around the circle, and the doughnuts and cold apple cider, not to mention Mr. Berry's pigs.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE VISITS SCARRITT

For the first time this year the World Fellowship Committee launched forth upon a trip. The girls who made the trip were: Alice Vivienne Hill, Jean Stewart, Marguerite Page, Kathrine Mathis, Louise Longworth, Mary Jane Safford, France Graham and Virginia Winston. They were accompanied by Miss Van Hooser.

They first attended the Vesper Service at Scarritt College. Afterwards, accompanied by Tsieu, a Scarrit student from China, and Miss Nonle, a Chinese missionary, they all went to dinner at Polly Inn, where they had a very enjoyable time.

SENIOR GROUP PICNICS IN PERCY WARNER

Talk about good times! Miss Sisson took Nell Betty Anderson, "Shorty" Kassel, "Cack" Brown, Betty Randell, "Dukie" Hill, Vivia Lee Davis, Charlie Holcomb, Martile Sherman, Virginia Cornelius, Martha Pyeatt and Kathryn Mathis and Marjorie Jacobsen out to Percy Warner on a picnic last Saturday.

The girls cooked their own steaks over a wood fire and according to many declarations, each girl considered her steak the best ever . . . however, Pyeatt's looked unusually raw. Martile certainly did enjoy roasting those marshmallows. She fixed more than she could eat and made the rest eat them.

The girls scrambled around among the trees and bushes, explored paths and had a perfect time. Certainly did hate to have to come home.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

An atmosphere of peace and quiet once again was evident Sunday morning, October 22, as Bob Durand led Sunday school. Mary Jane Bass, the speaker of the morning, chose for her subject, "Myself." She showed how everything begins at home or with one's self.

Sue Salter sang the prayer song accompanied by Ann Shaw, at the piano. Afterwards, as is the usual custom, the two discussion groups met with Miss Van Hooser and Miss Sanders. These groups hold weekly discussions of various college problems.

P-S-S-T !

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE—

The girl who hits the bull's eye every time while you hit the red brick house beyond the field?

The girl whose curls are natural while you have to sleep on the rollers every night and then wake up to find the rollers off and the curls out?

The girl who "hasn't a thing to wear," and then turns up at the next function in a new outfit?

The person who started the mad rush to the tea room after chapel?

The people who eat big, fat candy bars and "brownies" in front of you when you're reducing?

(Continued on page 7)

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EDITORIAL

KEEP THE LAWS OF WARD-BELMONT

A great many new girls are having a hard time accommodating themselves to the rules and regulations of the school. Some break them accidentally; some break them purposefully.

This last group seems to go out of their way to break a rule. They regard rules as silly and out of date. And when they are called to pay the penalty for their misdeeds they heap maledictions upon the girl who reported them. They deliberately fail to see that they are the ones at fault.

The laws of Ward-Belmont are made by the student body for the good of the student body. One girl, in breaking a law, cannot see that her wrongdoing reflects upon others than herself.

What she fails to observe is that her offense directs the attention of the governing body upon her, and that with each succeeding misdeed, their opinion of her sinks lower and lower.

Girls like girls who can be trusted; who are straightforward and honest in their dealings with their fellow-students.

If you would have yourself respected and honored, keep the laws of Ward-Belmont.

N. Y. '35.

DON'T PUT IT OFF

Dr. Samuel Johnson had a "morbid propensity for sloth and procrastination," but if it had not been for Boswell these qualities would never have made him famous.

Not everyone wants to be famous, and not everyone has a Boswell, but school does seem an ideal place to cultivate the art of putting things off. When the bell rings at the close of study hour the call of cheese and crackers or cookies in some room down the hall is far stronger than that of unfinished algebra or French. In the morning "sleep hath charms of which the student knows nothing," and most of us are not such students.

The really great people in the world are not those who put things off until the final moment, and then dash through them. They are the people who organize their work so as to accomplish the most in the least possible time. These are the people who have time for the extra things which come up.

We are supposed to be developing character here at school, and one part of developing character is will power and another is organization. The two go together and are really a necessity if one is ever to accomplish anything.

So, the next time that you are tempted to put something off, remember—and don't. You'll find that it works much better.

G. L. '35.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Should I write this column or should I sally up to the housetop and scream. Believe me, patient one, it is in vain that I seek dirt for this space! Do I remind you of any friend of yours?

Have you heard:

Those barn-rats on third floor Senior? I never! I don't think, however, that they'll come through.

Funky will never get used to going all the way across the street to sewing. It's fun, isn't it, Dot, to be able to walk out of the gates . . . and be free?

That Mary Lalla Byrns will play the violin again, at the expression play Saturday at the Parthenon?

Have you seen:

Jane Taylor play tennis? Marvelous . . . she's really good! Max Evans on Pilot? The way she controls that "hoss"! Slymme's football? Really, my dear, I wish you'd keep it in the attic! Don't you think we've had enough of it in the hall?

. . . . . .

Larimer, what a scare you gave us Saturday night at the dance! Where did you get that conglomeration? Wow! I didn't know until then that you were capable of such outlandish stunts.

Shorty (Jeanette, to you) Kassel looked like a "lil ole woman."

And ever faithful Soper was there and rightfully earned first prize for the most unique costume. What personality and *What* a voice!

I hear there is a contemplated visit, by several of our popular Seniors, to Chicago. They have my best wishes . . . and my greenest envy!

And speaking of strange costumes, did you notice those stockings Ganel Stuart had on Saturday night? . . . it was only proper the judges should give her something for having the nerve to bring those out here.

There's no doubt about it:

Martile likes her marshmallows . . . perhaps not exactly, anyway, she enjoys cooking them.

Dukie prefers her steaks raw!

Intellectual group went out to Percy Warner, Saturday afternoon. They read "Romeo and Juliet." I didn't go.

. . . . . .

You aren't afraid to go to hockey any more, are you, Betty Abry? Remember?

Congratulations, Katrina, on your poem. You do know your desert.

Just in case you didn't realize it: the campus and the school is missed by one Betty Willert, who is enrolled at Washington University, St. Louis.

You've been good. I must go now, but next week I hope to be able to give you some bigger and better "highlights" of the campus. Just bear with me and until this same hour next week, at which time, if you tune in you will hear the news of the day mixed in with the scramble for the funny papers on the neighbors porch. All of which means little or nothing to you. See you!

EAGLE FEATHER

Poems of James Stephens

DEIRDRE

Do not let any woman read this verse!
It is for men, and after them their sons,
And their sons' sons.

The time comes when our hearts sink utterly:
When we remember Deirdre, and her tale,
And that her lips are dust.

Once she did tread the earth: men took her hand;
They looked into her eyes and said their say,
And she replied to them.

More than two thousand years it is since she
Was beautiful: she trod the waving grass;
She saw the clouds.

Two thousand years! The grass is still the same;
The clouds as lovely as they were that time
When Deidre was alive.

But there has been again no woman born
Who was so beautiful; not one so beautiful
Of all the women born.

Let all men go apart and mourn together!
No man can ever love her! Not a man
Can dream to be her lover!

No man can bend before her! No man say—
What could one say to her? There are no words
That one could say to her!

Now she is but a story that is told
Beside the fire! No man can ever be
The friend of that poor queen!

A WOMAN IS A BRANCHY TREE

A woman is a branchy tree
And man a singing wind;
And from her branches carelessly
He takes what he can find:

Then wind and man go far away,
While winter comes with loneliness;
With cold, and rain, and slow decay,
On woman and on tree till they

Droop to the earth again, and be
A withered woman, a withered tree;
While wind and man woo in the glade
Another tree, another maid.

ON A LONELY SPRAY

Under a lonely sky a lonely tree
Is beautiful! All that is loneliness
Is beautiful! A feather, lost at sea;
A staring owl; a moth; a yellow tress
Of seaweed on a rock, is beautiful!

The night-lit moon, wide-wandering in sky!
A blue-bright spark, where ne'er cloud is up!
A wing, where no wing is, it is so high!
A bee in winter! and a buttercup,
Late blown! are lonely, and are beautiful!

She, whom you saw but once, and saw no more!
That he, who startled you, and went away!
The eye that watched you from a cottage door!
The first leaf, and the last! The break of day!
The mouse, the cuckoo, and the cloud, are beautiful!

For all that is, is lonely! All that may
Will be as lonely as is that you see!
The lonely heart sings on a lonely spray!
The lonely soul swings lonely in the sea;
And all that is loneliness is beautiful!

All: all alone: and all without a part
Is beautiful! for beauty is all where!
Where is an eye is beauty! Where an heart,
Is beauty, brooding out, on empty air,
All that is lonely, and is beautiful!

ISTORY OF CLUB DANCES RECALLED AS SEASON OPENS

Now that the invitations for the nti-Pan dance are out and the cam- is is full of talk about parties and ances that the various clubs will ve in the near future, it would be teresting to go back and review the story of the dances.

The social clubs were organized in 916-17. They each had a dance that rst year. At that time neither Sen- r, Herron, Pembroke, nor the gym ere built, so the dances were held Middlemarch. The dances had no pecial idea, but the clubs decorated ith their club colors, in this way aking each dance a little different om the others. Later Herron was uilt and the dances were held in the a-room, which was made for that urpose. Every year the dances have come more elaborate and more at- ractive.

The Anti-Pan dance is traditional- Hallowe'en in theme. For the past wo years it has been held in the club ouse, but this year they plan to have in the gym.

Since the T. C. dance is always the ast dance before Christmas, they ry to carry out a Yuletide idea. Last ear their dance was held in a medi- val court, and the special was a ester's dance done before the king nd queen.

Last year the Del Ver dance was ost unusual. The setting was in he South Sea garden. The special as a native dance done before a arge idol.

The Tri K's decorated the gym to arry out the idea of a Hunt ball, hile the Penta Tau's gave a studio arty.

One of the most unusual dances last year was the one given at home- coming by the Osirons. It was a musical ball. The gym was decorated entirely in black, white, and silver cellophane.

The X. L.'s gave a casino dance with its bright and gay decorations.

For the Agora's dance. the gym was decorated in the style of an old Greek temple.

An Egyptian dance was given by the A. K.'s. The special was an Egyptian dance given by one of the girls supported by a chorus.

The F. F.'s featured a style show as a special for their dance.

Up until this year the clubs have enclosed the gym in paper hung from the balcony, but this year all the decorations will be on the new cur- tain that the clubs have agreed to buy. This curtain is of a neutral color and will not spoil the originality of the ideas that the ten various clubs have.

SHOWER CHATTER

The tennis matches, which have held the attention of the students for the past few weeks, were in the quarter- finals on Tuesday, October 24. Those in the quarter-finals were: Bosserman vs. Taylor, Conklin vs. Berry, L. Shaw vs. Chadwell, Keidel vs. Nehls. Chadwell, Nehls, Taylor, and Conk- lin played in the semi-finals Wednes- day and Thursday afternoons. The finals were played Friday, but at the time of this paper going to press the two semi-final winners were not known.

The first board meeting of the Ath- letic Association was held Tuesday evening, October 24. This board is composed of representatives of both day students and boarders, and the officers of the association. There was a discussion of the tennis tournament and plans were made to arrange gym classes so that students could see the final match.

In a report of the Membership Committee, it was found that out of 238 boarders, 186 had joined the as- sociation; and that out of 184 day students, 95 had joined. A committee will be appointed by Victoria Keidel, president of the Athletic Association, to see that as many girls join as pos- sible, since gym credits cannot be given to non-members of the associa- tion. Other problems and business of the Association were also discussed.

Hockey games will begin on Satur- day, November 4, and last through Friday, Novembre 17. All of the clubs have been practicing and train- ing since the hockey season started, and some fine games are expected. The game schedule will be posted the first of the week of November 8.

Plans are being made by Miss Jane Carling, riding instructor, and other athletic heads, for the annual Ward- Belmont fall riding show. The show will be held on Saturday, November 18.

NEW "Y" MEMBERS INSTALLED; CANDLE-LIGHT VESPERS

Especially beautiful and impressive was the candle-light service last Sun- day evening, which formally recog- nized the new Y.W.C.A. members at Ward-Belmont. Mary Frances Banker played the organ prelude, and the processional during which time the "Y" Cabinet members entered singing "Hymn of the Light," and took their places on the stage.

Lydia Fountain, president, conduct- ed the worship service, and she pre- sented Jean Munsie, the newly ap- pointed second vice-president, who read the lesson for the evening. Iso- bel Coulter, accompanied by Miss Boyer, gave a vocal solo.

As the various class representa- tives—Senior Class, Alice Vivienne Hill; Senior-Middle Class, Jean Stew- art; Senior and Junior High School, Patsy Schorndorfer; Sophomore and Freshman High School, Mary Jac Griffith—came forward, the president gave to each of them a candle and entrusted to them, as leaders, the re- sponsibility which is placed upon them as members of the Y.M.C.A.

After the pledge of membership had been taken the association hymn, "Follow the Gleam," was sung. Dur- ing the entire recognition service Mary Lalla Byrns played the violin, accompanied by Mary Eleanor Clay. The service was closed by the singing of the recessional, "Lead On, O King Eternal."

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STEPHENS APPEARS IN CHAPEL

(Continued on page 8)

declared that the artist must beware of being a high-brow. It is impor- tant, he continued, that the poet make his subject evident in not only sub- ject-matter, but also in the form and rhythm of the verse.

"Slow reactions are the most beau- tiful," commented the writer. "There is quite a loveliness in silence itself," he continued.

Above all, Mr. Stephens desired real poetry. "Unless the poet is in the world, he does not write real poe- try," he concluded.

James Stephens was born in Dub- lin, February 2, 1882. He is now as- sistant curator in the Dublin National Gallery and is an authority on Gaelic art. This is the poet's first visit to the United States since 1925.

Mr. Stephens is known in this coun- try especially for "The Crock of Gold." His works include books and poetry on Ireland and Irish mytholo- gy.

The poet was presented under the courtesy of the American Book Com- pany.

SENIOR-MIDDLES HAVE CLASS PICNIC

(Continued on page 8)

the busses stopped, and the girls who were hiking to the picnic grounds got out. The others stayed in one bus, and drove through the grounds.

As soon as the girls who had ridden reached the Beech Wood picnic grounds, Miss Sanders started a game of baseball. Several girls had brought their knitting, and they re- mained peacefully under the trees.

After a while the weary hikers came plodding into camp, and flung themselves on the ground to rest from their exertions.

When all the girls were together, they lined up before an outdoor cafe- teria, and filed by to receive their "eats."

Each girl was given a paper plate, a napkin, a piece of steak, a tomato, two cheese sandwiches, a round bun, an apple, a bottle of Coca-Cola or Welchade, and a bar of candy.

They then scattered, forming little groups around the fires, and roasted their steaks. Those more skilful than the rest enjoyed their cooking, but the others uncomplainingly ate their meat either raw or burned to a cin- der.

After the steak roast was over, the girls formed a circle and sang "The Bells of Ward-Belmont." Their voices were a little weak, but that must have been due to the amount of sup- per they had consumed.

Following the song, each captain again assembled her group, and re- turned with them to the busses.

After a great deal of backing and filling, the busses managed to get turned around and headed toward town again.

And just to prove that they really could sing, every one sang lustily all the way to school, bringing in every- thing from "Frankie and Johnny" to "Thanks."

Every one had a splendid time, and the girls are all talking about going back again—soon.

THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Tuesday—

What a day! What a day! Peanut week was officially ushered in by many girls clad in horrible costumes, who sang that loathesome song "The Peanut Vendor." Was agreeably surprised to find I was my own Peanut. Heh heh! Traded with another girl, on account of a natural delicacy on my part, of hating to spend money sending things to myself.

Also, I enjoyed my first fire drill. Tuck and I were studying peacefully, clothes on the floor, books on the bed, powder and hair pins scattered over the dresser top, when the alarm rang. Tuck jumped three feet and landed in my lap, a feverish glitter in her eyes. We charged around putting down windows, shoving things under the beds, wetting towels, turning the light off and on trying to decide which way it was supposed to be left, and generally getting ourselves in a mess. We did manage to stifle our hysterics until we reached Ac, and then we let go. My, oh my! I hope this doesn't happen often.

Wednesday—

Found my mail box simply stuffed with a bag containing an apple and a peanut. I was also gratified to find a check from "d'old gint." No reason —just fatherly love. Curbed my impatience to go to town immediately and spend it all, by buying a club pin.

Whistled down to club meeting munching a bar of candy with which my Shell had remembered me. I have a distinctly superior Shell. Two separate "presunts" in one day!

Went to bed nursing a bruised shin and a practically fractured wrist. These earnest hockey players!

Thursday—

Class meeting! Sat on the lawn with Tuck and decided to go to the Senior-Mid picnic. Tuck and I are true diplomats. We knew better than to decide not to go. Phooey! We wanted to go to town.

My boy friend called me up and wanted another date soon. And so does Tuck's! Great day! We are a success!

Friday—

Listened to Dr. Barton give Current Events in Chapel, and began to get very worried about the prospect of war. Tuck declared vehemently that she didn't want her brother getting all mangled up on a battle field.

We are making plans to drive an ambulance if anything should happen. Tuck is torn between being a nurse and being an ambulance driver.

Saturday—

Oh! I'm that tired I don't know if my pen can find my paper. First we went to the Senior-Mid picnic. Tuck signed up to ride, the softie, but I bravely hiked, and hiked, and hiked—and hiked. When I got to the picnic grounds, there was Tuck, as fresh as the new mown hay, just skipping around chasing Sarah Jane Ponder's mighty home runs. When I collapsed inertly at her feet, she made the bright suggestion that we explore the grounds a bit. I just gazed dully at her.

She was full of a tale about her bus failing to get up a hill. She asserted that the thing backed half way down before it stopped, and they could get out and change busses. I never knew it to fail! Tuck gets all the excitement and I get sore feet.

We sang all the way home. It was more fun. The only thing I didn't like was Tuck's voice. Ye gods!

Of course, Tuck was just raring to go to the dance! She braided her hair, put on one of my dresses, gobbed her face liberally with freckles, and dragged me off to the Gym.

I was so tired I could hardly put one foot in front of the other, and I was simply worn out by the time the barn dance was over. Just from looking at it! Nig Banker had such an earnest expression, and Viva Lee went about her dance with such verve and vitality!

But I give the prize to Ganel Stewart's stockings! And "Shorty" Castle's charming get up! And Wilma Baker's buxum figure! And, oh! Never did I see anything so forlorn as Nell Betty Anderson, nor as spirited as Eva Charity Ohlhaver and Ann Shaw clicking their heels in joyous abandon.

Sunday—

Arose with much weariness of spirit, and limped into chapel where I did sink into my seat with many groans.

It rained all afternoon, and Tuck and I were, perforce, moved with the spirit to study. We studied exceeding hard for at least thirty minutes, and then gave it up as a bad job.

The Vespers service was beautiful. The cabinet, however, did seem a little weak in vocal power. Jean Stewart had a terrible time trying to turn her candle off. She gave up in despair, after attempting everything except breaking the bulb, and went sheepishly from chapel with the thing still glowing triumphant. That is what I call exemplifying the true spirit of the Y.W.C.A.

I was also relieved to find that Patsy Shorndorfer had really memorized her speech, and was able to get through it without pausing for breath.

Monday—

Tried in vain to find someone to go to see Mae West with me, but everyone had been.

My attention in chapel was distracted by a package which shook marvelously like cookies. Notwithstanding this enticing parcel, I enjoyed the speech on English foods immensely. I was made exceeding hungry by it, however, and was glad to find the genial garlic was awaiting me at dinner.

Tuesday—

Arose to be choked by Nashville's beautiful morning air. The fog and smoke are indescribably lovely as they roll up from the hockey fields.

Tuck got up at six o'clock and did exercises before hastening off to hockey practice. I lay awake and cursed hockey managers for demanding practice at such fiendish hours.

Listened with all ears to James Stephens' fine lecture. Poetry means a lot more than it did before I went to Chapel. Funny how just a few moment's will change a person's outlook on life! Why, who knows but what perhaps I can write poetry, now!

PREP PATTER

Our Hallowe'en Jokes

Friends, drag out your ghosts! If you are devoid of these helpful and charming creatures, drag out your family skeletons. If your family has no skeletons (but ye gods! what's a family without a skeleton?)! We have one or two which are rust-proof, will not tarnish and are priced at a great bargain. We guarantee their satisfaction; they are well trained and prepared to fit into any closet, under hat boxes, shoe trees, or piles of empty bottles. Never, never, admit that you haven't an inherited ghost, or your Aunt Hepzibah Gluntz will disown you.

We've gotten past the stage in life where we took off neighbors' gate posts, and only once did we try to climb a tree on Hallowe'en with a couple of chairs around our necks.

Now, instead of these antics, we hold several rather fragile reputations of our friends around school in our lily white hands, and for two pins, we'll tell you all about them. For a quart of ice cream, we won't. (Line forms on the left!)

For instance, not having been offered any ice cream as yet, we are going to make several disclosures here and now.

We can't seem to keep off Elinor Bailey. She makes such interesting copy. When questioned about the party we casually mentioned in October fourteenth issue, she haughtily denied that it was a party—just four or five girls and seven or eight boys. We wonder if she's heard that three's a crowd. And she averred that the one at Mary Louise Torrey's some days before was much more, well—exciting. Ah, there, Elinor.

And we have something to tell you, too, about Janet Stonestreet. 'Tis rumored she has a deep affection for a certain Sigma Nu. We'd probably better not even tell his intials. In case our mangled body has not been dragged up from the muddy waters of the Cumberland by the time this stupendous, colossal, issue is in the hands of our millions of readers, we'll tell you more about it.

And would Ruth Keller's family be surprised if they knew what we know!

With all these torrid paragraphs, we could get up something coy called "Cupid Column," without even half trying, if we wanted to.

Did you hear about the impression Louise Duncan made at the A. T. O. Dance some time ago? She went with a Vanderbilt freshman. It's nice to know freshmen, isn't it?

And do *we* know things about Mary Jane Nickolson? Whew!

Seen Around:

At all football games—Cornelia Fort and Peggy Dickinson.

At the M.B.A. game a Friday or two back—two Seniors who went expressly to see other people, and then didn't know a soul there.

At the C.A.R. meeting one Saturday evening: Evelyn Braden, very "hot-cha" in green velvet with puff sleeves, Laura Whitson, most becomingly attired in red; Betty Butterfield, scintillating in blue, Marion Hill, Rebecca Clayton, Grace Benedict, whose middle name should also be grace, Cynthia Tompkins, with gardenias, charming Anne Huddleston, and the president, Andy Butterfield, very bedight in brown lace.

At the Vandy-Mississippi game: Carolyn Eskridge, Landis Shaw and Virginia Carson.

And relative to Virginia, ask her to tell you about the too-bright saying she regaled us with the other day about football players and the ball. Watch her blush. She blushed for five minutes straight the other day, and we have a witness to prove it, besides our inquiring little self.

There was another rather embarrassing incident lately, when Grace Benedict had a case of mistaken identity on her hands. You make her tell you about it.

Did you know:

That Elsie Caldwell has a debutante sister? It has always been a moot question over here at Ward-Belmont which was the most beautiful, Elsie or Edith.

That Rebecca Hall is the tennis manager for the Angkor Club and rules the contestants with an iron hand?

That the Penstaff entry box is full? All the old members are waiting to welcome the new ones with open arms.

That we have heard no mention of a French Club this year? Of course, they may just be having it without asking us to c'mon up some time, but we've been keeping a weather eye out.

That Margaret Greene and Landis Shaw won the tennis doubles at camp this summer? And all we got from them, by way of celebration was a postcard.

That the latest Mae West show was a honey, and you shouldn't have missed it?

That it's getting colder, and consequently, harder to get up in the morning?

Our column seems short, for some

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eason, so to fill it up, we'll have to sk throwing Miss Ordway's Junior- iddle Class into deep gloom by re- inding them of their term themes. he whole class spends hours in the ollege library looking up Chaucer's ackground. Our pal, Chaucer!

We liked him, too, until we had to emorize, "Whan that Aprille with is shoures soote . . ." etc. We're aving a hard time with our hydro- en, too. Between learning things, nexcusable things, like H2SO4 and NaCl, and AgNO3, and knowing other nholy items about oxygen reduction eaction, we are pretty nearly insane.

See you on the Murfreesboro Road.

H. H.

"FOOD" A LA CHAPEL

(Continued from page 1)

Ham
Finnan haddie
Cold toast
Marmalade
Butter
Tea Coffee

Lunch

Cold sliced roast
Salad
Deep dish pie or pudding
Unsweetened cherries and plums
Bread

4 O'clock Tea

Sliced bread, both brown and white
Butter
Raisin cake
Pound cake
Scones.
Tea with milk

8 O'clock Dinner

Cocktail of honey dew melon with sugar and ginger
Mutton roast
Yorkshire pudding
Pancakes and jam
Stewed fruits, custard sauce
Salad
Coffee

"The English-Foods Dictionary"

Chips—French fried potatoes.

Vacation—that which includes a chapel talk in its itinerary.

Great Britain—an island fond of eating.

English breakfast—bountiful morning meal.

Porridge—disguised oatmeal.

Cream—something rare.

To eat—an obligation always fulfilled.

Corn products—that which Indians eat; unknown to England.

Vegetable marrow—American squash.

Flowers, vegetables, and fruits—exceptionally abundant and ranking in price with our commodities.

Sirloin—a steak of such fine delicacy that it was knighted Sir Loin.

Bank Holiday—A celebration assuring the immediate popularity of periwinkles and snails as holiday foods.

Periwinkles—Snail fish, similar to muscles. Eaten dipped in vinegar.

Game bird pies—that which brings forth expression of delight.

Bubble and squeek—a nicely named way of using up old vegetables in a kind of stew.

Boiling—the basis of English cookery.

"Sweet"—a dessert of either pudding, pie, or ice.

Whipped cream—something never served.

After-dinner-coffee—(just try and drink it before then).

Refrigeration—an American household need which is not indispensable in England.

"Joint"—roasts.

Lamb cutlets—lamb chops.

Grouse—fowl served frequently as a luncheon dish. Dipped in melted butter, bread crumbs and sauce at table.

Custard—used in place of whipped cream.

Yorkshire pudding—companion dish to "joint."

Scones—Scottish hot tea biscuit.

Cream—used to mean mayonnaise.

Butter—delicacy served at tea and breakfast.

Dundee—raisin cake.

New bread—fresh bread.

To make sandwiches—a permissible practice at the tea table.

Tea—a nice English custom which barbarians don't have.

Lunch—a very "light" meal served at one o'clock.

Salt—for those in Scotland to use.

CURRENT EVENTS TALK CENTERS ON GERMANY

(Continued from page 1)

settlements made after the World War.

"Germany had to admit the entire guilt of the war," said Dr. Barton. He remarked upon the fact that always "the victor has taken aggression against the vanquished." "There has never been a Treaty of Peace after a war that the victor has not taken advantage of the vanquished," he continued.

Dr. Barton also pointed out that Germany was to pay the reparations of the war and the property damages. The French even asked that Germany pay the pensions of their injured soldiers. As a third point of the Versailles Treaty, Germany was not allowed to arm in line with the other nations.

The German people are now objecting to these after-war conditions, said Dr. Barton. It is Hitler, the German Chancellor, who is asserting Germany's rights. He has realized that all the German people must be united. "He has come into power because he can speak to the people," Dr. Barton continued.

Dr. Barton then discussed the effect that Hitler has had on Germany. Hitler was one of the original signers of the declaration of the Nazi party in 1926. As he has become more powerful, he has changed some of the interpretations of the platform to suit his own plans. Everything he does works toward the idea he has of uniting all German peoples in one big nation. The press and radio have been strictly censored, the Lutheran church has been silenced, and the Legislature has been dismissed.

"The man's power is unrestrained," concluded Dr. Barton. "He has Germany with him."

P-S-S-T!

(Continued from page 3)

Listen, everybody, please ask Lucille Ford why she wore that big black and white bow to school or, you might ask her for whom she wore it.

After this week you can just guess who's putting things in here about you, because I'm signing off—things are getting too "hot" for me.



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"In Nashville it's the Knickerbocker"

"THE GOBLINS'LL GIT CHA EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT"

(Continued from page 1)

maiden, if colored water a widow, and if into the empty dish he would remain a bachelor.

Hallowe'en is celebrated in numerous other ways. One is by fortune telling, using cards, tea leaves, and the lines on the palm of the hand. There is an interesting story connected with fortune telling by cards. When Napoleon was in Egypt some of his soldiers found a number of small cards engraved in hieroglyphics in one of the tombs. He had the hieroglyphics translated into French and arranged in book form. When he consulted the cards three times, and received the correct answer each time he decided that they must be true oracles.

Hallowe'en is really of Druidicial origin, and in Ireland was known as the "Vigil of Saman" because it was supposed to mark the calling together of certain wicked souls by Saman, lord of death. In the year 610, the Pope of Rome decreed that the festival of All Saints should be transferred from the first of May to the first of November; so that All Hallows Eve, the time when witches and all evil spirits hold sway is also the eve of the Christian festival of All Saints.

HEIFETZ TO PLAY HERE

(Continued from page 1)

a concert," says Heifetz. "He gives his best to the audience. Why does not the audience meet him half way by preparing in its own way for that same concert, by giving its best to the performer?"

"One of the greatest emotional outlets for an artist is his audience, the audience must react to the performer —the more the former responds. the more the latter responds."

What should an audience do to cooperate with the artist? There are several essentials, according to Heifetz. The concert-goer should know, if possible, the program in advance. He should come with an open mind and open ears. The artist has spent many years learning to play. It is worth the listener's while to spend a little time learning to hear. If the work is new, he should try to give it his full, unprejudiced attention. It is impossible always to play the same music. Everything was new once and the novelties of today are the traditions of tomorrow.

Heifetz is heading towards disaster through the perfection of his playing, believes Bernard Shaw, the famous British dramatist, after hearing the great violinist play in London, went back to his dressing room, took him gently aside and cautioned him that the beauty of his music-making might prove his undoing.

"You know," he said to him, "nothing may be perfect in this world, or the gods become jealous and destroy it. So would you mind playing one wrong note every night before you go to bed?"

Heifetz is also a gifted composer. His original work he has never revealed, but his transcriptions for violin, some acknowledged, others veiled in anonymity, are familiar items on his concert programs. Among the compositions which he had arranged for the violin and which he often plays are Rimsky's "Bumble Bee," Hummel's "Rondo," Castelnuovo-Tedesco's "Tango" and "Sea-Murmurs," Albeniz's "Sevilla," Halffter's "Danza de la Gitana and several works from Debussy, including "The Afternoon of a Faun."

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED

(Continued from page 1)

THIRD YEAR

Sylvia Cohen.
Lyrabeth Fitzpatrick.
Elizabeth Live
Frances Ross.

FOURTH YEAR

Virginia Carson.
Louise Douglas.
Margaret Greene.
Henrietta Hickman.
Katherine Price.
Landis Shaw.
Mary Louise Bearden.

Henrietta Hickman was the only student to make all A's.

SECOND EDITION OF "WHY NOT?" COMING SOON

(Continued from page 1)

Burton Wilson, whose beautiful baritone was one of the hits of last years "Why not?", will sing "Dusty Shoes" from the movie hit "Moonlight and Pretzels" as the opening feature of the NRA number followed by the male chorus in an NRA drill, done to "Marching Along Together." Mr. Wilson is a pupil of Sydney Dalton, director of the voice department here.

Besides using a great deal of copyrighted music, permission to use which was graciously granted by the American Association of Authors, Publishers and Composers, there will be used three original song hits. One composed by Eleanor Fort, a student of dancing with Miss Jeter, entitled "Waiting For The Light To Change" which will be used for the unusual and clever opening number.

The day student dancing pupils will take part in the show augmenting the various chorus numbers. Claudia Whitson and Emily Taggart, both pupils of Miss Jeter, will be featured; Emily in a novelty tap, the details of which Miss Smith refused to divulge as it is intended as a surprise number; and Claudia in the "Looking For A Girl" number with Jack Braden.

The high spot of the performance promises to be the number done to Ravel's "Bolero" which will feature Sarah Jeter and Fletcher Harvey with a supporting chorus of fourteen girls. The costuming of this number will be unusually colorful and beautiful.

Two other numbers were shrouded in mystery by the directors of this year's "Why Not?" and no information would be given out. A great deal of trick lighting and clever arrangements will be featured. The skits which are interspersed with the musical numbers are being whipped into shape and are both original and funny.

All in all, the second edition of "Why Not?" will be well worth your time and money.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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EMORIAL SERV-ICE HELD FOR DR. BLANTON

Memorial services for Dr. John D. anton were held in chapel on Wed-day, November 1. The speakers re Miss Sarah Bryan, president of class of '32 and a student at rd-Belmont for 10 years; Miss o Scruggs, both a student and in-uctor under Dr. Blanton; and Dr. rton.

Miss Bryan spoke from the stand-nt of the student body. She spoke all that Dr. Blanton meant to the dents with whom he had come in tact. "Dr. Blanton meant every-ng to us." It was always his desire give the students as much pleasure possible. His interest in the in-idual was always manifest. "He s our Dr. Blanton. May each of live the life he inspired, and may h of us give to others some of the s he gave to us."

(Continued on page 8)

HOSTS PARADE AT FORMAL HAL-LOWE'EN DINNER

A procession of ghosts and witches alloped around the dining room, uesday night, jack-o'-lanterns amed, owls stared from dark cor-rs, and strange food was consumed the annual "spook dinner" celebrat-g Hallowe'en.

The dinner which was formal pre-ded the Heifetz concert. Mrs. Rose d decorated the dining room in ange and black. On each table was Hallowe'en lantern with appropriate ymes on the sides. Cats, bats and ft light added to the general at-osphere. Hallowe'en menus in ange and black informed that they re eating, "Black Cock's tail," Spook Snow," "Ancestor's Eyeballs" "Satan's Delight" as the case might

Between courses Marion Collister d Frankie Marbury danced. Har-on's trio furnished music throughout e meal and for dancing afterwards. The ghosts were: Mary Louise alsiger, Emily Warren, Alice Viv-nne Hill, Jane Carroll, Katrina n Benschoten, Viva Lee Davis, artile Sherman, Roberta Munger, elene Loeb, Helen Larimer. Mary ou Pivoto and Anne Shaw were the itches.

NOTICE

THE HYPHEN wishes to correct a statement printed in the paper of Saturday, October 28. It reads: "Gym credit cannot be given to non-members of the association." This is incorrect as membership in the Athletic Association does not affect in any way the gym credits earned in the Physical Education department.

HEIFETZ PLAYS TO PACKED AUDITORIUM; RECEIVES OVATION

Jascha Heifetz, wizard of the violin, played in Ward-Belmont auditorium Tuesday night to an audience which packed the hall, while many stood outside looking through the windows. When quite a youth, fifteen years ago, the celebrated artist gave a recital at the Ryman Auditorium.

Always noted as a superb technician, Heifetz' art has broadened, and he is not the cold player he was once considered. He displayed considerable expressiveness, only his attitude toward his listeners seems to be that of supreme indifference, even timidity. In spite of the ovation he received after each number he returned to bow again and again without smiling, and reserved his three encores for the close of the program.

He is married to Florence Vidor, beautiful star of the silent movies.

His program contained much that was unusual, and much that only Heifetz could dash off with his great artistry. Richard Strauss' Sonata for violin and piano, composed at the unbelievable age of twenty, is a work of soaring inspiration and fuller of real music than many other pieces of the undeniably limited great literature for the violin. In this magnificent sonata, Arpad Sandor, well-known Hungarian accompanist, shared the difficulties and the applause, and the glorious half hour of music sped by all too quickly.

A concerto in one movement by Conus was a real novelty, and it bristled with technical pyrotechnics. Bach's Sarabande, Gavotte and Musette, arranged by Heifetz; Achron's embroideries on Schubert's Waltz in A minor; Debussy's much admired and exquisite poem for orchestra, "L'apres Midi D'un Faune" (Afternoon of a Faun) played in an ethereal manner, and Novacek's "Perpetuum Mobile" diabolically different, gave further evidence of other angles of Heifetz' artistry.

A modern French "Tzigane" (Gypsies) by Ravel brought the encores, "Beau Soir," a charming melody by Debussy; "Hora Staccato" by a Roumanian composer; and Godowsky's "In Old Vienna." Arpad Sandor is a splendid accompanist, and Rudolph Polk, Heifetz' manager, and a concert violinist himself turned the pages of the sonata.

—Alvin S. Wiggers, *Nashville Tennessean.*

"WHY NOT?" TO BE BIG ATTRACTION

Monday and Tuesday night of this week the very entertaining musical revue "Why Not?" in its second edition will be presented at the Scottish Rite Temple. Miss Jeter and Miss Smith of the Ward-Belmont dancing department are the general directors of the production. The clever dance numbers are interspersed with skits which will be most amusing. One of the features of the show will be the gorgeous Bolero scene in which Miss Jeter and Mr. Harvey will dance. The tickets will be one dollar.

GERMAN CLUB ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

The German club held its first meeting at the home of Miss Helen Frances Jackson, German instructor, who was assisted by her father, Dr. Jackson, professor of German at Vanderbilt. The meeting was opened by the election of the following officers:

President ..... Jean Munsie
Secretary .....Mary Jane Foote
Treasurer....Mary Elizabeth Polk

After the election of officers several German folk songs were sung, after which German games were played. Arlene Hershey, who remembered her "ders" and "das" better than the others, won all the honors. Sudri, the Dachshund, was the main attraction of the evening, but Sudri had his doubts about the guest so he stood a safe distance away and sniffed suspiciously.

HYPHEN, MILE-STONES STAFFS HAVE PARTY

Monday night Helene Loeb and Marjorie Jacobson entertained the members of the HYPHEN and *Milestones* staffs at a Hallowe'en party in the Del Vers house.

The girls bobbed for apples, ate them off of strings, pinned tails on a donkey, then danced or sat around the fire and talked.

Jeanette Knowles by some private system got her apple off the string in about three bites. Mary Marm Lincoln was certainly the most persevering if not the most successful in chasing an apple around a tub full of water.

Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, who pinned the donkey's tail on the curtain, carried off the booby prize. She explained haughtily that they weren't

(Continued on page 8)

PENSTAFF VOTING ON MEMBERS

Friday, October 27, the Penstaff Club met in Room 110 to decide on new members. The contest, which was held a week or so ago, closed on Monday, October 23, and the manuscripts were submitted then to a committee composed of college teachers. This committee picked out the best entries and sent them to the members of the club, who voted on them. The choice of new members was made, and the list will be announced in the November 11 issue of the HYPHEN.

P. CHADWELL WINS TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The Tennis Tournament came to a close on Thursday, October 25, with the Chadwell-Taylor match in which Patty Chadwell won the cup for the Aristons, 6-0, 6-3.

The match, while not a close one, was interesting to watch because both of the contestants played so well. The volleys were long and interesting, and each point was fought for.

Patty Chadwell is a Senior-Mid. She is a Nashville girl and has played in the city tournaments. She also has played in the tournaments at Camp Riva Lake where she has spent several summers.

Jane Taylor is a Senior-Mid and is a member of the Tri K club.

CLUB HOCKEY GAMES START THIS WEEK

This has been a week of intensive hockey practice for all club teams. The schedule was arranged so every team had three regular hockey practices, and then each manager called for one or two extra practices. The games start this week with the Agoras playing the T. C.'s, the A. K.'s vs. X. L. and the Tri K-Anti-Pan game.

This is the first year that hockey games have been played on Saturday afternoon. The other years when games started all regular practices stopped, but this year the teams will be able to get instruction up until the end of the season.

ANTI-PANS GIVE FIRST DANCE

The spooks and black cats were out last Saturday evening, October 28, for the Anti-Pan dance. The Hallowe'en spirit, reigning supreme for the first club dance of the year, proved to be a weird and interesting one.

The gym was decorated to carry out the theme of the season. There was a big black cat in the doorway to greet the guests. Upon entering the gym one could see many silhouettes of black cats on the curtain. There were two smiling Jack-o'-lanterns beside the orchestra platform which was cleverly decorated in black oil-cloth, and there were many corn-

(Continued on page 8)

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Tuesday, October 31—
Heifetz Concert
Hallowe'en Dinner

Tuesday, November 7—
November Birthday Dinner.

Thursday, November 9—
French Club.

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THINGS I NEVER KNEW

It seems that with the departure of Congress from the Capital last June there was rejoicing in Washington and everywhere else in the nation. From every direction came signs of general satisfaction, not so much because business was relieved and things were on the upgrade. And now some of us may be astonished to read that a lot of people seem to want Congress in session again. Not that they expect any more wisdom, carping, and interference than usual, but that among some of the most thoughtful men of the administration, devoted to the President to be sure, the feeling is strong that this administration needs an opposition. These men do not for an instant want control of action to pass from the President to Congress, but they are desirous of revision of what they term "faults" in the new laws. These men also feel that the present lack of criticism takes away a great deal of the steadying force necessary to achieve vision and to achieve it wisely. The result of the tremendous sparing of criticism toward the President has resulted in the lack of this steadying effect of open opposition, and some of his staunchest supporters are concluding that this has not been a good thing.

Last week we were wondering about recognizing Russia. Now Provisional President of Cuba, Grau, says Cuba deserves to be recognized by us—"because Cuba is entitled to it and is able to maintain order and protect life, property, and individual liberty. Lastly, the lack of recognition intensifies the very ills it claims to pacify, and duly recognizing Machado and the de Cespedes coalition established a distinct partiality in favor of the two aforesaid preceding governments." Grau insists that refusal to act would be "intervention by inertia."

How's this for an argument in favor of believers in the irony of fate. "This week a once famous court beauty, seventy-seven-year-old Countess Nigent, who had been a figure at court balls in Europe's greatest capitals—Vienna, St. Petersburg, Paris, London, Stockholm and Rome—lay unrecognized in the people's ward of the Sisters of Mercy Hospital awaiting an operation to save her from blindness. She shared the crowded ward with thirty peasant women.

The British National Government is now in the position of an American President who has just been told in mid-term that his popular support is waning. The McDonald Cabinet waves in it prestige, since by election shows a shift from 15,000 conservative victory to 5,000 for Labor. Theoretically, the cabinet's disagreement is strictly secret. But there is no secrecy about the general dissatisfaction of the public with the present government. There has been gradually increasing emphasis on the House of Commons since the government came into power two years ago.

Italy is putting women in the background! It seems that woman's importance has taken a backward step in the fourteen years of the Fascist regime. Mussolini granted women the vote in municipal elections, and this was generally intrepreted at the time as the first move toward universal suffrage. Yet, soon afterward elected Mayors were replaced by government appointments, with the result that women lost the newly acquired right before having time to exercise it. Italy believes that woman's kingdom is her home, and nationwide organizations of instruction have come into existence for the purpose of fitting women to become good wives and mothers. The one outstanding development in the Italian women's existence is that they are now for the first time encouraged to take an interest in sports. Still, that's not much compensation for our over-looked Italian sisters.

France has just selected a *chateau* near Paris as a residence for the premier. This is the first time the state has ever made any provision for the rest and recreation of the French premier.

A Monsieur de Jouvenel recently made a statement in his new book—all about the United States and American capitalism—that we, with Russia, are now "serving as guinea pigs for economic experiments for the universe." He believes he sees a revolution coming and assures Americans that their future administrators will have tremendous power over people. From the outlook over Europe as we see it, one humble opinion would be that foreigners might do well at this particular time to confine the subject-matter of their books to their own countries. You've the whole evening to read about it!

THE COLLEGE SHOPPER

Just by poking a curious nose in the latest fashion news—and especially inbetween the pages of *Vogue*—you'll soon find out that this fall, clothes are simply knock-out, if I may use the expression. As though coming out of a period of convalescence, styles have taken on new life and are of a luxuriousness and originality that has not been duplicated for many a season. Everything is "over dressed" with rich fabrics, furs, lace, feathers, and what not. Winter wraps in particular, whether for daytime or evening wear, are trimmed with gorgeous fur and lots of it, so that their wearers look quite the best they know how. There is the short-coat—for sports and utility wear, and short fur jackets—cut with a peplum, the jacket itself showing basque-like fitted lines. And we can't overlook the many capes, due no doubt to the revival of mid-Victorian styles. These vary in length from little wraps coming no further than the mid-arm, to longer modes reaching the hips and are developed in both flat and long-haired furs. Then, of course, there is the full length evening cape, collared with ermine or white fox. We're going back down the centuries to find these flattering ideas! The mid-Victorian lady loved her wrap of Alaskan seal, is what they tell me, and the fur coat with her was a short affair, or even of jacket length, the sleeves large and leg gathered quite in the manner of today, with the back of the jacket jutting out over bustle or gathered and draped skirt back. Muffs, too, are another revival of the '80's and '90's! This is the week in which to survey furs, for through this land of ours coats in their very best are being featured in shops and stores.

Have you noticed how many of the very smartest dinner frocks shown this season have only flowers, and very large ones too, as trimming? They are placed at the front of the high neckline—one, two or three of them—on the shoulder or at the waist.

And another popular ornament is gold! Gold for bracelets, rings, chains, earrings, hair clips, broaches, and even shoe buckles. Even formal dresses are of gold cloth, and many of the newest sport frocks are of fabric flecked with gold!

Stripes are expected to run all over wool dresses this winter, the sort of sport dresses that should be worn under swagger coats. Many will have necklines of a moderated idea of manderin coats, and the same subtle Chinese influence will be seen in the tunic blouse that is making its second appearance.

Felt is a favorite material for sport hats, but velvet and antelope are equally as popular. Off-the-face hats have an upward sweep of the brim in front, a deeper crown than most hats nowadays and are worn pushed toward the back of the head. Velvet picture hats, trimmed with bands of gold or tiny ostrich plumes, are just the thing for formal afternoon velvet gowns and dinner gowns. Veils are all right, too, if you think they're a great hat improvement.

Did you know that big square buckles of cut steel are being worn with pumps in patent leather, suede or kid—ranging from $5 and up and up. The smaller rhinestone ones for evening slippers are one dollar and a half for a smart little ornament with lots of glitter. And speaking of hats, gains, for a dollar you can buy a Mad Swank Compact to flourish over the week-end. It's round, not too fat or too thin or too little, and comes in black velvet and moire, and in all shades of satin, with two of your initials on it for only fifteen cents extra!

Maybe next week we'll know more about formals and just how much of the befeathered, Eastern trend they will have!

P-S-S-T!

Beverly Stone has an excellent memory. We'd like to know the method she used in remembering certain things, such as "waffles at eight!"

Why does everybody go around asking Josephine Neil about "undertaker" when she comes back from a week-end at Lebanon?

Elizabeth Gray reprimanded Dean Burk on his advice about going to a co-educational school. Dean Burk still claims to give "fatherly" advice even though he didn't treat Elizabeth like his "daughter."

We hear that Pete Polk has taken up golf since she came back from Sewanee!

"Lib" Glasgow has started with the good-looking Reynolds boy again. What'll Sewanee do now, "Lib"?

RESIDE HOUR CONDUCTED IN CLUB HOUSES

In place of the customary Vesper rvice, last Sunday evening, the ten cial clubs conducted their own in- idual Fireside Hour in their re- ective clubhouses. The services sisted of the singing of hymns, the ding of poetry and special musical mbers.

At the X. L. house, Nell Betty derson led the service and Virginia nelius read poetry; Marjorie bson conducted the service at the l Ver house, Wilnetta Warnock at T. C. house, Catherine Croswell at Agora club, Harriet Ostergren at F. F. club, Arlene Milligan at A. K. house, Marjorie Wells at Anti-Pan house, Isobel Coulter the Tri K house, and Roberta nger at the Penta Tau club.

MUSIC NOTES

Mrs. Myrtle Mooney, voice pupil of dney Dalton, and Bobby Tucker, of Lawrence Goodman studio, ap- ared on the Ward-Belmont chapel gram, Friday morning, October 27. Mrs. Mooney sang "Little Shep- rd's Song"—Watts; "Would My ng Had Wings"—Hahn; and "The swer"—R. H. Terry. Mr. Dalton yed her accompaniment.

Bobby Tucker and Mr. Goodman yed an arrangement for two pianos George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in ue." This arrangement was made t year by one of Mr. Goodman's pils, Catherine Guthrie, for a sim- r program.

Mrs. Henry Richards, soloist at ne Street Temple, sang "Elgy" by assenet, at the Sunday services held Ward-Belmont chapel, October 29. rs. Richards is a pupil of Sidney alton.

Ella Lu Cheek, first violin, An- tte McAdoo, second violin, Amelia skerville, violin, and Lydia Foun- in, 'cellist, form the string quartette at has been composed, under the di- ction of Kenneth Rose.

AY STUDENTS TO CONTINUE "Y" WORK

The day student clubs were ad- essed on Tuesday, October 31, by rs. Watts, of the Protestant Or- anage. Anne Loftin, president of e Eccowasin club, presented the eaker. The social service work was scussed, and the students will de- le on what phase of the work they sh to undertake.

After the meeting, Mrs. Barton, rs. Watts, Miss Van Hooser and e four day student club presidents d luncheon together.

HILDREN'S HOME VISITED

One could hardly wish for a more rfect day to play outside with chil- en than last Thursday, October 26. ne Wilson, Carolyn Sutton, and arriet Ostergren took advantage of is opportunity, much to the delight the children at the Tennessee Chil- en's Home.

A vigorous play hour was enjoyed and there was additional fun, because they arrived in time to have jello and cookies with the children. With many good-byes the girls left them, promising to return for a Hallowe'en party on the coming Tuesday afternoon.

PREP PATTER

In which our two, or possibly three, readers do most of the work.

Here we are past Hallowe'en and really headed for the turkey season. And speaking of Hallowe'en, did you hear about Margaret Greene? We mean the news about her fortune telling activities at a Sunday school supper or something. You didn't? Fine! Then we'll tell you. It seems Margaret is kind enough to don a witch hat and camp in a draughty tent every Hallowe'en and tell fortunes to the very youngest social set at some annual church function. Last year, with the trusting tots' innocent eyes fixed on hers, she informed them in sepulchral tones that they were going to marry four or five times, or that they were going to elope with a redhead or that a trip to Reno was in store for them. This year, the mothers of said tots kindly but firmly told Margaret that she was corrupting the morals of their babes, and would she please tell fairy stories next time. And we thought Margaret was *such* a nice girl.

When the tennis finals were played not so long ago, were you all there to see those youths from yon University of Law across the street who also watched? We hear Miss Morrison routed them into ignominious retreat.

It's nice having a law school near at that. If any breach of promise suits come up, there's a lawyer handy, and (from what we've seen) handsome, too.

This was sent in to us. We are giving you the exact words: "Here's a little item for your column. Who is the gal who's all eat up at finding a past love of her true love right here in the same year of high?"

M. B.

Thanks, pal, you help us out lots.

In fact, we don't know what we'd do if kind friends didn't send us in some dope now and then. Here is another hint from another friend of ours: Did you see Soper, dressed in a tunic and sandals cavorting around in the Parthenon and acting like an Athenian youth? The point is, she was supposed to be an Athenian youth. It was one of Miss Townsend's shindigs.

And before we forget it, there's another thing we'd like to mention. We resent being called a baby by a certain other columnist on this sheet just because we happened to pop our ballon on class recognition day! It wasn't our fault. One of our near neighbors had a pin.

We hear Mary Louise Reinke nearly ran over a man the other day. He was walking, and she was riding—a bicycle. It seems she does so every Sunday morning, when she should be in Sunday school. And worse, she rides in disreputable blue pants!

We can't resist this crack. At the Theta dance the other day, Evelyn Braden, so we are informed, resembled a delicate flower, in her bright yellow dress. Just a "daffy-dil!"

And you probably heard about the grand time Jane Davis had at the same party, and how much she liked her escort, who is tall, and dark, and oh, so handsome!

And also, if you have ears, by this time you've undoubtedly heard about Mary Ann Farris' heart trouble. And digitalis or adrenalin won't help this particular kind, either. Speaking of Mary Ann, here's something else: In English class the other day, it was required that every girl give a talk explaining something. Our heroine took "How to shoot bows and arrows." She took her stand and with a gesture declared, "Now I'm going to show you how to hold your bow." Catch on?

You must have heard about Rebecca Clayton's trip to Henderson. Get her to inform you of the threat a certain person made. She's back now, and we don't know how it turned out. We'll find out, though. We always do.

Didn't we say we'd get up something like Cupid's Column? Look at all those items above! Write your love problems in to Aunt Gussie, and she'll write 'em and help fill space!

Heavens, we almost forgot a very important thing, a most important thing! It was the party held in *the* Del Vers clubhouse on Monday last. The invitations were provocative to begin with—a cross between a bunch of calico and a saber-toothed cat. We are to frame ours and keep him for a watch dog.

A burst of music and Patsy Schorndorfer announced the party from afar. We ate a half-dozen apples which we obtained from tubs of water, and strings depending from the ceiling, by cheating shamelessly. We just reached in and took ours. Patsy went head foremost into the tub and came out with mascara running in little rivulets all down her face. And the refreshments were good, too—ice cream and chocolate cake with pumpkins rampant on brown field.

The prize for the evening was a gorgeous jack-o'-lantern which had a handsome nose and a wonderful profile. Get the proud owner to show it to you.

Things are getting better. Here we are with practically a full column done, and we haven't yet told you about Ruth Goldman's Chicago trip, or the impression Carolyn Eskridge made at a recent gathering, or how Jean Campbell talks so fast in history class that nobody can understand her, or what a good profile and what lovely eyes Martha Evans has, or why Margretta Craig got her theme in weeks ahead of time, or how we like those little egg-shaped skeleton heads that Miss Goodrich draws in Hygiene class, or what gorgeous hair Mary Alice Nolen has.

If you're very, very good, and flunk only three tests and your Hockey exam next week, we'll give you some more inside information in the future.

H. H.

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EDITORIALS AND FEATURES

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REPORTERS

RENA BERRY, VIRGINIA CORNELIUS, ANNE LOETIN, GRACE BOSSERMAN, MARTHA FISHER, LYDIA FOUNTAIN

STENOGRAPHERS

RUTH FRYE, MARJORIE ZAUG

EDITORIAL

IN THE INTEREST OF FAIR PLAY

Much has been said on the subject of good sportsmanship. Too much can never be said about it.

As the time for the club hockey games approaches, it is only natural that the hope for fair play should make itself evident. Not that fair play is not expected. We are assured that there will be nothing but good sportsmanship in every sense of the word.

But, it must be remembered that these club games are not a matter of life and death. They are a medium for friendly competition, healthy amusement, and team work. As in everything of life, only the best can win. Everyone cannot be the best, but, everyone can do her individual best.

It is not hard to be a winner; it is hard to be a good loser. This is an often-repeated statement, but like good sportsmanship, too much can never be said about it. Did you ever stop to think that people admire a good loser more than a good winner? The real difficulties of the game come in sincerely congratulating the winners, in keeping a stiff upper-lip, despite failure.

Good sportsmanship includes much besides fair play on the field. It bespeaks of team cooperation. The girl who always wants to make the goal, who always wants the glory, is not being a good sport. It is the whole team that is playing. Then, too, all girls cannot be equally good players. Merely because all are not proficient is no reason for the older girls to scoff and express their disappointment at those less capable. A girl can only give her best. A team should not be underestimated and scoffed at because it has lost. If the team work has been good, if play has been fair, and if the spirit has been all that it could be, what does it matter if a stronger team has conquered?

Just as every phase of life here on the campus goes to make up the spirit of Ward-Belmont, so does the general attitude towards athletics mirror the school and its ideals. Remember that when you are on the athletic field, continue to make good sportsmanship a definite part of the Ward-Belmont spirit.

H. L. '34.

DO YOU READ THE HYPHEN?

There have been a good many complaints lately as to the poorness of the HYPHEN. Girls say, "Why don't you do this, and why don't you do that?"; but they say it to themselves and their friends, instead of coming forward and telling us. Our aim is to be interesting to you. And how can we accomplish it if you do not cooperate with us?

One of the first suggestions we wish to make is that you read the HYPHEN.

"Oh, dear me!" you say. "Why, we do read the HYPHEN."

Yes, we take it for granted that you do. You look at

(Continued on page 5)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Good afternoon, all! Last week I gave you, briefly, the affairs of the campus. This week, friends, I hope to go further than before. Thank you. Are you ready? Read on!

I wonder if Jean Stewart isn't trying out for a marathon dance. Did you see her at the Anti-Pan dance? I don't think she stopped even for a minute.

Had you heard that Betty Roth was afraid of gaining? Don't start worrying now, Betty; you've a good six weeks before the holidays!

Jane Hodges was the gracious hostess last Friday night at the Tri K house when she entertained a number of friends at a duck supper; I should say dinner, for it was that *claborate!*

Patty Brown looked a bit sleepy at breakfast Monday. The week-end in Jackson must have been enjoyed.

I wonder if Funky gets paid for the patriotic slogans such as this: "Buy While You May. N. R. A." She suddenly waxed poetic!

Evidently "Sally Lou" Houck enjoyed the beans from the tin can Saturday night, and I've heard no complaint about the other food. You simply can't whisper, can you, Charlie?

Come up some time and see Rena's flower garden. She intends having numerous pot plants. (This is not a paid advertisement.)

Did you notice that Slymme walked with a slight limp Monday? Her birthday was Sunday. Catch? Yeah.

I wonder if "bacon" was being cooked upstairs or downstairs Sunday night in the vicinity of Rec Hall.

Did you see Frankie Marbury leading *him* about the dining room Sunday? Was that for inspection, Frankie?

Glad to know Virginia Bradshaw enjoyed being in Atlanta last weekend so much.

Sorry to hear that Katherine McKenzie is confined to the infirmary after a spill the other day in the riding class.

Did you see Jay Foote at the Anti-Pan dance in that gorgeous red affair? Just your style, Jay!

Smitty rates *more* with her sister! Another smooth looking chair came the other day from said sister. Green and white flowers on black background. And *soft?* Um-m!!

Were you having any trouble, Nancy Ann, while dancing after the Hallowe'en dinner Tuesday night?

Ann Shaw gave me the jitters—coming around Tuesday at dinner in

(Continued on page 5)

EAGLE FEATHER

DESTRUCTION

Oh, wonderful youth
And carefree way,
You come, you go, why can't you stay?
For days so fair and life's so true
When nights are blue, and winds at bay
Can mean so much, when youth's at play.

R. P. B. '34

AND SO IT GOES

Today it rained
And yesterday
The sun was bright.

Today I'm sad,
And yesterday
My heart was light.

Tomorrow's day
And hopes and fears
One never knows.

Tomorrow's day
Is just a phrase—
And so it goes.

M. Y. '35.

I REMEMBER

It is hazy—my past—like the morning mists that cl to the valleys. The fog always seems the same whe look back: rosy, dancing, lighted by sifted sun-beams a shadows. But, like the mountains, there are dark o stacles that project hideously and terrifyingly from t soft sheet of ever-curling vapor. These black obstacl to me, represent Death.

I remember . . . it was my grandmother first. We h been with her all summer. She had seemed well a happy, though a little weak, and we felt no uneasin about her the day we began that long thousand-mile dri back to the South. She had stood at the window wavi her handkerchief until we rounded the corner. The ne we received word that she had just gone to sleep, perha to dream about us, and to dream forever and ever. .

She was gone. I cried "Gram" and began to weep. was a purely selfish type of mourning. I recall bei sorry, but I was also angry because I would never s her again. She had been kind and gentle, ever ready buy me an ice-cream cone, and I loved her. . . .

I remember . . . my Aunt Helen's death came swift and suddenly upon us. She had died following an oper tion. The telegram came while a supper party raged the house. I sat in a corner and watched the expressio flit across our guests' faces; saw the tears glisten for second in my father's eyes. And I remember being gl she was gone because she had hated life so. . .

I remember . . . the father who could not stand bei separated from his daughter soon followed her into t other world. My own grave, rollicking, Dad's fathe . . . I had never known and loved this man who h held me in his arms and baptized me, but I did esteem h name. I was awed, silenced, somehow grieved. It w frightening—the heavy quietness of the house; my f ther's wide, sad eyes; my mother's tears. Miles ov land and water, the body of Jamaica's most beloved mi ister lay in state. We could cover the distance.

I remember . . . my other grandfather, some years late passed away. We were expecting it. The news cam late at night while I slept. I heard it calmly next morn ing, without tears, almost without regret. He had b come a myth to me—a shadow man with deep, twinklin blue eyes and a white mustache. Nearly nine years ha rolled by since I had last been at his side. I had fo gotten the real man, but I still held his memory close my heart. . . .

Not intimate with Death, yet those obstacles are ther clean-cut, steadfast, a drawn curtain on each act of life

MARY LOUISE REINKE, *Penstaff.*

QUIETNESS

When the summer brings her lovely flowers
When the sky above is blue
When the birds call for sweet summer showers
In the sun's bright golden hue.

When at the close of a long day
As the song of the cricket dies away,
Nature has fulfilled her quest
All's quiet, the world's at rest.

N. S. '35.

(Continued from page 4)

the front page; you skim over the editorial page, stopping, perhaps, to read "The Eagle Feather"; you turn eagerly to "Club Chatter" and the "Campus Column"; and you may possibly glance through the Diary. But you miss the vital points.

You should always read the editorials. They are not there just because we feel like writing about the weather. They are there because we wish to emphasize important matters which are occupying the attention of the school.

One of our new features is the "Contribution Box." We spoke about this to a girl we heard "knocking" the paper the other day.

"Why, I didn't even know there was such a thing," she replied. Of course she didn't. Because she had not *read* the paper. If, instead of complaining, she had written her ideas to the Contribution Box, we would have had a chance to discuss her suggestions and put them into use if they proved good.

We are at a disadvantage. We want to suit you. We tear our hair, and spend precious hours of time thinking up ways and means of improving the HYPHEN. But we cannot please you if you do not give us the means of pleasing you. It is no wonder you complain, and we get gray hairs. Why do you not give us the benefit of your advice?

During the HYPHEN try-outs, many girls expressed the desire to be a reporter. But they did not do anything about it.

And that is the entire situation in a word. These same girls are the ones who complain now; who knock the paper instead of helping it. Instead of sending us constructive criticism, they just talk, and do not do anything about it.

M. Y. '35.

(Campus Column)

(Continued from page 4)

that long black affair! And did you recognize any of your friends in those white sheets? Ghosts, I believe, they were called!

Keen-looking dress you had on at the Hallowe'en dinner, Sara Jane!

And did you see Judy Acheson? She looked so lovely in blue velvet.

This is getting to be more of a fashion column than anything else, but when you see so many "different" looking clothes, you've just got to say something about them. You'll pardon me, I hope.

Have you seen:

The dog pictures in Marje and Helen's room? Ruth Nehl's feather mattress? Funky's picture that Pivoto has? Viva Lee's curls? Ponder's studio couch? Virginia Bradshaw's doll?

Why all the commotion on third floor Senior last Tuesday night after the concert? Sounded like the watchman's pop-gun firing away at intruders!

Duty calls and I must away
But I'll be back next Saturday!
See you!

CURRENT PICTURES REVIEWED

"Broadway Through a Keyhole"

This is a fast and furious picture which the producers call a revusical. Walter Winchell got socked by Al Jolson over the scenario of this movie, so it should be good. Constance Cummings and Paul Kelly feature.

"Midnight Club"

An interesting crook drama from one of E. Phillips Oppenheim's stories. Clive Brook is a continental jewel thief. George Raft is the American detective sent over to jolly old London to round up the robber and his gang. He meets and falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of Brook's aides. There is a happy ending. On the stage they are having Blanche Calloway and her orchestra.

"Double Harness"

Ann Harding and William Powell co-star in this amusing story. Powell is a gay man about town who is altar-shy. Miss Harding tricks him into marrying her, and then really fights to win him. Excellent dialogue and a clever ending. Reginald Owen and Lucille Brown are good. This one is recommended.

H. H.

Ed. Note—Each week there will appear in the HYPHEN reviews of the pictures being shown at the Nashville theatres.

"ENTER MADAME"

Miss Emily Warren, better known as Slymme, was born in Paris; yes, have you ever heard her talk about Paris? Well, before she starts just recall that it's Paris, Tennessee. No you've never heard of that—neither had I.

To get along—Miss Warren attended Grove High School. Slymme, we all knew you liked trees, especially those in Shelby Park; still, after all, there is a limit to things!

As you've probably noticed, Emily is one of our outstanding archers. Yes, yes, Slymme is double-crossing Cupid. Then, too, she enjoys football, she plays on the campus, in the halls, and also in the library—only in the library she plays a different way.

Emily is interested in all things that the cultured people are interested in. She likes arts of all types—art of chewing gum; the art of eating; and the art of—. Miss Warren enjoys a good book occasionally, such as "Screen Plays" and "True Story." She also is of a very poetic nature and one of her greatest joys is reading poetry. Teasdale, isn't it? Love poems, how cheering!

Miss Slymme came to Ward-Belmont last year and if you would care to interview Miss Warren on any subject just call at the HYPHEN office for she can be found there at most any hour.

DR. PUGH, SPEAKER AT SUNDAY SERVICE

Reverend Prentice Pugh, rector of the Church of the Advent, was the speaker for the stay-at-home church services on Sunday, October 29.

Calling to mind that Hallowe'en means really Holy Eve, preceding All Saint's Day on Wednesday, Dr. Pugh pointed out that many religious celebrations have become holidays. "We ought to remember what the holy day is for," he said.

The fact that we believe in the one great communion of all saints was expressed by Dr. Pugh. Because of this he believed that we should face life after death with renewed hope and in a spirit of happy expectancy.

Dr. Pugh quoted from 1: 21 Revelations, "And there was no more sea," as expressive of life. "Nothing expresses life better than the sea."

The three main aspects of life—restlessness, separation, and faith—were discussed. Dr. Pugh urged that we think not of the end of life as something to be regretted, but rather as an opportunity for us to end the restlessness of life and to be reunited with those loved ones we have lost.

ON THE BOOKSHELF

All Men Are Brothers—Shui Hu Chuan. Translated by Pearl S. Buck.

The Shui Hu Chuan is a Chinese novel which for centuries has been passed from generation to generation, sometimes in book form and sometimes through the tales of professional story-tellers at the village inn or fair. Though the title literally means Earth, Fire and Water, it has been translated by Mrs. Buck as "All Men are Brothers."

In the preface to the original story the author, Shuh Mai-an says:

"Whether the book is well done or not, it is not important enough to worry over—Alas, I was born to die. How can I know what those who come after me, and read my book will think of it? I cannot even know what I myself, born into another incarnation, will think of it. I do not know if I myself afterwards can even read this book. Why, therefore, should I care?"

Yet it is easy to see why this book about which he had so little concern, has lived through the ages. There is something in it which appeals to every type of reader. It is a gorgeous pageant in which the Chinese people pass before the reader. There are swashbuckling warriors, roistering priests, captive maidens, and duels, enough for the most exacting reader. Yet it keeps the simplicity and charm of common things which sems to be a characteristic of Chinese literature.

The girl who isn't interested in China as a country will get as much pleasure out of the book as the more discriminating reader who will enjoy the beauty and pageantry of the book, and the artistry of Mrs. Buck's translation.

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THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

Arose in a rush, and spent the entire rest of the day trying to catch up with myself. Had a nice time trying to listen to what was going on in chapel, figure out who my fat letter was from, and worry about what we were going to have for lunch, all at the same time.

Went down to club meeting, where we had a big time. We stayed so late the night watchman came in and turned us out. We didn't mind.

Back to my room where I tried to study, but since I didn't feel in the mood, I spent the time annoying Tuck who got perfectly furious with me.

Thursday—

I'm almost tempted to say, "Forget what did," but as soon as I say that I remember—sometimes.

We had a class meeting and we just sat around and let Jean Stewart do all the talking. Carolyn Concklin made the loveliest speech about the "worms" who haven't paid their class dues yet. Just you wait, Carolyn, they'll get their dues. (Tuck says that I must explain that that is a pun, and that you are to laugh here.) Tuck was in the bathtub when Carolyn came for our dues. When she got out, she (Tuck, not Carolyn) skidded and landed on her nose. I was prostrate.

Friday—

Awoke with the feeling that something good was going to happen. It did! I got five letters and two packages, and Tuck's mama sent her some cookies. And to cap the climax, there was chapel!

Oh, mammy! Bobby Tucker and Mr. Goodman certainly can play that "Rhapsody in Blue." I was ashamed to note everyone sitting on the edge of her seat listening with all ears. Tuck's eyes were simply glazed with rapture, and I had to restrain myself with the greatest difficulty from whistling. I just have to whistle when I hear music like that.

Saturday—

Stayed at home in the afternoon and contented myself with doing three weeks' washing. I ironed until my arm nigh fell off, and then what does Tuck do but come barging in and suggest that I iron a few things for her. I felt the iron slip from my grasp, and set it down hastily before I should be tempted to hurl it in Tuck's direction.

Tuck and I did not grace the Anti-Pan dance. We considered crashing the gate, but we happened to think that they might let us in if we paid. And so, as our funds are at the ebb point, we decided not even to watch from the balcony. I'll bet the Anti-Pans missed our pleasant society.

Sunday—

And Sleep Sunday, too! Tuck and I slept peacefully until six-thirty, when Tuck rolled out of bed thinking to go to Hockey practice, the conscientious soul. Of course, my morning's rest was ruined. I berated her soundly, but she just turned over and went back to sleep without even listening to me.

We went down the hall, after awhile, in search of food, but all we could scare up were two bunches of grapes, a disconsolate grapefruit, some cookies, and a box of candy. Tuck consoled the grapefruit, while I spoke to the grapes, and we presented a united front to the cookies and the candy.

After our meager breakfast, Tuck became instilled with the spirit of play, and from that time until Church, my life is not worth speaking about. I walked around the circle with her; I listened to her play the piano; I restrained her from playing leap frog; I did everything I could to be agreeable and yet maintain my dignity, but I was distinctly unsuccessful.

Tuck and I sat together at dinner, and as there was no hostess we had a grand time. Tuck spilled the chicken gravy all over everything, but I guess no one minded.

We sat around all afternoon and pined to go out, but that was all the good it did us. Later on we got dressed for vespers, and parted from each other at Club Village.

We had tea and vespers at our clubs, and although my club had no hymnals, we did very well. I liked having vespers there. I hope we get to do it often.

Monday—

Everyone was a little dull after her unusual Sunday. Classes seemed terribly boring. The only excitement was caused when Kitty McKenzie fell over her horse.

All the girls taking riding have been having the worst time lately. Tuck fell off her horse just the other day. She came home and swore solemnly she was never going to get on a horse again so long as she lived. She must have changed her mind, however, for she's still riding.

I'm scared to death of horses. I don't like the hungry look they have in their eyes when they contemplate me. They seem always to be meditating which part of my anatomy to begin eating first.

Tuesday—

What a day! One to put down in my book of memories as outstanding! First there came the Hallowe'en dinner. What ghosts and witches! And then there was the menu. I had more fun trying to figure out just what it was I was going to eat.

The specialty was grand. I got the biggest thrill out of watching Frankie dance. She seemed to love it so. And Marion wasn't far behind in her enthusiasm.

But oh! The crowning event—the perfect ending was Heifetz! Never in my life have I heard a violin sound like that. I sat enthralled through the entire program, scarcely daring to move, it was so beautiful. It seemed to me as if all the splendor and beauty and poetry of all the music ever written came pouring out in liquid cascades. (Pardon me, while I grow lyrical.) And then to have three encores was almost more than I could stand. Tuck and I squeezed hands with such vigor that I have a blister.

After all that loveliness it seemed too futile to come home to sleep.

CLUB CHATTER

Louise Stanley, Leta Shropshire, Jane Priest, Toska Ann Von Borris and Mary Alice Paine all went down to the Penta Tau clubhouse, Thursday, with their *dates*. Now ask me, "Do the Penta Taus rate?" All the girls said they had a most marvelous time dancing to the melodious music of the club radio. Leta especially had a good time since she had a date with a teacher of history who is a grand dancer and has a little mustache and laughs like Joe Penner.

Sunday morning several girls celebrated by having breakfast at the Penta Tau club. In this group were Sara Jane Ponder, Leta Shropshire, Taska Ann Von Borris, Ruth Potts, Jane Priest, and Nancy Ann Schmid.

Mrs. Wertz, Ida Mae's mother, was a guest of the Penta Taus on Sunday night at their vesper service.

Fireside Hour was enjoyed by the T. C.'s last Sunday in the clubhouse. Wilnetta Warnock, vesper chairman, presided over the brief service. Katherine Kirwin was the pianist. The T. C. kitchen was "swamped" last Sunday night after vespers. Had the secretary, Beey Abry, called the roll, there would have been no absentees. Everyone *must* consider herself on the kitchen committee or—maybe it was the fudge cake!

Who are the best cooks on the campus? Mary Soper and "Kid" Knowles are. At least so Marguerite Page, Jean Stewart, Betty Roth, Sally Lou Houck, "Cak" Brown, Betty Barth, Mary Findlater, and Marion Farr found out when they had dinner at the Del Ver house Saturday night. The proof of the meal is in the eating, and I wish you could have seen those girls eat the chops, French fried potatoes, frost-bites, and coca-colas. No wonder they all had a struggle getting into their formals for the dance!

Woe to the "school girl complexions" of the Tri K's, Jane Taylor and Arlene Hershey, when on Wednesday night they were made the goats in that "besooted" game called "cheeky weeky." Mary Jones' voice chanted out of the darkness a weird tale of a recent visit to the dissecting room of a medical school, while anatomical specimens were passed around the room accompanied by terrorized screams. Resorting to tamer pastime, the girls bobbed for apples floating in water and others suspended on strings.

Saturday was a perfect day as the Tri K's, distributed in various vehicles, set out for their picnic at Shelby Park. Next to the food, baseball, and tramping, an old-fashioned steam boat paddling its way up the Cumberland River, proved to be the most outstanding feature of the day.

With large servings of waffles and laughter some of the Tri K's spent the morning of our first "stay-at-home Sunday" at the clubhouse. It's great not to have to worry about what time breakfast is served. Nevertheless, everyone was there on time.

After the business meeting, the new X. L. ladies entertained with an impromptu program. Old songs were presented in a modern way. "Down By the Old Mill Stream" was emphasized and interpreted by gestures. Marjorie Edmundson and Mary Jane Bass showed their mastery of the piano by playing the well-known "Chop Sticks," with the latest variations and embellishments. Jean Berryhill gave a reading which some haven't caught on to yet.

The Sunday vespers service was very impressive. The burning fire, soft lights, and quiet stillness lifted all to a higher thinking.

What cake, what ice cream, and what fun! You see it was Frances Graham's birthday, Wednesday, October 25. She presented all Agora Club members with cake and ice cream. 'Twas very nice of you, Frances, and it was sincerely appreciated.

Most of the members were well represented in the infirmary Saturday, and they're still sniffling away. Poor Agoras!

Worst of all, many were found in bed Monday night earlier than usual. Guess it was Katherine Croswell's fudge made with the new kitchen utensils that were donated at the shower, Wednesday.

The Agora dance, which is to be held November 11, is coming along beautifully and new ideas are always bursting forth. Here's for a grand ol' time.

The Anti-Pandora Hallowe'en dance is now a thing of the past. The gym hardly seemed the same place. Those blinking pumpkins were so fascinating, and did you notice the huge black cat at the entrance? Bob Warren and his orchestra were responsible for the music. Miss Swenson, Mary Louise Balsiger, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Barbara Leake, and Charlotte Doughty, in the reception line, greeted the guests as they entered. Frankie Marbury and Marian Collester, dressed in their black and yellow costumes, were gracefulness personified. Spotlights of different colors were centered on Frankie and Marian in their dance. Mary Ruth, to you goes a vote of thanks for the refreshments, although those training rules did have to be broken.

The meeting held before the dance was quite informal, and most of the time was spent in cutting black and yellow streamers for decoration. The clubhouse itself was certainly altered in appearance, with black cats, pumpkins, and black and yellow decorations here and there.

The vesper service Sunday evening was very impressive. All the members gathered around the fireplace for the meeting. Marjorie Wells was in charge, and her theme for the evening was "Friendship." Mary Lee accompanied during the songs.

By the way, who can explain those cake crumbs in the kitchen? And, also, Elise, how do you like cleaning pumpkins?

The A. K.'s have two new officers and some new committee chairmen. Virginia Shaw has been elected vice-president while Olga Wardowshi is

ow treasurer. Nellie Clements has been appointed chairman of the house committee. Arlene Milligan has charge of the vesper services.

James Stephens certainly expressed the sentiment of the A. K.'s when he wrote "All that is lonely is beautiful," because that's exactly the way they've felt about their one gold fish, but Sinny finally went to town and bought it a partner. I wish you could have seen her spilling the water out of the container on everyone in the street car. Just ask Miss Lydell; she received her share.

I wish you could have seen the rapt expression on Nancy Ann's and Smitty's faces when they heard an old boy friend singing with Vincent Lopez' orchestra, Sunday night.

If you have a new dress, don't go near the A. K. kitchen. You'll be sure to sit on something that has just been painted, for the furniture is being changed to a fetching apple-green, and we know that the only safe place to sit is on the davenport. The kitchen floor has even been varnished—in spots.

CONTRIBUTION BOX

Dear Editor:

If the HYPHEN can't give the students a better "Campus Column" than we've had this semester, I move that we stop running it. It is too full of dirty digs and is limited to too small a group of campus characters.

"Campus Column" should be representative of the entire student body—not just a few. And it isn't a column where the writer gets even with her enemies. Each remark is supposed to be clear enough so that alumnæ and prospective students who receive the paper will enjoy it and get the meaning of each remark. I hate to imagine what people must think when they read the "Column" now. Can't we have either a better "Column" or none at all?

Sincerely,
AN INTERESTED READER.

I think the *Diary of Mistress Belle-Ward* is very interesting, and written up very nicely. I hope it will be continued in the HYPHEN throughout the entire year. To me it is one of the most entertaining parts of the HYPHEN.

A READER.

Please continue the new feature about the campus personalities. It is one of the cleverest articles in the paper.

A CONSTANT READER.

MAILBOX

English Class

Dear Boots:

At last I've found another supercilious eyebrow raiser. Professor Gartside. He can raise one at a time—and he always does when he makes some dry, sarcastic remark.

Listen, lady, you'd better appreciate this. I'm sick of taking notes, so I write to you.

We had to write—our reasons for coming to college—and I wrote the "snootiest" one about family custom, and a tradition that all our family receives a great deal of advanced learning—.

I am—the ideal pledge.— Last week I was supposed to clean the dining room at the house every day. There is a whole row of unchecked places after my name. Every time that there is something we have to go to that I don't want to go to, I go out of town—so far it has worked just swell. For instance I'm out of town now. Having a swell time—fishing—and, oh—looking at the moon, etc.

Tomorrow, I get a new Sunday school class. I'm very sad about it, and believe it or not, so are they.

12:30 P. M.

I just came back from "The Last Round-Up." I feel like chewing nails. In fact, it irks me muchly.

I promise never to write you such a rambling letter again, (maybe). Oh, yes, Betty is a perfect pledge. She has joined the glee club, is working on the annual, and got out to the house at 6:00 every single morning this week. They ought to give her a prize. Oh, well, it is late and tomorrow is another day.

Love,
Bobbie.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Boots:

I just got your letter, and I'm trying to become a faithful correspondent, so there!

I'm having one perfect time—Friday night I went to the orchestra's rehearsal, and then to the Fortnightly club's "Jinz Party" at the Minnesota Union with Gene and Clayt. We had lots of fun and turned in about 2:00 A.M. *And* I had three hours of chemistry lab and a math class beginning at 8:30 Saturday morning. (Class in fifteen minutes, and I have ten blocks to run.)

Well, I was only fifteen minutes late to class, and worked like the dickens to get all this week's lab caught up so that I can sleep Thursday morning.

Saturday afternoon I went to the football game with my roommate. It was very hot and all the joy I got out of it was watching Gene and Clayt parading around in their band uniforms, and looking positively uncomfortable. We tied Purdue 7-7. After the game I went to the Sunlight with Gene. More fun! The orchestra has started their fall season at the Cavern, so I went with Gene's roommate. Sunday was rainy—we went to the show in the afternoon and played cards that night with Carp and Joe. Monday was school with another show in the evening and last night we spent at the library.

I made a fine 90 in chemistry and a better 60 in algebra—so what?

I hope you'll be good, but of course, you won't, so here's

Love in heaps,
Bangs.

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KNICKERBOCKER
« « « « November 3rd Thru 9th » » » »
"BED of ROSES"
☆ With ☆
CONSTANCE BENNETT
ADDED: McNamee News

DR. MAYFIELD TALKS ON "A WINTER BIRD"

Dr. George Mayfield, of the Vanderbilt University faculty, gave an interesting talk in chapel, Monday, October 30, on the subject of "A Winter Bird."

The Mocking Bird is a winter bird, but it stays all the year around. It has the most brilliant and varied repertoire of all the birds in the world. No one knows how many variations there are to its tune. North Europe, Asia, and Africa have no representatives of the Mocking Bird's family. The bird is found only in temperate and tropic zones.

"To my certain knowledge," said Dr. Mayfield, "the Mocking Bird has about forty different imitations, among them being those of the Carolina Wren, the Blue Bird, the Bob White, and the Wood Thrush. The Mocking Bird has more personality, more energy, and more variety than any other bird I have known."

Dr. Mayfield told an interesting incident relative to the visit of the great Hindu, Rabindranath Tagore, who was in Nashville a few years ago. The distinguished visitor expressed a desire to hear the song of the Mocking Bird before he left Nashville. But although Dr. Mayfield drove to several different places, not once did he hear a Mocking Bird. Rabindranath Tagore, greatly disappointed, said that he should like to come again to Nashville for the express purpose of listening to the famous songster.

Dr. Mayfield closed his speech by saying that birds are the most musical, and most beautiful creatures in the world, and that a study of birds gives one a deeper appreciation of the loveliness of life.

NOTICE

Grade estimates for all girls holding scholarships may be obtained by applying at the office of the dean.

J. E. BURK.
Dean of Faculty.

WELLS-PARKS NUPTIALS CREATE STIR

The announcement Wednesday evening at the A. K. club house of the engagement and immediate marriage of Miss Aileen Wells and Mr. Edd Parks came as a complete surprise to the campus.

Miss Wells has been for several years the assistant to the dean of faculty and sponsor of the A. K. club. Her engagement was kept a secret from all except the administration and not even her closest friends knew her plans until Wednesday.

The marriage ceremony took place in the study of the First Presbyterian Church, with Dr. Vance officiating, yesterday at three o'clock with only the immediate families present.

Mr. Parks, who has for several years been instructor of English at Vanderbilt is head of the English Department of Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tennessee. Mr. and Mrs. Parks will live in Lebanon on their return from a short week-end trip.

A luncheon was tendered the bride on Thursday noon in the Penta Tau House. Those present were Mrs. Winfred, Mrs. Estes, Miss Oscie Sanders, Miss Blanche Henry Clark, Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce, Mrs. Howell, Miss Linda Rhea, Miss Ruby Van Hooser, Miss Marion Merriweather, Miss Rose Morrison, and Miss Jane Pulver.

The entire campus—faculty, students and administration regret very much to lose Miss Wells, but most certainly tender them both congratulations, happiness, and all good wishes.

HYPHEN, MILESTONES STAFFS HAVE PARTY

(Continued from page 1)

used to donkeys in Chicago, which left Mary Marm and Funkie, who won first prizes without much of a comeback.

Refreshments were individual pumpkin faces and little cakes. Everyone had a grand time, and the staff members went home deciding that they liked each other very much.

MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD FOR DR. BLANTON

(Continued from page 1)

He had that loyalty to quest evident in the Anglo-Saxon heroes," said Miss Scruggs, in speaking of Dr. Blanton's work. Miss Scruggs spoke of the renewed tone that Dr. Blanton as a teacher and a leader, gave to Ward Seminary. "He made other people do what they ought to do and made them like to do it." Dr. Blanton was open-minded, for he was always loyal to the ideas and feelings of other people. A favorite saying of his that "Joy is the conscious possession of a good," applied to himself. "Dr. Blanton was a joyous person. He had a vision that made him build up Ward-Belmont; a vision that made him the first citizen of Nashville." Miss Scruggs offered as a quotation for Dr. Blanton: "Know ye not that there is a prince, a great man, fallen this day in Israel."

Speaking in behalf of the administration, Dr. Barton pointed out that Ward-Belmont is in truth as an institution the shadows of a man. "These shadows must continue." Dr. Blanton understood the values of education. He started out with his emphasis upon the individual. "Dr. Blanton was always busy making a life, rounded fully for others, a greater share of those being the girls who came under him at Ward-Belmont school."

ANTI-PANS GIVE FIRST DANCE

(Continued from page 1)

shucks and pumpkins around the edge of the dance floor. Even the refreshments were in keeping with the colors of the season.

Those in the receiving line were Miss Frances Swenson, Mary Louise Balsiger, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Charlotte Anne Doughty, and Barbara Leake. The special was a dance by Marion Collister and Frankie Marbury. Mary Ruth Vanderbilt was general chairman of the dance. She was assisted by the other committee chairmen: Frankie Marbury, invitations; Elise Elrod, orchestra; Mary Lee Wilson, decorations; and Margaret Morris, refreshments.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, November 11, 1933 | Number 8

OOK WEEK TO BEGIN NOV. 12

National Book Week will be ob-
rved from Sunday, November 12,
rough Saturday, November 18. This
ek set aside especially for books,
s instigated several years ago. The
ject in mind was to promote the
nership of books.

In conjunction with Book Week, the
shville Library Club is holding a
k Fair in the Alumni Memorial
ll on the Vanderbilt campus. Two
akers will be presented. Robert P.
arren, of the Vanderbilt faculty,
ll speak on Monday, November 13,
8:00 p.m. Robert Henry, author
"The Story of the Confederacy,"
ll speak Tuesday, November 14, at
00 p.m. Ward-Belmont students
ll be allowed to attend the Book
lk, if there are those who are in-
rested.

Mills Book Store will feature three
ndow displays, one arranged by
ard-Belmont, one by Hume-Fogg
gh School, and the other by Pea-
dy Demonstration school. The ad-
rtising department of the Nashville
tail Merchants' Association will
ige this Book Week Window con-
st. The three factors to be consid-
ed in the judging are the central
lling idea, the attention compelling
lue of the display, and the pictorial
peal. A local prize of ten dollars'
rth of books will be awarded to the
hool preparing the best display. The
ndows will then be photographed
d entered in the national contest
onsored by the National Association
Book Publishers. The winner of
is contest will be awarded fifty dol-
rs in 1933 books for the library of
e school having the best window.

HEMISTRY PRIN-CIPLES PRESENTED

Dr. W. H. Hollinshead, professor of
hemistry, had charge of the Chapel
rogram Monday, November 6. With
s aid, the girls in his chemistry
asses presented various experiments
illustrate certain principles of
hemistry.

The following experiments were
erformed: Fire was started with a
iece of ice by Angie Cantrell; Eliza-
eth Crane used a piece of chalk to
ght a lamp; a snow storm was made
y Margaret Louise Boyd; a hot dis-
osition was presented by E'Lois Gie-
el and a freezing look was given by
ucille Ford; Virginia Cornelius made
ater run up hill; Margaret Brugh
ade smoke rings; Dr. Hollinshead
roze a ring of mercury and Viva
ee Davis boiled water on a piece of
e and at the same time, froze water
n the steam which was escaping.
everly Stone and Mary Elizabeth
olk turned water into wine and then
ack into water. Due to the fact that
he soap bubbles were not working
ell, Miss Cook was unable to per-
orm her experiment.

Dr. Hollinshead has received nu-
erous compliments on this program
nd the girls appreciate his work on
t.

ENIOR OPEN HOUSE, NOV. 23

The members of the Senior Class of
33 have been invited by the school
o attend Open House, given in their
onor, on November, the 23rd.

The girls are looking forward to
his event with great anticipation,
emembering the good time that they
ad at the Senior-Mid party last
ear.

SENIOR-MID DANCE ANNOUNCED

It was announced in the Senior-Middle class meeting on November 2, that on December 7, the annual Senior-Middle dance would be held.

During the remainder of the meeting three songs, which had been submitted for the contest, were presented to the class by Mary Eleanor Clay, Elizabeth Rall and Martha Jane Chattin. It was decided that copies of the songs would be given to each member of the class. At the close of the business meeting, the day students presented a pantomime called "The Old Lighthouse."

MILESTONES STARTS PICTURE-TAKING

Next Tuesday afternoon, the *Milestones* starts the annual picture-taking campaign. The *Milestones* has, between its covers, room for a picture of every Ward-Belmont girl, and the staff desires that there be no vacant spaces.

Schumacher studios are taking the pictures this year, and the appointments will be made through the social clubs. This week, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons, the Anti-Pans, T. C.'s, and Del Vers' pictures will be taken. The charge is $1.25 and all appointments made *must be kept.*

Several questions have come to the staff as to the proper dress for these pictures. The most successful costume for a picture of this sort is a dark dress with a V neckline or a simple neckline flattering to each girl's type. Evening dress is seldom found in the *Milestones'* pictures. The staff wishes the girls to have good, typical pictures made so that their friends and they, themselves, will be satisfied.

At this time, the staff wishes to remind the girls to hand in snap shots of themselves and their friends so that there will be pictures of all the different groups on campus. Anyone who would be interested in acting as staff photographer for the *Milestones* will please get in touch with Marjorie Jacobson.

SECOND "WHY NOT" MAKES BIG HIT

"Eenie, meenie, minie, mo
Pick the best one in the show."

The Mother Goose rhyme method is about the only way of deciding which were the outstanding numbers

(Continued on page 8)

PENSTAFF TAKES IN NEW MEMBERS

Entries in the Penstaff contest were voted on at a regular meeting of the club, Friday, October 27, and the following girls were received into membership on the excellence of the manuscripts opposite their names:

Grace Benedict—"An Extraordinary Pilgrimage."
Evelyn Braden—"Faded Glory."
Jean Burke—"A Faded Fan."
Carrol Cole—"Some of My Childhood Treasures."
Martha Craig—"Get Up and Bar the Door."
Dorothy Proctor — "My First Dance."
Lyrabeth Fritzpatrick—"April 25" and "Dusk."
Llewellyna Granbery—"Why the Pig's Tail Curls."
Elizabeth Love—"Candied Pineapple" and "Fire."

HOCKEY TOURNEY STARTS

The hockey tournament started Monday afternoon with the Tri-K-Anti-Pan game, and will continue through the rest of November. Should the tournament necessitate a final game it will probably be played Thanksgiving morning.

As this week's games were the first of the season, they were all rather messily played. However, the teams are getting used to playing, and future games will no doubt show great improvement.

The results up to Wednesday were:

Anti-Pan vs. Tri-K, Monday, Nov. 6, 2:45: Tri-K, 11-0.

Penta-Taus vs. Del Vers, Monday, Nov. 6, 3:45: Tie 3-3.

Angkors vs. Osirons, Tuesday, Nov. 7, 2:45: Angkors, 8-0.

A. K. vs. X. L., Tuesday, Nov. 7, 3:45: Tie, 2-2.

FRENCH CLUB ELECTS PRESIDENT

Mary Jane Foote has been elected president of the French Club for the coming year, at the first meeting of the French Club, held Thursday evening, November 9.

Meetings this year will be, as formerly, carried on entirely in French. This year a series of French discussions and games will be featured. It is hoped that later on a French play may be presented.

NEW WORD-SMITH MEMBERS ANNOUNCED

The Wordsmiths, honorary literary society, have announced their new members. They are:

Julia Acheson.
Mary Jones.
Gail Lawrence.
Nancyann Schmid.
Virginia Winston.
Margaret Young.

The organization will hold another contest after Christmas vacation. This contest will be open to all college students, whether they have or have not tried out previously for Wordsmiths.

The first meeting of Wordsmiths was held on Thursday, November 9, in the A. K. club house. Dinner was served to Miss Scruggs, the sponsor; Miss Ransom, Miss Rhea, Miss Pulver, Miss Sisson, and the members. After dinner, the contributions of the new members were discussed, and constructive criticism was offered.

"YELLOW DINNER" HONORS BIRTH-DAY GIRLS

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Benedict and Mrs. Rose were hosts at a "Yellow Dinner," Tuesday evening, November 7, honoring the girls whose birthdays come in the latter part of October and the first of November.

A broad, yellow scarf was placed the length of the table, in the center of which was a plaque of yellow chrysanthemums. In the center of the plaque was a silver vase of larger yellow 'mums. At each end of the table miniature trees of yellow gypsophila in white porcelain jars created much comment.

Favors were bouquets of Claud Pernet roses tied with yellow ribbon. The place cards had broad yellow bands.

Guests were:

Nell Betty Anderson, Margaret Anne Ahlefeldt, Margaret Blackmar, Jean Dayton, Bob Durand, Martha Evans, Dorothy Funk, Frances Graham, Virginia Grotz, Arlene Hershy, Jeanette Knowles, Victoria Keidel, Barbara Leake, Arlyne Milligan, Charlotte Snyder, Frances Street, Agatha Taylor and Emily Warren.

JUNIOR-MIDS PLAN RECOGNITION DAY

Tower Classes Discuss Year's Plans

The Junior-Middles held a class meeting on Thursday, November 2, to discuss plans for Senior Recognition Day. It was decided to hold a formal recognition with a series of speeches by representatives of various organizations. The program will be built around the central theme of cooperation. Margaret Greene will speak for *Penstaff;* Patsy Schorndorfer will represent HYPHEN and *Milestones;*

(Continued on page 8)

ANOTHER ARMISTICE DAY BIDS ALL "RECOLLECT!"

Fifteen years ago tonight Ward-Belmont girls celebrated the signing of the armistice with a huge bonfire on the athletic field, and the singing of war-time songs. "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," "Over There," and "Keep the Homes Fires Burning" had a new meaning that night for the girls whose friends and brothers had had a part in the fighting.

Ward-Belmont girls had done their part by knitting, doing Red Cross work, and contributing generously to various relief funds. Some of them adopted war-orphans, and for a long time sent money to France to receive pictures and letters in return.

The armistice came so suddenly that there was no time for formal preparation, and celebrations everywhere were extemporaneous and rather noisy. There were some amusing after-effects though. A few days after the armistice had been signed a Ward-Belmont girl came into the office and said that she wanted to change her course. She had been taking secretarial work because she thought that the war would last a long time, and that she would have to work in an office. Now that it was over and the boys would soon be coming home she wanted to change to a domestic course.

During the years which immediately followed the war, Armistice Day was observed in chapel by some patriotic demonstration or speaker. When November 11 fell on Wednesday, the service was incorporated with devotionals.

Recently peace, rather than patriotism, has been the theme of Armistice Day celebrations, not only at Ward-Belmont, but all over the country. Through books, such as "All Quiet On the Western Front," and moving pictures, people have been shown some of the horrors; and something of the other side of war.

CHAPEL CALENDAR

Monday, November 13—
Junior-Middle Recognition Day.
Wednesday, November 15—
Dr. William Campbell of the Vanderbilt School of Religion.
Friday, November 17—
One-act plays presented by students of Miss Townsend.

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SODAS — CANDY
LUNCHES

"STUDENT LIFE IN CHINA," VESPERS' THEME

"I always say that the price one pays for living in another country and associating intimately with another people, is that one has a divided heart."

With this statement, Mrs. Guy W. Sarvis opened her speech at Vespers, Sunday evening. Mrs. Sarvis, who spoke on "My Home In Nanking," has lived for fifteen years in Nanking, China.

She first came there during the dark days following the Boxer rebellion, and her first impressions of China were ones of grayness and misery.

At this time she was not allowed to stay in Nanking, and so she took up her residence in Shanghai, going to live in the heart of the old Chinese city..

"From my window," said Mrs. Sarvis, "I looked out upon a wide expanse of gray-tiled roofs, with perhaps a tower or two in the distance to break the monotony. Never shall I forget the day I went to my window, and there, in the courtyard below me, a peach tree was blooming. It symbolized to me, my life in China. Over the misery, pain, trouble, and problems, an occasional peach tree of beauty raises its head."

From that time she began to love China more and more, and to look about her to seek the loveliest things there.

Her home was built on the site of a palace of one of the most important and colorful rulers of China, who lived in the fifth century, A.D.

When her children went to school, they passed through the gardens of one of the most famous poets of China, and a little farther beyond the gardens, they crossed a canal built in 200 A.D., which is still in use.

They sometimes picnicked on the great wall of Nanking. No one knows just when this wall was built. There are the old wall and the new wall. The old wall is twenty-three miles in circumference, seventy to eighty feet wide in some places, and four war chariots could drive along it abreast. The wall is crenellated, to allow the archers to shoot.

The Chinese civilization, culture, and learning is very much older than ours. Women, however, have never been permitted to be anything but wives and mothers. And one of the finest fruits of Christian civilization in China is the bringing of freedom to the Chinese women.

MAIL-BOX

Home City.

Dear Boots:

I just got back from taking Sandy for a run around the block and we're both out of breath. I got up at eight o'clock and cleaned out all the drawers in our room, put up that picture that Mrs. Jones gave you, and pasted that extra W.-B. tag on your baby picture.

I'm beginning to wonder what color our room is. We are using pink bedspreads, since you have the orchid ones, white and cream curtains, and orchid lamp shades.

I don't feel any fatter but I guess I must be. Thursday night I came in and sat on the bed and the whole bottom fell out. Was my face red!

Yesterday Harriet Smith had a party and mother nearly ruined me when she said that they were going to play *bridge*. I started that night and by 1:00 the next day I knew how bridge was played. When we got to the party I was nearly ruined again to be informed that we were not going to play.

Sandy is a very bad dog. He comes in and wakes me up at seven o'clock every morning, and when I start to sing he howls so that I have to stop.

Well, that is really all that I know, so I guess that I will close.

Your sister,
SARAH.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dearest Boots:

Well, I can't qualify as the faithful correspondent this year. If this letter sounds funny put it down to the fact that roommate, Marcella, and I have bought a little radio and are now trving to listen to Burns and Allen—you just can't win.

Practically nothing has happened since I wrote you last. Gene and the orchestra had to play five nights last week, so I was a "lone wolf." But we really made up for it on Sunday—ate dinner, took pictures, went to see "Bureau of Missing Persons," came back out to the campus long enough for me to write a theme on the "Process of Shaving"—"'tis plain to see that no women were expected in our Engineering English class. Sunday night we went to Vanity Fair to dine and dance—whoopee!! 'Twas muy mucho (very bad Spanish, I know) fun.

Monday I forgot to wake up in time for my second hour class even—but I did get to school two hours late, and so dragged through the day which was entirely too swell to spend in school. In fact it was the first day since I've been here that I haven't frozen to death.

I'm working hard, playing hard, and enjoying myself a great deal. I hope that you're having just as good a time.

You should be here—it's been cold all but these last three days. Homecoming, as far as I'm concerned was just another football game with my feet freezing in all the slush. We won 19-7, thus upsetting the dope.

Well, be good. Next week I have to take mid-quarters—Ugh!

Lots of love,
BANGS.

LITERARY LORGNETTES

"Oh, for the life of an author!" Dr. Karl Menninger, on one of his recent visits to Cleveland, entered a leading book store and, picking up a copy of his own book, *The Human Mind*, engaged the sales girl in a conversation about it. "What's the subject of this book?" he asked. "Oh, it's a lot of talk about abnormal people and things like that. They say it's awfully good. And do you know," she whispered confidentially, "they say he's a little abnormal himself." Well, he asked for it.

"As the Earth Turns," gives you a vivid picture of a full year in the even fuller life of a New England farmer and his family. Romance, tragedy, joy, and sorrow play their part in an overpowering plot. These homely but likable characters are skillfully drawn by Gladys Hasty Carroll in an interesting background.

That much-used word, "gripe," seems to have been recognized and well known in the sixteenth century—at least Spencer found it fitting to use in his "Faerie Queene."

In "Dark Hester" Segwick vitalizes the age-old clash between a mother and her daughter-in-law. In this book it is a struggle between a thoroughbred Englishwoman and a daughter-in-law, steeled to the hardness of her generation, who cherished her independence. How these women finally arrive at a mutual respect and understanding leaves one with a deeper understanding of mother love.

REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"The Prizefighter and the Lady"

Personally, we do not care for films depicting two maulers let loose at each other; however, you may. This is such a one. Carnera and Baer are the pugilists, and Myrna Loy is the love interest. You've never seen any two funnier looking heroes, and they are humorous without knowing it. The advertisements say you can see the Baer-Carnera fight for popular prices, whereas thousands paid five ten dollars to see the real battle. Personally, we prefer "Dinner at Eight."

"Take a Chance"

This one is made from the famous musical comedy of the same name which ran on and on in Chicago and on Broadway, and which had as its two leads Olson and Johnson. The number "Should I Be Sweet or Hot," which the cast of "Why Not?" adapted and used in a somewhat original interpretation at their recent show here, came from the stage presentation of "Take a Chance." Not having received any advance information on the plot of the picture version, we are somewhat at loss, but we can assure you that if it is anything like the original, it is highly recommended.

"College Coach"

This is another one we can't find anything about. We rather surmise from the title, however, that it is a football picture. Dick Powell is the star, and we hear that he sings "Lonely Lane." So if you like him or football, or both, you will probably enjoy it.

P-S-S-T-!

Ah, mes cheres, have you heard Margaret Swaney is to "middle-aisle it" November 20, at a big, big church wedding. The gossip-ers did not tell us about the groom. We're curious Margaret!

Honest, we don't think Lucille Ford has such an icy look that she can freeze a liquid by just glancing at it. She was only using her knowledge of psychology.

Did-ja notice Lizbeth Smith and Bobby Tucker and Mr. Goodman with their presentation of "Rhapsody in Blue"?

Does Sally Pardue worry? Just inquire about her plans for a week ahead. Ask Edith Kennedy, if you don't believe me, for she has to listen to Sally worry out loud.

By-the-way, Kennedy just up and "undignified" herself. Wonder if it made any difference over at the Phi Kappa Sigma house?

Juliette Craig demanded the definition of a pretzel. . . . Claudine Smelser worried that pretty head off hers and meekly answered, "Maybe you would say it was stale bread that had had a convulsion."

Sally Womach, so we have heard, is very, very mean, but don't you think she is a lovely little child?

Angie Cantrell prefers A's to C's as the initials of her name show. And does she get them?

Mildred Clements is one to whom you can tell your troubles; for, she has confessed with witnesses that she does not gossip.

And Mary John Atwell says she couldn't write the "Psst!" column because she doesn't know any dirt about anybody!

Betty Anderson is quite versatile, for she can cram for a Lit exam and eat a huge lunch all in forty-five minutes.

Eleanor Reed prefers a Sigma Chi although being one does not make him so good, for he is a preacher's son.

Anne Loften's nickname is Liberty Bell. Most people would not realize that that could apply to the girls who so easily pull A's, but you should know her in her "off" moments.

Not a slam at all—she's just half-cracked!

CLUB CHATTER

Sixteen domestic girls met at the ora Club House, Saturday night, cook their evening meal. It was rtainly good even though the ham- rgers were half done and proceeded make some tummies ache. Because the fact that the night was so eary, the girls decided to tell ghost ries.

You should have been around Sun- y noon when Hilda Beck and Kath- ne Croswell cooked some of their icious fudge.

Helene Loeb and Raedeen Tibbetts em to be pretty busy lately. It st be for the Agora dance.

Well—did the A. K.'s ever have an iting meeting last Wednesday ht? You bet! Their sponsor, Miss lls, announced the fact that she was be married Friday. Can you imag- their excitement? It's not every ht that such happens, so they ad- rned the meeting and sat down to k.

Imagine Ginny's embarrassment en in her excitement she approved minutes after the secretary had e no more than call the roll.

Charlotte Heck was really happy nday! We don't blame you, Char- te. He was cute. It's getting to be abit for girls to bring their dates ough the dining room. Kinda nice l call it.

Carolyn Bryant must have had a eat week-end at home. We can tell!

Mary Lalla's Dad was here for the k-end. Gee! It must be nice to e close enough to have your family t you once in a while.

Monday night Mary Findlater, ary Driscol, Rachel Hailey, Jean ewart, Betty Barth, Eunicemary cknell, Judith Berry, Betty Roth, tty Otis, Jean Munsie, and Marion rr enjoyed the supper cooked for m by Marguerite Page at the Del Club house. Oh say, if you ever nt anyone to open coca-cola bottles you just "go up and see Mary ndlater some time."

Pargie's Aunt, Mrs. Lilly, was a st popular guest at the Osiron use Sunday night. The compari- ns between Ward-Belmont twenty ars ago, and Ward-Belmont to- y led to some lengthy discussions.

Marion Low certainly had some od angel food cake at the club house t so long ago, and what's more she as quite generous with it. We thank ee, Senorita!

Be it known that "Shorty" Kassel sesses a most unique and amazing petite for lettuce which she eats uick like a rabbit."

Mary Jane Dulaney was elected rgeant-at-arms of the Osiron club. st wishes, Mary Jane, for you'll ed them.

Effects of the pep meeting held at e Tri K house last Wednesday night ust have been potent to have been ld over until Monday, when they de- ated the Anti-Pans 10-0 in a muddy me of hockey.

Just imagine fluffy pancakes sub- erged in thick syrup—and spaghet- ! Some of the girls rummaging round the cupboards last Saturday ght made the best of what they und. There simply is no account- g for some peoples' taste, is there, atsy?

During the evening last Thursday hen Ginny Winston, Ruth and Louise obinson, Leigh Taliaferro, Catherine Hawley, Virginia Ritchie, and Mary Lulu Pivoto were entertaining their dates, it was discovered that Leigh has just a bit of "Injin" in her veins. In honor of Gracie Allen's corruption of the word, Leigh was christened "Squabby."

There were so many girls in the T.. C. Club, Saturday night, that it would be impossible to give all their names. It was Charlotte Snyder's birthday, and was there food! Among those present were: the honoree, Esther Helen Azarch, Jane Haffenburg, Jane Keyport, Mary Patterson, Christine Jill, Mozelle Trount, Wilma Harrell, and Kathleen Huson.

INDOOR GAMES ENTERTAIN CHILDREN

Marion Low, Billy Warnock, Marian Kaeser, Carol Goodenough, Ruth Potts, Betty Hill, Bufort Hayter, Charlie Holcomb, Mary Patterson, Mary Virginia Brice once again invaded the gates of the Tennessee Children's Home Sunday afternoon. Since the weather was rather cold for playing outside they entertained the children in the house by indulging in such games as "Swinging Down the Lane," and "How Tall Am I."

After many songs had been sung, they divided into small groups to read and hear all the favorite stories. That every one enjoyed the afternoon was evidenced by the fact that while the girls were only supposed to stay until 3:30, it was after 4 when they bade the children farewell.

"Y" CABINET SPENDS WEEK-END AT WHITE BLUFF

If you have seen a bunch of girls going around all week with their noses up in the air, don't be alarmed; it's probably just some of the "Y" Cabinet who piled into Packards last Saturday afternoon along with blankets, tooth brushes, and chewing gum, and started for the hills of Tennessee.

Our destination was Dr. and Mrs. Barton's summer camp at White Bluff about thirty miles from Nashville. After getting accustomed to the fact that we were actually being swept along the highway in *automobiles* and not in bumpy Yellow Cabs, we proceeded to enjoy the scenery. At two-thirty we arrived, piled out bag and baggage (which wasn't much), and enthusiastically surveyed our surroundings. Can you feature Mary Ruth Vanderbilt carrying in wood? Well, she did, along with the rest of us. After a roaring fire was made, we decided to go shopping and with the sum total of a dollar and a half, we were successful in almost buying out a country store, although we had difficulty in bringing Matilda away without buying a little handmade doll bed.

With Jane Barton as our guide we explored the swimming pool, bowling alley, and sulphur well, which the Highland Summer Club boasts of. But since Eva was afraid that she would get her baby blue riding habit dirty we reluctantly turned toward home, with thoughts of hamburgers predominant in our minds.

Can you imagine our surprise, while sitting in front of the fire trying to dry out, to see Jean Munsie come into the room with an adorable blond baby?! "Now where *did* you get that, Jean?" But it wasn't Jean's long because Eva, as usual, took possession of the baby. Miss Van had barely recovered from the addition of a baby to the party when Lydia came panting in, carrying a pumpkin in her arms, followed by Muriel who was almost in tears from laughing. It seems that Lydia had practically killed herself while trying to make her getaway with the spoils. We really dreaded to have Dr. Barton arrive and hear of the disgrace which had fallen upon the Y.W.C.A. with the purloining of a pumpkin by its president. But the worst was yet to come, for while the five who were on K. P. pursued their labors in the kitchen, Anne Shaw further corrupted the organization by teaching Miss Van to play poker.

Just as the last five hamburgers went into the pan the rest of the party, who had been at the ball game, came in with shouts that Vandy had defeated Georgia Tech. With much ado everyone gathered into the dining room; but before we were permitted to eat, Dr. Barton made the much appreciated announcement that all training rules *must* be disregarded until Sunday night. Hurrah!

After the last paper plate had been washed we adjourned to the living room where we proceeded to pop corn and toast marshmallows as though we had not all sworn just thirty minutes before that we'd never eat another bite. That Dr. Barton was the main feature of the evening with his songs is an undeniable fact. And Mrs. Barton was quite the perfect hostess; she knows ever so many amusing things to do, and if you don't believe it, just ask Bod Durand about the cute little handkerchief trick.

Thoroughly fatigued lying on the floor amid pillows and people, and having just about decided to go to sleep, Miss Van startled us suddenly by saying that she could hypnotize people. At once we all jumped up and started screaming, "Hypnotize me! Hypnotize me!" Anne Shaw and Ganel went nicely under the spell, but Matilda proved too much for her. Just as we were almost frantic for fear that Ganel would not rally, Miss Van confessed that she was nothing more than a fake combined with a first-rate actress.

With many misgivings, the nine of us who were to spend the night at the Bradford cottage some distance away, started out in the November downpour with only charming little wastebasket umbrellas for protection. Arriving, we dried, and to bed! But not to bed since we had discovered a radio and we, who had not sat up later than eleven o'clock in months, stayed up until the wee small hours of the morn.

Breakfast, scheduled for nine—and nine-ten found Muriel attempting to drag sleepy heads out of bed. It was simply too much fun hiking to the other cabin to find steaming oatmeal, scrambled eggs, bacon, and "dee-lish" toast all waiting on the table for us!

The healthy gals, Dr. Barton, Jane, and John, and "Scout" started up the railroad track toward Memphis. Gail wanted to go to Kansas City for lunch, but we thought of the chocolate cake at home and so proceeded down a muddy road instead. Everyone was peaceably enjoying the autumnal landscape when Mary Jane Dulaney remarked that she knew now why they talked about the "hillbillies" of Tennessee. Immediately Martha Fisher rose in defense of her native state and a fight was narrowly averted.

The only accident was when Mary Alice Paine turned her already sprained ankle and Anne Shaw, the Good Samaritan, returned to the house with her. So the march continued with Martile darting hither and yon to pluck flowers, when suddenly Gail discovered a queer looking object on the ground and picked it up. It was a chestnut burr, but we had difficulty in convincing Gail that nuts could come in such queer shells. Evidently they don't have chestnuts in Kansas.

Dinner had been planned for three o'clock, but one o'clock found us at the house and frankly starved. So Dr. Barton donned apron and proceeded to the kitchen, since he was to broil the steaks. Dinner was a gay meal with Dr. Barton's steak, jelly, and pickle, the sensation of the day. After the third cup of coffee and last crumb of cake had been devoured we retired to the "drawing room" to sleep!

The last event of the day was a contest, and "Cack," the lucky dog, won the jar of pickles (which had been made and was presented by Dr. Barton). Didn't we wish that we had left her and Marguerite Page alone? They had been sleeping so soundly when we waked them!

To dwell on our departure is too sad for words; we just didn't want to leave. But four o'clock found us once more piling into Packards and speeding away. So, here's to White Bluff and the Bartons for a *perfect* week-end!

Slymme and Harriett, we're awfully sorry you couldn't go along; but better luck next time!

ARCHERS COMPETE IN TOURNAMENT

The archery tournament was held Friday, November 10, from 9:30-10:30 in the morning, and from 2:45-3:45 in the afternoon. Girls who were eligible for the tournament could shoot at either period.

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EDITORIAL

IT'S UP TO THE COLLEGE STUDENTS

"For they fought a war to end war!"

At this fifteenth year after the signing of the armistice, we pause and think if that war did end war. Whether war will come again in the near future is not known. But it is known that the nations of the world have far from reached real peace, and that disarmament is not at present a true thing.

It is only right that we, as American students, should stop to consider the question of war. We are the future of the country; we are to govern it; we are to live in it. It is we who must fight, should there be another war.

Surely no group as near to the World War as is this young generation today can want war, knowing still the horrors, seeing yet the world-wide suffering that the war has caused.

We, the college students, who are some day in the not distant future, to lead this country of ours, must pause a bit to think of war. If we do not want it, we must be prepared to fight for our stand every inch of the way.

That war is inevitable is the opinion of many people. They say it is man's nature to fight and struggle. True or untrue as that may be, the problem of future peace still reverts to the college students. If war has hitherto been deemed inevitable, they must not disapprove such opinion.

The only way that people can be led away from war is by education in the ways of peace. Who but the college students should be the best peace educators?

Surely if the younger generation does not want war, it is up to them to do something about it. Let them educate first themselves, and then others, to the fact that war is not an adventure, that it is not what must be, but that it brings with it unhappiness, terror and destruction.

Let the college students read the newer books picturing the horrors of the World War; let them see the moving pictures with all their terrifying realism. Then, realizing the horrors of war, let them do their part to end war.

H. L. '34.

PEACE

Much blood has been shed and many lives have been sacrificed on the altar of war. And still the world is far from the realization of peace. Today we are commemorating the signing of the Armistice, and yet we are standing possibly on the brink of a much greater war than that of 1914.

We talk a great deal about disarmament, but do nothing about it. No nation has enough confidence in other nations, to take the initiative in leading the world to perpetual peace. We talk against war; we show the disastrous effects of war; but we fail to instill in the hearts of everyone an honest hate of war. History books are full of the great battles of the world, children are taught

(Continued on page 5)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Cheerio! I'm at it again. This space might have been better left empty, but the man who prints the paper has some material he could easily insert and I *don't think you'd approve!*

There were so many guests here last week-end! I was proud—I was one of the lucky ones! You should have seen Rena Berry when she found out her family was here.

And Slymme, I'm glad you decided not to go to the football game Saturday afternoon when your family was in town! (And wasn't it a disappointing game? Yep, I was for Tech! We had 'em until just at the last of the game!)

Who was the fellow at the game last Saturday who insisted on talking to Lou Robinson?

What I can't understand is how Ruth Nehls and Dorothy Glander could run up and down the field Monday afternoon in that fast hockey game after such a "strenuous" week-end!

Some of the Seniors can't make up their minds about the dance on November 23rd. It is going to be exciting to see *what* your best friend will invite!

Soper has cut her hair short so that when it grows out again it will be nice and thick and then she can get a permanent!

Bob Durand looked like a "chub" (coined word?) rolling on the hockey field Tuesday afternoon when the X. L.'s played the A. K.'s.

After this, Helen Downing, you'd better keep training! No offense, mind you, just friendly advice!

And Munger, don't work too hard playing hockey!

Did you see Funky in that blue velvet dinner dress Tuesday night? She looked simply stunning! As always.

You say you don't like sleeping in Funk's bed, Cack? Findlater thinks it's quite comfortable.

Trying to add a little height, Charlie, wearing high heels?

Jane Carroll is being rushed by an old friend of ours! (NO! not mine, *ours!*)

Nell Betty was certainly defying Frances Perkins when she told us Southerners that we could "wear shoes to class when we were going to town in the afternoon."

Eleanor Irwin was doing nobly on her first jumping Tuesday afternoon in the riding ring.

Did you ever notice the "flowers" in Sara Joyce's eyes? The last time I said that everybody laughed! But they were wrong. There really are flowers. Look, sometime, for yourself!

Perhaps you've wondered why Irene Sartor blushes at the mere mention of glasses and water. It seems that Miss Tate interrupted a dampish but gleeful water fight and Irene was more or less the "goat" of the occasion.

It was an eventful week-end for the Heck twins. Just ask Betty about "hypnotism" and Charlotte about the parting gift her caller bestowed on her Sunday after dinner.

Poor unsuspecting photos in Stanly Clay's room!! They're all in dis-

(Continued on page 7)

EAGLE FEATHER

AFTERMATH

Have you forgotten yet? . . .
For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagg
days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city way
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoug
that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a m
reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spa
*But the past is just the same,—and War's a blo
game. . . .*
Have you forgotten yet? . . .
*Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that yo
never forget.*

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector
Mametz,—
The nights you watched and wired and dug and pu
sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench,—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopel
rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happ
again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and sh
you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of yo
men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen-gray
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and ga

Have you forgotten yet? . . .
*Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that yo
never forget.*

—Siegfried Sassoon

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England give
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

—Rupert Brooke

Siegfried Sassoon, among the poets who saw serv
during the World War, stands out prominently for h
bitter denunciation of all the horrors of warfare. "L
no one from henceforth say one word countenancing wa
he is quoted as having said.

Born of a well-to-do country-gentleman of Kent, he a
tended the grammar school, Marlborough, going fr
there to Clare College, Cambridge, where he matriculat
in 1905. At Cambridge he was known as a quiet you
man who excelled in field sports, and who devoted mu
time to the study of poetry and music.

From time to time, between the years 1911 and 191
he printed privately seven small volumes of his o
verse. Upon the outbreak of the World War, he enlist
at once and went to the front. Before hostilities h
ceased, he had reached a captaincy in the Royal Wel
Fusiliers. He served once in Palestine, three times
France, and was awarded the Military Cross for valor
rescuing the wounded. Amid the turmoil he continu
his interest in poetry, although it is not at all the pleasa
lyric verse of his earlier years. He used it as a mea
of denouncing war, which had become horrible to hi
and as a protest against its false glamour, basene
waste, and futility.

Rupert Brooke was born at Rugby, where his fath
was assistant headmaster of the school, and he was ed
cated there and at Cambridge. In college he was kno
as an enthusiastic all-around athlete, and a splendid st

(Continued on page 5)

PEACE

(Continued from page 4)

to glorify the heroes of these wars, military camps are maintained to train youths in the art of warring. With this attitude, how can we ever expect to have universal peace? The world has long regarded peace as a state following a patched-up treaty between nations, on which they are trying to stand with one foot while the other is planted on war and preparation of war. How true that statement is.

Man needs to find the true causes of our present inability to establish peace and then to discover ways to overcome these causes. It is believed that as he gains a knowledge and an understanding of these causes, he will realize that they are wholly within himself. The peace that the world needs is the beneficient influence of the Spirit of God become active in human life, and made manifest in all its relations.

Peace is essential to harmonious growth and development of every plane of expression. To obtain peace we must cast out war and all that leads directly or indirectly to war. There is no other way open before the races if they are to enjoy the divine heritage of all—peace on earth, good will toward men. Man must make this ideal the reality of life.

RUPERT BROOKE

(Continued from page 4)

dent of letters. He continued his education by traveling through Germany, Italy, and a great many other interesting foreign countries.

His first slight volume of verse, published in 1913, justified his many literary friends in expecting greater verse from him; but immediately upon the declaration of war in the following year, Brooke enlisted, throwing himself into this cause with the buoyancy and enthusiasm characteristic of him. In February, 1915, he sailed with the British Expeditionary Force to the campaign in the Dardanelles. While en route death came to him by blood poisoning from an insect bite. and he was buried on the Isle of Skyros in the Aegean Sea. John Masefield, the poet's friend, was selected by the British government to set up the memorial tablet which marks the spot.

Brooke's poetry wins our admiration not only because of its sincere love of country, but also for the beauty which lies beyond its theme.

Of the five sonnets called "1914," published just before the poet's death, "The Soldier" is the best known and loved. It is so precious to England as a memento of her soldier-poets that the manuscript has been preserved in the British Museum.

DR. PUGH IS CHAPEL SPEAKER

Dr. Prentice Pugh, of the Church of the Advent, spoke in chapel on Wednesday, November 8. He spoke particularly on making selections and choosing things to be accomplished in life.

"Let's remember that on one hand we have holy things and on the other dogs. And we are not going to give the holy things to the dogs."

"There are four elements I want to speak about," declared Dr. Pugh. He then pointed out the four elements of time, capacity, conditions, and values that must always be considered.

"Everyone has the same amount of time. The only thing is what are you going to do with your time," asked Dr. Pugh. "It's not how long you live, but how much you live in that time," he asserted.

"I am asking you to use your art of selection. Value the thing that stands out. If it's worth anything, do your utmost to obtain it."

THINGS I NEVER KNEW TILL NOW

The latest developments in the economic world have brought to light the fact that fears for the franc's stability have suddenly evaporated, as well as charges in the French press that the real object of America's purchases of gold abroad was to deprive France of most of her great gold reserve. French economists seem convinced that the pound sterling, but not the franc, is seriously menaced, and that Washington's foreign gold-buying is only the latest development in a bitter currency war between the U. S. and Great Britain The government eased up this week on its foreign gold-buying.

All Germany was slated for another Sunday of self-denial and short rations last Monday. The proceeds are to go again to the governments fund for the relief of the unemployed and destitute. Eighteen cents is the limit for a single dish ration. There's a good influence of Hitlerism for you, provided his energies do not mean the placing of that sentence's "period" after the word "fund."

Over in Moscow they've discovered that ostrich meat has a delicious flavor, the Zoological Parks have begun breeding ostriches on a large scale. Funny how ideas get going

As a result of the establishment of industrial codes under the NRA, and the procedures of the National Labor Board, the conflict between company or plant union and the independent union has become accentuated. Several incidents—in Colorado mines, in Pennsylvania steel companies—of the last few days have brought into sharp relief the new phase into which the company versus industrial union dispute has entered.

Henry Ford, who has been so many things to Detroit, now has become the bright and shining knight of the motor capital, which watches with approval and some hopefulness his defiance of the NRA. The disagreement lies in the implication of the government backing of unionization. The Ford Motor Company is not the only concern that resents this dictation of policies, but it is resented alike by the leaders of this industry and thousands of employees who do not want to be ruled by a union, or controlled by local representatives of the Federation of Labor.

Here's an opinion for our discussion. Philip Gibbs believes the next war, if any, will not break soon. "Youth will check for several years the billigerence of elders who 'ought to be dead.' Truly, Europe—and the world—is still demon-haunted by the fear of war. Even at the time of the excitement during the triumph of Hitlerism in Germany, there was sufficient sanity in France and Germany to keep passion within bounds. And yet, we are advancing steadily toward war, and there is no sense of security in the mind of Europe today. Fear and distrust must be conquered, for everything that happened before 1914 is being repeated now. Labor, youth and desire are fighting against such fanatic sm and propaganda now going on in Germany and France."

And while on the subject, prospects are more gloomy than ever for war debt collection. There's a gap with no bridge to the disagreements.

For the first time in France, a woman lawyer has been elected president of a bar association. Feminine ability does out!

Over in Ireland they seem to be having a hard time of it! The Free State trade has fallen off heavily, for exports have dropped 34% in the year as compared with 1932. All around the situation is none too rosy for the Irish farmers, and blame is resting heavily on Britain for this loss of trade. Bounties, paid out of the Irish taxpayer's pocket, have gone toward keeping the British market open for agricultural exports.

Such a lot of good white hopes have gone to the discussion of prison policies—convicts' rights and privileges, etc., that we often think it very much in vain. Yet, in Canada energetic reformers have just decided on a prison policy which means a thorough, complete overhauling of the system with punishment as the principle objective of present prison "boarding houses."

That's about enough, and if you digest all this just after "mid-semesters," human mental energies are decidedly on the up and up.

NOVEMBER, A WOEFUL MONTH

November's maid is full of woe,
The wind brings soot, but never snow.
The skies are gray, and the sun lacks cheer,
November's the gloomiest month of the year.

O, maid of November, you have much to live down. The ancient Saxon's named your's the wind-month, and dedicated it to blue devils and suicides. You have, however, one bright ray of cheer. Your birthstone is the topaz. It is noted for its healing properties, and may be worn as a guard against disease and evil spirits. It comes in a number of colors, but the yellow is generally accepted as November's stone. Your flower is the chrysanthemum, and carries with it the promise of friendship.

Football, hockey, dead leaves, bright fires, turkey, cranberries, Pilgrim costumes, and church all seem to belong peculiarly to November.

Ward-Belmont's woeful maids include: Mary Louise Balsiger, Mary Jane Bass, Sara Joyce Beasley, Nita Bogue, Marie Bomke, Frances Etheridge, Martha Evans, Virginia Grotz, Polly Gay, Addie Belle Granstaff, Wilma Harrell, Mary Hobson, Kathleen Huson, Marion Kaeser, Victoria Keidel, Mary Marjorie Lincoln, Arlyne Milligan, Marguerite Page, Charlotte Snyder, Jane Taylor.

TEXAS GIRLS ORGANIZED

The first meeting of the Texas Club was held in the studios of Miss Venable Blythe, the sponsor, on Tuesday, November 7. Officers were nominated and elections will be held at the next meeting. The exact number of members in the club is not known, but in previous years the Texas Club has lead all other state clubs in membership.

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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Oh dear, there is a sad and tragic dearth of news around here, except that once more a spirit of gloom pervades the campus, and girls bemoan the fact that Christmas is still far, far, away, and teachers are bestirred to give tests!

Got a letter from Dora, and Dora had to tell me all about the dates she is having, and what a big time is going on in her school every day. Pooey, said I to Tuck. We had dates, too. I have put that in the past tense advisedly.

Charged down to the club house all of a fever, and nearly got stuck for being late. Did not have to stay awfully long, on account of how the entire school except me went to see "Bitter Sweet," Tuck included. She came home raving, to a bleary-eyed apparition who could only mumble incoherently about studying for a Library Methods test.

Thursday—

Senior class meeting, the day students put on what they were pleased to term an entertainment, after we had transacted all our old class business, and nobody had any new business to bring up.

That chair they had for their light house intrigued me. And they kept going around it so much, that all I have left is a confused memory of people plodding endlessly in circles. I was glad that Milly Clements got stuck with the job of orator. She has such a lovely loud voice.

I hope, however, that the boarders don't have to get together and entertain the day students. Our feeble efforts would be so far outshown, that it would be but an empty gesture for us to contend.

I talked the matter over with Tuck, and she was of the opinion that the town girls ought to entertain us every time. How about it, youse gals?

Friday—

The scheduled speaker did not appear in chapel; so after a few carefully chosen words, in which he summed up all his knowledge of aviation as it is carried on in China, Dr. Barton spoke briefly on the Community Chest, and dismissed us.

Tuck was thoroughly glad of that, for she had the largest package I've ever seen, and she was simply dying to unwrap it. What a disappointment! It contained only blankets. It was most obliging of the weather to turn cold.

Oh dear! My heart hangeth heavy within me, I am weary of tests, and I would fain cast myself upon the bosom of my family. Tuck gets up religiously at five o'clock and studies industriously for five minutes. After that she's so worn out she goes back to bed again, and I have to get out the sponge to get her up in time for Hockey practice.

Saturday—

Again I stayed at home, and studied. This is getting to be a habit with me. Tuck went off to the football game in a gala mood, and returned with footballs and pennants and a distinct loss of voice. Everything is so peaceful now, I simply dread the moment when Tuck's vocal cords get back to normal.

She insists she is going to drag me to the Sewanee game, but I am firm. I tell her that as long as the funds are in the state they are in, there is just no use in her trying to persuade me. And unless d' old gint crashes through with a check, I might as well give up all hope of ever being able to pay my bill at the tea room. It's a good thing Tuck has a little ready cash always at hand. I'd starve if she didn't.

I never saw such a deserted school. Everyone either had parents visiting, or their roommates did, or they had gone to a show, or else they were at Dean Burk's tea. As for myself, I stayed at home and listened to Tuck whisper about her throat. I gave her some soda to gargle, but she didn't take kindly to my offer. Such ingratitude!

Sunday

Tuck hauled me forcibly out of bed this morning at ten minutes of eight. The dust fairly flew as I scrambled into my clothes. I went away without washing my face, and I could just feel everybody staring at my stockings, because thye weren't mates.

I verily believe I saw a teeny sprinkle of snow coming out of church. I mean Tuck and I were doing the coming, not the snow. Fancy seeing snow say its prayers! It so exhilarated Tuck that she rolled her window all the way down, and about froze the entire bus, until someone had sense enough to tell her that the rest of us didn't want pneumonia.

We went down to Tuck's club in the afternoon, and sat around; and then we came back to our room and sat around, and ate about a pound of candy. My complexion is simply a mess. I know Johnny isn't going to recognize me when I go home Christmas. And my family is simply going to roar with joy when they see how much weight I've gained. Personally, it isn't such a laughing matter with me. I take my calories seriously.

Monday—

Awoke in the middle of the night simply freezing with cold. Hauled all Tuck's blankets off without her knowing it, and slept in the most luxurious warmth all the rest of the night. Did Tuck burn when she got up! She didn't speak to me until after breakfast. Breakfast always cheers Tuck up.

My, we had the best Chapel! Everyone got up and froze things, and then boiled them, and did all sorts of other peculiar things. Virginia Cornelius did a pretty experiment, and E'Lois Geibel had a lovely speech. Viva Lee Davis, seemed to be having such a good time trotting about the stage, that it was a pity to me the experiments had to stop so soon.

Everyone who had any money went to see "Why Not?" I was under the impression for a long time that it was "What Not?" That was probably because Judy Acheson kept asking people in doleful tones if they wanted to sell their ticket to "What Not?" As usual Tuck and I stayed at home. But we didn't study. Not very hard, anyway.

Tuesday—

And still no mail! I wonder if the post office could be holding out on me? I wrote an indignant letter to my family reminding them that their only offspring is way off here without any money, and that they'd better do something about it quick. Of course, the fact that I've spent up all my allowance doesn't have anything to do with the matter.

The Senior-Mid dance with men is going to be held December seventh, and Tuck and I have been discussing the advisibility of asking our youths to go. We are deciding against it, however, in view of the fact that we didn't seem to have made the impression we thought we had. And here Tuck even went and bought herself a special kind of lipstick, and it was just wasted on the creatures. Men have no sense of the esthetic!

Went to bed wondering why people named Hegner have to write books on Zoology for poor innocent collegians to have to try to understand. Biology is just so much math to me. I prefer Greek and Latin. I'm not taking them.

JUDY ACHESON SPEAKS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

In the absence of Bob Durand, Judy Acheson was in charge of the program Sunday morning, November 4. She also made a most interesting and inspiring talk on "The Near East Organization." Using this subject as an example she conveyed the thought that the students should realize the importance of good citizenship and develop themselves accordingly. Judy also pointed out that they, as the coming generation, would be responsible for events and situations of great importance and should be prepared to shoulder them.

Nancy Ann Schmidt sang the prayer hymn accompanied by Mary Eleanor Clay, at the piano. Miss Sanders had complete charge of the discussion groups, as Miss Van Hooser was away for the week-end with the Y.W.C.A. Cabinet at Dr. Barton's summer home at White Bluff.

THE COLLEGE SHOPPER

Let's talk about formals, because they are the sort this year that call for superlatives in Victorian Rhetoric, and it won't be so very long before we'll be showing them off for those back home. The fabrics themselves are superb; brocades and moires, so stiff that they can stand alone, and gold metal cloth, lace or lamé. Rustling silk formals will have to be followed by dignified trains, and even dancing frocks have a little godet flare at the back that creates the illusion of a train. Gleaming satin, in dark green, black, white, coral, or iced blue, with perhaps a Kolinsky-edged scarf effect, or flowers at a low, square neckline, is very popular. The decolletage in front can also be straight and high, and either backless and cowl-draped, or square at the waistline. This new feeling in design is very flattering because of its simplicity. Fullness in skirts begins just below the hips, and no one can resist buying one of these "knock 'em dead" dresses that flare out below the knees and have a train as a matter of course. And these important dresses are to be worn with equally important wraps, too, by the way. One lovely model is in a dark green shade of crepe, a marvelous shade for evening. The train is the result of a majestic sweep of shoulder ruffles which meet at the low back and extend on to give fullness and flare to the skirt. There is no trimming, just the molded, classic lines to give interest and grace. Another black satin affair ties its tricky black cob-web train apron-fashion around the waist. Similar touches of lace are on the neckline. This dress is perfect if you enjoy looking thin and dignified and expensive!

All the beauty back East is being crowned with royal diadems of an evening. It's smart to encircle one's locks with a brilliance of pearls, rhinestones, gilt, or silver—and you can do so for $2.00 or $30.00, just as your little heart desires.

It won't be long before we'll be dressing up in traveling clothes, from short-vamped suede or alligator "ties" to jaunty hats. The life of a hat this year—from early morn to night—goes in cycles of soleil, suede, felt, velvet, hatter's plush, metallics, sequins, veils, furs, metal, rhinestones, feathers, and much glamour. "Miss November" hat—chic, small, and felt, for $7.50—are keyed up better than the rest to new spirits in both fashion and price. Turbans, sailors—shallow and tilted, "top-knots"—tucked to the head and finished with bows—"Chinese" creations, swagger hats, and lots of others are waiting to top off perfectly your Xmas wardrobe.

All the tea-dances and such during the holidays are going to demand dressy afternoon gowns, ten inches from the floor this time. Dull crepe, with classic manners, and a velvet hat, sash, and gloves to contrast in color, would be the very sort to buy, and be sure that yours has a high, muffled neckline and moderated sleeves.

Anyhow, we've some time left for "Lounjin' 'round," so why not follow "Macy's" example and feature a new Mikado coat in your P. J. collections? $2.95 will buy you one of satin-finished cotton with dragon patterned clips fastening it high at the neckline. Long cuff sleeves come, too, and the colors are really lovely.

And, if you've a dollar left, get a Christy lipstick in one of eight new shades before you call it a day!



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PREP PATTER

Today the program's going to be different!

On last week-end, we gathered enough information to fill columns for weeks and weeks. We'll be generous and tell you some of it now.

We've been asked to help publicize a song Mary Louise Torrey and Sonny Sykes wrote at a picnic affair last Sunday. We just stood around and helped criticize it. Is it good! As we remember (and we have a very good memory), the first verse went something like this:

"He arrived at her house at seven
And his mind was made up at eleven
With a stuttering burst
He told her the worst
But she shared not his idea of heaven."

The words are Sonny's. The music by courtesy of Mary Louise. They've practically ruined Gershwin.

Now, as regards the Vandy-Georgia Tech game last Saturday. We saw Marian Hill, Peggy Dickinson, Landis Shaw, Jane Meadows, Shirley Caldwell, Frances Wilkerson, Audrene and Betty Butterfield, and "Cayce" with a bunch of Ward-Belmonters. We were with Carolyn Eskridge, right between the Vandy and Georgia Tech rooting sections, and did we enjoy it! Oboy, oboy, oboyboy! We hope she asks us again some time.

We saw Carolyn again at the gym dance that night, and also passing before our view were Mary Brian Proctor, Ruth Keller, Virginia Carson, and Mary Ann Farris.

That was some dance and they had the hottest orchestra! (Pardon the slang. Sometimes we slip into it, all unconsciously, don't y'know.)

What's this we hear about a certain blonde junior (and if you can't guess who, with all that help, there's no hope for you) who is wearing a Delta Sigma ring, and is yet seen constantly with a Phi?

Also, who is the boy (Oh, yes, we *do* know, we're just being tactful) who received a gift he had requested from a girl who took a European jaunt this summer, and what did he give her in return?

Now here comes the different part. We are running a Query Box, and for perfect dumbness, you won't find anything to rival it. All the initials that are here *could* be bona fide. You find out whose they are. We undertake all queries and settle all problems to the best of our limited ability.

So, here goes, and hold your hat.

QUERY BOX

Question—Last summer, a young man passed my house several times. I have since heard that he has moved to another city. Do you think that he has lost interest? Dear editor, do help me!

Discouraged (E. B.)

Answer—Be of good cheer! We see this is a mere ruse to find whether you are one of these out-of-sight, out-of-mind girls. We predict that after reading this column, he will continue to pass by.

Question—The Wednesday Study Club meets next Friday. What about Marco Polo?

Narcissus.

Answer—We do not know the young man in question, but if he has been properly introduced, we see no reason why he should not be invited. After all, your parents should be the best judge of this.

Question—I am troubled with frequent hallucinations, accompanied by persistent drumming on the desk. Have you ever heard of this?

Answer—Most assuredly. We have all heard the drumming, and as for the hallucinations, you will find a book in the library entitled, "Peoples of All Nations." This should give you any information you need.

Question—Dear Editor: Who was the gentleman I seen you with, Cain or Abel?

We won't commit ourself.

Question—I have mislaid our family heirloom, a very fine pair of brass knuckles. Can you help me?

M. S.

Answer—Tsk! Tsk! If you have also misplaced the sandbag and blackjack, c'mon up to see us some time, just any time.

Question—My two-hundred-pound roommate continues to use my bathroom scales. I feel that we have come to the parting of the weighs. What can be done?

Heavy Heart.

P. S. Please be serious. This is no laughing matter.

Answer—The subject has been thoroughly discussed in my pamphlet, "Burdens of the Present Day."

Question—My little Gardenia consumes hedge-plants. What must I do?

V. C.

Answer—We see this as a praiseworthy ambition on the part of Gardenia to get the proper vitamins. With the needed encouragement she may grow up to be a Lincoln or a Cadillac, at least.

Question—Should I take a bath in H2O?

Aqua Pura.

Answer—Not unless you have friends or relatives living at that address.

Question—When ambling diagonally across the archery range, is it considered good form to receive the arrow in the left chest?

Peg-In-My-Heart.

Answer—Yes, and no. If accompanied by a gentleman, pretend to be all a-quiver, and ask him to precede you. If vulnerable, he goes out on spades with simple honors.

Question—My roommate gives vent to loud and sneering chortles when she reads your column. Can it be that she isn't literary?

Answer—We've had dozens of cases like this brought to our attention. Just ignore it. She may have other sterling qualities that make her a boon companion. Can she wiggle her ears, or play tunes on a comb?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Are you distraught, dumb, depressed? Do you suffer from molecules, Murads, or Meringue? Have you lost faith in Plato, polygons, and plurals? If so, send in your questions to Zazu, the Zippy Zodiac Zealot.

Want to buy a duck?

H. H.

CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 4)

grace either with their faces to the wall or their folders closed. But then, we sympathize, knowing how negligent some people are about writing.

Didn't you hear the squeals of delight from third floor, Founders down at the gym office? Elizabeth Smith got an autographed photo of the leading man in "Bitter Sweet"—with a *very* sweet little note on the back. Wonder if Dolores heard about it? These Smiths!

Someone is certainly "floundering" around upstairs. How do they expect a body to concentrate? And here sitting before me is "One-Eyed Pete" —staring at me! He gives me the jitters! I've gotta go!

See You!

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DEBS! here's the LOW down on what's HIGH, HIGH fashion

Fashions are smooth and slick. No la-de-dah shoulder stuff this year. Coats fit like the sheath of a dagger----very becoming to debbish "figgers." But they're as chesty as a girl who's just got engaged. It's done with heaps of fur. Dresses are gay--hot colors, thrilling under a somber coat. They look simple, put them on and see what they do for you! These are the clothes for girls who are lucky enough to be a deb and want to look the part. And they're priced to be kind to your allowance!

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ROTARY HONORS DR. BLANTON

At a recent meeting of the Nashville Rotary Club the regular luncheon and meeting hour was turned over to a memorial service for Dr. John Diell Blanton.

At the speakers' table, besides the president were seated those who had a part in the program. The meeting was opened with a prayer by Dr. William Powell, of the First Baptist Church. Lawrence Goodman, director of piano at the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, played two numbers, "The Eagle" and "Old Vienna," both of which he explained were two of Dr. Blanton's favorite pieces and which he had often played for him.

The speakers of the occasion were Dr. Bruce Payne, president of Peabody College, Mr. Robert Henry, prominent author, and Mr. Will Manier. Dr. Payne spoke on "Dr. Blanton as an Educator," and said that the highest tribute that could ever be paid to any educator had been paid to Dr. Blanton when over twenty thousand families had entrusted their daughters to him. Mr. Henry, speaking on Dr. Blanton as a citizen, recalled the many projects of community benefit he had sponsored and aided. The final speaker, Mr. Will Manier, a prominent Rotarian himself, spoke on Dr. Blanton as a Rotarian.

A group of resolutions presented to the club was approved and a copy sent to Mrs. Blanton. The meeting closed with a few minutes of silent meditation.

MUSIC NEWS

Girls from Ward-Belmont who have joined the choir at the West End Methodist Church on Vanderbilt University Campus include Dorothea Jane Tebbs, Sue Salter, Bob Durand, Nancy Ann Schmid and Dolores Smith. Mr. Dalton, voice teacher, is director of the choir.

Burton Wilson, baritone, sang "Dusty Shoes" from the moving picture "Moonlight and Pretzels" at the second edition of "Why Not?" directed by Sara Jeter and Louise Smith, instructors of dancing at Ward-Belmont. The show was presented November 6 and 7 at the Scottish Rite Temple.

Lawrence Goodman and Bobby Tucker played Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" for two pianos at the Scottish Rite Temple November 6 and 7 for the Scottish Rite Junior League show "Why Not?" Mr. Tucker is a pupil of Mr. Goodman and is a member of the staff at WSM.

Ruth Robinson, certificate pupil of Mr. Goodman, has been appointed accompanist for the Glee Club. Miss Robinson has done a great deal of this type of work.

SECOND "WHY NOT" MAKES BIG HIT

(Continued from page 1)

in the second edition of "Why Not?" beautifully costumed musical revue presented Monday night at the Scottish Rite Temple by the Nashville Junior League and the Scottish Rite Club. Judging by the generous applause of a full house, it was a toss-up between the excellently-trained chorus, introducing some novel effects such as phosphorescent costumes, double faces and spark-flashing feet and the various soloists and duetists.

Lawrence Goodman and Bobby Tucker gave a faultless two-piano adaptation of Gershwin's "Rhapsody Blue."

Sarah Jeter, in a sumptuous costume of gray-blue satin and sequins and Fletcher Harvey gave a smooth and artistic interpretation of Ravel's "Bolero," assisted by the girls' chorus.

Alpha Louise Morton, singing Bobby Tucker's "I Think You're Wonderful," and looking charming in sleek white satin, topped by a many-ruffled cape, gave the only encore permitted.

Charles M. Hudson, Jr., carried off honors in the skits by his clever impersonation of a political spell-binder, assisted by R. C. Giles. Helen Roth and Helen Cheek were good as gum-chewing-and-parking movie fans. Other skits included "Unemployed Ghosts" with Avery Handley and Edwin Keeble; "Progress," with Sam Tarpley, Lucy Ann McGugin and Horace Giles; "Broccolli," with Dan McGugin, Jr., William Breyer, Charles M. Hudson, Jr., Wendell Phillips and Arthur Crownover, Jr., and "Pink Elephants" with John Thompson as the drunk. The skits were directed by Andrew Lytle, well-known writer and director of college shows.

The voices for the most part were clear and smooth and sweet but not quite of sufficient volume for the size of the auditorium. Jean Haggard and Burton Wilson were heard in "That Quaint Old Melody" with Betsy Lusk Dudley playing the violin. Mr. Wilson also sang "Dusty Shoes," and joined J. H. Touchson in "In a Little German Garden." Jack Braden sang and danced with Claudia Whitson, and Ruth Carlin sang "Should I Be Sweet," which was danced by the Junior League chorus. Edwin Keeble was heard in "Marching Along Together."

No better trained or costumed amateur chorus has ever been seen around these parts than Miss Jeter's pupils in the NRA drill. They were simply there.

And a word must be said for the three songs, of which both words and music were written by Elcanor Fort. They were clever, tuneful, and attractively presented.

Sarah Jeter and Louise Smith, directors, added another notch to their row of successes. For smooth and snappy ensembles, unusual costuming, and novel effects they can always be depended upon."

—From *The Nashville Banner*, Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1933.

JUNIOR-MIDS PLAN RECOGNITION DAY

(Continued from page 1)

Frances Prince will make a talk for student council; and Carolyn Eskridge will be the exponent of the Athletic Association.

The Junior Class meeting was taken up with plans for the Junior-Senior party, which is an annual and long looked for affair. Order was called by the president, Anne Huddleston, and she then appointed Polly Ann Billington chairman of the occasion. Other chairmen of various committees were also designated. Details were planned, and the date was set for November 17.

The Sophomores are also going to have a party, Jane Meadors, the president, announced. This is to take place November 21, and it is to be held for the mothers of the students of that class, and the teachers. The X. L. Club House will be the place of the affair.

After the Freshmen were called to order by their president, Jane Vance, they discussed ways and means of bettering school conditions and getting more class spirit instilled into the members of that organization. Programs will be given at each meeting, hereafter, it was announced, and a chairman will be appointed to work up entertainment for the gatherings.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, November 18, 1933 | Number 9

ALL RIDING SHOW TODAY

The Annual Fall Riding Show will be held this afternoon. All girls who have chosen riding as their fall sport are entered. This show has always been small, and is held to give the new girls experience in riding in a show. Each girl, except those working for a Certificate, will enter just one event. Points will be given for entering and for winning. These points will count for the individual and for the club.

There are to be six events:
1. Five-gaited class for Certificate girls.
2. Beginners class.
3. Advanced three-gaited class.
4. Intermediate class park heat.
5. Intermediate class field heat.
6. Jumping for Certificate girls.

OSIRONS HAVE FIRST OPEN HOUSE

The Osirons held open house November 10th, at their house in club village. It was a dinner-dance from 9:30 until 10:00, to which a group of Vanderbilt students was invited. There were also a few other guests from Nashville, invited by individual girls.

Miss Emma I. Sisson, Miss Frances Church, and Miss Mary Douthit were the chaperones. Dr. Harold Bold, from the Biology Department at Vanderbilt, was a guest, and Dr. John Barton called for a few minutes during the evening.

Dinner was served on card tables scattered throughout the house, and there were place cards at each place. Between the courses the hostesses and guests danced to the music of Johnny Miller's orchestra. After dinner the tables were removed and the evening was devoted to dancing.

A tag dance was in progress for the greater part of the evening, but Dr. Barton instituted a system by which all the partners on the floor were exchanged when the music stopped.

JUNIOR LEAGUE HOME VISITED

Ann Shaw, who is chairman of the Junior League Committee of the "Y," took Helen Larimer, Lydia Fountain, Isobel Coulter, and Martha Fisher with her last Sunday afternoon to entertain the children. Ann was evidently successful in her role of baseball player because she lost the heel off of her shoes while playing. Isobel played outside with the children, too. Helen, as usual, did not get any farther than the little boys' ward; she fascinated them by her never-tiring story reading.

Although it was the first time Lydia had been, the little girls found her a very interesting reader of their favorite stories. Martha found it very hard to divide the hour equally, with so many eager little children clamoring for attention.

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Monday, November 20—
Announcement of the quarter's Honor Roll.

Wednesday, November 22—
Speaker to be announced later.

Friday, November 24—
"History of the Ward-Belmont Campus," by Mrs. Claiborne Bryan.

A BOOK

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.

This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the charict
That bears a human soul!

EMILY DICKINSON.

DR. BARTON GIVES ARMISTICE DAY ADDRESS

"At the time of the Armistice this nation was united in a loyal, worthy purpose for an ideal. Some of these ideals have been shattered in the fifteen years since that day. Recovery of these ideals can only come from a recovery of morality," stated Dr. John W. Barton in an Armistice address in the Ward-Belmont chapel on Friday, November 10.

Dr. Barton reflected on the stirring days of those five months before the Armistice was signed. He told of the July 4 celebration in honor of the American soldiers, and of the presence of the French, English, American, and Italian army commanders, and the English and French premiers in the reviewing stand that day. There was no tenseness that day, such as was evident on the French Independence Day that was celebrated on July 14. The night of July 14 the German offensive was started to continue until the German retreat on July 18. By October the Germans were asking for consideration from the Allies. During this time Marshall Foch of France had assumed entire command of all the Allied forces.

Six days before November 11, the treaty was drawn up and agreed upon by the various countries; then on November 11, at five in the morning in a pullman car, the Armistice was signed by representatives of all the nations concerned, and the great "war to end wars" was finished.

Dr. Barton explained that the Armistice was a treaty for German evacuation, reparation, cessation of fighting, and the stopping of all army and navy movements. This Armistice was good for thirty days and Germany was given forty-eight hours to approve of it. The signing of the Armistice made it impossible for Germany to continue the war, declared the speaker. Quoting President Wilson, he said,

"The war thus comes to an end; for, having accepted these terms of Armistice, it will be impossible for the German command to renew it."

Dr. Barton also read the President's proclamation which was read prior to his address to Congress. It was as follows:

"My fellow Countrymen: The Armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished. It will now be our fortunate duty to assist by example, by sober, friendly counsel, and by material aid in the establishment of just democracy throughout the world.

"Woodrow Wilson."

To carry out this proclamation President Wilson had presented his fourteen points which were incorporated in a measure in the Armistice and in the Versailles treaty. His high ideals and spirit were shown in a portion of his Congressional address which Dr. Barton read.

"The present and all that it holds

(Continued on page 5)

JUNIOR-MIDS RECEIVE RECOGNITION

Monday, November 13, the Junior-Middles were formally recognized as a class. The program was begun by singing the class song and introduction by the president, Ellen Bowers, of various officers of the class: Elsie Caldwell, vice-president; Ruth Keller, secretary; Betty Frantz, treasurer. Then talks were made by various members of school organizations. All the speeches centered about their motto, "Co-operation." Margaret Greene spoke in behalf of Penstaff, the only entirely high-school society, and Patsy Schorndorfer, high-school representative on the *Milestone* staff, made a talk for student publications and other student organizations. Mable Ann Herbert, president of Triads, represented the social clubs of the school; Frances Prince, the Student Council, and Carolyn Eskridge, the Athletic Association. The program was closed with a speech of acceptance by Mr. Benedict, and the class filed out, singing the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" while the audience stood.

The girls were dressed in white, and wore on their left shoulders corsages of yellow chrysanthemums tied with blue ribbon, the school's colors. Seated in the front row on the stage were the speakers, the officers, the sponsor, Miss Cayce, Mr. Benedict and Miss Annie Allison, high-school principal.

GIRLS ATTEND ARMISTICE SERVICE

The Woman's International League for Peace in Nashville sponsored a service of remembrance at the First Presbyterian Church on Armistice Day. The speaker was Rabbi Julius Mark, who explained that war was the result of the injustice of past treaties, of the desire of munition makers for profit, and of an extreme form of nationalism. He stated that only as justice and kindness were built into the relations of nations, one with another, could an enduring peace be achieved in the world. His discussion of the situation made one realize that everyone must do his part toward the building of world peace.

Mary Jane Dulaney, Chairman of Public Affairs Committee of the "Y" which sponsored the trip, Gail Lawrence, Lydia Fountain, Virginia Richey, Helen Aldridge, Frances Street, Esther Helen Azarch, and Martha Fisher, accompanied by Miss Van Hooser, attended the service.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PROGRAM VARIED

Bob Durand has plans for many varied and interesting Sunday school programs. Last Sunday it was especially enjoyable since the entire time was spent in singing favorite hymns, with the exception of a short lesson which Jean Munsie read and sentence prayers. Ann Shaw and Martha Rucker were the pianist and violinist for the service.

NEW RECREATIONAL READING ROOM TO BE OPENED

It has been announced by Miss Frances Church, librarian, that a room set aside for recreational reading will be opened on Monday, November 20.

Room 111 in Academic Building is being fixed to accommodate the lounge. The books given by last year's Senior Class will be used in the room. The Alumnae Association has helped to make this room possible.

On the opening day, Monday, tea will be served in the Reading Room from 4:00 to 6:00. It is hoped that all students will call to inspect this addition to the library.

REV. CAMPBELL, CHAPEL SPEAKER

"You are in this institution. Men and women are supporting it because it is a good place to be; there is the ideal that's within this institution, and with your help the hope that this institution will be better will be realized," said Reverend William James Campbell, of the Vanderbilt School of Religion, when he spoke in chapel on Wednesday, November 15.

Reverend Campbell spoke particularly of the institution and the ideals that go toward the building up of an institution. He drew his examples mainly from the institutions of Ward-Belmont and of the home.

The first reason given for supporting an institution is "because it is good." "It is good that you are here; it is a good place to be," pointed out Reverend Campbell. Comparing the institution of the school to the home, he said "home is a good place for each and everyone of us to be brought up in."

"There's an idea that the institution can be better than it is," said Reverend Campbell, pointing out the second reason for supporting an institution. "We can drive ourselves into it, so that it can be changed," was given as the third reason.

Reverend Campbell has been president of the Atlanta Theological Seminary Foundation (Vanderbilt University) since 1929.

WARD-BELMONT HEARS COSSACK CHORUS

Ward-Belmont students were especially interested in the Don Cossack Russian Male Chorus which was brought to Nashville under the auspices of the Community Concert Association on Saturday evening, November 11, at the War Memorial.

The Cossacks and their director, Serge Jaroff, were former officers of the Russian Imperial Army. They formed their present singing unit when organized in Tschelengin, near Constantinople. With their transport to Sofia, Bulgaria, they formed for a time the choir of the Russian Orthodox Church. Later, in 1923, they made their concert debut in Vienna. In the years since then they have sung both in America and on the Continent.

The singers used no accompanying instruments of any kind but depended solely upon the marvelous accuracy of pitch which characterizes the choral singing of the Russians. Their range of tone was unbelievable while their harmony was exquisite. Under the direction of Serge Jaroff, their colorful interpretation of their native songs brought something new to the concert public.

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WARD - BELMONT!
We are always glad to see You!
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BEST SELLERS YOU MIGHT LIKE

FICTION

(1) Anthony Adverse—*Henry Allen;* (2) One More River—*John Galsworthy;* (3) The Master of Jalna—*Mazo de la Roche;* (4) Vanessa—*Hugh Walpole;* (5) The Farm—*Louis Bromfield;* (6) Miss Bishop—*Bess Streeter Aldrich;* (7) No Second Spring—*Janet Beith;* (8) Oil for the Lamps of China—*Alice Tisdale Hobart;* (9) Bonfire—*Dorothy Canfield;* (10) As the Earth Turns—*Gladys Hartz Carroll.*

NON-FICTION

(1) Life Begins at Forty—*Walter B. Pitkin;* (2) Marie Antoinette—*Stefan Zweig;* (3) Poor Splendid Wings—*Frances Winwar;* (4) More Power to You—*Walter B. Pitkin;* (5) 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs—*Arthur Kallet;* (6) The First World War—edited by *Lawrence Stallings;* (7) The Archer of the Years—*Halliday Sutherland;* (8) The Barbary Court—*Herbert Ashbury;* (9) Flush—*Virginia Woolf;* (10) Twenty Years A-Growing — *Maurice O'Sullivan.*—*The Publisher's Weekly,* November 11, 1933.

BOOK WEEK INCREASES BOOK INTEREST

DRAMA

The Best Plays of 1932-33 and the Year Book of the Drama in America. Edited by Barnes Mantle.

There are probably few people actively interested in the theatre who are not, by this time, acquainted with the Mantle anthologies of each year's best plays produced in New York. The ten plays chosen as the best of the season's crop are as follows:

Both Your Houses—*Maxwell Anderson;* Dinner at Eight—*George B. Kaufman* and *Edna Ferber;* When Ladies Meet—*Rachel Crothers;* Design for Living—*Noel Coward;* Biography—*S. N. Behrman;* Alien Corn—*Sidney Howard;* The Late Christopher Bean—*Sidney Howard;* We, the People—*Elmer Rice;* Pigeons and People—*George M. Cohen;* One Sunday Afternoon—*James Hogan.*—*Theatre Arts Monthly,* November, 1933.

Dangerous Corner—*J. B. Priestly.*

A party of six discuss the suicide of Martin Chatfield, related by blood and business to all of them. Slowly the true story of that suicide emerges, somewhat awkwardly, somewhat too wordily. The writing of this has more of the novelist's art than the dramatist's, but it is a thoroughly interesting story.—*The Stage,* October, 1933.

FICTION

The Master of Jalna—*Mazo de la Roche*

This fourth novel of the Whiteoaks of Jalna is mainly Kenny's story and the readers will rejoice accordingly.—*New York Times.*

Miss Bishop—*Bess Streeter Aldrich.*

Most readers will recognize some teacher in this charming story by the author of "A White Bird Flying," and "A Lantern in Her Hand."—*Herald and Examiner.*

Long Pennant—*Oliver La Farge.*

A gorgeous tale of sea and jungle and lusty ports, by the author of the Pulitzer prize novel, "Laughing Boy."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Murder Day by Day—*Irwin S. Cobb.*

Three murders to satisfy the bloodthirsty, but grand writing, too, and superb characters, and the famous Cobb humor. Here's a real mystery combination sent far ahead of the ordinary mystery field into the realm of worthwhile fiction.—*New York Sun.*

The Beginning of A Mortal—*Max Miller*

The famous author of "I Cover the Waterfront" has written a story of American boyhood as authentic and humorous as "Huckleberry Finn."—*New York Times.*

After Such Pleasures—*Dorothy Parker*

A new volume of short stories and sketches—you'll like it.—*New York Herald.*

BIOGRAPHY

Flush—*Virginia Woolf*

Flush, Elizabeth Barrett's cocker spaniel, is undoubtedly the most famous dog in literary history. She wrote two poems to him, mentioned him often in her letters, and took him with her to Italy. His biography is one which should be of interest to all readers, young and old.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Flush of Wimpole Street and Broadway—*Flora Merrill*

An account of two dogs. Miss Barrett's original spaniel and the dog of the same name and color who acted in the "Barretts of Wimpole Street." The pseudo-diary of the contemporary Flush will entertain those who do not care especially for realism in their accounts of animal behavior, while the selections from Mrs. Brownings' letters about the older dog will make his image and the emotions of which he was the object clear to the eye.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Conqueror—*Arthur D. Howden Smith*

The true story of that famous soldier of fortune, swashbuckler, and caballero, Hernando Cortes—of his incredible deeds in conquering, with a mere handful of men, the mightiest empire of the Western Hemisphere. A riotously colorful pageant of gold and blood, and lust—studiously culled from the ancient records of Aztec conquest.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Sarah Bernhardt—*G. G. Geller*

The divine Bernhardt, who bewitched men, who shocked them with her scandalous affairs, who at all times enthralled them, spreads her charm through the pages of this absorbing biography.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Richard Harding Davis—

The story of the life of this greatest of war correspondents and reporters cannot fail to hold the interest of all who read it.—*New York Times Book Review.*

Crowded Hours—*Alice Roosevelt Longworth*

In her reminiscenses, as always "Princess Alice" holds the attention and interest of the public.—*New York Herald and Examiner.*

POETRY

Strange Victory—*Sara Teasdale*

All hitherto unpublished poems, under the title that she herself selected for them.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Collected Poems—*William Butler Yeats*

His exquisite lyrics from youth to maturity, and his latest work, "The Winding Stair."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Book of Americans—*Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet*

A rhymed review of American history. At its best it is very good indeed, and at its worst pleasingly and painlessly presented. — *New York Times Book Review.*

Talifer—*Edwin A. Robinson*

A narrative poem in modern setting by the Author of *Tristram.*—*Atlantic Monthly.*

End and Beginning—*John Masefield*

The last days of Mary, Queen of Scots, portrayed in a moving po drama.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HUMOR

Mandoa, Mandoa!—*Winifred Holt*

The title of Winifred Holtby's ve funny and very meaty new novel being perverted most amusingly intending customers. Leading bo shops report inquiries for "Mandal Mandalay," "Madonna, Madonn and other strange renderings. Ma doa is the name of an unique pleas resort set up by the enterprising En lish among African jungles, with aerodrome, a bath-in-every-suite tel, and a wedding of the Nat Royal Princess as attraction.—*Bo News* — The Macmillan Compa November 1, 1933.

Josh Billings, Yankee Humorist—*Cyril Clem*

Josh Billings, or Henry Whee Shaw, as he was christened, is familiar name to most of us, but th are few today who could quote any his aphoristic sayings, once so pop lar. His books are out of print, a it has been a half century since huge, stooping figure last stepped f ward on the platform to deliver famous lecture on "Milk," not a w of which dealt with the subject. we remember Josh, together with A temus Ward, Mark Twain, and a h of other contemporaries, as a typi American humorist—whatever th may mean.—*The Saturday Review Literature,* October 21, 1933.

Heaven Above!—*Oliver Caxton*

There is nothing as rare in fict as a truly humorous novel—wh does not mean that only a few writ even try to be funny. The book gins with the death of Clarence De clark, a composer little noticed u he "took sick," but the circumstan of whose demise brought abund publicity. This to his very great gret, when he discovered that until he was forgotten on earth co he enter heaven. Meanwhile he ma wander aimlessly about the univer —*The New York Times Book Revie* November 12, 1933.

BOOK FAIR OBSERVED BY NASHVILLE BOOKLOVER

Nashville's third annual Book Fa opened Monday, November 13, Alumni Hall at Vanderbilt Universit

Many interesting exhibits we planned by local booksellers. Wor of Southern authors were featur and addresses by two Southern a thors were given as part of the pr gram. Robert Penn Warren spo Monday evening on "The South as Background for Modern Fiction Robert S. Henry spoke Tuesday ev ning on "The Rewriting of Souther History."

Marshall & Bruce Company, boo binders, presented an attractive e hibit of creative binding. Several ou standing book creations by this fir were shown. Books in various stag of binding were also displayed. motion picture of the binding of book was exhibited.

Castner's Book Store had an unu sual collection of old Bibles on display One of the most interesting in th collection is the famous "breeches Bible owned by Dr. James I. Vance published in England in 1640. Th Bible is known for its third chapte of Genesis, seventh verse, in whic the word "breeches" was used in pla of the word "apron" now used. Bisho William McKendree's prayer book hymnal was among the collection. H was the first American-born perso to be ordained Methodist bishop.

Among the Nashville booksellers who exhibited at the fair were: Cast ner's Book Store, Zibarts, Mills, Bap tist Book Store, Hooberry's, an Cooley's Methodist Book Store. Mem bers of the Book Fair committee were Mrs. Brainard Cheney, Miss Martha Parks, Miss Este Stahlman, Mis Nynah Heath, Miss Sarah Staley, an Will H. Shearon.

33 NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE ANNOUNCED

The Nobel Prize for literature for 33 was awarded this week to Ivan ekseievich Bunin, Russian poet, ovelist and short-story writer, the rst Russian to have received the ward. Bunin was born of a noble mily in Voronesh, in 1870 but emi- ated from Russia at the time of the evolution and now lives in Paris. e was awarded the Pushkin Prize, highest literary award in Rus- , for his poems and his transla- n of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." He so has translated Byron and Tenny- n into Russian. Bunin is a master classical prose, "The Gentlemen m San Francisco" being considered critics one of the greatest modern rt stories. His poetry is not lyrical, t descriptive, impressive and classi- . "The Gentlemen from San Fran- co" translated by D. H. Lawrence, S. Katelionski and L. Woolfe was blished in the country by Alfred A. opf in 1917 and is still in print in Borzoi Packet Classics. "Dream Chang and Other Stories" and The Village" were published by opf in 1923, and "Mitya's Love" s published by Holt in 1926. This ar a translation of his "Well of ays" was published in England by garth Press.—*The Publishers' Weekly*, November 11, 1933.

W.-B. INTERESTED IN LIST OF WOMEN'S BOOKS

There appeared in the *New York imes* of July 20, 1933, a list of the undred Best Books of the Century ritten by American Women. This st was selected by a picked group f judges.

ONE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS OF THE CENTURY WRITTEN BY AMERICAN WOMEN*

BIOGRAPHY

Twenty Years at Hull House—*Jane ddams;* A History of Woman Suff- age—*Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth ady Stanton, Matila Joslyn Gage;* he Promised Land—*Mary Antin;* ife and Letters of Emily Dickinson —*M a r t h a Gilbert (Dickinson);* randmother Brown's Hundred Years —*Mrs. Harriet Brown;* Mozart— *Marcia Davenport* (1932); Angels nd Amazons—*Inez Hayes Irwin;* The tory of My Life—*Helen Keller;* A ew England Girlhood—*Lucy Lar- om;* John Keats—*Amy Lowell;* Pere Marquette: Priest, Pioneer and Ad- venturer—*Agnes Repplier;* My Broth- r, Theodore Roosevelt—*Corrine Roose- elt Robinson;* The Story of a Pioneer —*Anna Howard Shaw;* Life of Abra- am Lincoln—*Ida M. Tarbell;* Glimpes of Fifty Years—*Frances Willard.*

DRAMA

When Ladies Meet—*Rachel Croth- rs;* The Poor Little Rich Girl— *Eleanor Gates;* Alison's House—*Susan Glaspell;* The Piper—*Josephine Pres- on Peabody;* Fashion—*Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie;* Sun-Up—*Lula Voll- mer.*

ESSAYS

On Understanding Women—*Mary Beard;* Letters From New York— *Lydia Child;* Papers on Literature nd Art—*Margaret Fuller;* Godey's Lady's Book—*Sara J. Hale,* editor; Poets and Their Arts—*Harriet Mon- roe.*

FICTION

The Conqueror—*Gertrude Ather- on;* The Good Earth—*Pearl Buck;* Deepening Stream—*Dorothy Canfield Fisher;* Led Horse—*Mary Halleck Foote;* Miss Lula Bett—*Zona Gale;* Leavenworth Case—*Anna Katherine Green;* Lummox—*Fannie Hurst;* Ra- mona—*Helen Hunt Jackson;* The Country of the Pointed Firs—*Sara Orne Jewett;* To Have and to Hold— *Mary Johnston;* Mother—*Kathleen Norris;* Scarlet Sister Mary—*Julia Peterkin;* Gates Ajar—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps;* Elsie Dinsmore—*Mar- tha Finley;* Pollyanna—*Eleanor H. Porter;* Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—*Alice Caldwell Rice;* Five Lit- tle Pepper Stories—*Margaret Sidney;* Wide, Wide World—*Susan Warner;* Daddy Longlegs—*Jean McKinney Webster;* Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—*Kate Douglas Wiggin;* The Time of Man—*Elizabeth Maddox Roberts;* The Little French Girl— *Anne Douglas Sedgwick;* Uncle Tom's Cabin—*Harriet Beecher Stowe;* Ethan Frome—*Edith Wharton;* St. Elmo— *Augusta Evans Wilson.*

HUMOR

The Peterkin Papers—*Lucretia Peabody Hale;* Samantha at the Cen- tennial—*Marietta Holley;* American Humor—*Constance Wayfield Rourke.*

JUVENILE

Little Women—*Louisa May Alcott;* Little Lord Fauntleroy—*Frances Hodson Burnett;* Dotty Dimple—*Re- becca Clark;* Cat Who Went to Heaven—*Elizabeth Coatsworth;* Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

POETRY

Poems—*Alice and Phoebe Cary;* Bells at Evening and Other Poems— *Fanny J. Crosby;* Honey Out of the Rock—*Babette Deutsch;* Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson—*Emily Dickinson;* Collected Poems of H. D. —*Hilda Doolittle;* Later Lyrics (con- tains "Battle Hymn of the Republic") —*Julia Ward Howe;* Renascence— *Edna St. Vincent Millay;* Poems— *Louise Chandler Moulton;* Death and Tores—*Dorothy Parker;* Selected Poems—*Lizette Woodworth Reese;* Fiddler's Farewell—*Leonora S. Pey- er;* Rovers to the Sea—*Sara Teasdale;* Lyrics and Sonnets—*Edith Thomas;* Complete Poems—*Elinor Wylie.*

RELIGION

The Sabbath in Puritan New Eng- land—*Alice Earle;* Science and Health —*Mary Baker Eddy;* Franciscan Ad- ventures—*Vida Scudder.*

SCIENCE

Introduction to the Study of Var- iable Stars—*Caroline Furness;* An Atlas of the Medulla and Mid-Brain —*Florence R. Sabin.*

SHORT STORIES

Meadow Grass—*Alice Brown;* Old Chester Tales—*Margaret Deland;* A New England Nun and Other Stories —*Mary Wilkins Freeman;* In the Ten Mountains—*Mary N. Murfree.*

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Women in Industry—*Edith Abbott;* Woman Suffrage and Politics—*Carrie Chapman Catt;* Remarks on Prisons and Prison Discipline in the United States—*Dorothea Dix;* Husbands and Homes—*Mary Harland;* My Story of the War—*Mary A. Livermore;* Com- ing of Age in Samoa—*Margaret Mead;* Women and the New Race—*Margaret Sanger.*

TRAVEL

Carl Akeley's Africa—*Mary L. Akeley;* Spanish Highways and By- ways—*Katherine Lee Bates;* New Or- leans, the Place of the People—*Grace King;* Parts and Happy Places—*Cor- nell Stratton Porter;* A Woman Ten- derfoot in Egypt—*Grace Thompson Seton;* House of Exile—*Nora Waln.*

**New York Times,* July, 1920, 1933.

DAY STUDENT CLUB CHATTER

The following girls have been selected as the HYPHEN day student club reporters: Eccowasin, Virginia Freeman; Ariston, Helen Powers; Angkor, Beverly Stone.

The Aristons, under the guidance of their president, Janet McFadden, have already gained headway towards making this year one of the most suc- cessful ones of their history.

With all the new girls to look after, and the new work at the Protestant Orphanage, they've forgotten all about the depression! That's good work for a club, isn't it?

The following officers were elected at the last meeting:

Elizabeth Crane, vice-president.
Patty Chadwell, secretary.
Mary Louise Bearden, treasurer.

FREE HITS AND ROLL-INS

The majority of the hockey games have been played off this past week. The weather has been perfect and the field has been fast and hard. The enthusiasm has been much higher this year than in past years.

On Thursday, November 9, the Triads fell before the F.F.'s, 2-0. The game was marred by fouls called on both teams. Concklin's playing for the F.F.'s was one of the outstanding features of the game.

The Penta Taus were barely able to nose out the fighting Anti-Pans by the score of 3-2. Soper's usual stellar playing alone saved the game from being uneventful. On the same Sat- urday the X.L's suffered defeat at the hands of the heretofore un- heralded T.C's. When the final whistle sounded the score read 4-2. The T.C. victory was one of the up- sets of the tournament. One of the best games so far this year was be- tween the Osirons and the Tri K.'s The 6-0 score for the Tri K.'s does not tell the story of the fight put up by the Osirons. The Tri K. club was pushed until the very end.

On Monday, November 13, the A.K.'s defeated the Eccowasins, 2-1. The Eccowasins threatened the A.K. goal time after time and each time missed scoring by inches. The A.K's came out ahead only by taking ad- vantage of their few opportunities and having the scoring punch at the time when it counted. The Ecco- wasins were superior in teamwork and they played much better hockey. Making goals, however, is what wins hockey games and the A.K.'s made the goals. On the same day the Agoras defeated the Triads by the score of 2-0. Neither team played ex- ceptional hockey, and the fouls called on both teams were numerous.

In the first game on Thursday, No- vember 14, the undefeated F.F.'s lost to the Angkors, 5-1. The Angkors showed championship quality as they swept through the F.F. defense.

The Aristons were unable to stop the Del Ver forward line as the latter went through for five goals. The Aristons broke through the D.V. de- fense for only one goal. The D.V. teamwork was the outstanding feature of the game. The Ariston eleven were bewildered by the fast dribbling and short passes of the victors. Campbell and Chadwell for the Aristons and Nehls and Page for the D.V.'s were the outstanding players of the day.

P-S-S-T!

Aincha glad—

Quarter tests are ended and grades are out?

We're all—that is, nearly all— gonna be good in chapel for Miss Lydell?

The town boys are glad over the forthcoming Senior Open House?

The sun's shining again for a few days at a time?

There was another gym dance at Vandy a week ago Saturday?

The tea room has fudge cake? You're living?

We wanna know:

Whose return to town accounts for that constant smile on Marjorie Con- nor's face these days?

How Helen Power rates those grand dances at Columbia and we don't?

How we got those D's and E's?

If you put cream in the ice box, will it be "cold cream"? (That one by a Senior, too!)

If you all would like to have Walter Winchell write this column instead of his "understudies"?

"STORY" ANNOUNCES COLLEGE CONTEST

A Short Story Contest for college students to be sponsored by the mag- azine *Story* has just been announced. A first prize of $100 and a second of $50 will be awarded for the best stories submitted. The contest will be open to all registered students of colleges and universities in the United States, but selection by qualified judges at the various institutions will limit entries to two from each cam- pus. Entries must be in the hands of the editors by April 15, 1934. The winning story will be published, and others of unusual merit which still are not prizewinners will be consid- ered for possible publication.—*The Publishers' Weekly*, November 11, 1933.

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RACHEL HAILEY

EDITORIAL

ON BOOKS

Even as far back as the fourteenth century, men had a deep and profound love for books. Chaucer, in describing his Clerk of the "Canterbury Tales" says,

"For him was lever have at his beddes heed twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed, of Aristotle and his philosophye, than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye."

Through the ages, even before the invention of the printing press when books had to be laboriously printed by hand, men longed to read and to possess books.

Since the invention of the modern fast presses, books have tumbled in upon us from all sides. Some of them are worth reading and some are not. The college student of today is usually too busy to stop and pick out the worthwhile, rich material to be found in these many books.

Here in Ward-Belmont a partial selection of good reading is made for the student. The very best works in prose, fiction, and poetry are to be found on our school shelves. It remains only for the girls to make their individual choices of reading material. So far only a small number of girls have taken the time to really browse around in the library and find books which will contribute to their pleasure if not to their general knowledge.

If we let them, books can really mean a great deal in our lives. They teach us new creeds and new discoveries. They show us new lands and strange people. They introduce us to varied and interesting personalities. They give us that intangible vision and knowledge that one can only receive from constant association with the minds of the past and present.

Let us not waste our leisure time but spend it in becoming acquainted with our "book friends."

L. F. '34.

EVOLUTION OF A BOOK

NOTE: This is one of those things "heard and overheard" in the library during book week.

The books all gathered, as is the custom here around, to hear their learned professor on evolution expound. There was a rustling at first and a whispering of pages, but it all subsided when he began to speak for Ward-Belmont books are well-mannered and meek.

"The earliest writing," in a voice deep and grave, "was done by prehistoric man on the side of his cave." He was uneducated and his stone knife was brittle, so his etymological studies we must not belittle.

Here the professor was interrupted by a most awful clatter and the books all turned to see what was the matter—as Fay and Eaton slunk away—"when so rudely interrupted I was about to say that the Babylonians wrote on tablets of clay. They took their records of birth and death, stories they'd heard and theories they'd guessed, poked and pushed them into the clay, then baked the tablets and put them away in huge stone jars where we find them today. This writing was known as the cuniform way.

The Egyptians thought this a cumbersome style, so they took the reeds which grow by the Nile. They rolled them out into sheets long and thin. Then they built huge libraries to keep their scrolls in.

On a rival of theirs they played a mean trick. The king of Pergammon had a library, too, and what did the ancient Egyptians do but put an embargo on their papyrus reed so that he had to use sheepskin and lambskin instead. He soon discovered that parchment rolls were far more durable than papyrus scrolls.

(Continued on page 5)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Just finished reading the story of the "Three Little Pigs." And now I turn my thoughts to this column. Strange, they have no connection. But what of that? This column must be written, you *KNOW!*

Noticed Mary Helen (Soper) and Jeannette Knowles wearing boots during those cold days last week. Anything to be different nowadays takes a lot of nerve.

Things I never knew before:

Buzzy fell out of a second-story window when just a mere tot.

Muriel Leverett once had a goat. A *goat?*

Judy Berry, time and time again, has to tuck Jean Munsie into bed because Jean likes to go to sleep without the covers o'er her wee head!

There has been a request from second floor Senior *begging* me to ask Rena Berry to *"Puhleese"* stop using that awful concoction on her hair! Believe me, fair readers, by Saturday there'll be at least three more—and then, Dorothy Glander is one of the guilty ones!

Is it Polly Gay who causes all the "disturbance" in Miss Church's Library Methods Class?

Congratulations this week go to Eleanor Irwin for her gameness Monday afternoon after a nasty spill off of Chimes. Such nerve!

Congratulations also to Thelma Martin, who was elected Tuesday as president of the Texas Club.

Seen knitting here and yon on the campus, in the halls, and in the classroom:

Virginia Cornelius is making a lovely red woolen. Judy Acheson is knitting a many-colored afghan. Louise (Sally Lou) Houk, who has just finished crocheting a good-looking brown scarf, is now at work on her second one. A smart gal! And then there's Rachel Hailey, who is just beginning work on threads of old rose woolen.

Cack, if you must have your peppermint candy, stand out in the hall to eat and don't contaminate the library tables with such a "gooey" substance!

"Ah, Gee!" says Virginia Winston, on returning from a happy week-end in Cincinnati. And something about, "Saturday night, here and there!"

Mary Jane Safford certainly has a "yen" for specials. They *are* extravagant, Mary, but, oh, how nice!

Jean Dayton had her first "open house" the other night on her newly-erected front porch. Won't everyone please visit her, as she is longing for lots of company? (Crowd coming right up, Jean!)

You haven't, by any chance, heard a certain clarinet being played beautifully (??) on third floor of Founders, have you?

We want to wish Marguerite Page a "happy birthday"! And you do, too, don't you, Soper?

If, perchance, you happen to see about five or six figures huddled in front of a certain radiator in Founders about 5:00 A. M., you'll know 'tis only the studious individuals merely trying to broaden their intellectual facilities. (No, gentle reader, yours truly *did not* write the aforestated. "That was," as Winchell would say, "from my Gal, Friday." It is not frequent that I wax so brilliant!)

Well, that's one little item off my wee mind! And now for the *bigger* and better (?) things of life. And so to bed. Goodnight, sweet dreams, and I'll be with you next Saturday. Until then—see Ya!

EAGLE FEATHER

EXCERPT FROM "THE RAIN SONG"

Bro' Brown and Chorus

"When da ducks quack loud an' da peacock's cry,
An' da far off hills seems to be right nigh,
Prepare fuh rain, rain, rain!

"When da ole cat on da hearth wid her velvet paws,
'Gins to wipin' over her whiskered jaws,
Sho' sign o' rain, rain, rain!

"When da frog's done changed his yaller vest,
An' in his brown suit he is dressed,
Mo' rain, and still mo' rain!

"When you notice da air it stan's stock still,
An' da black bird's voice it gits so awful shrill,
Dat am da time fuh rain.

"When yo' dog quits bones an' begins to fas'
An' when you see him eatin' he's eatin' grass:
Sho'es', trues', cert'nes' sign ob rain!"

—ALEX RODGERS

CROSS-SECTION OF LANDSCAPE

Here is the ice that girdles joyless ocean;
Water girdling a sphere of quiet slime;
Under it rock that has no light or motion
Save from the twirl, the eternal pantomime.

Under the rock is fire that dies by inches
Over the slag and dash of old decay.
Finally, what? The mathematician pinches
Space to a point, in his ponderable way.

But when I was a boy I searched from pole to pole
Of a gaudy globe, a rainbow colored ball,
Peeled the cover, unravelled the shiny whole,
And was vexed to find at center nothing at all.

—DONALD DAVIDSON

PIAZZA PIECE

—I am a gentleman in a dust coat trying
To make you hear. Your ears are soft and small
And listen to an old man not at all;
They want the young men's whispering and sighing.
But see the roses of your trellis dying
And hear the spectral singing of the moon—
For I must leave my lovely lady soon.
I am a gentleman in a dust coat trying.

—I am a lady young in beauty waiting
Until my truelove comes, and then we kiss.
But what gray man among the vines is this
Whose words are dry and faint as in a dream?
Back from my trellis, sir, before I scream!
I am a lady young in beauty waiting.

—JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

HERE LIES A LADY

Here lies a lady of beauty and high degree.
Of chills and fever she died, of fever and chills,
The delight of her husband, her aunts, an infant of thr
And of medicos marvelling sweetly on her ills.

For either she burned and her confident eyes would bl
And her fingers fly in a manner to puzzle their head
What was she making? Why, nothing; she sat in a ma
Of old scraps of laces, snipped into curious shreds

Or this would pass, and the light of her fire decline
Till she lay discouraged and cold as a thin stalk whi
and blown,
And would not open her eye to kisses, to wine.
The sixth of these states was her last; the cold settl
down.

Sweet ladies, long may ye bloom, and toughly I hope
may thole,
But was she not lucky? In flowers and lace and mour
ing
In love and great honour we bade God rest her soul
After six little spaces of chill, and six of burning.

—JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

NASHVILLE AUTHORS

Alex Rodgers was born in Nashville in 1876, and w
educated in public schools of Nashville. He tried vario
occupations, becoming, at length, a writer of the lyri
for popular songs. Many of the hit songs of the William
and Walker musical comedies were written by him; t
name of Bert Williams was synonymous with "The Jon
Man" and "Nobody" which were created by Rodgers f
him. Two of the lyrics most characteristic of him appea
in *The Book of American Negro Poetry*, published in 19
an anthology edited by James Walden Johnson with a
introductory essay on the literary genius of the Negro.

"The Rain Song" to which another talented Negr
Will Marion Cook, furnished infectious music, was ori
inally a concerted number in one of the Williams an
Walker burlesques.

John Crowe Ransom was born in Pulaski, Tennesse
April 30, 1888, of Scotch-Irish descent. He was educate

(Continued on page 5)

PREP PATTER

This time, we're going to start off and "what" your curiosity with a few "whats"—Here we go!

What junior fell asleep in what library not so long ago, and slept through a variety of classes?

What very prominent senior was going to the Gym dance Saturday eve and decided to go riding in Percy Warner Park first? And do you know that the car broke down (Yes, we've heard that one before) just as they were starting on the long route, and they had to walk six miles to a telephone? Tsk! Tsk!

What sophomore created quite a sensation at the Delta Sigma dance not many days ago? Some of the girls appearing—we know they're not all sophomores, don't get excited—were Jean Ewing, Matilda Gibson, Betty Rye, Marian Latta, Ellen Martin, Carrol Cole, and Shirley Leake. Take your choice.

What about Carolyn Eskridge's beau cavalier at what frat dance over the week-end? She had to explain it in French to Miss McElfresh, and was her face purple?

What girl (a senior) is still raving over what pianist, whose initials are C. E.? Now she says he plays a trombone, or something peculiar like that.

Now to get down to business:

The famous directorial and photographical masterpiece, "Potemkin," by Sergei Eisenstein, was unfolded before our orbs last Sunday evening. We received a paramount impression of wild waves and ridiculous shots of sea-gulls flying aimlessly around. There were also such clever, clever things as dull bits of machinery revolving uninterestingly. We almost got excited when Cossacks fired upon the people of Odessa, etc., but this was dispelled by the English subtitle something like "Workers of the World, Unite!" which followed. Maybe we are not artistic, but we didn't appreciate the beautiful, soul-shaking scenes of women's tonsils as they shouted unintelligible threats calculated to annihilate the wicked, wicked capitalists. The picture ended with a lot of war ships steaming out into a harbor. Perfectly hopeless!

At the football game Saturday afternoon, we saw scores of gals we knew—among them Martha Armistead, Susan Cheek, Sarah Goodpasture, and Marian Hill, who were laden with three huge chrysanthemums apiece. We saw Mable Ann Herbert and Ann Wright obviously enjoying themselves, and Grace Benedict, Mamie Howell, Jane Vance and Dorothy Proctor, the bright girl who made "Penstaff" last week. Also in sight were Cornelia Fort and Peggy Dickinson, and scads of Seniors we see everywhere we go. At the half, we dropped down to visit one of them and camped on her doorstep all during the rest of the game. Very nice!

We're being systematic this time.

From the football game, we progressed to a picnic where we gazed on Dorothy Evans, the best-looking thing to waste her beauty on the wild woods we ever saw. She had on the duckiest little green velvet hat, and Eleanor Bailey blossomed out in bright orange hat and scarf. Very becoming!

They were all too stylish and there we come up with practically *no* hat even, and our school shoes. There was a hill to climb, though, so we didn't mind.

After that edifying discourse, we'll proceed to the Gym dance Saturday night. We got there a little before eleven and saw practically everybody we knew. There were Ruth Keller, and Mary Brian Procter in a very, veree sophisticated blue dress, all long and flowing, and Janet Stonestreet, Frances Wilkerson and Lillian Walters, all three in black. You see we even noticed what they had on. We're really good. Of course there were hordes of others we knew, but we're had them in here so often that we can't repeat the same names so much.

At this very dance, somebody we'd never seen before broke on us and cheerily said, "Are you going to Math club meeting Thursday night?" (Or maybe he said Tuesday; we were too flabbergasted to know.) Imagine us rating a thing like that; we hardly struggled through plain geometry.

And so small is our opinion of our brain, we were even flattered to be mistaken for a Math club!

Now we come down to the cinema Sunday night. We've already given you our opinion of it. Betty Frantz, Mickey Aldridge, Virginia Barrett, she of the lovely coronet braid, and Frances Prince were also there. See what they thought of it. We'll just bet they liked it; nobody ever agrees with us.

We also have a few queries to be answered this time. You may not know it, but this department is hard to write.

QUERY BOX

Question—When groping one's way through Percy Warner Park at two in the morning, is it customary to indulge in light chatter, or maintain a grim silence?

V. C.

Answer—It was probably a cute line that got you asked out in the first place, so our advice to you is to Hold That Line!

Question—If I have music in my fingertips, should I collaborate?

M. L. T.

Answer—Land Sykes Alive, Yes!

Question—Should I hang up my stocking on December 25?

E. B.

Answer—Yes, dear, Noel is coming.

Question—I find that after any kind of mental exertion, I have simply splitting infinitives. What must I do?

E. B. (Not the same one as the above.)

Answer—For this kind of trouble, old-fashioned remedies are sometimes best. Consult your grammaw.

We gave you your chance to send in your questions last week. Now, you'll have to do something about it, or this particular part of our column will go under. We're tired of thinking up questions and answers, too, by "ourself."

PATTY KING, TRIAD, WINS ARCHERY TOURNAMENT

Patty King, Triad, won the archery tournament which was held the first of the week. Mildred Clements, Eccowasin, won second place and Margretta Craig, Triad, third place.

In the club standing, the Triad club took first place with 62 points; the Angkors, second place with 50 points, and the A.K. club, third, with 43 points.

The girls who made their club letter are: Anne Huddleston, Ellen Bowers, Malinda Jones, Patty Chadwell, Alice Vivienne Hill, Mary Ann Wirtz, Jane Vance, Patty King, Mildred Clements, and Margretta Craig.

The following girls entered the tournament: Ellen Bowers, Mildred Clements, Patty Chadwell, Virginia Cornelius, Ruth Godwin, Alice Vivienne Hill, Mary Hobson, Rosemary Hortzmann, Anne Huddleston, Malinda Jones, Patty King, Louise Longworth, Dorothy Proctor, Ruth Potts, Martha Pryor, Martha Rucker, Elizabeth Ann Rawl, Virginia Richey, Mozelle Trout, Mary Ann Wirtz, Ida Mae Wirtz, Jane Vance, Margretta Craig, Jane Briggs, Nellie Clements, Elizabeth Howell, Frances Murray, Matilda Dougherty, and Jayne Priest.

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DR. BARTON GIVES ARMISTICE DAY ADDRESS

(Continued from page 1)

belong to the nations and the peoples who preserve their self-control and the orderly processes of their Governments; the future to those who prove themselves the true friends of mankind. To conquer with arms is to make only a temporary conquest; to conquer the world by earning its esteem is to make permanent conquest. I am confident that the nations that have learned the discipline of freedom and that have settled with self-possession to its ordered practice are now about to make conquest of the world by the sheer power of example and of friendly helpfulness."

Dr. Barton told of the cheering of the audience at the beginning of Woodrow Wilson's speech, and of the utter silence at the close of his address when he talked of forgiveness.

The speaker closed his remarks with "The victors might as well be the vanquished if they cannot uphold and live up to the morals that were present when the Armistice was signed."

EVOLUTION OF A BOOK

(Continued from page 4)

In Greece and Rome at the height of their glory the history of writing continued its story. On tablets of wood covered with wax, hinged with wire and fastened with tacks the philosophers and poets inscribed thereon deathless works of prose and song.

When dark ages on to civilization came the monasteries preserved the name and fame of writing by tireless scribes who worked from morn till night.

Block prints as invented by the ancient Chinese were another step in advance of evolution. The Chinamen took blocks of wood and carved thereon the text and script of a page and used it as a stamp for many others.

In 1450 the time was ripe and Gutenburg invented the movable type. Now, my dear class, I hear steps in the hall, so for tonight that will be all."

G. L. '35.

NASHVILLE AUTHORS

(Continued from page 4)

in his own state and abroad. He received his B.A. at Vanderbilt University in 1909, his B.A. at Oxford in 1923. At Oxford he was Rhodes Scholar from Tennessee, taking a classical course. He has taught at Vanderbilt since 1919, except for two years during which he was with the A. E. F.

His first book, *Poems of God*, raw, and with a certain bitterness of humor, appeared in 1919. The lines range from the powerful to the banal.

Chills and Fever, published in 1924, shows an almost complete change in his poetry. Little of the crudeness, and less of the foreign influence remain in this volume.

Underneath his precise, prim circumlocutions, there is to be found an extraordinarily sensitive and highly musical lyricist.

Mr. Ransom has received recognition both here and abroad. The Hogarth Press, in London, brought out in 1924, *Grace After Meat*, a collection of poems taken from *Poems About God* and *Chills and Fever*.

Donald Davidson was born August 18, 1893, in Campbellsville, Tennessee, and was educated in his native state, receiving his B.A. and M.A. at Vanderbilt University. He has been teaching for many years, first in high schools, and later at Vanderbilt as Assistant Professor of English.

His first volume, *An Outland Piper*, was published in 1924. Since the publication of *An Outland Piper*, Mr. Davidson's lines have become more pointed and more nearly his own. *The Fugitive* and *The Measure* are more recent works.

A great deal of time might very profitably be spent in dealing with the other Nashville authors, among whom are Mrs. Elizabeth Fry Page, and Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, whose articles in the Sunday *Banner*, are a prominent feature of that paper.

Because of the limited amount of space, however, we are unable to treat these authors as we should like to. We hope to be able to give you some information about them at some future date.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE - WARD

Wednesday—

Arose in a rush and raced in to breakfast, arriving just in time to get through the door before grace. The whole day was spent going at the same tempo.

Tuck bustled around the post-office gayly, collecting her packages. She had only two, while I rejoiced to find some mail in my box at last. One letter, and a notice from the school! Oh, these notices!

Our bunch sat together at dinner tonight and had a gala meal. I love the times when we get to sit where we want. Tuck always has to serve if she gets the chance. She says she's practicing up for the time when she'll have a family of her own.

For once I managed to get down to the club on time. The members were duly thankful, some of them nearly fainting from the shock. No one would ever guess from the way I whip around that I was brought up to be prompt.

Thursday—

Got up betimes and studied religiously from six-thirty until five minutes of seven when I gave up in disgust, and tried to decide from the sounds emanating from above whether the inhabitants were holding a Snake Dance, or were merely having a Cock Roach Hunting Party.

Just made it to my seat in Chapel, and was glad when Miss Lydell dismissed us early. Went into Middle-march and enjoyed the hubbub. And what I mean, it's really an education to see about two hundred girls all crowded into a small space, all talking at once, and all endeavoring to make their individual selves heard.

Nearly fainted upon hearing that our petition had passed. And the Osirons are having the first crack at trying it out. Not so dusty, Osirons. I'll bet they don't have a good time. (Tuck says to retract that statement. "Sour grapes," says she, in a high and mighty voice.)

Friday—

Heigh ho, lack-a-day! I was thinking how nice it would be if my family would come to see me, and take Tuck and me out on a "binge" somewhere, but if wishes were horses, then beggars might ride, and so I had to be content with a letter containing a photo of Pincher. Pincher is my dog. He is supposed to be an Eskimo, but your guess is as good as mine.

The Osirons seemed to think that they really had a good time at their Open House. At least I didn't hear any complaints.

Saturday—

Everyone off to the Sewanee game! Clara Enloe's daddy came to see her, and Hiram came, too. Hiram goes to Sewanee; so I suppose he just came up to see the game.

Tuck and I improved the idle hours by going to town and buying everything we could think of. I looked in on the ten-cent store, and one look convinced me that this was where I shopped. As a result Tuck and I now have some picture frames for Johnny and Bag Ears, as Tuck is pleased to call her one and only.

We heard about those notices Miss Hargrove put up in Pembroke. Naughty, naughty, Pembroke! What won't you be doing next? And here Tuck and I thought you were such nice girls!

Sunday—

Dragged my weary bones out of bed again. This business of getting up is beginning to become tiresome. I'm for a six-hour day—get up at noon, and no classes in the afternoon.

Went to church and returned envying people who could be out riding all afternoon in the glorious sunshine. Tuck and I sat on benches and watched the world ride by our door without even stopping to say "hello" to us.

A good Vespers! Short, sweet, and to the point— that's the way I like it to be. No beating about the bush or any of that rot.

Tuck and I studied all study hour for the first time in our lives. And when the bell rang, were we surprised! It gave Tuck such a shock that she shivered violently for about half a second.

Monday—

Awoke this morning, and in seeking to discover what day it was, found that our calendar had not been marked for two weeks! Called Tuck, and we celebrated the joyous occasion with much ceremony. Tuck marked off one week, and I marked the other. Time certainly does go fast. It won't be long until Christmas! Oh, gee!! It seems to me as if I've been away from my family for simply ages. Oh, golly! Home in about five more weeks!!! Isn't it marvelous? Isn't it glorious!!!! (Oh, bother, I've used up all my exclamation points.)

The Junior-Middles held their Class Recognition Day Services in Chapel this morning. They looked very elegant, all dressed up in white. I was surprised to learn that Elise Elrod was among their ranks. And here I'd been thinking she was at least a college senior. Well, live and learn!

Tuck is beginning to follow in Nancyann Schmid's footsteps, and all I hear from morning till night is "I've gotwot to to studywudy." Andwand whatwat burnwurns mewee upwup iswis thatwat shewee doesn'twoesn't.

Tuesday—

Bran for breakfast again today! I love bran; I could eat it seven days a week; and yet I'd still be happy. I wonder why it is that I always burn my tongue on the soup? I guess it's my appetite.

Church seats this morning, while Miss Sisson made a few announcements, and then Tuck and I rushed to our room to read all our mail. Oh such a fat one from Johnny! Ye Gods! How I love that man! Tuck's Bag Ears writes her the most marvelous letters I have ever read. Even poetry!

Over to the library tonight to catch up on a little outside reading for History, and then—lights—out!

MUSIC NOTES

The second of a series of Organ recitals will be presented Sunday, November 19, at 4:30 P.M. at the Christ Church by F. Arthur Henkel, organist at Ward-Belmont. His program includes:

1. "Concert Overture".....*Fricker*
2. "Mountain Sketches".....*Clokey*
   a. "Jagged Peaks"
   b. "Wind in the Pine Trees"
   c. "Canyon Walls"
3. "Harmonies du Soir"..*Kark-Elert*
4. "Tu Es Petra" (Thou Art the Rock) .....*Mulet*
5. "Chorale Prelude—Come, Thou Savior of the Heathen"..*Bach*

Sue Salter, certificate pupil of Sydney Dalton, sang "I Hear the Voice of Jesus Say," by Howell, last Sunday, November 12, in the chapel. Ruth Nehls, pupil of Lawrence Goodman, accompanied Miss Salter.

The Chimes Program for Sunday, November 19, played by Mr. Henkel at 6:30 P.M., will be:

A. "Bells of Ward-Belmont"
B. "Hymn"
C. "Garotte" .....*Handel*
D. "Traumerei" .....*Schumann*
E. "Pizzicato" .....*Delibes*
F. "Bells of Ward-Belmont"

"WHICH WAY PROGRESS NOW?"

"Which way progress now?" was the question answered by Dr. Roger T. Nooe, pastor of the Vine St. Christian Church, in his talk in vespers last Sunday.

Dr. Nooe went on to say that the Century of Progress this summer was supposed to show what man had done in the last one hundred years; and he wondered if our progress in years to come will not be accomplished by the higher spirit of the soul.

He said that the first message sent by telephone was "See what great things God has wrought."

Dr. Nooe concluded his talk by telling us that he believed that the character and personality of the people in the next one hundred years will make all the mechanical devices that scientists may desire.

UTHMAN INTERIORS EXHIBITED

The School of Art is exhibiting the work of Gert O. Uthman.

Mr. Uthman, whose home is in Nashville, was born in New York. He has been interested in art study since childhood. The past four years have been spent in study abroad, two years in Berlin, and two in Paris at the Paris Ateliers of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art.

The work on exhibit in rooms 302A and 302B, Academic Building, includes interiors done directly from foreign palaces, together with original interiors developed in perspective and full color.

The work is charming in both color and technique and shows much promise for the young artist's future. Having completed the period of formal study, Mr. Uthman is locating in Nashville.

We are grateful to Mr. Uthman for the loan of the exhibit for one week.

EXPRESSION NOTES

On Thursday, the sixteenth, the Lions Club was entertained by Misses Carolyn Bryant and Jean Stewart in a one-act play, *At the Door.* The *Wisdom Tooth* was acted by Misses Martha Craig, Mary Lee Wilson and Sylvia Cohen. The girls had lunch with the club and were well received.

Friday, the seventeenth, at Assembly, the Seniors, assisted by the certificate pupils, gave a clever and unusual play.

"Pandora's Box"

Scene I. Pandora of the Ancient times discovers *Hope* is *real.*

Scene II. Pandora, the modern, discovers "help yourself to goodlooks" is woman's "Hope."

CHARACTERS

Pandora of Ancient days—*Katherine Combs;* Pandora of Modern days—*Mary Jones;* The Mirror—*Evelyn Cooper;* Grey Hair—*Carolyn Bryant;* Tortoise-Shell Spectacles—*Ruth Frye;* Wrinkles—*Jean Stewart;* Educator Shoes—*Marion Farr;* Double Chin—*Julia Acheson;* Victor Reducing Record—*Mary Lee Wilson;* Hair Dye—*Nancyann Schmid;* Face Powder—*Ruth Frye;* Rouge—*Jennabeth Jones;* Lipstick—*Katherine Combs.*

On Sunday at the Y.W.C.A. Vesper Service, the Expression Department will present:

"The Sacraments of the Commonplace," by John Oxenham.

Fire—*Misses Bryant, Berry, Morris, Wilson;* Water—*Misses Alexander, Acheson, Milligen, Pillow, Welch;* Light—*Misses Farr, Paulus, Zimmerman;* Work—*Misses Abry, Ethridge, Meyer, Soper;* Sleep—*Evelyn Cooper;* Food—*Misses Combs, Frye, J. Jones;* Pain—*Misses M. Jones and Weis;* Life—*Jean Stewart;* Love—*Nancyann Schmid.*

The play is symbolic of the reverence toward the common, everyday things. The poem will be read by Miss Townsend.

Mrs. Belle Kinney Sholtz, sculptor of the figures on the Parthenon and a sculptor of national fame, was the dinner guest Tuesday of Miss Townsend and the Senior expression class.

After dinner the entire expression class heard a brief instructive talk on beauty in form in the studio and met this great sculptor. Mrs. Sholtz was impressed by the Greek Scenes given at the Parthenon last week and gave the girls great approval.



TO the SENIORS of the HOUR .....

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THE COLLEGE SHOPPER

This is the time of year when book shops burst into bloom, and bright jackets in the windows send us scurrying to check off the days until Christmas, and to put aside part of allowances for the worthy cause of gift-giving. There will be so much to choose from this season—delightful books on travel, lots of new fiction, biography, poetry, drama, philosophy, and even the right books for children! So let's go shopping in bookland this week.

Virginia Woolf has started the ball rolling by giving to the book-of-the-month club her clever, complete biography on "Flush," the Browning's dog. It sells for two dollars, in an attractive rose cellophane wrapped, cover. In the line of biography all leading book stores downtown are featuring Gilbert Chimard's "Honest John Adams," for three dollars and seventy-five cents, which is devoted to Adams' character and mind as well as career; Michail Sodleir's story of an early Victorian Beauty, "The Strange Life of Lady Blessington," for three dollars and fifty cents; "The Edwardian Era" by Andre Maurois, three dollars, is a character study of the tragic Prince of Wales, Albert Edward; Abram Lipsky's successful biography, "Martin Luther," for three dollars; and Winston Churchill's life of his illustrious ancestor, "The First Duke of Marlborough," in two volumes for six dollars.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth's lively Memoirs, "Crowded Hours," would make somebody a delightful gift. It's attractively bound, costs only three dollars at any bookstore, and is an enviable record of an enviable life.

Book review magazines, publishers, critics, and librarians are all giving fine mention to Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth." It is a two-dollar-and-fifty-cent autobiography which is a history—more than a history—of our times. (Guaranteed to produce rapturous exclamation's delivery.)

The Yale University Press has just edited two volumes of "Unpublished Letters" from the pen of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, for ten dollars. You can't read much while browsing in the bookshops, so buy the set and read, in your leisure hours, about his marriage, his family affairs, his philosophy, his ambitions, and his work. The evidence that is in these letters proves that their reader is in the presence of a great man of letters!

Stacked on the shelves are favorites like these—all gay in colored wrappers, and popular price labels:

"Past Masters," by Thomas Mann. A two-dollar-and-fifty-cent edition of essays which plead for the maintenance of spiritual values in a socialized commonwealth.

"O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1933," a two-dollar-and fifty-cent book, including such authors as Pearl Buck, Marjorie Rowlings, Erskine Caldwell, Nancy Hale, and numerous others.

"The Best British Short Stories of 1933," two dollars and fifty cents. All of these have been drawn from English periodicals save one from "The Yale Review."

"It's Up To The Women." Mrs. Roosevelt turns guide and philosopher in a clever book of womanly advice. This is a valuable work, and well worth the one dollar and twenty cents which is its quoted price.

The best, and most unusual collection of poetry out is a group of American poems and ballads called "A Book of Americans," by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet.

More short stories, in four volumes, priced at five dollars for the collection, is "Old San Francisco," by Ruth Mitchell. You may buy the stories bound separately, and enclosed in a box gay with vignettes.

The title of "Strange Victory" has been given to Sara Teasdale's last twenty-two poems. The edition is a lovely one, with portrait and poem in facsimile, for only one dollar.

William Lyon Phelps has compiled a seven-hundred-page selection from English and American prose works that he has liked. This complete, well-rounded book is called "What I Like," and is a popular $2.75 seller.

More essays are just out in time for Xmas! Lytton Strachey's "Character and Commentaries," and only $3.00.

Scribner's is featuring "Winner Take Nothing," by Ernest Hemingway, for $2.00. It is considered a best seller, so look between its attractive pages next time you go shopping.

George Santoyana ranges from Locke and Freud to the Realm of the Spirit in his turns of philosophical thought, "At Home in the Infinite," $1.75, and very modern!! You'll be interested.

"The Journey of the Flame," by Antonio de Fierro Blanco, is a savage-looking book. It deals with the journey of Juan Colorado through lower California, and depicts the richly colorful savage feudal life in that state.

For romance and excitement, try "No Castle in Spain," by William McFee. It's just out for $2.50, and seems to be ideally light and absorbing.

Pearl Buck has just translated "All Men Are Brothers," if you still enjoy reading about China.

Here are two quite different books about American Rivers and the people living on them. "The Log of the Betsy Ann," by Frederick Way, Jr., at $2.75, and "Steamboat 'Round the Bend," by Lucien Burman, at $2.00.

The November book-of-the-month is Maurice Hindu's "The Great Offensive," latest and first record of Russian change in human nature. It has been well recommended! ($3.00.)

Here's a list of the most popular recent books in America that might help you in making selections:

POPULAR FICTION

Anthony Adverse—*Hervey Allen;* One More River—*Galsworthy;* Vanessa—*Hugh Walpole;* Master of Jalna—*Mazo de la Roche;* Bonfire—*Dorothy Canfield;* Dragon Murder Case—*S. S. Van Dine;* Oil For the Lamps of China—*Alice Tisdale Hobart;* Ida Elisabeth—*Sigrid Undset;* No Second Spring—*Janet Beith;* The Farm—*Louis Bromfield;* Miss Bishop—*Bess Streeter Aldrich.*

NON-FICTION

Life Begins At Forty—*Walter B. Pitkin;* More Power to You—*Walter B. Pitkin;* Poor Splendid Wings—*Frances Winwar;* 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs—*Shclink and Kallett;* Flush—*Va. Woolf;* Behind The Dr.—*Logan Clendening, M.D.;* The First World War —*Edited by Lawrence Stallings;* Marie Antoinette—*Stefan Zweig;* Richard Harding Davis—*Fairfax Downey;* Rockwellkentiana—*Rockwell Kent;* War Memoirs of Lloyd George; Autobigraphy of Alice B. Taklas—*Gertude Stein;* First To Go Back—*Irina Skariatina;* My Battle—*Adolph Hitler;* Shape of Things To Come—*H. G. Wells.*

T. MARTIN, TEXAS CLUB PRESIDENT

With Mary Lula Pivoto presiding, the officers of the Texas Club were elected on Tuesday, November 14, in the studio of Miss Venable Blythe, the Texas Club sponsor. The election result was as follows:

Thelma Martin.....President
Mary Jane Dulaney ...Vice-President
Mignon Sanford..Secretary-Treasurer
Lydia Fountain....HYPHEN Reporter

Plans were made to continue the usual Christmas Gifts to the Old Ladies' Home. Twelve years ago the Texas Club started sharing their Christmas with these old ladies by giving them gifts of boxes of candy. The funds left from these gifts were used to buy dolls and toys for the Protestant Orphanage. The members of the club voted unanimously to continue these gifts this Christmas.

The Texas Club numbers thirty members.

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ANN HARDING *and*
WILLIAM POWELL
in
"Double Harness"
Special Features

CLUB CHATTER

Raedeen Tibbett's mother sent the club a large box of candy Wednesday night. Was it good?!

Cinnamon toast and chocolate were served after the Agora's first hockey game.

Saturday night Christine Jill, feeling domestic, cooked an Italian spaghetti dinner for a group of girls. The empty plates proved it was enjoyed by all.

By the way, a couple of days before, she and Mary Patterson tried out a new drop cookie recipe. Must have been good because Christine sent most of them home to her mother.

Last Wednesday night Frances Warmoth was initiated into the A.K. club. The A. K.'s are all pleased to have her for a new member.

Mrs. E. W. Parks, the former sponsor, came back for the initiation. Must be grand to be a bride! But our time will come—we hope!!

The A. K. hockey team is loyal to say the least. Ginny Winston left Frank two days earlier than necessary just to get back in time for the game with the Eccowasins. Gilbertine Moore also left her home and fireside for the sake of "dear old A. K."

Another A. K. tradition has been broken. The fire is no longer lighted with paper towels because the club now has a whole box of matches.

After the game Monday, Kitty and Clara told all about Russell and Hiram. It must have been an exciting week-end for those two.

The Anti Pans have bought new knives, spatulas, pans, and silverware—in fact, they now have everything their little hearts desire in the way of kitchen utensils. They had a kitchen shower last week, so "Come up for a party sometime."

Have you heard about the Open House the Anti Pans are planning? It even includes the opposite sex! Details will follow later.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday the Anti Pans will face the camera but not for the sole purpose of seeing the "birdie." They are to have their pictures taken for the *Milestones*.

The "Morning Glories" had a big treat Saturday night at the Del Ver club house when Dorothy Glander and Helen Larimer baked a devil's food cake with divinity frosting. Don't laugh now, because it really turned out quite a success, and no one went home with a "tummy" ache.

"To the victor belongs the spoils." At least this was the case Tuesday afternoon when all the F. F.'s were served hot chocolate and cinnamon toast at the club after their victorious game with the Triads.

Victors or not, the F. F.'s are appreciated, for even after their defeat by the Angkors, they were served just as cordially. This is what is called "club spirit," and it seems to be not with just one group of girls, but with the club in general. Everyone seems to feel that she as an individual has a certain duty to her club and club sisters which must be performed to the utmost of her ability.

The Osirons report that a large time was had by all at the dinner dance Friday night.

It has been heard that several Osirons received 'phone calls from the Phi Deita Theta house Sunday. Fast work, girls!

If you want to engage in a warm and interesting conversation with Mickey Aldridge, just ask her about "Bill." He's a very interesting character.

Thelma Martin was some heroine Saturday afternoon in the hockey game. She looked like a veteran and acted like one.

What is the great attraction at the Penta Tau house? It must be the new radio which we hear is a good one.

The mothers of several of the Penta Tau girls have been visiting here this past week. They are the Mesdames Potts, Wirtz, Pivoto, Stuart, and Holland. But they are not the only ones who are getting the breaks for Mary Alice Paine spent the week-end in town, and she says she had a perfect time. And Dabney, must you go home again? There must be some special reason for these trips.

Shropshire, Priest, and Ponder, and several others are telling of the big dance with pillows instead of men that they had the other night.

Who said Rose Cyrene couldn't cook? If you really want to know the truth, ask Leta Shropshire, May Dell Meyer, Frances Street, Roberta Munger, and Ida May Wirtz about the cheese, wieners, and chili. Munger, where did that good cake of May Dell's go so quick?

The T. C.'s are quite sure that there could not be a regular meeting on Wednesday night without Martile Sherman's closing words on the seriousness of hockey. These words must be having some effect, too. The girls have won both games which they have played. That's the old spirit, T. C.'s!

Saturday afternoon after their hockey game the X. L.'s had a get-together at the club house. Cinnamon toast and tea were served. They are looking forward to dinner at the club next Wednesday night.

"ENTER MADAME"

Miss Wilma D. Baker, alas, we know not what the "D" stands for, could it by any chance be Diana, or Deborah? No harm, I just wondered.

Well, Miss Baker hails from La Crosse, Kansas. Don't ask me where, ask Wilma. Please, I must continue! Our Miss Baker's father is a doctor—Now we know something of her family, so we are progressing. Wilma claims that her only pastime is reading, but we are convinced she must do more than that all summer.

This year for the first time Wilma D. has taken up all athletics. What's the matter? Have you ever heard a statement that goes something like this, "Absence makes the heart grow stronger"? Maybe I'm wrong; still there's something behind all this activity.

Miss Baker is a member of the A. K. Club and has been for quite a number of years. This will probably be her last year here, so if you want to know her better, get acquainted this year.

Miss Wilma D. is extremely interested in literature and language of all kinds, or I may be wrong, they could be all the "Romantic Languages."

Miss Baker informed me the other day that Kansas grew wheat, hogs, rye—say, did Kansas vote on the dry ticket? Well, I might be wrong again, but I'll fool you some day and be right!

CLUB REPORTERS ANNOUNCED

The following club reporters have been elected to represent their club for the HYPHEN:

Agora .....Hilda Beck
Anti Pandora .....Marjorie Wells
A. K. .....
Charlie Holcome and Marie Bomke
Del Vers .....Marian Farr
F. F. .....Katherine Mathis
Penta Tau .....Katherine Hyde
Osiron .....Rachel Hailey
Tri K .....Winnifred Marsh
T. C. .....Kathleen Huson
X. L. .....Lattie Miller Graves

It was believed that the news of each club's proceedings and weekly meetings would be more authentic if reported by one of the respective members.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XXII | Nashville, Tenn., Saturday, November 25, 1933 | Number 10

ONOR ROLLS ANNOUNCED

Both the college and high school nor rolls were announced in chapel Dr. Barton, on Monday, November

Dr. Barton reminded the students at "this school exists for academic rk." He spoke of the quotation- ed by George W. Elliot upon be- ming president of Harvard. Dr. liot welcomed the opportunity be- se he "was escaping from the ndage of too light a task."

The college honor roll consists of students taking twelve hours of rk and making no less than "B" in y subject, and making a passing ade in gym. It is as follows:

FRESHMEN

Judith Berry, Elizabeth Gray, Kath- n Hyde, Mary Alice Paine, Ann hitmore.

SENIORS

Mary Louise Balsiger, Marie mke, Jane Briggs, Virginia Cor- lius, Lydia Fountain, Alice Vivi- ne Hill, Marjorie Jacobson, Ferne ng, Helene Loeb, Anne Loftin, May ell Meyer, Martha Rucker, Beverly one, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Vir- nia Winston.

The Dean's list, composed of all udents whose grades in credit sub- cts average "B" and who passed the quired work in gym, is:

Alice Adams, Mary Louise Bal- ger, Judith Berry, Marie Bomke, lizabeth Bowman, Virginia Brice, ane Briggs, Mary Lalla Byrn, Pat- Chadwell, Martha Jane Chattin, ildred Clements, Virginia Cornelius, atilda Daugherty, Jean Dayton, dia Fountain, Elizabeth Gray, rances Hale, Arlene Hershey, Alice vienne Hill, Mary Hobson, Edwina olland, Louise Houk, Theresa Haw- y, Kathryn Hyde, Marjorie Jacob- n, Malinda Jones, Marion Kaesar, anette Kassell, Ferne King, Mary ean Kirwin, Helen Larimer, Gail awrence, Helene Loeb, Anne Loftin, ay Dell Meyers, Mary Milam, rances Murrey, Jane Neil, Mary lice Paine, Mary Elizabeth Polk, artha Pryor, Elizabeth Ann Rall, irginia Richey, Louise Robinson, artha Rucker, Irene Sartor, Eliza- th Smith, Jean Stewart, Beverly tone, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Lois Welsh, Ann Whitmore, Mary Lee Wilson, Virginia Winston, Ida May Wirtz.

The high school honor roll is as fol- ows:

FIRST YEAR

Jean Burk, Susan Cheek, Judith avis, Rachel Farris, Ann Carolyn illespie, Elaine Haile, Virginia Mc- lellan, Willadene Smith, Carmencita orrey, Jane Vance.

SECOND YEAR

Grace Benedict, Peggy Dickinson, Matilda Gibson, Sarah Goodpasture, Marion Hill, Lucile Johnson, Barbara eake, Ellen Martin.

THIRD YEAR

Sylvia Cohen, Josephine Neil, Frances Rose.

FOURTH YEAR

Mary Louise Bearden, Evelyn Braden, Elizabeth Butts, Virginia Carson, Martha Craig, Louise Doug- as, Margaret Greene, Henrietta Hickman, Mary Alice Nolen, Kath- erine Price, Landis Shaw, Lucile Short, Sybil Sudowitz, Frances Wil- kerson.

SENIORS ENTERTAINED AT OPEN HOUSE

Thursday night, November 23, the School entertained at Open House for the Senior Class of '34. The scene of the much anticipated event was the big dining room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The hall was alive with the gaiety of the guests. Assisting in helping everyone to have a good time were the members of the floor committee: Dorothy Jones, Anne Loftin, Beverly Stone, Lib Glasgow, Mary Elizabeth Polk, Edith Kennedy, Mary Brugh, Margaret Brugh, Claudine Smelser, Roberta Munger, Mary Lula Pivoto, Virginia Winston, Marjorie Edmundson, Bob Durand, and Ruth Barnes. These girls are to be complimented on helping to make the evening such a success.

Those standing in the receiving line were: Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Benedict, Miss Rhea, sponsor, and Alice Vivienne Hill, president of the class.

At intermission, a very delightful supper was served, bringing to a close a most successful party.

T. C.-TRI K GAME TO BE FINAL IN HOCKEY

Two undefeated teams remain to play the final hockey game on Thanksgiving Day. They are the T.C.'s and Tri K's. Both teams have shown considerable strength throughout the year, and the game promises to be a good one. On Friday, November 17, the T.C.'s won the right to enter the finals by defeating the Del Ver team. The final score was 2-1. The T.C. defense was superb and held the D.V.'s entirely checked. Betty Abry and Jane Meyer were the outstanding players of the game.

Monday, November 20th, the Angkors were forced out of the running by the Eccowasins. The game was one of the most exciting of the tournament and ended in a 2-2 tie. It was somewhat of a surprise as the Angkors were doped to go into the finals.

On the same day the A.K.'s staged a comeback in the second half to beat the Aristons 4-3. The half ended with the Aristons in the lead 2-0. They made one other goal at the beginning of the second half and then the A.K. rally began. Four times in almost as many minutes they went through the Ariston defense for goals. Gilbertine Moore played a strong game as halfback for the A.K.'s and Smith was outstanding for the Aristons.

AGORA DANCE TONIGHT

The Agora Club has been working most diligently getting ready for its dance which will be held this Saturday, the 25th of November. The following committees have been appointed to assure the friends of the club an evening full of fun:

Decoration Committee: Margaret Shaw, chairman; Cecile Seitz, Frances Graham, Mary Jane Safford, Ruth Frye, Addie Bell Grandstaff.

Special: Raedeen Tibbetts, Helene Loeb.

Invitation Committee: Juliet Hutton, chairman; Christine Jill, Catherine Croswell, Peggy Young.

Refreshment Committee: Marian Kaesar, chairman; Hilda Beck, Martha Rucker.

Committee to Remove Decorations: Jane Keyport, chairman; entire club to assist.

TRI K'S WIN FIRST PLACE IN RIDING SHOW

Results of the Fall Horse Show which took place Saturday, November 18, gave first place to the Tri K's, with 25 points. The F.F.'s and Penta Taus tied for second place with 6 points each. None of the other clubs were eligible to place, as no other club had three contestants.

In the individual honors, Elizabeth Henderson, Angkor, placed first with 8 points, and Leigh Taliaferro, Tri K, was second with 7 points. Five girls had five points each, so there was no third place.

Results in the various events were:

1. Five-Gaited Class for certificate girls.
   - (1) Elizabeth Henderson
   - (2) Max Evans
   - (3) Leigh Taliaferro
   - (4) Eleanor Irwin
2. Beginners Class.
   - (1) Jane Hodges
   - (2) Carolyn Concklin
   - (3) Mignon Sanford
   - (4) Christine Jill
3. Intermediate-Park Seat
   - (1) Gail Lawrence
   - (2) Judy Acheson
   - (3) Mary Jac Griffith
   - (4) Nita Bogue
4. Intermediate-Field Seat
   - (1) Winifred Marsh
   - (2) Eunicemary Bicknell
   - (3) Martha Hayter
   - (4) Edwina Holland
5. Advanced Three-Gaited Class
   - (1) Nancyann Schmid
   - (2) Ganel Stuart
   - (3) Martha Pyeatt
   - (4) Grace Bosserman
6. Jumping
   - (1) Leigh Taliaferro
   - (2) Elizabeth Henderson
   - (3) Max Evans
   - (4) Eleanor Irwin

HISTORY STUDENTS GET BACKGROUND

Miss Pauline S. Townsend, during the past week, read several Browning poems to students of Miss Linda Rhea's European history classes.

The poems were read to supplement the study of monastic life in the middle ages, now being discussed by the classes.

CLASSES STARTED AT CHILDREN'S HOME

Sunday was a bright day in the lives of the children at the Tennessee Children's Home because that afternoon the cooking class for little girls and the class in manual arts for the boys was begun. Harriet Ostergren, Raedeen Tibbetts, Jane Wilson, Addie Belle Grandstaff, Arlene Hershey, Peggy Young, Charlotte Ann Doughty, Marion Lowe, Carol Goodenough, Billie Warnock, Betty Bowman, and Mary Hobson all went over to start them out right. However, Marion Kaeser and Charlotte Ann Doughty are to have charge of the cooking class; last Tuesday Charlotte Ann was in complete charge of the class. The manual arts class is under the supervision of Peggy Young, Jane Wilson, and Raedeen Tibbetts.

The little boys are all excited about the kites they have begun, because when they are finished they are going to have a kite tournament, and the girls have certainly started out as enthusiastic little cooks.

NEW READING LOUNGE OPENED

The recreational reading room or "browsing" room which has just been instituted in connection with the library was opened yesterday afternoon at a tea from four to six. The entire school was invited to come down to the Academic Building, room 111, and inspect the tastefully-furnished lounge. Sarah Bryan, president of the class of '33, who gave as their Senior gift the one hundred and sixty-five books which is the nucleus of the recreational reading library to be found in this room, and Jane Pulver, alumnæ secretary, through whom the Alumnæ Association voted to give the financial aid necessary for furnishing the room, poured. Several members of the Alumnæ Association and of the class of '33 were present to see the completion of this idea.

The room, which was put into condition by removing the desks and blackboards, putting in floor plugs, painting, and re-finishing the floor by the Administration, is furnished in rust and green. The drapes hang from attractive wrought-iron cranes on each side of the large triple window and are in rust and green and brown. The scatter-rugs are placed about the floor before the various luxuriously soft wing chairs, arm chairs and two-seated divans. Two table lamps, a bridge lamp and the reflector floor lamp provide excellent lighting. Well-chosen accessories such as end tables, magazine racks, pictures, and plants are tastefully placed to make the room home-like.

The books, resplendent in their lovely bindings, are placed in two book-cases on each side of the room. The 1933 Senior Class, the Alumnæ Association, and the library staff hope that the girls will make good use of this room, coming in at any time to enjoy reading in a comfortable and quiet atmosphere. The one rule that will be strictly enforced is that there will be no studying in this room—it is for recreation solely.

PENSTAFF HOLDS MEETING

The Pennstaff Club, high school literary organization, met Friday, November seventeenth, at the home of Elizabeth Craig. Almost all the members, including the new ones, were present. Several members of the faculty also attended.

There was a varied program. Poems by Martha Craig and Bonnie Hager, two descriptions by Elizabeth Craig, a tribute to a friend by Mary Louise Reinke, a manuscript called "Fantasy" by Virginia Carson, and three humorous pieces by Henrietta Hickman were read and approved by the members.

After the readings were concluded, the meeting was turned over to the hostess, who was assisted in receiving by her mother.

CHAPEL CALENDAR

Monday, November 27—
"What People are Reading"
—Miss Helen Parker.

Wednesday, November 29—
Devotional — Thanksgiving music.

Friday, December 1—
"Life In Oxford"—Mr. William Crandall.

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CLUBS PLAY IMPORTANT PART. ON W.-B. CAMPUS

History of Club Houses

That Ward-Belmont must have a more democratic social life was the decision which led to the discontinuation of the sororities originally found at Ward Seminary and Belmont College. So in 1914, the sororities were done away with, and for the following two years there was practically no organization save for the "mothers" and their group of ten girls. However, at the request of the girls, the clubs were organized.

A group of ten of the leading girls on the campus were called together in 1916 to begin the clubs. Each girl selected nine of her friends, and these girls formed the nucleus of the clubs and carried on the rushing of the other girls.

At first, the clubs had only special rooms in which to hold their meetings, but the authorities deemed it best that the girls have a club house which they could call their own, and which would infuse a more homelike spirit into the school atmosphere. So the school began the construction of the ten Italian club houses. Each house was built on a similar architectural plan so that there could be no dissatisfaction among the girls about the houses.

Five houses were completed in 1924, but the remaining five were not completed until 1926. On April 13, 1926, the girls assembled in the Chapel to witness the drawing for the houses. Each president drew for her club. At the conclusion of the drawing, Dr. Blanton presented each girl with the key to the house.

The school furnished each house with a set of wicker furniture and a piano, and loaned each club a certain amount of money to be invested in the club as the members saw fit. So it was that the clubs began in their new homes on an equal basis and with equal chances for advancement.

Founding of Clubs

The social clubs were founded in 1917. They were organized to replace the sororities that were then active on the campus. The history of some of the clubs follow. These articles on the beginnings of the clubs will be continued in the next week's HYPHEN.

A. K. Club

When Ward Seminary and Belmont College were united in the summer of 1913, all national sororities were banned and local clubs replaced them. The A. K. Club was organized in 1917, when the ten social clubs as we now have them were formed and was named the All-Around Club. The use of Greek letters in the club names was forbidden, and so they chose to be called simply A. K., investing a symbol of little general meaning with a great deal of personal meaning.

At that time there were no club houses, and the A. K. group met in the tea room. This was not so strange then, for each club held its meetings in similar places. In 1926 the club house was built, with Miss Spaller, home economics teacher, as sponsor. In 1929 Miss Brooks took her place, acting as sponsor until 1931, when Miss Wells became sponsor. Now, in 1933, the A. K. Club has Miss Sanders for its sponsor.

Presidents since 1922 have been: Hortense Shurman, Madalyn Edgington, Mabre Stevens, Eleanor Phelps, Mary Jane Richards, Martha Robbins, Marian Blackman, Helen Green, Bernice McGregor, Elise Livingston, Charlotte Shenk, and Virginia Winston.

Anti-Pan Club

In 1916 a group of girls formed an organization with Miss Gilkerson as sponsor. This body chose as its aim the attainment of excellent citizenship, and adopted the name Anti-Pandora to represent the highest ideals in womanhood.

During the first years the work was parallel to that of the Y.W.C.A., but it did not attain that goal, and now, although the club still maintains the same ideals, it has become more of a social organization along with the other campus clubs.

F. F. Club

The girl chosen to form the F. F. Club was Jeannette Matthews. The girls who were charter members and who joined for several years after the organization, were girls who had formerly belonged to the Cotillion Club. The first sponsor was Miss Nan Lewis.

Osiron Club

Mary Lou McInnis from Louisiana was the organizer of the club which later became the Osiron. The name, Osiron, which was chosen later, is Egyptian and means watchfulness. Miss Hege, secretary of the Y.W.C.A., was the first sponsor, and Elida Scott the first president. Miss Mary Douthitt, the present sponsor, was a charter member of the club.

Tri K Club

Eunice Spicer, president of the Senior class, and editor of the HYPHEN, that year was the girl responsible for the forming of the Tri K Club. The club chose Miss Morrison as sponsor, and the first president was Mary Clover.

Before the clubs had names they were designated as Group 1, 2, 3, and so forth. The Tri K's were Group 3, which accounts for their name. Tri K really means Kubla Khan Klub.

X. L. Club

The two girls chosen to start the X. L. Club were Agnes Patterson and Aubyn Hunt, president of the Senior class. They then chose eight of their best friends as charter members and a sponsor, Miss Middleton, who was an assistant in the Expression Department. These girls organized the club, made out the constitution, and chose their name.

The X. L.'s were the first to get their house completely furnished.

The various sponsors have been Miss Middleton, Miss Sisson, Miss Jantzer, and Miss McElfresh, who is sponsor at the present time.

Club Vesper Services

"Fireside Hour," as the monthly vesper services held in the club houses are called, has grown to mean a great deal in the club life of Ward-Belmont. In this service, where the club members gather around their own fireplace for an hour of quiet worship, the girls are satisfying the religious needs of their social clubs, and in doing so are drawn closer to one another.

This year, 1933-34, is the third year of the "Fireside Hour." At the close of the school year, 1930-31, the members of Presidents' Council stated that they would like to have one vesper service a month in their club houses, and have a program of music and poetry. When school opened the next fall it was decided that this suggestion be put into effect, and so it continued until this year. Each fireside had a vesper chairman who would meet with the other club chairmen and decide upon the theme for the month. These themes were beauty, love, and nature.

Students returning this fall, however, asked that each club be allowed to choose its own program and vesper theme. This was granted, and now each club has its individual vesper hour. For example, some services consist entirely of music, others of poetry or stories, while at others the members just sit around the fire and talk of vital religious problems.

All in all, these vesper services are an outlet for the more intimate religious side of the girls, and have become a vital part of the club life.

CLUB OFFICERS

The officers of all the boarding students' social clubs for the year 1933-34, are as follows:

AGORA

President—Marjorie Zaug.
Vice-President—Marion Kaesar.
Secretary—Juliet Hutton.
Treasurer—Ruth Frye.
Sergeant-at-Arms — Addie Grandstaff.

ANTI-PANDORA

President—Mary Louise Balsiger.
Vice-President—Mary Ruth Vanderbilt.
Secretary—Charlotte Ann Doughty.
Treasurer—Barbara Leake.

A. K.

President—Virginia Winston.
Vice-President—Virginia Shaw.
Secretary—Charlie Holcome.
Treasurer—Olga Wardowski.
Sergeant-at-Arms — Nellie Clements.

DEL VER

President—Helen Larimer.
Vice-President—Julia Acheson.
Secretary—Judith Berry.
Treasurer—Eunicemary Bicknell.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Jean Dayton.

F. F.

President—Mary Francis Banker.
Vice-President—Mary Jane Foote.
Secretary—Eva Charity Ohlhaver.
Treasurer—Juanita Bogue.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Sally Zimmerman.

PENTU TAU

President—Roberta Munger.
Vice-President—Mary Alice Paine.
Secretary—Elizabeth Dabney.
Treasurer—May Dell Meyer.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Ida May Wirt.

OSIRON

President—Janette Kassel.
Vice-President—Helen Aldridge.
Secretary—Jennabeth Jones.
Treasurer—E'Lois Geibel.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Mary Jane Delaney.

TRI K

President—Jane Carroll.
Vice-President—????
Secretary — Katrina Van Benschoten.
Treasurer—Mary Jones.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Martha Pyeatt.
Chairman of Entertainment Committee—Patsy Schorndorfer.

T. C.

President—Mary Marjorie Lincoln.
Vice-President—Betty Randel.
Secretary—Betty Abry.
Treasurer—Marion Evans.

X. L.

President—Rena Berry.
Vice-President — Annette McMullan.
Secretary—Mary Jane Bass.
Treasurer—Lattie Miller Graves.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Mary Milam.

The 1933-34 day student club officers are:

ARISTON CLUB

President—Janet McFadden.
Vice-President—Elizabeth Crane.
Treasurer—Mary Louise Bearden.
Secretary—Patty Chadwell.

ECCOWASIN CLUB

President—Anne Loftin.
Vice-President—Angie Cantrell.
Treasurer—Mildred Clements.
Secretary—Claudine Smelser.

ANGKOR CLUB

President—Elizabeth Henderson.
Vice-President—Margaret Greene.
Treasurer—Caroline Eskridge.
Secretary—Jane Briggs.

TRIAD CLUB

President—Mabel Ann Herbert.
Vice-President—Juanita Roberts.
Treasurer—Peggy Wrenn.
Secretary—Katherine Price.

PREP PATTER

This week, all we've heard is Knox-
le, Knoxville, Knoxville, from more
gunate creatures than we who
re able to attend the game and the
endant drubbing Tennessee gave
ndy. We've scouted around, and
ally gathered together practically
the gals who rated. Virginia Car-
was one. She went to three dances
re, and *has* she told us about it!
's all we hear, and the more it
ches our ears, the madder we get.
e ought not to rub it in that way.
xt time, we bet we'll go, if we
e to hitch-hike. Carolyn Eskridge,
miliarly known around the campus
"Watson," was also having a good
e, and Florence Welsh, Lillian
lters and Martha Patterson, were
y hoopla. Peggy Wrenn attended,
Shirley Leake, and Betty Rye.
the general exodus just left us
. We stayed in bed with a cold
day Saturday. We want to kick
mething.

Did everybody like the Juniors' in-
ations to their party for the Sen-
s as much as we did? We thought
idea was ducky. And we want
hand it to the president, Anne Hud-
ston, and her aides, for thinking
out.

Another thing we liked was the
enstaff" meeting last Friday, at
zabeth Craig's. A beautiful meet-
g in a beautiful setting, and her
ther is one of the prettiest things
've seen in a long time. The thing
liked best, however, was the food.
st materially minded, we guess.

What girl received the name "per-
ide blonde" last summer, and where
she get it?

Ask Eleanor Bailey about red hand-
rchiefs, and see if it makes her
ppy.

Practically everybody around here
s heard about a certain Junior's
rrent passion for a big blond foot-
ll player. The other lady in the
e is named Diana. So out of that
ew this query:

Question: I've often read in myth-
gy books that Diana was a great
ntress. Is this true?

E. B.

Answer: This is mostly myth-in-
rmation. Diana might have been a
eat huntress, but did you ever hear
her bagging anything? Take heart.
u probably myth-construed the
xt.

And there's still another girl, a
nior, this time, who knows still an-
her football player quite well, and
is gives rise to the following:

Question: I find I can dance miles
thout feeling fatigue. Tell me the
use of this.

A. B.

Answer: This is a tribute to your
numaker. But consider the Bill!

Question: Our botany class is going
a hike. The teacher says we will
et acquainted with Flora and Fauna.
re they nice girls?

Answer: Flora is the nicest thing
e know, but Fauna is more shy and
tiring. All in all, though, you should
ke them very well. Why not invite
em up for a duck dinner, sometime?

One of our friends (at least we hope
's a friend) asked if our columns
ere wise or otherwise. It's just
kewise.

And here's a new department that
ill bring sighs to the members of
is school who have been attending
s long as we have. It's called "Do
ou Remember When?"

—When Miss Major used to mar-
hal us into our rain-hats, slickers,
mbrellas, and rubbers (they weren't
en called galoshes, then, it was so
ng ago) before she would let us
utside, if it were raining?

—When Landis Shaw played in-
umerable games of hop-scotch up and down the sidewalks here, and in pink socks, at that?

—When Becky Hall was a member of a very social club, Elsie Caldwell, Carolyn, and other choice spirits formed in the 5th grade, and one afternoon, at a meeting, in a moment of playfulness, picked us up and slung us around in a sort of adagio dance until our heads ached, and we burst into tears?

—When Louise Duncan had a little paper doll model of a cat, and cut out hundreds of dresses for it during her study periods? (This was in the sixth grade.)

—When Miss Hall taught us English? You know—"What does little bird-ie say—" etc. (It was the only time we've ever known kept after school.)

—When we all had zipper purses in the form of huge wooly dogs with flopping ears? (Ours is still around someplace.)

—When Martha Beasley used to play with one or two curls of her exceptionally pretty hair until Miss Major made her stop? (This usually happened from five to seven times a day.)

—When Miss Allison's office was on the ground floor of that building across the street from Hudson Hall? (Yes, we were sometimes sent to call upon her.)

—When Evelyn Braden had her hair in thousands of little cork-screw curls? (We like it much better the way it is now.)

—When Elsie Caldwell won her first blue ribbon at a horseshow? (She has rooms full of silver cups at the present time.)

—When everybody in our class except us was in ecstasy (only they didn't then know that's what they were in) over "Little Women"? (We tried four years to wade through it, and never did. Mrs. McCall condemned us utterly. We really were hopeless.)

—When the first girl in our class to capture a fraternity pin came to school with it on? Omyomyomy!

—When Andrena Butterfield had her red hair in a square-cut bob and bangs, and her sister, Betty, wore long curls tumbling over her shoulders, and a hair-ribbon?

—When everybody brought her lunch in a tin box with pink or blue rabbits on the sides?

—When we made good grades, they made stars in colored chalk opposite our names on the blackboard?

—When everyone had to learn a Bible verse every Thursday?

We think this will do for our first jaunt back into our childhood. (We sometimes imagine that we're grown up, now, you see.) Next time, we'll have some more of the past of our classmates dug up, and you can see them as they once were without benefit of lipstick.

REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"Female"

The new Ruth Chatterton vehicle! This one deals with the story of a triumphant business woman who likes young men, but is never able to meet one that isn't more concerned with advancing his career than with true love. The picture falls down all around, and isn't helped greatly by Miss Chatterton's performance. She doesn't do as well as she showed that she could in the roles of "Caroline" in *"The Rich Are Always With Us"*; and "Anna Keremazoff" in *"Once A Lady."* George Brent and Johnny Mack Brown help along, but all in all this is rather weak.—At the Knickerbocker, starting Friday.

"Duck Soup"

The four merry and exceedingly mad Marx brothers cavort crazily through this one. Being an admirer of their inanities and insanities, we, unreservedly, recommend "Duck Soup." Remembering *"Horse Feathers"* and *"Cocoanuts"* we look forward to their latest silly picture with enthusiasm, and stand ready to applaud any of their efforts on the cinema field. We like our fun.—At the Paramount, starting Saturday.

"Dancing Lady"

Or, "From Burlesque to Star." Joan Crawford's newest film bears the title intended to depict something of her own life and rise to fame. The sets are modern, the scenes for the dances futuristic, especially one constructed entirely of cellophane, and the dancing is good. The famous Fred Astaire is Miss Crawford's partner, and Franchot Tone provides the romantic interest. There is a Bavarian number or a German number or something like that, that they say is excellent. You ought to see the film, not because of the plot, or the dialogue, but for the beautiful dancing and the ultra-modern decorations—At Loew's, starting Friday.

"Ex-Lady"

Bette Davis is the heroine of this opus, which is, as the title implies, the story of a gal who slipped. She goes in for unconventional love until a siren and a villain start out after her lover. You could probably guess the ending.—At the Belmont, Monday and Tuesday.

"Ann Carver's Profession"

All about a lady lawyer. Fay Wray, who is chiefly remembered for horror stories (cf. *King Kong, Below the Sea*, etc.) shows an aptness for acting without the aid of screams in this one. Her husband, Gene Raymond, gets into trouble; her legal talent is called upon to save him. Just fair.—Belmont, Wednesday and Thursday.

"Hot Pepper"

This one's so old we don't remember it, and can find no reviews about. We think Lupe Velez and Victor McLaglen are in it, but we can't be sure. It will be all right if you haven't anywhere else to go.—Belmont, Friday and Saturday.

H. H.

"PANDORA'S BOX" PRESENTED

In Chapel, on Friday, November seventeenth, the diploma and students of the expression department presented a play called "Pandora's Box." It was given in two scenes.

1. Pandora, of Ancient Times.
2. Pandora, of Modern Times.

In the first scene Pandora discovers Hope is real. In the second Pandora discovers that good looks are women's only hope and she wished to keep them at any cost.

The characters were:

Pandora of Ancient Times—Katherine Combs.
Pandora of Modern Times—Mary Jones.
The Mirror—Evelyn Cooper.
Grey Hair—Lurline Alexander.
Tortoise-shell Spectacles — Ruth Frye.
Wrinkles—Jean Stewart.
Educator Shoes—Marion Farr.
Double Chin—Julia Acheson.
Victor Reducing Record—Mary Lee Wilson.
Hair Dye—Nancyann Schmid.
Face Powder—Ruth Frye.
Rouge—Jennabeth Jones.
Lipstick—Katherine Combs.

WORDSMITHS MEET

Monday night, November 20th, the Wordsmiths met in the Agora club house. Because two of the members were absent, it was decided to postpone all business until the next meeting.

The members present read some of their manuscripts, and these formed the basis for an animated and helpful discussion. A glowing fire proved conducive to thought, and the members enjoyed a thoroughly delightful evening.

The Wordsmith meetings are very informal, because of the small number in the club, but they are conducted with a spirit of friendliness, and the criticisms given are always put in a most impersonal manner.

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AFTERNOON TEA 3:00 to 5:00
SUNDAY DINNER 5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.
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EDITORIAL

WHAT HAS YOUR CLUB TO OFFER?

There are many pictures that the name Ward-Belmont calls to the minds of its students, past and present. Among these reflections is one that shows a group of girls enjoying happy hours in one of the club houses.

The ten social clubs for the boarding students play their own part in life on the Ward-Belmont campus. Without them a definite lack of some phase of life here would be evident.

Perhaps we should say—the clubs *can* mean a great deal, if the individual members not only take their part in the activities, but also allow the club to give to them the things it has to offer.

For the clubs really have something to offer. You may have friends in other clubs. Certainly that is to be desired among all things. But in your clubs you should find a different sort of friend, for the mates you have there should, with their like interests for the good of the club, work with you towards a common goal.

The social club should be a place where students can meet and, through working out common problems, learn to both follow and lead. Such activity is merely a stepping stone to the club work in which so many of the girls will participate in later life.

Many valuable lessons of teamwork and cooperation may be learned. The fact that in any activity, winning or losing, the club does it together cannot be over emphasized.

The social life of the clubs is not only pleasant, but helpful as well, to the girl who has little chance for social activity outside the campus.

After all, the club has much to offer. Have you, as an individual, through cooperation and open-mindedness, given it a chance to help you?

H. L. '34.

Education in the United States has never been, even in the minds of Americans, quite up to the standard of that in Europe. We have come almost to have an inferiority complex about it. It is good—yes—good enough for four years in college and perhaps a year or two of graduate work; but if one is to have a finished, well-rounded education, one must study for at least a while abroad. There is, of course, sound reasoning behind its present system. Its background, if nothing more, makes the European university superior to the American. The United States represents a comparatively new country which spreads over a vast tract of land. Under such conditions its cultural advantages can hardly be expected to come up to the standards abroad.

However, it may be possible that we have underrated education in this country. It has, of course, many faults; we admit that even its foundations, its fundamental principles, may be wrong; we admit that it lacks the background of Europe. On the other hand, it does have certain merits. A gratifying story is given in a recent *American Spectator*. It concerns a young man who, after studying architecture here, found that he could not get along without a Beaux Arts reputation. Thereupon he went to Paris and after a great deal of work accomplished this. With this behind him and with very high hopes he presented a letter of introduction he had obtained to a Paris architect, who threw up his hands and exclaimed, among other things:

(Continued on last column of this page)

CAMPUS COLUMN

And has this been a quiet week! I've been told that there always comes a lull at this time of the year—I thought that school was pretty lively all the time. Guess I'm wrong. Come to think of it I'm seldom right! Did you ever come right down to it and decide that you were dumb? Well, I did—when those mid-semesters came home! Was in to see the Dean, even. Bad, isn't it? But congratulations to the fifty-four that made the Dean's list! Boy, I envy them!

Did you note the bright young faces last Tuesday when Miss Sisson announced in Assembly that we'd go home on the 15th? Even *I* was awake enough to give a rousing cheer! And Smitty was so happy that she kept right on clapping when everybody had settled down to hear a bit on table etiquette!!

"Smash-bits" collected at random:

Mary Helen (Soper) eating chili in the tea room.

Jeannette Knowles, at the drug store: "Yardley's three for a dollar?" (deep thought) "Give me three of Lifebuoy!"

Dorothy Funk having her picture taken Tuesday afternoon in blue velvet blouse, skirt, anklets and oxfords. "Who's going to see the feet, anyway?"

Jayne Priest to Tottie Von Borries, Tuesday in assembly: ". . . had the most marvelous time . . . Date Saturday night with . . . "

Dorothy Glander and Helen Larimer baking a cake for Glander's friend, at the Del Ver house Tuesday afternoon.

Rena Berry's newly sprouted Narcissus will be on display in her room at any time now. Lovely pot it's in, too!

Cack Brown has turned "sissy" on us. You should hear the talk about her knitting! Alas, and alack, what is the school coming to—have we all gone *nuts*?

The telephone list in Senior is certainly swelling this week. Many a young swain is probably calling about the "dawnse" Thursday night. Ruth Robinson and Bob Durand are winners this week in telephone calls.

Every girl seems to be going in for "breaking training" in a *very* big way. Just remember, weights go up but prices stay the same. If you want to save money and keep down the avoirdupois you gotta start the diet, Marion Farr!!

Slymme's family would certainly be proud of her if they could see the way she "funnels" that tonic before every meal. And what a face, Emily!

Congratulations this week to Lib Henderson (day student), who won first at the horse show Saturday; to Leigh Taliaferro, who won second; and to the Tri K's, who won the club cup.

Were *we* angry (to put it mildly) last Sunday night at fire drill? Maybe we'll get used to rising in the middle of the night before long! Miss Casebier couldn't even get Ruth Nehls out of that feather bed!!

The Column would like to welcome Mary Eleanor Clay back to our midst. Mary Eleanor has been in the infirmary for the past week.

I (perhaps the whole campus?) hope Margaret Louise's brother won't be too busy, next time he's here, to come down to club village to see us!

Do you remember Arch? Well, Jane Carroll met *him* last week-end in Clarksville with Isobel and the Coulters.

Too bad you had to miss one day of *Pleasure*, Leta, on that trip to Tottie's!

That must be about all. It's a good thing too because it's almost time for the bell. I want to apologize for anything that's wrong—you know I had to do this without "Friday" this time. (We'd appreciate any comment)—that is, if it's not such a slam! I'm going along—saying nothing—I'd better stop! S'long! See you!!

EAGLE FEATHER

WANTA FIGHT?

I put my hat upon my head,
My shoes upon my feet;
I opened up the door and
Started walking down the street.

And there I saw a little boy
Whose eyes were wildly bright.
He shuffled up to me and said,
"Say, mister, wanta fight?"

I glanced to right and then to left;
I said, "Tut, tut, my lad,
Don't argue with your elders, child."
He said, "Don't get me mad.

"I got a brother down at Chi;
He boxes wit' Tough Lou.
He's taught me all the pointers, see?
I'll try 'em out on you."

So I decided after all
That maybe he was right;
But as I didn't have the time,
Of course I could not fight.

M. Y. '35.

BLUE SILVERY NIGHT

Blue night of sapphire hue,
Sprinkled with silver stars;
Gray clouds of distant skies
Float into memories of yesterday;
Through the quiet solitude
Come stealing back thoughts
Of those who are dead,
Voices not heard for years,
Voices of those who were dear.
Oh! Blue night, you are beautiful to see,
But, alas, beauty can bring such pain;
My inner self stifles the cries
That arise, causing me to rebel.
How can life continue forever to excel?

R. P. B. '34.

A FOOL

You know of the fool
That clutches at a straw
And, from it, builds a hope.
And on that hope, thrives,
Finds happiness;
Suddenly to tumble
And come whirling to earth
To lie prone.
But merely for a while;
There is another straw,
Another hope—
A fool.

W. M. M. '35.

SILLY PEOPLE

One never knows what death will bring;
Whether we'll burn or whether we'll sing.

We all would like to know but then,
There'd be no fun for there'd be no sin.

So it's best to live in doubt, I guess,
And go to heaven or hell with the rest.

R. P. B. '34.

(Continued from first column of this page)

"Why do you come here to study architecture? Over here we have not yet learned that architecture and engineering are blood-brothers. Chartes! The Louvre! The Chateau of Versailles! Beautiful, yes! But they did not have to heat them, or put in plumbing or elevators. We can give beauty, yes—or we could. But if you want beauty plus, you must go elsewhere. I, myself, a French man, say it! I myself am just back from America where I have studied the science of air-conditioning. And now I shall tell you another thing. Everything that I know about architecture I learned ten years ago. Where? At Columbia!"

We do not quote this to disparage the advantages of study in Europe. They remain, and always will remain very great. We quote it to show that recognition is being given certain fields in American education; that this country is taking the lead in these fields.

There is, however, one significant point about this story. It is that the Americans excel in such fields as—shall we say plumbing? It is of course necessary and proper that beauty and comfort should be combined in architecture—and in everything. One cannot enjoy beauty without a certain amount of comfort. However, it seems that America has developed this part of education—such as engineering—to the greatest degree, and has somewhat neglected, or perhaps has been unable to develop, the literary and artistic sides of it. It is a goal worth striving for, though it may be centuries before this country can rival Europe in cultural education.—*Exchange.*

CLUB CHATTER

The A. K.'s are certainly glad to e able to welcome Miss Sanders into e club. Yes, she is the new sponsor, nd are they proud!

Wednesday night, Sue cooked the ost delicious chocolate cake and udge, which was served with tea or offee to all the club members. Sue as the right idea of what to give he A. K.'s after their business meet- gs, and they wish they had more ood cooks in the club like her. Guests f the A. K.'s that evening were atherine Hawley, who entertained ith a piano selection, May Dell eyers, and Grace Bosserman.

Bonike's birthday was last Friday. everal of her friends gave her a rprise party at the A. K. house that ight. Everyone had fun—and can kie Hill dance! The evening was pped off by the arrival of a corsage f gardenias from Roy. Must be ice!

Did Clara Enloe and Kitty McKen- e ever have a week-end! Just ask itty how she felt out on that good d hockey field Monday afternoon.

The Anti Pans have a great deal f talent, part of which was dis- layed last meeting. Marion Collester nd Charlotte Doughty entertained ith some very nice harmony, while rankie Marbury danced to music layed by Mary Lee Wilson.

Last Saturday night a group of irls went down to the Anti Pan house o try their luck at the domestic art f cooking. The odor of onions was oticeable through the house. Those ttending were: Charlotte Doughty, Peggy Blackman, Mary Hobson, Frankie Marbury, Mary Louise Bal- iger, Marion Collester, Jane Taylor, Betty Bowman, and Sunny Taylor. Betty Bowman scorched the beans! Really now, Betty!

Tuesday night, Virginia Grotz, Betty Hill, Marion Collester, Char- lotte Doughty, and Jean Dayton, with their guests, went to the Anti Pan house for an evening's entertainment. Miss Swenson and her escort were chaperons.

This paragraph is dedicated to the Del Vers thanking them for the pleasant time the Anti Pans had at their club house Wednesday night. Even getting tangled up in the knit- ting was fun. You Del Vers enter- tain nicely. It's grand having you for a sister club.

Marguerite Page and Judith Berry fooled Mary Findlater, "Kid" Knowles, Mary Soper, and Betty Rothe Saturday night at the Del Ver club house when they proved to them that onions were good fried in ham- burgers. By way of variety these girls enjoyed *good* fried eggs.

The F. F.'s were thrilled Wednes- day night when Mary Francis Banker announced that she had received a letter from Rae Baker telling of the happenings in Arkansas University. Rae is now president of the Tri Delta Sorority for new girls. She was also given the leading role in "The Cradle Song," which is the play of the year, and was taken into the University Theatre, a dramatic organization. The F. F.'s also learned that June Stout pledged Delta Gamma at North- western.

After the good news, the club mem- bers played "Murder" and a game called "See if you can find me." It was found that Eva Charity Ohlhaver has a knack of recognizing people in the dark and that Viva Lee can *yell!* By the way, Viva Lee, are you train- ing for opera?

The Osiron's were very proud to learn that all the Texas Club officers were members of their club. Looks like an Osiron season! Also, Mar- garet Young is president of the Ken- tucky Club. Congratulations to you, Thelma and Margaret!

You must have heard by now of the knitting lesson given to Kassel on Wednesday night. It is one to be remembered by many, and especially by her teachers, who were almost frantic when it was over!

Nearly all the Penta Taus went away for the week-end. Some of the girls who remained went down to the club Saturday night. Hayter and her gang made candy, while the other groups practiced reducing exercises in the living room. The next morn- ing found most of them feeling very sore, but none the thinner.

Sunday morning, Mary Alice Paine, Katherine Hyde, Virginia Reed, Patty Harvey, Virginia Shaw, Annette Mc- Mullen, Helen Pillow, and Olga Wardoski had breakfast at the Penta Tau house. That delicious hot toast almost melted in their mouths, but the coffee! Well——!

This seems to be the Tri K's week, for they won their hockey game with the X. L.'s—the score being 4 to 2. They also came out on top in the Horse Show with several girls plac- ing, of which there were three firsts.

Leigh Taliaferro, who won second in individual scoring, did her bit for the club. As for the game, it was very good, but perhaps a bit too close for comfort.

Two book reports were given by Winnifred Marsh at the last club meeting: one, "Giants in the Earth," by Rolvaag; and the other, "Men Are Like Street Cars," by Greame and Larimer, the authors of the "Maudie" stories published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. To top the meeting off, the girls roasted marshmallows around the fireplace.

The Tri K dance has been post- poned until January, much to the re- lief of those in the "specialty." At least there will be something to look forward to after the Christmas holi- days besides exams!

The T. C. hockey team left the field last Friday still undefeated and went to the club house for hot chocolate and "Eat-a-Snax."

There were signs, however, that the Del Vers had given them plenty of competition, for even their dignified president was "sprawled" on the rug.

"Here's hoping that there was enough energy, pep, and luck in every cup of chocolate to keep the purple and white hitting the ball for more goals and victories," say the T. C.'s.

Could it be possible that all the noise at the X. L. house last Wednes- day night was just the club members enjoying another dinner? Surely the girls forgot all about calories when they ate at the club.

The Freshmen have a way about them, for they devised the idea of having the Seniors entertain last week. It is truly a pity to let such talent go unheralded, especially such as was shown in the play and original act given by Nell Betty and Virginia Cornelius.

Bob Durand and Ann Shaw are the musicians that just cannot be taken by surprise! Their motto is evidently "Be Prepared." . . . And where did you find such a dramatic little poem, Rena?

MAIL-BOX

Home City.

To Boots: This is station SARAH speaking just a short "so-and-so" to amount to saying "Hello" and "Good- bye."

I have just finished writing a great long letter, and now I don't know what to tell you.

Our cooking class is going to have a column in the *Home City Review*, so if you have any bright ideas on the subject let me know.

I haven't been riding since you left, as I can find no one to ride with. Dorlyne Johnsmeyer was going to ask me to ride the other day at Smith's party, and when the food was brought in she got so interested that she forgot to ask me. I'm certain that she was on the verge of asking me. . . . Then Gerry asked me to ride their horses, and it rained; so I guess that fate is just playing with me, etc., far, far into the night. . . . In other words, nothing has happened, nothing seems to be going to happen and, consequently, there is nothing to write about.

We got a letter from you today. So glad to hear that you are having a good time—we just wondered!

Last night, Virginia came down and we tried to get our science and make fudge both at once. As a result, we didn't know our science and the fudge is sugary.

So until something happens I will close once again, with love to you and all your clubs, clothes, lessons, papers, and everything else you do.

SARAH.

Glendale, Calif.

Dearest Boots:

I happen to be one of the poorest promise-keepers. Here it is the mid- dle of November, and I still say to myself, "I'll sure write to Boots to- morrow." Tomorrow has come at last, at least this one has.

I suppose you are by this time all settled and "unhomesicky." Or may- be you're like I am—everytime a let- ter from home comes, and I think of all the swell times the kids must be having, I 'most throw my knapsack over my shoulder and start for home. So much for this nonsense!

You knew, didn't you, that I am going to Glendale Junior College, in- stead of U. C. L. A. U. C. L. A. happens to be much more difficult to get to from our place. I live in Glen- dale and the university is in Westwood about fifteen miles or so from here. I left my skates at home, it takes a couple hours to go or come on the street car, and my dad hasn't time to take me, so what would you do in a case like that? Next year I hope to have a car of my own, or to live nearer the renowned college.

So far I have learned at least one thing—it's not so easy to get around as it is at home—but when you do! —oh, la!

That little exclamation is supposed to be a copy of Maurice Chevalier, so don't mistake it for French. Inci- dently my forte is Spanish. Or per- haps I should say Waterloo. The Spanish teacher is one of these tem- peramental guys who throw chairs and what not. Really though, he did get all excited once last year because some kids were playing tennis outside the window, and what should he do but throw one of those desk chairs right down on the court. What a man!

Los Angeles is full of things to see. The beach and ocean are a little too chilly this time of the year. But on the end of the pier is a conglomeration (mess or something) like a county fair at home. Merry-go-'rounds and everything! You should come out for Christmas and we would go riding on things.

I expect that by now you think that I'm nuts. A California nut, maybe! Write to me and tell me all about school.

Yours,

JESSIE.

SECOND QUARTER GYM STARTS

The second quarter of gym started on Monday, November 20th. Many sports have been offered, and each girl may sign for the sport she enjoys most.

The schedule is as follows:

BASKETBALL

Monday—
3:45 Day Clubs.
4:45 A. K., X. L., Tri K, P. T.

Tuesday—
2:45 Ang., Arist., Ag., X. L.
3:45 D. V., A., A. P., T. C., O.

Wednesday—
3:45 Day Clubs.
4:45 A. K., P. T., Ag., F. F.

Thursday—
2:45 Ecco., Triad, P. T., F. F.
3:45 A. P., O., X. L., Ag.
4:45 D. V., Tri K., A. K., T. C.

Elementary Strokes and Dive—for girls who can swim but wish to improve strokes and learn to dive.
T., Th.—4:00.
M. W., F.—2:45.

Advanced Strokes and Dive—for girls who can swim Breast Stroke, Side and Back Strokes, but wish to improve their form and dive.
M., W., F.—4:30.
T., Th.—3:30.

Swimming Meet.
M., W., F.—4:30.
T., Th.—3:30.

Riding and Dancing as scheduled.

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THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

It's been snowing back home, and there's been ice on the pavements! And here I am stuck down here where the coal smoke mingleth beautifully with the fog, and where when the mists of morning disappear, the sky is blue, and the sun is yellow, and the weather is warm and not at all like winter. Come South, ye people, who would not freeze.

To chapel, where I listened to a most interesting sermon. Now If only all the chapels could be thus with the wheat separated from the chaff.

Cinnamon buns for lunch today, and I fear mine did not agree greatly with me. Alas, lack-a-day, and dear me, suz! I am trying so hard to cut down on sweets and hot breads, and all in one day I am served cinnamon buns and sent a five-pound box of candy from Johnny, who has probably been dating someone else, and feels the sting of a guilty conscience.

Felt greatly restored after dinner, and went down to Club in a spirit to be entertained. I was. We tried out using Parliamentary order for our meetings, and it was rather confusing. People kept making motions at the wrong time, and arising to shout questions with a great deal more vigor than necessary to the occasion.

Thursday—

Just another day, so far as I'm concerned, except that half the school has packed its grips, taken its cuts, and gone either home or to Knoxville. It is, yea, a deserted village, and the remaining half of the school rattles about in the dining room like a couple of peas in a lima bean pod.

The Heck sisters went home, Betty leaving Founders to the tender mercies of Mary Ann Evans; Sarah Jane Ponder and Jayne Priest went home to Sajie's; Clara Enloe went home and took her suite along with her. Rachel Hailey and Mary Driscoll undoubtedly took their knitting. They are confirmed Grannies.

Tuck and I remained at school in order to console the stay-at-homes. We hated to think what school would be like without our cheerful presences.

Friday—

Oh, dear! The fateful day has arrived! Grades are out! I was horribly disappointed to see so many D's on my card. I thought of telling the family that D meant Delightful, but decided that they might not think so. D just means Discouraging to me. And I try so hard! Why sometimes I even spend five minutes of my time studying. Tuck got an A in Chemistry, and she's so swelled with pride that I am minded to get myself a pin and deflate her.

Virginia Cornelius and her B average disgust me. And so does Gail Lawrence's A plus in Spanish. And I'd rather not speak about Parjie Young's A in Chemistry.

So much for grades. They exert a dismal influence upon me, and I always haste to forget them.

Tuck and I went to the Parthenon this afternoon. We whistled out in taxis, and stared right back at the natives. Tuck almost fell out of the window when we passed Fraternity Row.

The Parthenon awaited us with open doors, and Miss Ross explained all about the east and west pediments. Then we all toddled inside and looked at the reproductions of the statues as they remain today. Eva Ohlhaver and Carolyn Sutton were so unimpressed with all the ancient splendor as to play tag around one of the columns in the treasury.

The taxis were late in returning, as usual, and Tuck and I just barely had time to dress for dinner. But we got into the dining room early, thank heavens! and Tuck made a pig of herself by consuming two pieces of apple pie.

Saturday—

Since Tuck and I had stayed at home, we thought we might as well go to the horse show, and, anyway, we didn't have any money with which to go to town.

I don't know a horse from a cow; so naturally I was much impressed with the excellence of the show, and I publicly admired any and all who were in it for their nerve in riding one of the beasts. And they seemed to get such solid joy out of life. The girls, I mean, not the horses. Tuck and I agreed to give a few sparing words of praise to some few whom we like the best, and first prize went to Winnie Marsh for wiggling her stirrups when Dr. Barton gave her her award. Second prize goes to Martha Pyeatt for giving us so much excitement with her "bucking bronco." We thought Stanley Elizabeth Clay a "stout fella" for being willing to keep on riding after spilling herself twice. We enjoyed Mignon Sanford's earnest bouncing, and we thought Eleanor Irwin was awfully good. And we got a hearty laugh when Betty Hill's hat fell off.

After the horse show, Tuck and I went to Middlemarch and collected HYPHENS. Tuck likes "Prep Patter" awfully much, and reads it as religiously as if she knew every girl mentioned in it.

We spent the rest of the afternoon loungin' 'round, and the evening we spent in playing cards with ourselves. Tuck has a deck of cards she won't let anyone else except me play with. I beat her decisively at *Casino*, but she handed me a drubbing at *Russian Bank*. We haven't decided yet whether her exclusive cards benefit her or me.

A lot of visiting went on tonight. Mary Ellen Hudgins stayed with Janey Ruth Huey, and Juanita Phillips stayed with Louise Longworth. Kathryn Hawley spent the night with Mignon Sanford, and from all reports they made a night of it.

Sunday—

Did not go to Sunday school on account of having to straighten up my half of the room. Tuck's things were all neatly put away, but mine were in the usual tangle. And all my clothes soiled, and will probably remain in that unfortunate state until I can find a moment in which to wash.

Betty Roth finally decided it might be a good idea if she went to church; I was so betwaddled with watching Judy Berry's hat that I almost neglected to congratulate her on her stern resolve.

Another long, dreary Sunday with nothing to do. Went up and saw the Children's Home Committee starting their Sunday jaunt. Ask Raedeen Tibbetts about those kites she constructed. Miss Van certainly calls Sunday her busy day. She took a group over to the Junior League Home in the same afternoon.

Tea was the usual meal. Rather uninteresting, I thought, except for Marie Bomke's strange interlude. And I thought we weren't allowed to choke during grace.

Vespers was a bit unusual. Miss Townsend's expression classes did themselves proud. I never realized how pretty Sally Zimmerman is until I saw her on the stage. How she kept her hands in the same position so long intrigued me. But I thought Tuck would pop when Soper came on carrying a hatchet, followed by Buford Hayter, and "Montana" Findlater. Findlater had something done up in a pillow slip slung over her shoulder. It couldn't have been very heavy. After Vespers, back to the cubby; and so—eventually—to bed.

Monday—

Ah, fateful day! Did I hear my name upon the honor roll? I did not. And I didn't hear Tuck's either. Oh, well, beauty and brains don't have to go together. I wouldn't mind either one.

A mad craze for dieting, inspired by Christmas and the Senior-Middle Open House, and all one hears at the table is "three milks and four buttermilks." We hear that Fran Street actually consumed nothing but buttermilk for a period of three days. And the latest additions to the epsom salts ranks are Margaret Coulter, Mozelle Trout, and Sue Salter. Go to it, gals, I guess our pocketbooks can stand the strain of some flowers.

And after all, the more some diet, the more food there is for the rest of us. And we had chocolate eclairs for lunch, too, yummy!

Tuck and I were peacefully sleeping the sleep of the just, having retired early, when that #%@*& fire drill bell went off. And to make things worse, those what-you-may-call-'ems who are supposed to check up, marked us absent, and Tuck left the bathroom window open.

Tuesday—

Whoopee! Three cheers! Oh, golly, oh, gee, oh, calloo callay! Oh, oh, oh!!! Christmas vacation begins the fifteenth!! There aren't words to express the joy I feel. Who'd ever think so few words could mean so much. And four little letters are equal to those other famous four. But the four of which I speak are Home. Home! The word can mean so much—and so little. (Pardon me, while I have a strange interlude.)

Ho, hum, nothing to do but study! Tuck's family got generous and sent her a radio. We take turns listening to it. I don't believe I ever appreciated a radio as much. It's so much more fun listening in on ear phones. I perceive where there is no more studying now, until the novelty wears off. Oh, well!

BIRTHDAYS CELEBRATED AT "HOME"

Do you have a grandmother? Whether you have or haven't you'll love the dear old ladies out at the Old Ladies' Home. Monday night, November 13, Ganel Stuart, chairman of the committee of the "Y," Christine Jill, Louise Stanley, Mickie Aldridge, Mary Ann Wirtz, Rose Cyrene Paulus, Ruth Robinson, Martha Fisher, Frankie Marbury, and Lurline Alexander went to see them and to celebrate the birthdays of five of the ladies who have birthdays in November.

The girls entertained them with songs, readings, dancing, and music; then Christine pulled in a little wagon in which were five boxes of candy, with a burning candle on top of each one, and presented them to the birthday honorees. The other girls brought out plates of candy, and everyone ate candy and talked until Miss Van Hooser insisted that the cabs had waited long enough. So with kind goodnights and promises to return soon, the girls departed.

COMMITTEE VISITS VANDERBILT HOSPITAL

Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, chairman of the Vanderbilt Hospital Committee, Jane Taylor, Mary Hobson, Winnifred Marsh, Irene Sartor, Lucille Endsley, and Margaret Young went to the Vanderbilt Hospital Tuesday night, November 21. Part of the girls visited the surgical ward and the others went to the medical ward. They took some magazines to the patients, and they spent the hour talking to them, renewing old acquaintances, and also making friends among the new patients.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Martha Jean Chattin retold the story of "The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke, last Sunday morning, November 19, at Sunday school. She impressed upon her audience the fact that the services which one renders to man are services rendered to God. Afterwards Mary Eleanor Clay and Virginia Ferguson sang the prayer hymn accompanied by Dolores Smith.



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THINGS I NEVER KNEW 'TIL NOW

What do you know about this! For the first time since he became a world figure in 1927, Colonel Lindbergh found a man who did not know him! While flying from Geneva to Lisbon, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were forced to land at Madrid, and a Spanish Customs officer almost prevented them from coming into town. Madrid citizens had quite a time making up for the embarrassing situation.

Repeal of the 18th Amendment became all but an accomplished fact Tuesday when four states, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Utah and Kentucky, voted for the repeal amendment which will be the 21st Amendment to the Constitution. As far as the federal government is concerned, the sale of alcoholic beverages will be legal December 5 when the 36th state ratifying convention meets. Liquor, however, already is being sold openly in many cities.

In New York City Tammany rule was overthrown by the election of the Fusion party candidate for mayor, former Congressman Fiorello La Guardia. In Philadelphia Democrats were victorious for the first time in fifty years. In Pittsburgh a Democrat defeated the Mellon political machine's candidate for mayor.

The farm strike made no noticeable progress during the week, although there was scattered picketing and occasional violence. Speeches are being made at a great rate all over the Mid-West, appealing for support for President Roosevelt's recovery program.

Kentucky has dumped the problem of relief work in that state into the lap of Uncle Sam. The Governor requested Roosevelt to take over the work since the Kentucky General Assembly failed to provide sufficient funds. Federal officials accepted the problem to the extent that no one will starve.

President Roosevelt began conferences with Maxim Litvinoff last week about the problem of Russian recognition. After repeal had been voted the President assured the nation he will repeal the emergency taxes now in effect when taxes on liquor start rolling into the Treasury.

A curt note was sent to Greece by the State Department denouncing Greece for refusing to order the return of the dethroned utilities emperor, Samuel Insull, as a fugitive from justice. This was a violation of the American-Hellenic treaty on the part of Greece.

Cuba suffered another violent revolution last week, the rebel forces seeking to return de Cespedes to the presidency. The revolution apparently was crushed when loyal troops captured Atares fortress. About one hundred persons were killed. Shooting has been continuing throughout the provinces.

England will make a token payment of $7,500,000 on the war debt December 15, the administration announced last week after conferences on revision again were unsuccessful.

How's this for national spirit—Austria was placed under martial law last Friday in hope of preventing violence during the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the republic!

Broadway gave "Texas" Giunan a great big hand on November 12 as she made her last trip up the street that she loved so well. A crowd of 10,000 people massed outside in tribute as brief funeral services were held in an upper Broadway chapel. She was eulogized as "great-hearted Texas, friend of the world."

Today Michigan and Minnesota, rivals since 1895, will meet on the gridiron. This game is predicted as the climax of the Big Ten season, starring Michigan, winner of six straight battles, and the Minnesota Gophers, unbeaten in four Big Ten encounters. And it looks like a lot of bets will be played afterwards, too.

CLUB VILLAGE—A DREAM COME TRUE

Club Village at the present time is the circle of all social activity on the campus. It is the fulfillment of a dream, dreamed years ago by Miss Lelia D. Mills, former dean of women, Dr. Blanton, former president, and Miss Emma I. Sisson, the present dean.

Club Village is located in back of the Academic Building, and has as its nucleus the historic Old Tower which houses the Alumnæ Carillon. Wide-spreading trees and brilliant flowers are in the center of a wide lawn around which the ten social club houses are situated, and this lawn is the scene of many campus activities during the summer months. Students stroll about the lawn between classes, or study in the many swings under the shady trees, or have picnics, while in the spring of the year Vesper services are held there out-of-doors.

After the club houses were completed, the presidents of each club drew lots to decide the location of their club house. Every club house is numbered, the Anti-Pan being one; T. C., two; Del Ver, three; Tri K, four; Penta Tau, five; X. L., six; Osiron, seven; Agora, eight; A. K., nine, and F. F., ten.

Each club house boasts of one large room with a fireplace, around which the students gather during the winter months for dinner, marshmallow roasts, story-telling, and congeniality. Besides the large room, equipped with radio, victrola, and piano, there is a smaller room, in most cases fitted as a sun parlor, or a reading room. In the downstairs is also a kitchen with an electric stove, tables and a pantry.

Every club has a small room upstairs which is used as a card room, study room, or for the various meetings of the different club committees.

Every club has furnished its own house, and nowhere on the campus is there such an atmosphere of "home" as there is in Club Village. Each member of a club feels a personal pride in the appearance of her club house, and is always on the lookout for some small piece of pottery or bric-a-brac to bring back from town for her club.

The last Sunday of each month is celebrated by suppers for all the club members at the ten club houses. Here they meet in their own houses and enjoy Sunday evenings together.

No place on campus is as popular as Club Village on Saturday night or Sunday morning. Scores of students have dinner on Saturday night, or breakfast Sunday morning in their club houses, and until the ten o'clock bell or the bell for church, Club Village is the scene of great activity.

Each year Club Village becomes more and more a part of the dreams of Ward-Belmont, and each year the club houses ring with the laughter of their club members, and are filled with happiness that only boarding school girls may know.

—*Alumnæ Journal*, Spring Number, 1931.

FACULTY MEMBERS SPEAK AT CLUB

Miss Ellene Ransom and Miss Martha Ordway, of the Ward-Belmont faculty, were speakers for the last meeting of the Book Review section of the Centennial Club.

Miss Ransom spoke on modern poetry, speaking particularly of the comparison between the works of Edwin Arlington Robinson and John Gould Fletcher. She discussed the characteristics of the poets and read some of their poetry.

A review of the current biography "Flush," by Virginia Woolfe, was given by Miss Ordway.

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ADDED FEATURETTES
McNAMEE NEWS — CARTOON

PLAY PRESENTED IN VESPERS

The Sacraments of the Commonplace, which is a poem by John Oxenham, was dramatized and presented at the vesper service Sunday evening, November 19, under the direction of Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend. Those who participated were members of the Expression Department, and included: Fire—Misses Berry, Morris, Wilson; Water—Misses Acheson, Alexander; Milligan, Pillow; Light—Misses Farr, Paulus, Zimmerman; Work—Misses Abry, Ethridge, Findlater, Soper; Sleep—Evelyn Cooper; Food—Misses Combs, Frye, J. Jones; Pain—Misses M. Jones, Weis; Life—Jean Stewart; Love—Nancyann Schmid.

The pageant presented in a reverent and lovely manner the everyday needs of life for which one should be grateful. It moved from these to the great realities of work and life and love for which man is eternally thankful. It was a worship service which brought realization of the meaning of those things that go to make up our daily life.

THE CIRCUS

The walk over the rough field that was a dump only yesterday. The first thrilling sight of the big top, with its flags flying over the dazzling whiteness against azure blue. The motley, jostling array of eager children's bored parents and eager parents' bored children. The array of smells, pleasantly variated and inescapable.

The confused recollections of all the circus books and movies you've ever read or seen, as you enter the menagerie. The old, tired-eyed lions. The slightly contemptuous elephant beside the somnolent bear. The adorable ponies and tiny horses.

Finding seats in the rickety grandstand as a great blare announces the grand entrance. The oppressive heat and red-faced ladies fanning. The brilliant, tawdry processional, led by the flamboyant, gallantly oom-pohing band.

The Big Show! Girls on trapezes whirling through the air. The pain that comes in your neck from trying to watch all three rings at once. Your unreasoning pity for the trained dogs that do such easy stunts with such an ingenious air. The entry of the elephant, even more bored than before. The exhibition of his repertoire, which seems to make him intensely sleepy. The arrival of sleek, beautiful horses, who do their tricks with an air of *soignee* which is irresistible.

The slim girl, dressed in red, who slides down a wire from the top of the tent, hanging by her teeth. The splendid sea-lion, a quivering mass of black gelatin. His flippers, which he uses to applaud himself with after each one of his feats.

The girl in blue, who makes a pinwheel of herself on a trapeze. The acrobats, hurling themselves hither and yon through space.

The grand finale in spectacular trumpet blares. The wearily slow exit, as you try to stay with small brother and sisters in the pushing crowd. The ache in your hips, sore from the stony stands. The let-down feeling as you emerge into the suddenly brilliant sunlight. This is the circus.

BONNIE HAGER, *Penstaff.*

LITERARY LORGNETTE

For those who made fast friends with "Microbe Hunters" and "Hunger Fighters," Paul De Kruif has another book called "Men Against Death," in which he points out decisive battles fought against death, plagues, and epidemics. Successors of heroes in "Microbe Hunters"—such as Benting, discoverer of insulin; Minot, conqueror of pernicious anemia; and McCoy, who fought against parrot fever—wage battles as thrilling as military exploits. You will find not of the usual stiff and uninteresting lation of facts that is prevalent scientific books. De Kruif has his fascinating style that not only h your interest but also reflects his

Perhaps this Russian and Co nistic problem *has* become a li warped in being discussed and w ten about incessantly in the past years, but there is one more book t will straighten the whole problem for you and at the same time h your interest by virtue of its pers ality. Ellery Walters who gave "The World on One Leg," acting roving correspondent for the *York Herald Tribune*, had the dist tion of being the only foreign ne paperman permitted to visit Sibe unescorted by official interprete After travelling 15,000 miles thro all the sections of the immense So Union, Ellery Walters wrote his b entitled "Russia's Decisive Yea While in Siberia, Walters saw ma things that are usually kept from ordinary tourists—prison trains, p on camps, and the greatest of the f tories and farms. He found that though the women are said to be best workers in these huge establi ments they will readily admit th dislike for it. In this book you find a realistic picture of conditi in Russia which never for one minu leaves you to ponder the sordid fa

Imagine, a man with ninety-eig suits and *two ties*—it's none oth than George Jean Nathan, the w known American dramatic critic, w has the unusual honor of being inte nationally recognized and beloved. lives in a penthouse in New Yor is a bachelor by choice, and deni that he's a cynic (except on marria politics, and bad plays). Produce consider their plays "made" when M Nathan with his silk hat and ivor cigarette holder remains seated un the final curtain. These facts a many equally as interesting can found in the book "Living Author which we have here in our library.

What reader of Francis Richa Stockton's "The Lady and the Tige has failed to wonder how this fasc nating story ended! Its fate was d cided when at a dinner given for M Stockton, two molds of ice crea were placed before him—a lady a a tiger. As one, the guests wait breathlessly for the author to ta his choice. Without a moment's hes tation Stockton reached out and t —both molds! Again his unfailing w had saved his day.

Winnifred Marsh, '35.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Ah, Wilderness"—*By Eugene O Neill.*

This is an American folk pla which is an excursion into the pa with a fragrant and sentimental re ollection of youth.

Each play that Eugene O'Neill h written has been one of appeal. H does not resort to the over-used fo mulas, but his own. His public neve knows what to expect and delights i his originality.

"Oil For The Lamps of China"—*B Alice T. Hobart.*

This novel is impressive, revealin the realism and feelings of the cha acters. Stephen Chase is an Amer can who is in China. Economic co ditions compel him to accept a jo with an American oil company i China. He marries an American gir of artistic temperament, who sets a her goal Stephen's happiness, and w see her reach this goal. We se Chinese life unfold itself throug characters such as Ho and Kin. W are exposed to fire, floods, famine, an plagues and we learn some Chines politics. Interwoven into a most fas cinating novel of love and adventur are these national interests, such as politics.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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S. BRYAN REVIEWS W.-B. HISTORY

nday, November 24, Mrs. Bryan a most delightful talk on the ry of "America's Foremost Fe- Institution," Ward-Belmont, n stands as the result of the ef- of four men: Dr. Blanton, from nia; Mr. Hail, from Kentucky; Barton, from Texas, and Mr. dict, from Tennessee.

go back to the beginning, Ward- ont was originally the very love- d Acklen estate of 600 acres, h stretched from Hillsboro to the ny White Pike and down as far ivision Street. The entrance was gh what is now Acklen Avenue, a long avenue of cedars and olias which lined the drive. At ntrance were the houses of lodge er and overseer. The grounds very beautiful, and had been rned after Italian design by an ish gardener. The house itself is ch, and somewhat similar to the Trianon. Summer houses, bee- s, statuary, box-trees, and flower- ered walks added to the beauty of setting. Where Big Ac is today a forest. In back of this forest the conservatories, and even be- l was the singing tower, sur- ded by a lake. On top of the r was a windmill, which supplied house with water. During the l War this same tower was used signal station, and, of course, y it plays an important part in ching our campus.

he Acklens had a zoological gar- where Heron and Pembroke are

(Continued on page 8)

VANS TO BE PRESENTED TUESDAY

Wilbur Evans, the twenty-seven- r-old baritone who is to appear in Ward-Belmont auditorium, De- ber 5, is very grateful to Marconi, Forest or whoever else made the io of today possible. For it was radio that made him famous over- ht! He won first prize in the At- ter Kent First National Radio ntest in 1927.

Tall, dark, good-looking, of Amer- n background, birth and training, lbur Evans does not conform to conventional singer-pattern in e or tradition, stature or story. he belong to the small group of ng artists who are springing up over the country a generation after lt Whitman prophesied: "I hear erica singing."

Mr. Evans was born in Philadelphia d began his musical training at the e of two. He was a popular enter- ner as a young boy and is still nembered for his parts in the Shaw nior High School operettas and matics.

When Wilbur was nineteen he sang Marcella Sembrich and Milio de gorza and was awarded one of the ree scholarships given at that time the Curtis Institute, studying with gorza. He coached with Richard zeman, former Metropolitan con- ctor, and Mme. Dagmar, Rybner rclay, composer-pianist, which in- eased his natural interpretative lities. His most recent teacher has en Edaward Lippe of New York.

Singing Fleigier's "Le Car" before e final judges in the Atwater Kent tional Radio Audition Contest, lbur Evans won first prize. This ung American baritone's career has en brief but consistently successful; never fails to score wherever he pears.

Critics agree a great future lies ead of this magnetic personality.

BEST SELLERS DISCUSSED IN CHAPEL

"The most unusual character about this fall's books," said Miss Helen Parker, of the Mills' Book Store, "is that fiction predominates. The biographical field is temporarily exhausted, and political, social, and economic conditions are changing so rapidly that it is difficult to write about them.

"The weather vanes are pointing to historical novels. There are two factors for this. The realistic school has temporarily 'lost face'; so many people are not realists. And the times are also responsible. In turbulent times, such as these, the people look for heroes."

Miss Parker went on to give a list of the most outstanding books of the fall list, accompanying them with a short review of each book.

"Perhaps the most important novel of this fall," said Miss Parker, "is *Anthony Adverse*, by Hervey Allen."

Several prize books are out this season, and perhaps foremost among these is Janet Beith's *No Second Spring*. The Harper prize was awarded to Paul Horvath for his light, satirical novel, *Fault of Angels. The Store*, by Stribling, is a tale of the South after the Civil War.

The Newbury prize award for children's books, was given to Elizabeth Lewis for her, *Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze. Oil for the Lamps of China*, by Alice Tisdale Hobardt, is a fascinating tale of a young American working on the farthest frontier of Chinese trade.

Ivan Bunin, a Russian, was awarded the Nobel prize in literature this year. Although Bunin is well known abroad, only *The Gentleman from San Francisco* and two other books have appeared in America.

"A reviewer is a person who talks about books he has not read in order that other persons may talk about them without having to read them," concluded Miss Parker.

MUSIC PROGRAM PRESENTED IN WEDNESDAY CHAPEL

Devotional services Wednesday, November 29, were a bit out of the ordinary in that the program was one of music. Dr. Burk led the services introducing the choir who sang "The Heavens Are Declaring" by Beethoven under the direction of Sydney Dalton, head of the voice department. Doris Zweifel sang the solo parts. F. Arthur Henkel gave an organ solo, the "Finale Sonata in C Minor" by Ralph C. Baldwin. Mr. Henkel called the girls' attention to the fact that the hymn "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" was used in the composition and suggested that they turn to it and follow it throughout.

Mr. Henkel's skillful playing was appreciated as was shown by the perfect attention given him by his audience. They were truly inspired by the selection. Such services always receive the approbation of the girls.

MISS RHEA SPEAKER AT LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION MEETING

Miss Linda Rhea, of the Ward-Belmont English and History departments, gave a paper at the sixth annual meeting of the South Atlantic Modern Lauguage Association.

On Saturday morning, December 2, Miss Rhea spoke on "Charleston as a Literary Center in the Nineteenth Century."

DR. MIMS, SPEAKER FOR CHURCH SERVICE

Outlining five fundamental results that ought to come from any field of education, Dr. Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University, spoke in chapel for church services, Sunday, November 26.

Dr. Mims first spoke of the development of certain powers of mind coming only from a good deal of effort. The value of thinking was emphasized as the second result.

"Education ought to teach us to think. Right thinking is just as important as right living," he asserted.

The cultivation of the sense of beauty and the appreciation of beauty, as well as the development of imagination are important, Dr. Mims believes.

The last point Dr. Mims discussed was the sense of wonder and mystery that should be evident in the study of any subject.

"Now, if education means all these things, it becomes a tremendous thing in the development of the human soul."

FIRST ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION MEETING TO BE HELD

The first meeting of the Active Members of the Athletic Association will be held Monday, December 4, at 2:45—in the little Gym. The complete list of active members—old and new—is posted on the Athletic Bulletin Board.

AGORAS PRESENT ANNUAL DANCE

Cinderella had a very wonderful time at the Agora Ball on the night of Saturday, November 25. The only difference in this and the real Cinderella Ball was the fact that all the guests knew her and knew that she was to appear.

There was a coach in front of the entrance, and as the guests arrived they felt as if they were stepping from this coach into the Prince's ballroom. Here they were received by Marjorie Zaug, Miss Casebier, Marion Kaesar, Juliet Hutton, and Ruth Frye.

The story of Cinderella was represented by a fresco of silhouettes which extended around the entire ballroom. The eight-piece orchestra was seated behind a panel of cellophane.

The specialty was given by Helene Loeb and Raedeen Tibbetts, who, representing the Prince and Cinderella respectively, danced until the stroke of twelve, at which time Cinderella was compelled to flee. Immediately following her flight, a deluge of balloons was dropped from the ceiling.

Refreshments for the evening consisted of punch and cookies. Marion Kaesar was chairman of the refreshment committee, Margaret Shaw, of the decoration committee, and Juliet Hutton, of the invitation committee.

FORMAL THANKSGIVING DINNER GIVEN

Thursday evening, November 30, a formal dinner was given the school and their visitors in the dining room. Tables had been reserved beforehand, and the girls placed with the group and table of their choice.

The decorations were artistically carried out in a color scheme of red, white, and blue, thus paying a tribute to the nation's colors. An orchestra furnished music throughout the meal.

VAN DEUSEN, CHAPEL SPEAKER

"The life into which we are going; how do you see it?" asked Dr. Henry P. Van Deusen, dean of the New York Theological Seminary, when he spoke in chapel on Thursday, November 23.

"You and I are living in sufficiently discouraging and tremendously thrilling times. We must think about our own lives in relation to the world. There is only one aspect in that preparation for life that I want to suggest this morning," Dr. Van Deusen said.

Relating two explanatory incidents, Dr. Van Deusen asserted that it is not a person's equipment for life that counts. Rather it is their outlook on life. "It's in the eye with which they see."

"The difference was in the eyes of their imaginations," he said. The speaker then pointed out the widely different opinions of two people seeing a beautiful scene, or seeing a group of working people.

In speaking of the problems of today, Dr. Van Deusen asked: "Do you see the individuals who are there and the problems that are there?"

"The kind of eyes you have determine the kind of inner person that you have. When your spirit has been made sensitive, you can't live life satisfactorily in complete disregard of your fellow-men," he said.

"The life into which you are going," Dr. Van Deusen added, "how do you see it? Do you see it all in a mass or with eyes of vision?"

ANTI-PANS GIVE DINNER DANCE

The second dinner dance to be given by a club this year was held Friday night, December 1, by the Anti-Pans in their club house. Johnny Miller's orchestra played for dancing between courses and after dinner. The numerous small tables were cleared away to make room for the dancers after the dinner. There were about sixty-five people present. The guests were friends of the girls from Vanderbilt and Nashville.

The club was decorated with fall flowers, and a bright fire blazed in the fire place giving a very pleasant effect.

Miss Swenson, the club sponsor, and Miss Sisson acted as chaperons.

HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS HOLD CLASS MEETING

The Seniors held a class meeting, Wednesday, November 22. Roll call was taken, and the minutes from the last gathering read and approved. It was decided to send cards to Janet Stonestreet and Frances Etheridge, who are in the hospital. There was a program, comprised of two themes, "Recitation," by Bonny Hager, and "Have You a Bad Cold?" by Henrietta Hickman, and some piano music of popular songs, played by Landis Shaw.

Programs for future meetings were discussed and it was suggested that more of the same kind be given.

CHAPEL CALENDAR

Monday, December 4—
Program by Music Department.

Wednesday, December 6—
Dr. Coston Harrell, West End Methodist Church.

Friday, December 8—
To be announced later.

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CLUBS PLAY IMPORTANT PART ON W.-B. CAMPUS

Founding of Clubs

DEL VER CLUB

In the year that the clubs were started, one of the ten clubs became the Del Vers Club with Miss Boyer as sponsor. The name was derived from the word "delver" and was taken by the original group as their name because they wished to always be the group to work for the best, to dig or "delve" not only for wisdom, the lamp of wisdom being incorporated in their pin, but for all the fine things of life.

Shortly after the organization of the club with Miriam Shoemaker as their president, Miss Ross became their sponsor and helped the girls to build their club for many years. Miss Hollinger, the present sponsor, succeeded Miss Ross.

T. C. CLUB

In the October 27, 1916 issue of the Ward-Belmont HYPHEN there appeared an article announcing the formation of club groups for all students, and in the November 24th issue of the same year another article was published saying that "The original ten girls met with the sponsor in the appointed places and proceeded to initiate the new members. The names, purposes, and clubs were determined. The T. C., one of these clubs, carried forth its works as did the other various clubs but the first mention of any special activity thereof appears in the March 30, 1917 issue. Thereafter we see frequent mention of T. C. activities including luncheons, dinners, trips and other entertainments. The first president of the T. C. Club is recorded as Helen Wooley who later gave up her office upon being elected president of her class.

AGORA'S ENTERTAIN FACULTY AT COFFEE

The Agora Club is entertaining the members of the faculty and the home department with a coffee to be served in the club house immediately after dinner Sunday, December 3.

The committee who will serve are: Janie Ruth Huey, Hilda Beck, Frances Graham, Marjorie Zaug, Margaret Shaw, and Marion Kaeser. Helene Loeb and Catherine Croswell will pour.

PENTA TAU'S HONOR F. F.S AT TEA DANCE

Wednesday afternoon, November 29, the Penta Taus entertained at a tea dance in honor of the F. F.'s. The Penta Tau club house was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums. All the guests had a most enjoyable time dancing to the rhythm of the three-piece orchestra imported for the occasion. Refreshments were served buffet style.

A specialty was presented by Mary Alice Paine who gave a Russian peasant dance. She was accompanied at the piano by Ruth Robinson.

The receiving line was composed of Miss Clark, sponsor of the Penta Taus; Miss Ruef, sponsor of the F. F.'s; Roberta Munger, president of the Penta Taus, and Mary Frances Banker, president of the F. F.'s.

Sara Jane Ponder was the general chairman of the dance. The various chairmen of committees were: Decorations, Jayne Priest; refreshments, Ganel Stuart; serving, Rose Cyrene Paulus, and specialty, Mary Alice Paine.

MAIDS OF DECEMBER

Maids of December, we realize that you are probably far too much excited over approaching vacation to worry over birthdays, but "forewarned is forearmed" so we've been told, and in the next twelve days you will have an excellent chance to get ready for whatever your birthday and vacation may bring.

In the first place, December is under the sign of Capricornus, the symbol of which is a goat—you may take it or leave it, but we'd advise care. December is also known as the winter-month, and is under the special protection of Vesta, goddess of the hearth and of fire. Your luck will come around a fire when the wind is whistling outside and holly wreaths are in the windows.

The flower for December is the paper white narcissus, but during the latter part of the month it usually loses caste in favor of the poinsettia.

Your birthstone is a turquoise. A bright blue turquoise is protection against colds and chilblains, but as soon as it begins to turn green or grayish it loses its power.

Campus Decembrits are: Mary Lalla Byrn, Katherine Combs, Edith Eason, Lottie Miller Graves, Charlie Holcombe, Eleanor Irwin, Jennabeth Jones, Jeannette Kassel, Alsha McCourt, Ruth Nehls, Mary Patterson, Martha Pryor, Mary Lula Pivoto, Rose Cyrene Paulus, Margaret Robbins, Ruth Robinson, Dolores Smith, Mary Lee Wilson.

CLUB VESPERS HELD

If you had walked through Club Village Sunday evening at the vesper hour you might have heard Christmas carols and Thanksgiving songs. For it was the one Sunday evening in the month which is given over to the clubs when they may conduct their individual vesper service as they wish. Some of them chose to read poetry and sing hymns, short talks were a feature at other clubs, and in several of the clubs an open discussion was held on such subjects as friendship.

This type of vesper service has proved to be most beneficial and enjoyable under the leadership of the club chairmen. The chairmen are: Katherine Croswell, Agora; Martha Jane Chattin, Del Vers; Jane Wilson, X. L.; Marjorie Wells, Anti-Pan; Wilnetta Warnock, T. C.; Arlene Milligan, A. K.; Mary Jones, Tri K; Mary Ellen Stokes, Osiron; Harriett Ostergren, F. F.; and Martha Buford, Penta Tau.

NOVEMBER BIRTH-DAYS HONORED

Red was the keynote of the dinner Tuesday night, at which Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Miss Sisson were hosts to the girls whose birthdays come in the latter part of November.

Two broad bands of red satin ribbon were laid across the table, in the center of which was a silver bowl filled with red roses. Silver vases containing red roses and red candles in silver holders completed the center decorations. Two footballs filled with nuts, and a turkey with a red ribbon around his neck lent a Thanksgiving-air to the party.

Favors were bouquets of red roses, and mints wrapped in red cellophane.

Those present were: Mary Louise Balsiger, Mary Jane Bass, Sara Joyce Beasley, Marie Bomke, Nita Bogue, Frances Etheridge, Polly Gay, Addie Belle Grandstaff, Mary Hobson, Wilma Harrell, Kathleen Huson, Marion Kaeser, Mary Marjorie Lincoln, Marguerite Page, and Jane Taylor.

THE COLLEGE SHOPPER

Our clothes resources always seem exhausted by December, and we go around in "ancient models," begging Dad for a liberal check, and receiving the liberally given reply of, "Wait until Christmas." So the clothes shopping is, because of such various outside forces, being put in the background for the present, and all things —including shopping—are "waiting upon" or "waiting until" Christmas.

So the days until then are marked and set apart (twenty-three shop days until Christmas!). Thanksgiving—with yellow chrysanthemums, football, and turkey—numerous bridge days, and finally that day of days ushered in with holly wreaths and the usual numbing state of excitement! And so we cry out all during this period for gift ideas, as well as checks. I'll do my best to supply the former, and then, maybe Dad will come around.

Cain-Sloan's (oh, I promised not to mention names!) is fostering the latest fad of knitting with worsted 49 cents for 3¾-ounce hank, in a complete range of colors in beautiful all wool worsted. It's surprising all the things one can knit or crochet, and if you feel it's all too "over your head" there are classes in art stitch which you may attend.

Angora collars are adorable, and any of us would welcome one for a birthday gift. They make even an old dress we thought of giving to the Welfare Society take on new life. Price $1.95. Others come in velvet, corduroy, bouclé, lamè, and satin.

Such wonders can be wrought by a change of scarfs! There are the woolen knitted ones, crepe in brown, blue, and black combinations, black and white with fringed ends, and bouclé in bright Roman stripes. You can be just as gay or two-toned as you please. Prices range from $1 to $2.95, and you'll be wearing them a year sooner than if you hope to knit one yourself.

French jeweled heels are here once more, just in time to help celebrate. They can be attached to any high heel evening slipper; gold studded with amber and emerald brilliants, blue studded with amber and brilliants in a butterfly design—or one over golden topaz—for $5.00. And while we're on the subject of footwear, ask to see the new mules in the next shoe department you stray into. They're lovely—and reasonable. Negligees to match make gifts that really count.

Castner-Knott's are showing some attractive handkerchiefs—in a sale. Hand-embroidered linens, lace trimmed chiffon hankies, sport linens white, pastel and street shades. 4, 6, or 10 for 95 cents, according to their values.

In Loveman's gift shop are some table pieces of sterling and plate wear—from salt and peppers through well and tree platters, priced from $2.95 to $1,250. Not so practical for *you* perhaps, but there might be some one at home. There's a very nice imported traveling clock in the gift section—first floor—that folds completely into its own leather case. Prices $7.50 to $10 00. Tailored and dressy bags—you'll find one for every occasion in a wide variety, are ever welcomed, and especially so when the lack that "local color" and aptness to be duplicated on the streets of the home town. So, buy one here in Nashville, if you can sell these ideas to the family.

I couldn't help but be fascinated by the doll trunk in the same gift department. Somebody's little sister would eat it up Christmas Day and be the envy of her gang ever afterward. The trunk, which opens up into an electric-lighted murphy bed, contains doll, mattress, blankets, and doll clothes. This is an entirely new idea in doll fashions, so I'm told.

There are also some very, very feminine sweaters in gayly colored rabbits' hair or angora knit, and brand-new glacé gloves that make your hand look like something slim and artistic. This flattering glove in either plain or fancy, in flared trim, stitching and perforations. Huge puff-cuffs are very new and smart. Evening bags are worth investigating, gold jewelry is new and lovely, and twin stars are quite inspiring for one's hairdress.

If you are planning on buying rhinestones, look at the "Park Avenue" variety. It's an outstanding and very smart design. This doesn't begin to describe the thousand and one gift possibilities, so go down and see for yourselves.

W WE GOT THIS WAY

A Brief History of the Day Student Clubs

n the fall of 1922 a group met in basement of Heron Hall to or- ize some clubs for the day stu- ts alone. There were four clubs t wholly day student clubs) on the pus, mainly serving for athletic s. They were the Panthers, the ulars, the Athenians, and the mpians. We are descended from e ancestors, my dears! Anyway, re were that fall day, two day stu- t clubs organized. The Digammas d the Betas. Louise Smith (now h our dancing department) was sident of the Digammas and Sarah er (some dancers, these club girls) s president of the Betas. All day dents belonged to one of these two bs making approximately 100 girls each club.

These two clubs continued to serve day students until the Fall of T. In that year, the feeling was h that the competition between the y student teams and the boarding dent teams was too one-sided, there ing twice or more as many girls to ose from for teams from the day dent clubs. Two Betas and two gammas, all seniors, met with the ulty committee, and reorganized e clubs. At the beginning of their anization the clubs were called by mbers, being Group 1, Group 2, . (Our evolution was strange, was not?) Each of the four students the committee chose six girls re- rdless of their former clubs, and se groups of girls rushed all the y students for one week. At the l of that week, the girls signed very ch after the present system. We ught our rushing was something, t imagine seven girls after the ole day student body! The con- tution, names, and sponsors were ected that same year, and organiza- n was well under way. They t once a week, in most any place y could find. Their main function s for athletic groups. It is inter- ting to know the names of the four rls who originated the clubs that we w know. Miss Emma G. Green, who now working at Vanderbilt Uni- rsity, and Miss Elizabeth Barthell, w singing for the Columbia Broad- sting Company over Station WABC, re the two Betas. Miss Marye randon, now in the Springfield bank, d our own Miss Mary Elizabeth asey, now the "school girl's pal" as ell as gym teacher, were the Digam- as. The Aristons were Group 1, e Angkors, Group 2, the Triads, roup 3, and the Eccowassins, roup 4.

Today the clubs represent more cial life and other wider activities an did the early clubs. We have ub houses, too. Although Miss Casey ys, with a sigh, "Them was the ood old days," we believe we like us s we are!

Some Recent Work of the Day Student Clubs

Each of the four day student clubs giving a party for a group of the rotestant Orphanage children in the eek before we go home for the holi- ays. The clubs visit the orphanage nce a week to play with these chil- ren and we feel that this contact with he "other half" is giving our girls ome experience of real value.

Also, each of the clubs is taking are of a family, less fortunate than e are, over the Christmas season.

Our clubs are striving to prepare irls for later life and later club life, n whatever form it may exist. Visit s sometime in your spare moments! We feel that we are accomplishing ome real service both to the campus nd to the community.

DAY STUDENT CHATTER

We're afraid that you day students are studying too hard on your lessons, for we have been unable to scoop up any dirt for quite a while. Did you miss being written up last week? Well, you kids must do something to create some stir around here. Maybe it isn't you, maybe we haven't been "snooping" enough. We can say one thing for you, you have true friends, for it is impossible to get anybody to "fess up" and tell us any gossip. While the Senior-Mids kept quiet last week the Seniors really came out in fashion and proved themselves quite evident. You all really should have been at the dance and looked your Senior sisters over. They were all dressed up "fit to kill." We didn't know there were so many beauties—about one hundred, we counted.

The Senior Open House was really perfect in every detail. The decorations, music and all were just right, to say nothing of the beautiful frocks of our dear girls. We fluttered down the receiving line to the rhythm of Johnny Miller's orchestra. When we looked around the floor, were we "floored"! We'd hardly have recognized some of the girls if their smiles hadn't looked about the same as they do on the campus (some of them a little more adoring). Lucile Ford, Margaret Dorris, Francis Earles were chatting very earnestly to some of the out-of-town swains we didn't know. Wonder if they could have been from Gallatin, by any chance. We noticed the prominence of black. One of the Brugh twins was lovely in black. We can't ever tell them apart, and it's a good thing they were on the floor committee, we'd never have introduced them correctly. The other "Brugh" had on a delicate shade of blue, quite lovely. Frances Hale, Jane Wallace, Betty Anderson, Heloise Crownover, and Virginia Barnes all wore black in varying designs. Virginia Freeman was there but could hardly be seen beneath those seven gardenias. They looked lovely on the white satin of her dress. Oh yes, and Christine Cochran and Marjorie Lewis were dashing in black, too! Whites were ever so prominent. Claudine Smelser, looking more like Elissa Landi than ever; Bev Stone in gardenias, and "Joe" were around, too; regal Dot Jones and her Queen Elizabeth ruff, and lots of responsibility, which she carried well! Another queenly creature was little Elizabeth Crane with her blue satin train. Evelyn Boyd with her lovely deep voice and Jane Briggs with her gorgeous corsage impressed the boys quite forcibly. Ruth Barnes was rushing around, quite busy in peach satin. Imogene Bratton was indeed a model for the blondes—peaches and cream complexion and dress of almost the same color. Edith Kennedy was on hand in white velvet with a tricky silver cloth bodice. Did you notice "Flaming Lou"? Louise Fleming to you, in that darling lipstick red velvet? Elizabeth Glasgow had on dark green satin and the most unusual coiffure! We liked it. Pete Polk, lovely in green and gold, broke the rest of the hearts not already damaged by previous acquaintance. Margaret Swaney looked adorable in that pansy blue frock with the red shoulder bow. Ellen Trabue broke the record for the school girl's flare for being individual. That purple taffeta was very attractive, Ellen. Oh yes, that little hat of Lisbeth Smith's too chic for words! Anne Loftin was there, very chic in black taffeta with ducky slippers of red and silver. We noticed all the day students looking kind-of forlorn at times and discovered that was the moment when their best boy friend had just been introduced to one of our boarder sisters. They were all on hand in perfect and gorgeous array, and were we jealous when the boys "raved" about them all! It certainly was a grand dance, and we think the floor committee ought to be congratulated, and the school thanked sincerely for it all.

P-S-S-T-!

DID YOU KNOW—

That Elizabeth Crane ("Madame Secretary" to you and Miss Ross) is very industrious? Ask her about all that night class work she does.

That Jane Wallace can walk faster than anyone we ever saw? Come to the gym at 2:45 on Monday and witness our exhaustion after marching behind her all period.

That Elizabeth Gray is secretly training for a channel swim or the Olympics? We know, 'cause we saw her working overtime after class last Monday.

That a certain blonde Senior who went to a southern college last year makes a perfect wild woman? Look her up someday after swimming.

That Imogene Bratton is going to open a coaching class for French students who make grades below 150. Maybe we have this backwards, but Imogene certainly goes after her French verbs with bull-dog tenacity.

That two girls entertained a certain English Lit. class with a discussion about love and what it does to young girls—a la Romeo and Juliet? Ask Bev Stone about it—she vas dere, Sharlie.

Just ask Elizabeth Henderson how she proved herself the scholar in French class by use of elimination the other day.

MUSIC NOTES

One of the most brilliant music events of the Centennial Club season was the concert of chamber music presented at the club by the Nashville String Quartet, a unique musical organization which fills an unusual place in the local music circles. The concert was given Tuesday afternoon, November 21, at three o'clock.

While the four members of the ensemble are widely known, their appearance in quartet was new to the majority of Nashville music lovers. The personnel is as follows: Kenneth Rose, first violin; William Ravinson, second violin; Browne Martin, viola, and John Stenod, 'cello. The program included Haydn's Quartet, Op. 76, No. 5; "Tango," by Albeniz; "Nocturne of Borodine," "The Mill," by Raff, and "Quartet in E Minor," by Smetana.

Mr. Sydney Dalton, director of the Ward-Belmont Glee Club, will present the girls in a Christmas program Sunday, December 3, in the Ward-Belmont chapel at six o'clock. The selections include a group of English carols, and a group of Polish carols.

Mr. F. Arthur Henkel will play "Christmas in Poland," by Nowowiejski, and Priestley Miller, baritone, will sing a group of two songs.

MEMBERS OF "Y" CABINET HEAR VAN DEUSEN

On Wednesday evening, November 22, Marguerite Page, Martile Sherman, Gail Lawrence, Lydia Fountain, and Matilda Daugherty, members of the cabinet of the "Y," went to the Y.W.C.A. graduate school where they heard Dr. Henry Pitt Van Deusen. Dr. Van Deusen, who is dean of the Union Theological Seminary at New York City, spoke on "The Living God."

After the lecture the girls had conferences with various members of the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. from Vanderbilt University.

COMMITTEE VISITS FLORENCE CRITTENTON HOME

Matilda Daugherty, who is chairman of the Florence Crittenton Home committee, Rose Cyrene Paulus, Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth Clay, Helen Downing, Elizabeth Smith, Betty Otis, Katharine Hawley, and Lois Welch went to the Home on Thursday evening where they entertained the girls with a varied program. Grace Benedict danced, Rose Cyrene, Betty, and Matilda all gave readings, Katharine entertained them by playing popular music, and Rose Cyrene sang. The Clay sisters concluded the program with the singing of favorite songs and everyone joined in on the chorus.

When the program was ended, the girls discussed with Mrs. Matthews, the superintendent of the Home, and with Miss Wheeler, the problems and needs of the Home.

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EDITORIAL

THE OTHER SIDE OF THANKSGIVING

This past Thursday, which by tradition has been set as our annual day of Thanksgiving, several million people no doubt reviewed in their minds the blessings of the past year. To some of these people the "red ink" column is two-way and looking at every question, however, so why not turn over the page and look at the other side of Thanksgiving?

If there is a receiving of blessings there must in turn be a giving of blessings. There is not a one of us but has no doubt received many blessings. The question now is how many have we given? Have we, in our everyday life, made our friends and family thankful that we are here in the world with them? Have we made the credit side of *their* blessing sheet rich by a smile or by some thoughtful act? Have we made our professors and teachers feel that they have really accomplished something, and have their classes been happier and easier because of us?

These are only a few of the questions that we can ask ourselves about the *giving* of Thanksgiving. Surely we might follow the old Biblical saying "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Through the coming year, may our prayer be that we not forget the other side of Thanksgiving and surely we will have more than blessings to our credit when we check up again next year.

L. F. '34.

LET US GIVE THANKS!

Let us give thanks!

To those of us who are indeed fortunate and who have, in certainty, much to be thankful for, should occur at this time the necessity of making others thankful.

There are two classes of people to whom we may show the real pleasure that may be derived from life—the real pleasure that comes from being truely thankful for the blessings that are given us.

First of all, there are people who do not realize all their blessings. Often these kinds of people are the ones who, in reality, have the most, if they but would take advantage of it all. Such people we can help little save by example.

Secondly, there are the people who have little or nothing, with the exception of life itself, for which to be thankful. This is an early appeal for Christmas giving, some of you will say. It is not that. It is an appeal to you to bring happiness into others' lives, not solely at Thanksgiving, not only for Christmas, but for all the year, every year.

You all know the people of whom I speak. Cold, hungry, barefoot people, who need someone to give them

(Continued on last column of this page)

CAMPUS COLUMN

As I sit here calmly jotting down a few happenings on the Campus, my pet horse, Charlie, is suffering from a nasty gash on his leg. Ah, fellow-students, must we let him suffer? Is there (dramatically) *nothing* we can *do*? Yes, hisses the villain, go up and shoot him. Shoot him? First . . . you must shoot me. And the hero dies! Don't ask me what I've been reading. . . . I have a mere, or is it vague, feeling that there is no such thing in story books! Forgive me, ducks!

First, let me apologize to Louise Houk. That wasn't a brown scarf after all—it was a blue one. Anyway, it's good-looking. Can I help it if I'm color-blind or absent-minded?

I am not in the habit of free advertising, but this happens to be a special case. Betty Roth has a brown hat she would like to sell. Never saw the hat—couldn't say just what condition it is in or what it looks like on the head.

What seemed to be the trouble, Sara Jane, in monitors' meeting, Monday night?

Dramatic exit you made Sunday in church, Stanley Elizabeth; hope you feel "O. K." by now

Seen at the Agora dance, Saturday night:

Judy Acheson in white satin. Marjorie Jacobson in hyacinth blue. Ruth Robinson in lovely shade of yellow velvet with yellow ostrich feathers. Dorothy Glander in two shades of blue in combination of shirt and skirt. (Pardon, she was in the balcony.)

Did you notice the stag line following Jane Carroll? Wonder—could it have been planned by that admirer of hers? Pardon, just wondering! (I like doing that.)

And Buzzy didn't do so badly by herself, either! Must be nice.

Heard that the Clay sisters spent a most enjoyable Thanksgiving. And have you heard them harmonize?

These people who start packing their trunks three weeks in advance! Mary Jane Safford, you're included.

Mary Crocket Evans has a habit of confidentially calling you into a corner, simply to inform you "Good morning."

Every now and then Frankie Marbury does a "Strange Interlude"—for what reason no one knows. Can it be love?

First floor Founders was certainly *the* popular spot on the night of Senior "open-house." In fact, it turned out to be the best dance floor imaginable!

If by any chance you heard a queer noise in Founders the other night, don't be alarmed. It was only Jean Stewart enjoying a good laugh!

Polly Gay was worried Monday morning. Going to Monitors' meeting isn't *so* terrible, is it, Gay?

Did you see the gorgeous corsage that Dukey's Jean Patterson sent to her for the Senior dance?

In passing, let me say I hope you all had an enjoyable holiday. This is, for the most of us, the last Thanksgiving here at school. Isn't it strange, time does pass! Two weeks until Christmas, and HAPPY CHRISTMAS! See you!

EAGLE FEATHER

THANKSGIVING

Life is good when the late autumn's tapestries
Hang on the walls of the hills,
And there is a tang in the breeze,
And a roar in the rills.
And when the first snow shakes the trembling bo
And makes the world a tremulous white house
I lean to look with wonder, lest I miss
Some of the beauty as winter's delicate kiss
Touches the roadways with lovers' bliss.

Give thanks, Oh heart, Oh soul,
As the bright year doth roll
To a perfect end, like a perfect scroll
Lord, life is good.

Charles Hanson Towne

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands exulted glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glassy green
The cluster from the vine.

But let the gold, the good old corn, adorn
The hills our fathers trod.
Still let us, for golden corn
Send up our thanks to God.

John Greenleaf Whittier

A PRAYER

O Destiny! I ask of thee
One blessing: vouchsafe unto me
That I and mine may ever be
American, yea utterly!

Give us to breathe her winds that blow
Down mountain crests of stainless snow,
Across her leagues of high plateau
To verdant valleys far below.

Teach us to love her various moods,
Blue skies and stormy interludes,
Her streams, her swamps, her incensed woods,
Canyons and desert solitudes.

Too long in alien paths we've trod,
Unmindful that in native sod
Rose, thistle-bloom and goldenrod
Lift smiling faces up to God.

—*New York Times.*

RING OUT WILD BELLS

I've learned to let the telephone
Scream out its little heart alone.
I've schooled myself to let it ring
When I am busy skirmishing
With work or play, or bed or board.
But someday I shall rip the cord
Out by the roots, because I do
Occasionally think it's you
And answer, only to be caught
By someone who stacks up to naught.

M. Fishback.

(Continued from first column of this page)

something for which they may be thankful. Cannot y give a bit of yours to help those who have so little?

But, perhaps again you question my statement, an say that there are many receiving charity (certainly n charity, rather a blessing to both those who give an receive) who are not deserving. Would you make man suffer that a few might be justified?

This appeal is particularly to those on this campu who by the mere fact of their presence here have muc for which to be thankful. Help whenever, whatever, an however you can. Regardless of the amount given a home, from your personal money aid those less fortunate than yourselves.

H. L. '34.

CLUB CHATTER

Many new attractions have been added to the Agora club house. Come and see 'em sometime!

If you want to laugh, go see Raeleen Tibbetts and ask her about the wise crack she made after Ruth Frye's announcement.

The A.K.'s initiated their new sponsor, Miss Sanders, at the meeting Wednesday night. "It seems nice to have someone to help us again," they say.

Mary Lalla Byrn gave a talk on Thanksgiving at vespers, and Nancy Ann sang.

The amount of food that the A.K.'s are able to consume is astounding. Sunday night Vick Keidel and Dukie Hill managed, with little assistance, to finish a bag of potato chips.

Saturday afternoon, Shorty, Cack, Findlater, McKenzie, Enloe, and Roth went down to the A.K. house for coffee and sandwiches. Cack made the coffee and insists that it was good, but for some strange reason the other members of the party have nothing to say.

Have you seen the new checked curtains in the Anti-Pan kitchen? Sarah Joyce Beasley is responsible. They are her contributions to the Anti-Pan kitchen shower. Come up and see 'em sometime!

Hamburgers were fried again last Saturday evening when Virginia Grotz and a group of her friends went to the club house to cook dinner.

Wednesday evening the F.F.'s were entertained by Dolores Smith and Dukie Hill. Dolores sang two numbers: "Hold Your Man," and one of Dukie's own compositions which she has not yet named. Grace Benedict rendered a tap dance.

Sunday evening at Vespers, the F.F. chairman, Harriet Ostergren, took charge of the program. Sally Zimmerman read one of Sara Teasdale's love poems and for the rest of the program Christmal carols were sung.

Tuesday evening several girls were hostesses at a spaghetti dinner at the Penta Tau house. Those included in this party were Annette McMullen, Katherine Hyde, Virginia Shaw and their dates. It has been rumored that some of these dates were very attractive.

Sunday morning Mary Jane Dulaney, Edwina Holland, May Dell Meyer, Katherine Hawley, and Elizabeth Ann Rall went to the Penta Tau House for breakfast. My word, what cooks they turned out to be!

The Penta Taus were lucky this week, for Ida May's mother, who, as Ida May says, was so impressed by the girls in the club, that she sent an enormous box of good things to eat to the group. Sunday night all of the Penta Taus ate, but there was still enough left for them to have another feast Monday night.

A musical club meeting was held at the Tri K house on Wednesday night. Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth harmonized "The Indian Love Call" and "Poor Butterfly," and Betty Bowman played "Stormy Weather," "Moonstruck," and other favorites. Sara Jo Berry gave a clever character sketch entitled "Katie's Answer." To end the program, Isabel Coulter sang "Selection from Jocelyn," "Smilin' Through," and "The Big Brown Bear."

After Sunday vespers, the Tri K's tried the old game of concentration. Under the direction of Miss Morrison, they succeeded in lifting in succession Katrina, Patsy Schorndorfer and Arline Hershey. The trick really works!

The Tri K hockey team was found grouped anxiously around Funk, after each meeting, trying to find out when that last early practice was to be.

"If you can't be a friend, you are defeated," said Francis Prince, principal speaker for the T. C. Fireside Hour. The subject for discussion was "Friendship," and Francis, Betty Abry, and Ruth Goldman gave many points on the value of friendship. Wilnetta Warnock, vesper chairman, presided.

Miss Sisson, a former sponsor of the X. L. Club, gave them the facts of the beginning of this and other clubs. One point of interest that impressed the members was the knowledge of how part of the furniture was obtained.

The X. L.'s surprised themselves the other day by having such a large number at basketball practice. Little Helen Downing is certainly good.

"They say" that Jane Wilson's highest ambition is to be a Sunday school superintendent.

STRING QUARTET IN INITIAL CONCERT

First Recital Before Centennial Club

An organization that should make a unique place for itself in the musical activities of the community was introduced by the Centennial Club to its members on Tuesday afternoon, when the new Nashville String Quartet presented its first program. Chamber music is of the very essence of the art. Its appeal is not so wide as that of the more spectacular orchestra and there is an intimacy about it that only the true music lover can appreciate fully. But a good quartet of stringed instruments opens up to the listener a literature of unsurpassed beauty to which most of the great masters of the past and present have contributed.

It is reasonable to suppose, then, that if local audiences give this new quartet the support that its first recital alone entitles it to expect, they will be richly rewarded with future programs.

While this was the first appearance of the organization in a full program of quartet music, the season of preparation that preceded it has by no means been brief. The members, consisting of Kenneth Rose, first violin; William Ravinson, second violin; Browne Martin, viola, and John Strand, 'cello, have been rehearsing diligently during past months. Only true musicians who put their art first would be willing to spend so many hours of unrewarded time in achieving a well articulated ensemble, such as these four players presented on Tuesday.

There was smoothness and good balance in their work. The tone was at all times of highly agreeable quality and, even in this initial appearance, they managed to attain something of that elasticity of rhythm which is the result of long experience.

In the Haydn Quartet in D (No. 8), which opened the program, the Adagio and Finale were particularly well done, with a roundness of tone in the former, and a vivaciousness in the latter that brought hearty applause. Of the second group: a Tango, by Albeniz; the Nocturne from Borodine's Second Quartet, and "The Mill," from a Raff quartet, the Nocturne was of especial interest, with its well-maintained balance between changing solo and accompanying instruments and its skillful performance as a whole.

While the Tango was understandingly and smoothly played, it lacked something of the Spanish color, and "The Mill," despite the muted instruments and a rich tone, was a trifle too heavy.

The most taxing work of the afternoon, Smetana's Quartet in E Minor ("From My Life") was admirably done. The autobiographical nature of the work is in itself interesting. At the same time, there is much beautiful music in its four movements, and a great many difficulties. It was played with an earnestness and a seriousness of purpose deserving of the highest praise. The tragic appeal of the first movement was stressed, and the difficult Polka of the second movement was presented with dash and surety.

Further appearances of the Nashville String Quartet will be awaited with interest by all lovers of this aristocratic form of music.—Sydney Dalton, *Nashville Banner*, November 22.

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HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY GIVEN

The Junior-Senior party, an annual affair which is always looked forward to, was held Friday, November 24. The tea room was the location, and, as it was an advertising spree, was decorated with posters and slogans of well-known products. Each girl was supposed to represent some famous ad, such as coca-cola, or lux soap, or finger nail polish. There was dancing and at the intermission, a grand march during which all the ads paraded down the center aisle, and the assembly by applause, helped the judges choose the winners.

Patsy Schorndorfer took down the house and the Senior prize with her version of the cherub on the Campbell Soup advertisement, and in the Junior ranks, Eleanor Bailey won by a good margin with an interpretation of the Fisk slogan, "Time to Retire."

Refreshments were served and more dancing was enjoyed until 10:30.

The president of the class is Ann Huddleston, and the toastmistress for the occasion was Polly Ann Billington.

FINAL HOCKEY GAME ENDS IN TIE

The spectators went wild on Thanksgiving Day as the T. C.'s and Tri K's fought the annual championship game. The final score was 2-2. The outcome was in doubt throughout the entire game, and the final whistle saw the ball in mid-field where it had stayed most of the game.

The first half ended with the T. C.'s leading 2-0, Meyer scoring first on a beautiful play over the left side. In the next few minutes neither team was able to keep the ball. Then Huson made the final score for the T. C.'s. The half ended with the ball again in the middle of the field. The Tri K's came back in the second period with a great attack, Funk scoring the first goal for the Tri K's after the ball had been carried the length of the field. The T. C. defense held until the last few minutes of the game, and then Munsie made the score that tied the game.

The deadlock in score entitles each club to hold the cup for one semester. The cup is in possession of the Tri K's now.

The starting lineup is as follows:

Tri K	Position	T. C.
Van Benschoten	R.W.	Warnock
Barrett	R.I.	Huson
Pyeatt	C.F.	Sherman
Funk	L.I.	Meyer
Munsie	L.W.	Pearce
Schorndorfer	R.H.	Hetherington
Taylor	C.H.	Lincoln
Coultor	L.H.	Randal
Clay	R.F.	Abry
Bosserman	C.F.	Kirwan
Jones	Goal	Goldman

Summary: Goals: Tri K 2 (Funk, Munsie); T. C. 2 (Meyer, Huson). Sub: Tri K, Carroll for Barrett; Hershey for Taylor; Barrett for Funk; Taylor for Clay. Umpires: Cayce and McKnight.

"ENTER MADAME"

Alas, as we turn to figures on the campus, we see a certain red-headed, rather dramatic, figure of a "certain Mary Jones."

Miss Jones has lived in Canton, Georgia, all of her life. Maybe you do not know where Canton is, and if you do not, I would advise you to find out, for it is, indeed, a place where they have nothing but fun.

Well, Mary is a rather nice person, at least those who know her think she has many nice qualities, but, as all of us have, so she has her faults —and one of these faults is eating.

Mary likes to follow golf tournaments. (Just ask me and I could name over at least a dozen we attended this summer.) She also enjoys horseback riding, swimming, dramatics, and reading poetry. Poetry is one of her "most-exercised-likes," so by that, we almost at once draw the conclusion that she is moody, sentimental,—a sort-of dreamy type. (Please don't hit me, Mary, I'll be quiet.) Still, Miss Jones is from Georgia, and I've heard tell that they have those kinds of people down that way.

Miss Jones says she does not like to read biography, or, in fact, fiction to any extent. She does not mind studying, still she can find a better occupation any day in the week.

THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday—

It was one big rush from the time I got up until—well I stopped rushing about nine and climbed in bed. It always seems, though, that the more things I have to do and the less time I have to do them that I always get them done than if I had less things to do and more time to do them, I wouldn't do anything. You know, something like the more the worser, the lesser the better. (Sounds like the answer to one of Helen Larimer's jokes.) I even managed to go downtown. I saw many many Seniors getting "all prettied up" for the dance. Jiggled and bounced around all the way home on the street car. The ride always seems twice as long when I have to stand up. After delivering all the little packages (I never shop for myself) and changing to a clean shirt and campus shoes, I hied myself down to the club to a buffet supper with the Anti-Pans. Was so delighted to see Janet Newberry back with us. The way she talked about all the shows she saw, made me envy her. I ate 'n ate spaghetti till I thought I'd surely eaten more than anyone there, but I heard Bettie Roth say, "This makes my seventh," so I knew she was two up on me. At nine I put myself very carefully between the covers, and almost broke my neck trying to sleep comfortably and yet not muss up my hair.

Thursday—

Thanks go to the Tri K's early hockey practice for waking me up. I didn't live up to the "Early to bed, early to rise." (I'm just brimming over with references to classical (?) literature —the effect senior English has on me.) Went to chapel with the idea of sitting and thinking (about going home) but the speaker swept me out of my dream with his pleasing voice. I must confess that I was moved to think about something worth while—lots more worth while than just going home. Was fortunate in getting at a pretty good table although one of my secret enemies sits there, too. Maybe I'll learn to like her! Couldn't bring myself about to studying so I went off to the club to listen to some good records. Almost forgot to go to the tea room and munch a hamburger. Basketball practice was one big huddle after another. Worried all during practice about how I was going to get dressed for dinner by quarter of six. We had seventeen minutes. Congratulated myself for getting dressed in such a short time, but forgot to wash my face in the rush. I guess that was why everyone looked at me so at dinner. Went to my room after dinner and flipped a coin to see whether I should go to the dance or not. After fifteen minutes of flipping I decided to go anyway. Had a right nice time except for the nail in my shoe. I was so wide awake after the dance (my three cups of coffee, no doubt) that I decided to study a bit. After reading this passage from Raleigh "They that are rich in words must needs discover that they are poor in that which makes a lover." I didn't feel so badly about not having a "line" to feed to the boys at the dance. Went to sleep thinking about the boy with the black curly hair—you know the one.

Friday—

Pulled myself out of bed to find it drizzling outside. Why couldn't it wait till sleep Sunday to do that? Tried to do most of my lessons from eight to eight-thirty (what would we do without that half hour?) but Ginny Winston yelled so loudly in the hall about Jimmy Somethingorother and Tom Soandso that I had to listen to her instead. Every Senior had a different story to tell about the dance. Nell Betty Anderson pulled off some pretty good ones. Tried to sleep through all of my classes, but Dean Burk gave a test, and Mr. Donner's room was too cold, and Miss Pugh was unusually interesting that I just had to stay awake all morning. Didn't get to the tea in the new reading room. Heard it was just grand. That's a very good idea about not letting anyone study in there.

Went to the library and chatted with everyone, tried out all the new chairs in the recreational reading room, and then came on back to the hall. Flopped on the bed and tried to figure out why x equals y plus k. Never did quite figure it out, though.

Saturday—

Waited for this day to come for ages. Spent the entire afternoon reading a good book in front of a swell fire while listening to "I Want You, I Need You." That piece can really get you down! I rated an invitation to one of those grand Saturday night club dinners where Kid and Soper do the cooking. Boy, those two kids can really cook steaks, 'cause Mildred Scott even ate one, and she doesn't usually go in for steak eating!

Since none of us rated the Agora dance, we went to the balcony to listen to some good music. The dance was a dream. Had fun dancing with Mary Jones and racing Glander and Nehls around the balcony. Did want a balloon so badly, but just wasn't able to grab one soon enough. Tried and tried to make the radio work, but it just wouldn't. Decided I'd rather sleep anyway. Was going to get up and have a feast with my apple and box of crackers, but decided to keep them till breakfast.

Sunday—

Woke up at ten o'clock by someone pounding on my door wanting to borrow something. Such crust! Found that the cockroaches had beaten me to the crackers, so munched my apple and pretended to be content. Was delighted to find that Dr. Mims was going to talk to us. He's always so impressive in putting over his theme. Wish he'd repeat his talk on "Bright Intervals."

Argued with myself all afternoon whether I should study or not. Decided I wouldn't. Went to club for tea. Found that the food committee had spread peanut butter on the crackers and had made ham sandwiches for us. Quite considerate, to say the least!

After putting forth much time and effort I finally got that Spanish theme written before light bell.

Got a special from the family telling about the neighbor who fell out of the persimmon tree. They also mentioned the fact that I would be home soon. Went to bed with that thought on my mind.

Monday—

Found out that the Spanish theme didn't have to be until Wednesday. Was quite disgusted to think I had put off all my other lessons on account of it. Got through all my classes pretty good considering I hadn't prepared my lessons. Spent the afternoon in the club as usual. Was bored to death listening to someone's money troubles at the dinner table (the girl was griping about spending money in her mind—I'd rather spend it there than other places) but the chocolate pie brought me out of my dilemma. Looked all around for Soper when the pie was brought in, 'cause I know how much she likes it. Remembered that she was at her club for dinner. Was half induced to sneak a piece out for her, but decided not to. Found out later that she had got some anyway. Studied in the library all evening. There was just enough noise in there to make me study real good. Walked up to Middlemarch before going to the hall so I could look at the moon a little longer. Did the week's washing before going to bed. Even rolled my hair up on curlers so I'd look pretty to have my picture took.

Tuesday—

Woke up to find a spring morning outside. Certainly doesn't seem like Thanksgiving is near. Had more fun in Psych class listening to everyone's experiences about their illusions. Was thrilled to pieces to find home-going schedules in the mail boxes. Was more pepped up over that than if I had received a letter. And bean soup for lunch! Surprised everyone at the table by eating four bowls of it, but that's my favorite dish. Since I didn't have any classes, I just went to the club again. Think I'll move down there seeings as how I'm down there all the time anyway. Just had to listen to "I Want You, I Need You" again and again.

Envied everyone who went to the birthday dinner because the table looked so lovely. I got to carve the lamb at dinner. Felt sort of hostessish, but found out that it was a hard task. Was glad no one wated a second helping. Tried and tried to study, but couldn't get my mind off that Thanksgiving hockey game. I just couldn't think of who to bet on, but decided that I just wouldn't bet this time. Worked a couple of cross-word puzzles, dusted the furniture for Thanksgiving, polished my shoes, and tinkered with the radio. Got in bed to find that I hadn't put on my clean sheets. Raced around and finally got them on before eleven o'clock.

PREP PATTER

We just must tell you about our visit to that old Nashville landmark, the filtration plant, the historic spot where they determine, with diabolical cunning, how much chlorine you will drink in a given time. Our chemistry class wandered out one day, and was taken through by an engaging, though mildly surprised, young man. He most obnoxiously explained that as the water is pumped from the river, sometimes fish come up in it and have their heads chopped off as they reach the top. We call it a low-down trick to play on the poor fish. We also made the acquaintance of Algae, delightful little creatures that infest the water, and are sometimes drunk by unsuspecting people. When we were shown the filter beds, one of our friends wondered if she fell in, would she seep through the sand and gravel at the bottom. What a precipitate would be left!

Around at one of the last prep-school games we observed Nancy Houghland, Virginia McClellan, Judith Davis, and Shirley Caldwell together. Shirley was cheering mightily for B. G. A., and between halves, the four of them zig-zagged all across the field and back again. Virginia Tompkins and Jane Bagley were there, and Josephine Neil, one of the best-looking spectators we've seen in years, with Juliette Craig. While we were absorbed in watching the game (or our companions, anyway), and were in the midst of an animated conversation, we suddenly remembered a note we were supposed to have delivered before we left school. The smile froze on our face and we all but toppled over into the line of scrimmage in a dead faint. We were overcome with remorse for the next twenty-four hours.

Who was the girl who was called down at the Junior-Junior-Middle party for doing a somewhat original version of a certain famous dance?

Everybody there looked too gorgeous, yes, gorgeous. You know it was supposed to be an advertising display, so some brave soul dressed the part. Mary Jane Nicholson came as an Old Dutch Cleanser girl, and Elizabeth Love portrayed Camel Cigarettes. Martha Beasley and Laura Whitson happily stayed sober during a bout advertising Schlitz Beer. Betty Penick donned a white evening dress, painted her finger nails coral, and hung a sign around her neck declaring that she was Miss Van Goop, and always used Cutex Nail Polish. Rebecca Clayton and Peggy Wrenne personified the gals who leer at you from every poster, "Her dress said 'Paris,' but her hands screamed 'Dishpan.'" Mary Alice Herbert shone in a dress suit and collar only four



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goes too large, and Polly Ann Billington served as toastmaster in a tuxedo, and, of all things, a moustache.

But it was Patsy Schorndorfer who took down the house with her version of the little cherub on the Campbell Soup ads, and in the ranks of the illustrious Juniors, Eleanor Bailey was equally popular, showing the "Time to Retire" slogan to its best advantage.

Something remarkable has happened! One of our friends has asked us to sing Christmas carols on Christmas eve with her—us, who haven't been able to carry a tune since Grant took Richmond! We were immensely flattered, and feel that it is a test of true friendship.

We went on a 'possum hunt near Murfreesboro last Saturday that we had been looking forward to for three weeks. Mary Louise Torrey was also very much in evidence, and traipsed over the country in a two-wheeled, rubber-tired vehicle, drawn by a horse (or, to be more high-flown, equine), that had to be forcibly controlled whenever a train came within hearing distance. We walked miles in boots that we thought had certainly made blisters, but hadn't, and then came back to the house and ate hot spaghetti, than which there is no whicher in our estimation. We are indebted to our host for life.

Here's an item for your scrap-books: Who is the Junior-Middle who was visited Thanksgiving by a University of Alabama student? If he has her affection, he has something to be thankful for.

Another Junior-Middle (my goodness, but it's a fast class) who is noted for too-bright sayings, coyly remarked that if she ever got introduced to a certain boy (description—tall, blond, plays football) that he'd be heading for his last round-up. She must be irresistible. And speaking of this, we nominate the following for the joke of the week. It's by courtesy of the *Nashville Tennessean*, though they don't yet know we've taken it:

"The only thing we object to about the fellow who is going to the last round-up is the fact that it takes him so long to get out of hearing."

Just by way of making conversation, we suggest that a good book to read over the holidays is Vincent Starrett's new volume "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes." Lovers of the great sleuth (and we are the outstanding one hearabouts), will enjoy it immensely.

And now that we've made conversation with that, we reckon we'll just kind of wander on in a desultory fashion, letting our fevered brain dwell on this and that. We hear a blond in high school made a great hit at two or three of the fraternity parties not so long ago, and we hear that two gals we know have sworn off smoking because the boys don't like it so much, and we hear that scads of our classmates went to hear Herbie Kay's orchestra when it was here. So far, terrible!

Do you (we just bet you don't; in fact we know it) remember when two rival factions had a battle in the cloak room of Little Ac, and smashed the water cooler? This happened away back when we were in the seventh grade. Some were locked in the room, and had to climb out the window and they threw wet towels at their adversaries through said window, and everything generally was pretty much of a mess. When Miss Major arrived on the scene, boy, was *she* mad!

And do you remember the fights we used to have every day on the baseball field? Margaret Greene had her teeth almost knocked out, and we almost broke our finger; it isn't quite straight yet, and Elsie Caldwell broke her nose (not in school but in an extra-curricular activity)? We slid into home plate in cloud of dust and bemoaned the fact that we had to wear dresses.

We stand corrected on a statement we made in last week's HYPHEN. We rashly declared that when we were very young, *everybody* brought her lunch in tin boxes with pink or blue rabbits on the sides. We have been reminded that such was not the case. One or two of the radicals in our group had the audacity to appear with a box decorated with yellow ducks.

Just one more thing we hear before closing this column. Right now, we hear the clock striking two, A.M., B-U-L-O-V-A, Bulova watch time, and we are now signing off, operating on a unit of 4 themes, 750 pages of history to be outlined, and 32 chemistry quizzes each month.

H. H.

MAILBOX

Dear Boots:

I hope you are lonesome. I hope no one has written to you for a week. I hope you have a couple of weeks without a thing to do—I am going to write you a letter. Tuesdays and Thursdays I have a 9:00 o'clock class, but Dean Irwin didn't come so here I am in the library, studying.

Now, for something amusing—I have been proposed to! by a P.A.D. active—gee, that was a terrible moment! I felt so sorry for him, and I was so embarrassed. I'm going to the Phi Delta winter party with him, Saturday night, though.

This Friday is the Beaux Arts ball—I'm going with a lovely Sigma Chi pledge. I have nothing to wear—costume of 1890, but pooh!—this is only Thursday—somebody will find something for me before tomorrow.

Chapel is in about ten minutes, I think, and after that I have Latin, so I ought to get to work.

The thrill of my life is my Sunday school class. They are little ruffians (boys). Every Sunday they have a free-for-all to see who's going to sit by me (they're only 12, so they don't know any better). They always notice which of my two dresses I'm wearing, and I always comb my hair 'specially for them.

The chapel speaker is a woman with a masculine voice. She thunders at us—"Do you know who rules India?" The answer, in case you're interested, is 700 people.

Now, that that is over, you'd never guess what I did this afternoon. Went Christmas shopping with mother. Season's greetings, and all that.

You really should be here to hear about all the funny messes people are getting into. I am the next best little deceiver on the campus (I ought to be able to write fiction some day soon). Listen—a couple of weeks ago I woke up to the fact that I had three dates for that Saturday night. I had accepted a date to the P.A.D. and one to hear Ben Bernie, and alas, Miss Hanson was having a dinner party in order that Charles' dear parents could see only son Charles and me together. (They realize I'm not good enough for him.) What do you think I did? And was Charles mad?—but he loves me—so what could he do? The P.A.D. was another matter—it took three straight hours of lying to get across to him that I was telling the truth—of course I went to hear Ben Bernie with Bob. (That was the nicest date I have ever had, too—it was, in fact, practically perfect.)

Nic Youngman (P.A.D. pledge) has been reading most of this letter and sends love—now that I've written this and he has read it, he has turned green—by special request; if you ever meet him don't hold it against him.

Goodbye, nice child,
BOBBIE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT PICTURES

"The Private Life of Henry the Eighth."

Hard-boiled movie critics have raved over this one. The reviewers of *Photoplay, Sreenland, Life, Judge,* the *Literary Digest,* and various other magazines have praised it to the skies. *Liberty* gave it four stars. This explodes the notion that all British-made films are dull, heavy shows. Charles Laughton, in the title role, adds another laurel to his collection, already made famous by productions such as "The Sign of the Cross." Everybody knows the story. Henry's first wife was Catherine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain, and a good woman. He divorced her. The second, Anne Boleyn, was bad. He had her executed, and as a mark of favor, sent for a special headsman from France. Jane Seymour died nine days after the birth of her son, Edward, the frail heir to the throne. Anne of Cleves was so unattractive that the king spent his wedding night playing cards. She was divorced. Catherine Howard was next. She was also beheaded. Katherine Parr was the only one who outlived the king. The merry monarch is here junctured as a bluff, hearty old toper, and the story is rich in humor, and devoid of that stodginess for which English pictures are noted. This one should be put on your "must see" list.

"Lady for a Day."

This one, also, has been acclaimed by critics far and wide. It's new and appealing, and presents some colorful characters, "Apple Annie" for one. She is played by May Robson, who gives a fine performance. Just an apple vendor on New York's sidewalks, she is, as the title tells, a lady. Everything starts happening when Dave the Dude, played by Warren William, helps her to enact the role she has been pretending for her daughter's sake—the part of an aristocrat. Dave does it for luck, but before long, his heart's in it, his racketeering gang in danger, and all for an old apple woman. There's plenty of excitement, a smashing climax, and a good ending. Ned Sparks and Jean Parker are especially good.

"The Worst Woman in Paris."

There is far too little of Adolphe Menjou's subtle acting in this one. The cast does well with a time-worn story that nevertheless is interesting and exciting with Menjou in it. It is the old story about the wicked woman (Benita Hume, who made her screen debut in Lee Tracey's "Clear All Wires!") whose reputation is worse than she is. Leaving Paris for America, she meets Professor Harvey Stephens in a train wreck. Convalescing in his home, she falls in love, but sacrifices herself for her Parisian lover (Menjou). We need to see more of him. This one recommended.

"My Lips Betray."

Lillian Harvey, lovely petite star of "Congress Dances" and "My Weakness," again plays a leading role in a musical comedy. This one is exciting, provocative and gay, and contains melodies you'll be humming. Also recommended.

VANDERBILT HOSPITAL VISITED

Marjorie Zaug, Jane Taylor, Sunny Taylor, Peggy Blackmor, Marion Lowe, Eleanor Mortimer, and Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, who is chairman of the committee, once again visited the wards of Vanderbilt Hospital last Tuesday evening.

Marion, Eleanor, and Peggy went immediately to the surgical ward, and no sooner had they arrived than Marion discovered some children upon whom she lavished her time and attention. Marion, who has *quite a way* with children, soon knew their past, present, and future!

The medical ward attracted Mary Ruth and Marjorie and they talked with patients that they know from previous visits. It was in the ward that Jane introduced Sunny to some of her acquaintances. Thus another profitable evening was spent.

MRS. BRYAN REVIEWS W.-B. HISTORY

(Continued from page 1)

now, and in this vicinity was also a bowling alley, later used by Belmont College as a gymnasium. The little boy statue is still standing near the site, the last of a group of hitching posts.

The mansion itself is the most beautiful, romantic spot on the estate. Rec Hall was once a famous ballroom, where Mrs. Acklen entertained lavishly. The finest ball was given in 1868, when 1,500 invitations were sent out. There were two orchestras, one in the house and the other outside. Japanese and Chinese lanterns swung from the limbs of magnolia trees like so many brilliantly-hued butterflies. To increase the splendor of the effect, locomotive lights were used. After the ball sixteen cakes remained uncut! The drawing room shutters are today as they were then, for Mrs. Acklen had intended that part of the house as an open court at one time, and never quite got away from the idea of opening it up in the same fashion. The stairway, built without support is a very fine example of Colonial architecture.

In 1890, several years after the death of Mr. Acklen, Miss Hood and Miss Heron, of Philadelphia, bought the estate for a girls' school. It was necessary to tear down some of the mansion and to add wings. In this way Fidelity, North Front, and Founders came into existence, nearly being called Fidelity, Faith and Charity Halls!

In 1913 came the consolidation of Ward Seminary with Belmont College. Then all classes met in North and South Front. Big Ac was finally built, with the library on the third floor, and our present library used as an assembly hall and little theater. Our present gymnasium had not been built, and "gym" equipment boasted only two dirt tennis courts. The Athletic Association was formed in 1914, and Pembroke Hall was begun and named after Mr. Hail's Kentucky home, "Pembroke." Student government was born in Pembroke, and turned out to be so successful that in 1916 the whole school adopted it. In 1916, Heron was built, and in 1923, Senior Hall was dedicated. In the cornerstone of Senior is a tin box containing a picture of Dr. Blanton and Miss Mills, a Senior banner, a Senior-Middle banner, and a copy of the *Milestone.* Upon Mr. Hail's death, in 1929, Senior Hall was named Eustice A. Hail Senior Hall, in memory of him.

The Round House by Pembroke is of special significance. In the history of the school it has been used as a science laboratory, commercial department, elementary school, and as the first tea room, the "Sign of the Silver Spoon."

The years between 1923 and 1929 were especially active in building. In 1923, the Club House dream was realized, at a cost of $100,000. In 1926, these club houses were completed and a drawing was held to allot them to the various clubs. In 1927, the athletic fields were completed, and in 1929, the riding stables built. Although the first HYPHEN appeared in November, 1914, there was no HYPHEN office until 1928. The HYPHEN office also serves as an Alumnae office for the association which commenced activities in 1921.

This past week the new recreational reading room was opened. We are still making history, and we are still building—building on the dreams that have been wished for Ward-Belmont's well-being ever since there have been students on this campus.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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...LIAM CRAN-DALL TELLS OF OXFORD LIFE

"... a place, not a univer-... town," said Mr. William ... speaking on "Life in Ox-... Chapel, on Friday, Decem-...

"...lege is a separate institu-... in itself, and founded for ... purpose. New College was ... 1379, by John Wycliffe, ... full of strange customs." ... must be closed at nine ... night. Those entering after ... pay to get in. No official ... into a College. Therefore, ... holds its own court. Each ... required to wear a little ... as if he leaves the College ... dark. And no student can ... ing to drink unless he or-... thing to eat also. "One does ... to study or attend lectures. ... is within the College by ... clock each night."

"Oxford one learns unconscious-... having to get down to ... The English feel that social ... contacts one makes at ... a better source of education ... books. One can state an ... disagree with anyone as ... one believes it and has a ... for one's belief."

"Oxford you read a subject, ... of attending lectures and ... you get a list of books per-... your subject and read ... When you feel that you are ... to take the examination, you ... On the examination, you dis-... give your opinions on the ... as well as what you have ...

Grandall said that he would ... women going to the Wom-... College at Oxford unless they ... planning to teach, for they are ... a serious disadvantage since they ... been admitted only since the ...

"...goes to Oxford to take his ... society," for one knows be-... what one is going to do ... goes there to prepare himself ... position in life. "Oxford ... a person to be an English-...

"...you think of Oxford, think ... a place; a street of loving ... ...ns."

...IORS TO SING CHRISTMAS CAROLS

...The coming of the Christmas ...omes the time for the spread-...ood cheer. The Senior girls ...ing up their voices for the ...al singing of the Carols. ...ll sing for the Bartons, the ... the Benedicts, and, lastly, ...ious halls on the campus. Fol-...the caroling the girls will ...ir own party in Senior hall.

...SS TOWNSEND TO PRESENT CHRISTMAS PLAY

...nstitution of a play celebrat-...Christmas season has been ... for a number of years, and ...udents of the Expression ... will give this year, on Sun-...December 10, an arrangement ... Townsend, "The Holy Child ...Nazareth." The scenes are: ...The Annunciation; (2) The Na-... (3) The Blessed 10th Birth-... the Child Jesus, in which the ... of healing is accomplished by

(Continued on page 8)

EVANS, BARITONE, CONCERT ARTIST

Wilbur Evans, baritone, was the guest artist at the second concert of the year, given Tuesday night, December 5. He was well received by a large audience, and called back for as many encores as he could be persuaded to give. He was accompanied by Erl Beatty at the piano.

His program was:

I.

Air from Milton's "Comus" ....*Arne*
Tell Me Not of a Lovely Lass..*Forsyth*
Aria: "Sorge infausta una procella"
.....*Handel*

II.

An die Musik .....*Schubert*
Der Doppelganger .....*Schubert*
O wusst' ich doch den Weg zuruck.
.....*Brahms*
Vergebliches Standchen ...*Brahms*

III.

Aria: "Eri tu".....*Verdi*
(from the opera, "Una Ballo in Maschera")

IV.

L'Invitation au Voyage.....*Duparc*
Le Manoir de Rosemonde....*Duparc*
The Siege of Kazair (from Boris Goudonoff) .....*Moussorgsky*
Love Song of the Idiot..*Moussorgsky*

V.

The Celestial Weaver.....*Charles*
Shoes .....
Song of the Bow .....*Aghward*
Hallelujah Rythm .....*Wolfe*

As encores Mr. Evans gave, "The Old Black Mare," "Old Man River," and "Shortnin' Bread."

VARSITY HOCKEY TEAMS SELECTED

At the end of the hockey season each year the Physical Education Department picks the ten girls who have played the most outstanding hockey for their teams and names them on the honorary varsity hockey team. the 1933 varsity hockey and second varsity teams are as follows:

Varsity		*Second*
Martha Pyeatt	C.F.	Virginia Smith
Toska Ann Von Borries	R.I.	Jane Meyer
Dorothy Funk Carolyn	L.I.	Victoria Keidel
Eskridge	R.W.	Polly Billington
Beverly Stone	L.W.	Jean Munsic
Mary Marjorie Lincoln	C.H.	Roberta Munger
Catherine Brown	K.H.	Nita Bogue
Grace Bosserman	L.H.	Frances Rose
Elizabeth Glasgow	R.F.	Helen Downing
Rebecca Hall	L.F.	Betty Abry
Mary Soper	G.	Betty Hill

CHRISTMAS MUSIC PRESENTED BY GLEE CLUB

The Ward-Belmont School presented the Glee Club in a program of Christmas music under the direction of Sydney Dalton in the Ward-Belmont auditorium, Sunday evening, December 3, at 6 o'clock.

Many of the girls in the Glee Club have never had any vocal training. However, Mr. Dalton succeeds in getting the necessary amount of tone and color. The girls enunciated clearly and the interpretations were skillfully done. Although the Glee Club has been organized for only three months of this year, it reflect a great deal of persistent work and energy on the part of both the members and Mr. Dalton.

Miss Sue Salter, a promising certificate student of Mr. Dalton, added a great deal to the program by singing two favorite carols, "The Virgin's Slumber Song," by Reger, and "Hark! In The Darkness," a Polish carol.

PROGRAM

1. The Scripture Lesson.
2. (a) Christmas Morn..*Old English*
   (b) God Rest you, Merry Gentlemen..*Old English*
   (c) Good King Wenceslas .....*Old English*
   (d) The First Nowel..*Old English*
   The Glee Club.
3. On Wings of Song....*Mendelssohn*
   Miss Baskerville
4. (a) Dearest Lord Jesus....*Bach*
   The Glee Club.
   (b) Virgin's Slumber Song .....*Reger*
   Miss Salter.
   (c) Sleep, Holy Babe.....*Dykes*
   The Glee Club.
5. (a) An Old Carol (15th Century) .....*Quilter*
   (b) Annunciato .....*Cocron*
   Mr. Miller.
6. Christmas in Poland.....*Nawrowski*
   Mr. Henkel.
7. (a) Hark! In the Darkness ....*Polish Carols*
   (b) Hark! Bethlehem .....*Polish Carols*
   The Glee Club.
8. Silent Night .....*Gruber*

DR. HARRELL SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

"We should remind ourselves that we are a marked people. Men are measuring you by the opportunities you have had," asserted Dr. Casten

(Continued on page 8)

HOLIDAYS BRING MANY ALUMNÆ BACK

As usual the Thanksgiving week-end brought an excited, exciting, and most welcome group of alumnae back to the campus. Some of them came as a surprise, some were expected and happily anticipated, but all of them were welcomed with open arms by the old girls, and stared at interestedly by the new girls.

As the church bell rang Thanksgiving morning, Virginia Thuggmorton, high school '33, X. L., drove onto the campus and was greeted by many loud exclamations. Everyone had been looking forward to "Ginny's" return. The next to arrive were Virginia Kneed, Riding Show winner last year and Tri K. Janet Macchtle, last year's Del Ver president, and Lauryne Edwards, last year's Senior-Middle Class president and Del Ver. Later on in the day, Leah Lindley and Edith Schreiber, both of the class of '30, put in an appearance. On Thursday evening many of the Seniors gasped, as they glimpsed a familiar figure, "Beth Lee," and great was the delight at last year's X. L. president spent a few minutes on campus, Friday. Mary Avon Motlow, Del Ver, '32; Marion Flentye, Penta Tau, '32; Grace Peckham, '32, Penta Tau president, and Anne Kate Rebman, '32, Student Council president and Penta Tau, paid their respects to the campus and to some of the "old-timers" such as "Soper" and "Kid." Saturday and Sunday, Mary Peckham, Penta Tau, and last year's Council president, spent a good deal of time out here seeing her old friends and enjoying the campus, and letting the campus enjoy seeing her again. Another who spent the entire week-end on and off the campus was Ann Durand, X. L., last year's Glee Club president.

The campus was delighted to see these old girls and hope they had as good a time seeing Ward-Belmont again as Ward-Belmont had in having them back.

T. C. DANCE TO BE LAST BEFORE HOLIDAYS

The annual dance of the T. C. Club will be held tonight in the gym. This dance is traditionally the last one before the holidays and it always carries out the idea of a medieval Christmas.

The chairmen of the committees are: Betty Randle, decoration; Mary Patterson, invitation; Frances Prince, orchestra. In the receiving line will be Miss Shackleford, Mary Marjorie Lincoln, Betty Randle, Betty Abry, and Mary Ann Evans.

DR. HILL, THANKSGIVING DAY SPEAKER

"God bless us with the blessings that neither money can buy or poverty can take away," said Dr. John L. Hill, when he spoke at the Thanksgiving service on Thursday, November 30.

Dr. Hill took the 103rd Psalm and spoke of it as showing the "greatest blessings that God confers on His creatures."

"God forgives all of our iniquities. He remembers us and redeems our lives from destruction. 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquities . . . who encompasseth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.'"

Dr. Hill is a frequent speaker at Ward-Belmont. For six or seven years now he has spoken at the Ward-Belmont Thanksgiving services.

FELICES PASCUAS, JOYEUX NOEL, MERRI CHRISTMASU!

Felices Pascuas, Joyeux Noel, Merri Christmasu—whether they hear it in the land of dark-eyed senoritas, petites madamoiselles by an eager, slant-eyed little Japanese or by some frost-covered wide-eyed Eskimo, the meaning is the same to Americans wherever they may be. Wherever Christianity and English language have gone there are presents, trees, and decorations. The tree may be a shrub, procured with difficulty in Japan, where every tree that is cut must be replaced with another; it may be a bare pole with makeshift decorations and branches wired on as happened on a boat in the north, but always it is something.

Outside of Teutonic countries Christmas presents are unknown. Their place is taken by the *strenae*, the French *etrennes* given on New Year's Day, by the Spanish Twelfth Night celebration, and in Japan by the Feast of Lanterns, which is celebrated at the first of the year.

Over most of Japan there is as yet no Christmas. In Tokio and other large cities decorations and notices of Christmas bargains appear early in December. The Japanese children have adopted the American's patron saint and *Santa Claus*, sometimes dressed in traditional boots and breeches, sometimes in a long red ki-

(Continued on page 8)

Welcome Home.....
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We are always glad to see You!
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LUNCHES

GOING HOME, GOING HOME

Something radical is happening to my days. When I first came here they were nice and square. They fitted into one another in perfect rhythm, and were evenly blocked off, as separate and distinct as black and white. They presented a smooth, even pattern, and alternated in a regular and comprehensible manner.

But in the last month they have subtly altered. Where once there was a sharp corner definitely defining a certain period of the day, now the lines have become blurred, and there is a curve where a corner should be. Instead of moving forward in an orderly procession, they are now going around in circles, and I can't tell where one day begins and another day ends.

It is all very bewildering. I wake up in the morning, and the first thought that enters my head is, "Ten more days till I go home." And then I look at my calendar, with all its crossed-out places, and I discover that somewhere I have lost a day. It is only nine days until the time comes to go to the station. I search for that lost day in my memory files. Where has it gone, I wonder? It is then that I find that the days are no longer square; that they are quite definitely round. In fact, they have begun to look like the red and white stripes on the barber poles.

With this staring me in the face, I begin to wonder why my days have changed so. And I finally come to the conclusion that it must be because I am going home. And because I am going home my days have become one long, endless procession, melting into one another smoothly, slipping so easily from one week into the next that I hardly know that the change has been made.

WORDSMITHS HOLD THIRD MEETING: OFFICERS ELECTED

Monday night, December 4, the A. K. club house was the scene of the third meeting of the Wordsmiths Club. The club had as its guest, Miss Linda Rhea, who spoke informally upon the subject of poetry clubs in the various colleges.

After Miss Rhea's interesting talk a business meeting was held, at which time the election of officers took place. Nancyann Schmid was elected president, and Gail Lawrence was elected secretary-treasurer.

After the business was declared closed, several manuscripts were read, provoking a lively discussion. At the present moment the members are working industriously on one-act plays, and it would seem that Miss Townsend may yet be presented a small ditty, with the club's compliments.

OUR INQUISITIVE REPORTER

Our inquisitive reporter yesterday asked this question of three day student campus celebrities who were found studying on the East Campus:

"Do you regard the Hegelian empiricism, taken in the light of Von Clausenitz's metabolism, as a prior indicative of a subconscious conflict, making due allowances, of course, for inherited predilections?"

Margaret Brugh—"It all depends on how much yeast you use. Some like it less yeast and some like it more. I get the best results by skimming every day. It depends how you you like it."

Juanita Roberts—"No, I prefer Clark Gable. I didn't see 'King Kong,' but I hear that Greta Garbo is just lovely in it."

Gloria Brackston—"Well, now that you ask me, I believe Georgia Tech has the best chance."

THE OTHER WISE MAN

You know the story of the Three Wise Men of the East, and how they traveled from far away to offer their gifts at the manger cradle in Bethlehem. But have you ever heard the story of the Other Wise Man, who also saw the star in its rising, and set out to follow it, yet did not arrive with his brethren in the presence of the young child Jesus? In his book, "The Blue Flower," Henry Van Dyke tells of this fourth pilgrim, and I would tell the tale as I read it.

In the days when Augustus Cæsar was master of many kings and Herod reigned in Jerusalem, there lived in a city in the mountains of Persia, a certain man named Artaban. He was one of the ancient priests of the Magi, and a follower of Zoraster.

One evening a council of the Parthian nobles was held in the home of Artaban for the purpose of renewing their worship and rekindling their faith in the God of Purity. During this council Artaban revealed to the nobles his plans for the worship of the King of Israel who, it was prophesied, was soon to come to the earth. Artaban and his three companions, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, had seen a new star appear for a moment one night and then vanish. At the present time the three Magians were watching by the Temple of the Seven Spheres at Borsippa, in Babylonia.

"If the star shines again, they will wait ten days for me at the Temple, and then we will set out together for Jerusalem, to see and worship the promised one who shall be born King of Israel," Artaban told his friends.

He even brought out before them what remained of his great fortune three gems that he intended to present to the new king. One was a sapphire, blue as a fragment of the night sky; one a ruby, redder than a ray of sunrise; and one a pearl, pure as the peak of a snow-mountain at twilight. His friends tried to discourage him and persuade him not to undertake this quest, but finding that he remained firm they left him.

That night the star shone down on the earth with a brilliance that rivaled that of the gems in Artaban's girdle. When he saw it he bowed his head and covered his brow with his hands.

"It is the sign," he said, "The King is coming, and I will go to meet him."

Before the birds had fully roused to their morning song, the Other Wise Man was in the saddle, riding swiftly westward. He crossed brown mountain slopes, passed across wide plains, and climbed, many a cold and desolate pass until he arrived at the walls of Babylon. He was tired and wanted rest, but pressed on to the Temple of the Seven Spheres, where his brethren awaited him.

He had not gone far when, in the shadow of a palm tree, he saw the figure of a man lying across the road. Artaban dismounted and saw by the man's humble dress that he was one of the many poor Hebrews of Babylon. As he turned pityingly away from the man he thought dead, a lean hand was stretched out and bony fingers grinped the hem of the Magian's robe. The Other Wise Man had a conflict within himself. Should he risk the great reward of his faith for a single deed of charity?

"God of truth and purity," he prayed, "direct me in thy holy path, the way of wisdom which Thou only knowest."

Then he turned back to the rich man and labored over him hour after hour. At last the man's strength returned, and upon hearing of the Magian's quest, told him that the Messiah must be sought in Bethlehem of Judea.

It was past midnight when Artaban again resumed his journey, and for all his swiftness found the Temple of the Seven Spheres deserted, and no sight of the caravan of the Three Wise Men. He sat down upon the ground and covered his head in despair.

"How can I cross the desert," he, "with no food and with my horse? I must return to Ba my sapphire, and buy a t els and provisions for th Only God the merciful kn I shall not lose the sight because I tarried to show

The Other Wise Man st with his pearl and his rus the sands, through fierce he came to Bethlehem. of the town seemed quiet ed, and when he inquired Child he was told that the ily had just stolen silen Egypt. They were in da the soldiers of Herod wh ing to kill the new-born k young mother who told fondled her own child a Suddenly there was a no confusion in the streets, a cried:

"The soldiers! The Herod! They are killing dren!"

The young mother clasped to her bosom and her face with terror, but Artaban s the doorway of the house the soldiers. The captain o was like to force his way saw the great ruby in the hand of the Other Wise M lines of greed lined his f reached for the ruby, and his men:

"March on! There is no The house is empty."

Artaban then turned his fa East and prayed to God for ness in giving away anoth gifts, but the young woma him blessed him while we joy.

The Other Wise Man spe weary years of travel in for the little King. He sough Egypt, beside the Nile and mids. He passed through stricken by famine, he visite pressed and afflicted in pris galley-ships, he fed the clothed the naked, healed the comforted the captive.

He came for the last time salem, weak, weary, and ready It was here that he heard forthcoming crucifixion of Nazareth, King of the Jews. he heard of this his heart ag high with hope, for he was s he had found the King. H was still with him, and he toward the city thinking to the Christ he had been seek so long.

At the gates of the city h troop of soldiers dragging a girl down the street. As the looked at her with compas broke away from the soldi threw herself at his feet, beg to save her from slavery. Artaban felt the conflict of fa love in his soul, and again h to charity. He took the pea his girdle and laid it in the the slave.

"This is thy ransom, daugh is the last of the treasures kept for the King."

Suddenly the sky grew da the earth shook and trembled. second shock a tile fell from and struck the old man to the As he lay there on the verge he was heard to whisper:

"Not so, my Lord! For wh I Thee hungered and fed Or thirsty, and gave Thee When saw I Thee a strange took Thee in? Or naked, and Thee? When saw I Thee sick prison, and came unto Thee? and thirty years have I look Thee; but I have never seen Th nor ministered to Thee, my K

He was still, and a sweet, soft came and said:

"Verily I say unto thee, In as thou hast done it unto one least of these my brethren, the done it unto me."

A calm radiance lighted the Artaban. His journey was His treasures were accepted. Other Wise Man had found the K

SEL. HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

bells on earth shall ring
s Day in the morning."
rend of thought these
ghter, the spirit in the
tment in secretive eyes,
een mistletoe, holly, sil-
snow, carols, and the
nto a mood from which
one who can release u-
ggle!
as been said of Christ-
supposed by some there
n the saying. Oh, they
agination! Not one-half
all the subjects con-
tmas have been half-
pon! What of the gift-
decorations, the celebra-
ing, the feasting—from
hey come? As the Magi
gifts, so do we, and as
ers prepared for Christ-
e. Beyond our forefath-
history of Christmas is
and the customs more
the olden days the great
anor threw open his hall,
olly green, and he and all
en flared forth into the
gather mistletoe. They
uses of mistletoe from
priests who marched to
here the proper oak, cut
a golden sickle, and saw
beautiful of the maidens
elow caught the branches
. The "All-heal" was then
mall sprays and divided
who had come to take
festivities. Even at that
mistletoe was hung over
not as a snare, but as a
rotection against ghost-
. If a lad wished to kiss
was required to honestly
nder the mistletoe, and
present her with one of
of white berries for good
oon as the berries were ex-
sing must cease. Branches
ens were brought into the
protect the trees, which were
the homes of spirits, from
nd snow outside.
om of bringing in the Yule
everal delightful variations.
nce, in France, during the
ary, a glass of wine was
er the log and the conflagra-
ould only by a brand saved
l year's fire. In some parts
nd, all house fires were ex-
d at one time, on New Year's
the great log burned in
e outside. To relight the
es, fire had to be brought
public blaze near by, where
ers sang and danced and
the long finger shadows
antastically with them on
ng walls.
d of the manor served a huge
ad, crested with bay leaf and
. Wassel was passed around
rown bowls and all the court-
any made merry with carol
and the telling of tales. The
plant itself was used to
friendship and remem-
but no longer do we find its
leaves among Christmas
. How much sweeter the ob-
of Christmas might be if
toms of remembering gentler
were not forgotten! So often
t that Christmas means more
heavily-laden tree, elaborate
nd a table that fairly groans
ngs to eat. It has been sug-
somewhere that along with the
udding, turkey, mince pies,
e we have another sort of a
For the first course substitute
s, for the entre serve Love
ed with Smiles, and Gentle-
ith a sweet wine sauce of
r. Gracious Speech, cooked
th Pleasant Reminiscence, makes
ellent meal. Hospitality con-
a second course, and for des-
rve Mirth, topped off with
de and Faith, beaten together
rved in tall glasses.
What a lot we can do at home to improve and to enrich Christmas celebrations! We could copy the French and make our wreaths of evergreen leaves, alternated with clusters of small red apples pinned tightly together; or decorate, as some Europeans do, with the forced blossoms of fruit trees. Norway and England feast; France and Italy pray; Spain dances. America can emulate her foreign neighbors, while keeping her own traditions in the foreground.

Remember the old trees which really made Christmas merry? They held cornucopias and festoons, popcorn strings, gingerbread men, and candy Santa Clauses. I can even recall my mother having laid out a cardboard city of Bethlehem on a ground of imitation snow beneath the tree. The lighting of outdoor trees in the yard is a lovely custom, and makes possible a sharing with those who have no trees at all. Music and carols sung by buoyant and mellow voices console many discouraged hearts, and the little time set aside Christmas morning for giving baskets to poor families repays the giver in a thousand ways. One family that I know of in Arizona begins at Thanksgiving to commemorate Christmas in some manner even up to the New Year. They love to recite the favorite poem of the youngest child, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," and this they say for the benefit of their Indian guests who come from nearby reservations to join in the festivities. It must be a rather strange Christmas, indeed, with nothing to be seen but miles and miles of burning desert rolling on beyond the horizon, cactus plants replacing Christmas spruces, and the only snow far off on distant mountain peaks. Yet Krise Kringle is just as much at home there as he would be farther north.

And there are thousands of stories to tell! Dickens made an excellent beginning; Washington Irving and others have continued. When little girls and boys ask, "Is there a Santa Claus?", we remind them, "Surely, as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist." Yes, it is true, nobody sees the good Saint Nick, but even so, what does that prove? The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor Man can see. This we must remember, and tell ourselves at Christmas time.

Too, what of the poor little boy that sells his papers on a wintry street corner, the white-haired, feeble old man, the lonely little rich girl in the big stone house around the corner? All these represent a story and need. Let us not forget them!

And so a Merry Season to you, and may we meet again and often upon thoughtful, humorous, or fancifying pages that speak of the real spirit of Christmas, holly, mistletoe, and good cheer!

"Y" CABINET MAKES THANKSGIVING SERVICE TRIP

Immediately after the Thanksgiving service, Thursday morning, November 30, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet made its annual trip to various community centers in which the "Y" carries on regular work.

The first stop was at the Junior League Home. Almost immediately Anne Shaw was completely surrounded by her ever-adoring baseball team, which consists of several husky little fellows.

Time was limited, however, so the cabinet bade the children farewell in order to greet another group of enthusiastic youngsters at the Tennessee Children's Home. Although some of the little boys complained that their "lady" didn't come, they soon became interested in telling about the grand Thanksgiving dinner which they had just eaten.

The next stop was at the Florence Crittenton Home; here Mrs. Wheeler was kind enough to take the girls through the Home. It was most difficult to persuade the cabinet to leave the kitchen, where turkey was being carved.

Turkey reminded the girls that lunch was served at Ward-Belmont at twelve o'clock, so we made a mad dash for the waiting automobiles and one more stop at the Old Ladies' Home. Here, too, people were eagerly anticipating a turkey dinner to be served shortly, and after a word of "hello" and many wishes for a happy Thanksgiving, the party returned to school, feeling very thankful that they were able to make others happier by words and deeds.

P-S-S-T-!

The Junior party for the Seniors was a big success, and everyone went away raving about the grand time that was had by all. Florence Welch attracted so much attention with her "snake-hips" that Cayce was quite disappointed when she arrived too late.

It seems Mignon Sanford, Betty Rall and Elise Elrod had a swell week-end last week.

"O-o-h, I'm a night owl," was the expression, bright and early Monday morning.

The Sophomores were certainly well represented at the Alpha Chi dance last Friday night. Many of this "wise fools" group could be seen swaying to the music.

Sarah Joyce had an adorable visitor last week-end. She took some of the Ward-Belmont girls to her home in Dickson, where they spent last Saturday.

Who was the blonde Junior that has already started chaperoning the "younger society's" dances?

Quite a number of the day students have rated the society section of our local papers lately. It doesn't mean a thing, however, because it's a known fact that any day student would be glad to have her name in the paper for anything short of murder. Below are some of them:

Dorothy Guy Wilson in a charming pose on the front page as hostess of Junior Women's club. "At home, Sunday, December 3."

"Lib" Glasgow in a most peculiar "attitude" at the Beta formal dinner.

Edith Kennedy, Jane Briggs, Mabie Ann Herbert, Jane McFadden, and Claudine Smelser were seen at the Phi Kappa Sigma breakfast dance last week.

Pete Polk was rushed around "to and at" the S. A. E. Freshman dance the other night.

"All youse gals" were at the Vandy-Ala. game, I think. We hereby recognize you all as to the beauty of your clothes, and your good-looking escorts! (Well, I got by a lot in that!)

Frances Hale came back to classes sleepily last Monday morning after three days' holiday. Do we envy her!

Why do all the Gallatin girls sit on the front row in chapel? We don't have a good-looking violinist every day!

Marjorie Lewis decided to do some extra work in Shakespeare class. What's up, Marjorie? Does it work?

Use your Psychology and you can be able to tell the Brugh twins apart. Margaret has long hair and the longest name. Mary with a short name. Don't thank me! A. C. thought it up.

Seen about town:

Nina Flippen in a cute blue car from Cumberland.

Anne Loftin, sleepy and tired, but happy after last Wednesday night.

Edith Kennedy doing her part, as usual, over the week-end.

Sally Wornack in a big (but joyous) black hat.

MUSIC NOTES

Annie Sullivan, pupil of Amelia Throne, played last Friday night for the Musical Repertoire Club at the home of Mrs. Will T. Cheek.

Miss Sullivan played "The Girl with Flaxen Hair," by De Bussy, and "By the Brookside," by Stojowski.

Mr. Sydney Dalton, director of the Ward-Belmont Glee Club, will present his group on a radio program Tuesday, December 12, at 7:45 p.m., over WLAC. The selections include a group of Polish Carols and a group of English Carols.

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON TEA 3:00 to 5:00
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We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

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EDITORIAL

HERE AM I COME DOWN TO KEEP MY CHRISTMAS

Once more holly wreaths and evergreen trees announced the Yuletide season. Even the so-called "business depression" could not successfully discourage the jolly spirit that prevaded the air.

The street was crowded with people who were heeding the warning in the morning paper "Five more shopping days until Christmas!" As I walked along, I saw that everyone was absorbed in his own particular problem of Christmas purchasing. A young man stood looking at the diamond rings displayed in the window of a jewelry store, pondering upon the advisability of giving up cigarettes so that he might keep up the installments. An elderly woman seemed to be wondering if that sixty-nine-cent vase would be all right for Grandma Mamie. Parents hustled about getting presents and Christmas tree trimmings for their children, while the children were just as eagerly, and just as secretly, debating over presents for mother and dad.

But there was one discordant feature in the whole scene of gaiety and happiness. A little boy stood fondly gazing into a window full of toys. His clothes were worn, and his face lacked the chubbiness that comes as a result of plentiful meals. As he looked at the beautiful playthings, tears streamed down his cheeks.

"What's the matter, son?" I asked.

He was silent for a little while, and then, "I ain't got no money to git Christmas presents with," he regretfully replied.

"How about going to Woolworth's with me, and we'll see what we can see," I suggested after a moment's thought.

"Well, I guess I could go and just look, Miss."

Once in the store, I summoned up all my powers of persuasion and finally prevailed upon the little fellow to select two gifts at my expense. I waited rather excitedly to see what his choice would be, wondering if he would prefer the tin soldiers or the ball and bat.

"Do y'u 'spose, if y'u please, I could have that little doll for my sisters?" he inquired, rather hesitantly.

When I reminded him that he still had another present to choose, he replied a little more confidently, "Wouldn't that 'hank' be just swell for my mom?"

This generosity on the part of such a little fellow makes all of us stop to wonder a bit about this Christmas season and the spirit of charitable giving that should be evident.

To many people the mention of the Yuletide suggests giving, only giving. They think solely of the times they must dig into their pockets. Such as these see in their Christmas charity only the Salvation Army Santa Claus with his iron pot into which must be dropped coins. They think of the artificial chimneys for gifts that eagerly yawn for any small change. They remember rather bitterly the organizations that have come to them for help.

Such people see but one side to the picture. They do not think of the happy faces of those that receive the donations the money has bought. They forget the people to whom "Charity" has brought relief and at least a small share of happiness.

Those of you who have never seen a destitute family receive a Christmas basket should make such a scene a part of your experience. Enter the worndown, tumbled house of some poor people; see their peaked faces as they eagerly examine the contents of the basket.

How happy must have been the little boy's sisters with their doll (perhaps the first "really dolly" they had ever had), and how the mother must have used her new "hank" to wipe away the tears of gladness for being blessed by such a son who knew real giving!

Just as Walpole said "Here am I come down to, what you call, Keep My Christmas," say that you will keep your Christmas. But, keep it not primarily for yourself, but for others.

H. L. '34.

(Continued on last column of this page)

CAMPUS COLUMN

Dear Readers! Can you realize that this time next week we'll all be at our respective homes? Just seven more days—What we won't be doing!!! It is nerve-wracking to sit and think of things to say this week. Can you blame me? I'm thankful we had Thanksgiving last week—for more reasons than one. In connection with the column—the holiday did give me something to write about! Here come the "gaped-at" for this week.

Wonder what Ann Shaw, Isobel Coulter, Leigh Taliaferro, and Charlie Holcomb were doing in Cack's room on the night of November 30th, or was it the morning of the 1st????

Shorty Kassel almost missed her own birthday dinner. Even Presidents' Council couldn't keep Cack, Thelma Martin, etc., from entertaining Shorty, Monday night!!

How did Louise Houk rate Monday having lunch with *all* those *men*, and at the Dean's table!!

Did you see Jane Hodges in that "swank" red velvet at the Thanksgiving dinner?

Soper is having trouble with those dark glasses. She can't seem to see just where she is going. Break your neck if you aren't careful!

Sue Salter "sort of" came in for some honors Sunday evening at the Glee Club concert. Nice going, Sue!

We welcomed quite a few alumnae for the holidays last week-end. Among them were (for the benefit of the new girls): Virginia Kiesel, Wisconsin (could she ride a hoss!); Jan Maechtle, Chicago, President of the Del Ver club last year; Lauryne Edwards, Chicago, President of Senior-Middle class last year; Mary (Snookie) Peckham, President of Student Council last year; and in dramatics, Virginia Throgmorton, X. L., Chicago; Beth Lee, past president of X. L. club, from Shreveport, and Ann Durand, sister of our Bob!

Wonder what kind of a time Lou Robinson had in Sewanee last Monday?

And is it true that Jane Keyport had a date the other night with *the* Jimmy Gallagher?

Congratulations this week to: Nancyann Schmid, who was elected, Monday night, president of Wordsmiths. And to Gail Lawrence, who was elected, at the same time, Secretary-Treasurer of the Wordsmiths.

You really should have heard Margaret Louise Boyd's brother sing the other night at the A. K. club house. Smitty was at the piano.

Doesn't Thelma Martin look *too sweet* in that blue and white checkered apron?

Sara Jo Berry told the old "gag" of giving out of gas. Says Sara Jo: "It may sound old, but it still can happen—even in the *best* of families." And "Ain't it so?"

You should have heard Mary Findlater read her Spanish last Tuesday. Mr. Donner should be very proud!

And,—but need I say anything about the concert of Wilbur Evans, Tuesday night? I was most happy that night! After hearing that gorgeous voice I could go out and walk in the rain. It did work that way, too! There were quite a few disappointed young girls that night. Too bad—maybe he'll sing again some day! And I hope I'm there.

We said good-bye to Katherine Combs, Wednesday. Hated to see her go when it's this near the holidays. We hope she will be well soon.

And now let me bid you good-bye—on the behalf of the column—Friday and I thank you—for doing things. Merry Christmas—A Happy New Year—and we'll see you!!!!

EAGLE FEATHER

THE CHRISTMAS SILENCE

Hushed are the pigeons cooing low
On dusty rafters of the loft;
And mild-eyed oxen, breathing soft,
Sleep on the fragrant hay below.

Dim shadows in the corner hide;
The glimmering lantern's rays are shed
Where a young lamb just lifts his head
Then huddles 'gainst his mother's side.

Strange silence tingles in the air;
Through the half-open door a bar
Of light from one low-hanging star
Touches the baby's radiant hair.

No sound: the mother, kneeling, lays
Her cheek against the little face.
Oh, human love! Oh, heavenly grace!
'Tis yet in silence that she prays!

Ages of silence end tonight;
Then to the long-expectant earth
Glad angels come to greet His birth
In burst of music, love, and light.

MARGRET

SONG OF THE HOLLY

Blow, blow, thou winter wind—
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude!
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! Unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
Then heigh ho! The holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot!
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! Unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
Then heigh ho! The holly!
This life is most jolly!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A CHRISTMAS SONG

When mother-love makes things bright,
When joy comes with the morning light,
When children gather 'round their tree,
Thou Christmas Babe
We sing of Thee.

When manhood's brows are bent in thought
To learn what men of old have thought,
When eager hands seek wisdom's key,
Wise Temple Child
We learn of Thee.

When doubts assail, and perils fright,
When, groping blindly in the night,
We strive to read life's mystery,
Man of the Mount
We turn to Thee!

When shadows of the valley fall,
And sin and death the soul appall,
One light we through the darkness see—
Christ on the cross
We cry to Thee!

And when the world shall pass away,
And down at length the perfect day,
In glory shall our soul make free,
Thou God enthroned
Then worship Thee!

(Continued from first column of this page)

CONTINUE THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

This is the season of the year when nearly ever[y] filled with the Christmas spirit. The troubles of forgotten, and petty grievences merge into the back[ground] of the season. We are all more or less occupied thoughts of home, of giving gifts, and probably of ing gifts.

This is the time of the year when even the p[oor] the poor are open to those less fortunate than the[m]. People are giving freely of money, food, and clothi[ng] the various charity organizations are doing a [big] business.

We might sum up the situation by saying tha[t] world is more or less in a holiday mood, and is sh[ow]ing its company manners. It would be a wise thing, p[er]haps if we could all join in the spirit of Christmas. It is time when all of the good in man comes forth and bad hides in shame. It's a fine time of the year in w[hich] to live, and one in which we should enter with all [our] hearts.

As an afterthought, wouldn't it be nice if we could keep Christmas with us all of the time? Not the parties, gifts, and songs, but the spirit of Christ with all it means to us. It is within the power of us to keep this spirit alive during the year, and it is not be a bad thing to see if, individually, we can continue this holiday season until next Christmas around.

L. F.

PREP PATTER

...ich we are rather at a loss.

...inal nomination for:
...he best newspaper in town — Hyphen" (Boss, do I get a ...or do I get a raise?).
...he sweetest person on the —Mrs. Armstrong.
...he best feature in the paper — ...ary of Mistress Belle Ward."
...ortle with glee whenever we ..., and it's always the first thing ...to.
...person who says the dumb-...ught bright sayings we ever —Virginia Carson.
...one of the best wits in school — ...Hager.
...the teacher everybody loves — ...Cayce.

...garet Greene can be very ... In the tea room the other ...he ordered an ice cream sand-

The specimen served up did ...gher mashed, but do you think ...was any reason for her follow-...illiant remark? We asked her ...he was turning it over and over, ...looking for moss,—or whis-...he declared. Does she bowl ...ver?

...have another wild tale to tell ...certain Senior who has rated ...olumn pretty frequently. It ...she was out at a dance the ...night, and by mistake got intro-...ced to a boy who she bitterly de-...is a cross between Primo ...mera and Max Baer. He was one ...those people who wear brown-...olish, greenish suits with bright ...ow shoes, and he said he had ...done anything but square ...ing before. He was so smitten ...our heroine's charms that he ...her to come up to the farm, ...y miles out on the Nolensville ...not for a duck dinner, but ...that he could teach her square ...ing. She lied like a trooper ...said she'd be delighted. En-...aged by this, he asked her where ...lived. Hypocritically, she ...ed him into thinking her domicile ...on West End Avenue, when as ...ality, she hangs out on Blair ...l. We fear he found her anyway. ...ery persevering fellow, we think. ...ote from our heroine—"Too darn ...evering!"

...The first chapel program, except ...Hollinshead's and Miss Cook's ...cal demonstration, which we ...enjoyed in past years (almost ...tal), was Mr. Crandall's talk ...out Oxford. He said they have ...weeks' school, eight-weeks' vaca-...at Christmas, eight weeks' school, ...weeks' vacation at Easter, and ...and that's all. Just as simple ...that. They don't care what you ...on the campus or off, as long as ...re in by twelve o'clock. Boy, ...a custom! We approve heart-...vigorously, and emphatically! ...orus of jeers—she's probably ...reading a dictionary again.)

...Many hearts fluttered, ours among ..., on account of his charming voice ...personality. Ah, there, Mr. ...Crandall!

...An ex-Ward-Belmonter was hostess ...the most entertaining tea we've ...tended in ages (again, almost lit-...l) at the Centennial Club the ...er day. Carolyn Eskridge, Mary ...ouise Tarrey, Mary Louise (Hippy, ...you) Bearden, and Betty and ...ndy Butterfield (who told all the ...ople that didn't get invited, that ...y were social peanuts) were there. ...was just her way of brightening ...corner where she was, etc.

...The most exciting thing happened ...ar us the other night, or rather, ...morning. It was around 12:30, and ...had neglected to write our theme ...Monday until the last minute, so ...were struggling through "Henry ...Eighth" in the hope of finishing ...before dawn when the door bell rang. ...We didn't think any of our friends ...were paying social calls at that time, so we opened the door only a crack or two, and coyly yelled, "Who's there?" It happened to be a man from a filling station, and beer garden down the road, and it seems a raid, with the usual paraphernalia of deputy sheriffs and patrol wagons, was transpiring. We neglected to inform you that the man wanted a little advice from the Judge.

Hizzoner, on being awakened from a deep sleep, looked as if he might have liked to give the verdict on "Aw, Nerts!"

We hear Martha Beasley is going to serve on a committee for the first time in her life. She was so thunderstruck, she forgot to ask what it was for.

Do you know the difference between a Lockheed Sirius and a Curtiss? Neither do we, but we were out at the flying field Sunday afternoon with an air-minded young man. We are going up ourself as soon as we can get rid of our too careful family. We'd trust an aviator any day.

We know a couple of things to guard against. One is what Eleanor Baily threatens to do. She wants to run a column expressly to ruin us. Or so she says. And we thought we were helping her along. Like a publicity agent, y'understand. She finally broke down and subscribed to the paper though, we notice.

Things we wish we could do again:

Be the captain of the Olympic basketball team in grammar school. Evelyn Braden and Becky Hall were our cohorts. Our team even used to win games. But that was long ago.

Add horses or bandanas to the speed of a train going eastward and get twelve minutes, thirty one and two-thirds seconds and a lead pencil in Miss Major's Algebra class.

Play baseball at recess, and get in another lusty fight.

Have another good old fashioned debate. Our eloquence astounded us. That is, it would have if we could have gotten our knees to keep still, or our hands to cease shaking. Elsie Caldwell, Frances Wilkerson and our self were on a side once, we think, declaring that Brutus was not justified in assassinating Caesar. We won, mirabile dictu (our Ciceronian phrases just will come to the fore), and not once did we say "my friends,—"

That's all for this week, fortunately. But don't miss the next colossal issue.

H. H.

CLUB CHATTER

After-dinner coffee was served at the Agora Club, Sunday, to the members of the faculty. Martha Rucker played the violin, accompanied by Mrs. Rose. Elizabeth Smith surprised the members of the club when she put before their eyes two large fruit cakes. They were delicious!

The Agoras also had the privilege of having Miss Boyer, an ex-sponsor of the club, with them Sunday, and will have the pleasure of spending some Wednesday evening with her.

This is dedicated to those eight Agoras who make fudge almost every night. May they continue to enjoy it without too much addition of weight!

On Thanksgiving a number of the A. K.'s families were here. Virginia Richie, Virginia Shaw, Gilbertine Moore, and Margaret Ann Ohlfeldt were the lucky ones.

Last Wednesday night the A. K.'s enjoyed a kitchen shower. Don't be so enthused, because it is all locked up.

Sunday night Charlotte Heck and a group of friends popped popcorn and made fudge at the house, and this time it is true.

Wednesday night, after club meeting, both the Heck's, Bomke, and Holcomb betook themselves to the Reading Room. Could it be due to the fact that this was discussed in the meeting?

The Penta Tau's' tea for the F. F.'s really was a successful affair. All of the girls enjoyed meeting each other's parents, and Stanley looked as though she were having a grand time dancing with her Daddy.

Too bad Sara Jane Ponder had to hurt her finger, especially at the beginning of basketball season.

Edwina Holland is able to be out now. We are sorry that she had to be ill on Thanksgiving. Maybe she ate too much candy at the tea on Wednesday.

Can those Tri K's cheer?! Ask the T. C.'s if they heard a "Hello! T. C.'s! Hello!" beneath their window, Wednesday night. They say that even the clubs on the other side of the village heard the uproar.

Patsy Schorndorfer and her committee rose at dawn to decorate the goal. Just before the hockey game on Thanksgiving, Ginnie Kissel walked up with the little old donkey, mascot, Kubla Kahn. The Tri K's, watching the game, must have given him a good rub-down in the last half. Anyhow, he came 'way from Wisconsin to help us!

"Brunch" at the Tri K house saw the T. C.'s and Tri K's resting after the strenuous final game. No need for training now, and did those cherpies disappear?! Margaret Louise Boyd produced still another brother who sang. The Clays and Izzy Cutler also responded to the cry for music.

Then a group of young ladies led by the Claysretired to the Tri K house to dance off the effects of the turkey dinner.

There is no withdrawing from the public eye, so Jane Taylor, Winnifred Marsh, and Sunnie Taylor learned Sunday at the Tri K house.

The T. C.'s are getting ready for their annual Christmas dance, to be held Saturday. The chairmen of the music and decoration committees are Fran Prince and Betty Randel, respectively. It is expected that the dance will be one of the most delightful club dances of the year.

Thanksgiving brought with it "home-folks" and mysterious boxes. Mary Virginia Brice shared her good luck with the X. L. club members Wednesday night.

Annette McMillan's family was here, and saw Mary Millam's "Jimmy," who came to see her and brought Mary's mother with him. It seemed natural for the old girl to see Ann Durand, Bob's sister, back on the campus once more.

WE WONDER???

Why Milne Clements is sometimes so awfully happy, and then so blue?

Why Lillian Walters is so sleepy on Monday morning?

Why Landis Shaw has stopped raving about C. E.?

Who Laura W. gets so excited over?

Who the cute boy was that Emmo ... met from Ga. Tech.?

Why Eleanor Reed had so many frat men to invite to the Senior-Middle Dance?

Why Beck C. like "red heads"?

Ask Juanita about Thanksgiving. She's been excited for nearly a week.

Did Mary Ann F. have a good time at the Beta dance? She didn't come to school Friday, so you make your own conclusion.

We've heard M. Conner enjoys her lunch just lots. What do you know about it?

We want to know if Virginia Freshman's boy friend, named Scott, is a relative of Sir Walter?

AROUND THE CAMPUS

Sorting the Mail

I just happened to be over in Middlemarch one afternoon with nothing at all to do. It was almost two-thirty, and time for the mail to be put up.

As I sat there, pondering on my sins, two men came out of the post office, carrying the outgoing mail, and put it on the table. I watched them sorting it, and I was certainly astounded at the amount of stationery and stamps Ward-Belmont girls consume at one writing.

After the mail had been duly sorted, it was stacked up and tied in little bundles with good, stout cord. I did not inquire about where the largest bundle of mail was going, but I am willing to stake a small bet that it went either to Texas or Oklahoma.

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THE DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Thursday

Woke up with a pleasant feeling of anticipation. It was nobly fulfilled by the chapel program which was Thanksgiving music done by the choir and Mr. Hoshel. The choir sang Beethoven's *Hymn to Creation*, of which I'm extraordinarily fond.

That afternoon I buzzed down to the Penta Tau tea dance, which was more than usually nice. Tuck from his came right in the middle, however, and so we were forced to mix in general. But after all, what do specials count when one has a family?

We went in to town for dinner, and no matter where we turned we saw Ward Belmont girls and their families. I saw Ruth Polk, Louise Sanders, Mary Alice Paine, and Annette McMillan, with their families and escorts, all in one load. Tuck and I are still under the influence, however. Da Tuck, after the drink, absorbs.

Tuck stayed out in town with her cousin, but I had to come back and sleep all alone in my lonely room, and what not, and I missed Tuck's patronage.

Friday

Thanksgiving morning! Since Tuck was gone I had all conveniences, and, rearing better, and eating to myself, how did I really breakfast! Tuck came back for the game, which was madly exciting. A nice, gentle game it was, too, what with Dorry Tank seeing her wife suddenly removed and all. I was in readily satisfied to see that Tuck was enraged because the T. C.'s had not won.

We went out for lunch, and after lunch went to the big game. It was the first football game I'd seen in a long time, and was patriotic. I waved my old hand for Vandy, loudly popping a towel in my earnest efforts. Tuck and I were so exhausted upon our return that we could hardly scrape up the energy with which to change from our exultant formals to the loose to the good old bird.

Tuck had received a cake from mummy and we all had a big time. Tuck does have the cleanest family I've ever had see always excepting mine, the Bums! Mine sent me a telegram and some roses, for which I was duly grateful. After all, roses do smell nice, and telegrams fill up the mail box, which I think is rather an old place for a telegram. Johnny, however, crashed through with roses, candy, and a special ten page letter.

Tuck's family had to leave right after dinner; so Tuck and I did manage to get some studying done, despite the hubbub going on out in the hall.

Friday

Oh, what a headache! The morning after, and all that! I could have slept for simply hours after my exertions of the day before, but the bell rang so insistently I had to give in. Some day Tuck and I are going to steal the clapper on the farm bell, and gum up the works in the regular bell, and then maybe we'll be able to get in a little sleep.

Nothing much doing today! All the alumnae are back shouting at each other, going up to see teachers, visiting in the halls, and what not, and just generally acting like alumnae.

Listened to Roy Atwell over the radio, and had a fight with Tuck over the earphones. We compromised by each using one-half. It was comparatively successful, but Tuck kept laughing so hard that I could hardly hear what Roy was saying.

Saturday

Did someone mention something about going home? The subject of diet has now been changed to train schedules, much to everyone's satisfaction. The dieters have not given up, however.

Tuck and I went into town in a big way, and came back simply overflowing with Christmas presents. Tuck has mine locked up in her trunk and she won't tell me what it is. And she's hidden the key so that I have no way of finding out. Wait'll she sees the riot I have for her. She'll have a caniption fit!

Oh dear, the very thought of Christmas makes me just frantic to be home! Tuck and I will look at each other in the midst of studying, and get up from our chairs, and do a silent Indian dance on the floor, much to the anger of the people below us who are, fortunately, not monitors. And when I see all the Christmas seals, and red paper, and tinsel ribbons, that the girls brought home Saturday, I just want to stand up and howl.

Sunday

Arose bright and early, much to my disgust, and straightened up the room. The r- getting to be my regular Sunday habit.

I thought, as I passed the station, that if I had to go by there many more times, I'd just drop off someday, and not go to church at all.

Our glee club did themselves proud Sunday night, at Vespers. Sue Salter sang beautifully.

Monday

Oh, joy! Right after breakfast we went into Chapel and filled out our homegoing blanks. Everyone was so excited that some girls neglected to get their names down, and forgot what trains they were supposed to go on, and everything was just generally in a mess. Tuck and I are going on the same train for half the distance, and are we planning a big one!

We had a grand chapel program. I liked the lady who sang and Tuck didn't; so we had a little difference about that. It's patched up now, by the advance notices for Wilbur Evans. We managed to agree on him, for ones.

Studied industriously this evening, having nothing else to do. I must say that this studying is getting to be a habit. It's even beginning to interfere with my education.

Tuesday

Well, it started out to be a nice day, but its mind got changed, because a lovely little drizzle spoiled an otherwise perfect afternoon! Put my hair up on curlers in order to be all pretty in case Mr. Evans should allow his eyes to roam in my direction.

Everyone was not of the same mind on the subject of dress for the concert, but most of us wore plain old afternoon dresses, despite my fondness for putting on my one formal.

Wilbur was *der-vine!* He sang the *class* songs. And the way he wiggled his face about to tell the story—well, it was just ducky. I about broke my hand in two clapping for "Short'nin' Bread," and I nearly collapsed with joy when he sang my very most favorite "Song of the Bow."

Tuck and I went to bed with our shoes on the radiator to get dried out. They were so wet it was pathetic.

MAIL-BOX

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dearest Boots:

I'm not sure they'll miss me, but I'm cutting classes this afternoon so I can write to you. See, I may have lost my faithful correspondent title but "I'll be Faithful."

Mid-quarters were awful, and I got a "pink card" in Foundry, 'tho the head so-so said every girl got one in that—he laughed, while I was on the verge of tears. Otherwise, I'm still above the middle, but I haven't the slightest idea how long I'll stay there.

I really have worked hard—but I'm having fun, too. Gene and I went to Auoka for a dance two weeks ago. I met Gene's mother. She is a dear. I had so darned much fun—lots of pink lemonade, etc., then rode twenty miles back to Minneapolis with the thermometer at six above.

Thursday night Clayt, Gene and I went to see Ben Bernie in person. Gene and Clayt sat there in a daze and I enjoyed them as much as the orchestra. We went to the Ramona Cafe where the service is slow and the music not too good. Friday I went to the symphony—Gene had to work—Saturday we went to St. Paul, to the Paramount, first to the show, then to "Vanity Fair" to dance to Frank Gordon's ravings.

The orchestra sends greetings. They are getting along much as usual. Carp is walking in circles because a Theta from Iowa went to a dance with an A. T. O. from Concordia instead of a Phi Psi from Minneapolis. Get the idea?!

I had *one* day off for Thanksgiving—and being an engineer, I have finals until 5:30 Saturday afternoon, December 23. Jug, Gene, and I are planning to drive down home December 27 and come back the 6th, 'cause I have to regi-ter then. I'm not so sure that we'll ever get there, but I hope so.

Yesterday I got up early and made a cake—a fine, big chocolate cake. Gene, Cutter and Marsh begged for one, so I obliged. Gene had to wash the dishes. Afterwards we went to see "Only Yesterday," a fine show, and then ate chop suey, which didn't help my digestion or indigestion any.

I guess I've told you about all there is to tell—please won't you write to me soon, even tho' I have been so poky?

Incidentally, what do you want for Christmas? There are such grand toges here! Are your finals before Christmas, as ours are? They surely do mess up our Christmas vacation.

Well, be good.

Lots of love,

BANGS.

ANNE LOFTIN SPEAKS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

Last Sunday morning we were most fortunate in having Anne Loftin as our speaker for Sunday school. She chose for a subject, "Finding God," and in her interesting way told what He meant to her as a Creator of all things.

She said that in everything God can be seen, not as a tangible person, but in everything beautiful and lovely on the earth. For God can be seen in the face of a little child or in the bloom of a narcissus.

Martha Rucker was violinist, and Anne Shaw, pianist, for the worship service. Mary Eleanor and Stanley Elizabeth Clay sang the prayer hymn.

"Y" GIRLS VISIT DR. BARTON'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

Members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, including Lydia Fountain, Bob Durand, Jean Munsie, Muriel Leverett, Catherine Brown, Anne Shaw, Eva Charity Ohlhaver, Harriet Ostergren, Mary Ruth Vanderbilt, Gail Lawrence, Mary Alice Paine, Emily Warren, and Martile Sherman, had the privilege last Sunday morning of visiting Dr. Barton's Sunday school class at the West End Methodist Church.

Dr. Barton's presentation of the lesson to the large group of men present was just as forceful as are his talks in chapel. Following Sunday school the cabinet attended the morning service at the West End Church.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Bonfire," by Dorothy Canfield.

We know at once that "Bonfire" is a dramatic novel of a Vermont village in quiet mountains, upland pastures, and quiet village streets.

It is the experience of a lovely woman coming in contact with a fiery young doctor in this village. In Miss Bessie there is a character who gossips and jokes. Then there is Miss Gussie who never says anything, but she is very wise. There are many more characters whose characteristics we discover, some of which we like and admire. In this story the personalities are made real and extremely interesting to the reader.



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THINGS I NEVER KNEW 'TIL NOW

Roosevelt administration is forward week by week to new from which a simple retreat starting point is absolutely estion. There were, to begin any people in the country at and a few in the administration it for granted that all the sures would turn out to be ey ostensibly were tempo- of—and that when the emer- ed the old system would go jagging along in very same old way. Now the finding out that the pro- as caught us all, that the as not temporary, and all pect to hear their cries of and misgiving. Especially is of the leaders and heads of who are not foreseing to realize the value and com- od of this NRA.

ative plans for a tunnel con- between the White House and Department are being drawn by Chitect attached to the Public administration. This tunnel be a means of quick communica- avoiding traffic congestion and eather. There is nothing se- or sinister about it!

bronze memorial to young hood by Mrs. Gail Sherman was recently dedicated at the Constance Witherby Public Park vidence, R. I. The figure is in y of Constance Witherby, who Switzerland at the age of 16. velet and Al Smith are hav- ate a controversy. It all might ps to something like this:

rm Springs, Ga. Ignoring a attack by Alfred E. Smith, dent Roosevelt makes it definite- known that he contemplates no in his gold control program. Johnson, NRA administrator, back at Smith.

York. Alfred E. Smith de- wes "baloney dollars"; calls for n of gold standard. Dollar rises dly; U. S. Government bonds further recovery with higher and commodity prices.

Washington.—Gov. Eugene Black, the Federal Reserve Board, denies is a break between the Federal rve and the Treasury over the velt monetary policy, explaining the Federal Reserve had begun ing off its purchases of govern- securities four weeks ago.

Chicago.—The executive committee the Chicago Association of Com- rce asks President Roosevelt to r the way for a return to the gold dard and to fix the value of the ar at once.

London.—Dollar closes $5.20 to the lish pound, gain of more than t cents.

In New York City, on the 24th, im Litinoff made the statement Russia is fast becoming the ope of Europe." He contends that that is going on in Russia is a ray light against the gloomy back- und of failing Geneva and London ferences, the curtailment in inter- ional trade and shrinkage of mar- , the tens of millions of unem- ed, the revolution of values, and failure of disarmament confer- s.

Gen. Hugh Johnson rode into Warm Springs, Georgia, the other day in a Ford and the white flags are fluttering serenely over the long row between the NRA Administrator and Henry Ford. Johnson, all smiles, told newspaper men that he didn't think Ford could or would hold out against the overwhelming sentiment of the country.

The Federal Reserve Board has reported a continued decline in industrial output for October, together with an increase in the volume of construction work undertaken. The latter is interpreted as due to the expansion of public works building. Up in Canada business is getting much better in retail sails and industry.

Just a word for Russian recognition: It has been said that the nicest thing about it is that Senator Borah is thereby given one of his rare opportunities to agree with someone.

Those "Three Little Pigs" and the "Big Bad Wolf" will be back on the screen in a new Walt Disney "Silly Symphony," late in January. This time the wolf is to be a "big sissy," instead of "Big and Bad."

Guy Lombardo has just turned down Hollywood offers, claiming the screen hurts a band's value.

George Arliss is to play his first dual role in "House of Rothschild." All of its historical figures are woven into a story revealing their family secrets, their loves and their plottings for empire. Among these characters will be the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon and the whole Rothschild family. At present, the best in the motion picture world seems to be Katherine Hepburn in "Little Women," and Margaret Sullivan, in "Only Yesterday."

The popularity of "Anthony Adverse" seems to be setting the vogue for historical novels. Now the same publishers bring out "Jonathan Bishop," by Herbert Gorman, which is considered an improvement over its predecessor in size, in a more present-day interest, and in wider range of appeal. The story is that of an heroic young American who aids the Empress Eugenie in her escape from the Tuileries.

DEAN BURK SPEAKS BEFORE EDUCATORS

At the twelfth annual meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges for Women which was held at the Andrew Jackson Hotel Wednesday, December 6, several very important subjects were discussed. Among these was one talk which was made by Dean J. E. Burk, of Ward-Belmont School. Dr. Burk spoke on "High School Records: A Basis for Prognosis of Academic Success in College." Dr. Burk's study is the result of an extended research into the records of the graduates of Ward-Belmont for the past years in comparing their grades in high school with those in college. The conclusions drawn have proven very interesting and were intensely interesting to this group of educators.

STUDENT INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION MEETS

Friday evening, December 1, witnessed the opening meeting of the Student Industrial Commission of Nashville. Mary Jane Dulaney, who is chairman of the Public Affairs Committee, and Gail Lawrence, chairman of the Membership Committee, had dinner at the Y. W. C. A. building downtown with the chairmen of these same committees from Scarritt and Peabody Colleges and with girls of the industrial group.

Dr. Sarvis, a member of the faculty of Vanderbilt, was the speaker of the evening, taking as his subject the work of the NRA. Afterward there was general discussion concerning the work of the NRA in Nashville. Before adjourning it was decided that the committee will meet again on the second Friday in January.

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CLARA BOW
IN
"HOOPLA"

REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"Meet The Baron"

The story of Jack Pearl's first screen venture is something like this: Jack Pearl and Jimmy Durante, servants of Baron Muchausen, famous explorer, are deserted in the jungle. When found, Pearl is mistaken for the Baron and the two imposters indulge in hilarious antics in New York. Some of the picture is like his radio nonsense. If he is as good in the cinema as he was on the stage, he'll be plenty good, we can tell you. Ziegfeld's follies lost their best comedian when Jack Pearl went on the screen. Edna May Oliver, Zasu Pitts, Ted Healey and his Stooges, who are a riot, and a group of pretty girls, complete the ensemble. For fun and first rate entertainment, we recommend this.

"Lady for a Day"

Held over. (See review in December 2nd issue.)

"Maedchen in Uniform"

Don't miss this famous German film, whatever you do. It's the story of the petty persecutions forced upon a girl in a German boarding school that finally drove her to attempt suicide. After all, you don't need to be able to understand German to appreciate good acting, and the characters of the understanding teacher, as played by Dorothea Wieck, and the girl, Manuela, are beautifully done. Also, there are English subtitles. The excellence of Miss Wieck's acting ability won her an American contract, and books and plays have been written about the screen sensation. "The Child Manuela" was on the Book-of-the-Month Club's list last month, and similar attempts have been made to capture the spirit of the cinema. You really should make an effort to see this one.

MUSICAL PROGRAM GIVEN IN CHAPEL

Chapel on Monday, December 4, was devoted to a music period including several voice solos, violin, and organ selections.

Mr. Goodman, head of the piano department, announced the numbers which included an organ solo by Mary Frances Banker; "Prayer," from the Cello Suite Boellman; a group of voice solos sung by Emeline Boyer Kinnebrew; "Waltz Song," from Romeo and Juliet—Gounod, "Estrillelela La Forge" and "Love Everlasting"—Friml. Harold Kepp concluded the program with a violin concerto in E major by Mozart.

MISS TOWNSEND TO PRESENT CHRISTMAS PLAY

(Continued from page 1)

Miss Townsend believes that to give a play stressing peace, beauty, healing, is apt in a time when the world is torn by strike. From the rehearsals we judged that the parts, the Angels of Annunciation, Nativity, and Resurrection are beautiful readings taken from the Psalms and Isaiah. Mary and Joseph give fine interpretation of the dignity and beauty of the human who "Understands in his heart." The part of the Child Jesus is so sweet, simple, and direct that there is only reverence in the speaking of the part.

The children, the Wedding Guests, the Bride, the Choiring Angels, the Mother, the Bridegroom, the Shepherds and Kings, each has given his best effort to see that the Christmas message of peace and love reaches the audience.

Mr. Henkel at the organ and Mr. Dalton's Glee Club furnish the incidental music. The voices of Misses Coulter and Salter lend an exquisite touch to the Nativity Scene. The beauty of the pantomime is noticeable. The strength and purity of the speaking voices reveal the fact that technique has had its part in the autumn training.

The programs of soft wood [illegible] show a special plate, made for [illegible] Christmas plays. The reverent [illegible] of the audience, responding to [illegible] applause, please" (as footnote [illegible] program), is refreshing.

Miss Townsend has presented [illegible] following plays in previous Christ[illegible] seasons: *Eager Heart, The [illegible] herd's Play, Oh, Little Town of [illegible] lehem, Mary and Joseph, God's [illegible] Tumblers, The Promise of Peace, [illegible] Star in the East*, and others.

DR. HARRELL SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

(Continued from page 1)

J. Harrell, of the West End Methodist Church, when he spoke in chapel on Wednesday, December 6.

Dr. Harrell spoke particularly of the ribbon of blue that, in Bible times, the Hebrews were made to wear. He expressed his belief that this symbol had two significances. First, it made them a marked people and secondly, it reminded them of their inheritance.

"This ribbon of blue had a wonderful significance. It runs very beautifully through the history of the Hebrew people—this ribbon of blue and this fringe at the ends of the garments."

It was then urged by Dr. Harrell that, though we do not wear visible such a symbol today, we should remember that we are marked. We are taken as examples of their environment and are marked accordingly.

"Remember the lesson of this blue ribbon."

FELICES PASCUAS, JOYEUX NOEL MERRI CHRISTMASU!

(Continued from page 1)

people, but always with long white beard, may be found in stores, shaking hands and asking in Japanese equivalent of "Have you been good?" "What do you want for Christmas?" In the Christian village each church has a community celebration with presents and a tree. At one celebration up in the Japanese mountains so many children came that the program that it had to be repeated three times; the third time so many children crowded in that the floor doubled up and collapsed.

In Russia and the Near East where there is no Christmas, Americans celebrate as best they can. Boxes, the results of the "Summer Christmas trees" held months before in America are unpacked, and many strange and pathetic things are found there. Stockings, which the children really need, filled with melted candy, and rotten oranges. High-heeled shoes and funny hats outmoded long ago.

We traditionally connect the Yule log, mistletoe, carols, and the boar's head with celebration of Christmas in medieval England, but a delicacy no great but less known was the peacock. He was prepared with great care. First he was carefully skinned, keeping the feathers and skin intact. Then the bird was roasted and stuffed with sweet herbs, peppers, etc., and when partially cooled dressed in his skin, his beak gilded, and carried to the table on a platter of silver or gold. Sometimes he was put into a pie, in which case his head rose in all its glory from one side and his tail in all its splendor from the other. This custom has rather gone out of date recently and is seldom heard of except when revived as a novelty.

In Spain, as nearly everywhere else there are festivities and the singing of carols. There the children put out their shoes and leave a light in the window to guide the three magi who are supposed to bring gifts to the good children.

In France, children put out their shoes in hopes of gifts, but in Paris the holiday is celebrated with parties, feasting, and dancing just as it is in America.