WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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NEW OFFICE FOR SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

In the entrance to the office just off Recreation Hall there hung a sign. "Keep out," it said. Little good it did. For years the poor harrassed members of the HYPHEN and MILESTONES staffs tried to concentrate while various people used the HYPHEN office as a hallway. But now, all this is over. Thanks to the generosity and kindness of Mr. Benedict, the members of the MILESTONES and HYPHEN staffs have a new office next to the bank, where they can work in peace. It is outfitted like a newspaper office, with typewriters, desks, tables, and green shades. We are especially proud of the latter! The HYPHEN staff joins with the MILESTONES in giving a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Benedict.

GOODMAN MAKES DUO-ART RECORDS

In the Duo-Art Monthly for January appears the announcement of the release of a new record, "In Autumn," Moszkowski, played by Lawrence Goodman. Mr. Goodman is head of the School of Piano of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music. In this month's Duo-Art bulletin Moszkowski's "In Autumn" is criticized, and "while it constitutes a very clever musical picture of the season when boisterous winds strip the leaves from the trees and whirl them hither and yon, there is no feeling of sadness or melancholy in this bright and charming piece, but rather the gladness of harvest time and the mood celebrated in noble verse by the great English poet, George Meredith:

'Earth knows no desolation.
She smells regeneration
In moist breath of decay.'

This is a picturesque and very pretty piece, and Lawrence Goodman has played it delightfully."

Last spring Mr. Goodman made eight records for the Duo-Art when he was asked to come to New York and make records for the Aeolian Company, an honor which he shares with Paderewski, Josef Hoffman, Guiomar Novaes, Percy Grainger, and other celebrated pianists.

Friday evening Mr. Goodman gave the first group of his series of three recitals in the auditorium. His program was one of rare dash and brilliance, and a real musical treat to all lovers of music.

MR. CRAIG SPEAKS TO SHORTHAND STUDENTS

Mr. E. B. Craig, second vice-president of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company of Nashville, gave a most interesting and inspiring lecture Saturday morning to the shorthand classes on "How One Should Fit Himself for His Position in Life." Through the entire lecture he brought in little incidents which helped to illustrate his points more fully. The one thought he wished to leave with us was that business is a "cold-blooded proposition"; that we should not be taking the subjects we are just to take up time, but with the idea of them helping us in our future positions. Mr. Craig also touched on character reading and habits.

We are all hoping that Mr. Craig will be able to come back within the next week or so and deliver another such worthwhile lecture.

KENNETH ROSE, IN RECITAL AT STEINWAY HALL



KENNETH ROSE

On December 18, Kenneth Rose, director of the School of Violin of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, appeared in a very interesting sonata recital with Dorys LeVene, pianist, of New York City. The recital was given at Steinway Hall before a packed house. Mr. Rose appeared under the direction of the Arthur Judson Concert Management, with whom he has been associated the past year. Among the celebrities of note who attended were: Francis Macmillen and Arthur Hartmann, famous violinists; George Lehmann, internationally renowned pedagog; Katherine Meisle, noted contralto, and Solon Alberti, well-known coach. The audience displayed great enthusiasm.

Mrs. Rose joined Mr. Rose on December 16, in New York. They had the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with artists whom they had known, and of hearing several unusual concerts. They were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Mischa Elman for tea, also by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hartmann. Other social courtesies were shown by Solon Alberti, Sacha Jacobsen, Mr. and Mrs. Ottaker Cadek, Katherine Meisle, Calvin Franklin, Max Rosen, and Francis Macmillen.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose heard the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Damrosch, with Lashanska and Gerawin, solists; the American Symphony Society with Arthur Hartmann, solist, and Kreisler in recital.

The program and excerpts from the New York Press is as follows:

Sonata ..... *Cesar Franck*
- Allegretto ben moderato
- Allegro
- Recitativo
- Allegretto poco mosso

Sonota in E-Flat Major, Op. 18..... ..... *Richard Strauss*
- Allegro ma non troppo
- Andante cantabile
- Allegro

Sonata, Op. 87..... *A. Gretchaninoff*
- Allegro
- Andantino—Variations
- Allegro—Variations

Press notices stated:

New York Tribune, December 19.—"Kenneth Rose, violinist, and Dorys LeVene, pianist, gave a program of violin and piano sonatas last night in a well filled Steinway Hall, playing the familiar sonata of Cesar Franck, the less familiar early work of Richard Strauss, and the unfamiliar sonata, Op. 87, of Alexander Gretchaninoff. Mr. Rose played with a technical skill and a tone of lovely quality."

New York Sun, December 19.—"The Cesar Franck sonata appeared first on the program, and the artists gave a commendable reading of the work —Mr. Rose performed his part with spirit and dash. A well filled salon reacted most favorably."

New York Evening World.—"A sonata recital was given at Steinway Hall yesterday evening by Dorys LeVene, pianist, and Kenneth Rose, violinist. The auditorium was filled and there was much applause. The violinist carried off the honors of the evening."

New York Telegraph.—"A talented musician, and much ability in the concert field. The Gretchaninoff sonata, we found to be an important work, the melodic line of which is interesting and beautiful."

New York American.—"The recital revealed catholicity of taste and artistic attainment."

New York Times.—"Among those who heard and applauded were two American violinists of note, Arthur Hartmann and Francis Macmillen."

Musical America, December 29.—"Dorys LeVene, pianist, and Kenneth Rose, violinist, gave at Steinway Hall on December 18, a sonata recital, including the familiar Franck sonata, Strauss' E-Flat work, and the Op. 87 Sonata of Gretchaninoff. These two young artists play well together. They both have capable technique, firm and brilliant tone, and a fondness for big, powerful effects which suited admirably the substantial Gretchaninoff and Strauss. The audience approved enthusiastically."

MAGIC PICTURES OF DE COU ENCHANT AUDIENCE

One of the most welcome persons who ever comes to Ward-Belmont, Mr. Branson De Cou, gave another of his "Dream Picture" lectures, with pictures and musical accompaniment, on Tuesday evening—this time rather a broad trip to the more familiar places of Western Europe. Mr. De Cou has photographed widely varied things, such places as we have always dreamed of: ruined castles with crenelated battlements, crumbling towers, crazy-quilt landscapes, English and Dutch gardens, silhouettes, night shades, skies of surpassing beauty, vineyards, rivers, spires, cathedrals, everything. The lovely little Alpine flowers are known to be the most fragile and delicate in the world. He said that the cathedral at Milan was "a symphony in sculptured stone." Views of the islands, sails, and villas about Lake Como were entrancing. The little garden of Anne Hathaway at Shottery was of outstanding loveliness.

This all too short glimpse of the glorious things of the old world renewed the longing to break away from the prosaic things of life and to discard convention by admitting defeat at the hands of the wanderlust.

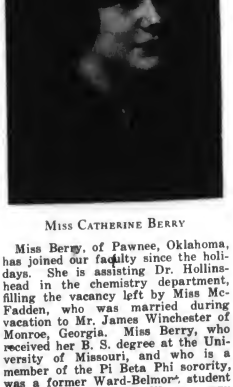
DR. ALVA W. TAYLOR SPEAKS AT STAY-AT-HOME PROGRAM

Sunday morning church services were held in the chapel as the administration considered it wise to keep the student body on the campus to prevent contact with crowds during the influenza epidemic. The music at the service surpassed its ordinarily high standard. As a prelude, Mr. Henry Wesson played "Cradle Song," by Hoffman. After a hymn and short prayer, Mary Wayland sang the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with violin obligato by Charlotte Strong. The Double Quartette, which has won so much recognition and acclaim not only in the school but in the city, sang "The Lord is My Shepherd," by Weyther.

Dr. Alva W. Taylor, head of the department of Social Ethics in the School of Religion at Vanderbilt, spoke on "True Culture." Dr. Taylor is a convincing, straightforward speaker who easily holds the attention of his hearers. He mentioned, in the couse of his address, that true culture breaks down the wall of prejudices between peoples and nations. He went further to say that lack of understanding is due to ignorance, or lack of culture. Culture, he says, produces democracy. He concluded his speech by saying that true culture is not only material, but is very largely spiritual. Rabbi Marks, in his address on Friendship, at Vespers, Sunday night, almost paralleled some of Dr. Taylor's points.

The service was concluded by the saying of the benediction and, musically, came to a close with Mr. Wesson's rendition of Merkel's "Allegro in G."

FORMER STUDENT JOINS FACULTY



MISS CATHERINE BERRY

Miss Berry, of Pawnee, Oklahoma, has joined our faculty since the holidays. She is assisting Dr. Hollinshead in the chemistry department, filling the vacancy left by Miss McFadden, who was married during vacation to Mr. James Winchester of Monroe, Georgia. Miss Berry, who received her B. S. degree at the University of Missouri, and who is a member of the Pi Beta Phi sorority, was a former Ward-Belmont student of the class of 1923. We are very happy to welcome Miss Berry back on the campus.



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CAMPUS COLUMN

Well—well—back again, and all such trite expressions. Everywhere we see groups of girls discussing various other girls who have not returned. If a girl has not as yet gotten back, and, if there are any of her schoolmates to talk, the assumption is that she is married, or, as Maxon puts it, the *Grim Reaper* has caught her. Wishing to cause some excitement in Journalism class the other morning, we made the statement that Susan Graham Erwin had eloped. Two periods later the rumor had spread like the oft-mentioned wildfire. At all sides we heard "Susan is married." We wish to state now and for all that we know nothing about it and were "just kidding" all the time.

Wishing to have something for the CAMPUS COLUMN this week, we wended our solitary way toward the new HYPHEN office. There we found Jinny, almost covered, and entirely surrounded with sheafs (?), sheaves (?) of papers. There she sat, in true W.-B. style, on the floor, wearing a run in her stocking and a black smudge on her face. We asked her what she enjoyed most during Christmas. Apparantly—never could spell that word, but never mind—she did not hear, at least we hope she did not, as she replied, "Dad had the flu." We scribbled that down and sat gingerly on the edge of the chair, waiting for news. It came, in the person of Jimsey Duncan. Jimsey was so engrossed in her new jeweled Phi Delta Theta pin that she responded but vaguely to our query.

"Oh, I don't know what I liked best, but I disliked luncheons. Reading? Oh, yes, I did a little bit of that. I read *Tarzan of the Apes*."

In walked Tilly. Not noticing our effusive greeting, she pretended to have a mysterious conference with Jinny about MILESTONES. We writhed inwardly, but managed to maintain our usual sweet expression long enough to ask what she enjoyed most during the holidays.

"Dancing," she replied.

But Tilly is, we believe, a manhater. She looked scornfully at Jimsey's pin.

"The more I see of men," she remarked, "the less I think of them."

O Tilly! So young—so young. Something must be radically wrong with the girl. She said that she read Psych parallel two afternoons at the library! Imagine that, during Christmas. That should be her bid for "Conscientiousness" in the A B C contest.

When Virginia Gerdl entered and I asked her what she enjoyed most, Jinny screamed, "Don't tell her if it can't go into print."

"I'll not tell you," was Miss Gerdl's reply.

We received a card from "Tiny." On it was the picture of a girl dressed in furs and carrying packages. She was leading a small dog. Right under the canine was written, "Tiny."

Lucile Baily, who spent the holidays in Florida, returns, babbling incoherently about moons and lakes and roadsters and flowers. When she comes out of the fog, perhaps she will be able to give details.

We will miss "Sabin" for many reasons, and in many ways. In losing her we have lost one of our few (we fear) readers. At least, Susy said she read the C. C. When we think of the many things on this campus which no one else can do, we wonder what we'll do without the girl.

Now for our "Famous For" section: If you want to get "impressed" stroll into the HYPHEN office any time one of our feature writers is there, which is any time at all. The other day we entered, timidly, almost fearfully. However, we had to go, as a certain young person had told us we had better re-write that list of HYPHEN subscriptions we had lost. In one corner sat the feature writer. She greeted us with a shriek.

"Ah, I will impress you," she cried.

Now, we have always wanted to be impressed, but our extreme modesty has prevented us from suggesting or even allowing it. However, this time we decided to acquiesce. Wouldn't it be lovely to have beneath our names the words, "Jeweled ladies, ginger-ale, roadsters, devil's-food, no angel-food cake, musical comedies, orchids, roses, black-eyed susans," etc.?

However, imagine our chagrin at hearing her murmur, between snickers, "Bread-pudding, roller-skates, pickles, galoshes, old maps."

At that moment Graves entered. In Graves I saw a large, I mean great, opportunity.

"Impress Graves," I called.

"Say, she is like umbrellas, black cotton stockings, long underwear, Mack Trucks."

Graves fled, after flinging the contents of the waste basket at our head.

Beware of the feature writer; she is too impressionistic. Adv. The last does not stand for "advertisement," but advice.

We hear Betty Hendricks will return next semester. Everyone remembers "Hendricks," who could make a piano do any kind of hop, even the "Indiana." Seniors, do you remember that day in chapel, last year, when she and "Bunny" bravely walked up on the platform and admitted that they had entered Senior Hall, which is closed to everyone, especially Senior-Middles, just before Senior-Senior Middles' Day, and had placed placards, obnoxious to the Seniors, all over the hall? Good old "Hendricks," we hope all rumor is correct. Yet you never can tell.

Jimsey Duncan said that she intended to acquire a "Nawth'n" accent



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during school this year. You're doing well, Jimsey!

That MILESTONES staff is the most irritating thing. They hold mysterious conferences in the corner of the HYPHEN office. It drives us wild, although we pretend that we do not even care. One thing has worried us quite a bit. We would like to make one request. That is, please do not make the verses about the Seniors sound like the usual obituary notice.

If you do or do not like certain features in the HYPHEN Editorials, *The Diary*, the Alumnae notes, or even (ahem) the *Campus Column*, tell us about it. What we mean is to write it in the Campus Column. (It will take up space.) You've no idea what a blank our mind is when we sit down to write it.

We wish to apologize (publically, we hope; however, it is more than likely privately) to Graves for saying that what Graves is famous for is the mystery of life. We have about concluded that "There's a reason." It is her hair. That headdress is a strange and wonderful thing at which we never cease to marvel.

"Chris" Caldwell—Ability to talk in chapel without growing red, or stuttering, and her Martha Washington aspect.

"Marjie" Northrup—Wearing a ponjola shorter, no, longer, than anyone else.

Louise Graves—Ah, sweet mystery of life.

Nancy O'Connor—Being able to do gracefully the dances Miss Morrison prescribes in gym.

Marjorie Barclay—Having her name appear in the HYPHEN nearly every week; why, we do not know.

Nell Tyson—For lacking a nickname.

Nannie Butler—For remaining thin.

The rest of us—For remaining fat.

Grace Neisler—For Louise Sims.

Louise Sims—For Grace Neisler.

"Gussie" Wherry—For being called the "Silent Woman."

Lois Maxon—For baving the courage to cut her hair.

Artelia Bowne—Ditto, and for knowing something in chemistry.

Alice Daniels—Giggling in the library and those mystifying little curls.

Frances Johnson—Same as Daniel, except for the curls.

Virginia Williamson—Singing like Ruth Etting.

Does Anyone Know

1. Who wrote the Bells of Ward-Belmont?
2. How the HYPHEN got its name?
3. How the tea room got its name?
4. What great honors was conferred on Dr. Blanton last year?

Look for answers in next week's HYPHEN.

Aunt Abigal's Advice to the Anxious

Dear Aunt Abigal:

I am weak, dyspeptic, unpopular, slightly deaf, and very dumb. Still Miss Morrison sends me notes to come to gym. It makes me very uncomfortable to take gym. What is your advice?

"Bug" Lewis.

P. S. I don't want to hurt Miss Morrison's feelings as she is a personal friend of mine.

Dear little "Bug":

Child, I can readily sympathize with you. If I were Miss Morrison I would not want you in the class. However, as she is older and wiser than you, she must know best. You say you are weak. Eat more cake and candy and you will become strong. You said you had dyspepsia. I don't know what it is, but as it doesn't sound very nice, I wouldn't tell you what to do if I did know. For your deafness, attend Senior-Middle meetings in chapel. If they ask you to leave tell them you are deaf. You will be able to hear after a few meetings. Report all their plans to the Seniors. Over night you will become popular (with the Seniors). When you have done all this you will be so improved that it won't matter much about your dumbness. Nothing could be done about that, anyway.

Lovingly,

Aunt Abigal.

I wonder if anyone has been kind enough to read this far. If so, here is her reward. If you were to send something in to the Campus Column, it might be published.

ECCOWASIN ECHOES

In spite of the fact that most of us were tired and sleepy after having spent a few weeks in pursuit of pleasure rather than knowledge, we, the Eccowasins, had a very interesting meeting Tuesday, January 8th.

We are greatly encouraged by the attendance at basket-ball and bowling practices. The practices are really exciting. What will the games be?

Realizing the fatal time for examinations is drawing nigh, we decided that we could make no plans for further club activities. But after the time of horror is over we intend to have some fun.

COUNCIL EATS AGAIN

To further prove that council is very human, food in great abundance was served to that mighty and dignified (?) body at the Del Ver house the other day.

Besides the main attraction of pecan waffles, side inducements of sausage, grape fruit, toast, coffee, chocolate and other such dainties were offered.

After the various and sundry dishes were washed, a very professional entertainment was presented by Nathan, premier juggler, and Ruth and Ruth, in a novel dance act, enriched with dramatic registrations of emotions, during which most of the reclining audience managed to stay awake.

There must be some compensations to being on council, after all.

SENIOR-MIDDLES GUESTS AT AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

The Senior-Middles were delightfully entertained last Sunday afternoon at after-dinner coffee by the faculty and members of the household in Recreation Hall. Tea tables were placed at either end of the long room, and Mrs. Benedict and Mrs. Rose poured. Besides the Senior-Middles, the faculty and household entertained Dr. and Mrs. Alva W. Taylor. Dr. Taylor is of the School of Religion of Vanderbilt University, and he was the principal speaker at the Stay-at-Home program in the chapel at 12 o'clock.

A varied program, consisting of the following numbers was enjoyed during the afternoon:

"Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"; "Then Came the Dawn" was played by the orchestra directed by Catherine Scruggs: voice; "Kashmiri Song," "Pirate Dreams," "Prelude," by Lois Stout: reading by Margaret Timmons: voice; "Come In," "Sometime," by Francis Burgess: violin; "Meditation," from Thais, by Dorothy Black: voice; "At Dawning," "Marcheta," by Marion Lewis: piano; "On Wings of Song," Lavelle Thompson: voice; "The Swallows," by Nancy Baskerville.

OSIRON OWLETS

The Osiron house was the scene of a very lively and spirited pep meeting on last Wednesday evening. Much club spirit was displayed in the songs and yells led by Rebecca Smythe and Marion Wieman, our two cheer leaders. With such cooperation and encouragement, our basket-ball and bowling teams will be able to bring further athletic glories to our club.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

BACK TO WORK

Holidays are over. All the fun and excitement of packing and saying good-bye before going home is a thing of the past; dates, parties, and all the other things that go to make a happy Christmas are memories, memories that will brighten these next five months. And now everybody is back at school again, and it remains to be seen whether or not our holidays have been a hindrance or a help to our school work.

After so much excitement and so many days of freedom from studies, there is imminent danger of a letdown on the part of the students as to school duties. It is natural that there should be some reluctance to begin getting up early, going to classes, and giving strict attention to books again; but exams are just around the corner, and that fact should be an incentive of no little importance to especial effort.

This is a crucial time in the school year; exams at the last of this month will determine the success or failure of each girl. So it is necessary that each student realize this and settle down to the regular routine. Each day that passes brings us closer to the testing time, and each lesson left to be gotten "after awhile" means that much less chance of success.

Cramming never pays. Yet there are some of us who are cheerfully letting these past holiday days slip by with negligent preparations for classes, expecting to spend two or three nights during exam week studying and learn all that should have been learned these past four months. It can't be done; perhaps enough material may be acquired to answer enough questions the next morning to get a passing grade, but even this rarely works.

"The past belongs to the Unknown; the future belongs to ourselves; therefore, putting that which has happened behind us, let us strive forward to our goal"; thus wrote a Greek philosopher, and never were his words more applicable than in this case. Christmas holidays should be forgotten for the time in the all-important work of attaining knowledge.

Thus each girl must take advantage of every opportunity for study and review, and brush up on the weak spots which may have been left before Christmas. The best of us have left work undone, either through mistake or negligence. By catching up on time instead of waiting till the last minute, time and labor are saved for the student and exam time will not be one of such hardship. All that we have said on that may be summed up in this old proverb, "A stich in time saves nine."

STUDENT RECITALS

The Friday afternoon student recitals, which are held in the chapel, are under the auspices of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music. These recitals, although compulsory to music students, are open to the other Ward-Belmont students, faculty, and friends as well. A cordial invitation is extended to all residents of Nashville. It is well worth one's while to attend these recitals—one or more—not only from the viewpoint of gaining further appreciation of good music, but also to gain an incite as to what is being accomplished in the Conservatory of Music.

Every day I come in contact with people who have missed out on the first recitals, and they seem to think that for them it is too late to start going now. Well, if we all felt that way about it, I am afraid the chapel would be a sorry, empty room. I am one of those beings who believe in the half-loaf—providing you cannot get the whole loaf; and I wish every one here would feel the same way. If you have missed any of these inspiring recitals consider it your loss, but promise not to let it happen again.

The important thing in life is not to shirk any opportunity that may come to us which holds a real chance for growth and improvement as well as happiness in a measure. To be faithful in a few things and to improve every last ounce of our ability, should prove no trifle at all.

It is a great lesson to attend these recitals given by the girls of the Conservatory. What is the lesson? Nothing, if not that everything we do should be done as it has never been done before to very best of our ability and knowledge—and this very thing is carried out to perfection by each of the students who is giving these recitals.

Not only are these recitals beneficial to the students and friends, but to the performer herself. It is indeed a very great honor to the individual performer to be selected by the department heads to present a recital. And her appreciation is shown by the interest she takes in making the recital a good presentation of her work done in the Conservatory of Music. Perhaps many of the girls have never played before a large audience, so we might call her recital her "debut of music." And how grand it is to have a large audience to hear her selections and criticize her technique which, of course, would be good criticism, for it is the talented girl who is chosen to participate.

So, girls, do not forget the Friday afternon student recitals in the chapel, and let's see every one there from now on.

SKETCHES

To a great many persons the writings of Richard Halliburton need no introduction. And yet there may be those who have not yet discovered this traveler-author whose two books, "The Royal Road to Romance" and "The Glorious Adventure," have given him an unique position among the leading writers of adventures—this is for them. Amazing, original, bubbling, impressive—these two titles personify the ideals of the books. They are romantic without being insipid, enlightening without being dull, and funny without being silly. Few authors possess a finer sense of humor. Impetuous to utter recklessness, dreaming of beauty, ardent for adventure, exultant with the spirit of irresponsible youth and freedom, he chases from one page to the next. He is the most adapt vagabond in the world at stealing rides on anything that goes; he is vagrant, deceitful, wonderful. The fluency with which he manipulates the English language blows us a fresh breath of consistent readableness.

To relieve the tedium of daily class routine, should there chance to be any such, we can recommend nothing better than either of these two books. To have read one is to long for the other—read them both.

"SABIN"—AN APPRECIATION

"Sabin" is not coming back. What will I do without her? And the class? and the school? And how hard it must be for her to leave her work and rest up, away from the things to which she gave so much of her lovely self. All these thoughts crowd into our minds, and we go about indescribably sad. It is said that we do not appreciate the good qualities of a person until he is gone. That could hardly be said in regard to "Sabin." We could not but notice her lovableness, her perfect leadership, her originality, and her democracy. When Dorothy was given offices in school, everyone knew that the usual worry as to whether certain work would be done was over. Dorothy Sabin is capable in everything she attempts. In 1928 she was Senior-Middle treasurer. She made the Wordsmiths, and when MILESTONES' election was held she was chosen business manager. She was on the decoration committee for the Senior-Middle banquet. She was a member of the "Y" cabinet. She was a Tri-K, varsity basket-ball player and also prominent in hockey and water polo. When the Seniors elected her president, everyone knew that things would be done and done harmoniously and with the quiet loveliness and enthusiasm of this embodied ideal personallty. We know she is our ideal in the same way that one recognizes essential truth, and yet we only feel happy to be with her, because her unaffectedness robbed her of all strangeness and aloofness. Is it a broad statement to say that she was the most loved girl on the campus? I think not. I have heard it from many girls who knew, love, and now miss her. "Sabin," your Seniors are thinking of you constantly and praying for your quick recovery.

VIENNESE ART RICH IN COLOR AND MOVEMENT

One of the most delightful and fascinating exhibitions of children's art is now hanging in the right wing of the Ward-Belmont School of Art. This exhibit was brought under the auspices of the Art Alliance of America from the Art Center, New York.

The exhibit, which comprises 18 mounts on grey chipso board, are of reproductions of the work of the children in Professor Cizek's Viennese classes. Professor Cizek allows his pupils to have perfect freedom and self-expression in drawing, and he has demonstrated to all the world how rich in imagination and how strong in power of expression is the child from 5 to 15 years of age.

One child's fancies find expression in adventure pictures of knights and castles; one shows us a peasant woman, old and bent, while the poetic sympathy of yet another expresses itself in the dainty figure of a young girl. The pictures are valuable not only in themselves as delightful studies in movement and color, but also as an indication of the child's ability to do creative work, and as a help and inspiration to teachers of art. The posters are very decorative with minutely patterned designs and a brilliancy of color which is almost primitive.

This exhibit is just one of the many interesting series of exhibits which are to be found in the art gallery from now until the end of the school term in the spring.

PERSONALS

Janet Lawton and Jane Seymore visited in Chicago during the Yuletide season.

Mary Francis Marxson visited Mildred Johnson and Marjorie Gurgenmier during the Christmas vacation.

Ruthe Donahoo spent part of her Christmas vacation with Louise Graves in Monroe, La., and also Dorothy Sabin in Greenwood, Miss.

Leitner Johnson visited Marian Bordeaux this Christmas in St. Petersburg.

Mildred Schaefer spent a few days in Atlanta, Ga., with the Candlers this Christmas.

Sally Hayward visited in Cincinnati, Ohio, this Christmas.

Georgia Oliver Black spent some time in Little Rock, Ark., this Christmas.

Leonora Patterson spent some time Christmas in Asheville, N. C.

Dorothy Palmer was in Madison, Wis., visiting Eleanor Marling, Christmas. Eleanor was a former W.-B. student.

Margaret Mills, of Lansing, Mich., had Hope Sweeney as her guest this Christmas.

Margaret Montgomery visited relatives in Virginia during the holidays.

Helen Baker spent some time in Greenville, Ky., visting relatives.

Vera Bond visited in New Orleans during the holidays.

Grace Sessions was in Bristol, Va., during the holidays.

Margaret Gunn spent a few days in Springfield, Tenn., this Christmas.

Marian Patricia Elbel spent a few days in Indianapolis, as guest of Miss Josephine Doran.

Mr. Isac J. Koy, of Texarkana, Texas, visited his daughter, Mildred, who has been ill in the infirmary.

Kathryn Loonan spent the weekend with her father Mr. H. G. Loonan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Newell, of Lakewood, Ohio, were here to visit their daughter, Shirley Newell.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Terry, of St. Paul, Minn., were here to visit their daughter, Jane Terry.

Helen Sweeney had dinner with her grandmother iast Tuesday evening.

Marian Hildebrand and Marian Elbel had lunch with Mrs. Julius Morka last Thursday.

Louise Mason had lunch and dinner with her brother last Saturday.

Vesta Kitchell had dinner with Mrs. S. C. Schnitkner and her son, of Columbus, Ga., last Saturday.

Peggy Clark had tea with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Jackson, last Sunday.

DANCING RECITAL ANNOUNCED FOR APRIL

The big climax of the season for the dancing department is the dancing recital which is to be presented on April 19th. It will be at the Belmont Theatre, most likely, although they are considering the down-town theatres.

Every student who is being instructed in dancing will take part. All types of the dance art will be demonstrated, including classic, which is toe and ballet dancing in its truest form; greek, which is the art of interpreting the compositions of well-known composers in simple, natural

movements; character, which will include Spanish and Russian folk dancing; musical comedy and tap, which demonstrates rhythmic and line routing in every detail. The children will also stage an important part in the recital, and singing and music will be used to carry the effect still farther.

As one can easily see, everyone will find something of special interest to him, for there is no possible phase of the dance which will be left out. Miss Jantzer, who has worked it all out to every perfect detail, does not care to tell much about this elaborate performance. She is keeping a delightful secret from us. The beautiful scenery, costumes, and groupings will please the artistic eye, and is one of the many performances which is being looked forward to during the remainder of the term.

SOME NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

It is my most sincere resolve that, in the glorious year now opening before me, I shall do my level and parallel best at getting in the maximum amount of shut-eye obtainable in such a wide-awake suite as mine. I also resolve to exert all my influence to the end that my suite-mates follow my noble example, or at least, that they retain a moderate amount of silence while I am struggling to keep my New Year resolution.

Just a wide-awake (occasionally) school girl,
Mary Lee Lafferty.

I hereby resolve that I shall abandon my extensive plans for acquiring a southern accent—it caused (even in its undeveloped form) a riot at home. The family hasn't quieted down yet. Why couldn't I have been the fortunate Boy Sprout to go with Richard Byrd? I'd like to, anyway—he's my ideal.

Hopefully,
Harriet (Hats) Merrick.

Be it known to all and sundry (whoever they may be) that it is my resolution to let my hair grow until it is approximately the length of Jean McDonnell's. All comments and criticisms will be disregarded unless they are helpful and encouraging.

With all my determination,
Mildred Ann Smith.

I hereby make known to my vast and interested public that I have resolved to abstain from the long hours of conscientious study which have occupied such a great part of my life in the last three months. Although it tears my emotions to narrow ribbons and dims the radiance of my personality to renounce my classical and scholastic pursuits, I feel it my duty to give my suffering fellow students a chance to approach more nearly my intellectual level.

In grieving, but not grudging, generosity,
Rose Flentye.

We hereby resolve that although in the past we have often heaped unjust and burdensome assignments on the defenseless heads of our pupils, we will hereafter make life more enjoyable for them by not assigning more than two hours' preparation on any one subject at a time.

Generously,
The Faculty.

We resolve to prepare our daily lessons.

Signed:
Foss,
Judy,
Bunny.

IMPRESSIONS

Big Stetson hats—leather leggins—cowboys — wild ponies — wind-swept plains—tall, slim cowgirls, sunburned beautifully—the very essence of pep and vitality—the winning friendliness of those who hail from "out where the West begins"—Helen Hylton.

Low lights and soft music—waltzes—yellow roses—flowered georgettes—garden parties—picture hats—summer—orange ice—croquet—soft tones on an old violin—Le Debut perfume—dreams—Dorothy Black.

In love with Tom—. Schaefer.

Velvety moss, wild flowers, quiet, iced chocolate, alabaster lamps, coral.—Betty Stone.

Silk fringe—bridge teas—New England—round caps—satin sophistication.—Helen Whittaker.

Long-legged French dolls—frills—foreign moter cars—spike heels—dancing gayety — "Polichinelle" and "Doll Dance."—Mahota Mullican.

Sleek black birds—racing—long gold earrings — manicures — portable Vics—bright sunshine.—Kitty Jameson.

Larkspurs—organdies—blue sashes—ice-cream and angel-food—seed pearls — pansies — filet lace — cream puffs.—Jane Moore.

Surf-boards—red bathing suits—basket-ball games—low sport roadsters—hair blowing in the wind—chocolate eclair—camel's hair sweaters—yellow chrysanthemums—skiing over snow-covered hills.—Amanda Caldwell.

Tall white lilies—golf at an exclusive country club—formal teas—blue chiffon velvet—green lawns—summertime.—Miriam Cooper.

PEAVINE HAS NEW RIVAL

About a month ago the campus was seething with glowing descriptions of *the* colt, but this seems to be the first actual publication of its arrival.

Now, every girl in the school likes young pets, and when the animal is a darling, little, wobbly colt which staggers toward you and puts his muzzle in your hand, you are more than delighted. So the fame of the colt grew and spread to all parts of our campus.

The next thing we heard of him was his feat of jumping the riding ring fence—which we think is more than any of our other horses could do. Perhaps, the young horse will be the jumper which is badly needed.

But every animal must have its name. "John, John Andrew," and "Belmont's Pride" have been suggested for our pet. We wonder if the girls wouldn't like to take a vote on it?

ARISTON REVIEW

Club spirit with the captital C was much in evidence last Tuesday at the Ariston club meeting. Our president spent the greater part of the time urging the members to snap out of their "after-Christmas" in activity and get to work in both lessons and athletics. Several new "pep" songs were tried out and those appropriate to the basket-ball season were practiced and repracticed. With the team doing its best and our loyal voices raised in song, the championship should be ours for the taking.

DEL VERS DINE AT BELLE MEADE

The dashing Del Ver's enjoyed a delightful evening at Belle Meade, Monday, January 14th. The club had as its guest Miss Irvin.

A delicious three-course dinner was served at 6:30 o'clock. Throughout the evening the girls danced and played bridge. As the clock struck midnight (8 o'clock) these Cinderellas reluctantly abandoned this nocturnal revelry to return to the scene of their labors.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Tuesday, January 8.—Don't be bothered if I contradict myself—I'm not responsible for what I say now-a-days. What I started to say was this: It seems ages ago that I locked this little book in the big, black trunk and tore off for the train with the loudest hat I could find perched lightly on a brand-fresh waterwave and all the paint I could beg, borrow or steal plastered (for decorative purposes) all over my cherubic countenance; and yet the time popped by so fast that now that I'm back I don't feel as if I'd been away at all. Oooh, but I have the blizzardy blues! My heart has taken up what threatens to be a permanent position in the toe of my left foot (it couldn't get down any lower). This room is a mess. Trying to get around in it is like playing hop-scotch. I never was such a howling success at that (surprising—and me so athletic), so I've given up temporarily and have begun my first entry for the year. I suppose I really should set down all my New Year's resolutions, but mostly they're either private or broken, so why should we concern ourselves. Diary, you feel so strange. Which reminds me—I'll get "Clutchie" yet for spilling my Christmas perfume all over my new pink blotter. I dunno which I regretted most. Isn't it terrific without "Sabin." She's such a knock-out. Three weeks at her table made me willing to be her slave f'rever. And now, just think. T'was ever thus! But really, there ain't no justice nohow. We could have spared almost anyone else, but "Sabin!" The Seniors seem to think they have a monopoly on the missing stuff, but there are plenty of others who are tearing their hair about it.

Wednesday, January 9.—Screwed up courage to look into my mail-box, which, for an astounding change, had more in it than dust and cobwebs, to wit: 2 letters, 1 advertisement, 2 package slips, and 1 slip from Mrs. Armstrong. Not a bad haul, for one so young as I, the world being as it is, and all. To gym today, reluctantly as usual. Why do they make cutting a flunking offense? It would strike joy to the roots of my being to slink out a single once, but that word flunk looks too terrible for me. Which reminds me, it might just barely be a good idea if I started studying.

Thursday, January 10.—Wish someone would invent a name for the way I feel. If it were spring it'd be spring fever, but noticing (and feeling) the shivers about the campus, I don't think you could honestly call it that. And, anyway, if it were spring we wouldn't be thinking about Christmas and how long it is until vacation, which would be a great relief. Hope all my fond friends and doting relatives choke if they don't shoot me some mail ere long.

Friday, January 11.—Had the first pop quiz of the new year today, and, what I mean, it'll really make my grade go popping on its downward course, too. Wonder who was poisonous enough to invent the foul things? Spent the afternoon and evening until study hour. (then decided I'd really better do something) playing "Gooch's" rolmonica. So glad I live in Fidelity. It's very convenient. Lee Woodall says she thinks the harmonica is all right, but she wishes one didn't have to blow in it to make it work. Some people certainly are unambitious. (Right here, teacher!)

Saturday, January 12.—Ankled down to the post office hopefully, as usual, but again my youthful hopes were blasted (or is it blighted?). I'm getting anxious. I know if I ever do get some mail the door will be rusted shut, or I'll have forgot the combination. To the Pirate dance this evening, and I do swear that if ever I see a more desperate-looking buccaneer than Mettie Taylor I hope it may be in the movies. Spent all my worldly wealth on food, but the dance was such a whoopie that it was worth it. Schaefer's *Tom* must not have written for a week or so, 'cause she certainly did some low-down blues singing: "Roll Dem Eyes."

Sunday, January 13.—Three cheers and a tiger for not having to go to church today. Had the most marvelous day. Slept, except for church, dinner, vespers, and tea (also washing dishes at the club—it would be my turn!) Had all sorts of resolutions to write letters, but it was such an opportunity to sleep that I couldn't resist. Afraid "Clutchie" is getting something. And after all Dr. Barton has said! Hope she doesn't, 'cause I feel all sad and misused when she isn't flitting around the room.

Monday, January 14.—All kinds of assorted statistics on "flu" in the chapel. I mean, not "flu" in the chapel, but Dr. Barton whiled away a good half hour telling who was in the infirmary, bluffing, and who had colds and why, and other minor details. No shopping this week, and me without a single stick of chewing gum! Guess I'll have to break down and write to the family. Surprise! Surprise!!

Tuesday, January 15.—Failed to recognize even my dearest friends because of the hats. Most of them represented perfectly what the tired school girl should not (and mostly does not) wear. Saw at least 200 assorted berets which everyone wore saucer fashion on top of the cranium with widely flowing hair straggling out underneath. My old heart 'bout burst with pride at the Senior-Mids. "Dottie" Black looked just like College Humor, and most of the rest of us looked fairly (accent on the fairly) presentable. The Seniors didn't look so well. "Chris" Caldwell looked as if all she needed were a trowel and a garden to be perfectly happy. "Bug" Lewis borrowed Mamma Blunder's baby cap, a charming affair with a stiff frill standing out, and "Welty"—well, her combination derby and watermelon looked like a pale-blue beehive—oh, it was fetching. Wait, while I read this to "Clutchie." It's too good to be overlooked forever.

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ICKEY AND IKEY

Some people may wonder how two irresponsibles like Ickey and Ikey ever could cope with the world during Christmas, the time of year usually consigned to spirits, singular and plural. They certainly seem much more like recipients of charity than donors, and more apt to glow with a pure and lovely radiance in anticipation of bean soup than midnight services. So, it seems inevitable that we choose the other one of the two, and imagine our two poor lads in the act of looking around for themselves only to find themselves—well, shall we say under the table, to use good old Anglo-Saxon.

It may be well to say here and now that priceless piece of wit that was whispered to me in the dining room the other night and seemed particularly applicable to Ickey and Ikey. One person couldn't be so dumb. For that reason, Ickey and Ikye are twins. Please, gentle reader, on this account never attempt to find in these "bweef notes," as a dear old professor used to say, anything that has what, in the common jargon of any state in the Union, is known as common sense. It would be quite beyond the power of the keeper to consign these two vagrants to any time, space, place, nation, race, or political party. They are at her beck and call, and so completely yet amusingly (we hope) stupid that they will think and say and do anything they are told.

Bearing all this in mind, let us imagine Ickey and Ikey as having powers of divination and also in the happy state of being in tune with the astral planes. Because of their most recent and intimate association in the spirit world, this is not an unreasonable request to make of even the most sane reader, if anyone within that category can be found within the number of those who read this column. As they look about the campus they see the most extraordinary sights. Changes have taken place. Where once they saw a mysterious blond, they now see only a blinding brilliance emanating from a Beta pin that quite dazzles them and thoroughly conceals their former acquaintance. Then they see several absolute voids walking around just as most adorable girls had done before the holidays. One seems to haunt Senior hall while another is sorting her memories in Heron. Another most attractive little girl is seen hopping in a most disconcerting way everywhere she goes. She appears at her Algebra class in a cocktail jacket, flame velvet dress, and golden slippers. Her feet constantly tap out a syncopated rhythm and her head tosses. Now she sings "It Goes Like This." She seems not nearly so robust, or shall we say athletic as when she left. Ickey and Ikey are amazed to find such havoc wrought in a world of work and worth. But they begin to feel more at home when they see some of their old friends in campus shoes as big as boats and blaringly white shirts and the tersest of terse skirts, their hair in deliberate disarray and their eyes alight and gleaming with the lovely anticipation of the last lap at the really most gudgy (plagiarism) school in the world, or, as it has been most aptly expressed, America's Foremost Female Institution.

Be assured that Ickey and Ikey will no more be allowed to roam into the realm of mystic insight again, but the keeper feels that their condition should be treated with especial care, particularly after the Christmas vacation, because—you just never can tell, that's all.

THE ROSE HOUSE

Have you ever heard of the Rose House? No, it isn't full of roses. It's the place where a wonderful pianist and a noted violinist are giving our ambitious young women that marvelous knowledge called music.

When you are sitting in the hall of the Roses, you see both big and little girls rush smilingly into Mrs. Rose's studio. You just know they have perfect lessons and are anxiously awaiting her approval. And, too, many a pupil has sat entranced by her illustrious husband's music, wondering if she will ever attain such heights. Then later when you hear the talented violin students upstairs practicing with both heart and soul, you truly believe there is a chance for them. And you ought to hear those two Roses play together, but, of course, you've heard them perform, and you know just how wonderful they really are. They seem to know instinctively each other's every mood and reaction. It's that innate power to play divinely and to inspire.

Who knows, Barclay may be a second Mrs. Rose someday teaching in dear old Ward-Belmont. And maybe our "Shoddy" will be inspiring young college students just as Mr. Rose does now.

Slip into the Rose studio someday; the music floating in the air will be an inspiration well worth the effort.

GLEE CLUB ADVANCES

A number of lovely compositions were chosen by the girls in the Glee Club as suitable for immediate work. Saturday, at the regular rehearsal, Mr. Humphrey gave the club several ideas about the importance of good diction and open vowel work. Now that the Glee Club is organized, we are anxiously awaiting some of the concerts they will give later in the year.

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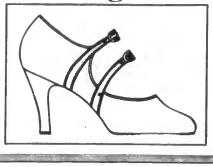
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IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

Christmas

On Thursday before Christmas when all the girls left school, perhaps you remember the day there were many toys brought to the little "Y" room from the individual halls and clubs. The girls had had their Christmas trees and enjoyed the fun of giving little presents to each other and then were generous in giving the things to the "Y" to distribute to the less fortunate children of the city. As Miss Van, as well as the girls, left that day the distribution could not be undertaken by them so Miss Irvin and Mrs. Powell, with cars piled high, went to the various places with the gifts. Among the places visited were the Martha O'Bryan Settlement, the Junior League Home for Crippled children, the Protestant Orphanage, the Tennessee Children's Home, and Bethelehem Center.

The last is a social service center for colored people. Miss Irvin says they were among the most appreciative of all and that the toys came to them at just the right time for they were administering to eight hundred and giving the children all they could —an orange and a stick of candy. The settlement workers were overjoyed by their portion of our little presents that they gave the children. The Social Service Committee has already become busy again. A large number of magazines were sent to Christ Church where they in turn were distributed to other places. Clothing was sent to the Florence Crittenden Home at the same time.

Last Saturday evening after the movie, girls poured into the Spanish Buccaneer Ship, that is to say the tea room which was temporarily a sea-faring craft, having been fixed up by the "Y" for a Pirate dance. Blood-thirsty pirates helped the girls over a high gang plank into the deck. The room was decorated with wide panels of black and red crepe paper, covered lights with parrots hanging down, coils of rope here and there, and crossed swords on the posts. The south end of the room was roped off for a tea room and here refreshments were served to girls who purchased them. At the north end was a goodly ship having white sails with the typical black skull and crossbones serving as a setting for the orchestra which was composed of: Lois Stout and Mildred Schaefer at the piano; Elberta Gouch, mandolin; Tilly Daniels, uke; Virginia Lou Sammle, drums; Katherine Scruggs, violin; Dot Gould, saxophone; Eunice Brooks, saxophone. Between dances there were specials, mostly of a Spanish nature. Elizabeth Fredericks introduced each stunt with a verse. The first, "Moonlight and Roses" and "There's A Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," was sung by Tilly Daniels and Elberta Gouch. In the next entertainment. Allie Bowers and Foss O'Donnell did a Gypsy tambourine dance. The third part was Ruth Welty, in costume, singing for us. The last two specials were a dance done by Betty Lane and a group of songs by Marion Lewis. Guests seemed to go home unlooted and as far as we know no blood was shed. It seems that the pirate's bark was worse than his bite.

Vespers

Sunday the thirteenth, our vespers speaker was Rabbi Julius Mark of the Vine Street Temple. Last year Rabbi Mark gave the girls of Ward-Belmont a New Year's message and throughout this acquaintance with him the girls have come to like him very much. We were glad to welcome Rabbi Mark again and to hear his splendid talk on friendship, in which he stressed the friendly relations between two individuals, between churches, and lastly between nations, and pointed out the fact that ignorance and selfishness were the reasons for lack of this fine relationship.

Lois Stout contributed to the service by singing *The Holy City*. She was accompanied by Mrs. Humphrey.

Again the "Y" library is in full swing. Wednesday and Saturday from 5:45 to 6:15 girls may get books. There are several new ones among them. "The Swan Song" and "Wings." Have you noticed Nancy Lang's good posters of some of the books? Every girl is cordially invited to make use of the library.

Sunday School

As Ruthe Donahoo has been ill and has not then returned to school, last Sunday morning Ruth Gasteiger, a member of the Sunday school committee, filled her place. Elizabeth Eberhart read two short articles, one on *Beautiful People*, and the other on *Friendship*. The girls of the orchestra were, Lydareene Majors, piano; Catherine Scruggs, violin; Dorothy Gould, saxophone. The girls played splendidly and we certainly appreciated their music.

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5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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"FAINT HEART NEVER WON," SAYS DR. BARTON

Dr. Barton spoke Monday in the chapel on the question of mob feeling during exams. In a five-minute speech, Dr. Barton told how it is possible for one or two girls to excite the whole student body to such a peak of nervousness that it may become impossible to study for the tests. Some girls, he continued, are so frightened at the prospect of examinations that they are dropping subjects, or are even considering discontinuing their school life. "Written questions and answers put down to satisfy a teacher are by no means the last examinations you will take during the course of your life," he said, in effect, "and it is a test of your character how you are going to react to these examinations." He advised the student body to go into the examination period with as calm and assured feelings as one is able to muster, and to beware lest the panic which some inefficient students inevitably feel take possession of one, and keep one from doing the best study possible.

"AUNT BELLE"



"Aunt Belle" Joiner, one of the last of the true old Southern mammies, is no longer a part of Ward-Belmont. Having been twenty-three years, first with Ward Seminary and after the affiliation with Belmont College, with the school as it is now. Aunt Belle has almost come to be one of the traditions of the school. She has all the qualities that go to make up the best cooks in the world.

Until the last few months she was active in service here but her health became poor, and although she managed to be in the kitchen every day, her duties were more or less light. Both last year and this at the servants' Christmas program, Aunt Belle sat on the platform with the servants, and appearing as she did, the very image of the far-famed "mammy," she won great applause and instant love from everyone.

The school has arranged that the rest of her life may be spent in comfort and ease, although she no longer can work. Such is the reward of long and faithful service, for Ward-Belmont loves its servants and cares for them after they have given the best of their lives and their devoted services to the school.

LAWRENCE GOODMAN IN RECITAL

From the smooth flowing tones shown in Schumann's "Romance," to the final dynamic power in the "Valkyries," Mr. Goodman held the attention of the Ward-Belmont girls and the townspeople. Our artist, who is head of the School of Piano of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, showed unusual technique, but this, rather than being an outstanding feature seemed to serve only as a very stable background for Mr. Goodman's artisty and beautiful interpretation.

The *Nashville Banner* states: "Lawrence Goodman's piano recital Friday night in the Ward-Belmont auditorium was a delicious menu for the musical appetite. At the festive board were the student body and faculty of the noted school for girls, with a goodly representation of piano lovers from the city at large.

On this occasion as on former ones Mr. Goodman, the leading artist-teacher of the institution's department of piano, impressed his hearers as being a devout priest of the musical cult, a mediator who brings the master's messages to his assemblages in authentic, inspired, and inspiring form.

The inspiration, in Mr. Goodman's case, inheres in his bringing the musical idea out into relief. The difference between him and the run of good pianists, is, to my mind, that he never —even in the stress of the technically most exacting passages—loses sight of the idea that he is expressing, and the run of good pianists do sometimes lose sight of the music for the notes. I thought of this characteristic especially when he played the Chopin "Scherzo" (opus 39) with its fast two-handed octave work, faultlessly performed. The same thought occurred to me also when he raised the somewhat hackneyed Chopin "Waltz in E Minor" out of the commonplace into which it too often tends to fall.

But the well-known "acid test" of the player's adherence to the musical essence came in his last two numbers, the Liszt transcription of Wagner's "Love-Death," scene from Tristan and Isolde, and the Hutcheson arrangement of the "Ride of the Valkyries." It was a test simply because the musical ideas come so thick and fast in these orchestral scores that the ten digits of two hands have a deuce of a task in presenting what Wagner intended to be the job of a hundred players. The Tristan pages with their sustained surges do not suit the piano at all. The arranger of the galloping Valykrie music had a happier task. Mr. Goodman was, to be sure, completely equal to his difficult task in both numbers, but the latter was much more effective.

The program was dynamically climactic. It began with Schumann's "Romance," Liszt's "Forest Murmurs" and Chopin's "Nocturne," (opus 27, No. 1). The Liszt piece with its placid melodic lines, were never for a moment lost in the florid runs that festooned and twirled about it. The "Nocturne" might well have been called a "song without words," and Mr. Goodman's reading of those phrases was more eloquent than any words could have been."

The *Nashville Tennessean* of January 19, says: "Mr. Goodman's art is constantly growing, his technique becoming more and more brilliant and his interpretations more and more polished and carefully wrought. He began with the lovely "Romance," by Schumann, and his pedal effects in this were noteworthy.

Liszt's difficult etude, "Waldesrauschen," received a dashing performance and the pianist's octaves in the left hand were stunning. A rarely heard "Nocturne" of Chopin was played with beauty of tone and poetry of interpretation.

Chopin's "Valse in E Minor" was light and dainty, and the pianist brought out many undreamed of inner voices with clearness.

The great "Scherzo" in the same key as the "Nocturne" was marvelous in the constantly contrasting of powerful chords with delicate runs in both hands. Mr. Goodman's chords are superb. They are massive and have tremendous depth. He certainly is a master of the very latest in modern pianism.

Mendelssohn's "Prelude and Fugue" (op. 35, No. 1) was splendidly played, but the two big Wagner numbers were among the finest things Mr. Goodman has ever done. The "Liebestod" which ends "Tristan and Isolde," in Liszt's impressive transcription and Hutcheson's arrangement of the "Ride of the Valkyries," from "Die Walkure," were played with tremendous effect. They had all the grandeur and tonal color that it is possible for a pianist to reproduce of an opera with its orchestra and singers, and Mr. Goodman with his dazzling technique and poetic insight gave inspiring performances of both pieces."

WE GOT TO--- WE GOT TO--- SLEEP!!

If someone stood on chapel platform before a meeting of all the boarding students in the school, took a megaphone, or a deep breath (or both), and shouted, "What is the best privilege which has been granted to the entire resident student body this year?" It would not be left to echo, although that is often termed "sleeping echo," to answer, "Sleeping through breakfast last Sunday morning!" The shout would boom out so that adjacent Nashville would be shaken.

Seriously, it was a great privilege, and one which we enjoyed so fully that everyone of us firmly hopes that sometime it may be repeated, if not regularly, at least occasionally. There is an unsuspected zest in waking late in the day with only the faint recollection of having heard a bell which did not require something in the way of response.

DR. BLANTON IMPROVING IN HEALTH

Numerous letters and other communications have been coming to the administration from Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, who are still at the Santa Rita Hotel in Tucson, Arizona. Several of these communications were read in chapel by Mr. Benedict last week, conveying to the student body the best wishes and New Year's greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Blanton.

Dr. Blanton's health has improved almost beyond the fervent hopes of all who know him. In his own words he says he has "no asthma and no ailments," and that he and Mrs. Blanton are in the most comfortable of surroundings. Mrs. Blanton reports that if Dr. Blanton continues to improve, she despairs of keeping him away from Nashville much longer.

It is most gratifying to be able to quote such favorable reports, and we shall all welcome heartily Dr. and Mrs. Blanton upon their return home to this beloved campus.

DAMROSCH CONCERTS A RARE TREAT

"Good morning, my young friends," is the way Walter Damrosch greets us with his musical family every Friday morning at 10:30. Of course, you know this wonderful leader of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra broadcasts his programs for children and college students Friday morning of each week, and it is our privilege to listen in on these musical and educational treats over the radio in the musical science room.

In his programs Mr. Damrosch tells the story of the composition to be played, and often he has a little melody part played to show us what is to be told in the music.

The concert on January 18 was given for the children, and was one of the most beautiful ever given. Wagner's "Prelude from Lohengrin," was first played after a synopsis proceeded it, and then following was Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," before the playing of which he describes the story in an interesting manner. The last composition was Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," from "The Valkyries." In this he gave us an interesting picture of the chief of the gods who rides on horseback through the clouds pursuing Brunhilde and her valkyries who are fleeing from her father's wrath and anger. In the composition, which is a stupendous piece of work, can be heard the trample of hoofs, the roar of the thunder, the cries of the maidens in this marvelous orchestration.

Everyone is invited to attend the Friday morning programs. They will find them well worth their while.

"PEST HOUSE" LURES MANY

Just lately there are few girls on the campus who have not heard of, or experienced the delights of what is commonly called "The Pest House." During the round of bad colds and flu which has been so general, girls who have been only mildly ill have been sent out there to "enjoy poor health" —and do they ever have a good time? Everyone from Bobo to Mr. Benedict, including the student body and Mr. Berry, who functions as a sort of ex-officio errand runner climbs the hill back of clubhouse village to take a look at the "inmates." A portable vic was used so long and steadily that it quite gave out under the strain and had to be taken downtown for repairs.

Food is sent down from the kitchen at any time the girls request it, in every form and quantity. The strict rules of the infirmary proper pass unregarded and unenforced. Chewing gum candy and fruit is consumed in prodigiously vast quantities. Magazines and novels are read avidly, but in spite of the approaching exams not much studying is done. Hopeful students who are "at large" on the campus try to fake up symptoms suggestive of the flu on the chance that they will be allowed to join the "happy throng" in the isolation hospital, but most of them, unfortunately are doomed to disappointment.



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CAMPUS COLUMN

Last week we made a mistake, which we never shall make again. Feeling very energetic, we wrote two Campus Columns and handed them in, with the stipulation that they were to be used separately (in different issues is what we mean). We breatheathed a sigh of relief and the words, "More time to denote to our beloved studies next week." As usual, our beloved studies are suffering. When the last issue of the HYPHEN came out we beheld, to our horror, both Campus Columns in one column!

The word "breathed" is spelled b-r-e-a-t-h-e-d. We would have corrected it in the above paragraph but naturally thought the proof-reader would do the work. However, as the above mentioned proof-reader just asked us how to spell "lilies," we concluded we had better be on that old safe side and explain that we can spell. We can freely make that assertion, without fear of rebuke, as no one in Ward-Belmont attended "grade-school" with us where we stood (?) in spelling classes.

Hear! Here! (Not knowing which of the preceding words is correct, we use both).

"This is supposed to be a column for the campus and not a personal essay," I can hear my readers crying.

Calm down. We know it. However, we have developed a certain amount of timidity in the past week. When we clump down the halls, we can hear, above the squash-squash of our adored black galoshes, piercing whispers. Dark looks are cast in our direction. "Graves," lonely dignified maiden that she is, even went so far as to chase us down the hall, shrieking "Leave my name out of your Campus Column when you are in the mood for derogatory remarks." Only she didn't say "derogatory." She also said something else we won't repeat. But "Graves" is a nice girl. We heard her assert in a loud tone of voice one day that her mother was a lady. For the reasons mentioned above, we are a little afraid to publish what we know on the famous suite. "Mama," "Papa," "Dewdrop," and "Sunshine."

"Nat" Hines, is a good dancer. If you don't believe us, ask Barclay. They were dancing one night in the gym, when "Nat" suddenly remarked that Barclay couldn't follow. Not to be outdone, Barclay stated that "Nat" couldn't lead like Ted Shawn. "Why I'm a good leader," said "Nat" naively; "all the boys say so."

Lois Maxon should be "impressed" as a Roman Emperor or some such high and mighty being. She can say the snootiest things, in a most delightful manner. Really (prepare for a repetition of an already overworked adjective) she is the most delightful person we know.

A heated argument was being carried on in journalism class. Hortense Ambrose was advocating a new column for the HYPHEN, one which would accept all contributions from students here (we mean inmates) provided that they be person's honest opinions of phases of school activity. The contributions were not to be censored.

"We need something like that," was "Horty's" statement.

"No use to get the animals stirred up," drawled Lois in her inimitable manner.

We have seen strange looking hats, but never have we seen one so queer as Betty Davidson's. Everyone has seen that fantastic affair which perches on her mop of yellow curls. It is of grey felt, it is shapeless, the brim is scalloped (she says, but "chewed" or "hagg'led" seems more appropriate); the crown is cut so that there are leaf-like projections all around. On every available space there are words printed. You may read fraternity symbols, girl's names and unmentionable signs. Being curious about the history of this phenomenon among hats, we asked her why and how such a hat came into her possession. Her reply, though short was convincing:

"Tom was bragging about his new hat and new knife he had got for Christmas. I wanted to see whether the new knife would cut the new hat. It did. (Tom and I don't speak now). I have the hat."

There should be more girls like Foss O'Donnell in this school. Aside from her lovely Irish name and her fascinating mode of cutting her hair, she shows a real appreciation of what is lofty and elevating in school literature. She once came into the HYPHEN office, we hear, and actually asked to be *allowed* to read the copy of the next Campus Column. Imagine that! "Allowed." Why, we have to stand over our best friends and every available person and make them listen to it. We have to make sure that someone reads it! Thank you, Foss.

A real sure 'nuff contribution from "Hatsie" Merrick, typewritten:—

Who is this guilty person? We found this note in Miss Amis' room in Little Ac.

"Who ever eats in this desk, for heaven's sake .refrane from leaving remaines of aforesed food in desk! It is sufficatable!!!!! If this goes on I fane believe I shall exist no more. Fare you well, I am overcome as I left my gas mask at home."

And now the answer:

"Owing to the startling fact, that I am almost too greatly endowed with "noblesse oblige" I shall forthwith refrain from indulging in the "joys of the table," and in the future sincerely hope that you hold the past indiscretion no longer in your mind.

L'envoi,
Merrick.

Dr. Barton is a very busy man. Yet he never passes a group of girls, or one girl, without a cordial smile and a word of greeting. The other day we were standing before the bulletin



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board on which is posted the list of exams. That piece of paper is like a magnet. At all times we stand before it, staring. This time we heard a hearty laugh. We looked around to see Dr. Barton, who gave us some words of encouragement. With another hearty laugh at our dumb dazed smile he went into the office. He can afford to be hearty!

Advice to beauty seekers is being given free of charge in Dr. Hollinshead's chemistry classes. He promised to give the girls a prescription which would insure "long sweeping eyelashes." After he had made such an interesting statement he paused and looked over the class. He saw eager upturned young faces. Pencils were poised. You could have heard a watch tick.

"Somebody gimme some paper quick," was Ruth Welty's frantic, echoing whisper.

Answer to one of last week's questions.

A prize was offered for the best name for the tea-room in 1925. Many girls handed in their choice of names, but Ruth Erbrich, a day student, won honor for the day students and a prize for herself in naming it "The Chatterbox."

OUR DOG

We first saw him when the night watchman kicked him out of the door. He rolled, and tumbled, and yelped right up to our feet, and when he looked up to us with that woebegone expression and almost tears in his eyes, what could we do but pick him up? 'Course, after we picked him up we realized he needed a bath. Golly, he was just like a little hunk of coal. So Ann went upstairs and got towels, scented soap, and a spray, and then we proceeded to the clubhouse. What clubhouse? Perhaps it's best to keep that a secret. The kitchen sink was finally found and in it we plunged our dirty hound. Almost poetry then. It took a long time to obtain the color desired, but we finally did, except for one spot. After he had fallen out of the sink several times, and whimpered a little we dried him off (with tea-towels, believe it or not). He frolicked around the house on the rugs and couches, mainly, until he was dry. He had a funny little hiccup we didn't like so we decided he had distemper, and we almost took him to Miss Rucker but she has plenty on her hands. So we named him George Arthur, the mascot of Ward-Belmont.

Aunt Abigal's Advice to the Anxious

Ruth Welty: Send a stamped self-addressed envelope containing your question and I will be glad to reply.

Aunt Abigal.

Dear Aunt Abigal,

In this vast mob of girls I am practically unknown. I long to be athletic like Alice Daniel, or brilliant like Bunny Eberhart, or talented like Virginia Voyles. No one notices me. What what I do?

Suzy Jones.

My dear little Susan,

In the first place your name is all wrong. I presume it is Susan. You should change it to Suzanna. The last name is also pretty bad, but I fear I can do nothing about that. I do not conduct a matrimonial bureau. Miss Norris, after reading your letter, said you had a typical psychological case of an inferiority complex. Now, dearie, don't let that bother you at all. It sounds bad, but I don't believe it. I think you are timid. You must attract attention. But you must not break any rules of the school. The next time a chapel speaker asks, "What girl among these lovely girls is there but who longs to make something big and vital of her life?" You stand up on your seat and call in a carrion voice, "I don't." You probably will have to go to council, but you tell them that you were merely practising self-expression. Right after the light bell some night climb out of your window. Take with you a crystal radio set. I imagine you could easily borrow one from—oh—er—anybody. Yell "Yoo hoo." When Mrs. Charlie and Bagby rush on you simultaneously, just tell them you were broadcasting to "Sabin." They won't understand. That doesn't matter; what you want is attention. You'll get it. After you do these two things, if they still cease to notice you, you just go home to mamma.

Affectionately,

Aunt Abigal.

ICKEY AND IKEY

Ickey and Ikey have so far been able to keep from "keeping up with the Joneses" as we have heard someone say. But they have been terribly lonesome because everyone has just rushed to the infirmary to keep in style. Perhaps you have noticed the haggard expression on Sam's and Noel's and Henry's faces. Well, be it known that it is the result of much excruciating labor carrying up stretchers with stricken souls stretched thereon. One day Ickey and Ikey were drizzling around, as the Arabs say, and Sam, noticing their useless meanderings, decided to engage their services. Ickey and Ikey gindly accepted, being too dumb to resist such gentle persuasion and rather lonely without the girls anyway. They mounted to the much fabled infirmary in the elevator. Immediately many vile oaths such as emanate from dives and shipping yards colored the air. Ickey and Ikey looked at each other quizzically and began at once to feel at home. Soon they caught the drift of the matter. Someone was acting rebellious about an order or two as to her very ownliest own little health—not anyone else's, you understand, but her own. No one else cared, and all that sort of thing. They just stood there taking in all the surroundings. On a table were packages of different sizes and shapes. One was marked "Toothbrush for Mary Jones" and looked as if it contained a half a dozen lumpy articles of such indescribable contour that Ickey was simply compelled as if by a hidden force to look in. There were three Clark Bars, two Rex, five sacks of peanuts, and some crackers and figs all mixed up with special stamps and George's picture. They heard Miss Rucker coming, so instinctively they covered up their discovery and slid down an adjacent fire pole.

With a hop, skip and jump they wended their way out into the street only to come kerplunk up against an Italian street vender vending his vay, as the German typesetter has it. Ickey and Ikey stopped short and begged most humble pardon, meanwhile casting appraising eyes over the little man's supply of tangerines, grapefruit, bananas, etc., etc. Then they sat down on a curbstone and patiently waited for a thought to come to them as to how they could appropriate the entire pushcart full. Before long the cart stopped before a radio store and the Italian went in. Ickey and Ikey marshalled forces and the pushcart and ran as fast as their legs would carry them out to W.-B. Once there they went into a huddle, and as far as we know stayed there all night.

Next morning bright and early Ickey and Ikey were seen in serving coats carrying tray after tray into Senior hall. Each Senior was surprised to find herself the recipient of breakfast in bed. True, it was mostly fruit and things, but to cap the whole thing, a little winged cherub floated in waving a censer of steaming coffee to give the spirit if not the letter of the law for all good breakfasts. He is Hap, the guardian cherub of Ickey and Ikey. You see, they have such a little percentage they rate only one angel to guard and guide their steps. He came to Ickey and Ikey while they were in the huddle and he was labeled Hap. They don't know whether it means Happy, Hapless, or what have you. Only time can tell.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

MOB PSYCHOLOGY

"Sure I know something, and the rest of you would have a fit if you knew it."

Thus, Dame Rumor finds a stimulus to start her sharp tongue going, and off she goes about the campus to spread the news. We don't like to call any names, but the manufacturers of such rumors are too obviously apparent to escape condemnation, and we wish to bring into trial before the student government, government none other than the student body itself. Not that we think they are to blame. We do not. A crowd is too easily led on by the novel ideas of one person to be censored for what they do. But, yet, we wonder why, after things are over, some of the girls will say, "How silly we acted."

A giggle is heard in chapel. The girl in the next seat laughs. Then similar snickers are heard all over the room. "Oh, we are merely enjoying ourselves, and is there any law against that?" The "flu" epidemic hits Nashville and takes up several columns on the front page of the city newspaper every night. Then Dame Rumor has it around school that we are all going home. "Faculty meeting yesterday. Sure—infirmary full, and so is the "pest house." "Oh, what would I give for two weeks' vacation!" Then every girl on the campus takes up the idea. Perhaps we don't realize that no one has been allowed off the campus lately, and couldn't possibly catch any more "flu," and that two weeks now would mean two more weeks in June.

The exam times come. The startling news has suddenly gone around amongst us that we might have exemptions because so many are sick. We are sorry that there must be a disappointment for all such believers.

Several of our number were late coming back after the little rest they were supposed to have taken Christmas. Dame Rumor seizes upon these poor unfortunates as her legitimate prey. We do not begrudge her the pleasure. It affords too much for ourselves. We are all positive that "Anne" married a millionaire, and that "Alice" ran off with a crook, and great is our surprise to see "Anne and Alice" back on the campus a week later minus the distinguishing little platinum band.

We grasp each new idea, add our own decorations, pass it on to another who puts "full-dress" on the story. Perhaps we can discover the cause of such rumors if we look into the beliefs of certain eminent psychologists, when we will be only too glad in an effort to save ourselves, to agree with such worthy scientists and put all of the blame on these hitherto insignificant words, *the power of suggestion!*

CONDUCT

The conduct of some—I say, some—of the girls here in school is not nearly what it should be. Do not think for a minute that I mean you have not been brought up right. No, not that at all, but what I really mean is that your general attitude toward compulsory programs around here is all wrong. And because they are compulsory there are some girls who go with the intention of making a fuss all through the performance, just to show how they loathe having to attend these programs.

This attitude is far from right. There are girls who enjoy these programs, but how can they really appreciate them when some girl, or group of girls around her are whistling, stamping feet, or acting disorderly?

Applauding before the programs does not show good taste at all. This is considered more of an insult to the performer, and from this he gains an idea of just the kind of an audience he has to put up with. Put yourself in the performer's place—when you are trying to make last minute arrangements and you hear the audience laughing and acting disorderly—just how would that make you feel? Not very easy, I assure you.

This does not only mean to be quiet when we are having these special programs but at any gathering and especially chapel. When Dr. Barton or Miss Morrison are in charge, give them your undivided attention and for goodness sake, do not start gathering your books together until you have been dismissed. It only causes confusion and more delay.

There are always some girls who come to the musical recitals, etc., with paper and pen intending to write a letter or letters. At the time the monitor of her section may not be near her—all well and good. But the next minute she may see her, and the girl, fearing her name may be sent in, hurries to hide her articles. In her great haste she drops her pencil on the floor and it rolls away making a great noise. Someone around thinks it is funny and begins to "snicker"—then several do the same. Oh, how disgusting to the performer, who is trying to give his best work to the audience when there is some who are not the least bit interested.

From now on, girls, stop all this whistling, applauding and stamping of feet before the real performance has begun. It is perfectly all right when you're seeing the weekly movie for that is for your own amusement. But the other is for your own good, and is, all in all, educational.

So if each one does her own part everything will go over better and if there is someone near you who is disturbing the others because she herself is not interested—then help her and make her see how no one thinks more of her because of her misbehavior.

SKETCHES

The long road stretched away before us up the hill and then seemingly terminated at the top of the world. To the right lay the woodland whose trees, both large and small, had exchanged their uniform colors for the warmer tones of autumn garb. Just before us a little maple spread arms in red and yellow sleeves with dainty gestures characteristic of her kind; and the older oaks and elms, in their more somber shades of yellows and browns, held stately positions against the cloudless blue of the sky. Among their moss-slippered feet the late asters, the purple thistles, and the silver wings of the milkweed were bidding farewell as the last of the flowers. At the left the soft sand of the beach ran down to the water's edge. An occasional sail was the only thing which disturbed the blue and green expanse of water extending to the horizon. We saw it thus every day, but it was ever different.

When I say "we," I refer to Paprika and myself. He is my horse, a young three-year-old, my only intimate friend and my constant companion throughout the long summer days. There is nothing more beautiful than the affection of a horse for his master or his mistress. Not even a dog loves more sincerely, more unquestionably, more absolutely. "Prika" does not take an immediate fancy to everyone. He is apt to toss his head and draw back when a stranger attempts to pet him. He is often considered intractable and contumacious by those who do not know him. With me he is always docile and malleable to my slightest wish. On our long rides I have told him everything that is of importance to me; he knows more about me than I do myself, because he has drawn his own conclusions. His fine, delicate ears twitch sensitively when I speak to him. But if my mood be quiet and pensive, he never intrudes. With no person can I watch the ravines, the lake, or the skies with the satisfaction given by "Prika"; he is never impatient to be off, or irritable about my actions. Doubtless he wonders why I want to go to the apparently crazy and isolated places that I do, but he never remonstrates or complains.

Then there are other times when we gallop along the beach, mane and tail and hair flung out by the wind, exulting in the very blessedness of life and action. We dash along at a wild gallop which brings us up at the finish winded but gloriously happy. It is then that "Prika" will not stand still, but dances about with little transports of delight, tossing his head and rearing up to be off again.

Not infrequently when we are returning from our peregrinations, I dismount and walk for part of the way. Though the anticipation of fresh oats and hay might tend to increase his pace, as it commonly does in many horses, "Prika" never breaks away or leaves me behind. He steps daintily beside me with his muzzle on my sleeve, as if to remind me not to stop.

Of all my numerous pets Paprika is far the most valued and that one which gives the most enjoyment. Companions are necessary, but companions of similar temperament are essential.

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

CABINET MEETING

Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, the "little" cabinet met in the big "Y" room. Christine opened the meeting with a prayer. This always seems to start things off right.

Some of the reports from the various committees were especially interesting this time. Ruthe Donahoo told us of the necessity of electing someone as vice-chairman of the Sunday School Committee because of "Sabin's" absence. We miss her a great deal. It is obvious that whoever takes her place will have a high standard to live up to.

Betty Stone, chairman of the vesper committee aroused great interest when she suggested having a student speaker at vespers as well as a musical program on the last Sunday of each month. The suggestion was approved, and Ruthe Donahoo was unanimously selected as the first on the list of speakers from the student body.

During Susan Graham's report of the publicity committee she read a report of the passage of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact by the Senate, in a discussion of the pending Naval Bill she said that five out of every six dollars that the people of the United States pay in taxes are devoted to paying the debts of past wars, and to the upkeep and expansion of our present army and navy.

We are planning a celebration for February the fourteenth. Frances Burgess, chairman of the entertainment committee, is busy making plans for it. More news later. This is just to let you be thinking about it.

Tilly Daniels said that the next world fellowship tea would be the Sunday evening after examination. Just come and see who is to be our guest and speaker!

Every cabinet member is delighted over the prospect of having a cabinet dinner once a month in the "birthday" dining room. We know that fun and good fellowship together will make us better workers in the "Y."

The social service committee under Marjorie Oleson has been busy this past week at its usual work. An emergency call came in from the Florence Crittendon Home for clothing for four of their girls. The clothing was at once collected and was sent to the home. Notes of thanks have been received from the Martha O'Bryan Settlement and the Junior League Home.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Sunday morning, even though the girls might have slept, many were present at Sunday school, which was postponed until 12:15 for their convenience.

Frances Hoffman spoke on using your powers to help others instead of bettering yourself. She stressed the powers of "attractiveness to others" and "friendship," to be used to help others instead of taking all people's love and asking more. Katherine Scruggs, Dorothy Black and Nancy Pierce made up the orchestra. Ruthe Donahoo taught Mrs. Blanton's class, and one who was there said, "She was just splendid." Miss Brooks is going to teach Mrs. Blanton's class next Sunday.

VESPERS

At Sunday evening vespers Nancy Noland played the prelude. After the "Call to Worship" and a hymn in unison, the girls read a most beautiful prayer, "The Love of God," written for use in a girls' college in India. Your scribe does not know who is responsible for the selection of these vesper prayers, but whoever it may be, one feels as though she has a remarkable sense of fineness if the choice of prayers is to be a criterion of what she enjoys and thinks worth while.

The special music this time was a song, "Adore and In Quiet Be," by Gounod, sung by Willie Dell Goldsmith, who was accompanied by Miss Boyer.

The speaker of the evening was our good friend, Dr. Prentice Pugh. There is no need to summarize his talk in "Some Seed Fell By the Wayside," for it was one that all of us will remember. We know we will always enjoy vespers when we see Dr. Pugh on the platform.

IMPRESSIONS

Honeysuckle — Crinoline — Candle light — Carved rosewood — Lace and ivory fans — Heart-shaped lockets — Frances Jenkins.

String belts — Cheer-leaders — Autographed slickers—Anklets—Pierrette at the Mardi Gras—*Tom Sawyer* —chokers—Charlotte Strong.

Swans — Heliotrope — Mother-of-pearl — Harpsichords — Tea-gowns — Curio-cabinets. — Half-tones — Nell Tyson.

Striped umbrellas on warm beaches — Elves — Little boys stealing jam —Nasturtiums—"Rhapsody in Blue" —Martha Hunt.

Peaches and cream — Cameos — Lump sugar — Sterling silver vanities — Blue ruffled organdies — Forget-me-nots — Elise Martin.

Yellow Chrysanthemums — Chocolates in a painted satin box — Sequins — Sables — Monologists — Goldmesh bags — Ruthe Donahoo.

Delft china — Gingham — Hot gingerbread — Brass knockers on white doors — Brick walks — Hollyhocks — Frances Hoffman.

Roman striped ribbon — A brisk salt breeze — Coat suits — Pretzels —Frying bacon over camp fires— Augusta Wherry.

Walnuts — Hockeysticks — Iced tea — Bright color — Modernistic rooms — Toboggans — The Orient —Elizabeth Fredericks.

CONCERNING EXAMS

It's simply appalling, honest it is. Pat says she thinks that too, so it must be true. At any rate, we're both scared nigh to death (or tears, as neither of us has any idea of dying for a while). Dear me, you haven't guessed what *it* is yet.

"It's" exam week. Enough said, no doubt, at least Pat and I think so! And alas! seeking comfort from Jinny Smith over in the HYPHEN office we received the consoling reply: "Count your blessings, and be thankful they come next week instead of this one. Now get out!" And Pat and I did.

Pat said she didn't see why there were so many hard-hearted people in the world anyway. I said I didn't either, truly I don't. But one consolation—everybody is in the same fix, too,—five months study to do in five nights. Which reminds me of something Helen Feller whispered in my ear the other day in Math when we were trying to work determinants: "Everyone is dumb but me and thee, and even thee is a little dumb." Such crust! Pat: said it wasn't so though, so I feel better, truly I do.

Well, it's inevitable. Pat and I are calmly awaiting the day—our doom is sealed. Perhaps Dr. Barton will meanwhile get sorry for us and decide not to have exams. I hope my optimism is justified, truly I do, but I have my doubts.

TEA DANSANT HELD IN DANCING STUDIO

Members of the social dancing class of Ward-Belmont brought the course of lessons to a close with a tea dansant held in the dancing studio Wednesday afternoon, January 23. A special program of entertainment was enjoyed by the students and their guests. Frances Burgess sang several vocal solos, and one of the special features was an elimination contest. The refreshments and orchestra helped to make this an outstanding and very enjoyable dance.

The guests were Dr. Barton, Mr. Benedict, Miss Irvin, and members of the Physical Education department, and the members of the ball room class are Dorothy Lassers, Ethel Green, Lucille Francis, Sara Owens, Mary Ann Motlow, Pearl Swinson, Miriam Woodside, Clare McCanless, Nell Tyson, Mary Attis Patton, Virginia Showalter, Rachel Holland, Dorothy DeFrees, Helen Hale, Gladys Lindsay, and Josephine Leonard. Miriam Woodside acted as chairman of the program committee.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

One of the most delightful of birthday dinners was the New Year's dinner given last Thursday evening in the private dining room. The honor guests were girls who have birthdays during the month of January. Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Solen E. Rose were the hosts for this lovely party.

The table was very attractively decorated in colors of pink, green and silver. In the center of the table was a beautiful French doll, while at either end were placed two rose bowls filled with tall pink roses. Each girl found place-cards representing the New Year and an individual tea rose at her plate.

The honor guests of this most delightful occasion were: Francis Hinsen, Muskogee, Oklahoma; Antoinette Redwine, Henderson, Texas; Marie Barney, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Clotelle Bryan, Winnfield, Louisiana; Martha Ozee, Mattoon, Ill.; Jack Porter, Bessemer, Alabama; Clyde Bryant, Coffeeville, Mississippi; Helen Edwards, Sandusky, Ohio; Helen Manternach, Warren, Ohio; Nell Tyson, Greenwood, Mississippi; Irene Cochran, Bessemer, Michigan; George Black, DeWitt, Arkansas; Allie Bowers, Troy, Alabama; Mildred Ann Smith, Weslaco, Texas; Margaret Wilkens, Galveston, Texas; Dorothy Lassers, Chicago Heights, Illinois; Charlotte Claybrook, Albertville, Alabama; Mary Lois Patterson, Wewoka, Oklahoma; Ione Calhoun, Grenada, Mississippi.

BREAKFASTS SERVED IN THE CLUBHOUSES

A great many breakfasts were served at all hours last Sunday morning, and several took place in the clubhouses. Upon entering the Penta Tau house early Sunday morning, around 11 o'clock, to borrow some sugar and cream, which were to be placed in the hip pocket with a sleight-of-hand gesture, the writer ran smack bang into Frances Lamar, Imogene Willis, Margaret Harris, Amelia Wright, Kitty Jameson and Nell Burwick all gathered around the fire place feasting on waffles, bacon and eggs, coffee and that womanly essence of domesticity; in the A. K. house were to be found "Bob" Blackman and her sister, Marion, Dorothy Underwood, Betty Davidson, and Jean Perry. The result of many hours of honest, patient, newspaper reporting only culminated in the knowledge of a distinctive menu served by the seven above—mainly, waffles. I understand that Jean was the cook—remember, I said that I *understood* that Jean was the cook. Oh, yes, and in the T. C. house the writer straggled up the walk, weak, weary—and very humble. At the door came "Fredericks," beaming with that inner light of food in the offing. It was catching, for I beamed back, and in came "Gerdi," "Timmie," "Gooch," and Betty lugging grapefruit, an electric toaster, marmalade, bread and coffee. I jokingly remarked that I would go after the sugar and a sharp knife, just joking, you know, but it was such a lovely day, and with such company what was a poor girl to do? And then, a coffee aroma hit me somewhere, and I actually made myself at home in the T. C. house. My dear, I actually did.

DASHING DEL VERS

Oh, Deah-me! It is hard to get down to business with the piano, victrola, and a few bridge games going, but we finally decided that we had better come down to a shout and discuss the affairs of importance. Roll was called and we answered by "What offices we held, if so—why not?" Not only that, but basketball, and the dance had to be thought of, but just you wait! After much social display of "How do you do I'm sure." We'll start where we left off, so dash down when the bell rings. Big things are up!

STUDIO PARTY FOR BROADCASTERS

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey were hosts to the pupils of Miss Boyer, Miss Sloan and Mr. Humphrey who will broadcast Tuesday evening on the regular Ward-Belmont program. This program was rehearsed and delicious refreshments were served.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, January 16th—Wended my solitary way to club tonight, as "Clutchie" sneezed once too often in the hall and Mrs. Gaines thought she'd better trot up to the infirmary with all the rest of the flu-ies. Nothing rousing happened at the meeting, except that there are some marv new records and some gal was good enough to want to shove me around doing something she called dancing. Am I an ingrate—oh, no. Studied afterward but not for long. Decided to seek company—the room's too empty without my old pal. Found some generous gals who actually had something to be generous with—a bag of popcorn that they had popped at club this afternoon. Guzzled handful after handful and thereafter made a brave but fruitless attempt to drink the good old fountain dry. The only noticeable result of all that effort was a strained thumb, acquired by keeping the faucet turned on.

Thursday, January 17th—Absolutely the most dull day since vacation. I am as devoid of inspiration as Harold Bell Wright. One letter from my Jimmie cast a glow through the surrounding gloom. He's a good old pecan but I can't exactly say that the letter pepped me up very much, because all he talked about was how worried he was about exams and I don't have to have a letter to hear all about that.

Friday, January 18th—Have heard rumors from the most reliable sources (can't think who told me, but somebody who is somebody told her) that we are to be allowed to sleep through breakfast next Sunday. I'll say a prayer on my brightest pink hankie, and maybe it'll be so. Can't imagine anything more hotsy than not to have to tear down for bacon and grits for once in the year. "Clutchie" came back today—Praise Allah. I surely did miss her like the good old right arm. To Mr. Goodman's recital tonight which was more of a treat than a requirement, no fooling. He played my very pet and special Chopin waltz, and that ride of the Valkyrie piece that makes me feel as if I were flying.

Saturday, January 19th—Had something new and different for lunch today but I can't find or figure out just what one would call the stuff. It was about a second cousin to a popover, I guess. Anyway, it was so good that I ate nearly a dozen (here I've been saying "it" and I suppose it really was "they," or "them" or something—whatever it is one says in referring to muffins) all gooed over with jam. It was the truth about being allowed to sleep through breakfast. Hot stuff! Never tell me that there aren't some advantages in being quarantined.

Sunday, January 20th—Having had a little sleep last night (a mere matter of thirteen and a half hours) I'm feeling quite extraordinarily pepped. Breakfasted on two oranges and an apple begged from various neighbors, also on a date-nut sandwich and a half a chocolate bar from the dance in the tea room. Started the day right by going over to Heron where "Chunky" Candler trimmed my hair into what is supposed to look like Kate Baughan's clever-clip, but what has somewhat the same general appearance as a four-year-old straw-stack just after a windy rainstorm. To Sunday school as usual, but I must confess that I was too interested in the thought of the nearness of dinner to derive much good from the service.

Monday, January 21st—First unpleasant thought: It's the week before exams, and I really should, and actually must get to work. Second unpleasant thought: It's raining and I don't see why in the world it didn't do that yesterday when we didn't have to paddle about in it. Third unpleasant thought: But what's the use? All of my thoughts are unpleasant today. Exams aren't what I call a horizon brightener, and even Mr. Humphrey's suggestion that "Onward Christian Soldiers" would be a good hymn for the exam season failed to cheer me very much. Started the week out right by spending the afternoon in the library with a book held up in front of me.

Tuesday, January 22nd—The freakiest weather I've ever seen! Wrote three letters today about it, at least it's something to write home about, but hope people don't start comparing letters on me because they'll think that I am the world's most abandoned prevaricator. One letter raves on at length over the gray and drizzly rain; another has three paragraphs about the beautiful clear spring-like weather; the third bewails the fact that the wind simply blows me to pieces, but that it wouldn't be so bad if it weren't raining at the same time—and the trouble is that all that is true. Oh, well, if my heartless and unkind friends want to think their little comrade is a story-teller I guess she can stand it. (Sniff!)

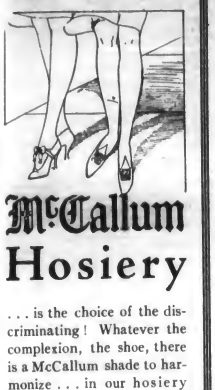
TRIAD TRICKS

"Oh, my ma-a-n I luv hime so.
He'll nevah know."

Anyone passing through the gym building on Tuesday at 10:30 might have wondered whence came these syncopated wails. We Triads were merely having a little in the way of entertainment to lighten our brains so over-burdened at this time of the year. Virginia Williamson in singing the blues, sang our blues away. The Triads are most grateful to Mildred Schaefer, and Charlotte Strong, who contributed plenty of pep to our program, "Schaefer" played for Virginia's singing and Charlotte's tap dancing. Plans were made for a party of some sort. In fact everything was done to make us forget these "trying days."

X. L. TATTLES

The first regular meeting of the X. L. club since the holidays was held last Wednesday night, and a few more details concerning the club dance, which will be given February ninth, were discussed. Oh yes, and do you remember Lucille Hegenwald



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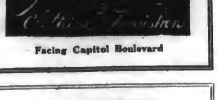
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who was an X. L. here last year? She was visiting in Nashville last week and presented the club with a gift for the club house. The club has given Lucille a vote of thanks for her lovely gift.

Mary Margaret Parker has become popularity, itself, so it seems, for since she has mastered some of the newest and more difficult of the dance steps, she has become all the more popular. The result is, that the club meetings take on the appearance of a dancing class, with Mary Margaret as "dear teacher."

We're afraid that cramming for exams is rather fatal to our journalistic attempts, and so—"so long," and we'll tell you more next week.

ANTI-PAN ANTICS

Last Sunday afternoon the Anti-Pans entertained at the club house with an informal tea. Betty Davidson, the president who is finishing school this semester, was the recipient of a going-away present,—Elizabeth Pendleton played "Debussy's Minstrels" and Polly McCollum read "Man, the Deceiver." Afterwards tea was served and a social hour was enjoyed.

TRI K KUMBACKS

At the first regular meeting of the year the Tri K's held a shower for the club house. Most of the gifts were to help furnish the black and white room upstairs. Miss Morrison gave a pretty black and white lamp to the club. The other gifts are too numerous to mention, so come and see them.

Because "Sabin," who was athletic manager of the Tri K's will not be back in school, Clara Grace Wray was appointed in her place. She started her work by getting the girls out in the morning for basketball.

Wednesday, January 23, at the Tri K house during the club hour, the Tri K's entertained the X L's, their sister club, at Greenwich Village ball. All the celebrities of the village were there including the famous Apache dancers, "Perry" and "Hotz." The great artist, Nancy Hotchkiss, did lightening cartooning while Christine Caldwell supplied the patter. The poets, painters, and writers were all there in their usual eccentric garb and they had their usual wild time.

A. K. ACCENTS

One of the most diverting shows of the year was presented in chapel last Saturday evening under the auspices of the A. K. club.

Preceding the picture, "Bob" Blackman and Roberta Cole—"the long and short of it"—demonstrated their technique, vocal and otherwise. Have they got "it?" Yes, and also dem and dose. We're convinced!

"O Kay" was a clever comedy, typical of the star, Colleen Moore. The vivacious Colleen, as Kay, nonchalantly leaves an Earl at the altar, to sail the seas on a rum-runner. When she makes a very unique entrance into "the first house on the right as you enter America," she finds a young man (Laurence Gray) waiting for his fiancee. But when the preacher says, "I pronounce you," it is Kay herself who stands beside the handsome hero. "O Kay was O. K.!

Muchly in favor during the evening were the Sizzling Six whose syncopated tunes blended with the general hilarity.

ACTIVE AGORAS

The "new girls," if so they may be called at this late date, wisely decided on furniture for their customary gift to the club—a gift useful as well as ornamental, and lasting besides. This choice was embodied in a beautiful Governor Winthrop secretary. Edith Cowen, speaking for the donors, presented it to the club. Other new furniture, notably a large table, was also in place for our first regular meeting since the holidays.

In accordance with the new plan of having a small group of girls get up a program for each meeting, whatever their talents may (or may not) be, Louisa La Bounty, May Gilby, and Helen McBroom provided varied and most amusing entertainment.

F. F. FRIVOLITIES

The last meeting of the F. F. club was a business one. Many questions were discussed, and committees appointed. A short pep meeting was held in which the "go-get-'em-stick-together" spirit of the hockey season proved to be in vital existence for the basket ball season.

Tuesday afternoon the F. F.'s played the Anti Pan's in the first basket ball game of the season. The F. F.'s won in a score of 40-11. There was an interested crowd of spectators at the game, and they were much enlivened by Mary Virginia Brabston's yells of "Whoopie." Between the team and "Mary Gin" we fully expect to win the cup for basket ball.

ARISTON REVIEW

Such an important meeting as we Aristons did have last Tuesday! To begin with there was much excitement over the announcement of the basket ball game to be played Tuesday afternoon with the Angkor Club. Then we had a difficult decision to make—what kind of a letter would the club award for proficiency in athletics. No decision was reached but the girls were asked to offer suggestions, for the club wants to have something original in the way of a letter.

We were so overcome at the thought that this was the last meeting before exams that the best we could do was given a weak cheer and stagger out of the meeting.

ECCOWASIN ECHOES

The time for those thrilling basket ball games has come at last. We were so excited Tuesday when it was announced that we would play our first game Wednesday. What could be more thrilling than a snappy basket ball game where there is plenty of pep and club spirit?

Our bowling manager also made a very pleasing report this week. She said that we were having great enthusiasm at the practices and she felt that we were in line for the championship.

FIELD REPRESENTATIVES GUESTS OF SCHOOL

Only three of the Ward-Belmont school representatives have been at school since vacation. Miss Lillia Towles, whose district is Indiana and Michigan, acted as chaperone on the Cincinnati train and remained on the campus for a few weeks before leaving to resume her work. Miss Carrie Mosely, who travels in Texas, accompanied the Texas girls back to school after the holidays. Miss Virginia Lockett, whose district is Mississippi and Louisiana, was also here a few days.

Girls, when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim,
And dress more like her cupboard.
Exchange.

Onward! Onward!
Oh, time, in your flight,
Make that bell ring
Before I recite.

Flowers are pretty,
Candy is sweet,
But a busted drum
Is hard to beat.

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows all of his children will go to the dogs.—*The Crow's Nest.*



They can buy this, they can buy that . . . But all the money in the mint can't purchase the one truly personal gift — *your photograph.*



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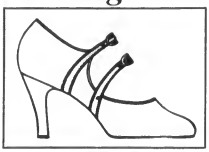
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PERSONALS

Dorothy Taylor Burdette spent the week-end in town with her mother.

Mary Elizabeth Borneman spent the week-end in town with her grandmother.

Elberta Gooch spent Wednesday and Friday nights with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Horace Gooch.

Patty Dowlen went home for the week-end.

Mary Virginia Brabston spent Saturday afternoon with her father.

Mary Gilby had dinner with her father Saturday night.

Jane Terry spent the week-end in town with her mother, Mrs. L. W. Terry.

Louise Mason had lunch and dinner with her brother on Saturday.

Julia Carroll spent the week-end in town with her aunt, Mrs. George Cole.

Jane Moore spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. C. G. Stephens.

Mary Fletcher had lunch on Saturday with her brother.

"PRE-PARE TO CAN-TER"

"Is it going to rain today?" is the first thing each of the certificate riding course girls thinks of every morning. For if it does rain, the class attends interesting lectures on such subjects as—conformation and care of the horse; types of horse suitable for riding school use; feeding, grooming, and common ailments; equipment and its care; methods of organization for riding classes and road groups; riding games; or, tests and their value.

This class often travels en masse to the stable to inspect some ailment of a horse, or to learn to groom, or saddle and bridle a horse correctly.

At present (between showers) the girls are conducting the road riding groups. Most any afternoon on the ride you can hear one of these girls sing out "Pre-pare to Can-ter"—"Can-ter On," in the best Tula Wookut manner. The training in this line is excellent. Just ask Jean or Freda.

At other times the class assembles in the riding ring and pretends that the ring is full of those poor "greenhorns," the beginners. Then the instructions are given and the teaching begins. Commands are called out and the class responds in the approved "beginner-fashion."

Many girls wonder why college students are taking this course. Well, I'll tell you. It is because they wish to be intelligent instructors in this well-loved sport so they may pass some knowledge of horsemanship to other girls in schools and summer camps.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVIII | NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1929 | Number 16

DR. MIMS SPEAKS ON "WOMEN"

For the third Sunday since vacation, Ward-Belmont had church services in the chapel. Mr. Wesson furnished the organ accompaniment for the service. Josephine Brun sang "Still, Still with Thee" by Jacobsen and the quartet composed of Josephine Brun, Ruth Welty, Lois Stout, and Stella Chrisman, sang "God Is a Spirit," by Bennett.

Dr. Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University spoke rather informally on "Women," a new talk, he said, and one for which he could find no biblical text. His talk was in the nature of advice, but the advice was so skillfully inserted in the examples he used as illustrations that the attentive girls were scarcely aware that they were being advised. "For heaven's sake," he said, in talking of lines of work open to women, "don't drift into your life career. Know what you are doing." Later on he said, "Think. Find the finest women that you know and take them as concrete examples in living." His most forceful bit of advice, used as a conclusion, is certainly worth the consideration of everyone who is starting out in life. It is this: "Have the spirit of adventure in regard to living."

We very much enjoyed the informal tone of the address, and we are looking forward to Dr. Mims' return to our chapel platform.

JUNIOR-MIDDLES ENTERTAINED AT AFTER DINNER COFFEE

The faculty entertained the members of the Junior-Middle class with after dinner coffee in Recreation Hall on Sunday afternoon. The honor guest of the occasion was Dr. Edwin Mims of Vanderbilt University. Dr. Mims was the speaker at the morning service held in the chapel.

Recreation Hall was beautifully decorated in the class colors and on the long refactory table were bunches of yellow and white spring flowers, while yellow candles in silver candlesticks were placed at either end of the table. Mrs. Barton poured coffee, while the faculty hospitably received the guests, which numbered about fifty.

The following delightfully planned program was presented by Mr. Humphrey:

"Solvejg's Song" ..... *Grieg*
"The Nightingale and the Rose"..
..... *Rimsky-Korsakoff*
Lois Stout
"Fantaisie," Impromptu ..... *Chopin*
Whitfield Morelli
Italian Folk Song, "Ay-Ay-Ay"...
..... *Friere*
"Vale" ..... *Russell*
"Aria" from LaTosca ..... *Puccini*
Dr. Robert Thurman

GLEE CLUB ORGANIZES

Mildred Schaefer Named President

Permanent officers were nominated and elected at the regular Glee Club meeting Saturday, January 26th. Mildred Schaefer was chosen president; Ruth Welty, vice-president, and Louise Graves, secretary. Lois Stout was asked to accompany the club.

Work started on a group of songs

(Continued on page 5)

BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS WITH 2 GAMES

Angkor-Ariston Game

Angkor		*Ariston*
Goodloe	C.F.	M. Caldwell
Bryan	F.	Carlin
Shropshire	F.	Hall
E. Birge	G.	Cavert
Caldwell	G.	Johnston
Hotchkiss	G.	Dillon

Substitutes: F. Birge for Hotchkiss; Shelton for Dillon.

The first real basketball games between the clubs started last Tuesday between the Angkors and Aristons and the F.F.s and the Anti-Pans.

The Angkors got off to a fast start, Bryan making two goals for them before Carlin made the first Ariston basket. The Aristons soon found their stride and held to it, making the score at the end of the half, Angkor, 14; Ariston, 46. During the second half the Aristons continued to be a beautifully working machine which could not be defeated. The game ended with the Angkors 14 and the Aristons 46, neither team scoring in the second half.

Bryan was an outstanding Angkor forward. All the Ariston forwards played remarkably well, Caldwell playing almost perfectly. The whole game was characterized by clean passing and fast foot work.

The goals were: Goodloe, 6; Bryan, 6; Shropshire, 2; Carlin, 17; Hall, 10; Caldwell, 19.

F. F.—Anti-Pan Game

F. F.		*A. P.*
Nathan	C.F.	Davidson
Newell	F.	Latimer
Sawrie	F.	Cochrane
Bowers	G.	Olmstead
Galbraith	G.	Varner
Smith	G.	Clark

Substitutes: Garing for Bowers; Cotton for Latimer; Latimer for Varner.

In one of the first games of the season the F.F.s defeated the Anti-Pans to the score of 40-13.

The first three minutes of play were entirely in the F.F. territory, with the Anti-Pan guards doing some clever playing. The F.F. forwards showed their fast passing, piling up the goals. Most of the points were made in the first half.

Nathan was high-point player for the F.F.s with Newell holding second place. And Cochrane made the highest score on the Anti-Pan team.

X. L. versus P. T.

X. L.		*P. T.*
Parker	C.F.	Gould
Sellevold	F.	Clark
Ferer	F.	Jones
Krecher	G.	Shelly
Garney	G.	Sample
Baker	G.	Dumas

Substitutes: Monsell, Brooks.

Thursday afternoon the Penta Taus and X.L.s ran off their first game in the basketball tournament. The game was one of many wild passes and much fighting on the part of both teams. At the end of the half the score was 9 to 14 in favor of the Penta Taus. Both teams came back with the determination to win the game. They both fought to the end, but the Penta Taus came out the winners of the combat.

Parker was the outstanding player for the X.L.s, while Shelly and Jones seemed to do their bit for the Penta Taus. The game ended 24 to 13 in favor of the Penta Taus.

Eccowasin versus Agora

Eccowasin		*Agora*
Collins	C.F.	Jones
O'Connor	F.	Bolyard
Wade	F.	Burgin
Sloan	G.	Cunningham
Reed	G.	Williamson
Wright	G.	Reed

Substitute: Bradford for Wright.

This was another close game. It was well balanced, the offensive and defensive of both teams being good. The game was characterized by hard fast passing that was frequently uncompleted.

The Agora guards and Burgin played particularly well, while Reed and Wade shone on the Eccowasin team.

The Agoras won 16 to 26. The goals made were: Collins, 8; Wade, 8; Jones, 8; Bolyard, 4; Burgin, 14.

Triad versus Osiron

Osiron		*Triad*
Scullin	C.F.	Geny
M. Candler	F.	Wade
H. Candler	F.	Martin
Wilkins	G.	Wallace
Sorrell	G.	Cavert
McFarland	G.	Reuther

Substitutes: Geny, Howard, Hyde.

This second game of the tournament was a very close race. The Triads' defense far outshone the Osirons', whose passing could not compare with the Triads.' But the Osirons had a surer aim for the basket.

The Osiron team revolved around "Chunky" Candler. The calm playing of Martin was outstanding for the Triads.

The score was 15 to 18, in favor of the Osirons. The goals made were: Geny, 3; Wade, 2; Martin, 8; H. Candler, 12; Scullin, 4; M. Candler, 1.

Tri K versus T. C.

J. Perry	C.F.	Fredericks
Gillespie	F.	Lewis
Dunnington	F.	Hodgdon
Flentye	G.	Gooch
Rothert	G.	Francis
Wray	G.	Hines

At the T.C.-Tri K basketball game the old spirit and enthusiasm reached the highest point so far. (Here's hoping it doesn't get any higher, 'cause really every gym needs a roof.) There was good cause for the general excitement, for it was the tightest game this season. At the half the T.C. were only three baskets ahead; the score being 6-9.

The Tri Ks have won the tournament for five years; so naturally each team was determined to win. Each put up a good fight, but one had to win. The game ended with the Tri Ks 17, T.C.s 18.

Gillespie was the Tri K's most reliable forward. The sure aim of Hodgdon and the guarding of Francis were the biggest aids to the T.C.s. The goals were made by: Gillespie, 12; Dunnington, 2; Hodgdon, 15; Lewis, 4.

Osiron versus A. K.

A. K.		*Osiron*
Levy	C.F.	Scullin
Blackman	F.	Candlar
Sipher	F.	Yoder
Cole	G.	Wilkins
Kitchell	G.	Meyer
Gardner	G.	Sorrell

The basketball game Friday was the A.K.'s first and the Osirons' sec-

(Continued on page 5)

LUMBER CAMP DANCE HELD IN GYM

Every girl who lives in a wooded district of this country must have felt at home in the gym last Saturday night when the Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota Clubs gave their annual dance. The presidents and the sponsors of the clubs stood in the receiving line. They are Mrs. Schmitz, the sponsor, and Vera Anderson, the president of the Michigan Club; Miss Hollinger, the sponsor, and Janet Lawton, the president of the Wisconsin Club; and Miss Chard, the sponsor, and Helen MacBroom, the president of the Minnesota Club.

The decorations gave the effect of a clearing in a dense forest. The orchestra was placed in a fenced-in space at one side of the floor, and at the end of the gym opposite the entrance was a small cabin from which, later in the evening, refreshments, consisting of ginger ale, doughnuts, and cakes of maple sugar were served. The cabin was also a feature of the "special" entertainments of the dance. The first of these was a sort of song-dialogue presented by Frances Burgess, looking very masculine, but quite swallowed up in a coonskin coat, and Carol Miller, whose red sweater and beret completed a costume typical of a lumber camp girl. Six girls attired as backwoodsmen did a very convincing wood-chopping dance. Their thoroughly masculine costumes — lumberjack shirts, high laced boots, coonskin caps, and business-like axes—were a welcome relief from the ballet costume which has come to be utterly meaningless in its over-use.

HELLO, WORDSMITHS!

The illustrious (?) Wordsmiths held their first meeting of the new year last Tuesday evening in the Y.W. room. It was not announced. The new ones had no way of knowing they were to come. Margaret Armstrong must have had a divine revelation, because she appeared, much to our joy, and consternation (because we had not prepared a program). We had intended frightening the newcomers to death with a talk, "The Mechanics of Abnormal Outlets As Expressed in Poetry," or some such extravaganza. No one was to speak unless spoken to. There was to be *order* at that first meeting. In the first place "Tiny" Young forgot to come. Lois Maxon and Hortense Ambrose were dispatched to Senior after her. They returned with "Tiny" and with the news that Elizabeth Lee Haynes felt "fluey" and wouldn't be there. We all sat on the table and discussed—oh well, never mind what we discussed. That is the privilege of being a Wordsmith (knowing what we discuss). Embryo plans were made for a waffle breakfast and the meeting was dismissed by Susan's stiffly climbing down from her perch on the table.

THE MOVIE

Murder trial suspense in the "13th Juror" brought a new thrill to Ward-Belmont movie fans Saturday night. This was the second movie to be sponsored in the kingdom of Holler 'n Yell, by a social club, the Agoras reaping the benefits this time.

A clever tap dance preceded the movie, which was interesting enough to repay anyone for the twenty cents parked at the door upon entering.



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ICKEY AND IKEY

Since the coming of Hap, Ickey and Ikey have been scurrying over the campus introducing him to everyone. Hap has the faculty of seeing in people just those things that will fit in with his angelic state of mind which, for the sake of those who might wonder of what such a thing might consist is mostly a sense of humor blended in with geniality.

For instance, Hap looked at "Tiny" Young and remembered eyes that really did twinkle like stars and a laugh that was like a sudden rush of water in a brook. He came, of course, into the HYPHEN office and saw "Jo" Cooper, her long pointed fingers stretched out most beseechingly over the keyboard of the typewriter, now and then hitting a jumbled mass of letters as she smilingly promises one that she is "going to go fast this time." Then he saw Schaefer and Martha Candler singing "I Want to Be Loved By You," and swinging along in shirts and skirts. Hap couldn't help laughing when he heard Martha tell Schaefer she intended to wear her shirt until exams were over. He went with Ickey and Ikey into Middlemarch and looked in on Miss Shay who was busy taking a call. Hap loved the way she said "Awight" to the caller. Then he saw "Horty" Ambrose and was rather worried to see that she was privately fearing the net of the doctor out at the insane asylum whom she recently interviewed for a psychology report. He had such taking ways, she thought. At least they were rather inclusive of other people, she feared and couldn't decide that they might not, by some slip in the scheme of things, include her. Then Ickey and Ikey took Hap up to meet Pat and Bum who seemed to have been stricken with fits or spells or maybe even spasms of politeness. They probably had a severe attack of Boy Scout-itis, because they were doing more than one good deed a day for their surprised and pleased suite-mates, and all to the accompaniment of deep bows and reverences. Perhaps we might include as a contributing factor to this strange mania too great a study of the manners of the court of Louis XV and technique of meeting the Pope. Then Hap noticed a strange thing. It had bothered him in the other halls and on the campus, but it seemed to be peculiarly striking in Senior Hall. There was, hovering about the breast pocket region of every Senior's anatomy, a sort of peculiar glow. Hap knew now that it was a memory kept alive by constant thought. And a face laughed out at him from the memory and said in the inimitable manner of our Senior president, "Hey, there, Hap."

All-in-all, the atmosphere of the campus was a little too serious for Ickey and Ikey, as everyone was studying for the exams. So they decided to take Hap and go to the very lowest dive in Nashville and see what they could see. Hap thought privately to himself that that wouldn't be much, and accommodatingly went with them. They had to go down three flights of steps and through four doors before they finally arrived at the most high-hat restaurant they had ever seen. But all the waiters looked so pugilistic. Their jowls were huge, their noses were broken, and they had cauliflower ears. Before long one prominent citizen began to quarrel with his son over their mutual bottle of grape juice. Time passed and the waiters gathered like thunder clouds in one end of the room. Finally the two men came to blows and rolled onto the floor. The customers arose and screamed and squealed. "Look!" said Hap, "there comes a flying wedge." Ickey and Ikey dodged as one and expected to receive a plastering splash of custard or cocoanut or lemon pie on the rear of their craniums. But Ickey and Ikey missed the fun. For the expugilists were advancing steadily in a wedge-shaped line of march, gaining momentum every minute until when they came to Ickey and Ikey in a small corner table, they simply swept them with the rest of the "suckers" out into the alley back of the disreputable establishment, and the police entered by the front door, only to find the place deserted. Ickey and Ikey, thinking fondly it must have been a terribly big, bunglesome piece of pie that hit them, wailed over and over again and murmured to Hap from the bottom of a squirming and kicking mass of the entire clientele. "We want to go out and see the people; we want—to go out—and see the peee-ple; WE WANT— . . .

FOUND IN HYPHEN OFFICE

My Dear Miss Young:

I really feel it my duty to hand in a few suggestions for THE HYPHEN, since I am so intellectually inclined. First: You do not put enough of your own wit in it, as you really are a sweet kid. You know that.

Second: You do not write up the important characters of this establishment such as, HELEN WINDHAM, ETC. That *would* add.

I trust that these few suggestions will help you, and if at any time you need any advice please let me know by wire, radio, or any other way you so wish.

Sincerely your most *de* voted friend,
HELEN WINDHAM.

Editor's Note:

My Dear Miss Windham:

It is entirely due to my lack of consideration that you were never written up, as most undoubtedly you are one of the important characters in this establishment. However I always hesitate about putting my own wit, humor, and sweetness in the paper. The rest of the staff might feel slighted.

Thanking you for your kind advice, and hoping to hear from you from time to time, I am,

Most sincerely,
CELESTINA YOUNG.



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CAMPUS COLUMN

In the fourth period section of Chemistry I Elise Martin is enrolled. Every day she is present in body. Her mind is in New York with "Jack." This "Jack" must be a marvelous being, a super-man in the field of knowledge. When we, lost in a maze of mysterious chemical formulas, ask her a question, her reply is, "I don't know, but I'll ask "Jack." At least, it used to be. Now that he is gone, leaving her a Phi Delta Theta pin, and a solitaire, and me in the ditch, as far as chemistry is concerned, her song is, "Jack called me last night at seven-thirty and again at ten, and I got three letters yesterday." Speaking of love affairs—

Irene Adams has been in the pest house for the past two weeks. She almost didn't get back for exams or her name into print in this issue. After hearing her rave of the delights of that place where you do nothing but eat all you want to, sleep all you want to, read what you want to, and study if and only if you want to, we are inclined to wonder that the diseases and the diseasers are not more prevelant in Ward-Belmont.

Personal item: Your columnist visited the insane asylum Saturday, accompanied by Hortense Ambrose. We went early because above-mentioned columnist hates the dark and was afraid lest she would have to return alone.

Ward-Belmont is shrouded in a mantle of gloom of the darkest hue. On every side we hear despondent wails. The cloud of exams hovers over us. The whisperers and gigglers of the classrooms and the library lounge lizards are no longer in evidence. They have changed into quiet, sad-faced students who strain forward in their seats, pencils poised in unaccustomed eagerness to catch each pearly drop of wisdom falling from the teacher's lips. Students (sudden) read huge ominous-looking books in the library, feverishly taking notes all the while. Infirmary lists have shrunk (?) shrank? Which shrunk or shrank? Why the infirmary lists, of course. These are sad days as well as lonely nights.

We have suddenly realized we have a math home test to get up, 5069 History of Art pictures to write up, a biography to write, an English outline to memorize, a psych book to memorize, and a few other little things. Therefore, good-bye.

Personal item: Jean Stotzer has been confined in the pest house with pink eye, she says. Have a good time, Jean?

Schaefer is a T.H. We are proud to state that we have a T.H. in Ward-Belmont. This kind of a girl is so hard to find nowadays. All our grandmothers (to hear them talk) were T.H.'s. Just think that we have one in our very midst. Look at her, girls. Schaefer may be the last living specimen of the almost extinct T.H.

We were sorry to see this on Senior bulletin board, Underwood. It is most unfortunate, especially at this time.

LosT

My "Mind and Its Education"

(Signed)—DOROTHY UNDERWOOD.

"I done it."

AUNT ABIGAL'S ADVICE TO THE ANXIOUS

Dear Aunt Abigal:

I am in a terrible predicament. Please help me out. Exams approach and I cannot pass. Now don't tell me to cram, as my psychology said what is memorized in one night cannot be held in the average head over twenty-four hours. That being so, I could not keep it 'till breakfast. What shall I do?

Fearfully,
NATALIE HINES.

My dear little friend Natalie:

Do not worry. That is my first advice. Prepare yourself for exams by clearing your mind. Skip about and have a nice time. Go to town and spend all the money you and your friends have accumulated during your prolonged stay on the campus. Play the new game of "catch-catch" from morn 'till night. It would be well to get a dignified member of council into the game just for the looks of the thing. Try Ruth Welty. In order to play the game correctly secure, by fair means or foul, a tin mint box, and scatter said box and contents all over first floor Senior. Mrs. Charlie wouldn't care. After you have freed your mind from care or worry try a game of solitaire just before entering your exam and all will be well.

Hopefully yours,
AUNT ABIGAL.

Miss Jean Stotzer,
Ward-Belmont, City,
My dear Miss Jean:

In my usual round-about way I have learned that you wish to write me about an important matter, but that you are rather timid about so doing. If you will leave your question in the HYPHEN office at any time of the day or night I will endeavor to answer the weighty problem by return mail. I am here to help you, little girl. Just come to me for any little matter that might be troubling you.

Helpfully yours,
AUNT ABIGAL.

IMPRESSIONS

Pigeon holes — cinnamon — Scotch tweed — roughing it — brognes soft sports hats—muffled jazz music—Elberta Gooch.

A spirited colt—a wedgewood urn —apple blossoms—blue—St. Nicholas Magazine—larkspur at dusk—acolytes —tooled leather—Elizabeth Eberhart.

Garnets—clark bars — sail boats—cobwebs—cloth of gold—Titian's portrait of his daughter—onyx—Marian Lewis.

Filigree—rose quartz — carnations —the hum of a brass tea-kettle—plumed pens—full yellow moons—the scent of pine needles—Marian Hoshaw.

Medieval ladies — Burne - Jones — English ivy—pressed flowers—carved ivory—sandalwood—cashmere shawls —Muriel Monsell.

NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

February 4 — Monday, Frazer Gange, Scotch baritone.

February 9—Gym, X.L. Club Dance.

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Day Student Reporters—
Augusta Wherry, Anne Raine, Dorothy Cate, Sara Powell, Mary Alice Farr and Elsie Martin.

Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

ON CHAPERONES

Is it agreeable to you to be in a group of people who make you feel an outcast? Do you enjoy being with a crowd who destroy your poise and ease of mind by behaving toward you as if you were not on their social plane and who believe themselves in some way superior to you? A perfectly honest person could not but answer these questions negatively. And yet, undoubtedly that same person treats the chaperone who takes her to town in a very similar manner to that indicated by the two questions.

The chaperone, herself, has a very different viewpoint. She goes, often at the sacrifice of not little time—time which could have been devoted to something really important, or even to that rest so necessary after the long tiresome hours of school life, because in the kindly generosity of her heart she is glad to take one, two, or a half dozen girls out when the girls she is so kind to have no appreciation of her goodness.

There is, on the part of the girls, a sort of reticent, askance feeling which they may feel partly causes their attitude. There is always the feeling that "if I don't behave she'd be delighted to report me, why should I be nice to her." That feeling is truly feminine in its lack of logic. No chaperone delights in reporting girls, but it is a blow to her self-respect to have girls misbehave when they are under her charge.

The often preached word "consideration" works its way into this, almost against the writer's will, but if that quality will make you more comfortable and the chaperones more at ease, why not cultivate it? Treat the chaperone with the consideration and esteem you would accord your mother, or one of her friends, and your relation to her, and hers to you will be easier and pleasanter.

A NEW RESOLUTION FOR 2ND SEMESTER

Now that the excitement and anxiety which is generally associated with the exam period is over, it may be that many students would do well to look back and to see themselves as they were during the time of preparation for the great moment when the common foe—finals, would be faced. Although it is true that it is the future, and not the past that counts, it is equally true that one can meet the future with a greater chance of success if one is equipped with lessons that he has learned from past experiences, than if he flits aimlessly from one experience to another. Therefore, it is sometimes well worth while for the individual student to turn the pages of time back and to read what is recorded there to his credit or, perhaps, to discredit, and to thus arm himself for meeting future difficulties.

To say that exam period should be one of perfect serenity and calmness would be an absolute absurdity. It is natural that an atmosphere of tension should be present, for finals play an important part in the determining of the semester standings of each student. In fact, finals sometimes decide the question as to whether a student is qualified to pass in a subject or not. Knowing this, the average student very naturally is under a mental strain. His desire is to do his best, but his fear is that he will do his worst. He has mental pictures of the array of formidable looking questions with which his mind must combat. He is not certain as to just what line of attack these questions will decide upon; therefore, he is very likely to be in a rather tense mental state.

But it is an absurdity of which many students are guilty, to allow one's self to drift from class to class without doing very much to keep up with daily assignments until the time when there remains only a few days in which to get ready for the great struggle. All of us know how hard it is to study or to get some seemingly very long lesson when there are so many other things that clamor for attention, but most of us also know how much harder it is to catch up when once we have gotten behind with our school work. Nevertheless, many of us are inclined to drift on and on, enjoying a rather prolonged mental inertia, commonly known as laziness, until exams are almost upon us, and then, get quite busy and excited when it is almost too late to do anything about it. Cramming is then the only alternative, and a very poor alternative it is! It often results in both mental indigestion and physical exhaustion, neither of which are great helps to one who is taking a final exam on a semester's work.

Not all of us, fortunately, found it necessary to do more than a reasonable amount of reviewing for exams, but, sad to say, a few of us did have to resort to this mental gourging called cramming. Now that it is all over, and the new semester is beginning, let's all make a resolution and then resolve to keep the resolution! If we were among those who did not have to cram, let's resolve to keep up the good work in the coming semester, and if we did have to do a little cramming, let's resolve to begin right now with getting ready for the next exam period by doing each day's work regardless of everything else. All set? Let's go!

MEDITATIONS

Student: That monotonous drone of the teacher's voice—she sits and talks and looks and asks—twelve more minutes until the bell rings—what can I do?—nothing to see—a bottle of ink—a dictionary upside down—a pencil sharpener full of shavings—I'd like to scatter them—all around—all over everyone—that bulletin board—why do people have bulletin boards?—no one ever reads the shaggy clippings—four more minutes—why does she drone so—ah, the bell—at last—

Teacher: Their upturned faces—they tell me much—more than they realize—that girl is not taking notes—she writes letters—the time will come when she will be sorry—their eyes talk—some, a few—eager—some stare—but stare blankly—unhearing—unheeding—ah, the bell—time flies—

SKETCHES

The rain clears away
From the sandy places
About the ruins
Which once
Were Carthage,
And leaves,
Glittering on the surface,
Myriads of tiny pieces
Of iridescent glass.
They are the ancient relics
Of the primordial glass factories
Of thousands of years ago.
On the sands they glisten
And gleam and twinkle,
Like hundreds of stars
Fallen from the heavens
The night before.
The legend-loving Arabs call them
The "Tears of Carthage,"
And weave about them
Fabrics of romance.
They say these little
Bits of brilliants
Are the crystallized tears
That the Carthaginians shed
Over the ruin of their city,
And that now they shine
On the sands of the desert
To remind all
Of the glory that was
Carthage.

FRENCH CLUB ENJOYS PICTURE SHOW

Last Thursday evening Monsieur Marchand gave some French films before the French Club. After waiting for the operator to appear, which he did not, we finally decided to return to our rooms. However, after all had left, he appeared, so scouts were sent out and the French students once more returned to the chapel. There were some interesting and most beautiful pictures of Brittany and everyone enjoyed them immensely. Next time we are hoping that the operator will appear on time, as we are all looking forward to more scenes of picturesque France.

PERSONALS

Louise Mason had lunch and dinner with her brother on Saturday.

Dorothy DeFrees spent Saturday afternoon with her cousin, Miss Lutie Jones.

Frances Dixon spent Saturday night in town with her father, Mr. Grant Dixon.

Louisa Warfield had dinner on Saturday night with her cousin, Mrs. Arthur Jones of Memphis.

Jane Moore, Freda Abercrombie, and Doris Barnes spent Sunday afternoon with Jane's aunt, Mrs. Clay C. Stephens.

Inez Lenfro spent Sunday night in town with her aunt and uncle.

Lucille Francis had lunch on Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Russ Hill.

ACTIVE AGORAS

"Well, girls, who do we beat next?" This expresses exactly, if ungrammatically, our feelings on the basketball question as it existed last Wednesday night. We have thought all along that our team is—well, not one to be ashamed of. Now, after seeing it in action against the dreaded day students, we know it is good.

Pervaded by this spirit of triumph and hope, our children's party Wednesday night was a great success. After partially wrecking the clubhouse in the search for hidden candy, we grew more and more hilarious over other games. The climax came, of course, in "refreshments." Being possessed of true W.-B. appetites, and not having had anything to eat for at least an hour, we were famished. Result: magical disappearance of about 50 lolly pops.

OSIRON OWLETS

A brief business meeting was held at the Osiron house last Wednesday night at which plans were discussed for the redecoration of the clubhouse.

On Wednesday, January 23rd, the Osirons played and defeated the Triads. The victory was again in our favor when we played the A.K. team on Friday, January 25th. That's the spirit, team! Keep up the good work. The club is behind you!

F. F. FRIVOLITIES

Last Wednesday evening the F.F. Club held a combined business and social meeting. Plans were discussed upon which further action is to be made. Later Marie Boyer played the piano while the rest of us danced or made "whoopee" in general.

Club friends said good-bye to Virginia Fleming who has returned to her home at the call of Dan Cupid. She is to be married in June, and the club wishes her much happiness and success in life. We're looking forward for you to come back some day Virginia, and tell us all about it.

PENTA TAU PUNCH

The thing that's uppermost in our minds just now is basketball, and how could it be otherwise, when we have the team, the pep, the encouragement we have? We played the X.L.'s Thursday and won from them, and now we're scheduled to play the Agoras after exams. Speaking of exams! 'Nough said!! But anyway, at club meeting Wednesday we were all feeling particularly sad over exams, and sadder still because we're losing two of our members. Jane Moore and Glinda Lowe, so the program committee promised something good to make us forget. Martha Candler, who is a three-ringed circus wrapped up in one parcel, mimicked various prominent people on the campus. We were so amused that we had to close down the shutters to keep from disturbing the other clubs. "Dot" Gould, accompanied by Schaefer, entertained us with a saxophone solo. And may we add in closing that "a pleasant time was had by all?"

T. C. TACTICS

We are so excited about that good old basketball team of ours. We think it's just the best ever. After seeing the T.C.-Tri K game we all wish we could play the game as well as our team, but we can't, so that's that. Anyway, team, we are all strong behind you and are expecting you to always be victorious.

By the way, we are sponsoring the movie tonight, but we can't tell you what it is. You'll just have to come and see for yourselves. It sure is a good one, and I'm sure we can promise you a good program.

A. K. ACCENTS

The feature of the most recent meeting of the A. K. Club was an interesting and effective talk by Miss Brooks, our sponsor. She discussed the qualities which constitute a model club girl. The ideal club girl is eager to know all of her sisters and is slow to criticize them. Neither does she criticize the officers or policies of the club. She is interested in all athletic endeavors of her club, and at

least one sport during the year receives her wholehearted support at every practice. Culminating her talk Miss Brooks said: "The ideal A. K. girl cherishes the integrity of her word. She is dependable."

DASHING DEL VERS

If you could have heard the whooping and hollering at intervals that came from the club house, you would have thought that there were "hot times for the old Del Vers that night." And it really was a rousing good time, because our sister club came over to spend a quiet evening by the fireside. Both clubs joined in a program. Emma Jean Fisher played her violin. Mariam Woodside and Olga Maistri rendered several lovely piano selections. Then the hostesses served delicious caramel and chocolate covered individual cakes and hot chocolate. As a concluding number, Francis Burgess sang some of the old time favorites, especially appreciated by the boarding school girls—"At Dawning," "I Love You Truly," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

After many adieus and expressions of appreciation our sister club members, the Anti-Pans, departed; and we came to the conclusion that we enjoyed having them as much as they seemed to have enjoyed being with us.

BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS WITH 2 GAMES

(Continued from page 1.)

ond. The winning of this game put the Osirons in the semi-finals. The game was rather slow, although there was much wild fighting and scooting around on the floor. Frequently there was some good passing between the Osiron forwards. The A.K. forwards were crippled for the ball was never gotten to them, but when it did get within their territory they usually made a basket.

The shortness of Candler did not prevent her from being the most outstanding Osiron. Blackman was the best A.K. The score was: Osirons, 25; A.K.'s, 15. The goals made were: Candlar, 17; Scullin, 6; Yoder, 2; Sipher, 8; Blackman, 5; Levy, 2.

GLEE CLUB ORGANIZES

(Continued from page 1.)

Saturday: "Solvejg's Song," by Grieg-Claassen; "The Gypsies," by Brahms-Shelley; and "Allah's Holiday," by Friml. The music was distributed to each of the members who will own her own music.

This organization of over 200 members promises to be one of the most powerful in Ward-Belmont school, according to Mr. Humphrey, the director, and Mildred Schaefer, the president. Many interesting things are being planned as activities for the club.

WELL KNOWN COSTUMES

Francis Hahn's Hollywood socks.

"Tiny" Young's ancient leather coat.

Amanda Caldwell's inevitable white skirt and blue serge skirt.

"Roughie" Collins' dark blue beret.

"Shag" Neil's galoshes, rain and shine.

Elizabeth Gilbert's original GREEN HAT.

"Bunny" Hodgdon's red skirt.

"Bunny" Eberhart's short hair.

Anne Dowlen's brown fur coat.

Mary Graham's square-toed black oxfords.

Editor's Note: After reading the above I desire all my large and interested public to know that this article is a tribute to my broad-mindedness. It hurt me to the quick to see my genuine antique horse-hide wrap referred to in such a harsh way. People should respect the fact that this coat which has seen so many seasons through, protecting me against the chill blasts of the severe Ohio winters, and the gusts of smoky rain in Tennessee's fairest city, would have been a fur coat if the fur had not been peeled off before I bought it.

WHO'S WHO

And while we're speaking of "virtues"—they've got one over in Pembroke that's a regular knockout. Do you know Virginia Lou? Now that's a silly question, because everyone does. Her sweet disposition and personality have made her a friend of everyone on the campus. And say—can she ever beat those old drums like nobody's business! Why Ward-Belmont's jazz orchestra would be at a loss without her. Besides being a great help with this musical (or shall we call it rythmical) talent, Virginia has become known as the girl that can be called on to do anything for anybody. She is always ready to take part in anything, and that's the kind of girls Ward-Belmont needs. Penta Taus, you should be proud to have Virginia Lou Sample as a club sister.

It's just about the time of year to elect a new council I guess, and we're beginning to wonder who's going to take the old girls' places. I have heard from all sides, "Is there anyone who can take Ruth Welty's place as general proctor?" Maybe so, but it will be hard to find one. Ruth is just the kind of girl that is everyone's friend. We often wonder how she can say, "Girls, please don't stand in Middlemarch" in such a nice way, and still mean it. Ruth is one that enters into all school activities with a zest, and can be depended upon to do well whatever she is asked to do. Of course you have heard her sing—and don't you adore it? She has a beautiful voice. Why I could sit and write forever of her virtues, but tempus is fugiting, so I'll wind it up in the best way I know, by just saying, "Ruth Welty's a peach, that's all."

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa Claus:

Although Christmas has passed, I thought maybe you would be coming back this way as it is so cold around these parts. I didn't get some of the things I wanted Christmas. Really I don't know why as I've been very good. I go to church every Sunday that I'm not in the infirmary and I went out to the Old Ladies' Home Sunday before Christmas to talk to the old ladies. Now, what I want you to bring most of all is a new bottle of "It." I need it to use on the Vandy boys. They just don't even know I'm in Nashville. The second thing I want you to bring is some good grades. You needn't bring A's but I'd like a few B's and a C or two. Third, bring my suitemates something nice like a crystal radio set with an extra pair of ear-phones for me because they are so sweet to me.

Thanking you in advance, I am,
Your little friend,
ELINOR THON.

THE STUDY HOUR

(With apologies to Longfellow)
KAY SMITH

Between the dusk and the daylight
When the lights are beginning to lower,
Comes a part of the days occupations
That is known as the study hour.

I hear in the kitchen beneath me
The clatter of kettle and dish;
And I know that the time is upon me,
However against my wish.

I see in the glow of the lamplight
The ruffled and thumb-marked page,
But the pitiful sight before me
Is not from use, but age.

Chemistry, Algebra, History—
They hurt me under my hair;
If I try to escape, they surround me.
They seem to be everywhere.
—*Penn Points.*



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, January 23.—So glad club comes on Wednesday. Almost wish it came every day. Gives me something to write down and I mean I really need it cause all I can think of is exams and I don't even want to think of the rank old things. Wish I could sort of pop through next week real fast with my eyes shut, like an explosion, or having a tooth pulled. You wake up and it's all over. Don't expect to flunk anything (no bragging) so I'll probably bust 'em all—wurra, wurra. Not inclined to study or anything. Guess I'll manicure my claws as I nearly put "Clutchie's" eye out.

Thursday, January 24.—Did drop my emaciated form to the gym where I did suspend it more or less gracefully (depending on my excitement) over the railing while the basketballers puffed and dashed about below me for the glory of the club. Yelled my larynx or plarynx, which ever it is, raw, and by dint of keeping my fingers crossed on one hand and firmly grasping a rabbit's foot I brought from William in the other, we won. Fifteen for the team. Decided not to study tonight to celebrate. Wrote two letters and managed to call on every girl in the hall. Nice work.

Friday, January 25.—Tea-roomed gluttonously this afternoon. Hot dog—hot dawgs! Hurt because "Clutchie" said she'd disown me and turn me out in the cold, cold world if I ate the onion accompaniment. Nothing could dissuade her, so showed my weak will and managed to choke down three even without garlic's gentler cousin. Surprised to find a whole letter in my mail box in the afternoon. See what I've been missing. Made it a point never to look after lunch time so that I won't be subjected to so much crushing disappointment. My constitution isn't equal to the strain. Also, in such rare and seldom instances as this the shock might prove too great.

Saturday, January 26.—Stay-at-home Sunday again tomorrow, consoled myself (as if anyone needed consolation in the midst of such bliss) by going to the movie and dance which I rated because "Clutchie's" cousin comes from Wisconsin and she thought I'd be hurt if she asked "Clutchie" and not me, and who was I to tell her that I didn't mind letting her dance be a flop by not being asked to come? Debated all afternoon whether or not to press my formal. Finally decided against it. By the time I get around that skirt my disposition is more rumpled than the dress was when I started. The dance was the stuff, I'm telling. Longed for the wooded stretches of my Kansas home and such. And those wood-choppers! Nigh popped at Helen Greene in the fuzzy bear-skin derby. Thought she was Daniel Boone, but she told me herself that she wasn't, so of course, it can't be so.

Sunday, January 27.—Decided not to profane the Sabbath by doing anything I could successfully avoid, so spent the afternoon dodging a gal who wanted me to study for the freshman English exam. The idea of trying to take the joy and light out of my precious Sunday afternoon. Dr. John Hill at vespers. He certainly is personality plus. Wish they'd get him oftener and oftener, and then some more after that. That voice—talk about honey, it's the most musical thing I've ever heard. Started to say "sweetest," but it didn't sound masculine enough and anyway, I've used it ever since I could talk without lithping.

Monday, January 28.—Talked to a Senior this morning and she worried me so much about the Senior-Mid exam that I've been studying ever since. My brain (if any) feels very much the worse for wear and tear. Am now able to distinguish unity from coherence, so feel quite repaid for all my various and sundry efforts. Now if I can just find someone who will take pity on a poor moron, or not even that, and tell her the difference between those three essays on "Friendship." I only read the shortest one. I 'spose I might as well stop studying because if they ask us to write a theme I'll flunk anyway. But it's really all the same to me. I might as well study as sit around and worry about the questions. Wonder if I'd get caught if I sat up tonight?

Tuesday, January 29.—Knew it would happen! I might as well have gone ahead and snatched some very much needed beauty sleep. That was the testingest exam I ever saw. Everything from the preface to the appendices (smart gal, being able to spell that). Wait'll I dash to the mirror to see if I'm really cross-eyed. Feel that way, but of course, one can't tell without looking, and never having been that way I don't know whether you could even tell by looking. Must ask someone. It's on the knees of the gods whether I pass the exam or not—no more shirking from now on! Beginning next Monday I'm all for working every day till vacation. Remains to be seen if I can carry out such a noble threat.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Mary Elizabeth Push ex-'28, is a Pi Phi pledge at the University of Kansas, but we want to tell her that we miss her here, and we haven't forgotten ol' Push that lived on 2nd floor Pembroke.

Rosemary Adams of Jackson, Miss., has been staying at home for the winter. Rosie, we really miss your shining countenance on the greens. Will you ever forget 3rd floor Pembroke and the Texas crowd?

Mary Ellen Bragassa '22 of Tulsa, Oklahoma, became the bride of Darrell Phillips of Tulsa at a large church ceremony the last of November. The bridal trip was extended, visiting New Orleans and Cuba, on a trip similar to those taken by her mother and sister on their wedding trips. The bride and groom are living in Tulsa.



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Dorothy Smallwood and Cecil Grieves, both of '22, are at home in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, this winter.

Received a letter the other day, in fact it was the day we returned after the holidays, and it was a welcome note to me. Ellen Martin '25 wrote that she couldn't stand being away any longer, and that even if she is principal of a school (there are two teachers) that she would leave her great responsibilities and come down to visit us next month. Ellen never has been back, has never seen the clubhouses, has never heard the chimes, and as I look out of the HYPHEN office window I can see Ellen, with her hair in water-wave combs, leaning out of the window that belonged to "Sabin" and "Susy" Jones. She also writes that she hopes to bring Ina Rebman '25 back with her. I hope Ellen's New Year's resolutions become realities.

Edythe Dixon '27, of Red Oak, Iowa, and Editor-in-chief of the HYPHEN during that time writes Mrs. Charlie that she is attending Northwestern and will receive her A.B. degree in June, but, says Edythe, "there is no place like Ward-Belmont, and I long every day to come back." Come on back, Edythe, and we'll show you the new HYPHEN office, and a typewriter or two.

And Ruth Martin ex-'24 I saw in Champaign during the holidays. She, too, is planning on being back in the spring. We talked at great length about school, Jane Grice's marriage, "Mitch's" search for knowledge at Sophie Newcomb which is stimulated by her spirit as cheer leader there. "Jo" Morrison, "Stelle" North, Jane Davis, "Sis" Lindsey, and a score of other old acquaintances; and you know right well, Martin, that you do miss this old place, the library, gym, the dances in the tea room, and the Ryman, occasionally? But before you return I must tell you that the covered walk, you know, the walk connecting Pembroke, Herron, and Middlemarch, the dear old walk which protected us from wind, rain, and snow, the dear old walk, upon whose artistic hanging baskets we bumped our heads in passing an animated group—the dear old walk, as I was saying, Martin, is gone—that is, you understand, the covering. Now we have a full uninterrupted view of the infirmary.

Called Dorothy Cope '24 when I was in Chicago and had quite a chat with her. She tells me that she and Harriet Sargent ex-'24, who is attending the Art Institute, are coming back in the spring, if possible. Dorothy, who was Council president in '24 and a senior physical ed. is now teaching in the high schools of Detriot playground supervision and physical ed. And "Sargent" taught art in the Junior high school of Cedar Rapids last year, and this year is doing special work in portrait painting at the Chicago Art Institute. It's the same campus, and full of memories, so come on back, people.

In a letter received from Sarah Margaret Cole last Wednesday she tells of her approaching marriage on January 30 to Grant someone or other of Salt Lake City. "S. M." how could you, how could you have begun your annual epistule thusly: "Now if you've got any lambasting to do about any delay I've made in writing you, just try getting married yourself and see if there aren't two million things to be done." So that's the way you feel about it, is it, old girl? Anyway, "Hewie," I do miss you horribly. At the present moment we are in the midst of Milestones pictures, and it brings to mind your struggle with them in '25 and of how I never could get to bed because pictures were in groups every which way around the room, and of how you and "Mitzie" Moss and Lloyd Houston conferred every minute or two, and how furious I used to get at you because you would run the typewriter at all hours, and how equally furious you used to get at me for—well, for just various things, and how "Barbee" would do water-wave combs at any hour of the day or night, and how Ellen, coming in from hockey or water-polo just in time for dinner would hurry us out of our leisurely bath (she's coming down next month) —and oh, just all of us together, struggling and working and fuming and happy. And "Hewie," from the bottom of my heart I wish you success and happiness, and please send us your married name.

An announcement has been received of the birth of J. Rector Nicholson, Jr., born January 1 to Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Nicholson of San Antonio, Texas. Mrs. Nicholson was formerly Elizabeth White of Mason, Texas, of the class of '22.

Another announcement of the arrival of a baby girl, Jo Ann, on December 26 to Mr. and Mrs. Allen T. Compton, was received by Mrs. Charlie a few weeks ago. Mrs. Kompton was Helen McCormick '24. She will be remembered as vice-president of the Osiron club '23, president of the Osirons in '24, and also May Queen of that year. "Mac" with the lovely hair and eyes and figure, one can see you and "Midge," and Rosalie dashing hither and yon around the campus, and somewhere around the corner was Lee Lewis, "Glad" Feld, and "Gracie Belle" Warren. May we see small Jo Ann dashing around as you used to at sometime?

Well, Jessamine, it really did look good to see old Daggett '27 again, even if it was only for a rowdy jaunt on the train. With a little more time what we couldn't have discussed! Anyway, I'm glad you're getting such a punch out of life, and I hope we meet again! Can't you hear "The Bells of Ward-Belmont?" They are calling you.

"Nonie" Curran ex-'24 of all people to hear from I was most "surrounded." It really did seem good to get in touch with that old spirit of Ward-Belmont. Don't forget all of us and have a whirl of a time at Kansas U.

Dorothy Jones '28 of Newcomb College in New Orleans writes that she may come down for a few days. I got your message, Dot, and I'd do my best to make New Orleans, but turn about is fair play, so come on back and help us whoop'em up like a good senior of '29 should.

Virginia Baird, 28, writes: "Gee, I'm so homesick for Ward-Belmont and everybody, that I am almost on the verge of coming back and taking dancing just to have something to do. Even the life of a Physical Education student, that I used to suffer so under, would be like heaven. If I were only back at W.-B.!"

Betty Weber, 28, of Davenport, Iowa, writes Mrs. Charlie: "It is so good to look back on my days at W.-B., and I do miss everybody in Senior Hall. The nearest that I can get to Ward-Belmont is tuning in WSM." She will enter Illinois after Christmas.

Pauline Pinson ex '28 is attending the University of Missouri at Columbus this year.

Katherine Smith and Cornelia Andrews, who were Senior-Middles last year are now attending the University of Wisconsin.

Marian Sherman, a Chi Omega and a senior this year at the University of Georgia, was a graduate of '28. "Abie," will you ever forget your old running mates "Ikey" and "Issidore" in Europe with Miss Ross? Here's for the memories of W.-B. and the Ward-Belmont party in Europe.



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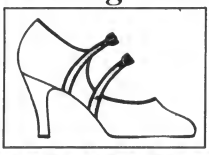
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IN THE WAKE OF THE Y

Vespers

The night of January 27th, Dr. John Hill talked to us on the "Service of Appreciation." Have you noticed that it is so much easier to march to music than not to, that marching becomes a great deal of fun? Words of encouragement and appreciation have the same affect on people as music. A person may do the same amount of work whether she is appreciated or not, but the work becomes a delight when one knows someone sincerely sympathizes with her in the doing of it. The habit of depreciating the value of others is a mark of selfishness. A generous spirit will not belittle the efforts of others.

Mean folks are minus folks, those who are narrow and selfish. Great hearts are plus folks, who are open hearted and full of the giving spirit. We can only win appreciation by giving it.

People crave genuine appreciation. This does not include condescension or flattery.

Our perfect example of an all-sufficient being is in Christ. His generous eyes overlooked the failings of people. He did not magnify the little things but was kind and understanding. Christ erected a monument to Mary in the words of appreciation that he said of her.

Let us help set life to music!

Our music on this vesper service was furnished by Nancy Noland, who played the organ prelude, and by Helen Searcy, who sang, "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," by Carlo Minetti. Miss Florence Boyer accompanied her.

Sunday School

Last Sunday morning the big "Y" room was brim full. The girls sang heartily to the accompaniment of Elaine Bean, violinist, and Lydareene Majors, pianist. That morning the talk was on "Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven," by Margaret Rothert. Margaret dealt most ably with her subject, bringing out many points to think about—that we should accept hard things cheerfully and courageously and see that God knows best for us in all things.

In the absence of Mrs. Blanton, her class was taught by Miss Gladys Brooks. From the various reports that one heard after the class was over, Miss Brooks proved to be a teacher well worth having.

"How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or a profession?"

"Neither. It's a calling!"—*Rough Rider.*

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5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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F. F.—AGORA VICTORS

Championship Game Nears

ARISTON vs. F. F.'S

Ariston's		*F. F.'s*
Caldwell	CF	Nathan
Carlin	F	Newell
Hall	F	Sawrie
Johnston	G	Bowers
Cavert	G	Smith
Dillon	G	Galbraith

Substitutes: Johnson for Caldwell; Gairing for Bowers.

By running up their score the second half of the game, the F. F.'s defeated the Ariston's 49 to 41 on Monday.

Because of the nervousness of both teams at the beginning of the game, the shooting was rather wild during the first few minutes of play.

The Ariston's were ahead the first half, but the F. F.'s suddenly began to pile up their score. For a time it looked as if the contest might be anyone's game.

Caldwell did some exceptionally fine playing both as forward and guard for the Ariston's. And Newell rolled in the most baskets for the F. F.'s.

Hall, 16; Caldwell, 14; Carlin, 6; Johnston, 6. Newell, 25; Sawrie, 14; Nathan, 10.

PENTA TAU'S vs. AGORA'S

Penta Tau's		*Agora's*
Gould	CF	Jones
Clark	F	Bolyard
Jones	F	Tatham
Dumas	G	Williamson
Shelley	G	Cunningham
Sample	G	Reed

On Tuesday the Penta Tau's lost to the Agora's by a score of 15 to 12.

Until the second quarter the score was very low and almost even. Then the Agora's steadily piled up the baskets, though they were handicapped by the absence of one of their best players. During the last quarter the Penta Tau's gained again.

The shooting was not up to standard and the game was a little slow.

Jones, 9; Clark, 3; Tatham, 6; Bolyard, 6; Jones, 3.

T. C. vs. DEL VER

Del Ver		*T. C.*
Smith	C.F	Lewis
Neisler	R.F	Fredericks
McFarland	L.F	Hodgdon
Williams	C.G	Francis
Paterson	R.G	Hines
Sims	L.G	Gooch

This game was one of the most outstanding ones of the season, and the most uncertain as to which would win. The T. C.'s had proved themselves in the game with the Tri K's, but the Del Vers had only been seen in practice.

(Continued on page 5)

PEN POINTS

Twice each year the Penstaff, as the high school literary society is called, selects eight girls from the four grades of the high school to membership in the club. It has been considered quite an honor to be admitted to this organization, for not only do the present members have to pass unanimously on a prospective member, but the instructor of the English faculty as well. Only three of the girls chosen this year are members of the Junior-Middle class, the rest being either Juniors or Sophomores. The list of new members follows:

Evelyn Ewing, Ella Puryear Mims, Eleanor Fleming, Jane Sutherland, Avis Olmstead, Madeline Holliday, Milbrey Wright, Mable Wynn Owensby.

The formal initiation will be held in a short time.

FRASER GANGE GIVES BRILLIANT CONCERT

Ward-Belmont was very fortunate to hear in concert Fraser Gange, the Scotch baritone. Mr. Gange appeared at the Centennial Club a week ago on one of a series of programs brought to Nashville under the direction of Mrs. Kenneth Rose.

Born in Scotland, Fraser Gange began at an early age to sing in public. While still very young, he made his London debut at Queens' Hall. With the outbreak of the World War, Gange enlisted in the army and after his discharge from service continued to give concerts for his former comrades. Following this break in his career came successful tours in Australia and England. The first appearance of Mr. Gange in this country about four years ago marked the beginning of a continuing number of successes.

For his opening group Monday night, Gange had chosen a group of songs from old masters, with the exception of the Rhene Baton number, which is quite modern.

The seven songs, from "Die Schone Mullerin" were sung with wonderful diction and interpretation and the enthused audience was rewarded by the lovely "Morgen" by Strauss.

The third and fourth were groups of charming English and Scotch songs and when Mr. Gange responded to the audience with "Duna" and "Mandalay" he closed a program which had been enjoyed by everyone present.

Mrs. Kenneth Rose's accompaniments were beautifully rendered and added much to the artist's numbers.

The Nashville *Tennessean* says of Mr. Gange: "Mr. Gange is a singer of the most virile type, thoroughly alive, and seems to enjoy singing as much as the audience likes to listen to him, which it certainly does. His voice is one of the most powerful and resonant ones we have ever heard off the operatic stage, a robust voice of the type of Titto Ruffo's. It is not a "mellow" baritone, but his mezzo voce is highly expressive and surcharged with emotion, even though one feels that he sometimes is sacrificing quality for quantity.

"He is a born actor, and facial expressions and vigorous movements of his hands make him seem to act each song. From the back row where we sat we thought he looked like Reginald Denney. Mr. Gange has been in this country four seasons, and has established himself as one of the most pleasing recitalists before the public."

The program Mr. Gange gave at Ward-Belmont is as follows. He very generously responded to many encores:

PROGRAM

I.

Hear Me! Ye Winds and Waves.....*Handel*

Un bruit des rames.....*Rhene Baton*

Lungi dal caro bene.....*Secchi*

Vittoria! Vittoria!.....*Carissimi*

Seven Songs from "Die Schone Mullerin".....*Schubert*

"Das Wandern"

"Wohin?"

"Halt!"

"Danksagung am Bach"

"Am Feierabend"

"Der Neugierige"

"Ungeduld"

III.

In Summertime on Breton.....*Graham Pell*

Isobel.....*Frank Bridge*

Diaphenia.....*Harold Samuel*

An Old Song Re-sung.....*Charles Griffes*

IV.

"Turn Ye to Me".....*Old Scottish*

"The Bonnie Earl o' Moray".....*Old Scottish*

Trade Winds.....*Frederick Keel*

Mother Carey's Chickens.....*Frederick Keel*

HAZEL COATE ROSE AT THE PIANO

Steinway Piano *Columbia Records*

WELCOME, NEW GIRLS

There is not a girl in school who does not feel a spirit of kinship with the new girls who have just entered school this semester. There is no official way of welcoming the new girls except through the HYPHEN, although we are sure that several unofficial welcomes have been extended to the girls already.

The HYPHEN welcomes all the new girls most heartily and hopes that they will be happy and successful in their school year here.

Two of the new girls are day students who have transferred to the boarding department; they are: Dorothy Taylor Burdette, of Charleston, West Virginia, and Pattie Neary Dowlen of Springfield, Illinois.

Helen Donker of Oak Park, Illinois, who was here last year, and who was a member of last summer's European party, is back for the second semester. She was in school at Northwestern for the first semester.

Mildred Jones of Harlan, Kentucky, is back again this year. She is a cousin of Margaret Howard, and went to school here last year.

Ellen Mitchell of Florence, Alabama, transferred from Sweet Briar for the second semester here.

Elsie Stern of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, another new girl who was enrolled for the fall term, but illness prevented her entrance at that time.

Elizabeth Ungles of St. Louis, Missouri, a Senior-middle here last year, has come back again.

Josephine Louise Boyer, a niece of Miss Boyer, is enrolled this semester. She is taking voice lessons and is doing other special work. She is from Canton, Ohio.

Elizabeth Ragon of Bolivar, Tennessee, attended Southwestern at Memphis for the first semester, but will complete the year here.

Other new girls are: Judy L. Applegath, Portland, Oregon; Merle Christensen, Chicago, Illinois; Dorothy Engle, Newton, Iowa; Jeanette Foster, Lansing, Michigan; Betty Gere, Lincoln, Nebraska; Madeline Knox, Jackson, Mississippi; Marion Lyles, Okolona, Mississippi; Marion Shindel, Kingston, Pennsylvania, and Mary Emily Wilson, Greenwood, Mississippi.

SNOW!

Presto-Changeo, and fair campus is the scene of much snow, much, "whoopee," and many vivid-cheeked maidens! (Natural, too, if you please, from either a well-aimed snow ball, or a very firm face washing!)

Feature our chagrin when we saw the all-supreme, dignified Seniors making snow men and actually condescending to partake in a snow-ball fight with poor, inexperienced freshmen! Such a day! Between "Texans," who were seeing snow for the first time, and a general hilarity felt all over the campus, a knock-out (please understand me) was had by all.

T. C.'S SPONSOR MOVIE

Keith-Albee Great Success

The T. C.'s sponsored the movie last Saturday night, and we must say they know how to put over a good vaudeville.

"Forgotten Faces," with Clive Brooks, is one movie we'll always remember. Then with Mr. Wesson playing the organ through the whole performance, we Ward-Belmont movie-goers felt pretty swanky. In between each reel someone put on an act. Mr. Wesson, as Jesse Crawford, played "Sonny Boy," and we all felt like crying, it was so beautiful. Dorothy Black, dressed in a Chinese mandrin robe, and looking most charming, played the violin. After the next reel, Foss and Betty O'Donnell, looking just too cute in little, frilly romper suits, sang "Baby Sister Blues" with much feeling.

Pretty soon out came "Berta" Gooch, looking very handsome as the well-known Ted Lewis, and with "Tillie" Daniels, put over a snappy stunt. "Tillie" was too funny for words. Margaret Timmons read to us, and she certainly was good. We didn't know she had such a mother-instinct.

How we did enjoy the whole performance. "Bunny" Hodgdon, all dressed in a yellow page-boy suit, put up the little card introducing each act.

"HENDRICKS" IS BACK

"'Hendricks' is back!" "Have you seen 'Hendricks'?" "Doesn't she look gorgeous?" "Is she going to stay?" "Please play for us!" More excitement.

For the last week wherever there has been a knot of girls standing on the campus, anyone who was unusually tall, or anyone who was small enough to wiggle through the outer circle, would find that the center of the group was Betty Hendricks. The Campus Columner heralded her coming a week or so ago, but no one realized what a sensation she would cause. The mob drags "Hendricks" about from piano to piano, and she plays! Oh, how she plays! Blues slew out from her syncopating fingers —low, throbbing blues, with intervals of tinkling trebles and moments of crashing bass. It's impossible to keep from dancing when "Hendricks" plays. Even the Senior living-room—that sanctum, sanctorum, was the scene of an after-breakfast dance on Wednesday morning. The P.S.C. and the Senior Proctor succumbed to the music "Hendricks" beat out. How are we to let her go? The campus lacks something indefinable when she is gone. A week's visit was only tantalizing, now that we have found what it is we have been missing we hate to lose it again so soon.

BETTY DAVIDSON

The Anti-Pans cannot be exclusive in their regret at seeing their president, Betty Davidson, go home after completing her course this semester. Everyone on the campus knows that Betty has gone, and we all know in a terribly unhappy way that we will miss those delightful yellow curls, and that grin more than even we can realize now. Betty was just such an effervescent girl, one felt happy to see her swinging along in that rare hat, all scalloped around the edge and autographed to our own taste. She

(Continued on page 5)



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ICKEY AND IKEY

"I've got those back, back, back to old Virginie bluuuues," sang Ickey and Ikey, looking into each others bleary eyes. It was the Sunday after exams, and Ickey and Ikey, being such credulous souls, had become blue because it was in the air, and they caught everything that was in the air. Ickey and Ikey, peace be to them, were one of the F.F.V.'s; so that is why they sang that. But it might have been the same sentiment for any other one of the fabulous forty-three states all the parents are told about when they visit school. In disastrous conflict with this same wailing music was the little tenor of naughtiness and the plot-structures of desperate deeds. These got into Ickey and Ikey, too; so they put their heads together and thought and thought. First they decided they were going to take Hap and run away from Ward-Belmont for good and all. Then they couldn't promise what would happen, but they'd heard of the arms of the law, and rather surmised those same arms might lend a helping hand or so, in case things got too undecided. But first they thought they should take a farewell swim in the old pool. For it wasn't very hard for Ickey and Ikey to find the pool, because it emanated a ghoulish, green light, and there is such a thing as a law of the attraction of like for like. They navigated to the nearest entrance and went in. Whispers and stealthy movements greeted the two irresponsibles and frightened them into a panic. They fled up the nearest stairs and came out on the balcony. The pool was a shimmering surface of black-green water. Ickey and Ikey caught their breath, and their hearts stood as still as still. The place was haunted! Two splashes sounded simultaneously, and two mermaids swam slowly through the water. Ickey and Ikey squealed with fear and ran out of the building.

They manoeuvered for a few minutes looking for Hap and found him peeking in a window of first floor Senior. He was laughing and hopping up and down, as he watched a little girl slowly tear to fine pieces a whole magazine. Another was selecting shoes from her closet and aiming them at the door of the opposite wall. "Tear," sounded the paper. "Smack," went the shoes. A third was quite complacently scratching great runners into her chiffon stockings with her long, pointed fingernails. "Tear, —smack,—scratch—."

It was too much for Ickey's and Ikey's unsettled minds, as Hap could see; so he rapidly conducted them away from the scene of such rack and ruin of minds and their education. Plainly, what they needed was a little hard work. Hap decided to take them to Florida where the climate wouldn't hinder their undertakings and put them to a task. After much thought he decided that, in kindness to them and the world, he had best extinguish their feeble light of intelligence and use them as mere automatons. So, arrived in Florida, he subjected the much fabled Ickey and Ikey to the influence of a fairly lasting sleeping powder and made them his slaves.

Why did he do this? Only time will tell. Perhaps he will tell us in time next week's paper. But it is rumored that he has a serious project in mind—such as a real continued story or something. *Requiescat in pace!*

X. L. TATTLES

Speaking of activity, you should have been in the X. L. clubhouse last Saturday afternoon. Jeanette Kircher and her crew were sweeping and scrubbing and shinning things until it wouldn't have taken much persuasion to think that spring housecleaning was under way. Maybe it was the result of the after effects of exams, anyway, more power to "Kircher's crew!"

Have you seen the new drapes in the clubhouse? Well, if you haven't, just wander by the club and look in. They're simply beautiful, and I'm sure they'll add a lot to the appearance of our house.

President Jean decided to be quite stylish last week and to seclude herself in the more elite "Pest House." However, Jean's all well now, and she's hard at work to make the X. L. dance Saturday night a success.

We were the guests of the Tri K's. at our last meeting, and did we have fun? Well, I guess. All the X. L.'s had a huge time, at any rate, and we hope the Tri K's may be our guests sometime soon.

ARISTON REVIEW

Deep gloom hung over the Ariston club meeting last Tuesday, but it was impossible for it to prevail for long because even if we have lost the basket ball tournament the girls played so well that we are most proud to have them in our club. The F. F.—Ariston game was certainly a high spot in the basket ball season this year and of course all the Aristons feel that the "finals" won't compare.

We still have the bowling season ahead of us, however, and we are depending on the members of that organization to redeem us.

T. C. CHATTER

The T. C.'s have such an industrious and studious siege that nobody has any news. "Fredericks," upon being asked for news sends out the quick reply, "we bought fifty yards of curtain material." Maybe that's news, but at least it's not lengthy news in one sense of the word.

Betty O'Donnell, upon being asked the momentous question dashed up the stairs, two at a time, and yelled, "I'll tell you tomorrow." Anyway, we have some lovely new book-shelves, and here's hoping we'll have more to tell you next week.



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MEDITATIONS

Swimming instructor—"Why don't they all hurry—there they stand looking at the water as if they had never even been in a bath tub—I'd better take the numbers—they can't even remember those—they act as if the water is poison—they struggle—such specimens of well-versed aquatic skill—after six months instruction some can't even float—why do they try to breathe in the water—that one's scissors kick is like a snake's squirming—that breast stroke—why do they pull as if they'r pulling a fifty ton weight—no one could even learn to swim with her eyes on the clock—they make such horrible faces—I'll have to let them struggle for another ten minutes—then, another class."

Embryo swimmer—"Ugh, this horrible grey cotton suit—they make me look like a bushel of potatoes—the water is cold, green—ugh, I hate to get in—it's c-o-l-d—my swimming cap has a hole in it—my marcel will come out and I have a date tonight—don't see why I have to take on Tuesday, anyway—I'll just stand here by the side—maybe she won't see me—oh, that glare—if I don't try to get across the pool, she might poke me with that awful pole she's brandishing—oh, I've been floating for hours—I have to come up to breathe—I must have turned around and floated the length instead of the breadth—if so, I'm in deep water—O-oh-h, no, I hadn't gone but three feet—she needn't look so scornful—I've never seen her swim—how can anyone teach swimming—if that whistle doesn't blow soon they can preserve me as a specimen of one who died a combination of cold and fright—at last—Whew!

A FEW GRATES

We are sincerely grateful for.

The dear little General Monitors who count the atoms in a heel;

The glorious dark soot which ornaments every poor, defenseless object;

The success of becoming subjugated which some accomplished persons have attained;

The closely connected ideals of the institution where an inch means ruin;

The care taken of our complexions when rouge and lipstick would be a protection against the elements;

The persistency to coerce us to eat GRITS, BACON and HOMINY;

The constant affection shown in the infirmary;

The constant influx of debts;

The shelter from the outside world;

The delight with which we are permitted to go to the theaters;

The great relief from dates and parties;

The beautiful long walks that we take alone;

And Ophelia, who brightens an otherwise bleak and dreary life.

AUNT ABIGAL'S ADVICE TO THE ANXIOUS

Dear Aunt Abigal:

I am a very little girl but a senior. My eyes are blue, my hair is brown. I would like very much to change them. Oh, dear, I don't meant that. I don't want my hair to be blue and my eyes to be brown, truly I don't. A horse ran away with me once. Don't misunderstand. I never did have a pony. I passed Latin fairly and squarely like a little man. No, oh, dear, like a little woman. My roommate eats too many oranges. Every time I go to the tea room, she eats them. Oh, dear, I don't mean she eats tea rooms, but all my oranges. I shall starve as I am on an orange juice diet. You tell everybody hello for me and tell me what to do about all these troubles which weigh my soul. Good-bye.

Cheerily thine,
Nancy Butler.

Sweet Little Nancy baby:

When I first read your letter I concluded that I was crazy. After rereading it, I fear you are, er—the victim of a kind of a delusion. Having inquired around, I find that you read a book and made a term report in psych on "multiple personality." This must have something to do with your condition. You do not want to change your eyes. They look like drowned iris. You hair is a bonny brown. Leave it alone. You must never get on another horse. I have written your papa to buy you a dappled Shetland pony or a little pink donkey for your graduation present. You need never worry about starving. If you fail to pass your exams and your family turns you out, don the abbreviated checked gingham affair you wore at the senior Xmas party and go to a day home for children where they will give you all the orange juice you want.

Yours affectionately,
AUNT ABIGAL.

IT SNOWED!

It snowed; Pat vews the flakes were as big as eggs, and really they might have been. Anyway, it snowed oceans and the campus looked like it had been sent to the laundry, truly it did. Pat and I had the best time ever building the cunningest old man down by big "Ac." Even hung a big sign on his arms (his broomsticks, I mean) which read: "Do not demolish." Dear me! Might as well have put cherries out and asked the birds not to eat them. Every girl who saw the sign took a shot at the poor fellow's head. We had a grand time wading through the snow to classes, and slopping 'round in our galoshes. Pat and I made some most delicious snow cream out of soot, snow, water, and sugar and asked Dr. Barton if he'd have a bite, but he said: "Well, —er, I believe not as I've just had my lunch." We wondered why. Anyway, it was loads of fun and I hope it'll snow again soon, truly, I do.

IMPRESSIONS

Fraternity Row—long red evening dresses — gingerale—dances—swimming pools—tennis—white sport outfits—gold ear-rings—Spanish shawls — Paradise birds — canoes—Frances Lamar.

Deep, still waters of a mountain lake—Memory Lane—American Beauty roses—fox furs—white satin dinner gowns—mahogany—Italian gardens—black Packard sedans—cut velvet—dreams—Stellouise Reed.

Tweed rkding habits—golf clubs—bright scarfs—boarding school fun—motor boats and surf-boards—walnuts —mischief—black-eyed susans — Patricia Cremin.

Hollyhocks—maiden-hair fern—long organdie dresses with ruffled skirts—ruff collars—an old-fashioned garden —Karess powder—apple blossoms—white furs—antique Italian vases—Frances Miller.

A red barn—shiny pails—cows—chickens—a green fence—several children playing on the gate—canary birds—hay stacks—green and white checked linoleum floors—Frances Hoffman.

F. F. FRIVOLITY

Whoops—my dear, did you see the F. F. basketball team play the Aristons? You did? Fine! How could any one have missed it! The F. F.'s were in a hard fought game 49-41, and what a time.

Amanda Caldwell certainly can play basketball, and the entire Ariston team is on its toes. The more power to us, my dear, for it wasn't an easy game to win. We were proud of our president, Allie Bowes, as we always are, and Shirley Newell played a good game. But then, everyone of our team played "ace-high" for our club motto as well as our team motto which is "all for each, and each for all."

Come on team, we're rooting for you all the time. Let's show them that old "fast and furious" spirit! Here's yelling for your success!

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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EDITORIAL

IT'S ALL OVER

The dread few days of exams, the worrying, the cramming, the frantic search for the much-desired knowledge at the last minute are over. We are glad. But what will the next few months bring us? What knowledge, what new ambition, what new thought? Will our time be well spent or wasted? Will our minds develop or lie dormant? Will our point of view expand or, from disuse, contract? We wonder.

About the campus goes that never-ending line of girls, and in that line we can recognize many different types. This one crammed for exams. She knew they were coming. We all knew it, and were even reminded of the fact in chapel. Now they are over She passed. She always had, and so she knows that she always will. That one studied during the quarter. Exams came. She was a day student. There were dances, dates, and dinner parties. Too bad that they all came just the night before exams! The little blue books came back. Condition, very low, etc. But her dailies saved her. She'd study more this next semester. Another was a Senior. Exams came rather hard this semester. Always before, there had been the old stand-by of knowing that a flunk could be made up next year. But this year, well—she had to graduate. Not that it made any difference to her, but there was mother and dad. Here's one who just plain didn't care. The F's came in, she laughed. Oh, why get an education, anyhow, she asked. I'm only here because I was sent. I loaf today because I may die tomorrow! Here's another. We congratulate her.

And still they go about the campus, through the dormitories, to the classrooms, the library, the Dean's office. Some have made new resolutions. We hope they will be kept, but know too well how apt they are to be only resolutions. Others are loafing for a spell, as they put it.. Exams are over —at least a little peace. No more studying for awhile. But exams will come again, not only at the end of the next semester, but on into life, and they will fall upon us with a far greater force when our school days are over. Life is one big exam. Some of us will study, some of us will not. Is it all over? We can only ask.

BEING YOURSELF

I like the subject of this talk. If everybody could only be themselves, what a world! We wouldn't have to hunt for geniuses then; we would have to be careful not to step on them.

Mistaken conventionality and a blind adherence to tradition are doing more than anything else to starve genius. It's like making practice of choking a plant or a tree by taking the air away from its roots.

If everybody honestly were to act themselves, how shocked some would be! It is much easier to think of being yourself than to put it into practice. Nevertheless, some do. Napoleon, Roosevelt, Eugene Field, Senator Tillman, "Stonewall" Jackson, Woodrow Wilson, Mussolini, are but a few who were very much themselves. They borrowed from their invisible ancestors, if from any; surely not from their neighbors.

People who are themselves, already stand out as uniques. They need apologize to no one. It is a fine thing to form your own opinions and ideas, as well as beliefs, about everything you see, hear, do, or read. By going ahead and doing your own work in your own way, you never know just how big a pioneer you may become. And what a satisfaction to achieve when so many before us have achieved.

Be yourself! But be your honest self. Never mind what the comments are that follow. Certainly you cannot be somebody else without repeating much that has already been done —or thought. At least, each of us can add a new interpretation, or leave in the world a varied shade of understanding.

SKETCHES

There has recently been exhibited an uncommon canvas which has attracted not a little attention and comment. The artist is Frederick Waugh, the noted American marine painter. It is a gathering together of seemingly unrelated objects, of lights and shades, of angles and curves, of forms and shadows, of something and nothing.

In response to continuous inquiries in regard to this singular group, a sharp contrast in subject to his seascapes, for which he is widely known, Mr. Waugh speaks in this way of the painting:

"Many people have asked me the meaning of this picture I call "Conclave." What does it represent? what is the idea back of it?

"I had completed several important canvases of the sea and was in the mood for a thorough-going relaxation, when I happened to get interested in some copper jugs and other things about the studio. I began to group them together, feeling in an entirely irresponsible mood, and before I realized it had a lot of figures mixed up with draperies and any sort of thing I could find in the studio to add to the medley. Finally I went to the house and looted all manner of things from my wife's collection of antiques. Well, I got so interested that I piled up the big collection and spent several days arranging it in some sort of form. There wasn't any plan, or particular idea, but just the amusement of it captivated me, and I later determined to paint it and go on with the fun.

"It was a great relief to let myself go after the weeks I had spent painting the sea. So I went at this with great interest. Somehow these little creatures became full of interest for me. I had a feeling of reality about them—the group about the pot with the magic fire burning in it, for instance—the big manikin —I had made him out of pillows and put the Chinese coat on him—and the little God of Fun taking it all in.

"When I had it pretty well on the way, I showed it to some artist friends. We were amused to watch their reactions to such a picture by an old sea salt of a painter. After the first shock, they got interested and wanted to know what I called it, etc. A man for whom I have a great regard said to me, 'Waugh, the name for that picture is "Conclave," don't you think so?' We unanimously voted it 'Conclave,' because there is a suggestion of secrecy about this meeting —a sort of private conference.

"The idea the picture represents is only a whimsical phantasy. I like to study it and let my imagination run riot, and I hope that others will. The public likes to know how its artists happened to think of their subjects, but it is generally useless to ask; they don't know themselves half the time. Ideas just come, and there is no explanation—so it was with 'Conclave,' and I painted it."

RAIN SONG

I love to hear the raindrops
That patter on my pane;
They make me dream of springtime,—
Wild roses in the lane.
And white and purple violets
That hide beside a stream;
And by their song they lull me
To sleep, and there I dream
Of faint exclusive odors
Of lilies in the deli
With upturned heads all filled with dew
And secrets they won't teil.
Oh, I love to hear the raindrops
That fall from heaven's blue
They make me dream of love time
And golden hours with you.

CLUBHOUSES SCENES OF MANY ACTIVITIES

Many breakfasts, luncheons and dinners were enjoyed at the clubhouses the Saturday and Sunday following examinations.

Those enjoying breakfasts at the X. L. house, Sunday, February 3rd were: Mary Catherine McConnell, Hazel Spivey, Juliet Schuster, Rebecca Smythe, Eleanor Sapp, Muriel Monsell. At the A. K. clubhouse: Ruth Lawler, Ruth Silverman, Betty Messenger, Mildred Koy, and Judith Levy. At the Osiron clubhouse: Catherine Scruggs, Florence Miller, Lillie Lou Peeples, Virginia Stranberg, Mildred Ann Smith, and Alice Meyer.

At the Osiron clubhouse on Saturday, February 2nd were: Louise McMurry, Lillian Francis, Mary Haralson, Jane Haralson, Elberta Gooch and Sue Graves.

Those having luncheon in the clubhouses, Saturday, February 2nd were: A. K. clubhouse, Dorothy Zang, Virginia Miller, Dorothy Benton, Jane Terry, Martha Wright, and Marjorie Sherwood. At the Penta Tau clubhouse, for Sue Graves, were: Frances Johnson, Louise Graves, Sue Graves, Bug Lewis, Nancy Pierce, Elizabeth Fredericks, and Alice Daniels.

Those enjoying dinners in the clubhouses on Saturday night were: at the Anti-Pan clubhouse: Martha Ozee, Louise Vawter, Lucille Brun, Virginia Fox, Rita Broudy, Lucille Cunningham, Evelyn Reynolds, and Josephine Brun. At the Penta Tau house were: Mary E. Dumas, Ethel Childress, Nell Tyson and Hilma Reed. At the T. C. house were: Rebecca Smythe, Louise McMurry, Mary Catherine McConnell, Muriel Monsell, Hazey Spivey, and Juliet Schuster. At the A. K. clubhouse were: Edith Wilson, Kathleen LaRue, Marion Jump, Irene McBrane, Charlotte Claybrooke, and Leonora Patterson. At the Tri-K house, a birthday dinner for Bunny Eberhart was given and the guests included: Rose Flentye, Edna Mae Wienold, Nancy Lang, Elizabeth Elliott, Jean Ferry, Dorothy Underwood, Elizabeth Eberhart, Marjorie Olsen, Nathalie Hurd, Margaret Rothert, Clara Grace Wray. At the F. F. clubhouse were: Helen Seidomridge, Betty Lane, Louise Stollard, Roberta Cole, Hazel Wade, Marion Blackman, Barbara Blackman, and Marie McCarthy. At the A. K. clubhouse for tea on Sunday night were: Margaret Mills, Mary Galbraith, Kathryn Hamond, Grace Tyler, Helene Sweeney, Dorothy Stuart, and Janette Foster.

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

VESPERS

Dr. L. L. Rice, former president of Castle Heights Military Academy, spoke at the Vesper service on Sunday evening. He dwelt upon the qualities of life that were needed by the girls of this generation if they would develop into an all around womanhood. He has faith in the youth of today but feels that the greater freedom of the modern life has brought with it new temptations that must be frankly faced and overcome if a full and harmonious personality is ever to be attained. As needful qualities of this personality he mentioned purity, modesty, vitality and goodness.

Frances Burgess sang and was accompanied by her teacher Miss Boyer. Beverly Hamilton presided on the pipe organ.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lillian Francez was the speaker at the opening service of Sunday school last Sunday morning. In illustrations of her subject, "Be Prepared," she used the story of the wise and foolish virgins. Lydareene Majors again showed her dependability by occupying her usual seat at the piano, and Elaine Bean, at the violin, added much to the enjoyment of our service. After the opening exercises the girls went to Miss Van's class and to Mrs. Blanton's. The latter was taught by Christine Caldwell.

CABINET

The first cabinet dinner of the year was celebrated last Thursday evening in the birthday room. The table was prettily decorated with flowers and candles and the whole affair was most festive. It was great fun for the girls to dine together and there was the usual spirit of pleasantness that always accompanies cabinet affairs. After dinner some important business matters were discussed. Six girls from the cabinet were elected to attend a meeting of student leaders at Vanderbilt on Friday evening. At that time Arthur Pugh, National Y.M.C.A. secretary, who is visiting in Nashville this week, will speak to students representing Scarritt, Peabody, Vanderbilt and Ward-Belmont.

The cabinet also elected their delegates to the State Student Volunteer Convention to be held at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. The meeting will be February 22-24.

The cabinet members say these informal dinners are an ideal combination of conducting business in an efficient way and of having a good, unrestrained time together. They are already eagerly awaiting next month's dinner.

The following girls were present:
Marian Lewis
Ruthe Donahoo
Christine Caldwell
Celestina Young
Elizabeth Fredericks
Myrtilla Daniels
Marjorie Oleson
Elizabeth Lee Haines
Frances Burgess
Bunny Hodgdon
Elizabeth Eberhart
Diana Cox
Elizabeth Bagby
Betty Stone
Lucille Hornback
Louise Simms
Susan Graham Erwin

BETTY DAVIDSON
(Continued from page 1)

had that quality that makes for immediate and lasting popularity—a perfectly and unmistakably friendly attitude. At the mention of her name, someone was always sure to say, "She certainly is adorable." For she carried with her an atmosphere of freshness and gayety, a veritable breath, perhaps, of her own native Texas plains, that penetrated the maze of the many girls here, and marked her as one who was of such great and good spirit that everyone from the least to the greatest among us felt included in Betty's scheme of things. No one can build for herself a surer memorial in the hearts of her schoolmates than this: that they should remember her because of her vital relation to their own happiness and sense of good camaraderie. And this, Betty Davidson has accomplished; we shall never forget her, and always shall hope to see her come swinging into the path of our own lives some fine day soon.

F. F.—AGORA VICTORS
(Continued from page 1)

The Del Vers got off to a running start due to Smith's getting the first tip-offs. In the first few minutes of play McFarland got 3 goals before the T. C.'s got their stride. Both teams piled up many points and the end of the first half showed the score to be near a tie. In the third half Hodgdon started making basket after basket. She was quickly stopped when Sims was changed to guard her. The game showed good, hard fighting on both sides. The eyes of everyone were held by the playing of Hodgdon and Sims.

The goals were: Neisler, 31; McFarland, 18; Lewis, 3; Fredericks, 4; Hodgdon, 24.

PERSONALS

Mary Fletcher spent the week end at home in Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Catherine F. Clark spent the week end at her home in Greenville, Mississippi.

Mary Mosby, spent the week end in Florence, Alabama.

Diana Cox spent the week end in Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Dorothy Williams spent the week end with Mrs. C. Y. Clarke at Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee.

Vera Bond and Helen Baker spent the week end in Madionsville, Kentucky.

Mary A. Patton spent the week end in Cowen, Tennessee.

Helen Stewart spent the week end with her parents in Nashville.

Josephine and Frances Smith spent the week end at their home in Fayetteville, Tennessee.

Peggy Clark spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. J. M. Fowler.

Lucille Frances spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Lucille Hawkins.

Christine Caldwell had dinner with Mr. Allen Meadors last Friday evening.

Vera Anderson spent the week end in Cowan, Tennessee.

Winona Thompson spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. W. C. Scales in Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Louise McMurray spent last Friday evening with Mrs. B. B. Ruffin.

Bessie Lawne spent the week end with her father in Clarksville, Tennessee.

Leitner Johnson spent last Saturday evening with Mrs. Kinnly.

Geraldine Manson and Dorothy Copendolpher had lunch with Mary Bridgforth last Saturday noon.

Frances Jenkins and Emma Jean Willis spent last Saturday evening with Mrs. Wells and Frances.

Louise Mason had lunch and dinner with her brother last Saturday.

Beatrice Friedman spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Ben Roth.

Rosalie Spitz spent the week end with Mrs. Louise Hartman.

Elizabeth Willis spent last Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Duncan, Doris and Katheryn.

Mildred Schaefer had dinner last Saturday evening with Mrs. Robert Caldwell and Amanda.

Virginia Voyles of New Albany, Indiana spent the week end following exams at her home.

Reva Cline spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. H. A. Cohen.

Alda Lois Braunig had luncheon and dinner with Mrs. Cohen and Harriet.

Sibyl Forman had luncheon and dinner with Mrs. Hyman and Frances.

Rachel Holland spent the week end in Springfield, Tennessee, with Maryne Brandon.

Georgia Black, Pricilla Jarvis, and Mary Talbot had luncheon with Mrs. Tom Carney.

CAMPUS CHIC

Ward-Belmont campus seems to be a riotous picture of sport wear and gay colors.

We have noticed that foot warmers in the dress of these new and gay and very brilliant tennis socks are absolutely inevitable. Almost as popular on the grounds are leather jackets and berets. We see them every color and every size. The wozzier looking the better. As for old things to fall back on are the shirts and skirts. They seem to be as prevalent as bacon in a W.-B. breakfast. The equally popular sweat-shirts are gathering just more and more names. But, "what of it, we love it."

Then, too, strange as it may seem, low-heeled shoes are worn to and from classes. Please page Miss Morrison 'n ask her if she knows why.

For good, black velvet is, oh, so ultra-ultra. But then velvet is all the rage. It would be because I haven't a velvet model. Suede shoes to match the dress, are the chic. And there is nothing smarter than gunmetal hose.

As for coats—raccoon, chinchilla, and these sporty tweeds are quite the flea's eyebrows. Raccoon, especially. You know "High brow, low brow, inmediate, make believe they're so collegiate, soon, to do the raccoon." Hats, you say? Listen, this is a school where hats are as few and far between as males—yeh, boy.

Our campus styles will be further discussed in the next issue.

Mr. Benedict says that during every exodus, either homegoing or returning, 295 girls lost 315 trunk keys. We'll see what can be done, Mr. Benedict.

ECCOWASIN ECHOES

Thrills! Those darling little bits of green and white have arrived at last; in other words, we have our club pins. It was announced in meeting last Tuesday that we could get them at the Bookroom.

Our bowling manager said that the tournament begins next Friday. More excitement! We expect to see the Eccowasin ball slingers do some noble work. More power to them!



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, January 30—Proved today that anyone who can live through the Senior-Mid exam can survive anything—had two exams today just by way of variety—and it may be the spice of life but it is pure undiluted poison to me. Should be cramming this very moment. Why on earth haven't I made a practice of getting the big head (probably would have if I had anything to be that way about) because then maybe I wouldn't have such a tight and buzzing feeling in my cranium? Also, if I had encouraged a superiority complex there'd be more room in my bean for all this surplus knowledge. That doesn't sound like the word, but I used up all my words yesterday and today. Thank heaven it's math tomorrow (may not be so thankful, then!) and I won't have to be wordy. Missed going to club tonight, but it's a good thing we didn't have it, because I always stay until the watchman makes frantic signals with his flashlight to the effect that he wants (and intends) to close the house. I certainly am parenthetical tonight. Early Influences of Algebra on an Untutored Mind (or have I one?) Another parenthesis! And just when I'd sworn off. What college did for me!

Thursday, January 31—Never tell me that college math is a cinch! Hereafter I look with admiring and awe-struck glance at Artelia Bowne—she's taking second year. So's Fredericks, but, then, Seniors are expected to have brains. If I ever did have any they're all shot now. I'm ready to wing my way to a padded cell and play dominoes with Napoleon and Julius Caesar. The only fly in that ointment would be that if I saw Napoleon I'd take refuge in the farthest corner because he'd remind me of European history and Julius Caesar would bring dire recollections of Omnia Gallia and Alia Iactata Est and sundry other prep school horrors. Maybe after all I'm better off here at school with "Clutchie" who reminds me of nothing except that I owe her three stamps, a Hershey bar and six sheets of theme paper.

Friday, February 1—This reminds me of that old sunday school hymn: "Oh, Day of Rest and Gladness," because I haven't a thing to do the whole solid day. Made myself horribly unpopular by popping blithesomely about into rooms where heavy concentration was being staged in preparation for coming exams. But what I wanted was not to disturb the matutinal (had to look that one up) peace, but to find someone who would go shopping with me. Finally succeeded and so homeward to drive "Clutchie" into despairing frenzy by wandering about the room collecting garments from beds and chairs and overturning other articles of furniture in frantic search for my elusive handbag which had somehow got lost in the shuffle. Good housekeeping—did someone say? No, I guess I was hearing things. My first cousin was a ——oh, what's the use of trying to be funny (not very, at that) by trying to pretend she was a telephone girl, because, of course, she wasn't. As a matter of fact, I don't have any feminine cousins, and masculine cousins are a total loss so I can't be bothered. Anyway, to come back to earth: came home from town feeling greatly the worse for wear from the unaccustomed orgy of shopping, and buying nothing as usual.

Saturday, February 2—Another day and nothing to do in it. Thank Heaven "Clutchie" finished yesterday, so I had a little companionship. Debated leisurely all morning whether to write letters, wash clothes (or my hair) or read a book. Finally gave up and spent the morning at the club pushing the furniture around trying new arrangements and putting it back the way it was before because it looked better that way. To the movie tonight which was darling—the T. C.'s put on some marvelous vaudeville—nearly died of joy at "Tillie" Daniels—she surely looked ridiculous. Afterward to the tea room where there was a perfect mob. Home early to water-wave my hair in preparation for going to church tomorrow, and so to bed.

Sunday, February 3 — Certainly seemed marvelous to be out again, even on the crazy broken-down specials. Could hardly restrain myself from singing but bethought me of the Sabbath and of my companions and managed to keep quiet. They sang all my favorite hymns this morning at which I rejoiced exceedingly. There were more good looking men in church, for some reason or other—wore all the fur off the back of my coat collar turning my head from side to side in order to see all of them. Spent a happy afternoon sleeping — wish I knew someone who'd ask me out, but as long as I'm flatfooted (due to campus shoes) limp haired (due to the fact that I never have time to wash my raving locks), and ten pounds overweight (due to the tea room) I can't expect to be taken out anywhere —wish my mother were here — she loves her little child even if she has eaten up all the worms (smooth and wooly) available on the campus, because no one else does.

Monday, February 4—Back to the old grind—not so good, say I, especially when they are handing back exam papers. Nothing pleasant about the things! They hang over you like a ton of bricks from the eighteenth of September until you take them. Then you make your life a misery cramming and after that—the suspense—and getting the abominable things back is worse than all. Just when life is beginning to look sweet, all your highest hopes get as gloomy as a Nashville fog. Oh, that reminds me—here I am moping around when we had snow this morning — snow!! I just wanted to get out and fall around in it. Wasn't enough for that so threw snowballs instead. There would be something wrong, though—it was reduced to slush before half a day. Fraser Gange—or was it Grange? I used my program to make airplanes —sang in chapel tonight. I adored him—lived in momentary fear that he was going to lose his equilibrium in



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one of those little skids off the stage. Thought there'd be a riot when he announced he was going to sing "Mandalay!" Have never seen such a dumbfounded expression on any face as he had. I guess he thought the girls were giving him a good booing. Far from it.

Tuesday, February 5—And will I be glad to put on my waterwave cap and drift off to dreamland! More misery over exam papers. I swear that I will not write my grades anywhere. They surely are low down. Anybody'd think I sang bass. Keep seeing new girls floating about. There are several in my classes—cute looking ones too. They still have that lost and wondering look, but it won't be long. If I don't know how they're feeling it's funny. The trouble is, what can one say to them. Guess I'll tear out and get acquainted with some of them (give the girls a treat! and I'm the one who said I ought to cultivate a big head—and am I the one who had grades bad enough to bring down a puffed condition of the cranium? I guess so).

CAMPUS COLUMN

We swear, we swear this is the night before psych exam and here we are, pouring our woes into the Campus Column. All day long today we saw girls marching around, clutching papers and mumbling frantically. The suite in 207 and 208 senior says they do their studying between three and four in the morning. That is, all but "Jinny" Owens. She says she can't wake up that early. She's a good girl. All this afternoon she kept our mind off exams by "going like Aunt Panthea," a former teacher of hers at Wesleyan. As "Tiny" says, she is a "yell." When she grew tired, "Stotzer" made monkey faces. She (Stotzer) is a whole big whoopie all to herself.

Speaking of exams, imagine our terror to find, at the entrance of our math room, a tall, white skeleton! Is that an ill omen? "Reports" will tell.

After reading an "impression" of herself, in the HYPHEN last week, Bunny Eberhart registers indignation. We can't see it that way. All year we have harbored a sometimes unsurpassed desire to be "impressed." All to no avail. Someone very unjestingly suggested that "crooked eyebrows" would be a good beginning. That was neither sweet nor nice. But back to "Bunny." (Notice the alliteration, please. We were afraid you wouldn't.) "Bunny" does not like being "impressed" as *St. Nicholas*. She insists that her favorite magazine is *The American Girl*. That is just too bad, "Bunny." You are above *St. Nicholas*. But that is the way you impress the chief impressor. Not being the c. i. we can do nothing more than publish your lamentation.

Red taxis are to a certain day student as red flags are to a bull. She told this little tale to us yesterday. Her best beloved was leaving for that vast state, Texas. He called her that morning and told her to meet him at thebig gate at 10:30 and leave school to be with him until noon. Came the hour. The campus, street and trees (which is a long way of saying everything) were covered with snow. The d. s. galoshed rather heavily to the gate. Best beloved was waiting in a red taxi! The d. s. says she has always had three pet aversions; juicy fruit chewing gum, spinach, and red taxis. She took one long glance at the b. b., another at the taxi, loudly ticking, and standing loudly, in fact, flamboyantly against the white snow.

"I'd better go to school," she said, and fled, leaving the negro driver gaping, the boy saying ungentlemanly words and the taxi crimson against the new fallen snow!

On the bulletin board in Middlemarch a sign was hung the day it snowed. It read as follows: "The first ten girls who sign up will have a snow fight if the snow doesn't melt."

There was space for five Northern and five Southern girls. We suspect that the list ran this way:

Northern—Jean McDonell, Marian Doern, Jean Peterson, Virginia Voyles, Marian Hoshaw.

Southern—"Jinny" Owens, Margaret Smith, Susan Irwin, Mary Haralson, Leitner Johnson.

Nothern subs—Lois Maxon for Peterson; Ruth Clark for Hoshaw.

After this list of the leading athletes of the school had been compiled and had passed governing board, the nasty rain fell down and the snow fight went squash.

This weather grows monotonous. Why, the snow can't even stay clean. A person from Pittsburgh said he hadn't felt clean since he had been in Nashville. Someone said she found a white cat on the campus, gave it a bath, and when she saw it a minute later, or maybe two, it had turned a dingy gray. If cats can't keep clean, cats who have a lovely habit of washing themselves, how can we expect to do any good.

We had "questions" and "answers" on our minds last week that we completely forgot to include our little weekly answer part of the campus column. Here it is:

The HYPHEN received its name from the little dash which unites the words "Ward" and "Belmont." The two schools, Ward Seminary, and Belmont College, were consolidated, into Ward-Belmont College. Just as the hyphen which connects the two words brings about a union, so the HYPHEN trys to bring about a union, to bind the girls, school activities, and faculty into a perfect union.

It's getting to be a pretty state of affairs when articles are put on the bulletin board for personal reasons. This morning we saw a banner head (we know that from being on the HYPHEN staff) which read: "McCall unable to play with 'Y' five against Commodores." We judge it means Y. M. C. A. because on reading the article we found it was John McCall. That really is rather a shame because Jean Peterson was all set to apply for a position as substitute.

Rumor was right. "Hendricks" is back. Her hair still streams about her face and she still munches caramels, but she wears a fur coat and all that goes with it. Illinois didn't think so much of the large white middy you used to wear down here, did they, "Hendricks"?

WHO'S WHO

Ever since State Club Stunt night, when the name of Allie Bowers is mentioned, memories are brought back of one of the most interesting and thoroughly delightful dances we have ever seen. "She is grand," "How can she do it?" were exclamations from all around, and there's just one answer! "She's just Allie Bowers, that's all! Individuality is one of her chief characteristics. Allie is the president of the F. F. Club. We would like to congratulate her club sisters for having a leader like her; a breezy, happy girl, with a snappy sense of humor, and a keen personality.

The A. K.'s are right there all right—for how could they keep from being, with a president like "Blackman." She's got the old W.-B. spirit and fight—You know the old "up and at 'em" and "stay right in there" spirit. You won't find a girl on the campus more ready to enter into things—and stay in till they're finished, than Marion Blackman. She is prominent on the campus and is always welcome in any group of girls. I ask you—have you ever seen a girl that looks more darling in these mannish clothes? No one else can wear them like she can. But that's Blackman, individual from her hair-cut to her "sweat-sox"—and as full of pep as they make 'em.

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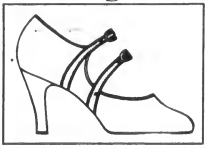
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What—Miss Irwin was in a perfect flutter! Who could the package be for with no address except "The Blunder Family?" Miss Lester had no idea. Miss Swift was amazed! The "home office" firmly believed that someone was out of their right mind! When suddenly, Dew-Drop, the littlest and most harmless athletic one, in her sweet and innocent manner said that she would be a good little girl, and take it to her mamma and poppa, so Miss Irwin entrusted the parcel to her, and she hopped and skipped over to third floor Senior in all of her girlish glee, and mamma and poppa were oh, so happy. It reminded us of the night when Santa came to see us, because each member of the happy household received clever little gifts, so to avoid any other worry on the part of the Post Mistress and Dean of Women we hereby submit our address as 314-315 Senior Hall.

A SENIOR'S REVERIE

Swish, swish. I could hear Annie, one of the maids on second floor Senior, put the thermometer down into the tub of water. A moment later there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I called.

"Your bath is ready," was Annie's answer.

I lay there on the chaise lounge studying, and at the same time finishing a large slice of angel-food cake I had cut from the white mound of iced lusciousness on the table by my side. I heard another knock on the door. It was Mrs. Charlie.

"Dear, your date has come. I told your roommate to take him down to the clubhouse to hear that new record, 'Slow Death.' However, you had better hurry if you wish to get to the dance by eleven."

Hastily I rolled off the chaise lounge.

I hit the floor with a bang. I th did the conventional thing, as usu Rubbing my eyes I woke up in time hear "roomie" say:

"You better get dressed if you lo want to be marked late for breakfa What made you fall out of bed?"

Heard in Biology: "What do y know about nitrates?"

Bright pupil: "They're cheaper ha day rates."—*The Centenary Scro*

"Which would you prefer in yo husband, wealth, ability or appea ance?"

Snappie: "Appearance. And th sooner the better."—*The Hornet.*

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVIII | NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1929 | Number 18

BASKET BALL FINALS WON BY DEL VERS

Hard, Fast Playing Feature of Game

F. F.		*Del Ver*
Nathan	C.F.	Smith, S.
Sawrie	F.	McFarland
Newell	F.	Neisler
Bowers	G.	Sims
Smith, M.	G.	Peterson
Galbraith	G.	Patterson

The finals came up to the expectations of everyone. The high spirit of the clubs was typified by the snake dances of the Del Ver's, F. F.'s and their sister clubs.

As usual, the Del Ver's got the first few tip-offs and ran up a score of 6 points in a very few minutes. The F. F.'s picked up and at the half the score was 13-23 in favor of the Del Ver's.

The F. F.'s came back with a determination that tied the score, and then took the lead. But the Del Ver's had the same determination. They soon tied the score and piled up many baskets. The game ended 24-36 in favor of the Del Ver's.

The tieing and the alternate leading of each team made the game one of utmost excitement. It was a beautiful game of hard, fast playing, each player doing her bit, which prevented there being any outstanding players.

Agora-Del Ver Game

Del Ver		*Agora*
Smith	C.F.	Jones
Neisler	R.F.	Tatham
McFarland	L.F.	Burgin
Sims	C.G.	Cunningham
Patterson	R.G.	Williamson
Peterson	L.G.	Reed

This was a game of much interest, for it decided one of the competitors of the finals.

The first half was one of even fight, each team holding the other down to a small score. But in the second half the Del Ver's ran away. The game ended 42-17 in favor of the Del Ver's.

The goals were: Smith, 6; Neisler, 14; McFarland, 22; Nathan, 4; Burgin, 13.

F. F.-Osiron Game

F. F.		*Osiron*
Nathan	C.F.	Scullins
Newell	F.	Yoder
Sawrie	F.	Candler
Smith	G.	Sorrell
Galbraith	G.	McFarland
Bowers	G.	Williams

Substitutes: Meyers for McFarland. McFarland for Sorrell.

The F. F.'s won from the Osiron's by a score of 56-10 in the semi-finals of the basketball tournament.

The game was fairly fast, though one-sided. "Chunkie" Candler did her best to keep up the playing of the Osiron's, but it just couldn't be done against the hand guarding and uncanny shooting of the F. F.'s.

The goals were: Nathan 24; Newell 20; Sawrie 12; Candler 6; Yoder 2; Scullins 2.

THRILLING ROMANCE STARTS IN THIS ISSUE

"Three Jade Earrings" Best Seller in English Class

The HYPHEN is trying something new! In this edition is the beginning of a serial story by Josephine Cooper. It would be considered a great favor if the students in general would express opinions concerning such stories to members of the staff.

CONSERVATORY BROADCASTS OVER WSM

Tuesday night a program of advanced musical number from the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music was broadcast over WSM. The program consisted of a piano number, "Reflections On the Water," by De-Bussy, by Margaret L. Smith, a pupil of Mr. Goodman; vocal selections, "Dearest, I Bring Thee Violets," by Meyer-Helman, and "Orpheus and His Lute," by Sullivan, were sung by Willie Dell Goldsmith, a pupil of Miss Florence Boyer. Lavell Thompson, another of Mr. Goodman's pupils, played Mendelssohn-Lisat's "On Wings of Song," and Mr. Fabian Thompson, who is a pupil of Mr. Stetson Humphrey, sang "Duma," by Marshall, and "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride," by O'Hara.

These fortnightly radio concerts have proved very popular, and many letters and telegrams of congratulations have come to the student-broadcasters.

PEN POINTS

New Girls Initiated

Those engaging news-boys that waylaid you on your way from the gym Friday night and tried to sell you last week's newspapers were simply the new members of the Pen Staff, not, as you doubtless supposed, some poor, homeless lunatics. And don't let those girls tell you that selling newspapers was all that they did! If it wasn't such a secret I'd let you in on some of the details of that initiation. There's plenty to tell, but you can just bet the new members won't tell you what you want to know.

After the informal initiation we took the girls over to the Tri-K house and gave them the formal pledge of membership. Then ——— we ate! The new members consumed an untold amount of food, and then danced it off so that they might eat even more. Altogether we had a very large evening, one we are sure to remember for many days to come.

MRS. CHARLIE WELCOMED BY SENIORS

When your mother comes back from a visit which, although you know it lasted only two weeks, seemed to have lasted ages, what would you do? Isn't that an idiotic question? You'd run to her and squeeze her until she was breathless; you'd both talk at once; and there would be a halo of gladness around both of you; everything else in the world would be momentarily forgotten. That's the way the Seniors felt when Mrs. Charlie came back. That night the girls were crowded into her room as close as they could pack, and every moment one more came bounding in to hug Mrs. Charlie until she could scarcely breathe, and to hear how cold it was in Evansville, and to rejoice that Mrs. Charlie had been able to go, but more than that to thrill over the fact that she was back again. Girls who had already greeted her sat looking radiant with happiness, on footstools, window seats, and even on the floor. Who could possibly study?

Now Senior Hall is settled again. Mrs. Nichols was so wonderful that the only flaw in what might otherwise have been perfect happiness is that we can't have her and Mrs. Charlie both.

STUDENT RECITAL HELD LAST FRIDAY

Nine of the advanced students of the Conservatory of Music were presented in a splendid recital Friday afternoon, February 8th, in the school auditorium. The program was representative of 19th century modern composers, varied in moods. The performers were students of the various teachers in the Conservatory. The program presented was as follows:

1. Piano—
   (*a*) Improvisation ....*MacDowell*
   (*b*) Shadow Dance....*MacDowell*
   MISS MIRIAM WOODSIDE
2. Voice—
   (*a*) Cede la Sera .....*Millilotte*
   (*b*) Gaily Chant the Summer Birds .....*Pinna*
   MISS HELEN SEARCY
3. Piano—
   Prelude in B Flat Major...*Chopin*
   MISS MARGARET L. SMITH
4. Piano—
   Lotus Land .....*Scott*
   MISS MILDRED ANN SMITH
5. Voice—
   (*a*) Orpheus and His Lute.... .....*Sullivan*
   (*b*) Dearest, I Bring You Violets .....*Meyer-Helman*
   MISS WILLIE DELL GOLDSMITH
6. Piano—
   Cracovienne Fantasie..*Paderewski*
   MISS CATHERINE SCRUGGS
7. Voice—
   (*a*) The Dance .....*Chadwick*
   (*a*) Swiss Echo Song.....*Eckert*
   MRS. CALDWELL BENNETT
8. Piano—
   Etude Op. 25, No. 5.....*Chopin*
   MISS ANNIE SULLIVAN
9. Voice—
   Lucevano le Stella.....*Puccini*
   (ARIA FROM TOSCA)
   DR. ROBERT THURMAN

GEORGE AND MARTHA CHOSEN

Rose Flentye, Christine Caldwell Honored

The thing that everyone has been anticipating since exams has at last come to pass! George and Martha Washington have been chosen. Probably never in the history of the school has a more fitting choice been made. The two are exactly a match in stature; George is a perfect size to fulfil his role admirably. Rose Flentye, a Senior-Middle, was chosen to portray "The father of his country," and with her tall slenderness and her regular features she will be remarkably able to represent him. As Martha, the students showed excellent judgment in choosing Christine Caldwell, who is not only suited physically to the part to the point of perfection, but who has the grace and the charming manner characteristic of Mrs. Washington.

COMING EVENTS

February 18.—At the Belmont Theatre, Cornelia Otis Skinner will give a group of character sketches. She comes to Nashville under the auspices of the literary department of the Centennial Club.

February 21.—Mary Garden, with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, will appear in "Thais" at the Ryman Auditorium.

March 6.—The English Singers of London, in a program of madrigals and folk songs, will appear at the Ryman Auditorium under the auspices of Ward-Belmont and the Centennial Club.

X. L. DANCE BRILLIANT AFFAIR

Venetian Carnival Forms Motif

The famous carnival spirit and the celebrated romantic charm of Venice were truly captured at the Venetian Carnival dance, presented by the X. L. club last Saturday evening, February 9th, in the gymnasium. In the receiving line were Jean Stotzer, Jean Peterson and Miss Sisson, sponsor of the club. The dance was chaperoned by the members of the faculty.

Wide strips of gaily colored crepe paper walled the dancing floor, and a cluster of variegated balloons suspended from the center of the ceiling contributed to the air of festivity. Beyond a stage at one end of the room which created the effect of steps leading to a canal a black gondola, festooned with trailing serpentine, was accentuated by a bright blue background and an orange carnival moon. This was a vivid setting for a picturesque tableau formed by fourteen girls costumed in Venetian holiday attire, which preceded the special. The special, arranged by Miss Jantzer effectively followed the theme of the dance. First, there was a flower-girl dance by Margaret Smith, Patricia McGowan, Virginia Hinn, Ruth Ferer, Mary Orr, and Helen Baker. Next, Marylyn Switzer, dressed as an Italian princess and looking as stately as a prima donna (an appearance which her singing furthered), sang "L'estasi," by Arditi. This was followed by the dance of the tambourines, an arrangement of appealing verve and vitality. The dancers were: Margaret Smith, Patricia McGowan, Mary Emily Garvey, Melba Proctor, Frances Hahn, Mary Margaret Parker, Mary Addis Patton, Jeanette Kircher, and Virginia Bacon. As a finale, Miss Jantzer, who is an honorary member of the club, and Mary Orr, in traditional Italian ballet costumes, personified Pierrot and Pierrotte in a toe dance of whimsical charm.

1929 COUNCIL ELECTED

Tyson and Geny New Council Heads

The new 1929 council elections took place for both the day students and the boarders. Ballots were cast during the day by the entire student body with the following results:

Boarding Council

President .....Nell Tyson
1st Vice-president.....Grace Neisler
2nd Vice-president....Lillian Francez
Secretary .....Elizabeth Fredericks
Treasurer ...Mary Frances Marxson
Chapel Proctor.....Betty Seager
General Proctor....Frances Hoffman

Day Council

President .....Margaret Geny
1st Vice-president.....Frances Wells
2nd Vice-president...Lucy May Bond
Secretary .....Sarah R. Bryan
Treasurer .....Sarah Birge
General Proctor....Elizabeth Howe

The following girls were elected as 1929 proctors in their halls: Senior, Grace Miller; Pembroke, Lilla Lou Peoples; Heron, Frances Hinson; Founders, Stella Chrisman; Fidelity, Margaret Douty, and North Front, Mary Candler.



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ALUMNAE NOTES

An interesting account taken from *The National Daily*, a Washington, D. C., paper was received by the alumnae secretary. It concerns the children of a former Belmont student, Mrs. Hampson Gary (Bessie Royall) and Field Marshal Lord Allenby. Mrs. Gary was a graduate of Belmont College of the class of 1897. The following is the account:

UNIQUE HONOR TO "YOUNG AMERICA"

Tale Being Told as Aftermath of Lord Allenby's Visit

As an aftermath of the Washington visit of Field Marshal Lord Allenby, the story of a picturesque incident of his campaign in the Holy Land, is going the rounds. It concerns two popular young Washingtonians, Franklin Gary, Jr.,and Miss Helen Gary, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hampson Gary, whose guests Lord and Lady Allenby were while in the Capital.

Mr. Gary, then United States envoy to Egypt, and Mrs. Gary, were close friends of Lord and Lady Allenby, it will be remembered, and on the morning which witnesed the opening of the battle from which the distinguished soldier takes his title, Lord Allenby, of Megiddo, (or Armageddon) the Garys and their children had been invited to breakfast with Lord Allenby at his headquarters at the front beyond Jerusalem. The children asked the "greatest Crusader of modern times" what his plans were. Without a moment's hesitation General Allenby sent for his maps and then and there showed the youngsters what he proposed to do and where he intended to go.

Lord Allenby's military aide and biographer, Col. Raymond Savage, tells the story in his recent volume, "Allenby of Armageddon," and comments: "Surely there can be no other instance in British military history of a commander-in-chief in the field taking two children into his confidence, and these two American youngsters may well store it in their memories as a unique and historic honor."

The marriage of Katherine Frances Ross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ross of Laurel, Mississippi, to Mr. Aubrey Lawrence Hamilton on Wednesday, the second of January. Katherine was a former certificate expression student of the class of 1928.

Regina Aline Kellems, daughter of Mr. James I. Kellems of Fort Pierce, Florida, to Dr. I. Oliver Bishop, Jr., on Friday, the twenty-eighth of December. Regina was a certificate expression student in 1928.

Mrs. A. C. Stuebing (Leila Thompson '22) has moved from Sioux Falls, S. D., to 1921 So. Victoria Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Mrs. Stuebing writes: "We like California very much. My father has the Dodge Car agency here and my husband is in his company. I now am the proud mother of three tiny ones, two girls and one boy. I am loking forward to an early copy of the HYPHEN."

Sarah Margaret Cole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brooks Cole of California, Missouri, to Mr. Grant Darald West on Wednesday, the thirtieth of January. Mrs. West was of the class of 1925. Mr. and Mrs. West are at home at 727 West High Street, Jefferson City, Missouri

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

Cabinet

At the Y cabinet dinner on the evening of the seventh Margaret Rothert was called from the regular dinner to join the rest of the Y cabinet for the first time. All of the girls were glad to welcome Margaret who is now the new vice chairman of the Sunday school committee.

Four representatives from the cabinet, Tilly Daniels, Louise Sims, Marjorie Oleson and Bunny Eberhart were elected to attend a Session of the legislature in order to report on a bill in which the cabinet is interested. The girls went to the capitol on Friday morning, and had a most interesting time.

Ruthe Donahoo, Elizabeth Fredericks, Christine Caldwell, Margaret Rothert, Frances Burgess and Marion Lewis were appointed to attend a student dinner and conference meeting at Vanderbilt on Friday night. As Marion Lewis was unable to go, Bunny Eberhart took her place. They had dinner in Kissam Hall with about fifty representatives of student Y leaders from all the universities and colleges of the city. Mr Arthus Rugh, National Y.M.C.A. secretary, spoke, discussing the world-wide problems of youth.

At the dinner, six delegates were also elected to attend the Student Volunteer Conference to be held in Knoxville at the University of Tennessee, February 22nd to 24th. The girls were Christine Caldwell, Ruthe Donahoo, Margaret Rothert, Susan G. Erwin, Tiny Young and Jean Stotzer.

Sunday School

Last Sunday morning the Sunday school classes united and gave their usual lesson time over to hearing a talk by the National Y.M.C.A. secretary, Mr. Rugh. Mr. Rugh gave several examples of what Christian missionaries have done in China. A little boy was about to become totally blind when found by a missionary and given treatment. He has become a great professor since. Another little boy was sold to a Buddhist priest because the family was so in need of money for food but this lad was given an opportunity to learn and he also had since become a great leader in Christian University Circles. A baby girl was found deserted and alone in an alley and now is about to become the president of a college. Another girl of the Waifs and Strays home in



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6-1760

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Shanghai would have grown up and been sold to be the wife and slave of a farmer. She was rescued by Mrs. Rugh, cared for through school and college days, and now she is about to be most happily married. This girl's picture was passed around in class so that every one could see her delightful personality so clearly shown in her face.

Lydareene Majors played the piano and Catherine Scruggs and Elaine Bean played the violins.

Vespers

Vespers Sunday evening were quite different from anything we have had so far this year. After Beverly Hamilton played the prelude, Ruthe Donahoo, vice-president of the Y.W.C.A., spoke on "Technique Personalities," showing how we should "round" ourselves and learn to stress worthwhile things. Our emphasis should be on things that count and are lasting. The best example of a perfect circular personality in Christ's.

After the speaker Mr. Fagan Thompson, the director, and the members of the Bell Orchestra, were next introduced. This orchestra is made up of thirteen girls from the Monroe-Harding Children's Home. The girls' music was delightful. We only hope we will be able to hear them again. Mr. Thompson is a pupil of Mr. Humphrey so it was through his kindness that arrangements were made to have the orchestra brought to Ward-Belmont.

CONFESSIONS OF A FEATURE WRITER

"The paper goes to press on Wednesday; get your copy in before that time."

How many times have I heard that speech? How many times have I longed to say, "My copy doesn't come in this week," and how many times have I bent over my desk, on Tuesday night, long after the bell has rung for the boarders to put out their lights?

If the paper goes to press on Monday there must be copy. I have spent half a year wondering where you get feature copy. "Daniel" has an easy time. All she has to do is tell how many people went out for the week-end and with whom. All — has to do is write THE DIARY. Cate" merely has to jot down a few admonitions to be good in an editorial. Maxon lets Ickey and Ikey run away with soup and everyone howls with delight. But, I am a feature writer, which means that I write what ever pops into my brain. Nothing pops. And "the paper goes to press on Wednesday."

MANY FEASTS ENJOYED AT CLUBHOUSES

There were quite a few "sprees" at the clubhouses over the week-end. At the Oairon clubhouse on Saturday evening, February 9th, Virginia Strandburg, Blanche Jones and Catherine Scruggs had dinner. That went over nicely. The Anti-Pan house was the scene of a two-some when Marion Jump and Jane Crandell had luncheon there on the same day.

Sunday morning it was quite the thing to have breakfast in one of the clubhouses for several groups were "parked" in various clubs. The HYPHEN staff had a breakfast in the A. K. clubhouses, which included: Lois Maxon, Jimsey Duncan, Marion Doern, Dorothy N. Burdette, Mary P. McGowan, Helen Greene, Dorothy Gould, Harriet Merrick, Ruth Welty, Helen Hylton, Lois Stout, Myrtilla Daniels, Josephine Cooper and Celestina Young.

At the Anti-Pan club were Erin Cook, Willie Dell Goldsmith, Margaret Smith, Colburne Spence, Pauline McCollum, Betty Seager, Kathryn Seager, Mildred Smith, Dorothy Williams who had breakfast there and enjoyed themselves immensely.

Monday evening, February 11th, a combined birthday party was given for Janet Lawton and Helen Hylton. In the group were Ann Ryther, Florence Sellevold, Melba Proctor, Sue Blackmer, Carol Miller, Elliotte Sampson, Mary Goss, Frances Hahn, Helen Whittaker, Leora Woodall and Marylyn Sweitzer. Miss Jantzer and Lydarenne Majors chaperoned them to the Satsuma Tea Room for dinner and afterwards to "Abie's Irish Rose."

WHO'S WHO

"Well, yes, I did read something on the technique of the short story, but I don't agree with what was said. My idea is—."

Who is this who dares to say anything to anyone in order to express her own ideas, which, although startling, are always worth something? She never opens her mouth without saying something no one else could have said.

Can't you guess who it is? I'll give you a few hints. She's a Wordsmith, a Titian, a Senior, Associate Editor of the HYPHEN, Literary Editor of the MILESTONES. Her worldly possessions are curly hair, which she dared to bob, a sense of humor, a friendly grin and a vocabularly, the extent of which we can't even begin to estimate. She won honorable mention in the Atlantic Monthly Essay contest last year. I've just about told you who this is, but, in case you do not know, I am speaking of the creator of Ickey and Ikey and Hap—the inimitable "Maxon."

Someone said to me that Nell Tyson reminded her of Portia. I had never thought of that before, but truly she is like the great Shakespearian heroine, with her tall, straight figure, her smooth, gently disposition, and her clear, straightforward eyes. How could we find one more suited to the office of Student Council President? She is one that will be looked up to and respected by every student on the campus. She has quiet and unassuming ways, and her absolute unconsciousness of self and lack of conceit forms her worth. Here is a girl of whom Ward-Belmont will always be proud, and who will always be an ideal for those around her wherever she may go.

PENTA TAU PUNCH

Have you seen the new girls? They are from the North, South, East, and West—all of them are attractive. We had the honor of their presence at our clubhouse last Saturday afternoon, and really it seemed like old times again back in September, when the big rush season took place. Of course, we were sorry to lose our old members, but our loss is also our gain, when we consider the new members we are to get.

Monday, from from four to six, we held "open house." The decorations were little red hearts, Cupids with arrows, and other Valentine motifs. Tea, little cookies, and red and white candied hearts were served to about fifty guests. Everyone danced and talked until we were startled by the voice of a man. All eyes went to the direction from which the strange sound came, and we saw—the night watchman. There was a mad scramble for coats; the adieus were made. We hope our visitors, both the old and new girls, enjoyed their tea as much as we enjoyed having them—and we want every one to come back again.

F. F. FRIVOLITIES

The F.F. club held a rip-roaring pep meeting last Wednesday. Yells were given; songs were sung, and everyone got "all worked up" about the game. The team went into the final game prepared to do the very best playing possible. The club was backing them every minute and how!

After the game, the F. F. team entertained the Del Ver's at the clubhouse.

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Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

THE HYPHEN AND PERSONALITY

A school paper is the medium through which the student body of an educational institution expresses, or rather, is supposed to express, itself. The world may judge a man by his speech, a city by its newspapers, and a school, largely, by its student publications. Therefore, it is of utmost importance that the students do all in their power to make their school paper one truly representative of them.

We sometimes speak of a certain girl having a charming or a displeasing personality. By this, more often than not, we mean that the sum total of her thoughts, her speech, her activities, and her ideals are either wholesome or repulsive to us. This being true, it would be well for us to bear in mind that our own school paper has, in a sense, a personality. Our paper reveals our views, our likes, our dislikes, our activities, and our standards, to the world. The HYPHEN is the mirror by which we are reflected to other schools, to other students, and to other people. Whether or not our paper has an attractive personality depends upon us, the *students*, and upon us alone.

It is safe to say that the students as a whole are interested in making our paper's personality a most attractive one However, many of them evidently have not found the way to do it or are just putting it off until they have more time, for literary contributions are sadly lacking in number. Oh, yes, quite a few girls hand in articles for every edition. To them a rising vote of thanks and commendation should be given most heartily.

But there are numbers of girls who have never handed in an article for our school paper. In a school composed of as many talented young women as our Ward-Belmont is, there should be numbers of good literary contributions to the HYPHEN each week. Maybe you and your friends have had some enjoyable experience that would be of interest to the rest of us. Write it up and hand it in so that others can enjoy it, too. Maybe an amusing incident has happened in class. Don't be selfish by neglecting to write it up for the HYPHEN. Divide the laughs with the rest of us. If you happen to be poetically inclined, remember that there are those who enjoy reading poems. Don't hide your light under a bushel. Don't waste valuable time in idly thinking or talking of what you could do to make the paper more interesting. Do something about it. Take your pen and jot your ideas down on paper. In a very few minutes you will have written an article for the school paper. If you are reticent as to writing an article, but have good ideas for one, send your suggestions in. Help to help the HYPHEN have personality, plus!

APPRECIATION

There is no person who is admired or respected more than the one who has an appreciation of the beautiful things of life. By beautiful we do not mean mere physical or material beauty; that word includes all that is fine and lovely in nature, art, music, literature, or character. Many people devote their youth to temporal pleasures which last a while and are gone; but the awakening comes later, and with it comes a realization that all appreciation of things that really count has been dulled and set aside.

The true nature lover finds music in the falling of the raindrops on the darkest day. Each rising and setting of the sun, with its changing lights and colors, has for him a nameless and never-dying charm. The snowfall, the songs of birds, the falling leaves, the freshness and greenness of the budding trees in the spring,—all these add to his joy of life. And with this appreciation of beauty in nature comes that "inner beauty of the soul" of which we read so much.

The art student reveres the great artists who have left their priceless paintings to the care of future generations. Yet, these same exquisite masterpieces, on which matchless skill has been lavished, are scorned for the flashy tones of cheap sketches by some people who cannot appreciate true beauty. They are to be pitied, indeed, who cannot find admiration in their hearts for Raphael's *Madonna*, with its grace, or the fascination of the smile of da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*.

As for good music, nearly everybody loves and appreciates it to a certain extent. It may seem that jazz has entirely superseded the works of the masters in the attention of modern youth. Opinions differ on this subject, but any stranger present at any of the concerts in our own auditorium would have to admit that no keener appreciation of fine music could be shown than that of the Ward-Belmont girls.

Literature plays a vital part in the life of every student. It would be well indeed if trashy magazines and worthless, harmful novels be laid aside and books of as much, if not more interest and real value, were read in their places. Great people in the history of our literature attained success only by cultivating their appreciation of fine books. They read only the cleanest and most worthwhile works that they could find.

Ward-Belmont offers to its girls the best of everything. All the students should be glad to give time to the splendid programs planned for them. It is only by training the mind to enjoy the fine and beautiful that a true appreciation of the worthwhile in life can be attained.

THREE JADE EARRINGS

Pieces of human driftwood—drifting down the river of life, drawn together by mysterious undercurrents of circumstance, sucked into whirlpools of excitement, or floating on stagnant pools of ennui, these people straggled into the little supper club, THE CAP AND BELLS, on Valentine night. They came, and went, in an endless stream, tired of one masquerade ball, on the way to another, always seeking, seeking—what?

Dick Holladay was sitting below a balcony in THE CAP AND BELLS, listening to the rain outside, watching a Pierrot flirt with a shepherdess—they did it wearily as if they were playing a worn-out game—when he became conscious of a dialogue being carried on on the balcony above. He watched the pantomine and listened to the sound of human voices. The eternal pantomine, the eternal dialogue between man and woman! The Pierrot flirting with the shepherdess—two voices arguing.

Dick looked, and listened idly. He was a rather bored young man, this son of the rich. He was tired of life, tired at twenty-four. He was worldweary, weary of his little clique of friends, of his family's everlasting emphasis on the coat-of-arms which went back to the days of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. He was tired of people, of clubs, of girls who wanted his money and cared not if he lived or died; of playing at work, bond-selling in his father's offices—his life. He had drifted into the CAP AND BELLS seeking, what? Music? He listened, not to the wailing saxophones, but to the rain beating, beating, on the window-panes. Dancing? He had not danced. Drink? He had merely tasted his champagne. He pushed it away, impatiently.

That dinner party three weeks before—why did the incident of the lost earring keep recurring in his mind? It was queer. Who could have taken it? The only persons present were his mother, his father, Anne Bradford, the girl his family wished him to marry; Mrs. Fisher Harris, a wealthy widow, his mother's dearest friend, and Mr. E. B. Carrington, his father's lawyer. Dick's mother had worn the earrings to show Anne. She rarely ever got them out of the safe. They had been in the family hundreds of years. There was some sort of a story connected with them. His mother had related it at the dinner table. He had not listened; he had heard it so often. Not until after the coffee was served did his mother discover the theft. The only servants in the house were the cook and the butler. Mrs. Holladay had not seen the cook and she trusted John, the white-haired, old negro butler, implicitly. Of course she would not permit the guests to be searched. They had not even offered. It was not done! Although everything money and influence could do had been done to recover the lost earring, there had been no word of it. Queer—

The shepherdess and the Pierrot were dancing now. The voices above were louder. Suddenly he was startled by the sound of a scuffle on the balcony above. Something was dropped. He reached down and picked up a curiously-carved, pendant-shaped, green, jade earring! It lay in the palm of his hand, slender, graceful, alluring, and yet, repelling. Its clear-cut beauty was almost sinister. The clasp was of pure silver, made in the shape of an idol's head. Two tiny green emeralds grinned and jeered at him. He blinked his eyes. Yes, it was exactly like the lost earring. Slender, graceful, alluring, and yet repelling, it lay.

That mysterious something which, in woman we call intuition, and in man, instinct, made him look up. He saw the family lawyer, Carrington, rush down the steps, across the floor and out into the night! A girl was standing at the top of the steps. The girl was beautiful—and beautiful girls were one of Dick's weaknesses. He went up the steps.

Dick Holladay had seen strange girls, many beautiful girls, but never before had he seen one so strangely beautiful as this. Like the earring, she attracted, yet repelled. Her green eyes were like the cold, green sea. Her white skin was like the sea foam. Her lips were like cool, firm coral. She was a statue of ice, this girl, until one looked at her hair. There was the warmth and color of the sky at sunset. It nearly reached her shoulders, and was pushed back behind her ears, on one of which was fastened the counterpart to the earring which now lay in Dick's hand! There she stood, flaming youth, brave, fearless youth!

(To be continued)

SKETCHES

Night is a dead monotonous period
Under a roof; but in the open world
It passes lightly, with its stars, and dews,
And perfumes, and the hours are marked by change
In the face of Nature. What seems a kind
Of temp'ral death to people choked between
The walls and curtains, is only a light
And living slumber to the man who sleeps
Afield. All night long he can hear Nature
Breathing deep and freely; e'en as she takes
Her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one
Stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in
Houses when a wakeful influence goes
Abroad over the sleeping hemisphere,
And all the outdoor world is on its feet.
'Tis then the cock first crows, not at this time
To announce the dawn, but like a cheerful
Watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle
Awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast
On dewy hillsides, and change to a new
Lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who
Have lain down with the fowls, open their dim
Eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

(With all due apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson.)

A change of policy has been inaugurated by the author of the Sketches Column. We will be most happy to accept and print any writings—essays, poetry, description, etc.—of a literary nature which might be placed in the HYPHEN box by any girl in the school.

M. E. D.

INQUIRING REPORTER

Last week the inquiring reporter roamed the campus with the following question: "What do you think of the HYPHEN, and what would you suggest to improve it?"

Natalie Hines: "More Jokes."

Foss O'Donnell: "I scarcely ever read an editorial unless it has an especially attractive title. I always read the Campus Column, Who's Who, The Diary, Impressions, Ickey and Ikey, oh, and Aunt Abigal's Advice To The Anxious. I always read any poetry, too. I never read write-ups of concerts, and things we've had, and I don't read the club things nor the personals—I don't know why, but I guess you have to have them in. I just never read them. I suppose some people do. I always read the features. Say, whoever writes the Impressions has the same people—there are two last week who have been impressed be-

fore. Different impressions though. Editorials are too long, and they say things you've heard many, many times. Why can't they be short thoughts which are really interesting? I think it's right not to have so many jokes from other places. You know we can fill it up with our own things.

Margie Northrup: "I enjoy it immensely 'cause it makes something in my box every week. I really hadn't given it a thought. I take it as a matter of course. I always read Impressions hoping to find my name sometimes." Fredericks and Foss, "All of us secretly hoping the same."

Dorothy Underwood: "I think something like 'Private Opinions Publicly Expressed" should be added. You know, criticisms and discussions about stuff on the campus in the paper! I think the girls really would take an interest in a column like that. I think we have to have editorials, the Wake Of The Y., and things like that 'cause we ought to be interested in them. I think it would be good if girls would really write questions into Aunt Abigal, things they really want to know, and have her answer them either silly or seriously. I like Campus Chic, too, and the personals, 'cause when I do anything I want everyone to know it, and the Campus Column and Who's Who, to see if any of my friends are in it. Then a column like Pet Peeve about things on the campus would be cute and have girls write in what their gripes are, just about two a week. If someone could illustrate it real cleverly it would add. I think girls always like to see their names in print."

Suzanne Jones: "Well, what the devil is Ickey and Ikey? But really the HYPHEN's a lot better than last year."

Elizabeth Fredericks: "I'm crazy about Aunt Abigal. I get a big kick out of it. I'm very fond of the Diary. It brings back to me all the things which have happened the past week. Oh, I like Impressions. Every once in a while there are real good editorials that everyone should read. There's not enough detail in Who's Who. There should be more 'what she is' instead of compliments. More of a character sketch. I think the girls should contribute more, and not let the burden of it fall upon a few. Other schools I've been to—lots smaller than this one, contribute more from the school at large. It isn't fair for the girls as a whole not to contribute, and yet expect a good paper, and they're ready to criticise it if it's not good. I think that the athletics should be written up with more enthusiasm. They're too matter of fact. There should be more of the spirit of athletics in back of them. I like the various club paragraphs. I never did get the idea of personals. I think that's a waste of time and space. I think that it looks as if it's just to show off where each girl went. Maybe it's all right if they go on weekends. I like Campus Chic. That's very clever. The Campus Column is really the nuts. The writer is extremely clever. I got the biggest kick out of Senior's Reverie. I just laughed *forever* over it. But in spite of all these criticisms I'm very pleased with the paper."

CAMPUS CHIC

At the X. L. dance the other eve, my dear, the entire population had on black. There were these swishy black georgettes, slinky velvets, and the gorgeous beaded kind. Everything is in style "what I ain't got any of."

These coy little lace collars and cuffs are all the rage. Guess everybody is trying to do "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Afternoon suedes are literally being worn ragged for evening, if you know what I mean.

And these swanky corduroy coats that make everyone look like a "colitch" boy back from a hard day of snipe hunting are worn by all the best of friends.

This 9 out of 10 habit where berets are concerned, is about to cause a relapse on my part. It's getting so you've just got to have a beret and a compact to match every costume.

Black and white shoes are just too sporty for classes, and the streaky-er the better. Some girls are so patriotic that they wear red, white and blue Campus Shoes. Sport stockings are just the rage and I'm beginning the new term in a futuristic daze.

Styles are quite this topic of conversation but even in the "foremost female institution of the U. S." one can't write a manuscript on it so I'll add that clothes, in general, are good, and stop.

DEL VER SQUAD ENTERTAINED BY F. F.'S

Well, the big game is over, and wasn't it a wow? Both teams were playing with a fighting spirit that made the game more than exciting. The Del Ver's won with a score of 36 to 23—three cheers for them.

After the game, the F.F. squad entertained the Del Ver's squad in the F.F. clubhouse. What food, and what fun! Doesn't the sound of steaks, salad, coffee, sandwiches, cakes, nuts (more varieties than one, too!) and mints make your mouth water? The "gang" danced, gazed into the fire, and talked about anything and everything while "Hendricks" made whoopee on the piano keys. How she makes that piano talk, is nobody's profession!

Everyone had the best time and after Frances had made her little "I thank you once, I thank you twice, I thank you thrice," which was enthusiastically dittoed by the rest of the Del Ver's, hasty trips were made for home and a little rest.

AGORA TEA

A roaring blaze in the big fireplace of the Agora clubhouse provided a welcome haven from the cold winds of last Monday afternoon. Miss Casebier was hospitality itself, as she poured tea and greeted each newcomer. Margaret Kipp ably assisted her in dispensing the delicious sandwiches and cake, and the attractive little candy hearts. "Susie" was her usual gracious self. What more was needed to turn the clubhouse into a place of comfort and gayety, in delightful contrast to the weather outside?

Only the members and a few invited guests were present. Miss Boyer, our former sponsor, pleased us by dropping in for a few minutes. Some of the new girls came also, and made themselves a part of the general merriment. But the main purpose was to provide an informal get-together for the members.

OSIRON OWLETS

"Wandering Blues"—and how they wandered down to the Osiron teadance, and in-and-out the hearts of all the lucky guests. Dressed-up girls; dressed-up clubhouse; pretty Hilma, laughing and talking over tea cups, dancing to the soothing strains of the "Wandering Blues." Everybody peppy; everybody happy.

We were glad to have the new girls at our tea; and guess who was here? Helen Ryerson—and didn't she look good? It was a genuine treat to have her on the campus again; we only wish she could have stayed longer.

Who has the most attractive clubhouse on the campus? The Osirons, of course! Did you notice the lovely tapestry, the large, soft-green chair, the candelabra, the lamps, draperies, the white elephant, and the huge black owl over the fireplace? And there are still more things to be bought. Just come down and see our clubhouse.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, February 6—Clubbed tonight with all my weekly zeal and enthusiasm; also with "Clutchie." Had a pantomime effect that was marvelous. Anne Newman is the best looking human I've ever been privileged to rest admiring eyes on. Danced until my better judgment got results from its prodding suggestions that I go home and do a large amount of studying. I went home all right, but I'm not so sure about the studying; it mostly consisted of reading College Humor, and helping "Clutchie" decide on a new way to fix her hair—it's just at the same shaggy length that mine is. What I really think is, that we are nitwits not to cut it. There are about a thousand new bobs on the campus anyway—I think we should do our bit—but when I think of how I struggled all vacation I hate to abandon the struggle now.

Thursday, February 7—One week from today is Valentine's day and I owe Jimmy a letter—it might be wise to answer it because he has marvelous taste in candy. Anyway I can't be bothered tonight, I'm too sleepy to be intelligent (as if I ever were). To the French club movie wherat I did reflect that if everyone of the French students were there the French classes must be sadly deficient in attenders. Couldn't pay much attention to the movie because I couldn't understand what it was all about and it was so dark I could hardly keep awake. Memorized a poem for next day so "Say not the struggle naught availeth."

Swimming this afternoon and by the time the half hour was over I could hardly drag myself out. Felt as limp as a hunk of seaweed, only a litt' more corpulent and less graceful. Much less graceful, of course! That's one thing I've never been accused of —not even swimming can make me that. Tea-roomed violently after my struggle to maintain a watery existence and recovered some of my natural exuberance, or would you call it that? Not that it matters.

Friday, February 8.—Downtown this afternoon after much beseeching on "Clutchie's" part. Really think she only wanted me as sort of package carrier but if so, I thwarted her because by the time the afternoon was over I had so many that even by putting one package inside another I had to have Mrs. Padgett fish around in my handbag for carfare. Incidentally she found my lipstick and was sorely displeased. But it's pretty tough if I can't keep some souvenir of my carefree existence away from the trials and sorrows of studying for another test right after exams. Teachers have no consideration—here I thought after exams I'd have some peace, but there's no rest for the wicked and the righteous don't need none.

Saturday, February 9—Here am I, a good Episcopalain, and yet my knees could not withstand the crawling around on floor required in the Glee Club. Next time we have our pictures taken I'm going to wear knee pads. By the time we'd finished I was too exhausted to sing. To the movie and thence to the dance. Any more romance would have been too much. Oh, them gondola. Those moon! Only thing I disapproved of was having salted almonds—lost all of mine in the shuffle. Think "Clutchie" swiped them, but as that's against her principles, I suppose I knocked them off accidentally.

Sunday, February 10—Church, as usual, but a little more tiresome. If we don't stop having to hear such long sermons I'll go mad and bite myself. One novelty, though, there was a full choir instead of a quartet, so I enjoyed myself watching their mouths open and shut. What makes people look so funny when they sing? Thought vespers was marvelous. Ruthe Donahoo simply thrills me. She looks so beautiful, and talks so sensibly. She's the cat's.

Monday, February 11—Thinking seriously of going to the infirmary. I've spring fever, and the weather is so cold that I know something must be goofy. Could it be that my bean has gone soft under all the strain of the intensely important things I have to ponder on. Such as whether "Clutchie" owes me a dime, or I owe it to her; whether I wrote to mother last week, and which is worst. Why. Oh, why, don't I ever get any mail? Getting so tired of popping up to Middlemarch without any reward. It's really crushing. Anyway I need some sleep. Didn't sleep all yesterday afternoon according to custom. What did I do? Oh, now, I remember, went to the clubhouse and made fudge out of left-overs to-wit: sugar, cocoa, lard, water, and log cabin syrup. Believe it or not, it was about the best I've ever eaten. Wish I had some right now.

Tuesday, February 12—What has made this week drag so? It seems about like Friday, and here it's only Tuesday. Addressed valentines all afternoon, and now have an acute attack of writer's cramp, also a theme to write for tomorrow. Blessings never some singly. Don't know which of those two I'd rather have. No choice! Wish I could persuade Miss Rhea that I couldn't write She knows I can though, so there's no use employing my persuasive powers. Guess I'll use them on Dad. I need money badly.

AUNT ABIGAL'S ADVICE TO THE ANXIOUS

Dear Aunt Abigal:

I am not easily embarrassed, so I will take a chance on reading your answer in your column. You see, I really didn't ask that question for myself, but I asked it for my dear friends and club sisters, Foss O'Donnell and Judith Parker. In case you didn't keep the question, I'll repeat it: If two young men were coming down from Indiana to see you, how would you manage to get out to meet them? You know how it is to have dates like that out here. They tried one plan, but it didn't work. So they want to be prepared if—stress on that IF—they ever come again.

Trustingly,
Ruth Welty.



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Rich, Schwartz & Joseph

Dear Ruth:

I am so glad that you have decided to allow me to answer in the paper, as I did not have any stamps or any stationery, and I am sure you did not. You are very thoughtful of your "dear friends and clubs sisters, Foss O'Donnell and Judith Parker."

If the young men come down during the spring, tell the girls to contract spring fever. If they come any time soon, flu would be a nice fitting disease. When Foss and Judy have retreated to the infirmary, tell them to lie in a lackadasical state for several hours. Then yell for coca-colas. When Miss Rucker has become sufficiently alarmed, and has started for the coca-colas, tell Judy to tear her hair (Foss's is too short) and rave in a maniacal manner—"I see a light. I have a vision. I shall take up my bed and walk!"

At that moment, Foss and Judy must walk. Tell them to hurry out of the infirmary, down the stairs, and out into the open and off the campus. I hope the young men will be waiting.

Aunt Abigal.

Dear Aunt Abigal:

At last I have mustered up enough courage to ask your worthy advice on a matter which is continually preying upon my mind. Please, from your very heart, answer me truly. Dear Aunt Abigal, can one be in love with more than one man? I thought I loved none other than "Al," but now there is another—a southern gentleman. How can I be true to both? "To be, or not to be?" Yes, it has almost come to that. In comparing them I find the same faults and virtues. When here I think only of Princeton, when home, Nashville. What can be my trouble? I should appreciate a long letter from you. Am a trifle embarrassed about having this publicly known. You know how it is? We women certainly have our troubles.

Just waiting,
Jean Stotzer.

Dear little friend Jean:

Yours is a strange and most unnatural predicament. There are students galore here who would be perfectly happy if they had *one* southern gentleman. I can't see why you worry, but as you do let's see what your Aunty can do for you.

Can one love more than one? My child, only the one loving can answer that. I've seen girls who loved a dozen. Others love one while a few never love at all. It lies within your own heart and his pocketbook as to who, how many, and how much you love.

I take it from your letter that "Al" is a northerner You loved him before you met John? Well, my advice is if you have found a southern gentleman, clench him with a death-like grip (speaking figuratively, of course). I did not know that we had any thing like that left. I thought they had all turned into shambling college youths and shambling new Ford salesmen.

You can be true to both. Don't you know the poem which contains this line, "Under each new caress, the riven heart knows it's own inviolate faithfulness?"

In thinking of Princeton when here and Nashville at home you are making a great mistake. It is a case of chemical rearrangement. When in Nashville think of John, and when at home think of Princeton.

Happiness to you,
Aunt Abigal.

CAMPUS COLUMN

All year we have been waiting to broach the subject nearest and dearest to our heart in the Campus Column. With fear and not a little trepidation thrown in, we shall start.

To us everyone is like a certain member of the animal or bird world. Not being an amateur biologist or naturalist, our knowledge of the appearance of the birds and beasts is limited to a very slight experience and our youthful reading of MOTHER WIND AND HER CHILDREN.

Lois Maxon, with her mop of reddish curls has always reminded us of an airdale. "Augusta" Wherry, the ever talkative "Gussie" is like a bluejay. Nell Tyson is a calm, stately swan. Perhaps it was first the impression of "Tilly" Daniels as a partner in Red Cross Life Saving class, that has made us label her after a watery number, the beaver. (Sweet revenge "Tilly" for your unbreakable and unforgettable "holds" beneath the water.) Nannie Butler is like a soft-shell crab. (The soft is emphasized, Nancy, not the crab.) Ruth Clark is more like a fluffy, downy, yellow chick than anything else. "Fredericks" is like one of those chortling black water spaniels, while "Lang" reminds me of a sleek panther. "Tiny's" shining eyes have placed her with the pedigreed fox terriers.

At this point, mirth overcomes us, and we write more for fear of being branded as a member of that vast class of felines.

Apologies are in order We hereby wish to state that anything written in the CAMPUS COLUMN is not intended to be taken offensively. Anyone desiring to disagree with or amend anything written here is cordially invited to write it in for publication.

Miss Rhea was reading her English 21 examination papers. One girl's answer to the question concerning the three types of madness in KING LEAR was, "First, Lear got mad at Cordelia; then he got mad at Goneril; last, he got mad at Regan." Miss Rhea steadfastly refuses to divulge the girl's identity.

Lois Stout has offered an explanation of Jinny's not being able to sing. "When she was very young," said Lois, "she would strike three notes on the piano at the same time, and tried to sing all three of them at the same time."

Jean Peterson and Louise Calloway were talking about why certain girls left school at the end of the semester. "Well, Ruth went to Mardi Gras," said Jean.

"Mardi Gras? Mardi Gras? Well, I just can't keep all these Southern schools straight," puzzled Louise.

We managed to pass our exams by some power hitherto and hereafter (fear) unknown. Since that time, we have been taking a much needed rest. We simply shut our eyes when we saw the editorial which appeared in the HYPHEN the week after the exams. We were too sure it said to do everything we are not, should be, and shall have to begin doing before long.

We can't keep ahead of the styles to save us We remain, at best, a poor imitator, or a follower up of the styles. The column last week on campus styles stated that the latest in campus wear is a leather jacket and smart hollywood socks. We wear a baggy wool (?) sweater and little brothers multi-colored socks, if any. All winter boarders have reposed in the infirmary with colds and day students (developing an alarming number of them recently) stayed at home according to command. We remained disgustingly healthy. Now we suddenly contract a cold, when it is utterly passe—life—life—is life.

"Dot" Jones, a Theta at Newcomb, has been visiting her Alma Mater and Bunny Hodgson. "Dot," we were glad to see you, but next time you come, please bring that red jacket which we always connect with you.

"Daniel," you'd better be a better girl or able to keep your doings to yourself a little more so that you will get to come to the next HYPHEN breakfast. Waffles are awfully good.

And the CAMPUS COLUMN "peters out" with a weak finale for the week.

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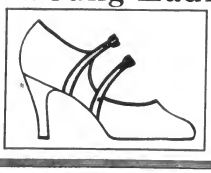
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TRI-K KUMBACKS

Last club night, after a short business meeting, all the college girls had the pleasant surprise of being entertained by the "preps." "Hots" Marxson was in charge of the program, which all the "preps" did their best to make a big success.

Harriet Merrick started the evening by a vocal selection, "By the Waters of Minnetka," accompanied by Lydareene Majors. We are all very appreciative of the fact that Lydareene helped us out by playing for Harriet.

Next, Mary Helen Dunnington gave a reading, entitled "The Soda Fountain," which certainly amused us all, especially "Bunny," whose hearty guffaws cheered the performance on to its height, the height being the Romeo and Juliet scene of all history. The part of Romeo was skilfully enacted by Messrs. Newman, Rogers, DeWitt and Hotchkiss—and I'll bet you can't guess which one got the girl. You're wrong—it wasn't Newman this time—'twas Hotchkiss and her hot uke. The dainty half of the Newman couple was the popular Juliet. By the time this spectacle had faded into darkness, it was time to return to this everyday world, and resume our tasks. But I'm sure all the college girls will join me in expressing their thanks to the "preps" for the highly entertaining evening.

A. K. ACCENTS

The last meeting of the club was chiefly devoted to an animated discussion of our dance, which is to be presented Saturday evening, February 23rd. We also talked about the approaching swimming tournament. Kay Whetstone was elected manager of our swimming team.

Then the meeting lost its solemnity, as Helen Whitaker insisted on playing "Is It a Sin?" and was speedily transformed into an informal dance.

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ARISTON REVIEW

Hurrah! hurrah! we have been invited to a party! Those nice Eccowasins have planned a tea dance next for next Friday afternoon and we were asked to come. We are beginning to feel that we have never really appreciated what really fine girls the Eccowasins are. However that may be, their invitation started our meeting beautifully this Tuesday. We finished the business with a bang and devoted the rest of the meeting time to dancing and singing. That is the kind of a meeting we all enjoy. Wish we were invited to a party every week. It certainly adds pep to our meetings.

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SUNDAY DINNER

5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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DEAN NOE SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Is First of Lenten Speakers

Wednesday morning, the first of the Lenten speakers brought to the school each week by the Episcopal churches of the city, made an address in chapel. The speaker, Dean Noe, of St. Mary's School, Memphis, was introduced by Dr. Barton.

Dean Noe is a forceful speaker; pleasant, and sincere. His voice is under remarkably good control, and his diction is rythmic and almost flawless.

The gist of his message, which was a marvel of compression and clarity was the challenges that Christ gives to women. The first, according to Dean Noe, is "What may I do for you?" To answer this challenge we must first know what we wish Christ to release us from. "The whole problem of humanity is sin, and women should want only to be released from it," Dean Noe said. He went on to say that sin is the transgression of God's law, and the failure to love Him. Sin is expressed in self-sufficiency, pride, fear, indulgence, and worst of all, possessiveness. "Women are most guilty of the last," says Dean Noe, and goes on to say that this form of sin destroys happiness in many homes. We are never free until we lose that feeling." The second challenge is, "What will you do for Him?" Dean Noe answers this by saying, "You can give one life in perfect self-surrender. Jesus has a plan and purpose for every life. You must let yourself be led by His spirit; for you can never do anything for others until He has done for you."

AMARILLO CLUB HOLDS LUNCHEON

Elizabeth Granberry, '24, Now President

In a recent letter to Dr. Barton from Miss Louise Mosely, the field representative of Oklahoma, she tells of a most interesting alumnae meeting in Amarillo, Texas.

The Amarillo Club, whose president is Elizabeth Granberry, who graduated in 1924, and who was Editor-in-Chief of the HYPHEN that year, meets once each month, and is recognized in the town as a club of distinction. At Christmas time they took care of two families and supplied every need.

The girls who are attending school here now, do not realize what an important part former students are playing in the different communities in which they live, and how they are keeping alive the enthusiastic spirit for their beloved alma mater that they had during their school days on this campus. Ward-Belmont needs the force of her students' love and confidence, just as they may find a sustaining courage for the duties of life by keeping in recurring remembrance the ideals which the school sought to impart, and it is through such enthusiastic alumnae that Ward-Belmont school is made a living factor in the life of a community.

Those attending the luncheon at Amarillo besides Miss Elizabeth Granberry were: Miss Winona Griggs, secretary and treasurer; the Mesdames Florence Gutman Barnard, Zeppie Brown Knupp; Ollive Griggs Hay; Mable Holland Jones; Tulia Norwood Van Shaw; Georgia Thomas Huff; Juanita Willis Johnson; Lillian Callaghen Anderson; Will Blake; Fay Underwood Prouty; Peggy Masterson Stennett, and Miss Hazel O'Brien.

Expression Students Give Recital

Characterization Cleverly Portrayed

The Ward-Belmont School of Expression under the direction of Miss Townsend gave its first recital after the holidays on Valentine day. The recital which was of character interpretations, was given with more than usual understanding and character action, and was thoroughly enjoyable. For this first recital since the holidays the stage was attractively set and the bowls of flowers and soft blue curtains made a pretty background for the spring gowns of the young readers. The students are always invited to attend these recitals.

Mildred Longmire, Dorothy Pickens, Helen Seldomridge, Margaret Armstrong, Elizabeth McNees, and Kathryn Loonan gave fine interpretations of social life, and Frances Jenkins, Eleanor Smart, and Betty Lane a fine insight into the very young person, while Miriam Woodside and Betty O'Donnell gave unusually good character interpretations of the modern working girl.

The program, which was in three parts, was as follows:

Part I—Phases of Social Life

"The Joys of the Open Road"—Mildred Longmire.

"Abbie's Accounts"—Helen Seldomridge.

"An Afternoon Call"—Dorothy Pickens.

"Having a Manicure" — Margaret Armstrong.

"At the Hairdressers" — Elizabeth McNees.

"At the Baseball Game"—Kathryn Loonan.

Part II—Phases of the Younger Set

"George's First Sweetheart"—Frances Jenkins.

"Lucile at the Fountain"—Eleanor Smart.

"The Wrong Role"—Betty Lane.

Part III—Character Sketches of Business Girls

"The Saleslady"—Betty O'Donnell.

"The College Waitress" — Miriam Woodside.

MISS TOWNSEND SPEAKS ON LITTLE THEATRE

Upon entering the large studio of the School of Expression, which is located on the second floor of the academic building, one is especially attracted by the spaciousness of the hall which has a seating capacity of 150, a group just the right size to establish intimate contact between listener and reader. A small, yet fully appointed stage is set at one end of the hall, and studio recitals are given there each week. From the mellow shadows on the brass candlesticks to the little sun spots playing on the tables and chairs, the studio casts about itself an atmosphere of peace and learning, mingled with a diffusion of a contact greater than self.

Since the past week has been National Drama Week, it would not seem at all fitting unless we did not have some message from Miss Townsend, the Director of the School of Expression. In an interview with Miss Townsend, the trend of events and thoughts naturally turned to the theatre, and she made the statement that she was not at all surprised at the slump in things theatrical, "because," she said, "whenever a personal element for less artistry enters into an art in the place of severe technical training, the artistic spirit is bound to suffer."

Resuming the conversation which had taken a turn around to a discussion of the Little Theatre movement which has been prevalent in the last two decades Miss Townsend said, "The Little Theatre has much to answer for in that it panders to personal desire to act without very often requiring training. The Little Theatre, after 20 years of life, is still the Little Theatre instead of the Theatre, proving that its place still satisfies the person who liked to act without really having the spirit of art which requires severe training. The great advance has been in the schools, as in the majority of both high schools and colleges especially, to have some dramatic training along the lines of the theatre. The untrained dramatic clubs do not make for the future artistic development along the lines of voice, body and mind."

Enlarging upon her theme she continued: "No musician would dare to start a music club who did not at least know the rudiments of scale work, and no person could play a game of tennis without at least knowing how to hold the racket, and yet, so-called dramatic clubs pander to a personal desire to show off some feeling of heaven-sent talent. So long as we are satisfied to accept the untrained actor simply because he enjoys acting and do not demand that the same amount of training shall be put into dramatic presentations as is put into opera, the violin, piano, and the technical arts, painting and sculpture, we need never expect to have a real dramatic conscience!"

The second studio recital was given at 3:45 o'clock on February 21st. The program included two one-act plays of interesting themes.

SENIORS ENTERTAINED AT TEA DANCE

Second Year College Class Hostess

The Seniors were delightfully entertained last Friday afternoon from four till six at a tea dance given in their honor by the second year college class. In the receiving line were Miss Norris, Virginia Voyles, Ellen Moore, Mildren Ann Smith, and Martha Sorrell. Mrs. Rose presided at the tea table.

Recreation Hall was beautifully decorated with crimson roses, baskets of spring flowers, and palms artistically banked before the tall windows. Red paper hearts, tributes to St. Valentines, were suspended from the chandeliers in an unusual and charming manner.

During the afternoon, Willie Del Goldsmith sang "I Love You Truly," by Bond. She was accompanied by Margaret Smith. Also very lovely, was a piano solo by Mildren Ann Smith. She played "March Winds," by MacDowell.

The drawing rooms opening into Recreation Hall were cleared for dancing, and music was furnished by an orchestra from town.

GIFTED PIANIST CHARMS AUDIENCE

Muriel Kerr Plays Brilliantly

Muriel Kerr, accomplished pianist and youthful pupil of Ernest Hutcheson, proved her ability to her Ward-Belmont audience and a number of enthusiastic townspeople on Wednesday evening, February 13th. She favored us with the following delightful program:

PROGRAM

I.

Two Organ Chorale Preludes.....
.....*Back-Busoni*
Nun komm der Heiden Heiland
Nun freut euch, lieben Christen
Sonata in B Minor.....*Chopin*
Allegro maestoso
Scherzo
Largo
Finale

II.

In der Nacht.....*Schumann*
Des Abends.....*Schumann*
Conte in B-flat Minor..... *Medtner*
Etude in D-flat, Op. 8, No. 10...
.....*Scriabine*
Etude in C-sharp Minor, Op. 42, No. 5.....*Scriabine*
Etude in F-sharp, Op. 7, No. 4...
.....*Stravinsky*
Prelude in E-flat.....*Rachmaninoff*
Prelude in B-flat.....*Rachmaninoff*

Victor Records Steinway Piano
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This gifted young Canadian who is from the Juilliard Foundation in New York, displayed a remarkable technique and the ease with which she played made the entire audience relax to a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The versatility of this young artist is phenomenal. She was the possessor of a marvelous technique, and her interpretations of the varied program were clear and limpid in tone and her runs were scintillating in brilliance of execution. Miss Kerr, it would seem, in spite of her just barely 18 years, is not only an artist of the first order, but one who, judged by any standard, has already arrived.

After the concert Miss Kerr was a guest of the school at a reception in Recreation Hall.

RUTH WELTY HEADS SENIOR CLASS

After much discussion and debate the Seniors have elected Ruth Welty to lead their class for the remainder of the year. The task was really a difficult one because the girl who was to be chosen had to "live up to" the merits of the class's beloved "Sabin" —to fill her place, as it were.

We feel that no one will exactly fill her place either in the school or in our affections; yet, "Welty" has a personality and an executive ability which will enable her to make a place for herself in the love and esteem of the class.

Ruth is one of the outstanding girls on the campus. She is possessed of one of the most exquisite voices of the school for which she was voted even last year. She was general proctor for the first semester of this year and filled the office with more than customary success. She is a forceful speaker and has several times made talks in Sunday school.

In addition to all her achievements "Welty's" charm and personality are such that one could eulogize them at great length but they can be summed up in the one phrase; "May we present Ruth Welty, the president of the Senior class of 1929."



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CAMPUS COLUMN

We have a sad and sneaking presentment that the paper is not going to be up to par this week. The regular campus-columnist has succumbed to a severe case of tonsilities; Ickey and Ikey are still in the realms of the unknown; and the HYPHEN staff is sadly depleted by colds and weekends.

If the weather (they always say that when one is at a loss for topics of conversation one can talk about that) would only decide on being warm or being cold and then follow out its decision, the circumambient gloom would be somewhat lifted; even if we knew that dreary weather were the decree there would be some comfort in knowing that we could get down our pair of the w.k. galoshes from the shelf and not have to put them back the next day.

Evidently Mr. Wesson got as much inspiration from the Wednesday speaker in chapel as we did, because he started hymning on the chimes within ten minutes after chapel was dismissed.

We could warmly embrace the columnist, because she left us something to use to be an oasis in the desert of all this irksome prattle. It's called:

PET PEEVES

"Barclay" (she got her name in again!): Lessons.
Mary Lois Patterson: SMOKE.
Elizabeth Pendleton: Afternoon study hour for something at night.
Breakfast on Sunday morning.
Hygiene.
General atmosphere of suspicion in Home Office.
Lucille Hornback: Light bell.
Leitner Johnson: Having to decline invitations because of being campussed.
Jean Perry: Having people know she has "Spells."
Alice Ellingson: Chapel monitors.

Indications of spring are visible everywhere on the campus. The crocuses are doing their hackneyed croaking and the little birds are chortling spring songs. (We're feeling poetic today so we feel privileged to say that). Everyone is overcome with spring fever—that is, all but a few—but it would be a stretch of the imagination to picture "Undy" or Betty O'Donnell suffering from such a disease. Don't worry, they weren't! The last time we saw them they had rounded up a dozen or so of the more active campusites and were indulging in a good old-fashioned game of "drop the handkerchief." Isn't it sweet to be young and carefree?

Charlotte (better known as "Chady") Strong and Jane Clark are worthy of two niches in the hall of fame. They have accomplished what was apparently impossible. That has never been done before in the history of the school. They made an *F* in order and neatness—and deserved it!

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Editor wishes to state that the above article on spring fever was written on February 18. Since that time we've been snowed under and flooded.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

The Inquiring Reporter, having braved the dangers of girls' opinions only to bring them criticism, meekly slouched about the campus, bravely adhering to her purpose. The question this week was: What do you think of girls crashing Saturday night movies?

Esther Conger: "What don't I think of them. I honestly think it's the dirtiest trick. Well, I just think they ought to be ashamed of themselves, especially last time when the Penta Tau's went to all that trouble to get up that program and then to make only $1.00. Isn't there some way to lock those doors before the picture show opens? Everyone seems to think it's so terrible, but where are all those people who didn't pay their money?"

Margaret Rothert: "I think they are the cheapest people imaginable. I think it's a mighty sneaky thing to do and not at all smart. If they can't play fair with the other girls of the school they ought not be here."

Marjorie Jurgensmeyer: "I think it's a dirty gip. Something should be done about it. They ought to keep the doors locked, and make them pay at the gate."

Marian Nicholson: "Well, I certainly think it shouldn't be done. It isn't fair to the clubs. It's just like stealing or taking something that doesn't belong to you. I think there should be a collection taken up and given to the Penta Tau's."

"Bunny" Eberhart: "I think it's disgusting. It's a dirty gip on the club sponsoring the show."

Lois Stout: "I think it's low. They ought to have more sense. There ought to be stricter supervision. If the collection of the tickets were as systematic as the sale, it wouldn't happen. It is due a lot to carelessness."

"Libby" Elliott: "I think it's disgusting. It's just the same as stealing."

Edna May Weinold: "I think it is really terrible. I really do. I think it is dirty and not fair at all. There's no sense in doing it."

Mary Margaret Parker: "I don't think it's the thing. And just for twenty cents! I don't think anyone should do it, and when there is such a small organization sponsoring it, twenty cents means quite a lot. All the girls should go together and help the organizations put the shows over so they wouldn't come out in the hole. I just don't like the idea of having



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to see in the paper that Ward-Belmont girls would do such a thing."

Artelia Bowne: "In the first place it was the most inconsiderate thing they could have done, particularly because they expected to gain someening sometime from such an entertainment and they did not seem to be willing to contribute to the Penta Taus who had worked for it. Too, it was so low of them. I don't see how they actually could. I hope some of them paid up and raised certain opinions of the ward-Belmont student body one button-hole higher."

Jean Perry: "I think the main reason girls crash is because no one is at the doors to take tickets. Crashing is a dirty thing to do. Girl should be above it."

Elberta Gooch: "It's the club's fault. After lights are out no one is at the door to take tickets or money. But girls, rushing in is really a low down trick. There should be some way of letting no one in after lights out and in the balcony. Twenty cents is so little and everyone gets more than twenty cents worth of making whoopee!"

COLLEGE HONOR ROLL

First Semester

1. Students who made no grade less than B on either the second quarter or the first semester:

Emily Almon, Katherine Bachman, Elizabeth Bagby, Marjorie Barclay, Mary Blackman Bass, Dorothy Black, Artelia Bowne, Christine Caldwell, Irene Cochran, Mary Sue Daniels, Dorothy Detrick, Annye V. Fraser, Margaret Freeman, Mary Gaston, Elizabeth Gorst, Ruth Haggenjos, Minnie Hayes, Elizabeth Lee Haynes, Marian Hildebrand, Ann Dorsey Hodgdon, Rachel Holland, Lucille Hornback, Margaret Howard Louise Huddleston, Mary Huffman, Martha Hunt, Frances Jenkins, Frances Johnson, Wendel Johnson, Riva Kline, Mary Lee Lafferty, Janet Lawton, Marjorie Leopold, Virginia Lloyd, Helen Louthan, Jean McDonnell, Betty Messinger, Alice Meyer, Carol Miller, Frances Miller, Jane Moore, Evanell Nixon, Caroline Patterson, Elizabeth Pendleton, Gretchen Rerick, Margaret Rothert, Mary Jane Rowe, Marion Schmelzer, Adalyn Sherwood, Ruth Silverman, Margaret L. Smith, Ruth Welty, Dorothy Williams, Celestina Young.

2. Students who made no grade less than B for the first semester:

Rosemary Barber, Margaret Claridge, Esther Conger, Alice Daniel, Elizabeth Fredericks, Frances Hoffman, Mary Lois Patterson, Edna Smith, Jean Stotzer, Miriam Varner.

For the preceding five semesters no girl made a straight A record. This last semester, however, such a record was made by Betty Messinger, a senior in the college department.

THE STUDENT BODY SPEAKING

Last Saturday evening quite a furor was created when it was announced that the Penta Taus had collected only one dollar as a profit from the crowd of girls which filled the chapel to more than the usual extent.

A request was made at that time that those girls who entered without paying admission should hand in their money as they left. No one did.

The HYPHEN, as representing the students as a whole, feels that something should be done about the matter in order that the club may be at least in a measure repaid for the care it took in arranging a clever program to precede the movie and suggests that if the girls who "crashed the gate" can possibly have any honorable instincts that they make it a point to send the admission price to Mary Elizabeth Dumas through the house mail.

MILESTONES PLEA "SEND IN SNAPS"

The work on the MILESTONES is under way and the staff is spending all spare moments toward its betterment over any annual of the previous years. Now the staff can't do it alone, and what they need is the student body cooperation.

One of the best things you can help them do is to send in snapshots. Get your picture and those of your friends in the annual. A snap here and a shot there helps to liven up the yearbook, and just think in after years the enjoyment you will get from looking at the snaps of you as you really were and not just as you had to pose for the photographer.

Girls, get busy with those kodaks and send in the snapshots. Hand them to any member of the staff, or bring them to the HYPHEN office—NOW!

NORTH FRONT STEPS OUT

"The bus is here! Hurry up, let's get in!" And other such exclamations rang down the hall at four-thirty Friday afternoon. Then we all tripped gaily out to the aforesaid bus and traveled out to Belle Meade, vocalizing vigorously en route.

After thoroughly exploring the clubhouse, we danced, played bridge, and read magazines, and—oh, did just lots of things. No fooling! And that dinner! The dining room was decorated in pink and blue, and it certainly looked pretty, too. We old girls are surely proud of the new girls on our hall, and of Mrs. Powell, our hostess, and Miss Pollock, our sponsor, who both chaperoned us.

PERSONALS

Marion Elbel and Marian Hildebrand spent the week-end in South Bend, Ind.

Suzanne Jones spent the week-end at her home in Decatur, Ala.

Mildred Newbern went home for the week-end.

Nancy and Ann Newman spent the week-end in town with their mother, Mrs. M. H. Newman.

Dorothy Underwood spent Friday night in town with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Underwood.

Martel Swan went home for the week-end.

Ruthe Donahoo spent the week-end at her home in Birmingham, Ala.

Libby Loar and Ruth Gill spent the week-end in Franklin, Tenn.

Ellen Mitchell spent the week-end in town with her father.

Catherine Scruggs and Mary McFarland spent the week-end in Franklin, Tenn.

Dorothy Pickens spent the week-end in town with her father, Mr. A. J. Pickens.

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

First Year.—Mary Currell Berry, Jeanette Caldwell, Ella Lu Cheek, Sara Colton, Marjorie Sherwood, Beverly Stone, Marie Wilkinson.

Second Year.— Audrey Eleanor Bradford, Miriam Hotchkiss, Mabel Winn Ownbey, Elizabeth Walters, Betty Williams, Millbrey Wright.

Third Year.—Mary Dean Clements, Frances Gibson, Florence Martin, Eleanor Peterson, Mary Elizabeth Ryan, Frances Smith, Josephine Smith, Jane Sutherland, Anita Torrey.

Fourth Year.—Lucy May Bond, Miriam Cooper, Ann Dillon, Mary Helen Dunnington, Elizabeth Howe, Eillie D. Johnson, Mary Imzie McDonald, Ella Puryear Mims, Ruth Nathan, Willa Mima Nooe, Evelyn Tindall, Katherine Whetstone, Elizabeth Iona Williams.

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Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

CAMPUS TALK

Ward-Belmont really has a beautiful campus although few of us realize it. Why? Simply because the prettiness is concealed with a blanket of—what shall we say?—torn letters, or even rejected phone call slips; perhaps all of that and more, too. It seems rather unpleasant to think that all of this paper might just as well have been put in the wastebaskets of various rooms, but it is, in some cases, deliberately thrown on the campus. Some, of course, drop the tiny bits of paper without thinking of it, but there are those who would rather have an unkept, paper-strewn campus than carry the unwanted paper to their rooms.

Isn't it always our aim to make an impression—a good one? I can safely say, "Yes, it is." To do so, one has to take many things into consideration. For instance; suppose that your family comes to Nashville expecting to see rare things, and likewise to form an impression of the school where their daughter is preparing herself for future life. Could their impression be satisfactorily formed when the first sight to greet their eyes is a sad, forlorn looking campus? No, of course not.

Then, too, there are some who apparently can not read those black and white signs placed about the campus: "Please keep off the grass." It seems ridiculous to call the trampled dirt "grass," but once given a chance, the so-called grass would live up to its name.

It would hardly do to stage a "clean-up week"; the thought, although it is not absurd, seems childish. Why not help to make over the campus by obeying the signs, and by ceasing to scatter waste paper about the grounds; and once the campus looks as it should I am sure that the transfiguration will be so impressive that the desire to keep it presentable will overcome the untidy condition which now prevails.

CRASHING THE GATE

At the beginning of the year when the clubs voted on the question of presenting movies themselves and receiving the profits there was universal excitement and delight concerning the proposition. The club presidents met and drew lots deciding the dates for the movies and extensive plans were laid to see that special features should add to the attractiveness of the programs.

The first club movie was presented by the A. K. club and because of the attendant secrecy and the interest-evidenced by the girls was not only a social, but distinctly a financial success. The Agora and the T. C. clubs followed with equal success. Tickets were bought eagerly and this movie also proved successful financially.

Last Saturday the Penta Tau's prepared to present their movie. Girls dashed frantically around selling tickets and from all preliminary aspects this "show" also was to prove a success.

In order to prevent congestion in the halls behind the chapel, orders were given that no girl was to leave the dining room early. The girls who were to collect tickets at the doors saw no reason to be over-hasty in arriving at their posts. When they came, a little in advance of the others, as always, a large group of girls was already assembled in the auditorium. A few of these girls came to various of the collectors and paid their admission, the rest sat smugly by. The rush began, and the earlier arrivals were made undistinguishable in the crowd. The circumstance was reported and a count of the receipts showed that the Penta Tau's had as their profit from the evening exactly one dollar.

This is the story. What can be done as a remedy? Must the girls be locked outside of the chapel until the ticket-collectors arrive? It would seem so. "Crashing the gate" is a crude, unhonorable practice and leaves no room for gentle or even considerate treatment. Shall girls be forced to stand in line to pay their admission into the auditorium? Shall, as a last resort, the simple pleasure of having moving pictures at school be denied to the student body because certain of the girls are low enough to descend to dishonest means for getting into the chapel? Because of the behavior of a few must the whole school be punished?

A plea has been made asking that the girls who entered last Saturday night without paying admission to send their money anonymously, if they choose, to the treasurer of the Penta Tau club or to Mary Elizabeth Dumas through the house mail. We suggest that the girls do this in order to repay the Penta Tau's for the effort they put into preparing for their movie. This seems the only logical solution. Let us hope that in the future there will be no such problem to deal with.

"THREE JADE EARRINGS"

In last week's HYPHEN the serial story, "Three Jade Earrings" was started. It will be remembered that Dick Holladay, bored son of the idle rich, was spending Valentine evening at the "Cap and Bells," a night club. He suddenly overheard voices in an alcove, and was startled to find dropped at his feet a curiously-carved, pendant-shaped green jade earring, the exact replica of which his mother had missed at a dinner party she gave several weeks before. Much to Dick's astonishment he saw the family lawyer, Carrington, rush down the steps and out into the night, running, it would seem, away from a sea-green goddess, with gleaming red hair, standing at the top of the stairs. Cool, proud and arrogant she stood, and on one ear was fastened the counterpart to the earring which now lay in Dick's hand. Dick mounted the steps to her side.

"What do you want?" she asked coolly, as he barred her way.

Looking at her standing there, one slim white hand on the balustrade, sheathed in a dress of sea-green chiffon, the boy had an idiotic impulse to say "you." Not knowing exactly what to say, he merely replied by asking her a question.

"Did you drop this earring?"

The girl looked as if she were going to retort, "No," but seemed to think better of it. Her lips parted, and she smiled enchantingly.

"Yes," she replied, holding out her hand for the earring. Dick calmly put it back into his pocket.

"Suppose you tell me where you got this."

There was a veiled command in the suggestion which she recognized. She hesitated, imperceptibly. Taking the earring from his pocket he swung it idly between his thumb and forefinger. Her green eyes followed it fascinated. In that moment many doubts and questions ran riot in his mind.

Who was this girl? Where did she get the earrings? If she should tell him, how could he believe? Mr. Carrington—what was he doing there? It was all such a puzzle. Of course, the girl was a crook. Of course, Mr. Carrington was trying to get the earring. But, if that were so, why did he run away, as if afraid, and why did she seem so fearless?

Then, for the second time that evening, her expression completely changed. She smiled, enchantingly.

"Very well," she said, sitting down on a low divan.

She talked, and as she talked, Dick forgot about his boredoom. He forgot the syncopating jazz below. He forgot the flirting Pierrot and the Shepherdess. The room grew darker. The dancing forms blurred. The rain beat less heavily on the window panes. The boy was carried back seven centuries.

"A splendid tournament was being held at Runnamede in England. The lists presented a most brilliant spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was beautiful and noble and brave in middle England. One gallery was raised higher than the others, was more richly decorated, was the cynosure of all eyes. It was for Prince John and his attendants.

"The sun shone brightly on the gay colors of the ladies and the armour of the knights. It shown brightly for the Norman nobles but not for the Saxon thanes. King Richard was absent, a prisoner of the cruel Duke of Austria. Meanwhile Prince John was doing all in his power to strengthen his influence in the kingdom which he intended to usurp from the legitimate heir, Duke of Brittany, in case of the king's death.

"To this medieval pageant had come Deidre of Ulster, with her old father, the former king. On her flaming red hair the sun shone. Toward her flaming red hair John's eyes roved. He looked at her soft white skin, her curved lips, and her clear green eyes, and wanted her. Knowing full well that he could not get her by foul means, and would not get her by fair, he determined to resort to trickery.

"A few weeks later a gay cavalcade of knights, squires, ladies in waiting, and pages, moved along the river Don. Their brilliant raiment and their costly armour glittered in the rays of the noonday sun.

"It is a brave array on a sorry mission, thought the leader, a young Norman noble, Guy d'Aymer.

"Because John had seen and wanted the beautiful seventeen-year-old princess of Ulster, he, Guy d'Aymer, nephew to the king of France, was being sent to fetch the wench, nay, not only to fetch her, but to marry her. His manhood revolted. His knighthood obeyed John. Guy wished he had never come to this land of Saxon churls and Irish princesses and Norman tyrants. Norman though he was, he had to admit that.

"Guy d'Aymer wooed the fair child Deidre—for John. He married her—for John. But he did more. He loved her—for himself. Truly the young man was in despair. He could not go back to give his young wife, whom he sincerely loved, to the Prince. Yet his vows must be kept. Meanwhile, the gay cavalcade moved back along the river Don, a cavalcade of knights, squires, ladies in waiting, pages, and a happy young bride, riding beside a miserable young bridegroom. He did not know what to do. Take her back to John? His manhood revolted. His knighthood obeyed.

"d'Aymer, realizing that he could not stay and see his young wife become the favorite of John, decided to go on a crusade. John readily agreed, as he was in a hurry to pay court to Deidre. Realizing that his position was none too secure, he knew that he could not afford to incur the anger of some of his more influential native English subjects. He urged Guy to make a hasty departure, but the boy lingered. Although he but rarely saw Deidre, he could not bring himself to leave her.

"Deidre! Her strange green eyes haunted him. They were like the cold green sea, which was so soon to separate them. The flaming sunset each evening reminded him of her hair.

"On Valentine evening, on the day preceeding his departure, he strolled into the curio shop of Nathan, the Jew. When wooing Deidre, he had given her many beautiful presents, which John had provided. Never had he given her one from himself. His eyes were drawn to a silver case containing—"

"Three Jade Earrings!" interrupted Dick breathlessly. During the recital of the story he had hardly moved, had sat with his eyes on the eyes of the girl. Hers, having lost their cool stare, had become warm and dreamy. His had lost their bored expression and were on fire. At his unpremeditated and unexpected interruption, she looked startled, but continued in her even voice.

(To be continued)

SKETCHES

Snow Castles

I watched the snowflakes falling
From out a sky of gray
And saw them clothe a world of brown
In white, that winter day.
Beside my curtained window,
A fir tree llfts its head,
And lol 'twas gone—the snow had left
A castle in its stead.
The steps up to its doorway
Were deep'ning drifts of white.
Each silver needle formed a tower
That glittered in the light.
The flakes still fell through all the day;
I stood and watched it so;
And white and silver still it gleams—
My castle in the snow.

D. H. C.

Sunset

Blue and mauve
And rose and gold—
Pale green and pink
Above the trees
Across the lake—
Feathery flakes of fragile clouds
Floating over the rainbow arc—
The great, crimson disc
Settling lower and lower—
Into a bed of pale blue foam—
A path of gold
Spread on the quiet, blue waves—
A garden of flowers
On the dome of the sky—

We don't have sunsets in the city—
It just gets dark.

M. E. D.

CABBAGES FOR THOUGHT

Because of the temporary presence in Nashville last week-end of our Guardian Angels, the larder of Number 121 has been greatly replenished. These aforementioned Angels were returning from tropical leisure, the blue and the white herons of the Tamiami Trail, and the pelicons of St. Petersburg; and they were induced to take their little darling out to see the world for one wild and thrilling night.

But to return to the family larder. It fairly bursts its sides. First of all there is the gum—gum—gum—layers and layers of it—and offered to any one who enters. And also our fruit. One of the little Angels has a fruit complex which is attracted and hopelessly entangled in any new type of tropical seed container. Great merriment was enjoyed by all—we were most painfully convulsed—at the appearance of the travelers who carried arm-loads of the luscious dainties. We don't even pretend to know the names of any of them—excepting the grapefruit sized tangerines—but we sit by the hour gazing at their queer sides. No, they are not quite ripe—and they sit patiently in the window enduring the sheltered rays of the Nashville sunshine in an almost in vain effort to gain health and beauty; and, in the meantime, we are pining to see what they hold inside.

But the cabbages are the crowning glory—cabbages for thoughts, my dear. Oh, yes, indeed; ten cabbage leaves a day make studies a pleasure, soot disappear, and the most difficult classes simply child's play. Why? Why, it's the increased mental capacity. Really, you would never think of it when you observe an apparently subdued and harmless little cabbage—never realize that it holds such wisdom—but, really, you begin to improve after the first dose. It may, or may not, be taken with a bunch of scraped carrots—simply according to the user's fancy, or taste. But, oh dear! We are suffering the trials of trying to keep cabbages and carrots cold in these steam heated domiciles! We are fairly losing our minds worrying about it. But really it is worth the trouble, for, in not so long, we expect to emerge like towers of mentality. And we are here and now expounding our secret—and inviting all to enjoy it with us—come and join the Rodents; be a rabbit among rabbits. Raw fruits and vegetables lead to everything that you ever wanted—and we have so many that we'll never be able to make a dent in them before May 31st.

ACADEMIC NOTES

Art Classes Studying Cathedral Windows

Miss Ross' History of Art class has done a beautiful piece of work during the past few days, and one which merits much praise. The class took the pictures of the stained glass windows of the Cathedral of Chartres from the Christmas issue of *L'Illustration*, and mounted them on gray paper. Miss Brooks, of the French department, then translated the story of the cathedral. It was added to a book of such works which is being compiled.

Biblical Characters Dramatized

Few people have ever learned to really love the Bible. Many of us admire it for its literary worth. Others enjoy the charming stories found between its covers, looking on them as tales invented for entertainment. But there is a group of girls in our school to whom the Bible has become a beautiful history of the lives of real people who worked, achieved, hated, and loved just as we of today do, and who had as their ideal, the Lord.

Perhaps some of you remember the article which appeared in our paper last fall concerning the class in Bible Dramatics which was being instructed each Thursday morning by Miss Townsend as a complement to Miss Van Hooser's Old Testament classes. At that time the class was a mere project. Its progress during the past months has been watched with great interest, until now we feel that it is only right that recognition be given to the splendid work done.

The girls, cooperating with their competent instructors, have selected outstanding men of the Old Testament and dramatized outstanding events in their lives. The lives of Abraham and Joseph and two scenes from Moses' career have been completed.

Every girl fortunate to have been a member of this class is finding her Bible course more pleasure than work. It has given them a new insight into Bible history. No longer are the three men whose lives she has studied immortals, but human beings who had their failings as well as their virtues.

It is to be hoped that, before the close of the school, Miss Van Hooser and Miss Townsend will put on some of this work with the student body as audience.

AUNT ABIGAL'S ADVICE TO THE ANXIOUS

Dear Aunt Abigal:

I'm all of a twitter—tell me what to do. All year I've been planning to be May Queen, and imagine my embarrassment when someone asked me only the other day, whether or not I was joking. How am I to convince the girls that I am serious in my ambition? I have noticed your skill in advising others and, after consulting my suitemate Suzanne Jones, decided to write to you myself.

With the utmost confidence,
N. E. H. PIERCE.

Dear Nannie:

You have presented a problem which seems likely to baffle your Auntie. However, she believes in the old adage, "Never say die, say"—oh, I almost forgot—this is a school paper! But on to the advice.

With your frank, sweet face we can scarcely realize that anyone should fail to take you seriously. However, such being the case, let me advise you to keep your intentions, honorable though they may be, of being Ward-Belmont's May Queen a deep secret and then when your name is read off in chapel on the great day of the election everyone will be overcome; your rivals will see that there is no chance and everything will end happily.

AUNT ABIGAL.

Dearest Aunt Abigal:

You just don't know my uneasy predicament, when I think of my unstable standing with boys. Could you please suggest a way for me to gain popularity?

Expectantly yours,
DOROTHY DETRICK.

My dear Dorothy:

I know your feeling exactly, and am sure I can help you. Have you not before read this—"If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a 'big hit' at any party—if you really *do* want to play the piano, write asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson"? Now, dear, if you would but take advantage of this opportunity and consult the latest issue of the *True Story Magazine* on page nine you will find the address of this helpful institute. Write today! You can't help but profit by it, and it is a sure way to popularity.

Frankly,
AUNT ABIGAL.

"I told the doctor I snored so loud that I woke myself up."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to sleep in the next room."—*The Lariat.*



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, February 13—To classes this morning in fear and likewise trembling because of unprepared lessons. In spite of the unlucky date got by fairly well, just for a little variety. And speaking of the good old spice, it seemed marvelous not to have to ankle down to the club tonight to waste a good half-hour and to listen to a whole slew of business that I never can make up my mind to argue about. Muriel Kerr was the nuts—and was she ever pretty! And how she could play. Wish I could bruise a Steinway the way she did. After the concert broke down and did some studying. One of my kind and thoughtful teachers is celebrating Valentine's day by giving us a test. 'Twas ever thus!

Thursday, February 14—Almost too great a shock—rated eleven Valentines—popularity personified. My cute, darling, precious family sent me some swank flowers, and my ditto (mm, and a little bit more) Jimmy sent a box of candy. Nigh wept with joy—or perhaps the weeping was caused by broken ribs from standing in the jam waiting for Miss Lester to come from lunch. No grounds for complaint, though, because what misery I caused someone by standing firmly on her feet will remain one of the world's greatest secrets.

Friday, February 15—Down town tonight for the first time since "way back when." Saw "Abie's Irish Rose" and had all sorts of heart throbs from looking at Buddy Rogers. Talk about good-looking "he's"—he gets my vote—I'm through with Lindy anyway. Back just in time to scrawl this down, and even now the fateful bell is pealing. I hate the very sound, but what I mean the time it sounds the worst of any is at seven in the morning, and that's no joke. Oh, well, as I before amiably remarked(or was it amiable?) it's all in a lifetime, and I won't even remember it twenty years from now.

Saturday, February 16—Thank heaven for Saturdays because you don't have to prepare any lessons for Sunday. Contributed to the dollar the Penta Tau's made on their movie. The picture was the poorest excuse for a movie that I have ever seen in my career. Couldn't stand to see it through—I walked out when the hero began kissing the heroine's false hair. That was just too much. Thought Nelle Berwick was worth more than the twenty cents though. She wasn't a clown—she was the whole circus, including the side-show, the parade and the menagerie. And that gym class—they looked exactly the way I feel. From the movie to the Ohio club dance which was precious. The special was the most Valentine looking spectacle that I've ever seen. There are some keen looking damsels from Ohio—Sweitzer, and Mary Orr and Jean MacDonnell. Guess I'll fool people and pretend that I came from Ohio, only I guess my face would prove that I was trying to get across some little white lies.

Sunday, February 17—Took me all of last week to decide whether I should break the Sunday monotony by going to the Vine Street church in the evening instead of the Presbyterian in the morning. Forgot to sign on Saturday so went perforce to my usual place. But there's always this consolation, didn't have to stay in chapel. There was also the thought that I wouldn't have been able to go to the Tiffin in China affair that the "Y" gave after vespers. Glad I stayed at home because I went down and had a big time dealing out tea and cookies. Wore my coolie coat and had all the cuss-word-looking signs translated, and imagine my chagrin when I found that they only stood for the manufacturer's name. The girl who sold it to me will never pass through the pearly gates—she told me that it was the crest of a Chinese noble family.

Monday, February 18—Spring has came—as the dear old poet so aptly said. Went walking today and rejoiced at being able to see the sun again. Home again worn to a pale pink frazzle and thence after dinner to be one of the forty-six girls up to general monitors' meetings, for some unforeseen crime. There found that I hadn't been in campus shoes, which was a calumny because that's all I have except French heels. My shopping shoes are in the dry dock for repairs. Alibied beautifully, but rather unconvincingly I fear.

Tuesday, February 19—Thought spring had come, but no such luck; a combination of fog, snow, hail, and rain descended gently but firmly all afternoon and evening. Intended to go to the library to study but couldn't screw my courage to the sticking point. Grades were out today—such a way to start the week. And just when I thought I'd put them out of my life forever. Oh, well, it's all over now except the disappointed and even disgusted shouting from the homefolks. Guess I'd better stop this and dash off a letter of explanation.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Caro Christianson, a graduate of '25, and a member of the Ward-Belmont party of '25 received her A.B. at the University of California last year, and at present is at work on her teaching credentials. She will instruct either French or Spanish, or both. Caro will make a success at anything she tries because she is a most efficient girl.

Lee Lewis, graduate of '25 is now temporarily taking charge of the *Rice Journal* office in Beaumont, Texas. This is the only journal which publishes material pertaining solely to rice. She is in charge of the territory between Beaumont and Crowley. Lee, we're proud of your success. Power to you; and let us hear from you sometime.

Alma Summers Potts of Monroe, Louisiana, is spending a few months in Florida. How about that old individuality, Sunny? But if you can dash around like that why not come up and give us a treat?



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Helena Taylor of Farmerville, Louisiana, ex '27 is now teaching music to private pupils. It doesn't seem like "Red" Hall without you, Helena, so come back and be sociable.

Alice McDuffie, better known as "Sis" is now enjoying her winter at her home in California. She is an assistant organist, and a member of the Junior choir. She was one of the most capable girls at Ward-Belmont, and was always ready to do her share, and usually it was a big one. Ask Miss Ross whether she made a good sport on their trip last summer. Anyway, we're glad to hear from you, Sis.

Helen Johnson, a graduate of '28 is at Stanford University. This is quite an honor, as they have a limited number of attendances, and it was through hard competition that she was admitted. She and "McDuffie" were buddies in Europe with Miss Ross last aummer, and now they are close enough together to see each other frequently. If you ever have a chance, come back to your old alma mater, because we are proud of the names her seniors are making for themselves.

Dorothy Duncan, senior of '27, is a senior at the University of Illinois. She was highly regarded by her friends and by the faculty of Ward-Belmont. Dorothy was one of the most outstanding seniors of '27, and a loyal A. K. She will renew her old spirit by joining the Ward-Belmont tour this summer.

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

During the last week-end the "Y" has had a full calendar with Thursday's Valentine dinner, Friday's Student Industrial Commission meeting and supper, and Sunday's International Tea as well as the usual sponsoring of Sunday school and the vesper service.

Valentine's day was heralded by a snappy looking poster in Middlemarch announcing the dinner that evening. It was made by Dorothy Berdette! Then there was an unseen corps of workers busy preparing for the event: Frances Burgess and her committee members; Margaret Timmons, Rose Flentye and Miriam Cooper with a number of others. These girls slaved away in the little "Y" room for a whole day cutting crepe paper and learning how to cut real hearts just the right way. That is why when we entered the dining room that night all bedecked in our party attire that the rooms looked a fitting place for the abode of cupid. Beside the long streamers from the lights and the hearts on the walls, there were valentines at each place.

Soon the enterainment was in full swing. Who should peek out from over a window seat between the moons but cupid with his (her, pardon!) guilded bow and arrow all clad in white and red. Sure enough, it was "Chris." This maker of matches (not to be done at W.-B. in any sense!) introduced Ruth Welty who sang a lovely old song, "To a Miniature." After that we met Mistress Belle Mont (Marian Nicholson) and Mr. Ward (Marian Lewis). The Marians showed us how love-making was done in the good old days by singing "If I Give You the Keys of Heaven." Time lapses. Enter Marylyn Sweitzer and Elizabeth Fredericks as the modern Miss Belmont and Mr. Ward, singing a take off on the "Keys of Heaven" and substituting long specials each day, frat pins and roadsters for the more ancient enticements. Between the two skits, a chorus of girls all dressed in white entered. Half the number was clad in boys' attire. The chorus included Dorothy Detrick, Charlotte Strong, Marjorie Barclay, Dorothy Black, Kitty Jameson, Roberta Cole, Jean Stotzer, Elizabeth Fredricks and Willy Nell Goldsmith. Between all these numbers the Wandering Blues played, and Schaefer sang and was loudly applauded.

After sending Valentine messages to Dr. and Mrs. Blanton and Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, the girls adjourned to the "gym" to dance until 8:15. The orchestra was given a hearty vote of thanks by all present at the dinner, and the "Y" wishes to express its great appreciation for their help.

On Friday evening as the regular delegate, Marian Lewis, could not go to the Student Industrial Commission meeting, Marjorie Oleson and Margaret Rothert went with Ruth Gastiger, the latter being a regular representative of the "Y." This commission meeting at the city Y.W.C.A. (once a week for six weeks), is made up of sixteen representatives, two from Ward-Belmont, Scarritt, Vanderbilt and Peabody and eight girls from various industries. The idea of the meetings is for each group to become better acquainted with conditions in the other and to conduct a sympathetic study of the chief industrial problems of today. Similar meetings are being held in many Southern cities.

Last Sunday the "Y" sponsored three events.

Dorothy Detrick and Elaine Bean composed the Sunday school orchestra. Margaret Rotheret, our new vice-chairman of the Sunday school committee, led the service. Ruth Welty spoke to us on three points: Finding fault, omitting kind things we might do by taking life too easy, and having the strength to go out on our way to do worthwhile things.

As Miss Van was ill, Mrs. McComb taught both classes in the big "Y" room. The lesson subject was on prayer and it gave us a keener conception of what real heartfelt prayer should be.

At vespers Nancy Noland played the prelude. Charlotte Strong played a violin solo, Ave Maria, by Schubert-Wilyhm. Mrs. Humphrey accompanied. Dr. Thomas Elsa Jones, president of Fisk University, was the speaker of the evening. Dr. Jones told of the need of education for colored people. His ideas were broad-minded, fair and clear. Mrs. Jones came with him and they both stayed for the international tea afterwards.

Sunday evening the Tri K clubhouse was converted into a veritable Chinese rendezvous. With Chinese lanterns, Chinese girls, Chinese tea, Chinese songs and Chinese stories, we felt ourselves a part of China for an "Oriental" hour.

Mrs. W. W. Brockman, the wife of a Chinese Y.M.C.A. secretary, who has returned to America for a short furlough, talked to us about her experiences in the Orient. Her talk dealt primarily with the establishment of a Christian school by a Chinese woman educated in America. After Mrs. Brockman finished her talk, her little daughter, dressed in the exact costume of a little Chinese girl, sang some very delightful Chinese songs for us.

Lois Stout then entertained us with some Chinese folk songs which were much appreciated.

Tea was served by Dorothy Black, Betty Schmidtbauer and Lillian Francez, who were dressed as Chinese girls and lent atmosphere to the event as well as a great deal of service.

The tea received publicity in the form of both posters and lanterns. Freda Overall painted a large poster and Josephine Leonard made two posters of Chinese panels.

Tilly Daniels, as chairman of the committee, directed the corps of lantern makers which consisted of Josephine Leonard, Elizabeth Lee Haynes, Mary Gilby, Helen MacBroom, Barbara Tatham, Gretta Krauss, and Louisa LaBounty. Louisa and Joe deserve special credit for their faithfulness and cleverness.

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WE WOULD LOVE FOR YOU TO SEE THEM

BIRTHDAY DINNER

One of the loveliest of birthday dinners was the Valentine dinner given in honor of the girls who have birthdays in the month of February. Mrs. Rose and Miss Irvin acted as hostesses for this most delightful occasion. The dinner, which we hear consisted of a most appetizing menu, was served in the private dining room. Adorning the table were three silver stands consisting of colonial bouquets tied with love knots. Six silver candlesticks with tall tapering pink candles were placed at intervals around the table. At each plate was a tiny individual colonial bouquet and a little lace valentine place card. The honor guests were: Libbie Loar, Okmulgee, Oklahoma; Lucy Mae Mills, Brinton, Oklahoma; Elizabeth Eberhart, Evanston, Illinois; Gwendolyn Johnson, Miami Beach, Florida; Elizabeth Pendleton, Shamrock, Texas; Pearl Swinson, Pratt, Kansas; Artelia Bowne, Cloverport, Kentucky; Marjorie Leopold, Fairmont, W. Virginia; Beulah Logan, Tampa, Florida; Virginia Gerdl, Evanston, Illinois; Margaret Armstrong, Chester, Pennsylvania; Nelle Berwick, Austin, Texas; Edith Cooper, Okalona, Mississippi; Irene Adams, Vincennes, Indiana; Helen Hylton, Douglas, Wyoming; Janet Lawton DePere, Wisconsin; Catherine Jameson, Austin, Texas; Charlotte Strong, Beaumont, Texas; Jane Clark, Beaumont, Texas; Marion Shindel, Kingston, Pennsylvania.

OHIO CLUB DANCE

On Saturday night when the Ohio club entertained with a dance in the gymnasium, the dancing floor was walled with red and white crepe paper and hung with red hearts in honor of St. Valentine's day. In the receiving line were: Miss Boyer, the club sponsor; Jean McDowell, the president; and Helen Manternach, the vice-president.

The gym was indirectly lighted by electric lights placed behind the crepe paper which hung from the balcony to the floor, and red shades screened the lights placed above the platform where the orchestra was stationed.

The special began with a tableau four girls dressed in Kate Greenaway costumes of red and white were seated in chairs placed in a straight line across the gym. The effect was that of an old fashioned Valentine, lacy and charming. At the opening measures of the music, played by Mary Boyer, four "boys," in the quaint costumes of the same period as the girls entered and the dance began. The dancers were: Viola Quebman, Bunn Gil'is, Katherine Bachman, Marguerite Zahrt, Martha Harris, Mary Orr Jean MacDonnell, and Avis Olmsted.

At the end of the special the guests formed in line for the grand march and for refreshments—ice cream in cupid molds, heart-shaped cakes, and bonbons. A short time was allowed for dancing before the dance was ended.

"Oh I say, your engine is smoking."

"Well, I guess it's old enough to

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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BISHOP WISE OF KANSAS SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Is Second Lenten Speaker

To judge from the applause at the end of the address, and the rapt attention accorded the speaker during the time of the speech, the Right Reverend James M. Wise, of Topeka, Kansas, was one of the most popular of the speakers at school this year. Bishop Wise spoke simply and impressively. He used an unusually clever method of beginning his address in asking the girls to tell him their names. When, after repeated requests the students responded as a group, Bishop Wise told the purpose of the question. "Your names," he said, "came to me as a jumble of sound, and yet, unquestionably they are important individually to at least a few people." He went on to ask: "What are you doing to pick your name out of the crowd? That's the tremendous job of life. Life is taking names out of the multitude, packing them full of meaning and individualizing them."

He likened a name to a blank sheet of paper—with this difference—you can erase on a sheet of paper, but not so with life. "If you are going to write anything that is going to mean something," said Bishop Wise, "live your life in the open. Show your colors when the testing time comes. Walk in the light. You are writing your name—What are you writing?"

In concluding his address, Bishop Wise sad, "Build into your name qualities that endure; the characteristics that are of value, and you will feel that the record has been worth making." After the speech, Bishop Wise closed the chapel exercises with a prayer.

PEABODY VARSITY DEFEATS WARD-BELMONT

The Peabody varsity basket-ball team defeated the Ward-Belmont varsity last Wednesday afternoon with a score of 49-33. The game, which was played in the Ward-Belmont gymnasium, was very fast, beautiful passing and sure shooting being the outstanding merits of the Peabody team, while on the Ward-Belmont team the team work was well timed and well executed.

Huggins started piling up a score for Peabody within the first few minutes of play, and now and then Nathan and Caldwell would sink one for Ward-Belmont, only to have Lazendy or Carruth, who went in for Peay as left forward, drop twice as many beautiful shots into the Peabody basket. Quickness and headwork resulted in the 29-39 score in favor of Peabody at the end of the first half.

At the beginning of the second half the Ward-Belmont team seemed less uncertain, but lost heart a little as Mims, Peabody's center guard, kept stopping the balls. It was most impossible to stop her, and back the ball would go toward the Peabody goal. Caldwell was easily the outstanding player for Ward-Belmont. She was everywhere at once, playing beautiful basket-ball with the team. The Ward-Belmont team was not quick enough to stop the almost perfect passing of the Peabody team, and the score ended 49-33 in favor of Pea-

(Continued on page 5)

Washington Dinner Celebrated

Colonial Costumes Set the Vogue on February 22nd

All about the campus for days in advance of Washington's birthday, there were evidences of the approach of the day. Several snow images of Martha Washington were set up by groups of the girls, and Frances Hoffman showed genuine ability in her model of George Washington's head.

At chapel on Friday morning patriotic exercises were held. These included the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America," and a short address by Dr. Barton.

The real feature of the day was the annual dinner, surely never more effective than this year, at which Martha and George Washington preside. The student body, dressed in colonial costumes, assembled at six o'clock in Rec Hall and waited to follow George and Martha and their attendants into the dining rooms.

Preceded by seven couples chosen from the group selected to dance the minuet, two pages, Ann and Nancy Newman, descended the colonial staircase which formed a perfect setting for the costumes. They were followed by "George," Rose Flentye, in a costume of white satin trimmed in gold braid; and "Martha," Christine Caldwell, whose costume was of blue brocaded satin, with an under-dress of plain satin. The costume was trimmed with ruchings of pink satin ribbon. Her costume was completed by a small nosegay of pink and blue flowers.

After dinner, a dance, opened by the dancing of the minuet, was held until ten o'clock. The gym was decorated with patriotic emblems and at one end a raised dais held two chairs which were occuped, during the minuet, by George and Martha.

The girls who danced in the minuet were—the ladies: Marjorie Barclay, Eugenia Burbridge, Alice Daniel, Alice Ellingson, Ruthe Donahoo, Miriam Hipple, Natalie Hines, Frances Johnson, Helen Nanternach, Hilma Reed, Edith Toepel, Gibson Trotter, Dorothy Underwood, Grace Miller, Dorothy Gould, and Grace Neisler. The gentlemen were: Bernice Brock, Helen Feller, Margaret Gable, Thelma Hart, Mary Jackson, Suzanne Jones, Betty Messinger, Jean Perry, Carolyn Patterson, Marion Schmeltzer, Mildred E. Smith, Ruth Welty, Margaret Wilkins, Marlon Lewis, Mary P. McGowan and Margie Northrup.

Following the minuet the entire school danced to the strains of lively modern music. As "Home Sweet Home" was played one of the most beloved traditions of the school faded into an echo of the past. Good nights were called over the snow-covered campus, and powdered wigs, lace frills, crinoline, and ribbons, disappeared like phantoms.

A. K. DANCE PORTRAYS ATLANTIC CITY

Musical Comedy Specially Clever

The famous Boardwalk of Atlantic City inspired an attractive and exceedingly original motif for the dance presented by the A. K. club, Saturday evening, February 23rd. Marlon Blackman, Betty Schmittbauer, and Miss Brooks, sponsor of the club, received the guests.

The gymnasium was strikingly decorated in imitation of the boardwalk. In the shop windows which lined one side of the room, tempting wares, such as one would expect to see in a fashionable resort, were artistically displayed. Opposite these, a drop of sheer blue cloth suggested the sea. At the far end of the lovely veranda was an effective imitaton of a cosmopolitan hotel. Suspended from the balcony an immense awning of vivid orange and green-striped paper shaded the entrance, the shop windows, and the veranda. Potted palms and large, gaily-colored beach umbrellas contributed to the intriguing atmosphere of a summer resort.

The special, arranged by Miss Jantzer, was suggestive of musical comedy. Of the twelve girls who participated, six were dressed as boys, and six as girls. The former wore white flannel trousers, green sweaters and white hats. The girls were appropriately attired in sleeveless white flannel sport dresses and green turbans. Barbara Blackman, as a charming little soubrette, and Marion Blackman in the role of a handsome and very attentive young man, sang "It's a Precious Little Thing Called Love," the theme song from "Street Angel." The same music was used for the dance by the chorus, which met with the enthused approval of the audience. The dancers were: Harriet Griffin, Reva Kline, Helen Greene, Jane Sepbler, Nancy Butler, Hazel Wade, Kay Whetstone, Jo West, Jo Kirchner and Grace Gardner.

Preceding the special, Atlantic City salt water taffy was dispensed to the guests from one of the shop windows where it had formed an alluring display. Iced gingerale and cookies were also served.

The gayety and verve that are in evidence at the real boardwalk during its most fashionable season were quite as characteristic of this cleverly improvised boardwalk.

CALENDAR FOR THIS WEEK AND NEXT WEEK

Thursday, 28th.

The English Teachers Club meets in Recreation Hall from four to six.

Social Service trip to Bethlehem Center under the auspices of the Y.W.

Friday 1st.

Peabody Varsity plays Ward-Belmont Basketball Varsity at Peabody.

Mr. Humhreys concert at 8:15 o'clock.

Saturday, 2nd.

The X. L.'s present the picture show.

The F. F. club gives its annual dance.

Tuesday, March 5th.

The Arkansas club gives a dinner at Belle Meade.

Wednesday, 6th.

Ward-Belmont and the Centennial Club present the English Singers at the Ryman Auditorium.

Friday 8th.

Mr. Goodman gives piano recital in chapel.

Saturday 9th.

The Del Ver club gives its annual dance.

VAN DER PYL LEADS STAY-AT-HOME SUNDAY

Special Music Arranged

As last Sunday was the last Sunday in the month, church services were held in the chapel at twelve o'clock. The speaker was Dr. N. Van der Pyl, of Vanderbilt University. The opening prayer was lead by Mr. Humphrey. The first musical number on specially prepared program was a trio, "Meditation," by Mietzka, an arrangement for violn, piano, and organ. Mildred Ann Smith, at the piano, showed a rare artistry. Mr. Louis Mertens played the violin with a brilliant assurance; and the organ part was admirably and sympathetically taken by Mr. Wesson.

Mr. Benedict read the scripture lesson, the story of the Good Samaritan. He also introduced the speaker. Dr. Van der Pyl spoke on the relations of Jesus with Martha and Mary, and dwelt at length on what Jesus meant in saying that Mary had "the one thing needful." According to Dr. Van der Pyl, the one thing needful to us, in this school, and in our later life, is to learn to apply our knowledge.

The service was concluded with the prayer and benediction, and by an organ postlude, Faulkes' "Prelude in E Flat," played by Mr. Wesson.

ON BOARD THE S. S. EMPRESS OF FRANCE

Time: June 20, 1928.
Hour: 3:00 P.M.

Helen Johnson (hand on heart)—"Palpitations! To think we are about to put away from this quaint, picturesque Quebec. Oh, I am thrilled through and through. McDuff, pinch me ere I fall unconscious."

Jay—"Say now, cut that sentiment out, and let's investigate this canoe from bow to stern."

Gilby—"Jay, that's just like you, but come on, I'm ready. Let's go."

Mrs. Bryan (growing pale)—"No, girls, wait—there are some places you must not venture. My advice to you is to stay right here and watch the people, remembering always they are sizing you up just as you are forming an opinion of them, and you know first impressions are often lasting."

Just here a dapple young man passes with a "clinging vine" on his arm and a perceptible sigh is heard from Don as she clutches Lela by the arm: "He *would* have a girl!"

Ruth Nathan (breathless)—"When and *where* will we get mail? Carlyn, why don't you see about it?" (General confusion for some few minutes. Those who do not hear Ruth this time will have the same opportunity three times a day the next sixty days.)

Dumas (who has been interviewing the baggage master)—"Oh, Kitty, there is baggage on board on *our* deck marked 'A. Byrd, Birmingham, Ala.' I can hardly wait to see 'he' or 'she.'"

Niles—"Why, my dear, that's nothing. There is a whole family on here from California. Everybody from the grandmother on down to a tottering baby with his English governess. To think of traveling 'tout ensemble.'"

Pat and Bill (in one voice)—"Don't get excited, they are all women in that famly except the baby."

There suddenly appears a telegraph boy who calls "Messengers to all points

(Continued on page 4)



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NASHVILLE TENN

ARISTONS WIN SCHOLARSHIP CUP

Silver Trophy to Triads for First Semester

Wednesday morning in chapel the scholarship cup, which has been the property of the Triad club for the past semester, was awarded to the Ariston club. It was received by Anne Dowlen, president, and Miss Warwick, sponsor. The cup is awarded each semester to the social club which makes the highest scholastic average. The average for the school this semester was C, and the Ariston club average was B. The Triad club held second place in the contest and the T. C. Tri-K, and A. K. clubs were tied for third point, with a difference of one point between each of them.

SWIMMING MEET AROUSES MUCH INTEREST

Candler High Point Girl

The Ward-Belmont swimming meet was held February 26th at 3 o'clock. The balcony was filled with enthusiastic rooters, with heads and feet stuck between the railings. The Tri-K club was the most in evidence, both in the pool and in the balcony. They won first place; the Penta Tau's second; and the Ariston's third. Martha Candler made the highest individual score; Mary Helen Dunningham won second place, and Miriam Hipple third.

The events of the meet were as follows:

1. Plunge for Distance
   Sherwood, Hipple, M. Candler all tied for 1st place, each plunging the length of the 50-foot pool.
2. 150-ft. Swim (Front)
   1. Dunnington, M. H.
   2. Candler, M.
   3. Northrup, M.
3. 100-ft. Underwater Swim
   1. Lamar, F.
   2. Hipple, M.
   3. Bachman, K.
4. 50-ft. Underwater Swim
   1. Candler, H.
   2. Northrup—Lloyd, V. tied for second place. The times of all three girls were better than last year.
5. Plain Dives
   1. Neil, V.
   2. Candler, M.
   3. Adams, D.
6. 100-ft. Back Swim
   1. Hall, L., beat last year's record.
   2. Candler, M.
   3. Northrup, M.
7. 100-ft. Front Swim
   1. Dunnington
   2. Hipple, M.
   3. Whetstone—Northrup
8. Fancy Dives
   1. Elbel, P.
   2. Neil, V. Last year V. Neil won the diving events. She still holds the plain dives this year.
   3. Candler, M.
9. 50-ft. Breast-Stroke Swim
   1. Wray came close to the school's record time for the breast stroke.
   2. Clark.
   3. Wilkins.
10. 200-ft. Relay (Four Girls)
    1. Penta Tau.
    2. The Tri-K's were eliminated because of a false start, and the Ariston's because of a foul.
    3. Osiron.

The meet was especially large and well run, each event being run off quickly and accurately. It showed that W.-B. has many excellent swimmers

VARSITY BOWLING TEAM CHOSEN

Nathan High Scorer

The bowling tournament has been followed with much interest and enthusiasm, for the scores were very close. The two sister clubs, F. F. and Penta Tau, were left in the finals. The Penta Tau's piled up the largest score and won the cup.

The individual scores were equally as close. Ruth Nathan is the highest point girl. Her aim, strength, and form is outstandingly good.

The Varsity bowling teams were posted last week. They are:

1st

Ruth Nathan	142.5
Grace Neisler	130
Evelyn Lockman	124.5
Alice Daniels	124

2nd

Minnie Hayes	114.5
Elberta Gooch	111.5
Martha White	109
Katheryn Johnson	103.3

Highest One String Score

Mary Lee Lafferty	178
Ruth Nathan	170
Alice Daniels	161
Ruth Nathan	158

OLD GIRLS VISIT CAMPUS

It was rather like a breath of Homecoming last week on the campus when six old girls came back for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Stetson Huff of Lexington, Ky., dropped in last Monday for luncheon on their way to New Orleans. Mrs Huff was Margaret Phillips ('23) president of the Anti-Pan's besides graduating that same year. Mrs. Huff has many plans laid for an alumnae club which will be affiliated with the Kentucky Ward-Belmont Association. She was very enthusiastic, and departed with a list of girls and many ideas brewing around in her head. She has promised to be back for Homecoming in April.

Susie Spragins of Huntsville, Ala., has been visiting Mrs. Charlie and



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many old friends since last Thursday. Susie, after graduating in '22 loved the old place so well that she just had to be a post graduate the following year. She and Mrs. Huff were club sisters, and the Anti-Pan's will find in their memory book two old-new names which spell best wishes and good luck.

And "Robbins" (ex. '28) has arrived again, the third time since the opening of school in September. You might just as well tell us what the attraction is to draw you back time and again from your Chicago home. But we met her with "Hendricks" roaming the campus last evening, and it was so familiar.

Ruthe Donahoo had visiting her over the week-end Helen Miller (ex. '28) of Birmingham, Ala., and "Bill" Jackson ('28) of Eustis, Fla. I understand they took second floor Senior for a ride, but that seems impossible right across the hall from "Susy," "Fredericks," and "Nanny." However, we are glad to see them back again, and perhaps they will be with us on Homecoming.

Margaret Farrar (ex. '24) of Bainbridge, Ga., gave the campus a hasty gaze last Friday morning as she dashed around to say a few words of greetings to several of her old friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. David Cohn, Miss Joseph, and little Miss Cohn stopped for a visit the other day enroute to California. Their daughter, Mary, graduated from here in '19. They were very much pleased with the development Ward-Belmont has made since they had a daughter here, and were very much impressed with the equipment the school has to offer its students.

"THREE JADE EARRINGS"

(Concluded)

This week the HYPHEN'S thrilling serial story, "Three Jade Earrings" is concluded. If enough of you have enjoyed the story to warrant us running another, please let us know. It will be remembered that the strange woman is telling Dick Holladay a story. She continues:

—"three long, pendant shaped, green, jade earrings. The old Jew told him that they had been made for an Egyptian queen. Her husband had given her two and kept one for himself. The clasp was the head of an idol, whose emerald eyes stared and whose pearl teeth mocked. Guy bought them for Deidre.

"Three brings good luck," muttered Nathan.

"Guy d'Aymer smiled cynically. But he bought them for Deidre.

"Meanwhile, Deidre d'Aymer was sitting before her mirror, being dressed for a ball. The ladies-in-waiting were arranging her great braids of red hair, exclaiming on the whiteness of her skin, the shimmering softness of her green gown which fell off her shoulders to reveal her soft white throat and back. But Deidre was not thinking of them. She dreaded to go to the ball. The Prince's eyes were so merciless in their never failing appraisal of her. They looked as if they were waiting for something.

"She dreaded the queer looks with which the ladies always regarded her. They must know something was wrong. Guy's formal politeness! His studious avoidance of her. Why had he brought her there? Why did he look at her with love in his eyes, and then turn away from her arms?

"There was a knock at the door. Her husband entered. Dismissing the attendants, who were overwhelmed with curiosity, he knelt at Deldre's feet.

"Deidre, beloved, I come to say goodbye. I can never ask your love, your forgiveness. What I have done is unforgivable. I married you at Prince John's command. He wanted you for himself, and resorted to trickery to get you here. Finding that I loved you, I realized that I could not stay here. I go to Palestine tomorrow. But I cannot leave you here. You must go back home. I will come for you when I return from the Holy Land, if I return. All arrangements for your escape have been made. But you must leave tonight. I fear the Prince suspects this visit and its purpose. My most trusty squire will accompany you. Before I go I want to give you these earrings. They are my gift to you; keep two, and wear them for me. This remaining one I keep as a symbol of your faith and trust in me!"

"A moment later she was in his arms. There came a knock at the door.

"'The Prince,' whispered the girl.

"She let Guy out at another door and sent word to the Prince that she was ill. Only a moment or two of happiness, and then it was gone,—gone with d'Aymer. They never saw each other again. She fled that night to Ulster. After five years, hearing that Guy was dead, she married at her dying father's request. Many weary evenings she spent, looking at her one earring (the other one intended for her had caught in d'Aymer's lace collar as he left) and thinking of her husband.

"When my grandmother, for Deidre d'Aymer was my grandmother many times removed, died, the earring went to her eldest daughter. I, Diane Cartwrite, wear it now. The one you have, which I dropped, must have been stolen by Mr. Carrington. Although a reputable lawyer, he is a monomaniac made on the subject of mating jewelry. It is not generally known. I inquired because he had been shadowing me now for three weeks, trying to buy, beg or steal this earring. Tonight, to my surprise, he produced the mate. Failing to get my earring by guile he tried to use force. When he dropped his, he became frightened and ran. And that is all.—Won't you give me my earring now? You see it is rightfully mine."

"I will give it to you, and also the third one," said Dick thoughtfully.

"Why—how—why—?"

"Oh, we have plenty of time in which I can explain that," said the boy, feeling that at last the d'Aymer coat of arms, which had been in his family so long, had proved its worth. Looking at Diane he realized that life was not so boring after all. And they went down into the brilliantly lighted room—together.

COLBURNE SPENCE HONORED AT BIRTHDAY DINNER

The birthday of Colburne Spence was celebrated in a most delightful fashion at a dinner in the F. F. clubhouse last Saturday evening, February 23rd. The table placed before the fire was charmingly adorned with tapering candles in silver holders, and favors suggestive of St. Patrick's Day. The guest of honor was the recipient of a gift of beautiful crimson roses.

During the evening Willie Dell Goldsmith demonstrated her ability as an impersonator by giving an imitation of Colleen Moore, the maid in the photoplay "O. K."

Those present were Willie Dell Goldsmith, Margaret Smith, Betty Seager, Erin Cook, Pauline McCullom, and Colburne Spence.

ANTI-PANS ENTERTAIN DEL VERS

The members of the Del Ver club were the guests of the Anti Pandora club from three 'til five Saturday afternoon, February 23, at a tea dance given in honor of the Del Ver basket ball team who were victorious in the recent tournament.

The large drawing rom was cleared for dancing, and adorned with the banners of the two clubs. Music was furnished by the "Wandering Blues." During the afternoon iced ginger ale and cakes were served.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

INITIATIVE AND CITIZENSHIP

Leadership! It is an order to which even the meekest of us aspires. From childhood on through the years, we pay homage to those men and women who have, through their ability as leaders, carved for themselves lasting monuments in the annals of mankind, and we wish that we could do the same thing. Yet, when we look more deeply into the matter, we find that leadership is not, as some would think, a gift, but is a quality which is within the power of each of us to cultivate.

We are, it has been said, creatures of habit. When we analize this statement, we find it to be largely true. If we are given to studying systematically and effectively, we earn the title of "scholar." If we are in the habit of being inert, or lazy, we are soon deserving of the title, "lazybones." Likewise, if we form the habit of using our own initiative, we earn the much coveted title of "leader." A person who merits this title does not let the other person do his thinking, but weighs matters himself, and comes to his own conclusions. After arriving to a definite opinion of a matter, he does not stop there, but, when the occasion presents itself, ventures to do something about it.

Everyone knows the girl who is always chagrined about the school's being run by a certain group of girls, or about the club's being run by a "chosen few." In the majority of cases, such a girl does not voice her opinions, if she has any, when student meetings are called, and does not even bother herself to vote when elections are held or when important questions are being decided upon. Such a girl does herself a grave injustice, for she not only makes others have a best-not-voiced opinion of her, but she denies herself these opportunities to cultivate the habit of initiative. She cannot hope to be happy in her school or in her club unless she gives a little of herself to them. They need her opinions, and she, the opportunities they offer for developing the quality of leadership.

Of course, there can be misdirected leadership. We have only to look back through the pages of history to find countless examples of this. We have had the rebel and the radical with us since history began, and it is reasonable to think that we had him even before man began to record the story of the ages.

It is through education that we can hope to escape the tragedies of misdirected and undeveloped leadership. Let us strive to make ourselves good leaders as well as good scholars. Let us not only learn the facts which have been handed down to us in the forms of English, psychology and other subjects, but let us profit by the experiences of those who have been leaders before us, and let us strive to equip ourselves with the power of initiative, so that we can intelligently have a part in the shaping of the destinies of our respective cities, states, and our country.

GYM!

Why take gym? Why be athletic? Why learn to climb ropes, jump horses, and manage dummies? It's all a mystery to us deserving little souls who are no way inclined to be masters of such a gentle art. We rebelled at the first of school. We absolutely refused to go to gym. On registration, a few of the old girls who knew the ways and wiles of the gym office, carefully avoided their domain. We slipped out back of the bursar, past Dean Quaid and down the back steps. We thought ourselves smart. We had done the same thing for all the long, torturing years spent here, and we would do it again. We were smart—there's no doubt about it. We rushed out, insane in our glee. Our conversation was overcrowded with the thought that we had escaped gym for another year. No screeching whistle of Miss Warwick, no terse command from Miss Morrison could rule our lives. No blueserge bloomers would scratch us as we trudged pantingly about a gym. Cooled by the refrigeration of windows open when it's 20 degrees above. No afternoon classes to keep us in that horrid place, no climbing of ladders, no dancing of the minuet. It was all too heavenly.. A dream. And —a dream it was.

One day as we drowsed in chapel, Miss Morrison made the startling announcement that any girl not having her gym credit could not graduate. We sat up with a jerk. Evidently it was time to take notice. We staggered out of chapel in a daze. It was preposterous. But—it was a fact. We take gym now, and we like it. Why not? We somehow feel better after the setting up exercises. Girls, it's an established fact. We cannot graduate without our gym credit. You had better perk up and give in the old numbers twice a week. Take it from one who goes eight times a week to the gym just to get her sheepskin in June. She knows.

"Y" MEMBERS ATTEND CONFERENCE

This week-end the Tennessee Student Volunteer Conference was held at the State University at Knoxville. Most of the colleges of Tennessee were represented. Ward-Belmont by Miss Van, Christine Caldwell, Margaret Rothert, Marjorie Oleson, Elizabeth Fredericks and "Bunny" Eberhart. The reason for such a conference was "to understand more fully Christ's message for this changing world." In doing this, mission work was stressed by those who have had first hand experience in foreign fields. Besides learning of foreign work, the members of the Conference discussed ways to accomplish more definite Christian work right in the various schools and colleges.

Saturday morning there was a general assembly of the delegates in the "Y" rooms on the University campus, at which time Julia Palmer, a student of the "U," led the devotional exercises.

She was followed by Dr. Barbour of Knoxville, who spoke on the desire for life. Following this the members separated and went to their various discussion groups. The Ward-Belmont delegation went to hear Mr. W. W. Brockman, a missionary from China. The students asked any questions they desired to, and carried on open discussion. During Saturday afternoon, meetings for special groups were held. That evening Dr. Cyril Haas, a medical missionary from Turkey, spoke to us on being of service to the world and working where our efforts are most needed. Everyone was extremely impressed by what Dr. Haas had to say and what he is doing as a doctor in that foreign country. That evening, as Dr. Haas stayed in the same hotel as the Ward-Belmont girls, they had the opportunity of hearing this splendid man talk informally to them for over an hour.

Sunday morning after another general service and a notable talk by Dr. Haas on prayer, the delegates again adjourned to various discussion groups. Prayer was the main theme in Mr. Brockman's class. The Misses Ward-Belles again had the pleasure of being with Dr. Haas for they all dined together. Later Sunday afternoon Dr. Haas spoke on relations between boys and girls. After him Dr. O. E. Goddard of Nashville told of present day conditions in Africa. Dr. Goddard has just returned from a tour into the interior of Africa inspecting the work at various Mission Stations. He was very interesting.

The members of the cabinet who went feel that they have definitely gained by attending the conference. They were especially impressed by Dr. Haas.

WAFFLE BREAKFASTS ENJOYED IN CLUB-HOUSES

No Rest for Modern Housekeepers

Syncopated tunes, punctuated with an occasional shriek or clatter of pans, drifted through the french windows of ten white bungalows much to the surprise of the sparrows who were accustomed to naught but peace and quiet, before noon in Club House Village. The delicious aroma of golden waffles mingled in a wholly satisfactory manner with the tantalizing odor of coffee and "little pig" sausages. At intervals a door opened, and a girl dashed to a neighboring bungalow, to return shortly with a cup of sugar, or a chunk of butter periously balanced on a knife. It is evident that the fame of waffle breakfasts has become justly great. For was not Club House Village invaded last Sunday by a vast number of girls, determined to demonstrate their culinary arts, despite the fact that they could have slumbered peacefully until noon?

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

Vespers

Sunday evening Mr. Henry Hart of Vanderbilt told of his experiences in India, his topic being "Shepherds of the Himalayas." He told how these shepherds lived and dressed. His final words brought out the fact that we can find enough in common with any person from anywhere in the world to enable us to become real friends with him.

Willie Dell Goldsmith sang "Consider the Lillies." She was accompanied by Margaret Smith.

Sunday School

Because of the "sleeping privilege" Sunday School began at 11:30 A. M. Jimsey Duncan, Catherine Scruggs and Elaine Bean played violins while Lydareene Majors accompanied. Tilly Daniels talked on "Paths"—that is, establishing habits in every path of life. Because of the lack of time no classes were held. Ruthe Donahoo made a most important announcement telling the girls that there would be a box placed on the little Y table where girls might contribute to the $30 with which the "Y" hopes to keep in school an eight-year-old Chinese girl for one year. The idea was first suggested by the National Y.M.C.A. secretary, Dr. Rugh, who spoke to us some weeks ago.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert A. Harrington of Nashville announce the engagement of their daughter Mary ('28) to Mr. John A. Witherspoon, Jr. The marriage will take place in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Shepherd Pope of Nashville announce the engagements of their daughters, Marian Lewis Pope. ('26) to Mr. Andrew Stephan Thomas, Jr., of Charleston, West Virginia, and Helen Shepherd Pope (ex '28) to Mr. Charles Jnandison McLean of Lexington, Kentucky. The double wedding will be solemnized in June.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sydney Hopkins announce the marriage of their daughter, Carrie Walton (ex. '28) to Mr. Johnson Ater, Jr., on February 9, at Aberdeen, Mississippi.

Jane Pressler (ex. '28) was married on February 16th to Mr. J. F. Bickett, Jr., of Portsmouth, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs Bickett are living at 1611 Seventh St., Portsmouth.

ON BOARD THE S. S. EMPRESS OF FRANCE

(Continued from page 1)

in Canada and United States." Everybody seems to think she should send a wire, but nobody does. (Money not short but brains addled.)

Mrs. Charlton—(who has just come up from her stateroom)—"My, I already feel like I am in a foreign country, for do you know I can hardly understand a word that English stewardess says. When I found out she was busy 'signing up' people for baths, I, of course, was interested to see if she used any *special blanks*. When she turned on me and asked, 'Madam, what time will you want your *bath*?' She said it twice before I understood. She is having a time trying to schedule our girls, for they all want baths just before dinner and the morning appointments are going begging."

Wartime Good—"Say, kids, there's a movie posted on the bulletin board for tomorrow night, a fancy dress ball the next night and a concert Friday."

Miss Ross—"Yes, I just told the captain, who, by the way, has invited you girls for tea, that we have plenty of talent this year to help with the ship concerts. Why, there's Frances Burgess to sing, Helen Johnson and Emily Dobbs to give readings, MacDuff to play, Hazel Benedict to dance —ump—I never have had a better group of girls."

Dot Huckins—"Miss Ross, is it a charity performance?"

Miss Ross—"Yes, for the benefit of the seamen."

Jane McCullough—"Well, here's hoping they won't ask me to pass the hat."

Helen Donker—Appears with a large corsage, and states that packages galore are being delivered to the cabins and that one girl in the party has twenty-three letters all from one person.

Margaret Kipp (joins the group—she has a knowing look)—"Say, have

you seen our steamer chairs? Well, Katherine Rees is right next to those of Lady and Lord Somebody. Won't she die!"

Miss Ross—"I'm not a bit surprised, for there are always many notables on these boats and I think I have told you that Canadian Pacific liners are the favorites of the Prince of Wales."

Helen Scott—"Really! Well, I must make a note of that for my diary."

Miss Ross—"They called 'All ashore' fully an hour ago, and we must be about ready to sail. You girls must stay out on deck all you can and enjoy the beauty of the St. Lawrence. I may not be on deck *myself* very much, for private reasons of my own, but I do want you girls to appreciate this scenery."

A terrific blast from the fog horn. "Oh, we are moving!" A flutter of handkerchiefs, cheers and songs.

"WE'RE OFF."

(Follow us next week in gay Paree.)

PEABODY VARSITY DEFEATS WARD-BELMONT

(Continued from page 1)

body. The game was a clean one, there being almost no fouling.

Peabody		*Ward-Belmont*
Lazendy	C.F.	Caldwell
Huggins	R.F.	Hodgdon
Peay	L.F.	Nathan
Mims	C.G.	Bowers
Powell	R.G.	Lewis
Beale	L.G.	Rothert

Substitutes—Peabody: Holmes for Lazendy; Brandon for Huggins; Carruth for Peay; Ulner for Powell; Roch for Holmes. Ward-Belmont: Neisler for Hodgdon; Rothert for Lewis, and Reed for Rothert.

Scores: Lavendy 13, Huggins 10, Peay 6, Branden 6, Carruth 14. Caldwell #7, Hodgdon 4, Nathan 16, Neisler 6.

CAMPUS COLUMN

We would be tempted to go into a rhapsody over the beauties of spring, but we fear that by the time the paper goes to press the campus will be shuddering at the quips and pranks of the changing elements and et cetra, we mean, and cetra.

Now that the weather has been duly or unduly discussed we will list the complaints that have been heard recently.

The first complaint is that the Campus Column "isn't very clever," to use Jane Doe's exact words. Jane, you have it all wrong. The Campus Column isn't even supposed to be clever. We know our own impossibilities too well for that.

The second complaint is that the Campus Column talks about the same people all the time. Admitted! But we have a reason. We are no mind reader. We publish only what we hear and what is contributed. After months of asking for contributions (without getting any) we feel it is beneath our dignity to ask for any more.

"Welty," do you think some one divine, hands in your chemistry experiments? Thursday in lab Dr. Hollinshead had just finished giving back the papers. Up shot "Welty's" hand.

"I didn't receive any," she said, with an injured air.

"I'll look in to that Miss Ruth," was Dr. Hollinshead's rejoinder.

"Oh, that's all right," Ruth replied, "I didn't hand any in."

On the day student study hall bulletin board was seen this report: "At the regular weekly chapel monitor's meeting Augusta Wherry received a warning for hanging her leg over the railing of the balcony."

After nearly a year of searching we have found W.-B.'s U. S. A. girl. Miss Universal Sex Appeal has black hair, very red lips, slender figure, rates dates galore on the campus and is asked out nearly every Sunday. Her name is, Oh, you've already guessed it, but we may as well tell you, Frances Lamar.

Those of us from dear old Tennessee, Georgia, Texas, and other usually snowless states were hardly able to contain ourselves last week. We saw the fifteen inches of snow as great drifts in which we might be buried if we fell in them. We galoshed, slid, snow-balled and sculptured! Imagine our feelings when some little squirt from Wisconsin drawled, 'If people from Wisconsin can drawl.

"You kids kill me. Why this little dab of snow wouldn't even be noticed up home. Why to us three feet of snow which lasts for months is nothing. I sent my dad a copy of the paper the headlines of which read 'Nashville buried under fifteen inches of snow.' He'll get a big kick out of that."

It is reported that Miss Ross, upon slipping down in the snow, cried, "I fa down and go boom!" Nothing escapes Miss Ross. She is as modern as any of us.

French class was holding forth (out?) with a discussion of french etiquette.. Monsieur Marchand told the girls that the host and hostess always sat across from each other at the table. "So the one can kick the other," muttered Artelia Bowne. Someone laughed.

A paroxysm of coughing has overcome us. We don't have T. B. We wish to announce that we don't have anything but thin: our third tonsil tickles our tongue. That's what the Dr. said. Therefore, we close, because 'tis to troublesome to twirl the tricky thing twile the third tonsil tickles the tongue.

WHO'S WHO

Ward-Belmont is lucky indeed in having some girls choose it for their school. The one I am speaking particularly of now, is a girl we all know, like, and admire—"Bunny" Eberhart. Everyone likes to have her around because of that cheery grin and that happy personality. She can talk your right arm off, but you will enjoy it. You don't feel like you're being talked to death. "Bunny" gives the impression of being pleased to death with everything that goes on around her, (there are so few people like that)—but at that she's no angel. Have you noticed that mischievous spark in her eye?—Nuf sed! Anyhow, we wonder what makes her late to Miss Hawkins' Biology class every morning. In all the "Y" work, "Bunny" is the "life of the party," doing her work gladly—and by the way, you should hear her tell about the fun they had on the trip to Knoxville. But how could they help having a good time with "Bunny" along? She's a lively, friendly, sincere sort of a girl that we are better off for having known.

ALPHABET

A—Ac.
B—Blues.
C—Crushes.
D—Dreams.
E—Exams.
F—Faculty.
G—Grades.
H—"Hurry."
I—Infirmary.
J—June.
K—Kids.
L—Lights-out.
M—Middle-March.
N—North Front.
O—Omit.
P—Preps.
Q—Quarterlies.
R—Restrictions.
S—Seniors.
T—Tea Room.
U—Unchaperoned.
V—Vacation.
W—Watchman.
X—Xcuses.
Y—? Y not?
Z—Z'all.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, February 20.—Hoorsy, and likewise whooppee! "Clubs called on account of snow!"—to borrow the sport headlines; not that I read the sporting news, or could understand it if I did, but everyone knows about games being called on account of rain. Also thankful to state that the library closed just as I settled down resignedly and uncomfortably to do some outside reading for tomorrow. When the nightwatchman shouted the glad tidings, nearly wept for pure joy. Home, rejoicing to write all the several dozen letters I owe in the more or less vain hope of receiving a little mail to reward my trips to the postoffice.

Thursday, February 21.—Caught in one of the worst snow battles I've ever survived this morning on my way from breakfast. Felt better to see that I was not the only victim—poor Mr. Berry certainly got his. And all the time Mr. Ayers (or however you'd spell it) stood there and howled with glee. If I'd been a good shot I'd have tried slinging a few well packed snowballs in his direction, but my inability to hit anything even after years of experience in aiming at a very large barn is so great that I didn't even try. Got out the trusty kodak this aft and snapped everything in sight—including "Clutchie," who was feeling silly and never once failed to writhe about just as I took the picture. Oh, well, maybe some of them will be good.

Friday, February 22.—Froze my toeses watching Frances Hoffman sculp a head of George Washington. In early in the afternoon to struggle into my costume. Incurred all sorts of wrath and indignation by getting powder all over the floor of the room, but just couldn't seem to powder my head without spraying the eensiest grain of powder on the floor. To dinner with "Clutchie" who made quite a good George in spite of the fact that she's a trifle undersized. But why talk about us? Had the thrill of my lifetime merely looking at Christine Caldwell, and Rose Flentye was honestly a knockout. But the real sensation of the evening came when Christine and that keen looking boy (no stuff—a real bona fine he-man) danced down at one end of the gym. It came very near being an Exhibition dance, because the surprise was so terrific that everyone else forgot to dance. It was really rude but no one seemed to think of it that way at the time—I know my mouth was hanging open the farthest and my eyes popping worse than anyone's. Home late where I tried vainly to get some of the powder out of my hair—no hope—guess I'll have to shampoo tomorrow.

Saturday, February 23.—A big day—certainly am glad we can sleep through breakfast tomorrow—I need some chance to recuperate. To classes all morning without having any preparation. Never again, and to make it more emphatic—never again! Too much of a nerve strain. Dragged myself limply to lunch, of which nothing appealed to my delicate appetite. To the tearoom betimes and thence to the club to spend the afternoon making fudge and popcorn—can't endure even the thought of an ear of corn just at present but I imagine tomorrow morning at breakfast time I'll be glad to haul out the sackful that we brought home and dive in. To the movie—it was darling. The "Wandering Blues" surely staged some hotsome vaudeville—that "Burning up" number with Tillie Daniels as the fire chief was nothing more or less than a riot. From the movie to the A. K. dance which I rated as a return for taking one of my neighbors to our dance—forethought! It was really ritzy—must remember to cut the account of it out of the HYPKEN.

Sunday, February 24.—Arose reluctantly at eleven-thirty to dress for church. That's quite a welcome improvement over tearing out in the wee small hours of seven or seven-thirty—it doesn't seem to make a great deal of difference, though—I'm always reluctant. To church, where something akin to excitement arose when the minister didn't come until late. Something new and different for dinner in the way of stuffed peppers which I did fall upon with great gusto. Spent the entire afternoon at the club dragging out tables and chairs for tea. Had mobs of entertainment, everyone imaginable popped in at one time or another and we almost wore out all the new records, we played them so repeatedly. Heard more scandal than I've heard in many a moon—none worth repeating—great way to waste time, though. A special from Jimmy, and was I ever thrilled? If he only knew, he'd write one every Sunday. The way to a girl's heart in this establishment is through Specials.

Monday, February 25.—And was it ever blue? Planned to go shopping, but knew from my first half-awake glance out the window that that was just another big error on my part. Drizzles give me the creeps. I thought it was all the bunk in the South Sea Island stories for people to go crazy from the long months of rain, but now I heartily sympathize. It wouldn't take a week of this to fit me for an asylum. The snow is a thing of the past, which really hurts my feelings not at all. Snow is all right until it gets dirty, and then it's not so good. All the watchmen will be tweeting their tin whistles at the campus-cutters again now, I suppose, but they've had a few days vacation, so what's the odds? Resolved to spend the afternoon in the library, and for once carried out my resolution. To the tearoom eventually, as usual, and did consume a great variety of food, from hot-dogs to Welchade, consoled by the knowledge that I'd probably spent that much of my allowance down town for just as silly stuff. Really did a tall amount of concentration tonight, and so to bed.

Tuesday, February 26.—Today was singularly uneventful. The "Wandering Blues" played in the tearoom, so went down and danced for a while. Fire drill tonight; they would, on the only night this year that "Clutchie" and I put our lights out before the last bell and the well known monitor's knock. Spent at least five minutes



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trying to locate all the necessary equipment, and started out only to remember that I'd forgot to pull down the window—tore back, and finally down the stairs and out into the cold, cold world. And all the time the bell kept tolling most mournfully; came back as quickly as I could plow through the mob, and decided I might as well write tonight as tomorrow morning, so here I am—owl-eyed and dejected. Guess I'll call it a day and sign off.

AUNT ABIGAL'S ADVICE TO THE ANXIOUS

Dear Aunt Abigal:

We want a man. Now how about it, Auntie? We hear you're the Dorothy Dix of W.-B. Be anything but a little rosebud. We want two young gentlemen (tall, red hair preferred) for a parlor date. Guaranteed to let them go at ten (p. m.).

Respectfully submitted by two unpopular belles,

Gym Nos. 173 and 236.

At W.-B.

Dear Ruth and Marian:

Really my dears, I would prefer that you sign your names to your letter. I had to go to the gym office in the dead of night, open the door with my skeleton key (no, I never lend it) and go through the files to find your names. You are, I believe, Marian Hoshaw and Ruth Clark. I have glanced through my rogues gallery in search of red headed men. As not all of the pictures are tinted, I had a rather hard time. Here are the results:

"Johnnie" Askew is a red-headed Sig Alph, but isn't very tall. However, I believe he has plenty of something or other as Eleanor Thon and Louisa Warfield will testify.

Hugh Glenn, a tall red-headed Sigma Chi, fits your requirements, apparently. He drives a Buick sedan, and also a roadster. However, I would not guarantee him.

If you crave another man, get an introduction from Mary Elizabeth Ryan to Dick Elliot. His hair is not only red but curly. Upon peering closely at his picture I believe I perceive a dimple. I don't promise, however.

If you could extract Dick Braden from the clutches of Lucy Mai, he might prove useful. He has a little red hair.

Much love,
Aunt Abigal.

P. S.—You will not have to make them leave at ten. By the time you assign each one of these flaming youths to a club sister or suite mate, and they invade "Rec" hall in full force, Mr. Humphrey will play the fire alarm on the chimes and they will run with fright.

INQUIRING REPORTER

The inquiring Reporter visited the dance the other evening and asked this question: "What do you think of the abuse of newly granted privileges?"

Elizabeth Bagby: "I do think the girls should get to church on time. It doesn't show good spirit to abuse privileges. I think we should appreciate them more than that."

Jane Owen: "I think that when we give people privileges they're going to abuse them, but I think we ought to abide by them when we do get privileges. These are such little things to ask that we should abide by them."

"Bunny" Hodgdon: "I think it is kind of dirty. It makes it hard on the rest of the girls. I think they ought to appreciate the school's trying to do something. I think the girls ought to come to Sunday school when we sleep through breakfast."

Frances Johnson: "I just don't think that's right. I think that when they give us privileges we ought not to abuse them."

Betty O'Donnell: "Why, I think if the school is good enough to give us those privileges we ought to be good enough not to abuse them in any way."

Mary Frances Marxson: "I really don't think they should. I don't think everyone should suffer for the abuses of a few. I think the ones that are caught using them should have such a penalty that others wouldn't want to do it. I think it's the nuts to sleep through breakfast."

Dorothy Gould: "I think the ones who do it really don't think. If they thought that this privilege (sleeping through breakfast) depends on their keeping the rules as much as anyone else they wouldn't break down. If everyone would stop and think that the continuation of privileges depended upon them, they would be more careful."

Helen Feller: "That's not right. When girls are given a little they take more, and that's probably why we don't have more privileges."

"Chunky" Candler: "I think that they're awful. If the school is good enough to give us these privileges we ought to be good enough to keep the few things they want us to do."

"Susy" Jones: "It's very inconsiderate."

"Tilly" Daniels: "Well, as long as the school sees fit to grant us privileges, we ought to keep them. There are bound to be a few who abuse them, but the majority should try to keep them as best they can. There should be more honor and less watching."

IMPRESSIONS

Mary Astor—royalty—Spanish daggers — white satin—sophistication—ruff collars — velvet carpets — onyx jewelry—Margaret Timmons.

Air-ships—black bathing suits—track meets—tennis courts—beach parties — a hot-dog — motor-boats—green lakes—canoeing in Canada—Marjorie Northrup.

Patent leather—red berets—College Humor "Hall of Fame"—bright blue roadsters—"Varsity Drag"—Cleopatra—a stiletto—ginger bread—It—Jo Cooper.

"Once upon a time"—a billowy cloud—a fairy under a toadstool—a soft breeze in a wooded dell—starlights—Rumpilstilkin—a wondering child in a world of enchantment—hidden laughter and dreams—momentary fancies—fine-spun glass—alone—Foss O'Donnell.

Flox—peppermint—water rippling gaily along a shallow bed—English Sparrows—white rabbits—purple and gold pansies—Dew-drops—Alice Daniels.

Deep dark waters—a quiet forest—wood nymphs—a Greek Goddess—swans — etchings — a still, moonless night—white embroidered shawls—blood-red roses—Jean McDonnell.

MERELY WONDERING

There are some things which are happening daily on this campus which I do not understand. Would anyone who can, be so kind as to send in answers to these questions:

1. Why does Susan G. Erwin refuse to write for the HYPHEN?
2. Who is it Marjorie Barclay writes to every day in Chemistry class beginning "Dearest?"
3. Why doesn't Margie Northrup let her hair grow out as Margaret Payne did?
4. Is there such a thing as a "crip" course in Ward-Belmont?
5. Who cuts Betty O'Donnell's hair?
6. What makes people ask questions anyway?

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SPRING

Spring is coming, and never were the first faint signs of its approach more welcome. True, the official spring seems far distant as yet, but with a warm breeze and gentle showers to whet our imagination, it is not hard to make ourselves believe that it is near. And a bluebird on the lowest branch of a big tree on our campus came as herald just the other day.

Everything is waking up. Ere long there will be yellow daffodils and fragrant hyacinths to break the monotony of winter's brown. Already they have begun to push their tender shoots through the earth to reach the sunshine; and violet beds in sheltered Southern nooks are growing green again.

Springtime is the joy-time of all the year. For months the world has been sleeping; bare trees fling gaunt branches toward heavy skies, cold winds stir them relentlessly, and, with the flight of the birds to warmer climes, the flowers droop and stop their mission of giving happiness.

Then there comes a day when blue skies smile overhead, sprouts of green stir 'neath our feet and lo! the cheery song of a robin is heard, sure harbinger of spring. Immediately new life pulses through every living thing and there is an air of suppressed excitement in the performance of the most insignificant tasks.

The coming of spring should mean more than a mere change of weather or the blooming of flowers; its message should be a very real one to each of us. With the coming of all its beauty and joy, there should be an awakening and recreating in the heart of every girl a new responsiveness to nature and its God.

With spring's arrival many opportunities for out-of-door pleasures will be given the Ward-Belmont girls, and sports fitting the season will take the place of gym and the like. There are few among us who will not be glad when the change goes into effect.

To those of our girls who are soon to see our campus in the spring for the first time, those weeks will be an especial pleasure. Each budding twig and flower will be regarded with great interest until the beauty of the blooming verdure is complete. And to those who perhaps for the last time, will have that privilege, it will be a period of mingled happiness and sorrow. For, following close on the heels of that season comes summer and vacation with its home-going exodus.

March has arrived but doubtless there will be many days of cold and real winter weather, making spring a distant pleasure. But we have already had one spell of balm, sunshiny weather; who knows but that another is just around the corner? At least, we have had a forerunner of spring's approach.

Absent-minded Prof.: "Elizabeth, I believe I have lost the road."

Absent-minded Wife: "Are you sure you had it when we left home?"
—*The Hiltonian.*

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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ENGLISH SINGERS APPEAR AT RYMAN

The English Singers of London appeared at the Ryman Auditorium last Wednesday evening in a delightful program of madrigals, folk songs and old ballads. They were brought to Nashville under the auspices of Ward-Belmont and the Centennial Club. This was just one of the many concerts Ward-Belmont has presented, or helped to present, to its student body and household during the year.

The personnel of the English Singers is composed of three men and three women who have made a special study of concerted vocal music, and particularly of the part-songs composed many years ago.

They made a visit to the United States in 1927 and won instant success and since then they have sung over three hundred concerts in this country.

The English Singers sang their entire program in English, and one critic says of them: "Theirs is the perfect diction of British born, and the words of their songs are poems of exquisite grace and loveliness. Their work brings pride to every English-speaking person. They reveal the glories of our tongue. They have proven English singable." Another

(Continued on page 5)

SCHOOL "LISTENS IN" ON INAUGURAL CEREMONIES

Crowds Flock to "Rec" Hall

It has been a custom of the school in past years to sponsor an excursion to Washington, D. C., in presidential election years, so that girls who so desired might witness the inaugural ceremonies. Although that policy was abandoned this year, Mr. Benedict thoughtfully provided compensation by installing his radio in Recreation Hall. Thus a number of the students and members of the faculty were given an opportunity to "listen in" on the ceremonies with which the thirtieth President of the United States was invested with office. There was even an advantage to witnessing the inauguration via the radio, insomuch as one was carried to the Senate, the Capitol, the White House, and to the station where a private car was waiting to take Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge back to Northampton, Mass. This rapid transition would have been quite impossible for one to make in person.

The descriptions of the announcer were so lucid and vivid that the group of listeners before the loud speaker could easily picture the panorama of scenes. And when, according to tradition, the Marine Band played the stirring strains of "Hail to the Chief" and "The Star Spangled Banner," the group assembled in Recreation Hall stood, in congruity with citizens in every part of the United States.

Stetson Humphrey Gives Brilliant Program

First Appearance in Nashville

Stetson Humphrey, director of the School of Voice of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, gave one of the most artistic programs of the season on Friday evening, March 1st. This was Mr. Humphrey's first public recital in Nashville, and a large audience of town people as well as the entire school household enjoyed his brilliant program.

Press comments from the Nashville papers are as follows:

Banner: "Add an impressive stage presence, ease of manner, a pleasing and expressive baritone and good interpretative ability, and you have a singer who can attract and interest an audience. Not the least interesting feature of Mr. Humphrey's singing is the expressive way he emphasized salient points by dramatic gesture with the hands. The ingratiating quality of his rich baritone was displayed in Forsyth's 'Tell Me Not of a Lovely Lass,' and the pianissimo phrases in Foote's 'You'll Wander Far' were exquisitely done. 'Mother o' Mine,' by Tours, was fine, and a realistic bit of singing was done in Fisher's 'Tavern Song.' The subtle humor of it was so apparent that the audience would not let the singer go, so he had to give several encores. A stammering song in dialect aroused the risibilities of the students and they greeted the opening notes of the familiar 'Mandalay' with shrieks of delight. Mrs. Irene Crane Humphrey is a splendid accompanist and lent admirable support to the singer. She will give a vocal recital at Ward-Belmont on March 15th."

Tennessean: "Mr. Humphrey's voice is of the pure baritone persuasion, both in quality and range. Its quality is one of ingratiating mellowness. And this characteristic is found evenly distributed throughout his scale, though more notable in his lower tones. It would seem, from his bill of last night, that his peculiar talent is in the singing of Lieder. For his German is excellent and he gives to that genre all the dramatic and lyric coloring which it demands."

The recitalist's program was as follows:

PROGRAM

1. Vision Fugitive
   Herodiade ..... *Massenet*
2. *a.* Fussreise ..... *Wolf*
   b. Mondlicht ..... *Haile*
   c. Allerseelen ..... *Strauss*
   d. Der Soldat ..... *Schumann*
3. Bohemian Folk Songs
   a. Homeland—A National Anthem.
   b. The Quest—A Dance Song.
   c. Goodnight Beloved.
   d. The Lovers' Quarrel.
4. *a.* Tell Me Not of a Lovely Lass ..... *Forsyth*
   b. You'll Wander Far..... *Foote*
   c. Mother o' Mine ..... *Tours*
   d. A Tavern Song ..... *Fisher*

At the end of his third group of songs, Mr. Humphrey responded to two encores. The first, "Trottin' to the Fair," was a clever Irish folk song arranged by Hughes, in which the rapid trotting of the horses was heard and the inimitable Irish dialect kept the audience in a gale. The second, "Ma Little Banjo," by Dichmont, was a charming little negro banjo song with a lilting melody. The piano depicted the strumming of the banjo strings and Mr. Humphrey admirably interpreted the misty softness of the negro voice.

Closing his program, Mr. Humphrey gave as an encore "Stuttering Lovers," by Stanford. This was an extremely clever Irish folk song, made doubly interesting by Mr. Humphrey's exceptional diction and highly entertaining because he portrayed the different individuals in the song with their similar stuttering affliction. His second and last encore was Speak's "On the Road to Mandalay." Mr. Humphrey put the spirit of the cockney soldier with his roughness and with his wistful yearning to be back and out of the sordidness of London life, into this last selection.

PARIS

Time: June 27, 1928.
Hour: 6:00 A.M.

Ward-Belmont party arrives in large motor coach in front of Regina Hotel after a "sleepless" night from Cherbourg to Paris.

Margaret Warden—"To think of our hotel having that lovely statue of Jeanne d'Arc right in front of it! —Place de Rivoli—Rue de Rivoli— —Hotel Regina. Even if it is six o'clock in the morning, I am simply petrified with excitement—just dizzy. The air is just charged, that's all."

Pat—"If you had just slept last night stretched out on those seats like we did and not looked out the window all night you would be calmer now."

Helen Johnson—"*Who* wants to sleep! Miss Ross, can't we start sight-seeing immediately after breakfast?"

Miss Ross (rising in the coach and giving her hat a decided push)—"Emphatically not. We are going to bed and stay there until four this afternoon, when I will take you for an hour in the Louvre. Now, while they are taking the baggage out, you girls take a glance about and get some idea of where you are. We are almost in the shadow of the Louvre,

(Continued on page 4)

DEEP SEA MOTIF USED FOR F. F. DANCE

Undoubtedly one of the best planned, best carried out, and most beautiful of the season's dances was staged in the gymnasium last Saturday evening when the F. F. club entertained with a "Deep Sea Dance." From the invitations, cards in the club colors, purple and lavender, representing sea-shells, to the refreshments, ice cream moulded into fish shapes, and cakes with sea-shell decorations, the appointments of the dance were cleverly appropriate.

The gymnasium was decorated to represent the depths of the ocean. The effect was created by draperies of green cheese cloth upon which seahorses, large fish, and other marine creatures were placed. Two of King Neptune's pages welcomed the guests into the briny deep while the king and his court of mermaids and nymphs watched from their positions on the rocks placed about the "sides of the sea."

Those taking part in the special were King Neptune, Stella Chrisman; four mermaids, Freda Abercrombie, Thelma Hart, Shirley Noel, Katherine Seager; nymphs, Martha Clay, Marian Smeltzer, Martha Harris, Ione Calhoun, Marie Boyer; the pages, Dorothy White, Dorothy Taylor Burdette, Helen Seldomridge, Dorothy Nelle Burdette; the mortals, Betty Lane, Allie Bowers, Marion Garing, Anne Garing, Julia L. Carroll and Mary Galbraith.

The special comprised Neptune's court and the vain effort of his mermaids to entertain the King of the Sea. After the nymphs failed to amuse him, he caused a storm which sank a ship, drowning six mortals. These mortals entertained Neptune with the latest steps from the U.S.A. and with their entertaining him Neptune's humor became quite different and all of the mortals who were guests at his court were invited to dance.

TROUP 5 GIRL SCOUTS

Troup 5 held its meeting Wednesday. After opening exercises, we went to Miss Hollinger's laboratory, where we saw bird's nests, shells, etc. We had a lovely time. When we reached the Scout house after visiting the laboratory we at once began preparations for the tea we were giving for our mothers at 4 o'clock. We served bread and butter sandwiches, tea for the mothers and milk for the Scouts, and cake for all. After the refreshments we practiced the stunts we are to do in the Scout competitive meet, Friday, March 8, 1929. The hostesses were Gretchen Temple and Carolyn Eskridge.

Carolyn Eskridge, *Scribe.*



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"IN THE WAKE OF THE Y"

A lonely road in a far away country, a peaceful traveler suddenly beset by robbers and left lying half dead by the road side, a priest who looks at the prostrate man but passes on by, and then another traveler who approaches, sees, and helps to the uttermost of which he is capable—this was the vivid picture that Dr. Prentice Pugh drew for us at the vesper service last Sunday evening. "Society today," said Dr. Pugh, "may be easily compared to these three men of the long ago in respect to wrong that has been committed. There are those who today actually take part in doing that which is evil—in personal, social and international life. There are those who see the need for correcting this evil but who give no assistance in making the world better. There is a third group, however, composed of those who see the need for aid in someone near them, in their community or in some country across the seas, and who do all in their power to help. "The world," concluded Dr. Pugh, "is calling for people who will help anywhere and at any time. To which group do you belong?"

Last Thursday afternoon occurred the second social service tour of the year, under the direction of Alice Daniel, a member of the committee. The place visited was Bethlehem Center, a settlement house for colored people in north Nashville.

Upon arriving at the Center, the girls were greeted by Miss Young, head resident, who explained the work of the settlement before she conducted them through the buildings. It was founded a year ago by an old colored woman who appealed to some students in the Methodist Training School to help her meet the problems of the people—of the children and the older boys and girls who practically lived on the streets in that section of the city. As a result Bethlehem Center stands today as a good neighborhood in the crowded district of north Nashville, with doors wide open to minister to any one in need, doing a work that is slowly changing the character of the entire community.

As Miss Young conducted the girls through the various clubs, classes and clinics, where one could really see the settlement in operation, it was noticed that they lingered longest in the kindergarten. The children there—well, as Alice says, "I've seen cute negro children, but never before any as cute as these."

Students at Fisk, majoring in sociology, assist with the work of the Center. It would take too long to describe its activities in detail, but as many as one thousand eight hundred people are reached each week through its many activities.

The following girls signed up for the trip: Josephine Leonard, Alice Daniel, Muriel Eaton, Elsie Stern, Irene Adams, Louise Vawter, Lauretta Abercrombie and Viola Quebman.

Sunday afternoon Miss Van took a group of girls from the sunday school classes, including Alice Meyer, Mary Lois Patterson, Vesta Kitchell Jean MacAlpine, Gladys Lindsey and Marjorie Oleson, to the Junior League Home for Crippled Children. Upon arriving the group divided, half going inside to play with the children in bed, and half staying outside to play games with those who were greatly improved. All manner of games were played in the yard, while inside the house was turned into a busy workshop of children cutting out all kinds, sorts, and shapes, of pictures. At the request of little Evelyn, Vesta played the piano and soon an interested group gathered around her. Later, the girls changed places, so that all the girls could become acquainted with all the children.

It seemed no time at all before the car returned for us, and even then we were so loathe to go that the chauffeur had a nice nap while waiting for us. The children were all very anxious for us to return as soon as possible, but I believe that the girls could outdo them in wanting to return. No girl realizes what brave little soldiers these children are or what good time they can give us, until she goes out to pay a visit to the Junior League Home for Crippled Children.

The second meeting of the Student and Industrial Commission was held on Friday evening, March 1st, at six o'clock at the Nashville Y.W.C.A.

After an enjoyable supper the meeting was called to order, and an election of the two chairmen was held. Edna King of Vanderbilt University was elected chairman of the Student group, and Anne Hayes of O'Bryan Brothers was made chairman of the



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Industrial group. These two will alternately have charge of the meetings. Ruth Gasteiger was made secretary of the committee.

Following the elections, some of the members of the Industrial group gave interesting talks on "Factories and Wages," Child Labor in Tennessee," and "The Differences Between Union and Non-Union Labor."

A true and false test was taken by everyone present. It was composed of statements concerning the most important and vital questions of the day. The papers were given to Marion Lewis and Ruth Gasteiger, the Ward-Belmont representatives, who will go over them and decide which are the most open for discussion. The future meetings will be based on these decisions.

The student group has charge of the next meeting which will be held Friday evening, March the eighth.

The "Y" wants to especially thank its sunday school orchestra. It's mighty nice, the music they make. We are glad we can always depend on having girls at sunday school to help us with the hymns in this way. Last time four girls played: Lydareene Majors, Dorothy Black, Catherine Scruggs and Elaine Bean.

Last Sunday morning if you missed Ruthe Donahoo's talk on "Broken Swords" you missed a splendid one. It was the kind of a talk that not only moves one as far as feelings are concerned but also moves one to action. Miss Brooks took one class and has consented to continue to help in this way for several times to come. Miss Van conducted her usual class, the subject of both the teachers being, "Building the Church in the World Today."

After Ruthe's talk, Margaret Rothert, (who was presiding) pointed to an attractive gilded box on the table, and reminded the girls that the nickles and dimes that were put therein during the rest of the year would go to support a representative of our sunday school in China. A little Chinese girl eight years of age has been adopted by the sunday school and it is hoped that the gilded box will prove to be the treasure chest out of which her school expenses for the next nine months will be paid.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

For the girls who have birthdays during the last of February, a lovely birthday dinner was given in their honor in the private dining room last Thursday evening. This was the last dinner party of the winter. The decorations were very effectively carried out in the color scheme of red and white. Three red bands of ribbon were laid horizontally acros the table, on which, at intervals, were placed three silver vases filled with red and white carnations. In the center of the table were two gilded figures of St. Joseph, who it is said, will bring everyone present a good husband. A small clock place-card, whose hands were both on the hour of twelve, ready to herald in the most welcome Spring, and a red rose, marked each place at the table. We hear, too, that champagne (alas ginger ale) was served with the desert, with which every girl made a toast. Mrs. Rose acted as hostess for this most delightful dinner.

The honor guests of the evening were: Majorie Barclay, Chillicothe, Mo.; Ann and Nancy Newman, Mascot, Tenn; Helen Rogers, Bloomington, Ind.; Margaret Timmons, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Elizabeth Willis, Sapulpa, Okla.; Eleanor Townsend, San Antonio, Texas; Winona Thompson, Shreveport, La.; Muriel Eaton, Beaumont, Texas; Ruth Donahoo, Birmingham, Ala.; Pattie Dowlen, Springfield, Tenn.; Evelyn Tindall, Greenfield, Ind.; Lillian Francez, Crowley, La.; Ruth Gasteiger, Johnson City, Tenn.; Katherine Bachman, Cincinnati, Ohio.; Louise Hollingsworth, Mobile, Ala.; Colberne Spence, Hannibal, Mo.; Eleanor Brown, Garrett, Ind.; Josephine Leonard, Youngstown, Ohio; Betty Schmidtbauer, Milwaukee, Wis.; Sybil Forman, Roanoke, Va.; Olga Maestri, Baton Rouge, La.

AUNT ABIGAL'S ADVICE TO THE ANXIOUS

Dear Aunt Abigal:

We are very anxious to learn how to make patchwork quilts. We have a friend at Franklin, Tennessee, who is willing to show us how but everytime we file to go there Miss Irwin returns the file: "Not granted; you were there only a short time ago. Have the boys come here." Please give us some advice.

Libby Loar
Ruth Gill
Catherine Scruggs.

Dear little Girls:

The modern girls are downright peculiar. Now in my day, we would have been insulted had anyone dared to suggest that we make patchwork quilts.

Now let's see if I have this straight. You want to go to Franklin to make patchwork quilts. You have friends there who are willing to give lessons. Miss Irvin suggests having them come here. Take her up on it! It's not often that she suggests such a thing. Have the boys come up here with their quilts. The six of you can have a regular sewing bee in "Rec" Hall. If the young men are very proficient and you girls are willing, they might give lessons to others; say Virginia Owens or Elinor Thon. I'll see Mr. Benedict about putting in a sewing machine.

Aunt Abigal.

Dear Aunt Abigal:

I'm sorely distressed, some one has appropriated my picture of Alice Dewdrop Daniel. I'm so heart-broken, I'll do any thing that you say, to get it back. Please, please help me.

Weepingly,
Dot Gould.

Dear little Dot:

Yours is a sad case. If you are heart-broken it is your own fault. "How many times" has Mrs. Charley told you to "lock" things up. If I were you, I would appoint a committee to go through all rooms in Sr. Hall. All valuables found should be turned in to some one very honest, if you can find such a girl. After sorting things out you may find the picture. If not appropriate all other things of value and sell them. With the money have a new picture made.

Aunt Abigal.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

RULES AND REASONS

Rules and regulations—yes, they seem at those times when they interfere with our plans to be rather useless and, to say the least, annoying. Yes, when we look at the matter of rules from an unbiased standpoint, we find that they are not only necessary but are made for our own protection, if not from others, from ourselves.

Ward-Belmont's present rules and regulations were not decided upon overnight. They have been in the making for many years, and have been developed in such a way as to serve, as much as possible, as safeguards for the welfare of the students as a whole. Our rules can be said to correspond to the laws of a community. They are made for the protection of the citizens of that community, and are not made with the idea of making life miserable for all concerned. Laws are not made for the fun of it; neither are rules. If we stop to think about it, we find an underlying reason for the enactment of every school law. Rules are made primarily for our convenience and protection.

We would not care to live in a lawless city, for we would be very certain that our rights would neither be protected nor respected. The other citizens would, through design or thoughtlessness make things entirely too interesting for us. It is safe to say that, without rules, we would soon have this same condition in school. Rules serve to remind us of our obligation to respect the rights of others in quiet hour, to study hour without prolonged visits, to a chance to get to their postoffice boxes without having to push their way through crowds of idlers in Middlemarch, and to countless other things which we could mention. In addition to this, rules serve to remind others that we, too, have a right to these things. Rules, and the enforcement of them help to insure us the respect of our personal rights.

Rules do more than insure our personal rights, however. They do much in preserving our health. Campus shoes, regular hours for sleep, study, meals, and recreation; all these things help us to develop strong bodies and alert minds, so that we can equip ourselves to be useful citizens of the United States. Further, rules make for the convenience of every girl.

Imagine having no time limit for getting to chapel or to meals. Many of us would be greatly inconvenienced by these seemingly small matters if it were not for the fact that our school laws protect us. Rules are made for us; for our safety and for our convenience. It is therefore a duty of every girl to respect, appreciate, and obey them.

WALTER DAMROSCH BACK ON THE AIR

Our Mr. Walter Damrosch, who entertains us so completely every Friday morning at ten-thirty, has been on a vacation for the past two weeks. During his absence we have had the pleasure of enjoying the Morley singers, under the direction of Mr. Bundi.

On Washington's birthday a very delightful program was submitted, in which we heard the following songs that portrayed the different sections of the country. From the north we heard "With Pleasures I Have Past My Life." There's little doubt about that belonging wholly to the north. Nevertheless the song is full of life and lots of good philosophy.

Portraying the south we heard "Deep River." Stringed instruments carry it through in a soft, swingy, croony way, as only stringed instruments can. Also, from the south we heard "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," and a version of "Cedar Street." These are both plaintive southern melodies that touch our hearts as only a southern melody could.

From the east came "A Frog Went A'Courtin'." Now this is even more doubtful as to portraying that lovely section of the country. It's a tragedy of a poor frog who gets swallowed by a big black snake after all his efforts.

From the West we heard 'Sift Along," a song of a cowboy out in the lone prairies, as he watches his herd. Also "Bury Me Not on a Lone Prairie," which expresses the cowboy's dread of ending up in a bed six feet by three out in the prairie.

The final number was "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." A good all-around ending for the whole country.

After an absence of three weeks, Walter Damrosch has returned to his weekly radio concerts as director of the New York Symphony. To these programs Damrosch adds picturesque descriptions of each number, at the same time illustrating by the use of a certain class of instruments. At the program of March 1st he dealt with such percussion instruments as cymbals, tambourines, kettle, snare, and base drums. This week's program was as follows:

Larandale from L'Arlesienne Suite No. 2, by Bizet.

Tambourine—Gluck.

Polka—Strauss.

The last number is a vivid composition in dance style showing the use of the drums and cymbal in a background of thunder and lightning.

PARIS

(Continued from page 1)

and see the beautiful Gardens of the Tuileries."

Kitty—"What are all of these little porticoes we see?"

Miss Ross—"Honey, you will find out soon enough. That is the Rue de Rivoli with all of its fascinating little shops. That is why we always like the Regina—it is in the midst of everything." (Just here the head porter comes up to the car impatient to speak to Miss Ross and seems prepared to give her a royal welcome.)

Miss Ross—"Young ladies, this is our *very* good friend who always looks after us; since *he* is here we fear no inconvenience, for he will always take care of us." (The man bows and scrapes and the bus is emptied of its passengers.)

Mrs. Bryan—"You girls sit in this reception room until we can get the rooms from the office." (Everybody follows directions except Ruth Nathan, who begins to investigate the various desks in the lobby to see which one is marked "MAIL.")

Mrs. Bryan—"Your rooms are ready, girls. Go up, order your breakfast, but remember you have only Continental breakfast here, which consists of coffee and rolls, so if you order anything extra you must pay for it, so it will not get Miss Ross' bill confused."

Everybody starts for the elevator, which, incidentally, carries three at a time, so the other twenty are seen wending their way up the steps; they are accosted at each floor by numerous maids, waiters, etc. Each girl has a little white card bearing her name and room number, otherwise the French spoken (though you are taught to count in French 1) in an attempt to give room numbers would never have gotten anybody anywhere.

The Sacred Silent Seven (Gilby, Jay, McCullough, Scott, Good, Owen and O'Donnell) are heard squealing in unmistakable tones: "We are in an apartment! The cutest thing you ever saw, with a living room and everything."

Dot Huckins (pokes her head out of her door and with her large chocolate eyes sparkling exclaims)—"Somebody come in here and see the view from our windows. Our room overlooks the Tuileries Gardens and we have the loveliest view of the biggest boulevard I ever saw. It must be Champs-Elysees."

Scene: Apartment of the Sacred Silent Seven (who are negligeed and bed-slippered and look as though each one is prepared to imitate some grand French lady. They have just succeeded in summoning a waiter who speaks English. He stands at the open door while all seven give the order)—"Cantaloupe, coffee, some black and some with cream, tea, chocolate, marmalade, jam, preserves, toast, buttered and plain, and some French toast, eggs, scrambled and poached; bacon, crisp and non-crisp, —and what not." The noise is so great that in a few minutes Mr. Charlton and Mrs. Bryan appear from different directions: "You girls must not make so much fuss. There may be guests in the hotel who are still asleep, at least *were* asleep. Do please be considerate."

Soon after their departure a knock comes on the apartment door and Helen Scott opens the door and seems aghast when she sees two tables, a half dozen waiters and silver and dishes galore. They are soon seated —and the world is theirs. After sometime they have practically cleared the table, and declare they have never eaten such a breakfast. They ring the bell for the waiter, who comes with the bill on a silver tray. He speaks no English. Gilby politely and impressively takes the bill—a pallor comes over her face—her eyes are twice their natural size. Ward, seeing her dismay, grabs the ticket out of Gilby's hands—"Holy Moses, we can't pay it—540 francs without tips" —Jane McCullough rises to the occasion. "Everybody empty her pocketbook—oh, but that's no use, for you know we counted our money on the train, and we didn't have between us more than five dollars in our money, after we bought that last ice-cream. If we could only give him a check—but we couldn't afford to cash a check when we don't know A from Z about this French money, much less the exchange we are getting. Well, Lela, you tip him, and let it go at that, we'll just have to settle for it later, and next time we'll eat the regular breakfast, even if it is just coffee and rolls.

Lela—"I'll tip him." She pulls out a franc, and in her sweetest manner, and a benevolent smile, stammers "Merci," and gives it to the waiter, who doesn't seem to know what it is all about. He holds it in his hand, looks at it, and then at Lela—never moves a muscle or cracks a smile, but STANDS. "Merci, Merci, beaucoup," repeats Lela, bewitchingly, but it doesn't get her anywhere. "Oh you boob," cries Don, "you are only tipping him four cents in our money—no wonder the dumbbell is insulted." Wild excitement exists for a few minutes until the tip appears satisfactory, then the Sacred Silent Seven fall into chairs, exhausted—no one can blame the other, but they are all explaining, and each one searches for a pencil to calculate. "The end of a perfect breakfast—how tragic—let's go to bed for if we don't get some sleep, we won't be able to tell a Raphael from a Rubens this afternoon."

A LETTER HOME—NEXT WEEK

MISS TOWSEND PRESENTS PLAYS

Work of College Class Well Done

Last Thursday afternoon Miss Townsend presented a third entertainment put on by her second year college class in Expression. The program was as follows:

CHARACTER STUDIES OF CHILDREN

"Georgies First".....Frances Jenkins
"Johnny Gets Ready"..Evanell Nixon
"Christian Soldier" ....Susan Crover

THE YOUNG PERSON SPEAKS

"Louise at the Drug Store"..... ..... Eleanor Smart
"The Bride and the Butcher"..... ..... Helen L. Edwards
"Their Last Ride"..Marian McMichel
"At the Movies".....Reba Klein
"The Art Gallery"....Melba Proctor

CHARACTERS

"Look Pleasant Please"..... ..... Louise Stallard
"Nothing to Say"....Frances Faust
"The Village Dressmaker"..... .....Cecilie Applegath

There was some excellent work done by all, and particularly good were Evanell Nixon, Eleannor Smart and Cecilie Applegath in their interpretation of difficult work.

On Thursday at 3:45 the Drama Workshop class will endeavor to show a rehearsal of a Pulitzer prize play. These are finished and produced in an endeavor to share with their friends their interest in drama by portrayal of reading the character. The class studies by criticism and contrast, the characters, and studies action, diction production, and setting, of various types of plays. All are invited to be present and the students would appreciate the presence of their other academic teachers at these rehersals.

On Thursday night the Senior and Certificate class gave a recital at the Business Men's Club of the West End M. E. Church. The program was as follows:

LONG AGO

She .....Frances Burgess
He .....Muriel Monsell

NOW

He .....Irene McBane
She .....Pauline McCollum

AN HISTORICAL PORTRAIT

The Painter.....Jean McDonnell
His Wife .....Margaret Timmons
A Friend.....Frances Johnson

Miss Townsend and Miss Winnia accompanied the students. Dinner was served. Misses Pierce and Noland, seniors, had charge of properties and music.

BASKETBALL VARSITY

Team 1		Team 2
Caldwell	CF	Nathan
Hodgdon	RF	Collins
Neisler	LF	Newell
Bowers	CG	Gooch
Lewis	RG	Reed
Sims	LG	Rothert

Much excitement was aroused by the notice of tryouts for basketball varsity on the bulletin board. And the team of which we are so proud was finally chosen from that list. Of course, there were many disappointed but we feel that the best players in school are on varsity.

Amanda Caldwell as center forward is hard to beat. Her playing is sure and graceful.

The little player, who dashes in and out among the team, is Ann Dorsey Hodgdon, otherwise known as "Bunny." That side twist of hers, while shooting, very seldom misses a basket.

Grace Neisler has made the most points this season and probably is the most consistent forward.

But forwards, alone, can't win a game for us, so at the other end of the field we have three strong guards.

"Allie" Bowers is one of the closest guards we have ever seen, and most essential to the team.

Marion "Bug" Lewis is a verstile player. As either forward or guard she is on the job and dependable.

The other guard is Louise Sims who seems to be a born athlete. Not only is she quick and hard as a guard, but she also uses her head in fighting for her team. And may we also add that Sims can shoot goals as well as she can guard.

The second team is almost as good as the first but it would take too much space to write them up individually.

MRS. KENNETH ROSE'S PUPILS GIVE RECITAL

Last Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Kenneth Rose of the School of Piano, held her first student's recital at her home on 2006 18th Avenue So. The pupils who appeared were: Jean Potter, Mary Anne Giles, Ellen Bowers, Mildred Sharpe, Gertrude Edwards, Corinne Webb, Frances Rose, Sarah Caldwell, Margaret Giles, Ellen Whiteman, Dorothy Tinsley,and Mildred Clements.

This is the first of the two major recitals which the pupils of Mrs. Rose present each year. The girls performed with commendable poise and skill, and by their technical ability proved themselves a credit to a most excellent teacher.

The guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Robert Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Giles, Mrs. Edward Potter, Mrs. L. A. Bowers, Mrs. L. Whiteman, Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. D. M. Clements, Mrs. Charles Conelius, Miss Dorothy Stratton, Mrs. W. C. Tinsley, Miss Wilda Tinsley, Miss Ann Potter, and Mrs. T. Dwight Webb.

After the recital a delicious ice course was served.

ENGLISH SINGERS APPEAR AT RYMAN

(Continued from page 1)

says: "A concert by the English Singers is for the listener a unique and unforgettable experience, a contact with a beauty that is rare and haunting—unparalleled on the American stage. Here they stand alone and incomparable, because of the wonderful treasure of old English music which they reveal and the singularly eloquent and atmospheric character of their performances." And still another is enraptured by them: "The English Singers do the finest choral singing that has yet been heard in America and deserve the characterization of a famous New York critic who dubbed them the 'choir perfect.' The English Singers bring a new repertoire to the concert hall. They have rediscovered the wonders of Elizabethan music, and their concerts of madrigals, folk songs, ballets and canzonets are revelations of beauty."

NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 9—Del Ver Club dance.
March 12—Arkansas Club dinner at Belle Meade Country Club.
March 15—Mrs. Humphrey's concert.
March 16—Indiana Club dance.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, February 27.—To club tonight, feeling as if I hadn't been for centuries, and only because we missed one week. The very walls looked strange. Finally decided that the cause of that was the new curtains—do they ever look hot—I feel all responsible for them after spending a whole afternoon measuring for them, and after that, measuring all over again, just for the mere reason that some numskill forgot how to count—or never knew. Rejoiced at having some new records—The Wail, and Doin' the Racoon were becoming a little monotonous. Had threatened to buy some new ones, myself, but when my bank-balance came back with the frightful news that, in place of the twenty dollars I thought I was hoarding away for a rainy day, it was actually only fifty-eight cents, decided that some other sister would have to crash through with the records until my finances were a little better. It's going to take some tall figuring to make that mazuma last until the sixth of March, what I mean—thinking of applying for a job at one of these places where some intelligent looking person makes out people's budgets for them when I'm through school—the only draw-back there, is the lack of the light of inspiration on my delicate face (probably shouldn't say delicate, but one self-inflicted slam at a time is all my vanity will permit me, and anyway, why let people think I know I'm distinctly unbeautiful?)

Thursday, February 28.—After all that junk I put in here last night I think I should get by with a short one tonight—I'll have to, there are only about ten minutes left before lights cut. Furthermore there is nothing to say. Still thinking about that speech in chapel yesterday, about the names; the first time I've ever spent more than one day thinking about anything like that, or even thinking. The last day of February—who would have thought it? I can't quite grasp it—entirely willing to have it so, however. Big argument with "Clutchie" as to whether she or I would be the first to howl out "Three more months till vacation" at the crack of dawn (only I mean the rising bell) tomorrow. Childish idea, anyway. And so to bed—if I can ever get all the assortment of clothes and bric-a-brac off it.

Friday, March 1.—Surely seems good to write that. Resolved to take time out sometime soon and count up everything from days to bedspreads until we go home in May. Mr. Humphrey, looking simply stunning in full dress—mm with white gloves, yat—gave a concert tonight. Could listen to him for hours, specially when he sings real far down and oh, so low, so very low that you can hardly hear at all; and have to sit awfully still and listen hard so you don't miss anything. Never remember being in chapel when it was still as that—a dropped pin would have created the same sound effect as a Vitaphone gone wild. You've got to hand it to Mr. Humphrey for being there when it comes to pantomime, too—that business about the tankard of ale from the inn was really good. Wonder where he did the research work?

Saturday, March 2.—Somebody's birthday, probably, and that's the only distinguishing thing I know of. To the movie, according to my pleasant little custom. Wish I were an X.L.—they all have such stunning clothes—anybody'd think so after that fashion show. The picture was darling, of course; and I think Mr. Wesson is nothing more or less than a heavenly angel to spend his Saturday evenings out here playing the organ for the movies. Talk about public-spirited—he certainly is that. Afterwards to the dance which I didn't rate, but enjoyed from the balcony. Can't imagine how it could have looked more gorgeous from any other place. About the cleverest special imaginable! How do people manage to be so brainy?

Sunday, March 3.—If anyone could possibly feel pessimistic on such a bright and spring-like morning one would say "It'll probably snow again tomorrow"; but why waste time in pessimism? Actually dragged "Clutchie's" old reliable Vic out under the sheltering maple saplings and sat in the swing and played, and played. Wrote letters in the intervals between winding the crazy thing. We had an agreement that we'd take turns doing it, but as usual "Clutchie" got to concentrating and it all ended by my doing the work. Dr. Pugh tonight for Vespers and I did laugh myself into a state approaching hysteria at some of the things he says. Never could quite figure out how he manages to be funny and serious at practically the same time.

Monday, March 4.—Dawgone these blue Monday's! I've been trying for the last month to get downtown, the only time both "Clutchie" and I can go is Monday; and the weather man has been dealing out such rotten



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weather on the first day of the week that the powers that be won't let us stir off the campus. Now I ask you—what is a poor girl to do?

Blessings on Inauguration! Dismissed from two classes just to listen in. What I call luck, or even better than that; seeing as how I didn't have anything prepared. Got dizzy tearing mentally all over Washington while the radio man announced. Wish they'd taken us to Washington. When my sister came here they did, and she's still talking about what a whooppee she had.

Spent the afternoon in the library behind a large stack of various volumes of the new Oxford Dictionary ferreting around for synonyms and such for English. Imagine spending half the afternoon finding the difference between inquisitive and curious. I'm curious to know what great good I'm to do for humanity with that sort of information.

Tuesday, March 5.—Snowed this morning just for a change. The best change they could make, in my opinion would be the weather man.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Inauguration day brought sorrow to one person besides Al Smith. The little person of whom we are speaking tells her story better than we can.

"Just as I started into chemistry class, 'Welty' informed me that there was to be a test. Now, I knew I couldn't pass a test so I turned and ran just as fast as I could down the hall. Bumping into Dr. Hollingshead didn't phase me or even stop me. I kept on running until I almost ran away with myself before I reached the infirmary. That afternoon someone told me that the test was put off until Wednesday because the whole class was let out to hear Hoover speak! Now what will I do Wednesday? I could cry out loud!

We have Graves to thank for the following contributions:

1. Why does "Barclay" have such an intelligent look on her face?
2. Why doesn't Timmons pose for Palmolive soap?
3. Why is "Old Fellow" Jones always so jovial?
4. Why is "Grandma's" radiator such a convenient place?
5. Why is Jane Owens so quiet and pensive?
6. Why is Ginny Owens such a devil with Vanderbilt?
7. Why doesn't Lil Frances give Babe Ruth a little rivalry in baseball?
8. Why doesn't "Tillie the Toiler" fall apart with her fancy steps?

Heard at Ward-Belmont vs. Peabody game:

"I don't think that Sims girl is so hot! Why she hasn't made a goal yet!"

That's all right, Sims; we just wish we had a few more guards like you.

Grace Neisler was trying on Margaret Scullin's dress.

"This fits me like a glove," she said.

"No," replied Katherine Bachman, "it doesn't, because a glove has a few wrinkles in it."

Believe it or not this really happened in Miss Wallace's class. Why they were studying the spawning salmon we do not know, but here it is.

Miss Wallace: "Tell us something about the salmon."

Bright pupil: "Well, for a long time nothing was known of the salmon, but lately we have learned that they go up the river to spoon."

We now begin a dissertation on things disserted much but not at all too frequently. We can not believe these reports, but they must be true. How can the girls be so incorrigible as to actually have food in their rooms, radios and unsavory magazines such at College Humor and Colliers? It's terrible, really, it's unruly. We can't understand why. If we were a boarder we would never think of doing such.

The mirth of our seat-mate (never mind which class) at reading the above is humiliating to say the least. We really mean it.

Seen on Mrs. Mean's bulletin board: "Lost, Prof. silver-rimed glasses."
This is the end.
(The bell has rung).

WHO'S WHO

When we elected Myrtilla Daniels, Editor-in-chief of the Annual, we elected a girl who is capable of doing the work and who will "put it over" the best way possible. She is efficient—has executive power and every other quality which would go to make a good editor—and she has that general atmosphere of friendliness around her at all times that enables her to work with other people. "Tillie" is one of the most versatile girls we have ever known—but her nature varies according to the mood she is in. She has high and low moments, but in the highest of spirits or in the depths of serious thought she's "Tillie," and one of the best old girls on the campus.

IMPRESSIONS

Lacy valentines—aquamarines—"a rainbow trail"—wisteria—opals—peach blossoms—Eileen Wallace.

Black satin—travel on a luxurious steamer—sophistication—onyx rings—burnished gold—formal teas—the Rhine—Mettie Taylor.

Jade ear-rings—sea-weed—sunshine—yellow jonquils—summer resorts by the sea—green bathing suits—burnt orange—mint—Libbie Loar.

Easter lillies—"Little Women"—crepe-de-chine—a shady stream—a quiet Swiss village—Eleanor DeWitt.

Sports—shiny boots—horse-shows—sweat-shirts—berets—loud scarfs—tweed sports suits—new saddles—airdale dogs—Freda Birge.

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TEAS ENJOYED IN CLUB HOUSES

In the vogue for Saturday afternoon teas which has been prevalent among the social clubs lately, one finds reminiscences of rush week, and a charming supplement to the Saturday night festivities.

The members of the Twentieth Century club were hostesses at a tea dansant, Saturday afternoon, March 1st. The large drawing room was cleared for dancing and music was provided by the "Wandering Blues." At the tea table fruit punch and dainty sandwiches were served.

The A.K. club was honored with a tea given by the Agora club, from four till six, last Saturday afternoon. Suzanne Jones presided at the tea table which was attractively adorned with tapering candles in silver holders.

THE WANDERING BLUES

What one of you haven't gone into the tea-room on Tuesday or Saturday afternoons to drink your Welchade or eat your sandwich to the syncopatin' music put out by our own Wandering Blues? If there be such a girl, then by all means make it a point to go down to the tea-room this very week. The Wandering Blues really are good and aren't we about the proudest ever to have an orchestra of our very own. I think we owe them a big hand because they work so hard to please us—and do they do it?—well, I guess so. Instead of relying upon old pieces to play for us they get out these new ones just as regular as the clock.

And girls, have you noticed the outfits? Surely are nifty and their name is carried out to perfection, for the sweaters are blue and then if you wander on down a ways you will discover blue socks—at least that's true in Gooch's case. Anyhow they do look neat,—posing or in action.

Of course, you all know Stout and Schaefer, the big piano wizards; Scruggs, as the Jazz Heifets, leads the band; Gooch renders tantalizing melodies from her banjouke; Tillie Daniels does justice on the banjo; Virginia Lou Sample does what no one else can on the traps; Irene McBane must have been born with a cornet in her mouth, 'cause she sure can toot a mean trumpet; Budge Brooks and Dorothy Gould complete the orchestra by playing something we just couldn't get along without—saxophones.

The Wandering Blue's—may they live forever.

We wonder if you heard about the man named Mac Gregor who built an apartment house in 1928 and left off the fire-escapes because it was "leap-year."



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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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Dr. Barton Lunches With Alumnae

Addresses Central High in Omaha

While Dr. Barton was traveling in the north and west in the last two weeks he accomplished many interesting things. He managed to get in touch with a great many former students of this school who are now in other colleges and universities. When he visited at the University of Wisconsin he had luncheon at the Hotel Lorraine with the following girls: Mary Jane Pulver, Catherine Blackman, Caroline Taylor, Mary Bellock, Catherine Wood, Eleanor Marling, Catherine McKnight, Catherine McKee, Jane Stratton, and Eunice Conroy.

In Omaha, Nebraska, Dr. Barton and Mrs. Frances Hill, field representative for the school, were the honor guests at a luncheon given by members of the local alumnae at the Hotel Fontenelle on Tuesday, March 5th. In addition to the alumnae there were present some girls who intend to enter school here next year. The alumnae members included Mrs. R. O. (Jane Harvey) Barmettler, '22-'24; Mrs. R. E. (Ellene Guinter) Wagner, '17-'18; Mrs. Edward Cohn, Mrs. Sidney Fisher, Mrs. Paul Blotcky, Miss Irene Powell, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Lillian Condon, Mrs. Ruth Harrell, Mrs. Clyde Parsley, Mrs. William Ferguson, and Mrs. M. G. Tilton. The girls who are entering for 1929 are Jane Cuyhendall, Katherine Hammond, and Lois May.

Dr. Barton gave an address at the Central High School at Omaha which was recorded in the *Omaha News-Bee* as follows:

"Vocational education finds a protagonist in John Wynne Barton, acting president of Ward-Belmont School at Nashville, Tennessee, one of the oldest girls' schools in the South.

"I believe there is just as much culture in manual training as there

(Continued on page 4)

WARD-BELMONT WELCOMES TWO OLD GIRLS BACK AGAIN

In the general "exodus" from Florida, two Ward-Belmont girls of five years ago passed through Nashville, last Tuesday, to visit the campus once again.

Miss Eleanor Osburn, of Connellsville, Pa., who since her graduation has been at home and traveling through Europe, was one of these girls.

The other was Miss Beulah Bluim of Cleveland, Ohio, who, since she left this school has attended Western Reserve University at Cleveland, and the University of Wisconsin, and has also traveled in Europe. Miss Bluim is particularly interested in the organization of an Alumnae Club in Cleveland.

WALTER DAMROSCH PROGRAM

Percussion Instruments Used

On Friday, March 8th, at chapel time, the history of music students and others interested, heard another delightful program by the Walter Damrosch Symphony.

This time percussion instruments were portrayed, mainly the kettle drums. The kettle drums are played by striking with sticks or hands.

There are two kinds of percussion instruments. One produces musical tones and one produces rythmical tone. The kettle drums produce tones and the musical pitch is quite varied, though it sounds low and rumbling and isn't clear.

The first number to be played was "Tone Poem," by a Finnish composer, Sibelius. He surely must have felt the love for his country strongly, because the composition, which is in honor of his native land, portrayed a marvelous feeling of patriotism and love. The kettle drums marked a peculiar rythm in this that is wholly fascinating and stirring.

Beethoven's "Thunderstorm" from the pastorale symphony, was next played. The thunder is portrayed by the kettle drums and other bass instruments, while the violin gave us the raindrops.

In this we felt the anxiousness in the approaching storm. We heard the lightning. We lived through the entire thunderstorm until gradually it passed, and the sun shone forth in all his glory on a beautiful, clear, fresh world.

Another example of kettle drums was used in "Finale From Symphony No. Five," by Tschaikowsky. This triumphant national song concluded the program.

Kentucky Alumnae Organize

Lucille Howard Elected President

At this season of the year there is much activity among the Alumnae associations all over the country. One of the newest of Ward-Belmont's Alumnae clubs, and one which bids fair to become one of the most active is the Ward-Belmont Kentucky Club, organized at a meeting last Saturday at the Lafayette Hotel in Lexington, Ky. In the *Lexington Herald* we find the following account of the luncheon:

"Kentucky graduates of the Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee, held a meeting with luncheon Saturday at the Lafayette Hotel and organized a Kentucky-Ward-Belmont Alumnae Club.

"Miss Lillia Towles, of Henderson, Ky., field secretary of Ward-Belmont, presided, and officers were elected as follows: president, Miss Lucille Howard, of Versailles; vice-president, Mrs. Rufus Henry VanArsdall, of Harrodsburg; secretary, Mrs. W. C. Howk, of Cynthiana; treasurer, Mary Ellen Dale, of Eminence, Ky.

"The new club will hold a meeting with luncheon in April at the Lafayette Hotel in this city and asks all the alumnae and former students of Ward-Belmont to bear the date in mind and attend."

A LETTER HOME

Paris, July 4, 1928.

Dear Family:

Our stay in Paris has been so wonderful and each day crowded with interesting events all of which I want to tell you about but some things will have to wait until I get home. Today has been one of the most interesting and eventful days we have had, and as it is the glorious Fourth I will do it the honor of confining my letter home tonight strictly to the activities of this day. I can't imagine any opportunity more wonderful than the one we have had of being in Paris today and attending the dedication of the monument to the Escadrille Lafayette which took place this morning. We, of course, knew that we were very fortunate to be here for such a celebration but not until we arrived in the beautiful park of Villeneuve l'Etang, already made famous by Carrot, did we realize in the fullest sense that our stay in Paris could well have been planned around this one event.

The sacredness and solemnity of this occasion threw its silence over us as soon as we took our places in the section reserved for Americans. Here we faced a beautiful marble arch which is 65 feet high and 45 feet wide, and which has engraved on it the names of the 209 pilots of the Escadrille Lafayette—67 of them starred. On one of the inner walls is carved these words:

"May this memorial quicken in mankind the spirit that animated the volunteers of the Escadrille Lafayette, sons of the U. S. of America, pioneers of her entry into the World War.

Aviation Corps received into the Army of France, 20th of April, 1916."

Behind the platform of the speakers and just under the Arch were the

(Continued on page 5)

DR. CAPERS SPEAKS AT CHAPEL TIME

The Rev. Dr. Capers, of Jackson, Miss., was the Lenten speaker at chapel on Wednesday. Dr. Capers captivated his audience at once by some clever remarks on the fundamental sameness of human nature. Dr. Capers spoke with delightful informality and a sort of fatherliness which won him a place in the hearts of the girls instantly, in spite of the fact that this was "one of two times in my life when I can speak as long as I choose," to use his own words. Everyone felt she would have enjoyed listening much longer than the short time Dr. Capers spoke.

FRENCH CLUB ANNOUNCEMENT

Thursday evening the French Club met in the Agora clubhouse. The meeting began with a song in which everyone joined. This was followed by two clever sketches in which travel was the predominating feature. Elberta Gooch, Nancy Butler, Sally Hayward, June Haralson, Artelia Bowne, Vesta Kitchell, Juliet Schuster, Louisa La Bounty, Esther Conger, Nell Tyson, and Margaret Wilkins were the members who took part. The meeting closed with a jolly game, and everyone had a most enjoyable time.

WELCOME



PAT AND MIKE

When a speaker from another state comes to school, all the girls from that state are called to the platform to meet him. This week we are celebrating, in the HYPHEN, the "swenteenth of Oireland" and St. Patrick, the patron saint of all good Irishmen, and we think it's only right to make some public mention of the descendants of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle who are in school.

The "Pats" and "Mikes" are very well represented, we see many redheads, and many instances of the celebrated Irish wit and the equally famed Irish temper. The clan O'Donnell, always an outstanding one in Ward-Belmont, has two representatives and among the other Hibernians are: Calhoon, Cochran, Donahoo, Flaniken, Gills, Green, Kirkpatrick, Lafferty, Pooley, Mullican, McMichael, McMurray, McCarthy, McBroom, McGowan, Loonan, Terry, and Sweeney.

"Here's a rousin' Oirish Health to thim; 'Erin go bragh'—and down with all Orangemin."



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CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL GIVEN BY DEL VERS

Sailors Dance in Special

"Cherry blossom time in Shanghai town" has an enchanting fairy tale sound. With such a motif it is not surprising that the dance presented by the Del Ver club last Saturday evening, March 9th, was delightfully picturesque.

The gym, softly lighted to create an illusion of moonlight, was ingeniously transformed into a Chinese garden. There were dainty trees laden with airy blossoms like pink popcorn brilliant against a midnight blue background. A long string of variegated Chinese lanterns swayed with the slightest breeze. In one corner a tiny lily pond, idyllically calm, mirrored green shrubbery and an emerald green bridge. Nearby on a flat rock sat a huge green frog with great pop eyes; the mascot of the Del Ver club. In the opposite corner a crescent moon hung over the curved roof of a pagoda. It was indeed like a scene from a fairy tale.

The special, arranged by Frances Burgess, consisted of a sketch quite in harmony with the spirit of the dance, wherein comedy and romance were artfully combined. The cast included Carolyn Patterson as "Mr. Wu," a Chinese gentleman of austere mien with a violent aversion for American sailors; Frances Burgess as "Sappo," the comical captain of the American crew; Dorothy Detrick as "Cherries," the charming and flirtatious daughter of Wu, and Grace Neisler as "Phillipe," a handsome young sailor who finds the fair "Cherries" very desirable. These two make love in a charming fashion by singing a popular song entitled, "You Wanted Someone to Play With, But I Wanted Someone to Love." In the sailor chorus were Helen Windham, Sara Smith, Eleanor Peterson, Kathleen McFarlan, Marjorie Jurgensmeyer, and Elizabeth Willis. Their sweethearts, gaily attired a la pajamas in the approved oriental fashion, were Miriam Woodside, Elliot Sampson, Mary Goss, Olga Maestri, Lela Edwards, and Eleanor Smart. Gertrude Edwards was the accompanist for the songs and dances.

Miss Hollinger, sponsor of the club, assisted by Frances Burgess, Libbie Loar, and Clotelle Bryan, received the guests.

BISHOP SHAYLER, OF NEBRASKA, GUEST OF SCHOOL

On Thursday evening Dr. Pugh, of the Church of the Advent and the Right Reverend Ernest V. Shayler, bishop of Nebraska were the guests of the school for dinner. After dinner, Bishop Shayler spoke very informally to the Episcopal girls who met him in Rec Hall. The bishop has a large fund of anecdotes, and he and Dr. Pugh seemed as entertained in interrupting each other in telling them as the girls were in listening. The bishop spoke to each girl individually in his charming and inimitable manner, and everyone felt that it was without doubt a very great privilege to have been able to talk with him.

THE SCRAPBOOK

This column is a collection of sayings, poems, quotations, and various original articles.

All around us are enacted little dramas of life strangely parallel, oftentimes, to our own struggles and triumphs. Not long ago I sat in a boat and watched scores of fiddler crabs crawling in a rusty tin bait can. Time after time one crab would succeed in clambering over his fellows to the top of the heap and reaching out for a hold. And each time this was accomplished one of the weaker ones pulled him down and climbed into his place.

You are beautiful and faded
Like an old opera tune
Played upon a harpsichord;
Or like the sun-flooded silks
Of an eighteenth century boudoir.
In your eyes
Smoulder the fallen roses of out-lived minutes,
And the perfume of your soul
Is vague and suffusing,
With the pungence of sealed spice jars.
Your half-tones delight me
And I grow mad with gazing
At your blent colors.
My vigor is a new-minted penny
Which I cast at your feet.
Gather it up from the dust
That its sparkle may amuse you.
—*Amy Lowell.*

It is always a question to me whether people can stand knowledge



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—that is—whether people can be learned and happy, wise and still wistful. So often one hears the remark, "I wish I didn't know things; I was so much happier before." And most of us do regret the perfect happiness of ignorance and innocence more or less. Yet there is an even purer and sweeter frame of mind that many believe can be obtained through thorough knowledge.

A young physician once said that nothing had ever made him so happy as his study of medicine. "Of course you must realize," he went on, "that the basis of things is crude and sometimes rather hard—just like the foundation of any great building. But the modifications and the detail work are as lovely and fascinating as a Gothic cathedral."

English literature, bounded by the laws of grammar and sentence structure is, in spite of its uninteresting foundation, a varied and beautiful thing. And the laws of harmony are not the essence of music even though they are the basis. And art, dependent on line and form, is subject to the various moods and spirits of man, who himself operating according to fundamental instincts, is infinitely more.

And so it is helpful to realize that the fundamentals we must learn are only the foundations for the glorious structures human minds and souls are always building.

"If you want to get ahead in this world, use the one you already have."

THE TREE
By Alfred Kreymborg

I am four monkeys,
one hangs from a limb tailwise,
chattering at the earth;
another is cramming his belly with
cocoanut;
the third is up in the top branches,
quizzing the sky;
and the fourth—
he's chasing another monkey.
how many monkeys are you?

"The ideally beautiful must have poise, depth, and inner harmony."—*Eugen Neuhaus.*

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

At the last meeting of the Industrial Commission the results of the previously taken "True and False" tests were revealed. The girls varied greatly on all questions, some of which were: the relation of woman to industry; the relation of woman to home and industry; social attitude and its relation to life; companionate marriage—its meaning; what the typical college girl is, as to her standards; the industrial problem as regarding the negroes.

The special point for discussion for this meeting was: "Should the married woman do work outside the home if such work is not needed for support?" In answering this the girls agreed but their reasons for agreeing were widely divergent. It was mentioned that the woman's attention would be drawn from her home life if she worked after marriage, but the point stressed was that she took the position from someone that really needed the job.

Two features of particular interest made sunday school last Sunday very worthwhile to the large number who were present. The first was the opening talk by Dorothy Black and the second was the discussion group led by Miss Brooks.

Since we are now in the very midst of the Lenten season, Dorothy's talk on "How to Keep Lent" was very timely. "Lent," she said, "should be observed not so much by giving up some special thing for a few weeks each spring as a form of self-denial, but rather as a spirit that we take into our daily living throughout every week of the year."

The orchestra, composed of Lydareene Majors, Catherine Scruggs, Dorothy Black, Jimsey Duncan, and Elaine Bean, helped to make the opening song service one of special inspiration and enjoyment.

The little "Y" room a few days ago seemed transformed temporarily into a magazine shop, as different members of the social service committee came staggering in with huge stacks of magazines which they had industriously collected. Soon, however, the little room resumed its normal appearance and the magazines had gone adventuring in fourteen different directions in the city of Nashville where they were all eagerly seized and enjoyed.

Another call for special help came to this same committee last week from the Florence Crittenden Home. A girl needed clothes badly and soon the clothes had been given and were on their way. A note from Miss Wheeler, the superintendent, said: "I wish the girls in Ward-Belmont could realize how much their assistance has helped, and how much joy it has given."

MISS THONE'S PUPILS GIVE RECITAL

Pupils of Miss Thone gave a program of piano music in her studio on Thursday, March 7th. Ranging in difficulty from comparatively simple selections to those requiring great technical skill, the program throughout was admirably balanced and exquisitely rendered. The program was as follows:

A Heavy Surf ..... *Barbour*
Evelyn Brandon
In My Gondola ..... *Stickles*
Adele Mills
Olga Plays the Piano ..... *Nichols*
Emily Payne
Fairy Footsteps ..... *Farrar*
Ann Fensterwaid
The Woodlark ..... *Grunn*
Grace Benedict
Waltzing Doll ..... *Poldini*
Helen Werthan
Wild Rose ..... *McDowell*
Venetian Boat Song ..... *Mendelssohn*
Jane Hall
The Eagle ..... *McDowell*
Rigandom ..... *Grieg*
Isobel Goodloe
Barcarolle ..... *Godard*
Emma Jean Willis
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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

OLD-FASHIONED HAPPINESS

I hear so much from many who speak of happiness as something that comes to the few, or as something that merely breaks luckily, and those who happen to be around get a lion's share.

I am beginning to think and to believe however that happiness is largely a matter of personal philosophy. In reading the lives of really great people one finds that they did not tread the rose strewn path—no, they tasted of unhappiness, too. One of my favorite writers passed a most unhappy youth and manhood—and yet left to the world a beautiful record of deeds. Apparently he put happiness into his book.

Stevenson endured a life of ill health, yet today he is one of the happiest of writers to read. Once he wrote in one his informal essays: "If a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain."

There is a charm and beauty about all that Stevenson wrote that attracts one to him. You feel you are in the presence of the man himself as you sit and read what he once wrote and recorded.

How filled with courage was this writer. Here is a favorite sentence: "Soon, soon it comes. You must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop and, but a little further against the setting sun, decry the spires of El Dorado. Little do you know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive and the true success is to labor."

How can anything that makes us happy be old-fashioned? Why should anything beautiful be old-fashioned?

LEADER OR FOLLOWER?

Have you ever heard anyone say of a girl, "She is a born leader?" Yes, and I have no doubt that the same thought had entered your mind, if you knew the girl in question even slightly, before it was expressed to you. A person who has the qualities of leadership is always recognized and appreciated for her ability.

There is not one among us who does not have a genuine respect for the girls on our campus who have proven to their classmates their capability, and who have been chosen as "leaders" when there was need of one. If you will notice often they are not the girls who would be voted the most beautiful or the wittiest in the school. On the other hand, there are those who have self-control, respect for honesty, powers for clear and rapid thinking, and a friendly disposition. A combination of such characteristics cannot but result in leadership.

All through the history of our nation, and of all the others, there are stories of the men who were singled out to lead; in the Bible the Israelites to the Promised Land. No ordinary man could achieve this great task; and so Moses was chosen,—a man far above his companions in faith, in controlling others, and in clarity of thought. Doubtless he would never have achieved what he did had it not been that those over whom he was made commander were forced to admire him and follow the dictates of one who combined the qualities of a leader with a pleasing personality.

Countless others we could name in this class,—some who lead enterprises so vast as to have left names in history that will live forever, others who were perhaps just as great and who served others just as well, but whose names are now forgotten.

There are different degrees and kinds of leadership; but each is important in its way. It may be the presidency of a club, a council, or a class, or even of the student body; but the girl chosen to fill the position was not selected for her beautiful hair and eyes, but because her friends realized she was best fitted to direct the organization.

We are all leaders in a way. Someone, somewhere is watching us and following our example. Remembering that in our life at Ward-Belmont each girl should make it her object so to conduct herself that others admiring and respecting her, and, following, find themselves going the right way.

However, no one likes to see a girl who follows all the time. Her character is weak. She has no power for decision even in the smallest matters. She agrees with everything others say, never daring to voice her own opinion. Take care that you develop your ability to be a leader and that being a leader, you lead for the right.

CLUB BREAKFASTS

On Sunday morning the Club House Village was again the site of much excitement. To see some of those most illustrious "campus cooks" such as Helen Hylton, Elizabeth Elliot, Louise Stallard go skooting over to another house begging for just one lump of butter, or just one cup of sugar, or to hear some young petulant girl's lecture on "How to Make Waffles" is enough to confirm the fact that we belong to the "about to be" educated group at Ward-Belmont. The girls gave the reporters a hard job for they had to look under stoves, chairs, in the oven, and even back of the victrolas before they could find out just who was there. However, this is the group assembled as best as possible. They are, namely: T. C. Clubhouse—Celestina Young, Myrtilla Daniels, Elizabeth Fredricks, Elizabeth Lee Haines, Elberta Gooch, Marjorie Barclay, Nancy Lang, Lois Maxon, Louise Graves, Alice Daniels, Natalie Hines, Dorothy Underwood, Josephine Cooper.

Anti-Pan Clubhouse: Marjorie Sherwood, Dorothy Zaug, Helen Stewart, Jane Miller, Mary Kingston, Eleanor Townsend.

Osiron Clubhouse: Helen Hylton, Margaret Timmons, Esther Conger, Elberta Gooch.

Tri K Clubhouse: Catherine Pooley, Edna Mae Weinold, Elizabeth Beagle, Elizabeth Elllott.

F. F. Clubhouse: Ann Newman, Ethel Hamilton, Nancy Newman, Catherine Seager, Alice Ellingson, Sara Jane Owen.

Del Ver Clubhouse: Marie McCarthy, Louise Stallard, Elizabeth Atwood, Margaret Bozer, Ruth Curry.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Fencing has had quite a revival of interest in this country, so Miss Sisson is going to give us a course. Some years ago fencing was considered among the most fashionable of sports. It has an especial appeal to lovers of quickness and skill of movement.

A rather large number of girls have signed up for this sport, and there are high hopes of it proving to be one of the most enjoyable ones.

Ward-Belmont has always found Peabody to be a most pleasant rival in many sports. For several years we have competed with them in hockey and baseball. This year they proved to be our downfall in basketball. But we have hopes of proving ourselves in the swimming meet, which is to be held this Saturday. We do not know how good Peabody's material is, but we do know that we have swimmers to be proud of.

The winning or losing is not so important as the good sportsmanship of Peabody which has always made a game with them a pleasant climax for that sport.

NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

Tuesday, March 12—Organ recital at Belmont Methodist Church.
Wednesday, March 13—X. L. Club entertains Tri-K Club at St. Patrick's Day party.
Thursday, March 14—Recital by advanced expression students in the expression studio; French Club meeting in Penta Tau house.
Friday, March 15—Concert in chapel by Mrs. Humphrey. Faculty reception after concert.
Saturday, March 16—Picture show sponsored by Anti-Pan Club. Indiana Club dance.
Sunday, March 17—Nashville Symphony Orchestra concert in War Memorial Building, Mary Douthit, soloist.
Monday, March 18—Milestones dinner.
Tuesday, March 19—Open House for second year college girls.
Thursday, March 21—Arkansas Club dinner at Belle-Meade.
Friday, March 22—Ward-Belmont Glee Club entertains Vanderbilt Glee Club at dinner. Both glee clubs to give program in chapel after dinner.
Saturday, March 23—Arkansas, Missouri, and Kansas Club give barn dance in gym.
Sunday, March 24—Stay at home service in chapel.

DR. BARTON LUNCHES WITH FORMER STUDENTS

(Continued from page 1)

in the Chemistry laboratory," he said, "it is possible, in vocational training not only to educate for a living but to educate for life.

"The only excuse for a private school is that it is able to give more intimate indlvidual instruction," Dr. Barton said in an interview. "The public schools could do just as good work if they could afford as many teachers."

AUNT ABIGAL'S ADVICE TO ANXIOUS

Dear Aunt Abigal:

I beg of you, don't fail me now, when I need you worst. My great, stupendous, momentous (whew) problem is this: How can a poor insignificant "prep" skip study hall and get away with it? Honest, every time I cut, it does seem to me that Mrs. Armstrong disapproves most heartily. I wonder why? I suppose she misses my shining countenance, but I leave it to you.

Sincerely yours, (your what?)
AVIS OLMSTEAD.

Dear Avis:

Yours is indeed a problem, but I believe I can help you. Just try to imagine your Aunty as being a prep student having to attend Mrs. Armstrong's study hall. I was once, and did have to go; that is what is the matter with the poor lady now, I was a source of much trouble I fear, however, you will perhaps be able to profit by my mistakes. You might try this: Once I was in the very end of study hall. Desiring greatly to escape, I mounted me knees and crawled gingerly under the tables. When I thus tragersed the entire length of study hall and was preparing to sprint by her desk, someone giggled. She looked up, then around, and then down.

"Abigal," she cried, "come out!"

Abigal did, and received a chastisement such as she has never forgotten. It was, and still is a good plan, however. You do the same but wait until she goes to the 'phone.

If your knees are weak, you might try fainting. I did once.

"Abigal," she cried, "get up and behave yourself."

If you do this you will have to practice so as to appear to be the real thing.

Perhaps you don't like the floor. If not you can do no more than go into the rest room to wash your hands and crawl out of a window. Hoping you escape (safely).

AUNT ABIGAL.

HANDS

Ten slender fingers that from childhood
Have fashioned castles from dull heaps of sand,
And never seen a single castle stand,
But watched, instead, the ruins where it stood.
How find you strength to hew again the wood,
And draw fresh water in another land,
And seek the bluebird on a different strand,
And battle still in fight that's true and good?

How have you always time to see a way
That's bright and shining, and another day,
Another shore whereon all dreams come true,
Where life is sweet and fresh as morning dew?
I beg you, brother, lead me by the hand,
I cannot see, I do not understand.

—A. R.

A LETTER HOME

(Continued from page 1)

flags of the Allied nations, and the platform itself was draped in royal blue and gold. On the platform were many distinguished men, among them Marshall Foch, Ambassador Herrick, Minister of War Painleve, representatives of the Lafayette family, the Minister of Commerce, and representatives of all the other ministries. Bishop Manning of New York gave a beautiful benediction, embodying the text: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Soon after the arrival of the speakers and distinguished guests, the French Military Band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and then the "Marseillaise." A beautiful sight was an Escadrille of about ten military planes which flew in formation over the Memorial. This seemed to be the connecting link between the present and the past and it stirred you to the very depths.

Ambassador Herrick made a speech reviewing his personal experience with the boys who came to him for advice on volunteering their services to France. His tribute to them was beautiful and he referred to them as the Saviors of our National Honor. Painleve's speech was in French and it must have been a stirring one as the French applauded vigorously and were greatly moved by it.

Just in front of the monument is a lovely lake which reflects the Arch and which is made more beautiful by pink and white water lillies. Its still and tranquil beauty, the green trees, towering above the lovely Arch, seemed filled with singing birds, and all toned in to a setting, the beauty of which we shall never forget. All was still, when at the close of the exercises, three fires of salute were given, then the clarion blew taps. It echoed through the park, and we will not soon forget its message.

Your traveler.

WHO'S WHO

The new General Proctor, girls, is the next person to step into our "Who's Who" column. You've heard of her, the "farm girl." Someone has written that she is like red barns,—cows —and chickens—a girl from the country, and I think it's because of her clean, wholesome friendliness and naturally good disposition that she reminds us of the outdoors and happy country life. Frances has made a mark for herself in Ward-Belmont. Besides being on the council she is a member of the big "Y" cabinet, and there the girls have realized her worth by her steady, ready willingness to work and do her part. She takes care of the "Y" library—so I'm sure you all know her through that, and know that she is one of the best genuine all-round good fellows in Ward-Belmont.

And while we's speaking of different girls on the campus, there is one that we can't overlook. She is a most athletic one too. We won't soon forget the hard fast playing we saw her doing in the Del Ver-F. F. game. But it isn't only in basketball that she good—because she's making nearly every varsity team this year. Just a good all-round athlete, and a good all-round girl—and one of the most popular ones we know. It's a rare thing for one girl to get on the Student Council for two consecutive semesters, but that's what this girl did—so we take off our hats to Grace Neisler—THE girl of the year.

Ruth rode in my new cycle car,
In the seat in back of me;
I hit a bump at fifty-five,
And rode on Ruthlessly.

"What's your name?"
"Annie."
"Annie what?"
"Anything."

In Hackensack they use a watch and hammer to catch fish. The fish come up to see what time it is, and they hit 'em on the head with the hammer.

Barber: "Is there any particular way you would like your hair cut?"
Freshman: "Yeah. Off."

"There's something dove-like about you."
"Oh, you flatter."
"Yes, you're pigeon-toed."—*Cadet Days.*



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, March 6.—Another Wednesday gone, and when Wednesday is past the week seems all shot. Not that I'm objecting—I don't mind that sort of target practice in the least. Went to the Ryman tonight to hear the English Singers. Enjoyed everything from the first peal-y religious anthems to the last diddling ballet, in spite of the fact that "Clutchie" yawned and wriggled till I all but divested myself of my sash to tie her down tightly. Did spy the fearful eye (no rhyme intended) of the chaperone firmly and accusingly fastened on me so I felt it the better part of wisdom to refrain. Can't decide which song I preferred, but guess I'll have to hand the wax-paper loving cup to "The Three Fairies." Have you a little fairy in your home? Never thought I should object, but—no insults intended—if I thought that all fairies were like those three I couldn't stir up such a glow of interest. Home at length, overjoyed at being able to get a seat on the street car, and as it was, I had to hold at least three buxom and bonny lasses all the way out. Set the alarm clock for five a.x., and so to bed.

Thursday, March 7.—With Miss Ross at Peabody tonight, and regret to say I could not keep my mind on the pictures. Whether this was due to rising, yea, so very early this morning, or to the fact that Jimmy and I are in the midst of a lovely fight and I spend all my time thinking up mean things to write to him, I know not. Am sure, only, that I'd have spent my time more profitably at home doing a few dozen lessons. Think Miss Ross has it over the lecturer in a thousand ways any day in the year. Her class is the only one that I ever get pepped in.

Friday, March 8.—Fish day! Only come to think of it I don't believe we had fish tonight. That's right, what would I do without "Clutchie" to verify my statement? Could hardly believe that but my faith is not yet utterly shattered—I know that rain or shine, snow or hail, we'll always have the dear old papier-mache chicken for dinner on Sundays. To the library after dinner and started nobly to read history parallel. Ended by reading the latest issue of Vanity Fair which proved much more entertaining although I'm firmly convinced that if they took out the illustrations, put them in dusty brown bindings and told us we were required to read them, nothing except wild horses could drag me to open the books.

Saturday, March 9.—Spent the morning envying the preps; the afternoon visiting everyone who would be kind enough not to eject me from the room at sight; and the evening at the movie and the dance. Grand movie—Norma Shearer in "The Lady of Chance"; I wouldn't mind having a chance to wear those clothes and get that man, but what chance has a poor hard-woiking school girlie? Viewed the dance from a most advantageous position on the balcony. Think it was the most utterly adorable hop I've ever witnessed—every detail was simply perfect. Bet the girls nearly went mad and bit themselves from making all those cherry blossoms.

Sunday, March 10.—What in the world is new and different to write about on Sunday. Guess there isn't anything as long as Sunday is always exactly the same. Went to breakfast, to Sunday school, to church, to dinner, to the clubhouse, to tea, to vespers, to the clubhouse, and to bed. Amen.

Monday, March 11.—After all these many moons of bleak and rainy-smoky-snowy Mondays, at last came the dawn of one which was everything the hungry heart could ask. Who said I couldn't write movie subtitles? These talkies will be the ruin of my career. Anyway, the point is that this has been what the historians and song writers call a perfect day. Shopping this afternoon, arriving home weary and heavy laden. Can't figure out why I always seem to accumulate such large and weird shaped packages, but I apparently have a complex that way.

Tuesday, March 12.—Started to join the hiking club and get a letter but decided that after I'd done seventy-five miles I'd be a candidate for a coffin and not a letter. Find that after death, diaries are often consulted to find the preferences of the authors for such things as funeral flowers. Wish to state here for all future reference that my specialty is beeg peenk r-roses.

CAMPUS COLUMN

"Tweet-tweet," go the birds; "tra-la," go the glee clubbers; "Sweet maiden clad in green, your face will soon be seen," go the Wordsmith and the Penstaff poets, and we know that spring is here.



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You expect a treatise on the joys of beautiful spring, tra-la. You shall have it. Spring has clothed the campus in verdant green carrying hints of the white crocii soon to scatter our green carpet like bits of white waste paper. Driblets drop musically from the fountain into the abiding place of the goldfish below. The Elysian bower on the walk between "Ac" and South Front contains wet stone seats where one may enjoy the gentle March breeze ranting madly through the summerhouse. The dank grass waves slightly and is crushed beneath the unfaltering footsteps of those dainty maidens who gambol and play victrolas on it.

Girls at Ward-Belmont have always possessed the power of manufacturing brilliant excuses on the very spur of the moment. You all know the girls who couldn't get the book, or the one whose eyes hurt the night before, or the one who had to go to a lecture. These are not so good. In a higher class is the day student or rather, the whole mass of them, who couldn't get to school the day it snowed. Day students really have an advantage. Their sister's eldest twin can die, or their mother can require their chauffeuring to the doctor. Excuses there are, many and varied, but the prize one was offered to Miss Scruggs.

Cecile Applegath was late handing in a paper on "The Life in Eighteenth Century England." Miss Scruggs greeted her thus:

"Cecile, do you have your paper ready today?"

"No, Miss Scruggs," she replied.

When asked why Cecile said, "Well, you see it was this way. I meant to get up this morning to get it but I dreamed last night that you told me not to bother about it until June, so, when my alarm rang, I just shut it off!"

Ever since the ABC contest we have heard all sorts and kinds of conjectures as to who got what. On every side we, and several others who counted votes, have been besieged by questions as to the outcome. As yet we have managed to maintain a frigid silence. The way the ballots ran was quite funny. For instance there would be a Penta Tau ballot. Every girl on it would be a Penta Tau. This was not confined to that club, however. It was only used as an example. Then there would be a Day Student Ballot. According to this girl, no one has any "It," no one was beautiful, no one was "active," but day students. There were high school ballots. The most prevalent ballot, however, was the "Great Minds" one. Six of these would run in the same channel.

A mystery has appeared, or rather happened, because it would not be a mystery if it were to appear. Did you know that the HYPHEN office is haunted? By what or whom we do not know. As to whether it, he, or she, is a grim specter, a person, or a rather intelligent monkey we are ignorant. We have only two clues. It writes (on a typewriter) and says it drives a gasoline buggy. Last week poor Aunt Abigal was frightened to death by a letter which appeared on a desk in the office. It was signed, "The Haunt of the HYPHEN." She nearly lost her spectacles in her excitement.

We are sensitive on one point only. That is our voice. We cannot hit one note. Can you imagine our humiliation when Miss Morrison asked us, in chapel, what was wrong with our voice that morning? Ah, Miss Morrison—it was not only that morning but something is wrong with it every morning, every afternoon and every night of our life.

Maxon is back from a three weeks' visit to Florida. She talks of an island on which she and her family stayed, a little negro boy who announced meals by shouting into a sea shell, and a hotel which "must be a typical Southern one because it serves about three kinds of meat for breakfast."

Here are some questions which were put to us today. We would like a little help in answering:

Why do boarders like to go walking?

Who voted for Jean Stotzer as "southern" in the ABC contest?

What makes people give outside reading?

Who wants to know the answers to these questions anyway?

"O blah, blah, blah for the wearin' of the green."

Isn't that the way that little ditty runs? What has the wearing of the green and St. Pat to do with the Campus Column? We can hear our none too gentle readers ask. Well, it's this way, the Campus Column has to do with the campus. The campus is another name for the "green." As St. Pat chased the snakes out of Ireland everyone wore green to honor him. If we are wrong, no matter. Sometimes our legends get mixed. Now we have always wondered where the poor little snakes went. From numerous excursions into the woods in the summer time we suspect that they had to be scattered. Our plan is this: invite the exiled reptiles to the campus for homecoming. The homecomers will leave; the reporters won't have to write it up and everyone will be satisfied.

ARISTON REVIEW

Boy! Boy! Have you seen the cup we got for scholarship? It certainly is a wow! Anne Dowlin, the Ariston president, brought it to club meeting Tuesday and we all circled around and gazed at it, murmuring "ohs" and "ahs" of appreciation. We thought pitingly of all the clubs that had failed to win the cup, and began to feel superior and delighted with ourselves.

Oh, yes, and there were plans for a party, too! A party for all the other day-student clubs. The committee of "ways and means" was chosen so we expect to have lots of charming plans by next week.

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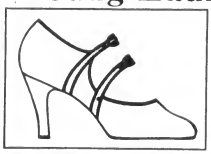
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A RHAPSODY IN GREEN

"The Saints preserve us," and other Irish expressions! I recall, if I do, that there is some ultra green news on campus this week, and I shall give you all the dope on it.

Firstly, because St. Patrick's Day isn't so far off, and because the trees and grass are all bursting forth in green, and as I happen to be writing in green ink, I've developed what I think may be called, a green complex. Don't misunderstand—I'm not jealous. In fact, I'm a thoroughly pleasant person. Perhaps someone entirely disagreeable might say I am color-blind, but I'm not.

I have cultivated a liking for anything virescent (good old synonyms). Jade perfume, which I usually abhor, I use with no discretion merely because it is green. Smells green, too. I also bought me a green hat, but people laughed. They said I looked like Deauville without the sandals. Now, it ceases to adorn my golden curls.

My fountain pen, a lovely baby-blue Conklin, has been traded in to St. Pat's cause for my roommate's Schaeffer. And a book of very bilious poems with a green cover I hug to my heart.

Study Hall, which I hate, has green lamp shades. Therefore, I spend my spare and scheduled moments there admiring them.

A sweet cat with green eyes was wandering aimlessly about, and we being kindred spirits, I decided to give it a bath. The hostess interferred. She does not love green-eyed cats.

I have some green stockings, but as to shoes, I am in dispair! "Undie" have you any more paint?



RUTH WELTY GIVEN SURPRISE PARTY

Last Thursday, March the seventh, a surprise birthday party was given for Ruth Welty in the T. C. club-house. The party turned out to be a "Tacky Party" and all the "Commune" gang turned out in bloomers and middies, with the uniform caps and badges. Ruth was presented with many lovely gifts, i. e., safety pins, hair pins, garters, and who knows? The Wandering Blues played for them, and they danced and drank ginger ale and ate a huge birthday cake. Those present were: Ruth Welty, Margaret Payne, Marjorie Northrup, Dorothy Underwood, Jean Perry, Natalie Hines, Helen Feller, Jane Clark, Betty O'Donnell, Charlotte Strong, Marjorie Barclay, Nelle Tyson, Ruthe Donahoo, Louise Calloway, and Betty Hendricks.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVIII | NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1929 | Number 23

IRENE C. HUMPHREY GIVES BRILLIANT VOCAL RECITAL

Pleases Large Audience

Irene Crane Humphrey, for two years prima donna soprano of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, delighted her first Nashville audience last Friday evening, March 15th.

Mrs. Humphrey is a native Bostonian; began seriously to study music with the idea of becoming a concert pianist. She later began the study of voice culture with Stetson Humphrey, the well-known artist and teacher, who is now the director of the school of voice at the Ward-Belmont conservatory, and with whom she studied for a number of years before going to Europe to complete her training.

In Milano, Mrs. Humphrey was coached by Aurello Caffo and Vincenzo Manno; in Lyons by Jaques Billard; in Paris by Louise Chalfont, and in London by Carlo Morellia, Stetson Humphrey being her only American teacher. When she was eighteen she made her debut in Milano in the leading role of "Mimi," in Puccin's "Beheme," and she has the distinction of being the youngest artist to have ever sung that role. She returned to this country two years ago, after winning the praise of the continent in operatic work, and was immediately engaged as prima donna soprano with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company.

Mrs. Humphrey possesses all the secrets of a very refined art. She has a fine, delicate and resonant voice and splendid dramatic temperament. She enjoys the reputation of being one of the youngest and most charming sopranos of the day.

(Continued on page 5)

INDIANA CLUB FEATURES ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Blarney Castle and Stone In Great Evidence

On the eve of St. Patrick's Day nothing could have been more delightfully appropriate than the Shamrock Ball presented by the Indiana Club.

The decorations were relevant to the occasion. Green crepe paper walled the dancing floor and formed a striking background for an effective imitation of Blarney Castle with its gray stone towers and barred windows. Near the castle lay the famed blarney stone, the kissing of which, so tradition has it, endows one with a gift for cajolery so characteristic of the Irish lads and lasses. Apparently, Ward-Belmont does not house many superstitious people because only a few of the guests availed themselves of this opportunity to kiss the blarney stone.

The special consisted of an Irish folk dance in which eight girls participated, dressed as peasants in holiday attire. The costumes carried out a color scheme of green and white. The dancers were: Mary Margaret Parker, Mary Helen Dunnington, Virginia Loyd, Leah Lindley, Helen Bolyard, Judith Parker, Patricia Elbel, and Joan Perry.

In the receiving line were Miss Julia Warwick, sponsor of the club; Jean Perry, president; Margaret Rothert, vice-president, and Judith Parker, secretary-treasurer.



COME TO MAMMOTH CAVE!

Mammoth Cave—haven't you always had visions of what it is like? If you have, you probably were wrong; and whether you were or not, you can't imagine seeing it with about a hundred and fifty girls in middies and gym bloomers poking into all the odd corners and squeezing through "Fat Man's Misery." You never have eagerly devoured cold fried chicken and all the other picnic "fixings" in such an environment. You never have dragged your weary, disheveled self into a hotel where everyone by contrast looked like Paris and the Ritz, and yet, strangly you could not care.

You can't possibly have had these experiences without having gone with the Ward-Belmont party. If you want to miss them, spend that sunny Saturday in classes, on the campus; but if you are wise, take a bit of advice which you will find is not as unpleasant as that thing usually is and GO TO MAMMOTH CAVE!!

W.-B. GLEE CLUB ENTERTAINS VANDERBILT CLUB

Program Given to Students Immensely Enjoyed

Due to Mr. Humphrey's interest in his glee club, the girls of the Ward-Belmont Glee Club were hostesses of the Vanderbilt Glee Club, at a dinner dance, Friday evening, March 22nd.

The dinner started out with a bang and everyone confessed the food was delicious. As the Vanderbilt colors are black and yellow, the dining room was decorated to meet the approval of every young man who entered the room. Dainty ribbons of yellow and black adorned the place and yellow and black candle-sticks were distributed about the tables. The fragrant yellow flowers which were placed about the room could not have been prettier.

The dance in "Rec" hall, following the dinner, was just as successful as the dinner. The grand spirit of the Ward-Belmont girls was brought forth when every girl did her bit in making every boy think himself the most popular young man on the floor.

That bewitching Mrs. Humphrey was there, enlivening the place with her charming way. Mr. Humphrey greeted everyone with a smile and Miss Mildred Schaefer kept herself busy all through the evening seeing that every boy wearing a name plate took at least two steps with each girl who wore a little card bearing her name. With the help of these three charming people, the dance was one of happiness and gayety.

The dance ended in a blaze of glory and we are hoping that in the near future some more entertainment of this type may be given and with just as much success.

MILESTONES DINNER ANNUAL AFFAIR

With more than usual festivity the girls gathered in the dining rooms last Monday night for the annual Milestones dinner. The colors of the formal dresses worn for the occasion were set off to great advantage by the green decorations in honor of St. Patrick's day. A specially prepared "Irish" menu beginning with "Soup St. Patrick" and ending with "Shamrock ice cream" and green and white mints furthered the idea of the St. Patrick's decorations.

Even the Wandering Blues proved, by their harmony, that blue is a color closely related to green. They played throughout the evening, the syncopations enhanced by the "blues" singing of "Schaefer." When the dinner was concluded and the girls went to the gym the orchestra played there for dancing.

Mr. Humphrey charmed all his listeners, as always, by his singing of *Kathleen Mavourneen*, the supreme favorite of all the old Irish folk songs. Mr. Humphrey's rendition left nothing to be desired.

Toward the close of the dinner Myrtilla Daniels, editor-in-chief, introduced three "salesmen" who proved themselves possessors of the glib Irish wit. Miss Theodora Scruggs spoke first on the attitude of the faculty to Milestones. Elizabeth Barthell, day student business manager of the 1928 Milestones, spoke on the meaning of Milestones to the alumnae. Her speech was sincere and forceful and made a deep impression on all the students. Dorothy Underwood, business manager of the annual for this year, concluded the program with an appeal to the girls to subscribe one hundred per cent to the *Milestones*, and, as this edition promises to be the best ever put out, to make the campaign for subscriptions also the most successful.

MARY DOUTHIT IS SOLOIST WITH THE NASHVILLE SYMPHONY

Scores Great Success

On Sunday afternoon, March 17th, at three o'clock, the Nashville Symphony orchestra, under the direction of F. Arthur Henkel, gave its fifth concert of this season.

We all knew Miss Mary Douthit of our conservatory of music was going to play. We knew it faintly, but we didn't realize *how* she was going to play.

You should have heard the audience gasp when she appeared. How could this tiny slip of womanhood, dressed so daintily in black and green, play with a symphony orchestra? Well, it didn't take her long to show that audience *how* she could play. She held them spellbound throughout her whole performance. Yet she was charmingly unpretentious and straightforward during her playing.

The *Tennessean* says of Miss Douthit: "Could we remember all the adjectives of praise we have used in nearly ten years at this job, they would not be enough to pay in tribute to the beautiful playing of Miss Douthit. She simply played marvelously.

She has had some great teachers: von Nickwitz, Lawrence Goodman of Ward-Belmont, and Sigismond Stojowski in New York. Her playing of the first movement of Grieg's A minor concerto, with orchestra, was masterly, each phrase being as clear-cut as a cameo, her octaves in both hands had the rapidity which one expects only from the great artists, and she revealed the most surprising strength for her size in the big chords. We single out for special praise the difficult cadenza and the beautiful pedal effects she got in holding over certain tones.

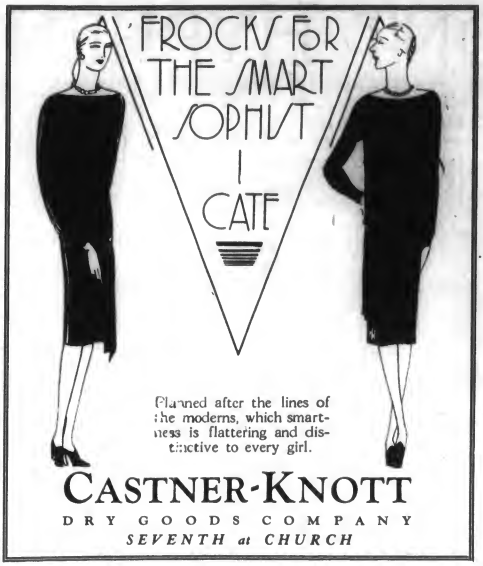
"In her Chopin group, Miss Douthit deepened the impression she made in the concerto. The tempestuous C minor etude, with its arpeggios in both hands, she took at breath-taking speed. In the E major etude she showed a style which is unique for the individuality of its tone coloring. She exhibits flawless taste at all times, and one felt that the emphasis

(Continued on page 4)

SENIORS CHALLENGE SENIOR-MIDS

Historic Battle Planned for April 27

The curtain was dramtically drawn back, and we got a glimpse of the lovely mount of Olympus. Seated upon the throne we saw Ruthe Donahoo as Jupiter and our own "Welty" as Juno. Then swiftly entered Mercury, "Chady" Strong, and announced the arrival of the gods. Mars, "Gussie" Wherry, solemnly marched in, followed by "Perry" as Vulcan, Jean MacDonnell as Venus and Louise Graves as Minerva. From the characters' costumes and powerful words we readily entered into the spirit of the council of the Immortal Gods, and listened to the mighty thoughts of the bold warriors. As a conclusion, the Seniors showed their determination to back up the great conquest, and rushed out singing the "Senior Challenge Song," played by "Hendricks," and waving the colors of the class of '29—Victory!



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IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

Sunday afternoon Miss Van took Gertrude Edwards, Leah Lindley, Rosa Moore, Lois Stout, Dorothy Black, Margaret Montgomery, Viola Quebman, Frances Jenkins and Louise Warfield out to the Old Ladies Home of Nashville; Francis Jenkins gave a reading, Gertrude Edwards played and Lois Stout played and sang.

"Maybe you think they don't get thrilled, but they really do," said one of the girls who visited the Home that afternoon. "One sweet-looking old lady showed me all over the home and talked to me in the most interesting way."

One girl was told by her fascinating hostess of a little Bible Class that met twice a week in her bedroom, and that she conducted it herself. Other girls were taken upstairs to see those who were too ill to be up, and still others—Well! Everyone had intimate glimpses into the life of the Home which seems to be a home in the true sense of the word, a place in which happiness, comfort and peace abide.

The Student and Industrial Commission met for the third time Friday night, March 15th, at the city Y.W.C.A.

The meeting was in charge of the Industrial group this time. The reasons for the trend of industry to the south formed the basis for the discussion. Several newspaper clippings were read in regard to labor and factories in the south. One stated that 102 textile mills had been built in the south this past year, and told why there had been this sudden increase in the number. Three very interesting maps were observed which gave a comparison of the state laws concerning the weekly, daily and nightly hours for women in the factories of the United States. Living standards in the north and south were next compared, and also the child labor requirements.

Sunday night, March 10th, we were indeed fortunate to have Mrs. Amos G. Rhodes as our speaker at the vesper service. Mrs. Rhodes is a member of the House of Representatives of the state of Tennessee. She was a welcome visitor for her own sake and also because she is the mother of one of the Ward-Belmont students, Mary Rhodes.

"The Son of Righteousness Shall Arise with Healing in His Wings." With these words as a background, Dr. Cullen C. Daniel, pastor of McKendree Methodist Church, at vespers Sunday evening began a clear and forceful presentation of Jesus as the light of the spiritual life of man in comparison with the sun as the light of the material universe.

Dr. Daniel said that the sun was far above us and beyond us as is Christ. Yet, its rays shine on us all alike as does the sunshine of His spirit. We can build walls to keep ourselves in darkness and we can cut our hearts off from the Son of Righteousness. However, we know that the sunlight is the source of vigor, fruitfulness and beauty, so let us bathe our souls in the ever-present golden rays of the Son of God that our lives, too, may become strong in loveliness and service.

Preceding Dr. Daniel's talk, Barbara Blackman, pupil of Miss Boyer, sang "Hark! Hark! My Soul," by Oley Speaks. Barbara was accompanied by Mildren Ann Smith.

Because of her election as secretary to the Student Council, Elizabeth Fredericks found it necessary to hand in her resignation as treasurer of the "Y." While very sorry to lose the able services of "Fredericks," the "Y" feels that it is indeed fortunate in the selection of Elizabeth Bagby as its new treasurer and as a member of the executive committee.

JOIN THE WALKING CLUB

Yes, Ward-Belmont has a walking club now. Nearly every hour of the day from early morning to study hour at night, one can hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of campus shoes on the pavements. Walking has suddenly become one of the most popular ways of spending one's spare time.

And the reason for this thirst to be out of doors in the spring sunshine is that every girl who walks fifty miles before May 9th, and this in addition to her three hours of regular gym work, will have won for herself a club letter. (The rumor that any girl who walks a hundred miles before May 9th will receive a Ward-Belmont letter is false.)

This opportunity to earn a letter is nothing less than a boon to those of us who are, unfortunately, not gifted with any particular talents in the field of athletics and to those of us who have school schedules which make it an impossibility for us to attend regular practice for the club-teams. It is reasonably safe to say that the great majority of the girls at Ward-Belmont want to earn a club letter, for one experiences a certain amount of pride and satisfaction in knowing that she has earned it.

The question of earning a letter is worthy of consideration. The walking rules are purely rules of honor. Each girl records the number of miles she has walked during the day. There has been a feeling on part of the girls, that this is an unwise plan. But it is deplorable to think that a girl would intentionally make an error and overestimate the number of miles she has walked. Every girl should want her right to a letter to be unquestioned and to be without the shadow of a doubt. The girl who would resort to unfair means to get a letter has lost sight of the thing for which it stands —honorable achievement.



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Spring is far too pleasant a season of the year for one to spend ones time indoors. We need to walk in the sunshine, to breathe in the pure air and to join the walking club. Of course, there is the argument that we might walk forty-five miles and not get the letter. That's true; but no one will deny that we have benefited by the exercise. The person who develops a strong body as well as a strong brain is the person who is on the road to true education. Then, too, if we can walk almost fifty miles we should be able to accomplish the full fifty.

It isn't too late to begin. If you have neglected to start, begin now and join the trampers. Try it for a few days and see if you don't find the time you've spent in walking hasn't been more than made up for in the shorter time it takes to do assignments, and a brighter outlook on life.

CLUB NOTES

Osiron Owlets

Plans—plans—and then some more plans, all for the Osirón dance. Well, girls, you won't be wond'ring long 'cause our dance is the fifth of April.

And what do you suppose happened at our house last Wednesday night? A kitchen shower, given by the old members of the club. Now we can have bigger, but no better, meals in the club house. You won't let things cook too long, either, because there is a darling new wall clock in the kitchen, too. Haven't we just the grandest bunch of old members, huh?

X. L.

Did anybody know there was a new kindergarten on the campus last Wednesday night? If you did not, then you surely didn't see the numerous tall youngsters in rompers and socks toting their dollies, doggies, etc., down at the X.L. club house. The Tri-K's were being entertained by their sister club with a St. Patrick's Day party in the X.L. club house. Could those kiddies ever trip the "light fantaisie"? Whew! The orchestra of the X.L. club furnished the music, and the dancing ended in a grand march, while Miss Morrison and Miss Sisson picked out the girls with the best costumes. Christine Caldwell was the cutest kiddie of the Tri-K's and Mary Pat McGowan was judged the best of the X.L.'s. "Parker" and Mary Orr clogged for the children, and when the time for the child departure came, each "infant" ankled home sucking an inexhaustible all-day sucker. Who denies that "childhood is the happiest time of life"?

Eccowasin Echoes

Tuesday, March 15th, the Eccowasin club held their regular meeting. Formerly they had assembled in the Academic building, but this time, with the permission of Miss Irwin, they changed places and are now meeting in the tea room. After roll was called, Myrtilla Daniels and Amanda Caldwell made announcements regarding the *Milestones*, and the remaining time was given to songs and yells.

Eight committees have been chosen, each composed of eight girls, to present a program each week for the next eight weeks. This coming week the program is in the hands of the committee of which Elizabeth Gilbert is the chairman. We are certainly looking for something good from these girls.

A. K. Accents

The members of the A. K. club were the hostesses of the Agora club at an informal party in the A. K. club house last Wednesday evening. The rugs were removed from the large drawing room and the early part of the evening was spent in dancing to the provocative music of the Sizzling Six, that famous jazz band who made their debut at the show, "O Kay," sponsored by the A. K. club.

This was followed by a short but diverting program. Harriet Griffin and Nancy Butler co-starred in a riotous dance which would have assured a welcome for them in any Apache den of gay Paree. So realistic were they that Nancy broke her beads and lost one spike heel during the performance. Needless to say, the dance met with the enthused approval of the audience. Then Louise Stallard read an amusing monologue entitled "Look Pleasant, Please," in which a bride stops talking just long enough to have her picture taken. Barbara Blackman concluded the program by singing two songs, which were very pleasing both in themselves and in the manner of their presentation. She song "L'amour Toujours L'amour," by Friml, and "After Thoughts," by Dorothy Forester.

Preceding the program ice cream sandwiches were distributed to the guests.

GYM NOTES

Splash! Splash! Water-polo has started. All the swimmers and would-be swimmers are doing without sweets, meats, and what not for the sake of water-polo. This is the roughest as well as the most exciting sport of the year. The tournament begins next week so keep up the old club spirit.

We hear Miss Cone's gentle (?) voice is the riding ring again. It "giffs prof" that spring riding has commenced. All those poor girls who are starting in again will soon be telling us of their aches and pains, actual and otherwise. But from now until the "Hoss Show" in May the ring will be one of the busiest places on the campus. Lucky are the girls who get their exercise in this way.

Well girls, after the general cleaning up of gym uniforms that the Physical Ed department has ordered, we expect you are all prepared for the gym exhibition. Every class in school from the babies in the first grade through the college seniors will be represented. For weeks the classes have been learning drills and folk dances with which to charm the admiring audience. But take heart, Bill and Jim won't recognize you among the nine hundred and ninety-nine other gymnasts in middies and bloomers.

Speaking of the gym demonstration—we have some unusually fine acrobats this year. In fact, the whole Phys Ed department turned out to watch Margie and "Dot" do breath-taking cut-offs on the traveling rings. We predict spectacular circus careers for these performers. "And that ain't all girls." You'll all get inferiority complexes when you see "Neisler" and "Sims" turned upside down on the parallel bars. "Ack, such performances we haff neffer seen!"

IMPRESSIONS

Frat pins—dances—colored lights—ballet slippers—a Roman-striped scarf—tan Buick roadsters.—Kathryn Parrish.

Brown satin—gold jewelry—*College Humor*—sheer silk hose—bridge—jazz—caromel sundaes.—Kathryn Hinson.

Blue-bonnets—an old-fashioned picture frame—water lilies—roof gardens at night—slow, soft music—dreams.—Margaret Harris.

Plaid skirts—soft, white sand—portable victrolas—parrots—patent leather—wooly teddy-bears.—Nannie Butler.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

GETTING BY

Every one of us have at some time or another come in contact with a person who thinks it smart to do something wrong and seems to "get by" without being caught. And we may have laughed with the crowd at the time in order not to be called a "goody" for expressing disapproval of the act; yet, deep in our hearts there was a feeling that we would not trust such a person with a mission of much importance.

There are people who break the big laws of life. They violate the laws that govern the care of the body, and for the time—perhaps for years—their associates see no visible evidence of the harm done. But, sooner or later, the showdown comes, and a shortened period of life or broken health is the penalty they are compelled to pay.

There are others who break the laws of our country and escape detection. But one step leads to another, and though the crime go unpunished at the time, with few exceptions, at a later period there is some slip and the law-breaker finds himself imprisoned.

Some people obey the big laws of our government strictly, but they forget that the little things in life count as much as the large things. The principle involved in passing a red light on the streets instead of waiting is the same as that involved in stealing another person's property, though few people realize that fact.

The same rule applies to obedience to the laws of our school. The girl who observes the restrictions on cutting classes or chapel, but who boasts when she is not reported for wearing rouge or lipstick or high heels, or even cutting campus, not only shows that she is a poor sport, but runs the danger of weakening her character. The result is an inability to distinguish between right and wrong.

It would indeed be well if each of us thought of this matter seriously and began to obey the laws at school and at home.

SUBSCRIBE—MILESTONES!

No one wants to be out of things—you know in your own mind that being an outsider is the worst feeling to which humans may be submitted. We know that anyone who doesn't have a *Milestones* at the end of the school year is going to feel sadly "out of it." If you don't have a leather-bound book to carry tucked fondly under your arm; if you don't have to stop on the average of every two feet everywhere you go you are going to have a "sneaking" feeling; you are going to want to crawl under something big and protecting or to get into a dark and dusty corner. Beside that temporary feeling, all your life you are going to miss the little intimate glimpses into your year of school days; you are going to miss the beautiful pictures of all the permanent, enduring things on the campus. In fact, to sum it all up, you are going to be sorry if you don't have a *Milestones*. Don't fail to subscribe now!

MRS. SCHMITZ GIVES LISZT PROGRAM AT HUME-FOGG

The Nashville *Banner* of March 17th contains this account which should be of interest to everyone on the campus and particularly to the music students:

The Hume-Fogg Music Club met Wednesday, when plans were made for the musical and the meeting programs for next term. The announcement was made that the club pins will arrive soon. After the completion of the club business the following program was enjoyed: Reading, "Life of Franz Liszt," Lillian Choate; piano solos, Mrs. Estelle Roy Schmitz, "Spring Night" (Schumann-Liszt); "Sonnetto in A Flat," Liszt, and "Cantique D'Amour" (Liszt).

Mrs. Estelle Roy Schmitz is a member of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music.

SECOND YEAR COLLEGE HOLDS OPEN HOUSE

Dance Held in "Rec" Hall

For the lucky members of that class, the Second Year College Open House, held in Recreation Hall from eight till eleven last Tuesday evening, was one of the most glamorous events of the year.

Recreation Hall was magically transformed for the occasion. The gleaming, waxed floor, cleared for dancing, reflected the brilliance of the large crystal chandeliers, and green palms were artistically banked before the tall windows. A profusion of spring flowers brought added loveliness for both "Rec" hall and the adjoining drawing rooms were adorned with daffodils, breath of spring, pink roses in tall silver vases, and graceful baskets of fragrant forsythia.

The orchestra was enthroned in the bay window, and not a strain of their provocative music was wasted, for it was blissful to dance with men again, and the men were apparently as enthused as we were. Everyone was all smiles and all charm, and, although we could not help thinking that we were pretty in our lovely evening dresses, it was very satisfying to be assured of it by our guests. During the evening punch, cheese straws and little cakes were served.

After the good-nights had been prolonged as long as possible, we tried to find words to tell what a wonderful time we had had, and found it rather hard to do. "Oh, it was wonderful. I had the most marvelous evening," didn't seem adequate.

Martha Sorrell, Mildred Ann Smith, Frances Burgess and Libby Loar received the guests. They were assisted by Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Miss Irving, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Plaskett and Miss Charleston. Our only regret is that both Virginia Voyles, our president, and Ellen Moore, our vice-president, could not attend our open house.

WARD-BELMONT SWIMMING TEAM DEFEATS PEABODY

Northrup W.-B. High Point Winner

Again Peabody was our friendly enemy. The Peabody swimming team competed with Ward-Belmont's last Saturday. As both schools won a hockey game, and Peabody won the basket-ball games, it was our turn to win. The final score was Peabody 25⅝ to Ward-Belmont 64⅛.

In the first event, plung for distance, Hall, Peabody, and Ellingson, Ward-Belmont, tied for first place. Both girls plunged the length of the 50-foot pool. Sherwood, Ward-Belmont, took third place, plunging 48.11 feet.

The 50-foot back swim winners were: first, Northrup, Ward-Belmont, 11.5; second, Clark, Ward-Belmont, 13.5; third, Blackman, Peabody, 13.7.

The 50-foot front swim winners were: first, Dunnington, Ward-Belmont, 9.2; second, LaMay, Peabody, 9.5; third, Sherwood, Ward-Belmont, 10.

The 50-foot under-water swim winners were: first, Sherwood, Ward-Belmont, 12.2; second, Loyd, Ward-Belmont, 13; third, Howe, Peabody, 13.4.

The plain dives were won by: first, Elbel, Ward-Belmont; second, Shipley, Peabody, and third, Blackman, Peabody.

The 100-foot back swim was won by: first, Northrup, Ward-Belmont, 25.6 seconds; and, second, LeMay, Peabody, 27.8.

The 150-foot swim was probably the most exciting of all, Dunnington and Holmes swimming almost evenly until the last lap. The winners were: first,, Dunnington, Ward-Belmont, 33.6 seconds; second, Holmes, Peabody, 34.6; and, third, Clark, Ward-Belmont, 40.2.

"Pat" Elbel's fancy dives were beautiful, but losing her balance once cost the first place. The winners of the fancy dives were: first, Marxson, Ward-Belmont, and, second, Blackman, Peabody. Elbel and Ellingson, both Ward-Belmont, tied for 3rd place.

The 50-foot breast stroke winners were: first, Clark, Ward-Belmont, 12.5 seconds; Howe, Peabody; House, Peabody, and Northrup, Ward-Belmont, tied for 2nd place, each doing it in 13 seconds.

The climax of the meet was the relay, which Ward-Belmont won with 1 minute 2⅝ seconds to Peabody's 1 minute and 5 seconds.

The meet was enjoyed by both teams, and the spectators in the balcony certainly sounded as if they did, too. After the meet the Peabody girls were invited to a tea at the Tri-K house. The gym outfits of the officials looked so charming that one almost expects to see them written up in the "Campus Chic" column as the latest thing for "tea wear."

EXPRESSION STUDENTS IN RECITAL

The Business Woman's Club of the West End Mc. E. Church, invited Nancy Pierce, Kathryn Loonan and Elinor Smart to dinner March 14th. The young ladies gave a program of delightful readings.

The weekly studio recital was given by several members of the Senior expression class. The program was well sustained and difficult. Louise Callaway and Frances Johnson were delightful. Jean McDonnell and Nancy Pierce gave their readings with dramatic feeling, but Charlotte Sanders gave our hearts a twist by her sympathetic presentment of the old musician.

The program is as follows:

A Study of Adolence
"Barbara Buys a Bonnet" .....
.....*Eloise Benson*
LOUISE CALLAWAY

A Study of Character
"One of Bob's Tramps" .....
.....*F. H. Smith*
CHARLOTTE SANDERS

A Study of Mona Lisa
"The Last Setting" .....
.....*M. E. Merrington*
JEAN MCDONNELL

A Study of a Bride
"The Tragedy of a Fashionable Wedding .....*Nancy Boyd*
EDNA JOHNSON

A Social Study
"The Mansions" ....*Henry Van Dyke*
NANCY PIERCE

DR. HAAS TO BE GUEST OF Y.W.C.A.

Dr. Cyril Haas is to be the guest of the Y.W.C.A. of Ward-Belmont on Thursday and Friday, March 28th and 29th. He has spent the last three week-ends with student groups in the Universities of Tennessee, Indiana, and Illinois, and as a speaker he has literally been in demand by colleges from one end of the United States to the other. The cabinet of the "Y" were indeed delighted when Dr. Haas accepted their invitation.

A graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Michigan, Dr. Haas found himself, eighteen years ago, in Adana, a city in the large Cilician plane in Turkey, eighteen miles eat of the ancient city of Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul. The population was 70,000 within the city and 150,000 living in the surrounding villages. The young doctor was there to establish a much-needed hospital, and from the first night of his arrival when he was able to save the life of a child who had been given up by the native doctors—from that first night on through the weeks and months that followed, the story of his work there reads far more like a romance than like sober reality. Today in the midst of the crowded city of Adana, hot and dusty beyond imagination in summer, and wet and muddy all winter, stands a large hospital, the visible sign of the results of years of extraordinary work and devotion. Thousands have been helped both to life and health—from a proud Turkish general to the most neglected child in the slums. Over 12,000 people were in attendance at the daily clinics of the hospital this past year alone. Today it is the one hospital in Adana doing work for children and babies.

Dr. Haas has consented to speak in chapel both on Thursday and Friday mornings, and will share with us some of the adventures of his stay in Adana. After a year's study in America, he sails in June to resume his work in the hospital.

MARY DOUTHIT IS SOLOIST WITH NASHVILLE SYMPHONY

(Continued from page 1)

on each note of the fine melody and every accellerando and ritardando in the dramatic middle section were calculated to a nicety that could scarcely be improved upon.

"Her encore was a very modern 'Capriccio,' by Dohnaazl, and we rarely heard such phenomenal speed. She negotiated the fleet finger-work with the lightness of thistledown, and could have given more encores had she chosen.

The *Banner* says: "The soloist of the afternoon was Mary Douthit, pianist, playing as her principal number the first movement from the Grieg

Concerto in A minor. She was an outstanding success. And that success made some of us wonder how it came about that she and the Symphony had not been brought together long ago. She had been right with us.

She is a disciple of Lawrence Goodman and the Ward-Belmont Conservatory. She played the popular Grieg composition with the detailed mastery and the rhythmic abandon that we heard, for example, when John Powell played with the local orchestra a few years ago and when Mr. Goodman co-labored with Mr. Henkel's forces. No small part of the soloist's achievement was due to the excellent support she received from the orchestra.

"Miss Douthit's group of shorter solos, later in the afternoon, brought two Chopin etudes, those in C minor and E major, and the Scherzo in C shart minor by the same composer. They were happily played and enthusiasticaily received. They led to 'Cappriccio' by Dohnansi, played as an encore."

IRENE HUMPHREY GIVES BRILLIANT RECITAL

(Continued from page 1)

Some excerpts from the Italian and American presses are as follows:

Gazzetta Romagna—"The roie of 'Mimi' in 'La Boheme' was done by an American who from her first entrance revealed herseif to be a singer of indisputable merit fuliy meeting the expectation of the great audience. She interpreted with reai sentiment and moving sincerity the drama of the romantic Murger character."

La Nuova Romagna—"The approval and applause given by our most critical of Roman audiences was unanimous. We can most certainly assert that Irene Crane Humphrey can look forward to a very brilliant future."

Corriere Di Milano—"A most charming 'Madam Butterfly' with clear expressive voice and fine dramatic abiiity."

New York Herald—"Her voice is colorful in ail registers and every tone is iilustrative of the mood, thus giving a picturai effect which rouses the imagination of the audience and holds it."

The Meriden Record—"Her Sicilian Folk Songs showed the beauty of her voice in tone, flowing line and rare interpretation."

The Nashville Banner—"That Nashville's aiready rich store of resident musicai artists has been increased by the advent of Irene Crane Humphrey was demonstrated Friday night on the occasion of that excellent soprano singer's first local recitai in the Ward-Belmont auditorium.

"I have come to have implicit faith in the judgment of youthful audiences, if they are not too youthful. Such groups usually know a good thing when they see and hear it. They may not be abie to say why. But that is secondary in importance. The audience of Ward-Beimont girls was completeiy under the sway of the recitalist from the moment she appeared on the stage until the end of the program, when she retired after granting three extra songs. Enthusiasm ran just as high aiso among the musical 'old timers,' who had gathered in large numbers to hear the newest member of the Ward-Belmont conservatory teaching force.

"The first quality of the singer that became evident was her fresh, youthful femininity, an attribute that appealed not only to those among her hearers who possessed that same blessing, but aiso to ail others who still had eyes. But personality and voice were a perfect team. Mrs. Humphrey has a voice of the resonant sort that is so welcome in a soprano. Hence it was that those songs which lay in the middle of her pitch compass received the fuii glory of her tone production.

"The singer's program consisted of a French aria from 'Mignon' and three groups of shorter songs in three other languages (German, Italian and Engiish), with another tongue (Spanish) represented in one of her encores. And she handied ail these vernaculars, seemingly, with equal ease and precision. Certain it is that the linguistic part of her vocality is not its least attractive phase.

"The German group brought 'Die Forelie' (Schubert), 'Die Lotusblume' (Franz), 'Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt' (Tschaikowsky) and 'Vergebliches Staendchen,' by Brahms. They ali produced the usuai deep impression, though the irresistibie fun of the Brahms number made it the favorite of the bunch. Four Siciiian folk songs, a refreshing novelty here, made up the Italian group. Their effect was enhanced by the colorful Italian peasant costume worn by the singer. Among the Engiish songs were "Danny Boy" by Weatheriey, 'Ze Ol' Bayou,' by Strickland, 'Rain,' by Curran, and 'Russian Sieigh Hound,' by Kountz. In this group the Kountz number, with its bubbiing over of winter fun, was clearly the favorite.

"Among Mrs. Humphrey's encores were 'Cuckoo' (Lehmann), 'Spanish Love Song' (Laverde), 'Poor Finish' (Waiier), 'Daddy's Sweetheart' (Lehmann), and 'You Don't Know What You're Missin',' by Vete.

"Mrs. David Ridgway Gebhart played excellent piano accompaniments for the artist."

WHICH INSTRUMENT ARE YOU?

Science teiis us that music and the appreciation of that sort is an entrance into some of the fundamental characteristics of human beings. Have you ever stopped to think that your love for a certain composition, or for the instrument on which that composition is piayed, comes from having like characteristics with that composition or instrument?

The following is an Instrumental Mind Study. Do you find any instrument here to which you respond readiiy? If so, see if some of its characteristics are not yours also.

Instrument Fortune Teiler

Violin: High temperament—Responsive — Emotive — Sensitive—Delicate.

Ceiio: Sensuous—Vibrant—Stirred to deep emotions which are spontaneous—Faithful to friends.

Piano: Inteiiectuai—Inner emotions which are not always displayed—Innate desire for perfection in some form.

Saxophone: Emotional — Easiiy turned from one idea to another—Fond of dancing—In love and out again—Happy and quite unselfish.

REV. ELLIOTT-BAKER SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

The Lenten speaker at chapei Wednesday was the Reverend Eiiiott-Baker of Calvary Episcopal Church, Louisviiie, Ky. He spoke on the parable of the ten virgins. In beginning his address he gave a brief description of the customs in Jerusalem at the time of Christ and of today which are, he says, almost the same.

He applied the well-known parabie to the iife of the modern young women very forcefuiiy and directiy with a certain intimation of pessimism which make his remarks unusuaiiy convincing. "Education, home environment, and social position, are the constituents of your lamps;" he said, "unless they have the iife-giving oil they will never light your iives."

He concluded his remarks with the statement that the attitude of the world today is that of the wise virgins of the parable when the foolish maidens asked them for oil, and they replied, "Not so, lest we have not enough for ourselves," and that it behooves each one of us to think to which of the categories, that of the wise virgins or that of the foolish ones we belong. At the end of the address Dr. Baker made a short prayer before chapel was dismissed.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, March 13—The most awful, drizzling, discouraging downpour I've ever had to tear around in. To club this evening in a perfect frenzy to descend on the X.L. house to get in on the kid party in progress; loaned the bow of my little rag doggie to the girl next door so that she could have a hair ribbon, and did she ever look freakish. Don't quite summon up the courage to go, mostly because "Clutchie" was not in a sporting humor and, besides, she said that she'd ruin her slippers—thought that idea died with Victoria, but didn't express my feelings. To the library where I did put in a most successful evening until Jessie Burgin came in, and anyone who can study successfully with that wise-cracking damsel in the vicinity is either deaf or lacking in a sense of humor.

Thursday, March 14—Why is it that Thursdays are always so uneventful for me? The only thing I ever do is trail down to the tea room and part with a generous portion of my allowance and acquire a lot of gossip that is perfectly meaningless. New thing on the menu—milk—and what I mean it's really all the rage. Drank two glasses because someone said there were three hundred calories in a sundae and only one hundred in a glass of milk. Knew I wouldn't feel natural if I didn't inhale at least two hundred. Trying to write a theme tonight and not meeting with any noteworthy success, as usual—wonder why not?

Friday, March 15—Downtown to buy "Clutchie" a birthday present, and was so confused at all the divine stuff I saw that I came within an inch of coming back empty-handed (except for the small dray-load of articles I always manage to accumulate at the numerous dimeries). Finally decided that as she always uses mine, a compact would be in order; bought a swank-looking one and now I'm furious, because I want one myself. Oh, well, maybe some day I'll have a birthday, too.

Saturday, March 16—Did drag out my little hunk of green ribbon to wear tomorrow. Can't realize that St. Pat's day is almost upon us. This time last year, "begorra," but I was havin' a gay time! Had a good old time tonight, too, I'm informing all interested listeners. "Indiana, I'm All for You," and may I some day have a chance at the real Blarney stone, although from what I hear about how hard it is to kiss it I think I'm just as well off kissing this one. Talk about green, I've seen it until I see red, no stuff! Green HYPHEN, green dance—even green food at the dances. That green drink they served was deadly-looking, but as long as it's St. Patrick's stuff I feel very, very well assured that I won't be seeing any snakes, so drank mine and "Clutchie's" right heartily.

Sunday, March 17—To church, via the special, according to the quaint custom, which I'd be delighted to honor more in the breach than in the observance. Wore all the green I dared, although if anyone ever cared to take more than one look at my face there would be no need to profess my ancestry by wearing ribbons—they'd even know I was blessed with an Irish—oh—that came near being a giveaway and that wouldn't do in a diary like this. More people out today than I ever saw leave the place except as a whole group. Longed to drape myself on the fence and watch Nashville drive past, but my early training and the nightwatchman prohibited. Sole advantage in having so many people out is that there is so much stuff on the tables that you can eat and eat and not be afraid that you are being too gluttonous.

Monday, March 18th.—Positively the best looking man at chapel this morning, resolved that I wouldn't drag him under if he started a life-saving act on me—I'd grab him gently but firmly, say "My hero" and do a movie star collapse. Also resolved that I'd better start trying to get a life-saving medal or emblem or whatever, right away. Must remember to go to the gym office tomorrow. Milestones dinner tonight. Everything was marvelous.

Tuesday, March 19th.—Second-year college open-house tonight, and how is a poor, insignificant Senior-mid to study with all that music floating about through the air? Obviously, she is not. Therefore, I didn't try very hard but managed to get in a couple of knock-out letters to the sobby strains. Also wrote a sob note to my dollink father telling him in what dire financial straits his daughter was in; the money for the Milestones was the killing blow, but I simply couldn't get along without it. The A B C thing is about to slay me—I never could endure suspence and this is simply terrific—I never saw such complete secrecy.

WHO'S WHO

There are not many girls who can step right in and become recognized as a "peach of a kid" at the very first, like "Fredericks" did. Somehow, from the first time we met her and she looked down at us with those friendly, twinkling, brown eyes, we knew we were going to like her, and that she was going to be well known at Ward-Belmont this year. And is she? And how! She's active in everything from refurnishing her club house (ask the T. C. sponsor) to being treasurer of the "Y" cabinet and secretary of the Student Council. She works hard on everything she does. Her part of everything will be done well, because that's just "Fredericks," doing everything that she does in the right way—and sticking to it till she's through. They are not made every day like her.

Whenever we think of the newest music, or hear good jazz, we at once think of Lois Stout. Boy—that girl can play a piano like nobody's business, and the question, "Where is Lois?" is asked every time anyone



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wants to dance. But the thing that is most characteristic of Lois is her versatility. Aside from playing the piano she has a beautiful soprano voice which not only sounds lovely in popular but in classical music as well. Lois is athletic—going out for her club teams—and is also a HYPHEN reporter. Add all of this to being attractive and friendly—and you have one of the best all-round girls in Ward-Belmont.

CAMPUS COLUMN

"Oh, listen, I've something funny to tell you for the Campus Column," say our kind friends. We listen, register thanks and then promptly forget. When we sit down to write, we waste more time trying to think of what that was so-and-so told us. Here's one we couldn't forget. "Undie" told it at the Milestones dinner:

"Stotzer" spent the week-end in Franklin. Sunday she was invited to attend Sunday school. Being well trained (at W.-B. or home) she accepted. Sunday morning she was likewise urged to attend the morning service. When that was over they must have thought she still looked wicked because she was taken to the evening services and Christian Endeavor, where she responded in that true Ward-Belmont spirit and made a speech.

There is one zealous Senior of whom the class should be proud. Monday morning at eight the "characters" in the challenge which was put on in chapel Thursday were diligently practicing. Their young voices must have rung through Senior Hall in the "challenge song" as Betty Ungles rushed in a few minutes later crying, "I didn't know there was a Senior meeting. I'm sorry I'm late."

Looking over the above, we think it isn't so darn funny, after all, in black and white. It's too much trouble to cross out; besides, it takes up space, so give us a break and laugh.

If you want to hear "Suzy" Jones say words, walk up to her and say in a monotonous tone of voice, "I see—I see." She'll explode.

The mouse of whom we used to speak so affectionately has found the new HYPHEN office. He tripped briskly in the other day and eyed us nonchalantly, as if to say, "Oh, there you are." His poor little ribs stuck out all over and his fur was so bedraggled and his courage was so lacking that we could not keep from sniffling and giving him a few pieces of candy "Donahoo" had made in the club house. We were glad to give it to the poor little thing, but Nancy Pierce, who was trying to make away with it before "Donahoo" returned, grew very indignant. She needn't have thought because mouse, after eating a few bites, turned deathly pale and ran for the wastebasket and the last we saw of him was his dear little tail disappearing over the rim.

All of which means nothing and says less.

If we could:
Play the piano like "Hendricks,"
Sing like "Schaefer,"
Write like Susan Erwin,
Dance like Foss O'Donnell,
Make grades like Katherine Blackman,
Look like Jean McDonnell,
Be as funny as Louise Graves,
Be as nonchalant as "Chady" Strong,
Have clothes like Florence Miller, we would be happy.

If we could:
Play the piano like Jean McDonnell,
Sing like Katherine Backman,
Write like "Chady" Strong,
Dance like Loulse Graves,
Make grades like "Hendricks,"
Look like Foss O'Donnell,
Be as nonchalant as "Schaefer,"
Be as funny as Susan Erwin,
Have clothes like even our own we wouldn't be so happy.

Among the other advantages listed in our catalogue are "cement tennis and basket-ball courts." Now, these courts have always fascinated me. Why are they there at all? The net has withstood Nashville's fickle weather for six years, they say, but still they hang. The balls invariably go over the back-stops into the street and other forbidden regions. The basket-ball court is no less impossible. The "baskets" are iron rims with wispy remnants of what looks like a fishing net hanging from them. The only game we have ever seen played here is that of hop-skotch, played by the youngsters from the primary department. All these years the courts have been thusly used. They have been a problem unsolved. At last a solution has been submitted. Girls have filed to be allowed to skate there. Miss Irvin generously granted the files. It has been suggested that the Wandering Blues play there on certain afternoons. Imagine lovely girls swaying and bending in the breeze to the sounds wafted by the same breeze from the Wandering Blues. Afternoon tea should be served also.

If anyone has a right to be discouraged it is "Chady" Strong, "Nat" Hines, and Margie Northrup. They spent all Sunday afternoon taking pictures for the *Milestones*. After taking three rolls, thirty-six pictures, they find that the pictures are no good. Added to this, their favorite picture —that of "Chady" and Betty O'Donnell playing monkey—was censored. We didn't see the picture, but we feel sure that "Chady" and Betty qualify. What was the trouble?

Three cars, carrying nineteen representatives of the school "across the way," passed our campus the other afternoon making enough noise to attract the attention of the fair, young damsels. "Sallie" Cerberus, the toy policeman, or what you may call him, strode to the fence shouting, "Keep away from here, boys. You can't disturb the peace of a female institution."

Wordsmiths were holding forth in a meeting. Someone timidly opened the door to the "Y."

"Occupied," called Hortense Ambrose.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

One could not have had a more enjoyable time than the girls who were guests at the recent birthday dinner given in the Ward-Belmont dining room. The decorations were selected with great care, and yellow and green proved to be the chosen colors.

There were quantities of yellow daffodils on the table, some artistically arranged in green bowls and others tied in bunches by dainty green ribbons. Four tall, green candle-sticks and green tapers were placed at intervals on the table. Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Rose were hostesses at this most delightful occasion.

The honor guests of the evening were:

Grace Neisler, Kings Mountain, N. C.; Leonora Patterson, Gastonia, N. C.; Julia Furse, Savannah, Ga.; Ruth Haggenjos, St. Louis, Mo.; Mildred E. Smith, Weston, W. Va.; Josephine Smith, Fayetville, Tenn.; Mary E. Bryan, Lexington, Ky.; Leitner Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.; Marjorie Jurgensmeyer, Homer, Ill.; Judith Levy, Chicago, Ill.; Mary McGowan, Ilwaco, Wash.; Freda Overall, Asheville, N. C.; Elizabeth Regan, Boliver, Tenn.; Stella Christman, Ogden, Utah; Margaret Timmons, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Sarah Owen, Winfield, Kan.; Ruth Welty, Bartlesville, Okla.



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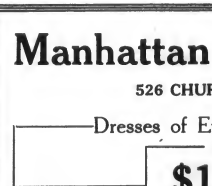
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A GOOD PLAN FOR THEME WRITING

This title is none other than it implies, for I am about to reveal my method of theme writing. My teacher tells me that next time I must hand in a theme of an original topic. For ten minutes after class this preys wretchedly on my decrepid mind, but on seeing Betty O'Donnell it resumes its normal state. At 10:30 the night before the theme is due, I once again remember that it must be ready by the first period the following morning. I build a cozy little nest in the bath tub and after brushing my teeth with Iodent No. 1, I settle down to deep but suddenly interrupted thought, for in walks the "raider"—I'm sunk; so meekly go to bed with visions of the next council, for this just completes my third accumulation. I set the alarm at 5:30. Five-thirty comes as well as a dark, drizzly morning which holds no inspiration. All efforts to overcome the difficulties are in vain, and I drop off to sleep in time to be awakened again at seven, —but it's too late to start the theme so at 7:25 I get dressed, trusting there will still be time between 8:00 and 8:30. And wouldn't you know the club president calls a meeting of the dance committee "immediately after breakfast" and I am one of them. My first period class!!

Oh, dear, I hope this has helped you solve your problems of theme writing, for this, too, has been written in accordance with the described method.

First Girl: "Your father an undertaker? I thought you said he was a doctor."

Second girl: "No, I said that he followed the medical profession."—*Martha's Mirror.*

Modern girl, phoning home at three A.M.): "Don't worry about me Mother. I'm all right. I'm in jail."—*The Davidsonian.*

Lost Balloonist: "Ahoy, where am I?"

Farmer: "Hey, you can't fool me, by granny. Yer right up there in that little basket." Gaddap Susie."—*The Agonistic.*

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVIII | NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1929 | Number 24

TRI-STATE BARN DANCE GALA AFFAIR

Overalls and Aprons Much in Evidence

After the numerous formal dances throughout the year, the diverting informality of the Barn Dance presented by the Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas clubs made it an occasion for much merriment. This was one of the most enjoyable, and certainly the most hilarious, affair of the year.

Upon entering "Gymn's Barn" one could easily imagine that one was back in "the states where the tall corn grows." Bales of hay, the remains of an old plow, a wagon, wheel, and several saddles were characteristic decorations. The guests, in overalls and aprons, were quite in harmony with their surroundings, as they fox trotted, jigged, and even dragged forth that obsolete dance, the Charleston, in the spirit of the occasion.

About nine o'clock refreshments were dispensed from a farm wagon. There were ginger bread, candied apples, apple cider, and licorice plugs.

The special consisted of a dance performed by four farmers' daughters and their rustic swains. The girls, in blue dresses, white aprons, and large straw hats, were Georgia Black, Harriet Graybill, Natalie Hines, and Eileene Wallace. The boys, in overalls, were Elizabeth Fredericks, Betty O'Donnell, Mary McFarland, and Margaret McDonald.

When the farmerettes reluctantly departed at ten o'clock, feeling too pepped to return to the dormitories, they scattered around the moon-lit campus until the unfeeling watchman herded them into their respective buildings.

The sponsors and presidents of the three clubs formed the receiving line. They were: Misses Lenna Hawkins, Loretta Chenoweth, Carolyn Leavell, Betty O'Donnell, Marjorie Barclay, and Catherine Scruggs.

W.-B. STUDENTS WIN CURRENT LITERATURE PRIZE

The results of the Current Literature Contest for the first semester brought more honors for the high school English classes. Emily Potter won first prize and Anita Torrey, Willa Mina Nooe, Marie Shelton, and Jane Sutherland won honorable mention for the notebooks they submitted. Current Literature, which has as its contributing editors such noted authors as Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review*, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley, C. Hidden Page, Hamlin Garland, and a score of other famous writers, offers prizes for the best notebooks handed in by high school students. The ob-

(Continued on page 2)

Miss Townsend to Give Easter Pageant

Annual Pre-Easter Play Given This Evening

On Easter Eve at 8:15 o'clock Miss Townsend will present her senior and certificate classes in a religious drama, "The Upper Room," in memory of the three greatest days of religous history.

For ten years the Ward-Belmont school of expression has had religious drama as a part of its work, and on Christmas and Easter it has given the old Chester Mysteries, as well as original pageants written and produced by Miss Townsend. Last year the Minister's Alliance asked that the pre-Easter play be given at the Ryman Auditorium, and Miss Townsend produced "The King is Born" for the benefit of the Nashville public as well as for the school.

This season's play, "The Upper Room," is in three acts representing the time from Good Friday until Easter morning. Thursday, the institution by Christ of the Holy Communion; Friday, the memorial of the crucifixion; and Saturday, the day His friends gathered and brought together the relics of their Master. The play is given as a religious offering to celebrate the central figure of creation, the Christ.

The scene that will open the play will be an exact reproduction of da Vincis' famous painting, "The Last Supper." The exact matching of the colors of the robes worn by the disciples, and the scenes have been chosen by Miss Townsend with much care and skill. Scene I is the upper room when all have gone to Gethsemene; Scene II is the crucifixion. Here Mary Magdalene, Judas and Peter judge each his own sin, and Achay tells of the entombment; Scene III is just before dawn of Easter morning in the Upper Room. The soldiers bring in the emblems of Christ's passion and His mother gives them into Joseph of Arimathea's keeping.

Those taking the parts of the Master of the House, the little boy, John, Peter, Judas, Mary, His mother; Mary Magdalene, the doctor, the soldiers, the disciples, are the senior and certificate expression classes. Those who sing and carry spears, crosses, and torches of the unseen mob, are college classes 1, 2.

The play is given with reverence for the subject, and the audience is asked to join the players in this mood of preparation for Easter morn. It is asked there be no applause.

THE SCRAPBOOK

The following poem is by Jean Starr Untermeyer. Its tone of melancholy, and the rhythm of the sea make it an unusually beautiful lyric.

The lapping of lake water
Is like the weeping of women,
The weeping of ancient women
Who grieved without rebellion.

The lake falls over the shore,
Like tears on their curven bosoms;
Here is languid, luxurious wailing,
The wailing of king's daughters.

So, do we ever cry,
A soft, unmutinous crying,
When we know ourselves each a princess,
Locked fast within her tower.

The lapping of lake water
Is like the weeping of women,
The fertile tears of women
That water the dreams of men.

Without intending that any personal interpretation should be spoiled, we would like to suggest that this poem may have reference to the same thing as the suffragettes were striving against—the restricted position of woman, or perhaps her inability to take so active a part in the affairs of the world as do men. And, unless one might think that the "wailing" has not been unmutinous, the reader might call to mind the hundreds of women who have only scorned the suffragettes and have lived their lonely lives quite unmutinous in countless respects.

Ballad of a Rag-Bag Heart—Mary Allen Seiffert:

I wish my heart
Were a golden cup,
So love might come
And fill it up.

Or like a sieve
Of shiny tin,
That not a drop
Could linger in!

From what I know
My heart, perhaps,
Is a patch-work rag-bag
Filled with scraps,

So tightly crammed,
So rudely tossed,
So carelessly rummaged
That much is lost.

With sample and snippet,
With piece and part,
Fie on the woman
With such a heart!

How simple, how noble
It were to live
With a heart like a cup,
Or a bright tin sieve!

ANNUAL GYM MEET TO BE MONDAY

Events Start at 7 O'Clock (P.M.) in Gym

The date of the annual gymnasium demonstration has been set for Monday, April 1st. This exhibition closes the formal indoor gym period. An outline of the program is as follows:

1. Apparatus Work—Grades 1, 2, 3, 4
   a. Running Jump—Grades 1, 2
      Somersaults on Mat—Grades 1, 2
   b. Somersaults on Parallel Bars—Grades 3, 4
      Rest Position on Horse—Grades 3, 4
   C. Balance Beams—Grades 1, 2, 3, 4
2. Fancy March—Grades 5, 6, 7, 8
   Posture Drill—Grades 5, 6
   Apparatus Work—Grades 7, 8
3. Folk Dances—A-1
   Highland Schottische
   German Happing
4. Free Standing Work—C
5. Two Ball Games—H.S. 3&4
   Circle Standing Ball
   Circle Passing Ball
6. Group of Children's Dances—Playground Supervision Class
   Jockeys
   Marionettes
   Nursery Rhymes
7. Track Mimetics—B-1
8. Two Relay Races—H.S. 1&2
   Sitting Relay
   Indian Club Relay
9. Two Folk Dances—A-2
   Reap the Flax
   Hornpipe
10. a. Command Marching—H.S. 4
    b. Apparatus Work
       Buck Vault
       Rope Vault
       Springboard Jump
11. Formation March—A. 3&4

NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

Saturday, March 30—Miss Townsend's play in chapel.
Sunday, March 31—Easter.
Monday, April 1—Y.W. Cabinet will be entertained at tea by Dr. Jones of Fisk University.
Wednesday, April 3—Mr. Wesson's organ recital in chapel.
Thursday, April 4—Kenneth E. Rose's recital in chapel.
Friday, April 5—Oklahoma dinner dance in the tea room.
Saturday, April 6—Osiron club dance. Del-Ver picture show.

SCOUT NEWS

The girl scouts of Troup 19 held their first "dinner" Tuesday in the Scout Hut. The first part of the meeting was taken up in passing tests. Wendall Austin, Ann Lea

(Continued on page 2)



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W.-B. STUDENTS WIN CURRENT LITERATURE PRIZE

(Continued from page 1)

ject being to have the student collect interesting facts about the lives of prominent authors and some excerpts from the things they have written, and compile them into notebook form. These notebooks form invaluable information for the student later on in his English work, for the lives, thoughts, and actions of many of the greatest writers and thinkers of all time are available.

Current Literature congratulates Ward-Belmont on the large numbers of good notebooks that have been handed in to the contest. Three years Hortense Ambrose won first prize, and last year May Rawls secured the honors for Ward-Belmont.

SCOUT NEWS

(Continued from page 1)

Akers, Catherine Woods, and Dorothy Lassers passed their tender-foot tests and the old girls were glad to welcome them into the troup. Dinner, which was prepared by the girls trying to pass their second class tests, was served at six-thirty. After dinner the old girls passed first-aid and hospital-bed tests.

Plans for the remaining months of the school year were made. The scouts hope to have at least five hikes before school closes. Some of the girls hope to spend part of their vacation at the Juliet Lowe Camp at Chamdland, Georgia.

The scouts wish to express their appreciation for the interest which their captain, Miss Amis, has shown in the troup for the past year. Her willingness to help us in all things has inspired us to better carry on our scout work.

The meeting was closed by the singing of taps:

"Le jour fuit,
C'est la nuit
Sur les plains, les collins, et les bois.
Tout est bien,
Ne dites rien,
Dieu est la!"

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

The "Y" wishes to cordially invite everyone to attend the early Easter service that will be held from 7:30 to 8 o'clock on Easter morning. There will be special music, and Dr. John Hill will speak. If possible, the service will be held out of doors.

On Sunday morning, March 17th, the opening exercises of the Sunday school were in charge of Margaret Rothert, vice-chairman of the committee. The preliminary song service was especially enjoyed. It was led by the orchestra which consisted of the following: Lydareene Majors, piano; Irene McBane, trumpet; Dorothy Gould, saxophone; Catherine Scruggs and Elaine Bean, violins. Margaret spoke for only a few moments, but her little talk on "Kindness" was packed full of suggestions that one could immediately apply to one's own daily life in school. Discussion groups under Miss Brooks and Miss Van brought the worthwhile hour to its close.

Sunday evening Ward-Belmont chose its vesper musicians and speaker from among its own number. Dorothy Black played a short opening selection on the violin, accompanied by Lydareene Majors, Marion Lewis sang "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," by Wooler, being accompanied by her voice instructor, Miss Boyer.

Ruthe Donahoo introduced Frances Hoffman, who had been chosen as student speaker by the cabinet of the "Y." Frances spoke with a quiet dignity and clearness of thought that made us all listen. Her subject was "Christ, the Man," a topic which was very fitting at this Easter season. Christ must have been physically strong to do the things he did. His very hardy out-of-door life would have helped develop him for his great task. His nerves were steady in times when the nerves of others would have given away; his strength flowed from him in curing the sick, in raising the dead; his complete self-control, clearness of mind must have had a strong physical backing to have brought these qualities to their best. Let us not get a false impression of Christ as a weakling from the picture of various artists or from the writings of certain authors, but let us gain our own conception by discovering him as he is shown to us in the gospels, and by following him in our daily lives.

Marjorie Jungensmeyer, Mary Frances Marxson, Irene Adams, "Bunny" Eberhart, Natalie Hurd, and Nancy Lang went with Miss Van for a game and story hour at the Junior League Home for Crippled Children on Tuesday afternoon.



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The rain fell steadily and persistently last Friday night, but it was not sufficient to dampen the ardor of the members of the Student Industrial Commission. As the group gathered about the prettily appointed table for dinner in the city Y.W.C.A., it was seen that practically every girl was in her place—Vanderbilt, Peabody, Scarritt, Ward-Belmont, were right there through their various representatives, and the industrial girls also had turned out in full force.

Then it was that the rain and the dampness without were entirely forgotten as conversation and discussion went briskly forward about the candle-lighted table. And the result of that hour was the same as the results of the previous meetings have been, discoveries of other areas of life than our own and a certain new understanding and friendliness that seem each time to bind us all more closely together.

CLUB NOTES

X. L.

Club night—and, oh, what-a-night! Unfortunately for us, both our president and vice-president were in Miss Rucker's fond embrace in Ye Infirmary, so the business meeting was greatly curtailed. We celebrated the appearance of our new red velvet draperies, however, by dancing around by the latest records.

And what did you-all think of the tea Saturday afternoon? Didn't we have fun? Confession of the campus trotters—we did! The X.L. club is very much on the campus this spring. Just watch us!

Agora Gaiety

Having acquired a taste for parties on account of the one at which the A.K.'s entertained them the previous week, the Agoras threw one for themselves at their regular meeting. After a brief period of "business" discussion, relating mostly to an expedition to Belle Meade in the very near future, the Wandering Blues tuned up and the fun began.

Yes, none other than the Wandering Blues, whose red-hot harmony is so dear to our hearts in these scenes of our childhood. To add to the merriment, Elaine Bean and Katherine Bachman gave a tap dance, and Martha Candler—yes, my dear, I know she's not an Agora, but that doesn't mean she couldn't be at the meeting, for she was certainly present. To continue, after so rudely interrupting myself—Martha gave a jazz dance which went over big and called for an encore. Then the orchestra struck up again, and dancing reigned uninterrupted until the watchman dropped in for his evening call.

Osiron Owlets

A stranger walking into the Osiron house last Wednesday night would have wondered what was happening. All over the room were small groups earnestly talking to one another, and one might believe that they were gossiping about each other. "Far be it from such," however, for they were merely the different committees for the movie and dance, talking things over. Will the plans for that dance never cease?

Our water polo squad didn't mature for some reason or other, although girls came out for a number of practices. Not enough girls, I presume! Nevertheless, several Osirons are working for letters in walking; and at the rate they are going, they'll get them. "C'mon, Osirons, show 'em we got pep!"

F. F. Club Notes

Last Wednesday evening the F.F. club held an important business meeting. Plans were discussed and made for future meetings. The new girls have given a beautiful set of andirons to the club, and everyone is "wild" about them.

We're rooting 100 per cent strong for our water polo team. Let's see what we can do!



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Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

People have a bad habit of not reading editorials. Not that any question is being made of your tastes in reading matter—we might like to ship a few of them ourselves. But we hope you will manage to read this one.

An entirely new, almost unheard-of and unbelievable set of privileges has been extended to the Senior class. "But," wail the lower classes, "what has that to do with us?" Let them stop and think for a moment and we believe they will see that as a matter of fact it has more to do with them than with the Seniors.

If the Seniors use these privileges honestly; if they carefully obey the rules, and do not overstep their new privileges, they will leave something for the classes coming after to look forward to securing. And so, Seniors, behave yourselves and make it possible for next year's class to reap the harvest of your obedience to the school rules.

Here are the new privileges:

Day students may have one day when they do not have to report to classes. They may choose their own day.

Boarding students, who have not been away for a week-end, may have one day when they need not report to classes. They may choose their own day.

Boarding students may enjoy for the month of May the following:

Sleep through breakfast on Sunday mornings.

Two light cuts examination week until 12 o'clock, provided the whole suite take it together or two roommates who are not in a suite. If a Senior rooms with a Senior-Middle, she cannot be granted this privilege. Permission for these light cuts must be secured from the hostess in the dormitory.

Girls may go to a movie any day in the week (once a week) except Saturday. (At Loews, Capitol, Knickerbocker, Orpheum.)

Girls may go to dinner once a week, any evening except Saturday, as one of the two times allowed in town a week, at any of the customary lunching places, returning at 7:30 P.M., provided they miss no school appointments.

These privileges are granted to Seniors who are passing in all their work.

This is not April Fool!

CONCERNING COLDS

"Beware of colds." So read the many advertisements of overnight cures for colds, and so says Miss Morrison. I do not agree with either the flamboyant advertisements or Miss Morrison. The only thing to do about a bad cold, according to my way of thinking, is to enjoy it while it lasts, and, of course, be thankful when it leaves. I'm no Pollyanna, but in all seriousness, the advantages of a bad cold are many.

In the first place, you get sympathy from your teacher. When you go to class bearing a red nasal appendage and a white handkerchief and swollen eyes, you are never called upon to recite. If you are, merely blow your nose, or give a deep, rasping cough and clear your throat as if to say, "I suffer with a cold, but, notwithstanding, I'll do my beloved duty and impart some of my enormous store of information to my fellow students." At that point, the bell might ring, or the teacher might relieve you of the task of talking. If she does, be sure to give a sweet martyred smile in her direction.

The best time to develop a cold is immediately preceding a recital, or anything that savors of an "expected" occasion. Then you may retreat to that elysium familiarly known as the "pest house," where you will be treated, not like a universal pest, but like a favored individual.

But, when gifted with a cold, stay around your enemies rather than your friends, or your friends will become your enemies.

LINOLEUM BLOCKS MADE IN ART CLASSES

Interest in the School of Art is now centered in the designing and printing of linoleum blocks which are to be used as decorative motifs.

A new press has been installed in one of the studios and in addition to designing and cutting the blocks, students do their own printing.

The entire problem develops the student in many practical as well as artistic ways. The beginning classes have chosen purely design motifs, using animals and Christmas landscapes in their blocks. The girls in the advanced classes are using human figures adapted to the medium of the block print, and requiring historic research work, made possible, to a large extent, by the number of new reference books in the library.

Although the blocks are to be the property of the students, one specimen of each girl's work will be retained by the School of Art to be used in the annual exhibit of the School's work. This exhibit is held toward the close of school, and always contains remarkably well executed work done by both advanced and beginning classes.

[redacted]

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WARD-BELMONT APRIL PHULES

PERPETRATED ONCE A YEAR BY THE PHULES OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume ZYW | NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1929 | Number 000

BERTHDAY DINNER DELIGHTFUL AFFAIR

"Thanx"

One of the most knock-out social gatherings of the year was the berthday party for March which was given in the berthday dining room. The table was stunningly decorated with Lions and Lambs, not lying down together according to the biblical idea, but pursuing each other around the plate rail. The animals were, of course, artificial, as the Ward-Belmont zoo is composed of coal black cats, and jet black cats, and blue black cats, and ink black cats, and an occasional black and white cat.

The table was entrancingly decked with tallow candles in antique wine bottles with clumps of dandelions as floral pieces. The girls looked most charming in the colorful black and white gym clothes they wore. Barbecue sandwiches and cokes were the chief dishes (and glasses) on the menu, and as dessert Ward-Belmont Specials (not the street car, or mailman variety) were imported from Candyland for the occasion.

Those attending the dinner were: Margaret Timmons, Sandusky, O.; Eileen Wallace, Huntsville, Ala.; Nell Tyson, Matoon, Ill.; Diana Cox, North Platte, Neb.; Miriam Cooper, Ozona, Texas; Rowena Orr, Hoxie, Kan.; Rosa Moore, Huntingburg, Ind.; Margaret Scullin, Shubeta, Miss.

MARGIE NORTHRUP WINS TATTING CONTEST

M. V. Payne Runs Close 2nd

This warm weather is putting rather a strain on the swimming pool. The period for open swimming has become very popular. So many splashers and duckers get in the way of the divers that we need a traffic cop.

Speaking of diving, have you seen the adagio (we'll call it that) dives the "open-swimmers" have invented. "Chandy's" tinyness makes her the victim of Betty's and Irene's ambition. It really is thrilling to see Irene dive off the high dive with "Chady" on her shoulders. One might expect to see them on the stage diving into a shallow tank—preferably glass.

READ FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

Instead of the black-birds that Ward-Belmonters have so often been called, some of us have changed into ducks. Not that knowledge rolls off of us like water off of a duck's back—oh, not that—never! The charm seems to belong to Miss Cone's whistle, diving for which seems to be the thing. Surface diving hides our faces so that you really can't tell whether we have the bills of duck's or not.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD

Wednesday, April 1—Simply furious at Mrs. Charlie; she came skating in this morning to lay out my clothes, start my bath and light the fire in the fireplace at nine o'clock. Could hardly keep from throwing my gallon of Lentheric perfume at her sleek, black bob. She has a new one, did you know? Dragged myself yawningly up and did scorn the iced grapefruit cocktail, cheese omelet, and toast melba, sent it back and ordered bacon and grits and muddy coffee. Dressed in a clever little thing I picked up at Grace's and went to class. Such a bore. Adorable-looking boy sat next to me and did vow that he would call for me this afternoon in his Hispano-Suiza. I refused because I don't quite like the idea of going out with strange men in inexpensive cars. To Belle Meade tonight for dinner and back early. These dinners are so maddeningly dull. Prommed tonight at Vanderbilt. College dances are all alike, but Ted Weems was rather good.

Thursday, April 1—To the tea dance this afternoon with "Clutchie" and two adorable men whom I've been going with for three years here. Saw the boy who sat next me in knitting class, and he came over and was introduced. It seems he's president of the Freshman and Senior Hi-Y at Vandy, so I was flattered. Proved himself very careless by spilling the tea from his thermos bottle all over my new point lace frock, but he has such a precious smile that I care not.

Friday, April 1—Did open my eyes this morn to see in the cool darkness a huge bouquet of orchids in the Lalique bowl. They were exquisite and I did feast my eyes on them for quite some time. Note in them from Mrs. C., who did say that there was also a coursage of three, but she had put it in the frigidaire so that it would be fresh. Did ring for the maid to give me a facial, a marcelle, and a manicure. Did give the maid the lace dress I'd ruined yesterday and did order from her a box of orchid-tipped cigarettes which she packed beautifully into my platinum case—the one with the diamond-studded S. A. E. crest. If boys are going to send me orchids, I suppose I must be kind enough to make my clothes and accessories harmonize, although it's a terrific bother over a few measly flowers.

Saturday, April 1—Bill, the brute, did summon me from my sleep at 8:30 to ask me to fly to Memphis with him in his new Tri-Motor. Felt like adventure, so did leave a note with Mrs. Charlie telling her to break my four dates for today. Did swallow a breakfast cup of French drip coffee, donned my new Chinchilla airplane coat and the suede turban that goes with it, took my new gold-fitted make-up case and dashed down to find Bill waiting impatiently. Marvelous trip to Memphis with a party of Bill's friends. Played bridge all the way, stopping only for lunch, which was rather poor: caviar sandwiches, chicken aspic, and other everyday stuff. Did long for Ward-Belmont chile and baked potatoes.

Sunday, April 1—Adorable Clarence called this morning at 10 and did ask me how I should enjoy a day yachting on the Cumberland. Replied that I should consider it passable entertainment and, as nothing else offered save a drive through the country, an open house, and two tea dances, I might consider going. He did plead so beautifully that I was unable to resist, so arrayed myself nautically and was ready within half an hour of the time he called. Was almost thrilled at the idea; Clarence looks so stunning in yachting togs and his yacht is really quite nice. Nothing to compare with the *Astoria*, however. Home after a peaceful afternoon and did my outside reading for *Modern Methods*.

Monday, April 1—April Fools' day, so went to classes. Big improvement in the English classroom. It's done over in the modernistic manner with low, broad, overstuffed chairs and individual reading lights and flower stands. Done in gray and oyster white with a touch of lacquer red (which doesn't match my lipstick). Really, it's quite effective, although I should have preferred tans.

Tuesday, April 1—Have decided it would be a good idea if I confessed my identity as writer of the diary. So tired of keeping it a secret.

Alice Daniel, Lois Maxon, Louise Graves, "Tiny" Young, Jimsey Duncan, Josephine Cooper, Dorothy Underwood, Myrtilla Daniels, Dorothy N. Burdette.

April Fool!! None of those idiots could do it— I do it myself.

Belle Ward.

A HINT BY ONE WHO KNOWS

By Mrs. E. A. Poe, Jr.

Wish I had a nickle
For every time I've said
"Gee, I don't like her,
She's an awful cad."

Guess I'd be worth plenty,
'Cause I'm pretty good
At poppin' off any old time
Except the time I should.

I'll make a nasty crack
About some certain girl
Talk to her awhile—Find!
She's a blessin' to the world.

Know your next-door neighbor,
Look her up some day—
Talk this matter over
And I'll suffice to say
Right then you'll add her
To your list of dearest friends.
I know—I've tried a million times—
And thus it always ends!

(Continued on page 7)

PERSONALS

Martha Wright, Mary Galbraith, Mildred Longmeyer, Georgea Oliver Black, Marion Lewis, Lois Stout, Margaret Payne, Charlotte Strong, Helen Candler, and Ruth Gill have been accepted as members of the League for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hairpins. These fortunate young ladies have had many advantageous offers from various mattress companies who are interested in hirsute matters.

Susan Graham Erwin, who has won much renown on the campus following her recent marriage, is giving correspondence lessons (in her inimitable style) in cooking.

Ruth Welty and Irene Gray, who left for home Wednesday morning, returned Thursday morning, unable to withstand the attraction of Ward-Belmont in exam week.

Little Dorothy, the infant daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Underwood, has been taught to say "Thanx" so that when the Easter bunny puts in his scheduled appearance tomorrow morning she will be able to show her appreciation for his attention.

Freda Abercrombie spent yesterday in town.

Katherine Bachman spent yesterday in town.

Ione Calhoun spent yesterday in town.

Maurine Durham spent yesterday in town.

Elizabeth Eberhart spent yesterday in town.

Dorothy Floyd spent yesterday in town.

Marion Gairing spent yesterday in town.

Frances Hahn spent yesterday in town.

Well, just lots of people spent yesterday in town. We don't know where they went or what they did, but we have to mention some people's names every week and this is the easiest way to do it.

Many people were seen on the campus playing victrolas in the moon, sunlight. Just too collegiate.

An unusually great number of failures in the quarterlies have been reported. Just too collegiate.

Jean Stotzer won considerable fame and brought down many maledictions on her head by proving herself able to withstand the onslaught of some 200 Belles at the recent Glee Club dance. She showed her prowess by dancing for one full minute with Mr. James Armistead.

Rastus: "I heas yo' am an aviator's assistant. What does you have to do?"

Sam: "In case we lose the propeller, ah sits out in front and swings mah arms aroun'."—*Cup O' Coffee.*

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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



A. FOOL COLUMN

A SONNET

When I consider how my life is spent,
In dodging troubles which beset my way,
I groan and growl; and then my clothes I rent
Until I fall exhausted as I say,
"To me this struggle is not worth my while.
I work so hard in trying to get by
That it seems useless to attempt to smile,
And that is why I always want to cry."

They say a sonnet must have fourteen lines.
And words which rhyme in foolish stilted ways.
A rhyming couplet is another sign
That signifies that there a sonnet lays.
(I'm not gonna put in one, though, because it's April Fool.)

Hitherto and hereafter unpublished poems with apologies to Emily Dickinson for the idea of having no point.

1. To you
   With your
   Sweet ways
   I can't aspire
   To covet,
   Hold and
   Hope again—
   It rains but little.
2. When violets
   Bloom
   They cut my heart
   In 3
   .
   Help somebody
   Each day.
3. Where go you
   When you
   Leave me
   All alone?
   Into the night
   That covers me.
   Oh, for a horse.

A playlet inspired by Ibsen or O'Neil:

Scene: A hut.

Characters: Ulga Olgovitch and her lover, Jack Duncan.

Time: Afternoon.

(Enter Ulga.)

Ulga—"He do not luff me!—I keel myself." (Thinking)—"Why do not he come and stop me?"

(Enter Jack.)

Jack—"Hello, Baby. Yum, the knife looks like Swiss cheese and rye bread and what goes with it. Ach, Heidleburg!!"

Thinking—"This husky looks dizzy."

Ulga (stabbing herself)—"I die."

Jack—"Ah, these afternoons."

WHO'S WHO

She has that rate combination of coal-black, wavy hair and deep, blue eyes with black lashes. Her skin is a creamy white and her full, red lips are always laughing and happy. Since the first of school she has been one of the best-known girls on the campus because of her friendliness, that genuine smile, and happy outlook on life. She is perhaps the most versatile girls we have ever seen.

She plays the piano and sings beautifully, writes beautiful themes for her English teachers, makes the honor roll, and is Miss Morrison's ideal in the way of an athletic girl. Some say that she is going to specialize in dancing, for it is in that work that she is loveliest, as she has a slim, graceful body and her movements are beautiful. She has club spirit and school spirit, and is a most active member of the "Y" cabinet. You never hear her fussing, and her quiet, unaffected manner has made her Ward-Belmont's most popular girl, both with students and teachers. By now we're sure you all know who we're talking about.

Did you think there was anyone like her in Ward-Belmont? April Fool!

Bob: "What do you make shoes out of?"

Shoemaker: "Hide."

Bob: "Why should I hide?"

Shoemaker: "Hide! Hide! The cow's outside."

Bob: "Well, let the old cow come. Who's afraid?"—*Bleatings.*

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ECCOWASIN ECHOES FROM THE PAST

A. Raine Flies to Cincinnati

Tuesday, March 26th, the members of the Eccowasin Club held their weekly meeting in the tea room. After roll was called and announcements were made, the remaining time was given to Miss Elizabeth Gilbert and her committee, who were in charge of the program for this Tuesday.

Miss Dorothy Sloan and Miss Janelle Nickens presented the entertainment. Miss Sloan sang "Beloved" and "Mary Ann," while Miss Nickens accompanied her on the piano. After the performance the entire club joined in on a few pep songs and yells. The entire meeting was very interesting.

Each week the girls have been debating on whether or not their club should have programs. At the last meeting it was settled, and all the members must join in and help to improve each meeting. So put on your thinking caps, girls, and show some real club spirit in your programs.

"In a couple of years you're going to have to look up to me."

"How's that?"

"I'm going to be a window cleaner."—*Cadet Days.*

The Elizabeth

220 6th Ave.

Lunches — Dinner

Afternoon Tea

Mrs. Howard Robertson

Miss Willie Harris



Bobbie Tatham—"Whatcha be doing?"

Ione Calhoun—"Taking part in guessing contest."

Bob—"But I thought you had an exam in Bible."

Ione—"I did."

—*College Humor.*

Helen Lenhine—"Give me a Bible and I will prove it."

Mary Comer—"Say girl, whatcha trying to do, embarrass third floor Founders?"

Mildred Bishop—"I want some note book paper."

Mrs. Bryan (in book store)—"What size, please?"

Mildred—"Oh, I don't care just so it fits."

"Use Lon Chaney in a sentence."

"I don't eat pork for Lon Chaney more."—*Ex.*

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SUNDAY DINNER
5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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DR. CYRIL HAAS OUR EASTER SPEAKER

His Talks Inspirational to Every Girl

For years it has been the custom of the "Y" to bring an Easter speaker to school. This year the cabinet decided to have as the speaker Dr. Cyril Haas, whom the delegates to the Student Volunteer convention met in Knoxville a few days ago. Dr. Haas is a medical missionary only recently returned from Turkey. He spoke in chapel on Thursday and Friday morning and in the evenings of both of those days he met groups of the girls in the "Y" room for informal discussions. The quiet sincerity of Dr. Haas and the earnest simplicity of his talks made him perhaps the most successful and best-liked of all the speakers who have ever come to Ward-Belmont under the auspices of the "Y."

In his address on Thursday morning, Dr. Haas spoke of his experiences in Turkey and of the gratitude of the people whom he was able to serve. The greatest pleasure and comfort in life, according to Dr. Haas, is the opportunity for unselfish service.

On Friday morning Dr. Haas continued his stories of experiences, which are most varied and interesting. He concluded his speech by saying that his dream was to have a hospital high among the hills where children could be cured of their diseases and where they could play in fresh air and, far removed from the crowded, sordid conditions in the cities, could enjoy the privileges which are the right of every child.

So vivid was his word picture of the hospital he dreamed of that when Miss Van Hooser appealed to the girls that they give their traditional Easter offering to Dr. Haas for his sanatorium the girls responded with a most generous contribution.

BANNER OFFERS PRIZE FOR STORY

All Urged to Enter Contest

The *Nashville Banner* is launching a journalistic review for the first three weeks in April. The purpose is to determine the best-prepared ad and the most outstanding news story written by a student for the *Banner*. The judges selected to review the students' work are most competent, and prizes are awarded. For each winning article, a silver cup with the name of the student and his school engraved on it will be given.

Members of the journalism class have been asked to enter this contest and, although it is entirely voluntary, it is sincerely hoped that many students from all grades will participate. Miss Pugh has blanks that are to be filled out by those desiring to enter.

HOMECOMING

Homecoming this year is of special significance, for the Alumnae chimes are to be officially presented to the school. Everyone who has attended the school since 1915, when Ward Seminary and Belmont College consolidated, has been asked to return, especially the classes of 1927 and 1928. And Miss Mills, the Dean of Women for some years past, whose help and inspiration are largely responsible for the chimes fund, will be present.

For the week-end of April 12th many very interesting events have been planned. Friday night Josef Lhevinne, the famous pianist, will give a concert in the chapel at 8:15 o'clock. That afternoon the program consists of luncheon at 1 o'clock in the club houses; 2 o'clock, a short business meeting called by Miss Rhea, president of the Alumnae Association; 3 o'clock, the service for the dedication of the chimes. At this time Mr. Percival Price, carilonneur of Ottawa Peace tower, Ottawa, Canada, will play. The chimes were installed last November, by Gilette and Johnston, Croydon, England, one of the world's largest bell makers. Another interesting feature of the afternoon is the broadcasting of the program from station WSM from 3:00 to 4:30. At this time the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" will send their message of love throughout the land to all those alumnae who are unable to be here.

All the old girls are urged to come back this year of all years. We are getting ready for you; we want to see you; so come back, bring your classmates, and see the school, and your gift, installed in the Old Tower, will play you our welcome.

SONG OF THE ROADSTER

A star-strewn sky; a moon hung low
And a perfumed breeze that blows,
And the white highway
Tells me not to stay
But to follow its windings till it's once more day,
As I go whizzing by.

Black dark ahead; my lights gleam far,
Like rays of flame in the gloom;
I mount the hill
Past the singing rill
And the moss-covered wheel of a silent mill,
Still I go whizzing by.

A sleeping town; I tarry not,
For the highway calls me yet,
And into the night
I throw my light
And the wind tries to stop me in my flight
As I go whizzing by.

The moon is high; the two I hear
Are whisp'ring soft and low,
But I still dash on
Till the night is gone
And the flow'rs awake with the blush of dawn
As we go whizzing by.

"THE UPPER ROOM" PRODUCED LAST SATURDAY

Annual Pre-Easter Play Reverently Given

In accordance with a custom of ten years' standing, the School of Expression, under the direction of Miss Townsend, presented a religious drama in chapel on the Saturday night before Easter. The play was "The Upper Room," by Robert Hugh Benson, which represented in five scenes the three days pre-eminent in religious history, from the occasion of the Last Supper on Thursday night until the dawn of Easter Day.

The opening scene of the play was a tableau; an impressive and exceedingly realistic reproduction of Da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper." Scene II was in the upper room after the disciples had gone with their Friend and Master to the garden of Gethsemane. Samuel, a little servant lad, told of the strange actions of Judas at the Institution of the Holy Communion, and expressed a fear of portending evil. Scene III took place the next day after the unhappy judgment in Pilate's hall. The crucifixion was effectively intimated by the playing of the Bach music for Good Friday. During this, the stage was in darkness. In Scene IV, Mary Magdalene, Judas, and Peter judged each his own sin, and Achaz described the entombment. The final scene had to do with the Saturday night just

(Continued on page 2)

ARTHUR INVITES GUINEVERE TO DINE

Senior-Middle Banquet Next Monday

Wednesday, when the chapel was cleared of the high school classes, and of the second-year college class, the court of King Arthur (kindness of Frances Jenkins, a most effective messenger) extended a dinner invitation to the relatives of Queen Guinevere.

King Arthur, Dorothy Black, the Senior-Middle president with the Senior-Middles as her court, is entertaining Ruth Welty, Queen Guinevere, and the Seniors at the annual Senior, Senior-Middle Banquet next Monday night in the dining room at six-fifteen o'clock.

Annually the Senior-Middles, as an evidence of their good will, give this banquet, which is one of the social high spots of the year. With the banquet begins the spirit of rivalry which has its climax on Senior, Senior-Middle Day.

SIGN FOR MAMMOTH CAVE EXPEDITION

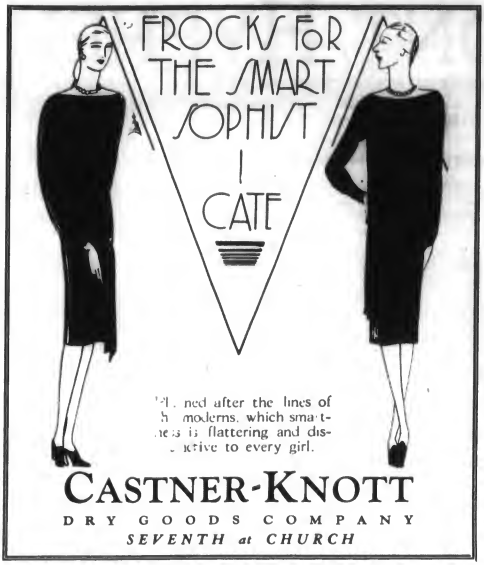
April 23rd is Date Set

Plans for the Mammoth Cave trip are now well under way. The date set for the trip is April 23rd. The minimum number of girls who will be taken on the trip is 175. Girls are advised to sign up with Mrs. Bryan immediately.

The second day trip will be made, provided 50 girls sign up. This second trip is probably the most extraordinary and interesting trip taken during the year. The cave trip is most novel and thoroughly worthwhile and, in addition to making this, the girls who stay for the second day will see the Lincoln farm, the "Old Kentucky Home," and the Cathedral and Monastery at Bardston, Kentucky. Don't miss this opportunity, and sign with Mrs. Bryan at once.

NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

Saturday, April 6—Osiron club dance.
Monday, April 8 — Senior-Senior-Middle Banquet.
Wednesday, April 10—A.K. club picnic.
Thursday, April 11—Miss Norris' class lecture.
Friday, April 12 — Concert — Josef Lhevinne, pianist.
Homecoming.
Angkor dance in tea room.
Saturday, April 13—Iowa, Nebraska clubs luncheon at Belle Meade.
Penta Tau dance.



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...h moderns, which smar-
...ness is flattering and dis-
...active to every girl.

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Mrs. W. E. Jackson, Bentonville, Ark.
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Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Engle, Newton, Iowa.
Miss Kathryn Gable, Burnside, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. John Ward, Cleveland, Ohio.
Mrs. Henrietta Anderson, Detroit, Mich.
Mr. Robert Leigh, Amhurst, Mass.
Miss Ruth Silverstein.
Miss Hazel Kitchen.
Miss Elizabeth Igler.
Mrs. Carlson, Longmount, Colo.
Mrs. Beeman Strong, Beaumont, Texas.
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Miss Dorothy Huckins.
Mrs. J. C. Schmidtbauer, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Bolyard, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gairing, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Aronis, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Hillsman Taylor, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Carl J. Schmitt, Blue River, Wis.

"THE UPPER ROOM"

(Continued from page 1)

before the dawn of Easter Day. Three soldiers brought the Crown of Thorns, the Seamless Garment, and the Lance which pierced His side to His mother, who gave these emblems of Christ's passion into Joseph of Arimathaea's keeping.

The play was presented with reverence, and with an interpretation of deep feeling. That it excited the emotions and admiration of the audience was evident despite the fact that, at Miss Townsend's request, there was no applause.

CHARACTERS OF THE PICTURE
LEONARDO DA VINCI'S LAST SUPPER.

There, gathered in this Upper Room, for the Last Supper with their Friend and Master, are his disciples—

John, Peter, Judas, Andrew, James the Less, Bartholomew, Thomas, James, Philip, Matthew, Thaddeus, Simon.

(*Hymn, Bread of the World*)

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

The Doctor—*Nancy Pierce*
Achaz, Master of the "Upper Room" —*Martha Lambeth*
Samuel, his little servant lad—*Edna Johnson*
Joseph of Arimathaea—Louise Calloway
Mary Magdalene—*Jean MacDonell*
Mary, The Mother—*Ruthe Donahoo*
Judas, a disciple—*Nancy Noland*
John, a disciple—*Margaret Insull*
Peter, a disciple—*Christine Drake*
Fidus, the Soldier who won the Seamless Garment—*Charlotte Sanders*
Justus, the Soldier who plaited the



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Crown of Thorns—*Louise Graves*
Longinus, the Soldier whose lance pierced His Side—*Muriel Monsell*

THOSE IN THE PICTURE ARE:

Misses Gastiger, Burgess, Brock, Blair, Drake, Gilby, Hipple, Insull, Noland, McCullom, Patterson, Sorrell, Timmons.

Those taking the characters of the play are Seniors and Certificates

The Hymns, Come All Ye Who Mourn, and Bread of the World.

The Vexilla Regis, Pange Lingue and Stabat Mater are sung behind the curtain.

Mr. Wesson at the organ plays The Bach Music for Good Friday.

Please let there be no applause.

STUDENT RECITAL

Speaking of talented and interesting programs, the Student Recital, given on Friday afternoon, March 22nd, was one of the most interesting we've heard. Everyone should have been there instead of just music students because it really was a treat.

Please, all of you, try and come to the next recital, and you'll find it mighty worthwhile.

The program was as follows:

1. Piano—(*a*) An Irish Song.*Jewell*
   (*b*) Valse .....*Masters*
   MISS ELLEN WHITEMAN
2. Piano—Au Matin .....*Godard*
   MISS DOROTHY TINSLEY
3. Piano—Brer Rabbit ..*MacDowell*
   MISS MILDRED CLEMENTS
4. Voice—Voce de Primavera *Strauss*
   MISS JOSEPHINE BOYER
5. Piano—Nocturne Op. 3, No. 2 .....*Karganoff*
   MISS MARGARET WILKINS
6. Organ—Cantiline Pastorale in B Minor .....*Guilmant*
   MISS KATHERYN HINSON
7. Piano—On Wings of Song .. .. *Mendelsohn-Liszt*
   MISS ELIZABETH HAYNES
8. Violin—Allegro and Praeludium .....*Pugnani-Kreisler*
   MISS CHARLOTTE STRONG
9. Piano—From the Land of Thousand Lakes
   (*a*) Air Castles..*Sibelius*
   (*b*) Nocturne ....*Sibel'us*
   MISS ELEANOR SAPP
10. Organ—Allegro con Moto from Sonata IV ....*Guilmant*
    MISS NANCY NOLAND
11. Voice—Indian Love Lyrics
    (*a*) Kashmir Song *Finden*
    (*b*) Till I Awake.*Finden*
    MISS LUCILE BRUN
12. Piano—(*a*) The Eagle *MacDowell*
    (*b*) Rigaudon .....*Grieg*
    MISS ISOBEL GOODLOE

"IN THE WAKE OF THE Y"

Last Monday afternoon a number of the girls of the "Y" cabinet and a few others attended a delightful tea at Dr. and Mrs. Jones' home at Fisk University. Those who went were: Elizabeth Bagby, Louise Sims, Nancy Lang, Margaret Rothert, Natalie Hurd, Tilly Daniels, Marion Lewis, Emily Durham, Betty Stone, Elizabeth Fredricks, Elizabeth Eberhart and a former Ward-Belmont student, Hazel Kitchen, all whom went with Miss Van and Miss Brooks.

First, Dr. Jones told what place in the whole scheme of negro education Fisk is attempting to fill. He demonstrated this by building a figurative triangle telling of negro grade, secondary and high schools and of college work. The idea at Fisk is to train leaders who will better conditions and be fitted to do this by their education which is equal to the training one can gain at any of the universities in America. The girls asked questions and after this entered the dining room where Mrs. Jones had had a delicious tea prepared. Everything was perfect from the dainty sandwiches cut in spade shapes to the tea from a lovely old Russian samovar. As the girls were enjoying this, sev-Strong.

JUST THINGS

In the midst of an intensely exciting game of bridge Inez Renfro was asked her bid. "I bid a heart." "What you bid a heart for Inez?" "I got the King," was the reply.

Distressing flood reports shocked Gooch's family, until she eased them by wiring: 'As healthy as ever. Hey. Hey, for the high water sports!"

Ideal May Queen Line Up:
"Bunny" Hodgdon as Queen
Louise Graves as College Maid
Jane Owens as Prep. Maid

Natalie: "Bonjour," "Oh, Bonjour," "Bonjour," "Ole Bonjour"!!

Charlston, Charlston!! by "Chady" eral of the Jubilee singers "made music all the while," greatly adding to the pleasure of the hour.

Miss "Crip" (on Good Friday): "Will you please pass me those Red Cross Buns?" Hey, Hey, for our faculty members.

Decisions of Beginning Education Class:

1. "Bug" Lewis decided to take Miss Morrison's place.
2. Frances Johnson, Miss Winnie's place.
3. Margaret Mills, Miss Townsend's place.
4. Elizabeth Hendricks, Miss Van Hooser's place.
5. "Pat" McGowan, Miss Jantzer's place.
6. Grace Neisler, Miss Sutherland's place.

Spring has come. The trees on our campus are beginning to bud; flowers are blooming; the grass is green again; everything seems to be new and fresh. And the sunshine and warm weather have caused us to pack away many of our winter clothes and don gaily-colored dresses of lighter weave.

Never has Ward-Belmont campus given such promise of beauty in the springtime as it has this year.

IMPRESSIONS

Red roses—Spanish shawls—long earrings—jet—spike heels—sparkling—"it"—Bobby McKeand.

Innocence—pink organdie ruffles—sprigged chintz—sweet peas—puffed sleeves—old-fashioned—Anne Akers.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

CONTINUAL COMPLAINING

The girls at Ward-Belmont who continually complain are destroying the chance of deriving any benefit from their school life and also are making their surroundings unpleasant for their associates.

There are two classes of perpetual faultfinders. The girls of one group hate the restrictions of the school and consider them made just to check their privileges. They egotistically think that the rules apply only to them, and therefore they must audibly show their disgust. The girls of another class show by their passive attitude toward school life that they hate either to enter into school activities or to make an effort to change their viewpoint toward school; therefore, they sulk.

These girls cannot possibly like school or benefit from it. Their grumbling depresses them physically as well as mentally. We learn in biology that we should always be happy at the table in order to be able to digest our food well. Complaining acts on the same principle. Our endurance is drugged because our minds are filled with poison. Unless we are physically fit, we cannot enter into our studies, our athletics, or our social life with zest.

Faultfinding leads also to mental stagnation. The will to learn is paralyzed. The aim of these girls is just to get by in their classes. They are the ones who try to bluff the teachers, but they are in turn fooled, for no one can simulate knowledge from a non-existent basis.

Morally, grumbling results in deterioration. These girls cannot carefully discriminate between good and evil. The rules of this school are made for these girls. They break them because they are heedless of the result. Then they think our rules are too strict and babyish.

No normal girl can sympathize with a grouchy one, just as no healthy person can truly feel the sufferings of a sick one. A wide-awake girl does not want to be made cross by others. By sulking, girls only increase their own loneliness and hate because they drive their associates from them.

There are many girls who "gripe" at Ward-Belmont. Perhaps you know some of them. Since we still have two months to live here at school, should we all not strive to make them the most enjoyable of the year?

"Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

AN APPRECIATION

There is always a pride in being first in activities, and in order that the deserved pride may be felt, and in order that the girls may know how much their promptness is admired and appreciated by the Milestones staff, we wish to publish a list of the first ten girls who subscribed (and paid for their subscriptions) to the annual. Although the Milestones of 1929 was not to be paid for until April 21, the editor-in-chief and especially the business manager and her assistant are deeply indebted, and heave many sighs of relief, when paid subscriptions come in early. There are not many Milestones left for sale, and those who intend to get one, and who, as yet, have not subscribed, should do so immediately as the books are going quickly.

The first ten girls are:
Marion Nicholson
Margaret Payne
Margie Northrup
Ruth Welty
Celestina Young
Jean Perry
Agnes Pruet
Ann D. Hodgdon
Margaret Rothert
Alice Ellingson

ADVANCED BUSINESS STUDENTS HAVE PLEASANT OUTING

Visit Nashville Business Men

Last Monday the advanced business course pupils, with their teacher, Mrs. Thompson, visited several business institutions.

We left South Front at 9:30—just imagine riding in a rumble seat on such a beautiful day, especially at 9:30 in the morning when the majority of students were passing from one class to the other.

When we reached town, the first place we visited was Dr. Haggard's clinic. Miss Thomas, Dr. Haggard's private secretary, spent about an hour with us, taking us through the many office rooms and giving us a general idea of the work that was expected of her. When we left the office, I think all of us felt the same way. "Would we ever be able to fill such a position as capably and as efficiently as she did?"

Next we visited the National Life Insurance Company. First, Mr. Craig took us up to see the WSW broadcasting station and then through the business offices. He explained fully the work that was done and the amount that was expected of each person there. He also showed us how policies were made. After spending an enjoyable hour here it was twelve o'clock and all the stenographers went out for lunch.

We had lunch at the Satsuma and then took a beautiful ride to Nine Mile Point—after which we returned to W.-B., tired but happy.

MR. CRAIG SPEAKS TO SHORTHAND STUDENTS

"Common Sense is Road to Success," He Says

When the shorthand students went to class on Saturday morning there was ineed a real treat in store for them—what do you think it was? Mr. Craig of the National Life Insurance Company of Nashville, who had spoken to us several weeks ago, was here. The subject he choose was "Insurance," naming briefly the different kinds and telling how and when to buy them.

Mr. Craig began by giving many interesting experiences of insurance selling, which included many clever stories. He touched briefly on the many different policies, saying that the basis of all insurance policies is the Whole Life policy; we were all told to follow the budget plan and be willing to sacrifice. A few interesting facts which he presented to us were that four out of five men at the age of 65 years are still dependent and only one-fifth of the remaining one-fifth are independent. "We do not treat any two things in life alike, thus we cannot treat investments alike; we must look at the problems of the future and look them square in the face."

In closing, Mr. Craig gives us the following advice: "Common sense is the only road to success, and success is not measured in dollars and cents —neither is happiness. The things that are worthwhile demand attention —be practical." The one thought he wanted to leave with us is this: "Do not take insurance past your needs; enjoy it here, because you can't take it away with you."

THE SCRAPBOOK

Rain

"I have always hated the rain,
And the gloom of the grayed skies;
But now I think I must always
cherish
Rain-hung leaf and misty river;
And the friendly stream of dripping
green
Where eager kisses were shyly given
and your pipe smoke made clouds in
our damp,
Close heaven.
"The curious laggard passed us by;
His wet shoes soughed on the shining walk.
And that afternoon was filled with a blurred glory—
That afternoon, when we first talked as lovers."

—*Jean Starr Untermeyer.*

This is the creed of Katherine Mansfield as found in her journal. It was the next to the last thing she wrote before she died. "By health I mean the power to live a full, adult, living, breathing life in close contact with what I love—the earth and the wonders thereof—the sea—the sun. All that we mean when we speak of the external world. I want to enter into it, to be part of it, to live in it, to learn from it, to lose all that is superficial and acquired in me and to become a conscious, direct human being. I want, by understanding myself, to understand others. I want to be all that I am capable of becoming so that I may be (and here I have stopped and waited and waited and its no good—there's only one phrase that will do) *a child of the sun.* About helping others, about carrying a light and so on, it seems false to say a single word. Let it be at that. *A child of the sun!*

"Then I want to *work.* At what? I want so to live that I work with my hands and my feeling and my brain. I want a garden, a small house, grass, animals, books, pictures, music. And out of this, the expression of this, I want to be writing. (Though I may write about cabmen. That's no matter.)

"But warm, eager, living life—to be rooted in life—to learn, to desire to know, to feel, to think, to act. That is what I want. And nothing less. That is what I must try for."

"Sad Music"

"The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, but of ample
power
To chasten and subdue."

The older I get, the more I see in poetry. A year ago I learned these lines of Wordsworth, but they were lightly learned. This year they suddenly sprang into glowing life, into reality!

There is a predominant note of pathos in human nature I can never quite escape. No matter how gorgeous is a man's success, or how happy his life, this still, sad music sounds to me its haunting melody.

It is this, and this only, that has the power to chasten and subdue the sublime egotism of man as ruler of the finite world.

WATER POLO GAMES STARTED

Finals to Be Between T. C.'s and Tri-K's

The water polo games started last Wednesday. It is a major sport which attracts much interest. The hard fighting and ducking that accompanies the game makes it one of great endurance and swimming ability, not to mention the fervor of excitement it invariably produces in the spectators.

Wednesday the first three games were run off:

X. L. versus Eccowasin:

X. L.		*Eccowasin*
McDonald, P.	C.F.	O'Conner, N.
Loyd, V.	R.F.	Wright
McGowan, M.	L.F.	Collins, M.
Stotzer, J.	R.G.	White
Lawton, J.	L.G.	Woods
	Sub.	Glasgow

The Eccowasins won with the very small lead of 2 goals. The score was 12 to 16. The game was very exact, only 2 fouls being made in the entire game. At the end of the half the Eccowasins were one point ahead, but in the last half they added on 3 more points. Peg McDonald was the outstanding X. L., and Martha Collins the best Eccowasin.

The goals were: McDonald, 4; Loyd, 2; McGowan, 2; Stotzer, 4. O'Conner, O'Conner, 4; Collins, 12.

Agora versus Triad:

Agora		*Triad*
Reed, B.	C.F.	Cavert, M.
Bolyard	R.F.	Wallace
Quebman	L.F.	Hyde
Bachman	R.G.	Cooper
LaBounty	L.G.	Smith
McBroom	Sub.	Wherry

This was a still more exciting game. The Agoras won by just 1 goal. At the half the Agoras were the same distance ahead, and both teams made 3 goals in the 2nd half. "Gussy," who is noted for her polo prowesses, was allowed to play during the last half, but the Agoras had their winning grip and they held on to it.

The goals were: Read, 6; Bolyard, 6; Quebman, 6; Cavert, 6; Wallace, 6; Wherry, 4.

T. C. versus Anti Pan

T.C.		*Anti Pan*
Miller, G.	C.F.	Townsend
Cremin, P.	R.F.	Almstead
Lewis, M.	L.F.	Cochran
O'Donnel, E.	R.G.	McCollon
Daniels, M.	L.G.	Latimer

The T.C.'s proved their worth in this game and the following one. They beat the Anti Pans with the score of 28 to 4. Such a one-sided game was naturally slow.

Lewis seems to be able to shoot a goal from any position, while it would be safe to say that O'Donnel is one of the best guards this year.

The goals were: Miller, 2; Cremin, 8; Lewis, 18; Almstead, 4.

Wednesday two more games were played.

Angkor versus Tri K

Angkor		*Tri-K.*
Taylor	C.F.	Dunnington
Goodlow	R.F.	Northrup
Bryan	L.F.	Lang
Folk	R.G.	Ellingson
Birge	L.G.	Adams

In this game the Tri-K piled up the biggest score this year. The score was 40 to 10. Lang seems to be another invincible forward. The whole Tri-K team works together, each girl being a strong swimmer.

The goals were: Goodlow, 4; Bryan, 6; Dunnington, 12; Northrup, 6; Lang, 22.

F. F. versus Penta Tau

F.F.		*Penta Tau*
Candler, M.	C.F.	Gairing, A.
Clark, J.	R.F.	Gairing, M.
LaMar, F.	L.F.	Freemuth
Gould, D.	L.G.	Hamilton, E.
Berwick, N.	R.G.	Newell, S.

This was another uneven game. The Penta Taus won with a score of 38 to 7.

The goals were: Candler, 8; Clark, 10; LaMar, 20; Freemuth, 4; Gairing, 3.

The semi-finals were played off Friday.

T. C. versus Eccowasin

T.C.		*Eccowasin*
Miller	C.F.	O'Conner
Cremin	R.F.	Collins
Lewis	L.F.	Reed
O'Donnel	R.G.	Wright
Daniels	L.G.	Glasgow
	Sub.	Woods

The T.C.'s again piled up a large score of 42 to the Eccowasin's 9. Lewis piled up the largest individual score. The T.C. team work was almost perfect.

The scores were: Cremin, 10; Lewis, 32; O'Conner, 2; Collins, 5; Reed, 2.

Penta Tau versus Tri K

Tri-K		*Penta Tau*
Northrup	C.F.	Candler
Lang	R.F.	LaMar
Adams	L.F.	Clark
Dunington	R.G.	Gould
Ellingson	L.G.	Berwick
		Jarvis for Berwick

These two teams were of the best and the game was one of utmost excitement. At the half the Penta Taus were ahead by 4 points, but in the last half the Tri-K passed them. The game ended with the Tri-K's 30 to the Penta Tau's 21.

The scores were: Candler, 7; Lamar, 2; Clark, 12; Northrup, 10; Lang, 16; Dunnington, 4.

WALTER DAMROSCH RECITAL AGAIN ENJOYED

This is the R. C. A. educational hour with another interesting radio program so faithfully emitted by Walter Damrosch every Friday morning at chapel hour.

If many more percussion instruments are discussed I'll soon be a finished "percushionist." This morning the cymbals and xylophone were particularly discussed and illustrated.

The first to be played was Wagner's "Lohengrin." That lovely old legend of the Holy Grail which apears in the sky, first, a pale delicate light which gradually appears brighter until an enormous flash bursts forth. This appearance of the light is illustrated by the clash of the cymbals, accompanied by the Trumpets and Trombone.

Another intensely interesting selection was "Danse Macabre," by Saint-Saens. This composition is based on the old French legend, that at midnight, terrible old masses of bones appear to dance a gruesome waltz. It begins with the clock striking twelve, then the instruments appear to be tuning up. The dance begins and the xylophone represents the bones clicking together. The music is so well characterized throughout the composition, that it is, indeed, a very horrible picture.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, March 27.—So sleepy this entire day that I did long meditate on the advisability of cutting c'asses and taking a long, slow snooze. By better judgment triumphed and I went to classes, and slept there. Compelled to put in a good two hours in the library this afternoon getting ready for three quarterlies tomorrow. Should have stayed the whole time but felt an irresistible urge to go to the tea room where I did stow away vast quantities of provender, and did purchase sufficient food to supply two starving Belmonters for at least one night. Clubbed enthusiastically. Short meeting—adjourned to play all the new records, and are they ever hot 'n shaky!

Thursday, March 28.—Fate cannot harm this babe! After living through those exams no shock could affect me! Reaction set in and I did bump down to town via the Belmont Hghts. (try to pronounce that) trolley, and what the morning didn't do to my mental extremity the afternoon did to my pedal extremities. Did the usual round of ten cent stores and put in some serious shopping besides. Bought an Easter bonnet and some new shoes (not regulation). Sufficiently weary to be completely willing to flop into my downy couch immediately after dinner, but there's no rest for the wicked. Studied for the one lone remaining quarterly. And so to bed. Forget, and I never thought I could, the "Y" speaker, this morning. He was simply divine. Could have listened for hours.

Friday, March 29.—Good Friday, and how I did welcome the good old hot cross buns! Considered going to church, but reconsidered when I remembered that I'd have to make up the lab! Poor flooded people! Will be washed away if we have much more of this downpour. It came down in big white sheets, with an accompaniment of thunder and lightning the whole afternoon. Tore up to Middlemarch between showers and seeing Mr. Berry tearing about did put in a request to see the kittens. He has four of the littlest, wabbliest, blackest, pussies I ever saw, in his "studio." Dr. Haas again, and more now than yesterday. Cried, really cried, at some of the things he said.

Saturday, March 30.—Families to left of us, families to right of us, families in front of us (and I forget the rest) but anyway, cars full of families roll in the granite gates second-tarily. Should think among so many I'd be able to find mine or at least someone I knew. No luck! Knew there wouldn't be. Made a big haul at the post-office! Candy, a plant, and a new dress which (glory be!) did fit me perfectly, from my family, and cards from two of the girls. In fact, I was quite pepped. Never half so thrilled or exalted over anything as over the Easter play. Jean MacDonell is the most strikingly beautiful thing I've ever beheld.—Oh—that hair.

Sunday, Easter Day—March 31.—This has been one of the most perfect days of my life, from its first beginning until this very moment. Wakened by the "Y" carolers singing my pet Easter hymns and did dress and go to the service at South Front. Dr. Hill as impressive as always, and everyone with such a festive air that my heart simply soared. To the dining room in my usual famished way. Jonquils at every place looked so fresh and Easter-y. Chime concert afterward, and most thrilling of all, an enormous corsage from most darling Jimmy at the very moment when I was gnashing my teeth because I thought he'd forgotten me. To church in all my new raiment and in spite of it felt more religious than I have in many a day. The church looked perfectly beautiful, all over lilies, with roses and various trimmings. Balmy weather. Wanted to walk miles, or ride, but not on Toonerville. Have eaten so much candy that the very sight of a chocolate is disgustful to me. Vespered wearily, and clubbed for tea. Worked in the kitchen as usual and ate at least half a roll of frozen fruit salad to say nothing of a ton or so of chocolate cake, and this after my resolve to abstain from food.

Monday, April 1.—April Fool's Day, and would greatly rejoice to fool this diary and not write anything. Good idea.

Tuesday, April 2.—Spent a long and profitable day cleaning my gym clothes. Feel assured that the spectators will suffer from snow-blindness after seeing all the white, white gym shoes. I know mine will be the whitest (unless the talcum powder comes off and remembering the way it stayed in my hair after Washington's birthday I feel pretty safe).—More later. Decided to award the prize to the first and fourth grades! They were grand. They have distinguished themselves even in the college classes.

"Laugh this one off," said the fat man's wife as she sewed on a button with wire.



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THE FRENCH LETTER

A good-loking young American was seated in a French cafe one evening enjoying his after dinner cigarette, when a dark-eyed damsel from across the floor flipped him a tiny note written in French. Not understanding that language well enough to read the note the young man took it to the head waiter, and asked him to read it to him. The waiter, however, after reading the note over, thrust it back into the American's hand and told him in a menacing tone of voice to leave the place at once. The fellow was a bit puzzled, but undaunted, so when he reached his hotel he asked the manager to read it to him; but he, also was immediately infuriated, and he ordered the man to get out of his hotel as quickly as he could get ready. The boy was still more puzzled at this outburst, and was quite curious to know what was in the note, that had such a strange effect on everyone; so he took it to the American Ambassador, who read it over, and in a kind but firm voice told the boy that he would not read it to him and that the best thing for him to do would be to leave the country immediately, so he boarded the next ship leaving for America.

He was worried and puzzled all the way over; he didn't know what to do—but when he reached New York he decided to take it to his father, whom he was sure would read it to him. The father greeted his son warmly—but when shown the note—he became cold as stone, and said, "You are no longer a son of mine. Leave this house forever." Full of grief and rage that his father should deal with him in this manner the young fellow turned to his best friend and showed him the note. After reading it, the friend said slowly, "I cannot read you this letter nor tell you what it contains. It would ruin our friendship forever, and I can't do that." The boy didn't want that to occur, so telling his friend he would try to forget about it, he went to work.

But he couldn't work; he couldn't sleep; he was losing his appetite; he grew thin; the thought of that letter was driving him crazy. He was fairly devoured with curiosity. Finally he gave in; called up his friend and said no matter what the consequences, he had to know what was in that letter; so the friend said, "All right, I'll read it to you but remember, I warned you." So a meeting was arranged under the shade of the grand old trees of Central Park. Our boy was there an hour early—thin and haggard pacing the ground. When his friend finally came he said to the poor fellow: "Now remember, this may be the end of everything for us. You will hate me when I read this letter to you, but give it here." So our hero reached into his pocket, but the letter was gone!!—Anon.

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On March 28th Miss Throne's pupils gave a studio recital. The program follows:

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Eleanor Reed

Elfin Serenade ..... *Weidener*
Ann Wortley Johnson

Fairy Footsteps ..... *Farrar*
Ann Caroline Gillespie

Couzanetta ..... *Schuett*
Margaret Neff

Orientale ..... *Cui*
Elizabeth Bayer

Erotik ..... *Grieg*
Florence Miller

La Naiade ..... *Thome*
Nancey Baskerville

Deep Woods ..... *McDowell*
Chant du Ronet ..... *Lysberg*
Mary Elizabeth Ricks

Andante ..... *Grieg*
Hark! Hark! the Lark *Schubert-Liszt*
Frances Patrick

Dance of the Gnomes ..... *Liszt*
Martha Lindsey

Concerto F Minor, 1st movement ..... *Chopin*
Whitfield Morelli

GLEE CLUB SINGS AT VANDERBILT

Monday night the entire Glee Club sang before a large group of ministers in the Vanderbilt auditorium. This was the first time the Ward-Belmont Glee Club ever sang before a Vanderbilt audience, and their singing was very much appreciated and enjoyed by the entire gathering.

The following program was broadcast over WSM from the auditorium. "Virgin Slumber Song"; "Pirate Dreams"; and "Gain' Home."

The girls responded to the enthusiastic applause with the charming encore song "Two Clocks."

W.-B. GIRLS MOURN FOR MYRON T. HERRICK

The Ward-Belmont girls who were in the European party last summer, in common with many people in this country and in France, feel a great sorrow at the death of Ambassador Myron T. Herrick in Paris on Easter Day. When the girls were in Paris on the fourth of July, 1928, the Ambassador entertained them at tea, and his charming manner and great friendliness won their admiration instantly.



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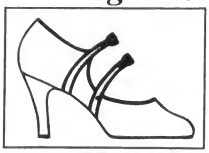
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EASTER SUNDAY AFTER DINNER COFFEE

On Easter Sunday in Recreation Hall, after dinner coffee was served to members of the faculty, household student body and guests. The honor guest was Edwin Markham, the noted author, who has been the guest for the past week of Dean and Mrs. Quaid.

Recreation Hall was beautifully decorated with spring flowers in every nook and corner of the old hall. Jonquils, roses, and baby's breath formed in exquisite bunches were placed on the two coffee tables at which Mrs. Benedict and Mrs. Barton poured.

A very charming program completed the hour at which Willie Dell Goldsmith, Josephine Boyer, and the Wandering Blues added much to the enjoyment of the usual Sunday after dinner coffee.

WHO'S WHO

If you have ever wandered down to the day student club room at chapel time on Tuesday after an Ariston meeting, you heard a piano and a wailing voice informing the world general that "Wherever my man is am his forevermore," or "I ain't a nobody." If you could push throu the mob of girls crowded around t piano you saw a yellow head sway in time with the music and at the sa time saw one of the best-liked gi on the campus. She is always brig and cheerful and she always has ready smile for everyone. Her frie liness and general good-fellows have stamped her as being some you want to know. She can do oth things besides sing and play the pia though we would be satisfied w those accomplishments. She dance plays all sorts of games, and d everything else that helps to make truly attractive girl. On top of this, she is very good looking. Thr cheers for Nancy Noland.

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We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

ALUMNAE EDITION

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVIII | NASHVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1929 | Number 26

ALUMNAE DEFEAT VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM

After years of no training the alumnae came to the fore and beat the varsity hockey team last December with a score of 2-0, thus proving that without practice we're not so bad after all. However, Miss Sisson did admit that we were better and more experienced players. We hope next year to challenge the varsity again. The following is the account of the game taken from the HYPHEN of December 8, 1928:

Varsity	*Lineup*	*Alumnae*
Gould	C.F.	Lambeth
Daniel	R.I.	Killebrew
Northrup	L.I.	Wharton
Smith, E.	R.W.	Smith
Palmer	L.W.	Cone
Gairing	C.H.	Warwick
Caldwell	R.H.	Sloan
Birge	L.H.	Colbert
Newman	R.F.	Jackson
Sims	L.F.	Douglas
Adams	G.	Etherly

From the center bully the ball was sent up and down the field, neither team being able to make any headway. The first quarter was characterized by hard fighting on the part of both teams, and with the ball in the alumnae territory the quarter ended, varsity, 0; alumnae, 0.

In the second quarter the varsity were not able to stop the driving attack of the alumnae and this resulted in two goals, both of which were made by Cone. The dribbling and passing of the ball by Cone and the defense work of Warwick were two outstanding features of this period.

Both teams took their places on the field with eager determination as the second half began; however, it seemed as though all the efforts of the varsity to bet the ball through the alumnae fullbacks were fatal. No goals were scored in this period and the third quarter ended; alumnae, 2; varsity, 0.

In the last quarter two more goals were made, one by Cone and the other by Killebrew. While Cone and Warwick were the outstanding players for the alumnae, Sims and Gould starred for the varsity.

OLD GIRLS VISIT THE CAMPUS

Many old girls came back for the week preceding Easter, Easter week, and the week following. It was great to see them back, we were all smiles and welcome, and ever the campus burst into full bloom in all its Easter regalia. Among those who came back were:

Eleanor Robbins ex '28, who thinks that Vanderbilt and Ward-Belmont are equally attractive it seems. Glad to have seen you Robbins, and we really miss Baird and Pearson. What about a reunion?

"Bill" Jackson, '28, made one of her flying trips for a short stop-over

(Continued on page 2)



THE SINGING TOWER

The historic tower has long been one of the landmarks of this countryside. In 1865 it was a part of the estate of Colonel Acklen. At this time it was used as a water tower and surrounded by a moat, spanned by a bridge at the entrance of the tower. During the Federal occupation of Nashville during the Civil War, the tower was used as a signal station. Since that time it has come to be the means of sending out a beautiful message of harmony not only in music but in the hearts of the many Alumnae of both North and South who joined in the gift of the chimes to the school.

The class of '21 under the leadership of Mrs. Clotelle Brazelton Eubank, of Rosebud, Texas, and through the inspiration of Miss Lillia D. Mills, Dean of Women from 1915 to 1927, initiated the chimes fund to which the Alumnae and each out-going Senior class have generously contributed. The chimes, consisting of 23 bells, the smallest weighing 20 pounds, and the largest nearly 1,400 pounds, were installed last November at a cost of $13,000 by Gillette and Johnston, the world's largest bell makers, of Croydon, England. This carillion is the only one in the South, with the exception of the singing tower in Florida, and it is the only one in a girls' school in the world.

"Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home."

The plaintive strains begun by one were taken up by the other darkies, who sang to the accompaniment of clattering dishes. The sounds drifted out over the campus, where white-clad girls were strolling arm in arm. As I stood on the steps of the white-columned Academic building, looking over the campus—an old campus which looks fresh and new every spring—I thought of the girls before who had walked there arm in arm with other girls. I thought of classes who, year by year, have stood in front of those steps and promised to "transmit this school, not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us." I thought of the Seniors who have stood on those steps every May and have sung "Although we must part from each other some day, as others have parted before—" to the Senior-Middles assembled before them, ready to take their places.

Those Seniors of other days have gone. No longer do they stroll over the campus, talking, laughing, calling back and forth to one another. They are Seniors no longer. But there is an intangible pulley, made of traditions, ideals and memories which holds them fast to Ward-Belmont.

As I stood on those steps, thinking of the Seniors of other years who return to us for a short while this week, a group of girls passed, singing the songs which so many girls have sung from year to year. It seemed peculiarly appropriate to the "old girls," whether they are here in person or only in thoughts.

"The bells of Ward-Belmont
Oh! hear, they are calling
The old girls, the new girls
To meet once again—"

They passed. The song died away. The clattering of dishes in the kitchen ceased. Lights appeared one by one in the windows of the dormitories.

DOINGS, HAPPENINGS AND NEWS FROM FORMER STUDENTS AND ALUMNAE

Elizabeth McClure, '25, is teaching in St. Charles, Mo. She says in a letter to Mrs. Charlie that she wishes she could come back to W.-B. We wish you could too, Betty.

Fay Boyd Carrigan, '24, who married Elizabeth Carrigan's, '26, brother, says there is no place like W.-B. Elizabeth is now at the University of Wisconsin, getting her degree in June.

Dorothea Gilbert, '28, otherwise known as "Gilby" had entered the University of Illinois during the second semester to take up the study of floraculture. She pledged Delta Gamma there.

Edythe Dixon, '26, who is attending Northwestern and who will get her degree in June writes that she "longs every day to be back at W.-B."

Blanche Paris, '26, graduated from the University of Wisconsin in '26, and since that time has been tutoring at Palm Beach, Fla. Her permanent address, however, is still Prairie De Chien, Wis.

Ruth Hendricks, '25, is principal of the high school at Baxton, Iowa.

Ellen Couch, a graduate of Ward-Belmont in '26, and a graduate of Vanderbilt University, '28, and who assisted Miss Townsend in the expression department for two years, and who had a small part in stock in Erie, Pa., up to Christmas, is now the understudy for one of the leading Broadway plays and will play in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington sometime in the spring.

Marie Pittman, a graduate with a Ward-Belmont general diploma and an expression diploma in '27, is in the Belasco production "Mima," Lenora Ulric starring.

Mrs. Dudley Thompson (Dudley Cantel), has a position with the Equitable Life Insurance Company in New York.

Margaret D. Meyer, '26, is teaching art, public speaking, and play production in the Saginaw High School. She sent us best wishes on Homecoming Day.

(Continued on page 2)

CHANGE OF ADDRESSES

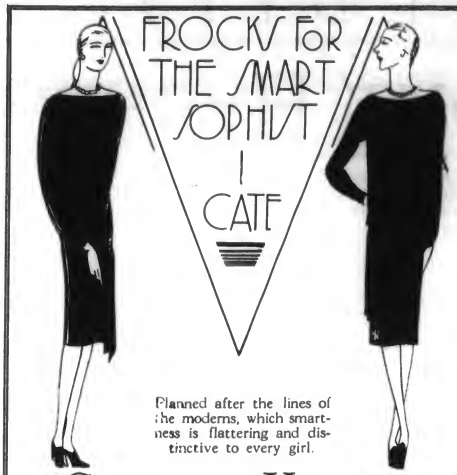
Elaine Pearl Frost, ex '27, 926 Bedford Road, Grosse Point, Mich.

May Bell Hansen, 802 N. Camden Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Eloise Williams, ex '27, 1957 Myrtle Ave., Mobile, Ala.

Mrs. J. Allen Dawson (Bertha Marguerite Bliven), 502 E. Mapel Road, Indianapolis, Ind.

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OLD GIRLS VISIT THE CAMPUS

(Continued from page 1)

visit. You had better let your radiator cool before you start up again. Anyway, we like these "peep" calls.

Rachael Havner, ex '28, stormed down several weeks ago, and she really looked good to us. We miss you, Rachael, and wish you were to be a bold Senior to battle on Senior, Senior-Middle Day. Come back every chance you get because we don't want you to forget W.-B. Rachael is now taking a course in Home Economics at the Iowa State Teachers College, Ames, Iowa.

Jane Harvey Barmetal, ex '24, with young Polly Jane came back for luncheon and a visit with her old friends, and a glimpse of the campus once again. Had luncheon with her at Mrs. Charlie's table. Thank goodness we had fruit salad and cinnamon rolls for it made Jane feel like old times. We discussed many plans for an Omaha luncheon. She was quite enthusiastic, and it's up to the rest of you Omaha and Nebraska girls to help her out because she is planning some gay times for you during the summer months. We were still talking fast and furious as Jane's irate father, after waiting for her several hours, finally took her back to Memphis.

Mable West, '27, after pooking her curly yellow head in Easter week to say "Hello" departed for Sewanee for the after-Easter dances, and returned once again to be with us for Homecoming. Since graduating from here she has been attending the University of Texas, and last year was elected one of the six *Cactus* Queens, at the university. Doesn't it seem natural to be back again, Mable? Come and see us often, and let's reminice about people we know some more.

Lucille Hegenwald, '28, stopped for a short visit before returning home after a gay month in Florida. She arrived in time for the Indiana dance, of which club she was president last year.

Helen Laswell, '25, walked into the T. C. clubhouse several Sundays ago just to look the place over. Since graduating from here she received her degree at DePaw University in '27 and is now teaching English in the high school at Owensboro, Ky. How did the clubhouses look to you, Helen, and don't you wish you were back?

Walked in Mrs. Charlie's room to see Frances Stokes Bowers, '24, chatting and reminicing, and waiting for her sister-in-law, Allie, '29, to arrive on the scene. Frances proudly showed me a picture of her two-year-old child, and then we talked about Ruby Wooten, "Jet," what the Seniors could do now and what they couldn't do four years ago, and "do you remember" was the general topic of conversation between us for an hour or so.

Lieut. and Mrs. J. T. Whitley, Jr., dropped in on us for a little reminicing and a short chat before departing for their home at Kelly Field, Texas, the other day. Mrs. Whitley was Jane Grice, '25. Jane, seeing you in the dining room rather reminded me of old times. If only "Mitch," "Teddy," Ellen, and Jane, "Chickie," and Mildred, "Totsy," and Ruth could have been there how we would have talked. Please drop in again and see Miss Neal and all your old friends again every time your husband has to be in a wedding.

"Kitty" Funk, ex. '28, is giving the campus one of her fleeting glimpses between dates. Glad to have you back again.

DOINGS, HAPPENINGS AND NEWS FROM FORMER STUDENTS AND ALUMNAE

(Continued from page 1)

Marie Louise Kullman also sends kindest regards and "good luck" to us all. She is attending the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, Mass.

Elizabeth Shepherd Estes, '23, 5529½ Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill., is also sorry she can't be with us on Homecoming Day.

Blanche Motley, senior president of '27, writes us from her home in Bedford, Iowa. She says: "I received your letter telling me of the lovely homecoming you have planned for this year. I should be so happy to be there and see all the old girls as well as all the 'permanent members of Ward-Belmont,' but I'm afraid I cannot have that pleasure this year. I finished at Curry School of Expression in Boston at the end of the first semester, and have been at home, visiting, and have directed a play and given several programs. Just wishing you all a 'glorious homecoming' and best wishes."

Rachael V. Hopkins, 24 Morris Ave., Athens, Ohio, will receive her master's degree at Columbia this June. She is also sorry that she cannot attend homecoming.

Mrs. W. N. Robinson (Sarah B. Frazer), Easton, Mo., writes: "I am rejoicing with you because of the chimes, but find it impossible to be there as I am now keeping house. I send my best wishes to Ward-Belmont."

Irene R. Powell, 3325 Woolworth Ave., Omaha, Neb., says in a letter to Mrs. Schmitz: "I am still continuing my study of the gentle art of singing. Am progressing very well and only hope I can do something in a few years. I do miss the wonderful things I heard and saw in Nashville. Our W.-B. club here is still flourishing. We meet once a month



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News from Mary Hazel Benedict to Frances Burgess tells us that Margaret Carthew was with Marylin Miller in "Rosalie," and that Jane Barry, another Ward-Belmont girl, was also in the same show. From all reports it looks as though Ward-Belmont has more than one girl in the show business.

Mrs. J. C. Carter (Mary Stewart), is now living in Jerusalem where her husband is now sanitary engineer with the Rockefeller Foundation.

Mrs. B. R. Parrish (Etna Stols), 3928 Ave. M., Galveston, Texas, writes us: "I'm sorry I can't be there at that time. Best wishes to you all and especially to the dear old class of '26."

Lavon Besse finds it impossible to attend the homecoming exercises because she is attending the University of Kansas and she can't leave school. Anna Lory, ex '28, also says: "Just wouldn't I love to be there for Homecoming! But Colorado is too many million miles away. I will be thinking of you, and wishing you every success in your plans."

Mrs. Eric J. L. Cotton (Betty Burgess), now gives her address as "Beechrome," Earl Shilton, Leicester, England.

Katherine Kinne writes that she is teaching and cannot come for homecoming. But she says, "I am sorry, as I would surely enjoy being there! Good luck!!" And Roberta Townsend of Chattanooga, Tenn., replies: "It is impossible, but oh, how I'd love to be there!"

A note from Mrs. Paul M. Jones, 409 70th St., Kansas City, Mo., states: "I am most sorry I cannot be there to realize the dream I helped start. Good luck."

Nancy Eggers of Manitowac, Wis., is now at Barnard College, New York City. She will receive her degree from there in June.

A letter from Mary Martini, '27, 501 W. Illinois St., Urbana, Ill., says: "Your announcement and invitation to the Ward-Belmont Homecoming and chime dedication is the most adorable surprise I have had. I did not know our long-wished for chimes had been installed. There is nothing I would rather do than attend this Homecoming. I know it will be the biggest and grandest day of the year. It will be impossible for me to come; however, I wish you all the luck I can, and if wishes and longing would do any good the day will be a huge success. I most certainly will be thinking of the occasion for it will be one every W.-B. girl will cherish long."

Virginia Huff, '27, of Louisville, Ky., is now teaching physical education in Louisville. She is physical director of Mousarrat Junior High School. Mrs. J. S. Huff (Margaret Phillips, '23), and her husband dropped in on us last month and told us this news about Virginia. Mrs. Huff is planning to organize an Alumnae Club in Louisville.

Mrs. Marvin Beard (Eleanor Robinson), has made herself known the world over with her beautiful quilted bed spreads. She lives at Hardinburg, Ky.

Claudine Tietjen, '26, of 120 Webster Blvd., North Milwaukee, Wis., was for the year 1926-27, instructor of physical education in one of the schools in Vincennes, Ind. She has been at home for the last two years.

Marion Henschel, '26, 325 5th Ave., Wauwatosa, Wis., received her degree from the University of Wisconsin in '28. She is now at her home in Wauwatosa.

Mrs. Vance Chamberlain (Dorothy DeSwarte ex '19), teaches piano at the Milwaukee Conservatory of Music.

Helen Wallace, 3515 Gladstone, Kansas City, Mo., writes us about homecoming and says: "It is nice to be remembered by our old school. Wish that I could attend this Homecoming"; and Virginia R. Farmer, '27, of Frankfort, Ky., writes: "I will not be present on April 12 for the dedication of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Chimes, and it breaks my heart that it is impossible for me to return."

A recent event of interest to Nashville and to Ward-Belmont was the election of officers and new members to the Cotillon Club. Miss Katherine Killebrew, '26, was chosen president; Miss Rebecca Porter, ex '27, vice-president, and Miss Estelle Crandall, '27, secretary-treasurer. The new members of the Cotillon Club are former Ward-Belmont girls. They are: Helen Bevington, Betty Boyer, Frances Farrar, Ida Griffin, Eleanor Lamier, Betsy Luck, and Elizabeth Jackson.

Elizabeth Tatman Spence, '25, writes to the Alumnae Secretary about Homecoming: "Gee! Jinny, I'd adore to come, but I find it impossible. I think of school and the 'family' every day of my life, and a great many of my happiest memories are of good old W.-B. If you see any of the kids of '25, give them my love." Sorry, old girl, you can't be with us, but Frances Fuller, Anne Fuller Gauen, and Jane Campbell will carry on with '25.

And a note from Dorothy Cope, '24, says: "I'm sorry, Jinny, but am back in school again now and tied down until June 20. Love to all, and many best wishes for a glorious Homecoming."

Mary McLarry, '25, writes us: "I'm sorry I can't come. I know it will be grand. I'm in S. M. U. now and can't leave. Let me hear from you. Regards to all." Mary just recently returned from a year abroad, and while on her way home to Texas stopped long enough to say hello and play over the radio. She was one of Mr. Goodman's pupils.

And good old Jane Carling, '24, says: "How I'd love to be with you, but I'm a 'woiking goil' and can't make it. Best regards to all." Jane is physical director in the Betsey Mills Club at Marietta, Ohio.

"I am so sorry to say I cannot help dedicate the chimes, but shall be with you in spirit," says Helen C. Davis, Park Ave., at 16th, Nebraska City, Nebr.

Virginia Rose Atkinson who is attending the University of Indiana replies to our invitation: "I rejoice with you that our dreams have become a realization and now we can hear the 'Bells of Ward-Belmont.'"

An Oklahoma paper recently published the picture of Carolyn Congrove whose picture was one of the 22 Missouri co-eds sent to O. O. McIntyre, New York columnist who will select six of the most beautiful to appear in the *Savitar*, the University of Missouri annual. Carolyn, who is a freshman in the university, and a Kappa, and who graduated from here several years ago, spent last year in Europe.

Miss Catherine Murrey, ex. '26, was selected by a vote of the student body as the "typical Gulf Park girl" at Gulf Park College, Gulfport, Mississippi. Catherine is of Nashville. She is the secretary of the Delta Alpha Sigma sorority, last year's athletic editor of *The Tammy Owl*, advertising manager of the *Sea Gull*, vice-president of this season's Glee Club, and class cheer leader.

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Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

THERE'S A REASON

Homecoming! What does it mean to most of us? What thrills and joys does it hold? To us who are here now there perhaps is a feeling that homecoming does not mean anything, that it is absurd, useless. We feel shut up, held in, tied down. We think that if we ever get out of this school we'll never come back. The sight of a classroom makes us quake, the dining room brings odors of hash; the Academic building reminds us of gym. We walk around the circle and are reminded of tragic moments with a "Sally." We go into chapel and scream at the thought of once having had to keep quiet. It's all a nightmare to us!

But to those other girls of days gone by there are no unpleasant meetings with Miss Sisson after cutting gym for a whole year, or the questions of Mrs. Armstrong when we've cut a class. They have other dreams of these school days—girls they loved, teachers they knew, the fun they had, and the things they learned. Out in the world, such as this one is, there are things we come up against that we never had to tackle in school. We may fuss and rave about the exams, but it is only the girl who has finished school who realizes what it has really meant.

Homecoming! We're glad to see everyone back. Some day perhaps, even though we wish that we were out now, we'll come back, too, at homecoming. Some of us will miss going to Latin or chemistry; some of us will even wish that we could take gym; some of us will want to go to chapel. Then we will come back as all of you are doing, with an ache in our hearts to be a school girl again.

IMPORTANT!!

The following are the places where Ward-Belmont luncheons are to be held almost directly after the dismissal of school. The alumnae secretary urges all those who possibly can to arrange to be at the luncheon that is most convenient for them to attend. You will not only enjoy the programs which are being arranged, but you will enjoy seeing many of your old friends again, talking over old times, and meeting many new girls who are attending the school at the present time. You are all urged to make the effort to attend, if it may be called an effort, and through the Ward-Belmont State Clubs never lose sight of the associations which are so dear to you:

Time—June 5.

Place—Atlanta, Ga. Atlanta-Biltmore Hotel. All those wishing to attend the luncheon please get in communication with Mrs. Bryant V. Vann, 761 Lullwater Road, Atlanta, Ga. Miss Ella Prentice, field representative, will attend.

Time—June 5.

Place—Kansas City, Mo. Hotel Muehlebach. Kansas-Missouri luncheon. Missouri girls write Miss Marjorie Barclay, president, Ward-Belmont. Kansas girls expecting to attend get in touch with Miss Barbara S. Ehrsam, president, Enterprise, Kansas. Mrs. Stewart will attend the meeting.

Time—June 6.

Place—Montgomery, Ala. Jefferson Davis Hotel. Communicate with Miss Anne Whitfield, 1111 Perry St., Montgomery, Ala. This is for girls living in South Alabama. Miss Ella Prentice, field representative, will be present.

Time—June 7.

Place—Springfield, Ill. Hotel Leland. Please communicate with Miss Virginia Smith, president, Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Stewart will also be present at the Illinois meeting.

Time—June 8.

Place—Indianapolis, Ind. Hotel not decided as yet. Communicate with Mrs. Rose B. Coffin, president, 3903 N. Penna. St., Indianapolis. Miss Towles, field representative, will be present.

Time—June 8.

Place—Madison, Wis. Hotel Loraine. Please write Miss Carolyn Smith, R.F.D. 1, Maple Bluff, Madison, Wis., if you expect to attend the meeting. Mrs. Isabel Elliott will be present.

Time—June 9.

Place—Birmingham, Ala. Tutwiler Hotel. For girls in North Alabama please get in touch with Miss Helen Holmes, McClung St., Huntsville, Ala., if you care to attend. Miss Virginia Lockett, field representative, will be there.

Time—June 11.

Place—Jackson, Miss. The hotel will be announced later. Miss Virginia Lockett will be there.

Time—June 10.

Place—Kentucky Club meeting. Place announced later. Write Miss Kathryn Howard, 189 Elm St., Versailles, Ky.

Time—June 14.

Place—Houston, Texas. Ball room of Rice Hotel. Please write Miss Maxine Lightfoot, president, 3702 Audubon St., Houston, Texas. Miss Carrie Moseley will be present.

Time—June 17.

Place—Minneapolis, Minn. Curtis Hotel. Write Miss Irene Brown, 521 5th Ave., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. Mrs. Isabel Elliott will attend.

Please watch the HYPHEN for further announcements. Not all the luncheons to be given have been made definite. We are trying not to have conflicting dates. Do not fail to communicate promptly to the person in charge of your state meeting, as it will facilitate matters to have your early reply. Write to all your friends in your own state and urge them to meet you at the luncheon. You don't know how much fun you'll have seeing every one again. Let us make the Ward-Belmont meetings all over the United States this year the best we've ever had.

NEW ADDRESSES

The following is a list of new addresses of former students sent to us since the beginning of the school year:

Mrs. A. C. Stuebing (Leila Thompson, '22), 1921 So. Victoria Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Lynn Turner (Monte Taylor), Frankfort, Ky.

Mrs. A. B. Klutts (Joy Taylor), Ripley, Tenn.

Mrs. Harvey Hendricks (Lida Shelton), Shelbyville, Ky.

Mrs. J. H. Ingleheart (Gladys Houtchens, ex-'19), Shelbyville, Ky.

Inez Barnes, '28, 666 West 28th St., Los Angeles, Calif. (Care Alpha Chi Omega House)

Meredith McKee, ex-'27, 666 West 28th St., Los Angeles, Calif. (Care Alpha Chi Omega House)

Mrs. Arthur McCaffrey (Joan McFarlane, ex-'21), Madison, Wis. (Is doing welfare work. Address Madison Court House.)

Dorothy Cope, '24, 3333 Vicksburg Ave., Detroit, Mich.; or 724 Simpson St., Evanston, Ill.

Mrs. Vance Chamberlain (Dorothy DeSwarte, ex-'19), 773 54th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. D. C. Jacobus (Harriet Godfrey, ex-'22), 277 Wisconsin Ave., Waukatosa, Wis.

Alice Kearney, Wauwatosa, Wis.

Mrs. Clifford Notte (Katherine Morton, ex-'22), 122 East Milwaukee Ave., Wauwatosa, Wis.

Mrs. Carl Muller (Virginia Hendee), 349 Summit Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. H. D. Rosendale (Jean Reineking), 632 6th Ave., Wauwatosa, Wis.

Mrs. C. F. Kuepper (Mildred Dunlap, '25), 942 Cramer St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Elizabeth Clements, '21, Deitician General Hospital, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Mrs. U. A. Nordly (Aloise Shedd), 3406 Stevens Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Lois Fegles, '28, University of Minnesota, Pi Beta Phi House.

Irene Brown, '28, University of Minnesota, Chi Omega House.

Mrs. A. Homer Jennings (Elizabeth Woife), Blackstone Hotel, Omaha, Neb.

Mrs. J. M. Forbes (Dixie Bass, a former Belmont College girl), 1303 Locust Ave., Owensboro, Ky.

Mrs. Russell Faught (Margaret Oldham), Daytona, Fla.

Mrs. Brandon Nutall (Frances Duncan, ex-'19), Eminence, Ky.

Mrs. Thomas Bartlett (Catherine Crabtree, '19), 525 Griffith Ave., Owensboro, Ky.

Mrs. Preston Long (Frances Haycraft), Owensboro, Ky.

Mrs. Rigdon Stroud (Amelia Haynes), Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Tom T. Richards (Elizabeth Lambert, ex-'19), Morganfield, Ky.

Mrs. L. C. Hagler (Bessie Harbeson), San Carlos Hotel, Pensacola, Fla.

Mrs. Kenneth Floyd-Jones (Gleaves Patterson), Pensacola, Fla.

Mrs. Leon Brooks (Clara Becland, a former Belmont College girl), Brewton, Ala.

Mrs. H. B. McConnell (Katherine Strong, a former Belmont College girl), Brewton, Ala.

Mrs. James A. Sathrun (Margaret Price), International Falls, Minn.

Mrs. Ralph Waldo Barry (Marian Goode, '23), Nevasota, Texas.

Mrs. Alfred E. Shopmeyer (Gertrude Carmichel, ex-'26), 48 Potomac Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. Joe Goss (Dorothy Posey), Richmond, Ind.

Marie Pregler, South Frentridge Ave., R. R. "F," Box 1701, Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. H. O. Boeleme (Mary Inman, '14), 240 So. Peterson, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Marvin Beard (Eleanor Robinson), Hardinburg, Ky.

Mrs. Robert E. L. Cook (Margaret Seagel), Tennessee Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Ruth Glenn Rochelle, 94 Clifton St., S. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Mary Snodgrass, Scottaboro, Ala.

Bettie Warren, 121 Brookhaven Drive, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Mary Virginia Payne, Scottsboro, Ala.

Shirley Aygarn, ex.'27, 126 W. Minnehaha Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn.

Kathryn Leigh, ex-'26, 2322 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Luella Madsen, ex-'27, 3935 Bryant Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Kate Pond Tubbs, 3009 Knox Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mable Reeves, St. Louis Park, Cor. Minnetonka and West Lake, Minneapolis, Minn.

Kyrtle Choisseur, '27, Windsor Apts, 2011 3rd Ave., Minneapolis.

Doris Parrent, 32nd and Girard, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Frank Whitney Godwin (Mary Judith Brewer, '20), 454 West Washington St., Suffolk, Va.

Mrs. Charles Edgar Akers (Lee Ola Clark, '24), 1028 N. 3rd St., Atchison, Kan.

Mrs. Willis Kishler (Agner Clover, '17), 710 W. High St., St. Mary's, Ohio.

Mrs. Russell Schopf (Mary Ellis Hibner)

Mrs. H. P. Gibson (Margaret M. Taylor), 1111 McCullough Ave., San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. Karl John Benz (Maurine Loonan, '20), 107 N. Summit Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D.

Mrs. Ledger Woodward (Frances Lovin, '19),

Mrs. William Spalding (Elizabeth Smith), Fehr Road, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Bob Peddicord (Evelyn Hart Smith).

Mrs. Gerald A. Hestwood (Phi Delta Lee Evans, '21), 309 S. Central, Okmulgee, Okla.

Jeanette Verser, 1017 E. 9th St., Okmulgee, Okla.

Mrs. Charles W. Roodhouse (Annie Carroll Simpson), 1501 East 6th, Okmulgee, Okla.

Mrs. H. L. Rains (Sunshine Gredliltzer), 814 S. Creek Ave., Okmulgee, Okla.

Mrs. Rogers Leahy (Valda Thomas), 110 E. 11th, Pawkuska, Okla.

Christina Bryant, ex-'23, 1102 E. Eighth St., Okmulgee, Okla.

Mary Board Catlett, ex-'27, 611 South Sixth, Okemah, Okla.

Mrs. R. E. Christman (Myra Bradford), 800 N. Morton, Okmulgee, Okla.

Mrs. Leo S. Terbush (Sara Jane Whittenberg), 404 Duck St., Stillwater, Okla.

Mrs. Fred Powers (Ruth Miner), 2516 Harrison St., Davenport, Ia.

Mrs. Charles Ely (Loretta Harms), 5045 W. 24th St., Cicero, Ill.

Ann and Mary Sweeney, Marshalltown, Ia.

Mrs. Frederic E. Lanzer (Mildred Kinzee), 1608 2nd St., LaGrande, Ore.

Mrs. Caroline Aldrich Johnson, ex-'16, 1050 Ponce de Leon Apt. Hotel, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Martin A. Stenger (Magdalene Dehlrich), 1604 8th St., Columbus Neb.

Mrs. Calhoun Holcomb (Margaret Bell), Tupelo, Miss.

Mrs. S. G. Sanderson (Virginia Jackson), care Gypsy Oil Co., Tulsa, Okla.

Mrs. W. E. Alcock (Henri D. Williams), Natchitoches, La.

Mrs. G. H. Pierson (Ruth Williams, former Belmont student), Natchitoches, La.

Mrs. Steve Henry (Mamie Gray Mears), (Major Steve Henry, U.S.A.) Natchitoches, La.

Mrs. R. B. McDowell (Wilhelminia Stewart), 703 Hall Ave., Hattiesburg, Miss.

Mrs. M. F. Parker (Mary Louise Frist), Okeechohee City, Fla.

Mrs. P. J. Tarry (Allie Kate Settle), Wichita Falls, Texas.

Mrs. R. B. Tyson (Ritha Evans), 3125 8th St., Meridian, Miss.

Mrs. George Ramsey (Louise Saunders), Starkville, Miss.

Mrs. C. B. Stephenson (Catherine Slaughter), 1282 E. 30th St., So., Portland, Ore.

Mrs. Parker Wailes (Mickey Chandler), Belzoni, Miss.

MARRIAGES

Alexandra Morrison, '22, to the Reverend Charles Colcock Jones Carpenter on November 21, 1928, at Waycross, Ga.

Ferol Louise Cheeves, ex-'24, to Mr. Charles L. Cox, Jr., on November 11, 1928, Temple, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Cox are at home at Temple, Texas.

Marie Pryor Brazelton, '25, to Mr. Virgil Harris Walker, on November 3, 1928, Waco, Texas.

Regina Aline Kellems to Dr. I. Olliver Bishop, Jr., on December 28, 1928, at Fort Pierce, Fla.

Katherine Frances Ross to Mr. Aubrey Lawrence Hamilton on January 2, 1929, at Laurel, Miss.

Edith Allison Leavens, '27, to Mr. George Nelson Allen on October 30, 1928, at Houston, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Allen are at home at 2204 Stanmore Drive, Houston, Texas.

Frances Sample to Mr. Maurice Kaley Beam on September 16, 1928, at Eureka, Kans. Mr. and Mrs. Beam are at home at Atoka, Okla.

Elizabeth Owen Hillis, ex-'27, to Mr. Eugene MacDonald Taylor on September 28, 1928, at Logansport, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are at home at 2030 Broadway, Logansport, Ind.

Esther Margaret James, ex-'24, to Dr. Joel Milam Hill on September 5, 1928, at Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. and Mrs. Hill are at home at Bloomingdale Hospital, White Plains, N. Y.

Margaret Aline Phillips to Mr. John Seaton Huff on September 27. 1928, at Louisville. Ky. Mr. and Mrs. Huff are at home at 8 Norris Manor, Louisville, Ky.

Maryallen Elizabeth Nelson to Mr. James H. Hickerson on July 1, 1928, at Dallas, Texas.

Alice Lennea Nelson, '26, to Mr. Harry Rudolf Krieter on August 25, 1928, at Chicago, Ill. At home at 19 McKinley St., Geneva, Ill.

Vernele Van Deventer, '25, to Mr. Robert Lindsey on August 2, 1928, at Farmer City, Ill. At home at 920 N. Lincoln Ave., N. L. Pittsburgh, Penn.

Corinne Weiblen, ex-'28, to Mr. Carl D. Ruhlman on May 31, 1928, at Nashville, Tenn. At home in Redfield, S. D.

Mary Ellen Silver to Mr. Albert Leonard Stephens on May 28, 1928, at Shreveport, La. At home at Coushatta, La.

Alice Funkhouser to Mr. Clarence Leslie McKaig on September 19, 1928, at Plattsburg, Mo. At home at 456 Loma Linda Ave., Sarasota, Fla.

Ann Juliette Caillhan, '25, to Dr. Charles Bowman Johnson on August 2, 1928.

Margaret Frantz, ex-'23, to Mr. William Lloyd Roach on August 18, 1928, at Enid, Okla.

Sallie Tibbetts to Dr. Gerald S. Black on May 17, 1928, at Detroit, Mich. At home at 870 Seward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Catherine Wayne Weber to Dr. George Grant Illeson, Jr., June 18, 1928, at Knoxville, Tenn.

Ruth Elenor Brawner, ex-'20, to Dr. Herman Floyd Dormire on May 16, 1928, at New York City. At home at Obermeer, Virginia Beach, Va.

Nettie Ellzabeth Sudekum to Mr. Edgar G. Gunter on June 26, 1928, at Nashville, Tenn.

Catherine Mary Etter, '26, to Mr. Nathaniel Clay Cureton, Jr., on June 20, 1928, at San Antonio, Texas.

Ann Vivian Pew, '23, to Mr. Francis Gregg Foster on June 20, 1928, at Kansas City, Mo.

Helen Louise Murtagh, '25, to Mr. Theodore Call Hutchinson on June 25, 1928, at Algona, Ia. At home, Los Angeles, Calif.

Margaret Collins, 'ex-'23, to Mr. George T. Sullivan on June 7, 1928, at Fort Worth, Texas.

Edith Elizabeth Gaines, '25, to Mr. Benjamin Andrew Morton, Jr., on March 3, 1928, at Knoxville, Tenn.

Charlotte Elizabeth Ebbett, '26, to Mr. Harry Hine Bauich on April 18, 1927, at Scottsville, Ky.

Ludie Emerson, '23, to Mr. Roy Egbert Burnett on May 23, 1928, at Fort Worth, Texas.

Annie James House, '19, to Mr. Robert O. Young on November 6, 1928, at Shreveport, La. At home at Eimington Court, Harding Road, Nashville, Tenn.

Margaret Marling, ex-'23, to Mr. William Benzies, Jr., on October 27, 1928, at Madison, Wis.

Dorothy Osmond to Mr. Lester Conrad on October 6, 1928, at New York City. At home at 159 East 34th St., New York City, N. Y.

Jane Grice, '25, to Lieut. John T. Whitley, Jr., on Thanksgiving evening, November 27, 1928, at San Antonio, Texas. Lieut. and Mrs. Whitley are at home at Kelly Field, Texas.

The wedding of Jane Nicholson, '25, to Howard D. Litton will take place in Springfield, Illinois, June 15th. Jane is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Nicholson of Springfield, Ill., and has been employed in the State House since her graduation from Knoxville College, Galesburg, Illinois. Mr. Litton is working with the Northern Utilities Company in Chicago. Marion Nicholson, Jane's sister, who is attending school here this year, will be one of the wedding party. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Litton will live in Chicago, Ill.

Sue Crawford, ex-'22, to Mr. Stuart Roife Williams on October 1, 1928, at Winnetka, Illinois.

Helen Valetta Engel, '23, to Mr. Bernard Richard Upson on October 29, 1928, at Salina, Kan.

Alice Marseilles to Mr. Charles W. Dunn on July 7, 1928, at Clinton, Mo. At home in Owensboro, Ky.

Edith K. Ratts to Mr. Howard G. Doster. At home at the Hotel Occidental, Muskegon, Mich.

Celeste Roberts to Mr. Leon Bradley on April 16, 1928. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley are at home in Oklahoma City, Okla.

Jane Pressler to Mr. J. F. Bickett, Jr., on February 16, 1929. Mr. and Mrs. Pressler are at home at 1611 7th St., Portsmouth, Ohio.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ALUMNAE AND OURSELVES

Whoops! They've come back—all the old "Ward-Belmont Belles." They all seem to our book-strained eyes wonderful people who were able to pass the finals and get out. Yet how varied our impressions of them.

The one who married the rich hairpin manufacturer from Mllwaukee reminds us of:

Lorngnettes—beaded dresses—Pekinese pups— Cadillacs — ejaculations such as "My word," "How chawming," ets.—counting calories—charity work.

The studious one who has recently got her M.A. from a university:

Horn-rimmed spectacles—straight hair — "sensible" shoes — tailored clothes—business (she has an intellectual expression on her face, and she spends most of her time wondering if putting in the chimes was a good investment: and expressing her delight that so many English students are interested in the "Atlantic Monthly" contest).

An old Physical Ed (who when she was here was engaged to a professional tennis player) comes and brings her dispeptic husband and two cross-eyed children—she makes us think of:

Hen-pecked husbands — regulated schedules—dental floss—first aid kits —hygenic housekeeping.

Then a girl who just recently graduated and is now in a university: Rouge and lipstick — fellows — frat dances—week-end visits—roadsters.

One old girl, whom Miss Morrison could never get two feet above the ground in gym, startles us all by flying over from Cleveland in her monoplane. She is planning a non-stop flight to Ireland soon. She walks about with a manish swing and talks about how she wishes she was back in Ward-Belmont—when we know all of the time that she doesn't.

Then we see one who received her diploma in music here, and promised to become a great artist. She is now teaching little kids their majors and minors, to help her husband (a bank clerk) support the family. She was P. S. C. when she was at W.-B. but you'd never know it, the way she lets those two children of hers twist her around their little fingers. She, in a mild way (between "don'ts" to the children), expresses her surprise at seeing the new senior hall, and the cute little clubhouses—and when she is around any of the girls she starts—"Now when I was at Ward-Belmont," etc., etc.

An old "Hyphen" editor who is back is spending all of her time delving into the pile of old papers to see if she can find any that she put out. She talks continually about her job as a society editor on "The Dallas News" —and repeatedly assures us that this "Homecoming" will get a good write-up in her paper.

But I guess the alumnae's impressions of us are as varied:

From the gushing rich lady:

She sees "some lovely girls in the schools now"—the food is quite fattening—so much athletics—work must be a bother—the red rugs in Recreation Hall are "chawming."

The studious M.A. is impressed by:

The growth of our library—too many outside activities—the ridiculous statues are still here—the scholastic average—it seems to her that there are entirely too many social activities to give the six hours a day to study.

To the Physical Ed:

The new gym is excellent—there is too much starch in the food—there should be no tea room—the clubhouses are "very nice."

The young university student says:

Whew! How is it they stand being cooped up like this—and such pale faces—did I ever look like that?—After all, though, it's pretty good to be back and see all the kids—It's a good old place.

The old P. S. C. and music student says:

Girls, you are spending the happiest days of your life now—your memories of boarding school life will mean so much to you—and the school has grown so—Now, when I was here we didn't have these lovely clubhouses—and that grand gym—How I love to see all of these happy, carefree girls strolling about the campus.

The aviatrix:

Gee, but the old campus looks good —the new clubhouses and Senior Hall are knockouts—I can't wait to fly over and look at them from the sky—There's a cute bunch of girls here now —So glad I decided to come back.

From the HYPHEN Editor:

These girls are just putting out the best paper—more clever features—and there are so many clever accounts—I hear they are putting out an Alumnae HYPHEN—You know, we had a good paper here when I was editor—I wonder if it wasn't a little better.

KENNETH ROSE GIVES BRILLIANT PROGRAM

First Concert Since 1927

On Thursday, April 14, Mr. Kenneth Rose gave one of the most charming and brilliant recitals held here this year. Every one who heard him realized what wonderful artist he is.

All of the numbers were beautiful but the ones which took the student's ear the most were Kriesler's "Frasquita," Hungarian Dance No. 1 by Brahms-Joachim and his "Estrellita" by Ponce. Saint-Saens "Aquarium" in the third group was another beautiful number in which the violin played the obligato accompanied by a piano figuration.

The accompanist, Mrs. Rose, was astoundingly at ease while accompanying those difficult pieces.

The *Nashville Banner* gives the following account of Mr. Rose's recital:

"Another Kenneth Rose violin recital was played Thursday night in the Ward-Belmont auditorium before a town-and-gown audience, the first public appearance of this popular artist locally for over a year. His program was an interesting one in its variety and the recitalist's interpretations were received with the enthusiasm which is his usual reward.

The beginning and the end numbers were the one which he did exceptionally well. They were, respectively, the beautiful Adagio from the Sonata in G Minor by Bach, and the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian Dance No. 1. Mr. Rose has never done better work before local audiences than in this Bach number, and the Hungarian dance was played with all the abandon and sweep that one could ask for.

The Mendelssohn E Minor concerto, too, was well done as a whole. In the first movement the recitalist was not at his best. He took the thing at a tempo that seemed to be a bit precipitous, a condition that left its effects on the clarity of his execution; but when he got to the fast closing movement he was in form again and played it brilliantly.

Lehar's 'Frasquita,' in the Kreisler vestments, opened Mr. Rose's last group and made such a hit that he was constrained to repeat it. After the comparatively uneventful Valse Sentimentale (Schubert) came the novelty of the evening, Saint-Saens 'Aquarium.' This is an atmospheric thing in which the violin played a sort of obligato—sustained and muted high tones throughout—to an inactive piano figuration of the music box type. Indeed, the piano work of Hazel Coate Rose in this composition was the thing, as both the recitalist and the audience recognized instantly. The 'Aquarium' should become a part of every violin evening by the Roses for some time.

"Also in the rest of the recitalist's program Mrs. Rose's accompaniments were up to her usual high musical standard.

"Among Mr. Rose's encores were 'Orientale' (Cui), Estrellita (Ponce), and Canebrake by Gardner."

The *Nashville Tennessean* says:

"Kenneth Rose, director of the school of violin of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, generally gives one recital at the school every year, but Nashville music lovers have had to wait ever since October 13, 1927, until last night to enjoy his fine playing.

Since a year and a half ago he has been soloist with the Nashville Symphony orchestra, and at the Las Vegas, New Mexico, fine arts festival, and he gave a successful sonata recital in New York last December.

"Mr. Rose's art is constantly growing, his technique more brilliant and finished, and his interpretations more poetic and also more intellectually mature.

TONE RICH, GOLDEN

The audience was large, as it always is when he plays, and many people went from town to town to hear him. He used his famous Duke of Edin-

burgh Guarnerius, and the tone he elicits from this fine instrument is rich and golden.

The program began with Schumann's arrangement of the adagio from the partita in G minor, and he played this with the dignity and nobility of tone required by Bach's great music.

The Tartini variations on a Corelli theme, edited by Kreisler, were brilliantly done and each variation was a gem.

Mendelssohn's only violin concerto, the celebrated one in E minor, was given complete, and all four movements made a profound impression. His singing tone in the divinely beautiful andante, and his breath-taking speed in the finale, were great achievements.

"Kreisler's arrangement of Lehar's semi-popular serenade, 'Frasquita,' had to be repeated, and 'Valse Sentimentale,' by Schubert-Franko, was much admired.

"An unusual piece, 'Aquarium,' from the set of animal scenes, by Saint-Saens, to which the popular 'Swan' also belongs, had a lovely rippling accompaniment, representing the movements of water.

"'Hungarian Dance,' No. 1, by Brahms-Joachim, was given a rousing performance, and Mr. Rose was obliged to give three encores before the audience would be satisfied. These were 'Orientale,' by Cesar Cui; 'Estrellita,' by Ponce-Kindlow, and Samuel Gardener's jolly 'From the Canebrakes.'

"Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose, his talented wife, again gave an example of what a perfect accompanist should be, and her work was, as it always is, brilliant and in splendid accord with the soloist."

SENIOR-MIDDLES HOSTS TO SENIORS

In every sense of the word the Senior, Senior-Middle banquet, given by King Arthur, Dorothy Black, to Queen Guinevere, Ruth Welty, was a royal feast. The Senior-Middles who escorted the Seniors, and the rest of the Senior-Middles, gathered in Recreation Hall with the honor guests of the evening: Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Miss Irvin, Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Quaid, Miss Norris, Miss Ransom, Mrs. Charlie, and a few members of the faculty.

Bugles summoned the guests to the dining room where King Arthur and his Queen, with various members of the court, were seated in costume on a raised dais at the end of the hall opposite the doors. When all the guests were seated, and Dr. Barton had asked the blessing, the court descended from the dais and, preceded by the capering court jester, walked in state to the speaker's table. The speaker's table was decorated with flowers arranged in a low mound, and with tall yellow candles. The other tables were decorated with spring flowers enclosed in cardboard swans, and with streamers of crepe paper of the combined Senior and Senior-Middle colors. On the walls were hung shields and crossed swords.

During the course of the menu, which was suitably termed in old English, "The Order of the Feast," several short speeches were made. Helen Hylton, as Launcelot, introduced the speakers and the entertainers on the progam. The first talk was made by Dorothy Black, the Senior-Middle president, as King Arthur, who welcomed the guests to Camelot. In response to her speech, Ruth Welty, the Senior president, as Queen Guinevere, spoke briefly. After the first course of the "Feast," Lois Stout, in minstrel garb, sang. Her clear, sweet voice showed to great advantage, and contributed greatly to the success of the program. Dorothy Cate, as Gareth, made an extremely clever speech, and talked with amazing ease and sincerity.

Natalie Hurd, startling as the Green Knight, stalked through the hall and hotly challenged the court to battle. "Bunny" Eberhardt responded with a fiery spirit, and each of the two called in warriors, whose battle predicted the outcome of Senior-Senior-Middle day. This battle was truly a triumph for the Senior-Middles who wielded their brooms right justly, and brought down many a sounding whack on the football helmets of their opponents, and finally drove them from the hall.

At intervals during the preceding events, the court jester amused the guests with the most diverting antics. It was a matter of great wonder to everyone how any human could bound about the way she did without the aid of springs attached to her feet.

Marion Lyles, a truly charming Elaine, spoke next, and made her short remarks clever and interesting. She was followed by Louise Graves, as Merlin, who told of the many dark, mysterious doings about to begin in Senior Hall, and who was as witty and amusing as she is always. The last feature of the program was the Order of Knighthood conferred on Margaret Timmons as Sir Galahad, by King Arthur. Sir Galahad spoke of the ideals and principles of the Senior-Middle class, and led the royal procession from the dining room. Before the guests left, Betty O'Donnell, the jester, invited everyone to a dance in the gym, an invitation which was more than cordially received.

The entire evening was a tremendous success, and was put over in a manner which bespeaks the ability and cleverness of the Senior-Middle class as a whole, and particularly of Dorothy Black, the president, Miss Ransom, the sponsor, and Dorothy Cate, who arranged the program for the evening.

RUTH WELTY GIVES RECITAL

Ruth Welty, soprano, who is a pupil of Stetson Humphrey, Director of the School of Voice, was presented in recital at the First Christian Church, Tuesday night, April 2, at 8:15 o'clock at her home in Bartlesville, Okla. She was presented by Mrs. Guy Woodring, her former teacher in Bartlesville.

The Morning Examiner of Bartlesville says: "Music lovers of Bartlesville enjoyed the privilege of hearing a brilliant vocal recital by one of their own singers, Ruth Welty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Welty, who was presented in recital at the Christian church Tuesday night.

"Miss Welty sang a program of difficult selections with ease and poise of the artist singer. She graciously responded to the applause with a favorite encore, 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Her tones in her numbers were beautifully clear and rich with perfect enunciation. Miss Welty is a talented singer who won considerable honor during her high school career, singing in school glee clubs and operattas. She now is a senior at the Ward-Belmont School in Nashville, Tenn., where she is studying voice with Stetson Humphrey, director of the School of Voice, and is a member of the Methodist church choir in Nashville, directed by Mr. Humphrey.

"Many friends composed the appreciative audience who turned out to attend the recital program. Miss Welty is home for a short spring vacation."

The *Bartlesville Daily Enterprise* says: "The auditorium of the First Christian Church was filled last night for the recital program sung by Miss Ruth Welty, who is here from Ward-Belmont, spending her spring vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Welty. The program was splendid throughout and each number was beautifully sung. Especially artistic was her aria and also her group of French songs."

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

Thursday afternoon Miss "Van" Margaret Jurgensmeyer, Mary Tibbett, Mary Francis Marxson, Edna May Weinold, Clara Grace Wray, Marie Barney and Rose Flentye went to the Junior League Home for Crippled Children to give them an Easter egg hunt. In the yard surrounding the home the girls hid the gay-colored eggs, and after all the eggs had been hidden the hunt took place. The one who found the most eggs won the prize—a big box of candy. Following this the girls played and visited with the children for about one hour and heard all of the hospital news—that "Red" was back in Vanderbilt hospital for an operation; that Gertrude, the newest baby, had gained five pounds; and most exciting of all, that the state legislature has just granted the Junior League Home $25,000 with which to build a new hospital for the children. All in all, it was a thrilling afternoon, and the girls left wishing that Easter egg hunts could be given every week instead of once a year.

After a vacation of two weeks, Sunday school began again in full swing last Sunday morning, with Margaret Rothert presiding. With Catherine Scruggs and Elaine Bean playing the violin and Lydareene Majors at the piano, the opening song service was one of great inspiration and enjoyment. After a timely talk in "Self Pity," by Ruth Gasteiger, Miss "Van" led the discussion groups in a consideration of "Personal Religion and the Limitless Life."

Mr. Wesson played "Evensong," by Easthope Martin, as his prelude at the vesper service last Sunday evening. Later in the program, Margaret Neff sang "There's a Green Hill Far Away," by Gounod, and was accompanied by her teacher, Miss Helen S. Sloan.

Dr. Roger T. Nooe, our speaker of the evening, made life have more meaning than it often seems to have. "Life," said Dr. Nooe, "is not a dirge, but a song. God is not a tyrant seeking to find out all the little evils about us, but rather is a loving God who is a compassionate Father. This attitude is shown by Dante's line, 'In Thy will is our peace.' The lives about us are sacred, for each has some gift, some talent which He expects us to use. When one has relation with God life is not cramped—but open, joyous, creative and free. Personal relation to the Great Reality gives us a sense of comfort. We need Him not only in extremity, but at all times—in this beautiful springtime with us now."

The Social Service Committee feels that it has many privileges, but none more so than its contacts with the Florence Crittenden Home. An appeal for help last week for clothing for one of the girls just ready to take up new work was answered by a box sent at once to the Home. The following note has since come from the recipient of the garments:

"All that you have done for me has made me so happy—happier than you will ever know—and I want you to know that I do appreciate it so much. Everything is turning out so wonderfully. I hope you will feel that you have made for me a brighter and a happier life, for you have, and I shall always remember your kindness."

SCHOOL OF ART SUMMER SESSION AROUSES INTEREST

The second summer session of the Ward-Belmont School of Art will begin on June 2 and continue through July 17. The course will last six weeks, and will be personally conducted by Miss Mary Wynne Shackelford, Director of the School of Art. Under her capable supervision the training one receives will result toward a definite goal, for it is clear-cut, vital, thoroughly up-to-date, and it meets all education requirements of today.

Miss Shackelford is a graduate of the University of Cincinnati; a graduate of the Art Academy of Cincinnati under that famous master of color and composition, Frank Duveneck; a graduate and post-graduate of the Pratt Institute School of Fine and Applied Art. She has had two years of foreign training in London and Paris, and in addition has studied special teaching methods under the late Dr. Haney. Under whose direction she was supervisor of High School Art in Greater New York. She has had special study in color under Dr. Denham Ross of Harvard, and Walter Sargent of New York, and work in figure drawing and anatomy under Bridgeman, and more recently has specialized in Historic Costume and costume Design in Paris.

Miss Shackelford has had a wide range of teaching experience which enables her to more capably cater to the needs of each individual student. She has been Director of the School of Fine and Applied Arts of the State College for Women, in Texas, and Director of Occupational Therapy for the U. S. Government. She has also done successful work in the field of magazine illustration and has exhibited many times at the American Water Color Society.

She will personally teach during the summer session a course in Methods, a course in Commercial Art, and also a course in Costume Illustration.

The summer session has already aroused a great deal of interest, and a great many applications are already in. Besides possessing the most modern and up-to-date equipment necessary to carry on the work of the School of Art, the Ward-Belmont school library possesses reference books on Art, Architecture, History, Commercial Design and Illustration, and scores of others which make the Art library rank with our best schools and universities.

SENIOR STATISTICS

Name	*Favorite Expression*	*Idea of Misery*	*Idea of Joy*	*Ambition*
"Tiny" Young	"Gudgy"	Art every afternoon	Town	Europe with Miss Ross
Susan Ervin	"Aw, shucks"	Reading her own poetry aloud	E. A. Robinson	Colin—or Robin?
Jean Perry	"Cry in the bucket"	No horses	Lots of horses	Bigger and better horses
Louise Graves	"Deah, deah!"	Without—?	Having—?	To get out
"Ginny" Owens	"I wish I could go"	French—?	K. T.	To sleep forever
Louise Calloway	"Now, Kids"	Cut chin	Bird Club	Handsome doctor for chin
Nancy Butler	"Amen, Sally"	Getting up early	New Orleans	Any?
Betty Hendricks	"Oh, Babe"	No piano	We wonder	To swing all day
"Judy" Parker	"That gripes me"	Learning to swim	Authorizing	Teaching Home Economics
Bug Lewis	"Well, suh"	Kinesiology quizzes	Water polo	Teach gym

Boy: "I got into the movies!"
Girl friend: "How?"
Boy: "Paid the usual thirty cents, nut."—*The Pup Tent.*

Mrs. W. D. Parker (Lillian Jones), Moorhead, Miss.

Mrs. Charles Harris (Ida Hester Pitchford), Greenwood, Miss.

Mrs. R. A. Ball (Elizabeth Young), 312 George St., Greenwood, Miss.

Mrs. Arthur Jordan (Mable Young), 312 George St., Greenwood, Miss.

Mrs. John Baker (Lillie Clark), 410 Cherry St., Clarksdale, Miss.

Mrs. Lewis M. Moore (Elizabeth Britt), Eufaula, Ala.

Mrs. F. B. Farmer (Florence Baker), 1535 Grant St., Denver, Colo.

Mrs. Paul M. Jones (Nancy Lawson), 409 W. 70th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. G. P. Kemble (Margaret Ingram), 1700 So. Adams St., Ft. Worth, Texas.

Mrs. J. B. Gibson (Mary Louise Bleas), 161 N. Madison Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

Mrs. J. R. Kiplinger (Olive Logan), 5551 Kinhack Ave., Apt. 5, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. C. M. Stevens (Marie Clark), 503 N. Sexton St., Rushville, Ind.

Mrs. James Caldwell (Marjorie Clark), Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. William A. Jacobs (Florence Bartel), Birmingham, Ala.

Mrs. Robert Quigg (Maxine Murray), 6 Peyham Apt., Richmond, Ind.

Mrs. Willis Rich (Agnes Patterson), Snell Place, Fort Dodge, Ia.

Mrs. W. L. Watson (Thelma Walker), 1009 Center Ave., Brownwood, Texas.

Mrs. L. B. Curtis (Janice Boardman), 32 Crown Apts, Marshalltown, Ia.

Alice E. Macduff, El Cerrito e Roblar Ave., Hillsborough, San Mateo, Calif.

Mrs. Grant D. West (Sarah Margaret Cole, '25), 727 West High St., Jefferson City, Mo.

Mrs. Henry R. Van Arsdall (Elizabeth Goode), Harrodsburg, Ky.

Mrs. George L. Skillman (Esther Purcelle), 3210 Sutherland Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Alfred E. Shopmeyer (Gertrude Carmichael), 40 Potomac Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss Hunt, of Dickson, Tenn., who attended Ward-Belmont the first year the schools merged into one is now Mrs. G. C. Collins, Jr., 1605 Jaeger Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Richard O. Barmetal (Jane Harvey), 313 So. 51st St., Omaha, Nebr.

Mrs. Thomas Scott (Geraldine Armstrong), Kokomo, Ind.

Mrs. Conrad Wolfe (Beatrice Armstrong), Kokomo, Ind.

Mrs. Bruce Cooper (Anne May McClain), Coffeeville, Kan.

Mrs. James Prentiss (Dorothy Weiner), Evanston, Ill.

Mrs. L. B. Sheppard (Mecca Vickers), Morgantown, W. Va.

Mrs. Walton B. Johnson (Mildred Peery), Akers Apt., Bluefield, W. Va.

Pattee D. Lawrence, Crowley, La.

Cornelia Andrews, 420 N. Lake St., Madison, Wis.

Catherine Blackman, 251 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Josephine Morrison, 251 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Mary Frances Byard, 111 W. Gilman, Madison, Wis.

Elizabeth Carrigan, 111 W. Gilman, Madison, Wis.

Mary Bellack, 270 Langdon, Madison, Wis.

Josephine Dettenan, 111 W. Gilman, Madison, Wis.

Hester Fiedler, Barnard Hall, Madison, Wis.

Nancy Garton, 103 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Ruth Kellogg, 120 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Catherine MacKnight, 237 Lake Lawn Place, Madison, Wis.

Catherine McKee, 103 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Lydabelle McCartney, 103 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Helen MacDonald, 270 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Mary Neff, 2135 Chamberlain Ave., Madison, Wis.

Gertrude North, 152 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Mary Jane Pulver, 251 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Helen Reitz, 270 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Catherine Smith, Chadbourne Hall, Madison, Wis.

Mary Swenson, 149 E. Gilman St., Madison, Wis.

Catherine Wood, 237 Lake Lawn Place, Madison, Wis.

Mrs. E. F. Weyenberg (Virginia Noe), 397 Marion St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. William Benzeis (Margaret Marling, ex-'28), 1623 Chase Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. George Rentscher, Jr. (Dorothy Jones), Madison, Wis.

Virginia Bennett, 307 East Johnson St., Madison, Wis.

Marion Winship, Milroy, Ind.

CAMPUS IMPRESSIONS

Titian—Titian—Titian — greates' painter—where is Charlotte Strong? —will some one please go down and find her—and Celestina Young—she's a good girl, but she's absent—Out with her mother?—I don't care if she's out with her grandmother—go and find her—now let's see—where was I—girls, wake up—help me—you girls from upstairs here—who are you?—what about these lines? — Miss Young? — Oh, Miss Young's not here—Miss Billings—You and Miss Finnegin—what about that light and shade—Titian—Titian—Titian—

Miss Ross' Classroom

"Will you girls please be quiet—Lois Maxon, if you don't have to study, Jean Peterson does—This is study hour—Josephine Cooper, will you pray keep out of my hall? Go home and stop disturbing my girls—

Mrs. Charley at door of Room 102 Senior.

Eloise Handly, will you stop disturbing my study hall?—if not, please leave—Good morning, Virginia Williamson—I have an absence recorded against you—let's see—here — Dr. Hollinshead reports you absent from his class Wednesday afternoon—where were you?—Ill?—You've been ill quite a bit lately—Oh, Eloise Handly—do I have to tell you and Ruth Shacklett again to leave and take Judith Folk and your chewing gum with you? — Good morning, Martha Lindsay—You were reported absent — ill? — Now, you weren't— Your name was in the paper for the dance last night—ELOISE HANDLY—

Mrs. Armstrong in Study Hall.

NOTICE

To Girls Taking the Two-Day Mammoth Cave Trip

All girls going to Kentucky will be interested to read the article by Woodrow Wilson on page 917 of *A Book of American Literature* that is on file in the library. This article is a speech delivered at Hodgenville, Kentucky, September 4, 1916. Wilson had gone to Hodgenville to accept, on behalf of the nation, the gift of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

CALENDAR

Monday, April 15—T. C. Club dinner at Belle Meade.
Thursday, April 18—Dance Recital at Belmont Theatre.
Friday, April 19—Junior-Junior-Middie dance in Rec Hall.
Ankor Tea Dance, 4:30-7:30.
North Carolina Players at Belmont Theatre.
Mr. Wesson broadcasts.
Saturday, April 20—Texas Club dance.
F. F. Picture Show.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, April 3.—Up betimes, and did study my English lesson, though heaven knows, I might better have left my slumbers undisturbed for all the knowledge I acquired. To club as usual and back early to the library to do History reading. All in all, this has been a well-spent day—nothing but study—hope I may never spend so dull a one again.

Thursday, April 4.—Mr. Rose gave his violin recital tonight and, though I griped with the rest about going, did enjoy it thoroughly and clamored, in a most unlady-like manner, for an extra encore. Home, with "Clutchie," to face all my unprepared lessons, which worried me more than usual, so did start at them at once, only to be interrupted by the gals next door who were doing some hat remodeling and wanted advice. Used all my wits and breath advising, and so my advice passed unregarded; did well-nigh lose my temper. Saved such a calamity by the room bell and sat down to write this. Thought all during the concert intermission what of the day's events I could put down, and did have many an inspiration—should have written things down there inspite of the proctor and Martha Candler, because now I can't think of a thing. Ah—one has returned—can't possibly miss at least a mention of the new decoy ducks in the fountain, and the statue with the shrimp-cocktail flowers. And it would be criminal to leave out the Mexican-hair-less cast-iron whippets. (Hope no one asks for a pedigree or a fuller description!)

Friday, April 4—Reminding myself of Dr. Barton's request that we write to all the alumnae we know, did spend most of the afternoon, and part of the evening, writing to sister. Am assured that it's effort all in vain because even if she could be persuaded to leave the infants, there'd always be "Dear George" (wish mother wouldn't call him that!) The letter is the most appealing thing I ever wrote—it would bring tears to the most hard-boiled sister, but, gee, I don't want tears—I want Grace! Strolling tonight until study hour. It was perfect bliss! The wisteria, the green, sloping campus (bring on your rhyming dictionary); in fact, everything was like a picture come to life. Couldn't dream of anything more beautiful—no wonder I pester my family to death about coming to see me—they can see me any time, but I wish they'd come and see the campus.

Saturday, April 6.—When I think of this time a week ago! Well, I wouldn't want it back, even for the excitement of flowers, candy, new clothes, and wondering whether it would spoil Easter by raining. One week gone is that much nearer going home. Movies, and was vastly entertained and thrilled—Corinne Griffith in one knock-out "Out-Cast," I mean! To the dance, which I enjoyed from my box-seat on the balcony—ole "Chunky" Candler is a funny babe, no stuff! Nearly did a Steve Brodie—Brooklyn Bridge stunt when I saw the waiters tearing along with ginger-ale and cheese sandwiches on their trays. Home hungrily, and so to my downy couch.

Sunday, April 7.—Oh, day of rest and gladness! Oh, yes? Anyway, had an extra half-hour's sleep before the scramble for the bacon and the scrambled eggs. To church with "Clutchie," and therefore paid little attention to the sermon, thereby winning many disgusted glances; too hot for sermons, so who cares? Fooled away the afternoon stretched out in the shade of the old Academic building playing "Clutchie's" portable. The usual tea with a Sunday supplement of Eskimo Pies and thence to vespers. And that's that.

Monday, April 8.—Have run hither and yon the entire day doing errands to help sweet "Dottie" Black with our banquet. She could have my worthless head for a football—if she'd promise not to use it in the sort of tournament they started tonight. Grand dinner—decorations were divine—the speakers looked simply adorable, and all in all it was a fairy-tale event, and I am tired and sleepy—ooh—jus' ask "Clutchie—if you can keep her awake. I'm asleep this very instant.

Tuesday, April 9.—The cold, gray dawn of the morning, etc., only it wasn't cold or gray—until noon. The first rain since April Fool's, and did it come down! Almost added my tears to the cause, for the reason that I wanted to go shopping, but me thought of the rhyme about April showers, May flowers, et al., and didn't. Study, study, study; crazy 'cause of study! I am! And so to work.

ENGAGEMENTS

Leanora Allan, '28, of Nashville, is also one of our former students to announce her marriage for June. She is engaged to Wilbur Foster Creighton, Jr., of Nashville, and after the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Creighton expect to live in Birmingham.

Another affair of interest to Ward-Belmont is the engagement of Mary Harrington, '28, to John Witherspoon. The wedding will take place sometime in June. After the wedding they plan to spend their honeymoon abroad.

The engagement of Alice Katherine Wakefield, '27, of 2324 Saratoga Drive, Louisville, Ky., to Mr. W. C. MaGruder, Jr., was announced several months ago. The wedding will take place on June 8th, and Lawrence Goodman, director of the school of piano of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, will play the wedding march. Her sister, Lucy Anne, ex '27, was married on April 27th to Mr. E. G. Isaacs, Jr., of Louisville.

The engagement of Eleanor Gray, '28, was announced at the home of her parents, Attorney and Mrs. H. S. Gray, of Benton Harbor, Mich., to Mr. Robert Whitney, son of Attorney and Mrs. H. S. Whitney at a lunch-



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eon extended by the popular bride-elect's mother in the Wistaria room of the Hotel Vincent.

The Benton Harbor paper says of Miss Gray: "She is one of the most popular young women in the younger social set of the twin cities, and a member of Algonquin Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Two years ago she was one of the six girls chosen from Michigan to represent the state at the annual D. A. R. Continental Congress in Washington, D. C. The bride-elect, who graduated last June from Ward-Belmont, has been a student at the University of Chicago. Mr. Whitney, who received his diploma at the University of Chicago, has held the responsible position of manager of the Berrien County Realty Co. In May he expects to take his bar examination."

The engagement of Dorothy Veazy, '27, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Veazy, 123 Hamilton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., to Dr. Robert R. Means was announced in the *Post Dispatch* of last January. Dorothy graduated in Physical Education in '27, and then transferred to Washington University, St. Louis, after completing her course here.

On April 7 the engagement of Ann Elise Martin, ex. '29, to John H. Dewitt, Jr., of Nashville, was announced. Mr. DeWitt is a radio expert with the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York. The wedding will take place on April 29, and Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt will make New York City their home.

The engagement of Peggy McLarry, to William H. Neary, was announced a month ago at a tea given by Mrs. William Morris. The wedding will be on April 18 at the First Baptist Church, Dallas, Texas. Doris Tatum will be a bridesmaid.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burr have announced the engagement of their daughter, Ruth, to Mr. G. A. Puryear, Jr. The wedding will take place in the early summer.

The engagement of Miss Blanche Miller to James M. Whitsett, Jr., was announced recently by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaines Miller.

CAMPUS COLUMN

The April Fool issues of the HYPHEN fooled us. Weeks ago we conceived the bright idea of having a blank space in the HYPHEN headed Campus Column. Someone remarked that it was blank anyway, but that was all right. If we paid attention to rebuffs we wouldn't be here now. To go on, we decided that on the week of April first there would be a blank space in the HYPHEN headed Campus Column. We were fooled. There was a blank space, but no head.

We wish to refund, refute, no—retract the erroneous statement some weeks ago that Nancy Pierce and Ruthe Donahoo made candy in the clubhouse. We thought it made a lovely write-up. In fact, we thought about it so much that we finally believed it to be true (otherwise we would never have put it in the Campus Column). Evidently they did not ponder over it so long because they threatened us with libel if we did not deny it. All of this over a few pieces of candy that never was even made!

Dr. Hollinshead gets mixed up on his dead mice sometimes. He was telling his classes about the fatal effects of cigarettes on mice.

"I put the mice in a glass container, let them inhale the smoke and, after they were dead, I killed them and inspected their lungs."

Betty O'Donnell is the world's best fool. No offense is meant, Betty. It takes a wise women to be a perfect fool and you were that the night of the Senior-Senior-Middle banquet. If "Chady" had been there the airplane stunt would have been complete.

Things which mean little to some might mean much to others. Ask:

"Donahoo" about "anybody wanta mint?"

Or, Nancy Electra Pierce about "You're an angel, Bill.

Or Nancy Butler about jumping in bed with that red moire dress on.

Or Elinor Thon, Betty Hendricks, Louisa Warfield, Rosa Moore, "Dot" Palmer, Florence Miller and others about a certain letter they should soon be getting in a certain sport (?).

OKLAHOMA CLUB ENTERTAINS AT DINNER DANCE

Last Friday evening the Oklahoma club entertained with an informal dinner dance in the tea room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The two long tables were adorned with graceful baskets of jonquils and forsythia, and yellow tapers in crystal holders. Favors and place cards were artfully combined in tiny paper oil wells. During the dinner the "Wandering Blues" enlivened things with their syncopation, featuring that famed blues singer, Mildred Shaefer. There was dancing between courses and afterwards, until eight o'clock. To employ an obsolete expression, which is nevertheless sincere, "a good time was had by all."

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

It is extremely trite, and sometimes it isn't quite true, to say that crime doesn't pay; but every now and then something happens to indicate that the old saying is pretty generally valid.

In the New York courts the other day appeared one George C. Parker, for years tabbed as the "aristocrat of crookdom." He had been a confidence man for years. Twice he "sold" the Brooklyn bridge to unsuspecting strangers. He used to be known as one of the best dressed men in New York. For a long time he was a heavy spender and led a gay and reckless life.

But when he came into court he didn't look as if any of those things had been true. He was old, shabby and discouraged. He was arrested for cashing a worthless check for $150—a sum that would have been small change for him once; and since it was his fourth offense, he was sent to prison for life.

Crime doesn't pay—at least not always.

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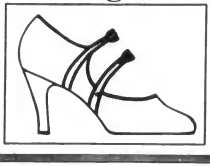
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BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. David Adams (Mildred Goodpasture, '24) of Richland Avenue, Nashville, a baby girl, Susan Comfort. The baby was named after her maternal great grandmother, Susan Comfort, of Virginia.

Graham Johnson, Jr., a son born to Mr. and Mrs. Graham Johnson (Emily Wright, '27), on Valentine's Day at Vanderbilt Hospital, Nashville. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson live at the present time in Shreveport, Louisiana.

The birth of John Hill McComey to Mr. and Mrs. John McComey (Jacquline Hill, '23), occurred on February 8th at Sistersville, West Virginia.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Balch (Viola Sudekum), a son, Robert E. Balch, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Balch live in Nashville.

Polly Jane Barmetal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barmetal (Jane Harvey, ex. '24), of Omaha, Nebraska, visited the campus with her mother on April 5. Jane assures us that Polly is coming to Ward-Belmont "if that's the last thing she ever does."

Little Catherine Calhoun Bartlett is the young seven months' daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bartlett (Catherine Crabtree, ex. '19), of 525 Griffith Ave., Owensboro, Ky. While at Ward-Belmont Mrs. Bartlett specialized in art, later being connected with Rookwood Pottery of Cincinnati before her marriage.

To Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Beard of Hardinburg, Ky., a daughter, Barbara Ann.

To Mr. and Mrs. Allen T. Compton (Helen McCormick, '24), on December 6, 1928, a daughter, Jo Ann Compton.

To Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Nicholson (Elizabeth White, '22), on January 1, 1929, J. Rector Nicholson, Jr.

Rules of Three

Things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to command—thrift, industry and promptness.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and contentment.

Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness and intellectual power.

—The Valley Echo

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5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVIII | NASHVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1929 | Number 27

JOSEF LHEVINNE SUPERB IN HIS ART

Gives Brilliant Recital at Ward-Belmont

Josef Lhevinne, one of the worlds' finest pianists was presented in concert to the Ward-Belmont students, a large number of towns people, and visiting Alumnae, on Friday night, April 12th.

Mr. Lhevinne's smooth, clean, passive work combined with his wonderful sense of interpretation and shading made every moment of his program an enjoyable one. The beautiful flowing melody of the Brahms' *Intermezzo* appearing first on the program, showed the artist's sense of delicate artistic appreciation.

From the following groups, favorites were *Feux Follets* by Liszt and the lovely *Gypsy Airs* by Taussig.

PROGRAM

I.

Intermezzo in E-flat Major, Op. 117 ..... *Brahms*

"Sleep soft, my bairn, now sweetly sleep,
My heart is wae to see thee weep!"
(*Scotch from Herder's Volkslieder*)

Intermezzo in A-flat Major, Op. 76 ..... *Brahms*

Capriccio in C-sharp Minor, Op. 76 ..... *Brahms*

Etudes Symphoniques .....*Schumann*

II.

Scherzo in C-sharp Minor....*Chopin*

Impromptu in G-flat.....*Chopin*

Two Mazurkas in A Minor and G Major .....*Chopin*

Polonaise in A-flat.....*Chopin*

III.

Feux Follets .....*Liszt*

Two Preludes:.....*DeBussy*

"La Terrace des Audiences du Clair de Lune"

"Feux d'Artifice"

*Gypsy Airs .....*Taussig*

Slow, dreamy
Amorous
Fast, exalted
Very fast

The *Nashville Banner* says of Lhevinne's playing:

"The eminent pianist of the evening recital was Josef Lhevinne. And his work gave Nashville folk who found their way into the packed-full auditorium of the Ward-Belmont School

(Continued on page 5.)

JUNIOR CLASS ENTERTAINS JUNIOR-MIDS

Dance Held on Roof Garden

The Junior-Middle class was delightfully entertained from 7:30 P.M. until 9:30 P.M. at an informal dance given in their honor by the Junior class. The roof garden was the scene of the festivety and it was glorified for the occasion. Green vines artfully twined about the railing formed a picturesque fence. The effect was further enhanced by varigated japanese lanterns and potted palms. There is something about a dance held under the stars, where one is exposed to the witchery of the night, that is wholly captivating. This was one of the most gala dances of the year.

During the evening punch and wafers were served at small tables arranged at one end of the roof garden. Music for dancing was furnished by the "Wandering Blues."

In the receiving line were: Eleanor DeWitt, president, Mildred Newbern, Vice-president, Ann Newman, secretary, Nancy Newman, treasurer, and Miss Lowry, sponsor of the Junior class.

W.-B. Alumnae Chimes Dedicated

Mary E. Cayce, '28, New President

The dream of the Ward-Belmont Chimes was realized last Friday afternoon, April 12, when scores of alumnae and former students from over twelve states in the union, and hundreds of interested Nashvillians dotted the school campus on the homecoming day, and listened to the chimes first peal out "The Bells of Ward-Belmont." A hushed expectancy of silent waiting on the part of all those instrumental in making this dream possible was visible before the great bells, played by Percival Price, carillonneur of the Dominion of Canada, chimed forth across the campus and over the air waves to thousands of loyal students who could not return this day to their Alma Mater, with their message of love and affection.

The official day began with an alumnae luncheon at the X. L. clubhouse to which fifty-two alumnae were present. At two o'clock a short business meeting was called by Miss Linda Rhea, president of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association. Election of officers for the year 1929-30 was held, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Cayce, '28, Nashville, was elected president: Miss Jane Campbell, '25, Tullahoma, Tenn., first vice-president; Mrs. Mary Dyer Dovenmuhle, '22, Winnetka, Ill., second vice-president; and Miss Virginia Smith, '25, Nashville, secretary-treasurer.

After the business meeting the entire school body with their friends assembled at the base of the historic Old Tower, in which the chimes are installed, and Miss Linda Rhea, retiring president, formally presented the carillon to the school. It was accepted by Dr. J. W. Barton, vice-president, in the absence of Dr. Blanton, president, who was unable to attend. Miss Leila D. Mills, Dean of Women from 1915-27, and under whose help and inspiration the alumnae chimes were made possible, was the honor guest of the day. A bronze tablet, symbolic of the attainment of Miss Mills' dream of the alumnae chimes was placed on the tower. Its text is:

"The Ward-Belmont Chimes.

Dedicated April 12, 1929, a gift of the Alumnae Association. The project was proposed by Miss Leila D. Mills, Dean of Women 1915-27. This was made possible by donation of former students of Belmont College and Ward Seminary as well as students and faculty of Ward-Belmont."

Dr. Barton's address was as follows:

"On behalf of the administration of Ward-Belmont School, I accept for the school the beautiful gift of the Alumnae Association.

I regret that President Blanton's health precludes his attendance today and I know that this which has fallen to my lot to do would be for him also a pleasure. May I be permitted to read to you his message for this occasion:

"'All have dreams but few are privileged to see them so fully realized as are those who, looking into the future, first visioned "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" in her beautiful historic tower. Long may these bells peal forth in memory of the loyalty, love and generosity of old girls and in messages of cheer and inspiration to the new throughout all the years to come. These bells of Ward-Belmont will through their music continue to extend to Ward-Belmont girls in every state in the Union the greetings and love of Alma Mater. With love and every good wish.'

J. D. BLANTON.'

"This homecoming is more than a passing event. It marks another milestone in the history of the mutual relations between the school and its former students. Each succeeding homecoming event witnesses new faces in the ranks of alumnae and former students. But it should be distinctly understood that Ward-Belmont recognizes as its very own those who are former pupils of Ward Seminary and Belmont College, as well as the pupils of Ward-Belmont. No better record of constancy and devotion to the united school can be found than that which has been displayed by students of these former schools. Indeed we are proud of the fact that the ideals for the development of womanhood as taught and practised by Dr. Ward and Miss Hood and Miss Heron are the same ideals cherished by the school today. Institutions may change, the 'times' may change, personnel may vary, physical equipment may become obsolete or revamped, destroyed or renewed, but those intangible elements that have been embodied in our ideals of education are the same yesterday, today and forever. New applications may be made to fit into the changing order, but the permanency of those things which tend to mold and develop character, culture, understandine and vision is as assured as time itself. This common bond between the former schools and the present holds them as one and inseparable. So now we are able to say that Ward-Belmont School has a record unparalleled among the schools of its type in the South, and comparable to any in the nation.

"During all its years Ward-Belmont's permanent success has rested not so much on its administration, wise as it may have been, not so much on its faculty, as well trained and qualified as any in the nation, but on the good work and acceptance of its ideals by the hundreds of young women coming from homes all over the nation. The school is known by the achievement of its students more than by its physical equipment, by the record of the happiness and adaptation of its pupils in home and society, more than by its close attention to the necessary formalities of the curriculum.

"So it is a source of pleasure today to welcome here those who have

(Continued on page 4)

SENIOR CHALLENGE SONG

Now listen, Senior-Middles gathered here,
The coming conflict gives you much to fear.
When the immortal gods go forth to win,
Your mortal arms will never save your skin.
When mortals dare to meet our weapons strong—
Then they are sure to end where they belong,
For fate has sealed your woeful destiny—
The gods will win ! ! ! ! !

PENTA TAU'S AND GUESTS IN "OLD HEIDELBERG"

Student Prince Motif Forms Background

Clever planning, and equally clever execution of plans combined to make the Penta Tau dance given last Saturday in the gym one of the outstanding successes of the entire season. The gym was decorated to represent a typical German beer-garden, and from a large sign hung over the orchestra, the guests were informed that they were in old Heidelberg. A "stone" wall about seven feet high, over which pink rambling roses were festooned, went around the entire gym except for a lowered wall in front of the orchestra, the entrance gate, and a tiny white cottage at the opposite end of the room. At the gate, receiving the guests, stood Miss Jane, the sponsor, Mary Elizabeth Dumas, president; Ethel Childress, vice-president; Margaret Harris, secretary, and Virginia Lou Sample, treasurer.

The special number for the evening was a short sketch, patterned on the traditional Heidelberg theme — the love story of the young prince (Mildred Schaefer), and the lovely peasant girl (Martha Candler). Music for the playlet was taken from the popular light opera "The Student Prince," and those who had parts were: Charlotte Strong, Margaret Carter, Frances Johnson, Rosa Moore, Frances Lamar, Louisa Warfield, Dorothy Gould, Margaret Harris, Jane Clark, Alice Daniel, Dorothy Cokendolpher, and Kitty Jameson.

After the special, refreshments, consisting of cheese sandwiches, olives, pretzels, and coffee, were served, dancing continued until ten o'clock. From first to last the dance was carried through with an ease and charm which was unusually praiseworthy.

OUT-OF-TOWN ALUMNAE PRESENT FOR HOMECOMING

Of the out-of-town alumnae Ward-Belmont was so happy to have back once again for Homecoming, over 12 states were represented. Next year we hope these loyal students will return to us again and that we may have even more of our old friends with us for our 1930 Homecoming.

Those who returned to this campus last week from out of town were: Jane Campbell, Tullahoma, Tenn.; Isabel N. Johnson, Attica, Ind.; Marion D. Newman, Evansville, Ind.; Emphia M. Fisher, West LaFayette, Ind.; Dorothy M. Brain, Tiffin, Ohio; Mary Louise Wilcox, Atlanta, Ga.; Lee Archer Lewis, Mildred Marsh, and Margaret Francez, Crowley, La.; Mary Jane Pulver, Madison, Wis.; Eugenia Mahan, Chicago, Ill.; Linda Robertson, Mayfield, Ky.; Helen Grooms, Greenfield, Tenn.; Mrs. Margaret Wedekind Gilliam, Jr., Scottsville, Ky.; Rubye B. Sprouse, Springfield, Tenn.; Mrs. Ihler Polhill Dodson, Macon, Ga.; Mrs. Margaret Chambers Bouton, Lebanon, Tenn.; Frances Fuller and Anne Fullen Gauen, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary E. Webster, Asheville, N. C.; Mrs. Joe W. Lellyett, Bell Buckle, Tenn.; Roberta Wikle, Franklin, Tenn.; Mrs. Louise Grisham Kellogg, Monroe, La.; Susie Ray Ross, Oak Grove, La.; Miriam E. DeLay, St. Louis, Mo.; Eleanor Terry Grinter, Cadiz, Ky.; Mary Frances Lowe, Mayfield, Ky.; Mary Potter, Sparta, Tenn.; Mary E. Vick, Champaign, Ill.; Mildred Pearson, Stalbans, W. Va.; Mary Alice Bales, Circleville, Ohio; Mrs. W. F. Lee, Sparta, Tenn.; Maribel Buford, Tracy City, Tenn.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Wednesday, April 10th — Sallied forth to town today, and shopped with all the energy I could gather up, returning at five-forty-five with a pair of garters, a powder puff, and a package of bobbie pins to show in proof of all my feverish activity. Dragged my weary bones to dinner and thence to club, where, but for the terrific din, I should have had a good and peaceful snooze. Home, still longing for some sound shut-eye, and remembered I had to write an English theme. No rest for the wicked—guess I'm due to reform. No excitement today, but if there had been I couldn't remember it now. And so to bed.

Thursday, April 11th—Can't turn around or take a step without encountering an alumna (page the Latin dictionary, and pat me on the back). And are they ever pretty! I look in the mirror and take heart—someday perhaps even I will be as stunning. Wire from Sister Gracie, who confirmed my darkest predictions—her infants conveniently acquired the measles. She told me that she intended to listen in for the chimes, though, and I surely hope she hears them—I was brought up on stories of them—and it gives me the biggest thrill to think that I'm actually here to hear them. But, gee, I do have the rottenest luck in little things—I would have lab on Tuesday and Thursday when there isn't any on Friday this week because of the dedication. I'd cut only it's sort of against my principles—to say nothing of my poor, discouraged little grade.

Friday, April 12th—The big day! Everything has been all agog and afutter the whole day. Did don my white robe and shivered bravely about, praying that the weather would warm up before afternoon—and lo and behold it really did. Early to the celebration, where I did adjourn to the AK house with some three or four dozen others for a sort of box seat view of the proceedings. Very happy until Mr. Price started chiming and then did tremble lest the brute force applied send one of the bells down through the ceiling. Out on the front campus, therefore, and spent one of the most completely blissful hours of my entire life. Those bells! How on earth could anyone attempt to describe how they sounded? The ideal day, all the sunshine, the flowers—well, I just can't keep from the wildest sort of raving when I think of them. Certainly hope the family heard them, although they couldn't possibly sound as thrillingly beautiful as they did here. Marvelous concert tonight—long enough to suit the most music-loving. Was getting a little tired by the end, but when Lhevinne started to play "The Beautiful Blue Danube," I could have listened for hours. Back to the room for the unusual dispensation of an extra half-hour before lights-out. The chimes again—I'm writing to the music—it's hard to believe they're real—it's fairy tale music.

Saturday April 13th.—Rose this morning with great reluctance and with unprepared lessons. A day of hearing that we have the wrong attitude Enough is enough—I won't have any attitude except to get a gun and shoot someone even if it's only I. Guess I'll have to acquire some kind of an attitude, though the only one that is completely satisfactory to me is an attitude of repose, which I judge to be the very one that the faculty is down on. With "Clutchie" and several of my little friends to the movie—and was I ever homesick for Culver—and thank heaven I'm going there again—I've been sweet-talking Bill for the last three weeks to get a bid and found success at last. Now all I have to do is convince mother that I should go. Imagine this X—some little dizzy asked me if there really were a building there with all those battlements, I honestly feel sorry for people who haven't seen the place—it holds next place to Ward-Belmont in my heart. To the Penta Tau dance balcony-wise. One of the season's best—no fooling! Everyone looking darling—and, oh, that special! Nearly wept over the "Student Prince" music. Thought Louisa Warfield outshone all the others in looks—she is simply gorgeous—what I wouldn't give for that hair, those eyes—raving again! Alice Daniels is about the most cute mortal on two feet—she certainly was a darling "sweetheart."

Sunday, April 14th—The first Sunday I can remember when it has rained before church. Stayed at home doing nothing—not even writing letters. Such a lazy existence! Tore madly about from club to club this afternoon in search of excitement, but no one seemed to know what that meant, I even found two groups studying—and worse still—some of them were doing their lessons for Tuesday. No hope for people like that. Ate at least four bananas for tea, but they were some sort of stunted ones so that doesn't mean that I was greedy, oh, no? Darling looking girl spoke in vespers tonight—I like vesper speakers that are interesting looking. And, oh, how I love vespers when Ruth Welty sings, and that's really true. Not that the other isn't, too, but I meant this to be emphatic.

Monday, April 15th.—All that Monday ever is is just Monday! Nothing else to say about it. Longed to go downtown with "Clutchie" but decided not to. Don't know where I got the sudden burst of common sense but it was about time I had some, so far be it from me to complain. Out for practice for Senior-Middle day, and nearly wore my silly self out. It's all for the good of the class, though, so that's all right.

Tuesday, April 16th.—Feel sorry for all the girls in the dancing recital, they certainly are being worked. Thank heaven neither "Clutchie" nor I take the stuff, and we're both ready to sit down quietly and watch the others—isn't it great to be ambitious



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6-1760

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206 6th Ave., N. Opposite Hermitage Hotel
Best for your beauty

like that? Only forty-four days until vacation! If only those exams weren't looming so mightily on the horizon I'd really be thrilled—but I can't think of them without an accompaniment of cold chills doing a gleeful tattoo up and down my spinal column. And Senior-Senior-Middle day. But it won't be long now—oh, no, indeeey (why in the world did I write that—it's my pet aversion?) But why worry about anything—which reminds me I'd better do some work or I'll be worrying Jean Quaid.

MESSAGES RECEIVED AFTER HEARING THE CHIMES

Scores of letters and telegrams have arrived at the school from friends and former students telling us how they were enjoying our first radio broadcast of the carillon on Homecoming Day.

Ruth Wurtsbaugh Kinghton of Shreveport, La., wired Dr. Bianchi: "Greetings. Enjoying chimes over radio. Regret could not be with you on this auspicious occasion."

Bernice Keaney Varner of Harrisonburg, Va. wired: "Heard Ward-Belmont Chimes last night. Congratulations and best wishes."

Roma Thomas Fraser of Lake Wales, Fla., wired: "Will listen for chimes tonight in Lake Wales, city of the carillon. Best wishes on this occasion."

Nora Lee Conditt of Tuckerman, Ark., wired: "Enjoying dedication ceremonies. Best wishes to Ward-Belmont."

Many letters and congratulatory messages have been received by students and members of the faculty. Miss Swift, who so faithfully performed her many duties at the switchboard and the P. O. and who is now in the hospital after a severe illness had someone call us from the hospital to say that she sent her love and congratulations to the alumnae, and that she heard the chimes over the radio.

"Kay" Isabel of Elkhart, Ind., wrote: "Just a couple of lines to let you know how very much I enjoyed hearing the W. B. chimes Friday night. Brought back memories and a queer little feeling of 'homesickness.' How I should have loved to have been there."

Jean Stotzer's family heard the chimes in Milwaukee, Wis., Leah Lindley's in Sullivan, Ind., Dorothy Underwood's in Ft. Wayne, Ind., Frances Hoffman's in Hannibal, Mo., some friends of "Bunny" Eberhart's in Austin, Minn., Betty Lane's family in Omaha, Nebr., Elaine Bean's in Knoxville, Tenn., Elberta Gooch's in Colorado Springs, Colo., "Bob" Reed's in Schenectady, N. Y., Dorothy Shacklett's in New Albany, Ind., Eleanor DeWitt's in Panama City, Fla., Marion Nicholson's and Edna M. Weinold's in Springfield, Ill., Jean Barry's in Middlesboro, Ky., Betty Stone's in West Hartford, Conn., Ruthe Donahoo's in Birmingham, Ala., Mary Elizabeth Dumas' in Talladega, Ala., Lucile Achen heard from Amherst, Mass., and "Tiny" Young's father in Norwalk, Ohio.

Rose Newmann of Helena, Arkansas wrote to Dr. Barton: "I can't begin to tell you just how much I enjoyed hearing you again, even though it was over the radio. I have often wondered how you were getting along, and hearing you Friday afternoon made me very homesick to see you."

CAMPUS COLUMN

"Young ladies, this has been the worst quarter the school has had, as far as grades are concerned."

Having been deeply impressed with these words given us during the chapel hour we take up our pen and paper to prepare our lessons for the next day. We set out with a right good will to memorize our English 22 poetry. "Hooks and Crooks!" we cry. Someone has borrowed (?) our book. We try history next. Oh! We forgot —we were absent last time and do not know the assignment. We start to write a term paper for "psych." We read it, "The Eloquent Child." Miss Norris would probably make the application to us if we handed in what we found we wrote:

Jeanine Dulie Freddie Ferrell Kappa Iota U. of A

In desperation we turn to the Campus Column and ask you, through it, whether any of all of you, if any, and whosoever, are minded thusly, with the non-concentrates? If so, call or phone Gym No. 600.

Ward-Belmont's Horse Show is not, as some think, an annual affair. It is perpetual, and seemingly, unavoidable. From the results of scientific observation we wish to award ribbons to the winners of the following events:

Class I Winner: Jessie Burgin.

Five Gaits: Jumping—Skipping—Hopping—Tearing (madly)—Stepping.

Class II Winner: "Chunky" Candler.

Three Traits: Giggling—Winking—Eating (when allowed).

Novice Winner: Nancy Electra Heflin Pierce.

Three Gaits: Loving—Leaving—Regretting.

Beginners: Tie between Artelia Browne and Myrtilla Daniels for Failing.

P. S. The winner of the Novice race, Mistress Nancy Electra Heflin Pierce, will be admitted to the Second Class as soon as she has completed her last gait, Forgetting.

The Campus Column is pleased to accede to the many requests for a Lost and Found portion. Anything to push forward the community spirit and help our little friends in their earnest desire.

Strayed—My clothes, oxfords, books and other inanimate objects. All persons wearing the first two and carrying the last will be under suspicion. (Severest.)

Grace Miller was telling a lovely story about David down among the lions where his brothers cast him, in "psych" the other day.

Miss Norris asked Susan Irwin a question requiring a long and complicated answer. Susan started, looked at Miss Norris instead of out the window (where she had been staring) and brightly replied, "Why, yes, I think so, too."

Jean Stotzer wears lilacs in her hair to class when she returns from an outing.

Jean Peterson answered a question in English Tuesday—almost. Everybody turned around—almost.

Nancy Butler was late to tea Sunday. When questioned she did not reply. Was your head still up in the clouds, Nanny?

Miss Ross called the roll Saturday.

Isn't this lovely weather gurrls? (You may rest assured we are about to "cease this mad ranting' when we speak of the weather. It's really awfully nice. You know, so green and fresh somehow.

One final fling! We would be happy if—

1. Miss Ross' picture—unpurchased and unrecognized, did not dance before our eyes.

2. *Romola* and *Vanity Fair*, both unread and unlikely to be unraveled, did not stare us in the eye.

3. A term paper did not await our hand, and if possible our mind.

4, 5, 6—and other tasks *ad infinitum*. Gentle reader do they haunt you, too?

Dad: "Why Margy, aren't you going to give your brother a piece of your apple?"

Margy: "No, Dad; Eve did that, and she has been criticised ever since."—*The Westport Crier.*

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

WORDS AS MESSENGERS

Words! How much they have come to mean to the human race? Through the medium of the word, man is enabled to express his thoughts, either in written or in spoken form, to the people with whom he comes in contact. It is most unlikely that, without the use of some form of language, man could have advanced very far from the purely animal state.

The average person uses words every day of his life. Hardly an hour passes that he is not making use of these messengers of speech, which carry his thoughts to the minds of other people. His words are making him known to those around him.

Yet, how often it happens that we thoughtlessly abuse the privilege of speech. How often we use cutting words, words meant to sting and hurt other people. As has been said before, words are messengers of thought. We can send messages of comfort sympathy, and understanding by them, or we can send harsh, unkind messages. We can wound other people's feelings with sarcastic and unkind remarks, or we can do much to alleviate their heart aches and worries with gentle words of kindness.

Strange as it may be, we, as a general rule, are very likely to forget ourselves and to quarrel with those who, of all people, we should be, for the time we are in school, most sympathetic and congenial with. Yes, at times room-mates are trying, but how much more trying we, ourselves, must be. Comradship, congeniality, and getting along splendidly with one's room-mate should be a fifty-fifty proposition. When differences of opinions arise, and slight misunderstandings ensue, take stock of yourself and see if the fault is not partly yours. Face the matter squarely, and do your part. Don't make unkind remarks.

Words are messengers of thought. Let's use them as good will messengers!

NEWS OF STATE CLUB LUNCHEONS

In the Alumnae Edition of last week the date of the Birmingham, Ala., luncheon was announced for June 9. This should be corrected s the Birmingham luncheon is on June 7, Tutwiler Hotel. Write Miss Helen Holmes, McClung St., Huntsville, Ala for reservations.

Time—June 8.

Place—Oklahoma Club, Oklahoma City, Okla. Write Miss Dorothy Caroll, Delta Gamma House, Norma, Okla. for reservations. Miss Louise Moseley, field representative, will be at the luncheon.

CONSERVATORY BROADCASTS

Again the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music broadcast over WSM, Nashville, last week. Those appearing on the program were:

Rubey Briggs Sprouse.....Piano
a. Bach Prelude.
b. Second Movement from Schumann Sonata.
c. Concert Etude....by Stremburg

Stella Christmas (three selections from Indian Love Lyrics by Amy Finden).

Lois Stout.....Voice
Cara Nome—from Rigoletto...Verdi

CONSERVATORY PUPILS PRESENTED IN CONCERT

Recital Given in Murfreesboro

The following program was recently given by the Ward-Belmont Conservtaory of Music at the Murfreesboro Women's Club by Lois Stout, soprano; Josephine Brun, contralto; Robert Thurman, tenor, and Fagan Thompson, bass.

I

In Picadie.....Osgood

Quartette

II

a. Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride.....O'Hara
b. Duna.....Marshall
c. Stockrider's Song.....Height

Fagan Thompson

III

Cara Nome—from "Rigoletto"..Verdi

Lois Stout

IV

Romance from L'elisir d'Amore
Una Furtiva Lagrima...Donisette

Robert Thurman

V

a. The Last Nour.....Kramer
b. Autumn Winds.....Ronald
c. Let My Life Be Music.....Sprose

Josephine Bran

VI

a. Pale Moon.....Logan
b. Ay, Ay, Ay.....Criolla

"Robert Thurman or Fagan Thompson?"

VII

a. None But the Lonely Heart
b. The Nightingale.....Densmore

Lois Stout

VIII

a. The Torrents.....Reger
b. Now is the Month of May..Morley

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

THIRD QUARTER

FIRST YEAR

Caldwell, Jeanette.
Colton, Sara.
Sherwood, Marjorie.
Wilkinson, Marie.

SECOND YEAR

Hotchkiss, Miriam.
Ownbey, Mabel Winn.
Walters, Elizabeth
Williams, Betty.

THIRD YEAR

Clement, Mary Dean.
Gibson, Frances.
Jones, Geneva.
Ryan, Mary Elizabeth.
Smith, Frances.
Smith, Josephine.
Smith, Sara May.
Sutherland, Jane.
Torrey, Anita.
Cunningham, Elizabeth.

FOURTH YEAR

Bond, Lucy May.
Cooper, Miriam.
Dillon, Ann.
Dunnington, Mary Helen.
Ewing, Evelyn.
Fleming, Eleanor.
Johnson, Willie D.
Mims, Ella Puryear.
Nooe, Willa Mima.
Whaley, Elizabeth.
Williams, Betty.

COLLEGE HONOR ROLL

THIRD QUARTER

SENIORS

Almon, Emily.
Bachman, Katherine.
Barclay, Marjorie.
Bass, Mary Blackman.
Blackman, Marion.
Bowne, Artelia.
Caldwell, Christine.
Daniel, Mary Sue.
Hornback, Lucille.
Howard, Margaret.
Johnson, Frances.
Huffman, Elizabeth.
Hume, Mary Leland.
Johnson, Wendel.
Patterson, Carolyn.
Pendleton, Elizabeth.
Schneizer, Marion.
Smith, Edna.
Stone, Dorothy.
Williams, Dorothy.
Young, Celestina.

SENIOR MIDDLE

Black, Dorothy.
Clendening, Rebecca.
Cummings, Joanne.
Detrick, Dorothy.
Frazer, Annie V.
Freeman, Margaret.
Hayes, Minnie.
Hildebrand, Marion.
Jenkins, Frances.
Kirchner, Josephine.
Lane, Betty.
Leopold, Marjorie.
Rerick, Gretchen.
Reynolds, Evelyn.
Sipher, Jane.
Zahrt, Marguerite.

NEBRASKA-IOWA CLUB LUNCHEON AT BELLE MEADE

One of the most delightful of the social events of the past week was the Iowa-Nebraska luncheon at Belle Meade last Saturday noon. The long tables were lovely with decorations in purple and white, the centerpiece being a silver basket filled with iris and bridlewreath. The afternoon was pleasantly passed with dancing and bridge. The chaperones for this delightful party were Mrs. Means, Mrs. Plaskett, Miss Leavell. Miss Mills, Dean of Women from 1915-27 was the honor guest of the occasion.

WATER POLO SEASON CLOSES

T. C.'s Emerge Victors

T.C.	*Tri K.*
Miller.....C.F.....Northrup	
Lewis.....R.F.....Dunnington	
Cremin.....L. F.....Lang	
Daniels.....R.G.....Ellingson	
O'Donnell.....L.G.....Adams	

This is one final game that lived up to every one's expectations. Both teams were excellent and played with all their strength As usual, the Tri K's were slow in getting started. They let the T.C.'s in the first half pile up score after score. The half ended with the T. C.'s flounting to the score of 19 to the Tri K's 8. The Tri K's came back seemingly determined to win. Lang shot goal after goal. She seemed to be able to shoot from any position. At one time the score stood T.C. 22, Tri K. 21, then Northrup made a goal and the Tri K's were ahead by one point. The players were tense; the rooters were all noise and strained throats; the score see-sawed back and forth, usually with the T.C.'s just a step ahead. The final score was Tri K. 26, T.C. 29.

The goals were: Miller 4; Lewis 13: Cremin 10; Northrup 4; Dunnington 6; Lang 16.

W.-B. ALUMNAE CHIMES DEDICATED

(Continued from page 1.)

wrought with us in former years. That welcome takes a turn of appreciation for the offering that you bring to us. You occupy a unique position as alumnae of Ward-Belmont. Your loyalty has never been challenged by an appeal for funds for scholarships or endowment. The very existence of your school, so far as dictated by economic necessity, has been predicated on the annual income from each of you while studenta. Sometimes in the past the clouds have been very heavy,

SENIOR STATISTICS

NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEA OF JOY	IDEA OF MISERY	AMBITION
Ruth Welty	"Listen, you all"	Singing	Flunking	Winning Senior, Senior Midddle Day
Jean Stotzer	"Oh, Boy!"	Europe	Being called "Stotzer"	"Al"
Jean Peterson	"That makes me tired"	Special at ten	Hurrying	Roof Apartment
"Jo" Cooper	"I'll be there in a minute"	When Bill is an angel	No angels	Keeping away from the "North Counetree"
"Dot" Underwood	"Thanks"	"Bwo-Bwo"	Collecting for *Milestones*	Warden of an insane asylum
"Chris" Caldwell	"Now, let me tell you"	Daily special	Leaving Ward-Belmont	To be lovable
Katherine Bachman	"I'm not either"	Camp	None	Teach Psychology
"Horty" Ambrose	"——"	Texas	Latin Prose	Pass Latin Prose
"Gussy" Wherry	"Hello there"	Asking questions	Not playing water polo	Beat senior mids
Frances Johnson	"Anything to eat?"	"A" in Expression	Getting up early	"A" in Expression

but with each ray of sunshine there has never been even the ordinary withdrawal of funds to cover the risks involved, but always a new investment for improvement in physical equipment, so that the traditional policy of keeping abreast of every opportunity could be enjoyed by those who come this way. That this must and will continue to be the policy of the school, I have no hesitation in proclaiming here and now. Ward-Belmont must endure. The urge comes no stronger from the administration than from the thousands who have passed this way.

"So your gift, an expression of your free will, comes to us today not in payment of a debt, but we are pleased to believe as an evidence of gratitude. And this places on us the responsibility of seeing that this institution carries on, weathers its storms, and continues to advance the happiness of those here and yet to come. Prosperity is a relative term, and only as we continue to assume the responsibilities of this trust bequeathed to us can we expect to survive.

"The gift itself, representing culture in one of its choicest conceptions, will be an ornament to our campus, a joy to our student body, a pleasure to our neighbors and an appealing messenger of love and loyalty from those whose lives have been enriched while here. It also stands as a beacon pointing our way for others.

"It is a continuing expression of your thought of Ward-Belmont renewing itself with each program rendered.

We are not unmindful in our appreciation of all those whose contributions have made this carrillon possible. We express our thanks to those who promoted the idea, and to the classes of Ward-Belmont that have made it the object of their annual gift to the school. The very fact that at least eight classes have been willing to forego their individual identities in presenting gifts to the school, and were willing to contribute to this larger effort, is but an indication of that spirit which is fostered here—a spirit of deeper culture, sounder understanding and broader vision.

We accept the gift, with its anticipated pleasure, as an expression of your sentiments and a token of your good will. We pledge our effort, our all, to the task assumed of upholding the ideals which have brought us on our way—and holding fast to them in order that our future may be assured.

"Ward-Belmont School, the recipient of your generosity this day, counts itself fortunate to have the privilege of naming you its chief benefactors. May the mutual bonds, which hold now, be cemented more firmly with the addition of each succeeding year."

JOSEF LHEVINNE GIVES RECITAL

(Continued from page 1)

their best evening of serenely exalted pianistic art enjoyment, among the many notable evenings of the present season.

Why the art of Josef Lhevinne stands head-and-shoulders above the rank and file of pianists, why he held his audience "in his hand" for two hours, is hard to explain. I may say, however, by way of comparison, that it was the same feeling of being in the presence of the serenely classic which one experiences when Paderewsky sits at the piano. Mr. Lhevinne invites one to bow in reverence before the great masters of tonal creations. His art is restful. He does no hammering, though one feels that he could if the rabble demand that sort of timely stuff. He is not manneristic. On the contrary, he is there the modest priest, the vicar of Schumann, Brahms, Liszt, and Taussig.

I was glad, somehow, that he did not open with intellectual music. Poetic music is his greatest opportunity. And I never realized before that Schumann and Brahms were such great poets. It was too bad that the recitalist found it necessary to mix Debussy up with his group of immortals. For the "mortality" of this Frenchman became all too evident when associated with those others. I have been trying religiously to follow Debussy, to find what he is driving at. But he seems to be driving at nothing more than little effects. A dozen little, albeit agreeable, weak tonal attempts in a dozen different moods mixed hopelessly, going nowhere, nobody home—that is the Debussy of last night and of many nights."

The *Nashville Tennessean*:

About a score of years ago we heard a young Russian pianist give a very fine recital at Ryman auditorium. It was Josef Lehvinne. About nine years ago he played at Ward-Belmont, and last night he gave another recital at the school before a large audience.

If ever a pianist charmed local listeners it was Lehvinne, who is one of the giants of the keyboard. At his first concert here he was a very brilliant technician, at his second appearance, his interment in Germany during the war was still too recent, but now his srt has matured and mellowed so that he is among the elect.

His playing seems all most effortless. With all his phenomenal speed, he always gives the impression that he has in reserve still greater speed. Technique with him is truly only a means to an end, for it is his warm, lovely, velvety tone that predominates.

Accuracy Is Miraculous

With apparently little motion of his very long fingers and no unnecessary movements of his hands he attends an accuracy that is little short of miraculous and a lusciousness of tone quality that is beautiful beyond belief.

His uncanny sense of rhythm is another thing to be marveled at. It is perfection itself.

His is a charming personality and all his former pupils, of whom there were several who had studied with him in Berlin, are devoted to him. He has no mannerisms. When he sits down at the keyboard he becomes wrapped up in his music, and when he bows in response to the applause, he smiles a slow and wistful smile and the applause is doubled.

He began last night with the "Scotch" Intermezzo in E flat, by Brahms, and the rarely-heard Intermezzo in A-flat and Capricco in C-sharp Minor by the same composer. His interpretations are subtle and never purposely spectacular.

Schumann's lovely "Etudes Symphoniques," which he played here at his last concert, were transcendantly beautiful.

Chopin's Shezo in C-sharp Minor is popular this season, having been played by Lawrence Goodman, Mary Douthit, Madam Llszniewska, and Hazel Harrison. Lhevinne made child's play of its difficulties and the descending runs were delicate and clear.

Gives Three Encores

The Impromptu in G-flat was played with poetic charm, Two Mazurkas, one in A-minor and the other in G Major, and the great "Drum" Polonaise in A-flat, the manuscript of which was sold the other day in Berlin for $5,000, completed the Chopin group. The Polonaise had a superb rendition.

Three encores were added, Chopin's "Minuet" Waltz, in D-flat, Chopin's "Butterfly" Etude, in D-flat, and Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song." The rapidity, tone and accuracy of these was amazing. Not a note was either too loud or too indistinct.

Liszt's "Feux Follets" (fireflies) was novel to many, as also were Debussy's "La Terrace des Audiences du Clair de Lune" and his "Fireworks," which was the last word in modern pyrotechniques.

Taussig's tremendously difficult "Gypsy Airs" was followed by an encore, the lovely Schultz-Evler arabesques on Johann Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube," done with consummate ease.

Among his Nashville pupils Lhevinne numbers Mrs. Schmitz, Miss Amelle Throne, and Lawrence Goodman of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, and Miss Agatha Brown and Mrs. Daisy Hoffman.



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IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

Last Sunday afternoon it would have been hard to decide which were the happier, the children at the Junior League Home or the girls from school who went out to play with them. It has probably been a long time since some of us have cut paper-dolls, made soldier hats and told Mother Goose stories. It didn't take long to get into the swing of things though, after seeing all those eager little faces. Dick, the little red headed boy, was especially thrilled with the beautiful green and yellow automobile in the magazines. Ruth liked the pictures of the pretty ladies. Jack wants us to bring him a little train the next time we come. We will have to find that train somewhere because, —well you'd think so, too, if you could have seen Jack.

The girls that went to the Junior League Home were: Viola Quebman, Mary Elizabeth Borneman, Ruth Currey, Lucy May Mills, Helen Bolyard, Evelyn Tyndall, Florence Sellwold and Ann Ryther.

Only one more meeting, and the Student and Industrial Commission for 1929 will disband until the New Commission for 1930 shall be formed. These eight students representing four colleges, and these eight industrial girls from several plants in the city —what has it meant to them to meet together during the past two months? They asked themselves the question at the last meeting they held, and the following is the statement of one of the students of the Commission:

"The first, and most important thing that the Student and Industrial Commission has meant to me, is that it has aroused my interest in what the world is doing, and that I can see some of the problems confronting the field of industry and education. I have awakened to the truth, that there are problems to be faced, and that the young people of today will be the ones that face them tomorrow; today is the time to start thinking, and to get a firm foundation for the acts of the future."

Sunday evening Miss Rebecca Caudill, editor of The Torchbearer, spoke at vespers on the subject of peace—but more directly on the first Youth's Peace Conference held last August in Holland. Five hundred young people from all over the world were represented at this gathering—Russians, Britains, Americans, Frenchmen, Italians and others. Though often times, because of the various languages, the members could not converse with one another, still they were bound together because they were all there for one great purpose, to try to bring about the coming of peace. The very spirit was one of sincerity and fellowship. Miss Caudill painted many vivid pictures of this first Youth's Peace Conference, but one that will stay with many of us the longest is that of a great bonfire with its flames leaping heavenward against the gloom of the pines in the background, and with this group of five hundred young people from all over the world gathered around it in the perfect silence that only true unity or spirit makes possible. Surely that was a forecast of that comradeship that will someday bind all peoples of the earth together as brothers and that will automatically banish war for ever.

Ruth Welty sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and was accompanied by Lois Stout. Nancy Noland played the organ prelude.

The sunday school was directed by Ruthe Donahoo, who, after announcing and leading the songs, introduced the speaker of the worship period, Edna May Wienold. She gave a very helpful and instructive talk on appreciation, that quality that so many of us are prone to neglect in our hurried, daily living. She urged the girls to stop and notice the beauty lying all about us, and show our appreciation to God for the wonderful gifts He has given us. Not only should we appreciate God, but also our parents, and the many sacrifices they make for us every day. Our friends, too, often times do many things for us, little things mostly but nevertheless acts of kindness for which we should most certainly show appreciation, not only in words, but in deeds.

Lydareene Majors and Elaine Bean furnished the music for Sunday school this Sunday and we certainly appreciate their faithfulness.

CLUB NOTES

Tri-K Kumbacks

The Tri-K's had a wonderful time at their picnic at the Hermitage in spite of the coldness and cloudiness of the weather. Those who went gathered by the tennis court and climbed aboard the bus, accompanied by a victrola and lots of food. The "vic" was kept going most of the trip, and a few ambitious people tried to dance in the bus. It didn't work very well.

Everybody enjoyed walking around the beautiful grounds of the Hermitage. The place closed before we had time to eat, however, so we had our picnic in the bus, which was parked by the side of the road. Since the food was very plentiful everybody felt happy on the way home. The result was a lot of singing of songs we all knew.

The Tri-K's were very sorry that Miss Morrison was not able to go with them on the trip.

Dashing Del Vers

Last Saturday the Del Ver Club gave a tea for Mary Jane Pulver, last year's president, and the other Del Ver alumnae. The "Wandering Blues" played, and dancing was enjoyed along with iced tea, sandwiches, cookies and candy.

A committee was in charge of the affair, and the entire club was invited, with their guests.

F. F.

A week ago Wednesday, the F. F. club entertained their sister club, the Penta Tau's at a tea. It was formal and both clubs enjoyed the affair very much.

Last club night the F. F.'s held a business meeting, during which plans were made for going to Belle Meade, and for other club activities.

Osiron Owlets

At last our dance is over and we can devote our time to various other things; such as a baseball team, a track team, and a group to enter the song contest; in other words, new outlets for our club spirit.

This week our new members gave a little party to show their appreciation of the work done by the old members. To be sure, we had the "Wandering Blues" who have long since become indispensable at club parties, to play for us. This evening, gaily spent in dancing and eating, was a pleasant contrast to the seriousness of our last few meetings when we were planing for the dance.

"Say, did you hear about the fellow who invented a device for looking through a brick wall?"

"No, what does he call it?"

"A window."—*Side Lines.*

The ice man says he loves me, but I don't believe him; he has such cold ice.—*The Hornet.*

"Have you got a pin?"

"Com'on, rolling, tin, safety, bar, stick, collar, hair, wrist, beauty, scarf, tie, or fraternity?"—*The Hamiltonian.*

"Why are you shivering so?"

"Just made zero on an exam."

Student: "Doesn't it seem silly?"

Pupil: "What?"

Student: "Erecting a monument to an absent-minded professor's memory."—*The Hornet.*

A. K. Open House

The members of the A. K. club were hostesses at an informal afternoon tea last Saturday in the A. K. clubhouse. This was one of the largest teas that has been given on the campus, and was very delightful. Miss Brooks, sponsor of the club; Marion Blackman, Betty Schmidtbaur, and Nancy Butler received the guests. The "Wandering Blues" furnished music for dancing in the large drawing room, from which the rugs were removed. During the afternoon iced tea, dainty sandwiches, cakes, and bonbons were served.

To "Chady" Strong and Jane Clark this space is dedicated.

Why?

Because we promised them recognition if they got an A in order and neatness instead of an F.

Result:

They got an A minus, but we realize how the dear girls have tried to pick up their clothes, and straighten their room, and keep their faces clean.

We never go back on our word. "Chady" and Jane, we'll give you more space and a big headline if you get A this semester. (Here's your chance to become famous overnight.)

THE WEEK'S CALENDAR

Monday, April 22—T.C. dinner at Belle Meade.

Tuesday, April 23—Mammoth Cave trip.

Radio—Mr. Rose.

Thursday, April 25—Advanced Student Recital.

Friday, April 26—Triad dance in tea room, 4-6.

Thorton Wilder at Centennial Club.

Saturday, April 27—Eastern-Western-West Va. club's dance.

Tri-K picture show.

Senior-Senior Middle Day.

THE SCRAPBOOK

This poem, first published in the San Francisco *Examiner*, January 15, 1899, met with immediate popularity and was quoted and reprinted throughout the English-speaking world. It voiced so vigorous a protest against the unprincipled exploitation of the laboring man, that it was hailed as "the battle cry of the next thousand years."

Notes in *A Book of American Literature:*

"The Man With the Hoe"—Edwin Markham.

Written after seeing Millet's World-Famous Painting of a brutalized toiler.

God made man in his own image.
In the image of God made He him.
—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns,
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with songs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the judges of the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward-looking and the light;
Rebuild it in the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shape him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of centuries?

This is Edwin Markham's most famous poem. Since Mr. Markham spoke at vespers and spoke to several groups of students and teachers, it is thought that this poem will be of interest to many at this time.

"Georgia, have you been playing football again?"
"No ma'am."
"But your trousers are torn."
"That is from running home to see if you had any errands for me to go."
—*The Trail Blazer.*



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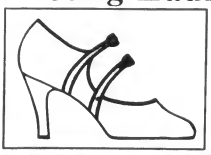
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The South—ruffled organdies—picture hats—winding walks past crepe myrtle and gardenias—a slow-moving river—weeping willows—Mary Jackson.

Blue chiffon—toe slippers and a white ballet skirt—tea gardens—summer—the pink and gold of a summer sunset—Margaret Carter.

Summer camps—airdale pups—resting on green grass beneath a great shade tree—good books—apples—fun—Rita Miller.

Jade ear-rings—gay festivals with confetti and serpentine—summer resorts—golf links—green sport clothes—sun—Mary Elizabeth MacFarland.

WHO'S WHO

Everyone has known for a long time that there is a girl around the campus who is made along the lines of *College Humor's* most beautiful magazine covers, and who has something that no magazine cover girl could ever even suggest. Her eyes have the loveliest twinkle in them, and the corners of her mouth are always curling up into a smile. And that slow "Gawgia" drawl is something we hesitate to describe. She is the sort of a girl one can spend long afternoons with, and still be amused and delighted with her personality. Whether one is serious or feeling silly she fits in perfectly. And she has a disposition that is said to be so uniformly charming that only studying can make her melancholy. To conclude, she is the fourth in a suite that is one of the best on the campus.—Virginia Owens.

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CHILDREN'S DEMONSTRATION CLASS GIVE RECITAL

The Children's Demonstration Class in Dramatics and Reading gave a recital on Wednesday, April 18th, in the Expression Studios.

The program consisted of original plays, action games, readings, and rhythmic interpretation.

Those taking part were: Janet McFadden, Fannie R. Shore, Kathleen Lipscomb, Margaret Eppes, Carolyn Richardson, Nell McMurray, Anna Spivey, Marion Hill, Mary C. Napier, Mary Aldredge, Jane Barton, Mary Broch, Emma Wesson, Ida Wesson.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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CAROLINA PLAY-MAKERS CHARM AUDIENCE

Rarely have we enjoyed any school entertainment so much as the three one-act plays presented by the Carolina Playmakers of the University of North Carolina last Friday afternoon at the Belmont theater. A delegation of North Carolina girls filled the first four rows of the Ward-Belmont section. But we wager that even their enjoyment did not surpass ours.

It was truly a revelation to girls of the Northern section of the country, and for two reasons: the Carolina Playmakers are the only group that is developing native dramatic material in the United States, and they are presenting a phase of life that is vivid and true of a section of the country unknown to many, but full of such a wealth of resources of great drama that the stark reality of the plays is stupendous.

The fine vigor of the work the university is undertaking was made evident to us when Professor Koch, the director of dramatic literature there, spoke after the first play. The enthusiasm with which he was received was a compliment to both the interest of the audience and the worth of the players. His concluding remark was: "I believe the South has something rich and fine to contribute to the sum total of American Literature."

The plays the Playmakers give are

(Continued on page 5)

MISS WINNIA GAINS HONORS IN MOUNTAIN STORY

Assistant Expression Instructor Praised

Monday evening, Miss Catherine Winnia, assistant teacher of expression, appeared in the Little Theatre presentation of "Sunup," by Lula Volmer, the simple story of a mountain widow out of time with the world.

The girls who attended the performance were enthusiastic about Miss Winnia's performance, and the critic of the Nashville *Tennessean* was most complimentary. To quote that paper:

"Catherine Winnia, who, unfortunately, has not played before this season, to our knowledge, made the show. It was on the acting of the Widow Cagle that the success of the presentation rested, and Catherine Winnia not only made herself a success but carried the weaker actors as well.

"As a drab, stern, mountain mother, she had her dialect well in hand, curbed any desire toward exhibitionism, and cooly made the show the hit of the Little Theatre season. Aided only by the frying of real bacon and veritable cabin furnishings, she made 'Sunup' a real performance."

Welcome, Dr. and Mrs. Blanton

Ward-Belmont extends its most loving hearty greetings to two people who have been away for several months, two people whom everyone knows as friends, and whose absence from the campus has been only too noticeable to those who have long valued the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Blanton as one of the most charming influences of the school.

Dr. Blanton has been spending the past several months in the Santa Rita hotel, Tuscon, Arizona. According to all reports, this sojourn in the West has greatly improved Dr. Blanton's health. We can thank the lovely Nashville spring for bringing these two delightful people back to us, and the girls who have been here the last two years when the Blantons have not been at school the whole time, are especially grateful to catch a glimpse of them before school is over.

Indeed, all of us feel that we cannot claim ourselves real Ward-Belmont girls until we have had some opportunity to know the Blantons, so that we may join in the chorus of admiring alumnae and furnish the very latest information on these favorites of the school.

111 DEPART FOR MAMMOTH CAVE

44 Take Second Day Trip

With the great adventure lying before us and fleeting thoughts of how chagrined our history teacher would feel when our bright and shining countenance didn't appear in class, 111 sleepy, but joyful, Ward-Belmites after a filling breakfast of grits, bacon, toast, and coffee boarded the train at the Union station last Tuesday at 7:30 a. m. for the annual Mammoth Cave trip.

On the train we played bridge, laughed, slept, ate fruit, which Dr. Barton and Arnold passed around very graciously, gazed interestingly upon the fleeting landscape, traveled from Car I to Car III every 15 minutes, became thoroughly wide awake as we passed through Gallatin where we knew we saw Nancy Baskerville's family, speculated upon the brick colonial buildings on the hill at Bowling Green, Ky., and lapsed back into an expectant attitude as we neared our base of supplies, Cave City, Ky.

Disembarking from the train at Cave City, we clambered into busses and cars which would take us 12 miles through the cave region to the Mammoth Cave Hotel. Fortunately, Evelyn Reynold's father met us and drove us to the hotel. The weather was ideal. The sky was blue-white with an occasional fluffy cloud, the dogwood bloomed in profusion, its wax-like flowers looked like white butterflies bobbing through the landscape, on either side of the long winding road the natives were selling bits of formation from out of the caves, signs and billboards with "Crystal Cave," "Where Floyd Collins Was Buried Alive"; "Visit Onyx Cave"; "See Niagara Falls, Where a Beautiful Woman was Turned Into Stone" formed the markings at every turn, circus tents with their gaudy flags and pennants flying from the poles, and the clown's donkey grazing peacefully beside the road came into view as we rounded a bend, and we all talked about the circus and pink lemonade until the entrance to Mammoth Cave park reminded us again of the great adventure.

Out of the busses, up the steps of the hotel, straight to the postal-card counter where we bought bandana handkerchiefs, pennants, and flooded the mail box generally with cards to our roommate, our friends, and our family who couldn't possibly have been having such a good time. Into gym bloomers and middies, and back again into the dining room a thoroughly hungry crew quickly finished every last morsel of food and then lined up outside the hotel for our three and one-half hour trip through the cave.

Costumes of all sorts and descriptions graced the front of the Mammoth Cave Hotel. Dr. Barton would pass for "What the Well-Dressed Engineer Should Wear," while Mrs. Martyn and Mrs. Charlton tried to out do Dorothy Pickens and Marian Jump in the matter of appendage chic, and the Misses Casebier and Insull, in the mode of Camp Cohechee, marched along at the head of Groups II and III respectively.

We were off, after having secured a lantern, had our pictures taken at the mouth of the cave, and after bidding one last good-bye to the beautiful sunshine and the living air we grasped our partner's hand, and slowly found our way along the black passages, thinking all the while of Floyd Collins. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness we would distinguish tributes of bronze, rock, and granite from every state in the union along the sides of the passageway. The first one we encountered was an A. E. F. memorial which was erected last year. Certain members of the party searched in vain for the name of their state but to no avail. The glorious state of Kansas was not represented.

After a preliminary 10-minute walk the real entrance to the cave loomed before us, dark and threatening, and only more so when we hung our lanterns over the Bottomless Pit and strained our eyes to pierce the depths below. Only the encouraging voice of our guides, before and aft, and Nell Berwick's cheering us along our way by such cries as "Oh, don't leave me!" "Don't leave me." "Wait a minute," "Where's the light?" gave us forti-

(Continued on page 5)

DANCE RECITAL SCORES WELL MERITED SUCCESS

For its variety, cleverness, and extreme beauty, we wish to take this opportunity to compliment Miss Jantzer and her dancing pupils on their recital of April eighteenth. Although the recital was a long one, not once did our interest lag, and every new dance was a revelation in beauty of grouping, pertness of costume, or catchiness of rhythm. Not only as a recital but as an artistic performance, this was truly a fine entertainment.

The first number, "A Kewpie Wedding" immediately won the hearts of the audience. It was like a fairy frolic, and quite as artless.

The Schubert Suite was a series of beautiful pictures, and rhythm of line was accomplished not only by the grace of the dancers, but by the flowing costumes. The blonde wigs were extremely becoming and gave a Grecian accent to the classic proportions of the costumes. One can never forget the breathless and exquisite loveliness of Nancy O'Connor's performance in that silver brocade dress.

"Tulip Time" was a refreshing and naive little Dutch dance in which the girls wore big wooden shoes and fresh white caps.

(Continued on page 4)

TEXAS CLUB GIVES RODEO

Texans Make "Whoopee" Saturday Night

All year we've been hearing that the eyes of Texas were upon us. But last Saturday night at the Lone Star Rodeo our eyes were on Texas. This rodeo was held in a picturesque tent constructed of vivid green, red, and orange crepe paper. From the top brightly colored pennants fluttered gaily. Even the peanut vender and the funny man with the huge bunch of balloons were there. Those of the guests who knew rodeos proclaimed it to be most realistic and they who were initiates were quite as impressed.

The Special, a clever burlesque of a rodeo, was unique and hilarious. As we would say in slang, "it went over big." Nell Burwick as the master of ceremonies announced that it was to be preeminent among shows, and then convinced us of it. Mildred Schaeffer, a wandering cowboy with winning ways was also convinced for the performance was executed by famed celebrities. Tom Mix it was, who swung a rope with surprising dexterity, and Hoot Gibson himself displayed his skill on horseback. (Jimsey Duncan and Frances Lamar impersonated these two characters very effectively.) The entire program was as follows:

1. Bucking Demonstration.
2. Wild Steer Bulldogging.
3. Fancy rlding.
4. Roping.
5. Fancy Tricks.

(Continued on page 5.)



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IN THE WAKE OF THE Y

Mysterious Russia, half Occident, half Orient, with its extremes in education, economic religious life—furnished the background of an illuminating talk on Count Leo Tolstoi at vespers last Sunday evening. Rabbi Julius Mark of Vine Street Temple was the speaker, and in a masterly manner he sketched the broad outlines of the life of this one of the world's greatest reformers. Born as a member of one of the noblest families of Russia, given the best educational advantages, he very early showed his sympathy for the oppressed peasants of his native land, and began a life-long endeavor to aid them in every possible way. The story of this nobleman living the simple, toiling life of a peasant on his large estate, often misunderstood by peasants and noblemen alike, of his reaction against the formalism of the Greek Orthodox Church of Russia, of his finally becoming an earnest follower of Jesus of Nazareth at the age of fifty, of his subsequent attempt to apply the teachings of Jesus to every phase of national and international life—this story of a very great life held the close attention of Dr. Mark's listeners from the beginning of his talk until the end.

Vesta Kitchell furnished the organ music, while Martin Nicholson, accompanied by Miss Boyer, sang "Oh Divine Redeemer."

Not Russia, but a place high up in the mountains of one of our own Southern states, was the center of a most interesting report and discussion at the last cabinet meeting of the "Y." Blue Ridge, in all its beauty and fascination, was described by "Chris," "Stotzer" and Elizabeth Lee, who have all been there and thus know. Listening to them, every girl in Ward-Belmont would be ready to take the train on June 4th for the annual Y.W.C.A. conference that is to be held there. Friendships with students from the leading colleges of fourteen Southern states and with some from England, Russia, and China as well, gay times at Ward-Belmont's own cottage where "Chris'" victrola was often heard, worthwhile hours in discussion groups and in the larger meetings in the auditorium—these were some of the things that the other members of the cabinet heard about Blue Ridge. Then followed the big question as to who are to be invited to represent W.-B. there this year. That question has not been completely settled yet, but happy times are ahead for those particular girls—whoever they may be.

The April social service tour, under the direction of the "Y," took place last Tuesday afternoon. Since many girls had been so interested in Miss Newell's description of the Martha O'Bryan Settlement House at vespers not long ago, it was decided that this settlement should be the place of our study and observation. A visit was first made to the annex, located in the midst of Mud Flats, where a large Mothers' Club was engaged in the intricacies of producing delectable bran muffins. Under Miss Newell's direction, the group next made a thorough survey of the Settlement House itself, and saw every kind of activity in progress that could possibly be carried on in such a center. A graduate of W.-B. of last year's class was there in charge of a large group of little girls studying art work, and judging from the way her charges hung about her, is proving to be a popular and skillful teacher.

The girls who enjoyed this interesting and worthwhile trip were: Lucille Porter, Florence Sellwold, Helen Seldomridge, Ann Ryther, Gladys Lindsay, Margaret Yoder, Louise Vawter, and Alice Daniels.

If you happened to wander into sunday school last Sunday morning you surely enjoyed the singing to the accompaniment of Lydareene's piano and Elaine's violin. And you must have liked very much the talk that Ruthe Danahoo made on "Sincerity." The discussion group that followed was rather worthwhile, too. You didn't go? Well, what about trying us out this next Sunday?

Two little boys in the children's ward at Vanderbilt hospital who have been making a brave fight to be able to walk again have been the objects of keen interest and sympathy on the part of many W.-B. girls. Only two are allowed to see them at a time, but this past week the following girls have visited them at different times: Louise MacMurray, Kathryn Loveman, Mildred Hall, Lucille Taylor and Margaret Doughty.



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POLK MEMORIAL ASS'N AWARDS PRIZE TO W.-B. STUDENT

The Polk Memorial Association of Nashville recently offered a prize of ten dollars to the girls in the first year high school class of Ward-Belmont who could write the best description of the room in the War Memorial building where there are kept some of the furniture and other effects of President and Mrs. James K. Polk.

Mrs. Max Souby, their English teacher, took the girls to the room to examine the contents.

After careful consideration, the judges awarded the first prize to Jeannette Caldwell, daughter of Mr. Ralph Caldwell, of Nashville. The president of the association, Mrs. James E. Caldwell, offered a second prize for the theme that was judged next to the best. For this prize there was a tie vote; therefore the five dollars was divided and was given to Corinne Webb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Webb, and to Edith Caldwell, the daughter of Mr. Charles W. Caldwell. The following is the prize-winning description of the room by Jeannette Caldwell:

THE POLK MEMORIAL ROOM

James K. Polk was one of the Governors of Tennessee and later a President of the United States. His home, Polk Place, was in Nashville; consequently, the ladies of Nashville have formed a Polk Memorial Association and are interested in preserving whatever can be acquired of his personal effects. They have been kindly assisted in doing this by Mrs. George W. Fall, adopted daughter of President Polk, who has given many interesting objects; these are very charmingly gathered together in a room in the War Memorial Building.

The Polk Memorial Room, for it is so-called, is open at certain hours only, but if one is not so fortunate as to come during "visiting hours," one may peer eagerly through a lattice iron door, above which is an inscription which runs as follows:

"Memorial Room to President James K. Polk, eleventh President of the United States. Contents of this room are a gift to the State from Mrs. George W. Fall."

The whole room is full of interesting objects of great historical value, but I believe the pictures interested me most.

As one enters the room, one naturally turns to the left, and there he notices a splendid portrait of Cortez which was given to the President by General Worth of the Mexican Army, whose statue is at Fifth Avenue and Broadway in New York. Quite in contrast to this magnificent portrait is a small insignificant piece of embroidery which is framed. It is on satin and is the scene of a tomb against a background of trees. It seems rather cruel of fate that Mrs. Polk, while yet a school girl, should have embroidered the scene that for a great many years of her later life she should see constantly day and night.

Now one moves on a bit and on the other side of a gold-leaf mirror notices a picture of Mrs. Polk and her neice, Sadie Polk Fall. Next come several interesting documents; President Polk's first message is in a large frame, and a small copy of his inaugural address is hung at its side. A most interesting document draws one's attention next, mainly because of the beautiful handwriting. It is a paper about Polk's election, written from the United States Senate, February 12, 1845, and signed by the speaker of the Senate and the United States Secretary. A copy of the inaugural address Polk made in Nashville when he was elected governor next meets one's eye, and near it is a picture of Mrs. R. J. Lawrence, granddaughter of Andrew Jackson, and Mrs. Fall.

One's eyes now skim lightly over the wall for another picture or document and the search is finally rewarded by a copy of the Declaration of Independence on the side of the room in which one entered. Under it are the signatures of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a picture of George Washington.

Now that all the pictures, portraits, and documents have been noted, one goes back and looks carefully at all that has been missed when one was interested only in pictures. On the wall is a fan, presented to Mrs. Polk while she was in the White House. On it are the pictures of all the presidents of the United States from Washington to Polk. Then there is a gold-leaf mirror the height of the room, and, on the marble base of the mirror, is a bust of Andrew Jackson and a lock of his hair. On each side of this bust is a lamp, and near one of these is a small carved silver vase. Mrs. Polk's dressing table is next. It is divided into nine parts and looks very much like a modern sewing table.

In the corner of the room, in a large glass case, is a dress of Mrs. Polk's worn when she was mistress of the White House in 1844. It is a beautiful dress of pale pink silk, but one cannot describe it unless one is an artist with words.

Half of the length of the right side of the room is occupied by a glass case containing many beaded purses, fans, and headdresses of Mrs. Polk's and the set of china used by President and Mrs. Polk in the White House. The right wall is hung with maroon draperies from Polk Place. On this side of the room, like the other side, is a gold-leaf mirror with the same kind of marble base. On this is an inlaid inkstand, a candelabrum, and a card receiver.

In the corner of the room is a cabinet. In it are some china, wine glasses, a ring of Polk's, a pin, a brooch, a cast of Tom Thumb's foot, one of Mrs. Polk's old slippers, daguerreotypes, a lock of Andrew Jackson's hair, Polk's watch, and the Bible on which he took the oath of office. Next is a secretary of Polk's in which he kept all his favorite books and many important documents. It was at this secretary he did most of his writing. And old, old trunk of Polk's sits by the door on the right, under the Declaration of Independence.

In the center of the room is a table which was a gift to President Polk from the Mexican government. Inlaid in Egyptian marble are thirty stars around the edge, representing the states of the Union, and in the center is an eagle holding the United States crest and motto.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

THE LIBRARIANS

Poor librarians! We say it in all manner of deep felt sympathy for Miss Saunders and Miss Wilson. What a life we cause them to lead behind the long wooden desk, forever answering questions, forever handing out books, and forever being tormented by girls who will insist on talking. We're sorry for them but although we are so close to them we don't seem to help them. That is, some of us don't. How many girls do we see racing into the library at all hours screaming and giggling as if they thought it a veritable Coney Island?

The library is full most of the time, and we know that there has been an extra number of girls studying in it this year. There has also been an extra number of thoughtless disturbers—girls who stand outside the door screaming as they talk, as if the occupants of the library had ears made of stone. Then some one comes bursting into the room and stomps across the floor like a veritable whirlwind. Miss Saunders gives a helpless sigh and goes back to reading her magazine. Other girls walk up to the desk as if they fancied themselves Mrs. Astor and haughtily demand the books they need. Others think themselves privileged to yell for a book while they are ten feet from the desk.

But the greatest number of those girls who make the librarian's life most miserable are the day students or boarders who scream out all their most personal affairs as if they were the most interesting things in the world. It is exasperating. We can suggest only one cure—have your ears tested! You have no idea how much noise you make.

DR. BARTON COMMEMORATES TEXAS HOLIDAY

San Jacinto Subject of Talk

Dr. Barton, in his usual Monday morning address in chapel spoke on Texas' patriotic day; San Jacinto day. Going into his subject at some length Dr. Barton first spoke of the two leaders who, one in a constitutional, and one in a military way, had a great deal to do with the building up of the Lone Star State. Those two men were Sam Houton and Stephen F. Austin, the former a Tennessean and the latter a New Englander, born as Dr. Barton said, in Virginia when his parents were migrating to Mexico. San Jacinto Day Dr. Barton explained, marks the end of a revolution of Texas with Mexico to the end that Texas should be recognized not as a nation in itself but as an independent state in the Mexican government.

At this time both the great men whose life histories Dr. Barton sketched briefly, took a hand in the guidance of the state and by their diplomatic dexterity saw it through its annexation. Sam Houston saw it through the Civil war also.

Dr. Barton's speech was characterized by a dramatic impressiveness both in content and in delivery and was of a length exactly suited to the time and place in which it was made. Not only Texans but everyone in the United States might have felt the same intense interest that the girls who listened did.

ART SCHOOL GETS NEW EQUIPMENT

The Ward-Belmont School of Art is feeling justifiably proud of its new equipment. During the last week several hundred dollars worth of rare textiles and reproductions, in the form of plaster casts, of many of the world's most famous sculptures have been delivered to the studios on the third floor of the Academic building.

Casts, which are one of the prime necessities of the art studio, especially where live models are difficult to obtain, make it possible for the student to acquire an accurate, first-hand knowledge of the human form. Among the casts used for construction of the head and figure are several which show the form reduced to its simplest planes; these are beneficial to beginning students, as they give something definite and simple on which to practice before the study of the more subtle and smoother studies are attempted. Head construction is made easier for the students by the use of two reproductions of skulls, the one in rough areas, the other, smooth.

Italian renaissance heads, modern heads, modern Spanish figurines, animals, an exceptionally fine group of casts showing historic ornament, and a reproduction of the classic Roman alphabet form the remaining subjects of the collection, which numbers about a hundred in all.

The collection is a remarkable addition to a school which in reference books and studio facilities is already unusually well equipped.

NOW I ASK YOU

Now I ask you—is it fair for my roommate, who never cracks a book, to pull B pluses while I slave away and pull D's? And is it fair that some girls eat and eat and never gain an ounce, while I diet and diet and gain and gain? And is it fair that day students ask my friends out to meet "a certain blond" and I never am even introduced to the trolley car conductor? And is it fair that some girls have feasts and never get caught, while I go to one during the whole semester and trot to council for a can of beans and a box of crackers? And is it fair that some girls can make goals and bat home-runs and break swimming records, while I can't even walk straight? (And you get a letter for that, too.) And listen, is it fair that the girls who have pretty eyes, always have pretty noses, pretty teeth, neat "figures," naturally curly hair, "peaches-and-cream" complexions, an abundance of it, them and those, while I—well, I have all that goes with a hawk nose? Now I just ask you—is it fair?

IMMORTAL GODS GO FORTH TO WAR!

What Ho! Once more the IMMORTAL GODS invade the realm of mortals to give battle to King Arthur's doughty knights!

The mighty ones descended from Olympus in a cloud of glory and landed ker-plunk on the W.-B. tournament grounds. The henchmen of the great King Arthur were informed of the advent of the heavenly gods' messenger, Mercury ("Chady" Strong). Behind her came the Greek runners dressed in abbreviated white and yellow track costume.

Apollo's chariot followed the runners. In it were the most powerful of the gods, Juno (Ruth Welty), Jupiter (Ruthe Donahoo), and Athena (Nell Tyson).

After these marched the godly baseball team, in embryo glory. They preceded the marvelous car bearing those sponsors of the gods, even more powerful than the gods themselves: Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Miss Irvin, Mrs. "Charlie," and Miss Casebier.

Beautiful nymphs, scattering Olympian flowers upon the earth, followed.

After them sailed the famous ship, "Argo," manned by Mars (Augusta Wherry) and Vulcan (Jean Perry), and having as a crew some of the gods. Their Golden Fleece is Victory. Will they find it? The day will tell.

More gods followed on foot, treading the ground lightly, as gods are wont to do.

King Arthur's knights did yell and gnash their teeth as the cart bearing the three weird sisters playing loudly on cazoots passed. Their coachman, "Pluto" ("Pat" McGowan), who drove a venerable donkey, as old as the world, wore a yellow slicker, which costume became his watery home. Behind this equipage something dressed in purple and white, symbol of ——?, dragged in the dust and was trampled under foot by the rear guard of the gods.

What ho! The immortal gods go forth to WIN!

SENIOR STATISTICS

NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	IDEA OF JOY	IDEA OF MISERY	AMBITION
Nell Berwick	"Say guy"	Thinking of home	Dieting	To beat the Seniors.
Jane Clark	"Boy howdy"	Keeping house	Being at camp	To beat the Seniors.
Irene Adams	"Well, by golly"	Tea room	Studying	To beat the Seniors.
Amanda Caldwell	"Heck"	Basket ball	Anatomy	To beat the Seniors.
Dorothy Black	"Beat the S."	Letting the Seniors win	Beating the Seniors	To beat the Seniors.
Elberta Gooch	"Gee Whiz"	Wandering Blues	Collecting dues	To beat the Seniors.
Virginia Lou Sample	"You don't mean it"	Passing English	English	To beat the Seniors.

DANCE RECITAL SCORES WELL MERITED SUCCESS

(Continued from page 1)

"Pierrot and Pierette" was a charming number in which the younger toe pupils participated.

"Dainty Miss" was a very difficult toe dance executed on milk pails. One always admires toe dancers with a helpless sort of wonder at their powers, but when they take to perilous pails, we are quite overcome.

"Jack in the Box" was a very attractive duet in which Grace Benedict was the little girl and Martha Claire Clay the "Jack in the Box." It was a very well-executed piece of pantomime.

"A Holiday in Russia" was characterized by the fine spirit put into the dancing and the excellent work of the two duets, "Ukrainsky" by Jane Hall and Nancy O'Connor and "Mazurka Krasny by Miss Evelyn Jantzer and Allie Bowers.

"The Ballet of the Stars" was undoubtedly the most beautiful event of the whole evening. Foss O'Donnell in her solo "Night" was an epitome of grace, and her costume was a most fitting compliment to her unusual dance. Louise Latimer was lovely in her solo "The Crescent Moon."

"On the Green" was a clever musical comedy number featuring the golfing girl. It was an amusing departure from the regular program of the dancing recital.

"Extase" was a rival with the Schubert Suite and the Ballet of the Stars for beauty. One hardly can find words to express anything at once so simple and yet so moving. Perhaps it was more like a Grecian Frieze than anything else, and it certainly left us quite speechless.

Miss Jantzer's performance in "Valse Christine" was as good an ex-

pression of her lovable personality as anything we know. It was charmingly simple, and her costume was in the blue that seems to be her favorite. We scarcely can presume to comment on her execution of the dance, but we can say that she won her audience over to the ranks of her admirers as well as her already enthusiastic pupils.

"Claire de Lune" was unforgettable. We always will remember that last scene in which the scarf descends on the central group posed like an immortal piece of statuary in the center stage.

The last number was a very stirring and colorful finale. Marion Lewis and Francess Burgess raised it into the ranks of Musical Comedy by their singing, and Allie Bowers and Foss O'Donnell were a fine climax to the affair in "Dona Bonita."

111 DEPART FOR MAMMOTH CAVE

(Continued from page 1)

tude enough to tumble into the Owl Chamber. Sure enough, on a great rocky ledge, sat a wise old owl. We wondered if he believes the story about how an old hunter chased a bear into this large hole in the ground, which is the tale of the founding of Mammoth Cave. In view of the fact that Mammoth Cave has over 200 miles of explored passages one could also speculate upon the origin of the American Indian within the state of Kentucky.

Sinking upon the Leopard Rug we rested a bit before walking under the Natural Arch, which was a long, perfectly arched, chamber of stone which was made possible by water rushing through the cavern many years ago, through Humility Valley, which almost bent us double, to the Grecian Valley. Here were delicate floral patterns upon the sides of the passageway made of carbonated lime which sparkled in the lamplight. We will never forget Fat Man's Misery as we almost had to lie flat down and worm our way through to Great Relief Hall where we lounged as comfortably as possible amid the rocks and boulders, and greeted Group I as they passed us from their ride on the River Styx. The Egyptian Temple which was imposing with its tall columns of severe-like beauty, was one of the most picturesque and beautiful in the underworld. Straight to the heavens these imposing shafts of white rock stood silhoutted against the blackness of an abyss while upon a 50-foot ledge a fire burned casting grotesque shadows on the caverns, on rocky projections, and on ourselves standing below.

Out of the Egyptian Temple, over the Natural Bridge, into a long flat-bottomed boat, and we were on the Echo River, or the River Styx. The river is in places 20 feet deep. It is as black as night, and only the lights from our lamps showed us when to duck our heads as we rode under low stone ledges. The guide sang a harmonic scale, the echo coming back to us as one distinct cord. It was as if an organist were improvising on his instrument.

But the worst was yet to come. Corkscrew Bend! "I have a feeling," said Nell Berwick, Janet Lawton didn't say much; "Kitty" Jameson dropped her lamp; "Chady" Strong was so tired she didn't care about anything and anyway she and Betty O'Donnell were being the French Foreign Legion, and Foss had by this time given up hope, lapsed into silence, and played with her shadow on the wall. Up ladders, through rocky caverns, twisting, pulling, and tugging through the great corkscrew we finally retraced our steps out past the memorials and tributes back into the upper world again.

Now, the scrubbing of dirty faces, necks, and ears—chicken dinner at the hotel, the 12-mile ride to the station in the early evening, boarding the train, stretching out on the train seats, tired, and perfectly happy about our glorious day. We dozed off to sleep to be awakened by Arnold lugging sandwiches, apples and bananas. And as we munched the food, and remembered our history notes which were due the next day the Ward-Belmont Mammoth Cave trip for 1929 was ended, and all regretted that we hadn't signed for the second day trip to Hodgensville, Lincoln's birthplace, and for Louisville on Wednesday night. The Mammoth Cave trip will always remain one of the happiest memories of school life.

CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS CHARM AUDIENCE

(Continued from page 1.)

all written by students of the group, past or present. Two of those given Friday were the work of Paul Green, who was born in eastern Carolina and is as much a part of North Carolina as the soil. His plays, too, are indigenous, and for that reason, delightful. Paul Green has since won the Pulitzer prize for his play, "In Abraham's Bosom." The plays of Paul Green we were privileged to hear were, "The Man Who Died at Twelve O'clock" and "Quare Medicine." These were equally popular. The other play was "The Lie," by Wilkeson O'Connell. Although this was equally well presented, it was not so well liked as the native, present-day dramas of negro life in "The Man Who Died at Twelve O'clock," and the mountain people in "Quare Medicine." "The Lie," however, was also a native Carolina folk drama, because it dealt with a historical episode of Revolutionary times.

TEXAS CLUB GIVES RODEO

(Continued from page 1)

The horses and bulls were also most admirable. Particularly interesting was the rear part of the bull, as personified by Caroline Patterson.

As a fitting finale four cowboys and four cowgirls danced to "The Eyes of Texas." The dancers were Jimsey Duncan, Frances Lemar, Jane Clark, Emma Jean Willis, Margaret Carter, Margaret Harris, Virginia Himm, and Charlotte Strong.

In the receiving line were Charlotte Strong, president; Jimsey Duncan, vice-president; Dorothy Williams, secretary-treasurer; and Miss Blythe, sponser of the club.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17TH

Up betimes and out for practice for the big day. Did find all and sundry out and pepped up for some reason, probably because it was so cold that anyone languid was as good as frozen to death. To town this afternoon for no reason whatever except that I did dread the thought of studying with more than usual hatred. Purchased a pair of shoes which I needed no more than the proverbial cat needs its two proverbial tails. Never happier than when I am buying unnecessary things, so what's the odds? Landed at Kleeman's in a state of hungry exhaustion which was right speedily remedied by a slab of angelfood cake draped with strawberries and large gobs of whipped cream, and accompanied by a cup of hot chocolate which had the unfortunate effect of removing the skin from my un-Valspar-ed tongue. Home to club where I managed by dint of insulting not a few and bumping into many others to attain a comparatively comfortable arm chair.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18TH

Spent the afternoon curling locks of the dance-recital-ers. Keen competition for Mattie. The evening was one of my memorable experiences here. Sat in open-mouthed wonder and admiration all during the recital. Everyone looked and danced so like professionals, and but for the fact that I recognized most of them I should have thought they were. Never have seen such completely beautiful scenes in all my little days —I wanted pictures of every one of the dances—I forget so easily and somehow it seems a pity to forget anything so exquisite.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19TH

Something new and different! We went to a matinee. No regulations, and what I mean the girls looked darling. It spoils my whole enjoyment to have to put on widows weeds on all occasions. Don't know which of the plays of the Carolina Playmakers I liked most, but I think the decision goes to the last one because of Dr. Emmanuel—he was really a hot sketch! Only I don't think anything as lengthy as that could be called a sketch, exactly—he was a whole drawing! Home just in time to eat fish. I don't, usually, but I was famished enough to eat the tablecloth. Studied all evening because I was mad at "Clutchie" and swore I wouldn't speak to her again, and that seemed the easiest way to keep still.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20TH

One week to Senior-Senior Middle day! The cold chills are doing their stuff along my vertabrae. To Senior-Middle meeting dragging an unwilling crew with me. Yelled until my lungs and throat refused to function and then made my mouth go. Fortunately it is of such ample proportions that the imitation was fairly convincing. Gee, but I love "Dottie Black! I'd do almost anything for that babe, anytime she wanted me to. Decided I could live without seeing the movie and the Texas club decided that they could live without seeing me at the dance, so stayed at home and did some correspondence. My family object to occasional letters, so wrote one for every day next week to be posted according to the mark on the envelope. Even went so far as to put the mark under the stamp so it won't be noticeable—iss dees a seestem?

SUNDAY, APRIL 21ST

Knew that nothing so gorgeous as having two rainy Sundays in succession could happen, and true to my worst fears the day dawned cloudless —at least I suppose that was the way —at any rate, it was cloudless when I arose. To church where I was seized by a desire to take a long, peaceful slumber, but changed my mind when I heard the beginning of the sermon—it was a wow—only now I can't remember what it was about, so I guess it didn't do much good. Sat around on the campus all afternoon and watched people go out for the afternoon—what a life I lead; if there were a garden I'd have to do some worm-eating, but there's not even a garden. Tried to do French tonight but with no apparent success. Think I'll have to suggest to my parents that the only good way to learn French is to go abroad—wish they'd suggest that I go with Miss Ross, but that wouldn't be my sort of luck—I never have any that good. Wrote an English theme of sorts—the sort that gets a D, probably, and lost the remaining shreds of my temper at my fountain pen—would have thrown it out the window, only it's the exasperating sort that is fall-proof.

MONDAY, APRIL 22ND

The month is certainly flying—I can't realize that it's this far along—oh, misery me—how the exams grow closer and how I grow dumber (I don't see how that could be—thought I'd reached the end long ago). To the library this aft to get my lessons for Wednesday because I'm caving to-



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morrow, but Wednesday seemed so far away that I did abandon the idea and spent the time reading "House and Garden." All pepped up tonight, so much so that it stirred up some unpleasant feelings among the powers-that-be on the hall and several monitors and a proctor stalked in at various times to demand to know the reason for the hilarity—couldn't explain very satisfactorily, so I'm due to make a little visit to the monitor's meeting next Monday, I fear. And so to bed.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23RD

Too exhausted to do much writing tonight, but I couldn't write all I'd like to about the cave even if I weren't. Enjoyed every single little moment of the day from the time the good old special pulled out of the station until I walked back into the room again tonight. The trip was worth going on if only to see Dr. Barton in that blue suit—he looked exactly like an overgrown Teddy-bear. Looked among all the tombstones for dear old—anyway, I mean my native state but it must have been lost because I never did find it. Wanted to spend all my time at the Echo River, but trudged along manfully. Was I ever tired by the time we got out—and I really think we never would get out. And now I wish I were going to do it all over again tomorrow. There's no such thing as being satisfied! Hate to think of classes tomorrow—I simply don't know a thing—not even one!

THE CAMPUS COLUMN

When we think how few more Campus Columns there are to be we feel like either shouting with joy or weeping with sadness. Not being able to do both with any degree of equanimity we think we shall weep with joy. That is exactly how we feel about the close of school. From bits of conversation gleaned here and there we think all the Seniors feel that way about it.

What we want to know is why do all the teachers give us term reports in each subject, term reports of equal length (and strength) and due at the same time?

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Oh horrible! We have just been asked if we persist in wearing our venerable and holy moccasins during this weather to ventilate our feet? (Yes we hate puns too.)

"Chunky" Candler, upon being informed that her name was in the Campus Column last week, indignantly cried, "Campused? Why what are you talking about? I haven't been campused since I have been in school!"

Ruth Donahoo has rather a large family. It is made up of thirty-three elephants, of all sizes and textures. "Donny" mothers them all, spoils them all, and ties their bows on their necks each morning. The names of some of them are: "Bobo," "Tinker," "Scrutiny," and "H. Electra."

The alumnae secretary was certainly put in her place last week. With Mary Elizabeth Cayce and a few of the other girls she went down to see off some of the departing alumnae. Mary Jane Pulver ascended the train steps; her eyes sweeping the assembly of young school things. They alighted on the secretary, Miss Virginia Smith. "Well, so you girls still have to drag a chaperone along with you," Mary Jane said.

Marion Blackman and Catherine Scruggs went to town the other day and spent all their money but two cents, which they tried to slip in the carfare box. The conductor called them back and demanded the extra twelve cents. When one's purse is empty one can't manufacture twelve cents. That fact, however, was not taken into consideration by the conductor. "Pay, or off you go," he said to the youthful hoboes.

They could not pay, so off they went. And this is why "Blackman" and "Scruggs" walked home from town.

ANKOR TEA DANCE HELD IN TEA ROOM

"Dream train, please carry me back—
Dream train, stay on the right track"

Melting tones of Shaefer's "blues"; dreamy music by the Wandering Blues; gay costumes; a sweetheart's no-break,—these are only a few of the delights enjoyed by the members of the day student clubs to whom the Ankor club was hostess Tuesday afternoon in the tea-room. Isabel Goodloe, charming in an old-fashioned costume of white, was a real girl of the sixties, and no lady of past days could have received her guests with more grace than she.

A not insignificant item of the afternoon's entertainment was the food, consisting most elegantly of ice-cream, punch, cake, and sandwiches, served by costumed members of the club. The Ankor "Special" was well done and won much applause from the audience. To put it mildly, everybody had a fine time and enjoyed the party to the fullest extent.

Voice in Library: "What goes with the French verb 'venir.'"

Bright W.-B. Student: "Liquid."

Excited Girl (after reading note from teacher): "Oh, I've tassed my pest."

At that, there's some truth to it.



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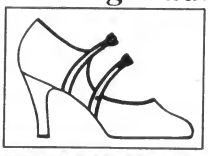
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THE WEEK'S CALENDAR

Sunday, April 28—Stay-at-home Sunday.

Monday, April 29—F.F. club at Belle Meade.

A.K. picnic at Hermitage.

Triad club picture show at 3 P.M.

Tuesday, April 30—Missouri club dinner at Belle Meade.

Wednesday, May 1—Osiron club at Belle Meade.

Thursday, May 2—Orchestra concert.

Friday, May 3—Senior High School dinner at Belle Meade.

Student recital.

Saturday, May 4—Georgia club dance on Roof Garden, 4 to 6.

Miss., Ala., La. dance.

Del Ver picture show.

AGORAS AT BELLE MEADE

Wednesday night, to an Agora, usually means a good time of one sort or another. April 3rd, the date of the "long-talked-of" dinner at Belle Meade, was no exception. A merry company of about thirty Agoras and their guests were present to enjoy the delicious dinner and disport themselves as their respective fancies dictated. The tennis courts were quite popular (Doesn't that sound nice and country-club-y? But of course I mean the indoor ping-pong court.

The time for leaving came all too soon, but there was pleasure even in the return. What more delightful than to come rolling around the city in a big bus in the very midst of study hour?

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Jean MacDonnell stuttering?

Artelia Bowne making an "F"?

Ruthe Donahoo without her green jacket?

Rose Flentye wearing glasses?

Hilma Reed with curls?

Alice Daniel without Jessie Burge?

Jessie without Alice?

"Chady" Strong studying in the library?

"Horty" Ambrose not pacing up and down the halls of "Ac"?

Neither can I.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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Seniors Win Senior-Senior Middle Day

LOUIS MERTENS TO GIVE FAREWELL RECITAL

Concertmaster of W.-B. Symphony Leaves for Chicago

Mr. Louis Mertens, who has studied with Kenneth Rose, director of the school of violin of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory for the past five years, will give his farewell concert on May 6 at a recital in Miss Blythe's studio.

Mr. Mertens, who received his diploma from the school of violin in 1926, is one of Nashville's outstanding musicians. He leaves in June to further his study at the Chicago College of Music, and while it is the wish of all his many friends that he be very successful and enjoy his work in Chicago, still it is with sincere regret that his departure from the ranks of the city's talented artists will be felt in the community.

Mr. Mertens has appeared frequently in recitals in Nashville and also over the radio, and has won for himself a large number of admirers by his ability and musicianship. He is concertmaster of the Ward-Belmont Symphony Orchestra under the director of Kenneth Rose, and a member of the first violin section of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra. All those wishing to attend Mr. Mertens' concert may do so.

JUNIOR-MIDDLES HOLD RECOGNITION

Present Gift to the School

Friday morning in chapel was the occasion for a unique event in the school; the recognition of the Junior-Middles—those girls who this month will graduate from the high school department of the school.

The platform of the chapel was decorated with the blue and white of the Junior-Middles, and their banner was hung at the back above the semi-circle of chairs arranged for the girls who walked in to the music of a march played on the organ by Mr. Wesson. Led by Helen Grizzard, their president, the class took places on the platform where Dr. Barton, Miss Allison, and Miss Campbell were already seated. Grace Cavert gave an excellent talk on the ideals of the class, and Ann Raine read the class poem. Helen Grizzard next presented to the school a very handsome bust of Apollo to be placed in the High School library. In answer to her speech of presentation, Dr. Barton said a few words, accepting the gift for the school. The recognition service was concluded with the announcement of new privileges for the High School classes and with the singing of the class song.

EXTRA!—EXTRA!—EXTRA! ALL ABOUT THE BIG MURDER

It was about 4 P.M. on the campus of our fair school. Everything was silent except for the stir of an overgrown mouse. The old magnolias were silent in the midst of the sunlight. All was as dignified as ever in the scene of arousing action. Suddenly there was a rustle and rumble of leaves. A figure darted swiftly by in the person of Edna Jonnson carrying a waste-basket nousing a live animal. Dear, brave girl. Loud shrieks were heard as Mr. Berry came breathlessly up in a cloud. He had his weapons, eager to defend "The fair Belles of Ward-Belmont." Intense suspense after the shriek- eager eyes searched frantically. Then—came the clash. A roaring outbust from the young cannon. Then they crept slowly, softly, silently, to see the wounded prey. They picked it up with care. The feeling of horrible suspense was over-weighted by a sense of self-respect at having accomplished the daring deed of slaying the rat! Now, I ask you with tears in my voice, have you ever heard of such a scene in W.-B.? If I hadn't, I wouldn't believe it.

SENIORS HANG MAY BASKETS

Revive Quaint May 1 Custom

This year the Senior Class revived an old tradition of the school when its members hung Mayday garlands on the doors of rooms of the faculty and the household. Early in the morning on May 1st a group of about ten Seniors went about the campus hanging the flowers which were tied with the yellow colors of the class. Larger garlands were placed at the doors of Dr. and Mrs. Blanton's apartment, and at the homes of Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Mr. and Mrs. Benedict.

The flowers for the occasion were obtained through the help of Dr. Hollinshead and of Mrs. Charlie, who took the girls to pick them. The hanging of May baskets is one of the famous traditions which, with other gracious customs of the past, threatens to fade away. In observing it the Seniors have brought back something of the beautiful spirit of the girls who for so many years regularly hung the May baskets, and have hoped to arouse the interest of the girls to come sufficiently to make the custom again regular.

EASTERN, WESTERN, WEST VIRGINIA AND FLORIDA CLUBS ENTERTAIN

Four-State Dance Winds Up Senior Senior-Middle Day

When announcing the dance to be presented by the Florida, Eastern, Western, and West Virginia clubs, Miss Irving predicted that it would be "the perfect ending to a perfect day." Saturday night her prophecy was fulfilled.

The gym was decorated as it had been for the basket-ball game with the purple and white of the Senior-Middles, and with the yellow and white of the victorious Seniors. No other decoration could have been as fitting for the final event of Senior-Senior-Middle Day.

The Special was short but intriguing. To the theme song of "The Chocolate Soldier," Mary Patricia McGowan, charming in a bouffant black taffeta dress, and Miriam Cooper very militant in typical "chocolate soldier" array danced the Merry Widow Waltz. Following the dance, all of the members of the four clubs sang the chorus of "The Chocolate Soldier." The theme was also supplemented by the refreshments, consisting of chocolate ice cream moulded into soldiers.

The guests were received by Miss Campbell, Mary Pat McGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, Betty Stone, Mrs. Charleston, Nancy Lang, Miss Ross, and Majorie Leopold, the sponsors and presidents of the four clubs.

DR. MAYHEW SPEAKS AT STAY-AT-HOME SUNDAY

Stay-at-home Sunday was observed, as usual, on the last Sunday of the month, April 28th. Church services were held in the chapel at twelve o'clock, with Dr. George N. Mayhew, Professor of Practical Theology, Vanderbilt University, as the speaker. An especially arranged program was carried out during the entire service. The organ prelude, Faulkes' "Berceuse in D Flat," was played by Mr. Wesson, and was followed by a hymn. After a prayer led by Dr. Mayhew, Nancy Baskerville, accompanied by Mr. Wesson and by Charlotte Strong, sang "Ave Maria," by Mascalgni. The responsive reading, led by Mr. Benedict, was followed by Max Regan's lovely composition, "The Virgin's Slumber Song," sung by the Glee Club.

Dr. Mayhew's sermon was short and to the point. He spoke on the

(Continued on page 5)

ANNUAL ORCHESTRA CONCERT HELD LAST THURSDAY EVENING

On Thursday evening, May 2, the Ward-Belmont Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Kenneth Rose, director of the school of violin, gave its annual concert at the War Memorial auditorium at 8:15 o'clock.

Organized fifteen years ago by Fritz Schmitz, late of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, it has had as its purpose the training of students and young professionals in a higher form of orchestral music. For eleven years Kenneth Rose has conducted the orchestra, and this year it comprises members from twelve different states.

One of the features of the program was the playing of Miss Betsy Lusk, who was the soloist of the orchestra. Studying entirely with the exception of five months' study with Kemp Stillings of New York, Miss Lusk showed herself to be an artist of outstanding ability and great talent. She played as her solo number with the orchestra the second and fourth movements of the Vieuxtemps concerto for violin and orchestra.

A program was selected that was not too heavy in character and which was interesting in content. It was as follows: Overture, "Mid-summer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Symphony B minor," allegro molto, Mozart; "Country Gardens," Grainger; "Valse Triste," Sibelius; March, "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar.

WHO'S WHO "AND WHY"

Have you noticed that the naturally beautiful and cherubic physiognomies of the Senior-Mids have taken an unprecedented aspect of glee and exuberant ecstasy on the first day of May, 1929?

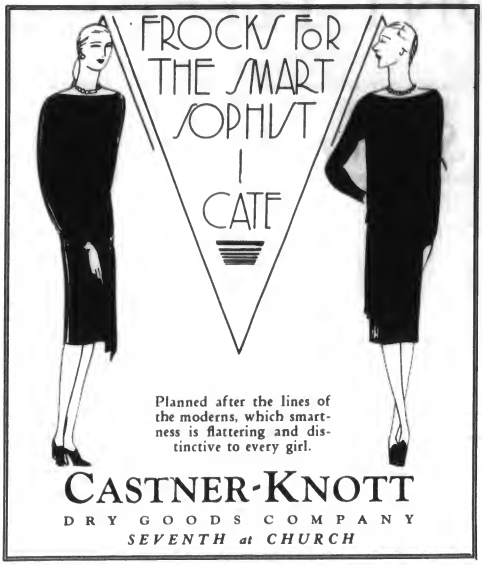
But there is no question. You cannot imagine a joy which lixiviates from the above-mentioned co-eds (minus the co).

The reason, adroitly stated is as follows: The S.-M.'s from this day (the first of May) until the close of school, May thirtieth, may enjoy the delights of the show, lunch, and shopping to the heighth (depth and breadth) of their pocketbooks; unhampered, unmolested, and unfettered by any human impedimentae.

Signed:

Dorothy Black,
"Bunny" Eberhart,
"Bunny" Gillis,
Ann Ryther.

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IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

We were very fortunate to have as our vesper speaker last Sunday evening Dr. Ethel Polk Peters of China. For fifteen years Dr. Peters was in charge of a hospital and medical school for the training of Chinese women, and today numbers of her graduates are practicing medicine throughout the towns and cities of the republic.

One could almost see Soochow, the city in which Dr. Peters worked, as she described its great walk built during the time of David, its crowded population of one million people, its narrow, crooked, oriental streets, and its winding canals. The patriarchal home life of Chinese family was also described—as many as a hundred members sometimes living beneath the same roof.

It was when Dr. Peters told stories of actual cases that she had treated in the hospital and also out on her trips, itinerating through the country in a houseboat, that she aroused our greatest interest. It is difficult to believe that 96 per cent of the people of China are still illiterate, and that 79 per cent of the babies die before they reach two years of age.

At the beginning of the vesper service Stella Chrisman sang "Eye Hath Not Seen," by Gaul, taken from the cantata, "The Holy City." She was accompanied by Mrs. Humphrey.

Thursday night was a time of thrills and yet more thrills for the officers of the Y.W.C.A. The Y.W. cabinet of Vanderbilt entertained them at dinner in one of the sorority houses on the campus, and the occasion was a delightful one. Last summer at Blue Ridge the Vanderbilt delegation shared Ward-Belmont's cottage, and the good times they had there together were recalled by several at the dinner on Thursday night. The following girls were invited: Christine Caldwell, Ruthe Donahoo, Louise Sims, Elizabeth Bagby and Betty Stone.

A letter has been received from Dr. Cyril Haas acknowledging recent gifts from members of the faculty and students to the Children's Hospital that he is planning to erect in Adams, Turkey. Dr. Haas expressed his deep appreciation of Ward-Belmont's contribution, which amounted to $431.00.

The last meeting of the Student and Industrial Commission was held on Thursday night, April 25. Mr. Thomas Tippett of New York City was the guest of the evening, and gave a very clear and interesting presentation of trends in present-day industry throughout the world. It was agreed that this last meeting was the best of all, and it was with genuine regret that the commission brought its activities for the year 1929 to a close.

Short visits to the children's ward in the Vanderbilt Hospital have continued. The girls are always warmly welcomed by the crippled children there, and the inevitable question is always asked: "When are you coming back again?"

Another box of clothing was sent this past week to the Florence Crittenden Home in response to a call for help, and a very appreciative note has been received from the home in reply.

MY SUPPRESSED DESIRE

If I had—"Pat" Elbel's beautiful eyes,
And if they twinkled like "Tiny's,"
And had eyebrows like Margaret Payne's—Say!
If Jean Stotzer would bequeath me her velvety complexion;
Helen Hylton her heavenly features;
Jean MacDonnell her long, lustrous locks;
Ruth Welty her lovely voice;
Betty Hendricks her ability as a pianist—Hey!
Now add Janet Lawton's naivete
Mingled with a speck of Virginia Gerdl's sophistication:
Lois Maxon's brains,
"Tillie" Daniels' ambition,
"Bunny" Hodgdon's activeness,
Nannie Electra Heflin Pierce's generosity,
Christine Caldwell's hospitality,
Nancy Butler's cuteness,
Virginia Owens' southern drawl,
"Timmie's" wardrobe;
And, in case anything be omitted—
"Chady" Strong's versatility—H'ray!
Wouldn't I be a knockout?



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DATE IS SET FOR MAY DAY

Festivities Planned for May Eighteenth

Preparations are going on at full speed for the approaching May festival, which will take place on Saturday, May eighteenth, on the campus. The queen and her maids, the prep maid and the college maid, are quietly preparing their "robes of state" so that their identity may not be betrayed to the student body. The Seniors, who, according to the annual custom, act as ladies in the May Queen's court, are arranging the making of their dresses in a much more noticeable way. The rooms over the gym have been converted into sewing rooms and flocks of girls mill about trying to be sure that their dresses are according to their tastes. All the Seniors will be dressed in organdie frocks of the "robe de style" fashion; all made exactly alike, the only variation is to be in colors, which range through all the pastel tints.

The rest of the school, except the dancing classes, who are busy preparing their share of the entertainment, sits back and waits, glad for the opportunity of being spectators of such a beautiful pageant.

GLEE CLUB TO GIVE CONCERT

Event of Near Future

We are anxiously awaiting the Glee Club concert which will be given about the fourteenth of May. Anyone who chances to be in Middlemarch during a rehearsal catches strains of the beautiful Strauss "Serenade," the lovely melody taken from "The Londonderry Air"; "As My Dear Old Mother," by Anton Dvorak and other compositions. Is it strange that with such music to study and sing, chorus practice is one of the most pleasant as well as most beneficial courses offered by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music?

THE PERFECT SENIOR

The perfect Senior has:
Lois Maxon's hair,
Nancy Butler's feet,
Virginia Owen's mouth,
"Tiny" Young's eyes,
"Chady" Strong's figure,
Allie Bower's legs,
Jean MacDonnell's hands,
Ruth Welty's voice,
"Undie's" pep,
Foss O'Donnell's grace,
"Barclay's" sense,
"Neisler's" athletic prowess,
Ruthe Donahoo's poise.

WARD-BELMONT GIRL VERSATILE

Pattee Laurence of Louisiana, who was graduated from Ward-Belmont Expression School four years since, has had as varied a school career as anyone we know. On leaving Ward-Belmont she studied in Peabody and in Vanderbilt University. Then she spent a year in Sophie Newcomb College and gets her degree from the University of Wisconsin in June.

She has done fine work in the Wisconsin Players, and sends the following clipping to Miss Townsend: "Playing to six capacity houses since its premiere two weeks ago, the production of 'Lilliom' has broken all records for Wisconsin Players. The play was originally scheduled for but two week-ends, but an unexpected demand for reservations forced officials to play the piece an additional week-end, and schedule three extra performances during the week." Pat Laurence loves life and people, and it is no wonder that she is so successful.

STUDENTS' RECITAL GIVEN LAST FRIDAY

The regular Students' Recital, which had been delayed for several weeks, took place in the chapel on Friday afternoon, April twenty-sixth at four thirty. The program was as follows:

1. Piano—Venitienne .....*Godard*
   MISS EMMA JEAN WILLIS
2. Voice—
   (a) Laughter Has Come...*Cox*
   (b) The Piper of Love...*Carew*
   MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND
3. Piano—Valse .....*Stojowski*
   MISS KATHLEEN LA RUE
4. Voice—
   Caro Nome from Rigoletto. *Verdi*
   MISS LOIS STOUT
5. Organ—
   Cantiline Pastorale....*Guilmant*
   MISS KATHERYN HINSON

Patient: "Doctor what are my chances?"

Dr: "Oh, pretty good; but don't start any continued stories."

"I think this school is haunted."

"Why so?"

"They're always talking about the school spirit."—*The Northeast Couri.*

"Say, what the plural of you?"

"You-all."

Dizzy Izzy wants to know if they speak of the moon's being silvery because it comes in halves and quarters.

King Arthur: "How much'll you take for this suit of armor, Lance?"

Lancelot: "Two cents an ounce, king: it's first-class mail."

"Would you like to take a nice long walk?" she asked.

"Why, I'd love to," replied the young man, joyously.

"Well, don't let me detain you."

"The other day I heard Guy say that his idea of an easy job is that of assisting a florist to pick the flowers off the century plants."

Henry Ford and Rockefeller,
The richest men we know—
One makes a little flivver,
And the other makes it go.

Purser: "How do you like your stateroom?"

Passenger: "Most of it is the bunk."—*Spectator.*

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

WHAT'S YOUR VIEWPOINT?

Viewpoint is what makes the world revolve. If you have no viewpoint, the world will eventually abandon you, for you drag its movements.

We all have eyes; but some of us are very blind. Great and thrilling events pass many of us by without our knowing anything about them. We may say to ourselves, "Something has happened. What of it?" but the chances are that we are not even aware that an event has taken place.

It is well that the large majority of people do see and think and act; else there would be no cities, no worked-out visions to make the world better, no art, no science—nothing!

What do you see in things? The more you see, the more the people and the world are going to see in you. For that is the way things are usually worked out. The artist sees nothing but beauty in his work; the idle onlooker sees nothing in it but waste of time and energy.

It is also usually true that whatever you want to see, and determine to see, you do see, whether it is good or ,ill, great or small. Try to see the big things; make yourself a viewpoint that is better than your neighbor's and you will go farther than he on the road to success and happiness.

THE ANCIENT TOWER

The tower which has seen battle, tasted blood, the tower which has seen two different-colored suits enter its portals, and shoot from its heights; the tower which has felt the love of a good, old Southern family, now gone, the vine-covered tower which has seen many girls come and go, girls who often stole to its top on starry nights, is the tower we love.

Now, after years of faithful service, God has seen fit to give that dear old tower some beautiful bells, a soul with which it can express itself.

I had the opportunity of climbing the old iron stairs that I liked so well to think of soldiers running up and down, shouting, falling, dying, on; of standing on its top, and looking out into the city and sky. What an insignificant feeling one gets when one realizes how very small one is, just a tiny speck in this huge plan of God A sense of wonder that the same stars should be shining now as long ago filled my soul.

If I should ever hear that the tower of Ward-Belmont has fallen, something in me will die, a something that tower made live.

CINNAMON ROLLS GO ON FOREVER

We've heard that our fair, girlish, delightfully devilish days are drawing to a close. But we cannot hurt the feelings of our dietician by neglecting her cinnamon rolls. We have classes, yes—morning, afternoon, and maybe night. But it is a heavenly sensation to forget about the cares of the world and pleasantly munch upon a hot, juicy, buttered cinnamon roll! In the future I'll always think of the crowd of eager, giggling good times around the old table. So, I suggest that all afternoon classes be suspended until we have done our duty in the dining room. What think you, friend?

ORDER OF SPORTS FOR SENIOR-SENIOR-MIDDLE DAY

The "athleticing" of Senior-Senior-Middle Day started with the very first peal of the rising bell. The contests were "bending trees," "climbing trees," and other "colors on high places" sports.

Immediately after the breakfast the big parade led us all to the athletic field for the baseball game. The line-up was:

Hodgon .....P..... Burgin
Blackman .....C..... Gooch
Bachman .....1B..... Lyles
Jones .....2B..... Jones
Daniel .....3B..... Clark
Northrup .....S.S..... Shelly
Gould .....S.S..... Francis
Sims .....R.F..... Cocheran
Schmiltzer .....C.F..... Donker
Neisler .....L.F..... Smith

The Senior-Middles won with the score of 20-36. At first they walked away, making run after run, but the Seniors started hitting until they almost tied the "Mids," who decided they wanted a big margin, so they took the lead of 16 points.

After baseball everyone trooped in to the bowling alley. At first it looked as though the "Mids" were going to win bowling, too. But the Seniors won, 467-435. Alice Daniel had the highest individual score of 145 points. The bowlers were: K. Johnson, E. Elliott, Lockman, Hodgon, Daniel, Seniors; Gooch, Burgin, Hays, Yoder, Senior Middles.

The water polo game was very exciting. The "Mids" again started off with a big score, and then the Seniors woke up. It was too late when they did, for the "Mids" won with the little margin of 21-27. N. Lang shone for the "Mids," displaying her ability to shoot from almost any position.

The games were now so won that if the "Mids" won the next sport they had the day. The next event was archery. After all the rooting that had accompanied the other sports, tense silence during the shooting was even more effective. The Seniors won, 355-240. McGowan was the only girl to hit the bull's eye. J. Clark had the highest score, while Neisler got second. This victory made the fate of the day hang on the winning of basket-ball. The Seniors won this with the score of 40-16. Per custom, the "Mids" started out with the leading score, but this time the Seniors passed them. Neisler and Hodgon made the most goals. The line-up was:

Johnson .....C.F..... Gillespie
Neisler .....R.F..... Burgin
Hodgon .....L.F..... Jones
Lewis .....C.G..... Gooch
Bowers .....R.G..... Francis
Sims .....L.G..... Rothgar

Sims and Burgin did some outstanding playing.

CLUB NOTES

Osiron Owlets

Bare floors—laughing, gay girls in summer dresses—peppy tunes by the "Wandering Blues"—the Osirons entertained their sister club, the T. C.'s last Wednesday, April 23. If carefree dancing and smiling faces are at all indicative, everyone had a grand time during that hour of recreation coming just before the evening study hall. This Wednesday, May 1, the Osirons sallied forth to a dinner at Belle Meade. Of course, we missed our own clubhouse, but it was simply great to get away from the scene of our school activities, happy as they may be, for a few hours of "honest-to-goodness" fun.

X. L. Tattle

Well, well, and well! Here we are again. A short business meeting was held last Wednesday night, in which future plans were discussed—and discussed some more.

Next Wednesday the X. L.'s will wind their way out to the Hermitage. What a day and what a gang! After discussing our plans for the occasion we all gathered round and sang lustily for our dear old X. L. club.

The meeting closed with the club song, and the X. L.-ites departed out into the rain. Yes, it was raining.

DINNER FOR TILLIE

Another Number—one whole point larger to put down in your year-book. But, anyway, if we couldn't do that we would never have birthday parties, would we, Tillie? And we could never do without them—not when we have one like Foss O'Donnell, Judith Parker and "Bunny" Hodgdon gave Tillie Daniels at the T. C. clubhouse this last Monday. It was a gala affair to which "Hendricks" added her hypnotizing music, and to Tillie's toe solo did the guests awaken from

SCHOOL STATISTICS

Name	*Favorite Expression*	*Idea of Joy*	*Idea of Misery*	*Ambition*
Ellen Moore	"Pooh-Pooh"	Reading movie magazines	Having English classes	To get to Europe this summer
Frances Burgess	"Well, say, you kids"	Taking kodak pictures	Singing in vespers	To do something big
Mary E. Dumas	"Oh, gripe"	Playing with flowers	Leaving school	To have Florist shop with "Gilby"
Martha Sorrel	"I'll scream"	Yelling	Shakespeare	To get home
Catherine Scruggs	"Darn"	Not having rules	Orchestra practice	To be tall and thin
Margaret Smith	"Willie"	Accompanying the Glee Club	Being teased	To be the athletic type
Freda Abercrombe	"I just can't hardly wait"	Being in Boulder	Not being in Boulder	To marry Temple
M. A. Smith	"————————"	Playing the piano	Harmony	To have long hair
Mary Helen Brown	"Now, in Texas—"	Texas	Being away from Texas	To get back to Texas

the spell to enjoy a delicious dinner. Those who helped to celebrate were Francis Miller, Grace Miller, Marion Schmelzer, Ruth Welty, Helen Feller, Natalie Hines, Betty Hendricks, and Elizabeth Fredricks.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Literature is the orchestration of platitudes! To be honest, we should enclose that in quotation marks, but as anyone would know, we couldn't make that up, so its all right. When Thornton Wilder said it we put on a bewildered grin at first, and then burst out laughing, only to discover that everyone else was looking most profoundly thoughtful. Whereupon we, too, began to look profoundly thoughtful. In the midst of that expression we heard someone near us titter genteely, and saw others smile subtly. Whereupon we gave up trying to assume the proper attitude and went to sleep. Did others? We wonder.

Ward-Belmont's heroines of the sawdust beds are going full strong. We heard several of the young ladies vow that they had signed up for track because rain interfered at such appropriate times. They were destined to be disappointed. Track continues, rain or no rain. The young ladies continue—to plunge through, wade in, and fall on, wet sawdust. Chief among these heroines are: Inez Renfro, Dot Palmer, Dot Underwood, Margaret Smith, and Dorothy Barton.

Seniors are getting so playful. Sunday night under the big light on the middle campus a party was given by "Undie," "Nat" Hines, Dot Palmer and "Perry" in honor of Jane Clark. The occasion was—well, thinking it over—what was the occasion? Ask them. "Trip me," the last game invented by those fertile minds, and at an early hour light falls were enjoyed.

The Triad picture show on Monday afternoon was only a hint. We could merely guess what those faint shadows were doing as they flitted across the pale canvas. However, as "Hendricks" was good enough to play the piano, the guests remained throughout the performance.

Thanks are now given publicly to the following for typing the Campus Column:

Betty O'Donnell (believe it or not)
Lois Maxon
"Hatsie" Merrick
"Tiny" Young

One of the most charming of the many charming events which take place weekly at Ward-Belmont was the demonstration of swimming, plain and fancy diving, red-cross life-saving, and other exhibitions of an aquatic nature in the swimming pool Thursday afternoon by two of our most outstanding Seniors, Judith Parker and Marjorie Barclay. These young swimming champions (they have both won letters and medals from too many places to mention) promoted the excitement which prevailed among the fortunate spectators by playfully pretending to drown. It was, all in all, a very satisfying performance.

In looking over the exchanges, this little poem, which seems peculiarly appropriate to the thoughts of a Senior on Saturday, met our eyes:

"Earth,
Tell me my tears are rain,
Tell me the sky is a hollow cup
Wherein my sorrows are lost.
Tell me that the dusk is a sea of peace;
Tell me that tomorrow comes
And I shall sleep,
And I shall sleep."

From the same exchange we read a joke which might be applied to any Ward-Belmont girl.

Miss Rucker: "N-Y, are you in pain?"

N.Y Ward-Belmont girl: "No, the pain is in me."

If we were accustomed to "adding on" to jokes, which we are not, we might be tempted to make Miss Rucker reply, "Well, we'll have it out of you in a few moments," which we did not.

Several hundred young ladies looked at Schaefer's "Tom" during dinner Sunday. Tom looked at Schaefer.

With which lovelorn tale we sadly cease.

DR. MAYHEW SPEAKS AT STAY-AT-HOME SUNDAY

(Continued from page 1.)

power of a great ideal. The idea that he made clear was that a great life is always made by a great purpose; it never happens by chance. "Heroic souls," he said, "have discovered that life has many battles, and that they must go through and fight them." Dr. Mayhew throughout his address was highly inspirational, and in his sincere, earnest manner was most convincing. Every one of his listeners must have enjoyed the talk to the utmost, as the attention accorded him was unusually good. Speakers of this sort are always well received by the girls, who, particularly in this case, would welcome a second appearance.

THE CALENDAR

Monday, May 6—Illinois club dinner at Belle Meade.
Tuesday, May 7—Radio concert—Mr. Rose.
Thursday, May 9—Nancy Baskerville and Rubye B. Sprouse give recital in chapel.
Friday, May 10—Expression Recital
Saturday, May 11—Horse Show.

Why Right!

As I sit here meditating what to write, I wonder what it is that makes one want to write. Of course, in my case, one has to write, but why does one write when he doesn't have to write. To write must not be to some people what writing is to me. Writing is all right if one is in the right attitude of mind to write, but when one doesn't want to write and yet has to write the writing is not usually right, so when you have to write, write right.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, April 24th—Another Wednesday! Sometimes it seems to me that existence here is made up of one Wednesday after another, with Sundays in between for the sake of variety. To club, of course, and did argue hotly with my dear sisters as to what day should be set for the trip to the Hermitage. Did finally keep still—there's no use arguing, because whatever day we choose it'll be sure to rain and we won't be able to go, anyway. To the library to study, but saw "Clutchie," and on investigating her actions found her absorbed in "House and Garden," so did follow suit, and spent a heavenly evening envying people who live in the sort of houses illustrated in that magazine.

Thursday, April 25th—To classes as usual, but with more than usual stupidity because of Senior-Senior-Middle Day—however hard I try, my thoughts pop right back to that subject. Cut paper all during study hall this evening and actually got by without being discovered. Things like that really do happen occasionally. My hands feel very much the worse for wear, particularly in the region of the thumb. If there's anything harder to cut than crepe-paper, I hope I never have to whack away at it. To think that day after tomorrow is THE day! I've been sitting around the whole year waiting for it to come and now it's almost here—how'm I going to sleep? I get exciteder and exciteder.

Friday, April 26th—Nothing exciting today until this evening when we did tear into the dining room and hang up most of the crepe paper I've been struggling with for the last week or so. We certainly achieved a knockout looking arrangement—on the forest plan with big bows stuck around very rakishly. Had the time of my life dashing hither and yon, holding people on ladders and handing out pins and string and am I ever tired—here's hoping the dear pet mouse doesn't start his nightly exercises in the waste-basket tonight.

Saturday, April 27th—What is left of me will now attempt to put down a brief sketch of the day. Up betimes all the campus. By breakfast the yellow and the purple had been fought over and raised higher and higher until I was ready to collapse. Tore madly into breakfast and afterward wished I hadn't been so hasty for presently in marched the Seniors as calm and undisturbed as a May morn and after we'd drowned them out with our lusty howling of different words to the same song they were singing, did watch their stunt—have to hand it to them for that—and for the procession of mourners. Out to watch the parade and to parade. Then to baseball which we won. Came then the bowling which they took; after that Nancy Lang did her stuff in true Senior-Mid fashion and we won water polo. After that I don't exactly like to think of the rest of the day. Anyway, when the Seniors came in all in white at dinner singing that song I was somewhat teary, but couldn't help being glad they'd won. And so the day ended (for me at least, for I hadn't ambition to go to the movies and didn't rate the dance).

Sunday, April 28th—Slept through breakfast without even blinking my eyes, and rose luxuriously at eleven-thirty to go to church. Cute man spoke; said something about our being the one audience in Nashville which would appreciate boys—guess he was all right. I for one am not exactly a boy-hater, but I will be if that brat Jimmy doesn't crash through with some mail pretty soon. Tea at the club tonight for a change. I'm always glad of it, too, because I never can seem to get anything I want to eat out of one of the minute plates they deal out in the dining room on Sunday night.

Monday, April 29th—To the library where the sight of the biography I'm trying to read for English depressed me so that I felt it my duty to go to the tearoom and restore my drooping spirits. Nothing but study the whole evening so I'm not in very good humor, as "Clutchie" would no doubt be glad to testify. And so to bed.

Tuesday, April 30th—Hot dog! The last day of April and tomorrow I can say "I'm going home this month." Just to think that the whole year is over, or nearly over. Also we get our new privileges. When I think of going downtown as casually as the Seniors, and having lunch and everything. It surely will seem marvelous to be able to hop into Candyland whenever we want to, too. I'm all for it, and then some. The chief trouble is that "Clutchie" and I have labs on different days and we'll have to wait until Monday to use the privileges and that's too long. Something is always taking the joy out of life. I'll have to cultivate some of the old Polyanna gladness, I guess, and be thankful for all favors.

CAMPUS CHIC

We just have no end of chic this time. You know, in spring a young girls fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes. And really, everyone's gamboling on the green in nifty little sport numbers. Black and white sport shoes are the rage, and clocked stockings are just too ultra worn with them. Deauville sandals are being worn ragged, and fish-net hose are running to keep up with them.

These cute little dresses with no sleeves and smocked coats have gained much favor with us Ward-Belmontites. We love them tenderly. Sweaters and skirts in pastel shades are very good and knitted suits are becoming more and merrier.

The "Alums' all back in their college-cut clothes were honestly the ritziest people. But even they weren't exempt from Ward-Belmont atmosphere and donned their shirts and skirts before long.

For best, navy blue ensembles are smart, and we all look like Mrs. Astorbilt or a fashion plate or something similar on parade.

Books of different varieties, size and subject are being used extensively and notebooks are indispensable.

PSYCHOLOGY CLASSES MAKE TOUR OF SCHOOLS

Students of Psychology at Ward-Belmont have been seen the past week visiting the Tarbox and Peabody Demonstration school for observation.

They come in little groups, pen and notebook in hand. There is nothing their eyes do not take in, from the picture posters on the wall of the Primary department to the menu of the school cafeteria.

The purpose of this observation is to make a comparative study of Peabody, Tarbox, and Ward-Belmont grammar schools. The three headings of the work are (1) the school proper, outside and inside, (2) the teacher, (3) the children.

In studying the school, the girls pay especial attention to the classroom, the building itself, the playground, the lunch room, the location, water supply, ventilation, hygiene, auditorium, athletic equipment, and handwork.

In observing the teacher, the girls take into consideration her education, appearance, experience, methods, and disposition.

For the study of the children, the following guides are used: obedience, conduct, whole-sentence answers, response, appearance, health, mental ability, physical defects, posture, and school attitude.

EXCHANGES

The Pine Branch,
Georgia State Woman's College.

Your "essay issue" was most interesting. We are anxious to start exchanging with you.

Spectator,
Miss McGhee's School.

"We have received one copy of your magazine, and are looking forward to getting your next issue. Your editorials are excellent.

The Trail Blazer,
Vincennes University.

Your paper is well organized and shows lots of school spirit.

The Florida Flambeau,
Florida College for Women.

You are putting out an excellent paper. Keep up the exchange.

The Hamiltonian,
Hamilton College.

A very well organized and interesting magazine. We always look forward to receiving it.

The Col-Wo-Co,
Colorado Woman's College.

We enjoy reading your magazine. Your "Student Opinions" are especially good.

Lasell Leaves,
Lasell Seminary.

Your magazine is interesting. We like the way you keep up with your alumnae.

The Vedette, Culver Military Academy.—You have an excellent sport page, and we think your feature page interesting and well organized.

The Sweet Briar News, Sweet Briar College.—Your inter-cellegiate news is exceedingly interesting, and your athletic notes are well organized. Why don't you work up a good exchange column?

Martha's Mirror, Martha Washington College.— "We enjoyed reading your paper, and are anxious to continue exchanging with you.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Lass-o, The Mountaineer, The Vanderbilt Hustler,* and also *The Davidsonian* this week.

Main Avenue Huisache, San Antonio, Texas.—We have received one copy of your paper and are looking forward to the next one. The paper shows a great deal of school spirit and pep.

The Triangle, Judson College, Marian, Ala.—We enjoyed reading your paper. Keep up the exchange.

Martha's Mirror, Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Va.—We always look forward to receiving your paper. Your Christmas number was very attractive.

The Hornet, Furman University, Greenville, N. C.—We always turn first to your feature page. It is very well arranged, and clever.



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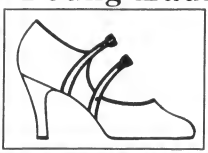
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A POET PRO-CRASTINATES

Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall I do?
My stupid brain will not come through.

I have a poem now to write;
I've waited till the final night.

In desperation I have sought;
All my work has gone to nought.

In seven years the poet Gray
Produced his famous Elegy.

In years I also might succeed;
Mere days will never meet my need.

Next time I'll get an early start;
And cultivate poetic art.

Carolyn Elkridge.

STUDIO RECITAL

On April 23 the pupils of Miss Leftwich had a studio recital in Miss Leftwich's studio at 4:30 P.M. The program was as follows:

The Whistling Farmboy.....*Bilbro*
By the Lakeside .....*Bilbro*
ELAINE HAILE

Marche Mignonne .....*Poldini*
MILDRED HALL

Andante in F...*Beethoven-Krentzlin*
Puck .....*Grieg*
ELIZABETH CORNELIUS

Charm of the Night.....*Dennee*
NANCY HOTCHKISS

Butterflies .....*Lavallee*
SARA BROPHY

Scotch Poem .....*MacDowell*
MARY DEAN CLEMENT

To Spring .....*Grieg*
MARJORIE SHERWOOD

Valse Humoresque .....*Stojowski*
KATHLEEN LA RUE

Scherzo .....*Mendelssohn*
OLGA MAESTRI

Norwegian Dance .....*Olsen*
ELEANOR FAIRCHILD

Romance .....*Schumann*
KATHERINE KEAN

There was a young fellow of Perth
Who was born on the day of his birth,
He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died when he quitted the earth.
—*Ex.*

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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SENIORS DISCLOSE HIDING-PLACE OF SENIOR PENNANT

At chapel on Friday, the Seniors disclosed the hiding place of the long-searched for pennant in a very clever stunt carried out with the assistance of the Senior-Middles.

To the accompaniment of very deep, mournful chords played on the piano by Lois Stout, a group of weird cronies dressed in black garments came out and went through the pantomime of searching with the aid of a flashlight, hammer, ladder, etc. The audience was vastly amused at their slow movements.

Soon they apparently abandoned the search and grouped themselves in the center of the stage and sang to the tune of "O My Man," a very appealing plea that the Seniors reveal the hiding place of the pennant.

At this moment, Grace Neisler bounded up on the stage and read a scroll from the Immortal Gods (Seniors), disclosing that the pennant had been hidden under the lion at the right entrance to South Front.

Irene Adams found the pennant the Monday after Senior-Senior Middle day, on which day the hunt ended officially. None of the committee appointed to search found it before Saturday, so the quest was considered as won by the Seniors.

The girls taking part in the stunt were Lois Stout, Grace Neisler, Lena MacAden, Kitty Jameson, Dorothy Black, Bunny Gillis, Ann Ryther, Natalie Hurd, Irene Adams.

ALABAMA-MISSISSIPPI CLUBS GIVE DANCE

Peanuts, popcorn, and pink lemonade bring reminiscences of circus days and of the Alabama-Mississippi dance which was held in a circus tent last Saturday evening. The tent, especially created for the occasion of red, white, and blue crepe paper, was so picturesque that a real tent would certainly have suffered by contrast. Likewise, professional clowns would hardly have been competition for Ellen Mitchell and Kate Foote Clark who contributed to the "sawdust" atmosphere at the dance.

During the evening a large number of gaily colored balloons, followed by a shower of confetti, suddenly floated down from the top to bounce upon the dancers' heads. They were immediately captured, but very few survived. This was a diverting variation from the customary "special."

At a decorated booth popcorn, ice cream cones, and pink lemonade were served to the guests.

In the receiving line were Mary Comer, president of the Alabama Club and Miss Van Hooser, sponsor; Mary Elizabeth Boatner, president of the Mississippi club, and Miss Townsend, sponsor.

ORCHESTRA CONCERT SUCCESSFUL

The Ward-Belmont annual orchestra concert, on May 2, at the War Memorial Auditorium was another triumph for Mr. Kenneth Rose, the conductor. A large audience heard the artistic program.

Miss Betsy Lusk, the soloist, showed exceptional talent, and played the concerto with artistry. She received many flowers and graciously responded with a charming arrangement of the plaintive spiritual, "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen."

The classic groups of the program were varied and very beautiful. The last group, chosen from late nineteenth and twentieth century composers, was well chosen for variety and enjoyment.

Excerpts from the *Nashville Tennessean* about the concert are as follows:

"Besides a number of Mr. Rose's violin pupils, many professional musicians took part in the strings, and also supplied the woodwind and brass sections. Miss Dorothy Phillips, a splendid 'cellist from Chattanooga, and who plays in the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, came up to take part last night.

Mr. Rose is an excellent director and he got good results from his body of trained players.

Miss Betsy Lusk, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lusk, was the soloist, and she gave a beautiful rendition of two movements of Vieuxtemp's fourth concerto for violin. With the exception of five months under Kemp Stillings in New York, her entire training has been with Mr. Rose. Miss Lusk used the famous Colossus Stradivarius, which was owned at one time by Jaxques Thibaud, the eminent French violinist. Thibaud played in Nashville in 1902.

Miss Lusk has excellent technical equipment and a lovely tone. She plays with great smoothness and persformance with orchestral support was noteworthy because of her unusual poise. She was recalled many times and received numerous baskets of flowers. Her well-played encore, with Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose as accompanist, was a well-known spiritual."

The *Nashville Banner*:

"One of the symphonic treats of the year was provided Thursday night in the War Memorial Auditorium by the Ward-Belmont conservatory when its orchestra played an exacting program, under the direction of Kenneth Rose, before a large audience, made up of the student body of Ward-Belmont College and music lovers of the city at large.

One reason for the delight afforded by this orchestra was to be found in the compositions performed. They were of the sort that has been attested and found good, but has not been too often played. The Mendelssohn overture from the 'Midsummernight's Dream,' for example, with which the concert opened, has rarely been heard locally. The same is true of the Mozart Symphony in G Minor of which the orchestra played the 'allegro molto' movement. Also Granger's 'Country Gardens' and the 'Valse Triste' by Sibelius have been heard here but rarely Elgar's 'Pomp and Circumstance' march is oftener heard but never too often.

"A second justification for calling the evening a 'treat' was in the way Mr. Rose's forces—students of the conservatory with their ranks generously augmented from local professional circles—performed their task. On the whole their performance was excellent. It was marked by authentic tempi and by a degree of dynamic and rhythmic shading which endowed the renditions with life and meaning. The Mozart and the Grainger numbers went with a snap and a precision that was worthy of mature professional ensembles. The Mendelssohn overture was the only number on the program that betrayed uncertainty on the part of the players, a little stage fright perhaps.

"The soloist of the evening was Betsy Lusk, one of Mr. Rose's advanced pupils. She played the 'adagio religioso' and the 'martiale' movements from Vieuxtemps Concerto No. 4 for violin and the orchestra in a masterful manner. By 'masterful' I mean that instead of showing that timid grasping-for-notes observed in so many young concert debutantes, she went in with a positive accent for effects, musical effects and produced them.

"In the slow movement the soloist disclosed at once an unusually fine tone, rich and comparatively weighty for such a lithe player. This tone quality was doubtlessly enhanced by the extraordinary instrument used by

(Continued on page 5)

SUSAN G. ERWIN WINS POETRY HONORS

Two great honors have come in the last week to Susan Graham Erwin, president of the Wordsmiths and outstanding poet of the school. She was awarded a ten dollar prize for second place in the poetry contest sponsored by the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs, and open to all students of the state, for her poem, "Prosaic." In this contest another of her poems, "What My Father Said," won honorable mention.

The second honor accorded to her is the invitation extended by the Tennessee Poetry Society to read some of her poems at a meeting on Saturday, May 11, at Vanderbilt.

The poems to be read have not been selected, except the prize-winning one, "Prosaic."

Both these honors are signal tributes to the genius shown by Susan and are, doubtless, only forerunners of many successes to come.

ANNUAL HORSE SHOW TO BE HELD THIS AFTERNOON

The annual Ward-Belmont horse show, which will take place this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the riding ring, is looked forward to with unusual interest by the students, patrons, and Nashvillians. The horse show, which has been a yearly event for six years, is given under the auspices of the physical education department, and is directed by Miss Doris Cone, instructor in riding.

Ten classes will be exhibited this afternoon, and thirty-one riders will enter the contest. This is the first year a certificate in riding has been offered by the school, and the certificate students will be especially featured during the events. They are: Freda Birge, Jean Perry, Helen Greene, Mary Patricia McGowan and Suzanne Jones.

Miss Sisson, Miss Elizabeth Lowry, and Mr. Joe E. Yowell will serve as the judges. Presentation of awards, Dr. J. W. Barton; ring master, Mr. A. B. Benedict; recorder, Miss Morrison.

The classes are as follows:

Class I, five-gaited; Class II, three-gaited; Class III, novice riding; Class IV, beginner's riding; Class V, five-gaited combination, horses to be driven and then ridden; Class VI, equipment race; Class VII, egg race; Class VIII, ring race; Class IX, in and out; Class X, park riding in couples.

GLEE CLUB TO GIVE RECITAL

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club will give its first public concert Tuesday night at 8:15 o'clock, May 14th, in the Ward-Belmont auditorium. Stetson Humphrey, director of the School of Voice of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, instituted the glee club in the school. Much credit is due to him for his organizing the singing voices of the school into a large club of 150 girls, but even more commendable is the excellence they have attained in singing and in variety of repertoire.

This sort of a club is very seldom found. Most glee clubs are found in men's colleges, and choruses invariably consist of mixed voices. It is therefore rather unsual to base a musical performance on a group of voices of a comparatively limited range, and Mr. Humphrey deserves praise for establishing the feasibility of such an undertaking.

The school feels that the glee club has been a source of pleasure to not only the students who participate but the whole school. It has popularized singing, certainly, and has given the benefit of voice training to many girls who are not music students.

The concert next Monday night is looked forward to with a great deal of interest.



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CAMPUS COLUMN

Will Helen Feller's girl scout deed done or rather committed on Thursday send her to Council? Driving a car is a Council offense—but—any rule has exceptions. This is a plea for an exception. Helen was contentedly grazing on the campus when she heard a carrion cry for help. Mrs. Hall and her sister were stuck (in a car). What we mean is the car was stuck. They were trying to back out of a predicament. Helen responded gallantly by leaping into said car and backing it out. Girls, will she be sent to Council? "No," you cry. Such injustice does not exist in Ward-Belmont.

The weather Monday was so delightful that Dr. Barton dismissed chapel early so that the girls might get clean running about on the campus. After the girls had been out a little while it turned so dark that "Ginny" Owens and Jean Stotzer thought night had fallen and they retired.

We wonder why Jessie Burgin hasn't planted petunias in the sawdust pit. Oh, infant! Does she ever drag a villanious rake!

And, by the way, "Schaefer" has acquired that rhythm so essential to the high pump. O-O-la! la! Syncopatin' "Schaefer!" (Some flashy green sweater she sports' at track!)

BITS OF SENIOR, SENIOR-MIDDLE DAY

"Dotty" Black sacrificed her voice for the Senior-Middles. It has been like that of a fifteen-year-old boy ever since.

The sail to the senior float was knocked down at the beginning of the parade, but that didn't take the wind out of their sails because Margie Northrup had just found a four-leaf clover.

The tooth which found its way into Jessie Burgin's head during the baseball game should be mounted in marble; or rather, placed in the mouth of one of the poor toothless statues on the fountain so that the gold fish may be "chewed before being swallowed."

Ytterbuim! Zerconium!! Vandaium!!! You who have not been initiated into the mysteries of chemistry would think the campus column were crazy. We are merely doing a little chemical cussing.

WE LIKE TO MAKE PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS. SHALL WE SHARE A FEW WITH YOU?

Jane Clark had on a clean white shirt Monday. The occasion for such cleanliness, we do not know. (Editor's note.) Jane explains that she got drenched and had to change.

Lucile Bailey was on time for journalism Saturday.

Jean MacDonnell forgot to use the curling irons Tuesday morning.

Ruthe Donahoo was guest at a SPECIAL meeting of several of the leading girls in school Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock in Room 115, Ac.

Susan Erwin plans to take an intensive course in psychology this summer preparatory to teaching it at Morgantown University.

From our seat on the back row of chemistry class we are overcome with hysterics at looking at the various styles of the backs of heads. Margaret Rothert is wearing her blonde hair a la Greta Garbo, with the aid of two black bobette pins placed at captivating angles above her auditory organs. Nancy Lang's tresses are worn the same way. They are, however, longer and curlier. The bobette pins are worn at lower angles. Hilma Reed's dark psyche knot looks like a doughnut. Mary Emily Garvey clings to the shingle. Dorothy Cate is in a state of indecision. Edith Wilson puts hers up. She is optimistic. —'s permanent. Ah, we should dwell on that strange and most unnatural looking affair.

EXTRA EXTRA

It is rumored about the campus that the author of our column herself is having trouble with her Boy Friend. We do not know why she and the B. F. are at outs, but we are hoping friend cupid will straighten out the tangle—and that right soon. Perhaps she is being flirtatious and the B. F. doesn't approve.



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IN THE WAKE OF THE Y

Mr. Wesson played a prelude Sunday evening preceding the vesper service. Probably for the last time this year Dr. Prentice Pugh spoke to us. He took his text from the third chapter of Ezra, the 12th and 13th verses. These verses state the reaction of young men and old men to the new temple being built. The old remembered the days when no sacrifice was too great to make Solomon's temple as nearly perfect as possible and were dissatisfied with the new one being built. The young were pleased with it and looked forward to its completion. This attitude seems to be universal and unchangeable with time. The old look back and the young look forward. The ideal should be to see all things as a whole. It is not to forget the past: many people are to prone to do that. It is rather to remember the past and use the knowledge gained then in our living now. We should live in the present and the future with the value gained from the past.

It is every one's place to do some definite good while on this earth. Dr. Pugh says to take every minute as if it were the last one here and put the most possible into it. Have it mean something that will last forever.

Helen Searcy sang "Consider the Lilies" by Scott and was accompanied by her teacher Miss Boyer.

Sunday afternoon a visit was again made to the Junior League Home for Crippled Children. Jack and Willie were out in the front yard waiting to welcome us. Otie, Paul, and Ollie, were sitting patiently near the big window looking forward to being entertained, Mattie wanted her doll dressed and Tommy Tucker, though bound fast in a plaster cast, was waiting with his famous provocative smile. The following girls thoroughly enjoyed the hour that followed: Margaret Rothert, Virginia Fox, Marjorie Oleson, Louisa Vawter, Marie Barney and Bunny Eberhart.

At Sunday school Miss Van played as we sang our hymns which preceded Jeanne Cumming's tale on "Thinking Right." Jeanne emphasized the necessity of high, clean thoughts to a splendid life; for unless one thinks good things he can not truly be good. Our facial expressions, actions, and reactions all hinge on our inner way of thinking and the subjects upon which we meditate. She centered her talk around the words: "As a man thinkest in his heart so is he."

For our class lesson Miss Van spoke on the topic "The Two Worlds in Which We Live"; the material and the spiritual. Though these are classed as two worlds in reality they are but one. Being in tune with the spiritual world all the time is what counts. One should not have temporary, short periods of exultation to be chopped off as we go on with our plain material living. One should be systematic in prayer and every minute of one's life should be filled with zest and spiritual alertness. This is but a hint of her message.

Though the Seniors could sleep late we were glad to see a number of them up early and at Sunday school.

MERTENS CONCERT WELL RECEIVED

Miss Haynes Praised

The Nashville newspapers in speaking of the concert given by Louis Mertins, violinist, and Miss Elizabeth Haynes, pianist, give much praise to these two young artists. Mr. Mertens, who leaves for Chicago in June to further his study with Sametini at the Chicago College of Music, has studied under Kenneth Rose, director of the school of violin, for the past seven years. Miss Haynes, who is a senior at Vanderbilt University, has been studying piano for four years under Lawrence Goodman, director of the school of piano.

The Tennessean: "Mr. Rose is to be congratulated on his brilliant pupil who plays so well after seven seasons with him.

"Mr. Mertens has a technique adequate for any demands, and his tone is big and vibrant. His sense of proportion, his rhythm, and his feeling for interpretation are very good indeed. His program contained some very ambitious numbers but he was at all times equal to the occasion.

Miss Haynes plays beautifully, and is a fine exponent of a very fine teacher. Hazel Coate Rose played excellent accompaniments for the violinist."

The Banner: "Mr. Mertens chose no mean vehicle in which to demonstrate his powers. Opening with the variations of Corelli, which were delivered with breadth of tone and classic style, through the difficult concerto of Paganini, Mr. Mertens delighted his audience with his clear-cut exposition of a difficult program. Miss Haynes, assisting artist, is well known as one of Mr. Goodman's most gifted pupils. She displayed in her two groups the fine technical ability, clarity of tone and sensitiveness of style which characterized the work of her master. Hazel Coate Rose, at the piano for Mr. Mertens, again displayed unusual ability in her sympathetic and well-balanced accompaniments."

JUNIOR-MIDDLES DINE AT BELLE MEADE

Last Friday night the newly recognized Junior-Middle class gathered at Belle Meade for a dinner party. The committee on decorations outdid themselves, and the club was the loveliest we have ever seen it.

We entered just the sort of a green archway one sees in "House and Garden" pictures, and found ourselves in a hall that would have done justice to "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.'

Dinner was served promptly at 6 o'clock. Helen Grizzard, besides being the Titian-haired class president, made a charming toastmistress. She kept us constantly in that hilarious state that only good toastmistresses can achieve. There were toasts by Lucy May Bond, Mettite Taylor and Ann Raine. Other speeches were made by the Junior-Middle sponsor, Miss Campbell, and Miss Allison, principal of the High School.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

IN REPLY TO CRITICISM

Now, at the close of the school year, we receive, through the medium of the poor over-stuffed and bulging HYPHEN box in Middlemarch the following charge: "Why don't you make the HYPHEN interesting to those in school besides Seniors and members of the HYPHEN staff?"

Please understand that in trying to justify ourselves in the face of such a dire charge we do not intend to argue the matter at all; we only want to tell the contributor that we agree with her, and that we appreciate very much the constructive criticism and helpfulness and interest taken, now that school is almost over, in our weekly, yes, very *weakly* we fear, publication of the school.

We suppose it is a matter of location in the first place. Circumstances and better housing conditions forced us into the basement of Pembroke (a Senior-Mid and Second Year College Hall), but as the Seniors and members of the HYPHEN staff know, our front door faces Senior hall and we have a clear and uninterrupted vista of the first floor of above-mentioned dormitory—a mere matter of some 23 feet by actual count, up and down the steps. Now, there is a door leading from Pembroke into the bank, and from the bank into the HYPHEN office, a distance of 18 feet, which should prove that all the other students housed in Pembroke ought to be five feet ahead of any Senior in the matter of news, or having her name in the paper.

Then too, the sum total of all the other students far outnumbers the 150 struggling graduates. But listen people, give those poor sufferers a break. This is their last year here, and the only other time their names will appear in print again in this poor effort of ours is when they become the visiting alumnae, and come back for homecoming.

Still, that doesn't excuse us, does it? Just discredit the names of the members of the HYPHEN staff which appear weekly, not only under the imposing title of "Members of the Staff," but in stories as well. They're a conceited bunch, and if they had a chance they'd write nothing but their doings and happenings of the week. This is a very grave error. They should serve the public with no eye on personal gain.

When the first HYPHEN was published last September, and for the next four or five times the publication was issued, a frantic appeal went up to send in contributions, names, stories—anything that you thought worthy of publication. We tried in every way we knew to pry some news, and the doings and happenings of all the students, out of all of you. What was the reaction? Every time we asked someone other than a Senior, or one of us, to hand in a contribution we got the same old hackneyed remark: "I can't do it. Besides I'm too busy." We have never asked a Senior for a single contribution which we haven't received, and many have come unsolicited to us, and many ideas for our issues have been dropped in this office by interested members of the class of '29. And may we ask the entire school this question: What group, if not the Seniors, is any busier with school and outside activities? What group has more to lose, if not the Seniors? And yet, with no exception, have they not been willing to help, co-operate, and send us in ideas. Do you blame grateful HYPHENERS for giving them publicity?

However, we do admit that we are partially to blame. Something is wrong somewhere. We have done the best we know how, and we can't help but be a trifle proud of our weekly struggle. We do not wish to discourage any more criticisms, and appreciate the interest taken in your caring enough to have us make this an all-school publication. But we repeat, it is all up to YOU, and we will do all we can to make this YOUR paper. Thank you.

CRUTCHES

Some people would be greatly surprised if someone told them they had been walking with crutches all their lives. "Why," they would gasp, wondering if their questioner was not headed for the insane asylum. "I'm no invalid. I've never used a crutch in my life," which would not be true. There are other kinds of crutches besides wooden ones, and just as we feel pity in our hearts for those cripples, friends or otherwise, there is, or should be, scorn and pity in our hearts for those who find crutches necessary to achieve in the world.

There are girls who use crutches in school work, and outwardly seem to profit by it. By using another person's work, or translations, or by plain bluffing they escape the daily grind of studying. But the testing time is inevitable and the crutch is likely to slip or break, and failure is the result,—not only failure in a material way but also failure to win and hold the respect of others.

Another crutch often used by healthy people is that of "I'll do it tomorrow," and it is one just as fragile as the first mentioned. Things put off till "tomorrow" are never finished generally.

Crutches are a lot of trouble. One may be proficient in their use and think themselves able to manage them perfectly, yet in some moment of haste the support fails and there are serious consequences. This is true in nearly every case and the girl who relies on such aid will eventually find herself in a precarious position.

Exams are just at hand. If we have been using crutches, let us put them aside at once and make a new start. It is never too late to try to rectify a mistake, and concentrated effort should result in saving much worry and trouble in the future.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Many girls have been charmed with the most refreshing book, *The Cradle of the Deep*, by Joan Lowell. Even the aspersions cast at the authenticity of the book, and the conditions under which it is claimed it was written cannot detract from the pleasure in reading it, a pleasure I haven't experienced since the days when King Arthur and his knights were pals of mine and Robin Hood was an actuality.

The title is clever, to begin with; and it furnishes the keynote of the book. It is the autobiography of a girl who has spent her life from babyhood on her father's sailing vessel. It is inevitable that her viewpoint would be most unusual, being a woman and one who has had the life of the most toughened sailor—duty at the helm, scrubbing decks, mending sail, and even in calculating charts.

To say that the book is original would not be quite true. Many sea stories have been written, *Moby Dick* and *Ten Years Before the Mast*. And these are authentic. Yet seamen say that nothing has delighted them so much in the way of a sea story as this, since they read *Moby Dick*.

The only thing I can say is that if you have been looking at books in bookstores with the mental reservation that you are sure to be a little disappointed, no matter what you choose, don't hesitate to invest in *The Cradle of the Deep* without delay, if you want to know what can happen to a convict alone for the rest of his life on a barren, South Sea island, or how to catch a whale or keep him from catching you, or the marriage rites of a primitive civilization, or how cartoons come true, or what college furnished an alumnus who introduced the ukelele to Hawaii. Lest there may still be some doubt in your mind—perhaps because you think I'm selling the book myself, rest assured that the only reason for this review is that finding this book was good news, and too good to keep.

NANCY BASKERVILLE GIVES PLEASING RECITAL

Is Assisted by Rubye B. Sprouse

A concert of unusual interest was presented at the Ward-Belmont auditorium Thursday evening, May 9, by Miss Nancy Baskerville, soprano, advanced pupil of Miss Helen Todd Sloan of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music.

Miss Baskerville, who is a native of Gallatin, Tennessee, received her voice certificate from the conservatory in 1927, and last year was one of the winners of the Juilliard extension scholarship.

Miss Baskerville, who has been one of the practice supervisors in the music department for the past year, has made quite a name for herself among the music lovers of Nashville, as she has appeared in concert many times and has sung over the radio frequently.

She was assisted by Miss Rubye Briggs Sprouse of Springfield, Tennessee, pianist. Miss Sprouse, who is an advanced pupil at the conservatory, is studying under Lawrence Goodman, director of the school of piano. She also received her diploma in piano in 1927.

This was the first public appearance of these two young artists, and their program of unusual brilliance and interest was very well received.

M. MULLICAN AND S. SUDEKUM WIN HOME EC. PRIZES

Nashville Merchants Co-operate

Recognition of the fine work done by students at the Ward-Belmont Department of Home Economics was made when Mahota Mullican won first prize in a contest carried on by Cain-Sloan Company for the best made and most attractive dress entered.

The prize, which was the refund of the actual cost of the materials used in the garment, was won by the clever design and remarkably good workmanship of the dress.

The costume, a black faille suit with full length coat lined with white satin; wrap-around skirt, and white satin, combined with black faille forming the blouse, was on display for several days in the windows at Cain-Sloan's.

In this contest five prizes were given and an unusual ability on Mahota's part is shown from the fact that all of the other contestants were mature women.

Sara Sudekum, entering a similar contest at Lebeck's was awarded one of several third prizes for the dress she submitted; a two-piece printed crepe in blue and white. The garment was two-piece, the skirt pleated, and blouse trimmed with scolloped collar and cuffs.

In both these garments the workmanship was perfect and the effects were beautiful. Credit is due not only these girls but Mrs. Lowry, the instructor, for her careful supervision in their construction.

INTERESTING CONCERT GIVEN

The pupils of Misses Thorne, Sloan, and Boyer gave a program in the auditorium of Trevecca College at eight o'clock on May 3rd. The program was arranged by Miss Johnnie Jernigan, the director of the department of piano in the college, and a former Ward-Belmont girl.

The program was as follows:

Rondo Capriccioso .....*Mendelssohn*
Whitfield Morelli
Charmont Oiseau.....*David*
Nancy Baskerville
Romance.....*Schumann*
Mandolinalo.....*St. Saens*
Martha Lindsey
The Morning is Calling.....*Terry*
The Unforeseen.....*Cyril Scott*
Lullaby.....*Cyril Scott*
Frances Burgess
Rigandau.....*MacDowell*
Lengende.....*Stajowski*
Whitfield Morelli
The Nightingale.....*Alabieff*
Swiss Echo Song.....*Eckert*
Nancy Baskerville
My Joys.....*Chopin-Liszt*
Dance of the Gnomes.....*Liszt*
Martha Lindsey
Robin Sings in the Apple Tree.....*MacDowell*
Open Thy Blue Eyes.....*Massenet*
Frances Burgess
Ricordanza.....*Liszt*
Whitfield Morelli

TO THE "PALS" WHO ARE NOT RETURNING —GOODBYE!

Something will be missing from the campus next year. Of course, that's taken for granted in the fact that many of the girls are seniors and will not be back. New girls will fill their places, but in the course of this year girls have made "pals" whose places will never and can never be exactly filled by anyone else. To the "palls" of this year, and, pardoning the decent from the sublime to the ridiculous, to their memory books, we dedicate this column.

Here they are:

"Margie," "Chady" and Margaret; "Ellingson" and "Nanc" Newman; "Sims" and "Bobbie" Reed; "Johnson" and "Daniels"; "Timmie" and "Gerdle"; Nell Tyson and "Bagby"; Marion Blackman and Hazel Wade; "Graves" and "Donahoo"; "Judy," "Foss" and "Bug"; "Undie," "Nat" and "Peany"; Jane Clark and Betty O'Donnell; "Hendricks" and Betty Schmidtbauer; Freda Abercrombie and Georgea Black; Ruth Clark and Marian Hoshaw; "Nanie" Butler and "Maxon"; Louisa Warfield and Kathryn Parrish; "Flo" Miller, "Willie" and Erma Stewart; Jane Seymour and Mary Goss; Jane Sipher and Dorothy Detrick; Emily Potter and Mary Orr.

ORCHESTRA CONCERT SUCCESSFUL

(Continued from page 1.)

Miss Lusk. It was the 'Colossus' Stradivarius which is rated as one of the very finest products of the master fiddle maker in existence. It is a treasured part of the Lyon and Healty collection of old violins and was lent to Miss Lusk for this special occasion.

But tone is not all that Miss Lusk possesses by way of musicianly equipment. She plays remarkably in tune and she has a technical ability that is fully adequate to the 'Vieuxtemps' demands in the 'martiale' movement of his concerto. In both movements the soloist had the support of good orchestral accompaniment. The instrumental troup remained discretely in the musical background, letting the solo instrument stand out as it should. But was punctually 'on the job' at all time, with one exception. This was when the energetic violinist threatened, toward the end of the Vieuxtemps number, to leave her less spirited companions in the lurch. But it was only a threat.

Gorgeous floral tributes and prolonged applause were Miss Lusk's reward for her fine performance and she requitted this by playing a beautiful version of 'Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen' to piano accompaniment by Hazel Coate Rose."

The personnel is as follows:

Kenneth Rose, conductor; Betsy Lusk, soloist.

First violins: Louis Mertens, concertmaster, Mrs. Robert Lusk, Betsy Lusk, Charlotte Strong, Otis Dresslar, Mrs. George Seemans, Welden Hart, Nell Godwin, Harry Draper, Mary Speier, Mary Elizabeth Lanier, Holmes Vaughn.

Second violins: Doris Hawkins, Catherine Scruggs, Matilda Weaver, Dorothy Black, Jimsey Duncan, Frances Pearson, Ella Lu Check, Malavon Dennis, Elaine Bean, Frances Cooper, Emma Jean Willis, Teresa Patterson, Emily Potter, Lucile Smith.

Violas: Mrs. Carl McMurray, Mrs. J. Arthur Wands, Bernard Weinstein, Sidney Babcock, Perkins Sexton, Fritz Hahn.

Celli: Dorothy Phillips, Orin Gaston, Will Didcock.

Basses: C. W. Ware, George Cooper, Sr.

Flutes: Henry Ashford, Harriett Graybill.

Clarinets: Carl Valdes, Oscar Hantelman.

Oboe: Oscar Henkel.

Cornets: L. E. Leith, Edwin Valdes, Irene McBane, Miss Hill.

Trombones: Thomas Carter, A. D. Dumont.

French horns: J. P. Scott, G. P. Harrison.

Tuba: Walter Heckman.

Timpani and percussion: R. K. Birthright.

Piano: Mildred Ann Smith.

The program offered was:

1. Overture—Midsummernight's Dream .....*Mendelssohn*
2. Symphony G minor.....*Mozart*
   allegro molto
3. Concerto No. 4 for violin.....*Vieuxtemps*
   adagio religioso
   Finale—marziale
   BETSY LUSK
4. *a.* Country Gardens.....*Grainger*
   b. Valse Triste.....*Sibelius*
   c. March—Pomp and Circumstance .....*Elgar*



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Wednesday, May 1st—Downtown to use the new privileges for the first time, and did I ever feel ritzy buying tickets for the movie without having to drag out seventeen and a half cents to kick in for the chaperone. Was so excited that I no more than half remember what the thing was about and now I can't think at all what the name of the crazy thing was, but it won't matter at all ten years from now so what's the diff? Wish my charming friends would be so kind as to spread their correspondence around a little more—had six letters this morning—count them; six—and that's the first I'd had in over a week. All that I have to tell the public is that my afore-adjectived friends will have to wait patiently or otherwise until I have time and inspiration to answer. Vowed a big solemn swear the other day that I would positively not mention club at all. Success at last.

Thursday, May 2nd—Four weeks from this very moment I'll be tearing around getting ready to change trains—then one more change and I'll be falling (or rolling, if I don't stop eating so much) off the choo-choo into the outstretched arms of my doting parents—heaven speed the day, and amen to that! If anyone should care to know I rather hope that Jimmy will be there too, but like all men he's a somewhat uncertain person—he might go fishing or something dumb and forget all about "his truly" but if he does—grr! Anyway what care I, as long as I'm at home again. I still think that I must have pulled off two sheets of the calendar at once and that soon someone will come dashing up and say comforting things about being sorry but it's really only April. If I can come out of the fog of home-going thoughts sufficiently I'd like to say that we concerted tonight in a regular downpour, and I listened enraptured to heavenly music and wondered how Betsy Lusk could possibly manage to look so much like the pictures of the Princess in my favorite fairy book.

Friday, May 3rd—Just another day, and then some! Don't believe I've stopped running madly from one portion of the campus to another since the moment I hurled the last little pillow on my bed and tore down the many flights of stairs into the dining room until this very moment. Useless to try to remember all the errands I've run and all the people I've tried to see. I just can't, but anyway I'm glad the day's over because (1) there's one less day until vacation—and now that I've put that down I can't think what the rest of the reasons were—dee, dee—just like a test! The Senior-Mids put on a keen stunt in chapel today—and got the pennant—by the way I guess I'll trot up and see if "Dottie" will let me see it—or "Bunny," or whoever has the thing I'm all consumed with curiosity.

Saturday, May 4th — Certainly seemed funny not to have a class meeting. Sat on the Pembroke steps and watched the Seniors go dutifully to theirs. Can't get used to the fact that "Chady" Strong is a Senior—funny how you get ideas like that. To the movie tonight, and what could have been more appropriate! When I saw that girl climb down the sheets from her window—I knew where she wasn't going to school—imagine a stunt like that from the third floor of Fidelity! To the dance, where, while everyone else went shrieking after silly balloons, I did stow away bags of popcorn as if I had never before seen any before,. Good dance—much pep—and 'oh, how I wish I were a Senior so I wouldn't have to go to breakfast.

Sunday, May 5th — Thought we would never get home from church today. Finally went off and left "Chunky" and Martha enfolded in their uncle's arms, but I don't think they minded—either being left or enfolded. Home just as the big bell rang and had the usual Sunday fight on the question of whether the turkey was chicken or the chicken was turkey. I claim it wasn't—turkey, I mean; but it may be that the many Sundays have dulled my sense of taste when it comes to judging the fowl we have so I guess it'll have to be referred to the authorities. Slept all afternoon to make up for not sleeping through breakfast—I'm not going to let any Senior get ahead of me in sleeping.

Monday, May 6th—At home this afternoon in spite of my feeling that the place I belong on Monday afternoon is downtown. Read in the library until the words ceased to mean anything, then to the tearoom and back to find "Clutchie" pondering over several dozen tomes, and thinking the strain on her poor brain was too great, persuaded her to retire with me to the mountain-fastnesses of "Fi" and wash my hair. Thus ended a suc-



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cessful afternoon. Had pie for dinner—on Monday! Really sorry about that too, because on seeing the extra fork I proclaimed that we were going to have strawberry shortcake, and the dear pal who argued with me on the turkey-chicken question said we weren't—whereupon I rashly bet my piece of pie against her piece of strawberry shortcake, feeling joyfully sure that I was due to inhale an additional piece—but woe was meself—I had to surrender my pie!

Tuesday, May 7th—Can't think of a thing that happened today, except that it didn't rain. Always expect a clear day on Tuesday because I have gym. Spent the evening strolling about on the campus, then inside to study—all I do is study—wish I'd make an A or so to repay my effort, but sad to state it's not what I make if I work but what I'd make if I didn't that counts. Gathered with my cronies at ten o'clock and we did turn over in our little minds things to do the night before we leave for home—I'll have to get up about two A.M. to pack so we might as well have some celebration before that—picture anyone's being able to sleep, anyway.

A TREATISE ON WASTE BASKETS AND THEIR CONTENTS

The momentous question at hand is, What is the value of a waste basket? I should say, young ladies, firstly, secondly, and lastly, that it is a place whereupon you cast your waste paper, peanut shells, hairpins, orange peels, lettres d' affairés [pardon, we had only one year (a hectic one) of French under Mlle. Vimont] and stubs (pencil). These are the objects which go into a boarding school waste basket, to be carried out and placed in the fire by Annie of second floor Heron, or Sally Lou of first floor Founders.

It is unjust, young ladies. I repeat, it is unjust not only is it unjust, but it is also both cruel and unnecessary. As I said before, it is unjust. I ask you, why should a little peanut shell, which was planted in the spring, which guarded the tender little peanut during the summer, and which was harvested, alongside of the golden grain in the fall, be cast aside, a broken down semblance of what it once was, into the boarding school waste basket? It is unjust.

Again, why should the hairpin have such an ignominous end? For months it has borne the growing tresses on its frail shoulders, the growing tresses which have a tendency to obey the law of gravity. Then, when it is old and bent, it is cast into the waste basket. It is unjust.

When the orange peeling, after cherishing what is within it all the way from the sunny shores of California, is torn cruelly and cast into the waste basket, it lays there, without the power to call attention to its pitiful state. Can one blame it for emitting a feeble stench? It is unjust, I cry, unjust.

Ah, the *lettrés d' affairés!* With what labor are they compounded. With what honeyed words of affection they are filled. With what joy are they read. Are they too relegated to the waste basket? Yes. Their bodies mangled, they are thrown in with the other derelicts, when the boarding school girl finishes them. I wail, it is unjust.

The pencil, that faithful implement of the girls not physically able to hold a pen without spilling ink, is likewise forgotten when it, stunted by work, is thrown into the waste basket. It, in its time, has made its mark. But when its time is over, it is cast aside, whether it be black, white, red, yellow, male or female. It is unjust, unjust.

"What is to be done?" I hear my tenderhearted readers sob.

Young ladies, this is what should be done. A home for old pencils should be instigated. The HYPHEN office has been suggested. *Lettrés d' affairés* should be collected and published in a text book, the title of which should be "How Not to Write Letters." The orange peels should be stuffed (with cotton) and used as baseballs for Ward-Belmont school of physical education, so that the players may catch them. The peanut shells should be all turned in to the Y.W.C.A. chairman of the Peanut Week committee who should use them as she sees fit.

"But what is to be done with the waste baskets?" I hear my readers chirp.

Young ladies, I have thought of that, too. They would be excellent goals, when placed a sufficient distance away from all competitors, for the spitting contests so prevelant among the younger and older sets at Ward-Belmont.

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WHY NOT?

We saw the first magnolia Wednesday morning as we splashed to Middlemarch from Ac on the matutinal mail-route. It looked very lonely, but quite as breath-taking and ethereally lovely as the first one we saw last year. There isn't anything in particular to say about it except that the first robin annually gets his notice, why not the first magnolia blossom?



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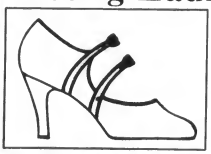
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FAREWELL TEA GIVEN IN X. L. CLUBHOUSE

One of the most delightful social affairs of the year was the farewell tea given by Ruthe Donahoo, Elizabeth Fredericks, Suzanne Jones, and Nancy Pierce at the X. L. Club Saturday afternoon, May 4, to over 200 guests.

The clubhouse was attractively decorated with rose and white peonies, and baskets of purple and white iris. The hostess' were assisted by Marjorie Barclay, Margaret McDonald, Florence Miller, Elizabeth Ungles, Dorothy Black, Allie Bowers and Louise Graves.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

A very lovely dinner was that given last Thursday evening for the girls who had birthdays during the month of April. Decorations in keeping with spring were effectively carried out by the aid of six stately tapers, three silver baskets filled with peonies, pink ribbons and place cards. The hostesses of this most delightful occasion were Mrs. Barton, and Mrs. Blanton who has just recently returned from the West. The guests of the evening were: Dorothy Schulz, Wyandotte, Mich.; Marrime Durham, Graysville, Ind.; Elberta Gooch, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Shirley Newell, Lakewood, Ohio; Betty Gere, Lincoln, Nebraska; Christine Caldwell, Lumberton, N. C.; Mildred Hall, Pulaski, Va.; Mildred Johnson, Champaign, Ill.; Geraldine Mason, Terre Haute, Ind.; Katherine Whetstone, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Louise Bingesser, Aconda Springs, Kansas; Catherine Pooley, Buffalo, N. Y.; Celestina Young, Norwalk, Ohio; Myrtilla Daniels, Des Moines, Iowa; Maiovan Dennis, Ashley, Ohio; Lucile Francis, Knoxville, Tenn.; Margaret Scullen, Houston, Texas; Dorothy Engle, Newton, Iowa; Mary Ruth Martin, Pell City, Ala.; Louise Sims, St. Mathewa, Ky.; Ellen Mitchell, Florence, Ala.

Mil: "Why don't you put on your slicker?"

Wagner: "I can't. I got a book in one hand and it won't go through the sleeve."—*Ex.*

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XVIII | NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY MAY 18, 1929 | Number 31

MAY PAGEANT TAKES PLACE THIS AFTERNOON

Crowning of Queen Special Event

The May Festival, presented by the Physical Education Department and including in its ceremonies the entire student body, will take place this afternoon.

Dances for the festival include folk dances of many countries, and May-pole dances by the social clubs.

The crowning of the May Queen, whose identity has not been revealed as yet, is the feature of the afternoon and the center of most of the celebration is preceded by a parade. Outriders in the blue and gold colors of the school precede the carriage of the queen and her maids of honor, which is followed by the Seniors, dressed in pastel dresses of the robe de style type. The dancers and the May-poles and their attendants follow to complete the procession.

The entire celebration, which is considered the most beautiful event of the year, and which many townpeople attend, will be held on the West campus where grandstands are placed for the spectators.

NEW OFFICERS FOR 1930

All of Ward-Belmont joins in the round of congratulations being extended to the girls who have been elected to hold high offices in the school next year. With the exception of club presidents and minor officers in other organizations, the list is complete.

BOARDING COUNCIL—1930

President—Frances Hoffman.

First Vice-president—Lilla Lou Peeples.

Second Vice-president—Miriam Cooper. (Continued on page 2)

WARD-BELMONT GOES TO EUROPE

Four more weeks—and think of the fun we are going to have in spite of that horror of seasickness, or the idea of having to drink wine instead of water! But how, oh how, is that bunch ever going to stay friends the whole trip? We are wondering—and, too, who is going to capture the first man—or who is going to be first to identify this famous painting or that abominable German dish?

Already we have pills and medicine for that seasickness—and did we hear someone say celery was good for such a disease? Any advice will be gladly accepted—for I'm sure that we will need it.

Our portmanteaus are here, our clothes are almost ready—now all we need to do is to wait for that famous day, June 18—and perhaps it would be best not to leave without our ship—that famous Empress of Scotland.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" PRESENTED BY SENIOR CLASS

Annual Shakespearean Play Well Received

Last Friday night the Senior students in Expression, under the direction of Miss Townsend, presented as their play Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The play was another indication of Miss Townsend's ability and understanding of dramatic effects and stage production for the students under her direction, and with the assistance of Miss Winnia, gave a performance which had a strongly professional air.

The true Shakespearian atmosphere was made forceful through the use of a single, simple setting and the "Blue Boys," who, as in Shakespeare's time, changed the properties and announced each scene by printed signs. Folk songs of the period were used in several scenes, the outstanding one being Frances Burgess' rendition of "Blow, Blow, Thou Wintry Wind."

The leading roles were taken by the Senior class, and the Certificate class assisted in the portrayal of the minor parts. The part of Rosalind, daughter of the banished duke (played by Nancy Noland), was admirably filled by Martha Lambeth, who gave to her interpretation of the character a remarkable portrayal; while Ruthe Donahoo, as Celia, the daughter of Duke Frederick (Louise Calloway) and boon companion of Rosalind, enacted her part with deep

(Continued on page 6)

SPRING HORSE SHOW GREAT EVENT

Freda Birge Judged Winner

On Saturday, May 11, was held the annual spring horse show, an event which has been anticipated for many weeks both by those who take riding lessons and those who are in "the other side of the ring." It falls into that classification of events that show the proficiency of our classmates in a certain accomplishment, a proficiency they have attained after working quietly and without being observed.

Naturally, the others of us who have not such accomplishments flock to such events as the horse show with keenest anticipation. This year we found the necessary festive atmosphere, the jaunty habits of the riders, the sleek horses, and the official-looking box for the judges, and it made one realize that it was a contest for prizes. The horse show was notable not only for horsemanship, but for the large and enthusiastic audience as well.

The Nashville *Banner* said: "The outstanding feature of the afternoon was the riding of Miss Freda Birge of St. Louis and Nashville who placed first in each of the most difficult classes. The remarkable thing about Miss Birge's riding is that she first

(Continued on page 7)

GLEE CLUB GIVES BRILLIANT CONCERT

First Public Appearance Wins Great Praise

A soft swishing of the long, brown curtains and they flew to the sides to disclose a bright array of evening gowns. We were soon to discover not only gowns, but voices. Ah, the Ward-Belmont Glee Club! A tall gentleman came gracefully out from the side, and with a slight bow to the audience, signalled to the pianist to begin.

Every voice was distinct and every voice seemed to have an extraordinary quality that makes a chorus worth listening to. The girls kept together with a surprising ease, but how could they have done otherwise with such a director? His hands seemed as good as wordy instructions. He could slow them up or make them sing louder with just a tiny movement of the head or hands.

Of the first group, "Solvejg's Song," by Grieg, made an especially big hit. After the first group of selections the curtains hid them from our view, and everyone looked forward with eagerness to more.

During the intermission, Margaret Lipscomb Smith played two delightful instrumental numbers for us. Her touch was exceedingly outstanding. Then, as she left the stage after an encore, she received a beautiful bouquet of red roses.

Of the third group of selections by the Glee Club it would be hard to decide which one was enjoyed most. "As My Dear Old Mother," by Dvorak, with Josephine Brun leading the chorus, certainly was one of the most beautiful. Josephine's voice, which is of a quality that goes over big in that type of singing, was one of the hits of the evening.

After the third group of songs Mr. Weldon Hart entertained the audience with two delightful violin selections.

Then, the last and fifth group of songs. It would be just as difficult to determine which one of this group was best. Strickland's "At Eve I Heard A Flute," led by Lois Stout and Ruth Welty, was heavenly. Lois sang the part of the flute and it seemed impossible that any human voice could take a part like that. Lois sang the high notes with all the ease in the world. It was truly a disappointment when the curtain swung together for the last time, but everyone went away with a happy feeling of satisfaction after hearing the Ward-Belmont Glee Club. The Nashville *Tennessean* says:

"A feast for the eye and the ear was the concert of the Ward-Belmont Glee Club in the school auditorium last night.

When the curtains were parted it looked like a flower garden. The colorful spring dresses of 148 girls presented every variety of shade.

(Continued on page 5)

SENIOR OPEN HOUSE HELD IN REC HALL

Second Social Event of Year

During the year the Seniors have become increasingly aware of the generosity of the administration in every way. We have been the recipients of many new privileges and gifts. Friday night we were entertained at a dance at which Francis Craig's orchestra, one of the best in Nashville, played. Both the Seniors and the numerous invited guests thoroughly enjoyed the evening, and the entertainment was gratefully appreciated.

Spring flowers were used to decorate "Rec" Hall, the memorable scene of so many pleasant festivities, and a late supper was served to the guests. Those who received were the officers of the Senior class: Ruth Welty, president; Augusta Wherry, vice-president; Ruth Gasteiger, treasurer; Mary Lois Patterson, secretary; Virginia Williamson, day-student treasurer; Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Miss Edna Erwin and Mrs. Solon E. Rose.

DR. HENRY SUZZALO TO BE COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER

Is Noted Lecturer and Educator

This year the speaker at the college commencement exercises, which will take place on Thursday, May 30th at 9:30 a.m., will be Dr. Henry Suzzallo, at one time president of the University of Washington, and at present an official of the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teaching.

Dr. Suzzallo is considered one of the leading educators of the country and is in great demand as a speaker

(Continued on page 3)

SENIORS! ATTENTION!

Don't fail to pay your alumnae dues before you leave school. By paying $1.00 you will become an active member of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association for 1930, receive the HYPHEN weekly, and also an Alumnae Quarterly if one is to be issued next year. We cannot do this without your help and co-operation. Are you willing to help? Or, better still, pay $5.00 now, and belong to the Alumnae Association for five years. By doing this you won't be bothered with letters asking for your dues every month, but you will receive all the above-mentioned literature, interesting facts about your school friends and members of your class for five years. We hope to keep your enthusiasm and help close to Ward-Belmont, so pay your alumnae dues NOW! See the Alumnae Secretary in the HYPHEN office.



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NEW OFFICERS FOR 1930
(Continued from page 1)

High School Representative—Mary Candler.
Secretary—Ethel Gillis.
General Proctor—Virginia Lou Sample.
Chapel Proctor—Irene Cochran.

DAY STUDENT COUNCIL—1930

President—Eugenia Smith.
First Vice-president—Olive Martin.
Second Vice-president—Shelby Warwick.
Secretary—Mary Ellen Stoves.
Treasurer—Milbrey Wright.
General Proctor—Lucy Mal Bond.

Y.W.C.A.—1930

President—Esther Conger.

SENIOR CLASS—1930

President—Dorothy Black.

HYPHEN STAFF—1930

Editor-in-chief—Betty Lane.
Associate and Day Student Editor—Dorothy Cate.
Business Manager—Helen Edwards.
News Editor—Jane Sipher.
Circulation Manager—Lucy Mai Bond.

MILESTONES—1930

Editor-in-chief—Elizabeth Eberhart.
Associate Editor—Betty Seager.
Business Manager—Elberta Gooch.
Day Student Business Manager—Nancy O'Connor.
Literary Editor—Virginia Gerdl.
Photographic Editor—Martha Hunt.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—1930

President—Amanda Caldwell.
General Manager—Jessie Burgin.

$1.00 WILL ENTITLE YOU TO BECOME AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE WARD-BELMONT ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

T. C.'S DEFEAT OSIRONS IN FIRST GAME OF SERIES

This was the first baseball game of the season. The score which was 44 to 9 seems to indicate that the T. C.'s will also be in the last game. They have no out-standing players, but each player fits in. On the other hand several of the Osiron girls played very well. They are Sorrell, Scrugs, and McLean. The line-up was:

T.C.		Osiron
Gooch	C.	McFarland
Hodgdon	P.	Sorrell
Francez	1.	Scrugs
Fredericks	2.	McLean
Taylor	3.	Frelmuth
Miller	S.	Furze
Welty	F.	Reed
Pickens	F.	Hornback

Angkor's Fall to Triads

The second game was the Triad's versus the Angkors. The Triads won with the score of 28 to 11. As the score indicates there was not much good batting, although the field work was good on both sides.

Triad		Angkor
Reuther		Winn
Wade		Birge
Hyde		Bryan
Hayes		Taylor
Kein		Maddox
Haines		McCarthy
Smith		Pritchett

Tri-K's Win from Eccowasins

The third game was between the Tri. K's. and Eccowasin's. This was another one-sided game. The Tri. K.'s were in bat first and they stayed there for twenty minutes. The game lasted an hour but only three innings were played off, but they were enough to give the Tri. K.'s a score of 42 to the Eccowasin's 9. Collins, Eccowasin, played a beautiful, hard hit ball on the upper field, making the only real home-run of the season so far.

The line-ups were:

Tri.K.		Eccowasin
Dunnington	C.	Collins
Hurd	P.	Wells
Newman	1.	Bond
Lyles	2.	White
Eberhard	3.	Wright
Northrup	S	
Elliott	S	
Wray	F.	Duke
Gillespie	F.	Woods
Gillis	F.	Lockner

Del Ver's 23—Agora's 2

Most of the games seem to be very one-sided. The Agora-Del Ver was one, as the Del Ver's won 23 to 2. In spite of the fact that the Del Ver's won, Jessie Burgin's hard pitching was the feature of the game. The line-ups were:

Agora		Del Ver
Reed	C.	Sims
Burgin	P.	Neisler
Bachman	1.	Peterson
Quebman	2.	Jurgensmeyer
Jones	3.	Graves
Smith	S.	Windham
LaBounty	S.	Patterson
Ervin	F.	L. Windham
Williamson	F.	Andrews
		McAlpine



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Fifth Game Finds T. C.'s Winners

This is the first exciting game. At one time the F. F.'s almost had the scores tied, but the T. C.'s pulled the final score up to 21 to the F. F.'s 10. Probably the most spectacular play of the game was Taylor's unexpected catch of a high foul far off third base. The line-ups were:

T. C.		F. F.
Gooch	C	Galbraith
Hodgdon	P	Nathan
Francez	1	Newell
Fredericks	2	Leopold
Taylor	3	Smith
Drummond	S	Seager
Daniels	F	Comer
Welty	F	Christman
Pickens	F	Schmelzer

Penta Tau's Beat Triads

The Penta Tau-Triad game decided won of the teams going to the semi-finals. The Penta Tau's ran up a high score and then almost let the Triads catch up with them. The Penta Tau's soon woke up and the score at the end of the game was 29 to 13 in their favor.

Triad		Penta Tau
Reuther	C	Jarvis
Wade	P	Gould
Hyde	1	Daniel
Keim	2	Jones
Hayes	3	Lamar
Smith	S	Mitchell
Cavert	F	Clark
Falkner	F	Jameson Dumas Harris

Tri K's Meet Defeat at Hands of Del Ver's

The Del Ver-Tri.K. game was another one-sided affair. At first the game seemed to be rather equal but the Tri. K.'s went to pieces. Judging from Sim's would-be black eye, and Nancy's use of certain creton decorated crutches, the game was a "knock-out." Neisler's graceful pitching was the feature of the game.

Tri. K.		Del Ver
Dunnington	C	Sims
Hurd	P	Neisler
Newman	1	Peterson
Lyles	2	Jurgensmeyer
Eberhardt	3	Graves
Northrup	S	Windham
Elliott	S	Patterson
Lang-Gillespie	F	L. Windham
Gillis	F	Sampson
Wray	F	Heywood

Penta Tau's Win from T. C.'s

The best game so far was the Penta Tau-T.C. game. At first the T. C.'s seemed well on the road to winning, then in the third inning Gould caught three flies. The "three up and three down" seemed to un-nerve the T. C.'s, and they let the Penta Tau's bat around three times, getting a lead that they kept. The game ended with the T. C.'s 23 to the Penta Tau's 35.

Welty did some outstanding work. Ask a certain alumnae secretary!

Jarvis and Hodgdon played an exceptionally good game.

T. C.		Penta Tau
Gooch	C	Jarvis
Hodgdon	P	Gould
Francez	1	Daniel
Fredericks	2	Clark
Taylor	3	Lamar
Duncan	S	Mitchell
Miller	S	Jones
Welty	F	Jameson
Daniels	F	Dumas
Pickens	F	Harris

MARTHA LINDSEY AND FRANCES BURGESS PRESENTED IN RECITAL

On Thursday, May 16, at 5 o'clock the Ward-Belmont Conservatory presented in recital Martha Lindsey, pianist, and Frances Burgess, soprano. The recital was not compulsory, but was well attended and greatly enjoyed. Martha is a pupil of Miss Amelia Throne's who receives her certificate in piano this year, and Frances is studying under Miss Florence Boyer.

The program which these two young student artists offered was heavy and brilliant, but one which they were perfectly capable of undertaking. The program as follows:

"Sonata a major" ..... *Schubert*
Martha Lindsey
"Know'st Thou the Land,"... *Thomas*
Frances Burgess
"Romance F sharp major" *Schumann*
"Mandolinata" ..... *St. Saens*
Martha Lindsey
"Lamento Provencale"..... *Aladihle*
"Open Thy Blue Eyes"....*Massenet*
Frances Burgess
"Mes Joies" nocturne...*Chopin-Liszt*
Martha Lindsey
"A Little Winding Road"....*Ronald*
"The Morning is Calling"..... *Terry*
Frances Burgess
"Clair de Lune" .....*De Bussy*
Martha Lindsey
"Unforseen" .....*Cyril Scott*
"River Boats" ..... *Manning*
"In the Luxembourg Gardens"..
..... *Manning*
Frances Burgess
"Gnomenreiquen" ..... *Liszt*
Martha Lindsey

DR. HENRY SUZZALO TO BE COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER

(Continued from page 1)

for school programs.

He received his A.B. degree from Stanford University, his A.M. from Columbia University in New York, and his Ph.D. and LL.D. from the University of California. He was a professor of philosophy of education at Columbia until 1915, when he became president of Washington University. He was made a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation in 1915, and has held that position ever since. He has been an elector in the Hall of Fame since 1920 and is affiliated with the International Institute of the University of Heidelberg, and the Royal Society of Literature, London.

He is the author of many books on education advantage and in collaboration with Henry Carr Pearson has published text-books which are in wide use in schools today, and his address at the college commencement exercises is eagerly awaited.

Dr. Frank S. Hickman, professor in the department of Theology of Duke University, Durham, N. C., will deliver the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, May 26, at 11 o'clock, and Dr. Shelton Phelps, director instruction of George Peabody College, Nashville, will give the Junior high address on Wednesday evening at 8:15 o'clock in the chapel.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

May 31 is very close at hand. That day means graduation, for some of us, hurried good-byes to our friends, and the beginning of the homeward journey. It will mark the close of another year's work. We will have finished then, either creditably or otherwise, another nine months on the road to Education. By "creditably" we do not refer merely to making a "C" average, but to something more than scholastic achievement. We refer to growth in the field of citizenship.

The true aim of education is not only to give us informational knowledge, but is to equip us, as well, with the power to use that knowledge in the best possible way to the end that we may have complete, balanced and harmonious lives. The school has afforded us many avenues of training for such citizenship. The clubs, the school paper, the Y.W.C.A., all these and many more, have been agencies for social development, for growth that will enable us to take our places in life. Have we availed of them? Have we shouldered the responsibilities of citizenship in our school, or have we side-stepped them?

If we have been too busy to take an active interest in our school activities, we have denied ourselves a valuable part of our educational opportunities. The years we spend in school are formative years. Quite often habits formed during this time go with us throughout life. The girl who shirks responsibilities in school is very likely to do the same thing, to her own loss, when she is out of school. Therefore, it is a wise girl who shoulders her part of the burdens of her club, of her school paper, and of her school's organizations. She is fitting herself for a productive life. She is learning to be a useful citizen of these United States.

Many of us will be back here next year. The clubs, the school paper and organizations, they also will be here. Why not undertake to make them even bigger and better than they have been, and in so doing, improve ourselves as well. Why not avail ourselves of every responsibility we can, so that we will, in the true sense of the word, be more nearly educated this time next year than we are this? Let's train for complete, balanced lives. Let's be real citizens of our school so that we will be good citizens of our country.

JUST TO REMIND YOU

Another Student Recital is to be given on Friday, May 17th. Every one of the students should attend. Just because it is compulsory is no reason why we should not go. The recitals are always worth listening to, or they wouldn't be given. Dr. Barton wants us to attend them, so let's all go and show him we are really interested.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Once in a great while one comes across some poetry that is so utterly delightful and refreshing that it brings to one's mind the thought of someone to share it with—perhaps a particularly congenial brother, a good friend, or that rare thing—a certain person who likes you and the things that you like, too.

In the past week I have been tempted to waylay almost everyone and tell about the *Anthology of World Poetry*, and especially the poems from the Chinese. Mr. Mark Van Doren has compiled the good English translations of poems from foreign languages and the best in the English in this remarkable book. It is like studying a map in which are drawn most unusual illustrations of the minds of the countries and their hearts and their souls, for these things one finds in poetry. This week I wish that, in order to save the entire school from being waylaid and read Chinese poetry I am going to use this opportunity of putting a few of my favorites in the HYPHEN, in the hope that perhaps some of that number whom I otherwise would have corralled, will be tempted to read this column.

It seems that this poem is especially appropriate at this time. It was written in the fourth century by Chang Fang-Sheng.

Sailing Homeward

Cliffs that rise a thousand feet
Without a break.
Lake that stretches a hundred miles
Without a wave.
Sands that are white through all the year
Without a stain.
Pine-tree woods, winter and summer,
Ever green.
Streams that flow forever, flow and flow
Without a pause.
Trees that for twenty thousand years
Your vows have kept.
You have suddenly healed the pain of the traveler's heart,
And moved his brush to write a new song. —*Arthur Waley.*

And this short poem is an example of those little bits of perfect artistry one finds so often both in the Chinese poetry and art. It is by Li T'ai-Po, an eighth century poet.

In the Mountains on a Summer Day

Gently I stir a white feather fan,
With open shirt, sitting in a green wood.
I take off my cap and hang it on a jutting stone;
A wind from the pine tree trickles on my bare head.
—*Arthur Waley.*

GO TO YOUR STATE ASSOCIATION MEETINGS IN JUNE.

ATTENTION!! EVERYONE!!

Now that school is almost over, our thoughts turn to the state association luncheons when in June we see each other all over again, visit, reminisce, and meet the new girls who will come to school next fall.

We cannot urge your attendance to these meetings strongly enough, but we do want to appeal to your loyalty to the school and to your state clubs that will send you flying to your state meeting whenever it is called. It'r loads of fun meeting new people and telling them of the wonders of the school (although now you're just living for the next two weeks to end), of your friends, of the rules, and of your club. And it's rather a glorious feeling to meet your old friends who are now attending other colleges or universities and reminisce with them the good times you had together on this campus.

This year there are more state association meetings than ever before, and now that we've a flying start, it is up to you to continue to carry on, for no matter what college you attend we will venture to say that no place will be to you what Ward-Belmont is. And why? You can't tell, and neither can we, but it is a sort of happiness in just being together on this campus that is worth more than any other school campus can give you. The time is drawing near for the meetings. We urge you all that can possibly attend to do so, and to write immediately to the chairman in charge of your state meeting and send to her in your reservation. Interesting programs are being arranged, and much planning and care is being taken by each of the state association committees to make these meetings the best and largest in the history of the Ward-Belmont State Associations.

Please give special attention to the time and the place of these luncheons. Please do not wait until the last minute to send in your reservation, as it will facilitate matters if you will co-operate in every way toward making these meetings successful.

June 5. Atlanta, Ga. Atlanta-Biltmore Hotel. Write Mrs. Bryant V. Vann, 761 Lullwater Road, Atlanta, Ga.

June 6. Montgomery, Ala. Jefferson Davis Hotel. Write Anne Whitfield, 1111 Perry St., Montgomery, Ala.

June 7. Birmingham, Ala. Tutwiler Hotel. Write Helen Holmes, Huntsville, Ala.

June 8. Kansas City, Mo. Hotel Muehlebach. Kansas-Missouri joint meeting. Kansas girls write Gertrude Way, 125 East 19th St., Lawrence, Kans. Missouri girls write Marjorie Barclay, Ward-Belmont. After June 1st, Chillicothe, Mo.

June 8. Indianapolis, Ind. Columbia Club. Write Mrs. Hester Coffin, 3903 Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind.

June 8. Madison, Wis. Hotel Loraine. Write Carolyn Smith, R. F. D. 1, Maple Bluff, Madison, Wis.

June 8. Oklahoma City, Okla. Oklahoma Club. Write Dorothy Carroll, Delta Gamma House, Norman, Okla.

June 10. Lexington, Ky. Hotel Layfette. Write Mrs. R. H. Van Arsdall, Harrodsburg, Ky.

June 11. Springfield, Ill. Hotel Leland. Write Virginia Smith, Ward-Belmont.

June 11. Jackson, Miss. Edwards Hotel. Write Miss Virginia Lockett, field representative. Address can be found in registrar's office.

June 14. Houston, Texas. Ball room of Rice Hotel. Write Maxine Lightfoot, 3702 Andubon St., Houston, Texas.

June 15. Cleveland, Ohio. Alcazar Hotel. Write Beulah Bluim, Box 1843, Station E., Cleveland, Ohio. Telephone, Washington 3293.

June 17. Minneapolis, Minn. Curtis Hotel. Write Irene Brown, 521 5th Ave., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

June 22. Detroit, Mich. Book-Cadillac Hotel. Mrs. C. M. Dean, 16845 Normandy Ave., Detroit, Mich.

June 22. Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Hotel Roosevelt. Write Lilllian Rhodes, 1710 Park Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

PREP STATISTICS

	Favorite Expression	Idea of Joy	Idea of Misery	Ambition
Mettie Taylor	"Heck"	Being in Nashville	French	Europe
Emma Jean Willis	"Gee whiz,"	Texas	Going to school	Seeing herself headed for home.
Pat Cremln,	"———,"	Dancing	Study hall	To make whoopee
Jo Harris,	"Gee,"	No Rules	Going to council	To be good.
Amelia Wright,	"Say guy,"	Riding in roadsters	No Automobile	To get back to San Qntonio.
Eleanor Peterson,	"Golly,"	To be with Fredericks	Without Fredericks	To have long hair
Frances Hinson,	"That gripes me,"	No classes	Classes	To go to Oklahoma U.
Eugenia Candler,	"Lissen heah,"	Talking	Rain on a fresh marcel	To get out of high school

GLEE CLUB GIVES CONCERT

(Continued from page 1)

They stood in five tiers and formed an arc with the conductor, Stetson Humphrey, in the center.

"Mr. Humphrey has trained them splendidly; he is a good director, and got excellent shading and considerable volume from the fresh young voices, and, moreover, he had selected an interesting program.

"Miss Margaret Lipscomb Smith, pupil of Lawrence Goodman, played DeBussy's marvelous tone picture, 'Reflections on the Water,' with great delicacy and a fine regard for its spiritual detachment. After her brilliant playing of MacDowell's 'Concert Etude,' she added an encore, Chopin's 'Prelude in B Flat,' and proved herself an excellent pianist.

"The Glee Club next sang 'Would God I Were a Tender Apple Blossom,' arranged by Fisher; Shubert's 'Impatience,' which showed their ability to sing rapidly and still pronounce distinctly; Dvorak's 'As My Dear Old Mother,' in which Miss Josephine Brun sang the solo charmingly against a humming background.

"In Dvorak's 'Goin' Home,' arranged from the largo of his 'New World Symphony,' Miss Lois Stout sang the solo very expressively, and 'The Two Clocks,' by Rogers, was a humorous illustration of the slow movement of the large clock and the very rapid 'tick, tick' of the tiny time-piece.

"Weldon Hart, pupil of Kenneth Rose, who has often appeared in concerts and played over the radio, and was concert-master of the all-state orchestra recently, played the allegro moderato movement of Nardini's concert in E minor.

"Mr. Hart has a very smooth and beautiful tone and he plays with much expression. The depth of feeling in his interpretation makes his playing very pleasing. He was obliged to give an encore. Miss Willa Mae Waid played a sympathetic accompaniment.

"The Glee Club closed with Richard Strauss' great song, 'Seranade,' and Lily Strickland's 'At Eve I Heard a Flute,' in which Misses Ruth Welty and Lois Stout sang solos. Miss Stout has a very high voice, and she sang a good obligato above the melody. Brahm's lively 'The Gypsies' was bright and quick and one could visualize the picturesque Hungarian gypsies dancing with their red-topped boots. An informal reception for the Glee Club and guests was held at the close of the concert."

The personnel is as follows:

Mr. Stetson Humphrey, director; Miss Margaret Lipscomb Smith, accompanist; Miss Mildred Schaefer, president; Miss Josephine Brun, vice-president; Miss Louise Graves, secretary.

First Sopranos—Rosemary Barber, Dorothy Barton, Elaine Bean, Dorothy Benton, Helen Bolyard, Joy Brice, Lucile Brun, Dorothy Burdette, Bonham Bush, Margaret Carter, Jane Clark, Marguerite Cotton, Sara E. Cottrell, Edith Cowen, Roberta Cole, Mary Candler, Janice Drummond, Muriel Eaton, Alice Ellingson, Helen Fawcett, Lucille Francis, Beatrice Friedman, Louise Graves, Grace Gardener, Ethel Hamilton, Marcella Hamilton, Evelyn Irvine, Edna Johnson, Danice Jordan, Helen Mantemach, Marie McCarthy, Nancy Newman, Shirley Newell, Margaret Neff, Marjorie Oleson, Avis Olmstead, Rowena Orr, Lucille Porter, Carol Schmitt, Dorothy Shelley, Mildred Ann Smith, Henrietta Spicer, Erma Stewart, Lois Stout, Charlotte Strong, Winona Thompson, Evelyn Tyndall, Louise Windham, Marguerite Zahrt, Elizabeth Ragon.

Second Sopranos—Emily Almon, Marjorie Barclay, Mary Elizabeth Borneman, Lillian V. Brew, Eleanor Brown, Louise Calloway, Mary Dean Clement, Jimsey Duncan, Ann Dillon, Mary Bay Duncan, Dorothy Dietrich, Eleanor De Witt, Eleanor Fairchild, Kathryn Fletcher, Mary Alice Farr, Willie Dell Goldsmith, Harriett Griffin, Margaret Gunn, Helen Grizzard, Mary Elizabeth Galbraith, Bunny Gillis, Susan Grover, Leonora Hudgins, Louise Huddleston, Evelyn Lockman, Lydareene Majors, Carolyn Maddox, Clata Ree Martin, Pauline McCollum, Muriel Monselle, Evanelle Nixon, Marion Nicholson, Ann Newman, Nancy Pierce, Martha Sorrell, Helen Searcy, Dorothy Stewart, Dorothy Stratton, Gibson Trotter, Mettie Taylor, Dorothy Underwood, Mariam Varner, Louise Vawter, Eileen Wallace, Miriam Woodside, Ruth Welty, Katherine Bachman, Lucille Taylor, Mary Montgomery, Vesta Kitchell.

First Altos—Dorothy Aronis, Louise Bingesser, Sara Brophy, Frances Cooper, Katherine Cotton, Edna Dixon, Marion Gairing, Mary Emily Garvey, Loraine Gregory, Frances Hahn, Gwendolyn Johnson, Mary Kingston, Mary McDonald, Margaret Mills, Mildred Newbern, Mary Orr, Ann Ryther, Wilma Stewart, Mildred Schaefer, Helene Sweeney, Dorothy Stone, Helen Wilkerson, Edna Mae Weinold.

Second Altos—Dorothy Black, Artelia Bowne, Jean Barry, Josephine Brun, Stella Chrisman, Grace Cavert, Martha Candler, Laura Duke, Carol Frelmuth, Judith Folk, Ruth Gastiger, Eva M. Lahart, Louisa La Bounty, Josephine Landkrohn, Marjorie Jurgensmeyer, Mary Frances Marxon, Ella Puryear Mims, Alice Meyer, Nancy Noland, Margaret Piper, Ann Raine, Viola Quebman, Elizabeth Walters, Jeanette Kircher, Edith Maynard.

SEE YOUR OLD FRIENDS AT YOUR STATE ASSOCIATION MEETINGS NEXT MONTH.

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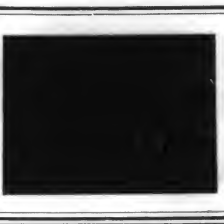
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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Wednesday, May 8th—Just missed having my eyes scratched out, and receiving various other little remembrances of the evening, at club tonight when I did nearly come to blows with my-neighbor-who-I-am-supposed-to-love all because I had my hand up first to make a nomination for president, and she thought she had hers up first. "All I have to say, your honor, is that if she weren't so busy trying to look like Lillian Gish, she'd know who had her hand up first." Some people are everlastingly divesting my life of all its innocent pleasures (this last under the influence of Thomas, Manchester, and Scott). And while we're on the subject of pleasure —there would be a lot more in my life if it didn't rain every Wednesday night. This business of tearing about in Club Village in a drizzling downpour is not my idea of joy.

Thursday, May 9th—Consumed the whole afternoon by wishing I were downtown, or anywhere but sitting in front of a desk trying to make myself fix my History notebook. History is the only thing that makes me wish I were a good old pitchecanthropus erectus, or even a Java apeman. Changed tables today for the last time, and did find myself in the company of all my little pals whereupon all ideas of dieting left me and I did stow in many a luscious cinny-roll. Decided not to study tonight—don't know anything even when I do work—so washed and mended enough clothes to equip eight or ten starving Armenians and did exercises until the girl downstairs came up to register a complaint.

Friday, May 10th—Mayday danced today until all I needed was a May basket to look like a first class star in a fashionable funeral; the only trouble is that instead of assuming a becoming pallor my face insists on turning beet-red, which is not at all becoming to my streaky-blonde locks —sunset on haystacks, or words to that effect. To Miss Townsend's play tonight and what with the blueboys (my vote goes to Eleanor Smart) and Monsell, and Nannie-Electra-Heflin-Pierce, thought I would have a good old attack of hysterics. Thought Martha Lambeth was precious and Jean MacDonnell—well—gee — you just can't subdue her gorgeousness, even in a man's part.

Saturday, May 11th—Took my little bag of peanuts and chocolate bars to the horse show this afternoon and had a marvelous time being proud of everyone because each girl looked simply stunning all togged out in formal habits. Wish they'd make them get all fixed up like that every day—they surely were knockouts. Was so thrilled when good old Freda won the prize that I nearly lost my feeble wits. No dance tonight so I attended the movie, which was not so good, and saw Allie dance. Who can say enough about the way that babe can dance? And when she and "Hendrick" get started—well anyway—they're wows—and how!

Sunday, May 12th—Up betimes and to the clubhouse where "Clutchie" and I did have a very exclusive breakfast. We consumed more waffles than any four people, and what I mean "Clutchie" can sling a mean waffle iron. To church where I did suddenly remember that I had forgotten to wire greetings to my mother on Mother's Day; did fidget around until "Clutchie" started digging holes in my ribs as an indication that the chaperone was casting disapproving glances in my direction. Home in time to send the wire before dinner; and so to bed for the afternoon. Arose in time to skid into the dining room just as Mrs. Charlie rang the bell. Grand man in vespers tonight —he belongs to that gorgeous new church on the way to Hillsboro.

Monday, May 13th—To town with "Clutchie" and about four hundred other Belmonters and did storm the restaurants trying to find a place that was not already mobbed by a hundred or so. Finally ended at Kleeman's where I shrimp-saladed while "Clutchie" steaked, and we had a mutual envy society all to ourselves because when I beheld that steak it looked a thousand times more desirable than an ocean full of shrimps, and she did vow that she would rather have my dish of shrimps than a whole cow so we did exchange and peace reigned. To Candyland for desert which sounds so good that I will not set it down here in case I should some day look this over when I happened to be hungry. Saw "The Duke Steps Out" which I enjoyed almost as much as the movie we had out here a week or so ago—the one about the girl and the lawyer. Home belatedly and not at all hungry. Put in some good time studying tonight because for some strange reason I felt in the mood. And so to bed.

Tuesday, May 14th — Something very peculiar and strange happened today—it rained! Also we did not have any elections—I've voted for people and asked all my pals to vote for them until my mentality is collapsing under the strain. Wonder who will be willing to publish her diary next year? It's not such a crip job, but it's been fun after all! And now it's almost over—and back snaps my brain to the exams—every time anyone mentions the number of days left or says "It won't be long now" I think of those things. By way of changing the subject—went to the Glee Club concert tonight and enjoyed every moment—and did the girls ever look pretty—what I mean I doubt if they ever looked prettier. No more tonight—I must hie me to my exercises.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" PRESENTED BY SENIOR CLASS

(Continued from page 1)

feeling and charm of manner. Great credit is due Jean McDonnell for her excellent performance of the difficult role of Orlando, a performance tinged with a very professional touch. Charlotte Sanders, as Oliver de Bois, and Christine Drake, as Jacques, exhibited their skill in acting and in character portrayal. The audience evidently (and audibly) enjoyed the cleverly done acting of Touchstone, the court fool, a part taken by Margaret Insull, and the clowning of Nannie Pierce, as Audrey, a country

lass in love with the jester. Muriel Monsell made a great "hit" with the girls in her playing of the part of Silvius, a shepherd. Louise Graves, Mary Lois Patterson and Edna Johnson were equally satisfactory in a more serious way.

The others who contributed to the success of the play were: Pauline McCullom, Aileen Yeargin, Irene McBane, Margaret Timmons, Frances Johnson, Ruth Gasteiger, Mary E. Gilby, Miriam Hipple, Bernice Brock, Inez Renfro, Elise Officer, Corrine Holness, Margaret Cartter, Mary Green, Virginia Owens, Nancy Belle Campbell, Dorothy White, Katherine Blair and Martha Sorrell.

SPRING HORSE SHOW

(Continued from page 1)

learned to ride last fall at Ward-Belmont and that in competition with girls who have been used to the saddle all their lives she easily stood out as the best of the group. In both of the five-gait classes, she was forced to the limit to win over Misses McGowan and Perry, both of whom ride and manage well. Miss Birge was awarded the silver cup for the rider adjudged the best horse-woman in the show, decided by the winner of the greatest number of points.

"The horse show was sponsored by the Ward-Belmont riding club and the physical education department. It was under the personal direction of Miss Doris Cone, riding instructor. Their judges were: Miss Emma I. Sisson, Miss Elizabeth Lowry, and Mr. J. E. Yowell. Dr. J. W. Barton presented the awards; Mr. A. B. Benedict served as ringmaster, and Miss Catherine E. Morrison was the recorder. The winners in each of the ten classes are as follows:

Class I—Five-gaited horses, judged on riding and management. Freda Birge, first; Mary P. McGowan, second; Jean Perry, third.

Class II—Three-gaited horses, walk, trot and canter, judged on riding and management. Helen Green, first; May Buntin, second; Miriam Cooper, third.

Class III—Novice, for girls who learned to ride last fall; three gaits, judged on riding and management. Eleanor Sapp, first; Lilla Lou Peeples, second; Elizabeth Fredericks, third.

Class IV—Beginners, for girls who learned to ride this spring; three gaits, judged on riding and management. Virginia Bacon, first; Mary E. Cayce, second; Elizabeth Williams, third.

Class V—Five-gaited combination, horses ridden, then driven. Freda Birge, first; Jean Perry, second; Mary McGowan, third.

Class VI—Equipment race, saddling and bridling, judged on performance and time. Helen Greene, first; Mary P. McGowan, second; Suzanne Jones, third.

Class VII—Egg race, carrying an egg in a spoon at the walk, canter and trot, judged on performance and time. Mary Candler, first; Patricia Cremin, second, and Elberta Gooch, third.

Class VIII—Ring race, judged on performance of horse and number of rings caught. Elberta Gooch, first; Patricia Cremin, second; Mary Candler, third.

Class IX—In and out, canter in and out through ten posts with correct changing of leads, judged on performance of horse and management. Freda Birge, first; Suzanne Jones, second; Helen Green, third.

Class X—Park riding in couples; three gaits, any type of horse, judged on riding and management. Jean Perry and Freda Birge, first; Mary P. McGowan and Helen Greene, second; May Buntin and Jimsey Duncan, third.

NANCY BASKERVILLE SCORES SUCCESS IN MURFREESBORO

Miss Nancy Baskerville, soprano, who gave such a delightful concert, assisted by Miss Rubye Briggs Sprouse, on May 9 at the school auditorium, repeated her successes received here in concert in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, as a special feature of National Music Week.

The following is the account from the Murfreesboro paper:

"One of the most pleasing recitals which the Bohannon Club has been privileged to present was given Saturday afternoon at Tennessee College in the Bohannon Studio. Miss Baskerville and Miss Helen Todd Sloan of Ward-Belmont were the charming artists who held their audience at a high tension throughout the program.

"Miss Baskerville possesses a marvelous voice, rich in tone quality, and a wonderfully developed range. She sang the aria "Ah, fors e lui," from the masterpiece, "La Traviata," with as much ease as her Scott's "Lullaby." Her high notes were exquisite and her enunciation perfect.

"Her first group included three lovely German songs while her second and third groups were sung in French and English. Together with the sweetness of her voice, Miss Baskerville has a most charming personality which was very pleasing to her audience.

"Miss Baskerville was ably accompanied by Miss Sloan, who herself is a gifted artist and plays in a most sympathetic manner."



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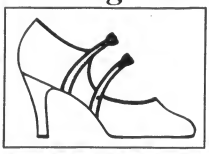
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CHARLOTTE STRONG, VIOLINIST PRESENTED IN RECITAL

Is Assisted by Lois Stout, Soprano

Two student musicians of exceptional gift were heard by an invited audience of friends and members of the faculty of Ward-Belmont at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rose last Monday evening. They were Charlotte Strong, violinist, who was the soloist with the Ward-Belmont Orchestra last spring; assisted by Lois Stout, coloratura, pupil of Stetson Humphrey.

Charlotte, in numbers that included a movement from the G minor concerto of Bruch, the Praeludium and Allegro of Pugnani, a Slavonic Rhapsodie of Dvorak, and a group of well-known smaller numbers, disclosed a tone masculine in its strength and vigor, a clean technique, and an expressive understanding of the compositions she offered.

Lois repeated the successful work she has done on several public occasions, and she has never been heard to better advantage than in the well known Verdi aria, "Caro Nome," from the opera "Rigoletto," and in the Rimpianto of Toselli. Her voice is a lyrical soprano of the purest type, and she displayed sound musicianship and emotional understanding.

Hazel Coate Rose was the efficient sympathetic accompanist for Charlotte.

Charlotte, who is from Beaumont, Texas, will be remembered for the great success she achieved as soloist with the Ward-Belmont Orchestra in 1928. She has also been heard over the radio. She is a very gifted girl, and formerly studied with Moody Dawson of Houston, Texas, and Sammetini of the Chicago College of Music.

Miss Stout, who comes from Junction City, Kansas, has a voice of unusual promise. She receives her certificate in voice this year, and she, too, has been frequently heard on the air as well as in recital.

The program is as follows:

1. Arioso ..... *Bach—Franko*
   Praeludium ..... *Pugnani-Kreisler*
   Charlotte Strong
2. Aria ..... *Verdi*
   Caro Nome ..... from Rigoletto
   Lois Stout
3. Concerto G minor ..... *Bruch*
   Allegretto-Moderato
   Charlotte Strong
4. a. Rimpianto ..... *Toselli*
   b. None But the Lonely Heart.. ..... *Tchaikowsky*
   c. Nightingale ..... *Densmore*
   Lois Stout
5. Ave Marie .... *Schubert-Wilhelmj*
   Guitanerias .... *Grever-Hartman*
   Estrellita ..... *Ponce*
   Slavonic Rhapsodie ..... *Dvorak-Kreisler*
   Charlotte Strong

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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Rick Nelly
Alice Daniel
Myrtella Daniels

Helen Hylton
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KENNETH ROSE TO HOLD SUMMER SESSION

Hazel Coate Rose to Also Conduct Classes

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music announces that Kenneth Rose, director of the school of violin, and Hazel Coate Rose, instructor in the school of piano, will hold an eight-weeks summer session, beginning June 10 at the school.

It is with great delight to all music lovers when they learn that Mr. and Mrs. Rose will also give a series of broadcasting concerts from WSM, Nashville National Life and Accident Insurance Company station every evening, beginning June 10, from 9 to 9:30 p. m. These recitals will last for eight weeks.

Interested friends and patrons of the school, and pupils of these two brilliant artists will enjoy hearing them over the radio next month. Mr. and Mrs. Rose are known as two of the South's most famous musicians, and it is with great delight that their broadcasting half hour is heralded by all those who love good music.

NEVER LOSE TRACK OF YOUR SCHOOL FRIENDS OR OF THE SCHOOL. PAY YOUR ALUMNAE DUES AND BE REMINDED OF CINNAMON ROLLS AND FRUIT SALAD, SENIOR-SENIOR-MIDDLE DAY, AND ALL THE GOOD TIMES.

ACADEMIC NOTES

Much interest has been evinced by Dean Quaid's Education classes in the trips which the girls have been making to outside schools, as well as the grammar grades of Ward-Belmont. These observation trips have been greatly enjoyed and every girl taking part in them feels that the time has been profitably spent.

Our librarians are having a hard time these last few days of school. Freshman English classes are reading short stories, and Miss Saunders and Miss Wilson find it difficult to make the few copies of each story go around. Among the stories are "The Father," by Bjordsen, and "The Necklace," by Maudassant.

The Ward-Belmont School of Art will give an exhibit of student work beginning Saturday, May 25, in the Y.W.C.A. room, just off Recreation Hall. The exhibit will remain through Tuesday morning of the following week. The teachers of the department, Miss Shackelford, Miss Chard, Miss Gordon, and also the certificate students will be present. The public is cordially invited.

RENEW OLD FRIENDSHIPS AND MAKE NEW ONES AT THE STATE ASSOCIATION MEETINGS IN JUNE.

First Aid to Ministers

A minister while giving his Sunday sermon, noticed a boy in the gallery throwing horse-chestnuts down at the congregation.

As the minister turned to him, the boy said, "Keep right on preaching, parson, I'll keep them awake."—*Ex.*

A Rhythmic R. S. V. P.

I had got your kind invite;
It came too late all right.
I guess it was well meant;
If I'd aknowed
I coulda goed—
You bet I woulda went.

—*Ex.*

Impatient man (on street car): "Say, Skipper, can't you run any faster than this?"

Motorman: "Yes, I can, but I have to stay in the trolley."—*Ex.*

ART CLASS OPENS EXHIBIT

The Ward-Belmont School of Art, under the direction of Miss Mary W. Shackelford assisted by Misses Louise Gordon and Helen Chard, opened its annual exhibition in the Y.W.C.A. room on Saturday afternoon. The exhibition will be open to the public until Wednesday noon.

The annual exhibits, given just before the closing of the school year, present to those interested in the work done by the art students since the beginning of school in the fall. This year the work on display includes the many branches offered in the art courses, covering drawings illustrating the introduction to art classes, general art work, costume design, illustration, and interior decoration.

The school of art will open its second summer session under Miss Shackelford's direction on June 5, continuing through July 17. The summer session courses will include a practical working knowledge and the development of the courses studied besides a general survey of the history of art.



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MILESTONES DELIVERED EARLY THIS YEAR

The *Milestones* for 1929 arrived at the HYPHEN office for distribution last Tuesday, and for three days the business manager, her assistant, and anyone lending a willing hand were harrassed beyond measure as enthusiastic girls crowded into line to receive their Annuals. This is the first time that the *Milestones* has been delivered two weeks before school closes, and having them so early insures plenty of time to get them signed and autographed before leaving.

The book this year is dedicated to Dr. John W. Barton, vice-president, and the dedication reads: "To one whose radiant good will and unbiased interest have made him the friend of every girl in school, whose scholarship and educational ideals mark him with confidence and pride, and whose whole life is an example of the application of true culture to the present day, we the Milestones Staff of 1929, dedicate this book."

The art department has spared no effort in making this book the most beautiful ever issued. The cover is of black leather in a wood grain pattern, and the embossing is in silver. Black, gray, and white form the general appearance on the inside and out, while six beautiful wood-blocked inserts of views of the campus add an originality and charm entirely lacking in most annuals. The art work, under the supervision of Miss Shackelford, was done by Martha Finnegan, art editor; Virginia Billings, assistant art editor, and others from the art department.

The Milestones staff of 1929 deserves much praise for issuing such a consistent in theme, in thought, and in the art work represented in it. The members of the staff who have so diligently and patiently labored since Christmas are Myrtilla Daniels, editor-in-chief; Elizabeth Lee Haynes, associate editor; Dorothy Underwood, business manager; Natalie Hines, assistant business manager; Amanda Caldwell, day student business manager; Lois Maxon, literary editor; Martha Finnegan, art editor; Virginia Billings, assistant art editor; Marjorie Barclay, photographic editor; Elberta Gooch, assistant photographic editor.

Girls gathered around the office about 2:30, hoping to be the first in line. By 2:40 there were at least one hundred swarmed around the trees near Senior hall. Finally the number grew and by 3 o'clock the *Milestones* were going like hot-cakes—a full half-hour before scheduled time. By 3:30 the *Milestones* were all gone and loads of girls were turned away with, "Come back at this time tomorrow."

It was indeed a sight to see the girls drapped all over the campus, eagerly scanning the contents of the long-awaited school annual—*The Milestones.*

MR. AND MRS. HUMPHREY GIVE STUDIO RECITAL AT THEIR HOME

Last Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey delightfully entertained their pupils at a picnic supper at their home on Fairfax avenue. During the evening a recital was given by twelve students in the school of voice. The program included:

Deep River, Nobody Knows, two negro spirituals by Gibson Trotter; *On the Shore,* Neidlinger; *Oh, My Lover was a Fisherman,* Strickland; Alice Meyer: *In the Time of Roses,* Reichart; *The Fields of Ballyclare,* Waller; Vesta Kitchell: *I Love a Little Cottage,* Ohara; *The Last Rose of Summer, Fletcher,* Jean McAlpin; *The Kashmire Song, Less Than the Dust,* two Indian love lyrics, Stella Chrisman; *Una voce poco fa, Barber of Seville,* Rosini; *Bayou Song,* Lois Stout; *Thy Heart at My Sweet Voice,* from Samson and Delilah; *Cycle of Life,* Josephine Brun; Aria from *Lousia, Amarilla Mia Bella,* Ruth Welty; Aria from *Tosca, Pucinni; Recondita Armonia,* Dr. Robert Thurman; *Little Cottage Lonely,* a Polish folk song; *On the Distant Lonely Mountain,* Russian folk song, Helen Candler; *Danny Boy,* Weatherly; *April Rain, Speaks,* Joy Brice; and a duet from *Traviatta,* Verdi, Lois Stout and Dr. Thurman.

MAY FESTIVAL ARRAY OF COLOR

Even an impending storm and threatening clouds could not marr the brightness of Ward-Belmont's May Day, which was held last Saturday on the west campus. The campus—usual y the haunt of only birds, girls, teachers, and various and sundry night-watchmen—was invaded by several thousand citizens of the city of Nashville to see Jean MacDonnell crowned Queen of the May.

Promptly at 4:30 the procession of folk dancers started around the loop with explicit instructions from Miss Morrison to "spread out and look ten times longer than you really are." This was followed to the letter, and it seemed as if all Europe was on parade as Norweigion folk dancers, English country dancers, Brittany peasants, Italians, German country dancers, Gypsies, Indians, and French reapers streamed around the circle driveway. Then the orchestra struck up stirring music, and the Outriders of the Queen appeared. With their blue capes flowing in the breeze, and their prancing horses, they gave the illusion that they were a picture from *Ivanhoe* or *When Knighthood Was In Flower.* Then came the Seniors in sheer ruffly organdies as Ladies of the Court. They promenaded up the walk and grouped themselves around the throne where their various colored dresses—green, blue, lavender, yellow, and pink—made a charming and rainbow-hued background. The real thrill came when the carriage of the Queen appeared drawn by two spirited horses, and the crowd applauded vigorously as it passed. Then the two maids, Margaret Timmons and Ann Newman, in their white organdy dresses—Margaret like a stately lily and Anne like a white rose—walked slowly up the walk. They were followed by little Jane Barton, the crown bearer, in a fluffy white frock. Jean MacDonnell, the Queen, came last, and she made a vision of rare beauty with her gorgeous hair simply arranged and a long white train falling from her shoulders. When the group reached the throne, Jean was crowned by Margaret Timmons amid applause from the audience and her court. Folk dancers from all the nations then performed for the Queen. The storm held off till the reapers reaped their last grain of wheat, and stood with bowed heads as the chimes played Angelus, which concluded the program.

The order of events was as follows:

I. PROCESSION

Heralds—Grace Cavert, Marion Lyles.

Outriders—Freda Birge, Ruth Clark, Miriam Cooper, Helen Hylton.

W.-B. Social Clubs—Triad, *May Pole;* Angkor, *Flower Vendors;* Anti Pan, *May Pole;* T. C. C., *Children with Hoops;* F. F., *May Pole;* Eccowasin, *Milkmaids;* Tri-K, *May Pole;* Del Vers, *Daisy Chain;* Penta Tau, *May Pole;* Osiron, *Girls with May Baskets;* X. L., *May Pole;* Agora, *Gypsies;* A. K., *May Pole.*

Peasant Dancers.

II. THE QUEEN'S COURT

Outriders.

Ladies of the Court, Senior Class.

Heralds.

The Maids—Ann Newman, Margaret Timmons.

Crown Bearer—Jean Barton.

May Queen—Jean MacDonnell.

Pages—Lucy May Bond, Dorothy Palmer.

Crowning of the Queen.

III. ON THE GREEN

May Pole Dance

White: Louise Akin, Virginia Bacon, Elaine Bean, Jessie Burgin, Stella Chrisman, Irene Cochrane, Eleanor DeWitt, Helen Donker, Mary Gilby, Louise Huddleston, Charlotte Keim, Katherine LaRue, Muriel Monsell, Eleanor Perkins, Barbara Reed, Mildred Schaefer, Katherine Seager, Lucile Taylor, Helen Whittaker, Elizabeth Willis.

Pink: Ann Lee Akers, Margaret Binford, Nancy Butler, Ruth Ferer, Harriet Graybill, Martha Harris, Virginia Hinn, Gwendolyn Johnson, Kathryn Loonan, Louise Mason, Rosa Moore, Mildred Newbern, Mary Orr, Sarah Jane Owen, Lucile Porter.

Folk Dances:

1. *Scandinavian*

Katherine Armistead, Gene Beasley, Mary Brock, Jean Caldwell, Laura Caldwell, Louise Caldwell, Shirley Caldwell, Elise Campbell, Eleanor R. Cheek, Susan Cheek, Carroll Cole, Mary Pope Creighton, Martha Dobson, Polly Barr Edwards, Dorothy Ellison, Matilda Gibson, Ann Caroline Gillespie, Keith Glasgow, Elaine Haile, Margaret McEwen, Harriet Orr, Jaquelyn Patton, Ann Potter, Jean Potter, Henrietta Ruth, Anne Townsend, Shelly Welch, Emma Wesson.

2. *Tyrolean*

Boys: Frances Berry, Jean Blair, Betty Butterfield, Martha Clay, Louise Douglas, Genevieve Eve, Jean Ann Gregory, Mary Alice Herbert, Shirley Leake, Elizabeth Love, Alice Overton, Betty Rye, Landis Shaw, Martha Stockell, Camille Stone, Margaret White, Laura Whitsun.

Girls: Martha Armistead, Ellen Frances Bowers, Evelyn Bransford, Grace Benedict, Richie Farrell, Katherine Finnegan, Martha Green, Marion Hill, Ann Huddleston, Lucile Johnson, Alice Lewis, Katherine Noel, Virginia McEwen, Mickie Perry, Frances Rose, Evelyn Samuel, Katherine Weise.

3. *"Sunny Italy"*

Martha Beasley, Emma Berry Bryan, Louise Burton, Andrina Butterfield, Elsie Caldwell, Irene Cason, Rebecca Clayton, Ann Dickinson, Louise Duncan, June Duntley, Carolyn Eskridge, Anita Fraser, Margaret Green, Rebecca Hall, Louise Hardison, Mabel Ann Herbert, Henrietta Hickman, Malinda Jones, Ruth Keller, Katherine Kennedy, Janet McFadden, Clyde Partlow, Martha Patterson, Mary Polk, Olivia Polk, Frances Powell, Peggy Price, Brooks Spivey, Harryette Sudekum, Gretchen Temple, Emily Shacklett, Josephine Towler, Katherine Walker, Frances Wilkerson.

4. *German Country*

Boys: Sarah Armistead, Mary Currell Berry, Mary Catherine Briley, Nancy Connell, Mary Bay Duncan, Virginia Lee Jacobs, Geneva Jones, Audrey Noblin, Mary Addis Patton, Helene Sweeney, Hinda Reed, Leora Woodall, Harriet Woods.

Girls: Conrose Buchanan, Frances Gibson, Harriet Griffin, Elizabeth Hopkinson, Elizabeth Hutchison, Alma Lunderman, Marjorie Melton, Martha Morgan, Margaret Potter, Percy Robinson, Anita Torrey, Anna Russell Weaver.

5. *English Country*

Boys: Rita Broudy, Erin Cook, Malavon Dennis, Annye V. Fraser, Roberta Harrington, Ruth Haggenjos, Mildred Harris, Clara Jackson, Lucile Porter, Gretchen Rerick, Jane Sipher, Helen Seldomridge, Dorothy Shultz, Marlyn Sweitzer, Eleanor Smartt, Pearl Swinson, Mary Talbot, Marion Wiemer, Margaret Yoder.

Girls: Céleste Burnett, Josephine Brun, Dorothy Detrick, Ethel Green, Margaret Holtzendorff, Frances Jenkins, Mildred Koy, Leah Lindley, Helen Louther, Geraldine Manson, Louise McMurray, Katherine Parker, Mary Perkins, Lucile Porter, Dorothy Rich, Virginia Showalter, Rebecca Smythe, Muriel vanDyke, Louise Vawter.

6. *Indian Canoe*

Ann Lee Akers, Charlotte Bartleson, Elva Boyd, Dorothea Castleman, Sarah Colton, Ann Dillon, Katherine Dorris, Mary Alice Farr, Eleanor Fleming, Judith Folk, Isobel Goodloe, Sarah Guerin, Ann Elizabeth Hales, Elizabeth Howe, Josephine McKelvey, Mary Elizabeth Ryan, Marie Shelton.

7. *Brittany Peasants*

Rosemary Barber, Jean Barry, Barbara Blackman, Louisa Bingesser, Marie Boyer, Ruth Brandon, Mary E. Bryan, Sarah R. Bryan, Frances Buchanan, Dorothy Cokendolpher, Diana Cox, Ruth Curry, Virginia Duncan, Pauline Felder, Jean Ferguson, Virginia Fox, Margaret Freeman, Margaret Gunn, Virginia Gunn, June Haralson, Marion Hildebrand, Miriam Hotchkiss, Danice Jordan, Josephine Landkrohn, Beulah Logan, Nancy Lunsford, Mary Ruth Martin, Mary Catherine McConnell, Evanelle Nixon, Mabel Ownby, Elizabeth Ragon, Queenye Sloan, Elizabeth Walters, Marion Waugh, Gertrude Wuester, Josphine West, Catherine Woods, Milbrey Wright.

The Boy .....Nancy O'Connor
The Girl.....Jane Hall

8. *The Reapers*

Boys: Amanda Caldwell, Jimsie Duncan, Evelyn Ewing, Mary Galbraith, Virginia Gerdl, Louise Latimer, Marion Lewis, Mary E. McFarland, Mahota Mullican, Grace Neisler, Margie Northrup, Nancy O'Connor, Foss O'Donnell, Elizabeth Pendleton, Ann Rucher, Margaret Scullin.

Boys: Allie Bowers, Frances Burgess, Christine Caldwell, Margaret Cartter, Dorothy Gould, Harriet Griffin, Jane Hall, Dorothy Hamilton, Pauline Holaday, Betty Lane, Pauline McCollum, Mary Pat McGowan, Katherine Parrish, Claire Roberts, Louise Sims, Eileen Wallace.

WHITFIELD MORELLI PRESENTED IN RECITAL

Assisted by Nancy Baskerville

On Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock in the school auditorium the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented in recital Miss Whitfield Morelli, pianist, assisted by Miss Nancy Baskerville, soprano.

Miss Morelli, who receives her diploma from the conservatory this year, is a pianist of remarkable ability. Studying under Miss Amelia Throne, of the conservatory, she received her certificate in piano three years ago, and since that time has continued studying with Miss Throne. She is quite well known to the students and to the Nashville music lovers, as she has appeared in concert many times and over the radio frequently.

Miss Baskerville, who assisted Miss Morelli, possesses a truly lovely soprano voice of great lyrical beauty. She is a pupil of Miss Florence Boyer, and will be remembered as one of the winners of the Julliard Scholarship for 1929.

The program these two young artists presented was a heavy and brilliant one, but a program they were perfectly capable of undertaking.

WORDSMITHS GIVE FAREWELL DINNER FOR EACH OTHER

The Wordsmiths held their last meeting in the Anti-Pan house Saturday night. Since it was their last meeting, they decided to abandon the "pursuit of cultural advancement" for that of cooking. So "Susie" made the salad, "Maxon" and "Tiny" fried the steak, and "Gerdl" and "Lane" set the table and ate the olives, while Eileen Wallace poured the water and "Jo" Cooper kept the victrola going. For one evening Shakespeare and Wordsworth were forgotten. The officers for next year are as follows: President, Virginia Gerdl; vice-president, Betty Lane, and secretary-treasurer, Virginia Lloyd.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

RING OUT THE OLD: BRING IN THE NEW

The last HYPHEN of this year will be out Saturday and, sad to say, this will be the last writing done for the HYPHEN by this year's staff. The HYPHEN has been grand and we all hate to think of going the whole summer without our weekly Gazette. The staff for this past year has been a mighty good one and, due to the ever-ready-to-help attitude of each and every writer, has made the HYPHEN a big success. But it is about to ring out the old; and bring in the new staff. The staff for next year looks mighty prosperous, and we hope that they will keep up the good work of this year's staff. Betty Lane, as the ambitious new editor-in-chief will have to go some to do what our Tiny has done for us; but Betty looks plenty wide-awake and I know she will let nothing slip by without notice. So here's to our new HYPHEN staff for the coming year, may they enjoy their writing as much as we, the old staff, have.

HYPHEN STAFF OF '29.

TWO MORE STATE LUNCHEONS PLANNED

Two more "get-togethers" are being planned by Louisiana and Arkansas for all the former students of those states. It would be well to cut out this list of state meetings and, if possible, try to be present, not only at your own, but some of the others. Carloads of enthusiastic girls are planning on attending many of the state meetings so far.

We cannot urge you enough to send in your reservation immediately for the luncheon to insure a place. DO THIS SOON AND WITHOUT FAIL.

June 5. Atlanta, Ga. Atlanta-Biltmore Hotel. Write Mrs. Bryant V. Vann, 761 Lullwater Road, Atlanta, Ga.

June 6. Montgomery, Ala. Jefferson Davis Hotel. Write Anne Whitfield, 1111 Perry St., Montgomery, Ala.

June 7. Birmingham, Ala. Tutwiler Hotel. Write Helen Holmes, Huntsville, Ala.

June 8. Kansas City, Mo. Hotel Muehlebach. Kansas-Missouri joint meeting. Kansas girls write Gertrude Way, 125 East 19th St., Lawrence, Kans. Missouri girls write Marjorie Barker, Ward-Belmont. After June 1st, Chillicothe, Mo.

June 8. Indianapolis, Ind. Columbia Club. Write Mrs. Hester Coffin, 3903 Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind.

June 8. Madison, Wis. Hotel Loraine. Write Carolyn Smith, R. F. D. 1, Maple Bluff, Madison, Wis.

June 8. Oklahoma City, Okla. Oklahoma Club. Write Dorothy Carroll, Delta Gamma House, Norman, Okla.

June 10. Lexington, Ky. Hotel Lafayette. Write Mrs. R. H. Van Arsdall, Harrodsburg, Ky.

June 11. Springfield, Ill. Hotel Leland. Write Virginia Smith, Ward-Belmont.

June 11. Jackson, Miss. Edwards Hotel. Write Miss Virginia Lockett, field representative. Address can be found in registrar's office.

June 12. New Orleans, La. Patio Royal. Write Louise Graves, Monroe, La.

June 14. Houston, Texas. Ball room of Rice Hotel. Write Maxine Lightfoot, 3702 Audubon St., Houston, Texas.

June 15. Cleveland, Ohio. Alcazar Hotel. Write Beulah Bluim, Box 1843, Station E., Cleveland, Ohio. Telephone, Washington 3293.

June 17. Minneapolis, Minn. Curtis Hotel. Write Irene Brown, 521 5th Ave., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

June 22. Detroit, Mich. Book-Cadillac Hotel. Mrs. C. M. Dean, 16845 Normandy Ave., Detroit, Mich.

June 22. Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Hotel Roosevelt. Write Lillian Rhodes, 1710 Park Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

July 1. Little Rock, Ark. Hotel Lafayette. Write Mary C. McConnell, 2100 Marshall, Little Rock, Ark.

THE SCRAP BOOK

We wish to take this opportunity to mention the English reading lists that are being distributed in the various English classes. Many of the girls fully intend to make good use of these lists, and yet do not see how to do it. It is not too long, by any means, to be read easily in one summer, even if one has many outside activities. Perhaps the best way to do is, as Miss Scruggs has suggested, to keep one book or rather have your reading and one more light by one's bed to read before going to sleep. From experience, we can testify that the mind seems much more bent toward thought at the end of the day than at any other time. Then, it is said that sleeping thoughts help to fix them in the mind. At any rate, nothing is so quieting and conducive to sleep as tuning in on the classics. And so, we hope that everyone will find the time to make good use of the reading lists this summer, for there is nothing that helps to make future school work enjoyable so much as does a good background of English literature.

Then, as a sort of literary last will and testament, we cannot refrain from bequeathing a list of our own, some things we have found excellent:

Robinson's *Tristram.*

Lowell's *Cradle of the Deep.*

Morley's *Pandora Lifts the Lid, Thunder on the Left, The Haunted Bookshop.*

Stephen's *Crock of Gold.*

Bonsels' *An Indian Journey.*

Galsworthy's *Caravan.*

Van Doren's Anthology of World Poetry, *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

As a further incentive to your reading the *Anthology* mentioned, we present a few more poems:

THE FOUNTAIN

"The sea hath tempered it; the mighty sun
Polished the blade,
And from the limpid sheath the sword leaps forth;
Man hath not made
A better in Damascus—though for slaughter
Hath steel somewhat advantage over water."

Mu'tamid, King of Seville

Bilhana, the 11th century poet of the Sanskirt, wrote a long poem entitled "Black Marigolds." Since space will not permit reprinting the whole poem, only excerpts can be given.

"Even now
When slow, rose-yellow moons looked out at night
To guard the sheaves of harvest and mark down
The peach's fall, how calm she was, and love-worthy.
Glass-colored startlight falling as thin as dew
Was wont to find us at the spirit's starving time
Slow straying in the orchard paths with love."

And this is an Arabian poem from *One Thousand and One Nights:*

"BIRDS"

"Wild pigeon of the leaves,
Brother of lovers,
If you have seen an arrow killing
From far
The mild-eyed deer
By rills
Of summer hills;
If you have heard an arrow singing
From afar,
And then strike sheer
The wings
Of airy things,
Wild pigeon of the leaves,
You are
Brother of lovers."

FROM A SENIOR-MID TO A SENIOR

The school year is almost at an end. Only another week—and then vacation. Somehow, there is a lot of sadness mixed up with the joy of putting books aside and going home, for there is another side besides pleasure to anticipation of the close of school. Especially do the Seniors seem to dread the time of parting with friends and teachers, realizing that only in comparatively few cases will their paths cross again.

And we of the Senior-Middle class would pay a tribute to these Seniors whose success will soon be completed by graduation, for this year has meant much to us because of contact with such a class. For they have been true sisters, seeking ever to put before us the ideals of our school and set a good example for us, who followed close behind. Their spirit toward us has been one of friendly rivalry and co-operation, and has lacked the antagonism which is so often present in the associations of two contesting classes.

Truly the Seniors of 1930 will find that they have much to attain and accomplish in order to live up to the standards of the Seniors of 1929.

NEW HYPHEN STAFF PROMISES BIG THINGS

"I thought I was 'hitching my wagon to a star' when I wanted to be just a reporter on the HYPHEN, and actually to be editor-in-chief seems just too wonderful. I'll do my best to keep the HYPHEN up to its high standard of this year. The thing that worries me most is the spelling. Jinny can't spell, and Jane can't spell, and I can't spell—and reporters never can spell. We'll just have to depend on good, old 'Funk and Wagnall's,' I guess. But though I can't guarantee the orthography of next year's HYPHEN, I can certainly guarantee my own utmost effort and that of the entire staff to make the HYPHEN next year a real mirror of Ward-Belmont school life."

Betty Lane.

One summer day two years ago I was sitting in the tent of a gypsy. She was telling me of my future. She spoke of love, riches, and travel. Suddenly her face lighted up; she became excited, yelling, "Ooh, madame, I see the happiest time in your life. I will tell you if you give to me those bracelita." I looked fondly at the two bracelets that my uncle had brought to me from South America. I hated to part with them. But when I looked again at her radiant face, I realized that it was really something important. Reluctantly I gave up the bracelets.

She looked at her cards again and the draw led, "You weel be a business manager." This was enough within itself, for it was my highest desire, but I urged her on. "Yes, you weel be a business manager of a paper." I couldn't stay to hear more. I rushed out of the tent to tell my friends. And now the great day has arrived. I am the business manager of the HYPHEN. I know that I shall enjoy it as much as the gypsy predicted.

Helen Edwards.

Oh, to tell you the truth, I'm actually frightened whenever I think that I'm the news editor of the HYPHEN for next year. News! every time I hear that word a funny little shiver goes up and down my spine, but I'm so thrilled to be news editor I know that the shiver is part from joy as well as from fear, and I truly will do my very best to get all the news. I do want everybody to help me and tell me anything, everything and all that happens.

Jane Sipher.

To say that I am glad to be assistant and day student editor of the HYPHEN for next year is not enough. Knowing that this is true will make me look forward to the opening of school again, and, when that time comes, I will do my part in working for a bigger and better HYPHEN.

Dot Cate.

EIGHTEEN TAKE EUROPEAN TRIP

The close of the school year means a time of parting for most Ward-Belmont girls, but a few of our number will be together during a large part of the summer. These are the girls who will go on the European trip which is an annual event. The list of those passenger on the S.S. Empress of Scotland which sails from Quebec June 18 will include Esther Conger, Helen Greene, Frances Miller, Elizabeth Martin, Ruth Ferer, Sara Ferer, Charlotte Strong, Jean Stotzer, Helen Windham and Nancy Lybrook, all of whom are boarding students at Ward-Belmont now. Besides these, two day-students, Sarah Bryan and Alice Berry, as well as Dorothy Duncan of Jacksonville, Ill., Margaret Conger of Kansas City, Kansas, and Margaret McReynolds of Chattanooga, Tenn., will take the trip.

Miss Olive C. Ross will act as conductor of the party, with Mrs. Henrietta Bryan and Mrs. J. W. Charlton as chaperons. The party leaves Nashville June 15, sailing three days later from Quebec. Cherbourg will be the first stopping place, and Paris the second, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Holland, Belgium, England, Scotland and Wales will be visited in turn. A happy trip for you, travelers; we wish we were going, too.

IMPRESSIONS

Moonlight on cool water, buttercups, leather jackets, Garland's *Son of the Middle Border*, bonfires, a deep, cool spot in the woods—Sally Hayward.

Dutch caps, stained glass windows, *March of the Wooden Soldiers*, Robin Hood—Eleanor Smart.

Rompers, a Christmas tree with candles lit, a shaggy Newfoundland dog, Treasure Island, mist—Betty O'Donnell.

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Girls of Ward-Belmont
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PENTA TAUS HONOR BASEBALL TEAM

To honor their victorious baseball team, the Penta Tau club gave a formal dinner in their clubhouse last Monday night. Two long tables arranged before an open fire were attractively adorned with honeysuckle and with tall tapers in crystal holders.

The pre-eminent feature of the evening was a clever song composed and sung by Mildred Schaefer, accompanied by Martha Candler who effectively mimicked the various celebrities, as Schaefer sang of their heroic deeds.

The Song

A long, long time ago 'twas said
By one of our good members,
The Penta Tau's baseball must win;
We've said that since September!

So we won the baseball championship,
Thanks to nine good players—
We're proud of them as we can be;
We'll tell of them in layers.

First, Daniel on her tiny toes
Would catch that ball and hold it,
Then pass it on to Dorothy Gould,
Who'd sorta step and roll it.

Right past the batter's box, and then
Jane Jarvis madly grabbed it,
And looked to see a runner come
From third—so she could nab it.

Then pretty soon a long fly hit
Went sailing through the sky.
Our dear old Dumas caught it
And I thought I nigh would die.

She couldn't seem to send it on
To second base to Jane,
But when she did once throw it on,
Jane caught it as it came.

The outs were made both thick and fast,
For we'd a hefty short stop,
Who caught the flies in just one hand
When off the balcony they'd drop.

Her name was Jones, I do believe,
And right beside her right side
Stood that ensemble girl with "it."
"Lamar, Lamar," says I.

You wouldn't think such vampish girls
Could ever catch a ball,
But she did, and that Mitchell girl,
She wasn't bad at all.

She'd a hefty batting average—
Better than Harris got—
But Harris, she could stop those balls,
Right down on them she'd plop.

I've saved the best hit till the last,
Our precious little Kitty;
She'd swing that bat three times and run—
Why, no, she' didn't hit it.

But we've the cup;
That cup we'll keep,
And to the baseball team
We'll sing such crazy songs as this,
o'er and o'er again.

GLEE CLUB SINGS AT PEABODY COLLEGE

The remarkable program which the Ward-Belmont Glee Club, under the direction of Stetson Humphrey, presented in their own auditorium on May 14, was repeated by request at the Peabody auditorium, May 27, under the auspices of George Peabody College of Music. The program was well received by the music critics of the city who were remarkably impressed by the performance of the students. The program was the same offered by the club in its first public concert.

1. *a.* Solvejg's Song .....*Grieg*
   b. The Virgin's Slumber Song... ..... *Reger*
   c. Allah's Holiday .....*Friml*
   Glee Club
2. *a.* Reflections on the Water.... ..... *Debussy*
   b. Concert Etude .....*MacDowell*
   Margaret Lipscomb Smith
3. *a.* Would God I Were the Tender Apple Blossom—Irish Air from County Derry—*Arranged by William Arms Fish*
   b. Impatience .....*Schubert*
   c. As My Dear Old Mother..*Dvorak*
   d. Goin' Home .....*Dvorak*
   From the Larso of the New World Symphony
   e. The Two Clocks .....*Rogers*
   Glee Club
   Solos by Josephine Brun and Lois Stout
4. Conterto in E Minor.....*Nardini*
   Allegro Moderato
   Mr. Weldon Hart
   Willa Mae Waid at the piano
5. *a.* Serenade .....*Strauss*
   b. At Eve I Heard a Flute..... ..... *Strickland*
   c. The Gypsies .....*Brahms*
   Glee Club

Solos by Ruth Welty and Lois Stout

BURGIN WINS TRACK MEET

The annual school track meet was held on the athletic field on May 21-22. This year's track events, which numbered eight entries, was won by Jessie Burgin, first; Mary Wade, second, and Amanda Caldwell, third.

This year unusual interest has been taken by the clubs in turning out full teams in every sport, and it is hoped that by next year the track meet will receive the support of every girl in school, whether she participates or is present on that day.

The order of events was as follows:

Fifty-yard Dash—1. Burgin, 6-9; 2. Griffin, 7; 3. Hopkinson.

Basketball Throw—1. Burgin, 78-4; 2. Lewis, 72-5; 3. Caldwell, 71-2.

Running-broad Jump—1. Wade, 14-1½; 2. Caldwell and Gillespie, 12-10½.

Shot Put—1. Burgin, 28-3; 2. Hodgdon, 26-4; 3. Clark, 24-3½.

High Jump—1. Caldwell, 49; 2. Burgin and Birge, 48.

Baseball Throw (Record 200-6)—1. Burgin, 205-7; 2. Neisler; 3. Keim.

Hop, Step, Jump—1. Wade, 28-10; 2. Caldwell, 28-8; 3. Hodgdon, 26-10½.

Hurdle—1. Burgin, 9-8; 2. Wade, 9-9; 3. Caldwell, 10.

Entrants in 50-yard dash: Bowne, Gould, McFarland, M. Blackman, Sloan, Hotchkiss, Wade, Palmer, Hodgdon, Meyer, Brophy, Gillespie, Caldwell, Burgin, Galbraith, Daniel, Birge, Hines, Griffin, Hopkinson, Ownby, Northrup, Rothert, Kirchner.

Entrants in Basketball-throw: Gould, Clark, Blackman, Birge, Burgin, Dunnington, Lewis, Renfro, Caldwell, Hodgdon.

Entrants in Running-board Jump: Caldwell, Burgin, Gillespie, Palmer, Ownby, Hopkinson, Daniel, Sloan, Hotchkiss, Hodgdon, Blackman, Schaefer, Griffin, Clark, Birge, Northrup, Payne, Dunnington, Galbraith, Miller, Boswell, Olmstead, Kirchner, Wade.

Entrants in Shot Put: Burgin, Galbraith, Caldwell, Gould, Clark, Bowne, Daniel, Lewis, Meyer, Dunnington, Blackman, Schaefer, Birge, Northrup, Payne, MacLean, Latimer, Chrisman, McFarland, Hodgdon.

Entrants in High Jump: Burgin, Gould, Caldwell, Ownby, Hotchkiss, Wade, Hines, Griffin, Birge, Northrup, Gillespie, Palmer, Payne, MacLean, Duncan, Clark, Sherwood, Meyer, McFarland, Williamson, Hopkinson, Hodgdon.

Entrants in Baseball-throw: Burgin, Caldwell, Hodgdon, Kirchner, Gould, Keim, Sherwood, Dunnington, Lewis, Renfro, Clark, Birge, MacLean, Blackman, Clark, P., Galbraith, Sims, Neisler.

Entrants in Hop, Step, Jump: Hopkinson, Caldwell, Birge, Galbraith, Burgin, Daniels, M., Clark, Ownby, Sloan, Marxson, Gillespie, Rothert, Hodgdon, Wade, Schaefer, Griffin, Northrup, Palmer, Payne, Dunnington, MacLean, Latimer, Williamson, Brophy.

Entrants in Hurdles: Caldwell, Burgin, Kirchner, Wade, Palmer, Northrup, Austin, MacLean, Ownby, Hopkinson, Kirchner, Gould, Meyer, Miller, Galbraith, Keim, Sloan, Hotchkiss.

LOUIS MERTENS AGAIN WINS PRAISE OF CRITICS

The Nashville "Tennessean"

Before members of the faculty of Ward-Belmont and a number of invited guests, Louis Mertens, pupil of Kenneth Rose, head of the violin department, gave a concert in one of the studios of the school.

The concert was in the nature of a farewell, as Mr. Mertens leaves on June 1 to study with Sametini at the Chicago College of Music. Sametini is also the teacher of Max Cahn, boy violinist of this city. Louis Mertens is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mertens of this city, and brother of Miss Sylvia Mertens, the talented acrobatic dancer who has made several successful local appearances lately.

Mr. Rose is to be congratulated on his brilliant pupil who plays so well after six or seven seasons with him.

Miss Elizabeth Haynes of Gallatin, a senior at Vanderbilt, has been studying piano for four years under Lawrence Goodman, head of the piano department, and she has played four pieces.

Young Mertens has a technique adequate for any demands, and his tone is big and vibrant. His sense of proportion, his rhythm and his feeling for interpretation are very good, indeed.

His program contained some very ambitious numbers but he was at all times equal to the occasion. Corelli's "La Follia" and Paganini's exceedingly difficult concerto in D, in the Wilhelmj arrangement, were accomplished with a fine regard for intonation and tone in spite of their grueling difficulties.

"Arioso," by Bach-Franko, the dainty "Bird as Prophet," by Shumann-Auer, "Valse Bluette," by Drigo-Auer, and "Guitarre," by Moszkowsky-Sarasate, were well played, and Mr. Mertens was much applauded.

Miss Haynes plays beautifully, and is a fine exponent of a very fine teacher. In Chopin's Prelude in B flat she proved herself the possessor of a lovely touch; in Debussy's "Minstrels" she showed individuality, and it received much applause.

Chopin's F sharp major Nocturne was done with the proper poetic feeling, and in Oleson's difficult "Butterflies" she showed splendid technique.

Mrs. Hazel Coate Rose played excellent accompaniments for the violinist."

CONSERVATORY GIVES LAST BROADCAST

Ward-Belmont's radio broadcast over WSM on Tuesday evening brought to a close the radio recitals by the students of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory. The program they presented was as follows:

Scherzo ..... *Mendelssohn*
Olga Maestri
Valse ..... *Stowjowski*
Kathleen La Rue
(Pupils of Miss Alice K. Leftwich)
Aria from "Louise" ..... *Carpentier*
L'Esclave ..... *Lola*
Ruth Welty
(Pupil of Stetson Humphrey)
Liebestram ..... *Liszt*
Fire Flies ..... *Philipp*
Lavell Thompson
(Pupil of Lawrence Goodman)
Lullaby ..... *Gretchaninoff*
Hymn to the Sun ..*Rimsky-Korsakoff*
Ruth Welty

The pupils of Miss Leftwich gave a studio recital on May 20, at 4 p. m.

PROGRAM

Scherzino ..... *De Leone*
Mildred Hall
Serenade ..... *Thayne*
Virginia Fox
The Dancing Doll .....*Poldini*
Elizabeth Cornelius
The Coquette ..... *Berge*
Nancy Hotchkiss
Arlequin ..... *Chaminade*
Grace Ellen Glasgow
Spinning Song ..... *Mendelssohn*
Mary Dean Clement
Rustle of Spring .....*Sinding*
Rita Broudy
Impromptu Op. 28, No. 3 ..*Reinhold*
Kathleen La Rue
Scherzo B Minor .....*Chopin*
Katherine Kean

BEGINNING VIOLIN PUPILS GIVE CONCERT

Kenneth Rose, director of the school of violin, presented his beginning and Intermediate pupils in recital on May 24 at 4 o'clock.

The program follows:

1. Reverie ..... *Gillis*
   Gypsy Dance .....*Kohler*
   John Wise
2. Cavatina ..... *Bohm*
   Mary Elizabeth Lanier
3. Rondino—on a Theme of Beethoven ..... *Kreisler*
   Teresa Patterson
4. Concerto No. 22 .....*Viotti*
   Emma Jean Fisher
5. Piano—Nocturne .....*Chopin*
   Mildred Clements—Pupil of Mrs. Rose
6. Concerto No. 13.....*Kreutzer*
   First Movement
   Jimsey Duncan
7. Meditation from Thais..*Massenet*
   Sonata E major ..... *Handel*
   Largo
   Allegro
   Annette McAdoo
8. Romance ..... *Wieniawski*
   Dorothy Black
9. Spanish Dance .....*Rehfeld*
   Ella Lu Cheek
10. Hymn to the Sun .....
    ..... *Rimsky Korsakoff*
    Doris Hawkins
11. Orientale ..... *Cui*
    Obertass ..... *Wieniawski*
    Holmes Vaughn

Miss Willa Mae Waid at the Piano

CAMPUS COLUMN

Well, as they didn't publish the Campus Column last week (they said there wasn't room) we shouldn't have to write on this week. Habit is strong, however; therefore the excuse for this insert. What a sentence! But that's all right. We're leaving. Anyway, we hereby say good-bye. We give over this column with the following words of advice to the writer-to-be:

Be curious.
Satisfy that curiosity.
Don't be sensitive.
You will get dirty cracks. Don't cry over 'em.
Publish 'em.

Request; From Ginny Owens: "Please have my name in the Campus Column this week. We can think of nothing to say except that she should be called "Sleeping Beauty."

Nelle Berwick was practising a hoochiekoochie dance, or reducing, or demonstrating the effect on a Senior of flunking an exam, we couldn't tell.

"Well," she said, "the Hyphen's last issue is out, or I'd get my name in it for being so clever and cute!"

"We pledge now our love for our old W.-B.
We vow to be ever true."

More than a hundred white-clad girls standing on "Ac" steps singing the song dear to the hearts of every Senior. A few days later more than a hundred white-clad girls walking across the platform to receive their diplomas. How many years I have watched them. How many years I have wondered how they felt when they left Ward-Belmont forever. Now I know. I am a Senior of '29.

The class of '29 has had two years filled with happiness, and with some sorrow. Last year, under the guidance of "Tiny" we achieved what every Senior-Mid wants to achieve—Victory on Senior, Senior-Middle day. This year we returned ready for more work and more good times. We lost our president, "Sabin." Only the Seniors know what "Sabin" meant to the class. She left a place which could never be filled.

When we came to elect a new president, we elected Ruth Welty. She had a hard task to perform, that of gathering up the broken ends of a divided class. How well she succeeded, only the Seniors will know. "Welty" entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of the thing and, in giving all she had to the class, made us do the same. Can we ever forget her plea that last meeting before 'The Day"?

'If you won't win for yourselves and for our class, win for Sabin."

And we did. We won for "Sabin," who was in our thoughts and for "Welty," who was behind us all day.

Now it is all over. No longer will we meet in old Senior hall and sing until our throats split, inspired by Hendricks' magical touch on the piano and Shafer's enthusiastic leading.

I wonder whether the girl who will have "Donny's room next year will possess as large a family of elephants as "Donny" does. Will the old black leather chair which holds three people at once be left in "Maxon's" and Nannie Butler's room? Will Allie, with her superb rendering of the "Black Bottom," and Foss, with her lovely haircut, ever return? Will there ever be another "Chady" who nonchalantly gives a brilliant recitation in class, when she attends, or just as nonchalantly replies, "I don't know"? Will there ever be two such devoted roommates as Grace Miller and Marion Schmeltzer, or Marion Hoshaw and Ruth Clark? I could go on indefinitely, as I think of the Seniors whom we will probably never see again; tall, joking Sue Jones, "Fredericks," with her love for teasing, and "Graves," who keeps her suite in gales of laughter.

But time is short. I must needs stop to study for some of the exams which will determine whether or not I, too, shall walk across the platform Thursday morning.

This has been a glorious year. May those of the class of '30 be as happy and form as many pleasant memories as the Seniors of '29.

Josephine Cooper.



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GEORGE P. JACKSON PRAISES GLEE CLUB

Music Critic Extols Girls' Voices

"With the first concert of the Ward-Belmont Glee Club Tuesday night, the Nashville public realised that one more high-class choral organization has been born here and in one short season has grown almost to musical maturity.

"The stage of the Ward-Belmont concert hall was nearly full. With its 120 young singers standing in four converging ranks on as many levels. And it was as beautiful a sight as I have ever beheld in the line of woman's choruses, thanks to Paris and New York dressmakers, German dyes and—nature.

"But the real purpose of that bouquet was not to be looked at but to be listened to. This conviction the choristers got at once from Stetson Humphrey, organizer and director of the club. And the conviction got over to the audience with the chorus' very first group, which included "Solvejg's Song" (Grieg), "The Virgin's Slumber Song" (Reger) and "Allah's Holliday," by Friml. The audience realized that they were in the presence of a group which had done hard and conscientious work under a gifted leader, that the girls produced, as a whole, a fine quality of choral tone and that they had learned what loud, soft, fast, slow, joyous, somber, and mechanical (in the "Two Clocks" number) meant, and how to register those qualities musically.

"In the two subsequent groups of choral numbers, which brought Shubert, Dvorak, Rogers, Strauss, Strickland and Brahms—offerings which held to a high artistic level—I picked three which stood out as superior. They were Schubert's "Impatience," in which the vim and full volume of the chorus was at its best; Dvorak's "Als die Crossmutter" (translated on this occasion "As My Dear Old Mother") in which the solo was sung beautifully by Josephine Brun, to the humming accompaniment of the full chorus, and the Brahms number, which consisted of one of the composer's Hungarian dances choralized. I might put in the class of favorites also the Strickland "At Eve I Heard a Flute," with the solos taken pleasantly by Lois Stout and Ruth Welty, the former being the liquid-toned "flute."

"Margaret Lipscomb Smith was the club's efficient accompanist and she added interest and variety to the entertainment by playing two solos, Debussy's "Reflections In The Water," and a concert etude by MacDowell. Miss Smith is a musicianly pianist and she knows how to make a bow in acknowledging applause. I mention the latter point because of its rarity. For not one, excepting this young woman, of all the dozens of student players I have heard in Nashville this season has learned that the head is the thing to bow with, not the chest with the head erect.

"Weldon Hart, violinist, provided the only other instrumental element in the program. The audience liked his interpretation of a movement from Nardini's concerto in E minor and demanded an encore, which proved to be the adagio movement from the same concerto."

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHILDREN GIVE RECITAL

The children of the elementary school presented in recital in the school auditorium last Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock a group of one-act plays, some piano and violin selections, and a demonstration by the Girl Scouts of Troop No. 5 who are captained by Miss Agnes Amis of the French department.

Until this year the elementary school has presented its students in separate recitals, but this year it has combined the work, and the demonstration offered by the different departments was one of interest, not only to the students, but to town people as well.

The first presentation was given by the children of Miss Pauline Townsend's expression class under the title of "Old Myths Retold," in song, story and action. This was followed by a group of child songs by the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades.

A short play, "The Dream Maker," preceded another group of songs by the seventh and eighth grades, and following this occurred the junior musical recital. Those appearing in recital were: piano, Grace Benedict; piano, Elisabeth Cornelius; violin Frances Pearson; piano, Alice Foster and Frances Powell; piano, Frances Rose, and a chorus from the public school music department. The Girl Scouts closed the program by a scout demonstration which was exceedingly well done.

PENTA TAUS WIN BASEBALL FINALS

Del Vers		Penta Tau
Sims	C.	Jarvis
Neisler	P.	Gould
Petterson	1B.	Daniel
Jergensmeyer	2B.	Jones
Graves	3B.	Lamar
Patterson	L.S.	Mitchell
L. Windham	R.S.	Clark
H. Windham	L.F.	Jameson
V. Andrews	C.F.	Harris
J. McAlpine	R.F.	Dumas

Wednesday, May 15, saw the Penta Tau's win their second championship of the year in a decisive victory over the Del Ver's by a score of 43-21.

The Del Ver's proved they had two able pitchers, Sims and Neisler who did a little alternating during the game. Both teams put up a good fight and for several innings the score was very close.

THE LAST HECTIC DAYS TOGETHER

Did you ever see a centipede do the Black Bottom? Well, about the best possible substitute will be the last few days at W.-B. Cramming for exams, attending recitals, rushing around in a perfect flutter. Imagine not going to Middlemarch at 9:30 for mail, and not having the trusty bells chime. We all rant and tant around in such a flutter that it all probably won't register until after it's all over. I can just see the last. Everyone embracing each other, dressed and ready for the train. The charge of the taxi brigade. We wave good-bye with tears streaming as we hang out on all sides. Then we are to be in civilization for a whole summer. But, if I'm not sadly mistaken, we will miss our old pals and our heavenly girlish boarding school days. To these that take our place may they have as rich, full and wonderful time as we have. Power to you new W.-B.'s. Keep the old times going.

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AFTERNOON TEA
3:00 to 5:00

SUNDAY DINNER
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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Gosh, Diary—this is the last time I ever pick up my leaky fountain pen, push back my straggling locks (which, for the sake of this diary, have been called everything applicable to one's hirsute adornment) and, with a last wild, distraught glance at the confusion of the Hyphen office, start writing. This is the last time I shall break off my difficult-ly acquired and highly prized (but seldom polished) finger-nails on the unyielding keys to type this feeble, and at times, almost intolerable attempt at amusing girls who will not be pleased, no matter how hard one tries. Gosh, and gee, diary—I hate to give you up, however much I complain.

If I never approach the pearly gates it may be because of all the little white lies and the big black lies I've told to everyone who has asked me if I were Belle-Ward. But, at least, my sweet, patient "Clutchie" will go wherever I go with me—even unto the freezing shores of—note, not the Styx—but Lake Erie, with me, 'cause she's told as many assorted fibs (I have to be mild with her) as I have. And listen—(Ginny doesn't like me to say that) I honestly do apologize, but I really couldn't tell, now, could I?

Now that you know who I am, do I have to go on and write everything that happened last week—I can't remember just now. All I know is that the whole year I've been a Senior-Mid according to this column, and now I'd like to let out a long and mournful wail for the poor, over-worked (anyway, we think we are) Seniors. All we do is dash around—and Jimmy (who's name isn't Jimmy, and who doesn't do all the things I've said he did—specials and flowers, and sich—) has forgotten me—and my doll's stuffed with saw-dust and I'm broke—and I don't know nothing!

And I'm all embarrassed—I really am—because as long as no one knew that I was writing this I felt all right about saying anything I wanted to—but now I feel the way they tell people in court, "Everything you say will be used against you." Something tells me that it would be wise under such circumstances to cease this "irksome prattle" and yet I can't—the space below the picture of the lady and the hollyhocks yawns vacant unless I type three pages—so on with the dance, and if you're bored—well, listen gals—*please* don't tell me! It would be the supreme and ultimate death blow to know that all this year I've been boring people—and myself no less—rising in the cold, gray smoke of a Nashville five-thirty to do it.

I'm not going to diary last week—but the whole year. People have had their little day—there has been the P. S. C. affair—the various expressions from "I am Don Baseeeeeelio," sung as nasally as possible, through "resss-cue tha perushing," to Monsell's remarkable "Phoeee-beee." We've been quarantined together, and have achieved the long-sought privilege of sleeping through breakfast. We've dieted, and laughed, and broken down our resolve and stuffed in the cinnamon rolls. We've scorned the breakfast bacon and have gone to class unprepared thousands of times. We've "griped" about everything we could think of, and have longed for the end of school—and now it's here, and with true human perversity we are even "griping" about that.

Reminiscing is a sorry sort of business—I don't seem able to do it without becoming tearful and if I cry now—beginning now, I mean—by the time we leave my nose will have assumed the redness commonly associated with inebriation, and Cyrano-like proportions, so I'd better not.

For the last week or so I've been planning all the things that I'd say in this last diary, but I've forgotten now what they were—and if I hadn't, no one would care about reading them; so all I have to say is: Ever since I saw the first copy of the Hyphen—sent to me ages ago—I've longed to write the Diary, and I've realized my dream. The astonishing thing is that the realization has been just as marvelous as the dream. It may have been selfish—doubtless there are other girls who would have done much better—but since you have been good enough to cast a casual glance in the Diary-direction all year—I can only say; "Thank-you-for-your-kind-attention" in the words of the song.

And with that "last word" I'm handing the keys of the traditional Diary to—well, I wish I could tell you, but she's going to write a diary next year that will make you hug yourself with glee, and give her an extra big hug at the end of next year. Hug her hard for me, too.

Your loving
Belle-Ward
"Tiny."

TABLE 72 SCENE OF FORMAL DINNER

One of the most delightful of farewell parties was the formal dinner at table No. 72 last Thursday evening. Ophelia roses were used for table decoration, and combination place-cards and nut cups had graceful yellow butterflies for adornment. A huge chocolate cake, nuts and candies supplemented the unusual menu which was served.

The hostess, Elizabeth Fredericks, was honored with a corsage of rambler roses and buttercups, which she wore on a white chiffon gown attractively trimmed in rhinestones. Eleanor Peterson was clad in a creation of peach taffeta and tulle. Margaret Rothert graced the occasion in a coral taffeta effectively adorned with tulle and rhinestones. Ruth Welty wore the blue moiré as usual. Martha Wright had an unusual frock of flowered green chiffon. Mary Fletcher was resplendent in cerise tulle. The toastmistress, Mettie Taylor, wore yellow point d'esprit. Jane Owens completed this exclusive circle in yellow and green crushable taffeta. Music was furnished throughout the meal by Jane Owens. The dinner was followed by dancing in the gym.

GRAVES AND MAXON SAY GOOD-BYE

Among the things that I regret leaving is the old HYPHEN office. I'll miss not making these last minute reports like a front tooth. It has become such a pleasant habit that I start my letters, "Dear Editor" instead of "My true love." Now I ask you, isn't that devotion? Really I have enjoyed writing articles for the HYPHEN and I wish my successor the best ever toward carrying on the true W.-B. spirit through the HYPHEN.

"Graves."

When one starts to try to say something on the order of good-bye, dear old HYPHEN, and all that, one can't say much more than that. But, really, that means more than anyone would think.

It means that we are saying good-bye to a year of companionship in work, to congeniality, in interest, and of a part in campus activities. We are leaving, though, a little more than we began with. During the year, it has been our good fortune to be given a private office. Then, we have added a page in many issues to the paper, thus giving more room for material of campus interest. Always our purpose has been to make the paper as far as possible one whose primary aim was to furnish enjoyment for the students in school.

As far as we have succeeded in this purpose, we feel that our work has been of worth.

And so, we leave to our successors not only the material gains we have made in the past year, but the hope that they will continue to keep in mind the interest of the students, and will derive as much pleasure from putting out the dear old sheet as we, the staff of 1928-1929, have had.

"Maxon."

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

Sunday evening the Ward-Belmont chapel was lighted dimly by lights from the stage. As the girls in the audience became quiet, this year's "Y" cabinet filed in and took their places in a semi-circle on the platform, while Nancy Nolan played an organ prelude. Each girl was dressed in white and carried a lighted taper. Dim lights always add solemnity to a ceremony as it did to this service also. Christine Caldwell fulfilled her last formal function as "Y" president in her usual, sincere, dignified way.

Frances Burgess' vocal solo blended into this solemn atmosphere very smoothly as did Ruthe Donahoo's reading "Follow the Light." A violin solo well played by Charlotte Strong was also a dominant feature to harmonize with the rest.

Following this, after the installation of new officers and members of the Y.W.C.A. cabinet the program for our last Sunday Vesper service took place. The lights of the candles of the old officers were passed through the center flame which took the symbol of unity and of Christian living, onto the new officers: Christine's light to Esther Conger, Ruthe's to Virginia Lloyd, Betty's to Dorothy Detrick, Louise's to Jimsey Duncan, and Elizabeth's to Margaret Rothert already of this year's cabinet. As this closed, representatives from the student body came forward to tell along what lines of service they hope the new officers and cabinet will help the girls next year and how they had aided this year. The representatives lighted candles representing the particular service toward the attainment of which they direct their leadership. These girls were Ruth Welty, Dorothy Black, Sally Smith, Betty Lane. Everyone sang "Follow the Gleam." The old members arose, lighted their successor's tapers and gave their chairs over to next year's committee chairmen.

A quiet benediction and the recessional and a beautiful service ended.

Sunday morning at Sunday school, Virginia Lloyd spoke to us on making our lives begin to count for something. She compared life to a game of golf. We are just teeing off but will soon be on the fairway. When life is done, it is not so much the score we turn in as the way we have played the game that will count.

Dotty Dietrick played the piano and Ruth took charge. Mrs. Blanton and Miss Van held classes.

JUNIOR PUPILS GIVE MUSICAL TEA

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory presented the annual children's recital in the form of a musical tea on May 22, in Recreation Hall. This performance is always of a great deal of interest to the students as well as to the townspeople for these recitals show quite clearly the result of early musical training. The program was as follows:

By the Lakeside ..... *Bilbro*
The Story of a Witch .....
Elaine Haile
Fairy Footsteps ..... *Farrar*
Martha Armistead
Valse Cherie ..... *Friml*
Ruth Elizabeth Petty
To the Rising Sun ..... *Torjussen*
The Princess ..... *Mana-Zucca*
Ida Sue Smith
Gypsy Boy ..... *Schytte*
Emily Payne
Barcarolle ..... *Enna*
Alice Foster
Reverie ..... *Gilis*
Gypsy Dance ..... *Kohler*
John Wise
Adieu to the Piano ..... *Beethoven*
Frances Powell
Spring Flowers ..... *Loth*
Martha Claire Clay
Frolics ..... *Mana-Zucca*
Lisbeth Smith
In a Persian Market ..... *Ketelby*
Margaret Giles
Serenade ..... *Frontini*
Evalyn Brandon

NANCY PIERCE ENTERTAINS FOR WEEK-END GUESTS

Nancy Pierce had as her week-end guest Miss Margaret Matthews of Huntsville, Ala.

After the May Day celebration, we trickled down with the pouring rain to the X. L. house. We had a most comfortable fire. Allie danced; Nannie played; Jesse Burgin was "Dan Cupid," and the others managed to throw slams to their satisfaction, until the delicious dinner was served to Louise Sims, Grace Neisler, Suzanne Jones, Ruth Donahoo, Louise Graves, Marian Lewis, Frances Johnson, Florence Miller, Freda Burge, Gussie Wherry, Lois Maxon, Nannie Butler, and Louise Calloway.

ATHLETIC RALLY HELD MAY 24

The installation of officers of the Athletic Association and the giving of the awards, cups, and letters, took place in chapel last Friday at 11:30. The order of events was as follows:

Club Championship—
Tri-K—293½
T. C.—229
Penta Tau—201
School All-round Athletes—
Margie Northrup—52
Mary Helen Dunnington—46
Louis Sims—46
Club Athletes—
Agora, Jessie Burgin—38
A. K., Marion Blackman—23
Anti-Pan, Louise Latimer—16
Anti-Pan, Avis Olmstead—16
Del Ver, Neisler—36
F. F., Ruth Nathan—39
Osiron, Jean MacLean—30
Penta Tau, Jane Clark—44
T. C., Anne Dorsey Hodgdon—41
Tri-K., Alice Ellingson—28
X. L., Mary Pat McGowan—26½
Ariston, Amanda Caldwell—32
Angkor, Edna Birge—42
Ecowasin, Nancy O'Connor—29
Ecowasin, Martha Collins—29
Triad, Eugenia Smith—33
Track Varsity—Jessie Burgin, winner and breaker of two track records.
Water Polo—
Points
T. C.—43
Tri-K.—29
Ecowasin—25
Varsities—
Nancy O'Connor, Nancy Lang, Marion Lewis, Betty O'Donnell, Martha Candler, Grace Miller, Sarah Bryan, Jane Clark, Myrtilla Daniels, Irene Adams. Cup won by T. C.'s.
Baseball—
Points
Del Ver—51
Penta Tau—48
Tri-K.—46
Neisler, J. Burgin, Daniel, Francez, Lyles, Patterson, Newman, Sims, Colins, Mac Lean. Gooch, Gould, Bond, Clark, Bryan, Lamar, Peterson, Nathan, Hodgdon, Jarvis. Cup won by Penta Tau's.
Riding—
Points
T. C.—16
Angkor—14
X. L.—13½
Varsity—
McGowan, Suzanne Jones, Jean Perry, Helen Greene, Freda Birge. Cup won by Angkors. Archery won by T. C.
Track—
Tri-K.—22
Triad—15
Agora—14
Jessie Burgin, winner.
Medals—
Swimming—Candler, Northrup
Bowling—Nathan
Archery—Lewis
Riding—Birge
Track—Burgin

LAST STUDENT RECITAL HELD MAY 21

One of the last recitals of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music was presented last Tuesday, May 21, in chapel. The program was as follows:

June Flowers ..... *Spialek*
Ann Fensterwald
Fur Elise ..... *Beethoven*
Adele Mills
Spring Flowers ..... *Loth*
Martha Claire Clay
Barcarolle ..... *Enna*
Alice Foster
Serenade ..... *Frontine*
Evelyn Brandon
Japanese Sunset ..... *Deppen*
Helen Werthan
Fragrant Breezes ..... *Rivi-King*
Louisa Bingesser
Scherzo ..... *Schubert*
Elizabeth Bayer
Solvif's Lied ..... *Grieg*
Kitty Wade
Scherzettino ..... *Farrar*
Grace Benedict
Caprice ..... *Stasenhagen*
Emma Jeane Willis
Romance ..... La Forge
Margaret Neff
Air de Ballet ..... Moszkowski
Isobel Goodloe

MISS SLOAN'S STUDENTS PRESENTED IN RECITAL MAY 15

PROGRAM

(a) You and I ..... *Ward-Stephens*
(b) Beloved, It Is Morn.... *Aylward*
Miss Eugenia Candler
(a) Where You, Beloved, Are *Speaks*
(b) 'Tis June, My Dear..... *Spross*
Miss Anabel Hilbun
(a) When Through the Piazetta ..... *Jensen*
(b) Enchantment ..... *Scott*
Miss Helen Ferguson
(a) You ..... *Robyn*
(b) Musica Proibita ..... *Gastaldon*
Mrs. W. E. Althauser
(a) I Know ..... *Spross*
(b) Burst, Ye Apple Buds... *Emery*
Miss Elizabeth Cleveland
(a) Sealed Orders ..... *Willeby*
(b) Request ..... *Chadewick*
Mrs. Mable O. Jones
(a) Do You Know My Garden.. *Wood*
(b) Sylvia ..... *Logan*
Miss Marguerite Murphy
Caro' Nome (Rigoletto) ..... *Verdi*
Mrs. Caldwell Bennett, Jr.
(a) As the Dawn ..... *Cantor*
(b) Hark! Hark! the Lark.. *Schubert*
Miss Margaret Neff
(a) The Nightingale ..... *Alabieff*
(b) *Swiss Echo Song ..... *Eckert*
Miss Nancy Baskerville

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CAMPUS CHIC

What the well dressed woman will wear home from the South's foremost female institution" is the big issue now. We all are leaving Ward-Belmont and needs must be impressive as we stroll off, or roll off, the train. In view of the fact that I have taken inventory of my wardrobe which is sadly in need of replenishing, I think I shall travel a la Godiva, with my golden tresses which meet in such a lovely knot, streaming down behind me.

The regulation ensemble will come in right handy and who ever said black and navy blue weren't stunning —when you didn't have to wear them? 'N there some of these ritzy people with furs will stroll out looking like Patou or Molyneux models, no less. But the nearest I ever came to a fur was when my cat died 'n he was four different shades. What a woild.

Everybody listen! Get out your spike heels and dust 'em off. You'd better take a few correspondence lessons in walking on such before you start teetering homeward.

As for hats—I've decided to wear a stocking cap. That is—if I can find an extra hose.

Now, try and find out what the well dressed woman will wear.

But just remember while you're making all these plans, that Ward-Belmont will be expecting you back and remembering those of you who are Seniors. It will miss you and what will Campus Chic do without "Undie's" red, white, and blue shoes, Margie's sweaters, and the heel-less Deauville's of "Nat" and "Dot"? There ain't no justice 'er no stvle left, and the Seniors are goin'—Why live, we esk you?

WRITERS' CRAMP NOW IN VOGUE

"Hey you! You're the very one I want to see!"

Well, I must admit I never was so sought after, before. nor have I ever felt more conceited. Really, everyone loves me just loads, I'm darling, I'm a keen kid, a peach, a brick, a grand sport, a good egg, in fact; I have everything but "it." But, of course, none of us can have just everything.

Oh, the embarrassment which one poor unfortunate suffered! Not even the sweet messages which she accumulated could ever make up for such a dilemma. After fighting her way bravely through the ink-thirsty crowds, sweetly signing Milestones by the peck, from the steps of Pembroke to Middlemarch she found herself in the exotistical act of writing, "Here's to the sweetest girl on the campus" in none other than that book for which she had nobly put out her last five.

"TINY" YOUNG ELECTED ALUMNAE SECRETARY OF '29

"Tiny" Young, our HYPHEN editor of 1929, is the first Ward-Belmont graduate to be elected Alumnae Secretary directly from her class. It will be "Tiny's" job next year to keep up on the marriages, honors, etc., of the Senior class of 1929 and report them to Miss Virginia Smith, Ward-Belmont Alumnae Secretary. We know that "Tiny" will be a cracker-jack secretary and will bring all '29 grads back to Homecoming next year.

We acknowledge receipt of "The Lass-O," "The Mountaineer" and "The Westport Crier."

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XIX | NASHVILLE, TENN., WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 18, 1929 | Number 1

ARTISTS JOIN CONSERVATORY STAFF

Miss Thuss Former Graduate

Among the new teachers of the Ward-Belmont school faculty is Lawrence H. Riggs of South Dakota. Mr. Riggs will teach musical sciences, and presents an unusually well-rounded preparation for his teaching.

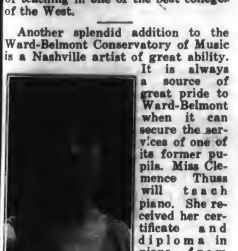
He graduated from Beloit College with a degree of bachelor of arts, summa cum laude, having attained membership in Phi Beta Kappa.



Lawrence H. Riggs

After graduating from the Michigan college he was selected from the state of South Dakota as a Rhodes scholar. He attended Oxford university in England where he studied Theory of Music, Choral Training, and Organ. Upon his return to this country he took further work in Voice and Teaching Methods at the Chicago Musical College, and also work in Voice and Public School Music at Northwestern university. He has a diploma in Public School Music from the American Institute of Normal Methods. Since that time he has had special preparation in Voice at the Chicago Musical College conducting and orchestration at Northwestern university where he also did further instrumental composition and choral music work. Mr. Riggs has had six successful years of teaching in one of the best colleges of the West.

Another splendid addition to the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music is a Nashville artist of great ability.



A. J. Tims Photo
Miss Clemence Thuss

It is always a source of great pride to Ward-Belmont when it can secure the services of one of its former pupils. Miss Clemence Thuss will teach piano. She received her certificate and diploma in piano from the Ward-Belmont Conservatory several years ago. After receiving her diploma, Miss Thuss spent three years at the Institute of Musical Art, New York City, and did a year of special work in Chicago with Silvio Scionti, a noted teacher. Besides her previous study Miss Thuss is most ably qualified as a teacher of beginning pupils, having received extensive training under the celebrated Madame Louise Robyn.

NEW GIRLS — JUST ASK QUESTIONS

To the new girls who are having difficulty in finding their way around the campus, and who are uncertain about rules, regulations, or where to go for certain information, just ask questions.

An old girl never forgets that she was once in the same predicament, be-

(Continued on page 5)

SCHOOL OFFERS STAR COURSE

Great Artists Presented by Ward-Belmont

Ward-Belmont has always offered to its students during the school year many worth-while artists, lecturers, musicians, and entertainers, who are of national and international fame. Besides the opportunity Ward-Belmont gives its students the city of Nashville is renowned as an art and educational center and every facility is given the students to attend such concerts and entertainments they wish.

This year Ward-Belmont is giving its students the opportunity of hearing two of the most brilliant artists of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Kathryn Meisle, who is called the "golden-voiced contralto" will appear in concert as will Richard Bonelli, baritone. The triumphs attained by these two singers, both at home and abroad, heralded them as artists of the first order, and their appearances are looked forward to with delight, by not only the Ward-Belmont students, but also the people of Nashville.

Ward-Belmont is indeed fortunate in securing Marcel Dupre, world renowned organist, since he returns to America for seven weeks only. His appearance at the Ward-Belmont auditorium during the early part of the fall is an event of great interest for his numerous and triumphant tours in Europe and America are known the world over. M. Dupre holds the chair of professor of organ at the Paris Conservatory, the Fontainebleau Conservatory, and at the Ecole Normale De Musique.

To the lovers of really good music, and to those interested in the violin, Albert Spaulding needs no introduction. As an artist of international fame Albert Spaulding ranks with such musicians as Heifitz and Kreisler. Besides being a world famous concert artist Albert Spaulding is also a composer of note.

The Pro Arte String Quartet of Brussels is another attraction which Ward-Belmont is giving its students. The personnel of the quartet includes Mm. A. Onnou, L. Halleux, G. Prevost and R. Maas. This year the quartet is booked for its second visit to America, the first of which was an outstanding success. They have achieved triumphs in all the capital cities of the continent, and their second tour of America promises to be an extended one.

(Continued on page 5)

THE WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL LIBRARY

Miss Church of Missouri New Librarian

"As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book." George MacDonald.

The library is open daily from Monday to Saturday at the following hours: 8:30 to 5:00, and from 7:45 to 9:45 at night. On Saturday the hours are from 8:30 to 1:00.

Books of certain classes, such as biography, travel, and fiction may be drawn from the library for a period of one week. Books not returned on the date due are subject to a fine of five cents a day.

Books placed on reserve for the daily use of classes are issued for a period of two hours. They must be used in the library and returned to the desk at the end of that time. Failure to return the book promptly incurs a fine of ten cents the first hour and five cents an hour thereafter.

Reserve books may be taken from the library on Saturday morning for over the week-end, between 10:00 and 1:00 o'clock. Such books must be returned at 8:30 Monday morning. A fine of twenty-five cents is charged for books kept after 8:30.

If you lose a book, notify the librarian at once. This will help both you and the library.

The High School Library

The library in the high school study hall is open daily from 8:30 to 3:30, and from 7:30 to 9:30 at night. It is open on Saturday morning from 8:30 to 1:00.

Students may take books for study purposes at 3:30. These books are to be returned at 7:30 in the evening. Failure to do so makes the student subject to a fine of twenty-five cents.

How to Find Information in the Library

The card catalog is an index by cards of all the books in the library. These cards are arranged alphabetically by the name of the author, by the title, and by the subject. Look for your book through the card catalog, copy the call number, which is the group of numbers and figures in the upper left hand corner of the card, and hand this call number to the librarian at the loan desk.

Books which have been assigned by the teachers and which have been placed on reserve may be called for by the name of the author and the title of the book.

(Continued on page 5)

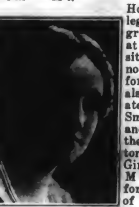
NEW INSTRUCTORS IN FRENCH DEPARTMENT

M. Marchand Leaves for Paris

Two new teachers have been added to the French department. Miss Bertha M. Ruef of New Jersey will teach college French as will Miss Evelyn Ferry of New York. Miss Ruef received her bachelor of arts and her master's degrees from Vassar College, and her diplome de professeur de francais from the Universite de Toulouse. Miss Ferry received her Bachelor of Arts degree from Mt. Holyoke College and did graduate work at the University of Grenoble, France, for a year. She also did graduate work at Smith College and taught in the Northampton Schools for Girls. M. Louis Marchand, former head of the French department at the school, having completed his year's leave of absence from the University of Paris, returned to France this spring to resume his teaching in that university.



Miss Bertha M. Ruef



Miss Evelyn Ferry

INTRODUCING—

It is altogether fitting and proper that the first HYPHEN should give much space to the outstanding student citizens on the campus. These girls have pledged themselves to uphold the ideals and traditions of Ward-Belmont and they will do all they can to exert an influence for right citizenship among the members of the student body.

Let us pledge ourselves to give these girls all our co-operation that by so doing we may become better citizens of Ward-Belmont and leave behind us an influence which will be evidenced for many years to come.

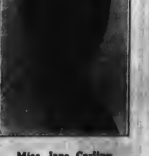
We take pleasure in introducing:

Frances Hoffman, president Resident Council.
Eugenia Smith, president Day Council.
Esther Conger, president Y.W.C.A.
Amanda Caldwell, president Athletic Association.
Dorothy Black, president Senior Class.
Betty Lane, editor-in-chief HYPHEN.
Elizabeth Eberhart, editor-in-chief Milestones.
Mildred Schaefer, president Glee Club.
Virginia Gerdi, president Wordsmiths.
Elberta Gooch, president French Club.
Louise Latimer, president Anti-Pandora Club.
Florence Miller, president T. C. Club.
Miriam Woodside, president Dei Ver Club.
Marion Lyles, president Tri K Club.
Jane Clark, president Penta Tau Club.
Helen Donker, president X. L. Club.
Margaret Yoder, president Osiron Club.

(Continued on page 5)

MISS JANE CARLING ASSUMES NEW DUTIES

Miss Jane Carling, who will be riding instructor, is a graduate of Ward-Belmont Physical Education department in 1924, and she received her bachelor degree in Physical Education from the University of Wisconsin. Before returning to Ward-Belmont, Miss Carling was head of the physical education department of the Betsy Mills Club in Marietta, Ohio.



Miss Jane Carling

MISS KHEIRALLA COMES TO ART DEPARTMENT

The School of Art will have as its new faculty member Miss Gulnar Kheiralla of Chicago, and a graduate of the Chicago Art Institute. Besides doing special work at the University of Chicago, Miss Kheiralla regularly gave a number of lectures on art in Chicago art circles.



Miss Gulnar Kheiralla

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ORDER OF THE DAY

The daily schedule is printed below in order to help those who are not accustomed to school hours.

WEEK DAY

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.	Chapel
11:00 A.M.	Third Period
12:00 M.	Fourth Period
1:00 P.M.	Luncheon
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
10:15 P.M.	Room Bell
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
9:45 P.M.	Room Bell
10:00 P.M.	Light Bell

IOWA GRADUATE IN BIOLOGY DEPT.



Miss Dorothy Nelson

Miss Dorothy Nelson of Iowa has had successful teaching experience at the Iowa State College. She graduated from the university of Iowa with her bachelors degree, and since that time has received her masters from the Iowa State College and has done special work at the University of Colorado. Miss Nelson will teach Physiology and Biology.

Miss Mary McEttrick of Boston comes as assistant in the Physical Education department where she will have special charge of the swimming. Miss McEttrick has taught in the Bouvé School, and for the past six summers has been a councillor at Camp Asquam, New Hampshire.

The Y.W.C.A. is one of the largest organizations on the Ward-Belmont campus and certainly one of the most helpful. The Y.W. ideals should be revealed in the character of every old girl now, and, later on, in every girl on the campus because their daily lives should have a basic foundation of service, and that is the aim of the organization. The Y.W.C.A. is under the direction of Miss Ocie Saunders.

Dr. J. D. Blanton, president of the school, in speaking of the Y.W.C.A., says, "How much has been accomplished in the upbuilding of character and the deepening of the spiritual life of the school, only future years will reveal. Let us increase the influence of the Y.W.C.A. year by year. Let our goal be, 'Every member of Ward-Belmont a member of Y.W.C.A. Let us learn by doing that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The officers for 1929-30 are:

Esther Conger ..... *President*
Virginia Lloyd .. *First Vice-President*
Dorothy Detrick *Second Vice-President*
Jimsey Duncan ..... *Secretary*
Margaret Rothert ..... *Treasurer*

NEW FACULTY IN HIGH SCHOOL DEPT.



Miss Martha K. Ordway

In the high school department, of which Miss Annie Allison has been principal for a number of years, Miss Martha K. Ordway of Murfreesboro, and Miss Vera L. Hay of Chicago will be instructors in the English department. Miss Ordway received her degree from Peabody College, later doing teaching in Birmingham.



Miss Vera L. Hay

Miss Hay, who is a graduate of the University of Chicago, taught four years in the Starrett School for Girls before coming to Ward-Belmont.



Photo by Anderson
Miss Wilmoth Dinning

Another new member of the high school faculty will be Miss Wilmoth Dinning of Columbia, Tenn. who will teach History. Since receiving her bachelor of arts degree from Randolph - Macon she has taught three years in the Columbia high school.

WARD-BELMONT ATHLETIC ASS'N

The purpose of the Ward-Belmont Athletic Association, as found on page one of the constitution and by-laws, reads: "(1) To promote the welfare of the individual mentally, morally and physically, by arousing a genuine interest in athletics; and (2) by offering a means for healthy competition, to establish the highest ideals for comradeship, good sportsmanship, and fair play."

Every member of the school is eligible to membership in the Athletic Association. The principal sports for the fall months are hockey and riding. Swimming, as a sport, does not enter the fall category, although there is swimming for beginners, and the pool is open to all. Archery and dancing are electives, and the tennis courts are ready for use.

Each social club has a team for every sport, and there is much friendly rivalry and spirit after the teams are chosen and competition begins in earnest.

Athletic Association

OFFICERS 1929-1930

AMANDA CALDWELL ..... *President*
JESSIE BURGIN ..... *General Manager*

NEW ADDITIONS TO HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

In the Home Economics department Miss Helen Cobb of Kansas and Miss Frances G. Swenson of Iowa are the new members. Miss Cobb is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin receiving her bachelor of science degree and also of the Kansas State Agricultural College



Miss Helen Cobb

where she received her master of science degree. Miss Swenson, after receiving her bachelor of science degree at the Iowa State College did graduate work there also. Both Miss Cobb and Miss Swenson have been very successful in their teaching experiences.



Miss Frances G. Swenson

CAMPUS COLUMN

Heigh-Ho Everybody! Heigh-Ho! This is Rudy Val—no—pardon—we mistake our own identity. This is the Campus Column announcing and broadcasting our typographical greeting over station D-A-S-H, common name, HYPHEN. Contrary to your expectations, we are not going to say "we hope you like us." We don't. We are going to make you read us though. Whether from a surpressed desire for personal publicity or from a guilty conscience you are going to search this column weekly for YOUR name. Your columnist is unlike the editorial writer, whom, we fear sometimes preaches. She is unlike that delightfully mysterious person "Mistress Belle-Ward," who is, "my dears, just too clever." Your columnist is merely the sorter-over and the piecer-together of all the gossip she hears, dreams, or imagines.

"Send it to the Campus Column" was a slogan last year. However the column is entering its second year now and should have a more sophisticated motto. For instance, "We don't beg for contributions, but, if you hapnen to know any dirt, jot it down on a slip of paper and leave it in the HYPHEN office. We might consider including it in our next week's column." All of which is a more dignified way of saying, "Send it to the Campus Column."

Miss Ross is back with us, after a summer in Europe. How she managed to survive taking that crew all over the continent, especially when it included Jean Stotzer '29, "Chady" Strong '29, Esther Conger '30, Helen Greene '30, Sarah Ferer '30, Nancy Lybrook '30, and Sarah Bryan '32 is a mysterious marvel to us. However, she is, as usual, "hump-humping" about the campus. Speaking of Miss Ross, it dawns on us that all of you don't know who she is. But you Senior-Mids, or first and second-year college students, don't fail to sign up for one of her classes in History of Art. It's the most alive thing in this school, taught by the most alive woman. And then there was Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. Charleton hopping all over Europe with Miss Ross! For a week before school opened the bank, the book room, and the home office were scenes of "little Europe," while through the walls of the Hyphen office came exclamations of admiration for the things Mrs. Bryan brought back with her. As you're buying your books Mrs. Bryan's just as liable as not to expand to you upon the beauties of Venice as you finger lovingly your Wolley's handbook. And Mrs. Charleton, as she either grants or not grants you a permission, tells you a beautiful story about the cathedrals of France. So why not take education by the heels and swallow it whole? Europing with those three people.—P. S. We are not paid for advertising.

Another little bit of advice (we know you have received so much by this time that all we write goes in one eye and out the other), but we tell you this in hopes that some of it will stick. Those of you who have either Miss Pugh, or Miss Scruggs for English may cast your eyes to the high heavens and thank your lucky stars. This next is for those poor unfortunate females who like your columnist, cannot learn math. Get Mrs. Miser. She could teach math to a cross-eyed, crippled flea. But enough—ah, me—enough of school and advice.

You have probably been dreaming of dances and rides with Eds and Bobs and Bills even as your eyes perused these lines. We shall desist, for the week—having our own Bobs and Bills and Eds over whom we have to dream as well as having to take a little trip to the gym office to sign up for gym eight times a week because we cut it all last spring. Warning!

My aim is never to take counsel of my emotions, but of my intelligence. —Ex.

MISS SAUNDERS NEW BIBLE INSTRUCTOR

Miss Ocie Sanders of Houston will be the new faculty advisor for the Y.W.C.A. besides teaching Bible. She received her bachelor of arts degree from Rice Institute and her masters degree from the University of Chicago.



Miss Saunders

SONG OF THE CHIMES

A night of stars, a moon hung low,
Its silver sheen flung far;
The campus lights seem points of flame,
Each rivaling a star.
Not silent now, Ward-Belmont lies
Beneath the autumn sky,
The old year gone—new year begun—
How fast the hours fly by!
Soft voices call, a laugh is bourne
On a perfumed breeze sometimes;
But hark! Whence that angel music now?
Can it be the song of the chimes?
"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 you that old refrain.
"The music stops, a hush has come
O'er the moonlit campus, too,
And the breeze whispers soft to each waiting girl,
'The chimes have welcomed you.'"

DOROTHY CATE, '30.

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

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief .....Betty Lane
Associate Editor .....Dorothy Cate
Day Student Editor ....Dorothy Cate
Business Manager ....Helen Edwards
Circulation Manager Lucy Mae Bond
News Editor .....Jane Sipher

Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Welcome!

Ward-Belmont greets you. To the old girls who spent many happy hours in associations and work and who are returning, to the new girls who have not yet fallen under the spell that is Ward-Belmont, to the new faculty members and members of the household and to those who are returning to give once more so unselfishly of their services, Ward-Belmont gives you a most cordial greeting.

With the consolidation of Ward Seminary and Belmont College to a greater Ward-Belmont in 1913 there has been molded by men of great vision and understanding one of the finest private schools in the country. Because of the infinite care and love of the president, Dr. J. D. Blanton, and because of the understanding and affection of Mrs. Blanton, these two great educators grouped around them an administrative and household staff worthy to carry out the highest ideals, not only along educative lines, but along the lines of right living. And these people have been big enough and wise enough to carry on.

The result you see today A school true to its ideals and to its purpose. And it is up to you students who are coming in to begin the new term to keep it that way. It is an honor bestowed upon you with reverence which some are so likely to forget. Do not accept all and give nothing. The heritage Ward-Belmont gives you is rich in learning, in loyalty, in associations, and in growth. Ward-Belmont gives to you all her treasures that by so doing you alone will profit.

So, welcome! Ring out the old, and ring in the new! May the year of 1929-30 be rich and prosperous, may we all join together for the love of a common ideal, and because of that vision may we enjoy a year filled to the brim of all the joys of boarding school life.

Welcome, everyone!

This eight or ten page sheet is a representation of your thoughts. It is the only medium through which the students can express themselves to the people outside the campus. It is managed and written exclusively by the students—and, as a consequence, it gets quite a few hard knocks by the students themselves.

Then let us be perfectly sincere with this weekly effort of ours, let us admit its failings, and extol its virtues (if it has any), and let us this year try in every way to make it something the students like to read every Saturday afternoon.

We want contributions, be them in poetry, prose, or art. We welcome any interest given us. We greet criticisms as a favor shown us, whether they are constructive or not, and we appreciate the time taken in having you stop by the office with suggestions. However, when we call for contributions and some worthy soul hands in a tirade about a hall rule condemning student government, and then us for not printing the expostulation, if only for its literary merit, and tells everyone that this is a fine idea of free student thought—we only pity them.

When we ask for contributions we do not want theories thrust upon us of the management of the school, neither do we want subjects pertaining to the rules and regulations of a boarding school. If you find fault with the rules go to the student government council, or to the administrative authorities. They would be only too pleased to take your suggestions, if you are wrong try to show you your mistake, and if you are right, thank you for your interest.

The aim of the HYPHEN staff is to make our school paper a worth-while periodical. In a literary sense, in a news sense, and in an editorial sense. It is with much fear, however, that we strive for cleverness.

To all of you who want to write, we welcome you with open arms. Drop by the office and offer your services, hand in contributions, make suggestions. Our only wish is that you think upon these few sheets as a worthy heralder of your school life at Ward-Belmont. Try and help us make them so.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT WARD-BELMONT

Ward-Belmont is composed of many organizations, but the HYPHEN thinks it quite fitting to explain in the first issue the most important organization, the Student Council.

Student Council is composed of four officers elected by the student body and the proctors, who are student representatives elected by the school at large. The proctors consist of the hall, general, and chapel proctors. Serving under the proctors are the monitors who act as their helpers. On certain nights each week monitors' meetings are held, and the girls who commit some misdemeanor appear at these meetings. The hall monitors see that "lights out" is obeyed, that study hours are kept, and, in general, are in charge of the conduct of the halls; the general monitors see that dress regulations are obeyed and that there is order on the campus and in academic buildings; and the chapel proctor's duty is to see that order in chapel is enforced.

Student Council embodies all the democratic ideals of Ward-Belmont because the officers and the members of Council are the girls themselves. Consequently, a girl brought up before the Student Council for a wrongdoing is given the fairest chance she could wish. The Student Council is ready to be your friend, as it is happier when it helps than when it disciplines.

Student Government

OFFICERS RESIDENT COUNCIL

FRANCES HOFFMAN .....*President*
LILLA LOU PEEPLES .....*First Vice-President*
MIRIAM COOPER .....*Second Vice-President*
ETHEL GILLIS .....*Secretary*
MARY CANNON .....*High School Representative*
VIRGINIA LOU SAMPLE *General Proctor*
IRENE COCHRANE ....*Chapel Proctor*

OFFICERS DAY COUNCIL

EUGENIA SMITH .....*President*
OLIVE MARTIN ..*First Vice-President*
SHELBY WARWICK .....*Second Vice-President*
MARY ERWIN STOVES .....*Secretary*
MILDRED WRIGHT .....*High School Representative*
LUCY MAE BOND .....*Proctor*

Experience is what you get when you are looking for something else.—Ex.

THE OFFERING

The summer was waning
Soon to be gone,
When Nature deemed fitting
The offering of one last flash of life,
One exquisite token of gratitude
For all the pleasures it had known.
The word was sent o'er all the earth,
And summonded all the skillful were
In things of beauty, form, and tone.
Each gave its purest self,
Its best, its all,
That love might truly be expressed
In fitting manner
And fashioned they then,
With infinite care,
A glory transcending all glories before—
A paisley shawl, strangely wrought,
Laid at the foot of the altar
Of God.

MARION DOERN, ex '30.

Written in memory of Signal Point in ages past and to come.

CAMPUS AND BUILDINGS RENOVATED—NEW STABLE COMPLETED

All summer long the campus and the buildings have been in a state of upheaval prior to the opening on September 18. Scores of workmen, painters, paperers, carpenters, etc., have overrun the campus getting things into shape.

"Ac" and the gym have been painted on the outside, the floors waxed, and in most of the classrooms the desks have been done over. The room on the second floor which was formerly used as a musical appreciation and harmony classroom has been made into two rooms and the musical appreciation room has been moved to Fidelity where the studios are located.

North Front has been entirely redecorated. All the old plaster was even scrapped off and new put on, the floors were done over, and a wainscoting runs the entire length of the halls.

The interiors of all the club houses have been done over in a buff shade, and since the first of September they have been ready for occupancy.

There is not a room in any dormitory that has not had its share of refurbishing. The walls, the ceilings, and the woodwork has been washed and the floors polished in every room. Even the chapel has had its share of laundering and waxing.

The great new achievement as far as a new building is concerned is the new stable the excavations for which were begun the close of school in the spring. It is located just in back of the riding ring upon the hill and is one of the most modern in this part of the country. It is made of water-proof concrete brick, a composition roof, and a hard clay floor. The 16 stalls, which are 12x12 in the inside, have separate feed shutes and boxes, electric lights, and individual water troughs into which the water flows automatically. As a consequence the water troughs are always full.

A full loft runs the entire length of the building, while plenty of fresh air and sunshine can be had through the natural ventilating system of two large doors, front and back, and windows in each stall along the side. This thoroughly modern stable is open for inspection to all who avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting it.

LETTERS HOME

Dear Family:

I've arrived here safely, thank goodness. Had such a good time on the "Special," visiting, chatting, and being introduced. Scads of old girls came down with us, and they've been so kind—and, oh, Family, I just know I'll love it!

This being the first letter home, I intend telling you some of the impressions I've had, and some of the school activities I've participated in.

Coming out to the school on the Ward-Belmont was trying, but fun. I mislaid my bag, my candy, my flowers—that is, I didn't intentionally mislay them, but I was so excited! As we approached the school all I could see were pillars, statues, summer-houses and flowers—and girls, girls—girls!

I've never seen so many in one spot before. And the old ones are so nice to us, you see, it's this way. The Ward-Belmont social activities are ruled principally by clubs, ten in all, and every new girl is rushed for a particular club. There are dances in the "gym" at night, and, honestly, I've never felt so popular, getting cut in on every second. There are afternoons in the club houses after classes, and that reminds me—

Each club has a house where we can go and while away any idle moments (if we have any). The club houses are the darlingest things. They are situated up on the hill. No two are alike on the outside, but on the inside each one has a large living room with a fireplace, around which, I am told, the girls congregate for marshmallow toasts, for apple roasts, and for an enjoyable get-together with their friends. Then, too, there is the cutest kitchen, where one concocts such things as waffle batter for waffle breakfasts and brews orange pekoe for afternoon tea, and there is also a chapter room, and a dressing and cloak room.

Then, as I understand it, after rushing week is over we new girls receive slips of paper, numbering one to ten, and write down our first, second, third, and so on choice of clubs. This paper goes through Miss Irwin's office and within a week we receive a notice from our club that we are pledged—and that pledging business, dear family, I know nothing about—but I have an idea.

Now that I've exhausted what knowledge I've picked up about the clubs I'll rave on about some other new phase of this school life. Spent a few trying moments matriculating, and classes begin tomorrow. Have been to the bookroom, which is in the basement of Pembroke Hall, buying books, stationery, and a wastebasket—oh, yes, and some W.-B. banners, pillows and one thing or another. By now my room is assembled and I feel at home—almost.

By the way, I didn't tell you of my roommate, did I? At the present she is balancing in a very judicious manner against a chair and a trunk, her aim being the hanging of a picture. You know, I was a little dubious about such a thing as a roommate, but she's a perfect whiz. My only difficulty is in understanding her, but I shall learn. Why, even at this moment she asked me to hand her a piece of "wa," (broad "a" sound, you know), and I tell you, family, if it wasn't for my powers of discernment and my natural brightness I never would have figured out that "wa" was short for "wire."

Must hurry and dress for an old girl is coming to take me to her clubhouse. Hastily, but with much love,

Your Daughter.

WILL JOIN WARD-BELMONT STAFF

Of special interest will be the coming of Miss Martha Crockett of Nashville, who having received her bachelors degree from Vanderbilt, her masters from the University of Pennsylvania, and who spent a year studying in France, will be a school tutor.

Among the other new additions to the home department Mrs. E. O. Tate of Memphis will hold the position of hostess, and Miss Rosa Nourse of Hopkinsville will have charge of the study hall.

At the rodeo an agile cowgirl rode beneath the horse, on the horse's neck and almost on his tail. One of the party remarked: "That's nothing. I did all of that the first time I ever rode a horse."—Ex.

THE W.-B. SCHOOL LIBRARY

(Continued from page 1)

The bound magazines are arranged alphabetically on the shelves in the reading room. Articles in these magazines may be found through the use of the Readers' Guide. Ask the librarians to help you.

Current magazines and newspapers are also in the reading room for the use of the students.

General dictionaries and encyclopedias are on the shelves in the reading room. If you need help in finding information the librarians will be glad to help you.

How to Find Information in a Book

Title-page.

This contains the complete title, the author's name, the name of the publisher, and the place of publication. Sometimes the date of publication appears on the title-page.

Table of contents.

The table of contents is that part of a book which lists in the order in which they come, the chapter, headings of the book, and tells the page on which each chapter begins. This tells you in a general way what information you will find in each chapter.

List of maps or illustrations.

The page location for each map and illustration in the book is given in these lists.

Biographies.

Sometimes at the end of the chapters and often at the end of the book there will be a list of books on the subject of the chapter or book. These lists are sometimes called "Lists of references," "Authorities," Readings," etc., but they are all bibliographies.

Index.

The index is usually at the back of the book, but don't be surprised to find it at the front. The index gives in alphabetical order all the specific topics treated in the book and the exact pages on which they may be found.

SCHOOL OFFERS STAR COURSE

(Continued from page 1)

The distinguished English actor, V. L. Granville, will appear in his well known costume recital "Dramatic Interludes." Mr. Granville's costume recitals have met with the greatest success in all parts of the world since he gives, in costume and make-up the principal characters from the drams of all times.

Branson DeCou, who for two seasons, has given his Ward-Belmont such delight with his Dream Pictures, will return again this year to present the North African Wonderlands (the Garden of Allah) and Northern Wonderlands of the Midnight Sun. Mr. DeCou has developed the synchronization of appropriate music with his pictures and the combination of both gives unsurpassed delight.

A distinguished British writer and man of letters, John Langdon-Davies will be heard for the first time by a Ward-Belmont audience sometime during the school term. Mr. Langdon-Davies has given many lectures throughout the United States upon subjects embracing labor conditions, scientific themes, feminism, and intimate sketches of literary and political people in England. He is one of the most brilliant of the English young men of letters today, and his appearance is looked forward to with much pleasure.

Yolando Mero, the brilliant Hungarian musician, and a pianist of international reputation, will also come to Nashville under the auspices of Ward-Belmont. She has toured Europe and America, while she has been soloist with many of the principal orchestras in Europe, South America, North America, and Mexico.

The Dean of the Juilliard School of Music, and an artist, composer, and teacher of outstanding importance is Ernest Hutchinson who will return once more to play before a Ward-Belmont audience. Mr. Hutchinson needs no introduction. He has achieved great success both in America and on the continent, besides in many countries in the world, and his appearance this season is looked forward to with pleasure.

Hettie Ray's

210 Sixth Avenue, North

LUNCHEON
11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

DINNER
5 p.m. to 8 p.m.

AFTERNOON TEA
3:00 to 5:00

SUNDAY DINNER
5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

INTRODUCING—

(Continued from page 1)

Leuna Tatham, president Agora Club.
Helen Greene, president A. K. Club.
Mary Comer, president F. F. Club.
Grace Cavert, president Ariston Club.
Sarah Bryan, president Ankor Club.
Margaret Reuther, president Triad Club.
Nancy O'Connor, president Eccowasin Club.

NEW GIRLS

(Continued from page 1)

wildered, and a trifle homesick, and she will be willing and only too glad to help you out the first few days until you get on to it all,—just ask questions.

It won't be so hard, and all the old friends on the campus, the faculty, and the administration, are glad to be of service,—just ask questions.

The following are some of the terms used about the campus which are confusing at first to the new girl:

"Ac"—Academic building.

Middlemarch—here is located the post-office and the package room.

"P.O."—Another name for the post-office. Below the P. O. boxes in the front is a place to drop HOUSE mail notes. DO NOT put out-going letters into this shute, but only notes that will be delivered to people on the campus. On the left side of the rows of P O. boxes is a shute for out-going letters. DO NOT put house mail notes in this shute.

The Package Room—is situated directly opposite the post-office. Here can be bought stamps and magazines. Packages sent out from town can only be received through the package room. Dresses to be cleaned, shoes to be mended, etc., are sent out through this office.

The gymnasium can be reached by a turn to the right after entering the "Ac," then a turn to the left, and the gym is directly in front of you. The gym offices are accessible through a door to the right before entering the large gym.

The dancing studio—is reached by going up the stairs at the right just before you enter the gym. At the top of the stairs turn to the left and walk along the balcony at the end of which is a door leading into the studio.

The swimming pool—can be reached by going down the stairs at the farthest end of the gym on the left hand side. Another way to reach the swimming pool is to go down the stairs justoutside the gym office door, turn to the right at the bottom, turn to the left past the bowling alleys and straight ahead to the swimming lockers, dressing rooms, and showers.

"Rec" Hall—is another name for Recreation Hall which is located in South Front. Miss Irvin's office and the drawing room open off from it.

The Y.W.C.A. room—is just off "Rec" Hall. Besides being used for recreational purposes this is also used as the Sunday school room

The tea room—is located in the basement of Heron (a prep hall). It can be entered from the outside by going down the steps to the right of the Heron porch.

Club House Village—can be reached by going straight past Senior, or around "Ac" to the right. The ten clubhouses are located there.

The Infirmary—is on the third floor of Founders. Instead of following the stairs at the stop of Founders to the right, take the left.

The practice rooms—are located on the first floor of Fidelity and in a long building to the rear of Heron.

How to send a telegram: Get a telegram blank in one of the drawers in the phone booth just off "Rec" Hall. After the wire is written take it to the office of the home department for signature. NO TELEGRAM will be sent unless it has an authorized signature upon it. Then take it to the window in the P O. and it will be sent.

In order to make a telephone call use the same procedure as for sending a telegram.

The bank and book room are located in the basement of Pembroke. The entrance is on the side nearest Senior.

MISS CHURCH IS TO BE NEW LIBRARIAN



Miss Frances Church

Miss Frances Church of Missouri is the new librarian who will have charge of both the college and the high school libraries She received her bachelor of arts degree from the State Teachers College in Missouri. She has done special work in Library Science at the University of Illinois and at Columbia university.

Yankee Tourist (watching Vesuvius erupting)—"Great snakes! It reminds me of Hades."

English Tourist (looking at him in amazement)—"My Word! You Americans do go everywhere."

Industry is a better horse to ride than genius.—Ex.

NEW MEMBERS ON ENGLISH STAFF

Of the new faculty in the college English department, Miss Katherine Lydell of Pennsylvania and Miss Adelaide M. Drew of Vermont are splendid additions to the corps of instructors in the department. Miss Lydell, who is graduated from Wellesley College with her bachelor of arts degree has had successful teaching experience in private girl's schools. Miss Drew received her bachelor of arts degree from Mt. Holyoke College and her masters degree from Radcliffe and comes highly recommended as a successful and capable teacher.



Miss Katharine Lydell



Miss Adelaide M. Drew

ONE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Getting out a paper is no picnic.
If we print jokes, readers say we are silly.
If we don't, the chaplain says we are too serious.
If we write all our own stuff, we lack variety.
If we clip from other papers, we are too lazy to write.
If we stick to the desk, we ought to be out digging up news.
If we are digging up news, we are letting things go bang at the office.
If we don't print contributions, we aren't showing proper appreciation.
If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.
Likely as not someone will say we swiped this from another paper.
We did.

Why Teachers Go Insane

I forgot to bring my excuse.
I forgot to bring my notebook.
My pen is dry.
I didn't understand the assignment.
I forgot.
I didn't have time to get it.
I couldn't get anything out of it.
I didn't get that far.
What is the lesson for tomorrow?
I don't know.
I didn't know what the lesson was.

Let us all stand and sing the "Jasper" song.

"Jasper fore the battle, mother."—*Ex.*

Mother: "Failed in your examination again! What's the excuse this time?"

Agnes: "Well, what could you expect? They asked the same silly questions."—*Ex.*

Hotel Manager: "Aren't you worrying about the ten dollars you owe us?"

College Student: "Heck, no! What's the use of both of us worrying about it?"

(Nashville This Week.)

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Perfumes and *Cosmetics* by the *Leading Foreign* and *Domestic Houses*

Representing COTY, MURY, HOUBIGANT, GUERLAINE, ROGER AND GALLET, CARON, HUDNUT, and other well known establishments.

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510 Church Street — **219 Public Square** — **Eighth Ave. and Church**
Fifth Ave. and Arcade — **Corner Cedar Street and Public Square**
Twenty-eighth Ave. and West End

Ward-Belmont Alumnae Page

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

About this time every year all of us old grads get a peculiar feeling. It's rather like hay-fever, but it may be in our hearts, or our toes, we can't decide where, and there seems to be nothing we can do about it. Moreover, we don't want to do anything about it, for we want to suffer in silence and be thoroughly unhappy.

Those of us who are married and have families are relieved when we bundle the youngsters off to school in the fall, but we yearn for a glimpse once more of our own school life on the Ward-Belmont campus; those of us who follow a career or a profession wish for a vacation, or an understanding employer who would let us trot to Nashville around the time for Homecoming; and those who just graduated this spring and intend to enter another school this fall — well, you'll probably suffer agonies for awhile.

It is a wistful feeling—the wish to re-live those glamorous days at Ward-Belmont. You old girls envy the students returning to the campus; you envy their squeals of delight at seeing each other after a summer of separation, you miss club-rushing, and even the fatal long hours of registration. You long once again for the dances in the gym, for the picnics on the hill, for the week-ends at Woody Crest, for the dinners at the clubhouses. Then there's fag day and club initiation—and the opening of the hockey season.

Old grads, isn't there a little longing echo still ringing in your ears of—

"We pledge now our love for our old WB

We vow to be ever true."

None of us want to lose sight of those care-free times on the school campus, nor of the friends we made during those happy boarding school days. Since Ward-Belmont was the medium for making those friends and those memories, let's make the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association the medium for keeping them.

MARY ELIZABETH CAYCE '28,
Pres. Ward-Belmont Alumnae Assn.

THE ALUMNAE PAGE? SHOULD IT CONTINUE?

These alumnae pages in the HYPHEN are a forerunner, we hope, to an alumnae quarterly. This is the first of a series of articles pertaining only to alumna, and we would appreciate your co-operation in helping us make them as interesting as possible.

Late in the spring Mary Elizabeth Cayce, '28 president of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, sent out letters to every alumna urging them to remember once again the joys of the days spent on this campus. As a result we have received some most enthusiastic letters from former students telling us of themselves since they left Ward-Belmont.

We want those letters to continue to come—not only from Ward-Belmont students, but from Ward Seminary and Belmont College graduates, and if you will still give us so unselfishly of your interest we will be most appreciative.

The aim of the alumnae association is to keep alive the bond between the school and her students, and only through an alumnae association is it possible to meet these needs by affording a link of loyalty between the two.

Besides our own graduates, we should like to include the former graduates of Ward Seminary and Belmont College, and should this be successfully accomplished, the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association will rank as one of the few alumnae Associations in the country that are representative of women's schools, both in point of interest and importance.

JOIN YOUR STATE ASSOCIATION

Plan Now to Attend 1930 Meeting

Not enough praise can be given the Ward-Belmont state associations for their splendid meetings held last June. Ward-Belmont appreciates the spirit and enthusiasm shown by those loyal students who so capably organized the state meetings, and who gave so much of their time to planning for the luncheons.

These meetings have had a flying start and they exert too great an influence to ever die. Plans for more meetings next year are even now being laid, and it is hoped that the enthusiasm which these first meetings stimulated for Ward-Belmont will continue to grow in the years to come.

Too much importance can not be placed upon the necessity of attending your state meeting whenever it is called. If for no other reason you should attend these meetings because of the loyalty you feel toward the school. It is up to you to bring back to these meetings just as many of your friends as you can. Let us make these meetings something to be looked forward to, and with the school as an ideal, and the memories of many happy times within its grounds ever before us there is no doubt but that the loyalty of our former students will make the state associations of Ward-Belmont the finest of any girl's school in the country.

BITS ABOUT 'EM

Alumnae and Otherwise

It has been rumored that Nelle Berwick ex '30, Virginia Hinn '30, Margaret Harris ex '30, and Amelia Wright ex '30, enjoyed a house party on Jimsey Duncan's ('30) ranch in Burnet, Texas, during part of the summer months. Now, we don't like to make comments so we reserve the right to ask Virginia about it when we see her floating around on the campus, and then, dear readers, you will enjoy reading a grewsome tale about life on a Texas plain.

Jane Clark '30 has spent part of her summer at Camp Waldemar, Hunt, Texas. Others who are at campus, getting in training for hockey, or for the consuming of fruit salad and cinnamon rolls, are: Nancy O'Connor '30, who is spending her time at Camp Nakanawa in Mayland, Tenn. The official headgear on chief of one of the two opposing teams fell Nancy's lot to wear, and we hear she is conducting herself with much dignity as befits her station. Grace Neisler '29, "Kat" Blackman '28, "Crip" Warwick '27, Martha Lambert '26, Aline Wharton '26, Mary Elizabeth Cayce '28, "Dibbie" Barthell '28, and Florence Cavert ex '28, are all councillors at Camp Cohechee in Freyburg, Maine, this summer. From what one can gather from friends, and from an occasional note from one of the above councillors, they seem to be having a beautiful summer.

To those who like to tour, and care to see particularly the western states, you should have gone with "Bill" Clark '27, or Mary Jane Pulver ex '28, or better still, paid a visit to Foss '29 and Betty '30 O'Donnell who were living out at Grand Lake, Colo. for the summer. "Bill" and Jane toured the west, met each other in Denver, and talked over old times like mad. It was too much for "Bill," so she came back to her home in Osbourne, Kansas. The talk did Jane some good for she got all excited, and the last thing we knew of her she was spending a wonderful week at Banff and Lake Louise. Foss and Betty spent such a glorious summer at Grand Lake that for a time those interested feared they might have fallen in the water and drowned. Betty is back on the campus now, and reports a very heavy season with "Monty" and "Art." Isn't love wonderful in the summertime?

Goodness sakes, time does fly by quickly, and along with that added responsibilities, and worries, and joys. While in Denver last June attending the Ward-Belmont Colorado meeting whom did we visit but Rosalie Dadisman James '24, and Irma Weicker Work ex '24. After talking over old school friends we would watch the young sons of both of them while at play, talk some more, decide that young Robert looked like Irma, talk at length about the X. L. club and Miss Sisson, try to keep Rosalie's child from playing with his mother's jewelry; whereupon, he'd grin beautifully and keep on playing. Alexandria Ware Adams '25 was with us.

Just this moment received word from Jean Berry that she is going to attend Indiana university this fall. We thought for a long time, because of Jean's illness, that she wouldn't be able to go to school, but now we can imagine her at the university Indiana hoping all over the place. Jean, there's one place on the floor of the Tri K house that looks like it's seen much of your and "Hota" Marxson's '29 favorite sport.

Now while we're on the subject of two Indianians, that missing link, the third, should always be included. And that obsession or obstreperous obsolete object is none other than little Dorothy Underwood '29. Notwithstanding the fact that this paper devoted all of its space to her last year, she up and writes us some news, and because we've hounded everyone for news we should print this, an excerpt from the Auburn, Ind., paper.

"Miss Dorothy Underwood of Ft. Wayne is visiting Miss Virginia Atkinson at the latter's home for a short time. Miss Underwood and Miss Atkinson were roommates at the Ward-Belmont school in Nashville, Tenn." "Undie" also tells us about another house party that Diana Cox ex '30, of Ft. Wayne gave for Vera Anderson ex '30 and Edith Topel '29. Thanks, "Undie" for the news and also for your deep appreciative sentiments when you said: "The other day the Hyphen came, and I literally wept. You just don't know how I miss everybody, so I just can't wait to visit this Thanksgiving. I hope the gang comes back then for it will be so much fun." Bring along your black dress, your kerchief and cap, and your red, white, and blue shoes for that patriotic occasion.

Josephine Morrison ex '25 who later graduated from the Physical Education department of the University of Wisconsin and taught in the Junoir High school at Madison for a year, has accepted a position as director of sports at the Florida State Teacher's College in Tallahassee, Fla., for the coming year. We were with "Jo" one afternoon getting all the low down on "Stell" and "Gertie" North. "Stell" married this summer, and is located somewhere in the South. That is an indefinite way of saying a lot of things, but in the next issue we hope to be able to print her address.

Lalla Branch, harpist, of Quitman, Ga., who gave such an excellent program at the Ward-Belmont Georgia meeting in Atlanta last June will teach the harp at Brenau College in Gainesville, Ga. this year. Lalla was a student here in 1928, studying the harp. She then went to the Juilliard School of Music in New York studying under Marie Miller and later under Guiseppe Meifi of the New York Conservatory of Music. She also did some work under Pippo, harpist of the New York Symphony orchestra.

Speaking of offsprings (that is, three or four paragraphs back) Nadine Candler DeWess '24 appeared at the Ward-Belmont Kansas-Missouri meeting in Kansas City, Mo., with her young daughter, a yellow, curly-headed, blue-eyed youngster who, if she had been asked, could probably burst out into the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" with much gusto.

Velma Jones '26, and a post-graduate the following year has been spending the summer at Care Away Club in Galena, Mo. She writes about her summer, and also gives us the information that Hilma Lee Eklund, who will be remembered as the College Maid in '28, will attend Oklahoma university this fall.

Harriet Sargent ex '25 writes that she will resume her studies at the Chicago Art Institute this fall, while her sister Mary ex '27 has taken a teaching position in a school in Akron, O.

Louise Graves '29 because of her love of Ward-Belmont and its American history course, and because she was such an ideal student in the library, never once making a sound to disturb conscientious others, is so lonesome for school that she writes a most pitiful letter. In fact, it's rather heartbreaking and we hesitate to quote part of it, but just to illustrate her brave spirit we will. "I am so lonesome for Ward-Belmont that if you have any vacancies, either in coaching American history or assisting in the library please let me know." Such fortitude!

Before Jane Pulver ex '28, left on her western tour she had a luncheon at the Chicago Beach Hotel, Chicago, Ill., for a few old girls. She wrote: "Dot" Jones '28, spent Friday and Friday night with me on her way up to Madison to summer school. We talked till five A.M. Saturday morning about Ward-Belmont and Newcomb and Wisconsin and people. I had a small luncheon Friday, "Dot,""Doc" Logan Kiplinger '28, "Din" Mahan ex '28, and Virginia Bidwell '27, were there.

Kirtlye Choisser '27, student council president, and many other things about the campus, attended the University of Wisconsin after leaving Ward-Belmont. Last year she transferred to the University of Minnesota, and this year she will be at the University of Montana. We can't imagine all this traveling around, for while Kirtlye was here she was a most exemplary young person. Hear, hear, we mean that changes of scenes are good for one. At the present she is at her home in Forsyth, Montana.

Virginia Snider '26, after graduating from here, went to the University of Arizona and received her degree in '28. This July she received her masters degree at the University of Iowa, majoring in sociology, and is planning on doing social work in some city this fall.

Ina Rebman '25, who gave this campus a fleeting gisit about a month ago has been teaching kindergarten in the New Orleans School of Progressive Education since receiving her degree from Newcomb. Unless her plans have changed "Rebby" will be at home this winter in Courtland, Ala.

Mrs. H. W. Deffebach (Elizabeth Ward '16) has recently received her masters degree from Rice Institute. She has graduated from Ward-Bel-

mont, Texas university, and now Rice, besides being versatile enough to take care of a husband and three children quite properly.

As we were struggling with this column, or two or three, who should dash in to see us, all excited about coming back, but Rosalie Spitz '30. We chatted at length and she told me much news among which was that Reba Klein ex '30, is going to Ohio university this fall, and that Rita Broudy ex '30, is going to Wisconsin. We parted company just outside the HYPHEN office after Rosalie had divulged some news I can't print (because of lack of space) but sometime I might. Rosalie, bring on down to these parts more news, huh?

Nell Tyson '29, that stately maiden who roamed the campus last year as president of student council in 1929, seems to have roamed all over the country visiting her school friends this summer. News had it that she has visited Marion Lyles '30, Mary Elizabeth Dumas '29, and Mary Comer '30, and goodness knows who else. Why not let us have a little of the summer spiciness to brighten these dull pages, Nellie?

"Tiny" Young '29, that poor suffering editor last year of this tiny sheet, after spending the entire summer, almost, summer art schooling on this campus departed for home, the lake, and fond parents. With her part of the way went Lois Maxon '29 and "Art" Bowne '29. "Tiny" writes that she was with Ward-Belmites all the way, and even when she stepped off the train in Cincinnati whom should she see but Mary Orr '29 who was on her way to visit Lola Rawls '30 in Gadsden, Ala. Mary is going to Syracuse university in the fall, so says "Tiny."

Rosemary Adams ex '28, has been spending the summer months in Ashville, N. C.

"Johnny Trouble" or Elizabeth Franklin '27, graduated from Northwestern this spring and is going to Western Reserve in the fall to study art. Lucile Canfield or "Susie Trouble" was Elizabeth's room-mate and she has been going to Western Reserve ever since she graduated from here in '27. And now "Bill" Clark, '27, their suite-mate, is also going there this fall. It seems as though Western Reserve will have a good Ward-Belmont representation with those three former students, and "Tiny" Young '29, "Chris" Caldwell '29, and Helen Manternach '29, to the motley tribe. We dread the time when they all meet. Yes, sir, we do.

Gertrude Leitzbach ex '28, attended Washburn College after leaving Ward-Belmont. Last February she left on a Mediterranean cruise and was gone four months. She spent this summer attending the summer session at the University of Kansas.

"Art" Bowne '29, writes that she is going to attend the University of Chicago and will be situated in Blackstone Hall. Ruth Silverman '29, and Betty Messinger '29, will also be there.

The 1929 Ward-Belmont European party spent a delightful evening while in Rome with Brownie Burger Fago (ex '24). She was married last year to Vittorio Sigfrido Fago, Marquis Pieromaldi of Rome and since then has made Rome her home. Mrs. Bryan wrote that Brownie inquired about everything and everybody in Ward Belmont and sent us all her love.

A great honor has come to the Lincoln, Nebraska high school paper of which Jacqueline Stice '23, is faculty advisor and who is also a teacher of Journalism at the school. "The Advocate" won All-American rating in the National Scholastic Press Association contest sponsored by the University of Minnesota School of Journalism in the spring.

Whom should we see the latter part of August down at the Polly Inn on Hillsboro but "Mandy" Caldwell '30 and—dare we say it, little "Daniel" '29. They had been to camp Riva Lake for the summer (by that time "Daniel" murmured something about winning the tennis championship, but we didn't pay much attention) and after a visit here "Mandy" was to go to Birmingham to visit "Daniel" until school opened. "Mandy" comes on back to us and poor little "Daniel" trots to Birmingham Southern. Hey, "Daniel," we'll wire you when the Penta Tau's beat the Tri K's in hockey.

Doris Cone '22, former riding instructor at Ward-Belmont for the past three years has accepted a position as riding and fencing instructor at Tenacres, Dana Hall, and Pine Manor. Even if we didn't see much of each other last year "Doss," we're wondering if at times an honest confession wouldn't be good for the soul. We wish you plenty of luck. There is a great draw-back however. The lady baritone won't live down the hall.

Willa Mai Waid '26 and Ruby Sprouse '26 spent the summer at Chatauqua, N. Y., studying with Ernest Hutchinson, the celebrated artist and teacher.

This spring Blanche Motley, president of the class of '27, graduated from the Curry School of Expression in Boston. Attending the same school are June Edgar ex '28 and Virginia Cooper '28.

The Tri K president, George Washington, College Maid, and Ensemble of '27, Rose Morrison, graduated from the Georgia State Women's College this spring. We'd like to hear from you Rose, now and then. Why not come on down and help with the rushing?

Ethel Brandes '26 is studying the pipe organ in Chicago under Ralph Emerson.

Mildred Cressler '26 spent the summer in New York. She finished at Lincoln and Berkeley.

"The Green Lantern" of Jackson, Tenn., is a well known gift shop around that part of the country. It is owned and run by Marian Sullivan '25. Along with the gift shop Marian also runs a circulating library.

Mrs. Karl Benz (Maurine Loonan '20) writes us from her home in Sioux Falls, So. Dak., that Jewel Minnis '21 from Roe, Ark., is visiting her this summer. Mrs. Benz gives us a lot of news, for which we are truly thankful. She also mentions that she has two boys, age six and three. We're willing to bet that your two boys would be tickled to death if you were to visit us next spring for our 1930 Homecoming. Ask them, and see.

And to Emma Wayne Jeffries '26 we also give a prayer of thanks for her beautifully itemized letter containing news of many people. Emma Wayne visited Mrs. Gerald Black (Sallie Tibbetts '26) in Detroit this summer, and while there saw many Ward-Belmont alumnae. Among them were Lloyd Huston '25, Marion Dinning '25, Dorothy Dinning '26 and Marjorie Kerr '25. Emma Wayne also told us that one of our alumnae, Dot Dinning '26 visited Lydabelle McCartney '26 in Chicago this spring. We reserve the right to give silent comments.

Lucille Ireland ex '27 graduated from Centre College, Danville, Ky., this spring.

Judelle Reynolds '26 graduated from the Univresity of Kentucky in '28, and is now head of the English department of the Gallatin high school, Gallatin, Tenn.

Alice Noordewier '27 writes: "Although I have been graduated two years, I still feel at if I should hate to lose sight of the activities of my alma mater. A year ago I attended the University of Michigan. The last year I attended the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston. But Ward-Belmont still remains the very best school of all."

Does anyone know what Hazelle Edwards '25 is doing in Bastrop, Texas? If anyone knows any information about her please divulge it. We have tried all the wiles we know of, and finally started to threaten said alumna, but to no avail. Help, Help!!

Mrs. Van Manning (Mary Bracy '25) writes that she has the darlingest little boy in the world, and that her only regret is that he can't go to Ward-Belmont. You'd better enroll him anyhow, Mary, for by the time he grows up we're liable to be a co-ed, and then think of the opportunity he'd miss. And here Mrs. V. L. Morrison (Grace Adams '26) writes that she has a son. Yes, sir, there's no way out of it. We must be a co-ed.

Hey, wait a minute! Just received a scrawl from "Undie" '29 who tells us that she's going to the School of Domestic Arts and Science in Chicago. Her address will be 350 Belden Ave., Chicago. The name of her chosen school sounds rather ominous since we have heard that Maxie-Waxie gave her a diamond for his graduation present. Hear, Hear!

Two alumnae from the class of '26, Lorene Waller and Margaret Stewart, are both on the Pontiac (Mich.) School of Music faculty. Lorene is teaching dramatic art, while Margaret teaches piano.

Ruth Welty '29, the very austere president of the senior class last year

(Continued on page 8)



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BITS ABOUT 'EM

(Continued from page 7)

writes us a very pleasing and conclusive letter. She tells us not to *dare* quote her in the Hyphen, so of course we shall, "Welty." Here goes: "I really have lived a most no-count existence all summer. I worked at our office 10 days, took six golf lessons, played at eighteen holes of golf (all summer), went up to Excelsior Springs, Mo., for a week, and have sat and read while waiting for mail and male. I spent a night in Leavenworth with Helen (Feller '29), and one in Liberty with "Dotty" (Black '30). Say, last Saturday Natalie (Hines '29) burst in—found me at a movie, and she stayed until Tuesday noon. Gee, it was great to have her." (Hope you show this to "Nat" while you are doing rush week together at K. U.) "I've talked WB so much people hate me."

"Polly" McCollum '29 who was seriously injured this summer in an automobile accident just 15 miles from her home in Ft. Worth is recovering from her injuries in an excellent condition, writes "Polly's" father, Dr. C. H. McCollum. Both of "Polly's" hips were broken and the lumbar spine injured. Her recovery has been so complete that "Polly" will go to T. C. U. in the fall, and finish at Columbia.

Fanny Julia Phelps '24 is now in New York with her own dancing troupe. She goes under the name of Fane Phelps, and can be located at 111 W 69th St., New York City. Since leaving Ward-Belmont Fanny Julia has followed a stage career and has been most successful. At the present she is in Canada on tour with her own troupe.

BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Henry (Helen Dornbusch '25), on November 20, 1928, a daughter, Helen Elizabeth.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Pierce (Carrie Matson '20), on August 5, 1929, a son, James Clarence Pierce.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wolff (Bernice J. Schlesinger '24), on March 28, 1929, a son, Ralph Schlesinger Wolff.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Neale Bennett (Myra Johnson ex '23) in June, 1929, a son, Neale, Jr.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Christensen (Lillian Bell '19), on July 23, 1929, a son, Robert Lee.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Baker (Bernice Kraft ex '24), on August 29, 1929, a son, Harold, Jr.

Join the alumnae association. It is never too late.

Pay your alumnae dues and become an active member of the association.

Be loyal and go to your state meetings in the spring.

OUR TRAVELED ALUMNAE

Aileen Mitchner '25 and Katherine Killebrew ex '26 are spending the summer in Europe. "Mitch" just graduated from Newcomb this spring, and of course, after such a strenuous life of trying to get a degree she is probably chasing Europe all over after its tail. It is hoped that both of them don't get the old school spirit and sing the "Bells of Ward-Belmont" while walking along the Champs Elysses or indulge in a hockey game from the top of the Eifel tower.

Frances Cochran '26 is spending the summer with her father in Berlin. Frances also was a one time editor of this effort and spent many weary hours pounding on this same typewriter. Imagine that.

Word has been received from Isabel Curdy '26 that she, her mother, and sister, are having a delightful tour of the continent and at the last writing they were in Vienna. Dr. Curdy sailed August 23, to attend the International Congress of Ophthalmology in Amsterdam and will join his family in London the latter part of September.

Edith Jones '27 sailed the first part of August for France where she will spend a year, or possibly two, in the art schools of Paris. After graduating from Ward-Belmont she attended Indiana university, receiving her degree from there this spring.

Mrs. Claire Yungelas Peck ex '21 sailed from Montreal in June for a four months tour of the British Isles and the continent.

Alice Tibbetts '24 and her mother spent the summer abroad.

ENGAGEMENTS

Evelyn Adams '27, to Ellwood Cushing of Ann Arbor, Mich. After completing her work here Evelyn went to the University of Michigan from which she graduated this spring.

Irene Rogers Powell ex '24, to F. Sherman Vorhies, Jr., of Omaha, Nebr. Irene has been on the staff of the Omaha public library for the past three years. The wedding will be an event of the late fall.

MARRIAGES

Anne Genevieve Hollingsworth '24, to Mr. Reed Mitchell on June 6th, at Shreveport, La. At home Saint Regis Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.

Margaret Elizabeth Bradley '27, to Mr. Lynn Bachman McClain on June 5th at Sweetwater, Tenn. At home at 4430 Lowell St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Edwina Pinson ex '29, to Mr. Waldo Richard Boyles on April 17th.

Flora Caroline Sawyer ex '24, to Dr. Anton Gerster on April 18th at Springfield, Ill.

Elizabeth Gilman McCluer '25, to Mr. Forrest Odell Calhoon on July 16th at O'Fallon, Mo.

Vera Letzerich ex '26, to Mr. Lamar Robertson Baker on July 28th at Harlingen, Texas. At home at 202 East Tyler Ave., Harlingen, Texas.

Estelle Marie North ex '25 to Mr. Claude Pinckney Hall on June 13th at Detroit, Mich.

Margaret Burke Clement '25 to Mr. Charles Wilburn Barcus on June 1st at Waco, Texas. At home at Big Springs, Texas.

Ann Richards ex '27 to Dr. M. J. Holesworth on May 5th at Grand Rapids, Mich. At home at Traverse City, Mich.

Ariel Moore '24 to Mr. W. Wayne Virtue on August 7th at Mapleton, Ia.

Eleanor Gray '28 to Mr. Robert A. Whitney on June 29th in Benton Harbor, Mich. At home at 520 McAllister Ave., Benton Harbor.

Irma Kuster ex '25 to Dr. Robert E. Kinneman on August 20th in Covington, Ky.

In the *Indianapolis Star* there is a picture and the announcement of the wedding of Eleanor Poynter ex '20 to Mr. W. C. Jamison of Indianapolis. After leaving Ward-Belmont Mrs. Jamison attended Indiana university and Wellesley, and was a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority.

Mary Elizabeth Leondard ex '26 to Mr. Ralph McGill on September 4th in Nashville. At home at 23 Roanoke Oaks Apt., Seminole Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Margie Lon Moore '21 to Mr. Dudley Crawford Hubbard on February 23rd in Paris, Texas.

Frances Jane Johnson ex '28 to Lieut. Robert Fallgant Travis on August 16th at San Antonio, Texas. At home, Kelly Field.

Gertrude Wray '27 to Mr. Frank R. Strong the latter part of August at Lawrence, Kans. At home at Newark, Del.

GREATER CINCINNATI CLUB ORGANIZED

Helen Hamilton Keck Made President

At a meeting held recently at the home of Judge and Mrs. Hamilton in Cincinnati, Mrs. Vaughn Keck (Helen Hamilton ex '20) was made president of the Ward-Belmont club of Greater Cincinnati.

Other officers of the organization elected were: Mrs. Edgar Coons (Martha Vordenberg '21), vice-president; Hazel Dixon '24, treasurer; and Helen Dean, '28, secretary.

Plans of the association are under way and as soon as they are made known they will be printed in this paper. Another Ohio club which had its first big meeting last June was the club in Cleveland of which Beulah Bilum ex '22 is president.

It is altogether pleasing that two such large organizations are started in one state and it is understood that many get-togethers are being arranged during the fall and spring months.

FORMER STUDENTS GO TO UNIVERSITIES

The following is a list of the schools our former students will enter this fall:

Rosemary Adams '27, University of Alabama.
Emily Almon '29, Vanderbilt university.
Hortense Ambrose '29, Vanderbilt university.
Cornelia Andrews ex '28, University of Minnesota.
Margaret Armstrong ex '30, West Chester State Teachers College, West Chester, Penna.
Katherine Bachman '29, University of Cincinnati.
Virinia Baird '28, University of Texas.
Rosemary Barber ex '30, Occidental College, Los Angeles.
Marjorie Barclay '29, University of Missouri.
Kathryn Baughan ex '30, University of Wisconsin.
Elizabeth Beagle ex '30, Leslie School of Domestic Science, Cambridge, Mass.
Louisa Bingesser ex '30, University of Kansas.
Georgea Oliver Black '29, Sweet Briar College.
Marion Blackman '29, Vanderbilt university.
Margaret Boger ex '30, University of Missouri.
Sara Boswell ex '29, University of Oklahoma.
Artelia Bowne '29, University of Chicago.
Lalla Branch ex '28, Brenau College and Conservatory.
Alda L. Braunig ex 30, Washington university, St. Louis, Mo.
Bernice Brock '29, Florida State College for Women.
Rita Broudy ex '30, Pennsylvania State College.
Eleanor Brown ex '30, Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio.
Clotelle Bryan '29, Peabody College.
Elizabeth Buchanan '29, Vanderbilt university.
Eugenia Burbridge '29, Michigan State Normal College.
Nannie Butler '29, Sophie Newcomb College.
Christine Caldwell, '29 Western Reserve university.
Louise Calloway '29, University of Missouri.
Melba Cameron ex '30, University of Oklahoma.
Julia Carroll ex '30, Mississippi State College for Women.
Ethel Childress '29, University of Texas.
Ruth Clark '29, University of Illinois.

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Charlotte Claybrooke ex '30, Womans College of Alabama.
Cicely Cone ex '27, University of Chicago.
Genevieve Conway '27, University of Wisconsin.
Erin Cook ex '30, S. M. U. Dallas, Texas.
Josephine Cooper '29, Vanderbilt university.
Diana J. Cox ex '30, University of Michigan.
Emma Crownover '29, Vanderbilt university.
Jessamine Daggett '27, Graduate School, Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Alice Daniel '29, Birmingham-Southern.
Mary Sue Daniel '29, Peabody College.
Myrtiila Danieis '29, University of Iowa.
Helen Virginia Davis '27, University of West Virginia.
Dorothy DeFrees ex '30, Butler university.
Dorothy Detrick ex '30, University of Oklahoma.
Virginia Donaldson '28, Tusculum College.
Margaret B. Doughty '29, Michigan State College.
Helen Dudenboetel '28, University of Chicago.
Mary Elizabeth Dumas '29, Wesleyan College, Ga.
Maurine Durham '29, Indiana university.
Louise Edwards ex '30, Louisiana College.
Gertrude Edwards ex '30, Kidd-Key College.
Arvelia Ellis ex '27, University of Nebraska.
Dorothy Engle ex '30, Iowa State university.
Helen Featherstone ex '30, Iowa State university.
Helen Feiler '29, University of Kansas.
Emma Jean Fisher '29, Cornell university.
Robbie Flaniken '29, University of Texas.
Annye V. Fraser ex '30, Rice Institute.
Margaret Freeman, University of Kansas.
Carol Freimuth ex '30, University of Illinois.
Catherine Funk ex '30, Texas Christian university.
Julia Furse ex '30, Florida State College for Women.
Margaret Gabie '29, Ohio Wesleyan.
Harriet Gillespie ex '30, University of Mississippi.
Wardine Good '28, University of Missouri.
Dorothy Gouid '29, University of Louisville.
Louise Gouiding ex '30, Lindenwood College.
Louise Graves '29, Sophie Newcomb College.
Irene Gray '29, University of Oklahoma.
Ethei Green ex '30, Southwestern University.
Mildred Hall '29, College of William and Mary.
Frances Harris '29, Vanderbilt university.
Margaret Harris ex '30, University of Texas.
Theima Hart '29, University of Kansas.
Sallie Hayward '29, Centre College.
Miriam Hilderbrand ex '30, De Pauw university.
Helen Edwards ex '30, DePauw university.
Margaret Holtzendorff ex '30, University of Oklahoma.
Lucille Hornback '29, University of Oklahoma.
Natalie Hines '29, University of Kansas.
Miriam Hipple '29, Vanderbilt university.
Marian Hoshaw Roe '29, University of Nebraska.
Margaret Howard '29, University of Kentucky.
Leonora Hudgins '29, S. M. U., Dallas.
Mary Virginia Huff '27, Peabody College.
Natalie Hurd ex '30, University of Wisconsin.
Helen Hylton ex '30, University of Wyoming.
Clara Jackson '29, Wesleyan university, Ga.
Mary Harris Jackson '29, Wesleyan university, Ga.
Maurine Jacobsen '28, State University of Iowa.
Lillie Jackson '28, College of William and Mary.
Jane Jarvis ex '29, Texas Christian university.
Pricilla Jarvis ex '29, Texas Christian university.
Isabel Johnson ex '29, Butler university and John Herron Art School, Indianapolis. She expects to attend both schools this fall.
Marian Jump ex '30, University of Indiana.
Vesta Kitchell ex '30, to Mississippi State College for Women.
Mary Lee Lafferty '29, University of Wisconsin.
Gertrude Leitzbach ex '29, Chicago Musical College.
Marion Lewis '29, Southwestern Louisiana Institute.
Libbie Loar ex '30, University of Oklahoma.
Mildred Longmire ex '30, University of Oklahoma.
Jean McAlpine ex '30, Ohio State university.
Irene McBane ex '30, Butler university.
Clare McCanless '29, Catawba College
Gwendolyn McConnell ex '30, Ohio State university.
Mary Elizabeth McFarland '29, University of Arkansas.
Mary Patricia McGowan '29, University of Oregon.
Helen Manternach '29, Western Reserve university.
Frances Miller '29, University of Miami.
Grace Miller '29, University of Illinois.
Margaret Mills ex '31, Michigan State College.
Muriel Monseli ex '30, University of Oklahoma.
Shirley Newell ex '30, Baldwin Wallace College.
Margie Northrup '29, Florida State College for Women.
Foss O'Donnell '29, Barnard College.
Elise Officer '29, University of Tennessee.
Marjorie Oleson ex '30, University of Colorado.
Judith Parker '29, University of Wisconsin.

This list will be continued in the next issue.

WARD-BELMONT GOES TO EUROPE

On Board S. S. Empress of Scotland, June 1, Quebec



First row (left to right)—Frances Miller, Helen Greene, Charlotte Strong, Jean Stotzer, Nancy Lybrook, Ruth Ferer.
Second row—Mrs. Hail, Sarah Bryan, Margaret McReynolds, Esther Conger, Sara Ferer, Dorathy Duncan, Helen Windham, Elizabeth Martin.
Third row—Miss Ross, Mrs. Stotzer (at Quebec to see Jean sail), Mrs. Charleton, Mrs. Bryan, Margaret Conger.

The Ward-Belmont European party landed at Quebec on September 7 on the S. S. Empress of Scotland, leaving Southampton on September 1.

This was the twenty-second tour of the continent Ward-Belmont has provided for its patrons believing that a European tour is almost essential to a well-rounded education. These tours for many years have been under the direct supervision and management of Miss Olive C. Ross, art history and senior literature teacher at Ward-Belmont. Mrs. Henrietta Richardson is the business manager and chaperone and Mrs. Mary S. Charleton is also a chaperone, both being connected with Ward-Belmont for many years.

The party sailed on June 18 from Quebec, landed at Cherbourg, and went directly to Paris where a week was spent in sight-seeing, shopping, theatres, operas, and teas. Leaving Paris they went to Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Holland, Belgium, England, Scotland, and Wales. In a cable received from Mrs. Bryan on August 26 she reported perfect weather conditions for motoring which they all were thoroughly enjoying through Scotland and England.

Those girls who went on the European tour and who returned to the campus this fall are: Helen Greene, Nancy Lybrook, Sarah Ferer, Esther Conger, and Sarah Bryan.



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Thursday, Sept. 12.

Diary, my dear:

And it won't be long now!

Did awake this morning at the early hour of ten and decided after many coaxes from the Mater and more sun in the eye to arise. Had me a swanky repast of "aigs," and no grits, with toast, rather soft! Then out to gather a pail of water at the municipal pump. A great life.

Was at a loss about which duty to perform next but at length dragged the aching limbs up stairs, whence I made a few beds. Your Belle-Ward, my diary, is a woild's prize domestic.

Bounded downward to answer the telephone where an angry library informed me in no uncertain terms to return a said book and also to bring the huge sum of a dollar fifty-two for keeping the literary masterpiece over time. Did weep many a tear flavored with salt and colored with rouge. Rouge, I said, rouge!

Spent the afternoon jerking peelings off my poor arms, which hold semblance to some lobsters and shrimp. It matter not. To compensate me for time lost in idle skinning, I did back "Chore Boy" from the garage and take a run to my favorite soda-jerkers, where I spent a goovl fifteen minutes and a better twenty-five cents for a microscopic dab of ice cream with chocolate whipped cream, almonds, and a cherry. Then on home to dress for Pat: Pat is, as Jimmy was!

Grabbed some dinner and ate as I ran aloft. Did attire my person in fitting costume and waited till the bell tolled, rang, I mean, to rush down and greet said swain.

Traveled hence to see Le or La (my French was the bain of M. Marchand's life) Garbo in the "Single Standard." That lady has a hard life.

Later refreshed us and Pat remarked that if I ate much more I'd necessitate the building of a side piece on the regal "Chevie." Home once again, and the hour being early we fox-trotted a bit and parted sadly until tomorrow—maybe!

Thusly to bed—goo' night, my partner in crime.

Friday, Sept. 13.

So this is vacation!

Dragged me out at the riotous hour of seven to grace Pat's "Chevie" on the way to the community picnic grounds where we consumed positive quarts of sour lemonade and one dubious egg apiece. Spent the rest of the morning (I forgot to mention, this was a breakfast picnic) cleaning up the usual mess, as most of our fond papas are members of a committee to promote civic pride!

Danced somewhat in the dewy grass which should have been poetic, and wasn't at all, on account of one needle, age 12, and two cracked records. Then we little pridlings wended our mostly weary way home. Did'st run into one rain storm and a flat which always improves the Patrick's ever sugary temper.

He, of the "Chevie" insisted on staying for lunch—there being no food. Anyhow, did buy some vealy chicken pie at the corner delicatessen, all of which was eaten by Pat.

Sent the half, reluctantly, home and proceeded to sort drawers. Did some tall hauling on the ole trunk, and started throwing things in. I'm pretty pepped on the getting back subject, also will love seeing Bing again. Am lots sorry to leave the kids, but it's as much fun except for all mail, and no male.

Did all but break the neck getting down town for a pair of coveted snakeskin shoesys, that Papa decided I could have, I strongly suspect—because he didn't think I could get there before the store closed.

This being the maid's night out, I scoured dishes and did get properly greasy. Anyhow, was rewarded for my efforts with a cute blind date from out of town. Hey, hey!

To the original Noah's Ark to dance and was all hot and bothered to find Pat there, looking properly sheepish Home at a late hour, and held a bout with the Mater as to how late was early.

Then to bed—where all good chilluns end.

Saturday, Sept. 14.

Did spend a goodly part of the morning packing, and throwing things away. Found two useable hankies so hie'd me downtown to shop. Bought some gloves and a white dress and then zipped back to consult Mother about an evening gown (ahem!) Decided on a swanky green number with much drippings, a la rear. The kind you kick behind you, or trip and fall.

Rummaged all the closets in the house trying to find things to wear to a dinner at the Beach Club. My old clothes were disabled or at the cleaners, and the new ones answered to no roll calls. I verily believe they are still being remodeled to fit the supple figger.

Ate froglegs and then hopped around to "My Sin" and "The Vagabond Lover" till the wee small hours.

A Pat-less day, and everything is pat!

Then as soon as my curly head struck the pillow I was asleep with a smile on my lips! As in fairy stories only, my diary.

Sunday, Sept. 15.

Celebrated by not going to church, which, a month from now, will be a gala event.

Rode horseback at the Hunt Club till time for dinner and then did eat with gusto at our pet chicken snack. Next Sunday I'll be eating creamed peas and asparagus, peaches 'n chicken at my pet school. It *will* seem good to get back.

Did motor to grandmother's in the aft to make many sad adios to the famHy. From there to the beach where I did swim my last stroke till next time. Warren, the pesky brother, decided to wax liberal, and take me to dinner.

Back home and people came. Talked and showed the girls my clothes, which have come.

Out for more food and lost me a dollar at the slot machine. Again home, and spent the night in bed.

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Welcome Ward-Belmont Girls—

Here's hoping you had the grandest and most glorious summer possible! Loveman's is always delighted to welcome the Ward-Belmont girls and hope you are half as glad to be back as we are to have you here. Vacation means happy and thrilling times for each one of you. What did you do this summer that was exciting?



Maybe you went to the beach—well if you did, you certainly must have acquired a lovely coat of suntan. And did you know that the suntan mode is not to end with summer but is still to be considered smart this fall?



And was it on a night like this while you were at the beach that you met the "one and only?" Was it very romantic and thrilling and did you fall very hard? Well, I know he will be coming to see you soon. When he does, be sure to primp up and look like a fashion plate from Vogue in a brand new fall outfit. Loveman's interpretation of the leading colors this season is witch brown, Arabian night blue, huntsman's green, vintage and paprika, while black is in the lead.



Is this the first time you've been at Ward-Belmont? Well, if you enjoy riding you will be sure to like it because that is one of the favorite sports at Ward-Belmont, and they are noted for their fine horses and you can ride to your heart's content and strut that new riding habit.



I know it won't be long now until you will be shopping. Well, you must come right down to Loveman's and make yourself at home. We realize that it is an unusual privilege to have our merchandise approved by the Ward-Belmont girls, so we shall always strive to please you and to be worthy of your approval.

Monday, Sept. 16.

Did arise early to wash and wave the golden hair. Thank heavens, it's short or I'd have to spend the week getting it ready. Mother scrubbed it for the last time till Christmas. Sad thought!

Played a few sets of tennis at the club and then home to dress for a luncheon one of the loving playmates is giving for me. Did strongly suspect that sheer relief was her only motive. The pool being only slightly below zero we ended by a little swim and a severe chill or two.

Anyhow, I got me a purely swell pillow which screams beautifully at the rest of the color scheme (if such it can be called) in my room. But Peggy is a good egg to even give me a guest prize.

Took myself home and began the menial task of packing my hat box, having thus far, between then and now, finished throwing the trunk together. My two W-B stickers look really ritzy on the new case, my nice masculine parent presented, with due fondness, to me.

To see "Fox Movietone Follies" at the Grand and gingeraled at the house. Pat stopped in for a minute with a new lady! Did send the children home when Papa inquired for the second time, whether it was two or three o'clock.

Took myself upstairs creakingly, and wrote to you, diary, before resting the weary bones.

Tuesday, Sept. 17.

Rose early and packed my little toothbrush and comb. Closed my bags, and ate my last "un-grit-y" breakfast. Did kiss the sleepy brother who refused to see me off on the grounds the it "would break his heart." To the train with no tears shed.

Was there greeted by our noisy mob, Pat too, escorted by a big box of Gilbert's. Flowers from the rest and felt properly like a Popularity Contest.

Got me safely on the choo-choo after kissing the family goodbye. They all looked exceedingly blue, grins from ears to ears. Evidently the prospect of a lonely winter without me looks good to them. Had to travel all alone as no more lil Ward-Belmont-ites come my way.

Did eat a snazzy luncheon of shrimp salad and chocolate eclairs—the last of their race till us college galls can go lunching in town. Arrived in Chicago P. D. Q. X. Y. Z. F. O. B., but no C. O. D. Plenty to come.

Bing's train arrived at a later hour, and I did all but wear out the Hotel Stevens till then. Greeted the long lost roomie and sallied forth to tea.

Were herded to the station, via taxi, and established ourselves to enjoy a nice noisy evening. To the diner for our last private meal. Did strongly advocate a blessing in true W-B style, but the suggestion was not carried.

Pushed back to the seats only to find that they were occupied by a victrola, two suitcases, one tennis racquet, and some golf clubs. Did best our interest by depositing same on the floor. Some mighty pretty girls around. I feel it in my bones that club rushing is going to be rather interesting.

Inveigled the porter into making my berth and answered gallons of questions put to me by delighted new girls. Did feel most unnaturally like Ruth Alden or Dorothy Dix.

Settled me down after seeing everyone on at Terre Haute, and soon mingled my snores with the ballyhoo.

Wednesday, Sept. 18.

Well, diary! In a popular song writer's words:

"Here we are, you and I
Now the world will hurry by."

Not truly authentic, but very explanatory.

Did a famous tackle getting a taxi and rode off schoolwards hoping my luggage was with me. The driver gave us a thrill for our money, but we landed intact. Campus looks *mighty—mighty* pretty—in the words of our last year Seniors. Big "Ac," just the same, and everything very OK-ish. Did spot some new somethings and hastened to Pembroke. Bing and I got the very room we'd prayed for and Kit is next door. Washed the faces hurriedly and I swore Bing had a high water mark, but she maintained she always washes thoroughly.

Rushed madly to the gym to watch the poor tired matriculators and to try and grab off the schedule card. No soap, so took me off to the clubhouse where I saw a bevy of sisters, none of whom I had seen before. Danced awhile, and plowed down a few leisurely couples getting to the dining room for lunch. Did realize that I had been minus a breakfast in the morning.

Hopped joyously back to the room where I tubbed a few minutes and then dressed. Hung around the hall most all aft and hung up some clothes that had found their way into my hatbox.

Took me to Middlemarch to buy a P. O. box and back to Bing. Did find her eating the last remaining bonbon in Pat's box and almost wept tears. My roommate—she is a glutton.

Dressed again, for dinner,— and wrote to the family before the bell rang. Shoved up to the dining room and discovered that the appetite has improved as will the figure before long.

Spent the evening pursuing knowledge out of College Humor and comforting a new girl next door—that is. I helped Bing, she being the chief of the expedition.

Was much alarmed when the bell rang for lights out, but undressed a la Ward-Belmont, in other words, in the dark.

Did fall fast asleep dreaming of the seance with Mr. Quaid that I feel sure is forthcoming. The first night at Ward-Belmont 'n I hope everybody's as happy as Bell-Ward, diary.

MUTUAL ENVY

Every "new" girl feels a twinge of envy as she stands forlornly about and watches "old" girls collide like enthusiastic locomotives and squeal and hug each other. She feels like she is "on the outside looking in," and she longs for "this time next year to hurry up and come" so she can behave in the same slightly demented fashion. But a great many delightful things will happen before that time comes. She will see the kaleidescopic change of seasons on the campus; she will see it misty and crisp under an orange autumn sunset; she will see it deep in snow under a winter moon, and she will smell it fragrant and breath-catching as roses and wisteria and magnolias bloom in the spring. The "new" girl hasn't come across the campus from swimming and felt the warm fragrance of spring evening on her face, and smelled beeksteak frying in the kitchen, and heard girls laughing as they dressed for dinner. She hasn't dashed from "Ac" to Middlemarch in the pouring rain just to see if she hasn't just one more letter from Jimmy. She has never spent a glorious winter afternoon throwing snowballs at her suite mate. All these experiences she will have for the first time. Even the "old" girl must feel a touch of envy for this fact—the "new" girl has it all before her; for the "old" girl it is half gone.

SORORITY PLEDGES

Results from sorority rushing in different universities have been received.

Marjorie Barclay, '29, Kappa Alpha Theta, at Missouri.

Louise Calloway, '29, Gamma Phi, at Missouri.

Margaret Boyer, '28, Kappa Kappa Gamma, at Missouri.

Wardine Good, '28, Gamma Phi, at Missouri.

Lela Owens, '28, Gamma Phi, at Missouri.

Irene Gray, '29, Pi Phi, at Oklahoma University.



They can buy this, they can buy that . . . But all the money in the mint can't purchase the one truly personal gift — *your photograph.*

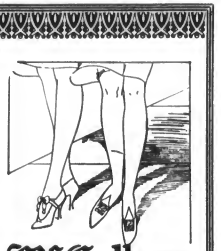


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SCHUMACHER—

Extends a cordial welcome to the young ladies of Ward-Belmont—we are very happy to have you in Nashville. A picture for some one who is missing you—wouldn't that be perfect?

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DAY STUDENTS —ATTENTION!

Another school year is begun, and we are again faced with the problems which compose the difficulties of the school year. From all over the United States, and elsewhere, girls have arrived to become members of our Ward-Belmont family; but there is a group of girls on our campus, the day students, who cannot participate in the real boarding school life.

As the new year begins, an organized effort is being made by the faculty and students of the boarding department to make the girls who live in the city feel that they are a vital part of the school, that they, too, are definitely included in campus activities. This goal cannot be attained without earnest cooperation on the part of all concerned. Every day student should feel it her duty to support and take an interest in the HYPHEN, the *Wordsmiths*, the *Penstaff*, athletics, and class and club organizations in which they have been given a part.

It is only thus that a feeling of unity can exist in our school. The boarders have much to offer the day students in these contacts, and the day students have much to offer the boarders. And, after all, are we not all working toward a common goal? The same ideals surround each girl and the same opportunities are offered to each student, irrespective of place or residence.

Let us appeal to you, boarders, and day students, that you make this year stand out in the history of Ward-Belmont as one in which every girl took an important part in campus activities, all working together. In this way the greatest benefits will reach each student. What we put into our school, just as much, and more, shall it give back to us.

DOWNTRODDEN MIDDLEMARCH

There is a cement floor in Middlemarch—put there probably because a wooden one could not stand the traffic. Really the wear and tear on Middlemarch is terrific. It is just a small room, yet every girl in school wends her way there at least three times daily. She "runs the barricades" in the morning before chapel to look in her box; she saunters over in the afternoon to see if she got a letter or a package in the 2:30 mail; and then she can't resist taking another peek as she goes to dinner. And, of course, she stops to read the Bulletin Board and Student Council report at least once a day. Now there are about 600 girls in school and each girl has two feet. As she goes in and out of Middlemarch three times a day this means she covers the same ground six times. Six hundred times two feet, times six trips gives the magnificent sum of 7,200, which is the number of times that Middlemarch is stepped on per day. No wonder it has a cement floor!

JOKES

One of the best ways to keep a resolution is to yourself.—Ex.

The feminist orator had waxed very indignant over the universal treatment of her sisters.

"Just as if," she screamed, "all men were perfect! Why, there's not even one perfect man. I dare any one to name a perfect man."

A meek-looking little man in the back arose.

"What!" demanded the speaker: "Do you claim to have known a perfect man?"

"Well, I never really knew him," the little fellow said apologetically, "but I've heard a lot about him!"

"Who was he?" shrieked the speaker.

"My wife's first husband!"

"Make a sentence with the word 'bower.'"

"He ain't done right bower team."—*Ex.*

"What was the name of the last station we stopped at, mother?"

"I don't know. Be quiet. I'm working out a crossword puzzle."

"It's a pity you don't know the name, mother, because little Oscar got out of the train there"—*Ex.*



"Say, lissen, are you goin' Tri-K or T. C.?"

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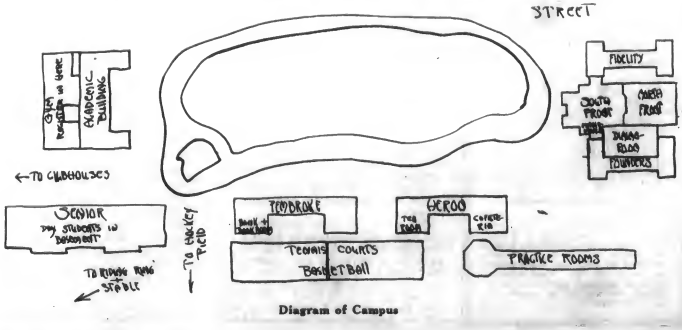


Diagram of Campus

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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COUNCIL APPEARS BEFORE STUDENTS

President and Members Explain Rules

The members of the Student Council appeared before the student body Tuesday, September 24 in order to inform them of the rules and regulations of Ward-Belmont.

Frances Hoffman, president of Student Council, explained what the Student Council is, and what part and duty it has in the school.

"It's purpose," according to Frances, "is to direct the conduct of students by enforcing such regulations that do not fall exclusively within the province of trustees and faculty."

This Council is formed of a student governing board of officers which has been elected by the students, and which should be backed by them. These members are not policemen; although their duty is to see that the rules are enforced whether they believe in them or not, and our duty as students of Ward-Belmont is to obey these rules until a better way can be provided.

"Carelessness will bring you to council quicker than anything else, and it is not smart or a joke to appear before monitors meeting or council," declared Frances.

"We are not perfect but we will do our best to do right for we are your council and feel right in asking and expecting your cooperation," Frances concluded.

Virginia Lou Sample, general proctor, gave the rules for dress. She believes that if we wish to be happy we should not be guilty of breaking rules.

The chapel rules were given by Irene Cochran, chapel proctor.

The members of the Student Council are:

President, Frances Hoffman; first vice-president, Lilla Lou Peoples; second vice-president, Marjorie Leapold; secretary, Bunny Gillis; High School representative, Mary Candler, general proctor, Virginia Lou Sample; chapel proctor, Irene Cochran; hall proctors: Fidelity, Margaret Montgomery; Founders, Sara Elizabeth Cottrell; North Front, Eugenia Candler; Heron, Nancy Hotchkiss; Pembroke, Betty Dyson; Senior, Rachel Holland.

Y.W.C.A. CONDUCTS VESPER SERVICE

Club Village was the scene of an impressive outdoor vesper service last Sunday evening, September 22, at 5:30 o'clock. The ivy-clad tower, the green of the trees, the velvety smoothness of the grass, and the traditional fire seemed to create an atmosphere of reverence and sublimity.

Esther Conger, president of the Y.W.C.A., acted as presiding officer. The program was as follows:

Chimes—Mr. Wesson
Hymn—"Now the Day is Over"
Prayer—In unison.
Glee Club
Lesson
Violin—Dorothy Black
The meaning of the Fire—Esther Conger, President of the Y.W.C.A.
Frances Hoffman—President of Student Council
Amanda Caldwell—President of Athletic Association
Dorothy Black—President of Senior Class.
Betty Lane — Editor-in-Chief, HYPHEN
Marion Lyles—Representative of Social Clubs.
Anna Katherine Dunn—New girls.
Pledge—In unison.
Hymn—"Follow the Gleam."

SENIORS ENTERTAIN STUDENT BODY

On Friday night, September 20, at seven o'clock, found everybody at the gym listening to the melodious strains of "Moanin' Low," played by the Wandering Blues, the school orchestra. Mildred Shaefer sang it as nobody but "Shaefer" can sing it. Next, "Bunny" Gillis announced that we would hear from "Her Folks in Hinton in a reading by Margaret Cartter, from which piece we gathered that her folks and his'n didn't hit it off so well. Margaret wore an unusual hat, a pair of spectacles, and a long black dress.

Then out skipped Gayle Hinton looking very demure in a pair of pink rompers. She's the little girl who entranced us at the show the other night with "Am I Blue?" She sang it for us again and then (like Poe) oh, such a rapping, such a tapping, on our gymnasium floor! Gayle pattered and clicked like all get-out; she voiced the Senior-Mid's lament—"The Freshman College Blues." Makes me (sniff) f-feel so s-sorry for the Senior-Mids. Gayle's a Senior-Mid, you know, and so is Mary Taylor, who accompanied her.

Lois Stout, accompanied by Mrs. Humphrey, sang two songs beautifully.

Shades of Wallace! We heard an imperial click, and Louise Latimer, dressed in a black Spanish shawl, swaggered forth with a haughty air. She twirled, stamped, and pirouetted like any Spanish senorita, and just as haughtily swept off the "stage." Latimer knows her castanets.

Then we all witnessed the music lesson of two of the star pupils of Miss Violin, alias Lois Stout. Rose Flentye (ladies first) was attired in a sweet little dress of checked gingham, and those petulant pigtails were subdued somewhat by saucy ribbons. "Lyles" was dressed wth a flowing tie, a shirt, and knickers attached, and sawed away mightily on her—er—HIS fiddle. We think "Lyles" deserves an airplane, and Rose an all-day sucker for that.

In the last act, an umbrella hid the shining countenances of—oh, we found you out—Gayle Hinton and "Shaefer." Can they vocalize? Aw, our vocabulary's all used up. Anyhow, we heard 'em "Singin' in the Rain."

CLAIRE HARPER APPEARS IN CHAPEL

Claire Harper, violinist, a student of the Juillard Graduate School of Music, and a former graduate of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, appeared before the student body on Monday, September 23 at chapel time.

Miss Harper, who studied under Kenneth Rose, director of the School of Violin for four years, won the Juilliard Foundation scholarship in 1928. She departed for New York where she studied under Paul Kochanski at the Juilliard School which has as its director Ernest Hutcheson, the world famous musician, composer, and artist. Because of her outstanding ability and talent Miss Harper again won a scholarship this year, and will continue studying under Mr. Kochanski at the Juilliard School.

The program she presented in chapel was one of exceptional beauty and through it all she displayed sound musicianship and emotional understanding.

While attending Ward-Belmont Miss Harper was a member of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra and the Ward-Belmont Orchestra, being in 1926 soloist of the Ward-Belmont Orchestra which has been for a number of years under the direction of Kenneth Rose.

ALL-CLUB RECEPTION COLORFUL AFFAIR

Shades of peacock alley! Was there ever such a kaleidoscopic display of colors and designs on the Ward-Belmont campus as appeared the night of all-club reception Saturday, September 21. Dinner was a brilliant affair. Their pretty gowns had loosened some reserve within the girls, everyone chattered and laughed and quite forgot to sigh over, "a week ago tonight when we were home—gosh!"

After dinner the old girls hurried to their clubhouses to be ready to receive the new ones when they appeared at eight o'clock. The new girls set out in a gayly colored stream for club village. Some started at the Anti-Pan house and ended at the F. F. Some started at the F. F. and finished at the Anti-Pan, and some "wandered where they list" from clubhouse to clubhouse.

Everybody was "so glad" to meet everybody else; and not a soul finished as she stood hour after hour in dainty but unyielding silver slippers.

Those who received the guests were the presidents of the various clubs and their sponsors, namely:

Anti-Pan—Louise Latimer, Miss Gulnar Kheiralla.
Twentieth Century—Florence Miller, Miss Mary Shackelford.
Del Vers—Miriam Woodside, Miss Alma Hollinger.
Tri K—Marion Lyles, Miss Catherine E. Morrison.
Penta Tau—Jane Clark, Miss Thelma Campbell.
X. L.—Helen Donker, Miss Emma I. Sisson.
Osiron—Margaret Yoder, Miss Mary Douthit.
Agora—Leuna Tatham, Miss Gertrude Casebier.
A. K.—Helen Greene, Miss Gladys Brooks.
F. F.—Mary Comer, Miss Agnes Amis and Miss Helen Cobb.

W.-B. STUDENT WINS HONORS

In the Amarillo, Texas, paper appeared the announcement of the winning of first place in a literary contest of the Tri-State Exposition by Rebecca Ainsworth, a student of Ward-Belmont.

The professional critic for this department was Willard A. Hawkins, author and critic of Denver, Colo. In the short story contest of a 5000-word limit the composition "War is Hell" received the first prize. It was written by Rebecca Ainsworth. She also won the first place in the National contest, sponsored by the University of Minnesota. Because of the many competitors in the contests and because of the marked ability of all the contestants it was indeed an honor to receive a mention and a prize.

THE HYPHEN BOX

The following is a plea for the cause. Do you all know the whereabouts of the famous HYPHEN Box? Of course all of you don't and so follow these directions and you will find it. And do you know what to do when you do find the box? Of course, you don't. Well, the HYPHEN Box is the place where you put clever sayings of your best friends and—others, also any happenings around about that might be of any interest to fond subscribers of said paper. Also, anything good, bad, terrible, clever or otherwise, jokes, puns and such. Now to tell you where the box is situated.

(Continued on page 5)

OPENING EXERCISES HELD SEPT. 18

Thirty-eight States Represented

The school term opened formally Wednesday, September 18 with exercises in the school auditorium at 11 o'clock. Every seat was filled, including the gallery, by the students and patrons besides many Nashville friends and also many parents of the out-of-town students were present to participate in the opening.

Never has the enrollment been so large in the history of Ward-Belmont, while the enrollment for day students has far outnumbered any former registration previous. A long list of pupils, boarding and day, is now on the waiting list.

On the platform were seated President J. D. Blanton, vice-presidents J. W. Barton and A. B. Benedict, Thomas C. Barr, assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church and Rev. Prentice Pugh of the Church of the Advent besides the members of the faculty.

Mr. Barr read from the Bible and followed it by a short informal talk to the students. Dr. Blanton gave his annual welcoming message in which he stressed the great opportunity of the girls of today. He urged them to cooperate with the school, its ideals and its rules, to subdue the spirit of criticism, and to strive for a general team work between faculty and students. The benediction was given by Rev. Pugh.

NEW GIRLS TOUR NASHVILLE

All new students at Ward-Belmont became acquainted with the city and surroundings of Nashville by means of an automobile tour taken Saturday and Sunday afternoons, September 21 and 22.

Ward-Belmont cars and Yellow Cabs were used to convey the girls and chaperons on the two-hour trip. Girls from Heron and Pembroke Hall were invited on Saturday afternoon, while Fidelity and North Front students went on Sunday.

The principal objects of interest included Scarritt College, Peabody Normal, and the Vanderbilt University and Athletic Stadium. The beautiful homes of the residential and country club districts were along the route through Richland, Belle Meade and West End.

Business sections of the city, the retail district, Federal and State buildings, and the various churches and schools of Nashville were visited following the drive through Centennial Park and the view of the Parthenon.

I'M THE GINKETTE

"I'm the ginkette who believes in school spirit. Of course, I never subscribe to the HYPHEN as I can read my roommate's, but I criticise those who follow my example. I never pay my class dues on time, or take part in club activities, but I never let an opportuntiy pass to express my poor opinion of those who do likewise, hoping that my classmates are ignorant of the truth about my own affairs. I never have scruples about breaking rules of the school, yet I knock Student Council whenever I get a chance. We would have a perfect school if all girls had as much school spirit as I!"

(To be continued)

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THE EAGLE FEATHER

The Eagle Feather is a new project of the HYPHEN. This column is conducted by the Editor, and is the only section of the paper in which articles are signed. It is our object to not only publish the best original works of Ward-Belmont students, but also rare bits from all literature.—THE EDITOR.

Memorabilia

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter!

I crosses a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about;

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

—*Robert Browning.*

From "The Gardener"

Lest I should know you too easily, you play with me.
You blind me with flashes of laughter to hide your tears.
I know, I know your art;
You never say the word you would.

Lest I should prize you not, you elude me in a thousand ways.
Lest I should mix you with the crowd, you stand aside.
I know, I know your art;
You never walk the path you would.

That is why you are silent.
Your claim is more than others;
With a playful carelessness you avoid my gifts.
I know, I know your art;
You never accept what you would.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

Song for a Little Boy

Wee little boy, the sandman's a-comin'
To touch with faint fingers your drowsy brown eyes.
He's racing along on the wings of the evening;
While sparks from his mare's hoofs make stars in the skies.

The wide milky way is the path of his night-ride;
The soft-moaning lake is his mirror of dreams.
His journey is long; o'er mountain, through valley.
On he speeds by the light of the misty moonbeams.

And after he's touched you, my wee one, my darling,
A poppy-strewn dream he will leave by your side.
A touch, a shadow, a breath in the moonlight
Then lo! he's away again on his dream ride.

So hasten to Dreamland, my drowsy, wee laddie,
And see toys and elves in the mirror of dreams;
But come back again to me here in the morning
When grey-dawn gives way to the day's first gleams.

—*Virginia Gerdl.*

"One is flung up out of life, one is held, and then—down, down, bright, broken, and tossed back—part of the ebb and flow."—*Katherine Mansfield.*

From "Why a Classic is a Classic"
"A classic is a work which gives pleasure to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature."—*Arnold Bennett.*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Peggy Corwin cried rapturously, "We have four of the darlingest girls in our suite!"

We hear that club rushing was too much for "Flo" Miller. Hear! Hear!

Nancy Lang doesn't know what "red flannels" are. True daughter of Florida, Nancy.

"Feeny" LaMar uses mentholatum instead of Pepsodent to brush her teeth. "Feeny" will be a good advertisement for some mentholatum firm.

"Ginny" Gerdl, who has three English dictionaries and one French one, received another as a present from her mother, October 1. Are you starting a reference library, Ginny?

"Ginny" Lloyd was a Campfire girl once. She believes in being prepared. If she were shipwrecked, she could float to a desert isle without even bothering to authorize.

Sung by broken-hearted Scotchman:
Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Oh lord, the postage
I've wasted on you!—*The Vedette.*

DR. PUGH GIVES CHAPEL TALK

"The greatest evil is cheapness; the idea of getting something for nothing," declared Dr. Prentice Hugh, who spoke to the girls on Wednesday, October 3.

Just as the Union Pacific followed the trail made by the early pioneers who sacrificed their lives to expand our country so we, in studying, must realize that our books represent something sacrificed on the part of the author. We do not want anything that does not cost something and everything we possess costs some one a price. One can not be a musician, an author, nor a scholar without work.

"Everything should have a value and we should live up to that value," remarked Dr. Pugh. That man's reach should exceed his grasp or what is a heaven for was Browning's belief. Likewise we should attempt to do over and above what is required. We must use our brain in order to bring out our talent.

In closing Dr. Pugh said, "The more we put into life, the more we get out of it."

SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

At vespers tomorrow evening, October 6, the Y. W. C. A. will hold an open cabinet meeting at which time all the officers and cabinet members will be introduced to the student body. On Monday, October 7, the systematic campaign of dormitories for new members will begin. Each cabinet member will be assigned a certain number of rooms to canvass, and a record kept of all new members. Every girl in Ward-Belmont is invited and urged to become a member of the Y. W. C. A.

The following is a list of the Y. W. C. A. officers and cabinet: Esther Conger, president; Virginia Lloyd, first vice-president; Jean Cummings, second vice-president; Virginia Strandberg, secretary; Margaret Rothert, treasurer; Florence Sellevold, Betty Lybrook, chairmen of committees of membership; Martha Hunt, publicity; Ann Ryther, Edna Mae Wienold, social service; Louisa Le Bounty, Eleanor Binford, world fellowship; Rose Flentye, entertainment; Nancy Lang, poster; Elizabeth Elliott, social service tours; Eleanor Peterson, vice-chairman Sunday school; Mildred Clark, old ladies' home; Louise Huddleston, HYPHEN reporter.

CAMPUS COLUMN

The task before me is that I have to fill the shoes of "Clever" Cooper as writer of the Campus Column. I know that it is not proper to start such a column for the first time with an apology for the why and wherefore, but Cooper was clever and—well—I feel that my literary talents are inadequate and in comparison to Jo—but, well, here goes. If you do something especially cute or say something especially fetching and it doesn't get in this column just let me know and I'll do my best to make up for the slight.

First honors this week go to Miss Dorothy Alberta Pickens who especially requested of each member of the HYPHEN staff that her name be in the paper by fair means or foul.

Miss Pickens states that she enjoyed her meal Sunday noon, attended classes, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, to say nothing of Saturday; danced in the gym every night last week; "rushed" like a fiend, and is counting the days until Xmas.

Did you hear about Marion Nicholson's phone call? Yes, I thought that you had. There might be a few, however, who haven't heard the lovely news. Well, you see, Bobbie called Merne, and I was around when Merne returned from the said phone call and, would you believe it, I thought Merne was going to swoon. Pardon the trite saying, but isn't love grand?

Jessie Burgin returned to school a few days late, but nevertheless she has made up for lost time and has studied her head off since her return so that her studies should not suffer. Keep it up, Jess, we like to see that spirit in young ladies.

The glamour of Bunny Hodgdon's ability to PUN has been tarnished by the appearance of Elberta Gooch into the association for bigger and better puns. Gooch really says some beauties. If any one is especially interested just call on Berta and she'll pull a few fast ones without being coaxed. I seriously believe that the girl lives on them.

Have you heard Miss Brooks and Miss Campbell describe their apartment? Well, if you havn't you have missed something for it really must be an ideal spot. Miss Brooks gets so enthused when she gets to the part about "our own maid and everything"—well, you just must hear it, that's all.

Peg Corwin moved. Yes, sir; Peg Corwin moved in with Mayo Wienold. And how Peg moved—clothes in one hand and many things in the other. This is the truth, too, she moved everything by hand from Heron to Senior. I think it was noble if you should ask.

Doesn't it seem funny without Shody and her lovely long hair, Marg and Marj, Nat and Helen, Welty, Freda Birge looking knockout in her riding habit, Jean Stotzer making terrible faces, Tiny's happy face and those eyes, Chris, Marj Barclay, Graves and her wisecracks, Allie—dancing, Mary Liz Dumas, Tillie, Fredericks, Susie Jones, Daniels, and all the others too numerous to mention. In other words, isn't it lonely without the Seniors.

This will probably take the wind out of you, but Esther Conger came into the HYPHEN office and voluntarily signed for her HYPHEN. Isn't that wonderful—the girl asked to subscribe.

IN PERSPECTIVE

Teas. Dances. Bridges. Swimming parties. Socials. Open house at all of the clubs. Such is rushing season at Ward-Belmont; the old girls trying their best to think of something different, something original—the new girls thoroughly enjoying everything planned for their benefit.

At noon there is much chattering heard in the realms of Middlemarch, and all the new girls hold bright-colored pieces of paper cut in odd shapes. "Oh, Mary," cries an excited senior-mid, "I got five invitations for this afternoon. And I'm just dying to go all places, but how will I ever have time?"

"Well," comes the answer, "you can stay a little while at one, then go to another, etc."

"Oh, I know that is what I should do; but they are so nice to me that I just stay and stay."

About four o'clock every afternoon groups of girls are seen hurrying gaily towards club village. All afternoon the procession lasts. Everything has assumed a festive air, and mixed strains of "Moanin' Low" and "Piccolo Pete" are heard from the various club houses. Sighs greet the five-forty-five bell for it brings an end to the afternoon's activities.

FIELD REPRESENTATIVES VISIT CAMPUS

As is customary, the field representatives have been here for the two opening weeks of school. They were entertained at a tea, which is an annual affair, given by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton. During their stay they assisted the girls from their territories to get settled and become acquainted with school life on the campus.

The representatives and their territories are:

Mrs. May R. Stewart, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois; Miss Ella L. Prentice, Alabama, Georgia; Miss Virginia Lockett, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas; Mrs. C. C. Christopher, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia; Miss Lillia Towles, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan; Mrs. J. L. Elliott, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, South Dakota; Mr. A. J. Smith, Tennessee; Miss Carrie D. Moseley, Texas; Miss Louise Moseley, Oklahoma.

SEE "JERRY" ROWE, BUSINESS MANAGER, ABOUT A HYPHEN.

TIDBITS

In French class just the other day quite a little stir was created by a remark on the part of Miss Brooks. Displaying the beauties of a gayly illustrated French book which is known to be a prime favorite of hers, she exclaimed: "To think that I found this splendid book in Nashville. One would hardly expect to find it in as small a place!" A sleepy day-student on the front row woke up at once with a "gr-r-r-r." After profuse apologies on the part of Miss Brooks, peace was restored, however, and . . .

We wish these folks would quit begging money from us. That seems the main pastime nowadays. The only way to rid ourselves of them and ease their pain is to give them what they want and dodge them hereafter. . . .

We wonder when people in white dresses will begin to walk across the stage in chapel. . . . Which reminds us of "Chris" and "Jo' and others. . . .

We want to know why they call the Wordsmiths the Society for Cultural Advancement. . . . We see no evidence that they deserve the name.

We are tired now. Goodnight!

NEWS FROM THE DAY STUDENTS

The Triad Club held its weekly meeting Tuesday morning in little gym, the large number present giving promise of a successful year. Margaret Reuther, the president, presided. Plans for club rushing and the election of other officers were completed. The Triads hope to lead the day student clubs on the campus this year, not only in athletics, but in scholarship and school spirit.

Day student club rushing will soon be well under way. Old girls are already looking for outstanding new girls who would make good club members. An appeal has already been made to authorities for separate club rooms and it is hoped that these plans will be realized in a few days. Meanwhile, every girl is urged to take part in the various club activities open to every student.

KANSAS-MISSOURI GIRLS ENTERTAINED AT LUNCHEON

On September 16, at the Hotel Muehlebach, Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. May R. Stewart, field representative, was hostess at a luncheon held in the grill room of the hotel for the new girls from Kansas and Missouri who were planning to enter school on September 18.

Luncheon was served on a long oblong table upon which were placed tall gold vases filled with flowers of many colors while candy baskets were placed at intervals the entire length of the table.

Those attending the luncheon were: Dorothy Black, Virginia Sargeant, Margaret Balsiger, Florence Hoffman, Evelyn Ullman, Helen Doran, Marion Silverman, Virginia Hinn, Miriam Carter, Reba Maurer, Virginia Barr, Reva Morgan and Mary Stewart Burgher.

Bewildering question on recent Ancient History exam: "What message did Caesar send the Romans after he met Cleopatra?"

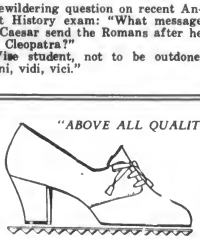
—Wise student, not to be outdone, "Veni, vidi, vici."

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." The appearance of Ward-Belmont girls is at stake. Two weeks and three days ago rushing started. During that time every girl on the campus took scrupulous care of herself and her appearance. Clothes were worn with the aspect of armor. "Glad-rags" were dragged out and flaunted before all. Stockings were the sheerest of sheer, shoes were masterpieces of shoecraft, dresses were the latest of Parisian and hometown art. Nowhere could be seen a bedraggled female. Everywhere was shown meticulous care and forethought.

Now rushing is over. There is a general let-down in spirit but it shows itself most prominently in the appearance of the girls. If a runner now appears in a hitherto flawless stocking, it runs rampant with no evidence of desire on the part of its owner to check it. Dresses are donned not for the former purpose of adornment, but for the primitive purpose of covering the lady. Shoes may be run-down at the heels—they go unnoticed. No longer is there any desire to appear at their best or to make a good impression on others.

"Are we going to let this be said of Ward-Belmont girls that we strive to look nice only when there is an end to gain?" Let this be a challenge to us all, and although rushing is over we shall not neglect our appearance, but keep up to the standard we set ourselves at the first of the year.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The library announces the opening of a rental collection which will include all the latest books, fiction, non-fiction, biographies, anthologies of verse, books on travel, art, and letters. These books may be obtained for ten cents a week at the rental collection shelf in the main library.

Among the new books is the new anthology of verse, "Field and Honor," by Donn Byrne; "Roper's Row," by Warrick Deeping; "Swords and Roses," by Joseph Hergesheimer; "New Essays and American Impressions," by Noyes; "The Bronte Sisters," by Ernest Dimmet, and "America Comes of Age," by Siegfried.

Last year the rental collection was under the auspices of the Y. W., but this year the library has taken over some of the Y. W. books, and will add to them from time to time so that the range of reading matter will not only be greater but will be more widespread.

Mr. Goodman announces the opening of a class in piano pedagogy for the purpose of giving courses to those who are interested in teaching music. The class will meet every Thursday night at 7 o'clock in Mr. Goodman's studio. All those who are interested will please communicate with Mr. Goodman.

The HYPHEN has a red-headed business department this year—Mary Jane Rowe, business manager, and Polly Parish, circulation manager. We are going to have a peppy paper this year and these red-heads will put their part of it over with a bang.

POST GRADS IN NEW HOUSE

Mrs. Cresap New Hostess

The seniors consider themselves the most important persons on the campus of course, and the Senior-Middles actually feel that *they* deserve this honor since they are gracing Ward-Belmont for the first time this year. The post graduates are underestimated to a great extent because there are fewer of them. We hereby wish to congratulate them on their versatility and ingenuity in the arrangement of their house which is located directly across the street from the campus on Acklen Avenue. On entering the reception hall one sees a huge brick fireplace in a most attractive living room, and on either side of the hall are small dens. Directly beyond these is the spacious dining room where the girls may enjoy many delightful meals (and undoubtedly do, from the savory odors coming from the kitchen).

The bedrooms which are on the second floor, are all gloriously decorated with signs, French dolls, dainty cushions, rugs, bright curtains, and other feminine articles which may be so interestingly assembled in "milady's boudoir." There are five of these rooms, each vying with the other in individuality and beauty. One room proudly claims a tiled shower, another a separate sleeping porch, and one corner room has five windows.

They are a congenial group of nine, these third-year girls—and of course one shouldn't neglect to mention Mrs. Cresap, their hostess, who greatly aids in making this house one of the best liked of the school.

Again we congratulate the P. G.'s and their hostess for their cleverness and ability in creating so attractive a house.

SPORTS IN LETTERS TO MUSSOLINI

Dear old Benito:

Life's getting to be about as bad over here as in Italy. All I've done since I've been here is to avoid falling over black cats. From what I can gather it has been a favorite fall sport for years. I've noticed Dorothy Hockey wandering around here on crutches, guess every sport has its victim! Say, Benito, the name "Hockey" reminds me, I'm really writing this to tell you something about the sports that we do have this time of the year. You've heard about the pistol shooting in Chicago? Well, we've got the next best thing right here, rather a prep school for it, maybe. I'm speaking of archery, and I'm serious when I say that it's really a keen sport. Of course, it takes a lot of practice and steady nerves to become an expert at it, though you might not be so bad yourself, if you gave up late hours and coffee.

We play hockey here too. Great old game! The only way to eat all you want and stay thin is to play it. All advanced hockey classes look good to me. Some of the new girls seems to be excellent material, too.

There's a large crowd of beginners out for basket ball. Competition in this comes later, but it's a game that takes near perfection to be any good. Any beginner who expects to make a team is trying the hardest now.

Swimming and riding are all season sports here. New girls are authorizing and others are being instructed in the former art. Of course, I could rave forever about riding. Our new stables are palatial (my roommate gave me this word—she got it from "Pauline," I guess). Road rides start soon, it's rather boring to do the "bouncing Betsy stunt" around the ring, especially when the weather is so inviting.

Why not try a few of these stunts on the Blackshirts, "Mussi," and write sometime to your old side-kick

JOSEPHINE.

P.S.—Napolean sends greetings!

J.

THE WORDSMITHS

Those who heard Dr. Barton's announcement the other morning concerning "Wordsmiths" probably have a slight conception of what the organization represents. As the only honorary literary society in the college department, it occupies a unique position.

Contrary to the conception of the majority of such organizations, the Wordsmiths do not meet to discuss contemporary literature. Instead, they stress creative work. They are interested in the original work of their members, for they were assembled for such a purpose.

Along with that they attend lectures given by prominent authors who visit Nashville. In that number last year were Edna St. Vincent Millay, Thornton Wilder and Robert Frost.

The membership is limited because of the nature of the society. Later in the year a contest will be announced explaining how entrance can be gained. The judges will be members of the English department.

The officers for this year are: Virginia Gerdi, president; Betty Lane, vice-president; Virginia Lloyd, secretary-treasurer.

AC NOTES

Girls in Miss Norris' Psych class are highly interested in their study of personality. However, many of them are highly mystified by the case of Miss Beauchamp, who was four people in one. Sympathy is expressed by the student body.

Miss Sander's New Testament course promises to be one of the most popular and instructive offered this year. The "Life of Christ," by Burton and Matthews, is used as the textbook. The chapter now being studied is one on sources of material concerning the life of Christ.

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TEA SERVED IN CLUBHOUSES

All the new girls at Ward-Belmont were entertained for Sunday night supper in the various club houses on September 21. Each new girl was definitely assigned in alphabetical order to the club houses in the following manner:

All girls whose last names began with A and part of the B's were entertained at the F. F. house. The rest of the B's and all the C's went to the A.K. house. All D's, E's and F's were received at the Agora Club. The Osirons entertained the G's and part of the H's, while the rest of the H's and all of the I's, J's and K's were at the X. L. club house. All L's and part of the M's went to the Penta Tau club and the remaining M's and all N's, O's and P's met at the Tri K house. The Del Vers received the R's and part of the S's and the remaining S's went to the T. C. club. All girls whose names began with T, U, V, W, Y, and Z were entertained at the Anti-Pan club house. The new girls were divided as evenly as possible and each club received from 35 to 40 girls.

Supper was served in buffet style at every house and all the old girls were very successful in making the newcomers feel welcome.

F. F. FROLICS

The "F. F. house has been the scene of fun and festivity all during the two weeks of rushing. The club house in itself is lovely; each day a new color scheme is carried out in candles and in flowers. There has been dancing every afternoon and the entire upstairs has been converted into a card room. The three most attractive features during rushing season were: the hours spent on the cool days around an open fire, a doll dance, and last, but not least, a tacky party. The distinctly friendly atmosphere which each new girl felt on entering the door is one reason F. F. is such a popular club.

PENTA TAU PUNCH

Many lovely entertainments have been given during the rushing season at Penta Tau. The first event was the All-Club Reception on September 24. There has been open house three afternoons, at which new students were shown through the club house and were entertained by bridge and dancing. Two of the outstanding entertainments were Collegiate, September 27, and Kid Party, September 30. On Tuesday, the last day of the rushing season, there was a dance, final open house, and a special program.

T. C. TATTLE

On Monday, September 30, Captain Kidd's "gang" went hunting for buried treasure. The treasure, a box of Ward-Belmont correspondence cards, was found by Gretchen Kolliner.

This was the theme used by the Twentieth Century Club for the party which marked the climax of their rushing season. The novelty of looking for buried treasure afforded much excitement and fun for all those present.

During rushing the T. C.'s had open-house each afternoon excepting Thursday, September 26. On each occasion the girls were entertained with dancing and bridge.

A Preference party was the feature of last week's rushing. On this occasion the girls especially enjoyed an impromptu program consisting of interpretive dancing by Virginia Sergeant and singing by Lois Stout. Virginia is a new girl and Lois is an old girl who needs no introduction.

The final event was open-house held on Tuesday, October 2.

X. L. CLUB

The end of the rushing season occurred Tuesday, October 1st, with a final Tea Dance. This event was preceded by many lovely entertainments. The first came September 23rd with an Indian Summer Tea. The club was beautifully and artistically decorated. Some of the other events were Dixie Dance, Artists' and Models' Ball, and Tea in Toyland. On September 28th, the club had Open House. Following this were the Mandarin Tea and Snowball Frolic. At most of these occasions, the guests were pleasantly entertained at either bridge, dancing, or special programs.

AGORA

Children run about the Agora house carrying dolls and animals. The Agora is having a "Kid Party." They have had open house each afternoon with bridge and dancing. Wednesday night the club had the usual Wednesday night meeting which was attended only by the old members.

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OSIRON OWLETS

The phonograph sends forth appealing strains to invite you into the Osiron club house. The followers of the owl have had informal dancing and bridge each afternoon for the new girls since rushing began. Tea was served at the club house on Sunday night, and everyone enjoyed the informality. The old girls are looking forward to welcoming the new girls into the club.

A. K. ACTIVITIES

"Oh; isn't that club house darling?" Did you notice the lovely new hangings and freshly painted furniture?" Of course we danced and really I have never seen such a stack of new records. Cards, oh my, yes, we had plenty of card playing. Really I thought that idea of "Rainbow Week" was novel. Everything carried out in the seven colors of the rainbow. They have certainly had a most successful two weeks of rushing; every new girl felt so welcome with them. Did I hear someone say "Who and where?" Why the A. K.'s at the A. K. club house, of course, and remember this, all new girls who become A. K.'s will find the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

DEL VER DOINGS

The rushing season has been especially interesting this year among the Del Vers. The active brains of the members have been working overtime devising original plans for entertaining the rushees. The first few days were spent in getting acquainted with all the new girls. Open House was held in order to make the girls familiar with the club house, the officers, and members. On Thursday of last week a Sport Dance was held for favored ones, and on the followng Saturday, bridge and dancing occupied the afternoon for new girls. Two important events occurred on Monday and Tuesday. On Monday what was called a Saylor Inn affair took place. Everything was quite novel and nautical. The Tuesday affair was scheduled as a Bowery Party. This idea was carried out in costume and action to perfection. This party terminated the annual rushing season. The next social affairs will include all the newly-acquired members of this year.

TRI K KUMBACKS

The Tri K.'s certainly did their part in entertaining the new girls during the two weeks of rushing. Monday they gave a swimming party, Thursday a Treasure Hunt, Friday a Bridge Party, Saturday a Hard Times Party and Monday a Kid Party. On the other days they held Open House and from all reports everyone had a wonderful time.

ANTI-PAN ANTICS

Among the various parties given by the Anti-Pandora club during rushing were a Gypsy Camp, a Dutch Shoe party, and a tea.

At the Gypsy Camp given Wednesday, September 25, fortunes were told by both cards and palmistry.

The girls danced and played bridge at the Dutch Shoe party Thursday, September 26.

A tea on Tuesday, October 1, was the final Anti-Pan rush party. The feature on this occasion was a program consisting of several dance and song numbers given by new girls.

THE HYPHEN BOX

(Continued from page 1)

Surely you all know where Middle March is, you know, the place where you receive letters and packages from home and elsewhere. There to the right of Miss Lester's office is a tan box inscribed with the word HYPHEN. Please, please, contribute to the cause and help us publish the paper. Let us know your ideas of news, wit, important happenings and so forth Drop in YOUR contributions.

"JERRY" WILL TAKE YOUR MONEY. DROP HER A HOUSE MAIL NOTE ENCLOSING CHECK FOR SUBSCRIPTION.

EPISCOPAL GIRLS ENTERTAINED AT TEA

Mrs. John Malone entertained the Episcopal girls of Ward-Belmont at her home in Belle Meade Monday afternoon at four o'clock. Rev. Dandridge of Christ Church received the girls and ushered them into the house, where tea was served.

The girls spent a very delightful afternoon, talking with some of the old W.-B. girls. Mrs. Malone's hospitality was truly appreciated by all those at the tea.

And then there is the one about the young scientist who discovered that the earth is like Mexico, one revolution every 24 hours.

He was only a blacksmith's son but he forged ahead.

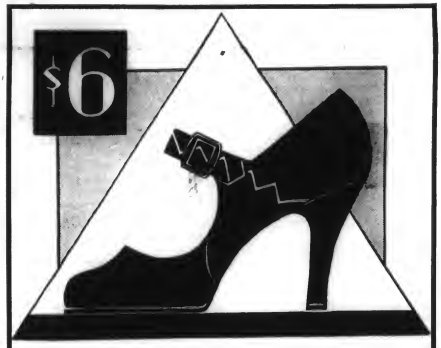
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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Thursday, Sept. 26.

Diary darlink—

We've skipped a few stitches, but from now on this will be an absolutely complete example of knitting, I hope.

Dragged me from my couch at the rakish hour of seven to array said person for breakfast. Tottered thither with no mean display of liveliness and then out, down, and up, to make my bed (lost it's station).

We—my strong personality and my weaker self—decided with one accord to interview Dean Quaid. Having my first hour off did march heroically to his office and sat me person outside his door, where I remained an hour. Anyhow had a truly swell time seeing if my tongue really would touch my nose. Dignified occupation for one of the college women of Pembroke.

Yo-Yo'ed up to Middle March when I did realize all efforts were in vain, and gained three letters through my enterprises.

Had me a quiz in English lit, of which I knew no less than naught and then librariedto enlighten the weary mind. Took up more sentinel duty outside the Quiad's place of business and was properly rewarded by two practice slips and one seance with said Dean.

To eat, with much feeling, and gamboled on the green till time for a HYPHEN meeting which I didn't remember, so to more classes. Reported to hockey with a true air of martyrdom and returned a sadder and wiser woman because of no tie and slightly soiled tennis shoes.

Rushed to the house and rushed—if you know what I mean! Then thence to soak my sins in the tub. To dine, and ate on nine more pounds (that's almost as bad as Peter Piper picked a peck, etc.).

More library and consumed six lemon drops without being observed—hey, hey! Left early, only to find Bing in the throes of Morpheus, so did me a likewise stunt, though I receive four round, big zeros tomorrow.

I hope you're good, diary, 'cause if by chance some day a little wondering soul should happen to read you—though I dub it impossible, it might help to have you witty—huh? You see, you're in a paper they put out their last dollar for—I speak for myself—and thus return from the cruel world for a few hours repose if Bing doesn't have a nightmare.

Friday, Sept. 27.

Wrote scads of letters, all day long. I do well believe in spite of some mail yesterday, that the home town has retired into seclusion or else my gala departure has departed from their minds. Maybe it grieves them to think of me as away! Bing makes me positively ill, with her four a day—or so.

Tea-roomed with our worthy club president and forsook me toil to hop with an Indiana rushie all aft. Waste of shoe leather. Got me to our room somehow after such strenuous exercise and did catch up on some lost studying. Don't you believe it. Found I had no whole hose and so did a mending act that should have surprised a dressmaker.

Was late to dinner by a margin of a few—very few—seconds. Alas, alack—I see full well a minor or major approaching! Anyhow, made up for the sorrow caused me, by arguing with my weaker points—I mean curves, as to whether we, as a body, should go and look up a required assignment at the library. The dominant spirit won and we stayed at home and ate—candy!

Found a mule gone and clumped around in one until asked by a guardian angel to take me thither lest I be reported. Did pass myself getting in the door. No more accumulations for this Belle Ward. Retired after a prolonged search for the missing article with Bing smirking at me from the bed. I do verily believe we have treason in this house.

Saturday, Sept. 28.

Took off at early noon to see the Vandy-Ole Miss. game, where I sweltered and smiled prettily at all the Beau Gests. What I really mean is, swell plays—was I right? Did almost die a spell at the cheer leader. What I want to know is—does he do the "Flippity Flop" or the "Varsity Drag" best? Our Vandy really has a team!

Home and to the house. I'm getting SO clubby. Danced me about some and then retired to the background to write a letter to the family. To Pembroke, to the tune of the dressing bell, and spurted out to dinner ere long. This is a hard life! Saw that Bancroft man in "The Wolf of Wall Street," and did firmly resolve to become a broker, if it doesn't take too long.

Did spend the rest of the eve reading over Pat's old letters. Hard times when you start that, and to bed 'mid the bedlam. Such is life in a maleless, mail-less school.

Sunday, Sept. 29.

Broke all records and nearly the neck getting to Pembroke from Middlemarch after church on account of one fat special from Pat! All but popped something loose with the excitement of it all.

Calmed me down somewhat sufficiently to eat plenty peas and chicken, but could scarce keep from dancing at the club though I did sit quietly in a corner and study. Chimed in with the chimes in rather stronger language at the interruption of my blissful reverie, but with no apparent result, so subsided myself into a different corner and Yo-Yo'ed. What rot I'm talking. Ward, keep still!

Anyhow did justice or injustice, to much chicken salad and more potato chips. Then once more to the abode to study history. By the way, did just find out I'm taking history. Bing is still smirking and her's is an evil smirk.

Was much relieved to lay me down in slumber although Bing snored and kept me awake most the night.

Monday, Sept. 30.

Took me to town this afternoon and shopped with the vengeance born to all Senior-Mids. Did purchase visions of lavender and yellow for one of our beduoirs. Note that one, please. Don't ever say we don't have aspirations. Got some records for the club and hastened home to hear Rudy Valle "Pretending"—not really, just fuzz!

Was late again for dinner. "Pardon me, it's a habit of mine." Is this a custom? Attended a little General Monitor's meeting and received one squelch and probably two minors. To the gym to drown my sorrow in noise, women and song.

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The Ups and Downs of the Mode—

Folks just roll along
—having their ups
—having their downs
—having their ups and downs which makes it a very amusing old world after all with all kinds of upside down things happening and fashion acting just like an elevator. And by the way, do you know the smart silhouette of the season? No? Well, you should come right down to LOVEMAN'S and see for yourself. We are showing the curved lines of flares and godets, instead of the straight lines of pleats and tucks. Really, it makes last year's clothes look positively antique!



THE HAT

Highbrow hats are in favor at the moment since your face is the fashion this season and all the world is going in for an open countenance But you have no idea how becoming these hats are until you try them on in LOVEMAN'S Millinery Department on the second floor. They're truly adorable!

THE WAISTLINE

High waistlines are highest in fashion being quoted at almost normal in a rising market. They have certainly moved into the mode and are playing a very conspicuous part.

THE LENGTH

Skirts are going to greater lengths. Why, knees are out of style entirely! The longer skirts are being worn on all occasions— the correct length for informal wear being two inches below the bend of the knee in the back.

THE GLOVES

Gone are the days of the short cuffed glove for they are climbing up the arms in a nonchalant manner — the flared tops crush at the wrist so attractively! LOVEMAN'S has some darling ones in the newest styles. You must come in and see them!

THE COSTUME JEWELRY

And did you know that the correct length for beads is eighteen inches. Quite a difference from the tight choker length! For evening, brilliant crystals are all the rage. LOVEMAN'S has a wide selection of the newest costume jewelry for you to choose from.

Did accompany Bing to the library, where she literally forced me to study. Looked up English references in dusty books and got properly grimy and educated. Took it upon me to leave the Hall of Fame early, so forsook the paths of knowledge and trod homeward, where I did a five-day's washing. I honestly have clean hands for the first time since September 18.

Tried studying history, but after gaining no comprehension of the first 20 pages I bent all my efforts toward getting to sleep before Bing came.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.

"Thirty days hath September," and there are only 74 more days of school.

Did spend a good part of the morn in the HYPHEN office telling Betty Lane that, but I verily believe she didn't much appreciate my attempts at joviality. Found a package slip in my box and vaguely wondered if there was some mistake. Did find much to my surprise that I did have one and rushed hence with it. However, my fond mama had forgotten even a peppermint, so sat me down and wept on one of the new hankies she had sent. Woe is me!

Gravitated to some classes and a piano lesson, for which I had no music and where I received a sound sermon on the importance of hand position. Open swimmed and took out the remnants of what wave I had. Dinnered and danced and libraried all in due course. Was somewhat disgruntled to find that the roomies' smirk was for naught and I had left the much cussed and discussed mule next door while trying on shoes.

Developed a rare case of headache and took me off to bed with aspirin. Resolved to rise early if my spirit would permit. Why do I do those things?

Wednesday, Oct. 2.

Did all but wish I was a new girl when I gazed at the excitement caused by signing for clubs. Lit on my pet rushed neck to ask her if she had signed for us. Exhibited two cartwheels, a somersault, and a Grecian dance when she said yes.

Quieted me down considerably and took in some knowledge for two periods. Then to tinkle a few mean ivories until lunch.

Got a box of candy in the afternoon mail from my fond pa. It doesn't happen often! Found myself, indeed, grateful, so sat me down and writ to the dear man. Gusto-ed my dinner and waddled to the village to discuss people. Had much pro and con speech on proposed members and vetoed and agreed myself hoarse. Stayed home and celebrated my getting all my lessons and I hope the surprise doesn't wreck the class periods. Did fall to sleep in a fit of exhaustion—the strain of such mental concentration is far too great. I comfort myself with the thought that it doesn't happen often.

SUBSCRIBE FOR A HYPHEN NOW!

FACULTY TEA GIVEN BY DR. AND MRS. BLANTON

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton entertained the members of the faculty at the annual faculty tea held last Wednesday afternoon from four to six o'clock in the drawing rooms and Recreation Hall. In the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Barton, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Benedict.

Autumn flowers were in profusion throughout the drawing rooms and Recreation Hall, while specimen dahlias were placed in large baskets around the rooms. A trio furnished the music for the afternoon.

At the tea table presided Mrs. Solon E. Rose and Miss Pauline S. Townsend.

Y.W.C.A. GIVES FIRST MOVIE

Through the liberality of the Y. W., the student body was entertained at a picture show in chapel Thursday evening, September 19. The auditorium was a riot of hilarity—new girls eager to know more about Ward-Belmont and old girls assured of a pleasant evening.

Preceding the "movie" itself, a program consisting of four numbers was presented by members of the student body. There was Gayle Hinton singing her "blues" songs. Betty Lane took us back to "the wild open spaces" with a cowboy dance—gun an' everything. Mildred Shaefer and Sue Yaeger sang a duet, and our dusky friends, Sambo and Rastus, in the person of Dorothy Black, violin, and Lois Stout, piano, played two numbers.

The "movie" itself was a comedy entitled "Take me Home," with Bebe Daniels as the star. An added feature was the Paramount News.

D. BLACK AND B. GILLIS FETED

On September 30 at six-fifteen o'clock at table No. 68 in the little dining room occurred the first of a series of delightful birthday dinners.

The honor guests were Dorothy Black and "Bunny" Gillis, suitemates in Senior Hall.

The birthday table was decorated with a red roses in a silver bowl and silver candlesticks were placed at intervals around the table. The guests were the recipients of many gifts all during the day.

Those seated at the birthday table were: "Bunny" Eberhart, "Bunny" Gillis, Elberta Gooch, Lora Gillis, Betty O'Donnell, Dorothy Black, Ann Ryther and Eleanor DeWitt.

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5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

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SCHUMACHER—

Extends a cordial welcome to the young ladies of Ward-Belmont—we are very happy to have you in Nashville. A picture for some one who is missing you—wouldn't that be perfect?

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BITS ABOUT 'EM

Alumnae and Otherwise

During these first few weeks of school we've had many campus visitors who were old girls. They returned to greet some of their old friends, look the campus over, note the many improvements, and relieve some of those first days they experienced when they were in school.

An early visitor shortly before the beginning of school, was Mrs. A. L. Straus, Jr. (Sonona Meyers '21), of Greenville, S. C., and on September 16, who should appear but Mrs. R. C. Heldt (Dorothy Cockrum '21), who is living now at Daytona Beach, Fla. Along came Helen Searcy '29, to look the land over several days ago and, of course, Ruthe Donahoo '29, drove up in style in a Nashville roadster flaunting many things to the breeze.

At Mrs. Charlie's table one night last week were Mrs. R. E. Giddens (Dona Dean ex. '24), of Carrollton, Ky., and Thelma Feness, of Covington, Ky. Mrs. Charlie had them join the alumnae association, for which we thank her from the bottom of our hearts. "Neisler" '29, now a Peabodyite, strolled around here on September 29, to look us over. She tells us that she just can't do without her HYPHEN, and that we should send it to Box 326, Peabody College, Nashville. Bringing her young sister, Vilma Tietzen, to Ward-Belmont this fall came Claudine '27, to gaze upon the campus once again. She was enroute to visit Mrs. W. L. Tietzen (Marian Leighton ex '27) and her brother in Americus, Ga. And then there came Vera Anderson '29, bringing in her wake her young sister, Gladys, who, like Vilma Tietzen, enrolled this fall. On September 30, amidst much noise, shouting, and great hazahas arrived Susie Jones '29. And Susie, just today we received a letter from your old roommate, "Sabin." Now isn't that quite a coincidence in a way?

It has been rumored that "Perry" and "Fredericks"—both '29's, are planning to drive down to see us next week. We haven't heard lately to the contrary, so we're still expecting them.

Now, let's see—it's about time to talk of the various new pledges we've been able to find out about. Jean Perry '29, pledged Alpha Chi Omega, at Indiana U., while "Toots" Wray ex '30, pledged the same thing at Madison. Erin Cook ex '30, is a Delta Gamma pledge at S. M. U., Dallas, and Eleanor Perkins ex '30, is a Theta pledge there also. "Nat" Hines '29, and Helen Feller '29, pledged Kappa, at the University of Kansas, while Ruth Welty '29, went Pi Phi. At Oklahoma, Dorothy Detrick ex '30, pledged Theta, and at Kansas U., Margaret Freeman pledged Pi Phi. Word has been received from the University of Tennessee that Lily Meadors '27, has been made president of the A. O. Pi's at that school. In a note from Velma Jones '26 and a postgraduate in '27, she tells us that there are eight Ward-Belmont girls in the Kappa house at Oklahoma. The new Kappa pledges there are: Margaret Holtzendorf '29, Hilma Lee Eklund ex '29, Sara Boswell '29, Ann Earle French '27, Katherine Maxwell ex '29, Mildred Hutson ex '29, and Eunice Brooks '29. Ann Dorsey Hodgdon '29, Theta, Washington University, while at Kansas, Pearl Swinson '29, went Alpha Chi Omega, and Thelma Hart '29, pledged Chi Omega. Marjorie Oleson ex '30, pledged Kappa at Boulder. At Madison, Frances Burgess '29, and Betty Schmidtbauer '29, pledged Theta.

In a letter to Mary Elisabeth Cayce, president of the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association, Margaret D. Meyer '26, writes for a membership in the alumnae association. Bless her heart. She just returned from a summer in Europe and this fall is teaching Art and Auditorium (Play Production) in the high school in Saginaw, Mich.

"Pat" Elbel ex '30, has written for a HYPHEN subscription. Isn't that noble? Poor "Pat struggled with this sheet all last year and we think her extremely brave to voluntarily write for a subscription. We can't thank her enough. In this letter asking for a HYPHEN, she jammed in some news about herself—so here goes! Friend Patricia was all bedecked with new clothes ready to depart for school when she turned her brown eyes onto a newspaper office. School stopped, the presses ceased to run, tabloids filled the news sheets, and "Pat" is now on the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, writing society, obituary, and features. Now see what starts in life one can get from working in the HYPHEN office!

Margaret Scullin '29, and "Libbie" Loar '29, are roommates at Texas U. Their address is 2106 Nueces St., Austin, Texas. Help! Help!

We beg your pardon in a most gallant and humble manner for inviting Rose Morrison '27, to come back and visit us and help us with rushing. Since we invited Rose we have learned that she is at the present in Europe. We take the invitation back. We want her to visit us when she returns from her prolonged tour of the Continent.

Peg Corwin received a letter from Susan Graham Erwin '29, a few days ago, telling of the latter lady's activities during the spring, summer, and fall. We are of the opinion that they will continue throughout the winter. Anyway, Susan's having a glorious time staying at home this year, dancing, playing, and gamboling on the green.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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MILESTONES PICTURE TAKEN ON CAMPUS

Studio on Third Floor Kirkpatrick

Ward-Belmont is to have its own photographer located on the campus this year. Ruth Clarke, from Stanford, Iowa, will take all pictures for the annual, working from an advantageous base in Kirkpatrick. Her studio will occupy the top floor, and by October 15 will be an organized part of the school. This was learned early today from Dr. Barton.

Miss Clarke is a photographer of no little ability, and has long specialized in "action" pictures. She will be remembered from last year as having taken "shots" of the campus and school departments for the 1929 Milestones. No longer will the school cars be kept busy taking girls back and forth from the Thuss Studio. This year all that is necessary is for the girls to step across to Kirkpatrick and the event is over. This is a saving of time and trouble, and will eliminate a great deal of delay and confusion. Just watch the bulletin board for your name and when it is posted go and have your picture taken without argument.

Ward-Belmont is very proud of its first photographer on the campus and wishes Miss Clarke the greatest success for her new studio.

STATE CLUBS ORGANIZE

The Missouri club gave a tea for all of the girls from that state at the T. C. clubhouse, Friday afternoon, October 4. Since the purpose of the tea was to acquaint the members, each girl introduced herself, telling what town she was from. The girls chatted and danced until refreshments were served. Tea consisted of cheese sticks, chocolate cakes and candies.

Mrs. Quaid served tea to the Oklahoma girls on Sunday afternoon, October 6, from 3:30 to 5 o'clock. The girls gathered in the Quaid apartment in order to become acquainted with each other, meet Mrs. Quaid, their sponsor, and Alice Meyer, their president. Refreshments consisted of sandwiches, tea and little cakes.

The Kentucky girls had a short meeting in Senior hall Saturday afternoon. The object was to become better acquainted before they thoroughly organize.

MR. AND MRS. ROSE ENTERTAIN AT TEA

All members of the Ward-Belmont orchestra were entertained at tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rose, on Sunday, October 6. About forty girls were received between the hours of five-thirty and seven. Private cars conveyed the girls from the violin studio.

The new girls greatly enjoyed visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Rose's beautiful home and found Mrs. Rose a charming hostess.

HINTS TO NEW GIRLS

1. There is no dating without a chaperone.
2. Sing Ward-Belmont songs lustily on the campus to show you have the right school spirit.
3. A signed check book and a copy of the HYPHEN is all the literature you will need.
4. Never shine your shoes and keep your hair as ruffled as possible.

FIRST OF FINE ARTS SERIES NOV. 11

Arthur Hackett, Tenor, To Appear

The Fine Arts Series, brought under the management of Mrs. Kenneth Rose, will give its first appearance of the year at the Little Theatre on November 11 when Arthur Hackett, tenor, will appear in recital. Mr. Hackett is a member of the famous Hackett family of musicians. He has recently returned to the American concert field after an absence of nearly three years in Europe where he appeared with the Lamoureux Orchestra and an extended tour of the British Isles.

On December 2 the London String Quartet, the greatest string quartet in the world, will appear also at the Little Theatre. It consists of John Pennington, first violin; Thomas Petre, second violin; H. Waldo Warner, viola; and C. Warwick Evans, cello. They have made seven transcontinental tours of the United States and Canada, and have visited Honolulu twice. There are over 150 London appearances to their credit, three tours of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Spain, have played in France and Holland seven times, and made two extensive tours of South America. The quartet is the epitome of fine musicianship, each artist being a poet of string music, and their concert is looked forward to with eager anticipation.

Nikolai Orloff, the celebrated Russian pianist, will make his initial appearance in Nashville in February. He has been touring Russia, Germany, and Central Europe; he has made several tours of England, playing in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and he has appeared many times in Paris in concerts. As an artist of the first rank his appearance is heralded with delight by all lovers of good music.

This is the second season that Mrs. Rose has presented the Fine Arts Series. Artists appearing on the program are internationally known and the recitals given are unusually fine. All those interested in securing tickets please see Mrs. Rose in her studio.

KENNETH ROSE TO GIVE RADIO CONCERT

Heard Over Station WSM

Kenneth Rose, director of the school of violin at the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, and Hazel Coate Rose, instructor in the school of piano at the Conservatory are giving a series of radio recitals over WSM 650—461.3, National Life and Accident Insurance Co., Nashville. Their first concert of this season will be on October 17 from 10:00 to 10:30 o'clock, Central Standard time.

The program will be as follows:

Violin.
Schersando from Spanish Symphony ..... *Lalo*
Kenneth Rose

Violin.
Souvenir ..... *Drdla*
Mignonette ..... *Friml*
Valse Bluette ..... *Drigo*
Kenneth Rose

Piano
En Batteau ..... *Zeckwer*
Minstrels ..... *Debussy*
Hazel Coate Rose

Violin
Airs Ruse ..... *Wieniawski*
Kenneth Rose

Both Mr. and Mrs. Rose have appeared over the radio in concerts quite frequently, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that their listeners will learn of their continuing with their radio broadcasting recitals.

W. B. ORCHESTRA ELECTS OFFICERS

Will Give Two Concerts This Year

The Ward-Belmont Orchestra, which has been for many years under the direction of Kenneth Rose, director of the school of voice of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, recently elected officers for the coming year. They are: President, Dorothy Black; vice-president, Emma Jean Willis; secretary, Amelia Baskerville; treasurer, Annie K. Dunn; and librarian, Madeline Blackman.

The orchestra this year will give two concerts in the place of one as they have before given. The first will take place in February and the second in May. Both will be given in the school auditorium.

Besides many new members coming from the boarding department, there are several new town members. Mr. Otis Dressler, formerly of the Nashville Symphony, is concert master. Also of the Nashville Symphony is Mr. Baldes, first clarinet; Mr. Cady, first trumpet; Mr. Hahn, viola; and Mrs. Milton Cook and Mrs. J. H. Hite, violins. Those boarding students who are members of the orchestra are: Edith Jones, Juanita Morphew, Lucille Wallin, Naomi Saip, Margaret Montgomery, Allison Saxe, Sue Yeager, Katherine Dunn, Katherine Teitjen, Malavon Dennis, Mary Pittman, Dorothy Black, Rose Flentye, Harriet Graybill, and Emma Jean Willis.

Mr. Rose has outlined a very ambitious program for the year and reports quite a great deal of talent in this years' orchestra. Some of the best members for the string and wood and wind instruments come from the boarding department both in numbers and in quality. A very heavy schedule is being planned. The first practice was held last Monday evening at 7:00 o'clock in the chapel, and practices will continue to be held there and at the same time.

NEW GIRLS NOW BELONG TO CLUBS

Everyone has the desire to belong; to be able to say this is my club. After Wednesday night, which is club initiation night, each girl will start entering into her own club life. Club village on initiation night is a scene of candlelight and solemnity. One by one each girl, dressed in white is led in to pledge her loyalty to her club sisters and to the ideals of her club. From each club house comes the refrain of a pledge song. Then the solemnity is broken; revelry breaks forth. The new members now belong and enter into the fun. After many "good-nights," each girl goes to her room feeling that now she really is a part of the organization of Ward-Belmont.

SCANDAL!

Shekels! Rupees! Drachmas! Have you any? Never mind, borrow some from your friends. And subscribe to the HYPHEN! Huzza! Raising of dust! Learn about yourself and your enemy. Since your best friends won't tell you, read it. Make a memorandum to lay aside one dollar, (two fifty cent pieces) in order to buy a year's subscription to the HYPHEN. Positively the most low-down dirt passed out since the returning of the exam papers. This paper will be treasured by one, many and all, and will serve as a bookmark in your diary of broken-hearted angle worms.

GLEE CLUB MAKES PLANS FOR YEAR

Voice Tests Given Next Week

The Glee Club, under the direction of Stetson Humphrey, director of the school of voice at the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, has many plans for this year and these include social plans as well. The club has already selected the music that they are to work on and practices will begin immediately. Voice tests to choose the new girls for the club are to be given next week.

The officers of the club are:

President, Mildred Shaefer; first vice-president, Helen Grizzard (day student representative); second vice-president, to be chosen from new girls; secretary-treasurer, Alice Meyer.

BIRTHDAY DINNERS START FRIDAY

Every girl whose birthday comes in the school months is a guest of honor at a birthday dinner given sometime during that month in the private dining room of the school. These dinners are held two or three times a month and are given by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton.

Usually there are about twenty-two people present. Either Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, or Mr. and Mrs. Benedict act as host and hostess. Mrs. Rose and Miss Irvin are usually there also.

Invitations are sent to all the girls whose birthdays are to be celebrated by Mrs. Blanton and they are expected to reply. Mrs. Rose has charge of the parties. The flowers, menus, and decorations are used according to the season of the year.

STUDENTS SELECT HYMN FOR W. B.

A hymn which will be the traditional hymn of Ward-Belmont was voted on Wednesday, October 9, by the students.

Mr. Humphrey suggested that we glean from our knowledge a hymn which we would recommend in all seriousness as a permanent Ward-Belmont, and one which will bring out a point of sentiment; not sentimentality.

In giving the girls a little history of hymns Mr. Humphrey told us how music as language dates back to the Greeks; the *Te Deum*, by St. Ambrose of the fourth century, which is today in the original Latin form is the most famous. Martin Luther began the hymns of today in the Reformation Period. The most noted of his hymns is *Ein' Feste Burg*.

I'M THE GINKETTE

I'm the ginkette who kicks about the way the school is run. Of course I realize that everything in the school can't be perfect, but I grumble continually about the poor enforcement of school laws and regulations. That I make little effort to observe them myself does not matter, though I realize I do not set a very good example for new girls. I fuss because so few girls bother to vote when elections are held; of course I didn't vote myself but I had a good book to read that day and couldn't wait till another time to finish the last chapter. I am so sorry the best girl didn't get the place. I knock the school to outsiders, for effect I must admit; it isn't true, but it gives me something to talk about. If everyone were like me, we would have a perfect school.

Frocks with the Zest of Youth and Fall

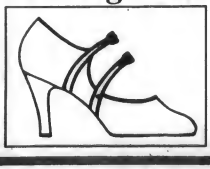
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THE EAGLE FEATHER

War Is Hell

("*War is Hell,*" by Rebecca Ainsworth, won first place in Quill and Scroll Contest, first place in Tri-State Fair Contest, was placed second by the Texas High School Press Association. Her story was published in "The Best Creative Work in American High Schools, 1928-29." Miss Ainsworth is now a Senior Middle at Ward-Belmont.—Editor's Note.)

"The road crept furtively through patches of starved, gaunt tree-skeletons lifting maimed and pitiful arms in supplication toward a blank and merciless heaven, jolted and bumped over staring, shell-torn areas, slipped and slid through oceans of oozing, dark mud, hurried past small hills covered with lonely white crosses, stumbled fearfully through ghostly, desolate villages, and pulled up exhaustedly before the quarters of a division commander in a village "somewhere in France."

Dan and Sherry, grub-truck drivers most ordinary, somewhere along the first few miles of the road, swore wholeheartedly in unison. And with good reason.

"Five miles from home an' mother," groaned Dan, "and absolutely minus transportation. Grub truck and grub gone off into the hereafter; fire-eatin' division commander at one end of the road an' ragin' supply-sergeant at the other." He signed. "A cold, crool woild, Sherry."

A shell zoomed through the air and burst a little to the right with a sullen boom. The sharp bark of machine guns sounded faintly in the distance.

Sherry looked morosely at the total loss, formerly a truck, which had undergone serious alterations only a few moments before. It was beyond redemption. Where the engine should have been was a smoking cavity, and little jets of fire were feeding hungrily on the leather of the upholstering.

"Big boy," he counseled, "I got a hunch one of them billy-doos from the Jerries triflin' around my mortal remains would sorta cramp my style. Let's you and I begin to pick 'em up and lay 'em down. Maybe we might not get into no hole so vectmont next time!"

Both men started apprehensively as the whir of another shell came sizzling through the air overhead, and Sherry landed in the ditch with Dan a close second. When the shower of dirt and rocks was over they emerged and set off earnestly without further parley; object—to place distance between themselves and the district under fire.

After a time they came to a halt, not because they were no longer afraid, but because of sheer inability to run any longer. Sherry, taking belated thought of their destination, panted, "Now where? Don't reckon yuh observed where yuh was headin' for when yuh started off scatterin' y'self over the landscape so sudden—didja?"

(To be continued next issue)

Mercy Rose

Mercy Rose walks down the street,
Clad in proper gray.
All around her slender feet
Sun and shadow play.
Firm her bonnet-strings are tied,
Yet they gaily dance,
Just a bit her footsteps glide,
Then she drops her glance.
Mercy Rose is on her way
To the morning prayers.
But in heart's desire today
She mounts other stairs.

—*Elizabeth Lee Haynes, '29.*

From "Napoleon"

"Nine years after the Emperor's death, the Bourbon dynasty is overthrown, and the Orleans monarchy is established. The new king knows how strong the Bonapartists are, and he orders the statue of Napoleon, which fifteen years before had been removed, shall be replaced on the Vendome column. When Jerome brings his bedridden mother these tidings, she has a renewal of health and is able to leave her bed. For the first time after a long interval she makes her way into the drawing room, and her blind eyes turn towards the bust of her son, Napoleon. She says in a toneless voice:

"Once again the Emperor is in Paris."

—*Emil Ludwig.*

A New Anthology

At last has been discovered the poetry lovers' paradise. Mark Van Doren, with his "Anthology of World Poetry, has given to the public as near a complete collection of typical selections from various nations ever compiled. Its scope is so wide as to contain the poetry from the thirty-fifth century B.C., to the twentieth century A.D., and covering in space from China and Japan, around through India, Persia, Arabia, Palestine, Egypt, Greece, and Rome to Europe and America.

Mr. Van Doren says in the Preface of this great book: This is an anthology of the world's best poetry in the best English I could unearth." The first of the poems are Chinese, and their cunning wit in writing poetry has been the delight of thousands of people. These poems contain wisdom undefiled and philosophy old as time.

In the Italian section are sonnets by many noted writers including the immortal Giovanni Boccaccio, whose poems have thrilled the world with their spectacular beauty.

You who have thought Latin a dead language, read, and discover the suppleness of the Latins; their moods, their whims, their ability in making one live over these ancient times.

Then there is that great collection of Biblical poetry by the Hebrews, the first poets in the world. New interest is aroused in the stories of the Bible when they are interpreted in this manner.

Lastly, the final fifty-eight pages are devoted to the great American poets, from Longfellow to Millay, in a wonderful galaxy of loveliness.

Mark Van Doren has given to the world one of the greatest collections of the time; and one which may be read and enjoyed by all classes; materialists, idealists, and the common every-day man.

Debt

What do I owe to you
Who loved me deep and long?
You never gave my spirit wings
Or gave my heart a song.

But, oh, to him I loved
Who loved me not at all,
I owe the little gate
That led through heaven's walls.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

I'll walk where my own spirits will be leading,
It vexes me to choose another guide."

—*Emily Bronte.*

CAFETERIA AND TEA-ROOM COMBINED

Among the important changes taking place this year is the combining of the tea room and the cafeteria. The Typewriting class, formerly located in the Hudson building, has been moved to the room occupied by the cafeteria.

"This arrangement is a great improvement over last year's method," states Mrs. Cavanaugh. "This way the two forces are combined in a much more efficient manner, and our work is a great deal easier."

A large storeroom is being constructed and the kitchen is undergoing several changes. The two dining rooms are thrown together, thus making a more attractive and conservative situation.

GOLD FISH PERFECT PETS

The desire for a pet has become popular among a number of the students of Ward-Belmont. This common wish has been satisfied at Kress' in the form of gold fish. Imagine Tom, Dick, and Harry's surprise if they knew of their delightful namesakes!

"Goldfish are ideal pets," replied one of these enthusiastic students when questioned why she had made such a purchase. "They eat only once every other morning, need only one bath a week and are such timid little creatures, they don't disturb anyone. Best of all they are such precious little things to love."

Francia Faust and Virginia Gerdl have four delightful fish—"Hamlet," "Ophelia," "Romeo," and "Juliet." Hamlet has a black and gold coat while Juliet is ugly and speckled, and the others are just fish.

Virginia Showalter and Virginia Stranburg have a distant cousin of "Hamlet" and "Ophelia" for their pet. It is Tim, the Turtle. Tim is very venturesome and before Virginia put him in a big box she was always finding him curled up in one of her shoes. Now, however, with frost in the air, Tim is hibernating.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY

On the Ward-Belmont European Party

August 15, 1929.

Reached Oxford via bus about 6 P. M.

"Now, girls, the next place we will visit will be Oxford, the city of spires." These were the words that greeted us as we boarded the bus at the White Hart Hotel at Windsor. None of us were particularly interested in this until we heard the "homes of thousands of men," but Miss Ross immediately dampened our spirits by quickly adding, "but girls, they are all gone now, and there are none left but the Rhodes scholars and the ancient."

After passing through the lovely English countryside we arrived in Oxford in time for a six o'clock dinner. If you could have heard the "ohs" and the "ahs" as a gentleman appeared in our midst—he was none other than Mr. Esterbrook, dean of Colgate, in United States, and a former Rhodes scholar whom we had met on the boat.

We wondered why we were awakened so early; we soon discovered—there were 26 colleges to visit, each of which was a separate institution.

We "did" Exeter more thoroughly than any other as this was our guide's Alma Mater. We even saw the boy's suites and how we did wish that we could transport them to Ward-Belmont with only one exception—running water. As we had spent so much time in Exeter we did not visit all the others as they are all built on the same plan, namely: the colleges are built around a quadrangle or courtyard and are perfectly beautiful. That of St. John's is the most beautiful rock garden in the world. Each has a chapel, some of which are quite beautiful, especially the altar pieces. Of course, each has a mess hall and, as our friend, Mr. Easterbrook, said, "In the manner in which we live there are three vegetables, cabbages, potatoes, cabbages."

And their rules! You may think W.-B. strict, but listen to this! The gates are closed at 9 o'clock and there is a progressive fine for each hour that the boys are out up until midnight. If they are out after midnight they are automatically shipped. What a life!

A few brave souls venture to Oxford and occupy St. May's Hall. They are only to be scanned by professors and students and their only form of amusement is punting on the River Isis.

Perhaps you are wondering why this is called the City of Spires. As we were leaving the homes of so many famous men we saw outlined against the horizon Big Tom, the tower of Christ Church, the largest school in the country. This contrasted sharply with the small spire of Pembroke.

Diary of Mistress Belle Ward

Thursday, October 3.

Diary, my pen child:

Sewed nigh all day on curtains for the abode and found my only reward in cracks, slightly soiled, as to the size of my stitches. Industry doesn't pay, I verily quoth!

Weakened t'ward sundown and strode to Middlemarch for mail, of which I found none. Did faint dead away with surprise and was carried thither till dinner. Ate me a hearty meal in recognition of the fact that tomorrow is Friday, and thus fish.

Payed a visit to Senior, where I gossiped with one of the pillers, and then was regally escorted to gym, a spell.

Libraried amid the sneesing, coughing population. Did wrest awhile with some stubborn English, but decided it was useless so read some Thomas Hardy for the rest of the eve. A woeful waste of time!

Friday, October 4.

Do honestly believe the sun has found, in some Chinese planet, the wandering spirit of a long lost relation and has completely forgotten us. Sallied forth smelling like a tire factory, and much more disagreeable in mind. Oh has a tire factory a mind? Not that it matters.

Typed madly at the HYPHEN's place of business and got two cakes in the bargain.

Out for hockey again and found that even a correct costume doesn't help my plight. Do firmly believe that it was Cayce made such a cutting jib about getting a tennis racquet if I couldn't keep my stick on the ground. Flung myself on the ground and wept and where every tear fell the grass died, because of the bitter sorrow of the drops. Wake up, girl, it's seven o'clock.

Found a letter in the room for me. Bing must have waxed thoughtful and remembered my combination, for a change. Backpatting and a few handclasps.

Tearoomed on my last sou and returned home a pauper. It's a good thing words are cheap, or I never could afford you, daily doings.

To bed upon return, with surprising alacrity. The one class tomorrow intrigues my spirit with naught but disgust.

Saturday, October 5.

I toiled not—neither did I spin. Unless mending a few unruly and quite unnecessary hose is a form of the gentle art of spinning. Gathered mountains of mail from my box, but soon tired of reading so threw the rest away. Yes, Mrs. Ritzard Astorbilt Gotrocks speaking!

Clubbed for the first time since rushing ceased and danced all afternoon. Found a stray tea ball and thus had me a cup in good old English style. No sugar, however. Then with Bing to hear my pet piece, which our club hasn't.

There being nary an extra minute we didn't dress for dinner but went "as was." Then to see that heavenly Arlen person in "The Man I Love"—who wouldn't? Sang myself hoarse, to the joy of the rest of the audience nearby, and then had to subside. I should have mentioned that this conflicts with a previous statement, but I borrowed twenty cents. There now, stop being personal! Thus to bed, after writing a letter or-two.

Sunday, October 6.

Off to church via street car and after a few lusty hymns and more good sermon, brought me home to a marvelous dinner. Such a dinner! Me mind fails!

Wandered aimlessly about like a lost spirit and did visit all the true and beautiful friends.

Dined in good time and to vespers, where I felt sure I got me name took. 'Tis such a cruel world.

To Pembroke, where we became hilarious until quiet hour. Then studied with due industry and I fane believe I'll get an "A" or two on the morrow—I believe so. Received a special from the family with a check. Hooray—all things come to him who waits.

Took me to the Land of Nod on my silken divan and "dreamed sweet dreams of you."

Monday, October 7.

Our Yo-Yo is dead! Not the game, please understand, but something indefinitely more touching! One of the three pet goldfish we had. He was floating on top this morning, after having laid down his life in the cause of decorating our window sill. Obituary notice and date of funeral will be posted on the bulletin board in Middlemarch.

Was a deal griefstricken and wept my way through three classes and a lab period. Yo-Yo was more than fish to me. He was half a dollar gone wrong!

Tried to drown my depression and bereavement, but Bing said she couldn't live without me, so refrained.

Choked down a hearty meal and went to bed early, studying being impossible as my eyes were swimming in tears. Was reported by one of Zeus' good chilluns because my sobs shook the hall. Slept none, but conquered my feelings sufficiently before sunup. Forgot to go to chapel monitor's meeting because of our great loss. Wonder if Scotchie will believe that!

Tuesday, October 8.

What, no mail!

Spent all morn setting the wig so as to give the girls a treat. I think I'll let it grow—and then again on the other hand—maybe I won't!

Did wish with vigor for the club lists, but the horizon was blank, as I was all day.

Got me a note from Mrs. Armstrong and just laughed 'n laughed 'cause I knew all the time I hadn't skipped any classes. Found with shame that I had been late to Lit. My memory seems to have left with the old mind.

Celebrated the fact that I had some money by purchasing, after much thought, a lollypop! Registered glee and took me to dinner, the library, and home again before the evening was o'l.

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Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

In a simple but direct talk in chapel on Monday Mr. Humphrey made a suggestion that will affect everyone who has any connection with Ward-Belmont. A hymn—a super-hymn is to be chosen by the student body that will be representative of Ward-Belmont. This gives us an intimation of the importance and wide-spread appeal the final "choice" will have, not only for Ward-Belmont girls now, but also for the alumnae and the classes of the future.

Down through history hymns have been beautiful, rythmically impressive work, created and effected through man's innate sense of beauty, and through his eternal striving toward a higher life and a spiritual kinship with God. Think, then of the significance of a Ward-Belmont hymn. It will be an outward symbol of the best that is in us. It will be our lyric-prayer. It will stand as the culmination of our united efforts to choose hymn representative of the best side of Ward-Belmont girls.

It is a large task to attempt, but the goal is so great and so much to be desired that the tediousness is belittled. Let it be a definite step upward in our lives at Ward-Belmont.

PLANS MADE FOR 1930 ANNUAL

First Meeting of Milestones Staff

The first official meeting of the Milestones staff was held Sunday evening after vespers in the Hyphen and Milestones office, and plans were laid for the 1930 annual. A much better plan for taking pictures for this year's annual has been decided upon. This year the photographer will come to the school. The girls are urged to listen for announcements in chapel concerning appointments for their pictures; to look for notices on the bulletin board and also to be sure and keep these appointments once they have been made.

The members of the Milestone staff who met Sunday night were:

"Bunny" Eberhart, editor-in-chief; Betty Seager, associate editor; Elberta Gooch, business manager; Virginia Gerdl, library editor; Adalyne Sherwood, art editor.

WORDSMITHS TO HAVE CLUB ROOM

The Wordsmiths are going to have a club room! The members, in twos, have been searching the campus for an atmospheric spot in which the glimmering genius may shine forth and become a steady light. The bell tower was considered, but we feared the music would chase away the literary muse; so now we are searching the attics of the various houses about the campus. We want a place that will be truly ours; where we can go when we wish and write as the mood (for we have them) and spirit dictate. We hope to have the room found, furnished and ready for the new members. So please start writing now and have several things ready for the contest which will open soon. We want to welcome you to our club room.

THE WORLD OVER

Hoover is to make Washington a dry model for other cities.

Since the American freight bills are more than $600,000,000 annually, James W. Good suggests that we build a large number of inland canals to defray in part this huge expense.

A big tax reduction is suggested by Secretary Mellon.

A new discovery has been made which enables airplane pilots to fly in the densest fog with the absolute assurance of a safe landing. This is done through instruments on the control board.

Fort Worth has the lowest death rate in the State of Texas. One per individual is about as low as they can get in Dallas.

In many Eastern countries we read that it is the correct thing to remove the shoes before entering a house. Many late husbands have unknowingly been copying the customs of the East for a long time.

Since last July it has been illegal to use the Arabic alphabet in Turkey. The Latin alphabet has been substituted for the old one.

A new automobile has been invented, one that has no clutch or gear shift. It is run by gasoline and electricity and has a quick pick-up and fast speed on hills.

The largest attempt at television transmitting the "lay of the land" during an airplane flight to picture receiving sets in offices, homes or other places.

ARE YOU TOO FAT?

Are you too fat, or do you only think you are? Do you talk about dieting just to hear someone tell you that your figure is "cute" and "just right?" Be honest, now, and admit that you could stand a little weight instead of losing some. Of course I don't mean everyone, because nine times out of ten the girl who needs to reduce is the one who eats the most at the table and visits the tea-room the most frequently.

Antoinette Donnelly says: "Who can look her best with drawn cheeks, haggard eyes and a scalp drained of oils that furnish health and gloss to the hair, sallow and blemished skin? . . Many of the young reducing faddists have acquired the no-breakfast habit or relying on a cup of coffee to see them through the morning. Three meals a day are needed to build a physique and to sustain one through the twenty-four hour stretch."

"Yes," you say, "but I'm gaining so much weight. I have to reduce. My family won't let me in the house if I don't." "Reduce" is all right, but to stop eating entirely is all wrong. A diet of vegetables and fruits is good if you stick to it. But to eat nothing at the table and then to go to the tea-room or to eat on the sly is fooling no one but yourself. The "in-between" count up more than regular meals. Regular, consistent dieting wins every time. If you are absolutely sure that you must reduce see a doctor or nurse and have a proper diet prescribed; then follow it. And may I add that you will lose almost all of the weight you gain here almost as soon as you get home.

Do you know that "A Modern Comedy," the companion book to "A Forsyte Sara" is in the rental section of the library? It is the "White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," and "Swan Song," which were at first published separately.

The library now has the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannia in fourteen volumes. It contains everything in condensed form. Read it and weep!

IMPRESSIONS

Florence Miller—Sophistication—moonlight on a marble bench—orange sherbet in a tall frosted glass—smart luggage covered with foreign stickers —"Vogue" and Harpers."

Peg Corwin—Golden sunshine on tawny hair—low-slung roadsters—crisp fall days—long-legged dolls perched on green pillows—wailing saxophones and big dances.

"Bunny" Eberhart—A sail-boat, Daisy-fields—cool, shady woods—downy softness—old books—starry nights. Yankee Doodle cap with a feather in it.

"Finny" Lamar—House parties—fraternities pins—a red evening dress—chrysanthemums and football games—special delivery letters—pictures in "College Humor."

Nancy O'Connor—Jantzen bathing suits—a big glowing fire in the darkness—dew on apple blossoms early in the morning—a poem about friends —a bit of sea-foam.

KLUB CORNER

Hot dogs ran wild at the F. F. club house Saturday evening when Mary Conner served the "playful puppies" at a supper, October 6, to the following guests: Mary Catharine McConnell, Allie Watkins, Ann May, Ann Gayden, Virginia Davis, Rosa Moore, Ione Calhoun, Marceline Feltus, Maria Evans, Frances Mitchener and Mary Bostner.

Two very famous Tri-K club members and two equally notorious T. C. club members made up a foursome for breakfast at the T. C. club house, Sunday morning, October 6. The quartet is popularly known as "Dotty" Pinson, O'Donnell, "Bunny" Gillis and "Bunny" Everhardt.

The X. L. club house was the scene of a lively dinner Saturday, October 5, with Virginia Lloyd, Geraldine Manson, Margaret Yoder, Helen Greene, Ruth Petersen, Ann Ryther and Florence Sellwood.

The Anti-Pan (frying?) club house provided the scene and eight girls provided the appetites for breakfast on Sunday morning, October 6. The eight were: Mary Jane Rowe, Irene Cochran, Dorothy Burdette, Jane Rayburn, Helen Bonker, Jane Donker, Betty Seager and Kathryn Seager.

"Twenty people for breakfast" is not a cannibal's slogan, but merely the number who met at the Del Ver club house for breakfast on Sunday, October 6. This unusually long list included Elizabeth Ashbury, Betty Johnson, Eleanor Townsend, Gail Hunt, Peggy Wallace, Dorothy Steubel, Helene Sweeney, Isabel Bauman, Dorothy Hockey, Gladys Anderson, Mary Knight and Betty Williams.

RESULTS OF CLUB RUSHING

OSIRON CLUB—NEW MEMBERS

Virginia Barr, Lola Bacon, Roberta Carroll, Anne Colvard, Kathryn Cunningham, Carolyn Decker, Cora Nell Fundis, Adeline Hawkins, Hope Guenther, Dorothy Glenn, Sarah Belle Glover, Virginia Gardner, Betty J. Gaston, Eloise Hawkins, Lillian Goldstein, Daphne Horner, Florence Hoffman, Margaret Hays, Tomasine Horton, Lillie Lee, Alice Lasater, Charlie Merrell, Theran McFarland, Sallie Prope, Katherine Mitchell, Dorna Oviatt, Dorothy Rose, Marjorie Stevens, Vera Schlenker, Sue Schafer, Janet Spann, Dorothy Spurr, Evelyn Ulmann, Catherine Whelan, Helen Warmath.

F. F. CLUB—NEW MEMBERS

Isabel Bauman, Warrene Barber, Marguerite Boomhower, Marian Davis, Virginia Davis, Louise Dills, Maria Evans, Marcelline Feltus, Dorothy Gourley, Elizabeth Hawkins, Helen Hart, Dorothy Hockey, Florence Hurston, Ann Gayden, Gail Hunt, Betty Johnson, Helen Knight, Alice Kirkpatrick, Betty Lyons, Mary Carolyn McCoy, Lois May, Ann May, Frances Mitchener, Mary Frances Pope Jeanette Peak, Clara Grace Peck, Mary Pray, Dorothy Pfeifer, Mary E. Morgan, Elizabeth Richmond, Jane Rayburn, Helen Sellers, Franchon Saylor, Marian Silverman, Betty Taylor, Martha Walker, Allie Watkins, Lucile Warner.

DEL VER CLUB—NEW MEMBERS

Elizabeth Ashbury, Amelia Barlow, Sue Barton, Lucille Beazley, Glen Bogue, Eleanor Browne, Arlene Crissman, Helen Doran, Marjorie Eipper, Julia Ford, Jean Gibbs, Emmy Lou Gurthoffer, Judy Hughes, Eunice Hill, Natalie Haspel, Geraldine Kounedy, Velma Kundert, Gretchen Kolliner, Ethel Kreiger, Pearl Lewenauer, Margaret McKenzie, Judith McCormick, Rena Morgan, Katherine Moulton, Madge Miller, Virginia Millegan, Beatrice Miller, Margaret Paris, Ruth Rymer, Cordia Redford, Ada Roach, Mary Ramsay, Cassie Royster, Allison Saxe, Jane Stripling, Marjorie Schott, Sylvia Stewart, Ann Thomas, Elizabeth Wilmot. Elizabeth Miller.

ANTI-PAN—NEW MEMBERS

Mildred Bemis, Carolyn Brooks, Nellie Capel, Josephine Cohn, Marion Cox, Virginia Diffee, Mabel Gardner, Hattie Gwaltney, Evelyn Hill, Bettey Hamilton, Elizabeth Hadley, Margaret Hughes, Winogene Lindsey, Mary P. Long, Betty Mannings, Marinelle Mitchell, Reba Maurer, Sadie Louise Morris, Jane Perking, Winogene Raynor, Virginia Ridgon, Helen Ruth, Anabel Rowe, Eleanor Sherwood, Betty Shannon, Tetty Townsend, Nancy Schumacher, Margaret Sydner, Jean Thomas, Isabel Smith, Elizabeth Shirk, Anna Bell Stokes, Genevieve Thome, Erin Vaughn, Lucile Wallin, Mildred Wiggs.

X. L. CLUB—NEW MEMBERS

Isabel Harris, Jane Beeson, Frances Claypool, Gladys Cook, Scottie Dwyer, Wilia Ekel, Lillian Foote, Maurine Hoadley, Grace Holdeman, Frances Hubbell, Clementine Holman, Virginia Jarrett, Mary Jane Knight, Ruth Lauer, Alice Law, Helen Leyse, Susanna Kunkle, Sara Elizabeth McClain, Bernice McGregor, Mildred McKinstry, Emily McKenzie, Harriet Miller, Florence Moss, Elizabeth Phillips, Marion Prince, Virginia Selby, Jane Smith, Wilma Rogers, Jean Spencer, Victoria Spaulding, Helen Sloss, Peggy Wallace, Elinor Woolf, Hela Fishman.

TRI K CLUB—NEW MEMBERS

Harriet Amster, Marion Allen, Marion Brown, Vivian Brown, Janice Baldwin, Julianna Bollen, Mary Stewart Burger, Olive Cameron, Beth Chamberlain, Kathleen Cummings, Sara Fairhead, Catheryn Terry Fiske, Marion Fox, Lora Gillis, Margaret Schumann, Gayle Hinton, Juanita Hormel, Jean Holtzinger, Esther Johnson. Mary F. Lemmon, Florence May, Bertha Lubeck. Mary Frances McKelvey, Margaret Miller, Rosemary Murphy, Helen Murphey, Emily Monks, Elinor Neckerman, Elizabeth Proctor. Lois Rash, Jessie D. Simmons, Mary Taylor, Mary Van Dyke, Jane Von Seggen, Florence Whitfield.

X. L. CLUB—NEW MEMBERS

Gladys Anderson, Rebecca Ainsworth, Mary Ellen Rose, Jean Baker, Josephine Blackburn, Emily Campbell, Marian Crawford, Mary Eleanor Davis, Dixie Daniel, Janet Donker, Jane Frantz, Charlotte Henschel, Margaret Hair, Jean Hagenbuch, Ruth Goldman, Rosemary Insull, Mil-

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red Kipp, Georgia Lee, Clarabelle acobs, Maurine Le Neven, Juanita ays, Ruth Peterson, Katherine rince, Jean Rankin, Marion Schrubb, orothy Standifer, Jean Simmons, irginia Sheafe, Virginia Stotler, orothy Smith, Charlotte Twitty, illimae Vinson.

AGORA CLUB—NEW MEMBERS

Lucy E. Anderson, Ann Coleman, Marion L. Dorsey, Roberta Downer, Margaret Dun'ap, Marie Durnion, Mary Eberhardt, Pauline Eilber, Joannah Ellis, Virginia Feltus, Elizabeth Gilbert, Gladys Hamilton, Dawn Hancock, Patsy Harrall, Kathryn Harvey, Kathryn Heflin, Marails Householder, Jane Irwin, Jean Irvins, Edith Jones, Violet Lyle, Juanita Morphew, Nancybelle Moss, Tommy Murphy, Barbara Meyers, Mary Frances Norvel, Mary Putman, Caroline Rankin, Elizabeth Ross, Mary Ryan, Rose Elizabeth Scott, Mary M. Scott, Cecilia Scott, Francis Sears, Dorothy Sellars, Virginia Spangler, Emily Squire, Dorothy Stebbins, Eleanor Thornton, Vilma Tietjen, Louise Tooms, Dorothy Wallace.

PENTA TAU CLUB—NEW MEMBERS

Florence Affleck, Elizabeth Barr, Ellyn Baughan, Mary Bunn, Ruby Baten, Helen Cline, Francis Crain, Kathryn Clarke, Shila Conley, Jane Crane, Elizabeth Davis, Katherine Dunn, Delys M. Estep, Elizabeth Downie, Alice Falconer, Dorothy Emick, Christine Goolsby, Lucille Goolsby, Sammie Joe Hayes, Carolyn Hogue, Shirley Lege, Sarah Ison, Elizabeth Langford, Virginia Kohlhaus, Mary E. Morgan, Mary Joe Moore, Polly Miles, Mary Purnell, Mary Pittman, Annie K. Rebman, Camille Sanderson, Ruth Staten, Nell Skaggs, Anna Bob Taylor, Anease Volkman, Claire Nell Woods, Billie Watson, Bessie M. Yeager.

. . . . T. C. CLUB—1929-30

Margaret Augustine, Marguerite Burnett, Gratia Bell Blackman, Margaret Balsinger, Naomi Black, Helen Blood, Alys Macie Cochran, Joan Clinton, Julia Cuykendall, Elizabeth Colean, Miriam Carter, Jean Dix, Elizabeth Dowdy, Martha Evans, Ruth Evans, Dorothy Goodman, Irene Harnett, Mary Hickman, Rosalie Hulberg, Kathryn Hammond, Norma Henderson, Jessie German, Julia Isaac, Herma Guillet, Mary Lovell, Louise Koch, Florence McAndrew, Dorys Mitchell, Jane Nowels, Martha Mannington, Katherine Russell, Virginia Sargeant, Alice Sprague, Dana Smith, Naomi Saip, Mary Evelyn Thomas, Henen Thomas, Margaret Thomason.

SPORTS

In Letters to Mussolini

Dear "Beni,"

I am feeling a bit melancholy tonight, guess I stayed too long in the tea-room this afternoon. Then, too, my neck is stiff from too much posing. Didn't know I was an artist's model, did you? Well, I am, only not *that* kind. You see my room-mate draws adds for Glover's Mange Cure, and it seems that I am just the type she needs. Oh, it's a dog's life, "Mousai," a dog's life!

You know, I am still subject to fits of wanderlust, and though there's not much room around here to wander in, one does see some queer sights and people. On the tennis courts back of Heron yesterday, there was a unique looking game going on. Although the playing itself was rather mild, they surely did *act* a swift game of tennis!

The other morning I felt quite horsey, and traveled over to the ring, only to notice Nesi walking about with his ears laid back as usual. Some one had just tumbled off his back, and he seemed only too proud of the fact, not caring at all that the some one had ripped her best breeches, and lost three very necessary buttons.

Hockey ought to be interesting by time for club competition. I have piled up several grudges myself, in the form of three awful looking remnants of three terrible knocks on the shin. Why, I have even given up hot breads and candy to be sure of my revenge!

Au revoir, old Dictator, I am beginning to wonder if you are even a little interested in these foolish epistles. And, after all, why should you be?

Dog Devotion.
Napoleon.

P. S. Josephine says to tell Mrs. Mussolini to write. I forgot to tell you, Brother Jerome has not only given up hot breads and candy, but also spends a great deal of his time running around the circle after these women. We were quite surprised to see that he,too, had been reincarnated here, and was head of the night watchmen. No doubt he has great need for severe training!

"Are these jokes original?"
"Yep!"
"Well, you are older than I thought!"—*The Triangle.*

Have you heard about the singer who strained her voice singing through a screen door?

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BITS ABOUT 'EM ALUMNAE AND OTHERWISE

Mrs. Blake Middleton (Margaret Goodwin '25) is returning to this country the middle of the month from Java where she has been living for the past four years. Won't it be nice to have Blake and "Totie" home again after their stay in the tropics? We sincerely hope that they will visit Nashville and come to see us.

And for heaven's sakes—who should come by the campus on the evening of October 7 but Frankie McKinney '21 and a post graduate for two years, and "Jelly" French '23 motoring for the city of cities, New York. "Jelly" and her husband will do New York while Frankie will go on to visit "Doss" Cone '22 in East Hampton, Conn.

That "Judy" Shuster ex-'30 pledged Chi Omega at Northwestern, and Peg McDonald ex-'31 pledged Theta at Butler is the only news of pledging we have been able to find during the week.

Margaret Insull '27 leaves about the middle of the month for the American Academy in New York to continue with her dramatic work. Jean MacDonell '29 will be there also.

Sallie Beth Moore '20 and Wilma Beckman '23 are at the University of Chicago this fall working for degrees. Both Sallie Beth, who taught in the Home Economics department after graduating from here, and Wilma will get their master's degrees.

Nell Tyson '29 writes Mrs. Charlie from Sweetbrier that she is having a good time at that college, but if she could only be in Senior hall again she'd be completely happy. She also says that she saw recently George Oliver Black '29 who is going to Randolph-Macon. Other Ward-Belmont girls at Randolph-Macon are Frances Johnson '29 and Virginia Williamson '29.

Mildred Smith ex-'30 of Weston, W. Va., is spending the winter in Daytona Beach, Fla. She can be reached at 3252 Pennsylvania Station, Daytona Beach.

Marion Hubbell '28 is attending Vanderbilt this year. She comes over on this campus now and then to visit her sister, Frances, and we hope, to say "hello" to us once in a while.

Ira Gatewood ex-'25 is working in a lawyer's office in Americus, Ga. We tried to find out just what type of work Ira does. We presume it is clerical.

Alice Ellingson '29 has taken a position with Marshall Fields in Chicago.

Margaret Moore '26 is in Warm Springs, Ga., at the Roosevelt Foundation Hospital doing physiotheraphic work.

Nola Arter who received her diploma in voice in '25, and who since that time has been studying with and assisting Glen Drake in Chicago, is now in New York assisting the great teacher, Proschawski.

In a nice long letter from Dorothea Jones '27 written from Northwestern she tells us all about many people. We quote: "I am a member of the Pi Phi sorority. There are a great many Ward-Belmont girls here on the campus. Those whom I know are: Edith Dixon and Helen Ryerson '26, Kappas; Marion Fry, Pi Phi; Miriam Whitehead, Delta Gamma; Dorothy Huckins, Alpha Omicron Pi; and Cecely Cone and Eleanor Bell. There are several others on the campus whom I know by sight, but I can't give you their names. Courtney Pickens, who transferred from Ward-Belmont in '26 to Kansas U. is now completing her senior year at the University of Southern California at Los Angeles. She is a Chi Omega. Eleanor Hereford is a Kappa at Missouri and Caroline Baxter is a Delta Gamma there." We are deeply indebted to this news. Dorothea can be reached during the school year at 636 Emerson, Evanston, Ill. Pi Beta Phi House.

We think "Perry" '29 will arrive in time for Fag Day.

Dorothy Aronis '29 writes us from Ohio State that she misses this campus, the teachers, the friends, and even the chaperons most horribly and is planning on a visit soon.

"Bill" Jackson '28 is attending the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Grace Tyler ex-'30 is going to the Woman's College at Washington, Ala., Louise Rogers '29 is a student at T. C. U. at Ft. Worth, and Ellen Moore '29 is staying home this fall in Wichita Falls, Texas.

"Tiny" Young '29, writes us thusly from Cleveland: "We have the most utterly swank apartment and live virtually, and more or less virtuously—thanks to my Puritan ancestors—on top of the campus of the College for Women and just around the corner from the Art School. Ran into Helen Manternach '29, who was dining with her parents in the coffee shoppe which is (wrongly) called "The Pickwick Arms"—no arms, no pick. She's going to College for Women and lives next to the Beta house and across the street from the D. U. house. Ought to have good picking. Have had several letters from "Stotzer" (Jean '29) who dwells at length on the quaintness of Geneva, says (among other things) that the sun is bleaching her hair to a blond beauty, that her dates come for her on motorcycles—that she is very abstemious and while everyone else drinks beer or wines, she has—of all things—orangeade. Oh, yes, I've cut my hair and spend hours cussing myself for not doing it sooner." You can reach "Tiny" at Commodore Hotel, 1990 Ford Road, Cleveland. We would advise you to keep in with her correspondence. It is stimulating, and has a touch here and there of that reckless Belle Ward of last year.

A note from Dorothy Cope '24, from Evanston, Ill., came just in time for printing. She has spent the summer in Little Point Sable, Mich., with her family except for a three-weeks' tour of the East with her mother and sister. She has been teaching in Detroit, but this fall she will be at home at 724 Simpson St., Evanston. She says: "I am going to be home this year and have a job teaching at the University of Chicago high school. It is an ideal place to teach. There is a new million-dollar athletic building just being completed and the equipment and facilities are all of the latest. I will be teaching gymnasium, work, dancing, and swimming. . . . I just met Wayne Packard, Marion's ('25) brother, on the street a few minutes ago, and he said Marion was in New York City." Write us again, "Dot." Many thanks for the news.

Ellen Robinson '27, is teaching Physical Education at the Central Junior

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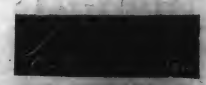
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high school in Saginaw, Mich., this fall. She will be remembered as the writer of the Diary of Mistress Belle Ward during her sojourn at Ward-Belmont.

Hazel Benedict ex '28, has been given charge of the Denishawn School of Dance, at Detroit, Mich., just recently.

Elizabeth Lee Haynes '29, our illustrious associate editor of the *Milestones*, last year, has returned to the campus to take a position assisting in the library. It seems natural to see her wandering around with a pile of books under her arm.

Maurine Hunt '24, writes Mrs. Schmits that she is leaving for a year's study in Europe. She will spend most of her time in Paris, where she will continue with her study of music. After leaving Ward-Belmont, she studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory.

Ruth Wingart '27, has accepted a teaching position in the high school of Welsh, W. Va., for the fall.

Lyda Hackett '25, is working on the *Salt Lake Tribune* as a reporter.

Jean MacDonell '29, who will be remembered as our May Queen of last year, is planning on entering the American Academy, in New York, this fall.

Mrs. C. W. Crane ("Shorty" McLean '28) tells us of the growing young daughter with reddish-brown hair and sea-blue eyes, etc., etc., etc. Mr. and Mrs. Crane are now living in Grand Rapids, Mich., and "Shorty" is expecting Valborg Ravn '28, who is going to Grand Rapids to be in a wedding, to visit her this month.

Helen Ryerson '28, just returned from a three-months' tour of Europe.

ENGAGEMENTS

The engagement of Beulah Bluim ex '21, to Mr. Leonard Mitchell of Cleveland has just been announced. They will be married on November 8, at Trinity Cathedral in Cleveland. Beulah is president of the Cleveland Ward-Belmont association and has done much to build up a feeling of loyalty and interest to the group of Ward-Belmont students in and around that city.

MARRIAGES

Carol Tyrrell '24, to Mr. Harold Moyer Gilmore on September 21 at Belmont, Iowa. At home after November 1, at English Village, Cherry Lane, Wynnewood, Pa.

Pauline Kunderd ex. '27, to Mr. Malcolm Donald Manly on September 14 at Goshen, Ind.

Dorothy Veazy '27, to Dr. Robert Ross Means on October 12 at Saint Louis, Mo.

Virginia Lee Hicks ex '24, to Mr. Leslie Martin Stratton on October 12 at Waco, Texas. At home after October 20 at 2301 Columbus Avenue, Waco, Tex.

Catherine McKnight '27, to Mr. Thomas Dwight Webb, Jr., on September 30 at Memphis, Tenn.

Evelyn Porter '25, to Mr. James Arthur Thorington on September 12 at Atlanta, Ga.

Cecelia Ward ex, to Mr. Harold Walker last August. At home in Cleveland, O.

Carlyn Nathan '28, to Mr. Edwin Henry Morris on June 11 at Parkersburg, W. Va. At home at 350 Central Park, West, New York City.

Hazel Cruse '20, to Mr. Robert Wilson Dinsmore in September at Beaumont, Tex. At home at 920 North Fourth, Reading, Pa.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Mary Dean Clement got second prize in the Current Literature notebook contest. Ward-Belmont has sent notebooks for the last four years and for the last four years have received prizes.

Troup 18 held their regular meeting on Tuesday evening at their house behind club village.

For dinner the scouts had tuna fish stew, fried corn, hot whole wheat and white rolls, and cherry pie.

Among the boarders present was Martha Claire Clay.

Among Mr. Rose's most talented pupils is Eileen Sutton of Alabama who is blind. She is an advanced student of the violin and is exceptionally talented. She is continuing her study of the violin with the idea of equipping herself to carry on that work among her own people.

Three other out-of-town pupils who have come to Mr. Rose for instruction are Celestine Beamer of Idaho, Mrs. Riche, and her daughters, Joyce and Claire, of Florida.

Day student clubs will continue after all, according to recent reports from authorities. They will continue in order that athletic teams and organizations may be maintained. Since this is true, it becomes the duty of all day students to show club spirit and take active interest in the various sports. Try to make your club the best on campus.

Last week every table in the dining-room was adorned with a beautiful bouquet of roses through the generosity of the Joy Floral Company. This gift was appreciated by every member of the student body and the dining-rooms had a festive air about them.

We are deeply appreciative of the thoughtfulness of Joy's, and the entire school joins in saying, "Thank You."



The College Girls thoughts turn to—

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SUNDAY DINNER
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CAMPUS COLUMN

Exactly one week ago last Sunday a most delightful party took place on the green in Club Village. It was, from all reports, the most invigorating, athletic, acrobatic affair staged about or rather on the campus this year. The participants—or should I say—guests, indulged in such rare sports as see-if-you-can-knock-me-down-before-I-knock-you-over or drop-the-hanky or trip-up or any of those acrobatic endeavors that the playfully inclined delight in. Doesn't it sound enticing though? More than one person who gamboled likewise last year will regret to her dying day that she missed the fun. The among-those-present were Rose Flentye, Jane Clark, Mary Elizabeth Bunn, Mary Parnell, Sue Yeager, "Finnie" Lamar, Jessie Burgin and "Mayo" Weinold. "Boy" Lege has the record for speedy gain in weight and such again! How's this, all of you who regret your two or three-pound gains since arriving at W. B.? "Boy" has to her credit fifteen pounds more than she had at her arrival. Fifteen pounds in less than three weeks. You certainly have the record, "Boy".

Virginia Gerdl claims another and entirely different record. She has received in the last week just seven packages. Ginnie says they are nice ones too. Some people get all the breaks.

Jane Nowles is taking riding. And by the way, doesn't she look sporty in her habit? Well, that isn't the point. What I wanted to say was this, simply that she can't get used to these little postage stamps that are used as saddles. As you can probably guess from that Jane is from the wide, open spaces, Colorado Springs, Colo., to be exact. Can't you just see her in chaps and high-heeled boots comfortably galloping down the streets of Colorado Springs in a cowboy saddle?

If you want to hear a good one let Dot Burdett tell you all about the horrid drug store clerk who sold her an empty box of her favorite bath powder. She was simply furious and small wonder.

Poor Libbie Elliott had a terrible attack of appendicitis. In fact, she still has slight pains now and then. It got so bad that it became infectious and her suitemate, Miss Weinold also suffered. Between you and me I don't think it was appendicitis at all but just a leetle mite too much tea-room or something to the same effect.

The Library is no longer the place for a good old get-together, as it has been known to be. Not even the tiniest giggle is allowed. Real studying is going on at all hours of the day and every reasonable hour of the night. Rendezvous' take place elsewhere now.

Ann Ryther seems to be using up fabulous amounts of cocoa butter. It is a big mystery in Senior hall. But then you know Ann, she must have her little joke.

Mary Taylor had the most unhappy half day last week that anyone can imagine. You see, she received a letter from the one, and, of course, all of us, no matter how immune we try to appear, have felt the little shiver of joy that accompanies such an epistle. Well, Mary read the letter in too much of a hurry and, horrors of all horrors, she misunderstood it and went around the entire day with about the worst case of blues ever witnessed. When toward evening she got up the courage to reread the sad message she discovered her mistake. Was she ever happy? Gee, I bet she's thankful for whatever the impulse was that made her read it again. As you all know "True love never runs smooth." How about it, Mary? Not much connection but then—

THE WAKE OF THE Y.

Sitting in a semi-circle on the chapel platform, the Y.W.C.A. officers and cabinet members held an open cabinet meeting at vesper service, October 6. In response to the call of the president, Esther Conger, the girls explained their duties as officers or cabinet members and briefly outlined their plans for the coming year.

The entire vesper program was as follows:

Organ Prelude—Jean Barry.
Hymn No. 35.
Lesson—Margaret Rothert.
Prayer.
Hymn No. 29.
Ward-Belmont Y.W.C.A. at work.
Benediction—In unison.

"We must put away repining," declared Dorothy Black, in speaking to the Sunday school classes last Sunday mornnig, October 6, on the subject of "Singing In the Rain." "There is no use putting on a false front. Wear a truly brave front instead." According to Dorothy, in our letter writing, we often use a hypodermic needle under the skin of those we love. Versatility in adapting ourselves to any situtaion, pleasant or unpleasant, is a trait which she advises us to cultivate.

"When the black mood comes," said Dorothy, "take a cold bath, visit a sick friend, put your mind to work on something worth while, or perhaps time spent in meditation with yourself will enable you to overcome this mood."

The officers of the two Sunday school classes are:

Miss Saunders' class:
President—Ann Ryther.
Secretary and treasurer—Virginia Showalter.

Mrs. Blanton's class:
President—Alice Meyer.
Vice-President—Georgia Lee.
Secretary—Lucy Mae Mills.
Treasurer—Rosemary Insull.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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SENIOR WEEK PLANNED

To Begin October 18

The Senior class of 1930 will go down in the history of Ward-Belmont as a class which gave a new meaning to the word "Senior." For the first time in the history of our school, a week has been set aside for special recognition of the girls of the Senior class,—a week in which entertainments and programs in the auditorium have been planned in their honor.

It has been a tradition at Ward-Belmont for years that some one day in the school year should be set aside as "Senior Recognition Day," but never before has a class planned a program of a week. In the future each Senior class will observe this week, and it will soon become another Ward-Belmont tradition.

For various reasons, Senior Week has been delayed until October 28, but much interest in this feature of the school year has been manifested by the entire student body, especially by the members of the Senior class.

AND THE DUTIES FELL

Parable for Pledges

Now there was a pledge who lived in a certain boarding school, and her name was Virginia, and she did hie herself over to the P. O. and didst find herself a member of one club. And the club was prominent socially. And it was good.

And a certain day came to pass, and it was named Saturday. And it was Pledge Day.

And Virginia was joyful. For it was prophesied that on this day she should become a member of a certain club. But for Virginia the anticipated merriment was not to come to pass. And Virginia was forced to kneel into the dust of the pavements, was forced to sit in a knobby tree and crow three times. Also, she was made to lie down and count forty weeds and forty seeds. Yea, verily, her life had become as one of Hades.

But it came to pass that the timepiece on one wall clamored five strokes. And the pledging was ended, but lo, the physique-aches lingered on. And she was sore but not afraid, for she had, in her sorrows become one member of a certain club. And she was mighty glad.

And her voice at the movie that night was not cracked from homesickness, nor was she a wallweed at the dance which followed after. For her many new sisters she had begat were kind unto her.

And thus out of her many worries came the great reward of being a sister among sisters. And she became a good one in her club.

PICTURE SLIDES USED TO INSTRUCT

A set of 600 picture slides has been purchased by the school for the purpose of bringing to the student's mind more clearly the studies in history, geography, and English. This visual instruction, as it is called, is quite a new method of teaching which is now being used in the classrooms, and since it visualizes the student's daily lessons it also makes them more vivid and interesting.

This new equipment which is a Keystone set, can be shown either in daylight or darkness, and is used in the elementary and high school departments of which Miss Annie Allison is principal.



Richard Bonelli, the American baritone, who will appear on October 23, at the Ryman Auditorium, under the auspices of the Ward-Belmont School.

SKETCH OF RICHARD BONELLI

By John Webster Curley

How often do we hear expressions like "He could succeed at anything," or "Everything he touches turns to gold" used in connection with friends of ours who are slowly but surely climbing to the top of the ladder of success? And generally, if we examine the subject thus brought to our notice we discover that the basis for their ascendancy rests upon the personalities of the men themselves.

During ten years as a New York reporter I met many a man rising in the professions, who, I feit sure, would go equally far were his "metier" the selling of anything from buttons to locomotives. They possessed the gift of selling themselves —and the perseverance.

But this item has to do more particularly with an opera singer. It has to do with an American boy who began earning his living at the age of nine selling newspapers on the streets of his home town, Syracuse, N. Y. I find his story an interesting one.

He is Richard Bonelli, the phenomenal baritone of the Chicago Civic Opera Co. Born in Port Byron, N. Y., his family moved to the neighboring city of Syracuse when he was three years old. He went to the public schools there and it was while he was a small boy that he was obliged, because of his family's moderate circumstances, to help pay his way. Even as a youngster, however, his passion was for an education, and from this he refused to be swerved. He worked his way through high school, doing odd jobs after hours. Newsboy, newspaper bundle boy, circulation clerk (of *the Syracuse Journal*), solicitor of magazine subscriptions, farmer's helper in harvest time, bank messenger, bookkeeper, telephone accountant, pushing a lawn mower in a cemetery, auto mechanic's helper, accident insurance investigator and zinc miner —these were some of the professional jobs which kept the future opera star busy during the years when he was going to school. He got a scholarship at Syracuse University.

Bonelli is of a scientific turn of mind. He wanted to be an automotive engineer, and he entered Syracuse University as an aspiring mechanical engineer. It was then that musical friends intervened and urged him to develop his voice, because it seemed to them an unusual one. Bonelli's family was musical. Nearly every member in it could play one instrument or another. He grew up with a love for the art but without thought of entering the field himself.

When Prof. Butler, now Dean of the Syracuse College of Fine Arts, heard Bonelli sing he not only encouraged him but even advised that the young student think seriously of music as a career. One can imagine the problem that confronted the youth already trained in business ways of thinking and aware of the uncertainties of the artist's life, in choosing between two careers, one of which was doubtful to say the least, while the other seemed to offer greater security. Remember, too, that he loved them both. Bonelli gambled on the venturesome and uncertain one and soon found himself embarked upon the perilous seas of artistic endeavor. The story of his career since then is one of steady rise. During the past season he was hailed by newspaper critics as "the find of the year." He has just completed his original contract with the Chicago Opera Co., and has been re-engaged for three more years up to and including the season of 1930. Previously, however, Chautauqua, Lyceum and many small opera companies had known him. On and on . . . further study in Europe . . . bigger opera companies . . . Monte Carlo, Milan, Munich, Ham-

(Continued on page 7)

W-B HYMN SELECTED

New Devotional Service

This year the chapel service on every Wednesday morning is to be strictly devotional. The service will open with the choir singing the school hymn, "Forth in Thy Name, O Lord I Go," after which there will be a sentence prayer. The reading of a selection will follow, and the girls will sing the morning hymn. A short religious talk will be given, and the service will close with the choir singing a prayer.

One tradition of beauty which is kept at Ward-Belmont is the step singing in the spring and we should attempt to make this Wednesday morning service as beautiful and as devotional as that of step singing which takes place the last few days of Commencement Week. We should feel that we have come to this short chapel hour of worship for quiet and restfulness, and be lifted above our worries. As Miss Brooks suggested we should put life and beauty into the service.

"Although part of this has been done through the choice of the hymn the real atmosphere must come from the student body," declared Miss Brooks.

The members of the choir are: Ann Ryther, Roberta Cole, Lois Stout, Eugenia Candler, Mary Candler, Martha Candler, Helen Candler, Harriet Griffin, Elizabeth Ragan, Margaret Carter, Marian Nicholson, Alice Meyer, Dorothy Burdett, Helen Sweeney, Dick Stuart, Mildred Schaeffer, Gibson Trotter, Evanell Nixon, Jennette Kircher, Louisa La Bounty, Mary Garney, Mariam Woodside, Lorraine Gregory.

NOTICE

Mysticism! Plottings! Secrecy! A deep, deep mystery is hovering over Ward-Belmont. Expect to call in Sherlock Holmes next week. Promise interested co-operation. Be on the alert! Watch for evidence. Every girl in school will be a witness in this case of intrigue. The Peanut is the nucleus around which centers all the mystery and veiled stealthiness. The date is the week of October 20. Watch for the play which will give you an insight to the real depths of this affair. Closely connected with the peanut is the shell. Keep an eye on your mail box. It will prove an asset.

SONG OF THE FAGS

We're their workmen
We're their slaves
They command us
We behaves,
When they says it
Then we does it,
And we acts like
We jest loves it.
They instruct us
We're their "yes" men
Who are we?
Why we're just Fag-men

DR. W. E. BARTON GUEST OF SCHOOL

Dr. W. E. Barton, pastor of the Peabody Congregational Church was a guest of Ward-Belmont at dinner Tuesday night, October 15. Afterwards he met all the Congregational girls in the Y.W.C.A. room. The Ward-Belmont girls who sing in the choir at the Peabody Congregational Church are: Marion Nicholson, Alice Meyer, Mildred Shaefer, Dorothy Shelley, Elizabeth Ragan, Lois Stout, Ann Ryther, Jeannette Kircher.

Frocks with the Zest of Youth and Fall

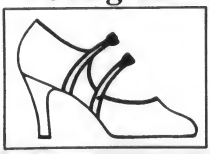
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Jean Wilson—A box of candy, with a big pink bow on top; a little girl yearning for the moon; parodies on old sweet songs; tea-dances and canary yellow roadsters; an act in a big night club.

Mayo Wienold—A little girl playing a game with life; college pennants; holidays; an orange and blue scarf; swagger sport clothes; impudent curls; a "song and dance" act; "fraternity blues."

Irene Calhoun — Soft summer nights; a golden moon; a birch canoe drifting down a winding stream; a bit of old, delicate lace; white violets; old Southern traditions; an illustration by Charles D. Mitchell.

Amelia Moore—Green chiffon; picture hats; a willow tree; a Dresden shepherdess; spring sunshine; fragile teacups; a rare violin; the heroine of a fairy tale.

Su Tung-P'o (1036-1101)

On the Birth of His Son

"Families, when a child is born
Want it to be intelligent.
I, through intelligence,
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he will crown a tranquil life,
By becoming a Cabinet Minister."

—*Arthur Waley.*

"Puritans like to wear the fig leaf over the mouth."—Aldous Huxley, in "Some American Contradictions," Vanity Fair, October, 1929.

"War is Hell"

(What is gone before: Dan and Sherry, two "doughboys," somewhere in France, are left out in the middle of nowhere when their truck is blown up by a German shell.)

"Dam 'f I did," heaved Dan. "I was so busy tryin' to keep you in sight I never had time. I reckon it's up to us to percolate back the other way. This ain't the direction our truck was pointed before that last little song and dance."

Disgustedly Sherry right-about-faced and started back in the direction of the truck, cursing softly, but keeping a close watch for shells, meanwhile.

"Jigger, Dan-boy," he yelled suddenly, diving expertly into a nearby shell hole.

"Bram!" boomed the big shell close upon their left. "BONG!" boomed another one, closer.

"Jeroosalem," panted Dan, "they're walkin' 'em up and down the road now. We better exit while we're still here to exit. Duck over to the side a ways!"

"I'm duckin'!" howled Sherry, sailing out of the ditch and ten yards to the side of the road in one bound.

Gradually the firing lessened, as the Boche turned their attention to other vicinities.

Sherry and Dan set off walking toward the end of the road. Presently an ambulance came rumbling along and stopped for information.

"We don't know what the blamed thing's all about," complained Sherry, "but I betcha them shells means C. O. D.—P. D. Q. Give us a lift into town, can'tcha?"

"Sure thing. Climb in," invited the driver of the ambulance. "Ain't no load in back to be careful of the trip, so here's where we cut a big swathe. Mebbe so you'll be ridin' in back before we get there," he predicted cheerfully. Here we go 'fore the next shell —and here's hopin' there's nobody here to meet it."

He jammed in the clutch and let it out with a rush; the ambulance leaped forward like a race-horse, and left the ground for a moment; Sherry's teeth bounced against the roof of his mouth and his head made violent efforts to part company with his neck. He leaned forward and yodeled merrily in Dan's ear: "This 's the life, eh wot, me boy? Soft!"

Farther along the road an M. P. crawled out of his hole and held up his hand in the manner of a traffic cop. The line of vehicles stopped without dispute, and waited through a few seconds of impressive silence, broken only by the screeching of shells over the stretch of ground just ahead and the deafening sound of their explosions. After a time, while the M. P. stood watch in hand, he beckoned and the line moved into the forbidden area again.

The ambulance carrying Dan and Sherry arrived a few moments later and stopped while the heavens ahead rained down fire and brimstone in awful wrath.

—Rebecca Ainsworth.

(To be continued)

Review of "Roper's Row"—Warwick Deeping

I have just finished reading Warwick Deeping's latest novel, *Roper's Row*, and it seems to me that once again he has done it—written a best seller.

The story is an intense narrative of the struggles of a poor young medical student. It is the story of one man's life battle—a battle against poverty, lameness, despair, circumstances, and trials. It is the story of a man's "mettle," and portrays a character endowed with a fanatical zeal toward his profession and a strength of purpose. Like every character Warwick Deeping paints, one finds at the conclusion of the book that one has grown to love and admire greatly the character of Chris Hazzard. Chris' mother is also a remarkable and steadfast character. The only weak point in this convincing book is the woman who loves Chris, and who is willing to give everything for her husband's career. Personally, I think she is a trifle too closely related to her Biblical sister, but the degree of likeness is small.

The treatment of the story is vivid and sure. Warwick Deeping studied medicine and practiced for a short time, so his information is authentic. One feels this atmosphere of reality and sincerity throughout the entire story and realizes that one is reading the story of a personal drama.

I liked the book; I like the author's style of writing. It is to the point, clean, and straightforward and I feel certain that whoever reads it will enjoy it. It opened a new field of thought for me. That alone is worth the time spent reading it.

Dorothy Burdett.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

At the meeting of the Kentucky club Friday, October 11, it was announced that a fee of $2 would be charged for membership.

The matter of new officers was discussed. It was also suggested that the club give a dinner at the Belle Meade Country club sometime in the near future.

Mrs. J. F. Jarman and Mrs. Maxey Jarman sent invitations for a tea on Thursday, October 17, at four o'clock. The tea was given for the girls who attend the Baptist church. This is the first time a tea has been given for the Baptist girls at a private house and we know they enjoyed visiting Mrs. Jarman's beautiful home.

At a meeting of the Senior-Middle class held Thursday morning, October 10, Caroline Hogue was elected temperary chaifman of the class. The Senior-Middle class is the largest class in school, consisting of approximately 900 members. Caroline will act as chairman until the regular election is held.

Helen exclaimed as she put Roberta's hair up on curlers, "It won't be long now!"

JOURNALISM CLASSES VISIT NEWSPAPER OFFICES

Tuesday morning, Miss Pugh's Journalism class visited the offices of the "Tennessean" and the "Banner." Those who enjoyed this novel experience were: Amelia Moore, Dorothy Cate, Virginia Gerdl, Betty Lane, Edith Schoufler, Polly Parrish, Virginia Lloyd, Peggy Corwin, and Lucille Bailey, one of Miss Pugh's students last year, who is now employed by the "Tennessean."

There were two reasons given for going, one was to give Betty Lane a chance to smell printer's ink, and the other was to allow Peggy Corwin to compare the two Nashville papers with the San Francisco "Chronicle," the paper without a peer.

We left the school at sight o'clock, arriving at the "Banner" during the early morning lull, and were lucky enough to have as our guide a young cub reporter, who was ready with a logical answer to every question we asked.

The first thing we noticed about both offices was the litter of paper everywhere. Waste-baskets seem unknown. Everything goes on the floor. Men were seated around everywhere, all busy smoking, but there were no evidences that they intended to work that morning. We learned that this is always the case around a newspaper office, except for the brief period just before the paper goes to press, then there is a bustle of activity, and everyone works hard—for those few minutes; then there is a lull again.

Associated Press boxes were busy clicking off "all the news from everywhere." It was fascinating to watch the crisp typed sheets pour out of the machine.

The wall decorations would fill an edition themselves. You have all seen the full page advertisement of "The Safe Way to Fly Aloft" which depicts the ease and safety to be secured in patronizing a transcontinental airplane corporation. One of these pages had been glued to the wall next to a front page edition of the wreck of one of this company's planes in the Arizona desert. This bit of irony was captioned, "Read this—and this."

The "higher-ups" all seemed to be middle-aged men who smoked very black cigars. The copy-desk next attracted our attention. This desk is semi-circular in form, and the head copy-reader sat in the "slot" or inside of the desk, while the copy-readers occupy the outside, or "rim." These men arrange all the news in its final, complete form, making a chart of the space it will occupy in the paper.

An ingenious machine operated by a keyboard like that of a typewriter, which makes solid column-wide lines of type, was found to be the linotype. Both men and girls operated these machines.

We expected the "morgue" to be a very gruesome place. Instead, we found it to be a library, containing biographies of well-known persons in the city, state, and nation, that have been clipped from newspapers, magazines, and other publications, ready for immediate use. Thus, if the king of England were to die tonight, the only news the Associated Press would send to the "Banner" offices would be the one line, The king of England died tonight at seven-thirty." The "morgue" would supply the rest of the news, and in five minutes a complete write-up concerning King George would be ready for the press.

The time at our disposal permitted only a short visit to the offices of the "Tennessean," and we found their system practically a repetition of that of the "Banner." We asked to be shown the presses, but were told that they were not running, but at the same time we received an invitation to return some Saturday night and watch the activity as the Sunday paper was gotten out. The girls hope to accept the invitation later in the year.

We went away convinced that a newspaper office would be an exciting place to work. The journalistic fever grows on one, and once made aware of it, it can not be overcome. So the moral to my tale is: "Journalism will get you if you don't watch out!" So Miss Pugh should be very careful as to whom she takes to these offices with her, or the market will be flooded with embryo young reporters who were once Ward-Belmont girls.

FRENCH CLUB ORGANIZES

At the beginning of the year much time is given over to the organization of various clubs. On Thursday evening, October 17, the first meeting of the French club was held. The French club is an organization to make the students realize that the French language is not only for the classroom but may be used socially as well. The first meeting was held in the A. K. club house. After dinner coffee was served and officers for the club were elected. After this a short French play was given. All who have had the required amount of French may be members of the club and were invited to this meeting. College students who have had one year of college French or two years of high school French may belong. Prep students must be taking their third year, or have had three years. Meetings of the club will be held one Thursday each month. Students are requested to watch the Middlemarch Bulletin Board for the dates of the Thursday afternoon teas.

FIRST BIRTHDAY DINNER CELEBRATED

On Friday evening, October 11, eighteen girls were entertained at the first birthday dinner of the year, held in the private dining room. The dinner was given by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton.

The decorations were carried out in the school colors. Yellow dahlias tied with blue ribbon formed the centerpiece. Blue candles and gold and blue place cards completed the color scheme. Each girl received a rose for a favor.

Those present were: Mrs. Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Rose, Bunny Gillis, Dorothy Black, Mary Comer, Grace Gardner, Leah Lindley, Amelia Moore, Katheryn Harvey, Alice Kirkpatrick, Florence Mac Andrew, Elizabeth Richmond, Marion Silverman, Florence Affleck, Marion Schrubb, Willimae Vincent, Mildred Sheafer, Marion McMichael, Betty Shannon and Hazel Wade.

I'M THE WBITE

I'm the WBite who always has a grudge against the world. I go around with a long face and complain about the weather, teacher's hard lessons, or anything else that happens to come to my mind. Of course, I know they must get tired of hearing my continued complaining but one must tell her troubles to somebody. I fuss most of the time about how mean my teachers are; I never add that I don't bother to try to please them or get my assignments, or be on time to class once in a while. Yes, I'm the professional grudge-bearer of the school. Naturally, I haven't a real friend in the world,—but look me over.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

The Artists' Series—is that anything more than a name to us? Do we know what it means? Do we realize the pleasure that is in store for us?

Richard Boneili, American baritone, will appear at the Ryman Auditorium on October 23. Next month will come to the Ward - Belmont auditorium Marcel Dupré, a world famous organist. Ward-Belmont is particularly fortunate in securing Marcel Dupré for he is only appearing in this country for seven weeks.

Only too many of us fail to appreciate the opportunity Ward-Belmont gives us of hearing and seeing, "in the flesh," famous lecturers, artists, and entertainers. These performances cover a great variety of subjects, and are so diversified as to cause unceasing delight. Our cultural advancement is thus assured by the school, and it is an advancement that could not be obnoxious to even the most scornful of students.

The Star Entertainment Course should mean a lot more to us than it does. Ward-Belmont, in securing these artists, is achieving something that should shine forth as a remarkable feat. Let us, then, realize that in having this Artists' Series, Ward-Belmont is our benefactor, and that by our interest and enjoyment of them we will be showing our appreciation and gratitude.

VERGIL CLASS CELEBRATES POET'S BIRTH

Miss Cason's College Vergil class is greatly interested in the Bimillennium Vergiiianum which is to be celebrated in 1930. Not being willing to wait until next year, they celebrated the anniversary of the poet's birth on Tuesday, October 15, with an interesting and enthusiastic program, for which each giri contributed important facts concerning his life and writings. The idea was suggested by the girls themselves, and was heartily approved by the instructor, who feels that Ward-Belmont should do everything possible to stimulate an interest in the world-wide celebration of the coming year.

A TRIBUTE TO MISS NORRIS

The Senior Class of this year has a new sponsor, Miss Norris, and every girl feels that none other could fill this place as well as she. Miss Norris has shown herself most interested in plans of this year, and with her cooperation the officers and members of the class will seek to make it a most successful one.

JEAN STOTZER '29 WRITES FROM ABROAD

Jean Stotzer who is living in Geneva, Switzerland, for the year, and who was one of the Ward-Belmont European party this spring, writes to Mrs. C. N. Bryan, a letter which we take the privilege of quoting in part:

ie 26 Septembre

"My dear Mrs. Bryan:

"Mother wrote that she had just received such a lovely letter from you. On my part I want to thank you so much. You were an angel to think of her in all your rush before the opening of school.

"Did you have a calm voyage home —anyone fall in love? Oh, I must know everything! As far as I was concerned all went off perfectly. After everyone came aboard they gave me a lower with a lovely school teacher from New York. We walked around deck for awhile and then crawled in early. In our conversation we discovered that we had many friends in common, one of whom is Christine Caldwell, '29, with whom, as you know, I suited. To continue—

"Had not the slightest bit of trouble in changing stations in Paris or in going through customs in any of the three domains. Arrived at Madame's a bit after nine, as the train was late. It was so heavenly to see her again. She had not expected me, but I found my room all ready for its tired occupant, Madame remembered to ask all about you and sent her love. She is perfectly charming always. So sweetly dressed in grays and lavender. The situation is ideal—just around the corner from the University and a short walk from town and almost at the foot of Le Grand Saleve which the Egyptian and I are going to climb Sunday. We can also see almost the whole Jura range from the baicony.

"The sunsets are indescribably wonderful. We sit out every night just before dinner. It is still very warm here, but the bathing season is practically over. Margy and I are playing on the Geneva hockey team. Then, too, there is quite a bit of tennis.

"Have met hundreds of people who have given me the best time I have ever had in my life. There are tea dates, dinner dates, dances—everything one could wish for. I've been in school ever since the first of September, Cours de Vacances. Get up every morning at seven to be there at eight and then I remain at school until almost twelve. Also an hour of conversation every afternoon. That, I must admit, is cut almost every day. The University does not commence until October 12. I'm going to take several courses there, attend some classes at L'Ecole des Etrangeres and also learn to cook and sew at some day school for girls.

"Oh, there is so much to tell you I could write volumes. Won't you write a list of questions of anything you especially want to know? Although we don't eat with wooden utensils there are some very peculiar customs. Oh, Mrs. Bryan, you would love to see us at breakfast!

"There is a great red and white checked tablecloth—just imagine—'so European,' as 'Chady,' '29 and I always remarked, and then there are great narrow loaves of bread, one foot eight inches in length (yes, I measured them) from which we break off great chunks. We have the usual continental dejeuner, bread, butter, jam, and tea. On special occasions, coffee. The food is served very well here. Marguerita is a splendid little cook. For desserts we have plenty of fresh fruits. I was a trifle disappointed to say the least in not having rich deserts, but at any rate it is better for my figure, which is from time to time improving—that is, you understand, decreasing. It seems incredible to me that there stands a pastry shop directly across the street which I have not entered when 'Chady' and I—well, guess there wasn't a one we missed all summer.

"Give my love to Mrs. Charlton, darling Miss Ross (am going to write her soon), the Bartons—oh, just everyone at school especially to Sarah. Also remember me to Mr. Bryan (this sounds like a will). Maybe I can make my monkey face for him some day. And now a sweet good night kiss to my darling 'Ma' Bryan from one of her children who loves her."

Jean.

THE WORLD OVER

Sound films had their premier in Norway early in September with an invited audience of 1,100. It was an instantaneous success.

During 1928 France supplied the United States with $5,304,000 worth of cosmetics, soaps, perfumes, and perfume material.

The newest way that has been found to smuggle silk is by airplane.

In Boston, Mass., a cat named Sarah, mother of 72, fell ill. After three days' agony she leaped to a store counter, wound a string around her paw and a decayed tooth and yanked out the tooth. She felt much better.

Away down South in the land of cotton the crop is good but the price is rotten.

In the largest soiarium in the world at Saranac, N. Y., their are 1,200 fused quartz windows which transmit the uitra-violet rays of the sun better than any other known substance.

A special nerve center in the brain to decide whether a person is to be fat or thin is the newest discovery of the two German physiologists, Professors Gunthai and Grafe.

Professor Einstein says that the American girls are the most beautiful in the world, which is a great deal easier to understand than his last theory.

BITS ABOUT 'EM
Alumnae and Otherwise

"Chris" Caldwell, '29, writes Bunny Gillis, '30, from Converse College that she intends to spend the Easter vacation back on this campus visiting her old friends. She is homesick for Ward-Belmont. We remember "Chris" as our last year's Y.W.C.A. president, making her Sunday evening talks, and as Martha Washington in her colonial costume.

And who should drive in to see us but Mrs. Seaton Huff (Margaret Philips, '23) who, with her husband, was on her way to parts south. We chatted gaily for a few moments, and she told us of the Ward-Belmont meeting she had at her home in Louisville. She tells of six that were there from the same class, and of all the talking and reminiscing, and laughing and crying over old times at school. . . . Plans for another get-together are under way for this fall, but they are rather indefinite as yet.

Freda Birge ex. '30, who was the winner of the school horse show last year is teaching riding this year at the Missouri Stables in St. Louis. On October 12, she rode in the National Horse Show. At the Festival of the Veiled Prophet, which was held last week in St. Louis, Freda was selected to be the Maid of Honor.

Mary Lee Lafferty, '29, who is attending the University of Wisconsin this year is majoring in chemistry. She writes that Madison is full of old Ward-Belmont girls and it is always fun to be running into them now and then.

Mary Virginia Huff, '27, is at Columbia, getting her degree in Physical Education next year.

Pledging the pledges has been a plaguing process, we suppose, at the universities. Marion Blackman, '29, and "Jo" Cooper, '29, pledged Gamma Phi Beta, at Vanderbilt; Janet Lawton, '29, went Delta Gamma at Wisconsin; Helen Windham, '29, Tri Delta at the University of Michigan, and Marion Hubbell, '28, Theta at Vanderbilt.

Emma Jean Fisher, '29, can be located at Prudence Risley Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. She pledged Kappa Kappa Gamma there. She loves Cornell which she says is beautiful and that some of the literary intelligentia at Ward-Belmont would fairly gloat over it.

Catherine Scruggs, ex. '30, from Wynne, Ark., has been seen on the campus lately. We haven't found out why she's South, and so can't give any further information except that we spotted her across the campus and by the time we arrived she had departed.

Mary Fletcher, '29, is attending Tennessee College at Murfreesboro, Tenn., this year.

Mettie Taylor, '29, and her sister, Sarah, '28, are attending Miss Fintch's School, in New York.

Margaret Binford, ex. '31, and Mildred Newbern, '29, are staying at home having much fun from all reports. They are planning to go abroad after Christmas.

"Jo" Harris, '29, is attending the University of Wisconsin, while Mary Orr, '29, is attending Syracuse University, in Syracuse, N. Y. She is specialising in dancing and dramatics.

At Mills College, in Berkeley, Calif., is Ruth Nathan, '29.

Wilma Stewart, ex. '30, has assumed the stenographer's habit and betaken herself unto the Georgia Casualty Company's employ. She is in the office in Jacksonville, Fla.

"Jo" Morrison, ex. '25, writes Elinor Neckerman, '31, such a good newsy letter from the Florida State Women's College, where she is teaching, that we quote from it: "The buildings are very impressive looking, and the campus is landscaped perfectly beautiful with palm trees, flowers, etc. We have a brand new $200,000 gym this year which is just ideal. I've seen quite a few gyms throughout the country, but none to compare with this one. A whole wing is devoted to the swimming pool alone and it's furnished with shaded green tiie. Each of us (six instructors) has a private office. . . ."

Mary Pat McGowan, '29, is attending the University of Oregon and teaching horseback riding twice a week. She received her riding certificate last year.

Margaret Ellen Doughty, '28, is attending a business college in Portland, Oregon. Rumor has it that after a cross country tour next spring, over, across, and down—that she will visit here in the spring.

Engagements

Announcement is made of the engagement of Fern Bondurant Keaton, ex '20, of Cairo, Ill., and Mr. R. B. Wetzel, of Clayton, Mo. The wedding will take place quietly in St. Louis early in the autumn.

Marriages

Helen Trenholm Dickinson, '26, to Mr. John Sterling Bransford, on October 8, 1929, at "Ravenscroft," Nashville, Tenn.

Louise Margaret Eisle, '26, to Mr. Douglas Eugene Brown, on October 12, 1929, at Joseph Bond Chapel, University of Chicago. At home at 48 North Park Ave., Lombard, Ill.

Florence Elizabeth Bell, ex '27, to Mr. Charles Jamison Kruse, on Octo-

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HOUBIGANT'S IDEAL PERFUME, $4 an ounce, or 50c a dram.

CIRO'S BOUQUET ANTIQUE, $5.50 an ounce, or 70c a dram.

CARON'S L'INFINI PERFUME, $6 an ounce or 75c a dram.

—MAIN FLOOR.

at LEBECK'S

er 12, 1929, at Indianapolis, Ind.

Lois Elliott, '26, to Mr. Bluford Wilson Dickerman, on August 17, 1929, at Lake Okabojie, Iowa. At home at 1620 South 6th St., Springfield, Ill.

Laure Nette Cook, ex '30, to Mr. Thomas Townsend, on October 16, 1929, at Nashville, Tenn. At home in Houston, Texas.

Ruth Hornback, '25, to Mr. Harry Shepherd, on August 31, 1929, at Hannibal, Mo.

Margaret May Jones, ex '27, to Mr. Foster Boop, on October 11, 1929, at Hannibal, Mo. At home in Tulsa, Okla.

Hazel Cruse, ex '21, to Mr. Robert Wilson Dinsmore, on October, 1929. At home at 920 North 4th, Reading, Penna.

SPORTS IN LETTERS TO MUSSOLINI

Dear Benito:

I've only time for a few words this morning and in your last letter you insisted that I stop being so foolish and get down to "brass tacks." Well, here goes, old dear—

I've noticed several outstanding players in hockey. Amanda Caldwell, Nancy Newman, Jesse Burgin, and the Gairing sisters are all above par in their playing. Games start next week and clubs are getting their teams together now.

Elberta Gooch is the outstanding tennis player so far, and Helen Greene and Virginia Bacon are the only old girls here who took any honors in the horse show last year.

Of the new girls Gayle Hinton seems to be pretty good in hockey, not to mention Mary Newton as a high light in swimming. Beth Chamberlain isn't so bad in tennis either.

This is all I've time for now. Next time I promise to tell you about riding. (Brother Jerome is quite interested in it, you know.)

Au revoir,

Napoleon.

P. S.: I guess you've heard about our move for more sanitary gym apparel. Another thing, you might try on the black shirts. Remember that even black things need washing at times.

Napoleon.

W-B RECOGNIZES NEW Y. W. C. A. MEMBERS

The Vesper Service, October 13, was given over to the recognition of new members of the Y.W.C.A. The representatives of each class received "the mantle of service," together with the duties and privileges of the organization, and each was officially recognized as a member of the Ward-Belmont Y.W.C.A.

The various classes were represented as follows:

Senior Class—Virginia Bacon.
Second Year College—Ellen Mitchell.
Senior Middle—Caroline Hogue.
Junior Middle—Eleanor Townsend.
Junior Class—Harriet Merrick.
Sophomore Class—Marjorie Sherwood.
Freshman Class—Hulda Cheek.

The entire Vesper program was as follows:

Organ Prelude—Jean Barry
Processional—Hymn of the Lights
Hymn No. 8
Prayer—Thanks for the Adventure of Life (in unison)
Vocal Solo—Marion Nicholson
Recognition of New Members of Y.W.C.A. (accompaniment, violin duet)
Recessional—No. 289

Miss Saunders, sponsor of the Y.W.C.A., and Esther Conger, president, attended the preliminary committee meeting of the International Good Will Congress at Scarritt College, Wednesday afternoon, October 16.

SATURDAY NIGHT RECIPE

Take a hundred groups of girls and mix them into one conglomerated mass. Turn them into the chapel. Place before them a movie. Add much soft organ playing and a rooster crow. After letting them sing for an hour or so turn them toward one gym. Then take a few moonbeams, some sifted stars, and a handclasp or two. Mix well in the gym. Add eight pieces of blue orchestra, a few wallweeds, some snappy tap dancing and a blue's singer. Let it all simmer in a babble of voices, sudden bursts of laughter, and the ringing of a bell. Allow to cool in a chilly night. Add many good-nights and it is ready to wait for the Sunday morning sauce.

Famous Surgeon: "I have been treating men for ten years and have never heard a complaint. What does that prove?"

Voice from the rear: "Dead men tell no tales."

"I'm at my wit's end," said the King as he trod on the jester's toe.

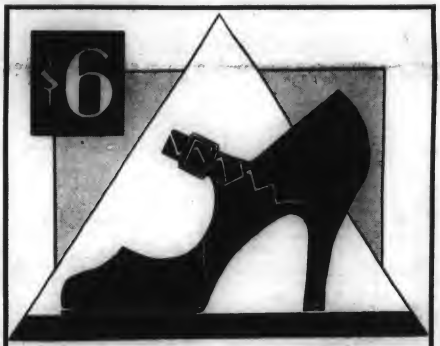
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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Thursday, October 10.

What ho—Diary!

Rejoiced and was exceeding glad, for this was my day of town-going. Wisht heartily that I was a Senior, so that I could take the "nasal o' bones" to lunch, but contented myself with the fact that next year I will be, if I hold together that long.

Shopped gustily and bought the self a hair cut and one manicure, price seventy-five cents. Felt truly regal, so capped the climax by refreshments. I had to purchase Bing's. She always runs out of poolooka, the last five minutes. I think it's a premeditated habit.

Shook homeward after having lost some of the royal feeling, but arrived whole, if not queenly.

Dined betimes and to sleep early, being weary after a day of trials. Dreamt of hair clippers and street cars chasing me over the great white way, toward Ward-Belmont, which was two stars away. I knew that double chocolate, marshmallow, whipped cream and cherry sundae would play havoc with my beauty sleep. That's what I get for having a persistent roommate.

Friday, October 11.

Wasted the morning writing cute notes, I should say—trying, to my fags. Near noon did deem it nigh impossible, so wrote unintelligible instructions and let it go at that.

Found a box of fruit from the family; honestly, it was fruit, Miss Lester—and so started one of these "apple-a-day" specials. No more tea room for this one.

Ate, between sly cracks about the big event tomorrow, to the discomfort of the new girls at the table. Really sounded gruesome according to me. Put behind me all inclination to dance at the gym and bided my time studying and letter writing. A worthy profession, I'll be bound.

Saturday, October 12.

Up early and messy-ed up the room for the poor fags. To a hilarious breakfast with much after-something speeches and songs. 'Berta Gooch has a master mind for scummy things to make people do. Must be great! Wisht I had the same faculty.

To the class and then marched up and down campus listening to pledges extol the excellency of their club and making much ado about kneeling on anything harder than Middlemarch floor. Stood there awhile to make sure none of our mistreated Fags got their mail. "This was the most unkind cut of all!"

Engineered an army of floor polishers in the afternoon and then hastened to the tea room to make sure no one would partake of festivities in this way.

At 5:30 all weary pledges got off their knees, thus ending our activities. Went to bed rejoicing that tomorrow is Sunday.

Sunday, October 13.

Stayed home from church and read French and "Good Housekeeping." Truly stupendous, no less! Worried away the last half hour and then got a letter from "Pat" as recompense, also a snap and he doesn't seem to be melting away with loneliness. "Seems funny but it's true."

To Candle Light vespers at night with no candles and not much light. Any how it was very pretty.

Reconsidered going to the house and played "drop the handkerchief" all even. Bed in the early hours and slept well. I think—tho' I didn't stay awake to find out.

Monday, October 14.

Dilly-dallied to a few classes and out on campus to watch the sunshine, for a wonder. Got no mail and took myself to gym during the course of the morning.

Clubbed with vim in the aft, and was too late to partake of the aquatic sports offered by open swimming, much to my disgust.

To Chapel Monitors' meeting where I received the minor that will send this aching heart to Council. "Why did I read my mail—why, oh why, oh why, oh why?"

Did delve deep into musty volumes until time for some sleep and thus retired.

Tuesday, October 15.

Regular routine, as is—all day. Griped a-plenty without being Ginkette. Danced at the club to a new piece which turned up from somewhere, and dressed for dinner in two minutes. Thee I record! Had a good dinner and then to type frantically at the office!

Did polish two shoes and clean a dress before falling into bed and following this same process, applied to sleep.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Wasn't it sad when "Kay" Baughan spent the morning of Fag Day in the infirmary and her luckless Fag was given a big husky Fag master. "Kay" isn't very large but, without a doubt, she could have made her Fag walk the line. Come back next year, "Kay," and have your room thoroughly cleaned for nothing. That's worth coming back for. Isn't it?

Roberta Cole does have the worst luck! Last week she was doing a little last minute studying about eleven o'clock in the evening—you know, the poor girl had been so busy that she had had no time for studying until that late hour when all good girls are supposed to be in bed. By the way, she was comfortably reclining in the bath tub. Well, to get on with my story, she didn't remain there long for she was informed before she had accomplished much of anything that she had better get to bed and get her beauty sleep. Maybe those weren't Miss Casebier's exact words, but then you get the idea.

Marion Gairing had a most misfortunate misfortune last week. After having spent her last pennies for a quart of "coke" and having guarded the precious liquid with her life, when she got on the street car for some reason or other the lid was too lose and—well it spilled—that's all.

Mary Perkins gets the prize for the dumbest bed-making trick pulled as yet. It was the day of days when we change our sheets and Mary got along just fine with the first sheet, but the next thing that she put on the bed was her blanket, and next, equally as absent-mindedly, she put on the other sheet. Then she spent the rest of the half hour that she had allowed herself for making the bed looking for her blanket. When she

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Listen, girls, did any of you hear Mrs. Webster's fashion talk the other day—well, you know she said that femininity and individuality are the outstanding notes of Fall fashions. I just didn't see how I was going to manage at all this Winter because you know everything has been so masculine and stereotyped for ages—but, my dear, have you been to Loveman's? Yes, I mean the Popular Price Dress Section on the third floor—why, you can just afford any number of the most stunning dresses, sport in tweed and jersey or more dressy things in fat crepe and satin with tiered skirts and large collars. They are just too good looking for words, and all of them so different.



Did you say you wanted a hat, one of those new up-off-the-face effects? My dear, I saw the very thing in Loveman's Medium Priced Hat Section yesterday. They really have anything you could possibly want, because if it isn't in stock they'll make it up for you, and of course "made-to-order" hats are ever so becoming, 'cause they can be made just specially to suit your face. And they are so inexpensive that you can afford one for each costume. Loveman's hats surely add a crowning note of smartness.



And, oh, if you're thinking of getting any costume jewelry, go to Loveman's and look at the new coral galalite and old ivory necklaces—they are absolutely unique; or the necklaces with earrings and bracelets to match in the new shade—paprika—it's made especially to harmonise with the brown shades—but I know it would be awfully effective with either a green or a black ensemble. Oh, I can't begin to tell you about all the new jewelry they are showing, but I know you'll go down to Loveman's and see for yourself the very first chance you get.

finally discovered the little rascal hiding under said sheet well—you should have seen her register complete bewilderment.

In sociology class the other day Mr. Riche asked Frances Hoffman without any preliminaries whatsoever, "Miss Hoffman, what is love?" You should have seen "Fran" blush a beautiful tomato red. I wonder what the idea was when the question was as far off from the subject we were discussing as anything could be. "Hoffman" must have been looking terribly wistful or something.

Colberne Spence has a twenty-dollar bet with somebody that she will lose more weight by Xmas than the "somebody" will. Those are pretty large stakes, Colberne. You'd better take up boxing or some other strenuous exercise.

"Scotchy" Cochran's poor Fag had to chase balls all afternoon for "Scotchy" while she played tennis. That is another good way to reduce and wear yourself out in general. I'm willing to bet that "Scotchy" didn't hit one nice, easy ball all afternoon. What a cruel heart! She just enjoys seeing people suffer, I know.

Jessie Burgin has a terrible habit of falling asleep while she is in the process of studying her lessons and when her helpful roommate attempts to bring her to she nearly does away with friend "roomie." All Jessie needs is just a little more sleep; she'll just have to cut out the late hours if she expects to be on the honor roll every quarter.

Ann Ryther and the authoress of this cute column have been made chairmen of the program for the Senior picture show and as far as anyone knows Ann and Yours Truly are the only ones on the program. So if there are any talented members of the Senior class who would like to show of their hidden talents please advise the committee in charge. We would be glad to have some of the responsibility of the entire performance taken off our hands. It would be too much of a strain on the two of us to do the entire performance anyway. So—if you don't wish for us to entertain you the entire evening get some of your gifted friends to speak up for your sake.

Mary Franke Lemmon and Sally Fairhead just dropped into the HYPHEN office on their way to "hock." They certainly were an athletic-looking pair and Sally looked just too cute for words in a pair of gym bloomers that she said were just seven years old. They certainly have that good old Tri-K spirit or whatever it is that prompts people to "hock." Love of the game perhaps, it would be better to attribute it to that.

Just a suggestion to Miss Jane Owens. We have heard that she thinks the HYPHEN is the world's worst. Jane, darling, a few suggestions from YOU would be greatly appreciated.

Only fifty-nine more days before we go HOME for Xmas vacation!!

Ha! We have discovered a "snobbish" trait in our "snobbish" Miss Jantzer! When she was little she would only play with little girls whose noses turned up.

SKETCH OF RICHARD BONELLI

(Continued from page 1)

burg, Mannheim, Berlin and Paris. But through it all Bonelli had remained the product of his American environment. Perhaps it was this, as recently as five years ago, which enabled him during a dull period of the year to take over from a concert manager the territory of a salesman who was ill and in two months to book over 250 per cent of the best year's business ever obtained.

His Hobbies?

Mechanics, automobiles, r a d i o. When he goes into an automobile salesroom most floor salesmen, after sizing him up, like to call one of their technical men. Bonelli knows cars. He would have succeeded as an automobile salesman or an automobile engineer, but he gambled and won in another field. Often you see him with a bundle of paper-covered books under his arm. Opera scores? No—they are motor magazines.

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

"Do you like to study faces as I do?" asked Miss Brooks in speaking to the girls at sunday school, October 13. "We usually find two classes," she continued, "first: those which are downcast and have no light, and, second: those which show life, joy, and interest. We find the second type beautiful because it does possess these characteristics. Those with joyous faces know what it is to love other people."

According to Miss Brooks, it is one of the hardest things in the world to love those whom we are inclined to dislike. But Christ came to teach us to love one another.

In closing, Miss Brooks asked, "Do we care enough to cheer the homesick, to write the sick a note? When we have learned to love everyone as Christ meant, we'll learn to know happiness."

Notice: Hereafter sunday school will meet in the Y.W.C.A. room instead of chapel. Let's everyone be there.

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Including 1 of the 12 delicately painted in water colors.

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Including 1 of the 12 delicately painted in water colors and framed in handsome case.

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FORMER STUDENTS ATTEND UNIVERSITIES

Some new names have been added to the list of our students who are attending other colleges or universities for the first time this fall. They are as follows:

Dorothy Aronis, Ohio State College; Adelaide Berry, Virginia Intermont College; Marie Boyer, University of Wisconsin; Clotelle Bryan, Peabody College; Elizabeth Buchman, Vanderbilt University; Eugenia Burbridge, Michigan State Normal School; Nancy Butler, Sophie Newcomb College; Louise Butler, Sophie Newcomb College; Nell Byrd, Peabody College; Christine Caldwell, Converse College; Louise Calloway, University of Missouri; Melba Cameron, University of Oklahoma; Julia E. Carroll, Mississippi State College for Women; Ethel Childress, University of Texas; Margaret Claridge, Vanderbilt University; Ruth Clark, University of Illinois; Muriel Eaton, Montana State University; Helen Edwards, DePauw University; Hilma Lee Eklund, Oklahoma University; Katherine Fletcher, Sullins College; Jeanette Foster, Michigan State College; Alyne Goad, Columbia University, Extension Department; Frances Hahn, University of Wisconsin; Anabel Hilbun, Mississippi State Teachers College; Catherine Jameson, Texas Technological College; Leitner Johnson, University of Chattanooga; Kathryn Johnson, Peabody College; Carol Schmitt, University of Wisconsin; Margaret Scudder, Butler College; Margaret Scullins, University of Texas; Dorothy Shacklett, University of Louisville; Ruth Silverman, University of Chicago; Louise Sims, University of Louisville; Blanche Smith, Vanderbilt University; Edna Smith, Vanderbilt University; Dorothy Stratton, DePauw University; Charlotte Strong, Unversity of Texas; Marylyn Sweitzer, Teachers' College of Akron University; Pearl Swinson, University of Kansas; Mary Talbot, University of Texas; Lucille Taylor, University of Illinois; Edith Toepel, University of Michigan; Evelyn Tyndall, Indiana University; Nell Tyson, Sweetbrier College; Dorothy Underwood, School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago; Elizabeth Ungles, Washington University; Virginia Voyles, Louisville State Normal; Marion Waugh, Washington University; Ruth Welty, Kansas University; Dorothy White, University of Alabama; Helen Whittaker, University of Wisconsin; Miriam Wiemer, University of Wisconsin; Margaret Wilken, Texas State Board of Education; Dorothy Williams, Texas University; Virginia Williamson, Randolph-Macon College; Edith Wilson, North Carolina College for Women; Clara Grace Wray, University of Wisconsin; Gertrude Wuester, Kansas State Agricultural College; Celestina Young, Cleveland School of Art; Marguerite Zahrt, University of Akron; Miriam Varner, Oglethrope University; Miriam Hipple, Vanderbilt University; Marion Hubbell, Vanderbilt University; Elizabeth Klehn, Miami University; Mary Kirchner, Purdue University; Rosa Kline, Sophie Newcomb College; Emily Krouse, Sophie Newcomb College; Josephine Landkrohm, Beaver College; Ruth Lawler, Lawrence College; Janet Lawton, University of Wisconsin; Harriet Lawson, University of Georgia; Josephine McKelvey, Vanderbilt University; Louise Mason, University of Kentucky; Lois Maxon, Ball State Teachers' College; Betty Messinger, University of Chicago; Mary Montgomery, Oklahoma Baptist University; Ellen Moore, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; Grace Neisler, Peabody College; Ella Owen, Missouri University; Mary Belle Palmer, Milwaukee-Downer College; Leonora Patterson, North Carolina College for Women; Mary Lois Patterson, Oklahoma University; Eleanor Perkins, S. M. U. Dallas; Jean Perry, University of Indiana; Jean Peterson, Butler College; Martha Pine, William Jewell College; Melba Proctor, Washington University; Helen Reed, University of Illinois; Hilma Reed, University of Texas; Gretchen Rerick, Grinnell College; Louise Rogers, Texas Christian University; Charlotte Sanders, Peabody College; Marion Schmeiser, Northwestern University; Betty Schmidtbauer, University of Wisconsin; Rebekah Linberger, Washington University.

APOLOGY PENDING

Virginia Mae Showalter, who is trying to reduce, says the best form of exercise is to push herself away from the table three times a day.

Lois Stout is thinking of joining the Salvation Army so she will get a chance to sing in public.

The T. C. club is furnishing their club house with peroid furniture—there for a period, and then they take it away.

"Could you give a poor fellow a bite?" asked the tramp. "I don't bite myself," answered Adalyn Sherwood, "but I'll call a dog."

Have you ever felt like Jean Simmons did when she wrote this?

"Why don't you write
Can't you guess I am blue?
It's so lonely each night,
With no letter from you!

So write me a letter,
Don't let me be blue—
Make me feel better—
Write that letter—won't you?"

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XIX — NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY OCTOBER 26, 1929 — Number 5

WEETS TO THE SWEET! PEANUTS TO THE PEANUTS!

Let's Get Acquainted

So this is Peanut Week? First, e have roses by Joy, and now we ave Peanuts by Goal—and the Swiss leaners. Help! Help!

Tuesday night began Peanut Week here was a play counting a glorified ate of affairs existing when all peo- uts were good peanuts, and there as no serpent to enter Eden. The erpent in this case would be the girl ho refuses to enter into the fun of is enjoyable occasion. Peanut Week Ward-Belmont is one of the most yous of all annual occasions. Every rl has a Peanut and a Shell. She ves to her Peanut and receives from r Shell—little presents costing not ver a quarter.

Peanut Week is sponsored by the ard-Belmont Y.W.C.A., and opens ch year with a play. The play this ar was written by Virginia Gerdl d directed by Margaret Harris; di- cted so well that even those unfor- nates on the back row had no trou- e distinguishing the sounds that me from the chapel platform.

There was a chorus of "nuts" who re probably given some "inside pe" ou the home-life of a peanut, t which our seat-mate declared ade her homesick—it was such a alistic picture of her pet popcorn- pper away down in South Carolina. veral old W-Bites then coached two w girls on "Personality of a Per- ct Peanut," ending on a triumphant te of whoopee from Betty O'Don- ll. It seems that Betty can't make hoopee on third-floor Senior any- re. So the play closed with every rl anxious to be the best peanut the campus. Saturday night there ll be a dance in the gym. Make an pointment now to meet your peanut the steps of "Ac." Wear a red, l rose in your hair, or a run in ur stocking—anything so that you ll be recognized! Let's end Pea- t Week in a whirl of laughter and endliness!

"Peanuts for sale
We'll never tell
You are the peanut
But who is your shell ?
Go look in your box
And see what is there
A nut boy, who knows
A peach or a pear
Let your sunny smile chase
Each care in its place
Come enter the fun
Can you keep up the pace
The mystery will go
Your shell you will know
At the dance on Saturday night."

P. S. The credit for this song goes Ann Ryther!

CHOOL OF ART WINS RECOGNITION

Ward-Belmont has won another dis- tinished victory, and one of which may well be proud. Both the h school and college department, en as a group, received the first e for the Art Exhibit at the State r this year. The work exhibited uded General Art, Costume and mmercial Illustration, and Life wing; namely, figure and head rait, and paintings in water col- from head, draped model, and ume.

mmercial Illustration and Cos- e Design was taken as a group, ere Interior Decoration and the of the high school department. t prize was received on each of groups exhibited.

(Continued on page 8)

BONELLI WINS PRAISE OF AUDIENCE

First of Artists' Series

Richard Bonelli, American baritone, who appeared last Wednesday night at the Ryman auditorium under the auspices of Ward-Belmont, received instantaneous success in his recital before a Nashville audience. Comments from the press are as follows:

The *Nashville Tennessean*: "Local music lovers are indebted to Ward-Belmont school for the rare treat, and particularly to Dr. Blautou, Dr. Barton, and Mr. A. B. Benedict for their generosity in making such a fine concert free to the school students who were present 800 strong, and to invited guests. Ward-Belmont often does these magnificent things. In the past ten years, Martinelli, Stracciari, Giuseppi de Luca, Erica Morini, Matzenauer, and other artists have given concerts free to the public and Hutcheson, Salsedo, MacMillin, Lhevinne and others have played at the school for the benefit of the girls aud invited guests.

"Bonelli was a baritone of great range and his high notes are almost those of a tenor with tremendous resonants. His voice is a naturally beautiful one and has had the finest training. He is a model for all students of Italian belcanto.

"The greek aria, 'Ere Tu,' from Verdi's "Masked Ball," began the program, and while his voice was superb, and his dramatic feeling was in evidence, we little dreamed what was in store for us. Frederick Schauwecker, au American pianist, played able accompaiuments and proved himself a most interesting and agreeable soloist. His technique, tone, and interpretations were unusually good."

The *Nashville Banner*: "Richard Bonelli, baritoue of the Chicago Civic Opera Compauy, in his recital Wednesday night at the Ryman audito-

(Coutiiued on page 8)

ENGLISH MAN OF LETTERS TO VISIT CAMPUS

Herbert Gray, the well-known English lecturer, writer, and preacher, will be a guest on our campus from October 30 through November 2. Mr. Gray is sent out by the Student Council of Christian Associations, and will visit many uuiversities and college campuses while in America.

He will speak in chapel Wednesday morning, October 30, and will conduct a forum in the Y.W.C.A. room Thursday and Friday afternoons from 4:30 to 5:30.

WELDON HART AGAIN WINS HONORS

The Julliard School of Music iu New York recently gave 112 scholarships to representatives of 17 states in the anuual Julliard School of Music contest. Of the two extension scholarships given in the South one went to Weldon Hart, violinist, son of Kenneth Rose, director of violin at the Ward-Belmout Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Hart was the only violin candidate accepted iu the Southern states. This speaks very highly of his ability as a musician.

Mr. Hart will continue studying under Mr. Rose this year. Last year he was selected among 100 applicants to be concertmaster of the All-State Concert Orchestra and for the past year he has been connected with Peabody College as instructor and orchestral director of the Peabody Demonstration School.

CONSERVATORY GIVES FIRST BROADCAST

Heard Over WSM

The Ward-Belmont Cuservatory of Music broadcast its first concert of the year over station WSM of the National Life aud Accident Iusurance Company last Thursday eveuing from 10:00 to 10:30.

Those appearing on the first cuncert were: Lois Stout, soprano, Junction City, Kansas; Mildred Auu Smith, pianist, Wealaco, Texas; and Margaret Lipscomb Smith, pianist, Athens, Texas.

Both Margaret and Mildred have received their certificates from the school of piano, which is under the direction of Lawrence Goodman. Mildred will receive her diploma this year, and Margaret is filling the capacity as practice supervisor besides furthering her study of the piano. Lois, who has been a pupil of Stetson Humphrey, head of the school of voice, also received her certificate from the Conservatory last year and will get her diploma this year.

Mildred played, "Lotus Land" by Scott; "Arabesque" by Debussy; and "March Wind" by McDowell. Lois sang, "Caro Nome" by Verdi; two "Bayou Songs" by Strickland; and "Una Voce Poco Fa" by Douizetti, from the opera, the "Barber of Seville." Margaret played "Reflections ou the Water" by Debussy.

MRS. PYLE SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Talks on Successful Women

"If you decide to be a business woman you must uot only be a success iu your work but a successful woman as well," declared Mrs. Gladys Pyle, secretarv of state, of South Dakota, who spoke before the students of Ward-Belmout, Friday, October 18.

Mrs. Pyle told the girls of three women who had not only been successful mothers, and ideal hostesses, but had also been successful iu business.

Miss Belle Sherman of Clevelaud, Ohio, was the first one of whom she spoke. Her real occupation is entirely different from her home, for not only is Miss Sherman an ideal hostess, but also an active manager of the largest paint business of the United States, aud au active manager of a women's organization. Although her home is a beautiful colonial house with white pillars and square floors one is so completely charmed by the hostess that the beauty of the house is forgotten. Besides her exquisite home Miss Sherman has a garden which contains every flower that will grow in that part of the country, and in this garden she is very much interested.

Iu Chicago there is a tiny, white-haired, brown-eyed motherly appearing woman. To see her no one would suspect that Mrs. Katheryn Waugh McCulloch, besides being the mother of four sons, is a highly rated lawyer in Chicago.

The third woman of whom Mrs. Pyle told us was Judge Florence Allen who is not only an accomplished musician, having played in Europe and Chicago, but also a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. She may be fouud surrounded by books so deep we could not begiu to read them. But with all of this Judge Floreuce Allen keeps in contact with her piano and today is as beautiful pianist as before.

"There is not a profession not opened to women, but," continued Mrs.

(Continued on page 8)

OBSERVE GOLDEN LIGHTS JUBILEE AT W.-B.

Dr. Hollinshead Gives Talk to Students

In commemoration on the fiftieth anuiversary of Edison's great iuvention, the incandescent light, Dr. W. H. Hollinshead, head of the chemistry department, related to the students the evolution of the lamp on, on Monday, October 21.

In the beginning fagots and animal oil were burned for light. The earliest lamp was a Betty lamp in which grease was burned. The candle next afforded light, but this did not burn successfully, aud snuffers were devised to trim the wick; but eveu then it smoked badly. With the discovery of oil the oil lamp with one round wick in the ceuter came iuto use. This was unsatisfactory due to trouble with oil. The kerosene lamp with a glass globe, brass stem, and marble bottom was used but there was a good deal of gasoline left iu the coal oil. Next iu promineuce was the gas lamp and although it was uusatisfactory the Bat Wing aud Fish Tail burners were used.

It was believed that a solid material which would be hot enough was uecessary for a satisfactory light. Edisou was determined to make a lamp on the priuciples of platinum. He sent for bamboo fiber and succeeded iu making the lamp burn. Among the early electric lamps were the Carbon lamp and Metal lamp; then the Tantalum lamp, and the Tungsten lamp which is used today.

Wheu electric lamps were first installed the *New York Times* responded as follows:

"Would it not be as well," said the *New York Times* of November 13, 1879, "to inveut some mode of abolishing night altogether! A dozen artificial moons would answer the purpose."

Iu a letter to the *New York Herald*, Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph.D., concluded a list of ten objections which made the electric light of doubtful value, with the following: "It is claimed that the penetrating power of the electric light affects the nervous system, as the light is similar to moonlight."

According to the *New York Telegraph* of August 16, 1881. "People obliged to work continuously by this light are having their eyes gradually destroyed thereby."

In 1847, after Edison had learned telegraphy, he came to Memphis, Tennessee, where he got a job as telegraph operator; but was soon dismissed as he took apart some of the apparatus in his desire to see how it was made.

"We all want to help our fellowmen and here is a man who has helped the eutire civilized world," said Dr. Hollinshead.

"Edison is now an old man and can say truthfully, 'I have helped my fellowmen,'" concluded Dr. Holliushed.

NOTICE

Pictures for the Milestones will resume beiug takeu Monday, October 28. They were discontiuued last week because of a conflict with the photographer. The pictures which were to be taken *this* week will be taken *next* week as per schedule. Do not fail to keep appointments. After you have received the *proof* from the photographer *return* the *one* you wish in the annual through the house mail to Miss Virginia Smith. *Return* the *proof* within *two* days' time. This is *important*.

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THE EAGLE FEATHER

From *Carolin' Dusk*, an anthology of negro poetry, by Countee Cullen.

"I've known river:
I've known rivers ancient as the world
and older than the flow of human
blood in human veins.
My soul has grown deep with the
rivers.

"I bathed in the Euphrates when
dawns were young
I built my hut near the Congo and it
lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised
pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi
when Abe Lincoln went down to
New Orleans, and I've seen its mud-
dy bosom turn all golden in the sun-
set.

"I've known river:
Ancient dusky rivers,
My soul has grown deep like the
rivers."

War Is Hell

(What's gone before: Dan and Sherry, two doughboys "somewhere in France," are in an ambulance which is being fired upon by German shells.)

"Sherry, who had been without rest for two nights, took advantage of the stop to tear off a little slumber. Then the M. P. beckoned and the stream of traffic moved swiftly out onto the road. The ambulance was the last vehicle to cross the line before the M. P. held up his hand for traffic to halt again.

As they entered into this, the home stretch, and the most dangerous part of the journey, the ambulance driver tramped on the accelerator, determined to make the best of his limited time, and the car shot forward wildly; skirted shell holes by perilously narrow margins; skidded breath-takingly over occasional slick spots; plunged recklessly over hills—all but turned over a score of times.

At the first leap, Sherry's heavy head wabbled uncertainly, and as they struck a bump his neck snapped dangerously.

"Goo!" he gurgled, and sat up straight. As his breath came more easily, he began to swear with prayerful eloquence.

Came a shrill scream overhead. The barrage had started before they were across! The M. P. had waited a little too long before ordering the line to come to a halt. The ambulance orderly gripped his lower lip between his teeth and stood up on the gas. The car leaped into the ditch with a jar that should have completely uncoiled every spring in it and curled it in the opposite direction. With another convulsive leap it was out and bouncing across country, for the road was being too heavily fired upon to permit them to follow it.

Sherry and Dan gripped the sides of the car in a death grip and clamped their feet to the dash board with an apparent determination to ram it through.

The car lit out across the war-torn field, struck barbed wire, and two tires went down. Sherry and Dan's heads crashed against the wooden ceiling of the vehicle, and the wood cracked.

"Ride, e'm, cowboys," yelled the driver, wrapping himself neatly around the steering wheel. "Slt tight—here comes a trench! Can't stop now!"

With a mighty bound the car sailed into the trench—the front wheels were clear, and after a couple of convulsive shivers the back wheels made the riffle.

The driver yelped with glee, and in another moment they were in a zone of comparative safety. The end of the trip was not far off.

As the ambulance drew up before the door of the division commander, Sherry and Dan descended groaningly.

"Never again with an ambulance driver—not me," croaked Sherry, painfully massaging the lump on his head. "Not 'til me an' the angel Gabrul gets t'gether on the last trump.

"Aw hell—I never got you hit, did I?" cried the driver indignantly.

"No, buddy," soothed Dan, "you never, but don't feel hurt—it wasn't your fault you didn't."

(To be continued)

Rebecca Ainsworth.

AUTUMN

Red blotches on trees. Yellow blotches on trees. Dark sun and cool wind. Pine odors and gunpowder smoke. Tennis balls. Crinkled brown leaves. Gray grass. Slickers. Orange pumpkins. Dull gray clouds and tear-brimmed eyes. Blue cars. Yellow curls and red jackets. Seeds. Side-walks. Bonfires. Genius. Whispering wind. Stiffing smoking leaves. Breath on the night air. Brown grasses. Blue air. Shocks of corn. Roasted apples. Crackling branches. Silhouettes. Red skies. Sleep. Golden leaves. Sifted stars.

Naomi Saip '31.

"After all, I am not the only pebble on the beach." George Bernard Shaw.

"Men attend prize fights and entertain champions because all the world loves a fighter." Bruce Barton.

Over one-half the poems by Emily Dickinson were not published until forty years after her death. Now she is considered one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all women poets. In "The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson' are compiled most of her poems, which, until recently, have been withheld from the public by her sister, Lavinia. They are so intimate as to seem to pry into her very soul; her thoughts are there, her moods, and her love. She writes:

"So well that I cannot live without—
I love thee.'

In some of her works she appears almost childish in her simplicity of style. In others, wise with the wisdom of woman. At times she becomes outraged which is after all only a very human emotion; and one of her decided characteristics was her humanness. Her one outlet to her feelings was her writing. It must have been after a severe trial that she cried:

"Of course I prayed.
And did God care?
He cared as much as
On the air
A bird had stamped her foot
And cried 'Give me'!"

Miss Dickinson has been given a wide range of labels by her reviewers from "The Modern Sappho" to a "Hermit Thrush," from a "New England Nun" to an "Epigrammatic Walt Whitman."

She has not yet been named. She remains in the minds of the world merely a great artist and an unusual woman. A true genius throughout eternity.

Sallie Props '31.

IMPRESSIONS

Elberta Gooch—an arrow; fi crackers; twinkling eyes and a whi sical grin; an aquaplane; splashes color; a big, wool, sweater; the so "My Buddy."

"Sis" Jenkins—Kid parties; cont ti- tulle bows and rhinestone buckl dance programs; tiny hats with v veils; half moons; a Guerlain lipsti somebody's "only girl."

Virginia Barr—Monogrammed s tionery; a yacht; lavender wiste a formal garden; a snowflake; etching; a stained glass window.

Dorothy Rose—Raccoon co honey-colored hair; a bunch of d lias; autumn leaves turning red orange; a plaid tie; flashing dimp a waterfall of light; new novels.

Mildred Harris—Crinoline; a b ful of rosebuds; a doll house; a b dancer; a big, satin, hair ribbon opal; May day; a gay, vari-col balloon; pale green tapers.

BITS ABOUT 'EM

Alumnae and Otherwise

Help! Help! This column is running low on news. Please bring some in and help us keep the record of alumnae news in the paper every week.

Who should drop in to see us last Tuesday but Doris Fitzell '24 from Denver. She told us that she had been touring the country with her father and her brother, and was now on her way back home. But she just couldn't resist visiting her alma mater, and the last we saw of her she was trot-footing it in quest of the clubhouses which she had never seen.

Poor 'Ill "Dotty" "Undie" Underwood '29 is so besieged by being homesick in the great city of Chicago where she is now in school that she writes: "Oh I don't know where to start. Anyway I'm about to explode. Those HYPHENS! (Business staff of the HYPHEN swelling up and exploding.) "I swear if I get many more I'm going to have a sponge floor put in to absorb all my tearings. It's awful, I want to see everybody so badly." She tells us that she met "Toots" Wray ex '30 in Marshall Fields and after hunting the store over found Alice Ellingson '29 behind the jewelry counter—and then all W. B.'s secrets were out.

Diana Cox ex '30 pledged Delta Gamma at Ann Arbor and Hortense Ambrose '29 Theta at Vanderbilt.

Jean Perry '29 has been selected as one of the 36 co-eds of the University of Indiana to appear in the choruses of "Campus Affairs," the university musical-comedy. "Perry" visited this campus last week, looked us over, and decided we were pretty nice after all.

Helen Dudenbostel '28 writes us from 5748 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, where she is attending the University of Chicago. She tells us that Ruth Silverstein '28 visited her over the week-end. Ruth is attending the National Kindergarten School in Evanston, Ill.

Esther M. Siefert '23 is Chief Dietitian of the Presbyterian Hospital in Pittsburgh, Pa. This is the second year she has held this position and she writes that she loves her work and that one of her assistants last year in the Dietary Department was Wilma Beckman ex '24. After leaving Ward-Belmont Esther graduated from Pratt Institute in N. Y. and from the Lewis Institute of Chicago.

A summer in Maine and a visit with Mrs. Pauline Bowden Islar '25 in Philadelphia furnished the high-lights for Lily Hopkins' '26 vacation this year.

Mrs. Jack Grey (Harriet Conditt '26) who received her certificate in piano in '26 and who returned as a p. g. and received her diploma in '27, is now teaching music at her home in Beardstown, Ill. After receiving her diploma she studied in Paris for a year. Mrs. Grey was a former pupil of Lawrence Goodman.

If anyone has any recipes, on "How not to burn your hands while cooking for husband," please communicate with Mrs. Howard D. Litton (Jane Nicholson '25), 846 Washington Blvd., Oak Park, Ill. Ask her sister "Merne" '30 the reason.

"Tootie" Foulds '28 seems to be living up to her reputation on the campus of being gorgeous looking and having a divine figure for—low and behold—she is modeling for Carson Pirie, Scott and Co., Chicago, Ill.

More notes on pledges. "Tilly Daniels '29, Kappa at Iowa State, and Grace Miller '29, Theta at Illinois.

Help! Help! Send us some news!

Marriages

Augusta Wherry '29 to Mr. Garland Philip Joynes on October 14 at Little Rock, Ark., at the first Presbyterian Church.

Nora Phares '19 to Mr. Richard E. Kent on September 10 at Indianapolis, Ind.

Engagements

The engagement of Ruth Moore ex '29 and Mr. H. D. Carter of Atlanta has recently been announced. The wedding plans are indefinite.

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

At sunday school, October 20, Dorothy Burdette gave us some practical and worthwhile thoughts and ideas in a speech to the girls. She said that often the great things are the little things and the little things are the great things.

"It is said that youth forgets how short a lifetime is," declared Dorothy. "Everything we do goes down as a record. There is no opportunity to undo or do over a thing which is past. Every day the girl next to you does things that affect you, and you do things which affect her. Every day we do little things which play a part in another person's life."

In closing, Dorothy brought forth the idea that we have to live with ourselves; therefore, we ought to be fit for ourselves to know.

Mr. Holmes, secretary of the Goodwill Peace Conference, has promised to send posters to the Y.W.C.A. of Ward-Belmont. On November 10, two hundred girls will be allowed to attend the Conference instead of going to church.

"Although we may have a goal we have no center for our lives," declared Miss Ocie Sanders, head of the bible department, when speaking to the girls on the need of religion today, Wednesday, October 23.

"We lack stability, emotionally, intelligently, and spiritually," continued Miss Sanders.

Perhaps we wish to develop our friendships, but we concentrate to one friend rather than many; thus we lack in emotional stability. In intellectual stability we are lacking if we do not reach our goal, and we lack spiritual stability for our religious life. "We are rushing through our own experiences of life and we neglect to realise the religious significance of these experiences," stated Miss Sanders.

From characters in history Miss Sanders illustrated how experiences of life have religious significance. Joan D'Arc was one example. Joan interpreted life in religion for when the Angelus rang she heard not the bells, but voices. It was her belief in God that helped her make her contribution to life; and like unto her was Jesus who also interpreted life in religion.

"A life with a religious center need not be stereotyped; but full and wonderful," concluded Miss Sanders.

IN A FRESHMAN'S EYES

A Senior stood on a railroad track,
The train was coming fast.
The train got off the railroad track
And let the Senior pass.—*Marthas Mirror.*

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

"Peanuts" and "Shells"! What an odd terminology Ward-Belmont girls have adopted this week! Is it any wonder that new girls halt with puzzled expressions on their faces before a group of old girls chattering about their "adorable shells" they had last year and what they would do for their "peanuts" this year? To the uninitiated it is all a hodge-podge of silly names and sillier girls.

But it means more than this. It has a deeper meaning beneath this surface of fun. The idea at the bottom of it all is to get acquainted with everyone, to get in closer touch with those who are not one's particular friends, to create among all of us a feeling of kinship and friendliness. Friendship, combined with the inevitable spirit of generosity that "Peanut Week" always arouses in an organizer of loyalty and companionship that cannot be rivalled.

Let us all enter into the spirit of "Peanut Week." Rally round, and let us show everyone that we are generous "shells" and modest "peanuts."

It has been said that it is better not to make excuses for things. But the faculty advisor of this paper has taunted, derided, and made fun of the Wordsmith's very noble attempt to stage a picnic in the interest of cultural advancement, that it behooves us to make a statement in our behalf.

The affair was planned with all the enthusiasm of a newly organized society out to make something of itself. First, the weather frustrated the plans; then when all were again prepared to eat apple pie on Sunset, Dot Cate contracted a very severe case of the "flu" and was unable to brave the night air for a week. Various and sundry little things came in to hinder the event. Finally all were prepared again when Miss Herron, our sponsor, caught a cold and "Ginny" Lloyd left town.

We consider all these excuses adequate ones and deeply resent the jibes on the subject. The president considers the matter closed.

EXPRESSION STUDENTS ATTEND LITTLE THEATRE

A group of Ward-Belmont girls, mostly students from the expression classes, attended the presentation of "Hay Fever," a three-act comedy sketch by Noel Coward, which was given by members of the Nashville Little Theater on Thursday and Friday nights, October 17 and 18. The girls were chaperoned by Miss Katherine E. Winnia, assistant in the school of expression.

The theme of the play centered around an eccentric English family. Each member of the family invited a guest for the week end, and everyone entertained his own guest, not paying any attention to the others. This brought about many humorous incidents.

Mr. Schermerhorn, head of the law department of Vanderbilt, was the leading man. Mrs. Madge West Joseph, who formerly played opposite David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," took the feminine lead. The play was directed by Rufus Phillips.

The cast was well balanced, and the scenery was beautiful. According to Ann Gairing, one of the students who went, "It was cleverly acted, very amusing, and especially helpful to those taking expression."

W.-B. WINS HONORS IN LITERARY CONTEST

Ward-Belmont again captures prizes in the Current Literature contests. At the end of each year the contributions are submitted and the results are published in the Current Literature paper. This year those who received honors were:

Current Literature notebook—
Second prize—Mary Dean Clemens.
Essay on "The most interesting person I know"—
Second prize—Ella Puryear Mims—"Beulah."
Fourth prize—Evelyn Ewing—"Frederic."
Honorable mention—Ethel Hamilton, Martha Wright.
Essay of 2,500 words—
Honorable mention—Ann Raine, Katherine Wade, Frances Dean Smith, Ella Puryear Mims.
Verse—
Honorable mention—Emily Ethelridge, Ella Puryear Mims, Ann Raine.
Short Story—
Honorable mention—Frances Dean Smith, Ethel Hamilton.

MRS. SCHMITZ TO PLAY AT CLUB MEETING

Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmitz of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music has been requested to appear in a recital before the Vanderbilt Classical Club at their first meeting on October 24. Her program will be as follows:

Najaden im Quelle.....*Paul Juon*
En Bateau .....*Zeckwer*
Cantique d'amour .....*Liszt*
Vienna Waltz ....*Friedman-Gartner*

ALL OVER THE WORLD

Over a hundred and forty ancient vases, all intact, were found recently on an island in the Mediterranean. It is fairly certain that they belong to the pre-Feather Duster era.

Platinum and uncut diamonds are on the free list in the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill. Now watch for plow-handle jewelry as a boon to the farmer.

Babies in Newark, U. S. A., wear bibs inscribed, "I don't want to be ill. Do not kiss me." There are faces like that in England, too.

The American Bald eagle is in danger of extinction. In Alaska, 70,000 of them have been killed, following a bounty law. The double eagle is also a rare bird today.

The Soviet has abolished Christmas, and has decided that kisses cause or spread influenza. About the only luxuries left in Russia are assault and battery and starving to death.

"Women," says Mr. Alfred E. Smith, and for the life of us we can't understand why his magazine stuff is so much less interesting than Mr. Coolidge's, "are just as much interested in government as men are, and just as intelligent." Which, if you ask us, is praise so faint as to be inaudible.

RESULTS OF HYMN CONTEST

The total number of hymns suggested by faculty, students and members of the household were 104. There was evidence of both thought and sincerity in the suggestions made. Songs which seemed to be special favorites were: "Abide with Me," "Come Thou Almighty King," "He Leadeth Me," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "Lead Kindly Light," "Love Divine All Love Excelling," "Rock of Ages." There were many others suggested. The basis of choice was upon beauty and universality of meaning. Those chosen by the faculty committee as being appropriate on this basis: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," "Forth in Thy Name O Lord I Go," "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," "Lead On, O King Eternal," "Lord Speak to Me that I May Speak," "O Master Let Me Walk with Thee," "Spirit of God Descend upon My Heart," "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life." The final decision was made by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Mr. and Mrs. Benedict. They chose Charles Wesley's hymn, "Forth in Thy Name O Lord I Go," but referred to the students the choice of the music between an air from Schumann and the tune "Pilgrims." The vote of the students was decidedly in favor of the "Pilgrims."

STATE CLUBS ORGANIZE

Each of the state clubs met Tuesday morning at chapel time for the purpose of organization. Since the president and vice-president of the majority of the clubs were elected last year, nominations were made to fill the remaining offices of secretary and treasurer. Few sponsors were considered, dues were voted upon, suggestions were offered for stunt nights, and future parties were planned.

It is interesting to note the increase or decrease in the membership of the individual clubs. The most outstanding increase in members are: Michigan, 41 this year in comparison to 25 last year; Nebraska, 9 last year and 19 this year; Indiana, 33 last year and 47 this year; Ohio, 37 last year and 48 this year; Tennessee, 25 last year and 40 this year; Wisconsin, 16 last year and 23 this year. The outstanding decreases are: Alabama, 25 last year and 20 this year; Florida, 12 last year and 3 this year; Mississippi, 20 last year and 13 this year; Missouri, 25 last year and 20 this year; North Carolina, 14 last year and 9 this year.

BIRTHDAY DINNER CELEBRATED

Twenty girls were guests of honor at the birthday dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Blanton on Tuesday evening, October 21. Mr. Benedict and Mrs. Rose acted as host and hostess to the girls.

The decorations were carried out in yellow dahlias, candles, and place cards, a rose at each plate was the favor. The girls there were: Marian Davis, Juanita Morphew, Helen Greene, Dorothy Stebbins, Jane Terry, Betty Williams, Mary Goss, Jane Owens, Jessie German, Florence May, Carolyn Decker, Alice Moyer, Sara Props, Eleanor Woolf, Daphne Horner, Mary Catherine Newton, Gail Hunt, Marion Brown, Vivian Brown, and Marifrances Norviel.

STATE CLUBS HOLD MEETINGS

At a meeting of the Indiana Club, October 17, Geraldine Manson, Virginia Lloyd, and Ruth Peterson were elected to the positions of vice-president, secretary, and treasurer respectively. Margaret Rothert, who is president of the club was elected to her position at the end of last school year.

The Illinois Club met October 17 for the purpose of meeting Miss Lockett who will take Mrs. Stewart's place as field secretary for the Illinois territory.

A tea was given for the Kansas Club in the T. C. clubhouse, Saturday, October 19. After the girls had introduced themselves and become better acquainted, refreshments were served. They consisted of tea, dainty sandwiches, cookies, and candies.

ATHLETIC ASS'N HOLDS 1ST MEETING

Point System Explained

Among the clubs of Ward-Belmont the Athletic association holds a very prominent place. The only difference between this association and the other clubs is that practically all the girls are members; though not all are actively interested. At present there are 48 active members. Amanda Caldwell is president and Jesse Burgin, general manager. The other officers have not yet been elected for this year.

In order to be a voting member and hold an office one must earn 100 points. To earn the hundred points is not as difficult as it may seem because any girl who makes a team gets 40 points in that sport; if she is a "sub" she gets 10 points; and if she makes Varsity 100 points are given to her.

The club points are counted differently from individual points. Every girl who goes out with her club squad and regularly attends the plays intelligently earns two points for the club. Each girl who makes the team gives the club five points, and each girl playing in a game gives her club five points and if the club wins the game they get one additional point. If a girl makes Varsity she adds five points to her club. Every one making second Varsity counts three points for her club. These points all go toward the club championship for the year and are called Season points in a sport. The team that wins the most games is Champion and earns the cup of that sport. If the cup is won in three consecutive years it belongs to the club. At present the clubs possessing cups are the following:

Hockey—F. F.
Basketball—Tri-Vers.
Swimming—Tri-K. (2nd year).
Bowling—Penta-Tau.
Water Polo—T. C.
Baseball—Penta Tau.
Track—Agora.
Archery—T. C.
Riding—Freda Birge.

There are ten different sports offered during the year. In the fall riding and hockey; at the beginning of the second quarter basketball and swimming; during the third quarter, bowling and water polo; and with spring comes track, baseball, tennis, archery, and riding.

FRENCH CLUB ORGANIZES

A. Sherwood '30 President

The first meeting of the French Club was called to order in the A. K. clubhouse by Elberta Gooch. After dinner coffee was served to the guests after which the election of officers for this year took place. Those elected were:

President, Adalyn Sherwood; vice-president, Louisa LaBounty; secre-

tary, Elinor Neckerman; treasurer, Virginia Showalter.

After the elections a very clever play was given. Those taking parts were: Colette and Mari, two maids; Janis Baldwin and Mary Goss, two soldiers; Frances Jenkins and Lillian Foote; Pierre, a handy man, Susan Grover; and M. Crabouchet, an innkeeper; Louise LaBounty. The entire play took place in an inn and depicted the actions of two American "doughboys" trying to get something to eat in this French inn.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Saturday, October 19—Arkansas Club Tea in Penta Tau clubhouse, 4:30 P.M. Kansas Club Tea in T. C. clubhouse, 5:00 P.M.

Sunday, October 20—Dr. Prentice Pugh speaks at vespers, 6:00 P.M.

Monday, October 21—F. F. Club Wiener Dinner, 6:00 P.M.

Tuesday, October 22—State Club meetings at clubhouses, 10:30 A.M. Y.W.C.A. play in Chapel, 7:00 P.M.

Wednesday, October 23—Peanut Week began at breakfast. All-School Entertainment; Richard Bonelli, Baritone, at Ryman Auditorium, 8:15 P.M.

Thursday, October 24—Del Ver Club Wiener Roast at Lauran Place, 6:00 P.M. All Club Meetings, 7:00 P.M. Governing-Board Meeting, 7:45 P.M.

Saturday, October 26—Movie in Chapel, 7:00 P.M. Dance in Gym, 8:00 P.M. Chattanooga Annual Trip, All day.

Sunday, October 27—Stay at home Sunday. Sunday school, 8:30 A.M. morning service in Chapel, 12:00, Dr. W. E. Barton, pastor of the Peabody Congregational Church, and Prof. of Religion Vanderbilt University to speak. Supper in clubhouses after vespers, 6:00 P.M.

Tuesday, October 29—Denishawn Dancers in Nashville, 8:15 P.M.

Thursday, October 31—Hallowe'en. Dinner in diningroom, 6:15 P.M. Hallowe'en Dance in gym, following dinner.

Five no-hostess dinners and one small dinner party were held in the various clubhouses on Saturday evening, October 19.

Katherine Seager presided as hostess at a beefsteak dinner Saturday evening at the F. F. clubhouse. Her guests were Jane Rayburn, Ann Newman and Nancy Newman.

The largest group which met for Saturday evening dinner consisted of eleven girls from a number of different clubs who met at the Anti-Pan clubhouse; Betty O'Donnell, Jessie Burgin, Florence Miller, Irene Cochrane, Shirley Lege, Rose Flentye, Jane Clark, Nancy Lang, Marion Lyles, Frances Lamar and Sue Yaeger. This group was unusual in that the guest list included three different social club presidents.

Ten girls had dinner Saturday evening at clubhouse Number 3, better known as the "Del-Ver Dive." The traditional "good time" was had by Corda Redfern, Patricia Morrison, Betty Dyson, Ruth Rymer, Louise Windham, Helen Fawcett, Eleanor Peterson, Colburn Spence, Nancy Motton, and Allison Saxe.

Two double-foursome dinners were also held on Saturday night. One, at the X. L. clubhouse included Virginia Hinn, Eleanor Binford, Lilla Lou Peeples, Rita Miller, Virginia Lou Sample, Laurett Abercrombie, Virginia Bacon, and Elizabeth Willis.

The Penta Tau clubhouse guest list included Mary Pray, Lucille Zarne, Jeanette Peak, Ann Gairing, Marion Gairing, Marjorie Leopold, Betty Lyons, and Elsie Stern.

A small Saturday evening dinner was served at the Agora clubhouse to Marianne Brown, Ethel Greiger, Amelia Barlow, Emmy Lou Garthoffen, Nancy Belle Moss, and Virginia Andrews.

Senior suite, 305-306, comprising Frances Faust, Lillian Frances, Harriet Graybill and Virginia Gerdl, invited a number of friends down to the T. C. clubhouse last Saturday evening to play bridge. At least that was the intended plan for the evening but the divers temperaments of the guests changed it. After having played several hands and having consumed a goodly amount of candy the guests decided to play games.

First, they tried writing every one's name on a piece of paper. Then slips were drawn, and each had to do as the one holding her name dictated. Margaret Burnett gave a charming little interpretive dance; June Haralson sang, and Frances Hoffman rended her tap dance for which Virginia Gerdl played "The Sidewalks of New York" with three summer sets. All were greatly surprised at Miss Hoffman's ability to do the latter without touching her head to the floor.

Tiring of this, some one suggested that all sit on the floor to tell ghost stories with all the lights turned out. After "Gooch's" story the club was flooded. She's just a bit too realistic. After drinking lemonade and eating all the ice, the guests shifted dormitoryward, vowing in the usual manner that they had never had such a good time.

The guests were Mary Lovell, Betty Lane, Dorothy Pickens, Elberta Gooch, Margaret Burnett, Martha Mannington, Grecia Bell Blackman, June Haralson, Frances Hoffman, Dorys Mitchell, Virginia Sargeant, Miriam Carter.

The F. F. Club had a wiener roast in their clubhouse Monday night, October 21.

Four clubhouses will be the lively scenes of Sunday morning breakfasts tomorrow morning, October 27.

Eleanor Peterson, Corda Redfern, Mary Ann Motlow, Louise Windham, Colburn Spence, Betty Dyson, Carol Willes, Patricia Morrison, Helen Fawcett, Allison Saxe, Mary Goss, Ruth Rymer, Elisabeth Asbury, Betty Williams, Miriam Woodside and a heavy breakfast will get together at the Del Ver clubhouse.

A lucky thirteen will have breakfast at the Agora clubhouse tomorrow morning. They are Jessie Burgin, Frances Lamar, Mariam Lyles, Florence Miller, Mary Baum, Caroline Hogue, Mary Purnell, Jane Clark, Shirley Lege, Rose Flentye, Barbara Reed, Sue Yaeger, and Irene Cochrane.

Big times and extra pounds will be added to the Sunday morning breakfast at the X. L. clubhouse which will be held by Jean Hagenback, Dorothy Sandifer, Juanita Mays, Maurine Le Niven, Rebecca Ainsworth, Miriam Woodside, Dorothy Floyd, Josephine Blackburn, Elizabeth Ross, and Eugenia Brown.

A double quartet will preside at breakfast at the Tri-K clubhouse Sunday morning. The Newman twins, Eleanor De Witt, and Mary Stewart Burger.

The only breakfast held at a clubhouse on Sunday morning, October 20, took place at the Osiron clubhouse, where Vera Schlenker, Marjorie Stevens, Margaret Yoder, Dora Orcott, Katherine Borhan, Esther Conger, Sue Shaeffer, Sallie Props, and Dorothy Rose met bright and early in the morning for bacon and trimmings.

Tea was served to the Arkansas Club Saturday, October 19, in the Penta Tau clubhouse.

SPORTS IN LETTERS TO MUSSOLINI

Dear Friend:

Speaking of adhesive tape and nutpicks, it's done nothing here but rain all day. In fact, it rained so hard that the F. F.'s had to postpone their early morning hockey practice. They really had one scheduled for six o'clock; guess it'a the old club spirit, and some of us had best wake up to the fact that there is such a thing. The F. F.'s were hockey champions last year, and some of our best players this year are in that club.

Jerome and I decided to divide our list of those players we thought most outstanding into two parts, those who are already about as good material as we'll have, and those who are going to be. On the first list are: Sarah Bryan, Martha Collins, Nancy O'Connor, Grace Cavert, Elizabeth Elliot, Isobel Goodloe, Frances Lamar, Eugenia Smith, and the girls I mentioned last week. Gladys Cook, Bunny Gillis, Mary Graham, Clara Grace Peck, Barbara Reed, and Jane Smith are all on the second list.

You know, "Mussi," I promised to tell you all about riding in this letter only I won't be able to. You see Jerome, lazy boy that he is, fell asleep while hanging over the fence trying to see just who was riding which horse. (If you ask me it was the effect of that peculiar tasting jelly we have here at intervals). I put him to bed and went out to search for myself, but having only time to view one advanced class, in which Betty Williams, Helen Greene, Mildred Clark, and Jane Clark were working hard on the racks, you'll have to wait again for details.

With best regards to the little ones,

Napoleon.

P. S. My suitemate, Jean, insists upon publicity—she never does anything so her name is here as a little joke. (This may be taken many ways.)

N.

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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Thursday, Oct. 17.

Well, well where have I seen you before, Diary?

Did converse the day long with the Quaid about my suffering grades. Finally convinced him much against his better judgment, that it must have been two other guys what got those marks. I'm not sure it was, but I hoped sincerely that I was right.

Played some very bad basketball, which is much less active than hockey. I seem to be the bain of Miss Cayce's life. Anyhow did trot to the tea room later and ate on the two or three pounds. I feel sure I lost during the rush. I ask you—does that do any good?

Got one letter but it was the one I wanted so cart-sprung to dinner and dieted. Some library after and thence to the cradle where I put this child to sleep.

Friday, Oct. 18

Answered all the behind correspondence in hopes that some of the so favored would break down and answer. Such be the case of my friends.

Did receive in the afternoon express on hig fat pillow a letter from the Ginkette. It was the nastiest epistle—also another pillow (in the head) upon springing the news to my fair Bing—Gee, she's sympathetic.

Played a few sets of tennis with the next-door neighbor and got me sunburned by no small degree. Visited till dressing bell with a brilliant Senior and was escorted to the door by Mrs. Charlie who told me to hie me hence and dress for dinner—both of which I did with due promptness.

Did some new and different practicing after eating—a full stomach, you know—and then to bed. Some people think you're all the same, Diary. What would they you do—go nite-lifing?

Saturday, Oct. 19

For I had a class and clubbed merrily all morn. Waxed somewhat less merry at the thought of Mrs. Armstrong's inevitable note, but succeeded in gaining back the old pep to the tune of a really hot number some benefactor had left at the house.

Did nigh run over some of the best looking people and smiled becomingly (or otherwise) to the left and right with much effect. I hope. Can you bear it?

Took pictures in the aft much to my disgust and Bing's amusement. She does find the funniest things to laugh over. Found great sport in playing mumhuldy-peg with a finger nail file till almost dark.

After a slight repast took in "Abie's Irish Rose." I'd be anybody's rose to look like that Carrol girl. Goll! Then to be new and different—I stayed up after light bell and had me a swanky little feast in someone else's room—not truly, but the Belles of Ward-Belmont crave individualism—so there 'tis!

Sunday, Oct. 20

Began the day with slight church services—"and so on into the night." Got me a few letter in the stampede and spent the following afternoon trying to figure out just what one of them said. I still wish I knew.

Tried fatally to compose poetry for one of the grinds tomorrow, hut no soap! I seem doomed to the black list. In such state of mind I upped and went to tea and vespers. This simple home life is killing me!

Returned to Pemhroke via Club Village and spent a hilarious half hour planting the tea hanana peelings in the places where Bing was most likely to go. Alas—these people born with a gold spoon! Not only did she completely miss them all but I forgot and trod on one myself bringing the person down on that mistreated region which Neil and Charlie offend so cruelly!

Do verily quoth—what could be more appropriate to start Senior Week off with a bang, than to have "Dotty" Black shear her curly locks?

Marched to all the toils in absolute torrents of rain and got the feet and disposition slightly worse for wear.

Nine warm zoop for lunch at which I gave three rousing cheers and tried to control the shaking paws in order to eat! Then into the deluge for the afternoon round of activity.

Took me to Senior, when hours would permit and exploited the values and gifts of those worthy classmen until a sore throat forced me to concede and withdraw. Got a special fan mail after dinner with elaboration and sook (?) a shelter whereby to read same.

Did to bed with ease and ended the first Senior Weekday. Shall be among those present next year, if I last that long!

Tuesday, Oct. 22

Hauled out the red flannels and ear laps and thus to breakfast, but I didn't. This diet business will kill me yet! Did dream a spell about the good ole Northern snow storms and shed a tear but it froze on the way down, so with or without snow we still have the atmosphere. Tearoomed steadily after three and then danced somewhat at the good old clubhouse.

Got some news from one of these sunshine scatter's about the faithful—mostly otherwise—Pat. Resolved not to answer his letter, but decided it would be more joy than sorrow to him and thus wrote a full lenghty epistle.

Did nothing different so do verily believe I'll not quote the old actions.

Wednesday, Oct. 23

Rattled down to the Ryman to hear Richard Bonelli vocalize. If that man only knew the trouble he put us to—! But then, 'twas worth it. He's got a golden voice besided lots of "it" and "them." Wished heartily I was imposing looking but I guess not. "It ain't being done!"

Home at a truly late hour and elucidated greatly on all the missing lessons for the morrow. Did set an early alarm and laid the weary bones to rest—for the time being, at least. To sleep wondering vaguely what would happen if I chanced to ever take Senior English. Don't think it'll occur, so I'll not worry me.

CAMPUS COLUMN

What do you think of the hair-cutting craze? "Dotty" Black wanting some excitement cut her raven tresses, but thinks she'll let them grow again. And doesn't "Kitty" Russell look darling with hers off? Virginia Bacon is thinking seriously of shearing hers. She'd better not or there will be trouble.

The poor Wordsmith's do have the worst time having their picnic. They've tried at least nine different times to picnic in some sunny grove and every time their efforts have been in vain. It either rains or they just can't seem to get together. They have had the worst time imaginable. And, of course, you know about their clubhouse to-be? Well, anyway they have searched this campus over and can't even find a vacant corner in which they might wax literary. Those poor, poor Wordsmith's.

Martha Mannington and Gratia Belle Blackman really did pull a nice one the other day. They were riding down town in one of those yellow street cars and Gratia Belle, in an observing mood, asked Martha why in the world they put bars on the windows of the street cars and the fast response was, "So the girls won't jump out when they go by the station." Pretty smart, wasn't it?

If you don't believe that Elinor Neckerman rates and dates with football heroes just ask her to tell you all about it.

Doesn't Rose Flentye make a beautiful peanut? Maybe you don't realize that Rose's charming self was hidden under one of the Swiss Cleaner cleaning sacks the night of the Peanut play. And did she lend her melodious voice to the little ditty? Well,

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A careful study of small things in correct numbers—as costume jewelry, scarfs, gloves and hose. All the latest designs and colors are being shown at Loveman's.



English

A study of the composition of a sports outfit consisting of three piece suit of English tweed. Prerequisite of smart felt hat, reptile skin shoes and bag from Loveman's.



Drama

To be studied in connection with social success at teas. Prerequisite—an afternoon dress of transparent velvet or satin emphasizing the new feminine silhouette. To be sure of credit, such gown should be selected from the smart gowns at Loveman's.

now, say mister. Her shape did resemble a peanut, didn't it?

Puzzle—Where in the rest of Jerry Rowe's bear coat? Answer that one if you can.

These rainy days certainly do bring out the natty rain costumes. Frances Hoffman's tan hat with the scalloped rim and cute signs all over it is really a knockout, and does she ever look swanky! Elberta Gooch also has a nifty little number; the dearest little navy-blue skull cap with brim. She looks like Mrs. Astor in it, for sure. What in the world has happened to Jane Owen's blue outfit that she sported so much last year every rainy day? You remember the sweater had a big white M on it and the outfit was in shades of navy-blue. It was lovely, and I'm sure that it is missed by all. Peg Corwin wouldn't feel dressed on a rainy day without her beret gloves and galoshes. Helen Greene wears her rain hat at a jaunty angle and really looks quite "doggy." Marian Fox has a cute yellow slicker, it's brevity is it's main point.

Don't you love the way Grace Cavert wears her hats? Just kind of pushed to the back of her head. You get the effect. She'd be good-looking if she wore a bathing cap on the campus. I do think that she is a knockout.

Malted milks in the tea room that announcement, which nearly all the frequent afternoon food-seekers already know, will certainly be too bad for strenuous "dieters" who simply can't refuse an occasional "malt." Dieting will probably be flung to the winds in most cases. And what a blessing it is for the poor little puny creatures who can't gain to save themselves.

The HYPHEN office sounded like a shot gun factory Tuesday afternoon when Roberta Cole received a box of lollypops from "Cliff" and "Harry." The office resounded with vicious pops as the contented "lollypoppers" pulled them out of their mouths. I sincerely hope that no one misses the fun. My jokes are so sad that I have to remind my suffering public to be sure and catch them all. Life's like that!

Lest we forget "Undie"
Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I love you,
And so am I.

Hockey games will be starting soon! Those good old games will rouse some club spirit in the new girls and redouble the enthusiasm of the old girls. Competition will really start in earnest then and, my, how we'll all love it. Won't we miss "Palmer" '29 charging down the alley after the ball, and Margie Northup '29 with her long blond locks flying in the wind, and "Sims," '29 and "Daniels," '29 and "Adams," '29 guarding the goal. To say nothing of "Shody" '29 standing shivering and giggling on the sidelines and "Welty" '29 and "Nat" '29 giving clever yells, and all the various yell-leaders giving the team real support. A new season!

Hasn't Katherine Parrish a darling new way to fix her hair? It certainly is becoming. She looks like Vogue sure enough now.

Early in life, it seems, women are confronted with the problem of losing their maids. Even in the early days of boarding school, girls have this problem. They get an understanding maid and when she meets with an accident, they are left to become accustomed to a new one's ways.

This is what has happened to the girls on the first floor of Fidelity. Tommy, their 'jolly good maid" was hit by an automobile Sunday night as she got off the street car, and now they have a new maid. She adequately fulfills the duties of Tommy, but oh, how they miss Tommy's cheery "Good morning, babies," and how they hope she will be back soon.

The most outstanding social event of the season was the surprise birthday party given by Mrs. Bryan and Miss Sadie Brown for Miss Garnet in the book-room last Tuesday afternoon. The delicious tea was made in a grill and served from an attractive sideboard cleverly constructed of packing boxes covered by a dainty cover of gray-cotton bathing suit. The guests and hostess were comfortably seated on over turned waste baskets. The service consisted of huge dinner coffee cups and scissors, from the stock of the book room, with which to "stir." Miss Garnett received a beautiful bouquet of crab apples and carrot tops, a bottle of grape juice and a Pralene from the two invited guests, Miss Charlotte Tandy and Mrs. Richard Estes. Mr. Estes dropped in on the happy little gathering and insisted on "pouring." His wish was granted and he served quite gracefully. Needless to say everyone had a roaring good time and each person present hopes that many more jolly tea parties will be given.

LAMENT

This is the psychology class,
Tired of overwork and despondent
Weary with humdrummed life, and much to do, a vanishing race of peoples;
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   Mr. Rose
3. Piano—
   Two Forgotten Fairy Tales.... *MacDowell*
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MRS. PYLE SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

(Continued from page 1)

Pyle, "where it is expected that a man succeed only in his profession it is required of a woman to be a success in her profession."

In conclusion Mrs. Pyle asserted that to be a successful woman one must cherish and make much of all things which make a fine, true, American woman.

SCHOOL OF ART WINS RECOGNITION

(Continued from page 1)

According to Miss Shackelford, the director of the School of Art, the Ward-Belmont exhibit was considered the most outstanding one there. "It was very attractive, as a whole," states Miss Shackleford, and in my opinion there was none other in its class."

BONELLI WINS PRAISE OF AUDIENCE

(Continued from page 1)

rium, opened the Ward-Belmont school's season of artistic musical events in the presence of a very large audience composed of the institution's student body and the invited musical element of Nashville.

"When an opera singer, however popular on the lyric-dramatic stage, takes to concertizing, there is always some advance speculation as to whether his artistic stock will then go up or down. Mr. Bonelli's advanced several points Wednesday night. The reason? Perhaps it was because his hearers had a chance to hear him from a variety of angles that are not provided by any role in any opera, and also because he proved himself the master of every vocal situation. And despite the presence on his program of but one standard operatic excerpt—an aria from the "Masked Ball" by Verdi—he imbued all his songs with tastefully used dramatic quality which is so often lacking in those artists who are without theatrical experience. As outstanding examples of this quality, I may cite in his fourth group the German lieder "Es schaukelt ein Kahn im Fjorde" by Grieg, and "Das Huhn und der Karpfen" by Mathiesen. Other equally clear examples were the "Peyote Drinking Song," Homer Grunn's corking arrangement of an Indian melody, and two Irish folk songs in arrangements by Hughes. I am not able to speak with authority as to the quality of Mr. Bonelli's Navajo dialect, but if he was as lingually fit in that vernacular as in his Italian, German, Spanish (La Paloma, an encore), English and Irish—then little more could be desired by a redskin audience.

"He sang few Italian songs other than the "Verdi" I have mentioned. His Largo from "Xerxes" by the German, Haendel, was, to be sure, sung in Italian. For it was the style, as you know, 100 years before Schubert and before the German language had been discovered as a medium of lyric expression, to shove Italian words under the music of all lands. But this Largo is "Haendelian-German song at its best. And Mr. Bonelli is one of its authentic prophets.

"The recitalist, an American, was pleasingly friendly to American composers. And this was no condescension to the musical flag-wavers. For his songs by Carpenter, Campbell-Tipton and Walter Golde were just as musically interesting as the rest. The last named composer was represented by his "Love Was With Me Yesterday," and by an encore called "Offering"; both extraordinarily good things.

"Mr. Bonelli's vocal equipment is not of the tiptoeing, ranting sort we sometimes have to listen to, when opera stars recitalize. He has quantity, quite enough of it. But he never turns it loose and lets it get away with him. This restraint and a perfect control of his richness of quality from one of his range to the other, were two of the qualities of his lyrism which combined with his unique interpretive powers to make this recital an evening of musical delight.

"Frederick Schauwecker presided at the piano and played accompaniments in excellent taste. And his group of three solos in the middle of the evening were not simply "fillers," they proved to be the work of an artist. These solos were a nocturne by Rimsky-Korsakoff, "The Girl With Flaxen Hair," by Debussy and Sibelius' "Spinning Wheel," followed by Ota's "Cradle Song," as an encore."

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The Senior Edition

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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150 ENJOY CHATTANOOGA TRIP

Is Fourth Annual Tour

"Hurry girls. Pick up your feet, and don't break line. Let's see now —146, 147, 148. Yes, every one is here. We're all ready, Dr. Barton."

When all were safely deposited and settled in the cars Miss Morrison proceeded to count noses for the 'steenth time. Then the train started, rolling through a country lavishly painted for autumn.

Dr. Barton executed the duties of refreshment vendor, sights seeing guide, manager and general entertainer. He pointed out the various points of interest along the way and made the time pass lightly.

Because of the early hour the party did not really become active until we reached Chattanooga and were transferred to the seven big grey busses. After all were seated the tour of the Chickamauga battlefield began. As we started we saw Lookout Mountain in the distance. Some excitement was created as we passed the Tennessee State line into Georgia.

About the first place of interest was Fort Oglethorpe where the girls gasped at the great number of men

(Continued on page 10)

SENIOR

SENIOR RECOGNITION ON OCTOBER 28 IN CHAPEL

The first of Senior Recognition Week began Monday, October 28, when the Seniors, dressed in white, marched down the chapel aisles to the platform.

Following the singing of the Senior song, Dorothy Black, president of the class, extended a greeting to the school.

"We do not come to display our members, nor have we a feeling of superiority. We merely want you to become acquainted with us as a whole — to know that the Senior class not only individually but also as a group, is your friend," declared Dorothy.

"It is our hope that you, the underclassmen, as future Seniors, may feel a sense of appreciation of the things for which the Senior class stands; that you may be instilled with the spirit of Ward-Belmont," concluded Dorothy.

Isabel Goodloe, vice-president, told how the day students feel toward Ward-Belmont and the Senior class. She believes that this year there will not be the distinction between day student Seniors and boarding Seniors that there has been but that the Seniors will all be together in upholding the spirit of Ward-Belmont.

Virginia Bacon, treasurer, expressed the feeling the Seniors have for Mrs. McComb who is mother to the girls in Senior Hall.

The Senior poem was written and read by Dorothy Cate, secretary and day student treasurer.

Miss Mary R. Norris, the Senior sponsor, told of the ambitions of the Senior class of this year to double their scholastic standing.

Dr. Barton stated that not only is the school the largest it has ever been this year, but this is the largest Senior class and they have set standards which all the school would do well to follow.

The program was concluded by the entire school singing "The Bells of Ward-Belmont."

SENIOR POEM

Seniors! See our banners flying,
With their stripes of white and gold,
In the whisp'ring breeze that softly
Stirs each graceful silken fold.
White that stands for truth and beauty,
Love and faith unbroken yet;
Gold that bids us do our duty,
Conquer disappointments met.
Proudly, then, we stand and dauntless,
Where have stood those gone before,
Holding in our care traditions
Handed down from days of yore.
Then when Senior days have ended
And new duties call us on,
We shall leave to other Seniors
Our trust to guard, when we have gone.
So like Arthur's knights with armour gleaming,
Pressing onward, brave and bold,
We shall seek the Grail of wisdom
'Neath our banners, white and gold,

Dorothy Harrison Cate '30.

Y.W.C.A. PRESENTS ENGLISH LECTURER

"The women of America can do what they like with the nation and the world," declared Dr. Herbert Gray, who spoke before the students of Ward-Belmont, October 30.

We all have a wonderful set of powers of some kind either intellectual, artistic, practical or a personal magnetism; and if we use ourselves to the helping of others we will get the most out of life is Dr. Gray's belief.

"You don't find happiness nor life in a self-centered life. Those having good times are not those who set out to 'get' but to 'give,' stated Dr. Gray. All ways of giving, generous giving, lead to life," continued Dr. Gray.

"Jesus Christ won't guarantee wealth, a good time, and worldly success; but he will say you have one life to use and a very valuable one and the way to get the most out of it is to use it for other people; put them first, not yourself.

Jesus was the way to life. It won't look like the thing delightful but it does lead to joy if you learn to use yourself to some great end. Jesus Christ told us to give ourselves for a great purpose outside of ourselves regardless of price.

"Those willing to lose lives win them," concluded Dr. Gray.

Dr. Gray conducted a forum for two days in the Y.W.C.A. conference room.

SENIOR

SPOOKS AND WITCHES MOTIF FOR DINNER

The combination of two of Ward-Belmont's traditional social events took place last Thursday evening, October 31. The annual all-school Hallowe'en revels at dinner were held in conjunction with the formal Senior dinner-dance. This year's event differed from former ones of its nature in that the entire school attended the dance in the gymnasium after dinner, with the Senior class as hostesses.

The usual festive spirit of Hallowe'en was represented in the decorations of both dining rooms. All the Seniors had dinner together in the small dining room, which was decorated in orange and black and Hallowe'en spirits in the shape of witches and cats. During dinner the ghostly procession known as the "Ghost Walk" and other pranks and practical jokes took place. The formality of dinner was somewhat dispensed with and the evening was all in the spirit of fun.

The added significance of the Senior dinner and dance in the same evening made the occasion doubly important, for the gym dance was well attended and the gracious hostesses of the Senior class deserve credit for their cordiality and entertainment.

The Dilzel orchestra of Nashville played during dinner and at the dance later.

SENIOR

PEANUT WEEK CLOSES WITH DANCE

"Oh, are you my Peanut? "Isn't it thrilling, and I never knew. I've just guessed and guessed—I'd no idea you were the one." Some such exclamations might have been heard outside the gym Saturday night after the movie.

After the interesting and surprising business of Peanut meeting Shell, the guests were duly received by members of the Y.W.C.A. Peanut and Shell then moved slowly out onto the floor to the strains of the orchestra.

The gym was decorated in a college atmosphere—pennants, pillows, and such.

Later in the evening a very enjoyable program was presented. Jessie Burgin announced each participant. Mildred Shaefer sang, and Miss Jantzer danced. She was encored several times.

Punch was then served and balloons were given as favors.

The dance was successfully and delightfully conducted by the Y.W.C.A.

SENIOR

ANTI PANS GIVE FIRST DANCE

The first club dance will be given in the gymnasium tonight, November 2, at 7:30 p'clock by the Anti-Pandora club. Over three hundred guests are expected to be present.

The dance will be a masqueradè, and an outside orchestra will furnish the music. The chairmen of the committees are: Ann Ryther, refreshments; Mildred Clarke, decorations; Jerry Rowe, 'invitations; Beverly Hamilton, orchestra; and Betty Lybrook, special.

IRENE CRANE HUMPHREY TO BROADCAST NOVEMBER 6

Heard Over WSM

Irene Crane Humphrey, for two years prima donna soprano of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, will give her first radio broadcast in the South next Thursday evening, November 6, between 10:00 and 10:30 o'clock over WSM, National Life and Accident Insurance Company, Nashville.

Mrs. Humphrey is a native Bostonian, and she began her serious study of music with the idea of becoming a concert pianist. At the age of 15 she began the study of voice culture in Boston with Stetson Humphrey, who is now the director of the school of voice of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, and yith whom she studied for a number of years before going to Europe to complete her training.

Mrs. Humphrey was coached in Milan by Aurelio Giaffo and Vincenzo Manno; in London by Carlo Morelli; in Paris by Louise Chalfont; and in Lyons by Jacques Billard. Stetson Humphrey was her only American teacher. She made her debut in Milan in the leading role of "Mimi," and is given the distinction of being the youngest artist who has ever sung that role.

Her radio broadcast is looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

SENIOR

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION INTRODUCES MEMBERS

On Thursday, October 31, during chapel time the Athletic association introduced the officers of the association and the managers of sports for '29 and '30. The duties of the managers of sports are to schedule games for the year and promote sports in every way. The following are the officers of the association:

President, Amanda Caldwell; vice-president, Betty O'Donnell; general manager, Jessie Burgin; secretary, Olive Martin; treasurer, Barbara Reed.

The managers for sports for this year are:

Hockey, Isabel Goodloe; archery, Jane Clark; basketball, Irene Cochran; swimming, Adalyn Sherwood; bowling, Roberta Harrington; baseball, Grace Cavert; water polo, Nancy O'Connor; riding, Eleanor Peterson; tennis, Elberta Gooch.

SENIOR

DENISHAWN DANCERS CHARM AUDIENCES

Students of the dance department of Ward-Belmont school enjoyed the joint recital of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn at the Ryman Auditorium October 29. These two artists are renowned throughout the world for their splendid concert performances, and are especially noted for their beautiful Oriental creations. They have spent several years abroad studying the life, customs, and philosophies, of foreign countries, thus enabling them to portray in an authentic manner true characteristics of the "Natives." Besides being concert artists, they have established a reputation as teachers of the Dance, and conduct a school of Dance Arts in New York City.

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When color goes home into the eyes,
And lights that shine are shut again
With dancing girls and sweet birds' cries
Behind the gateways of the hrain;
And that no-place which gave them hirth shall close
The rainbow and the rose—

Still may time hold some golden space
Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face,
And count, and touch, and turn them o'er,
Musing upon them; as a mother, who
Has watched her children all the rich day through,
Sits, quiet-handed, in the fading light,
When children sleep, ere night.

Rupert Brooke.

SENIOR REVERIE

"We pledge now our love for our old
W. B.
We vow to be ever true."

Sunshine fell in dancing patches through the shedding trees onto the porch of the club. I had drawn my chair out there to study, hut it was impossible to study that day; it was a day for dreaming. Lightly the breeze lifted the folds of my chiffon dress; pages of the book lying open and neglected in my lap fluttered and were still; occasionally a small pile of leaves would scurry across the stones, urged on hy a playful wind. Then the wind would die, and all would be silent save for an occasional bird twitter, the rustle of falling leaves, and the myriad soft whisperings of a fall day. The air was pregnant with those sounds—nature's farewell before the silence of winter oppressed the world.

"We pledge too our love for our dear
Senior class,
God bless them, the old and new."

My gaze sped upward through the trees already showing hare patches through which the sky shimmered. Slowly, silently, tranquilly, great puffy clouds floated high above, silhouetting the bare branches and curled tinted leaves against their virgin whiteness. Through the balustrade of the tower bits of sky like porcelain gleamed. Dream-like flocks of birds winged their silent way across the sky, and my mind flew to the girls who last year had watched the scene with me. I felt a lump in my throat; momentarily the sky was clouded by a film, but I blinked my eyes quickly.

"We'll hold high these colors
The gold and the blue;
Our banners will kiss the sky.
Our faith all-resisting,
Our goal for life's best,
Our motto to do or die."

"Life's best"—ideals, intangible, inexpressible. Not worldly gain, but the fulfillment of a perfect hope and dream. I thought of my first dream, of how it had crashed.

"The joys we have here
Will not fly as the leaves;
They'll last us life's journey
through."

Silently, gently the leaves drifted down on my book, my hands, my dress. Curled, hrowned, hurned, they looked. They had lived their time, and now they fell to be crushed under unheeding feet, brushed from the steps and burned. Cupping a tiny one in the palm of my hand, I examined its seared edges and pondered. Memories are such fragile possessions; too many go the way of summer leaves. Thank fortune, some are of the evergreen variety. They return now—hours fragrant and bright with happiness, laughter and content.

"And the love we have now
For the friendships we've made
Will live ln our memories too."

Most of these memories center about just a small group. Quiet hours when we talked of things that puzzled us; long walks in the late afternoons; dinner over a candle-lit table, all flooded my mind in a mighty tide as my eyes closed. Farther, farther down the lane of memory I wandered. Like fairy tears recollections gleamed at me. Darting hither and thither I went, picking out incidents.

"And though we must part from each
other some day
As Seniors have parted before,
The glorious spirit of old 1930
Will linger forever more."

Slowly, slowly my mind came back to the present. Birds whistled, leaves rustled, the wind caressed me. I turned to look at Betty. Her eyes, half-shut, were on far distances. "Betty," I said, "don't you hate to think that this will be our last fall here?" She gazed at me; a wistful smile touched her mouth. Two new girls walked up the steps.

Virginia Gerdl.
SENIOR

WAR IS HELL

(Continuing Rebecca Ainsworth's '31 daring story of the boys in France).

The pair turned and entered the office, while the driver said things about ungrateful truck-drivers that only ten years in the army can teach a man to say.

A few moments later Dan and Sherry were on their way back to the front, with a truck full of stale hread and canned-Willie under them.

"Whotta life—whotta life," moaned Sherry, unsuccessfully trying to pillow his head against the back of the seat. "Two nights on the road a'ready, and a third one comin' on, an' me not resigned to the first one yet—fer the love o' Christmas, Dan," he whined, "Can'tcha hit them bumps a little softer? I'm gonna wake up playin' on a harp if yuh ain't got no more discretion than to—"

"Aw-tie a loop in your chin," advised Dan, injured. "You ain't got no kick comin'. Look atcha—just settin' around with nothin' to do but twiddle your thumbs. If you was drivin' this here chow cart, and I was a-settin' over there enjoyin' myself, you wouldn't hear a peep outa me."

"Well, ain't I offered to drive?" howled Sherry. "Gimme—"

"No you won't, either," Dan interrupted hastily. "I ain't forgot the last time you drove, yet. When you find trucks won't climb trees, ner yet set in the hranches and sing, you c'n drive. Till then—"

A roar over their heads, and the two buddies, confident that a shell was coming over to sit in the seat between them, dived head-first down among the brakes and steering gear; the shell burst a little distance away, scattering clods and loose earth over the truck and its occupants.

Cautiously, Dan lifted his head to blink a hleary eye in the general direction of the tumbled heap that was Sherry.

"Howza kid?" he chirruped softly. "You dead, Sherry?"

Sherry, it developed, was not dead. He was alive and kicking, and fairly brimming over with quaintly illuminating remarks on the general character, hahits and ancestry of the whole German army. His delivery bore the stamp of genius, no less. Dan listened admiringly, and from time to time threw in choice hits of his own composition.

They started on, over bumps and into holes, through ditches, and through barbed wire, while curses

dribbled from Sherry's mouth steadily.

Night was falling; the two men were silent; Dan was grimly wrapped up in his driving, and Sherry was in a stupor.

The truck heaved and bounced and fought its way over the ground creakingly. Presently the engine began to cough and snort ominously, and finally with a last asthmatic gasp, died.

Dan groaned, then reached over and gave Sherry a shake that made his teeth rattle, but otherwise disturbed him very little.

"Wake up, you hammer-head!" Dan screeched in his ear. "We're stuck in the middle of God-knows-where an' the condemned engine's dead, and it's almost time for the night attack. Come out of it!"

Sherry opened one hostile blue eye. "What say?" he inquired peavishly.

Dan waved his arms; he went into all the details of their desperate plight; he painted awful word pictures of their probable destination; he drew harrowing scenes of the wrath that was to fall upon their miserable heads when they arrived with the provisions, two and maybe three days late. He wept; he cursed. But Sherry was all unmoved. He wanted sleep; he needed sleep; and by golly, he was going to have sleep. He did. His only retort was a gentle snore—a more powerful argument than any Dan could ever hope to present. He stopped short in his harangue and made the best of the situation; he slept also.

Some hours later they were awakened by the flash and crash of bursting shells. They were again under fire!"

SENIOR

SWEET SUITES SERVE SENIOR

The "B" suite wins the great horn spoon! The "B" suite, so-called after Black, Betty, Bunny G., and Bunny E. who reside therein, has a total of 60 activity points—each girl having maximum points. Enclosed in just four frail walls are the president of the Senior class, president of the orchestra, the editor-in-chief of the Milestones, the secretary of the Student Council, the vice-president of the Athletic association, the secretary of the T. C.'s, the assistant news editor of the HYPHEN. Imagine the rarified atmosphere!

Next is the "Free Suite" with 55 points. It is called "free" from the first letter of the first name of Frances Hoffman, Rachel Holland, Esther Conger, and Elberta Gooch. Their motto is "Free speech, free thought, and free scales." Here are the president of the Student Council, the president of the Y.W.C.A., the proctor of Senior Hall, the treasurer of the South Carolina Club, the business manager of the Milestones, and the president of the Western Club. Living with this impressive ensemble are Fredericka-doll, Wardy-doll, Aphanse-dog, Bugy-elephant, Geepy-fish, Sally-salt seller, Hotsy-hot water bottle, Ratty-cat, Hil-water pitcher, Brandy-rabbit, Hattie-hat stand, Thecan-thermes bottle, Jay-hawk-rug.

Two suites down from the "Free" suite is the "President's" Suite, so-baptized because all occupants are presidents of something be it "ever so humble." You all know the "Flo" Miller is president of the T. C.'s, Marion Lyles president of the Tri-K's, and Jane Clark president of the Penta Tau's; but how many of you knew the "Finny" Lamar was president of the Society of U. S. A.? It is odd that while "Flo," "Lyles," and Jane have 13 points apiece, the popular little "It" girl has none. "Finny" really ought to see Governing Board about it.

SENIOR

TALES OF THE WANDERER

One afternoon last week I found myself in the unusual predicament of having two vacant periods and nothing to study. Imagine that! But it was true, and idle curiosity and the spirit of wanderlust led me on an aimless journey into various and much-frequented places of our school.

Ambling down the hall towards the rest room in Big "Ac," I was greeted by shrieks of laughter issuing from the transom of the door. "Ha!" thought I, "Mischief here!" I opened the door a crack.

"Here's to love and perfect unity,
Dark corners and opportunity."

The words boomed forth at me and the several girls seated on floor or ledges within, bent double with laughter. Howls of it! On recognizing sundry of my friends I went on in and looked around.

They were all there,—that familiar crowd. Mary Rachel Gaston, an all-day sucker clutched in one hand, reposed on the floor back-to-back with Bonnie Howard who sat with a piece of candy of the same species in one side of her mouth while she laughed out of the other. Evelyn Falkner, Rebecca Clendenning, Mabel Woolard, and Pauline Felder were seated on the mirror ledge. Dorothy Rich, Louise Porter, and Helen Louthan stood before the mirror and had evidently been combing their hair, still wet from swimming. Just now, however, all "business" had been suspended and every girl was watching Margaret Reuther, who sat on the window sill, reading aloud for a familiar brown book entitled "Love Rhymes."

Having heard the "Rhymes" on several previous occasions already, I paused only long enough to extract an all-day sucker from the sack on the floor and let myself out again. Scarcely had I reached the front steps again when Nancy O'Connor and Mary Graham walked by—"and he came by and stayed all evening."—I caught these words before the speakers disappeared. I idly wondered whose "he" it was.

A few minutes later I found Amanda Caldwell and Isabelle Goodloe holding high session, punctuated by giggles, across a table in the back of the library. On the opposite side of the room, another gossip club was holding its daily meeting. The members included: Katherine Blair, Frances Buchannan, Elizabeth Gerst, and Charlotte Keim. I was just deciding to visit this last group when Miss Church blasted my hopes with a shake of her head.

The bell rang then. An hour of my leisure moments gone! I turned toward the basement of Senior Hall to visit Mrs. Armstrong. Going through the door, I bumped into Marcella Hamilton, Eugenia Smith, Roberta Harrington, and Mildred Harris, each holding a slip of white paper. All were arguing vociferously and expressing various opinions concerning gym and the world in general. I smiled, weakly.

Knees quaking from the thought of what was probably awaiting me, too, I hesitated on the threshold, finally turning back, reassuring myself with an, "I'll tell her 'good-morning' tomorrow." And so the evil hour was delayed!

I was tired of walking by this time, and my curiosity was satisfied. Back to the library I went. Five minutes later I was calmly slumbering there with my head on the table.

SENIOR

We just heard about the carpenter who called his mischievous wife "Cuticle," because she hid his nails.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

What is it that makes every Senior hesitate to think of that time when she will be strolling about the campus of Ward-Belmont no more? The answer is various and lengthy; but after all isn't it equally simple?

Some bit of Ward-Belmont's appealing charm will find a firm place in every *real* Senior's heart. Perhaps it will be the unexciting memory of a beautiful Indian summer evening, when after dinner one walked around club village, listened to new records at one of the quaint houses, and completed the uneventful day by becoming one of the throng of pursuants of knowledge in the library. Or the lasting thrill of Senior-Senior Middle Day may have caused a more responsive note in another's memory. And who could forget that day of days when every loyal Senior and Senior-Middle thinks of nothing but raising her class colors to the sky with victory?

Again one may remember Senior Recognition Day as the time when she first came to realize what *Senior* really meant, when she first felt as though she was an integral part of the great group working for her class and her school.

Then came the time when Seniors were first forcibly impressed that the Senior Mids were soon to take their places. The harmony which every Senior strives to make exist between the two classes throughout the entire year was culminated in the interchange of farewell songs at Step-singing.

But perhaps the most lasting memory is that climax in every Senior's life when at last she receives that coveted diploma. It seems to represent not only accomplished tasks and attainments, but it embodies everything which Ward-Belmont has given her, and is a reminder of her happy school days which she will always cherish.

Senior Hall and Mrs. Charlie—two names that will be linked forever in the hearts of every Senior! What more could a Ward-Belmont girl ask than to be under the spell of both those names?

Senior Hall is not cherished just because of its choice rooms and suites, but because it is the traditional home of the Seniors. And Mrs. Charlie is our Mother! There is a real personality, and a loyal one. No one in school is so true to her girls as Mrs. Charlie. No one in school will stand up for us like Mrs. Charlie. And no one in school is more beloved by the Seniors than Mrs. Charlie. We can't do without her. To each one of us she represents our Mother at home.

Mrs. Charlie knows each one of her Seniors. Have you ever heard any unsuspecting innocent ask Mrs. Charlie if she knows so and so in Senior Hall? And can't you hear Mrs. Charlie gasp, "Of course, I know her. Isn't she one of *my* Seniors?" It is a gross insult to her to suggest that she doesn't know all the Seniors in her hall.

Senior Hall and Mrs. Charlie—the names weave back and forth in the loom of our memories, striking a broad pattern that will never lose its freshness. That pattern dominates our Senior year, and will always dominate our hearts.

There was once a little Senor whose growing locks made her think she was a grown-up teacher and able to take care of herself nights. So evening when she started home from the gym and her sponsor called her to return and put on her rubbers the Senior paid no heed and kept right on her way to the library. A little later when she finally got to the door of the library—after stopping in the sewing across from Senior Hall for a while—all the seats were taken in the library and the poor little Senior had no place to go.

She was all alone. The lights were out in Senior Hall and long shadows came creeping over the ground. A foggy little wind came creeping with them, making scary noises in the crepe myrtle bushes. The Senior shivered as she thought of the terrible Lessons, and the still more terrible Tomorrow. Then she started wildly over the campus, but not half-way, near the middle summer house, there stood the Lesson and the Tomorrow.

The Senior knew there was little hope for her.

"Please, Mr. Lesson and Mrs. Tomorrow," she said trembling, "I know you are going to flunk me. But first please pipe me a tune, for I want to dance and be merry as long as I can."

Mr. Lesson and Mrs. Tomorrow liked the idea of a little music before Flunking anyone, so they struck up a merry tune and the Senior leaped and frisked gaily.

Meanwhile, the Senior class was moving slowly homeward from the library. In the still evening air the music of the Lesson and the Tomorrow was carried far away on every Senior's Conscience. The School Tutors pricked up their ears. They recognized the song the Lesson and the Tommorow sung before a feast, and in a moment they were racing back to the summer house. The song ended suddenly, as the Lesson and the Tomorrow ran with the Tutors at their heels. Mr. Lesson and Mrs. Tomorrow called themselves fools for turning piper to please a Senior when they should have stuck to the Land of Flunkers-Out.

DO NOT LET ANYTHING TURN YOU FROM YOUR PURPOSE.

SENIOR

MRS. McCOMB SPEAKS ON THE MODERN GIRL

An Interview by Edith Scheufler

The inquiring reporter set out yesterday afternoon with misgivings in her heart, to attempt an interview with Mrs. McComb of Ward-Belmont school. I was sure that Mrs. Charlie, as Ward-Belmont students call her, would prove a treasure-store of information on the Modern Girl.

I found *Mrs. McComb* in her pleasant room on the first floor of Senior Hall. She was writing letters to some of her "old girls." I told her my mission, and she very graciously consented to help me.

My first question was: "What do you think of the Modern Girl?"

"I think she is splendid. I love her. I couldn't afford not to like her, and still remain hostess here. Perhaps I am even prejudiced in her favor, but those who think the modern girl is going to the dogs do not understand her.

"I have been associated with Ward-Belmont school for sixteen years. Before that, for fifteen years, I was a teacher in Pembroke, Kentucky. So you see that all my life, except for the six years of my married life, has been spent with young people, especially young girls.

"I am sorry to say it, but I think the modern girl is very giddy, and careless. I want to emphasize that trait of carelessness. Modern comforts and the solicitude of parents have made girls unbelievably lazy. They are thoughtless, both of themselves, their friends, their mother, and all older people."

Just as Mrs. McComb finished the last sentence, I saw her stiffen, and look out the window. I looked too. Four girls jumped over a Keep Off the Grass Sign, trampling the wet grass, and pulling the delicate green up by the roots.

"Look at those girls. That's what I mean by saying they're careless, lazy, and thoughtless. I'd like to shake them.

"But they'll learn, I hope. The modern girl is like that. But when the time comes for her to think, she thinks, and thinks clearly.

"The modern girl makes a wonderful mother. Her children are put to bed at a certain hour. No amount of crying will make their mother pick them up. They learn to go to sleep at once. Every day at a certain time they are in the sunshine. They grow up husky and well. They eat at regular hours. As the children grow up, the modern young mother understands them. She has kept abreast of the times. Modern mothers are frank with their daughters."

I asked Mrs. Charlie if she had any daughters of her own.

"No, I haven't, but I adopted and raised my cousin. She is married now, and has a twelve-year-old son. I helped her celebrate her thirteenth anniversary this year."

Then I asked Mrs. McComb to tell me something about her teaching experiences.

"After I finished college, I went directly into the teaching professions. My marriage followed, but after my husband's death, in six years, I went back to teaching. I ran my household, kept boarders, and taught school, all at the same time.

"My boarders were three girls, and four boys. We left the house together in the morning, came home to lunch together, and at night I returned home to attend to my household tasks, while the young people went on about their fun or work, to come straggling home one by one at dinner time. In the evening, I always kept study hours, and no student was permitted to leave his room until I thought he had his lessons."

Then I shifted to the question of careers for the modern girl.

"I favor them. Every girl should be prepared to make her own living. She never knows when she may be left in want, and with children to care for and to educate.

"I think it is a crime to let a talent lie neglected."

Tell me some more I begged.

"I am always interested in the progress of my girls. I like to keep up with them after they leave school. I want them to write to me.

"You know, I wish we had a column in our school newspaper the HYPHEN labeled 'Alumnae.' There the Ward-Belmont girl of today could see what the Ward-Belmont girl of yesterday has accomplished since she left school.

"I like to have the girls come to me with their essays and writings. One of my girls whom I harped at all the time she was in school for being *too lazy* to develop her talent for short-story writing, and whom I still harped at after she left school, wrote me recently that she had marketed two of her stories, and was busily writing more.

"Then there was the girl who wanted to get to New York. She thought that in the atmosphere of the village she would do her best creative work. She is in New York now, in an office, and too busy after office hours to do the work she dreamed of. That is tragedy.

"Schumann-Heink told one of my girls that she had a future, if she trained her marvelous contralto voice. The girl came back to school inspired, worked steadily for a week, and then let her whole voice-culture drop. Nothing I could say made any difference.

"One of my girls is in the bonding business in Chicago, and making much money. Another is a protege of Melba in Italy. And one, who graduated in the class of '29 is head of the gift department in one of the best-known stores in New York."

Out of nowhere a bell jangled. I rose to go. The interview was over.

I went away convinced that Mrs. Charlie knew whereof she spoke.

SENIOR

WORDSMITHS SUP IN AUTUMN WOODS

Stars; inky darkness pierced by the flickering flames of a camp fire; the crackle and snapping of burning leaves and twigs; the odor of cedar wafted by a chilling breeze that made one move closer to the warmth and light of the fire,—these were some of the things that made the Wordsmith outing a success last week.

At five o'clock last Friday afternoon the Wordsmith Club and its sponsor left Ward-Belmont and went to Sunrise Hill, several miles from town, on its first outing of the year. The sunny afternoon made the long drive up the winding hill to its summit a beautiful one. Arrived there, the girls built a huge bonfire of wood and leaves and prepared to cook the delicious picnic dinner.

Bacon sizzled in a skillet propped on bricks in the midst of the fire; wieners, hung precariously on many-pronged sticks, swelled and dripped grease into the flames; scrambled eggs gleamed yellow against the black of a pan. And when these were done and had been placed in paper plates on the improvised tablecloth of newspapers, great buns, with pickles, and potato chips were added and the feast began. The bacon was a wee bit burned and perhaps there was not quite enough salt in the eggs, but what did it matter? Steaming hot coffee made up for every deficiency, and the dessert—vanilla ice cream on apple pie, put the finishing to a perfect menu.

The meal over, the group gathered about the fire again, to talk. The new club room was discussed and plans for the Wordsmith contest were made. And when the business was finished, while the dying embers of the campfire cast a soft glow over the faces of those within the circle of its warmth, there was singing, concluded with the "Senior Class Song," and the "Bells of Ward-Belmont."

The sparks having been put out with the remainder of the coffee, the trip back to town was begun, marking the end of one of the most enjoyable occasions experienced by the members. Besides Miss Herron, the sponsor, every member of the club was present. These included: Virginia Gentl, Betty Lane, Virginia Lloyd, Elizabeth Lee Haynes, and Dorothy Cate.

The Wordsmith Club will have other happy outings this year; yet doubtless none of them will mean as much to the old girls as did this first reunion, held in the changing lights and shadows of a campfire in the woods.

SENIOR

SENIORS TO SERVE AFTER DINNER COFFEE

The final event of Senior Recognition Week will take place tomorrow when after dinner coffee will be served in Recreation Hall. Mrs. Rose and Miss Norris will preside at the coffee table. A short program consisting of a vocal solo by Marion Nicholson and a piano solo by Isabelle Goodloe will be presented.

SENIOR STATISTICS

Just for Fun

Lila Lou Peeples (may her tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And said to herself, "My goodness me,
I forgot to tell my proctors to surely see
That each and everyone pays attention
Then at least I'll get on the 'Honorable Mention'."

Virginia Bacon, may she live long,
Rode her horse as she sang her song,
Her auburn hair blew in the wind.
And those who didn't like her
Yea verily, they sinned.

Jane Sipher, the little brownie,
Snapping brown eyes, cute red cap,
Always was nicest
When taking a nap.

Virginia Showalter came from Kansas
Where the corn and sunflowers grow,
She's a blonde of whom everyone's fond,
And is quite a pretty maid, No? or No?

There was once a girl named Pickens
Who was peppy as the dickens,
She had black, curiy hair
And an, "Aren't-I-cute?" air;
Oh she was one of W.-B.'s chickens.

Consider Hon. Florence Miller
How she grows, what a thriller,
When she goes, a humdinger,
Good fast style, and glances that linger
All the while, hm-m-m that's Florence Miller.

Now take the case of Elberta Gooch
More breath-taking than the shoot-the-shoots,
She is witty, she is wise,
And there's deep danger in her eyes.

Little Lois Stout
Was never known to pout,
She greeted each new girl, "Hey, hey!"
And played her "pianner"
In such a manner
That made each and everyone stay.

From North Carolina is Betty Lybrook,
At riding that girl would not took.
When we questioned this notion
She replied with a motion
"Oh, I just simpiy detest to be shook."

A charming young girl is Ruth Curry
Her hair gives her never a worry,
It flies in the breeze,
Like the brown autumn leaves
As Ruth rushes around in a hurry.

A sweet young Senior is Kathleen
Her musical technique's quite keen,
La Rue is her last name
And she's out to gain fame
With music eternally her theme.

Marion McMichael, equestrian,
Rides up the road now and then,
She bounces with grace,
And sits her own pace.
Then turns around and rides back again.

Miss Greta Krause, a young maid
Of the swimming pool is afraid,
She gets up her nerve,
And with vigor and verve,
She dashes out bravely to wade.

A girl from the South is June Haralson
Her Southern brogue is more fun
When she speaks of her "hoss,"
We're really at loss
To know what wild tale she's begun.

Quite awkward is Adalyn Sherwood
She would acquire grace if she could,
But she knocks over chairs,
And then falls up the stairs—
And sounds just like tons of stove wood.

Louise McMurray—"la petite"
Is proud of her diminutive feet.
She has slippers galore,
And always wants more—
But honest now, Louise is sweet.

Quite studious is Miss Alice Law
She has books that you never saw.
She studies at night,
Then screeches with fright—
When B plus is all she can draw.

From Kansas comes Harriett Graybill
She seldom if ever sits very still—
On third floor Senior she makes so much clatter,
Mrs. Charlie cries, "Indeed. what's the matter?"
And Harriett yells back, "It was Lil'!"

There was a girl in our school
And she was wondrous wise,
The Student Council president was she
Frances Hoffman, I surmise.

Martha Hunt is dark and wise,
And oh, she has those come-hither eyes!

Helen Donker has beautiful clothes,
And a charming way that gets the beaux.

Eugenia Brown and her boyish bob,
Envy of it causes her friends to sob.

Merry, merry Mildred Clarke,
Attractive and happy as a lark.

Black hair has Susan Grover
Is that why all would around her hover?

Mildred Bishop, dark hair and eyes,
By her smile, one either lives or dies.

Irene Cochran—athletic—brown hair,
Orange ties—and leaves falling through the air.

Laurette Abercombie—hair black and straight.
To be not near her—oh irony of fate.

Joan Clinton may she live long,
With her thoughts full of joy and her voice of song.

Of medium height was Katherine Blair,
Each thing she did was finished with care.

In the days of old, Mary Elizabeth Bryan
Could have called for her minstrel and lyre.

Sing a song for Katherin Baughan,
Boys all weep when she is gone.

Frances Buchanan—hair brown and short,
Grace and poise like a lady of the conrt.

Frances Cooper—medium size, good heart,
Lovely to be with—of everything a part.

Carol Combs is dark and slim,
Her bearing is always neat and trim.

Loraine Gregory had a sweet personality,
Her attractive hair was yellow and curly.

To Edith Scheuffler, algebra is Greek;
It runs through her head like water through a creek.

Margaret Carter so bright and spry
Her pretty blonde head certainly catches the eye.

Take a bit of laugher,
Add some curly hair,
Sprinkle in some wise cracks
Then stir the mixture rare.
Season it with cleverness
Pour it into a mold
You'll find that it's a copy
Of our "Mayo" Wienold.

BITS ABOUT 'EM

Alumnae and Otherwise

We have heard that Margaret Payne '29 is working in Altman's in New York City this fall, and that Mrs. Graham Johnston ("Jo" Wright '27) is living in the Stuyvesant Apts., Grands Rapid, Mich., this year.

Who should be planning on a Thanksgiving visit to this campus for the purpose of re-living college days but Beth Martin '29 of San Diego, Cal.

Helen Johnson '27 is attending the University of Chicago and is also doing some writing for the university paper.

Two visitors over the week-end looked upon familiar faces. Jane Davis '25 visited Virginia Smith '25, and Mary Haralson '29 visited her sister, June '30, and Lavelle Thompson '29, who is a post graduate this year.

And who should descend upon us on all fours but "Dibbie" Barthell '28, and Mrs. Palmer James ("By" Carson ex '28) last Saturday afternoon. They just couldn't keep away from the campus with the smell of hockey weather in the air. Old forgotten days brought up ghost-like phantoms, made more vivid when "Dibbie" found her hockey stick, and that of Polly Orr Jordan's ex '28, in a pile of badly mutilated sticks on the hockey field.

Doris Trombley '27, is attending the School of Dramatic Arts in Boston this fall, and Virginia Bush '28, the writer of the Diary of a few years ago, and Geraldine Snelling '28, are going to the University of Michigan. Geraldine is studying music, while Virginia will graduate in the spring.

Before Margaret Vernier's recent marriage to Mr. Lawrence David Roberts she was a professional accompanist in New York City. She received her certificate in music from Ward-Belmont Conservatory and later graduated from the Chicago Musical College. While in New York she studied with Frank LaForge. And also Mrs. Dorothy Jones Albinson, who was recently married, received her certificate from the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, and graduated later from Northwestern University.

Virginia Snider '26, is in Kansas City, Mo., beginning her junior socisl service work. She received her master's this spring at the University of Iowa.

Ruth Erbrich ex '27, is now studying at the Currey School of Expression in Boston.

Helen Baker '29, has accepted a position with the Riddle Insurance Company, of Madisonville, Ky.

Three former expression students are attending the American Academy, in New York, with advanced standing. They are Jean MacDonell '29, Margaret Insull '27, and Christine Drake '28. They write Miss Townsend enthusiastically of their work.

Agnes Cassels '27, is director of all the Playground Dramatics in Charlotte, N. C. She has charge of the Junior Drama League and of the Children's Theater. She also has charge of Dramatics and Public Speaking in the high school in Charlotte also.

Help! Help! "Nat" Hines '29, has rated dates with Buddy Rogers' brother on the University of Kansas campus. See how your fame as a siren has spread, "Nat." We would not advise, however, you performing for him as you used to do for us.

"Tillie" Daniels '29, writes us from the University of Iowa campus that she is enjoying life to the utmost, that she is well, and that her family are worried over her scholastic standing. She also tells us that there are seven Ward-Belmont girls in the Kappa chapter there who were T. C.'s. They are: Anne Murtagh, Katay Reid, Gertrude Cameron, Winogene Hovenden, Katherine Waitt (who is leaving for Europe next month), Maurine Jacobsen, besides herself. Quite a little gathering, "Tillie"—quite a little gathering. Give 'em our love.

Mary Snydor '28, who is attending the Texas Technological College, in Lubbock, Texas, was elected the Queen at the Dallas Fair last week-end.

Help! Help! Help! Send in NEWS.

SENIOR

MARRIAGES

Sara Elizabeth Fontaine '27, to Mr. Clarence Bloodworth Hanson, Jr., on September 9, at Aiken, S. C.

Eleanor Kaufman '26, to Ensign Albert E. Fitzwilliams, on August 21, at Sheboygan, Wis. At home at 4028 1-2 Gaffey St., San Pedro, Calif.

Sara Summers Cox '23, to Mr. Paul Keckley, on October 16, at Madisonville, Ky.

Florence Elizabeth Bell '26, to Mr. Charles Jsmison Kruse, on October 12, at Indianapolis, Ind.

Elsie Lucille Bell '22, to Mr. Raiph Waido French, on October 10, at Connersville, Ind. At home at 218 South Cole St., Muncie, Ind.

Hazel Cruse '20, to Mr. Robert Wilson Dinsmore. At home at 920 North Fourth, Reading, Pa.

Helen Lorene Waller '26, to Mr. Bradford Hamiin Brockway, on September 12, at Pontiac, Mich. At home at Ottawa Hills, Toledo, O.

Dorothy Jones '17, to Mr. John Clarence Albinson, on June 29, at Worthington, Minn. At home at Worthington, Minn.

Margaret Vernier '21, to Mr. Lawrence David Roberts, on July 27, at Butler, Ind.

Mertis Ward '24, to Mr. Warren Straw, on October 17, at Burlington, Iowa. At home at 323 Summer St., Burlington, Iowa.

George H. McComb '19, to Dr. M. LeRoy Tomkins, on October 16, at Los Angeles, Calif. At home at 3409 Calaiway Place, Baltimore, Md.

SENIOR

DEL VER DOINGS

A bright fire looming on an otherwise dark horizon; groups of girls bending over it as if they were witches brewing a magic potion; and a portable grinding out "Moaning Low" symbolized the spirit of the Del-Ver wiener roast last Thursday evening. After the most important part was over (the food) the girls gathered in the clubhouse where each new girl was required to entertain the others. Elizabeth Asbury's description of the "poor and wholesome Adelaide" was especially noteworthy. Then under Sally Smith's leadership the entire club sang our good old Del-Ver pep songs and the real living spirit that Del-Vers are noted for was infused into the hearts of our new members.

The meeting broke up with a regular sky rocket for our hockey team, and every girl returned to her room feeling enriched by the evening's entertainment—especially Betty Williams who had carefully concealed a gallon jar of cider under her coat.

SENIOR

ILLINOIS CLUB

Lillian Foote and Mary Frances McKelvy will fill the positions of vice-president and treasurer respectively of the Illinois Club.

Dorothy Nell Burdette, president, and Eleanor Sapp, secretary, were elected for their capacities last year.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Oct. 24—Thursday.

Beloved Chronicle:—

Did up and to town this day. Bought a nose veil, gloves and other ladylike accessories. Now I can be classed among the sophisticated foolish! Purchased a few swanky pillows which are riotous in our purple room. Nuf said!

Ate at Candyland and took home some highest among the prized English toffy. Did cost the price of a good dollar and do believe the tea room will suffer accordingly.

Dined and danced in the gym—to my own accompaniment, the music being slightly subdued.

To bed early being worn ragged and broke from the day's shopping.

Oct. 25—Friday.

Mail! Mail!—and then some more. Hooray! Did mosey down to Hyphen office where I sat me with vacant expression! No thoughts did stray my way. Maybe that's the reason for this being no more newsy than usual. Plunked aimlessly at a few keys and then gave it up as a poor job.

To tea room—to dinner—to gym—to study and to bed.

Oct. 26—Saturday.

Had my one assignment in Eng. Lit. ready and do believe "deer teacher" would have advocated a period of rejoicing, had the time not been so short.

Dug a hole in Club Village where I got some nice black earth for Bing's bulbs. She buys 'um at the Ten Cent store and they never do grow, but dirt I must dig regardless! Also routed a few angle worms and resolved to go gold fishing in the fountain this eve.

Refrained and saw Carroll again in "Shop Worn Angel." If them eyes is angelic I'm another Betty O'Donnell.

To bed on top of that and spent a restless night.

Oct. 27—Sunday.

Enjoyed a quiet stay-at-home Sunday. Dr. Barton spoke to us about not wearing more than five or six fur coats at a time, among other things. Heartily agreed with him to the extent of talking and getting reported for it. Then to a slight midday repast.

Tea-d at Mr. Humphrey's home along with the rest of the Eastern girls and almost staged a relapse at having to return to duties. Supper at the clubhouse but left early to write letters and, incidentally, to study.

Oct. 28—Monday.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Proclamation of Senior Week!

To Senior Recognition day in chapel and swallowed a lump in my throat four times. All those white dresses and yellow ribbons.

"Their banners shall kiss the sky," cheered mightily with the thought that I'll be one this time next year—maybe! That inevitable last word. Teacher, be kind to me.

All day amid the white and yellow, until library where all the "samite, mystic-wonderful" had been removed in favor of Nashville's night air.

Oct. 29—Tuesday.

Listened attentively to all Miss Irvin said the Seniors were doing for "us chilluns," and hurrahed with the rest at the swanky dance we're getting. Even if I am awed and tramp in the mud each time one approaches on the side-walk, they're pretty good ole scouts!

Was highly elated at being asked to go gymning with one, but declined with broken heart, as the rain beat heavily.

Oct. 30—Wednesday.

Sallied forth in the gray dawn of morn, with slicker a la carte. Did note a few fair buds peeping forth in acceptance of the regal Senior's hour and the grass appeared a bit greener, because of them—speaking of poetism I'm it, or have it—poetism, I mean. Which has nothing to do with the subject, but that's fine.

Spent a weary day at the office, reading the home high school paper. Not that I knew any of the heroes or "heroinesses," but what does that make me, an Elk?

Studied with:
Item I. Cold.
Item II. Red nose.
Item III. Running eyes.
Items IV. and V. No eraser or mind.

SENIOR

CINCINNATI AND INDIANA CLUBS MEET

On September 13, the Cincinnati Ward-Belmont Club entertained 20 Ward-Belmont girls at a luncheon. The president of the club, Mrs. Helen Hamilton Keck '19, wrote enthusiastically of the first meeting of the Cincinnati Club and said that she had received calls from three students of Ward Seminary who showed much interest. It is the purpose of these state clubs to include within their membership not only girls from Ward-Belmont but from Ward Seminary and Belmont College as well. The Cincinnati club is fast making plans for another get-together and we join in wishing them much success in their undertaking.

The October meeting of the Indiana Ward-Belmont Club was held at the home of Mrs. Adelaide Lidikay Boyd '24, on Saturday, October 19, in Indianapolis, Ind. After a delightful luncheon a short business meeting was held. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to bridge.

The officers for the coming year are as follows: Adelaide Lidikay Boyd, president; Elfreda Lanter Caylor, vice-president; Nell Morton Bowles, secretary; Pauline Paddock Turnock, treasurer, and Marguerite Klauss Genpel, alumnae secretary.

Always at Christmas time and occasionally throughout the year the club makes financial or materisl donations to needy families or charitable institutions. The money for this expenditure is obtained by yearly dues and a small charge for playing bridge at the meetings. The Indiana Ward-Belmont Club holds its meetings the third Saturday of each month.

Both the Indiana and the Cincinnati clubs urge those in school now to get in touch with them. Drop by the HYPHEN office and we will furnish names and addresses.

SENIOR

MISS TOWNSEND RECEIVES LETTER OF APPRECIATION

A note showing Nashville's appreciation of Miss Townsend's excellent work in the play, "As You Like It," which was given last year by the certificate and diploma students of Ward-Belmont was received from the Shakespeare Club of this city. The letter is as follows:

"My Dear Miss Townsend:

"I must tell you how profoundly the Shakespeare Club enjoyed "As You Like it." Every time we meet we rediscuss certain high points of the play, and we think we can never again feel that we know a play until it has lived and breathed before us.

"The concensus of opinion is that the banished Duke had the finest voice, and that Jaques did the "Seven Ages" to perfection. That the Ganamede-Silvius-Phoebe episode was capital. That the celerity with which Touchstone vanquished William was adequate. That the living, breathing characters of Silvius, William and Audrey were delightful, and that nothing was more fetching than William's shepherd's pipe.

"We feel that we are fortunate to live in a city where we could have so much pleasure condensed into one evening. We congratulate the girls on the privilege of studying with a critic who has your clear appreciation of dramatic art.

"Thanking you for the pleasure your performances always give us, and with kindest regards and best wishes.

Sincerely yours,
The Shakespeare Club and Margaret McIntyre."
May 27.

SENIOR

TROOP 18 PLANS IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY

The scouts of Troop 18 held their weekly meeting Tuesday at the scout house on the Ward-Belmont campus. Eight members were present and two field workers were their guests. After dinner a program for the investment ceremony was planned. The French ritual will be carried out and a very impressive meeting will be held next week. We are all very proud to invest six tenderfoot scouts this early in the year. The six new members are: Nancy Lunsford, Muriel Van Dyke, Mary Erwin Stoves, Portia Ward, Harriett Woods and Martha White.

Our program was planned for the Court of Awards which will take place next Friday. Four of the members of this troop will receive recognition. We expect to have a full attendance at the meeting.

At the Court of Honor meeting the final plans were made for our next meeting. The meeting was closed by the singing of taps.

SENIOR

SPORTS IN LETTERS TO MUSSOLINI

Dearest Benito:

It's "Senior Recognition Week" here, and I've seen so much white 'n gold ribbon and so much damp weather that my brain has almost ceased to function. Oh, I had excellent intentions of telling you all about how very wonderful the Seniors are (it's the thing that's being done just at present) in an athletic way, only I don't know just how to do it. It seems quite natural that some of our better athletes should be Seniors, and that we should recognize them as such. There are certain girls who must be very tired of seeing their name in print for being outstanding in athletics of different types, so this week I shall "give a hand" for the innumerable girls who do most of the dirty work and are seldom praised for it.

These are the girls who are on the field every other morning at six-thirty and are on time for every practice; in other words those (besides the stars) who compose the team and its substitutes, and though they may not be as excellent as the bright lights, here's to them!

Napoleon.

P.S.—This is only to tell you that Jerome is in the infirmary and they won't let him out. These wiener roasts are too much for the kid!

Another thing, did you know that Miss Drew slept with her glasses on half the time? If you don't believe me, ask her yourself.

SENIOR

XL TATTLE

Speaking of heaven—sent blessings—the X. L.'s are the proud possessors of a new radio—praise Allah! Ruth Goldman, out of sheer kindness of heart, presented it to the club.

At the regular Wednesday night meeting, held October 25, Margaret Hare '31, was elected Sergeant-at-Arms.

Ten little maids to a breakfast went. So far, so good; but here's the real punch of the story—there wasn't anything to eat! Somebody slept too late last Sunday morning, and forgot to go after the supplies—tsk-tsk-tsk. The ten unanimously voted to take up dieting on the spot, and would doubtless have achieved a marked success, had someone not discovered half a loaf of rye bread and a jar of mayonnaise. You can't keep a good girl down.

SENIOR

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Everett Wells (Clare Packard ex '30) a girl. They are now living at 217 N. Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

SENIOR

NOTICE!

SAY GIRLS have you heard
ABOUT the hey, hey
SENIOR SHOW? NO-O? Well
LISTEN DON'T MISS the movie on
SATURDAY night. There's going to be
A DOLL DANCE and what not.
IT'S GOING to be a wow! And how!
AND WHAT those plotting
SENIORS WON'T do!
OH YES the audience
WILL ENJOY the program,
NOT ONLY DURING intermission but
WHILE THE WHOOPEE IS going on
IT WILL KNOW the affair is going
TO BE GOOD!
DON'T *MISS* IT, because it's the last
SENIOR ACT before this hilarious
SENIOR WEEK ENDS.
TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

SENIOR

APOLOGY PENDING

A terrible calamity has befallen the ancient House of Sherwood. Adalyn has been elected president of the French Club. She insists that all she can say is: "Desirez-vous de sucre ou de la creme?" That's all right, "Sherry," just learn to say: "Fermez la bouche" to talkative members like "Gooch" and you'll do, little girl, you'll do!

Virginia Gerdl says that the boy friend is now associated with one of the oldest banks in Chicago—that of draft clerk. (He opens and shuts windows).

After seeing the Two Black Crows in "Why Bring That Up" Leah Lindley wants to know if the early bird really gets the worm, or if he just locates it for a bigger bird. Help!

"—Ou' so I seys to him, 'How did youse guys know we wasn't Ward-Belmont goils?' "

Yellow Crab.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

And I sez to myself sez I, "This is going to be a snap. Besides, it will give me an excuse for seeming curious, and being naturally curious, and curious naturally, that's an excuse I've been needing for almost twenty years."

You see the whole reason for the existence of an inquiring reporter is that he may ask silly questions and receive sillier answers—all for publication.

In this case, however, the question is quite acceptable. It is: "What do you think best, to have a day or a week of Senior Recognition?" It deserves a good answer, and so I tried (notice the tried) to find representative girls on the campus, who would have definite ideas on the subject.

Betty Lane appointed me to do this, so I thought it only right that Betty should speak first.

"The idea of having a week is grand. But I think the rain has 'dampened the ardor' of this one. How can one feel properly idealistic in white, when one's dress is damp from raindrops trickling over a slicker collar? Comme Ca!" and Betty laughed and danced away.

Just as Betty left, Bunny Eberhart came bounding in the doorway, shouting, "Let me in on this." I did—with a vengeance. She immediately started out the door, with a look of reproach that would have daunted a less courageous soul than ye reporter.

"I'm afraid to say anything, if it's for publication. I have been misquoted so often. But I should think everyone would like a week of Recognition. The more days the merrier! The more time spent the more impressive Recognition to Seniors as well as to the rest of the school. That's enough, isn't it?"

I admitted that it was too much, and let her escape. And, since I was near Mrs. Charlie's door, I decided to amble on in and see how she reacted to my question.

"You'll have to wait and come back after this week, and I can tell you more about it then. But I don't believe one week is too much, if the Seniors will only cooperate. It's a very cute custom, which I wish was a tradition. I wish all the Seniors could be in one dining room though. There is nothing about Recognition to interfere with studies. Seniors should stand out, making the rest of the school want to be Seniors. It's a fine idea!"

I approached Elizabeth, a Senior-Middle, as we sat in French class, as we sat under the direct piercing gaze of Miss Reuf. You can easily see how interested I had become in my quest. It's too bad there'll be no Holy Grail at the end of this rainbow.

"Oh gosh! Don't ask me. Ask somebody else. But you do get to know the Seniors better in a week. It seems more impressive to honor them all week. Makes you anxious to be a Senior. And it gives the Seniors so much more time to do things in companionship with each other. But don't ask me. I don't know what to say."

Weak and worn from so much questioning I turned for relief to Miss Pugh. "She will be able to give me something good," I thought.

"I'm in favor of giving Seniors all he recognition they can get. (Now just what did she mean by that?) To be a Senior is an honor. You must work hard. It brings the Seniors nearer to each other, and allows the entire school to judge Seniors and Senior ideals."

I popped the question to Adalyn Sherwood as we walked home in the rain, rain, rain. I forgot to warn her that whatever she said would be used against her.

"Oh yeah! It's heaps of fun, but decidedly hard on my one white dress." Short and sweet, but something definite!

Having changed my mind as to the ease of my quest, I approached Virginia Gerdl, deciding that I would have enough strength to write down her reply, and then turn over and die in peace. I must have asked "Gerdl" at the wrong time of day. Her reply stunned me, and dumb as a stone, I listened while she said very precisely, as she scaled a wall.

"I don't like it! It's prolonged agony! I've worn my yellow and white ribbon on every color dress but white, and to dinner, too. No one seems interested. The girls don't try to put it over. Why drag it out to such lengths? One day would have been beautifully filled, but imagine a whole week—."

But what does all this matter? You're going to make your own judgments anyway, advice to the contrary. But I did inquire!

SENIOR

IMPRESSIONS

Virginia Hinn—Windblown hair; "Babyface"; a furry white kitten with a big blue bow around its neck; round, gold compacts; a handkerchief with a cross-stiched picture on a corner; effervescent energy.

Louisa La Bounty—Gay, printed dresses; a cool, quiet, library; letters from home; warm days; just drifting by; tennis courts; efficiency; snow-capped mountains; a story book.

Virginia Lloyd—Leather jackets and short wool sox; lollypops; long hike through the woods; freckles; sunlight slanting in a window; an organ-grinder standing on a corner; a banjo-uke.

Kathryn Loonan—A quill pen; wild violet, hidden under dew-laden leaves; an organdy dress with hand-painted flowers on it; coral; a big limousine; a jewelry box; a quiet chapel.

Roberta Cole—The leader of a fox hunt in a gay red coat; fuzzy sweater and rough tweed skirts; a hockey game; a log fire; toasting marshmallows; ripe persimmons; a firm handclasp.

Frances Faust—Calico dogs; peppermint candy; coquettishness; pep meeting sunbonnets; running down stairs, six at a time; scarfs flying in the breeze.

Lillian Frances—Castanets; carved ivory earrings; a field of California poppies; Indian pottery; a silver dagger; iron grills; spike heels; cut steel buckles.

Virginia Lou Sample—Black velvet and gardenias; house parties; luxurious Paris offices; swimming races; crystal earrings; a thoroughbred.

SENIOR

HABITATS MAY VARY BUT SENIORS GO ON FOREVER

There are a few Seniors, who because of lack of living space in Senior Hall have to sleep (rather live, in general) elsewhere. Some live in Pembroke, others in Founders and Fidelity, and if there were any other halls they would probably live there, too. Oh, yes, there are a very few on third floor Heron. Among them are Marjorie Leopold who is the Proctor of that floor. Without a doubt these Seniors would like to be in Senior Hall with Mrs. Charlie. But to make that possible the hall would have to be built again, you get the idea—built out over the riding-ring. Nancy Lang, "Rosebud" Flentye, and "Pickens" are in the same suite on third floor Pembroke, that is a nice bunch, but doubtless the Senior-Mid, who makes up the fourth party in said suite, will wish she were elsewhere on Senior-Senior-Middle Day. Betty Dyson, a worthy Senior watches over all Pembrokites, being Proctor. Among other Seniors residing in Pembroke are "M. C." McConnell, Elsie Stearns, Carol Miller, Mary Goss, "Becky" Smythe, Katherine Loonan, and Mary Lloyd. Pembroke holds a goodly share of noble Seniors this year, Jessie Burgin alone would be enough to uphold Senior rights in Founders. Others living elsewhere are Melevon Dennis, Margaret Montgomery, Elizabeth Barr, Amelia Moore, Sarah Isam, Louise Hollingsworth, Helen Hart, Carolyn Decker, Gibson Trotter, Martha Ozee, Evelyn Irvin, Josephine Leonard, Charlotte Barthleson, Ruth Haggenjos, to say nothing of Mary Helen Brown.

SENIOR

CLUB NOTES

The members of the Illinois Club enjoyed their dinner together in the X. L. clubhouse, Friday, October 25. Wieners and buns, potato salad, cider and cookies were served cafeteria style. After dinner the girls danced and as one girl expressed it, "a big time was had by all."

The old Tennessee girls met Thursday, October 24, for the purpose of discussing a tea which they are planning to give the new girls of that state sometime in the near future.

Caroline Hogue was elected secretary-treasurer of the Alabama Club at their meeting Tuesday, October 29. Ellen Mitchell, president, and June Haralson, vice-president, who are both seniors, were elected to their positions last year.

The Ohio Club is planning a tea to be given two weeks from today, November 16.

Bunny E. (to girl with a dime): "Well, you're not penniless, anyhow."

Bunny Gillis—"No, but you're Nickolas!"

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CARON'S L'INFINI PERFUME, $6 an ounce or 75c a dram.

—MAIN FLOOR.

at LEBECK'S

SENIOR WISE-CRACKS

One of our super-intelligent preps asked Rita Miller yesterday if she was in the sophomore or junior class in the high school department. The brilliant creature added that she was sure Rita looked too old for a freshman. Rita even had a white dress on, but it nearly turned purple with indignation.

One of the visiting parents asked his daughter if Louise Latimer's club title was Aunty Panne. How old you're getting, Louise, my deah.

On one of Miss Irvin's files the other day the names of Ann and Marian Galring were somewhat disguised. In fact, they were written: "Ann and Mary am swearing." Someone's typewriter doesn't spell very well.

Topsy and Eva have nothing on Virginia Duncan. Someone actually believed her when she said that she was the famous Duncan sister's little niece. Such shrinking genius.

Elizabeth Willis nearly bought out the tea room after selling a "sophie" prep who came to school late a seat in the dining room.

Have you heard about Betty Dyson's secret sorrow? You haven't? That's funny, she's told everybody about it.

On the list of all those receiving punishments at monitor's meeting we saw the name, "Mary Emily Gravy." Can it have meant Mary Emily Garvey?

Mary Perkins said she was weighed the other day and the fatal hand hit 130 pounds. However, she wasn't worried, because it was right after breakfast and her normal weight is 120. We would call it abnormal, don't you think if she got away with a ten-pound breakfast?

Virginia Andrews rivals Ruth St. Denis, to say nothing of Ted Shawn when it comes to tripping about the campus. She actually, literally, and genuinely accomplished three falls between Club Village and Middlemarch at 9:30 A.M. Who was that letter from? We hope it was worth it, Va.

Eleanor Binford must be taking domestic science 'cause when somebody asked her how many shirts she could get out of a yard, she replied that it all depended upon the back yard she could get into easiest.

Just in the crucial moment of the movie last Saturday night, Peg Corwin got excited and whanged a poor unsuspecting girl over the head with an enormous roll of exchanges. Imagine Peg's flutters, to say nothing of the effects on the girl's head just in front. You ought to have a box, Peg.

Jeanne, Jeanne, we hear you are gaining the reputation of being a destroyer of the new girls' childish confidences! Jeanne Cummings magnanimously offered to take a party of new girls to dinner and movie any time they would like to go, because she was a Senior. However, Jeanne had to make a public confession when some of the "Biters" actually asked Miss Irvin to let Jeanne take them.

We've discovered quite a motherly instinct in Leah Lindley. During rushing she took such great care of Frances Dix that she even coached her as to rushing etiquette and dignified Senior-Middle behavlour.

Do you know "Sonny Boy," Leah?

We hear that Louise Huddleston has the lead in "The Choir Rehearsal." But we haven't been able to figure out whether she's going in for the religious drama or grand opera.

Alice Myers certainly has commanding powers especially with a hockey stick. You should have seen her put a poor little Senior-Middle at her feet in practice. One blow was enough.

Dear Miss Queerquax: I am a poor lonesome Senior who would like to know some method by which to get acquainted with some Vanderbilt young gentlemen. Please help me. Signed, Helen Seldomridge.

Answer: Stay lonesome, young lady, stay lonesome.

The other day we heard Mildred Harris wondering whether Peter Pan's dislike for growing up was for financial reasons. Keep it up, Mildred, and you'll solve the war debt some day.

Dorothy Schultz, as you all probably have been informed, is head monitor in Fidelity and rules the first floor with an iron hand. She even took a slight snooze at eight-thirty in the evening, and woke up yelling, "Lights Out, Please," when it wasn't even time for the preps to be in bed. She has her dormitory's good at heart, no doubt, but her conscience shouldn't trouble her so much.

This happened a long time ago, but Florence McAndrews said that the sound of cowbells always reminded her of Ward-Belmont's chimes. We wouldn't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but if you are insulting the cowbells, Florence, we'll have to look into the matter.

After careful deliberation and cautious planning, one of Eloise Hawkin's teachers announced a new schedule of study. After devoting much of the hour to the explanation, the new plan was concluded. In the silence that followed, Eloise placidly said, "I think that's a good idea." She can't understand the queer looks she was forced to receive.

Helen McBroom hasn't mentioned her nationality, but she thinks the scales ought to weigh you and measure your height, without added effort on your part.

SENIOR

AND HERE THEY ARE

What ho! eleven immortal souls
Who grace Ward-Belmont this year
"Merne" Nicholson, tap dancer supreme
Of whom some have great fear.
A song bird next is our delight
Miss Evanell Nixon a beautiful sight
The next, Katherine Parker with long raven locks
A veritable picture and a sly little fox.
North Carolina claims the heart of this maid
Catherine Pooley, (we hear she enjoys midnight raids.)
In English Miss Redwine shines forth like a star
It seems she descends from the powers that are.
Miss Evelyn Reynolds from Kentucky does hail
O'er all of us in every lesson she sails.
What, ho, Margaret Rothert a dainty young miss
A week in the infirmary is her idea of bliss.
The sweetest of suitemates is Florence Sellivold
We know she is blest with a heart of pure gold.
Colberne Spence is the girl with the sly bashful air
The long graceful hands and the black curly hair.
The late Miss Bob Spitz so impulsive is she
You can see her most any time buzz like a bee.
French student, secretary, keeper of fish
Virginia Strandburg is this versatile miss.

SENIOR

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The flowers for the chapel exercises were furnished last Wednesday, October 30, by the Harrison Brothers Floral Company.

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P Stands for

Princess—the silhouette which is holding sway this season.

Paprika—one of the leading colors for Fall.

Prints—the fashion importance of prints cannot be denied.

Pearls—the foremost jewelry mode just now.

Paris—Loveman's headquarters for style information and inspiration.

Q Stands for

Quiet—indicating the dignity of the evening mode.

Quadrille—the weave of our favorite sport tweed.

Quaintness—the order of the day in many frocks.

Queenly—characteristic of the new silhouette.

Quality—typical of all Loveman's fashions.

which is all pretty clever when you think it over, pretty clever of the Paris couturiers to emphasize the P's and Q's of fashion; pretty clever of Loveman's to prepare in advance for you alert people who know what is smart this season.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Roberta Cole and Betty Lane are keeping up a lively correspondence with the Delineator magazine. It seems that they both have an insane desire for red hair (Avis Olmstead and "Hata" Merrick love it too from all appearances). To continue—Betty and Roberta have kept Uncle Sam's mailmen busy delivering their letters to Delineator, Inc.

"Mugs" Rothert has been added to the list of "casualties." For didn't "Mugs" have to go and sprain her ankle? The entire school seems to be going in for "limps" and sprains. I could fill the rest of this column with those suffering from sprained ankles, disconnected knees, hips out of place, and in-growing toe-nails. It's a sad life.

Buster came! Martha Hunt could hardly stand all the excitement. He came out to school to see Martha with an armful of candy. It seems that he has lived next-door to Ann Ryther for some time and he has told Ann all about Martha. Do you get the idea? Brother and sister effect, you see. Isn't it just too lovely for words? To quote Martha, "He is just too angelic."

Do you know, I hear that "Fran" Hoffman (our Pres.) actually hit the ball on the hockey field Saturday afternoon. Imagine the embarrassment of said hockey ball! And, believe it or not, Alice Meyer hit it, too! This is too much!

Eleanor Peterson got some r-o-s-e-s Monday! It wasn't Bob either. "Petie's" got a new one every day. Wonder how this one found out that pink is her favorite color.

Rita Miller and Jean McLean ought to have a little contest with their musical instruments. Rita plays very well, but I do believe that Jean plays the newer pieces and you know very well that that always makes a hit. I heard her (Jean) playing the newest song hit, and was she ever jazzing it up. Well, now, say mister! Rita renders "Angela Mia" with much feeling and does make the cutest little trills, etc. You would probably like to know just along what lines these two young ladies are so talented. Sometime 'ust sneak up on them when they are wrapped up in their art and you will see them playing these new little mouth-organ-player-piano effects. The kind that you change the rolls and turn a little lever, you know.

We hear that Bonham Bush and Willa Ekel went to Chattanooga this last week-end and rode up Signal Mountain in the moonlight. Who's the swain, "Bonnie?" You've been keeping something from us.

A secret organization has been formed on third floor Senior. Membership in this little club is a great privilege. By the way the members call themselves "The Knights of the White Shirts." Its purpose is to—oh, I forgot, that is the secret, but it is a noble and uplifting purpose.

Mary Goss and Carol Miller decided, purely upon a random impulse, to go down-town last Friday. They wandered into the Arcade, where a sale of peanuts, three pounds for fifty cents, was in progress. Of course, with the events of the week in their minds, they resolved to be loyal and buy peanuts. Mary was intrusted with the task of carrying the immense bag with all its contents. Next they visited other stores until each had more bundles than a woman doing a week's marketing. The last purchase was two quarts of "coke" from Candyland. The girls crossed the street to await a street car, with said "coke" balancing at a perilous angle. They stood looking demurely at passers-by when suddenly Carol felt a tickling sensation on her legs. Imagine her embarrassment to discover that her liquid refreshment had escaped from its container. Mary looked at her disdainfully and shifted her position ever so slightly. This caused the peanut bag to break, and the delectable nuts trilled in all directions. The girls fled to the nearest car, Mary leaving a trail of peanuts behind her. Moral—Don't go to town with nothing to do.

For fear that Betty Lane won't think much of the first article in this column I will endeavor to make amends. To look at Betty you would never think that she could do such quantities of work, real honest-to-goodness work, as she does, and her work has quality, too. She is such a little mite, but she really does get around—and she accomplishes things. Nobody need ever worry when they give Betty Lane a task to do that she won't do it, because she will. And you can depend on that.

P. S. Hope I will get to write this column all year.

SENIOR

MRS. TATE HONORED

In honor of Mrs. Tate, the new hostess of Fidelity Mrs. Neil and Mrs. McComb entertained the hostesses of the different dormitories at tea Sunday evening, October 29. It was held in the living room of Senior Hall. Decorations and favors were carried out in Hallowe'en colors.

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150 ENJOY CHATTANOOGA TRIP
(Continued from page 1)

wandering around. From there we entered the battlefield where a great deal of Southern history was made. We came in direct contact with the horrors of war as we realized that on that ground 7,000 men had died in less than two hours. The bus driver pointed out the different landmarks and monuments and gave us some of the most interesting facts.

Making the circle back to Chattanooga, our tour took us over Missionary Ridge on the top of which is a lookout tower. The view seen from there was well worth the climb, but some did not make the effort. Also we enjoyed seeing the many beautiful homes on the Ridge.

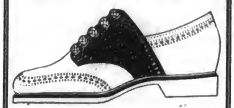
The last lap of the drive brought us past the National Cemetery which reminded us greatly of Arlington.

By the time we reached the Read House we realized we were indeed very hungry. In the ballroom we had luncheon but just before a flash-light picture was taken. We did the usual; grinned and jumped.

After luncheon we entered the street cars for Signal Mountain. We all were charmed by the scenery and excited by the sharp curves on the trip up, but we were glad to clamber out when the cars reached the Inn. Immediately upon arriving we walked to Signal Point which is but a short distance from the Inn. Quite a number of the girls took pictures of roommates standing on apparently sheer cliffs, then we went back to the Inn where we amused ourselves by dancing and writing cards to every one until dinner time.

Dinner was served in the modernistic room which attracted almost as much attention as the turkey itself. After dinner Miss Morrison counted us again and at 6:30 we started down the mountain. Just after we had decided that we could not possibly eat another thing Dr. Barton appeared with macaroons. Needless to say what happened. At 11:45 P.M. we tumbled into school tired but happy.

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SENIOR

WE WONDER—

What makes Dorothy Floyd so worldly wise?

If Sara Elizabeth Cottrell will ever lose her sweet disposition?

If "Sis" Jenkins will always be as popular with the Vanderbilt fellows as she is now?

If Margaret Yoder will still be innocent ten years from now?

If Miriam Woodside will ever get to French class early?

What Jerry Rowe would be like without red hair?

When Betty Seager will be back in school?

What makes "Dot" Burdette so clever?

If Jerry Manson likes weddings?

When Helen Greene is going to wear her black evening gown?

Why Mary Elizabeth Boatner is so unsuspecting?

Why Mary Comer is taking a home economics course?

SENIOR

WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME

Elizabeth Elliott. Because she is treasurer of the Tri-K's. Because she is chairman of the Social Service Tours' committee in Y.W.C.A. Because her name is always on the honor roll. Because her presence is greatly needed on the hockey field.

Virginia Gerdl. Because she is literary editor of the Milestones. Because she is president of the Wordsmiths. Because she is active in her clubs.

Dorothy Burdette. Because she is president of the Illinois club. Because she is rush captain of F. F. club. Because her mental intelligence is farther above par than the average student.

Eleanor Sapp. Because she is secretary and treasurer of the Illinois club. Because being a blonde makes her a gentleman's preference. Because she is secretary of the X. L. club.

Lillian Frances. Because she is the hockey captain for her club—T. C. Because she is really quite clevah! Because she is president of the Louisiana club.

Nancy Lang. Because she figures socially. Because she is on the Y.W.C.A. cabinet. Because she is president of the Florida club.

SENIOR

EXPRESSION STUDENTS GIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS

The Senior Expression students gave, in honor of the new teachers and new students, two one-act plays. They were presented in the Expression studio, Wednesday evening, October 29.

"THE CHOIR REHEARSAL"
Scene—A Parlor in Massachusetts.
Characters
Esmaralda—who sang a dance time and was "churched".....Louise Huddleston
William, the organist..Frances Faust
Hiram, slow and sure, tenor.....Miriam Woodside
Amos, a true believer, bass.....Helen Seldomridge
Tabitha Hogue, mostly off tune....Frances Jenkins
The Minister.....Elizabeth Coleau

"THE DEAR DEPARTED"
Scene—London.
Characters
Henry Slater.....Katherine Blair
Amelin, his wife....Margaret Cartter
Victoria, their child....Evanel Nixon
Elizabeth Jordon, her sister.....Amelia Moore
Ben Jordon, her husband.....Dorothy Floyd
Abel Managers, the aged father..Leuna Tatham
Stage Managers—Nancy Belle Campbell, Aileen Teargin.

"Well," said the sculptor as he finished a piece of work, "This may be a big bust, but anyway it's a great relief that I've finished."—*The Lariat.*

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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WORLD FAMOUS ORGANIST COMES TO WARD-BELMONT

Marcel Dupre Appears Nov. 16

Marcel Dupre, the brilliant organist of the Paris Conservatoire, who is to appear in this city on November 16, 1929, at the Ward-Belmont School auditorium, comes of a family long associated with the finest standards of music. His paternal grandfather, Aimable Dupre, was organist at the great organ of St. Maclou at Rouen for 37 years. His maternal grandfather, Etienne Chauviere, was choirmaster at the Church of St. Patrice at Rouen for 30 years. Dupre's father, Albert Dupre, a member of the Rouen Academy, and a famous conductor, has played the magnificent organ at the beautiful Church of St. Ouen at Rouen for eleven years with great success. He was a pupil and close friend of the great Guilmant, and the traditions of this master have been handed down from father to son. Dupre's mother, Alice Dupre, is an accomplished pianist, cellist and singer.

With such a musical ancestry it is not surprising that young Marcel should have given evidence of his predestined vocation at an early age. In his games and conversations, he exhibited a fixed passion for organs, drawing pictures of them on paper, on the walls of the home, and even collecting wood to make parts of the instrument himself. When four years old, he heard Widor play at the dedication of the great organ at St. Ouen, and immediately determined to become an organist.

At seven he commenced the study of music seriously. At eight he played Bach for Guilmant, who consented to take him as a pupil. At ten he appeared in public as a virtuoso, beginning a career which has been a long series of triumphs. At twelve he was appointed organist of the Grand Organ in the Church of St. Vivien at Rouen, becoming a pupil of Guilmant at the same time. His first important composition, an oratorio, "Jacob's Dream," was performed in 1901, when Dupre was fifteen years old. He then entered the Paris Conservatory where he took the first prize in piano when 19 years old, first prize in organ under Guilmant at 21, first prize in fugue under Widor at 23, and at 28 won the supreme

(Continued on page 8)

IRENE C. HUMPHREY BROADCASTS OVER WSM

Exceptional Program Presented Lois Stout Accompanied

Irene Crane Humphrey of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, who broadcasted last Thursday evening over station WSM, the National Life & Accident Insurance Co., Nashville, offered a program of exceptional beauty. This was the first broadcast given by Mrs. Humphrey in the South, although she has sung extensively over the air in the East and in Europe.

The program she presented was as follows:

"Aria" from Manon.
"None But the Lonely Heart," Tchiskowsky.
"Ze Ol' Bayou," Strickland.
"French Echo Song," Weckerline.
"Shepherd Song," Watts.
"Songs My Mother Taught Me," Dvorak.
"The Night Wind," Farley.
"Vous Dansez Marquise," Lamont.
"Clavelitas," Valderde.

ARTHUR HACKETT TO APPEAR IN CONCERT

The first of the Fine Arts Series presented under the direction of Mrs. Kenneth Rose of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music faculty, will be given next Monday night, November 11, at the Nashville Little Theatre when Arthur Hackett, American tenor, will appear in concert.

Arthur Hackett was born in Portland, Maine, but at the early age of three years his parents moved to Worchester, Mass., where his childhood was spent. He was educated in the public schools and began the study of the violin under Michael Riedel. Discovering later that he possessed an unusual tenor voice he went to Boston and studied voice under Arthur J. Hubbard, and became soloist in Central Congregational and Second Universalist Churches.

In 1916 he was brought to the critical attention of the Boston press and the wider musical public by his debut with the Boston Symphony Or-

(Continued on page 8)

NATIONAL BOOK WEEK TO BE OBSERVED NOV. 13

The week beginning November 13 and ending the 19th, will be observed throughout our country as annual Book Week. Not only during these few days, but also during the entire year this most important subject should be given earnest consideration by our students and the public at large. Book Week was instituted in 1919 by the combined efforts of the Boy Scouts and the American Library Association; since that date it has been observed just as Mother's Day, Armistice Day, or any other of the several times dedicated to special occasions.

It was originally given the name Children's Book Week, but interest in it soon became so widespread that the name was changed; and, in order to avoid conflict with American Education Week, the date was shifted from the second to the third week of November. Most of our schools and associations have programs and speakers in order to increase interest in good reading, and in the literature which is daily put before our people.

The first nation to have an annual Book Week was Spain, where the date of Cervantes' death was set aside. Slowly the movement spread, until it had reached Germany, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, and even Soviet Russia. In these various countries, many effective and unusual devices are used to augment interest. Italy gives a discount of ten per cent on all books bought that week. Russian has a Book Fair, which attracts thousands daily.

How, then, shall America demonstrate to others the stress she places on clean and instructive material? We, as the youth of today will decide what the answer to this question shall be in the future. Have you noticed the wealth of material in our own library? It is there for your convenience. Among the publications are: "The Publisher's Weekly," which contains book reviews and comment on current literature; "Library Journal" (bi-monthly), "Libraries' Monthly," and the "Saturday Review of Literature." And new books, fiction and otherwise, are constantly being added to those already on our shelves. Spend your leisure time Book Week getting acquainted with your book friends; it will be well worth while.

GLEE CLUB LARGEST IN HISTORY OF SCHOOL

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club, organized last year through the efforts of Mr. Humphrey, has entered its second year of activity and is being enthusiastically greeted by all. The membership at the start of the organization was two hundred girls, later being cut to one hundred and fifty. This year the number is two hundred and twenty-five and it is hoped that very few will be eliminated.

Two of the old officers have been retained. Mr. Humphrey is continuing in his former position, and Mildred Shaefer is again acting as president. The other elections made so far are: vice-president, Helen Grizzard; secretary, Alice Meyer; treasurer, Sue Schaeffer.

The Glee Club is one of the largest and best projects in the school and arouses a great deal of interest. The various activities last year helped to heighten the general interest and were appreciated and enjoyed by the members. Excepting the various concerts many informal parties were given and a dinner dance was given for the Vanderbilt University Glee Club. It was most novel and unique in that all the "cutting in" was done by the girls. One of the University boys was later heard to remark that none of the members of the club had been able to get hats to fit them due to their exceeding popularity at that time. A concert was given at the Vanderbilt auditorium and at a great many entertainments in Nashville. The criticism on the superior work of the girls was of the best type, and one critic even went so far as to report this the most delightful group singing he had ever heard. The concert at the Peabody auditorium was repeated by popular request and the praise received by the club as a whole and some few individuals was stupendous. Margaret L. Smith is offering her services as accompanist again

(Continued on page 8)

FIRST CLUB DANCE OF YEAR NOV. 1

Anti-Pans Give Masquerade

When toe-dancers appear out of pumpkins and black cats dance to jazz, you have vivid memories of the feature of the Anti-Pan club dance.

On Saturday, November 1, the members of the Anti-Pandora club and their guests met in masquerade costumes for the first club dance of this year.

Huge cats and witches looked down from the balcony upon a large square of the gym hung in strips of black. One great black cat formed a doorway at upper end of the room and a crescent moon hung opposite. The large and mysterious-looking pumpkin near the center of the floor was destined to disclose Louise Latimer, the Anti-Pan president, whose charming toe-dancing was a popular part of the special program. Eight of the club members, changed for the evening into black cats, brought hearty applause after their special dance and act.

Refreshments of ice cream and cakes were served to over three hundred girls, among whom might be found the Spanish senorita, the Chinese girl, the "little girl," and all other figures of fiction or imagination.

Miss Kheirella, sponsor, and Ann Ryther, Mildred Clarke, "Jerry" Rowe, Beverly Hamilton, and Betty Lybrook deserve great credit for providing an unusually clever entertainment and pleasant evening.

DR. BARTON PRESENTS REPORT IN CHAPEL

120 Colleges Investigated

Dr. Barton presented to the girls of Ward-Belmont, Friday, November 1, a report on American College Athletics by Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

"American College Athletics have reached such a point that there must be some reason for investigation," began the report.

When an European visitor has pondered the matter he comes to American university colleagues with two questions:

"What relation has this astonishing athletic display to the work of an intellectual agency like a university?"

"How do students, devoted to study, find either the time or the money to stage so costly a performance?"

"It has been assumed that there is a legitimate place in the secondary school and in the college for organized sports," continues the report.

One hundred and twenty schools have been investigated during these last three years. Only two schools refused to give information on how great a part athletics play in their school.

To answer the questions of the foreigner the report states, "Football that so astonishes the foreign visitor is not a students' game as it once was. It is a highly organized commercial enterprise. The athletes who take part in it have come up through years of training. The great matches are highly profitable enterprises. Sometimes the profits go to finance college sports, sometimes to pay the cost of the sports ampitheater, in some cases the college authorities take a slice of the profits for college buildings."

According to the report the unfavorable results upon students through the athletic development may be briefly stated in the following terms:

1. The extreme development of competitive games in the colleges has reacted upon the secondary schools. The college athlete begins his athletic career before he gets to college.

(Continued on page 8)

V. L. GRANVILLE TO APPEAR NOV. 22

The distinguished English actor, V. L. Granville, will appear in the Ward-Belmont auditorium on November 22 in his costume recital, "Dramatic Interludes.'

His program will consist of impersonations, in costume, of the famous dramatic characters of all time. His program will be divided into two parts, the first, from the Greeks to Shakespeare; and the second, from Moliere to the present day. Mr. Granville has already achieved international fame because of his interpretations of the greatest characters from the drama, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that Ward-Belmont presents him at the school.

NOTICE

All proofs for the Milestones pictures must be handed back to Miss Virginia Smith within two days after receiving them. THIS IS IMPORTANT. DO NOT keep the proofs, thereby detaining the photographer. ALL GIRLS MUST SIGN UP for the first THREE days in each week. WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARD.

Frocks with the Zest of Youth and Fall

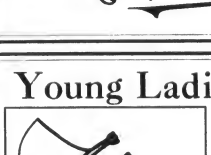
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Be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars.
Van Dyke.

Under the Harvest Moon

Under the harvest moon,
When the soft silver
Drips shimmering
Over the garden nights,
Death, the gray mocker,
Comes and whispers to you
As a beautiful friend
Who remembers.

Under the summer roses
When the flagrant crimson
Lurks in the dusk
Of the wild rose leaves,
Comes and touches you
With a thousand memories,
And asks you
Beautiful, unanswerable questions.
Carl Sandburg.

Retrospect

Scudding clouds of blue drifted across the white of a November sky. Patches of sunlight filtered through the russet leafage of the trees and turned the grey hair of the bent little lady in black to shining silver. Faded blue eyes looked out from under a veil and a sweet smile touched the lips of she who walked so slowly down the concrete walk of a little southern town in the direction of the telegraph office. Wrinkled hands clutched an object hidden behind a huge handbag.

It was ten o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918. All about the business district of L——, groups of men and even women gathered in eager conversation, scanning with ill-concealed interest and anxiety the great headlines scrawled across the front page of the morning newspaper:

RUMORS OF ARMISTICE RAMPANT—DISPATCH HINTS AT IMMEDIATE PEACE

The little bent figure in black paused outside the office door and became one of a restless crowd which jostled and pushed in an effort to get nearer the bulletin board. There the telegrams were reflected as the operator received them. Few seemed to notice or pay heed to the tears in the dimmed eyes. Nervously the toil-worn fingers clasped and unclasped the object so carefully hidden from view.

Look! The tiny woman pressed closer. Breathless silence quieted even the whispers of those who waited there. Suddenly, wild cheers; flags waving; fervent "thank God's"; whistles shrieking; and on the board in huge letters:

PEACE! ARMISTICE SIGNED

And, in the midst of all the wild confusion, the small figure swayed and suddenly fell.

Hands, careful now, picked up the frail burden and straightened it on a bench; a physician bent over her and shook his head—"She's gone." As he spoke, he picked up an object which had fallen from the knotted fingers. Before the eyes of the awed people whose happiness was dimmed by the tragedy, he held up a dark blue flag with four white stars, each with their arms of black gleaming in the center.

And now, on each Decoration Day, friends who have never seen the little lady in black place wreaths and cut flowers at the foot of the monument erected to the honor of her brave sons. Such is America's tribute to her dead.
Dorothy Cate, '30.

War is Hell

A shell burst in the road almost directly behind them, and with a yell they floated from the seat of the truck into the remains of the forest some distance away. Afterward, neither remembered setting foot to the ground.

They were going, they knew not where, but the music of the barrage rang in their ears to the tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Sherry brought up abruptly against a tree trunk and decided to halt. After all, moving around did little good; you were in just so many more places and had just so many more chances of being hit. He subsided at the foot of a tree and presently Dan came to join him. A shell rattled over head and burst perilously close. The two rolled in to a nearby hole, and lo—it was a trench, apparently deserted.

"Gimme a light, Sherry," mumbled Dan. "Soldiers always smokes cigarettes—I seen 'em in pitcher-post cards."

They sat heavily while shells burst overhead. Presently Sherry felt the urge to explore. He wandered along the narrow trench, bumping into the walls and stumbling in the darkness. Abruptly he became aware that only a few yards ahead of him a piece of sacking hung down for a door—and light streamed from behind it!

He clinched his teeth so that the cigarette was bitten in two; half of it lit on his hand and scorched it, but he did not feel the burn. The other half fell back into his mouth, and he almost choked in a frenzied effort to repress a cough. Fearfully, and with the utmost caution, he crept close to the curtain, intending to peer through the gap, but no need. From behind the sacking came a glutteral voice—Huns. Sherry's was a mind not given to retrospection, wherefore he wasted not a moment in speculating upon the strange lack of any guard in the German trench. Pallid with fear he backed away. "His was not to reason why—his was but to do or die!" Once he tripped over a body and fell with a dull thud, but at the same moment a shell burst overhead and though he lay inanimate for a full moment, expecting discovery, the curtain did not move; so he arose and went trembling on. He found Dan where he had left him, but in a towering rage because he had dropped his matches into a puddle of water and ruined them.

"Hey, you leatherneck—beat it! The trench is full of Jerries!" screamed Sherry in a whisper. They arose and went hence.

Dawn was breaking by the time they had reached the road, and the barrage was practically over; Jerry had gone for his breakfast. The truck stood where they had left it, miraculously unharmed, and marvel of marvels—yielded to the first turn of the crank. Sherry laid his hand on Dan's arm. "How about a little grub, big boy," he queried. "They'e plenty of it back (gesturing with his thumb toward the truck) there."

"No, sir," vociferated Dan nobly. "Think of all them pore starvin' devils up at the front a-waitin' on you an' me—not to mention that walkin' volcano of a supply sergeant. Nosiree, bob-tail, we don't eat until we tote some grub up there to them. And don't make mamma have to use violence on her little manny," he admonished threateningly, as Sherry cast a longing eye toward the forbidden fruit.

"Oh, well," Sherry sighed pensively, climbing into his place, "I reckon it'll take less time to get there than it would to change your mind and your face for you. C'mon, let's be amblin'."

Some two hours later they reached the door of the supply sergent and located that gentleman.

"Here, sir, are your supplies you've been worrin' about. We're just a little late, but—"

The supply sergeant slowly came to life; he had evidently been brooding over his wrongs—a pastime not conducive to the cultivation of a sunny disposition. He exploded: "Are you two the gol-darned sons of a billy-goat s'posed to be bringin' that truck of food to this outfit about day before yesterday? Yaah—ye are a little late—aren'tcha, boys? 'Bout time you was arrivin' here—but before long you're gonna wish ye'd arrived sometime else instead—ye lousy rummy little dried up prunes! Ye—yo—!"

"Y-yes, sir," breathed Sherry, a little strainedly, "we—"

"Shuddup," screeched the officer, gr-wing so red they feared for his heart.

"Git!"

With fine tact they divined that their presence was not desired, and they slunk away into the morning, leaving the poor man gibbering to himself in front of the supply truck.

At some distance Sherry turned upon his wilted companion viciously. "Now, where are we at?" he demanded. "Now where's the Willie-boy who was gonna pull the angel of mercy stuff and not eat until the pore starvin' doughboys was fed? Huh? Maybe you c'n live on mud and shrapnel, but I crave real live food—d'yuh hear? Yuh ain't got the sense the Lord gave a green apple. Yuh—"

A mighty groan arose from the region where the supply wagon had been left. It was the combined voices of strong men in agony. Dan and Sherry turned and looked curiously toward the spot.

A doughboy carrying a tin cup in one hand and a plate in the other staggered out from the place and leaned weakly against a tree.

His eyes had a glazed look, and they heard him mutter thickly: "Crosses—a load of lil' white crosses 'stead of slum—good ole slum. Whole outfit lined up ready for chow and they ain't nothin' in the dam fool wagon but crosses—all nice and white —War IS hell!"

The End.

—Rebecca Ainsworth '31.

Character Sketch

Because she was so diverting, I liked her. When I told her our aura's were in tune, she believed it. Because the idea was such a novelty, she liked me. Mentally, I classed her as one of the most seriously frivolous humans I had ever before met. Perhaps this term will be hard to translate. Indeed, it sounds contradictory. But if only you could have been witness, as I, to the intent concentration with which she devoted herself on the seemingly merest trifle, you would have surely understood.

She had crinkly eyes and a crinkly smile, and made great use of them since she seemed constantly under the influence of both. There were, however, times when she cried, but even then seemed quite happy in the throes of tempestuous tears, as though highly interested in such an unusual and rare occurrence.

Falling down in her eyes was usually a lock of an unruly brown bob. It seemed to bother her persistently, and cause unutterable vexation. Yet I never knew of a hairpin being enlisted in its care. I believe she thought the spirited toss which she gave her head at innumerable times, served quite as well. On one such occasion, she might meet defeat with a grin, or again if especially tried, with a naughty cuss word. Yes, she could cuss, but would remember to remind you, "always like a lady." And then she might explain with great gusto, "that there are modes and methods in all things, even in being naughty."

She was always very definite about her likes and dislikes. She would inform you that she was "ca-razy" about jazz music, but especially blues. She would stand before her mirror, sweet, vain little thing, and moan to her reflected image lachrymose and doleful sounds. Usually these surprising actions were accompanied by the twinkling of small feet in the latest of dance steps, and if an unusually serious mood was hers, a particularly sentimental thought might move her to the painful extraction of a tear, the presence of which I always thought exceedingly humorous as it perched, incongruously, upon her dark lashes. She would even grow quite indignant, if, by chance, she would spy my ill-suppressed smile.

On further acquaintance, I discovered that she "simply adored" sheer chiffon hose, that a vial of Chypre perfume could send her into a frantic ecstasy, and that she would loudly inform the world at large that, to her mind, nothing was quite the "cats" as pink babies all ensembled in blue.

Again, she told me that she disliked olive—and "positively despised math." Queer little changeable creature that she was, of one point I was never left in doubt. It seemed myriads of times that she had informed me how much she loved her "man." At the present time he was a cherubic blonde boy who resided prominently upon her desk, where she might turn adoring eyes upon him and sigh deeply. Through the constant showering of a great many gusty and enthusiastic kisses, he continued to smile. And I wondered if it was through sheer mockery that I also smiled?

Marion Cox '31.

SPORTS IN LETTERS TO MUSSOLINI

Beni, old toppie:

Not since the calm that came after the excitement that came after the larger camels in the Central Park Zoo were fed sherry (this came soon after something else, I've forgotten just what) has there been less happening! Reading the "New Yorker," I notice that the most popular winter sport in said village is throwing bricks at the Opera; ours seems to be waiting for hockey games to start, and setting our friend's alarm clock for six-thirty. (Don't we just love these early morning gambols on the hockey field!)

Not of any small importance, Mussi, is the new addition to our stables, "Miss Kitty" by name. She takes the place of old "Queenie," and is an extremely pretty little three-gaited horse. (I hope her flowing tail won't get all tangled in the gum "Pat" Morrison insisted upon chewing until she reached the ring).

I remember that you are a little flat footed, Mussolini; and I also begin to wonder, for half the inmates in the State Asylum are flat footed as well as a bit deficient mentally.

Yours,
Napoleon.

Post Script—

Please send those red flannels I left while at your chateau Good Friday, two years ago. It's getting cold at Waterloo!

The following are "Eight Points of Advice" to the boarding students when they go home Christmas.

1. Keep away from track men; they are usually fast.
2. Never make dates with biology students; they enjoy cutting up too much.
3. The football man is all right but will tackle anything.
4. The tennis man is harmless, but he enjoys a racket.
5. Watch out for the baseball man; he hits and runs.
6. Be careful of the member of the dramatic club; he usually has several good lines.
7. Don't play cards with a civil engineer; he's a bridge specialist.
8. Always let the member of a band talk about himself; he enjoys blowing his own horn.

"It's a hard life," said the collector of Egyptian mummies.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the girls are marching—into the library every night. Chairs are scraped back, heels are slammed down, smiles and whispers are exchanged, and then a few minutes of silence ensue. The librarian sighs with relief, and then some restless individual starts "the thundering herd" stampeding again. Students frown over their books—the others thumb through pages and write notes, openly enjoying the antics of friends and noting the apparel of everyone.

The library is neither a fashion parade nor an amusement park. It is a place where an atmosphere of quiet and studious repose should prevail. The books themselves around the walls are symbols of knowledge which in itself should lend an impressive and sombre air.

Miss Church, our new librarian, is trying to make the Ward-Belmont library a real library. She can't do it without our help. Let us all pull together and keep it quiet and a place where we can really study. That is what it is for, and if you don't particularly care to study, stay away and give the others a chance. Prove that we are all "good sports" and can appreciate a real library.

"Music! Music! We want music! Will somebody *please* play the piano?" One plaintive cry after another rends the air every Saturday night in Chapel. What is a picture show without music to accompany it? How can we keep up the spirit of Saturday night shows without singing? And I might go on to say—how can we sing without something to sing, to? It's hard enough for most of us to do anyhow.

To those who have furnished the music for us we owe a deep vote of thanks and an assurance of our appreciation. Mr. Wesson has been our staunch standby—and who could ask for a better accompaniment than the sonorous pearls of the organ? Then there is "Shaefer," our inimitable jazz player and "blues" singer. And among the new girls this year, Mary Taylor, Helen Hart, and Mary Frank Lemmon have helped out time and again.

Music touches a responsive chord in all of us, and more than half the school, watching the picture on Saturday nights, is welded together as one. We sing and sway together, and feel a common bond of sympathy as the scenes flashed before us recall some scene of home. Let us all, then, join together and give three loud cheers for those who provide the music for the picture shows. May they always feel our appreciation backing them up.

FIRST STUDENT BODY MEETING HELD NOV. 5

The first student body meeting was held Tuesday, November 5, during the chapel hour. From now on the chapel hour of Tuesday is to be devoted to the Student Council who will answer all questions the girls may bring up concerning the reasons for certain rules and regulations.

"We want you to feel they are your meetings," declared Frances Hoffman, president of the Student Council.

In the first meeting Frances explained for what offences one is called to Council and what authority governing board has over the council. She told the girls that the Student Council makes out a report which is then sent to the Governing Board.

Several questions as to rules and regulations of the school were brought up Tuesday. In this way the girls will perhaps come to realize why some of the rules are made.

MRS. T. E. JONES SPEAKS TO STUDENTS

"The Crown Prince of Italy and his fiancee are not to be married in Rome but in a small city of the Alps, because it is there that a relic is kept—a shroud supposed to have been worn by Jesus," began Mrs. T. E. Jones, wife of the President of Fisk University, when speaking to the students, Wednesday, November 6.

"How many of us are living our lives according to some relic of the past?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Today our social and intellectual life should not be ordered according to the past, but in our spiritual life is it just because our religion has been handed down through the ages or do we think it is only a relic handed down that we continue the religious service?" continued Mrs. Jones.

"Is vital religion only a creed and act of charity? No, it is much more simple. The way of life may be summarized in a few statements: the great need of humanity for co-operation between all classes and nations; the independent responsibility on each one of us to sweeten life about us, and convert people by attraction; and by the practice of sharing, and service of gifts," declared Mrs. Jones.

The motive of this is of love for God and man. The question "How can we find Jesus?" is answered according to Mrs. Jones by not believing in him just because of the past, but because of a personal experience of Jesus in our own life.

"That experience is something no one can take from you," concluded Mrs. Jones.

EPISCOPAL GIRLS ATTEND TEA AND DRIVE

The St. Agnes Guild of the Church of the Advent gave a drive and tea for all Episcopal girls at Ward-Belmont on Friday, November 1. Promptly at 3 o'clock the girls gathered at South Front where ladies took them away in their cars. After driving about Nashville for an hour and a half, everyone gathered at Dr. Pugh's new Rectory where their genial host greeted them in person.

After looking at the sheets, pillow cases, bath mats, etc., which the ladies of the parish had "showered" on Dr. Pugh for his new rooms, the girls ate the dainty refreshments which were frozen salad, crackers, stuffed lady fingers, and tea. Finally everyone left declaring that they'd had "the best time ever."

Mrs. Plasket, who was in charge of the signing up of the girls and who chaperoned them, reported that 50 girls attended. These were: Marion Fox, Anna Bob Taylor, Helen Thomas, Virginia Kohlhausen, Virginia Sargeant, Margaret Walling, Helen Fawcet, Bertha Lubeck, Mary Elizabeth Borneman, Benham Bush, Mary Evelyn Thomas, Wilmena Kennedy, Geraldine Kennedy, Kathryn Moulton, Betty Lane, Jane Sipher, Helen Hart, Alice Sprague, Jane Terry, Beatrice Miller, Eleanor DeWitt, Marion Nicholson, Dorothy Stewart, Helen Sweeney, Betty Townsend, Elizabeth Richmond, Margaret Burnett, Irene Harnett, Marian McMichael, Daphne Horton, Betty Lane, June Haralson, Willamae Vinson, Helen McBroom, Louise Windham, Eleanor Peterson, Mary Van Dyke, Nancy Schumacher, Elizabeth Shirk, Wilma Rogers, Mary C. McConnell, Helen Seldonridge, Jean Ivins, Julia Margaret Van Cleve, Jane Carter, Lola Bacon, Sue Schaeffer, Edna Mae Wienold, Delys Estep, Janis Baldwin, Carol Combs, Elizabeth Elliott, Mary Lloyd, Virginia Lloyd, Nancy Hotchkiss, Sarah Fairhead, Nancy Lang, Mary Jane Rowe.

Mrs. Schmitz and Miss Sanders also chaperoned.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The French club held a very interesting tea at which the girls became very well acquainted, in spite of the fact that everyone spoke French. The games and social part of the program were in the hands of the games and social chairmen, Margaret Burnett and Annie Colvard.

The next meeting of the club will be held November 14 in the chapel to which every girl in the school is invited. The entire meeting will be devoted to two very interesting movies which Miss Ferry has so kindly obtained for us. More details of the meeting will be given later.

Thanks is given to Martha Mannington, who furnished the flowers for the chapel service on November 6.

THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

"There are many things in life which we take for granted," declared Miss Oscie Saunders in a message at Vespers, Sunday, November 3. "One of these is color. We find color in clothes, in flowers, and in many other things. There is also color in religion."

Miss Saunders defined the highest type of religion as that which has: first, the red passion of truth; second, the purple passion of martyrdom; third, the orange personality of God. Yellow stands for supreme wisdom. There is also the constancy of blue. "Jesus," said Miss Saunders, "as the Light of the World shines through us. Therefore, let us shine like rainbow-hue individuals." The entire Vesper program is as follows:

Organ Prelude .....Jean Barry
Call to Worship.....In Unison
Hymn No. 198
Prayer .....In Unison
Vocal Solo .....Rosalie Hulberg
Speaker of the Evening .....
.....Miss Oscie Saunders
Hymn No. 218
Benedlction

Under the auspices of the World Alliance for International Friendship will be held the International Goodwill Congress in Nashville, November 10, 11, 12. The occasion will be inaugurated by a meeting of students to be held in the War Memorial Building on Sunday afternoon, November 10 at 3:30 o'clock. A student committee in Nashville is organizing the attendance and there will be a location for each institution. The Y.W.C.A. cabinet of Ward-Belmont, together with other students, hopes to attend the session of the Congress.

As has been the custom in preceding years, the Y.W.C.A. cabinet has voted to send one hundred dollars to the National Student Council and fifty dollars to the Student Friendship Fund. The latter fund was organized during the war to aid destitute children, and still continues to promote international relations among students.

Scarritt College was the scene of a most delightful tea held in honor of Herbert Gray, Thursday afternoon, October 31, which the Y.W.C.A. cabinet attended with Miss Saunders, Miss Campbell, and Miss Wells.

In her Sunday school message on "Reverence," Sunday, November 3, Alice Meyers advised us to find things in school that we can look up to and revere. She defined "reverence" as a profound esteem for something, and added that it also has enough of the element of fear to compel us to do the right thing. "It has been said that reverence is a virtue of by-gone ages," declared Allee. "The human spirit loses if it does not revere something higher. We first learn reverence by obedience to our parents. Later we should apply it to our school life."

The final membership drive of the Y.W.C.A. was made this week among the members of the faculty.

GALA AFFAIR ENDS SENIOR WEEK

Old-fashioned girl—bouquet of roses—and yellow wavy hair. Girl in black—long lines—invisible ankles—stunning contrast. Girl in red—red lips—chic hat—swagger—almost a toe-dancer—vamp. Tum-tum. Riding habit—tan tavi—tan tavi—a-hunting we will go! Demurity in white—smile—charm—what's your address!

Here comes the preacher—ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta. Here comes the bridegroom—waiting for who-do-you'sposewhom? Rhythm dancing—dolls—pretty bride—ta-ta-ta-ta. Do you?—I do—I do—Do you?—Oh yes—Oh yes—Split—Curtain! Oh-h-h-h- More! Clap—clap—More! Nancy Carroll and Jack Mulhall! Yeay-yeay—whoopee! SENIOR PICTURE SHOW RAH!

APOLOGY PENDING

"Folks, you aint seen nothin' yet," until you visit the Burgin and Reed Kennels (by the way, they're proud of the name, too.) As Jessie says, "I've got lots of cats, but not as many as she has dogs."

It seems that not so long ago, Jess and Bobbie swore undying devotion, and vowed they'd room together. Nothing daunted by not finding a boudoir, they made one. Yes, they really made one, in what was formerly the Founders Hall pressing room, and in the dark ages before that a small single room.

They cut Jessie's bed down about a foot and a half to get it in the room, and then wired it back together again. Tra la! Mrs. Rose peeped in the door and said, "This is living just like animals"—doggiah, eh what! Just after Mrs. Rose left a visitor sat on the lavatory. Plop went the said lavatory on the floor, plumbing, plaster and all.

"My goodness, Jess!" I whispered. "What did you do then?" "Oh, we just washed in the middle of the floor."

It takes perseverance to turn on the lights. They must be turned on gently, or pop goes another fuse. Extension cords go in every direction from the central light fixture. "Looks like a spider web, woman, all we need is a spider an' a fly."

And have you seen Osmosis? He's a rare species of Balloon duck, captured in the wilds of Schenectady by Bobbie. Bobbie holds the clothes in the closet while Jessie closes the door. The first day the girls attempted to put all their clothes—and six dozen bars of soap in this closet. The wooden pole broke and down went rock-a-bye Jessie, pole and all. Now they have a piece of iron pipe!

These W-Bites have to get up at six-thirty to find their wardrobe for

the day. There are thirty-eight pairs of shoes under the bed. There were twenty-three calendars on the wall, and about twice that many paper plates around the molding. In deference to Mrs. Hall, these have been removed. There is one chair in the room, and while one entertains, the other sits in the hall. Jessie's best entertainment is bringing out the treasured pictures of the "reunion of the immediate family."

Stout and Grove adorn the dresser. Grove's profile (in the picture) is gradually wearing away. Someone asked Jess if she washed his face (also in the picture) and she answered in that inimitable Georgia drawl "Naw, Ah just kisses him."

Stout's medals are strung across the mirrow, with the three medals Jess won last year. Bobbie and Jessie are both Physical Eds. Perhaps that accounts for their determination!

But as I said before, "You ain't seen nothing yet" so go and see for yourself! That room is priceless! And Jess and Bobbie lead a hard life but a merry one. Do they?

And then I asked Jess if she knew anything else printable.

"You might put in that I'm glad to see so many teachers down at the gym dances. It shows so much interest in their pupils."

Mrs. Strandburg to Virginia: P. S. I would have inclosed check but letter was already sealed.

Here's a little song from that enchanting volume of verses, Ward-Belmont ballads. "What is so rare as a well-done steak?"

Did you know that "Jerry" Rowe is so dumb she thinks the sidewalk is a new dance step.

As "Scotchy" Cochran says, "There's something sort of pathetic about a horse fly sitting on the radiator of a truck."

IMPRESSIONS

Rose Flentye—Norse mythology; heavily furred evening coats; a champagne glass; a spiral of blue smoke rising from an incense burner; opera; a slender silver sword; the Sphinx.

"Libby" Elliott—Magazine covers; gipsy trails; grey-blue capes lined with red; a speed boat cutting through the waves; a mocking bird greeting the new day with an outburst of glorious song; morning-glories.

Rosa Moore—An Indian princess; castanets; a Spanish shawl, with sprawling red roses and dripping white fringe; soft slurred words; flower-filled boats wending their way up a river; a harvest moon.

Nancy Lang—A stick of peppermint candy; a little child, expecting to see Santa Claus; crinking eyes and a shy sensitive mouth; Mardi Gras; a tarleton ballet dress; Pierrot, strumming a joyful mandolin.

Kathryn Seager—Silver slippers; chrystal earrings; turreted castles, with mysterious dungeons; easter lilies; a pointed fox carelessly slung over one shoulder; sheer chiffon hose; Gainsboroughs "Blue Boy."

Clara Grace Peck — Mischievous, five-year-olds; Penrod; high school annuals; girl scouts; sleigh rides; birthday parties; all-day suckers; trip to Grandma's.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Sammy Jo Hayes is Fifteen. Isn't that wonderful? I have never seen anyone quite so thrilled in my life. And all because she will never see fourteen years again. Last Tuesday was the day of days for Sammy Jo and she wore the loveliest corsage to dinner that you have ever seen. It won't be long until she is sweet sixteen and then in another year she'll be seventeen. Oh gee, isn't life just too wonderful?

What about our aviatrices! Doesn't Thomasine Horton fly? Well, I should say so. She really has made some solo flights. Maybe by next spring she will be able to take all, or most of us anyway, for a little ride in her airplane. I don't know that she has one but nevertheless, there is no harm in just hinting about the ride, is there? And the Candlers flying to Atlanta and back again on a gorgeous week-end trip. How nice to say, "Guess I'll just fly home for the day," and if it happened to be the day of a history or French exam, just to leave a note for your roommate saying, "Got restless thinking of that exam and decided that my mother might want to see how well I look with the few extra pounds that I've gained so I am flying home for lunch and will be back in time for dinner. Have my bath drawn, please." Wouldn't that be just too knockout for words?

Just a leetle mite more news about a Candler. "Chunky" filed for a date in "Rec" Hall last Friday night and because so many Seniors had picked on just that very night to "entertain" and so poor "Chunky" had to give up the idea of a pleasant evening in "Rec." Gee, that was a touch break for "Chunky." But cheer up, "Chunk" maybe if you file two or three weeks in advance you may be able to have a date in there with all those lustrous Seniors.

Hockey games start next week and the club teams have been picked n'-everything. This is ideal hockey weather. Just makes you feel like you want to get out there and make goal after goal and tear down the old field like you had gone crazy or something. Yes, indeed uh, huh!

I do wish that the triplets would wear their little middy dresses again 'cause they looked so cute in them. You surely know who THE TRIPLETS are, don't you? In case you don't they are Mary Van Dyke, "Hap" Griffin, and "Chunky" Candler. "Chunky" certainly is getting her share of publicity this week, isn't she? Well, anyway she is a triplet. The three of them go around together all the time, dressed alike in either green skirts and green shirts or blue middy dresses with red ties and red berets and they go to the dances and blow on police whistles. They just have more darned fun. How nice to have two make-believe sisters here in school, and triplets at that.

Wasn't it good to see old "Daniel" back again? Seemed like old times. Now if "Nat" and Helen and "Barclay" come down Thanksgiving it would be just too perfect. Jane Clark said it seemed just like old times for her and "Daniel" to act silly again. Wait until "Nat" comes. A good many more people will feel silly, won't they?

Isobel Goodloe did make the loveliest old-fashioned sweetheart at the Senior picture show that I have ever seen. She truly did look darling. She honestly looked like she had just stepped out of a lovely old garden. And Nell Housely looked too cute for words. In fact, everybody did. I think, that "Dotty" Cate deserves a lot of credit for getting such a clever stunt. "Mandy" Caldwell made an ideal preacher and Mary Graham in that white wedding dress—well that was just too much. It was the cutest thing I have ever seen—in other words.

The Tri-K's gave their first tea last Saturday, and as all Tri-K stunts always have been it was lovely; cinnamon toast and all. But the funniest thing you ever heard; Marion Lyles bought fourteen loaves of bread to make the said cinnamon toast and the kitchen committees used, and used, and used them, and could only do away with six. "Lyles" went down to the club a few days later and there were the nine loaves left over staring her in the face. So she threw three of them away. And whatever happened to the remaining six is beyond me.

When we changed tables the last time Sue Schaeffer pulled a boner. Virginia Mae Schowalter had thanked the hostess for a lovely three-weeks' at her table, etc., you know the line, and some bright person spoke up and said, "Oh, just see all the bouquets coming in." Whereupon Sue proceeded to crane and stretch her neck looking for the said bouquets. This W. B. slang.

The desire to look beautiful has not absolutely passed from the hearts of our dear students. Elizabeth Ashbury, otherwise known as "Asbury," is known to have tried on six different outfits one morning last week before she found herself beautiful enough to appear in public. Woe be to the vain!

Two cute things that have happened in the last week: Virginia Gaffney received a note from Miss Sisson which read: "Please come to the gym office at once. I want to examine you for a dollar."

Imagine "Lil" Foote's embarrassment when she got a special the other day addressed to "America's Sweetheart." Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tennessee. Johnny certainly is original.

Only 40 more days until we travel to the old station and embark for HOME. Can you realize it. Six more Sundays and just THREE more spreads until that wonderful day. And only NINE more weeks until we will be back in school again. Don't some of you wish you knew who I am so you could get me for that last remark?

Heard about the first baseball game in Scotland? What a tight game it was! Close decisions galore!

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CARON'S L'INFINI PERFUME, $6 an ounce or 75c a dram.

—MAIN FLOOR.

at LEBECK'S

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Thursday, Oct. 31.

My Dear:

Did pass away a good morning in the HYPHEN office looking for folders in which to send said papers home. Everyone 'being minus, I departed around luncheon, sore grieved with the worthy manuscripts unsent. They still are.

Took me to the purely swanky Hallowe'en banquet at night and thence to the Senior dance in the gym, where I made merry in spite of all that the Zylophone (what did Betty Lane tell you at the first of the year about how we spelled)player did to prevent me.

Home and to sleep, where I dreamed well of all the little rah-rahs at home with pumpkins and false faces. Just laughed and laughed, 'cause I knew all the time I wouldn't need one.

Friday, Nov. 1

And many praises to the Powers that Be.

Did a turn at a few classes and to a hockey lecture. I'm a persevering soul and one who suffers much as to the strength of my athletic ability.

Today is my birthday, but I didn't want anyone to know it, so thinks this feeble mind, I'll put it where they are least apt to find the heavy secret. Such you be, Diary, such you be.

Had a slight date in the eve, much to my amusement and the poor heavie's amazement. Did resolve to stop breaking the Vanderbilt hearts, if I pulled a lemon like that twice.

Did a keen tackle at the bed, only missing by a few feet. Consequence —sky blue pink sore spots. Enuff of this.

Saturday, Nov. 2.

To a superb Tri-K tea with much sport and more cinnamon toast. Ate away all the good dieting resolutions, however, danced the extra pounds off later on.

To the Senior entertainment at the show and I mean those day students really do entertain. Never experienced such a thrilling wedding. What I mean is, my dear, it was actually a heart-breaker. Then off to the Anti-Pan dance. Such "presh" decorations and much good food.

Attended a heavy slumber act after the day's dissipation—and so far into the night.

Sunday, Nov. 3.

Stayed away from church for a change and studied a bit of some language. Haven't yet found out what it is. No mail from the swain, but I still have hopes that he'll come out of the trance and realize he didn't answer my last cunning epistle.

Out in the aft with my pet day pupil, and to a really snitay 'ouse warming or open house 'er something similar.

At last back to the place of least resistance and a very wet tea. Clubbed a small portion and thence to the room where I studied somewhat and slept.

Monday, Nov. 4.

Nashville decided on the spur of the moment to relieve us of some of this excess drip we've been getting the last week or so and we blossomed forth for the first time in ages to the tune of sunshine. Got liberal-minded and bought me a club banner which I much regret now, on account ? ? ? ? ? ? ? . It's a disease, but not catching.

Somebody made a suggestion that this be longer but I can't appreciate the hint because nothing happened today. Thus, the class is dismissed for now.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.

Held big discussions in chapel on all current subjects and was tickled greatly by "Fran" Hoffman. Turned out a bit reluctantly to hit or miss a few hockey balls and teased on apples and apples. In the eve to hear the Boston Woman's Symphony. It was grand and a slight change from Bing's unbearable treble, but I could appreciate a grind organ after hearing the fond and sweet roomie vocalise.

Home soon and found a Special from the boy. It's a grand old world. To bed thankfully because of much lack of sleep.

Wednesday, Nov. 6.

Nigh froze the person all morn and decided to break the dear family and send for my fur coat. To the HYPHEN office where I typed much madly and then changed a few tables for luncheon. Practiced conscientiously all afternoon and then partook of a slight tea room.

Open-swum for a few minutes and up in a rush to dress for dinner. Took us to the library after and dispensed with a few hours and yanked in some reliable knowledge. To home and sleep 'ere long.

Thy faithful own,
Belle-Ward.

SOCIETY EVENTS

Three private dinners were held at the club houses on Saturday evening, November 2.

Mary Elizabeth Bryan, Kathryn Baughan, Mary Emily Garvey, Jean Barry, Carol Combs, Virginia Duncan, and Mary Newton spent the evening at the X. L. club house following their dinner there.

Two sets of twins formed four of the nine girls who had dinner at the Osiron club house, Saturday, November 2. Besides Ann and Nancy Newman, and Helen and Martha Candler, were Mary Van Dyke, Harriett Griffin, Katherine Russell, Margaret Hays, and Jane Nowels. They spent the evening there.

Ruth and Martha Evans, Louise Koch, Elizabeth Colean, Julia Callahan, Helen Blood, Frances Cooper, Gretchen Koliner, and Mary Elizabeth Borneman enjoyed dinner and an evening of dancing at the T. C. club house.

A breakfast for four was served at the Penta Tau club house Sunday morning, November 3. Those present were Ruth Haggenjos, Adeline Sherwood, Dorothy Shelly and Jeanne Cummings.

Mary Thomas, Helen Thomas, Betty Williams, Dorothy Stewart, Gail Hunt, Helen Sweeney, Lora Gillis, and Nancy Schumaker made up an "eightsome' for breakfast at the Tri-K club house on Sunday morning, November third.

After dinner coffee was served to the faculty members and Seniors Sunday, November 3, in Recreation Hall. It was the concluding event of Senior Recognition Week.

The program consisted of several musical numbers. Marian Nicholson sang, accompanied by Mrs. Humphrey. Isabel Goodloe gave some piano selections.

Miss Norris, class sponsor, poured. The opportunity for the Seniors and faculty members to become better acquainted was advantageous to both. Dr. Blanton was much pleased with the entire Senior Recognition Week.

Red, green, and white plaques of flowers, red taper candles, and place cards were the table decorations at the birthday dinner held Thursday, November 7, in the private dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Benedict and Mrs. Rose were the faculty members present.

The girls invited were: Ella Jane Beeson, Naomi Black, Johannah Ellis, Margaret Ella Dunlap, Eloise Frances Hawkins, Bonham Bush, Marjorie Stevens, Martha Walker, Elizabeth Ann Gayden, Virginia Selby, Helen McBroom, Margaret Balsinger, Eugenia Candler, Mary Emily Garvey, Mary Borneman, Louise Latimer, Susan Schaeffer, Mildred Bemis, Margaret Allen Snyder, and Carolyn Brooks.

Gangster's advice to son just off to college: "And make a fraternity, son. Awfully good training for gang warfare."

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Can you imagine actually enjoying a bad cold! Yesterday I was laid up with one and nothing could have induced me to get well. But the truth of the matter is that anything would be a pleasure if I can only wear the pajamas that I bought at Loveman's — honestly they're too good-looking for words. Mine are tan and orange with a tuck-in blouse and three-quarter jacket to match.



While I was at Loveman's looking at the pajama ensembles they showed me such a comfy looking silk quilted robe that I simply had to have it. It will make studying a positive joy this winter. I bought a tan one —that makes a second pajama costume—of course, Loveman's has both the robes and the pajamas in all styles, colors, and combinations, and really each is more beautiful than the other.



BITS ABOUT 'EM

Alumnae and Otherwise

Somehow or other we manage to struggle through with this alumnae column, but we marvel every week where the news is coming from. Won't some kind soul surprise us with unsolicited contributions?

In a letter to Miss Amis, Dorothy Campbell '28 writes from 703 Hinmon Ave., Evanston, Ill., that she is attending Northwestern and majoring in psychology. She says that she sees Marion Schmelser '29 all the time and that they do the campus together. She also mentions the fact that Polly Dawes is in school in Boston. (Where and what doing?)

Wonders of wonders! "Jo" Cooper '29 came in the other day and paid her alumnae dues. This deserves a special writeup.

Alice Daniel '29 came to Nashville for two reasons and a half. One was to see "Mandy' Caldwell '30, the other was to see Vanderbilt beat Alabama; and the half reason was to visit us on the campus. But you're lonesome for Ward-Belmont anyway, aren't you, "Daniel"?

It has been rumored that "Barclay" '29 is coming to visit us Thanksgiving. We have written her, however, to verify the report. If she comes along will tag "Nat" Hines '29 and Helen Feller '29. Oh, yes, and then somewhere in the offing will appear "Donny" '29 "Fredericks" '29 and 'Sue" '29, maybe. We'd better make Thanksgiving a Homecoming for the class of 1929.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Candler, Jr., (Mary Catherine Peirce ex '29) can be located at 1026 St. Charles Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Ruthe Donahoo '29 is going in for big game hunting in Florida. She has been vacationing on the Donahoo orange grove, and for sport shot two alligators, killed one rattlesnake and caught two five-pound trout. It's too bad William Beebe doesn't know you. "Donny" tells ua that she's had the alligators stuffed. We think they'd add a lot if they were placed over the mantle in her former club house.

Catherine Scruggs ex '30 is teaching public school music in her home town of Wynne, Ark., this fall.

"Dot" Palmer '29 is attending the Marot Junior College in Thompson, Connecticut, and Judith Levy ex '30 the University of Wisconsin.

'Tis a little late for pledge news, but we have some here that's rather important. Margaret Doughty '29, pledged Alpha Chi Omega at Michigan State; Lucille Taylor ex '30 pledged Kappa Delta at Illinois; and "Jerry" Burbridge '29 pledged Alpha Phi at Michigan State. Mary Addis Patten '29 and Helen Hylton ex '30 are Pi Phi pledged. Mary Addis at Millikin College, Decatur, Ill., and Helen at the University of Wyoming. And wonder of wonders—they were both made pledge presidents.

"Sue" Jones '29 is pining away for Ward-Belmont and news thereof. Send her a letter somebody

Elizabeth Clements '21 of Mt. Vernon, Ind., who has been dietitian in a hospital in Texas is now in charge of the new base hospital at Muncie, Ind.

"Bill" Clark '27 writes from 1857 East 95th St., Cleveland, Ohio, that Elizabeth Franklin '27 is in ew York studying art.

Mrs. Victor S. Fago (Brownie Burger ex '25) writes us an interesting letter from 18, ira Francesco Carrara, Rome, where she has been living since her marriage last year. She says: "We have been in Northern Italy in the Alps since July, getting away from the heat and having a wonderful trip seeing Italy as an Italian—not the usual tourist places. We are now very near the border between Italy and Austria, and we have so fallen in love with this medieval village of Varna, that we are as loath to return to the city life as is our police pup "Trump," who is in heaven chasing about the green fields and in the apple orchards and woods of chestnut trees. Please give everyone my love, and tell them to call me anytime they're in Rome."

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We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

"WE WEST VIRGINIANS"

The members of the West Virginia club enjoyed a supper together at the F. F. club house on last Friday evening. Toasted cheese sandwiches, ham sandwiches, potato chips, olives, angel food cake, and coco-colas were served to Miss Ross, the sponsor, and to the ten girls who gathered around the fireside for a genuine good time. They are hoping that this is only the first of a series of these social "get-togethers" and that they can make this year the biggest that the West Virginians have ever had.

AGORA GIVE DANCE TONIGHT

The second club dance of the year will be given by the members of the Agora club tonight at 7:30 in the gymnasium to be attended by club members and their guests.

Plans for an entertaining specialty number, and an unusual evening's program are being made, according to Miss Casebier, sponsor, Leuna Tatham, president, and Barbara Reed, chairman of the entertainment and decorations.

"Does your dog chase cows?"
"No, he's a bulldog."

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DR. BARTON PRESENTS REPORT IN CHAPEL

(Continued from page 1)

2. The competitive games in the United States now cause one who is once in for sports to give his whole time, thought, and learning to it.

3. Very often a boy from a modest home finds himself in an entirely different life. He jumps in one bound to a different plane, and when he is put back the effect is sometimes disastrous.

4. He works under a professional coach who is no doubt a more cultivated man than the coach of twenty years ago. But any father who listened to the professional coaching of a college team will have some misgiving as to the cultural value of the process.

5. Inter-college athletics are highly competitive. Every college longs for a winning team, thus a system of recruiting and subsidizing has grown up, under which boys are offered pecuniary inducements to enter a particular college. The system is demoralizing and corrupt.

6. The part of the college graduate has in the school is only to see that his school has a winning team. It is immoral to the last degree for an American college graduate to pay money to high school boys, either directly or indirectly, in order to enlist their services for a college team.

7. The relation of organized sports to the health of college students is dependent on the good sense exhibited by the college boy in participating in such sports, and to the quality of the advice he receives from the college medical officer.

8. For many games the strict organization and the tendency to commercialize the sport has taken the joy out of the game.

9. The blaze of publicity in which the college athlete lives is a demoralizing influence for the boy himself and no less so for his college.

The large crowds do not gather to witness a football game out of loyalty for the school, but because of the widespread and continuous publicity. As the woman reads the society page, so does the man read the sport page. It is through such advertisements that the newspaper lives.

In conclusion to the review of this report Dr. Barton quoted, "It must be an unusual boy who can keep his perspective under such circumstances. Why should the college boy be subjected to this regime to enable some thousands of attractive young reporters to make a living?"

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ARTHUR HACKETT TO APPEAR IN CONCERT

(Continued from page 1)

chestra. So marked was his success that he has since appeared with that orchestra 22 times, under conductors Karl Muck, Henri Rabaud and Pierre Monteux—a unique record of re-engagements with one orchestra! Since then he has appeared as soloist with the New York Philharmonic, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, San Francisco and Los Angeles Symphony Orchestras, besides having sung in concert and oratorio throughout the country. Some of his most important engagements include six seasons with the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, two seasons at the Ann Arbor Festivals, as well as appearing at Springfield and North Shore (Evanston) Festivals, etc. His 1927-28 season opened with two appearances at the Worcester Festival, being especially engaged to sing the tenor role in Honegger's new choral work "Roi David." He is engaged for his third Worcester appearance in the fall of 1929. He was also one of the soloists in the Beethoven Ninth Symphony and the Verdi Requiem last summer at the Lewisohn Stadium under the batons of Wilhem von Hoogstraten and Albert Coates.

In 1924 Mr. Hacket went to Europe for several appearances at the Paris Opera and became so popular over there that he remained for two and a half years. During his stay abroad he was chosen by Dame Nellie Melba to share her program on her entire "Farewell" tour of the British Isles, when he was the recipient of many flattering enconiums from the British press.

This popular tenor is well known from coast to coast, but particularly well on the Pacific slope where he has made four tours. His tour in the spring of 1928 was his second within eighteen months and he will return for the fifth time during 1929-30.

On December 2 the second of the series will be presented. The London String Quartet will make their first bow to a Nashville audience next month at the Little Theatre.

GLEE CLUB LARGEST IN HISTORY OF SCHOOL

(Continued from page 1)

this year. One music critic writing for a local newspaper said, "The Glee Club accompanist is the first girl I have ever seen that knew how to take a bow!"

Mildred Shaefer, the president, says: "We were so encouraged by the success of our project last year, and so far everything has gone off with a bang. The club boasts a fine group of girls and a noticeable amount of talent so another successful year is expected."

Incidentally, Mr. Humphrey has many ideas up his sleeve that are not yet given out to publication, but due to his interest they are sure to be worth while.

WORLD FAMOUS ORGANIST COMES TO WARD-BELMONT

(Continued from page 1)

honor, the Grand Prix de Rome for his cantata, "Psyche." His extraordinary feat of playing the entire works of Bach from memory in a series of ten recitals at the Paris Conservatory is a matter of history. His American debut was in the Wanamaker auditorium in 1921. His appearance in this city is arousing great interest.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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LINDLEY V. GORDON SPEAKS ON WORLD PEACE

Declares War Can be Abolished

"I believe you can change human nature," declared Mr. Lindley V. Gordon, executive secretary of the World Alliance for International Friendship, when speaking on "The New International Question" to the student body of Ward-Belmont, Friday, November 8.

The cannibals on the Fiji Islands have changed. No longer are they savages of the lowest type, but since the missionaries have been among them their ideas and ideals have changed.

"Our forefathers used to drink blood out of their enemies skulls," continued Mr. Gordon. "One doesn't have to change human nature; change ideas and ideals."

At present we have the problem of competitive armament; mighty weapons built to crush foes. Every leader of every state is saying that it desires to consider reduction of armament.

Some believe modern war in the past has been profitable; modern war is a loss. Great Britain, a mighty victor in the last war requires every working man to give one day's salary in every four days for taxes. France was victorious; but only lately has France been able to refund its debt.

"We know how Germany was rolled over in abyss economically; how other countries have had to nurse her back and put her where she can compete with others," Mr. Gordon declared.

Three hundred and fifty billion dollars were thrown into flames. Every hour of the war cost two million dollars. There are not many saying armaments are profitable. Great Britain had a large navy and she still has, but that didn't secure the lives of the Britishers.

President Hoover is urging the nations to come together not to reduce taxation but to withstand another world war.

"I do not share the pessimistic idea of many of my friends; I know that war can be abolished," concluded Mr. Gordon.

AGORAS DINE AT BELLE MEADE

The Belle Meade Country Club was the scene of the A. K. club dinner on Wednesday evening, November 13.

A clever program, developing the theme of the evening along the idea of a magazine editorial staff, was found at each place. This announced the toasts and features of the dinner as follows:

Editor-in-Chief .....Helen Greene
Editorial .....Miss Brooks
Poem .....Helen Leyse
News From Abroad .....Adalyn Sherwood
Beauty Hints ....Berenice MacGregor
Home Town Events .....Jane Sipher
Cartoons .....Harriett Griffin
Sports .....Elizabeth Phillips

The committee which successfully planned and organized the program and provided for an interesting evening, were: General chairman, Helen Greene; program, Margaret Montgumery, Frances Hubbell, Victoria Spalding, Elizabeth Phillips, Berenice MacGregor. Songs and cheers were in charge of Helen Leyse, and Elizabeth Phillips.

After the program was completed, the time was given over to discussions and talks regarding the hockey game and encouragement of the team.



MARCEL DUPRE APPEARS IN CONCERT THIS EVENING

Widespread interest has been created by the announcement of the coming organ recital by Marcel Dupre, famous organist from Paris, which takes place this evening, November 16, at the Ward-Belmont School auditorium.

No organist of this generation, so it is said, has won so many honors as Dupre. At the age of twelve he was appointed organist at the Church of St. Vincent at Rouen, his native city. At nineteen he won the first prize given by the Paris Conservatory in piano; at twenty-one, the first prize in counterpoint; at twenty-three, the first prize in organ, while pupil of Guilmant, Widor and Vierne. At twenty-eight he won the highest prize offered by the French Government, the coveted Grand Priz de Rome, with a cantata for mixed voices and orchestra entitled "Psyche." At thirty, he became organist at Notre Dame Cathedral, the most desirable post in Europe.

At thirty-four he played the complete organ works of Bach perfectly and from memory in ten recitals at the Paris Conservatory. This is probably the greatest feat accomplished by a virtuoso since the King of Instruments was first played. His American debut in the New York Wanamaker auditorium created a furore.

Following this, he played twelve remarkable recitals in New York and Philadelphia before audiences approximating fifty thousand persons. It is reported that his present tour breaks all records for organ recital bookings within such a limited period of time.

Next Friday evening, November 22, V. L. Granville, the distinguished English actor, will be presented by Ward-Belmont in the school auditorium.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT BEGINS NEXT WEEK

This fall a singles tennis tournament will be held to determine the best player of the school, and the best club players. About 35 or 40 girls are expected to participate in it.

Each girl will be given a number, and the list will be arranged according to the numbers. Everyone then has the privilege of challenging the two players above her; if she wins, she is moved up in the list. The tournament will start some time next week, and will last about 10 days. At the end of that time, the first player will be the winner. The list will be kept on the gym bulletin board, showing each person's position.

HOCKEY SEASON OPENS

The fall hockey season is scheduled to open on Friday, November 15, in a game between the Eccowasin and Triad clubs, at 2:45 P. M. Two games are planned for Friday, Saturday, and Monday. The other game will take place on Tuesday.

By the winners of these games playing each other, the champion team will finally be decided. The F. F. club is the defending champion.

Games will be played according to the following schedule:

Eccowasin vs. Triad..Nov. 15, at 2:45
A. K. vs. Del Ver..—Nov. 15, at 3:45
T. C. vs. Anti Pan..Nov. 16, at 2:15
Osiron vs. F. F.....Nov. 16, at 3:30
Angkor vs. Ariston..Nov. 18, at 2:45
Penta Tau vs. Tri K..Nov. 18, at 3:45
Agora vs. X. L.....Nov. 19, at 3:45

STATE CLUBS START STUNT PRACTICES

In order to make the stunt night program, to be given on Thanksgiving night, of a more reasonable length, the state clubs have been grouped together in the following manner: Kentucky and Tennessee; Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas; the thirteen original colonies; Illinois, Missouri, Iowa; Indiana and Ohio; Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota; Texas and Oklahoma; the Western club and Kansas and Nebraska.

Practices are being started on the stunts which promise to be just as clever as those given last year.

PLEDGE DAY TO BE NEXT MONDAY

Miss Mary R. Norris Will Speak

The entire Ward-Belmont school, faculty, and student body, will assemble in front of Academic building Monday morning at 10:30. The faculty will stand on the Academic steps and face the white-clad student body who will stand on the lawn.

They sing the Class Recognition Song, which is—

"Giver of Gifts, Treasure of Beauty,
To thee we bring our youth in glad surrender
That we and thee, both giving may be blest—
Ward-Belmont, Ward-Belmont."

The presidents of the classes form a circle and Miss Mary R. Norris, who was formerly Academic Dean and who with Miss Morrison originated Pledge Day, will make a speech. The circle breaks and each president comes forward and receives a letter of the school name—WARD-BELMONT—from Dean Quaid.

The president's pledge is, "We will never bring disgrace to this our school by any act of dishonesty or cowardice. We will uphold the ideals of the school, both alone and with many."

Then the students' pledge, "We will respect and obey the school's laws, and we will do our best to incite a like respect in those above us who are prone to annul them or set them at naught. We will strive unceasingly to quicken our mutual sense of duty."

Then everyone pledges together: "Thus, in all these ways we will transmit this school—not less but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

This recognition Day is symbolic of the oath of allegiance used by the Athenian youths during the Golden Age of Greece, and just as they pledged allegiance to their city, so do the Ward-Belmont girls pledge allegiance to their school in obedience, courage, initiative, and honor.

MODERNISTIC SETTING MOTIF FOR AGORA DANCE

Among a myriad of cubes, triangles, and squares, which formed a unique modernistic setting, the Agora club entertained the members and guests at the second club dance in the gymnasium on Saturday evening, November 9.

Orange, violet and red geometric figures were placed against the black background, forming a clever effect in contrast with the formal dress of the guests. Hill's orchestra furnished the musical program during the evening, and the guests were entertained at intermission by a special dance number. Dressed in oilcloth costumes with futuristic effect, eight members of the club presented a novel tap dance feature. The eight were: Barbara Reed, Nancybelle Moss, Patty Douglas Harral, Jessie Burgin, Louise Toombs, Mary Ryan, and Tommye Murphy. A solo number by Marifrances Norviel was a part of the feature act. This feature was accompanied by Virginia Spangler at the piano.

The futuristic theme was carried out in the refreshments, which consisted of cup cakes with geometric frosting, molded ice cream in the shape of elephants, the club mascot, and mints.

The guests were welcomed by a receiving line headed by Miss Casebier, the sponsor of the Agora club; Leuna Tatham, president; Barbara Reed, vice-president, and Louisa LaBounty, treasurer.

Frocks with the Zest of Youth and Fall

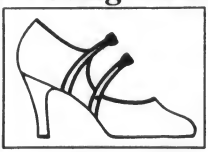
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THE EAGLE FEATHER

AUGUST NIGHT

On a midsummer night, on a night
that was eerie with stars,
In a wood too deep for a single star
to look through,
You led down a path whose turnings
you knew in the darkness,
But the scent of the dew-dripping
cedars was all I knew.

I drank of the darkness, I was fed
with the honey of fragrance,
I was glad of my life, the drawing of
breath was sweet;
I heard your voice, you said, "Look
down, see the glow-worm,"
It was there before me, a small white
star at my feet.

We watched while it brightened as
though it were breathed on and
burning,
The tiny creature moving over earth's
floor—
*"L'amor che move il sol e l'altre
stelle."*
You said, and no more.

—Sara Teasdale.

A void to be filled.
I breathe, I stare.
And wonder if I see.
'Tis only when
You come again
I live.

—Marion Cox '31

BIRCHES

When I see the birches bend to left
and right
Across the lines of straighter, darker
trees,
I like to think some boy's been swing-
ing them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down
to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must
have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morn-
ing
After a rain. They click upon them-
selves
As the breeze rises, and turn many
colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their
enamel.
Soon the sun's warmtb makes them
shed crystal shells,
Shattering and avalanching on the
snow-crust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep
away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven
had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered
bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though
once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right
themselves.
You may see their trunks arching in
the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their
leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that
throw their bair
Before them over their beads to dry
in the sun.
But I was going to say before Trutb
broke in
With all ber matter-of-fact about the
ice-storm
(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend
them
As be went out and in to fetch the
cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn
baseball,
Whose only play was what he found
himself.
Summer and winter, and could only
play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's
trees
By riding them down over and over
again
Until he took the stiffness out of
them.
And not one but hung limp, not one
was left
For him to conquer. He learned all
there was
To learn about not launching out too
soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept
his poise
To the top branches, climbing careful-
ly
With the same pains you use to fill a
cup
Up to the brim, and even above the
brim
Then he flung outward, feet first, with
a swish,
Kicking his way through the air to
the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of
birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless
wood
Where your face burns and tickles
with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weep-
ing
From a twig's having lashed across
it open.
I'd like to get away from earth
awhile
And then come back to it, and begin
over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand
me
And balf grant what I wish and
snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right
place for love;
I don't know where it's likely to go
better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow
white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could
bear no more,
But dipped it's top and set me down
again.
That would be good both going and
coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger
of birches.

—Robert Frost.

REFLECTION

Once I saw a black cat chewing a
mouse,
With red dripping from its mouth.

Once I heard the rain falling on the
roof
With a cry, pitiful as in deep sorrow.

Once you sang me a song,
The next day you sang it to someone
else;
And I felt all red, wanted to stretch
forth pitifully crying
Like the spat of the rain on the roof.

If you had only sung another song
to your new-found love,
And left my song to me,
I think I could have stood alone
And let the red rain be.

—Naomi Saip '31

CAME THE DAWN

A dark cloud came into ber brain;
her mind surged with a deafening
roar of rumbling thunder, clatter of
catenets, shriek of a whizzing train,
closing of mouse-traps, reverberating
echoes of moving apparitions, blare
of tubas, screech of a fingernail across
a blackboard, cronk-cronk of cistern
handles, drip-drip of water faucets,
and the merry ha-ha of Mephis-
topheles. No wonder such a densenes
penetrated ber cerebellum. She has
failed in No subject.

PENTA TAU CLUB

Well, hockey is here and so are the
Penta Taus; plenty strong, too. Our
new manager, "Boy"-Lege, has already
proved that she means business, and
that spirit is being shown by each
member of the team. If you don't be-
lieve it, just take a look at the hockey
field each Tuesday, Thursday, or Sat-
urday mornings about a quarter to
seven. With the other Penta Tau
cheering and yelling for them, led by
that peppiest of peppy, our own Mil-
dred Shaefar and Virginia Kohlhaw-
sen, this team is going to be hard to
beat. So look out everybody for the
PENTA TAUS!

SPORTS IN LETTERS TO MUSSOLINI

Good Evening, Benito:

Do you all have alumnae up your way and are they very useful creatures? We certainly have a few of them around here, and now and then they cause a bit of interest. This time it's in the alumnae-varsity game which is to be played in the very near future and it seems to be an unbroken tradition that the alumnae be the better half of this little affair! However, the varsity might surprise us after all and make the game really worth seeing.

At last the hockey games are starting. Moussi," and there's a little more to talk about. The competition ought to be pretty keen, as the club teams are more evenly divided than one might think. Of course, the club managers are just about the best players on the teams, and they are: "Scotchy" Cochran, Anti Pan; Lillian Francez, T. C.; "Pete" Peterson, Del Vers; Nancy Newman, Tri K; "Boy" Leze, Penta Tau; Florence Sellevold, X. L.; Jean MacLean, Osiron; Jesse Burgin, Agora; "Cookie" Cook, A. K.; Ann Gairing, F. F. As I said before, Ben, the F. F.'s were champions last year, and they're going to try awfully hard to be this year.

The roommate's eyes are dropping out and I've got to stop!

Devotions to the family,
Napoleon.

P. S.—I've named the little kitten I wired you about yesterday, Winiewieffer," and he seems not to mind it at all!

APOLOGY PENDING

Mary Newton's nightly prayer: "Oh Lord, I ask nothing for myself, but do give my mother a son-in-law.'

Katherine H.: "Do you know how these mice got in here?"
Jane H.: "Nah!"
Katherine: "Uh-huh."

Hush, little Senior;
Don't be so bold.
You're just a Senior-Mid
Two years old.

This is written to fill space!

But this isn't! Speaking of careers for women, Virginia Mae Showalter is planning on covering Guy's ice route all next summer. She expects to keep in training for the next K. U. football season—so to speak!

And there's Rosalie Hulberg, the beautiful blonde from Chicago, who thinks the "Derby" is a hat.

Tri K's eat and grow fat,
F. F.'s eat and grow thin;
If you don't like my jokes,
Try handing some in.

And they say Sue Schaeffer thinks a brief case is a short love affair.

Absent-minded Hall Sponsor (probably Miss Chenoweth) knocking on St. Peter's gate: "Come on; open this door, or I'll throw the whole suite out."

And to think they've kept it from us this long; But the secret is out! Remember seeing "Miller and Lyles" in their "grocery" act at Loew's this week. But it was a good act. Eh, what!

Doctor: "You're all run down. Try a few electric baths."
Freshman: "No, Doc. My brother got drowned that way at Sing Sing."
—Remner-Jamner.

GLEE CLUB GOES TO VANDERBILT

COLLEGIATE—Andy Protheroe, Joe College, Everybody present at the big Vanderbilt Pep Session. Loud Yells, Speeches, Songs, and much WHOOPEE.

The old members of the Ward-Belmont Glee Club and a few new members lucky enough to draw a paper with a little check on it out of the "grab bag" attended the pep meeting at Vanderbilt University Friday night, November 8. One hundred students from Ward-Belmont were entertained by school yells, songs, and selections by the University Orchestra. Coach McGugin gave a speech and was loudly cheered.

In reply to the yells given in honor of them, the Ward-Belmont Glee Club sang three songs—"Old Black Joe," "Kentucky Home," "Dixie"; and "The Bells of Ward-Belmont."

OBSERVATIONS

Every man, when he knows he is in the wrong, assumes an air of great dignity.

Every man discusses himself with every woman who will listen to him.

Every man pretends indifference to clothes.

Every man thinks he has wonderful self-control because the women had the last word.

Every man is deceived by flattery.

Every man cherishes the thought that he is a he-man and superior to woman.

Every man considers himself logical.

Every man is sentimental.

Every man thinks he knows women.

Every man is satisfied with his weight and himself.

Every man is a spoiled child.
—The Superior Philosopher.

The proper study of mankind is woman.

SOCIETY EVENTS

A special table in the dining room was reserved for nine girls who wished to celebrate Ruth Peterson's eighteenth birthday informally. A candle-lighted birthday cake and clever place cards marked the table for Caroline Hogue, Alice Falconer, Mary Purnell, Mary Elizabeth Bunn, Sue Yaeger, Elizabeth Barr, Sarah Ison, Katharine Dunn, and Ruth Peterson. The event took place at dinner Monday, November 11.

Six A. K. club members had breakfast at their clubhouse on Sunday morning, the feature event being the cooking of individual breakfasts, believing in every man for himself. The girls were Berenice MacGregor, Elizabeth Phillips, Victoria Spalding, Hella Fishman, Marion Prince, and Jean Spencer.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The choir has elected a choir manager, Ann Ryther, and an assistant manager, Gibson Trotter. They will wear vestments and sing devotional hymns on Wednesday during the chapel exercise, and on stay-at-home Sundays.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Your clubhouse—what does it mean to you? Is it just a "hang-out" to you —a place where you can relax without a thought as to its appearance, or is it something more than that?

Most of us would immediately respond to the latter. Very few would have the moral courage to confess to a lack of club spirit, or admit that they don't "give a hang" about the "old clubhouse." And I really and thankfully believe that there are very, very few girls among us who are indifferent to their respective clubs. The clubs would not amount to much if that careless spirit were general.

Yet do we show our club spirit in our treatment of the clubhouses? What girl has not had the experience of going into a clubhouse that was torn up, in which furniture was out of place, and the kitchen messy? It is in the latter place, the kitchen, that we find that careless, indifferent spirit exemplified. Dishes are not always washed, tea towels dirty, not always neatly in place, the general impression is not always tidy. On the contrary, the kitchen is generally a fairly disorderly looking place. It often destroys the appearance of the entire clubhouse.

Our clubs mean more to us than this. There can't always be someone around to remind us or exhort us to clean up after our individual breakfasts or dinners. Are we children that we must ever be told to leave things neatly after we're through? Let's have our fun, but let's also remember what others after us will be waiting their turn. Show your club spirit, and make your club a real one, and not a "joint"!

Our Student Council this year is more than a name to be furtively passed from lip to lip by those with a guilty conscience, or mouthed wonderingly by new girls. It is a real, live body, an integral part of Ward-Belmont, composed of the students, by the students, and for the students.

In order to get away from the onlooker attitude this year, the Student Council has been alotted a certain day in Chapel, the first Tuesday in every month, when the girls may bring up problems and questions for discussion. In this way the whole student body has a chance to be a part of the Student Council.

Frances Hoffman, president of Student Council, wants us to turn in questions and problems—the more the better. But it destroys the whole spirit and idea to have silly questions turned in for the sake of "horse-play." What is wanted is the problem that comes up every day, or some question that is confused in our minds.

Help put this student body meeting over. It is something entirely new in the annals of the school, and is a definite step forward. But the student body must be behind it with heart and soul or it will collapse. Back the Student Council up and take a personal interest in it!

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Music is a song come to us from out of the hills that are aged with new discoveries. Music is the gray cloud that floats over a land of discontented people causing them to lose their sadness. It is a broken bough that is twisted from a tree bending low before the wind and sent down a street of twirling leaves. It is a dreamer's thought set to the power of emotion. It soothes and quiets the confusion of the mind.

Under the spell of music some people jump and dance, others become moody, yet it always seems to take away something dull and leave a fresher, newer, cooler thought. It is the soft breeze that blows back the hair from a moist brow.

HITCH YOUR WAGON TO THE STAR OF PEACE

Militant Pacificism

Eleven years after the Holocausti Another grey day like that before the first Armistice day. How unusual it is to see so many students making their way toward a common meeting place on Sunday, and there can be no football game, no new theatrical offering to attract them here today. I see now; they are filing into the War Memorial Building. They have come to hear from stern-visaged and sparkly-eyed men, learned in the arts of peace and war, the truth concerning "The New Internationalism" about which we have heard so much, and of which we have so little understanding.

The doors close softly and young voices rise in their hymn of praise. They sing, "America." The World Alliance for International Fellowship has begun. The first session is a mass meeting of students.

Bishop DuBose breathes a prayer, saying, "Peace is making one of all the people on earth. Through these students here will flow a story and destiny be made. Grant, O Lord, your blessing on peace, universal brotherhood, and the cementing of fellowship. May we soon be a world with one speech, one people, and one God. To men goodwill!"

Once more all voices raised. This time they said that "Glorious things of Thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God." The chairman introduces President Smith, of Washington and Lee University, who immediately makes his young audience feel at ease. It is he, who begs with the utmost sincerity that we adopt a policy of "militant pacificism," that we "hitch our wagon to the star of peace." He calls to the attention of these students the fact that in a few years they will all be voters. What do they intend to do with their vote? "We can wage war better than any nation on earth. But will we? No, I urge you now to be a militant peacemaker. Let us be a peace-breeding member of the family of nations. For peace is a Christian problem—and our glorious American opportunity.

Next a dusky representative of Fisk University asks that "Ward-Belmont, Vanderbilt, Peabody, everybody," rise and sing with him the spiritual, "Ain't Gonna Study War No More." A laugh ripples over the crowd, but there is a ready, jovial response.

The speaker of the day is introduced as Fred B. Smith, dynamo of the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Smith is the active chairman of the World Alliance. He "hopes to expose our minds to the future days of the conference." But I propose to let Mr. Smith speak for himself.

"We are in the midst of the greatest revolution the world has ever known, "The New Internationalism." A revolution is any great change in human thought or human method. But to be called a revolution it must be successful. We must then stand up against all history. The doctrine of force shall not be composed anew. God does not deal with dates, so I do not propose a time element. But whenever you stir moral, physical and the ethical aspects of life, there is no cessation of them.

"The Peace Movement is as old as the Bible, but the last eleven years have been the most wonderful years in all the history of the peace movement. Today, thank God, there is a League of Nations, a Hague Tribunal for arbitration, an International Court of Justice, a Locarno Treaty written, and a Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war has been declared in operation. Eleven years ago we had none of these.

"There have been famous ships, the flagship of Columbus, the *Mayflower*, Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis, and Dr. Eckener's Graf Zepplin, but the greatest ship that ever crossed the ocean was the *Berengeria* when it bore Ramsey MacDonald, a Scotch Presbyterian prime minister to sit on a log beside a Quaker President, Herbert Hoover, and plight a troth of peace.

"America may be the key or the stumbling block to world peace. Before we rush into technique we must remember public sentiment, and relate that sentiment to public service.

"If there is to be absolute enduring peace, three things are certain. There must be one great forum of nations, one great court, and one great pact. We must organize and keep up our crusade, for war will go on the scrap heap only when it has been made a sin against God. Young people, put your hearts and soul into this great moral program, and refuse to sell yourself for a song."

I looked about me and saw that some had already sold themselves for a song. They slept. But I saw, too, that this man's words had struck an answering spark in others. The crusade had gained new converts, and had re-inspired old followers.

AC NOTES

Miss Townsend's classes are doing an interesting type of work this term and the students are most eager to begin their study of the making of stages, costumes, and settings. This subject is the one now under consideration in the Drama Workshop. Seniors and certificate classes are working on plays.

Girls who are studying history of art under Miss Ross have been taking trips to the Parthenon to study that form of architecture. These trips make the class recitations more real and vivid.

Many new books have been added to our library. A miscellaneous list of these books includes:

E. K. Adams, "Professional Worker."
Isaiah Bowman, "New World."
A. M. Earle, "Home Life in Colonial Days."
Edmund S. Conklin, "Principles of Abnormal Psychology."
Earle, "Costume of Colonial Times."
H. A. Gibbons, "Europe Since 1918."
L. A. Headly, "How to Study in College."
Goldstein, "Art in Everyday Life."
Jonathan Nield, "A Guide to the Best Historical Novels."
Edna St. Vincent Milay, "Harp Weaver."

Other books which will be on the shelves in a few days are:

Durant, "Story of Philosophy."
Hackett, "Henry the Eighth."
Morley, "Haunted Bookshop."
Walpole, "Hana Frost."
Westcott, "Goodbye, Wisconsin."
Benet, "John Brown's Body."

Miss Pugh's Senior English classes are studying Chaucer and other writers of the Middle English period. In connection with this work several attractive sketches in colors illustrating the Canterbury Tales have been put on the bulletin boards in her classroom.

THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

In his vesper sermon, November 10, Mr. Carlton Sherwood reminded us of the vast changes which have occurred within the last hundred years. Examples of this change are the radio, the automobile, the airplane, radium and innumerable other inventions and developments. Physical power has been increased many fold. The dominion of man is particularly noticeable. But with all these complexities of life, the spiritual need remains the most necessary and the most important, and we should, therefore, devote more time to the cultivation of a reverent soul. Miss Lois Stout, accompanied by Mr. Wesson, was the soloist of the vesper service.

Miss Eglantine Flores, of Mexico, who is a student at Scarritt College, is to be the guest of honor at a tea given by the World Fellowship Committee of the Y.W.C.A. in the Penta Tau club house Sunday, November 17, at 3:30 o'clock. Louise La Bounty and Eleanor Binford are co-chairmen of the committee in charge. Every student and faculty member is invited to be present.

"You have probably noticed how clean the fountain is now," asserted Elberta Gooch in a talk at Sunday school, November 10. She went on to say that last year at this time the fountain was extremely dirty because the drainage had been stopped by leaves which had fallen in. Elberta then compared human personalities with the fountain. She said that one person's hatred for another is a dirty leaf in that person's pool. In conclusion she asked that we think about one another, that we put aside trivialities when they occur so that we will not have a big, final cleaning to do.

CORRIDOR CHARACTER

Hair—Short; dark brown; crinkiy permanent
Eyes—Blue as blue
Nose—Straight and petite
Mouth—Small; aarcasm personified
Height—Five feet two
Build—Slender
Weight—102 pounds
Interests—Literary; sensational
Favorite Expression—"Say, kids"
Length of Dresses—Short
Personality—Jolly; likable

This week's HYPHEN introduces its readers to a new feature which will appear in its columns these next few weeks. It will be called the "Corridor Character." It is a description of some outstanding member of the student body and though the name is withheld, the girl may be easily recognized from the facts given. Every HYPHEN reader is asked to guess and write her solution and her own name on a slip of paper in the HYPHEN box. The first girl to guess correctly each week will be given a prize. Prize—10-cent Hershey bar.

STATE CLUBS ELECT SPONSORS AND OFFICERS

At the meetings of the state clubs Tuesday, November 5, the sponsors and the remaining officers were elected. Also committees for stunt night were appointed.

The results of the election in the various clubs were: Eastern club: vice-president, Eleanor De Witt; treasurer, Sarah Jane Fairchild; Georgia: vice-president, Eugenia Candler; secretary-treasurer, Dawn Hancock; Iowa: vice-president, Eleanor Brown; secretary-treasurer, Mary Lovell; Kentucky: vice-president, Elizabeth Barr; secretary-treasurer, Jean Barry; sponsor, Mrs. McComb; social member, Miss Casebier; Kansas: vice-president, Naomi Saip; secretary-treasurer, Willa Ekei; sponsor, Miss Cobb; Louisiana: vice-president, Betty Williams; secretary-treasurer, Mary Elizabeth Morgan; sponsor, Miss Smith; Michigan: president, Gretta Krauss; vice-president, Harriett Merrick; secretary-treasurer; Terry Fiske; Minnesota: sponsor, Miss Nelson; president, Mary Goss; secretary-treasurer, Grethen Kolliner; Mississippi: vice-president, Anne May; secretary, Anne Gayden; treasurer, Allie Watkins; Illinois: sponsor, Miss Irvin; Missouri: president, Virginia Sargeant; vice-president, Miriam Carter; secretary-treasurer, Irene Harnett; sponsor, Miss Chenoweth; Nebraska: sponsor, Miss Kheiralla; secretary, Katherine Hammond; treasurer, Helen Hart; North Carolina: sponsor, Miss Lydell; secretary, Betty Mannington; treasurer, Elizabeth Proctor; Ohio: secretary-treasurer, Dorothy Rose; Oklahoma: sponsor, Mrs. Quaid; secretary-treasurer, Eugenia Browne; Tennessee: sponsor, Miss Pugh; Texas: sponsor, Miss Blythe; president, Margaret Cartter; secretary-treasurer, Helen Cline; West Virginia: president, Dorothy Floyd; vice-president, Mary Helen Brown; secretary, Virginia Jarrett; treasurer, Jean Thomas; Wisconsin: sponsor, Miss Hollinger; president, Rita Miller; vice-president, Carol Miller; secretary, Clarabelle Jacobs; treasurer, Jane Frantz.

CAMPUS COLUMN

I have a wonderful idea! Why not form a new club for dieting purposes, and call it "The Club for Staunch Dieters," or "The D. and R. Sisters" (D standing for dieting and the R for reducing). Isn't that a splendid idea? Sue Yeager would, ought to be, should be, the president, as Sue has gained the small sum of TWENTY pounds. She is dieting strenuously, needs some support and mutual companionship. Mary Pittman should be the vice-president, as she is in much the same fix that Sue is, only Sue is five pounds to the good. Billy Holly Watson and Katherine Kohlhausen should be secretary and treasurer, respectively, as they, strange to say, are in the same boat—AND I heard that they had a bet on that the first one that ate certain fattening foods before next Monday would be compelled to pay the other one a present amounting to five dollars. Let's see what we can do to further this little project, what do you say?

It seems that Margaret Burnett's mother and father are in Michigan and Margaret has been hoping and praying that they would phone her, or better still surprise her by a little visit. Well, the strain got too much for her and Sunday night she broke down and phoned them and was she ever thrilled and happy!

"Merne" Nicholson really deserves a little vote of thanks and a little word of praise. For—she did a wonderful thing Sunday morning. It really was nice, kind and thoughtful. While occupants of three rooms were doing more important duties "Merne" made SIX beds. Imagine it—SIX of them! How many of you would have done the same thing? I wonder. Christmas is coming.

Have you heard Sammy Jo Hayes tell all about "Junah." And, better still, have her tell you all about the cute little doo-daddy that she bought for her papa at a bargain sale, and when she got it home it wouldn't fit the little cubby that it was supposed to fit—SO she took it back and couldn't exchange it because it had been on sale, do you see? I know that my description must interest you terribly, but really it IS very cute and clever and funny. Believe it or not—so do ask her to perform for you. She may need a little coaxing, but after an hour or two of persuasive arguments she might give in. Try it

"Fran" Hoffman, our president, tells a good one about when she was a wee, small girl. It seems that "Hoffman" had such a very pug nose that her mother made her carry an umbrella every time it rained so that she wouldn't drown. Now you know!

Somebody tore the fur cuff off of Betty Storck's nice coat, and that terrible person wouldn't even sew the cuff on for Betty. Do you know why? Of course, you can't even guess. Well, you see, the day was Sunday and you couldn't expect anyone to sew on any old cuff on Sunday for anybody. But we were all expected to attend a mass meeting in the afternoon, and you certainly couldn't have expected Betty to have appeared with only one cuff. The poor girl really was up against it and I'm sorry, but I don't know how it all came out.

The hockey classes last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, looked like classes in aesthetic or interpretive dancing. For the very simple reasons that the hopeful hockey-ers were taking the test that should decide whether they could play on their club teams or not. There they sat (?) on the gym floor just writing away about "penalty corners" and "sticks." And now the games are finally starting and there will surely be excitement galore on the old hockey field from now on. The Penta Tau-Tri K game really ought to be a dandy. The way it rained the first part of this week, it looked like we would have to play water-hockey or something of the sort.

Wasn't the Agora dance too cute for words? And that orchestra! Everybody looked like they were afraid they would miss a little bit of it and people just rushed around franctically hunting for their favorite followers or leaders as the case might have been. I sincerely hope that every club will have that same orchestra for their dance. Just a little hint by the way.

This is clever, see what you think about. Peg Yoeder and Helen Greene are roommates, and Helen calls Peg "The Big Shot." and Peg calls her roomie, Helen in other words, "Little Bullet." Isn't that—now? I was called down for my excessive use of darling, cute, et cetera, so you see I left out any descriptive noun or adjective above in describing this little game, so fill in the blanks as you please.

FRENCH CLUB

The French club has become one of the most wide awake organizations on the campus, and the club motto might well be "Progress."

Activities so far include several delightful teas and a picture show in the Chapel last Thursday evening, open to all students and compulsory to none.

Club duties have been codified and the chairmen of all departments chosen. Club affairs have progressed smoothly from the start.

Adalyn Sherwood is president; Louisa La Bounty, vice-president; Virginia Mae Showalter, treasurer, and Eleanor Neckerman secretary.

Serving under the vice-president are Elberta Gooch, chairman for musical entertainment; Annie Colward, chairman for games; Margaret Burdette, who plans each program.

The above named girls with the officers form a cabinet which meets to decide all questions of a general nature.

Virginia Straudburg is Social Chairman, while Edith Scheufler is Publicity Chairman. As sub-chairman, Frances Dix will draw the attractive posters you will see in Middlemarch.

Club sponsors are Miss Brooks, Miss Reuf, and Miss Ferry.

So pay your dues and let's all pull together to justify the efforts spent in organizing this year. For the French club is made or marred by the students of French.

IMPRESSIONS

Dotty Black—A flower bowl of dawn; wistfulness; a shady nook in the woods; a pale blue hair-braid hat; executives; efficiency; afternoon tea.

Margaret Cartter—Checked gingham; jingling bracelets; patent leather pumps; a cocky little bird; "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"; tap-dancing.

Betty O'Donnell—Hockey; sports' clothes; quiet and repose; a well-organized office; a red beret; big universities; campus activities; *College Humor* "Hall of Fame."

Louise Latimer—Toe dancing; cherubs; valentines; corsages; "If"; small brown felt hats; picnics in the fall; a clear, cool spring; junior proms.

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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE WARD

Thursday, Nov. 7.

My Dear:

Did nothing but partake of a slight Hyphen lecture by the Hon. Miss "Jinny" Smith. Learned much about straight news stories and what is wrong with our paper. Then a bit, very bit if the truth be known, of repast, it being fully fifteen minutes after dinner. I honestly believe that It was food and not the lecture, with all due salaams to the speaker, that collected such a full, swell crowd.

Friday, Nov. 8.

Had an honestly good representative from the World Alliance of International Peace in Chapel. That man really could talk and hold attention which is one of the seven world wonders in the place.

Arched in the aft and found that I'm not any cupid.

Sunday, Nov. 10.

To no form of church on account the opportunity of our lives, so spent a rather damp morn. In the aft to the World Alliance of International Peace and heard *Militat Pacifist* and "Ain't gonna t' study war no more" till I nigh did take up arms in self-defense. Decided that if the meeting didn't close before sun-up, war wouldn't be the only unstudied factor of misery. Thence home in drizzle.

Got a purely swell telegram from the party in question, and to some quiet hour after a bit of club. Studied to the best of my ability which wasn't much and then—bed!

Monday, Nov. 11.

Had a perfectly swell History of Art sprung quiz. Oh, how I prospered, you'll never know. Miss Ross has a perfect mania for popping little exams on this lady and then marking them clear down to the bottom of low "F."

Walked positive miles, the weather being somewhat damp for my pet pastime, Archery. Down hill and across dale, through valley and up vale, that all occurred within the walking limits, but it's poetic anyhow.

Ate at Bing's table and enjoyed the evening repast more than usual. Then to Senior, while I may, in other words before term papers are due, then woe is me.

To the library and struggled with a momentous problem in Chemistry which came out all wrong. I fear my family are going to think the same of me 'ere long.

Pembroke at the stroke o' nine and caught a few winks.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.

No mail, no sun, no mind or disposition. No hope.

Marched out looking like a cow seeing red, but was a bit hampered in the act by a few skirts, cows just don't wear them nowadays. Did library in the day right strenuously to benefit my feeble mind, but learned after much experience that it was a nigh hopeless task.

Took a stiff hockey exam and got my only pair of clean hose dirty, from profound kneeling on the gym floor.

Tearoomed with lack of will and so on through the dusk and eve.

Wednesday, Nov. 13.

Got all damp and rain bespattered in the act of passing to and from class and got caught in the Hyphen office with no slicker. Wish the weather man and I could get together on what kind of clothes to wear and the ethics of slicker carrying.

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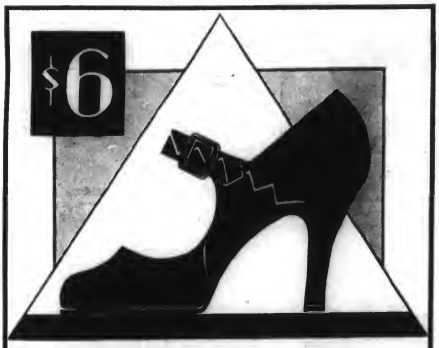
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Because all evening models are molded to the figure you simply must wear a corsette. It may be of supple satin not stiff enough to hamper your movements yet confining enough to make your figure graceful. Or you may prefer that smarter combination of brassiere, girdle and step-in. But whatever you do, choose your foundation garment to accompany your evening costume from Loveman's.



Spent most the day bemoaning said weather and cursing fate; a lot of good it did me.

Did to lunch and partook of three cinnamon buns, before I remembered I was dieting.

Club meeting at night and became an original rah-rah girl out of sheer club spirit. These hockey games are going to be plenty full of mean competition.

Studied nothing and do full well anticipate the outcome. Alas, alack and to bed in hopes of rest.

Always thy,
Belle Ward.

BITS ABOUT 'EM

Alumnae and Otherwise

Whoopee! Lois Maxon '29 may be here over the week-end. Look for red hair, blue eyes, and a sense of humor. Anyone finding same report to HYPHEN office. If red hair, blue eyes and sense of humor finds itself we hope it will naturally turn its footsteps toward this office.

Margaret Payne '29 can be located at 3821 18th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., care H. Weston, Apt. 3 E.

And who should stop in the day of the Vandy-Georgia Tech game but Mrs. Robert Lowry (Helen Holmes '26), of Huntsville, Ala. Honeymooners—rah! rah! They were married the day before (November 9), drove to Nashville for the game, visited Mrs. Lowry's alma mater, and then departed for parts unknown. Congratulations, felicitations, and happiness—happiness—to you both.

Oh, yes, we greeted alumnae last week-end. Those with us were: Leitner Johnson '29 and Jean Peterson '29. Who should drive in from Indiana with Eleanor Binford's, '30, family, but Dorothy Shacklett ex '30. "Dot" is staying home this year and taking a few courses at the University of Louisville. She mentioned the fact that she saw Virginia Voyles ex '29 quite frequently.

Another visitor was Marion Henschel '26. After her graduation here, she attended the University of Wisconsin, where she received her degree. She is now staying at home in Wauwatosa, Wisc.

Margart Neff ex '30 is attending Oberlin College and doing special work in the Conservatory of Music there.

Margie Northrup '29 is staying at home in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Little "Daniel" '29 tells us that she returned recently from a visit in Montgomery, Ala., with Mr. and Mrs. Kaga Humphrey (Ruth Hughes ex '28). Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey were married in August, in Houston, Texas.

Marguerite Glidden '27 of 1010 N. Denver St., Tulsa, Okla., is teaching science and math in the Conway-Brown School of that city.

Sallie Hayward '29 entertained two '30 bums over the last week-end. They were Betty Lane and Helen Seldomridge. Recuperated yet, Sallie?

Nancy Butler '29 writes "Jo" Cooper '29 thusly: "I really need you in my affairs d'amour. They are beginning to get dreadfully mixed up." Nancy, the alumnae secretary is catching the next train for Sophie Newcomb.

Grace Sherrill ex '17, the field representative for North and South Carolina and Virginia, is visiting the school for a few days. Ward-Belmont always feels very proud to have one of its former students a member of the administrative, household, or teaching staff.

"If I wasn't so terribly interested in everyone and everything in Ward-Belmont I would just tell you not to send me any more HYPHENS. 'cause they make me so lonesome to be back and see everyone I don't know what to do." And because Clotelle Bryan '29 wrote this from L. S. U. we remain humbly at her feet forever.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Kilgore (Mildred McLean ex '25) can be reached at 806 Dewey Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Write Ruth Gasteiger '29 at 61 West 85th St., New York City. N. Y., and Artelia Bowne '29 at 5705 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Tillie" Daniels '29, who attended the Wisconsin-Iowa game some weeks ago in Madison, got busy telephoning all the Ward-Belmont people up there she could think of. She saw "Kat" Blackman '28, Betty Schmidthuer '29, Janet Lawton ex '30 and Helen Whittaker. "Tillie" has herself a job on the editorial staff of the University of Iowa annual. She is also interested in Sigma Nu's. Thank you. Help! News. Help!

THIS WEEK

"My dear you have no idea how much studying I've done in the last few days."

"I know how it is. I have two exams for tomorrow and I must get some things ready for a week-end party I'm going to."

"You lucky thing. Actually I expect to flunk history. I didn't know a thing on that exam."

"Really, my dear? That's a shame. I expect to barely pass psych."

"Me, too. Isn't it awful? Hope you have a grand time this week-end. Bye."

"Thanks. Good-bye."

Will next week be one filled with the sob-stories of failures? Will it be dull and unexciting because there is no cramming? Will this week be forgotten because it went so dashedly fast? Perhaps they will be slow, hectic seven days; but never fear—there's always something going on. It's a great life if you don't weaken.

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X L TATTLE

A black splotch of charred ground, and the corpses of a few unlucky "hot-dogs" which perished in the fiery furnace are all that's left to tell the tale of the X. L.-Tri K wiener-roast of Wednesday evening, October 6. The party partook of everything obtainable, from hot dogs to apple cider, and broke up with three rousing cheers for the winners.

Miss Marian Henschel, '26, sister of Charlotte Henschel, '31, and the president of the X. L. club three years ago, was the guest of the school at luncheon last Saturday noon. With her was Miss Marion Davidson, of Milwaukee.

MRS. PHELPS SPEAKS TO STUDENTS

"What is an ideal? What does it mean when we say ideal?" asked Mrs. Shelton Phelps, wife of Dr. Shelton Phelps, director of instruction, Peabody College, in speaking to the Ward-Belmont students Wednesday, November 13.

"We often say it is an ideal day; an ideal game; or that she is an ideal teacher. I think we mean the day is just perfect, or the teacher is just exactly what we expect," explained Mrs. Phelps.

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As little girls we chose the type of dress we wished to make for our doll and asked mother to cut such a pattern; but even then it was no easy task to make the dress, for we seldom followed the pattern, not noticing the instructions written along the side. So it is with life; we must choose the material, the pattern, and study and follow the pattern as an artist does his model before attempting to paint it.

CLUB NOTES

The F. F.'s had a most interesting guest at one of their recent club meetings, Miss Nannie Lewis. Miss Lewis was the sponsor of the first F. F. club at a time when there were no clubhouses but a room in the basement of Heron Hall was the only one available. Miss Lewis was a classmate and sorority sister of Miss Amis, who, until this year, has been our sponsor. She was an instructor in Science here before the last war but when the war cry came she resigned to go into hospital work. She spoke most entertainingly of her work among the soldiers, and also told us about those first club sisters of ours, who were, she declared "rampagous" and we are going on a new rampage to receive the hockey cup. Miss Lewis spent several days renewing her acquaintance with Ward-Belmont, leaving us to take up her duties in the new government hospital in Louisiana.

MARRIAGES

Emily Folk ex '27 to Mr. Hilliard Phillips on November 12, 1929, at Nashville, Tenn.

Margaret Buchanan ex '26 to Dr. James Stroud on October 31, 1929, at Birmingham, Ala. At home in Birmingham, Ala.

Beulah Bluim ex '24 to Mr. Leonard Joseph Mitchell on November 8, 1929, at Cleveland, Ohio.

Betsy Lusk ex '28 to Mr. Guilford Dudley, Jr., on November 2, 1929, at Nashville, Tenn. At home in Nashville.

Emily Folk 'ex '26 to Mr. Hilliard Phillips on November 12 at Nashville, Tenn. At home in the Robert E. Lee Apts., Nashville.

Margaret Buchanan ex '26 to Dr. James Stroud on October 30 at Birmingham, Ala. At home in Birmingham.

Thelma Louise Sullivan '26 to Mr. Urban George Emge on October second at Trimble, Tenn. At home in Nashville.

Dorothy Davis '25 to Mr. Wilfred C. Lahman on October 19 at Chicago, Ill.

Aileen Rauch '28 to Mr. James Douglas on August 30 at Columbus, Ga. At home in Columbus.

LIBRARIUM

We are particularly fortunate in having the following magazines now in the library and the girls are urged to read them:

American City, American Historical Review, American Journal of Public Health, American Magazine of Art, American Organist, American Physical Education Review, Art and Archaeology, Arts and Decoration, Asia, Atlantic Monthly, Better Homes and Gardens, Bird Lore, Booklist, Bookman, Century, Christian Century, Commercial Art, Congressional Digest, Current History, Design-Keramic Studio, Dial, Diapason, Drama, Dry Goods Economist, Education, Educational Review, Etude, Everyday Art, Fliegende Blatter (German), Forum, Golden Book, Harpers, Historical Outlook, High School Quarterly, House Beautiful, House and Garden, Hygeia, Illustrated Graphic (English Edition), Independent, Inland Printer, International Studio, Journal of Home Economics, Le Petit Journal, L'Illustration (French), L'Etudiant Francais, Literary Digest, Libraries, Library Journal, Living Age, Mathematics Teacher, Mentor, Monthly Labor Review, Mind and Body, Musical American, Nation, Nature, National Geographic, New Republic, North American Review, Outlook, Pencil Points, Play-ground, Poetry, Psychological Review, Publishers' Weekly, Religious Education, Review of Reviews, Saturday Review of Literature, School Arts Magazine, School and Society, School Review, Scientific American, Scribners, Survey, Time, Travel, Theatre Arts Monthly, Vanity Fair, Woman's Journal, World's Work, Yale Review.

Nick, Martha Mannington's donator of crests or most anything, was asked the reason for his not dating on his campus. He replied that the reason was on the Ward-Belmont campus.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS OPEN HOCKEY SEASON

The Angkor hockey team beat the Aristons 2 to 1 in the first game of the season on Monday, November 18, at 2:45 o'clock. In the second game of the day, the Tri K's defeated the Penta Tau team 3 to 0.

The outstanding feature of the Angkor-Ariston game was a reverse stroke made by M. Hotchkiss when the ball was within an inch of her goal line, which prevented a goal. The Angkor defense was very good throughout the game.

In the Tri K-Penta Tau game, the first half was played well by both teams. There was no individual stars, but the team work of the Tri K's was good.

LINEUPS

Ariston		*Angkor*
N. Campbell	R.W.	Dickinson
E. Brandon	R.I.	Burton
J. Hall	C.F.	Goodloe
R. Harrington	L.I.	M. Thompson
V. Neil	L.W.	Q. Sloan
A. Cadwell	R.H.	Spicer
E. Fleming	C.H.	S. Bryan
G. Cavert	L.H.	M. DeVoe
Hardison	R.F.	W. Austin
Elder	L.F.	M. Hotchkiss
M. Hamilton	G.	L. Brew

Goals: Harrington, 1; Thompson, 1; Spicer, 1.

Tri K		*Penta Tau*
Fairhead	R.W.	J. Clark
Hollsinger	R.I.	F. Lamar
B. Gillis	C.F.	Lege
Weinold	L.I.	M. Hunt
G. Hinton	L.W.	M. Candler
Scheuman	R.H.	A. Rebman
Flentye	C.H.	H. Kline
E. Eberhart	L.H.	M. E. Morgan
N. Newman	R.F.	D. Shelley
E. Elliott	L.F.	Sample
Lang	G.	K. Clark

Goals: Hinton, 1; Gillis, 2.

Substitutions: Neckerman for Weinold, Conley for Morgan.

CONSERVATORY BROADCASTS

The third broadcast of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music took place over WSM last Thursday evening, November 21, when Martha Lindsay, piano, pupil of Miss Throne, and Dr. Robert Thurman, voice, pupil of Stetson Humphrey, appeared in recital at the National Life & Accident Insurance Company's broadcasting station.

The program was as follows:

"Legend" ..... *Stofowski*
"My Joys" ..... *Chopin-Liszt*
"Gnomenreifen" ..... *Liszt*

Martha Lindsay

"Rimpinato" ..... *Toselli*
"Se tu non Torne" ..... *Tosti*
"Una furtiva la grimar" ..... *Morn*
..... *Aria from Elixir of Love*
"Tale Moon" ..... *Logan*
"Passing By" ..... *Purcell*

SENIOR-MIDDLE ELECTIONS HELD

Charlotte Twitty was elected Senior-Middle president at the meeting held at the regular Chapel time last Saturday. A nominating committee was appointed to choose the candidates. The other successful nominees are: Caroline Hogue, secretary; Eleanor Neckerman, treasurer, and Helen Grizzard, day student, treasurer. The vice-president will be elected at a later date.

(Continued on page 6)

First Thanksgiving Recalled at Ward-Belmont

Scowling clouds hung low above the dark tossing waves of the Atlantic. Foamed-tipped waves piled high on one another and mercilessly lashed the sides of the staunch little ship which pressed steadily forward to the unknown shores of an unknown land. It was December 21, 1620. For days since they had set forth from Holland the little band of Pilgrims had watched anxiously for signs of land, but none had appeared.

Danger and hardship had relentlessly followed the vessel on its journey, but they had not quenched the faith in the fearless, tireless hearts of these people who sought a place where they might worship their God in peace. True, on days such as that bleak December morning, it had been hard not to think longingly of the homes of comfort left behind; of the bright fires burning on hearths; of loved ones gathered about tables loaded with steaming food; of warm clothes, of faces of friends smiling as they passed in the street. But such thoughts were put aside. Somewhere there was a land where there was freedom in worship, and this was the land that they sought.

The morning wore on, the stormy seas threatened every moment to engulf the Mayflower, the captain strained his eyes through glasses peering into the distance in search of land. He was about to give up in despair when, suddenly, he uttered a cry. Others rushed to his side. Far away the water seemed to melt into a line of black.

Land!

Hearts beat high with courage. Eager hands turned the prow of the ship and began to fight with the waves. Now the shore was near, if only the timbers would last for even an hour, safety would be assured. Fervent prayers went up to the God who had been their guide. And soon death was conquered and the weary Pilgrims had set foot on their Promised Land.

The following months were filled with trouble. There was constant danger from the Indians; disease and famine threatened to wipe out the entire colony. With fear of failure the crops were planted in the spring. But when the fall had come, lo! a bountiful harvest was reaped. Once more comfort and health came to the Pilgrims, and the colony rejoiced and thanked God.

And so the governor proclaimed three days to be set aside as a period of praise and invited the red men, now friendly, to be guests at the great feasts. For the first time the new land witnessed a celebration of Thanksgiving, and every year since then a day has been kept in observance of Thanksgiving to God for freedom and the blessings He so bountifully showered on those strangers in a new land.

W.-B. GIRLS ATTEND NATIONAL FOX HUNT

The National Foxhunters' Association which is meeting in Nashville all this week numbers many Ward-Belmont enthusiasts among the lovers of horse and hounds who have come to Nashville from all over the country for the field events.

Accompanied by Miss Jane Carling, the Ward-Belmont riding instructor, the following girls who take riding attended the meet last Tuesday. They were: Catherine Whelan, Martha Walker, Charlotte Henschel, Ruth Staten, Florence Hurston, Marian McMichael, Catherine Pooley, Margaret Balsinger, Betty Williams, Helen Greene, Dorothy Rose, Charlotte Twitty, Elizabeth Langford, Mary Eberhardt, Clair Nell Woods, Virginia Kolhauser, Jean Thomas, and Florence Moss.

Miss Martha Terry Smith of Hopkinsville, Ky., has come to Ward-Belmont to take private lessons in riding at the school stables. Miss Smith is an accomplished rider, having ridden to hounds in many countries abroad, especially in Milan and England. She is at the present time riding in the National meet which is being held in Nashville.

TRIADS, X. L.'s ARE VICTORS

With a score of 3 to 2, the Triads beat the Eccowasins and the X. L.'s beat the Agoras last Tuesday afternoon. The first game was pretty good though the Triads outplayed the Eccowasins throughout the game. Nancy O'Connor played well but was not supported by the backfield. Bond at goal was also good. Eugenia Smith was the star of the game. In the second game the Agoras had more good players, but X. L.'s had better teamwork. Outstanding players were Teitjen and Burgin for Agoras and Sellevold for X. L.

The lineup for the teams was as follows:

Eccowasin		*Triad*
Carlin	R.W.	Smith
Armistead	R.I.	Keim
Graham	C.F.	Reuther
Bradford	L.I.	Hyde
O'Connor	L.W.	M. Cavert
Treanor	R.H.	Glinster
Collins	C.H.	Martin
Duke	L.H.	Holliday
Wright	R.F.	Warwick
Stover	L.F.	Geny
Bond	G.	Rich

Goals: Armstead, 1; Graham, 1; Smith, 1; Reuther, 2.

Agora		*X. L.*
M. Ryan	R.W.	M. Lloyd
Squires	R.I.	Sellevold
E. Jones	C.F.	Garvey
Sellars	L.I.	V. Lloyd
Reed	L.W.	Peterson
La Bounty	R.H.	Newton
Burgin	C.H.	Kipp
Sears	L.H.	Rankin
Feitus	R.F.	Campbell
Teitjen	L.F.	M. Hair
Scott	G.	M. E. Davis

Goals: Jones, 1; Sellars, 1; Sellevold, 1; Garvey, 1; Lloyd, 1.

NOTICE

As has been the custom for many years, there will be a table in Chapel for the Thanksgiving service on which girls are asked to place contributions of money or discarded clothing which will be used in social service work. This freewill offering is sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. Please gather up any old clothing that you no longer care for and have it ready to place on the table Thanksgiving morning.

MARCEL DUPRE, ORGANIST, PRAISED HIGHLY

Ward-Belmont girls enjoyed to the fullest extent the splendid program which Marcel Dupre, famous Parisian organist, rendered on the organ in our auditorium Saturday night, November 16. Much pleasure in his recital had been anticipated and the performance fulfilled every expectation.

The Nashville Tennessean said of Dupre: "His stupendous technique and marvelous memory are astounding. He played everything without notes, and can play, in ten recitals, all of Bach's organ works from memory; and when one considers the three or more manuals with their intricate registration and the pedals besides, it is quite a feat. Dupre, with his very long fingers, plays much like a pianist, lifting his hands considerably. He is extraordinarily brilliant, and his fingers fly over the manuals and change stops with lightning-like rapidity. He improvised as Guilmant used to do, on three themes, one of which was composed by Mr. Wesson, organist at Ward-Belmont, and the effect was overwhelming."

George Pullen Jackson of *The Nashville Banner*, said: "Mr. Dupre, eminent organist at Notre Dame in Paris, gave a program that, in its composition and rendition, was a total surprise, almost a revelation. There were two high points during the evening. One was the Bach Prelude and Fugue. As M. Dupre played the infinitely intricate pages of this comprehensive composition, using no sheet music, one was forced to recall that notable series of recitals in Paris when this same player performed the entire Bach literature from memory."

M. Dupre's program follows:

1. Concert Overture in B Minor ..... *James H. Rogers*
2. Variations from Concerto in G Minor ..... *Haendel*
3. Choral—Prelude, "Rejoice, Ye Christians" ..... *J. S. Bach*
4. Fugue in C Minor ..... *Mozart* (Transcription by Marcel Dupre)
5. Le Coucon ..... *Dacquin*
6. Prelude and Fugue in A Minor ..... *J. S. Bach*
7. Inttermezzo from Sixth Symphony ..... *C. M. Widor*
8. Pastorale ..... *Cesar Frairck*
9. Second Symphony in C Sharp Minor ..... *Marcel Dupre*
10. Improvisation on Given Themes

THANKSGIVING DAY SCHEDULE

Thanksgiving at Ward-Belmont is always a very delightful time of year. The entire day is taken up with things which contribute to the pleasure and entertainment of the students. There is only one day set aside as a holiday, and no student is allowed to be absent from the school on that day. However, more time is allowed at Christmas on account of this.

At 9:30 o'clock there is to be a service in chapel. Dr. John Hill, who is not unknown to the majority of the students, will deliver the address. The Puritan dinner in the evening is a very formal affair. Out-of-town guests will be entertained, and an orchestra will add to the many other delights of the dinner.

The following is a complete schedule of events for the day:

9:30 a.m. ..... Service in Chapel
10:30 a.m. ..... Hockey games
12:30 p.m. ..... Luncheon
2:00 p.m. .. Vanderbilt-Sewanee game
6:00 p.m. ..... Puritan Dinner
7:00 p.m. .. Picture Show in Chapel

By a Freshman

Catapillers are both lower and higher animals. They are lower animals because they crawl on the ground. They are higher animals when they turn into butterflys or moths and fly. The catapiller resembles a college boy in a raccoon coat. It is an upholstered worm (the catapiller, not the college boy). All silkworms are catapillers but all catapillers are not silkworms.

The catapillers obey no traffic rules and in the summertime crawl across the sidewalks and pavements to see what is on the other side, although they do not always get there.

Sometimes they drop out of trees onto ladies' heads as they walk under the trees. When the ladies see or feel them they scream and act foolish.

The cocoon is the winter home of the catapiller. Some people get rich raising silkworm cocoons for silk dresses.—*The Sandtonian.*

Employer (to negro applicant): "What is your name?"

Negro: "Boone."

Employer: "Are you any relation to Daniel Boone?"

Negro: "Yes, suh; I is him."—*Westport Crier.*

Pupil: "What are your shoes made of?"

Teacher: "Hide."

Pupil: "Hide; what for?"

Teacher: "Hide, hide, the cow's inside."

Pupil: "Well, I don't care if she is, I'm not afraid of her."

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SOCIETY EVENTS

November Girls Guests

White pom-pom chrysanthemums surrounded by maiden hair ferns and green candles formed the table decorations for the birthday dinner held Friday, November 15, in the private dining-room. Dr. and Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Rose entertained the girls.

The following girls were guests: Rebecca Smythe, Louise Roach, Ruth Staten, Ada Marie Roach, Dorothy Shelly, Juliana Virginia Bollen, Frances Jean Gibbs, Virginia Lee Rigdon, Mary Candler, Kathryn Hammond, Mary Lovell, Sammie Joe Hays, Betty Seager, Martha Evans, Julia Callahan, Martha Lubeck, Natalie Haspel, Dixie Daniels, Dorothy Benton, and Judy Hughes.

Council Dines

It would be rather nice to have received a council slip for last Tuesday, November 19, when the members of the Student Council had dinner at the T. C. club house. This group included Irene Cochran, Lila Lou Peoples, Rachel Holland, Nancy Hotchkiss, Marjorie Leopold, Sarah Cottrell, Betty Dyson, Margaret Montgomery, Eugenia Candler, Mary Candler, Frances Hoffman, Ethel Gillis, and Virginia Lou Sample.

Groups Cook Breakfast

Two groups met for breakfast at the club houses last Sunday, November 17. Eight girls, including Harriett Griffin, Jane Nowtr, Helen Candler, Martha Candler, Katherine Russell, Margaret Hays, Mary Van Dyke, and Mary Burger, had theirs at the T. C. club house.

The second group of eight met at the Tri K club house. They were: Mary Elizabeth Morgan, Elizabeth Proctor, Virginia Lindsey, Wilmena Kennedy, Marion Prinz, Ann May, Virginia Davis, and Geraldine Kennedy.

Life in the Village

The most high potentates of the ten social clubs had dinner at the X. L. club house, Saturday evening, November 16. They were: Marion Lyles, Tri K; Florence Miller, T. C.; Louise Latimer, Anti Pan; Margaret Yoder, Oseion; Lena Tatham, Agora; Helen Donker, X. L.; Helen Greene, A. K.; Miriam Woodside, Del Ver; Jane Clark, Penta Tau; and Mary Comer, F. F. No one knows very much about the menus, for they were evidently a great, deep secret, for not one of the presidents ate anything on the day before. Evidently great expectations were fulfilled.

The members of the Mississippi club will have breakfast at the F. F. club house tomorrow morning, November 24. The membership list includes Maria Evans, Allie Watkins, Ione Calhoun, Miriam Davis, Anne Gayden, Rose Moore, Virginia Davis, Marceline Feltus, Mary Elizabeth Boatner, Ann May, Frances Mitchener, and Sara Cottrell.

Frances Jenkins, Martha Hunt, Ione Calhoun, Mary Comer, and Mary Elizabeth Boatner had dinner at the F. F. club house, Saturday, November 16.

The members of the Penta Tau club were entertained by the members of the F. F. club, their sisters, at a weiner roast and bonfire picnic at Lauren Place, Wednesday, November 20. Everybody who went has been raving about the good fires, good food, and more fun, so it was a real *F. F.* affair. A number of the guests and hostesses left for the park at five-thirty, while those who had late classes joined them at six o'clock.

Betty Williams and Elizabeth Asbury are planning to have a private breakfast for two. They are cooking their own at the Del Ver club house tomorrow morning.

Fourteen "appetites" are meeting tomorrow morning for breakfast at the Penta Tau club house, with Kate Dunn, Ruth Peterson, Gayle Hinton, Margaret Miller, Mary Newton, Sue Yeager, Mary Purnell, Caroline Hogue, Shirley Lege, Mary Frank Lemmon, Sammy Jo Hays, Sarah Fairhead, Eleanor Neckerman, and Mary Elizabeth Bunn.

Miss Boyer and Betty Seager were presented to the members of the Ohio club at a tea given in the Oseion club house Saturday afternoon, November 16. Miss Boyer and Betty are sponsor and president, respectively, of the Ohio club. Tea and cakes were served to the girls as they sat around the open fire.

Dinner at the James Robertson Hotel and a movie at the Knickerbocker theatre were attended with much pleasure by the Kentucky club, Monday, November 18.

The theme of the dinner, which was served in a private dining-room, was brought out in the place cards, upon which there were jockeys representing the Derby of that state. Toasts were given by Alice Falconer and Ethel Krieger.

REPORT OF HAIR-PIN COMMITTEE FAVORABLE

Just the other day, on leaving Big Ac to go up to lunch, we were greatly astonished and not a little worried to see two of our supposedly sane and well-balanced students moving slowly up the walk in front of us, bending low, their heads moving slowly and monotonously from side to side. On inquiring the object of this apparent search, we received the following dignified answer: "We are the Committee on Finding Hairpins Between Big Ac and Rec Hall. Our work is most difficult, requiring good eyesight and a proficiency in Math in order to count the pins found. All aid is appreciated."

Having recovered from the first shock we timidly asked the dignified Senior who was speaking, what the purpose of said committee might be, and were told: "We are earnestly endeavoring to establish a new tradition at Ward-Belmont. These hairpins will be tied with Senior colors and hung on the door of the HYPHEN office beneath the horseshoe. Each succeeding Senior class shall remove the hairpins left there the preceding year and hang their's in the place for good luck. Misfortune will follow the class neglecting this matter. We have had marked success so far, our collection numbering 123. Do you understand?"

Being an underclassman and having reached Rec Hall by this time we answered meekly, "Yes," and disappeared into the dinning room.

POPULAR STUDENTS AT WARD-BELMONT PURCHASING SPECTACLES

"I see you!" said Mary Pittman as she donned her new specs. "Yes," she replied, when interviewed on the matter, "I find glasses to be a great advantage to reading and studying. I know it has made me feel my age more, though. Yet this is a great help when before monitors for offenses. Who would think of pronouncing sentence upon a studious young lady?"

"Tell me more," I begged.

"Well, there's not much more to tell, only tell everyone you tell to tell everyone they tell not to tell, for I'm just now getting out my patent for it."

"Cute!" I was enthralled.

"Isn't it though. Of course, I don't really have to wear my specs. I just do it to gain respect from the preps. Seeing the world behind a glass is mighty interesting I tell you."

TOO LATE

He stood amid the roaring traffic entirely unconscious of his surroundings. So rapt in his own thoughts that the numerous passerbys jostling against him passed unnoticed. The brilliant cars flashing by in the evening sun were each in turn carefully examined by his piercing eyes and in turn discarded with a downcast look. For the car which would hold his attention must be more than brilliant with new paint or glittering with polished fittings. At last, far down the street he sights the one car. He begins to tingle with nervousness; doubts enter his mind. Should he? Would it be understood? Or would it course him forever? Maybe it would bring recognition, in his own line at least. But even while these thoughts were coursing through his brain, the car draws nearer, nearer until it is almost opposite him. One moment of hesitation—too late—the girl of his dream flashes by and he had not waved!

GRANVILLE APPEARS IN CHAPEL

Impersonations Win Audience

The distinguished English actor, V. L. Granville, gave "Dramatic Interludes," a presentation, in costume and make-up, of the principal characters from the drama of all time on Friday, November 22, at 8:15 o'clock in Chapel.

The program was as follows:

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

FIRST GROUP OF PERSONATIONS
FROM THE GREEKS TO SHAKESPEARE

1. Oedipus, from "Oedipus Rex".. ..... *Sophocles*
2. Ergasilus, from "The Captives".. ..... *Plautus*
3. Faustus, from "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus"...*Marlowe*
4. Falstaff, from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" .....*Shakespeare*
5. Duke of Gloucester, afterwards "Richard III" .....Shakespeare

TEN MINUTES INTERMISSION

SECOND GROUP OF PERSONATIONS
FROM MOLIER TO THE PRESENT DAY

6. Harpagon "The Miser" ..*Moliere*
7. Mrs. Malaprop, from "The Rivals" ..... *Sheridan*
8. Fedya, from "The Living Corps" .....*Tolstoy*
9. Francois Villon, the great French poet .....*Selected*
10. Cyrano de Bergerac....*Rostand*
11. Svengali, from "Trilby" ....*George du Maurier*

Costumes by Burnett, London and Christie, New York.

Wigs by Deutchman and Bernstein, New York, and Gustave, London.

Lighting effects by Kliegl Bros., New York.

Photographs by Schuyler Carteret Lee, New York.

Stage Manager for Mr. Granville, Mr. J. Blaire.

—AND SO— TO HOCKEY

Many an anatomy, temper, and hockey stick was damaged last week when the girl enthusiasts of this establishment went viciously out for hockey.

It had been stipulated by the instructors that the object of this gentle sport was to hit the ball and not the opponent, as many novices had presupposed. Those feminists who could battle without tearing asunder the turf or the opposing team might play with only minor reprimands from the athletic pedagogues.

Consequently, the urchins plodded valiantly forth supporting hockey sticks that irksomely banged the lower jaws whenever the bearer experienced "sticks."

When the whistle's shrill blast intimated motivation of the game there was a flurry of dusty particles cast through the atmosphere as in a mass they stampeded over the field like a herd of grandfather grasshoppers. Pedal extremities were mingled causing the upheaval of more than one battling maiden. All of them were pursuing indefinitely the one defenseless ball of transparent color.

Down the field they fell; some taking in oxygen others respiring freely, and every healthy being was casting off bacteria and energy in the golden radiance of "Old Man Sunshine."

After an hour of physical derangement the practice was ended and they drooped wiltingly homeward—orbs dimmed by dust; ears flopping unhamperedly in the breeze.

Those who left last year and didn't come back will be squelched when they learn that the school is getting along very well without them.—*The Vedette.*

Mother Goose modernized:

"Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Feeding her car the gas;
There came a rude copper,
And he tried to stop her—
His widow's now suing the lass."

Most men find their hoodoo by looking in the mirror.



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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

Newspaper — National Scholastic Press Association — Member

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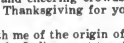
EDITORIAL

A huge silver platter entirely covered by a steaming, brown, sizzling turkey—red cranberry sauce in a molded-oyster dressing and everything else that goes with a Thanksgiving dinner; then a football game—cold, brisk air, joyful faces and cheering crowds—dances and merry-making. Is that Thanksgiving for you, or is it more than that?

Think back with me of the origin of Thanksgiving, when the Puritans and the Indians met together and gave thanks. They exchanged gifts and shared their all with one another. Now let us look at Thanksgiving today. We all follow our selfish desires, thinking nothing of others around us who are not so fortunate. We have forgotten that our forefathers "shared" with one another.

There are many to whom Thanksgiving does not mean a marvelous dinner, a "fine day" and fun. Our meanest dinner would perhaps be a feast to many of these people. While we are "raving" over a new evening dress for a dance that night, there are twice as many who are struggling to make a dress hang together for another year.

Let's make this Thanksgiving Day mean something in our lives. Begin now to think of the struggles of others, and on this coming November 28, 1929, let's "share and share alike" and make Thanksgiving Day ring with shouts and messages of well-wishing to our fellow-man.

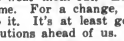


One quarter has come and gone, and many of us will mournfully claim that much of our "gray matter" has come and gone also. We shake our heads in gloomy predeliction of what will appear on a certain white report card, and hurriedly write home of the horrible exams and the extremely low grading down here.

Then we cheer up a little, and vehemently resolve aloud and silently that henceforth we shall really study and forsake the path of frivolity. Two days later we shrug our shoulders and decide we aimed too high.

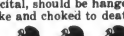
Is this the extent of our determination? Can't we do any better than make one puny attempt? Remember, we not only gain knowledge for ourselves, but a grade for our parents and for our club. Whether it means much to us personally whether our grade is an "A" or a "D," it does mean something to our parents.

After all, we are here to discipline our minds. A little more study won't wear them out. Let's make our resolutions last this time. For a change, let's make a resolution and stick to it. It's at least good training for the New Year's resolutions ahead of us.



FOUND IN THE HYPHEN BOX

Girls who bounce around in their seats, giggle, whisper, fight over programs, fix their hair audibly and generally fidget during a recital, should be hanged, drawn, quartered, burned at the stake and choked to death.



INQUIRING REPORTER

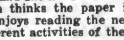
What do *you* like best in the HYPHEN? Several people have been asked this question.

Miss Morrison likes Mistress Belle-Ward and the Letters to Mussolini. She also likes to read the alumnae column and about the girls she knows in the activities.

Some of the old girls say it is a much better paper than it was last year.

Miss Chenoweth enjoys reading what the alumnae she knows are doing and she finds this in the alumnae column.

Mrs. Charelton thinks the paper is a little light and frivolous. She enjoys reading the news items to find out the new and different activities of the girls.



"After all, I am not the only pebble on the beach."—*George Bernard Shaw.*

CAMPUS COLUMN

First of all I want to apologise to Mary Pittman for even daring to suggest that she might want to be an officer in the club for the fats. She has lost ten pounds since the last HYPHEN went to press and she looks great. Her clothes fit her once again. It must be a nice satisfactory feeling to know that you have lost a few unnecessary pounds and that you have regained that schoolgirl figure.

I would greatly appreciate any bright sayings of class cut-ups that admiring friends and witnesses may think clever enough to hand in for printing purposes. Here are two prize breaks made in classes last week:

Virginia Hinn in sociology class when asked by Mr. Richie why the men of France have reduced an inch in stature during the last few years answered, hesitatingly, "Well, I don't know unless it is because they bent over so much." Oh, "Hinnie!"

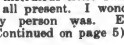
And Rita Miller deserves honorable mention for a choice bit of information she handed to Dr. Hollinshead in the chemistry exam. The question was, "How can we tell when water boils?" Ask any person who takes chemistry and they will tell you the proper answer. Well, anyway, Rita's answer was, "Water boils when it reaches its boiling point." Now you know.

"Lil" Francez and Harriett Graybill say that the curtains in their room are in mourning for something and they are not sure just exactly what the occasion is. They think the lovely gunmetal colored curtains are in mourning for Pembroke. Or there is the supposition that they might be bemoaning the fate of their ex-beaus. They are very uncertain about the real cause of the drab appearance of their dotted-swisses but they do realize that they are mighty down-hearted about something.

Did you know that Dorothy Spurr wears spurs because her name is Spurr? Of course, you didn't, and it was dumb on my part to think that you did. People don't usually tell things like that to the world, do they? I think it is rather interesting though.

Some bright person certainly was playful last Tuesday morning in chapel. More than one sleep-eyed person looked disgusted when the alarms went off. I guess they had heard one or two that morning early or something of the sort. Anyway they didn't look especially pleased when the melodious little burrs were heard by all present. I wonder who the guilty person was. Everyone

(Continued on page 5)



CORRIDOR CHARACTER

Hair ..... Short, very dark brown, curly
Eyes ..... Grey-blue
Nose ..... Thin, patrician
Mouth ..... Thin-lipped, humorous
Height ..... Five feet, four
Build ..... Slender
Weight ..... 135 pounds
Interests ..... People, justice
Length of dresses .....
..... Very short at times
Personality ..... Lovable, charming

THE HYPHEN is glad to announce to Virginia Spangler that if she will call at the HYPHEN office she will receive the Hershey bar prize for the first correct guess as to the identity of last week's Corridor Character. From now on, will contestants please turn in their answers to Miss Smith or to Betty Lane in the HYPHEN office.

EAGLE FEATHER

Meeting at Night

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each.
—*Robert Browning.*

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose their love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And love your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.
—*William Butler Yeats.*

God's World

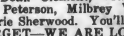
O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, world, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.
—*Edna St. Vincent Millay.*



PENSTAFF MEETS FOR FIRST TIME

Wednesday afternoon the members of the Penstaff, the high school literary society, met in Leftwitch. They are sponsored by Miss Anna Pugh, who surprised us with a gorgeous spread. The president, Jane Sutherland, told about the proposed outing for next week. She appointed committees to take care of it, and afterward held a meeting of the following officers: treasurer, Marjorie Sherwood and secretary, Avis Olmsted. The members present at the meeting were as follows: Mary Erwin Stoves, Harriet Merrick, Mary Dean Clement, Frances Gibson, Sarah Bryan, Eleanor Peterson, Milbrey Wright, Mary Alice Farr, and Marjorie Sherwood. You'll hear from us again, and DON'T FORGET—WE ARE LOOKING FOR NEW MEMBERS! REMEMBER THE PENSTAFF!



"A Frenchman needs ideas more than he does bread."—*Edouard Herriot.*

"The United States of Europe is a new name which is likely to become familiar to your ears."—*Paul Claudel.*

"Men seem to be repeating the mistakes they made about twenty years ago, but in a weaker and less worthy form."—*G. K. Chesterton.*



"The flapper who has known her cigarettes and her cocktails and her night clubs has settled down to business with a much wiser, saner view than is credited to her."—*Lady Armstrong.*

CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 4)

looked around to see if they could tell by any chance who had done the vile deed—but there were no tell-tale faces to be seen.

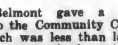
It is being whispered about that "Rosebud" Flentye believes in Santa Claus. Dear Rose, we are so glad because that is such a blessing, really. Well, to continue, in French, Rose did not receive a paper when Miss Reuf handed them back, and she in an irate voice, "I did not get a paper!" Miss Reuf, coldly, "If you hand one in you'll get one back."

Just a suggestion: I think it would be a good idea if "Dot" Burdette would have her eyes tested. She can't even tell "Scotchy" from Rachel Holland. That's kind of sad if you ask my opinion. Ask her for the details, I can't explain HERE.

Quarter exams being over everyone looks quite relieved and happy. Four more weeks of this quarter before we leave for home. Then four more weeks in this semester and then semester exams. What utter joy! Honestly, something ought to be done about those chance remarks I let slip because they really aren't a bit cute or funny or anything of the sort. They are just plain downright mean, that's all, and I'm sorry but we can't always think of the bright side. Someone drown me, please. Anyway, only 30 more days 'till VACATION.

In *The Vedette* for October 26 (this is the paper of the Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana) these three names of Ward-Belmonters appeared in a little column called "Names which mean something to someone": Harriet (Happy) Grimn, Madeline Knox and Grace Gardner.

"Libby" Elliot and "Peg" Yoder are twins, isn't that exciting? They both had birthdays last Wednesday and they both are 19 years old. "Libby" was thrilled to death over her birthday gift from fond sultemate, Peg Corwin. It was a whole box of Clark Bars. "Lib" is simply crazy over that confection and so expect to see her from now until vacation with a Clark Bar in her hand and strewing Clark Bar wrappers from one end of the campus to the other. I haven't heard what Peg received as yet and it is too late now to get it in this paper, but I will tell you next week.



Ward-Belmont gave a total of $854.47 to the Community Chest this year, which was less than last year. The elementary school went 100 per cent—every child in every grade gave something.

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BITS ABOUT 'EM

Alumnae and Otherwise

Visitors over the week-end, and it is rumored that more are coming for Thanksgiving. Dear me, the festive spirit is even creeping into this alumnae column along with an account of the visit on November 15 of Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Stringer (Alice Tibbetts, '24), who were married on November 12 in Detroit. This newly-wedded couple was honeymooning en route to Asheville, N. C., where they will stay a few weeks. Happiness, much happiness, to you both.

And didn't "Bunny" Hodgdon, '29, with long, flaxen curls, descend upon us over last week-end? She is attending Washington University in St. Louis, Mo., and reports that she sees Elizabeth Fredericks, '29, every Tuesday. Sorry we didn't get to see you, yellow peril.

Mrs. S. F. Ferguson (Ella McKinney, '15) and Mrs. John LeAndre (Frances Mulliken, '15) dropped in, after being absent from the campus too long. Mrs. Ferguson's address is 2113 Eastern Pkwy., Louisville, Ky., and Mrs. LeAndre can be found at McComb, Ill.

Claudine Tietjen, '26, who paid us a flying visit last month, paid us an equally flying visit last week.

We are still awaiting with expectant anticipation the arrival of "Maxon," '29, whose appearance we heralded in last week's column. What's happened to her?

All the little Mitchners are dropping in to dine around Thanksgiving time. All of them, both great and small. Frances, '31, is very much excited, and so is the Alumnae Secretary, for in the Mitchener van will arrive Frances' two sisters, who were alumnae, Tillie Belle, '24, and "Mitch," '25. We can hardly wait.

On November 8, in Bowling Green, Ky., Blanche Motley, '27, presented a program of readings under the auspices of the Fortnightly Club of that city. She gave a one-act play, several character impersonations, and some humorous numbers. After graduating from Ward-Belmont she attended the Curry School of Expression in Boston. She is now conducting classes of expression in Louisiana and Bowling Green.

Mildred Montgomery, '23, is working for her master's in English at the University of Illinois this fall. After graduating from here she attended the college at Emporia, Kansas, receiving her bachelor of arts degree there.

We gave you Ruth Gasteiger's, '29, address in New York last week, but completely forgot to tell you of her activities. She expects to enter Columbia soon, but at the present is working for the Electrical Research Products, Inc.

"Susie" Jones, '29, is lonesome. Write her, someone, or she'll die.

In an interesting letter from Mrs. L. W. Brandon (Catherine Sledge, '19), of Como, Miss., she encloses a program which she gave at the Mississippi State Teachers College at Cleveland, Miss. She received a certificate in voice at the Ward-Belmont Conservatory. It is always with a great deal of pleasure that we learn of these activities of our former students. Her program follows:

"Amarilli" (1546) ....*Giulio Caccini*
"Nina" (1710-1736) ..*G. B. Pergolesi*
"Les Papillons" ....*Ernest Chausson*
"Si mesvers avaient des ailes" ....
.....*Reynoldo Hahn*
"Joy" .....*Gaul*
"Life" .....*Curran*
"Spring Dropped a Song Into My Heart" .....*Fenner*
"One Fine Day" .....*Puccini*

We are getting tired of asking for news, so when in defense of this column you find a thesis about ourselves just blame yourselves for not handing in alumnae news.

MARRIAGES

Sara Summers Cox, '23, to Mr. Paul Keckley, on October 16, at Madisonville, Ky.

Christine Harwood, '25, to Mr. James Lytle Rippy, on November 12, at Trenton, Tenn. At home, 730 East Church St., Union City, Tenn.

Alice Reville Tibbetts, '24, to Mr. Roy Edwin Stringer, on November 12, at Detroit, Mich. At home after first of January, 225 Covington Dr., Detroit.

Katherine Schrock, ex-'25, to Mr. Donald Dissett Wick, on November 14, at Cleveland, Ohio. At home after first of December, 2030 East 86th St., Cleveland.



Ye Modern Ballad

There was a young lady from Maine
Who gave everybody a pain;
She didn't use paint,
She didn't use rouge;
No wonder she soon was insane.

Indiana is a hard country for birds. It turns cold and they go south; it gets hot and they gotta retrace their steps. Whatta life.

Generally speaking, women are—ah—generally speaking.—*Charlotte Observer.*

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CARON'S L'INFINI PERFUME, $6 an ounce or 75c a dram.

—MAIN FLOOR.

at LEBECK'S

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



November 14, 1929.

My Only True Love:

Up in a dismal downpour to breakfast, where I decided, as a result of slight weighing on Esther Conger's scales, to begin me a diet. Et a wee, I forget—and back to Pembroke to make a bed and do some truly fast cramming for a quiz.

Afforded great amusement to some few morons, through no intentional act of mine, and to the Hyphen office, where I listened, for the third time, to a truly feeble joke about attending a funeral a week from Sunday. It's one of our intelligensia's idea of a riot, and she thinks because no one else laughs at it we're all English. Any single and unattached person who comprehends, pleez drop me a note and explain.

Practiced in the wee small hours of the afternoon and writ letters without end from thence to thence.

November 15, 1929.

Slept late and tarried on my way to breakfast till I was tardy to that morning's "dejuenier." I'm not sure that that last word won't turn out to mean dinner, and I do know full well that it's spelled wrong, but just overlook my girlish pleasures. Did I hear you ask if I expected to pass in French? Yes, indeed; I'm looking forward to it with pleasure. You'll notice that I didn't mention what I was looking forward to. Now that I've raved for a few lines I can cease for the day, but I had strict orders to have this long.

November 16, 1929.

Found a lost postal in the old box. Was quite properly greatful for even that; but how these families dote on pictures.

A grand old Senior-Mid meeting in Chapel and elected Charlotte Twitty president of the class. Whooped and hurrahed merrily, as I think she's one of the duckiest femmes in school.

Saw the Fairbanks couple in "The Taming of the Shrew" for some sport and home to another Tri K. tea.

More diet and eventually to hear Monsieur Marcel Dupre in his organ recital. Did fall quite in love with the charming, shy little Frenchman, and how does he play that organ.

November 17, 1929.

Prayed right reverently for rain, but guessed the jinx were against me, as it beamed—I had known it would. Churched, however, right happily, and a good sermon in the bargain.

Decided at dinner that I was eternally doomed to the pits of excess (that was polite of me) fat, and so ate much.

Spent the afternoon dilling into different occupations and accomplishing nothing. A great life for those who have no classes. No one would ever think it of me.

Teas and Vespers, much to my great anticipation and far greater delight. Was entranced, no less by the speaker from Bethlehem Center, and firmly resolved to be a settlement worker, providing I ever grow up. Bing says that she doesn't think, under those circumstances, that I'll ever contribute my life to the worthy cause. For my part of the dirty crack, I wish to add that I don't think she ever thinks, not under any circumstances. Now, wasn't that just the cutest thing?

November 18, 1929.

Bedecked the slightly rotund figure in white for Class Recognition Day—it being very cold, damp, and blowsy. Did have it after all in Chapel and tho' the quarters were somewhat cramped, I wasn't nearly as cold as I'd been prepared to be. Swished around the rest of the day with white skirts, but was many times too lazy to change.

Typed as usual and ruined all the finger nails, because of all the vim and vigor behind the act.

To the Penta Tau-Tri K game and stood on positive blocks of ice all afternoon. Was right glad I'd gone, tho', because it was one fast hockey display. And, however, does "Boy" Lege sock that ball, among other things. Whoopee!

November 19, 1929.

Ha, Ha—where'll you be a month from today? I know, and once on our way, we don't fool.

Signed up for extensive gymnastics and to a really jolly Chapel, where a slightly misplaced alarm went off regularly, until some meanie discovered it under the pulpit and turned it off. Oh, sour.

Thanksgiving's only a week off, too. This is one day of looking forwardness; yes, quite.

November 20, 1929.

Up at the crack of dawn and did some truly great hockey practicing. Neigh froze the little mittens, but that's no point in my favor. Breakfasted royally on dry brown bread, and thus in such weak condition did I trot to class.

Just think—a month from today I'll be home and Xmas trees and cards and invitations, I hope—and a new dress, or two, if I'm lucky, and snow, hurrah! and lots of food, and no diet. There's more I could rave about, but I feel for you, and therefore refrain.

Club meeting and a swell-elegant fire drill after. Much wet towels and bored children. To bed after the night's rah-rah. What fun.

Thy ever present,
Belle-Ward.



SENIOR-MIDDLE ELECTION CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 1)

"Miss Twitty is a very capable girl and has shown her ability in all her class activities this year," states Miss Katherine Lydell, the class sponsor. The new president is from Indianapolis, Indiana, and attended Shortridge High School in that city. She is a member of the X. L. club, and her favorite hobby is horse-back riding.

Caroline Hogue is from Sheffield, Alabama; Eleanor Neckerman from Madison, Wisconsin, and Helen Grizzard from Nashville. All are well known on the campus.

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New Gloves are Long and Flared

Gloves meet the requirements of the new mode of femininity. Leather with a ripple of fur around the top and a warm fleece lining make the right glove for driving. A long pig-skin gauntlet is perfect for the sports costume.



For formal afternoon wear, soft French kid, slip-on with wide flaring cuffs match your costume or may be of neutral shade with leather trimmings of a harmonizing color. When night comes the sixteen button white kid appears —chic and alluring—the correct to the evening ensemble.



All of which goes to show gloves are not what they used to be; they are no longer a mere protection from the cold; they are the unfailing mark of a smartly dressed woman.

WORDSMITH'S PLAY EXPLAINS CONTEST

A filling auditorium, the sounds of moving scenery and Dorothy Cate's feet behind a curtain, and the still more dreadful tune which we found later to be Chopin's Funeral March coming from a mournful and abused piano backstage, contributed the setting for a Wordsmith play on the chapel platform, Friday, November 16.

The Wordsmiths, in case you haven't made their acquaintance, are that group of rising young intellectuals who discuss modern poets glibly, devour modern novels, and plan for the time not far distant when their books will be "best sellers."

The play was divided into four parts; made known to the audience by signs, and by pantomime. The first sign read: "As They Think We Are."

Dressed in black, which not only goes for "They" but "Us," each carrying a huge book, heads bowed under the weight no doubt of overcharged cerebrums, they marched in mourners' tread to their places around a table, studied, yawned, wound the clock, doubtless setting it for five, Saturday morning.

"As We'd Like to Be" was the wording of the second sign. The curtain pulled back to show four Wordsmiths writing away furiously. In walked four publishers, each demanding the manuscripts recently completed by burning genius and midnight oil. After negative shaking of four heads, and to the complete amazement of the audience, a Western Union messenger boy entered the scene and presented Virginia Gerdl, president, with a telegram. She read and shouted, "Sold to Boni Liberight for $10,000." Another schoolgirl found fame.

"As We Really Are" found Betty Lane, vice-president, vainly trying to concentrate, while a chorus of lilting young voices sang with her "What Can the Matter Be." The audience was wondering too.

"The Point is This," as Mary Franke Lemmon, a Senior-Middle, found out when she asked just how she could become a Wordsmith. Bunny Gillis, a senior, followed her and asked hopefully. "Can't seniors try out for Wordsmiths this year?" The answer was "yes," that Seniors may enter the contest this year, but their papers are to be graded on a much stricter basis. And then, since all talkies this year must have a theme song, the Worthy Wordsmiths closed with theirs.

The rules for the contest gouverning entrants are:

(1) Typewrite your article and use only one side of the paper.

(2) Fasten the pages together securely.

(3) Do not write your name anywhere on your contribution; put your names on a slip of paper with the title of the contribution, and place in an envelope and seal it.

(4) Clip envelope to contribution.

(5) Any type and any number of contributions may be submitted. We would suggest that each girl enter at least three.

(6) Place in HYPHEN box, in Middlemarch.

(7) The content closes Saturday, November 30, at five-thirty.

(8) The contest is open only to Seniors and Senior-Middles.



IMPRESSIONS

Miriam Woodside. "Lines"; engagement rings; plays; mountain resorts; poetry by Guest; "blues"; tweed sport coats; tactfulness; tea for two.

Jane Hall. Summer camps; Ziegfeld Follies; an illustration by McClelland Barclay; sophisticated innocence; fraternity dances; "open house."

Grace Cavert. Debut parties; Easter corsages; ensembles; LaSalle roadsters; poise; Anglo-Saxon princesses; a sapphire and diamond dinner ring.

"Jerry" Rowe. Saint Patrick's day; crowning glories; Yankee twangs; gamins; country clubs; masquerade balls; bear-skin coats; rumble seats.

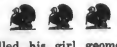
Jessie Burgin. Gym; sailor pants; tap dancing; whoopee parties; sweat boxes; slang; happy-go-lucky; whistles; patent leather dogs; slickers.



"SENIORS MUST TOE MARK," SAYS COUNCIL PRESIDENT

Like Richard the Lionhearted in a bathrobe, "Fran" Hoffman, Student Council president, faced the Seniors last Sunday night, and told them what to do and "where to jump" if they did not.

"I believe in being diplomatic but the time for diplomacy is passed," declared "Fran" heatedly. "You Seniors will either obey the school rules, or your privileges will be taken from you. And it won't be for days either, but for weeks."



He called his girl geometry: she was so plain and solid.—*Westport Crier.*

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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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One, or all of your Christmas presents can be settled in an hour. Come in now before the rush starts.

11x14 portraits per doz. 1 of 12 done in genuine water colors . $25.00

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RECOGNITION DAY IN CHAPEL

Last Monday at 10:30 o'clock the annual class Recognition Day Program was given in the chapel, during which the entire student body pledged allegiance to the school.

This annual custom of pledging allegiance was taken from the oath of allegience used by the Athenian youths during the Golden Age of Greece. It was a symbol representing the honor and allegiance each student gives to her school. The girls wore their class colors, and were led by their class officers.

Miss Mary R. Norris, of the faculty, made the principal address. Miss Norris, with Miss Catherine Morrison of the Physical Education department, were the founders of Recognition Day. The music of the pledge song was written by Miss Florence Boyer, of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory.

Those representing the classes were: Intermediate, sponsor, Miss Annie Cavert, Nashville; Shirley Leake, Nashville; Junior High, sponsor, Miss Nell Majors, Nashville; Carolyn Eskridge; Freshmen, sponsor, Miss Wilmoth Dining, Columbia; Hulda Cheek, Nashville; Sophmore, sponsor, Miss Gertrude Casebier, Nashville; Jeannette Caldwell, Nashville; Junior, sponsor, Mrs. Max Souby, Nashville; Margaret Thompson, Nashville; Senior, sponsor, Mrs. James Shackelford, Jr., Nashville; Jane Sutherland, Nashville; First year college, sponsor, Miss Katherine Lydell, Pennsylvania; Carolyn Hogue, Alabama; Second year college, sponsor, Miss Mary R. Norris, Nashville; Isabelle Goodloe, Nashville.

IN THE WAKE OF THE Y

"What impression do the six hundred other people in school have on you?" asked Betty Lane, the Sunday school speaker for November 17.

"The dictionary," continued Betty, "defines reputation as the estimation in which a person or thing is held by others. The old girls already have a certain reputation among you, but the new girls have a clean page before them. Therefore, be careful. The impression that you give your friends and teacher will be the impression that the whole school has of you."

Miss Margaret Young, a worker in Bethlehem Center, the negro district of Nashville, spoke to the girls at Vesper service, Sunday November 17, on the racial question of the negro. Miss Young said that we feel prejudiced toward the negro—but we must teach them to do well whatever they attempt to do.

"We are teaching them," said Miss Young, "to appreciate music, and pictures, and to keep their minds and bodies clean. Too, we teach them to lead a spiritual life."

In conclusion Miss Young said that what we want to do is to see that the negro gets justice and a good education. And it is the students who will bring this state of affairs about.

The special music of the service consisted of a vocal solo by Roberta Cole, accompanied by Miss Boyer, and a violin solo by Celestine Beamer accompanied by Mrs. Rose.

As Mrs. Blanton has been unable to teach her Sunday school group both classes have been meeting with Miss Saunders in the Y.W.C.A. room. Last Sunday, November 17, Miss Saunders spoke on the subject of "How Can We Be Sure of Jesus."

WANTED—A HOLELESS TACK

Alas! I weep hot tears of both rage and joy. I tramp the floors. A great problem confronts me. It worries me, it rides me like a hag, it eats into my vitals. Oh, sweet angels of heaven, come down and solace me! My poor brain is benumbed with the thought. It is making a wreck of me! The same great problem confronts all North Front girls, both old and new.

You see, or maybe you don't, for many years past, the old girls have long pasted, glued, tacked, and attached by other ingenious methods various and sundry decorative (?) articles on the walls of this dwelling, thereby making the same look rather shabby. But this past summer has wrought many changes in the dear old hall. Many old landmarks have been erased! In all truth and verity, North Front has had its face—well, er—not eggsackly lifted, but, you know, fixed. You wouldn't know the old place! Rejuvenated, it beams down on one and all. But, alas, our one good excuse for tacking things is gone where all good excuses go—blooey. This was old reliable: "But, Mrs. Powell, that hole was there last year!" Try and do that now, though. Humph! These walls shine with a purity and smoothness that is positively disconcerting! Every picture hangs from the molding—well and good—but—d'jever try to hang a pennant across? Collapse in the middle! Mine swooned! O bare and empty room (Oh barren empty room), my mind wanders. Promise me, O promise me, you'll hire a kind and gentle keeper!

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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LONDON STRING QUARTET APPEARS AT LITTLE THEATRE

The second of the Fine Arts Series under the direction of Mrs. Kenneth Rose of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, is the appearance of the London String Quartet on Monday evening, December second, at the Little Theatre.

The first concert of the season was given last month when Arthur Hackett, American tenor, was presented in a recital. The third concert will be Nikolai Orloff, Russian pianist, on January 16.

The event of the appearance of the London String Quartet has created much enthusiasm among the music lovers of Nashville as well as those of Ward-Belmont. The personnel of the quartet comprises John Pennington, first violin; Thomas Petre, second violin; Philip Salmon, viola; and C. Warwick Evans, cello.

In 1908 the London String Quartet was founded, and it is remarkable not only for the instantaneous and lasting success it has enjoyed, but also because it is the only Chamber Music organization which has been self-sustaining since its inception, winning its way in competition with endowed quartets.

Their program follows:

I.

Quartet in C Major, Op. 59, No. 3
.....*Beethoven*
Andante con moto. Allegro vivace
Andante con moto quasi allegretto
Menuetto
Allegro molto

II.

Fairy Suite, "The Pixy Ring," Opus 23 .....*H. Waldo Warner*

Moonbeams (Andantino)
There are moonbeams and shadows in the Pixy Field, and as midnight chimes the Pixy wakes from slumber.

Toadstools (Moderato e grottesco)
There are queer little gnomes amongst the toadstools, and grasshoppers and field mice keep them company.

Tinkling Bluebells (Andante ma non troppo)
There are bluebells that tinkle in the breeze, and fairy chimes, too. The glowworm lights her tiny lamp and the night moth joins the throng.

Pixy Laden (Andante con moto)
There is a human here singing his favorite ditty. The human is alarmed, his song erratic: he is pixy-laden.

The Ring Dance (Allegro molto vivace)
There are revels in the Pixy Ring; gnomes, elves, and all join in the merry dance.

III.

Quartet in D, Opus 11. . *Tschaikowsky*
Moderato e simplice
Andante cantabile
Scherzo. Allegro non tanto e con fuoco
Finale. Allegro giusto

RELIGIOUS PLAY HERE ON DEC. 14

The "Eager Heart," a Christmas play, will be presented in Chapel on the evening of December 14 in honor of the visiting delegates of the Sunday School Council of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The play, which will be under the direction of Miss Pauline S. Townsend, director of the School of Expression, is to be a religious drama. The scenery and the costumes will go back many centuries.

TRI K'S WIN HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP

Before the largest crowd of the year, the Tri K hockey team defeated the Anti Pan team and won the hockey championship. The game was played on Thanksgiving, and the score was 4 to 1.

The game was much better in the first half than in the second. The Anti Pan's made the first goal. Their forward line played well, but the defense was not very good until the second half. The Tri K's had many good individual players, but their teamwork was not as good as that of the Anti Pan's.

The outstanding thing in the whole game, however, was the good sportsmanship displayed by both teams. The spirit spread among the spectators until the air was tingling with enthusiasm and good will. Friends, families, schoolmates, and the faculty all turned out to see the most exciting game of the season, and both teams put up a fight that kept the large group of onlookers keyed up every minute.

LINE-UP

Tri K		*Anti Pan*
Fairhead	R. W.	B. Townsend
Weinold	R. I.	Cohn
Gillis	C. F.	E. Townsend
Holsinger	L. I.	Cochran
Hinton	L. W.	Kingston
Rothert	R. H.	Ruth
Flentye	C. H.	Olmstead
Eberhart	L. H.	Hamilton
Newman	R. F.	Latimer
Elliott	L. F.	Rowe
Lang	G.	Sherwood

Goals—E. Townsend, 1; Gillis, 2; Holsinger, 2.

ANTI PAN—TRI K VICTORS IN SEMI-FINALS

The semi-finals for the hockey championship were played on a very wet and muddy field Tuesday, November 26. The Tri K team were the winners in the Tri K-Angkor game with a score of 5 to 1. The Tri K defense was very strong, while the Angkor forward line played together well. Gail Hinton's (Tri K) dribbling was unusually good in spite of the muddy field.

The Anti Pan team outplayed the F. F.'s in every phase of the semi-final game, defeating their opponents 3 to 0. The F. F. team, who were the hockey champions last year, prevented any goals being made in the last half, but were unable to get through the strong defense of the Anti Pans to score a single time.

The lineup follows for both teams:

Tri K		*Angkor*
Fairhead	R.W.	Dickinson
Holtsinger	R.I.	Beeny
Gillis	C.F.	Burton
Weinold	L.I.	Thompson
Hinton	L.W.	Sloan
Rothert	R.H.	DeVoe
Flentye	C.H.	Bryan
Eberhart	L.H.	Spicer
Newman	R.F.	Hotchkiss
Elliott	L.F.	Austin
Lang	G.	Brew

Goals: Holtsinger, 3; Gillis, 1; Weinold, 1; Sloan, 1.

Anti Pan		*F. F.*
Kingston	R.W.	Mitchner
Cohen	R.I.	M. Gairing
E. Townsend	C.F.	Zarne
Cochran	L.I.	Davis
B. Townsend	L.W.	Burdette
Hadley	R.H.	Peck
Olmstead	C.H.	A. Gairing
Hamilton	L.H.	Hamilton
Latimer	R.F.	Hockey
Rowe	L.F.	Leopold
Sherwood	G.	McCoy

Goals: Cohen, 1; Cochran, 1; B. Townsend, 1.

PLANS MADE FOR SENIOR PARTY

Senior Open House is coming! Rather, we aren't sure but we think it is. During the last few days several tentative dates have been set but each time conflicts caused a change. However, December 13 is being anticipated as the night of the dance and every Senior is busy getting her list of lucky boys ready to be handed in to those in charge. No wonder the envious underclassmen declare that there ain't no justice in this life."

And listen, you Seniors who have decided to stay away from Open House because you don't know any boys: every effort is being made to make all the girls have an equally good time and meet the visitors, so come on and have a good time. There will be blonde boys, brunette boys, tall boys, short boys, fat boys, skinny boys,—in short to me more brief, boys of every type. Just take your choice, ladies. . . .

CALENDAR

Monday December 2—Del Ver dinner at Belle Meade country club.

Tuesday December 3—10:30—Student Mass meeting in chapel. 7:00—French Play at Vanderbilt. 7:00—Orchestra practice.

Wednesday, December 4—Osiron dinner at Belle Meade country club.

Saturday, December 7—Tri K club dance.

Sunday, December 8—Christmas Carol service at vespers.

Monday, December 9—Penta Tau dinner at Belle Meade country club.

Tuesday, December 10—10:30—Miss Sutherland gives talk on Correct Table Manners. 12:15—Luncheon given for daughters of Rotarians at the Chamber of Commerce.

Wednesday, December 11—X L dinner at Belle Meade country club.

Thursday, December 12—10:30—Style show. Talk on Dress by Miss Cobb. 7:00—French club meeting.

Friday, December 13—Senior Open House.

Saturday, December 14—T. C. dance. Play in chapel.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS?

Well, it won't be long till Xmas now. By the way, do you believe in Santa Claus? Yes, when your dad owns a bank or your teacher plans to give all A's the forthcoming year—of course, there is a Santa Claus. And when your "steady" pops up with a big package, or your rich uncle dies with you as his only heir, why, there is a Santa Claus. But oh me, oh my! When you've run up a big bill on your dad's account, or scratched the top of your mother's mahogany piano, why it's pitiful the way Xmas vacation is going to turn out. For Santa goes around in disguise and if you've been out late and overslept in the morning he'll be sure to know it and only bring ashes and sticks to put in your sock. And then—pater, mater, and the Student Council disrupt all your ideas about Santa Claus.

THANKSGIVING PRINTS

Morning service—old clothes—money — offering — choir — benediction —hockey—Anti Pan's and Tri K's—Your pep, your pep—Theater—Football, football, let 'er rip—parents—Puritans—menus—turkey—guests—show—people—spreads.

PURITAN DINNER A FESTIVE AFFAIR

"Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts
By whom we all are fed.
Who granted us our daily prayer,
Give us our daily bread.
By us and by our children
Let this day be kept for aye
In memory of His bounty
As the Land's Thanksgiving Day."

As Dr. Barton finished this invocation, which was the traditional blessing used on America's first Thanksgiving Service, the Ward-Belmont student body and their guests entered the dining hall for the formal Thanksgiving dinner at six o'clock, Thursday, November 28.

The beauty of Ward-Belmont tradition impressed visitors as the girls entered dressed in dark dresses, and quaint Puritan caps and kerchiefs, marched to chosen places, many entertaining parents and friends. During the opening courses of the dinner, the orchestra played soft, old-fashioned music, and the rare treat of the evening came with Irene Crane Humphrey's beautiful vocal numbers, "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny."

All the festivity of a Thanksgiving dinner at home was evident in the decorations and menu. On the menu cards, printed in the Ward-Belmont colors, the traditional turkey appeared, above the list of tempting food, including the welcome turkey and plum pudding. Beneath the Thanksgiving turkey emblem, there appeared the quatrain:

"The eagle screams upon the dollar
The turkey makes the table talk
And who can say on this grand day
Which bird is Cock of the walk."

Before the formal exit from the dining room, the assemblage rose to sing "America" and the Ward-Belmont Hymn.

The formality and dignity of this traditional event was heartily appreciated and enjoyed by students and visitors, and the true spirit of the Day was ever-present.

HONOR ROLL

FIRST QUARTER, 1929

Senior-Middles (28)

Rebecca, Ainsworth, Margaret Augustine, Julianna Bollen, Lucy May Bond, Helen Bramwell, Margaret Burnett, Olive Cameron, Jean Cuykendall, Eleanor Fleming, Kathryn Harvey, Florence Hoffman, Clarabelle Jacobs, Willie D. Johnson, Edith Jones, Gretchen Kolliner, Maurine Le Neveu, Mary Lovell, Mary Frances McKelvey, Junita Mays, Madge Miller, Julia Margaret Paris, Clara Grace Peck, Elizabeth Phillips, Marian Prinz, Jean Rankin, Charlotte Twitty, Billie Holley Watson, Betty Williams.

Seniors (12)

Jean Barry, Rebecca Clendening, Esther Conger, Louise Huddleston, Martha Hunt, Frances Jenkins, Marjorie Leopold, Alice Meyer, Margaret Reuther, Mary Jane Rowe, Adalyn Sherwood, Jane Sipher.

(All girls carrying as much as twenty-four hours of work, and making grades of B or over in all subjects.)

Elizabeth Proctor.....Proof Reader
Edith Scheufler.....Reporter

STATE CLUB NIGHT

Oh gayety of Mardi Gras! Oh bursting of firecrackers on 4th day of July! Oh applause and clapping of hands! Oh ye cowboy's lament! Oh hilarious merrimaking on the night before Thanksgiving! Oh ye state marvels! Naught else but the state stunt whoopee with much gusto and relish.

SHOP TALK

1. Mr. Donner has a good stock of conjugated verbs, nouns, and derivatives of all kinds he is willing to sell at a reasonable price.

2. Wholesale notes, staffs, and quarter rests may be obtained by listening to the practice rooms just after meals.

3. Eternal triangles, proofs, and degrees may be purchased from Miss Miser's math class any period one has any candy to spare.

4. Some lovely samples of daughter's best homecooked food may be secured from the home "ec." class by crafty plotting and sneaking into the room by turning oneself into a fly, crawling through the keyhole, devouring all one desires and returning to previous position, shape, and mentality.

N. B.: When you buy at these places please mention our paper.

A flee and a fly in a flue,
Were imprisoned; now what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
"Let us fly," said the flea,
And they flew through a flaw in the flue.

—*Ex.*

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Castner-Knott Co.

Young Ladies' Footwear



Snappy . . . and Swagger Styles

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Including Fancy Sweaters, Riding & Golf Suits, Motor Coats, Sport Hats
Hair Cutting Shop for Girls—Mezzanine Floor

SENIOR-MIDS ENVY SLEEPING SENIORS

Needless to say, we all have trials, but just last Sunday I met my greatest one. When I recall this particular trial, I am still quite staggered at its colossal size. Perhaps I might have borne it quite rationally, had I only been forewarned. How such a situation could have previously eluded me so completely, I am still questioning. One moment, please, while I breathe deeply and endeavor to restrain myself. Can you bear it? Now I'll hie my defenseless self to the nearest and safest ambuscade and shout, "THE SENIORS SLEEP" THROUGH BREAKFAST SUNDAY MORNING." Wait, one moment please! Would it not really be better if you should count ten before you hurl that book at me? That's better, I feel relieved. I'm telling you though, this is too—well, positively too very much. Should I be the legendary camel, I would say this was—but wait, this was most certainly not a straw, but rather an iron bar, or a Herculean Indian club. (My mythology—exactly, reeks of stale uncertainty).

But with it all, I have always been strangely perverse to bells. Something about bells that made me feel—well, not right. I mean they affected me peculiarly—and now—yes, these are tears—real ones, too!—and now, I've lost my very best friend. What I lack is—exactly, self-control, but lacking that—understand me please, Old Morpheus and I were heretofore the best of buddies. His was one friendship I cared to cultivate and really enjoy. From earliest infancy I knew him well, and ours has always been a perfect understanding. But now—all is changed. So very little I see of him—and how I miss his presence. The little green god of jealousy has supplanted him. And he's such a hateful sprite. A woozy, worrisome creature. But his presence is explainable, and I know you'll understand. At the Sunday morning breakfast table, I meditate. Old Morpheus has deserted me. He's flipped me! I'm outraged! And now he spends long hours with those Senior girls, while I weep great tears into my black, black coffee, and the little green god performs a rollicksome toe dance upon the rim of my bare, bare plate.

He turns and bows, but I do not see him. I have visions of my frenzied rush down the hall to breakfast on a Sunday morning, with mark you, only one eye open, and my old friend Morpheus tenaciously clutching my skirt hem, begging my speedy return. But I continued the furious pace, and—well here I am now, with the other eye just not quite open, watching the little green god dance.

SIX GAMES PLAYED LAST WEEK

The scores of the games in the first part of the hockey tournament were as follows: Del Ver 4, A. K. 1; Anti Pan 5, T. C. 0; Angkor 4, Triad 2; F. F. 5, Osiron 2; Tri K 7, Del Ver 0; Anti Pan 7, X. L. 0.

In the Del Ver-A. K. game, the Del Ver's outplayed the A. K.'s all through the game, with Saxe and Garthoffner the outstanding players. The Anti Pan's outplayed the T. C.'s all of the time, too. The Angkor-Triad game was very close. The F.F.'s outplayed the Osiron team almost all of the game. In the Tri K-Del Ver game, the Tri K players had the ball at the Del Ver goal almost all of the time. The Anti Pan's showed much better team work than the X. L.'s in their game, although the X. L. defense was good.

Line-ups

A. K.		*Del Ver*
Phillips	R.W.	Kruigher
Dennis	R.I.	Kohlner
Griffin, H.	C.F.	Peterson
Sipher	L.I.	Asburg
Beason	L.W.	Beasley
Cole	R.H.	Smith, S.
Stewart, D.	C.H.	Barton
Cook	L.H.	Morrison
Smith	R.F.	Garthoffner
McKinstry	L.F.	Saxe
McGregor	G.	Roach

Goals—Dennis 1, Peterson 2, Ashburg 1, Beasley 1. Substitutions—Miller for Beasley.

Anti Pan		*T. C.*
Kingston	R.W.	Thompson
Cochran, I.	R.I.	Smith
Townsend, E.	C.F.	Francez
Cohn	L.I.	Nowell
Townsend, B.	L.W.	Pickens
Olmstead	R.H.	Colean
Hadley	C.H.	O'Donnell
Hamilton	L.H.	A. M. Cochran
Latimer	R.F.	Gangh
Rowe	L.F.	Hoffman
Zang	G.	Manison

Goals—Cochran, I. 2, E. Townsend 1, B. Townsend 2. Substitutions—Sprague for Colean, Colean for O'Donnell, O'Donnell for Francez.

Angkor		*Triad*
Stone	R.W.	Smith
Thompson	R.I.	Keim
Goodloe	C.F.	Renther
Burton	L.I.	Hyde
Sloan	L.W.	Cavert, M.
Spicer	R.H.	Gunsten
Bryan	C.H.	Martin
De Yoe	L.H.	Holaday
Hotchkiss	R.F.	Warwick
Austin	L.F.	Geny
Brew	G.	Rich

Goals—Stone 1, Thompson 1, Burton 1, Sloan 1, Smith 1, Hyde 1, Cavert 1.

Osiron		*F. F.*
Myers	R.W.	Mitchner
McMichael	R.I.	M. Gairing
H. Candler	C.F.	Zarne
MacLean	L.I.	Davis
McMurray	L.W.	Burdette
Colvard	R.H.	Peck
Hollingsworth	C.H.	A. Gairing
Yoder	L.H.	Hamilton
Baugh	R.F.	Hockey
Corwin	L.F.	Leopold
Moore	G.	Silverman

Goals—Candler 1, MacLean 1, M. Gairing 1, Davis 1, Burdette 2, A. Gairing 1.

Tri K		*Del Ver*
Fairhead	R.W.	Craeger
Weinold	R.I.	Kohlner
Gillis	C.F.	Peterson
Holtsinger	L.I.	Ashburg
Hinton	L.W.	Beasley
Eberhart	R.H.	Smith
Flentye	C.H.	Barton
Rotherd	L.H.	Morrison
Newman	R.F.	Garthoffner
Elliott	L.F.	Saxe
Lang	G.	Roach

Goals—Fairhead 1, Feinold 1, Gillis 4, Holtsinger 1. Substitutions—Windam for Smith.

X. L.		*Anti Pan*
Lloyd, M.	R.W.	Ruth
Sellevold	R.I.	B. Townsend
Garvey	C.F.	E. Townsend
Lloyd, V.	L.I.	Cohn
Peterson	L.W.	Kingston
Newton	R.H.	Hadley
Kipp	C.H.	Olmstead
Rankin	L.H.	Mitchell, M.
Campbell	R.F.	Latimer
Hair	L.F.	Rowe
Davis	G.	Zang

Goals—Ruth 2, B. Townsend 2, E. Townsend 1, Cohn 1. Substitutions—Kircher for Kipp.

SOCIAL EVENTS

In spite of the fact that the lucky Seniors could laugh at the rising bell, seven of the ten social club houses had a large number of Seniors among the private breakfasts on Sunday morning, November 24. The largest group met at the Tri-K house and included: Bunny Gillis, Dorothy Black, Betty O'Donnell, Esther Conger, Rachel Holland, Margaret Rothert, Mary Elizabeth Richels, Bunny Eberhart and Frances Hoffman.

The smallest group of five had the T. C. club house for their private efforts at cooking and included Louise Dills, Janice Drummond, Marjorie Semans, Thommye Murphy and Margaret Augustine.

A double foursome composed of Jane Stripling, Eleanor Thornton, Sue Barton, Roberta Carroll, Anna Bob Taylor, Cecilia Scott, Mirian Carter, and Julia Paris, met at the Anti-Pan club house.

Two groups of six had familiar eggs and bacon at the club houses: Alice Law, Kathryn Harvey, Herma Gillette, Mary Elisabeth Bordeman, Francis Cooper, and Morlais Householder, at the Osiron club; and Emily Campbell, Dana Smith, Jean Holtsinger, Frances Dix, Elizabeth Proctor and Mignon Lindsey, at the X L club house.

Both the Agora club house and the A. K. club house had "service for seven," for Vilma Tietjen, Riba Maurer, Willamae Vinson, Nell Skaag, Florence Affleck, Dixie Daniels, and Mildred Klpp had breakfast at the Agora club. The other seven met at the A. K. club and included Virginia and Mary Lloyd, Margaret Yoder, Geraldine Manson, Helen Greene, Ann Ryther and Florence Sellevold.

The Tri K club house, the T. C. club house and the A. K. club house were the three chosen for private dinners on Staurday evening, November 23. Rose Flentye, Francis Jenkins, Martha Hunt, Mary Catherine McConnell, Mary Elizabeth Morgan and Rosa Moore were the six who dined at the Tri K club house.

Dinner for eight was served at the A. K. club house, to Margaret Montgomery, Lucy Mae Mills, Frances Cooper, Alice Law, Berenice McGregor, Elizabeth Phillips and Malavon Dennis.

Elizabeth Elliott, Frances Faust, Edith Scheufler, Peg Corwin, Betty Lane, Helen Seldomridge and Virginia Gerdl, formed the group for dinner at the T. C. club house.

A group of ten friends celebrated an informal birthday dinner at the T. C. club house on Thursday evening, November 21. The invited guests were Emily Monks, Beth Davis, Martha Ozee, Barbara Myers, Katherine Heflin, Anease Volkmann Judle Hughes, Florence Whitford, Nancy Noland and Florence McAndrew.

SPORTS

IN LETTERS TO MUSSOLINI

My good Benito,—

And have you heard, "Beni," that something has actualy happened at this place? Yes, it happened Thursday morning and I'm yet suffering from the shock and the surprise. You see, it snowed a bit for us! In fact, it snowed so nicely, that for a few days we stopped playing hockey and threw snowballs instead, which was much nicer for a change.

Don't think it lasted though. I fear that variety is for others than us, for by Monday we were ready for the second round of games. The Tri K's and Del Ver's were the first to play and such a queer game I have never before seen! The Tri K's won. You should have seen the Del Ver's—I think they had all been eating poppy seed for hours before the game, the effect of which was only too evident, as none of them seemed to realise exactly what they were supposed to be doing. (That is, none of them except "Petie," she wasn't quite so doped.) As to the Tri K's, there was Nancy Newman, who can hit a hockey ball like nobody's business!

That same afternoon Ye ole Antl Pan's defeated the XL's. The Antl Pan team was excellent—their idea seems to be team work, rather than individual starring. They defeated the F. F.'s, too, on Tuesday afternoon, 3-0. This means that they played the Tri K's Thanksgiving day for the championship.

"Beni," with the bleachers and all, the Thanksgiving game was quite professional.

Here's looking forward to basketball, "Mousse,"! Personally I prefer it to hockey—less danger of freesing or getting your legs nearly knocked in two!

Osculations,
Napoleon.

TO DAD

Got a lonesome feelin'—
Just a wee-bit blue,
And here I sit a'thinkin'
A'thinkin' just of you.

A'wishin' that you'd write me
'Cause I'm down here all alone,
And tell me all the gossip
And what's goin' on at home.

You see I miss ya awful
For youre really all I got
So please sit down and write me
Cause I love ya such a lot!

MILDRED KIPP, '31.

IMPRESSIONS

Isabelle Goodloe—Blue skies and feathery clouds, companionship, Anderson's "Show Queen," gray squirrel muffs, the races, water lilies, marble staircases, sponsor of a football team.

Jane Sipher—Small brown teddy bears, Peter Pan, yellow pique dresses, toyland, "Alice in Wonderland," school days.

Mariana Brown — Old-fashioned dolls, starched dresses, demureness, "the skin you love to touch," leghorn hats, long gloves.

Friskie Tupper — Leopard skin coats, "So this is college," rhinestone buckles, midnight suppers, Champagne, vivacity.

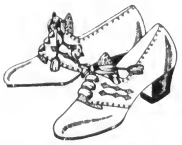
"Perk" Perkins — Pigtails, pussywillows, Ford roadsters, blue sweaters, "Little Colonel" stories, mischievous elves, playgrounds.

Bunny Gillis—Leather jackets, Northern woods, curly brown hair, glorious sunsets, athletics, the clear notes of a bugle ablity.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

This year the clubs can join in the Thanksgiving peals, and sing the praises of their thoughtful benefactor, Dr. Blanton. For lo and behold, when the homesick girls wearily dragged themselves to the club houses to try and raise their drooping spirits, they found that Santa Claus had made an early trip and left a surprise package at each club house. Ten small boxes of hard candies and one very large box of chocolates were deposited on each doorstep. And Ye Inquisitive Person traced the footsteps of the reindeer to the door of Dr. Blanton. We all hereby give a unanimous vote of thanks to Dr. Blanton, who never forgets us.

Dong! Dong! It's the 5:45 bell ringing on Saturday night. There's a mad rush for tickets for the picture show. The thin, round, crisp tickets are carried away unsullied with the new purchasers. Time passes. At 7:30 the tickets pass back again into the hands of the sellers as the purchasers crowd into Chapel. But what a woebegone state some of these tickets are in! What tales couldn't they tell!

Some are bent and broken; they evidently fell into the hands of those who like to hear that crisp "crack" as a piece of celluloid is broken. Others are chewed and worried; they fell into the hands of those harassed beings who must ever have something to gnaw on.

Are we children that we must delight in breaking things? Are we dogs that we must gnaw? Are we cats that we must claw? Let's hope not, but from the appearance of the tickets, Ward-Belmont is a veritable menagerie or nursery.

The picture show tickets represent a not inconsiderable amount of money. Since we actually have them for so little a while we should not misuse them, but treat them as if they were someone's property. Hand them back in the same condition in which they are handed to you. Your care in this respect will be greatly appreciated.

"WSM broadcasting! National Life and Accident Insurance Company of Nashville, Tennessee. Stand by for three minutes for a brief announcement."

Every other Thursday night Ward-Belmont "takes the air." These radio concerts are given from ten to ten-thirty. It is hoped that many will tune in, and send in their opinions. Those of us here at Ward-Belmont should write home to our families and tell them about the concerts. They are well worth tuning in on, and at station WSM there will be something besides static.

The next concert will be broadcast on Thursday, December 5, 1929. The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music will present Dorothy Shelley, pupil of Stetson Humphrey, director of voice, Leonore Amberg, pupil of Lawrence Goodman, director of piano, and Mrs. Gilford Dudley, Jr., pupil of Kenneth Rose, director of violin.

Are women fond of dress or are they not? In other words, do we at Ward-Belmont care for clothes or not? Books, men, and now the "movies" are forever proclaiming that women are vain creatures and would rather be well-dressed than well-fed. But do we carry out that maximum down here?

At Ward-Belmont it has been a tradition as well as a Southern custom to dress for dinner. And yet there are some who persist in sauntering into dinner in anything they might happen to wear that afternoon. Dinner is a formal meal, but since when have sweaters and polo-shirts become formal dress? Perhaps there has been some change in formal dress—but I think not.

Then could this be the answer: we are not young women. Women and especially ladies, pay some attention to the niceties of dress, so if we do not, then we cannot be young women. We are only children who have to be continually told of the proper thing to wear. What an odd state of affairs! Ward-Belmont College for Young Women contains no young women. But that is nonsense.

It must be that Carelessness (spelled with a capital) is stalking among us. That is what we must combat. Let's remember that dinner is formal and dress accordingly. That is one of the first rules for dress: dress to suit the occasion. From now on let's make one firm pre-New Year's resolution: we will hereafter follow the rules for dress etiquette at dinner.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Wasn't the fire drill the most exciting thing that you have ever encountered? Jessie and "Bobbie" rescued their pictures of the ones and onlys and flew out of Founders with them pressed close to their hearts. They would have been willing to have seen anything else burn but not those —no, never.

Dixie Daniel has a wonderful recipe for fudge. Last Sunday while breakfasting at the club she conceived the brilliant idea of mixing lovely downy Nashville snow with chocolate and sugar and the various other ingredients of fudge, and the result was a perfectly delicious candy. I bet it really would be good if it were made with honest-to-goodness Canadian snow. How about that, Dixie?

Wasn't that snowstorm just too wonderful? Everyone had the best old time in the snow. That is, nearly everyone did; there are a few exceptions, of course, that is taken for granted. There are always a few people who either dislike snow and the mere idea of a snow fight, because it seems too silly and childish or who can't loosen up for a few minutes and forget their dignified manner long enough to play. Those sad-cases are few and far between, thank goodness. Didn't that good old snow give you the Xmas spirit? Only 19 more days, by the way. The first day of the snow every time I saw Ruth Peterson she was being dignified in the snow and she was enjoying it thoroughly. Mary Jo Moore did, too, so I am told. Little "Mitch" had a beautiful time, too, and told me proudly once that she had been dumped only five times. She really was in the height of her glory.

"We want the red hat!" Did you ever see (rather hear) such a commotion in your life? Avis finally got to wear her red hat in the hockey finals Thanksgiving Day, but by the time she did get to wear it, it was too late to be sorry. I wonder whether Avis plays basketball and if she'll wear her charming red hat to help put the balls in the basket. It really ought to be another W.-B. tradition.

I hope Isabelle Goodloe appreciates her impression to the utmost. You see, she had a terrible time about an impression. Her mother heard that Isabelle had been "impressed" and they hunted high and low through all the Hyphens looking for the said impression because for some reason or other they had overlooked it. Well, it happens that the report was a false one and after Isabelle had exhausted herself scouring back numbers of the Hyphen for the thoughts (nice ones) of others concerning her, she gave it up and asked a member of the staff where it was. It was finally discovered that there had never been an impression of Miss Goodloe and so this week—well, I just hope she loves it, that's all.

Did you know that Eleanor Neckerman's family were here for Thanksgiving? They really were! And was she ever excited! She expected them all morning long and finally, when she could sit still long enough to eat a little ham and cauliflower for lunch—why—they CAME. Mary Franke Lemmon and "Sally" Fairhead were just about as excited as Eleanor and when the bell was tapped at lunch and the wonderful news announced you could hear the three of them squeal all over the dining room.

Thanksgiving Day and the day before were just one round of boxes—opening boxes—more boxes and so on. At first, cakes were repacked and stood waiting to go back and greet the homefolks once again, for never in all the history of W.-B. have there been quite so many boxes of food trying to get to rightful owners at the same time. Finally, because of the too

(Continued on page 5)

EAGLE FEATHER

Autumn Movement

I cried over beautiful things knowing no beautiful thing lasts.

The field of cornflower yellow is a scarf at the neck of the copper sunburned woman, the mother of the year, the taker of seeds.

The northwest wind comes and the yellow is torn full of holes, new beautiful things come in the first spit of snow on the northeast wind, and the old things go, not one lasts.

CARL SANDBURG.

Old Ships

There is a memory stays upon old ships,
A weightless cargo in the musty hold,—
Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
Of stormy midnights—and a tale untold.
They have remembered islands in the dawn,
And windy capes that tried their slender spars,
And tortuous channels where their keels have gone,
And calm blue nights of stillness and the stars.

Ah never think that ships forget a shore,
Or bitter seas, or winds that make them wise;
There is a dream upon them evermore;—
And there be some who say that sunk ships rise
To seek familiar harbors in the night,
Blowing in mists, their spectral sails like light.

DAVID MORTON.

The Runner in the Skies

Who is the runner in the skies,
With her blowing skarf of stars,
And our Earth and sun hovering like bees about her blossoming heart?
Her feet are on the winds, where space is deep,
Her eyes are nebulous and veiled,
She hurries through the night to a far lover.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

Codes

They wove for me a little cloak
Of worsted, brown and strong,
They wove it firm, these kindly folk
That I might wear it long.

I, who would dance in gossamer
With poplars on a hill,
Or wander naked with the wind,
They clothe in worsted still.

LOIS SEYESTER MONTROSS.

A Prayer

Until I lose my soul and lie
Blind to the beauty of the earth,
Deaf though a shouting wind goes by,
Dumb in a storm of mirth.

Until my heart is quenched at length
And I have left the land of men,
Oh, let me love with all my strength
Careless if I am loved again.

SARA TEASDALE.

"Almost all enduring success comes to people after they are forty."—*Henry Ford.*

"We need in the schools a greater robustness in facing hard facts."—*Bertrand Russell.*

"The House of Commons is the great assimilatrix of the world."—*Lord Birkenhead.*

"Considering the old political parties and how they function, one would be justified in having small hope for a new one."—*Theodore Dreiser.*

"Politics might be defined as the art of trouble finding, whether it exists or not, diagnosing it incorrectly, and applying the wrong remedy."—*Sir Ernest Benn.*

"Men attend prize fights and entertain champions because all the world loves a fighter."—*Bruce Barton.*

"It is thrilling to discover that one also can work with a husband as a collaborating author of a play."—*Rita Weiman.*

"If all the men over 50 got out of the world there would not be enough experience left to run it."—*Henry Ford.*

"Great men's ideas are the common heritage of humanity; their only individual possessions are their oddities."—*Andre Maurois.*

Most any modern man is liberal enough not to care if women smoke, just so his own don't.

CAMPUS COLUMN

(Continued from page 4)

umerous packages, cakes, pies, et tera, Miss Lester was forced to give t packages to all comers. Conse- ently by the end of the day every- e who was expecting a package had eived it, and was happy having aten their fill of everything possible.

Notice—Betty O'Donnell received a Thanksgiving box.

STATE STUNT NIGHT GREAT SUCCESS

'Twas the night before Thanksgiv- ing and there was a great hub-bub in the auditorium for the second All-State stunt night was in progress be- fore an audience who showed that they enjoyed every minute of the program.

Students, faculty, and guests all fol- lowed the advice of the charming lit- le mistress of ceremonies, Betty Lane, who wanted everybody to be in a good humor and have a good time. That is why Betty brought her bal- loons along, so that before each act she could send one over the heads of the audience, but being congenial, demo- cratic little balloons they refused to go over our heads but settled down be- side us. And they did help because every one was filled with laughing gas.

The first inumber was a "Dream of the Old South," like a leaf from a book by Thomas Nelson Paige, though it was revised by Betty Williams. These Southerners showed us the South before the war—the South of the big plantations and romance where a beautiful Southern belle came down from her picture frame to keep a tryst with her lover in the long ago.

The following scene took place in a mountaineer's cabin in the "Big Smok- ies" of Kentucky. The family gave ad- vice to the eldest son who was soon to leave for the big metropolis of Nashville, Tenn. to attend "collich." During the evening, mighty nigh all the neighbors "dropped in" and when the young married couple returned they received a rousing good welcome and were the occasion for a hilarious "square dance."

The Eastern and West Virginia clubs stepped right out of the cosmo- politan cover. Mr. Humphrey Introduced this act, offering a box of candy as a prize to the girl who guessed cor- rectly the advertisements in this mag- azine. There was the Westclox boy, the Dutch Cleanser sisters, the Blue Moon Hosiery girl, the Pause that re- freshes, the Whitman Treasure chest pirates, Mr. Fisk's sleepy little boy, the Campbell's soup twins, Ardenia, the beatty expert; Lord Chesterfield and his lady and the happy young bride whose wedding gift was com- munity silver. Oh, they were all there! As usual Jessie Burgin got all the breaks and the prize, too, while ye reporter sat with the same identical list and got nothing. There is no jus- tice in the American home today.

Station I.M.I. broadcasted a conven- tion of delegates from Iowa, Missouri and Illinois from the Drake Hotel in Chicago. The purpose of the convention being to more firmly establish bonds of friendship between these three great states. Since conventions are serious matters we got an extra dose of laughing gas. Poor Mrs. Gotcrocks did her best to keep up the tone of the proceedings but her more rural neighbors took matters in their own hands and sold out for a song—and tickets to the Great Northern. Not that we blame them any, because Gail Hinton knows her blues especially the color-blind song "Am I Blue."

Next we had an incident in the long saga of the Winning of the West. Like the old time melodrama at the Opera House on Saturday night "Under Western Skies" or "The Dying Cow- boy's Lament." And ye reporter waxed enthusiastic as this slice of life on the great Santa Fe Trail was unfolded. I don't live only 13 miles from the famous Paurnue Rock for nothing where men really are men, and the women do wear sunbonnets.

Next we "left the old-time cowboy on the Santa Fe trail for the modern tourist on the Lincoln highway." Rita Miller wrote this skit entitled "See America First," or "The Family Fliv- ver." It certainly was great sport to see our blushing little Hatsy as "Ma" in a Ford.

In "Negro Minstrels" four and twenty blackbirds all began to sing—very beautifully, of course. The quar- tet of Mary Candler, "Chunky" Can- dler, Eugenia Candler, and Jessie Bur- gin was really good.

The Texas-Oklahoma stunt remind- ed us of paprika—"La Paloma"—In- dian tom-toms—Spanish balconies—sailor boys. The Indian girl's bursting through the map of Oklahoma and the Senor's through that of Texas was very effective.

The romance of the program came last. The scene was a barge going down the Ohio River, the time—sum- mer, and the characters—seven fellows from Indiana U. who were working their way by scrubbing the deck, and seven girls from Ohio U. Betty as- sured us that "we'd never guess that happened" but we did!

The "Cosmopolitan" won the prize judged on the basis of unity, organi- zation, and originality. The judges were, Miss Frances Church, Mrs. C. N. Bryan, and Mr. Lawrence Riggs.

FRENCH SONGS USED BY SCOUTS

GRACE

(For helath and strength.)

Pour ce repas,
Pour toute joie,
Nous te louons, Seigneur.

DISH WASHING

(Glory, glory, hallelujah!)

Toi qui passe' la premiere,
Profite bien de l'eau très claire;
Demian tu seras la dernière,
Et ça va bien comme ça!

Toi qui passe la dernière,
Ferme les yeux, baisse la paupière;
Demain tu seras la première,
Et ça va bien comme ça!

BON SOIR

Bon soir!
Bon soir!
La brume monte du sol,
On entend la rossignol;
La brume monte du sol,
On entend la rossignol.
Bon soir!
Bon soir!

TAPS

(Chant du soir international.)

Le jour fuit,
C'est la nuit,
Sur la plaine, les collines et les bois.
Tout est bien,
Ne dis rien:
Dieu est là.

One sure way of getting a telephone call is to get in the bathtub when there is no one else in the house.—*Ex.*

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CARON'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT PERFUME, $2 a dram.

CORDAY'S FEMME DU JOUR $5 an ounce or 65c a dram.

D'ORSAY'S TOUJOURS FIDELE, $5.50 an ounce or 70c a dram.

HOUBIGANT'S IDEAL PERFUME, $4 an ounce, or 50c a dram.

CIRO'S BOUQUET ANTIQUE, $5.50 an ounce, or 70c a dram.

CARON'S L'INFINI PERFUME, $6 an ounce or 75c a dram.

—MAIN FLOOR.

at LEBECK'S

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



Thursday, Nov. 21.

"Between the week and the week-end,
When the days are beginning to slower,
There comes a pause in the week's busy rush,
Which is known as Thursday."

With quite humble apologies to H. W. Longfellow for the ver' weak parody on his poem and some to you for the equally weak-ending. I'm too "pun'y" for words.

However, as I tried to express with so much poetic license, nothing happened today.

Did receive unto the person, one letter of no great value and consigned same to the depths of the waste basket. Visited Senior Hall and weighed in and out, discovering I'd misplaced half a pound in so doing. Best hall on campus, I always did say.

Librar'ed in the crisp cold of a November even and I'd better hush before I wax versatile again.

Friday, Nov. 22.

Awoke at Bing's insistent hoot to look at the snow, she being from the neigh South and spent a perfectly good five minutes calming her down. She'd never seen so much all to onct. Up to breakfast and had a swell time trying to keep her from eating it. I mean the snow, not the breakfast.

Classes amid some severe snowballing and emerged only slightly wet and colder.

Hibernated up to hear the English actor, V. L. Granville, and my deah—the man gave a truly interestin' program, don't ya know. As in the manner of Philo Vance. Was intrigued quite beyond redemption by his bally old voice, yes, indeed.

Saturday, Nov. 23.

Did much and many practices for the state club stunt, which is so dumb it's pitiful. I hope everyone is feeling particularly funny that night, because otherwise I'm going to start picking up pennies right now.

At night partook of a slight theatrical in Chapel and hoped quite sincerely that my New Year's eve didn't turn out thus. Was much excited, however, by all the bloodthirsty critters and the fairy tale ending.

A special, believe it or not, from the young man, as my mother would say.

Sunday, November 24.

To breakfast cursing the Seniors because of their sleeping privileges and fared me not well. Too grumpy, I suspect.

Churched under compulsion in chapel, this being a fourth Sunday and to dinner after a slight dressing spell.

Did up and out with a day student to a perfectly ducky house for the afternoon and eventual tea. Had a grand time and felt at home for the first time in three months. Here's for bigger and better Southern hospitality.

Back for a sad Vespers and heard Miss Ruth Newell talk which was worth returning for. Then the angel babies from the settlement sang for us, so it was O. K.

Tea-d right strenuously in the bosom of the club family and washed much dishes to rather dampen my ardor at having been out. Retired early, ten to be exact—still elated, if somewhat greasy.

Monday, Nov. 25.

Chaple-d expectantly, as I had heard that the coach of the Vandy Freshman team was going to speak, and did he ever. Sang with much force and quality, but the man didn't seem to notice my lovely voice—reckon red hair had more effect. Bring on your Golden Glint, ye ruler of the destinies. Not to infer that Jerry Rowe's flaming tresses aren't true blue red, but—.

Flowers from Pat, to my great surprise and delight. I don't think he meant for them to come till Thanksgiving, so I'll write then and do some prize gushing. Let's hope he isn't absent minded.

To the gym after dinner for some new and different sport, but found me not properly appreciated so retired to the bud-oir.

Tuesday, Nov. 26.

Spent all day in the Hyphen office

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"The Store All Women Know"
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MAKE OUR STORE YOUR STORE
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Delicious Ices — Tempting Candies
Exclusive Dainties
CHURCH AND SEVENTH AVENUE

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Special Menu on Mondays for
WARD-BELMONT GIRLS

PHOTOGRAPHS
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The Ward-Belmont Photographer
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Do a Little Research

Not with test tubes and Bunsen burners but with crystal flacons and atomizers.

Loveman's perfume department is an ideal laboratory and experimental materials are by

CHANEL

The purpose of the research will be the discovery of YOUR perfumes — the fragrances that best express your personality.

And because we're all chameleon-like to the extent that we take on the coloring of the affair we're attending, you'll want a day-time, a tea-time and a dance-time perfume.

And once you've chosen those at Loveman's — you may choose, too, all the accompanying toilet accessories and have them all by CHANEL.

trying to be clever—I find it hard work.

These people born with a gold spoon in one hand and a dish of chocolate glace in the other, kill me. Miss Virginia Smith is a Tri-K member and the Angkor sponsor; therefore, whoever won the game makes her come out on top at any event. Disgusting, I calls it.

Received a box of candy from my precious family, which I strongly suspect arrived early too. By Thanksgiving, if it ever comes, the flowers will be wilted, the candy gone, and my neigh to approaching glim figure will be pleasantly plump again. For what is one to be thankful under those circumstances, I ask in all earnestness?

Practiced some state stunt and to bed without studying. It's a game I play well—proficient to say the least.

Wednesday, Nov. 27.

Dieted all the morn in appreciation of the fact that tomorrow is Thanksgiving. That is, I did when I wasn't practicing for the state club stunt. It promises to be one sure riot. I do hope someone will titter now and then at the etxreme density of our little act.

Attired me unfittingly after dinner for my little part in the skit and most passed out of the picture looking at the others before ours got pulled off. Was greatly elated to hear old Jessie Burgin rattle off those advertisements of the Eastern club and rated a few pieces of the prize candy before the final plunge.

Wrote a few letters after it was all over and then retired, my career as an actress brought to a somewhat abrupt close—praise be.

Thursday, Nov. 28.

Heard Dr. Hill's annual Thanksgiving Day speech and all but wept at not being at home. He is the sweetest man and I love to hear him talk.

Out with bells to the Anti Pan-Tri K hockey game and it really was a display of great fighting spirit to the end. Looked almost like a big Vandy feetball crowd, bleechers 'n everything. Found a telegram in my P. O. box from the family, which was very sweet of them, having already remembered me twice.

In the aft I did into town for a slight show and though my feet were rather worse for wear after the upstanding influence, I enjoyed it exceedingly.

Back to the Puritan dinner at night and do swear we all looked like a nursemaids convention, with all those silly appearing cap effects. Ate, drank and was merry with an orchestra in the doing and then to the picture show in chapel. A very weird sort with lots of murder and gun shots. However, it was much better than the inevitable Crossing of the Mayflower.

Down to the club house for a few pieces of candy which Dr. Blanton had presented us with. I think that was the sweetest thing for him to do—and then home just in time to get safely in bed 'ere light beli.

With love and kisses—

Belle Ward.

CORRIDOR CHARACTER

Hair—Long, straight, light brown, parted in the middle.
Eyes—Blue-green, slanting, mysterious.
Nose—Arrogant.
Mouth—Lips that could quickly smile. They generally laugh.
Height—Approximateiy five feet six and three quarters.
Build—Tall and slender.
Weight—About 135.
Interests—Art and Senior-Mids.

The Corridor Character for last week was Bunny Eberhart, and her roommate, Bunny Gillis, won the Hershey bar. The first Corridor Character was Betty Lane, won by Virginia Spangler. We, the HYPHEN staff, beg these people to come after their Hershey bars. Temptation is great.

SNOW REVERIE

When we were very young, snow meant little red sleds with boxes on them—wooly leggins and ear muffs—trips to the farm—cousins who made angles in the snow—base burners.

In Riley school, fox and geese played at recess—bsttered lunch pails—oatmeal for breakfast—teachers ducking snowballs—icicles—sizzling radiators with wet mittens on them—sixthgraders defending snow forts—5 o'clock darkness.

Sibley Junior High brought cracking the whip on the skating rink—father's hunting trips—Mother's gingerbread—our first basketball game—slides down Jackson's back hill—crisp evenings spent in the picture show—walking in the cold starlight—dressing in warm bathrooms—flinch parties with fudge and popcorn.

Burroughs High School signified basketball trips — rehearsals for "Seventeen" — skating on Walnut Creek—New Year's dance at the country club—chili and hot chocolate at Allen's confectionery—walking home from the library with Bill—radios and fire-side benches—toboggan slides—Saturday morning hikes—snapshots for the annual.

Our first snow at Ward-Belmont—shouting at six—Jessie Burgin's upsetting tactics—astonished southerners and thrilled northerners—fish frozen in the fountain—an afternoon in club village—deserted hockey field—poor recitations—Christmas.

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LUNCHEON
11 a.m. to 3 p.m.
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AFTERNOON TEA
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SUNDAY DINNER
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TEA ROOM AND CANDIES



They can buy this, they can buy that . . . But all the money in the mint can't purchase the one truly personal gift — *your photograph.*



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WHY

wear a slightly torn or soiled fur scarf when it can be repaired and cleaned so *beautifully* for so little at

CHAYBURKE'S
Exclusive Furriers
703 Church St. Nashville



Evening Gowns—

Modeled to the figure with sweeping flares from hip to knee, fashioned of panne velvet, chiffon or moire—they have a gracefulness most becoming to the youthful figure . . . .

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Christmas Gifts...



One, or all of your Christmas presents can be settled in an hour. Come in now before the rush starts.

11x14 portraits per dos. 1 of 12 done in genuine water colors . $25.00

8x10 portraits per dos. 1 of 12 done in genuine water colors and framed in handsome case . $20.00

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Quality and Artistic Workmanship Maintained

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SENIOR SNORES SOUND THROUGH BREAKFAST BELL

ZZZZzzzzzz as heard by a sleepy roommate as she turns over and pulls the cover over her head—to keep out the light—or the snores? In the midst of a thrilling dream, where she was the heroine, a bell makes her sit up with a jerk! Seven-thirty! Rats!—she didn't want to get up? Why did she have to get up? To get to breakfast on time—of course! She didn't want any breakfast. She'd much rather sleep. But with a frown on her face, and only one eye open, she slowly crawls out into the cold atmosphere of the room. She wished Louise hadn't put up two windows. The wind is racing through the room instead of going around the corner. Bang! Bang! the windows were down. Bang! the transom was down! And Louise hadn't budged. She'd wake up in a minute! Just wait. But before any drastic means could be put into force, Louise raised up on her elbow and in a sleepy, but angry voice said "Can't you let a person sleep and dream in peace? Why up so early? This is "Stay-At-Home-Sunday." Go back to bed or keep quiet." And Louise was asleep again.

"Well I'll be—" and with a smile in place of a frown the roommate climbs rapidly back into her nice warm bed, thanking Dr. Blanton, Dr. Barton and Mr. Benedict and Mrs. Irvin for making such a wonderfuul rule—"Seniors to sleep on Stay-At-Home-Sundays! Thrills and heart throbs!" And the roommate was asleep.

A few hours later. The room is warm and cosy. The roommate stretches lazily and yawns. Then with an air of luxury and ease she reaches for the novel she had started the night before. Oh, what comfort! Then when eleven o'clock comes she gets up and slowly dresses. How heavenly to take one's time. Louise also enjoyed the "Stay-At-Home-Sunday" for she wasn't violently awakened as usual, but gently brought to consciousness by sweet music (?) Louise declares that a singing roommate is a nuisance. All the same, that roommate was useful, for she produced a bag of apples and Louise was soon eating in style. Now she is positive that she is going to "found a school for young ladies where every day is like "Stay-At-Home-Sunday." Oh what a school that would be!

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

At nine o'clock on Thanksgiving morning a short service in observance of the day was held in Chapel. Following the responsive reading and an anthem by the choir, Dr. John L. Hill Spoke on the subject "An American Tradition."

In introducing his subject, Dr. Hill stated that Thanksgiving Day is the only holiday which America has that appeals to all people. It is the only day having religious significance; which has a government proclamation; and the one day when state and church harmoniously acclaim thanks to our Father.

"Thanksgiving," declared Dr. Hill, "is purely American. It is the observance of an American tradition. Thanksgiving is a tradition of godly forebears. Our country was established by men and women who feared God. It is a tradition of dependence on God, of public recognition and it is a tradition of gracious hospitality."

In closing, Dr. Hill explained the ways in which this tradition is expressed—by praise, worship, thanks, and by the more personal ways—attitude of humility, gratitude, and by being thankful in deeds.

The total amount taken in for the Thanksgiving free-will offering was $63.35. This fund was distributed among various social service centers in Nashville, and the clothes were taken to the Florence Crittenden Home.

VANDY FOOTBALL MAN SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Mr. Vernon Sharp, coach of the Freshman team of Vanderbilt and former Vanderbilt football star, spoke on football to the students of Ward-Belmont, Monday, November 25.

Mr. Sharp began by telling the girls some of the amusing things connected with football.

The game began in the early eighties and has grown in leaps and bounds until now it is the leading game of the day. There are never so large crowds out to witness a baseball game or boxing as there are for football.

"Back in the beginning of football the players would line up in a V line. There was no forward pass, and the game was one of the survival of the fittest," declared Mr. Sharp.

"Football is a game of spirit, and determination," Mr. Sharp continued, "it is a game with which creeds, nationality, and social position have nothing to do."

According to Mr. Sharp the regular players get plenty of publicity, but the substitutes play a hard role. They have to keep in training, and practice just as much for perhaps only five minutes play during a whole game as do the regular players. The substitutes are the ones who really make the football team worthwhile.

"It is true there are dumb bells on a football team," asserted the speaker, "you always hear of the freshman flunking out; others flunk too, but you don't hear about it."

The competition is getting keener and keener throughout the country. The outstanding teams are: Dartmouth, Yale, Harvard, Pittsburg, Tennessee, Vanderbilt, University of California, St. Mary's Nebraska, and Notre Dame.

In speaking of the Carnegie Foundation report Mr. Sharp said, "It remains to be seen what the result will be. I think the real outcome depends on public opinion. The university will come around to what ever public opinion demands."

Act I—Bull and Two Toreadors.
Act II—Bull and One Toreador.
Act III—Bull.—*Ex.*

Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest be these: "It is flat again."

—*Ex.*

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XIX — NASHVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1929 — Number 11

AID VANDERBILT SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Former Students Take Part

Tuesday night fifteen members of Ward-Belmont French classes attended a presentation of three French plays at Neely Hall on the Vanderbilt campus. The plays were made doubly interesting in the fact that three former Ward-Belmont students were in the cast: Nancy Pierce, Martha Lambeth, and Margaret Whitemen. Tickets to the play were fifty cents, and the proceeds are to be used to send a Vanderbilt student to study French in France.

The first play "Le Cuvier" was taken from an anonymous medieval French farce. Jacquinot, a henpecked husband, decides to reassert his rights. When his wife falls in an old-fashioned wash-tub, he consents to fish her out if she promises to let him be the boss in the future.

The second play "The Kiss in the Dark," had been translated into English by Miss Clarice Dix. This play was first presented in a theatre in Paris which makes a speciality of the so-called "hair raiser" type of play. It was a play of atmosphere, blending suspense with human interest.

The third and last play "L'Anglaid Tel Qu'On Le Parle" concerned a young Frenchman and his bride, who figure in an elopement, and a robbery. A telephone call untangles the plot, and the young man becomes a partner in his bank and receives consent to his marriage. No, Horatio Alger did not write the last play.

All three of the plays were well presented, the second probably interesting the audience most. Characters were well chosen, and did remarkably well, considering that they were working with a foreign language. The girls who attended report Tuesday evening one well-spent.

CALENDAR

Saturday, December 7, 6:45—Picture show in Chapel; 7:30—Tri-K club dance.

Sunday, December 8, 6:30—Vesper service at Vanderbilt.

Monday, December 9, 6:00—Pents Tau club dinner at Belle Meade; 7:30—Orchestra practice.

Tuesday, December 10, 10:30—Talk in Chapel on Table Etiquette; 12:15—Rotary Club Luncheon for daughters of Rotarians; 8:00—Student recital in Chapel.

Wednesday, December 11,—X. L. club dinner at Belle Meade.

Thursday, December 12, 10:30—Talk in Chapel on Correct Dress and Style Show.

Friday, December 13, Senior Open House.

Saturday, December 14, 7:30—T. C. club dance.

Sunday, December 15, 8:15—Miss Townsend's play in Chapel.

PRIZE OFFERED FOR BEST ESSAY

The Presbyterian Book Store of Nashville recently offered a prize to the Ward-Belmont High School English classes for the best essays written in each class on subjects concerning books. Every student winning a prize could choose any book she pleased at the book store in town costing two dollars and a half. Results of the contest were announced last week. The girls whose essays were chosen as the best in their classes were: Frances Dean Smith, Martha Billington, Mary Elizabeth Ryan, Hulda Cheek, and Eleanor Reid.

PUPILS PRESENTED IN RECITAL

On Saturday, December 7 at 3:30 o'clock the pupils of Mrs. Estelle Roy Schmitz will be presented in recital under the auspices of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music.

The program follows:

Doll Dance ..... *Poldini*
Ruth Elizabeth Petty

Sketch from the Orient.... *Burleigh*
Solfeggiette ..... *Bach*
Lisbeth Smith

What the Old Oak Said ..... *Orth*
Carolyn Decker

Arabesque ..... *Mana-Zucca*
Elizabeth Ragon

Canzonetta ..... *Schutt*
Margaret Balsiger

Rushing Waters ..... *Orth*
Virginia Barr

Snow Birds ..... *Burleigh*
Dance of the Indian Phantoms ..... *Kroeger*
Jessie German

Ballade D Minor ..... *Brahms*
Minstrels ..... *Debussy*
Lois Stout

DR. J. W. BARTON GIVES REPORT ON JUNIOR COLLEGES

Dr. John W. Barton, president of the American Association of Junior Colleges, after his return from the tenth annual meeting of the association over which he presided, gave a report from the convention. According to the speaker from Stanford College, California, who spoke on the Junior College through the eyes of its students, the students there approve of Junior colleges.

The student activities were discussed by another speaker who declared that there are one hundred and sixty-eight different student activities in Junior colleges in the United States. There are so many activities outside the class room not including the required gym work, that one student may do so much that it will hinder his classes. However, one may obtain the ability of better management from student activities rather than from lessons.

All the Junior college executives of the United States were not in favor of secret organizations in high school or Junior college years.

The organization of the Junior college has two lines, the preparatory, and the terminal courses. The Junior colleges are attempting to make the terminal course in order to round out a course for those who are not going on after two years of college work.

"In the last four years there have been 465 Junior colleges established in the United States. Only four of them have been discontinued," said Dr. Barton.

According to Dr. Barton many of these colleges are anxious to get one thing which we have and that is to have their credits accepted by other schools. "We may not be first in a good many things, but we can be best. I want every girl to make a mark for herself, either here or in the next school she attends or in the home which she will establish," concluded Dr. Barton.

ARISTONS WIN SCHOLARSHIP CUP

Dr. Barton presented for the second time the scholarship cup to the Ariston Club, Monday, December 2.

The Ariston Club had an average of 1.577 at the close of the first quarter.

ENGLISH 25 CONDUCTS OPEN FORUM

Miss Ross' English 25 course has proved so attractive to the students who take it that they decided by vote to make it a three instead of a two-hour class. This unusual change testifies to the marked interest which the study has aroused in the girls.

The extra hour, the fourth period on Saturday, is conducted as an open forum, in which every girl present expresses her opinion of various authors and their works. These Saturday sessions are conducted by the girls; often reports on interesting books are given and a general discussion of new books and new writers takes place.

Usually some outside speaker who has studied extensively on this phase of literature speaks. Dr. Edwin Mims, Donald Davidson, and Miss Linda Rhea are among those who have already addressed the class. Visitors are cordially invited to be present at these forums, and they may well expect the time given to them well spent.

THANKSGIVING GUESTS AT WARD-BELMONT

Mr. B. Frank Hendricks, Atlanta, Ga.—Helen Donker

Mrs. Walter R. Bauman, Lakewood, Ohio—Isobel

Mr. Gooch, Colorado Springs, Colo.—Elberta's brother

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Stotler and son, Streator, Ill—Virginia

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Silverman, Kansas City, Mo.—Marian

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ulman, Kansas City, Mo.—Evelyn

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McCormick, Albany, Ind.—Judith

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hickman, Terre Haute, Ind.—Mary

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Davis, Moorhead, Miss.—Virginia

Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Cummings, Brownstown, Ind.—Cathleen

Mrs. W. B. Hubbell, Elyria, Ohio—Frances, also Miss Marion Hubbell

Dr. and Mrs. Harris, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.—Jessie D. Simmons' friends

Mrs. G. C. McKenzie, Auburn, Ga.—Emily (also daughter)

Mrs. Harry C. Miller, Covington, Va —Harriett

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Ruth, Cincinnati, Ohio—Helen

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Knight, Lakewood, Ohio—Helen Louise

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Balsiger, Kansas City, Mo.—Margaret

Judge William Krieger, Louisville, Ky.—Ethel

Mr. and Mrs. Don G. Gardner, Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabel

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kircher, Granite City, Ill.—Jeanette

Mr. William Leech, Sewanee, Tenn.—(Erin Vaughn)

Mr. and Mrs. Don C. Oviatt, Cleveland, Ohio—Donna

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crawford, Detroit, Mich.—Marian

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Fawcett, Chicago, Ill.—Helen

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Fiske, Highland Park, Mich.—Terry

Mrs. P. P. Langford, Sr., and Jr., Wichita Falls, Texas—Elizabeth

Mrs. D. N. Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio—Eunice

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Crockett and son —Mrs. McComb's relatives

Mr. W. S. Vinson, Ottumwa, Iowa, and three friends—Willimae

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Hulberg, Chicago —Rosalie

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Dix, Chicago—Jean

(Continued on page 8)

HOCKEY VARSITIES CHOSEN

Bunny Gillis, '30, High Scorer

With all of the club hockey games over, the first and second varsities have been chosen, and the high-point scorers determined. Bunny Gillis, center forward on the Tri K team, has the most goals to her credit, having scored 9 times. The next highest were Jean Holtsinger, with 6 goals, Betty Townsend, with 5, and Ellie Townsend and Irene Cochrane, both who made 3.

After squad practice with the Alumnae on Saturday, November 30, the following teams were picked for the first and second varsities.

First Varsity		Second Varsity
Smith	R.W.	Peterson
Holtsinger	R.I.	Keim
Gillis	C.F.	Goodloe
Cochrane	L.I.	MacLean
O'Connor	L.W.	Hinton
Caldwell	R.H.	Peck
Burgin	C.H.	Garing
Cavert	L.H.	Cook
Newman	R.F.	Latimer
Elliott	L.F.	Garthoffner
Eberhart	G.	Sherwood

NINE NEW WORDSMITHS ANNOUNCED IN CHAPEL

The new Wordsmiths were announced Thursday morning in Chapel period. Amid the applause of the students, Virginia Gerdl, the president, read the following names: Juliana Bollen, Jean Cydendall, Peggy Corwin, Marian Cox, Rebecca Ainsworth, Sally Props, Naomi Saip, Edith Scheufler, and Edith Jones. As the girls reached the stage they were decorated with a green and black ribbon by Betty Lane, the vice-president. The other old Wordsmith members are Dorothy Cate, Virginia Lloyd, and Elizabeth Lee Haynes. Miss Louise Heron sponsors the organization.

The purpose of the organization is to stimulate creative writing among the members. Membership is a highly coveted honor, as it is the only honorary organization in Ward-Belmont.

"DIVINE POWER IN EACH OF US," DECLARES MR. STONE

"I have a few thoughts I want to bring to you," declared Mr. W. L. Stone, teacher of happy work in the T.M.C.A. Graduate School, in addressing the girls of Ward-Belmont, Wednesday, December 4.

"The first is the last statement in a letter written by a young man during the World War: 'Anyway, Dad, no matter what happens I am to be what I am becoming.'"

The second thought Mr. Stone brought before the students consisted of three questions asked by a prince in one of Tolstoy's stories.

1. What is the most important thing to be done?

2. Who are the most important people?

3. When is the time to begin?

The answers given to the prince were as follows: First, the next thing you see, the next thing before you; second, the person next to you, someone in need; third, now.

The third thought brought to the students by Mr. Stone was that there are two ways of solving a problem: First, on the basis of being "my brother's keeper, and, second on the basis of being "my brother's brother."

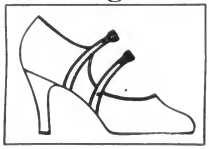
"To solve a problem on the basis of

(Continued on page 8)

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Young Ladies' Footwear



Snappy . . . and Swagger Styles

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Riding Habits — Moccasin Shoes — Golf Apparel and Sport Sweaters —

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Hair Cutting Shop for Girls—Mezzanine Floor

Students and Parents Headquarters
HOTEL HERMITAGE

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BITS ABOUT 'EM

Alumnae and Otherwise

Through some mysterious manner we will continue for another week. And we want to thank all those alumnae who have been so kind in trying to make this column a success.

And who should surprise us with a letter but Irene Poorman '25. She gives us such a lot of news about our classmates that we have been reminiscing ever since. Irene is teaching school is her home town of Fairfield, Ill.

Here's some sort of a kinship between Ward-Belmont and an alumna's brother. Luella Cudlip's '26, brother, Samuel, married Elizabeth Foggy ex '26, and they now live in New Loudon, Ia. Now, what does that make Samuel?

Ruth Martin '24, has finally graduated from the University of Illinois, and is, at the present time, teaching in the high school in McLeansboro, Ill. Write us, "Martin," there's so much we'd like to know.

And from a worthy Senior, Virginia Bacon '30, comes much news about the inhabitants in Lubbock, Texas—among them three alumnae. Mrs. Mike Barrier (Eppie Edsall '23) and son, young Mike, probably frequent the market and the sandpiles, and the playgrounds. And then there's Frances Conley '23, who, after graduating from here, went to Kidd-Key. She is teaching English in the high school in Lubbock. And Virginia's own sister, Blanche '23, is in the dean of Home Economic's office at the Texas Technological College which is located in Lubbock. Blanche graduated from Texas university in '25.

Active members of the alumnae association might urge non-members to join. Help us make this the largest alumnae association in any junior college.

Margaret Kipp '29 is staying at home this winter in Hastings, Nebr. as well as is Marie Barney, ex '30, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Peggy Clark ex '30, is attending business college at her home in Los Angeles, Calif., and Beatrice Friedman '29, is also going to business college in Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

"Rat" McGowan '29 writes from the University of Oregon that she's enjoying life, but always the same old cry of "missing W-B." She even had the heart to add a postscript saying that she missed getting her HYPHEN copy in on time. *Now* "Pat"—

By this time Thanksgiving is over, and the original P. S. C. didn't appear as was suggested a few weeks ago. We quote from her night letter: "Not able to make Nashville at Thanksgiving. Helen (Feller '29) writes it cannot be done. She gives no explanation and suggests Easter. Appreciate the invitation. My best to everyone."

Marjorie Barclay '29.

Frances Miller '29, writes illuminatingly from Miami Beach, Fla. Somehow or other there seems to be a Ward-Belmont colony there consisting of Estelle Meggs '27, Ruth Maule ex '29, and now Frances. And they talk over old times in a most enlightening manner.

We shall not tell all the news Frances gives us—you alumnae must wait until next time. However, Estelle does say that she can be reached in care of the University of Miami, and suggests in no mean manner that some of her classmates write her. And Ruth Maule asks that someone who knows "Chady's" (Strong '29) address, please say "Hello" for her. "Chaddy" may be found, inobscurely, we fear, at the Scottish Rite Dormitory, No. 434, Austin, Texas.

Alumnae, be getting prepared for Homecoming.

We must convey to "Tiny" Young '29, the wrath of "Art" Bowne '29, because of "Tiny's" cutting her hair. Fight it out among yourselves, girls. Fight it out.

Maurine Jacobsen '28, is a Kappa pledge at Iowa, and Dorothy Engle ex '30, is a Theta pledge at the same school.

After a year's time we finally received a letter just this a.m. from "Kat" Blackman '28. Success. And such news it did contain! We gave you a big hug and a squeeze right back again for all the nice things you said about Ward-Belmont, and besides that—here's one to grow on! And to the Ward-Belmont-Alpha-Chi-Omega alumnae—LOVE.

Busy, busy, busy. Thanksgiving is over with, and the Yuletide is about to begin. But a few of the old timers managed to drop around Thanksgiving Day to tell us, Hello, and that they were thankful that they—well!

Among those present on the hockey field to watch and play in the championship game were Marion Blackman '29 and her sister, "Bob" ex-'30 and Grace Neisler '29. A vision of lovliness dashed upon the hockey field and Louisa Warfield ex-'30 cheered lustily until Eleanor Robbins ex-'28 came along to help her out.

Whom should appear in chapel one day last week but an alumna and her sister. The Davis sisters, Glory ex '27 and Leslie '22, were dancing at the Princess theatre last week, and came out here several times to visit their alma mater. While in school Glory and Leslie appeared in amateur performances. They wrote to Dr. and Mrs. Blanton: "We want to express our appreciation of your kindness to us during our recent visit to Ward-Belmont. We were so happy to be at school again. You and all of our old friends made our visit such a perfect one that we are looking forward to the time when we may return." And we're looking forward to having you back again, Davises.

In the wedding of Virginia Wilson '27 to Mr. W. M. Haynes on November 27 appeared Muriel Monsell ex-'30 as maid of honor. This is rather a Ward-Belmont family for Mr. Haynes is Elizabeth Haynes' '26, brother.

And then came homecoming.

A Ward-Belmont club of New York has recently been organized in New York City for all the former students who are living and studying in that

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city now. This club is to be a permanent organization, and one that will in the future be useful to the Ward-Belmont girls going to New York to continue their work. They are planning to meet once a month regularly. The first meeting was held in Claire Harper's '28 apartment with Elizabeth Moore '22 elected as president, and Jean MacDonnell '29 as secretary. More about the New York club in the next issue. Claire can be found at 118 W. 76th St.; Elizabeth at 400 W. 110th St., Apt. 21; and Jean at 353 West 85th St., Apt. 8E.

The annual Christmas Charity party of the Ward-Belmont Indianapoolis club will be held on December 21 in that city. It is hoped that many of the girls who are attending school now will go to the party. A great work is being done by the Indianapolis alumnae for the money earned at this annual party is used for some charitable purpose in order to bring happiness during the Christmas season to those less fortunate. The Indianapolis girls are urged to go and contribute their time to making the party a success. All those interested get in touch with Mrs. A. Hernly Boyd, (Adelaide Lidikay ex-'25) 18 E. 37th St., Indianapolis.

Alumnae all over the place. Mrs. G. P. Joynes (Augusta Wherry '29), Mrs. W. M. Haynes (Virginia Wilson '27), and Aileen Mitchener '25 have been taking the campus by storm for the last several days.

And in blew Dorothy McClellan '21 who came up from New Orleans where she had been attending a Girl Scouts convention to look the campus over. Oh yes, we almost forgot—Mrs. W. L. Tietjen (Marlon Leighton '26) gave us a fleeting glance before leaving for Milwaukee.

More about Blanche Motley '27. In February she is going to the Samoan Islands to visit her uncle who is governor there.

And another traveler, Mrs. Blake Middleton (Margaret Goodwin '25) has just returned from Java where she and her husband have been living for the past three years. They are now in Augusta, Ga., visiting "Totsy's" parents, Col. and Mrs. Albert S. Goodwin, 905 Heard Ave.

Visiting Mrs. Charlie over Thanksgiving was Mrs. B. C. Crockett (Lizzie [illegible] Alexander '15) and her young son, Billy.

Mettie Taylor '29 has surely been seeing people in New York where she is attending Miss Finch's school. While she was basking in Child's early one morn whom should appear but Foss '29 and Frances '28 O'Donnell making the rounds of coffee and rolls. Oh, yes—ahem. And while Mettie was busily engaged in making a purchase in Best's whom should she run into but Martha Henderson ex-'29 who is attending Miss Maderla's in Washington, D. C.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Harrington (Emma Lou Heilbron ex '30) on November 28 a daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Harrington and young daughter are living in Texarkana, Texas.

Marriages

Sara Frances Hassell '26 to Mr. Fred Wade, on October 17, in New York City. At home at 542 West 112th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Virginia Wilson '27 to Mr. Walter Haynes, on November 27, at Sand Springs, Okla. At home, after January 1, in Winchester, Tenn.

Ethel Howell Smith ex-'29 to Mr. Walker Gordon Grasty, on November 23, in Nashville, Tenn. At home, after December 15, in the Leonard Apartments, Nashville, Tenn.

Ruth Moore ex-'29 to Mr. Hugh Carter, on November 13, in Atlanta, Ga. At home in Atlanta.

Ida Griffin '28, to Mr. Richard Jakes November 5, in Nashville, Tenn. At home temporarily, care of Mr. J. W. Jakes. Ordway Place, Nashville.

Nell Atwood '23, to Mr. William H. Armstrong on October 30, in Ferguson, Mo.

Lillys Duvall '25 to Mr. John C. Howe on October 27 in Arkansas City, Kans. At home in Ponca City, Okla.

Mary Garner Bozarth '26 to Mr. W. T. McCauley in Oklahoma City, Okla. in October. At home in Okmulgee, Okla. Care of McCauley Flower Shop.

Mary Ed Mecoy '22, to Mr. Harold Hall on November 12, in Bardwell, Ill. At home in Independence, Kans.

CORRIDOR CHARACTER

Hair—very dark brown, long and curly.
Eyes—brown.
Lips—small and red—like a strawberry.
Face—heart-shaped.
Expression—winsome.
Height—five feet and four inches.
Interests—Y., HYPHEN, and Wordsmiths.
Nose—short and tilted.
Weight—119.

Esther Conger and Elizabeth Hawkins simultaneously won the Hershey bar by guessing Charlotte Twitty as last week's Corridor Character. If the girls will come down to the HYPHEN office, they will each receive their portion of the bar.

Editor's Note—No Hershey bars may be won by members of the HYPHEN staff or their families!

I—

1. Have a wide knowledge of both sides of any question.
2. Am quite handsome. Few people are as good-looking as I.
3. People are always glad to have me come places. I'm the life of the party.
4. I always say the right things at the right time. When people do not agree with me they are not well informed on the subject.
5. Can entertain myself, and the people in general are only common individuals.
6. Class myself as an intellectual, and have my own guarantee that I am well versed on anyone and anything.

Who am I? I'm YOU!



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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

Christmas is on its way. It is almost here. But "Xmas" will never come. Why? "Listen, my children, and ye shall hear," because herein is a very subtle lesson in spelling.

Christmas, as a word, symbolizes the birth of Christ. His very name is contained within the word. It is an English word that we can be proud of—it is compact and contains its origin within it. Unfortunately, some of us are unable to group its significance although it actually stares us in the face. We lose sight of "Christ" and think only of a holiday on which gifts are exchanged. Thus the modern trend has been to shorten the word, since the first part meant nothing in particular. The happy result of this is "Xmas."

But "Xmas" in itself means nothing. That is sad but only too true. Christmas in December 25, but when is "Xmas"? If anyone can find the particular person who, first committed the fearful deed (and who will admit it?) and find the exact date on which it was first used, "Xmas" may be determined. Until then, however, repeat that Christmas may come but "Xmas" will never come.

And so, dear children, I reach the end of my tale. The spelling lesson involved is quite apparent, I believe. Let none of you who have listened to me be the evil trespasser, but make the word "Christmas" really mean something.

A cold wave has set in, and the reputation of the "sunny South" has received a deadly blow. But here in Ward-Belmont all hearts have not been frozen by the cold. If there be any who doubt this statement let me refer them to last Sunday morning. "Those above us" showed a warm-heartedness on that cold morn. For lo and behold, all the inmates were allowed, and even encouraged to sleep! Sad be the case of that lost soul who braved the icy blasts of Borus to crawl down to breakfast to eat in lonely solitude. Bells rang on unheeded and the halls were wrapped in blissful silence. The wind might moan around the corner, icicles might droop downward from the sill, but one could rapturously snuggle down among the covers and sleepily snap a warm and languid pair of fingers.

Let the barometer drop and go on dropping. Let us have real zero weather for a while. So long as "the authorities" have the "sunny South" in their hearts I shall not bemoan the cold. Nay, I shall even hope and pray for two more frozen Sundays, for sleep is very precious. How many will now join with me in calling, "Oh, what price Sleep?"

"It is Thursday night, November 28, 1929, at Ward-Belmont. The girls rush about from group to group; families are exhibited; the Puritan caps and scarfs are laughed at and ridiculed. Everywhere there is a feeling of tenseness and repressed emotion. The six o'clock bell rings with deep and resonant ponderance; its peals ride on their vibrating waves lengthes into every cranny and corner of the halls. Girls pour out of Heron; girls pour out of Pembroke; girls pour out of Senior. Everyone rushes through the cold, crisp air up to the dining room.

"Inside the doors to Middlemarch the passageway is packed with girls in Puritan garb. Guests are rudely crowded to one side; families are pushed and shoved around. Again and again the girls are admonished to keep quiet and not to crowd, but to no avail. The doors to the dining room are finally opened, and then "on sweeps the thundering herd." Irregardless of persons or age the crowd surges merrily on, and tables are seized and reserved for groups of friends.

"The uproar dies a little, and the confusion clears. The girls have taken wonderful care of themselves and are happily seated with their friends. But the guests? They stand bewildered in the aisle—the tables are all reserved; it seems that there is no place for them who were especially invited. Family groups are separated through the lack of space. Is there one group of girls anywhere who will give up their cherished places to the guests? No. It is Thanksgiving Day, a day of hospitality—but the guests are ignored."

This is a picture of our Thanksgiving dinner. Shall we ignore its challenge? Interpret the picture as you will. Then make up your mind, and remedy the situation.

CAMPUS COLUMN

Did you know that there are twins in school in name only? But that is something to have a twin about anyway. There are two girls in school with exactly the same name. In other words, there are two Mary Elizabeth Morgans. One is from Louisiana and the other is from Arkansas. So after the name of the blond Mary Elizabeth Morgan from Arkansas (if you notice her mail or the table card or any correspondence) is (Ark.). And after the blond Mary Elizabeth Morgan from Louisiana name (if you notice her correspondence, I just know you'll go around spying from now on) is (La.). They are both blondes, but otherwise they aren't even a little bit alike. Twins in name but not in—you finish it.

What about the fire drill at eight o'clock in the morning? It is a wonder that the towels didn't freeze in their tracks while we were all answering. "One," "two." We will certainly be fire-drilled properly by the time this year is over. Some Senior-Middles were heard to remark that the theme song of the fire drill should be "Through the Smoke and Flame."

Club Village is going radio. The Tri-K's new radio, a gift from the new girls in the club this year is the grandest thing imaginable. Will you believe it, they get Jean Goldkette, Guy Lombardo and Coon Sanders all in one evening sometimes. The Agora radio is really a beauty and some radio fans got the said three orchestras on that radio last Saturday night too. The X. L.'s have a new one and, of course, the Del Ver's had theirs last year. The old victrolas certainly are suffering nowadays. Except in the houses where there are no radios —as yet. But where there is life there is hope!

Have Sarah Ison and Jessie Burgin tell you all about the ride they had in the Candler's airplane. Sarah wasn't quite so scared as Jessie, for Jessie was vowing to jump out of the plane if they didn't take her down to the good old "terra firma." I think both of them will enjoy their next airplane ride much more than the first. The first hundred times are the hardest, you know.

Dear Uncle Sid: Well, we are so glad to find a relative of Sidney Lanier's right in this school. Frances Lamar is one and the same. There is a terrible mistake somewhere for "Finnie" really isn't his great niece or whatever she would be. Someone got the idea that he was a relative of "Finnie's" while he was only a very dear friend of her grandmother. And Miss Ross wanted "Finnie" to give a little talk about his life and such in her English Lit. class. So Miss "Finnie" is practicing her little speech and recalling little incidents and happenings with dear Uncle Sid. Success at last!

I wonder how Bunny Gillis knows that two pt.'s make a qt. That is so terribly complicated that I just can't quite get the point. So subtle, don't you know.

P. S. S. Seniors signed their homecoming blanks last Tuesday. Only twelve more days and we'll be enroute.

WATCH THIS SPACE

To the people in the Pit. Get ready to help your Driver win the Milestones race. She may break a record.

Get Ready for the Race

THE EAGLE FEATHER

(The following articles won their authors entrance to Wordsmiths. The remainder will be printed next week):

The Lover Speaks

Thou art a singing bird in the hush
Of a dark forest;
A bell in a deserted tower.
Thy beauty is like candle-light
In the sanctuary of a church—
It gleams unfailingly and lights
My way tonight.
Thou art at once child and woman,
Woman wise.
Thine eyes tell a story of lovely moments
Long since past;
But thy soul cherishes
Them.

Thou art the world and all
To me—thou—

The Loved One Answers

Thou art a strong white dove
Flying unfalteringly;
The image of strength and love.
Thy will be immersed unto mine,
Two wills be one unceasingly—
Thy every wish becomes my command,
Thy very tear a sigh.
Thou art at once to me, dear one,
Lover—and friend.
My heart is thine—to keep—or to
Destroy, by thy will.
Trust thou thine own.
Faithful to be.

Thou art the sun and stars
And moon—thou—

—*Sallie Props, '31.*

Conversation

Out of the dust you made me,
Nothing but the low powdery dust;
Fashioned me of clods and raised me high
Up to the top of the earth to lie,
But to be what, you God who made me?

I have sung to those of my kind,
I have torn the earth from which I was made,
Gone to war and ruined my kin
God, in what else may I sin?
Tell me—so I may be off to find.

A heart you gave me, one to course
The blood through my veins enliven me,
A mind to think with, an arm to fight,
A mouth to speak, eyes to see the light;
And two legs with which you gave me force.

Dust I was made of, to dust I shall go
God in Heaven, what is this for?
What is the reason, what do I do?
I worship thee, I adore thee, sacrifice too,
But where will all my toils go?

Back to the earth to be powdery day,
I came out once, God made me, but I go
Back to my kin, and the soil I've torn;
Kill me today, would I had not been born,
Oh, God! Put me
Back to dust, where I came from, to stay.

—*Naomi Saip, '31.*

Idle Dreams Before My Desk

I

A dancing blue feather
Upon my pen
Writes you these love words.
Do you mind if I should trace
These fairy tales to you?
The motion of my charming plume
Quite captivates me.

II

Pierrot on my ash tray.
Smile or scowl
Or even laugh at me.
I say,
No matter what you will!
But friend, lean closer, Pierrot
If friend you be,
Weep not!
You see
I've claimed all bitter tears for my very own.

—*Marian Coz, '31.*

"Never let yourself think that you cannot accomplish what you set out to do."—*Henry Ford.*

"Men are not a canvas upon which to create a picture; women are."—*Edward Molyneux.*

"I am not a gentleman. I am far beyond that."—*George Bernard Shaw.*

ADVENTURES OF ABIGAIL MATILDA

Soliloquy

Dear me and whopee only twelve more days and I shall be on ye hon. special and I hope I have a lower berth too. I suppose I shall have to show how cultured I have become here let me see I shall kiss mother lightly on the cheek I shall give dad no father my perfectly gloved hand I shall say my how nice you are all looking hasn't little brother grown though yes I like my school immensely it is so broadening dear me they don't know the half of that last remark and I shall keep a nonchalant superior manner saying father could you wait till later to use the car I simply must dash over to Jane's and tell her all about it he can't refuse me I wonder what I shall get for me I suppose some more clothes goodness knows I need them I wonder how soon Jack and Harry will show up after I get home I hope they don't fool around too long it would be grand to bring a frat pin or ring back to school I hope grandad loosens up with some of his extra cash too and it wouldn't hurt Edwin to show up in his new car either let's see only twelve more days isn't so bad guess I'll start packing tomorrow I really ought to write Harry again but I guess I'll do that when I write home for more money tonight ah me only twelve more days—

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thank the Lord the song is ended but the malady lingers on.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: You wouldn't say that would you?

EDITOR'S NOTE: I would if I could, I would if I could!

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I'll get you for that.

SPORTS

In Letters to Mussolini

Dear Mr. Mussolini:

I am Napoleon's keeper, and am writing this because Napoleon is a little ill from too much love of living. Anyway, there hasn't been much happening around this school since Thanksgiving. Napoleon sent me wandering to the gym one day to watch the young ladies at their training. I was right interested in their little dances, their attempts to skip like fairies and their dainty outfits. What just won my heart, though, was this game they play with the round brown ball and run around so much, getting all out of breath for no reason at all. They tell me that practice in this has just begun, so I imagine that you'll be more interested a bit later.

Guess I'd better tell you that Napoleon's roommate called him a piece of furniture the other day, not meaning any offense, only Napoleon didn't exactly understand. (That's why I'm writing this.)

Love to your honor,

HENRY VIII.

Postscript: Ann Bolyn sends her best regards.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

"One reason we await television with eager anticipation is to see if the morning exercise announcer is actually going through the exercises himself."—*Brunswick Pilot.*

"Los Angeles woman suing for divorce, tells the court her husband spanked her, pulled her ears and hair, slammed a door on her arm, and then locked her up in a closet. She says she doesn't know why he did these things. We do. He was mad at her."—*Macon Telegraph.*

"Count Keyserling says that the American people have no sense of humor, and if they don't think that's funny they haven't."—*New York Evening Post.*

"Uncle Sam fired a West Point cadet for getting married. Apparently the military authorities do not believe that a cadet should take up matrimony until he has learned how to fight."—*Chicago Daily News*

"The Senate now beats all Gaul. While all Gaul, according to Caesar, was divided into three parts, the Senate is now divided into Republicans, Democrats, coalition, old guard, insurgents, polecats, sons of the wild jackass, and young Turks."—*Springfield Republican.*

"The British bishop of Manchester says he fears a struggle for mastery between men and women. Where has His Reverence been that he doesn't know that was settled quite a while ago?"—*Macon Telegraph.*

"Women don't marry geniuses, says a psychologist. No, it takes a genius to escape."—*London Opinion.*

"A domestic servant has written a play. It is said to contain one good situation after another."—*The Humorist.*

SOCIETY EVENTS

An informal dinner for nine was served at the Tri K club house, Wednesday evening, November 27. Dorothy Black, Bunny Eberhart, Sammy Jo Hays, Sue Yager, "Mayo" Weinold, Mary Franke Lemmon, Eleanor Neckerman, Sara Jane Fairhead, and Nancy Newman all agreed that they ate too much on the fatal night before Thanksgiving, but none of them forsook the turkey.

To help celebrate Thanksgiving day, Carol Miller, Mary Goss, Gayel Baker, and Charlotte Henschel had a foursome luncheon at the Del Ver club house, Thursday noon.

Three Turkey-day breakfasts were held at the club houses, the largest was at the A. K. house, which included Frances Hubbell, Virginia Rigden, Carolyn Brooks, Jane Sipher, Jane Smith, Florence Moss, Mary Perkins, and Maurine Hoadley. Seven Anti-Pans met at their club house, as an appetizer for the big meal to follow. They were Irene Cochran, Betty Seagar, Bettie Shannon, Mary Jane Rowe, Dorothy Burdette, Arabelle Rowe, and Betty Lybrook. A breakfast for four was held by Helen Donker, Janet Donker, Jane Nowels, and Kitty Russell, at the X. L. club house.

Only one club house dinner was served on Saturday evening, November 30, which proved the fact that Thanksgiving was enough for most of us. Those hardy souls who ate once more at the Agora house were Shirley Lege, Rose Flentye, Sue Yager, Betty O'Donnell, Nancy Lang, Jessie Burgin, Jane Clark, Betty Seager, Irene Cochran, Marion Lyles, Francis Lamar, Florence Miller, and Mary Jane Rowe.

The Agora and the Tri K club houses were used for the two breakfast groups on Sunday morning, December 8. No doubt the thirteen who met at the Agora house were not superstitious, and they included Jane Clark, Betty Seager, Irene Cochran, Marion Lyles, Frances Lamar, Florence Miller, Mary Jane Rowe, Shirley Lege, Sue Yeager, Betty O'Donnell, Jessie Burgin, Rose Flentye, and Nancy Lang.

The Tri-K breakfast included ten bacon enthusiasts, among them were: Eleanor De Witt, Elizabeth Elliot, Mary Stewart Burger, Nancy Newman, Ann Ryther, Florence Sellevold, and Mayo Wienold.

Betty Lyons and Elsie Stern believe in twosomes evidently, for they were the total guest list at the F. F. club house for dinner on Saturday, December 7. They should have stayed all night, for they were present at the same place for breakfast the next morning with the addition of Mary Pray, Madeline Knox, Lucille Zarne, Marjorie Leopold, Jeannette Peak, Ann Gairing, and Marion Gairing.

Harriet Miller's birthday was a special event, for her mother visited her, and was included in the guest list of a group who celebrated at the A. K. house, Friday, November 29, at dinner. The others were: Eleanor Wolf, Jean Thomas, Florence Moss, Virginia Jarrett, Dorothy Floyd, and Isabelle Barras.

The Osiron club held a dinner meeting at Belle Meade Country Club Wednesday evening, December 4. Bridge and dancing occupied time before dinner and the program, consisted of a vocal solo by Florence Hoffman and clever dramatic readings by Katherine Whelan and Annie Colvard. Informal toasts were given and an excellent dinner served. Those who made up the group considered it a most pleasant evening.

If careful planning will make the Tri-K dance a success, it will certainly be popular, for the arrangements are in charge of Elizabeth Elliot and the participants have worked hard preparing for the big event, which will take place this evening in the gym.

The majority of the members of the Del Ver club made up a dinner party at Belle Meade Country Club, Monday evening, December 2. They left by bus at four o'clock, the time between their arrival and the serving of dinner was occupied by bridge and dancing. This provided the entertainment after dinner also.

The interesting program of toasts was arranged to spell out by individual letters the word Del Ver, and were given as follows: D—Mariam Woodside; E—Elizabeth Ashburn; L—Carol Miller; V—Gretchen Kolliner; E—Helen Fawcett; R—Miss Hollinger. A charming program of songs and reading followed, interspersed by group singing of the Del Ver songs; Mary Goss and Carol Miller gave a clever parody involving most of the club members and Margaret McKenzie gave a very appropriate "Santa Claus" reading. Miss Hollinger's toast and the well-organized program made the evening unusually pleasant for all who attended.

SYMPHONY IN 45°

First Movement—Brilliante: All the world's a stage—a stage—all the world—all—the—all the world's a stage—a stage—r-r-r—and we—and we are merely—merely stagehands—stage—hands—s-t-a-g-e-h-a-n-d-s—

Second Movement—Cantabile: All the world's a stage and some of us—yea verily some of us—some—some of us fall—aye, fall through the trap door—THE TRAP DOOR! *BOOM!*

Third Movement—Allegro: All the world's a stage—a stage—but most of us—and most of us sit in the gallery—the gallery—and hiss at the performers—the performers—most of us hiss—yea, hiss—at the performance—aye, the performers as we sit in the gallery!

Fourth Movement—Finale: All the world's a stage—aye—a stage—and our lives—our lives—(oh life is sad, is sadddd) our lives are held—are truly held—behind curtains—aye, behind CURTAINS! Behind the curtains—the curtains of our LIVESSSSS!

Senior-Mid during a history test can't decide whether to put down afraid or scared. The result is "scared."—*Ez.*



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DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



NOVEMBER 29, 1929

Hyphened the whole morning and got a few horse laughs and a sore throat in the bargain. A tryly great life. Did learn in the doing how to paste jokes on queer paper and that no one can correct my copy as I can. They don't seem to understand the cute little mistakes I make on purpose.

Got one lone letter the whole day long from a misplaced girl friend of past history. How these people do pop up.

In the eve to another of these stupendous "Rec" Hall dates. Not bad at that, but I wasn't spell-bound, and I sometimes think the lad would have had it so. And tongue-tied, too, if he'd had his way. Such is the life of a boarding-school miss.

NOVEMBER 30 1929

Decided, in favor of all the gods of sleep to cut my one class and retired accordingly to bed after breakfast where I spent the long hours of the morn until Bing inquired for the last time, would I make it, the bed. or would she throw water on me. It seems she wouldn't and because I didn't want my roommate to commit any unseemly, untimely, or unladylike act, I arose—took up the duty and made the bed, AND—that's where I got the five million dollars. Don't be alarmed, it's just a heat stroke.

Having seen the movie at night only three times I declined the invite of several fair femmes, to partake of same in their company, providing I had twenty cents, which I hadn't. It's a good thing Pat was of a generous nature at home.

This seems to run to long sentences, but I swear a swear on any proof reader what cuts it.

DECEMBER 1, 1929

Hey, hey-rah-rah—boom, boom—Santa Claus, only nineteen days afore Xmas! and not only that, but sleeping through breakfast for all the little under-graduates. Too much excitement all in one day. No church even at home, but listened to extensive carol singing all morning, so felt properly spiritual anyway.

Clubbed the afternoon away and got me chilly and heated by degrees while running up to tea. I even think I'll get a cold in some form.

Some more snow to enthus Bing and I thought the girl would break her neck leaning out of the window to catch it on her tongue. To sleep with much hilarity and severe shushes from the moniters. Sad, but true.

DECEMBER 2, 1929

A slight fire drill after breakfast to the great surprise and disgust of most of us, although I managed to survive. The wet towel neigh froze in my mitten, just to signify how cold it is.

Spent the rest of the entire day getting kicked out of the HYPHEN office to make room for the *Milestone's* staff. It's a lot of bother but we're promised some year-book.

Had a discouraging visit from one of my little day student friends, after hours. I think I'll turn out to be disappointed in love. What fun!

Danced at the gym until duty called me to my studies.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1929

Had a slight case of low down all the day. Did recover some what at a late hour, but found me no joy the rest of the day. Miss Virginia seemed to think I'd finished this, so it gave me an idea and I think I'll call it a day.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1929

Filled out home-going blanks with all the vim and joy in several centuries. That's the first time I've been glad to have a pencil in my hand since September. Tomorrow I feel sure the family will write me a little skit saying come home this way when I have already signed up for the opposite route.

To club and got me severely reprimanded for not having been photographed before this. If the secretary had only understood the state of eruption my finances were in—!

Some small parts of concentration in—preparation for the morrow and then to a noisy sleep. At least that's what Bing said.

Ever yours.
BELLE WARD.

IMPRESSIONS

"Dot" Floyd—Diana; vaudeville skits; Christmas trees; a wire-haired terrier; a hunter's gay red coat; individuality.

"Chunky" Candler — "Flippity Flop"; Chatterbox; blue middies and red berets; "Spirit of Youth"; airplanes; kid sisters; friendliness.

"Kay" Baughan—"He's a jolly good fellow"; Krazy Kate; independence; college songs; court jesters; portable victrolas; impudence clowns.

Sara Ison—Southern charm; promqueen; week-end parties; violets; Packard coupes; portraits; colorful landscapes.

"Dot" Kerrigan—Caracul coats; Tan Hudsons; loyalty; picnics; a Roman-striped scarf; carefree students; coca-colas.

Buy some lilies
For Mary McGrath.
She said, "Don't you love
To study math?"

"Mary, my darling, you must get up."
"Oh, mother, I'm not able."
"Mary, my darling, you've gotta get up
We need the sheets for the table."
—*Ex.*

"The sting of a reprocah is the truth of it."

"No gains without pains."

"When the well is dry we know the worth of water."

"Vanity backbites more than malice."

"Success has ruined many a man."
—*Ex.*

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The crisp, cool air crackles with excitement; the whole crowd sways to the music; the band now the center of attraction is a splash of yellow, across the stadium the gleaming purple sends back an answering note; the team trots out on the field, bright in their clean jerseys; it is a decidedly colorful event.



Surely the team must not outshine your costume; you can't be dull and drab in such an atmosphere; a gay scarf from Loveman's is one of the things to add the necessary note of color. And Loveman's has them in every shape and shade.

A long, narrow scarf, tied close to the neck is smart, worn with a winter ensemble; it should be in a neutral shade with gay pattern blending with the rest of your costume.



To add a colorful touch to a dark coat or dress Loveman's show triangles and squares of silk, in geometric, floral and tapestry designs, give you a festive air for the Thanksgiving Game.

IN THE WAKE OF THE "Y"

After the singing of a number of selected songs, Bunny Eberhart spoke at sunday school, December 1, on the subject of "Openness." In discussing this subject she suggested various ways in which we may show openness. The first is to be a receiver of nature. Be alert, and react to your surroundings. Secondly, have openness with people in general. We should be sensitive to other people's moods. We should unfold and be our natural selves.

Bunny advised us to be willing to go more than half way with others. The third point brought out was openness with God is always there, if we will only take Him.

Instead of having the usual vesper service in Chapel Sunday evening, December 8, all the girls who wish to do so may attend the vesper service at Vanderbilt. Dr. Rhinehold Niehlue is to be the speaker and his subject will be "Things New and Old."

At the Y.W.C.A. cabinet meeting of December 1 each member of the cabinet gave a report of all her activities as a cabinet member up to this time.

Helen Rogers: "Gee, Mignon, but you're gaining weight!"

"Minnie": "Yes, people are having fun at my expanse."

Mary Purnell: "So your boy friend has given up the manufacturing of doughnuts for a living?"

Mary Elizabeth Bunn: "Yes, he said he became sick and tired of the hole business."

Miss McKettrick: "Do you know how to swim?"

Audrey Dowdy: "No, I sink before I can find out!"

Alice Kirkpatrick: "When Mary Ryan comes to dinner she is always highly perfumed with that loud-smelling curling fluid."

Elizabeth Proctor: "Yes, she certainly is headstrong."

The Senior-Mids do not lack ingenuity and boldness. For instance, the other day when Miss Brooks' French class was playing ye good old game, "Heavy, heavy hangs over your head," Elizabeth Phillips held teacher's own pencil over her head, thereby causing the sentence, which was singing "Frere Jacques" and accompanying it with appropriate dancing, to fall on the unsuspecting one.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

The dictionary defines luck as: that which happens by chance, fortune or lot. See if you agree with the opinions of a few of the people here at school in regard to this elusive subject.

Marifrances Norviel believes that there is such a thing as luck, and that everyone is favored, although some people do not realize it. She does not think that certain people are born under a "lucky star" but that all are given an equal chance. "There is always one person," she says, "that may be considered a 'denis ex machina' and, in a way, one's fate is decided through the will of other people."

Pattie Harral says she is never lucky in games of any kind. "If there's anything to be won, it invariably goes to the other person," she insists. However, she considers herself lucky in many instances in everyday life.

Mrs. Tate, hostess in Fidelity Hall, says that, being a Presbyterian, she believes in fate to a certain degree, and that what is to be, will be. Very often it seems to her that some people are "born lucky" and attain success without the slightest effort on their part, while others who are more worthy seem to be continually followed by bad luck.

Julia Callahan believes in astrology. According to her point of view, a chosen number of people are born under a "lucky star," while others may have only one streak of luck throughout their entire life. She proves herself an optimist, though, when she says that, she is exceptionally lucky in all things.

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AFTERNOON TEA
3:00 to 5:00

SUNDAY DINNER
5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

THINGS THAT DON'T INTEREST ME

The present whereabouts of Colonel Lindbergh—How to play drums in ten lessons—the Cubs—practice fire drills—calliope music. Letters received—"Ace-high"—who killed cock robin—Sunday magazine sections—population of Kalamazoo. How many credits one has—burnt peanuts—red cough medicine—"Believe It or Not"—applesauce—Piccolo Pete—Boy Scouts—expert advice from one who knows—silent movies—trash like this!—*Ex.*

A young lady had just opened up a bank account. After she had so much money she was given a check book and characteristic of some women, she began buying right and left. One day the clerk told her she had no more money in the depository and that she had overdrawn several dollars.

"But," was her answer, "I've still got money here. Look, there's lots more blank checks here."

An American and an Englishman were arguing as to which country used the smallest number of words to express themselves. The Englishman insisted that the American used more words than they did, so the American, seeing a man come out of a cafeteria, asked the Englishman how he would ask the man what he had to eat.

"What have you eaten?" said the Englishman.

The American said, "We would say, 'G'eat.'"—*Ex.*

Courtesy comes from good training,
Courtesy comes from the home,
You may be really feigning,
But you do not know it alone,
Politeness in speech is apparent
Or anywhere else it may be
I do not censor, I dare not
But this is for you and for me.
If you wish to be respected
And want everyone to say
"There goes a fellow who's courteous"
Politeness is the only way.
—*Ex.*

Over this mighty nation of ours has spread a plague by which everyone, man, women, and child, has been affected. Yes! it is that deadly thing—the yo yo! Through the land it has spread, devastating the country. Children cry for it—grown people would walk a mile for it. How long will this terrible er-epidemic last? Who knows? And now we wonder what next???—*Ex.*

Things one never sees them without:
1. "Happy" Griffin and a grin.
2. "Bobbie" Reed and that Beta pin.
3. Betty O'Donnell and shaggy locks.
4. "Lil' Frances and little socks.



They can buy this, they can buy that . . . But all the money in the mint can't purchase the one truly personal gift — *your photograph.*



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8x10 portraits per dos. 1 of 12 done in genuine water colors and framed in handsome case . $20.00

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CIRO'S CHEVALIER DE LA NUIT, $5 an ounce or 65c a dram.

HOUBIGANT'S IDEAL PERFUME, $4 an ounce, or 50c a dram.

CARON'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT PERFUME, $2 a dram.

CIRO'S BOUQUET ANTIQUE, $5.50 an ounce, or 70c a dram.

CORDAY'S FEMME DU JOUR $5 an ounce or 65c a dram.

CARON'S L'INFINI PERFUME, $6 an ounce or 75c a dram.

—MAIN FLOOR.

at LEBECK'S

THANKSGIVING GUESTS AT WARD-BELMONT

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Hoffman, Kansas City, Mo.—Florence
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Mitchner, Sumner, Miss.—Frances
Mr. May, Davenport, Iowa—Florence's brother
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. May, Davenport, Iowa—Florence
Mr. Henry Bullard, Washington and Lee University—Virginia Sheafe
Mrs. M. C. Conger, Kansas City, Mo. —Esther
Dr. and Mrs. N. F. Law, Fairbury, Ill.—Alice
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Dowdy and child, Chicago, Ill.—Elizabeth
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Thomas, Indianapolis, Ind.—Emmalee
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith and son, Tiptonville, Tenn.—Sarah
Mrs. V. A. Funk and daughter, Vincennes, Ind.—Kathryn
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cochrane, Bristol, Tenn.—Alys Macie
Mrs. R. C. Horner, Bristol, Va.—Daphne
Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Smith and daughter, Bristol, Tenn.—Dana
Mr. and Mrs. William Householder, Fairbury, Ill.—Maralis
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thomas and daughter, Birmingham, Ala.—Helen
Dr. and Mrs. Edward Barr, Owensboro, Ky.—Elizabeth
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rayburn, Cleveland, Ohio—Jane
Mr. and Mrs. Putman (N. B.), Fort Wayne, Ind.—Mary Helen
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sears, Bloomington, Ind.—Frances
Mrs. M. O. Kelley, Tryon, N. C.—Bertha and Martha Lubeck's grandmother
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Clarke, Chevy Chase, Md.—Mildred
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Burger, Dayton, Ohio—Vera Schlenker's uncle and aunt
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barber, Birmingham, Ala.—Warrene
Mr. James Alexander, Louisville, Ky. —Helen Donker
Mrs. Alice Scott Swyer, Chicago, Ill. —Scottie
Mr. and Mrs. John R. Gardner, Martin, Tenn.—Virginia
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Frantz, Wauwatosa, Wisc.—Jane
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Morgan, Little Rock, Ark.—Mary Elizabeth
Judith McCormick's brothers and sisters
Mrs. R. J. Wiggs, Memphis, Tenn.—Mildred
Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Ford, Chattanooga, Tenn.—Julia
Mr. and Mrs. O. Baughan, Dayton, Ohio—Kathryn
Mr. Asa G. Candler, Jr., Atlanta, Ga. —Helen and Mary
Mrs. R. M. Anderson, Shawnee, Okla. —Lucy Eastman
Mrs. Annie M. Gayden, Leland, Miss. —Anne
Friend of Elberta Gooch who will come with her brother, Mr. Horace Gooch
Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rebman and son, Courtland, Ala.—Annie Kate
Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor and son, Elyria, Ohio—Mary

"DIVINE POWER IN EACH OF US," DECLARES MR. STONE

(Continued from page 1)

being 'my brother's keeper' would necessitate fighting, a compromise, or being dominating; and such an attitude will not solve the problem," declared Mr. Stone.

Solving a problem by being "my brother's brother" would be sharing on a basis of respective personalities.

"In this way each person would have his say and give of his best. It would be a new thing and we would come out with new ideas which are ours," according to Mr. Stone.

Mr. Stone believes that this relationship would show that we might find God in each other.

Embarrassing moments — When you've been running in the hall and have bumped into Mrs. Charlie—And you can't light a Murad!—*Ex.*

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DECEMBER 7, 1929

MISSING

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

Volume XIX | NASHVILLE, TENN., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1929 | Number 13

KUBLA KLAN KLUB ENTERTAIN WITH ANNUAL DANCE

In the fantastic dreamland of romantic Pierrot and Pierette, the Kubla Klan Klub entertained club members and guests at their annual club dance in the gymnasium on Saturday, December 7. Life-size silhouettes in white on a black background covering the entire dance-space outlined the peculiar romance of Pierrot and Pierette as they looked down on the large number assembled for the evening. Miss Morrison, Marion Lyles, Nancy Newman and Elizabeth Elliott received the guests and a full program of dance music followed the reception. Serenades, black and whites, and charming dancers characterized the special feature of the evening, enthusiastically received. Marion Nicholson, dressed as Pierrot with a mandolin "to serenade the fair Pierettes," sang a charming love song, accompanied by Mrs. Humphrey. Gail Hinton and Ann Newman, wooed by Margaret Miller, also as Pierrot, presented a most popular interpretative dance. Black curtains opened on the last number of the feature and disclosed six Pierrots and Pierettes, dressed in the black and white, with gay red balloons, who presented a most clever dance number. The twelve who took part were coached by Miss Jantzer and included Mary Franke Lemmon, Mary Burger, Sara Fairhead, Mary Van Dyke, Vivian Brown, Jessie Simmons, as Pierettes, and their ardent lovers were Lora Gillis, Bunny Gillis, Eleanor DeWitt, Rose Fleming, Eleanor Neckerman and Bertha Lubeck as gallant Pierotts.

Led by Miss Morrison and Marion Lyles, the grand march preceded the serving of refreshments of cake and mousse. Reluctant guests departed at the concluding strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

Much credit is due Miss Morrison, the club officers, Elizabeth Elliott as Dance Chairman, and Miss Jantzer for their success in presenting a most pleasant occasion and splendid organization.

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

First Year—Frances Causey (all A's), Huldah Creek, Esther Johnson, Eleanor Sherwood, Virginia Walker.

Second Year—Mary Currell Berry, Jeannette Caldwell, Ella Lu Creek, Susie Cheairs Hughes, Marjorie Sherwood, Kathryn Swiggart.

Third Year—Audrey Bradford, Laura Duke, Miriam Hotchkiss, Elizabeth Manning, Dorothy Lassers.

Fourth Year—Ann Lee Akers, Mary Dean Clement, Frances Gibson, Geneva Jones, Bertha Lubeck, Florence Martin, Annie Kate Rebman, Mary Elizabeth Ryan, Frances Dean Smith, Josephine Smith, Sarah May Smith, Jane Sutherland, Mary Evelyn Thomas.

CHRISTMAS SPIRITS

Spirits of Christmas. Spirits kept intact and unopened for about thirty years. The prices are high and the samples excellent. It is not a question of where to get it—there are the "speakeasies"—but how to get it. Your best friends will tell you. But watch out that the copper on the corner doesn't scent anything. When you've slipped on the ice something's likely to break and you'll be spreading your true Christmas spirits.

Expression Classes Present Annual Christmas Play

"On Christmas Eve the heart of man yearn especially to do honor to the Christ Child," so Ward-Belmont has for the last fifteen years enjoyed a beautiful Christmas play presented by Miss Townsend's advanced expression classes on the Sunday evening before vacation. This year the pageant, "Eager Heart," written by A. M. Buxton, of the "Eager Heart Society," was given Sunday, December 15.

An attitude of reverence was inspired in the audience when the lights were lowered for a few minutes previous to the beginning of the play, and the atmosphere was maintained throughout.

The play opened with a prologue in which Eager Sense and Eager Fame bid Eager Heart to come with them to the crowded mart to greet the king. She refused and the angelic voices whispered, 'He comes here—the King comes." Then a poor and nameless man and women bearing a babe came to the house of Eager Heart. She took them in, but left to find the King.

The scene changed to that of a plain where the shepherds were seen discussing the coming of the king and disbelieving it. The three kings then appeared, following the star. Angelic voices were heard and the curtains closed as gifts were given at the manger crib.

Next were seen Eager Sense and Eager Fame as they rushed up to the closed door only to find it was "too late—too late," and they lamented, "Woe for the blindness that set our thoughts too high to know him who cometh in simplicity."

The final scene disclosed the Holy Family and the angelic host. Love revealed in the Child welcomed the repentant, the shepherds and kings.

Soft Christmas hymns were sung all during the play which added to its beauty. Miss Boyer coached all of the chorus work. The costumes used were copied from pictures of the Fra Angelica Angels.

PERSONAGES OF THE PLAY

Prologue spoken by Mariam Woodside
Eager Heart.....Frances Jenkins
Eager Fame.....Elizabeth Nellums
Eager Sense.....Martha Lambert
Joseph .....Dorothy Floyd
Mary .....Amelia Moore
An Aged Shepherd...Nancy Noland
A Shepherd Lad...Margaret Cartter
Old Shepherd..Nancy Belle Campbell
Young Shepherds .....
Katherine Blair, Helen Seldomridge
King of Power and Wisdom.....
.....Aileen Leargin
King of Faithful Watch.....
.....Elizabeth Colean
King of the Lonely Heart.....
.....Frances Faust
Angels who Prepare the Home...
...Evanel Nixon, Louise Huddleston
The Angels who bring Glad Tiding—
Irene Calhoun, Malavon Dennis, Martha Evans, Ann and Marion Gairing, Lucille Goolsby, Eunice Hill, Kathryn Loonan, Berenice MacGregor, Dorothy Pickens, Marion Roberts, Sue Schaeffer, Hazel Strosnider, Leuna Tatham, Martha Walker, Catherine Whelan, Christine Goolsby, Julia Harris, Clarabelle Jacobs, Roberta Cole, Juliana Bollen, Rosalie Hulberg.

Those who presented the play were Senior and Certificate Students of the School of Expression.

ADVANCED STUDENTS GIVE CHAPEL PROGRAM

Three Ward-Belmont students gave a musical program before the student body during Chapel period Friday, December 13.

Jean Barry gave an organ solo, "Prelude and Fugue" in F major, by Balch; Celestine Beamer, a violin solo, "Aria in A," and Martha Lindsey, piano, "Legende," by Stojoirski, "Polish Song," by Chopin-Liszt, and "Dance of the Gnomes," by Liszt.

Martha Lindsey has been studying music at Ward-Belmont for three and a half years under Miss Amelia Thorne. She received her Ward-Belmont diploma in 1927, and her piano certificate in 1928. Martha is to leave in January for New York where she will study for several years under Sigismund Stojoirski.

YULETIDE SPIRIT INFECTS ART CLASSES

The acknowledging of the frightfully infectious Yuletide spirit has even succeeded in creeping into our Art classes. We find Miss Kheiralla instructing her class in the lore of the linoleum, which, with the application of much labor and whittling, reaches the semblance of a wood-block. And then her Art class, being what it is, we have eventually the basic motif for an exceedingly arty Christmas card. Even St. Nick has turned modernistic, according to the finished interpretation of the good soul. At least according to some of these budding young geniuses. Among the more fortunate individuals that seemed just simply more gifted in the art of blocking good blocks, or we might say, of cutting wood cuts, we find the names of Lelis Johnson, Alice Kirkpatrick, Alice Falconer, Marian Crawford, Ann Elder, Elinor Neckerman, Gretchen Kollmer and Betty Lyons. After giving them this most excellent write-up, we wish they would realize that the HYPHEN staff would most surely appreciate the receiving of one of their wood-cut Christmas cards (genuinely hand-tinted) even if it was a most modernistic Santa Claus.

LAWRENCE GOODMAN TO BROADCAST

Over WSM December 19

During the regular Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music broadcast on Thursday evening, December 19, over WSM, Lawrence Goodman, head of the Ward-Belmont school of piano, will be presented in his first radio concert of the year. He will be heard from 10 to 10:30 o'clock.

Mr. Goodman is widely known throughout the South for his radio programs, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that one of the foremost artist-teachers will be on the air.

His program, which is divided into two parts, will be: "Allegro," from Italian Concerto by Bach; "Impromptu," Op. 36, by Chopin; "Prelude," Op. 28, by Chopin; "Der Contrabandiste," by Schumann; "The Lake at Evening," by Griffes; "Rush Hour in Hongkong," by Chasins, and "Ride of the Valkyries," by Wagner-Hutchison.

T. C. SNOW FESTIVAL IS LAST DANCE OF YEAR

The traditional Snow Ball was given as the Twentieth Century club annual dance in the gymnasium on Saturday evening, December 14. Guests were received by Miss Shackelford, sponsor; Florence Miller, president; Frances Faust, vice-president; Betty O'Donnell, secretary, and Geraldine Manson, treasurer, and ushered into a transformed dance floor, literally covered in white. The motif for the club's annual dance has traditionally followed a winter theme, with the coronation of a king and queen, followed by attendants, set against the snowy background of white decoration.

The king and queen, whose identities were kept secret, were crowned early in the evening and disclosed Geraldine Manson as queen and Elizabeth Colleen as her royal consort. Pages, court jester, and the royal train made a regal entrance and formed the feature of the evening.

The prevailing Christmas spirit and the childhood Santa Claus were the themes for the special feature. Jane Barton, as the little girl, is sung to sleep by her mother, Lois Stout, on Christmas Eve, waking to find Santa Claus arranging her Christmas toys, who miraculously come to life and present a clever dance number. Teddy bears, French doll and Jack-in-the-boxes dance before the child, who returns their entertainment with a charming solo number. The ensemble closes with the grand march around the floor, led by Florence Miller and Miss Shackleford.

Those taking the part of the Teddy bears were: Janice Drummond and Alys Macie Cochran; the French doll was Virginia Gerdl; the Rag Doll was Harriet Graybill, and the Tin Soldier was Irene Hornett.

Since the Twentieth Century club dance is the final dance before Christmas vacation it successfully used Christmas decorations against the beauty of a background of a winter festival of snow.

SENIOR OPEN HOUSE ANNUAL AFFAIR

One of the outstanding events of the year for a senior at Ward-Belmont took place Friday night, December 13, in Reid Hall, when the members of the class entertained their friends among the young men of this city and elsewhere at the annual Senior Open House. Every year Dr. and Mrs. John Neil Blanton hold open house for the Senior girls and it has become a most looked-forward-to event of each school year.

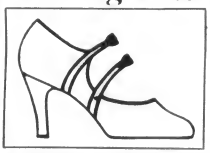
Recreation Hall was decorated with Jackson vine, holly, and mistletoe, carrying out the Christmas idea. An orchestra played during the entire evening, and punch was served in one of the drawing rooms. At eleven o'clock the guests were served supper, marking the close of the open house.

In the absence of Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Benedict, Miss Edna Irvin, Miss Mary R. Norris, and Mrs. Solon E. Rose composed the receiving line with the officers of the Senior class. The officers are Miss Dorothy Black, of Liberty, Mo., president; Miss Isobel Goodloe, Nashville, vice-president; Miss Virginia Bacon, Lubbock, Texas, treasurer, and Miss Dorothy Cate, Nashville, secretary.

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SOCIAL EVENTS

Miss Brooks, sponsor of the A. K. club, entertained the officers and executive chairmen of the club informally at tea at her apartment on Sunday afternoon, December 8, from four to six. Refreshments were served to the nine officers late in the afternoon.

The Anti-Pan hockey squad entertained the Tri-K hockey squad at dinner at the James Robertson Hotel on Thursday evening, December 12. A most cordial invitation was issued by the Anti-Pans and their sponsor, Miss Kheiralla, and accepted by the Tri-K's and Miss Morrison.

The annual Christmas party held in each dormitory on Tuesday evening, December 16, followed various themes in the different halls:

A drawing of names for the distribution of inexpensive gifts characterized Fidelity's farewell party, and Miss Chenoweth and Mrs. Tate were presented with gifts. Informal good cheer prevailed and refreshments followed the opening of the unusual gifts.

Founder's Hall invited seven children of a poor family to a genuine Christmas tree and presented them with useful articles of clothing, as well as beloved toys and candy. Santa Claus distributed the gifts and was suspected of being a portly Founderite underneath the whiskers. Candy and apples were served following the gifts. The girls danced in the second floor corridor after the program was completed.

Nearly all of the members of the X. L. club attended the club dinner at Belle Meade Country club on Wednesday evening, December 11. A quiet evening was spent in bridge playing and dancing, before dinner and radio programs following. The girls were transported by bus.

The Penta Tau club members had dinner at Belle Meade Country club Tuesday evening, December 10. Bridge and dancing occupied the time before dinner which was served at six-thirty. Place cards and toasts carried out the theme of the evening's program and the "speechmistresses" were enthusiastically applauded. Dancing followed after dinner.

Birthday presents piled at her place and a candle-lighted birthday cake surprised Dorothy Standifer on her birthday, Wednesday, December 4, at dinner. Elizabeth Ross, Josephine Blackburn, Jane Sipher, Carol Coombs, Mary Perkins, Jean Hagenbeck, and Eugenia Brown reserved a special table in the dining room for dinner on that evening and celebrated Dorothy's eighteenth birthday at dinner. After opening the gifts and blowing out the candles, the guests were served portions of the angel food cake and mints.

Red roses, place cards, and a lovely bouquet surprised Eleanor Binford on her birthday, when a group of eight friends reserved a dinner table for formal dinner on Monday, December 8, in the small dining-room.

The X. L. club members entertained guests at tea in the club house on Saturday afternoon, December 7, from four to six. Club members presided at the tea-table and delicious refreshments were served to a large number who visited the club house during the afternoon.

The Penta Tau's also held open house for tea on Saturday afternoon, December 7, with music and refreshments planned for the entertainment of a large number of invited guests.

The A. K. tea was given from four to six o'clock Saturday afternoon, December 14, in the club house, and guests were cordially invited to attend.

Three club house dinners took place on Saturday evening, December 7, at the A. K. house, the F. F. house, and the X. L. house. Service for six was held at the A. K. house, attended by Frances Hubbell, Eleanor Wolfe, Harriet Miller, Margaret Augustine, Jean Thomas, and Florence Moss.

Another exclusive twosome composed of Betty Lyons and Elsie Stern had their dinner on Saturday at the F. F. house.

A double foresome dinner composed of Gladys Lindsay, Virginia Fox, Eleanor Shirle, Evelyn Hill, Geneve Thome, Sara Mae Lain, Hilton McAndrew, and Martha Ozee took place at the X. L. house.

Two club breakfasts were held on Sunday morning, December 8. Harriet Griffin, Jane Nowels, Helen Candler, Katherine Russel, and Mary Van Dyke had theirs at the Tri-K house.

New cooking experiments were attempted at breakfast at the F. F. house Sunday morning by Betty Lyons, Mary Pray, Madeline Knox, Lucille Zorne, Elsie Stern, Marjorie Leopold, Jeannette Peak, Ann and Marion Gairing.

Sue Schaeffer, Marjorie Stevens, Sally Props and Vera Schlencker certainly aren't a superstitious foursome for they had dinner together at the Osiron club house on Friday evening of the 13th.

Some people do like twosomes, 'cause Mary Pray and Louise Toombs had the F. F. club house to themselves for dinner on Saturday evening, December 14, and Mary Frances Norvell and Mary Scott were exclusive also at the Agora club house the same evening.

Three club houses were the scene of breakfasts on the last Sunday morning before Going-Home!

Virginia Sheaf, Elizabeth Wilmot, Joanna Ellis, Elizabeth Scott, and Mary Eberhardt celebrated at the Agora club house.

Seven vacationists including Dorys Mitchell, Marian Silverman, Ellyn Ulman, Sadie Louise Morris, Harriett Ampter, Lillian Goldstein, and Dorothy Goodman had breakfast at the T. C. house.

Catherine Funk, Charlotte Twitty, Frances Dix, Margaret Hair, Mary Eleanor Davis, Gayle Baker, Marion Schrubb, Charlotte Henschel, Jean Frantz, Clarabelle Jacobs, Emily Campbell and Jean Holtsinger composed the largest of the breakfast groups and met at the X. L. club house.

One of the last club dinners for this section of the school year was held at the X. L. club house on Monday evening, December 16, and was attended by Jean Hagenbeck, Frances Dix, Margaret Hair, Charlotte, Twitty, Mary Eleanor Davis, Catherine Funk, Ruth Peterson, and Emily Campbell.



They can buy this, they can buy that . . . But all the money in the mint can't purchase the one truly personal gift — *your photograph.*



W. G. THUSS

217½ 5th Ave., N.

Special Rates to Ward-Belmont Students

PREP UTOPIA

Voice of the Preps

We, the members of the Prep department of Ward-Belmont, to-wit, the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes, do here and now thrust our collective finger into the Ward-Belmont pie of importance. The purpose of this epistle is to make known to the rest of that worthy school the fact that ——— There ARE Preps in Ward-Belmont.

I see, far away in the hazy distance, a land—a land of bliss—a land where PREPS slumber peacefully far, far into the day—a land devoid of bells—a land where letters and packages come by the score—to Preps. It is a place where PREPS have dates and dinners as they list—where radios and "vics" abound.

I see a lone Prep entering Candyland. Her habitual pallor has been left by that compact which she carries in her hand, for it contains not only powder but rouge and lipstick. In this Utopia classes are a form of diversion, and recitals are only for the learned and august members of the College department. This——— THIS ———is PREP UTOPIA.

Prep Pictures

Nancy Schumacher—*College Humor*

Coca cola ads—football games—naughty little boys in the jam—pictures—red gum-drops.

Martha Candler — Swimming — photoplay—new steps—Rec' dates—Beta pins—Southern drawl.

Jane Rayburn—Poetry—gardenias and black velvet—Cleveland—ultra-sophistication—"In the Night" perfume.

Betty Gaston—Crested stationery—old paintings—liveried cars—heavy jet—Russian princesses.

Mary Newton—New Year dates—pink boxes of candy—Co-eds—green leather lumber-jackets—chewing gum.

Ann Newman — Dimples — June bride—Sweetheart roses — organdy bows—baby blue—picture hats.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

"An author reminds us that nobody loses anything by being polite. But there are a lot of people about who seem afraid to take the risk."—*The Passing Show.*

"Several Roman coins were recently found on a golf course in Midlands. One or two golfers we know seem determined to dig up Australian coins."—*The Humorist.*

"An inventor has been advertising for things that ought to be invented. For a start we suggest the homing collar-stud, the boneless kipper, the anti-splash grapefruit, the musical golf ball, and the silent soup spoon."—*London Opinion.*

"That Hollywood comedian accused of choking his wife may just have been trying out a new gag."—*New York Evening Post.*

"Chicago thinks that 1929 will establish a new record of bomb explosions. That certainly ought to make it a boom year."—*Louisville Times.*

"Russia and China seem to have settled their quarrel, but forgot to tell their armies about it."—*Lynchburg News.*

SANTA CLAUS SOLILOQUIZES

I bring the kids toys which they break the next day. Dad gets a pair of sox three sizes too small for him. Mother gets a fish bowl minus the fish. Sister gets a hair ribbon and makes a bathing suit out of it. Bobby gets a dog and drowns it the next day trying to scrub it in the bathtub. Aunt Abigail sits under the mistletoe and sits and sits and sits. Grandma gets a new wig, then uses it for a footstool. Yet they're always appreciative until the Christmas sprit is gone or the installment collector comes along.

SPORTS, IN LETTERS TO MUSSOLINI

Dear Mussolini:

So much excitement—both good and bad—in the last week, that me thoughts are quite mixed up. The only thing I find myself thinking at all clearly about is going home. Tomorrow I shall be able to say, "Two days from today and I'll be home.' Jerome has had his trunk packed for all of two weeks—It won't be long now!

Dear me, Benito, I should be raving about gymnastics, though there's little to say even at this late date. Basket ball games begin sometime after Christmas, and if training means anything, the Del Vers are going to try pretty hard to keep the cup they won last year. However, it's rather hard to tell just yet "who's who" in the game.

As center forwards, Caldwell, Cook and Collins are all excellent. Hall, Burgin, Sipher, Bryon, H. Candler, Holtsinger and Sellevold are about the best forwards, while L. Frances, Peterson, Cavert, Camble, A. Gairing and Rothert are the outstanding guards.

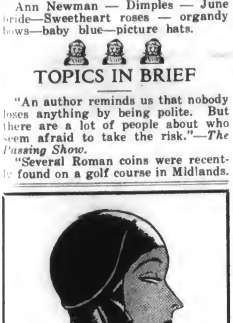
Enough for now, Mussolini, Joyeux Noel and a Merry Christmas to all concerned!

Thine,
NAPOLEON I.

WORDSMITH TEA

The new members of the Wordsmiths were invited to tea in the new club rooms Saturday, December 7, at four o'clock, by the old members. They discussed the new club rooms on third floor Hudson given them by Mr. Benedict and made plans for the furnishings. The furnishings are to be green and black, which are the club colors. They also decided to have regular meetings every other Tuesday night to read and discuss any literature written by members of the club.

After the sandwiches, tea and date loaf were gone, all the members left, leaving Virginia Gerdl with the sink full of dishes.



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Published every Saturday by the students of Ward-Belmont.

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Application for second-class entry pending.

EDITORIAL

"Look what so and so is wearing! Can you imagine that? She is about the tackiest person I ever saw. And do you know that so and so—pst—ps-s-s—." And so it goes. Gossip, gossip, criticism, criticism, and still more criticism. No one or no thing escapes. Harsh criticism, cynical criticism, adverse criticism, favorable criticism, just and unjust criticism—there are all kinds. All of us, in everything we do or say, are continually criticizing. Some of it is all right, of course, but there are very few of us who can really criticize in the true sense of the word. Critics are very rare in the world, but how many of us love to criticize!

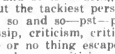
Unjust criticism crops out more frequently than any other form. In small towns it takes the form of gossip and slander; in cities and schools it takes the form of anonymous letters and undercurrents of dissatisfaction and abuse. Nothing can stop it except an abrupt turnabout and the turning over of a new leaf. Direct attack only makes it slink around the corner.

On the other hand, real criticism is always welcomed and appreciated. Keen analysis of faults and an insight into weaknesses will help rather than tear down. One cannot overcome faults which one is not aware of. But if they are pointed out with the idea of overcoming them and mastering the weaknesses, you are working on a constructive basis.

Criticism, criticism, criticism. We will always have it, but which shall it be, constructive or destructive? It lies between the two—there is no alternative.



"When men make a great deal of money in some line of work they want to get into something they don't know anything about."—*Henry Ford.*



Thud, thud, thud. Scrape, scrape, scrape. Something is dragged over the hall of Senior. A huge, unguinly form slips down the rainpipe and prowls up to the front door. A round, ruddy face wreathed in a jovial smile peers through the glass door. With a twinkle in his eye this portly, red, bewhiskered figure starts to tiptoe in. But with his hand on the doorknob he stops. A puzzled frown wrinkles his forehead. "Use Other Door" stares him in the face. He sighs and trudges gloomily around to the side door. What a welcome for poor Santy! After all these years of slipping down dirty chimneys they would not let him use the front door. Always he must slip in quietly with nothing to greet him except a gentle (or ferocious) snore.

But he sees the bright crimson of the poinsettias in Mrs. Charlie's window, and he brightens up and cautiously slides in. A long silent hall confronts him. Silence, silence, silence. Santy grins. This is as it should be. He had been rather afraid that college girls would not be expecting him and would be too preoccupied to await him in the proper fashion. But these Seniors evidently had read up on his visit and were sleping blissfully away in anticipation of the morrow.

Santy slips down the hall and gently turns the knob of one of the doors. It squeaked. Santy felt a mild exasperation. These people should really oil their doors. He poked his head in and gasped in amazement. The lamps were on and the occupants of the room were bending over books and angrily muttering to themselves. Santy gave a modest cough to announce himself, but only had a hand waved violently at him in return. He turned sorrowfully away and went a few doors farther on. He followed the same procedure and again found lights blazing in his face. But the occupant of this room gave a loud shriek, and poor Santy backed hastily out. Nowhere could he find anyone peacefully sleeping.

He mournfully left the hall, dragging his bag behind him. It was just as he thought—Seniors were too busy to see him. And the next day, giggles and whispers went around that there had been a "raid" in Senior, but that no one had been caught.

Yet there are some Seniors who say there is no Santa Claus!

CAMPUS COLUMN

One week from tonight we won't be going to a dance in the Ward-Belmont gymnasium. (I probably won't be going to any other kind of a dance either). Well, anyway, we will be HOME, and won't that be something? The Seniors kind of got in training for the holidays last night. But it is hopeless for some to ever try to follow again. Well, it is fun to lead regardless of the annoying consequences. I bet more than one of us wish that no new dance steps have been invented in our absence. That would be disastrous.

On complimenting a Senior last Saturday night at the Tri-K dance, which was by the way the darlingest dance ever, on the lovely dress she was wearing, she replied, "Oh, thank you, you must wear it some time. It is as big as all outdoors." Now, I ask you—

Virginia Kohlhausen and Elizabeth Miller are shining in all their beautiful blonde glory lately. Elizabeth came to the table the other day wearing a perfect halo of blonde curls. Some kind soul, if I remember correctly, it was Martha Mannington, asked her what had happened to her hair. She answered that Virginia had done it, and then she went on to explain. Any of you who want to know the secret—it's Marchand's. Their crowning glories really look very lovely. So any blonde that should-be-but-who-has-faded-considerably just ask them how to manage renewed blonde locks so perfectly and successfully.

Emma Jean Willis, Hazel Wade, and Mary Pittman spent every evening last week in the gym (between 7:00 and 7:30, you understand) leading each other frantically around the floor trying to regain their beloved and natural art of following. First one would lead, then the other, then the third would cut and so forth. Then they would look desparingly at each other and say, "Stiff as boards." Everyone or nearly everyone is in much the same fix, so why worry.

Can Jean Holtsinger ever play basket ball. Just take a few spare moments off from your studies and watch her play. You see her in one corner one minute and way over on the other side the next minute or maybe in front of the goal making a basket. And she makes innumerable ones. Honestly, she simply flies around. This is a fine example, my friends, that the largest and strongest are not always the fastest and lithest (?).

Moral—Cut out the hot breads.

Did you know that a few weeks ago Jean Cuykendahl's picture graced the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post.* The picture was painted, or taken, or whatever happen to picture it, and Jean's hair was still short, or was short at the time or whatever you want to say there. And—she had with her two little dogs, one under each arm. I'll bet it was darling and I would give anything to see it. Anyone finding same please put it on the bulletin board in Middlemarch.

The worst ever—"Dot" Pickens bumping into a tree in a huge hurry to get home, I just can't imagine it, and that's all there is to it. She looks like she—well, I'm sorry but I just can't describe the picture. How's this for a headline—"Popular Society Girl Meets a Horrid Oak Tree in the Road on Her Way Home from Gym."



CORRIDOR CHARACTER

Hair—Medium, long and wavy.
Eyes—Blue.
Lips—humorous.
Face—Round and fair.
Expression—Sympathetic.
Height—Five feet eight.
Interests—Tri-K, Sr. Mids.

(Continued on page 7)

THE EAGLE FEATHER

(A facsimile of the original MSS book afterwards developed in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland")



Christmas Greetings (1867)

(From a Fairy to a Child)

"Lady dear, if fairies may
For a moment lay aside
Cunning tricks and elfish play,
'Tis at happy Christmas-tide.

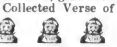
"We have heard the children say—
Gentle children, whom we love—
Long ago, on Christmas Day,
Came a message from above.

"Still, as Christmas-tide comes 'round,
They remember it again—
Echo still the joyful sound
'Peace on earth, good will to men!'

"Yet the hearts must childlike be
Where such heavenly guests abide:
Unto children, in their glee,
All the year is Christmas-tide!

"Thus, forgetting tricks and play
For a moment, lady dear,
We would wish you, if we may,
Merry Christmas, glad New Year!"

(Taken from "The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll")



The Three

When I was a child in my father's house, I knew three men, bound for the City-Far-Away. One only reached the goal.

The first was the Dreamer. He it was who started early in the morning, long before the sun was awake. He traveled the trackless paths of the wilderness in an unerring line towards the City, blazing the trail for those who should follow. Who knows the loneliness of his way? Who knows the nights of fear and the days of indecision that he spent? Only we know that he fell from exhaustion when his goal was just over the hilltop, only we know that he died with a vision of the City as it should be.

The second was the Builder. Gathering a few brave souls about him, he followed the path blazed by the Dreamer, building a road that others might follow. Who can tell of the labor he spent on the thing which he built? Who can tell the story of his failures and mistakes, and how he, never daunted, continued his work? Only we know that he, too, fell by the road which he had built, but with the spires and turrets of the City climbing above the trees ahead and with a vision of it as it should be in his heart.

The third, gathering a princely train about him, traveled the path blazed by the Dreamer, over the road made by the Builder, and reached the City-Far-Away. He smoothed the road that others might follow, only stopping long enough to pay tribute to the Dreamer and to the Builder. We know the sweetness of the first fruits of his success, but who knows the bitterness of the core? Only we know that he, too, fell with a thought of the City as it was, its filth and dirt, its muddy streets, its dirty, half-naked children, and the littleness of its people.

Three men were traveling to the City-Far-Away. One only reached the goal, but two died with a vision.

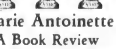
EDITH JONES, '31.



Nocturne

Oh, what is there in the coldness of a naked tree that's
stretched against a moon-greyed sky?
And what is there in the boldness of a night bird's scream
heard in the inky blackness high?
That draws you on
Till awe is gone
And you can only stand and stare?
You know eternity is there
In night, who o'er you casts her veil;
For darkness was, ere day did hail with light the earth.
Thus it is you muse and ponder
Till morning light doth banish wonder.

JULIANA BOLLEN, '31.



Marie Antoinette

A Book Review

We have been prone to accept the lives of Queen Elizabeth, Disraeli, and many other famous people, although successful, perhaps a bit dull. However, after reading the modern biographies of these historical characters, the fact is readily stressed that they were not the stiff, courtly persons that we had imagined them, but were really human beings, with the thoughts, moods, and feelings not greatly different from all human beings.

Now, John Garber Palache has written one of the most human and brilliant studies of a most appealing character, Marie Antoinette. He has shown no prejudices in the recording of her life, but has handled the theme in a

(Continued on page 6)

RECITAL OF LAWRENCE GOODMAN OUTSTANDING EVENT

Lawrence Goodman, pianist, was the first artist-teacher to be presented in recital by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music this year. On Friday, November 6, he gave his first recital in the Ward-Belmont auditorium.

To attribute to the ability and artistry of Mr. Goodman was given him when the Aeolian Company invited him to go to New York and make some Art records. Before coming to Ward-Belmont Conservatory as head of the school of piano, Mr. Goodman was co-founder with Hans Barth, of Yonkers Institute of Musical Art. He was later head of the Von Ende School of Music in New York.

The criticisms from the Nashville papers follow:

The Nashville Banner

"The public's first opportunity for many months to hear Lawrence Goodman, artist of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, came Friday night when the eminent pianist was presented at the Ward-Belmont auditorium in recital.

"The program brought an unusually big group of compositions to which a group of American tonal poems from were the notable contributors. Laying stress on the Polish master of piano music and on such worthy representative musicians as Brockway, Griffes and Chasins, Mr. Goodman is wise. And there he seems to be completely at home. I doubt if anyone could find American idiom" in any of the romantic productions on last night's program. But they were all musical poetry of a high order. Chasins' buoyant ing "Rush Hour in Hongkong," Griffes' Scherzo and "The Lake at Evening" and Brockway's Serenade all had "something" very musical to say and Mr. Goodman caught that something" and brought it in a most gratiating styles to his hearers.

"'The Lake at Evening,' is a severe piece, an original melody with extreme chastity in its melodic setting. I was glad that the recitalist repeated this number as an encore for what had seemed to be paucity the first time, appeared as classic simplicity on second hearing. In the cherzo, Griffes was modern to a degree that was not exceeded even by the Ravel number Mouvement de Menuet" from Sonatine, with which Mr. Goodman's program opened. Nor was the American outdone by the Frenchman in the matter of quality. Howard Brockway's serenade, a jolly little song-without-words, was a bright pigment on the impressionist's pallet.

"Mr. Goodman never does and never should give a program without a good-sized ingredient of Chopin. His hearers' delight last night at his interpretation of five short numbers by this composer (Impromptu, opus 36; Preludes, opus 28, numbers 8 and 24; Mazurka, opus 7, and Scherzo, opus 20) was perfectly evident. I felt with the audience that Chopin and Goodman were very closely related in musical spirit. The second Prelude (No. 24) was an especially brilliant piece of work in which the player superimposed a beautiful right-hand melody on a persisting series of passed runs for the left hand.

"Another attractive thing was Mr. Goodman's one Schumann number, 'Der Contrabandiste," of which the recitalist gave a rollicking and vigorous reading. But Bach failed, for some reason or other, to register on his auditor. Why, I do not know. Was it the romantic surroundings furnished by the rest of the program in which sane, intellectual old Johann Sebastin appeared, somewhat as a stranger? I give it up. Certainly he was beautifully played.

Mr. Goodman's audience was made up of the students of Ward-Belmont school and as many of the local music-loving fraternity of the pianistic persuasion as could find room in that spacious auditorium. This audience greeted the popular artist with applause that showed their enthusiastic enjoyment of an outstanding musical event."

The Nashville Tennessean—

"The first recital of the season by Lawrence Goodman, head of the department of piano at Ward-Belmont, drew a large audience made up of his friends, besides the student body of the school.

"Mr. Goodman has given many concerts during the ten years he has been a resident of this city, and he can always be relied on to make up an unusually interesting program and play it superlatively well.

"His is a rare combination of heart and mind, and his interpretations are invariably beautiful. He has magnificent technique and plays with the greatest ease, being a worthy representative of his teacher, Ernest Hutcheson, that eminent exponent of relaxation and weight. Besides studying many years with Hutcheson, Mr. Goodman was abroad a long time.

"One of the admirable features of his playing is his accuracy. Everything is clean and clear-cut and nothing is ever blurred.

The program began with four modern composers, one French and three American, followed by Bach, Schumann, and a group of Chopin.

"Mouvement de Menuet," from a Ravel sonatine had loveliness of tone, like velvet. Charles T. Griffes was the young man who taught all day at a boys' school at Tarrytown, N. Y., and composed and made many of his works at night and died before he achieved fame. "The Lake at Evening" is a serene picture of "lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore," by that great American composer, and was poetically played.

"A scherzo called "An Oriental Fantasy," also by Griffes, is a colorful picture of the East, and was played in the popular hurly-burly spirit.

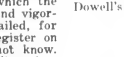
A serenade by Howard Brockway, who was here once with Geraldine Farrar, was expressively played and after Chasin's humorous "Rush Hour in Hong Kong," Goodman repeated for encore, Griffes' "Lake," so that his hearers might learn to know it better. Abram Chasins, of New York, is a pupil of Hutcheson and of Josef Hofmann, and teaches in The Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

"Two movements of Bach's "Italian Concerto," done in the traditional Bach style and showing that Goodman is master of all styles was followed by Schumann's not often played "Der Contrabandiste," which was an excellent bit of bravura.

He gave an inspired performance of the Impromptu in F Sharp, Op. 36, which began the Chopin group. With limpid clarity he played the graceful melody and the closing chords were marvelously beautiful.

"The difficult "Prelude in F Sharp Minor, Op. 28, No. 8, with three notes in the bass against four in the right hand, and its constantly shifting chromatics, was done with deceptive ease and at a rapid tempo, as was another difficult prelude, the one in D Minor, No. 24.

"The Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 1, in B flat, the work which first attracted attention to Chopin at 23, preceded the great Scherzo No. 1, in B minor, which Mr. Goodman played in a masterly manner. The tempestuous speed of his runs, and especially the one near the close in both hands, brought him an ovation and he was obliged to add another encore, which was MacDowell's "Eagle."



Waiter "Are you Hungary?"
Diner: "Yes, Siam."
Waiter: "Then I'll Russia to the table and Fiji."

Diner; "All right, Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."—*Ex.*

"Cram! Cram! Cram!!!
By the light of the cold gray dawn,
Oh would that I had crammed a while
By the light of the dawns now gone."

BITS ABOUT 'EM

Alumnae and Otherwise

All Cleveland students and those in and around that city are invited to attend a Ward-Belmont luncheon at the Lake Shore Hotel in Cleveland on December 28. The girls in school this year are urged to attend. Communicate with Mrs. Leonard Mitchell (Beulah Bluim ex '24), Box 1853, Station E, Cleveland, care Mrs. Beulah Holden Bluim.

Margie Northup '29 is planning to attend the Florida State College for Women the second semester.

And who but those worthy scribes, "Jo" Cooper '29, "Horty" Ambrose '29, and Adelaide Douglas, are the Ward-Belmont alumnae members of the "Scribblers," a literary society on the Vanderbilt campus. Another honor to "Jo" is that of assistant business manager of the *Hoots and Tails*, another Vanderbilt literary production.

And since we're on the subject of Vanderbilt, Nanny Electra Hollin Pierce '29 pledged Tri Delta on that campus this fall.

Indianapolis Girls. Do not fail to attend the Ward-Belmont Indianapolis alumnae annual Christmas charity party on December 21. Communicate with Mrs. A. Hornby Boyd (Adelaide Lidikay ex '25), 18 E. 37th St., Indianapolis.

Isabel Foster '26, after graduating from the University of Illinois, is now studying stenotype at Sparks' Business College, Shelbyville, Ind. She expects to go into business in Chicago.

Why doesn't someone get married this month? We have very few marriages to report.

Pattee Lawrence '26, who last spring graduated from the University of Wisconsin, has been playing with the Little Theatre in Beaumont, Texas, for the past month.

Mrs. Paul Keckley (Sarah Cox) '23 who, with her husband, the Rev. Paul Keckley, is now living in Marietta, Ohio, where Dr. Keckley is minister of the Christian church in that city.

Ruth Erbrich '27 has entered the Currey School of Expression in Boston. She has shown dramatic talent in local state appearances the past two summers at the Vagabond Theatre. Last season she gave a fine interpretation of Jane Atherton in "Children of the Moon," and as understudy to Geraldine Read the season before in the Little Theater production of "The Poor."

Another student of Ward-Belmont and of the Currey School of Expression is Carolyn Broadley ex '28 who is acting as teacher of expression in the Greenwood, S. C., school, during the absence of the regular teacher. After graduating from the Currey School, Carolyn went to the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York.

Charlotte Lee Sanders '29 left Nashville recently on an extended Western motor trip. She expects to be gone until early next spring.

Evelyn Bales '26, since her graduation from the Chicago Art Institute last spring, is now teaching art in the schools in Fort Wayne, Ind.

And another Chicago Art Institute product is Harriet Sargent ex '25, who is living at the Three Arts Club, 1300 North Dearborn. Harriet is teaching, studying, and modeling at the Art Institute. Through Aline Warren '26, who was here during Thanksgiving, we learned that Harriet's sister, Mary, ex '27, visited her over the Thanksgiving vacation.

Elizabeth Clements ex '22 has been made the chief dietitian of the new Ball Memorial Hospital in Muncie, Ind. The Ball Memorial Hospital was erected at a cost of one million and a half, and represents the best and finest that is known today, both in building and equipment.

Margaret Humphrey '25 is teaching in the Luther L. Wright high school in Ironwood, Mich. Thanks, "Jerry" '30.

We almost had a very serious accident happen to Jean Peterson '29 and Peg MacDonald ex 32 over the Thanksgiving holidays. They were driving to St. Louis. The car skidded, Jean lost a tooth while Peg escaped free from injury. Was that the X.L. tooth that forgot where it was and fell out during a swim? It simply couldn't be age, Jean. We sympathize very strongly, dear children.

"Meg" Zurt ex '30, who is attending Anton University in Ohio, has recently been given the lead in the campus play, "Dulcie." "Meg" is a Phi Mu pledge.

Maigaret Wilkens '29, who received her piano certificate under Mrs. Schmitz, writes that she is staying at home in Galveston, Texas, this year and is studying organ.

And whom should Eleanor Binford '30 run into during Thanksgiving at Indiana U. but a whole tribe of Ward-Belmite. They were: "Judy" Parker '29, Evelyn Tyndall '29, Dorothy Stratton, ex '30, Lucille Hegewald '28, Irene McBane ex-'30, Marion Jump '29, Vonia Day '28, Jean Perry '27, and "Dot" Maxson '23. How's that for quite a gathering? "Hots" mentioned the fact that she wanted publicity. Here's some: he's wearing a Sigma Chi pin. There now!

Irene Adams ex '30 is attending a law school in Indianapolis.

Helen Hale '29 is teaching the fifth grade in Old Hickory, Tenn., at the DuPont school.

Mrs. J. T. Bargett (Gurneth Guthridge '15) can be reached at Newman, Ill., and Mrs. Earl Gasthoff (Dorothy Atwood '22) at 1219 Oak St., Danville, Ill.

Helen Price ex '26 is teaching in the high school in Robinson, Ill.

The librarian of the Paris, Ill., library is Mrs. Russell (Nina Dulin ex '20).

Ruth Ferer '29 and Sue Blackmer ex '28 are attending Connecticut College, but they both write that they are missing Ward-Belmont. It's a funny thing, but "Dotty" Palmer '29 ... the same thing in a letter from



Evening Gowns

Modeled to the figure with sweeping flares from hip to knee, fashioned of panne velvet, chiffon or moire—they have a gracefulness most becoming to the youthful figure . . .

RICH, SCHWARTZ & JOSEPH

the Marot Junior College where she is going this year.

We have had so many pledges of undying devotion, loyalty, and the promises of a return for Homecoming that we think we should extend the building, campus, etc., a mile on every side to insure no overflow. Let's see just how many keep their promises. Get ready, because it won't be long.

Jean Perry '29 will be in this city the 20th, driving through to Miami, Fla., where she and her family are to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mildred Ashbaugh '25 is instructor of music in the Pinkneyville, Ill., high school, while Ellen Yohe, of Fairfield, Ill., is teaching school in East St. Louis, Ill.

Mrs. Warwick Boas (Marguerite Boas '25) is now living in Carbondale, Ill., and Mrs. Kenneth S. Gordon (Cora Graybeal '25) is at 6818 Perry Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Illinois news is plentiful this week. How about sending in some more?

Mrs. Fred Clark, Jr. (Marguerite Rondell ex-'29) can be reached at Coral Gables, Fla. Here are more Florida people and more news of the rival state of California. Winifred Hagen ex '29 is attending the Ida Fisher high school at Miami Beach, and Edna Loughridge '27 graduated from the Florida State women's College and is now teaching school. Where is she teaching, Frances Miller '29?

"Kat" Blackman '28 sends in news about people she's seen recently in Madison, Wis. They are "Jo" Hayers '29 and Katherine McKee '27. "Kat" also tells us that Kirtyle Choisser '27 is in Forsyth, Mont., recovering from a serious accident in which the sight of one eye was impaired.

This is a long-winded column this time but we're hoping that Santa Claus comes down our chimney with stacks and stacks of alumnae letters.

Emily Almon '29 is attending Vanderbilt this year. She has her Masters in view after she receives her B.A.

When Margaret Meyer '26 went to see the Michigan-Iowa football game she managed to have a reunion of the Ward-Belmont European party of '26. She also saw Thelma Peek and her sister, Rhea.

"Art" Bowne '29 writes reams for which we're thankful. "Art," who is attending the University of Chicago, ran into Ruth Silverstein '28 and Helen Dudenbostel '28 on the L. C going into the city one day. She writes: "If you come to Chicago soon just get on top of the Tribune Tower and look toward the university campus. Then, if you see three straight, moving masses close to each other and going in the same direction, just head that way, and the three pillars will turn out to be Gertrude Leitzbach '28, Cicely Cone '28 and me. We are all so tall that Illinoisites think we are members of a visiting race, or else triplets, raised with the aid of W-B grits. The sad part of it is that we are still endeavoring to fill our ruminorous frames. We go to lunch together most every day, and gulp and giggle in true Ward-Belmont style."

Mrs. Everett Wells (Claire Packard ex '29) writes to "Tiny" Young '29 that the Wells' infant is simply *adorable*—black curls and huge brown eyes. Claire, how could you?

Maurine Hunt '24, who was a piano pupil of Mrs. Schmitz, studied, after graduating from Ward-Belmont, under Beryl Rubenstein at the Institute of Music in Cleveland. She is now in Paris studying at the Ecole Normale de Musique under M. Sil-Marelrex. She gives Miss Ross her address, which is: Chez Madame Svidersky, 34 Avenue Dusquere, Paris France.

Dear Santa Claus: Will you please be very kind to the Ward-Belmont alumnae so that they will send in some news. Please give them fountain pens, stationery, and a willing heart toward our direction.

Fearfully yours,
Alumnae Secretary

"Nat" Hines '29 is rating on the University of Kansas campus. We hear she's getting publicity all around. How about it, "Nat"? If you don't write us we shall feel impelled to reprint your five-inch spread in the Pop Gun section of the Christmas *Sour Owl*. So come on—Write. blackmail blackmailblackmailblackmailblackmail blackmailblackmailblack

Frances Schulz ex '27 has been teaching school for the past two years in Wyandotte, Mich.

We are completely destitute for news. Help us start the new year off with some nice fresh copy—all spicy, and tingling with excitement.

Ruth Welty '29 wants it known that she and Louisa Binesser ex '30 are in the Glee Club on the University of Kansas campus.

Lois Maxon '29 can be reached, after December 19, at Casa Ybel, Sanibel Island, Ft. Myers, Fla. What is "Maxon" doing there, we ask?

Agnes Holtsinger '26 is secretary to the superintendent of schools at her home in Morristown, Tenn.

Janie Elder '26, who studied under Miss Boyer while she was here in school, is now contralto soloist in the quartet of which Dan Beddoe is tenor in Cincinnati.

Christine Irick ex-'30 is staying at home this winter in Plain View, Texas.

Those attending Texas Technological College in Lubbock, Texas, are Lucille Moxley '28, Hazel Martin '26, and Mary A. Snydor '28.

Get the Christmas spirit and deluge us with alumnae news.

We are always happy to include a message from either students of Belmont College or Ward Seminary. Mrs. S. O. Shepard (Grace Booher, Belmont '10) writes us of her life at Juni Route, Gallup, New Mexico. Besides taking care of a husband and three children, Mrs. Shepard teaches a rural school, the "Mapel School House," where there are just eleven students.

Much news about the Marion Packard ex '25 Nola Arter ex '25 combine. They are both in New York at 74 Riverside Drive. Nola, who was a certificate and diploma pupil of Miss Boyer, is assisting in the Proschowski School of Singing, and Marion, a former diploma pupil of Mr. Goodman, is with La Forge. Nola also has a church position as soloist in Brooklyn.

And to the "Alumnae and Otherwise" the very merriest kind of a Christmas to you and yours, and please make one tiny resolution our way on New Year's.



Marriages

Emily Timmons ex '27 to Mr. Kenneth Wykkel, on November 9, in Grand Rapids, Mich. At home at Howland and Haskill Aves., Battle Creek, Mich.

Thelma Louise Sullivan '26 to Mr. Urban George Enge, on October 2, in Nashville, Tenn. At home in Nashville.

Katherine Schrock '25 to Mr. Donald Dissette Wick on November 14 in Cleveland, Ohio. At home at 2030 East 86th St., Cleveland.



Mr. Humphrey: "And what voice do you sing, young woman? Tenor?"
Ann Ryther: "No. Shortstop."
Mr. Humphrey: "Shortstop?"
Ann Ryther: "Yes, between second and third base." *Ex.*



A Latin Tragedy

Workibus forevera,
No restorum;
Fearibus Casebus,
Markus lowerorum!
Teachera collanus
Nous prepardum;
Makus zerous,
Killum all joyum.

MARIE ANTOINETTE
(Continued from page 4)

sympathetic and intrinsically fascinating manner. The narrative moves with swiftness and colorfulness of romance, the while it is conforming to the facts of history. Already it is one of the most widely read and popular of biographies.

SALLIE PROPS, '31.



My Father's Profession

My father is the prize example of the man who, when opportunity came knocking, got up and locked the door. With the wide, wide world, green with openings for aspiring young chaps, spread out before him, why did he not become a Wizard of Wall Street? Why, indeed? He was the unfortunate victim of circumstance. Who among you ever heard of a Wall Street Wizard living on the bosom of a loving family? Neither you nor I. A family is, I must admit, a handicap.

Still, he might easily have become a wild animal trainer. You know—the kind who explains, "Just look 'em in the eye and walk right up to 'em. All ya gotta do is show 'em you're not afraid of 'em." But he is not a lion-tamer; my father is, by nature, incapable of deceit.

Nevertheless, denied lion-taming as a life-work, he might still have risen to greater heights had he been alive to his opportunities as a second-story man. He might who knows—by now be at the top of his profession; but night work never agreed with my father.

He might have been an organ grinder, but he does not look well in a black mustache.

You see how hopeless it all is. For equally good reasons he is not a war correspondent, an ex-president, a checker champion, parachute jumper, two-gun man, or a channel-swimmer. Good professions all, and yet someway unsuited to dear old dad.

Perhaps you will think he does not amount to much. Dear to me as he is, I blush to confess that I fear he is not all that he might be. In the face of all the exciting and colorful careers that I have suggested, he became, while still too young to realize the enormity of the act, a wholesale druggist; and what is that to write a theme about?

REBECCA AINSWORTH, '31.



Moods in Winds

Oh, the sad, sad sobbing of a blown-out gale,
Whose voice has lost its bravo and is nothing but a wail.
Oh, the challenge and bravado of a wayward youthful breeze
Whose lips have tasted tree-tops and have bargained with the seas.
Oh, the droning, sighing night-wind that has moonlight in its eyes,
And whose laugh is subtle mockery of the star-mist from the skies.
Oh, winds have moods as humans do, they laugh and sigh and groan;
And the medley of their voices is one long, discordant tone.

JEAN CUYKENDAHL, '31.



To a Gypsy

Gypsy, I envy you. You dare
To relinquish all for which we care
As wealth and home and fame—held dear
Not overmuch by us, but oh, we fear
We know not what. We hesitate
Too long, perhaps, and as we wait
Our very purpose we forget.
The ties we made bind as a net.
But you—you roam as fancy wills,
Green valleys, oceans and far hills.
The endless trail you follow on;
We only wonder where you've gone
Gypsy, I say, I envy you.
Would that I were a gypsy too!

—Juliana Virginia Bollen, '31.



"There is a tendency to be rather broad-minded about other people's security."—*Aristide Briand.*

"Observation of life shows one that solemn people are generally humbugs."—*Bertrand Russell.*

"Whatever the young people do that anyone does not like is due to the evil example set by the middle generation."—*Elmer Davis.*

"There is a vast difference between the man who is afraid to cheat and the man of honor."—*Walter Lippmann.*

"We no longer have the right to think in terms of our own generation."—*Herbert Hoover.*

CORRIDOR CHARACTER
(Continued from page 4)

Nose—Turned up slightly.
Weight—125.

The winner of last week's corridor character was Gracellen Holdeman. Winners are requested to call at the Hyphen office for their chocolate bars.

PUPILS OF MISS LEFTWICH GIVE STUDIO RECITAL

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented the pupils of Miss Alice Leftwich in a studio recital on December 14. The program follows:

Elfin Dance.....*Grieg*
Elaine Haile

Rondino .....*Wright*
Frances Chilton

Romance .....*La Forge*
Joannah Ellis

Serenade .....*Sinding*
Barbara Myers

Air de Ballet .....*Moszkowski*
Ellnor Chilton

Preludes No. 4 and No. 20...*Chopin*
Mary Dean Clement

The Yellow Violet .....*Mokreje*
Elizabeth Cornelius

Valse Mignonne .....*Schuett*
Evelyn Irwin

Barcarolle .....*Godard*
Victoria Spalding

Moto Perpetuo .....*MacDowell*
Beatrice Miller

Romance .....*Sibelius*
Clementine Holman

Sonata op. 13—Last Movement ..
..... *Beethoven*

Impromptu op. 28 No. 3....*Reinhold*
Kathleen La Rue

FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE OF SEASON GREETS GUESTS

French Club Party Success

The first Christmas tree of the season greeted the members and guests of the French Club as they entered the T. C. club house on Thursday evening. Exclamations of delight gave everyone a chance to say something that at least sounded Frenchy. Everyone turned their interest toward the tiny bundles on the tree, but Annie Gollvard shooed the too inquisitive away to greet the three sponsors, Miss Ruef, Miss Ferry and Miss Brooks.

As soon as all the "Comment allez-vous's" were over with, the business part of the program began with a flourish as the president and secretary took their places of state behind a very unofficial looking table. The president requested that the secretary "faire l'appelle" came as surprise, but after that everyone listened very intelligently to the reading of the minutes. Then Mlle. Burnett was given charge of the program. She introduced the feature of the evening, a play, written and directed by Miss Ferry.

In the play Sara Ison and Eleanor Neckerman played the parts of two Ward-Belmont girls who resolved to speak nothing but French for one week. A spirited discussion upon Christmas and New Year's, a realistic alarm clock and the call of "lights out" from the background sent them scurrying to bed. They slept soundly on two chairs while Marian Nicholson dressed as a French girl sang two songs.

After the plays everyone surrounded the Christmas tree and searched for a present. These proved to be little packages of mints. Then Annie Colvard explained in detail (and much French) the next feature, a game. Small cards on which pictures were pasted were given each girl. A circle was formed and the fun began, each girl naming her gift after repeating in order the gift received by every other girl. A prize was to be given to the girl who remained in the circle the longest. The gift everyone remembered without trouble was the one Adalyn Sherwood drew "Un jeune homme." Since so many claimed the prize, Miss Ferry decided that she would think of a number and the person who named it would receive the prize. Elizabeth Procter's mind evidently ran in the same channel, and she was announced as the winner.

Elberta Gooch, chairman of the music committee, supplied the girls with copies of a French Christmas carol. Everyone joined in and proved that the French song created just as much Christmas spirit as does our own "It came upon the midnight clear." No one seemed to agree that the party should end, and there were shouts for "more," and the quite "un-Christmassy" but beloved "Frere Jacques" was sung with gusto, lasting until the entrance of everygirl's friend, the night watchman, who dispersed the crowd, adjourning the third and most delightful meeting of the French club.

Miss Ferry, who was in charge of the program, has evidently set quite a standard for the other sponsors to live up to, and now everyone is looking forward to the first meeting after the holidays, which will be under the direction of Miss Brooks.

DR. CRAWFORD, PEABODY, SPEAKS ON PRAYER

Dr. L. W. Crawford, of George Peabody College, spoke on the subject of Prayer to the Ward-Belmont students, Wednesday, December 11.

After announcing his subject Dr. Crawford continued by saying, "I know some of you are asking why I should choose such an old-fashioned subject; why not talk on something fresh, up-to-date and life-giving, or on something with backbone? My answer is that if our prayer life is not up-to-date our religious life is apt to be stale. If our prayer life is boneless our religious life is apt to be spineless."

Dr. Crawford compared prayer to three things: a radio, a check, and a letter. "Prayer is the dial which we turn to hear God, and like the radio, God is broadcasting. Has he signed off or have we?" asked Dr. Crawford.

"A check bears a signature; it may cancel a debt, buy a gift, or relieve suffering. What do we pray for? Are our prayers ever over-drawn as our checks? The more we have in the bank of Heaven the more we can pray, and the difference is, the more we pray the more we have of an inexhaustible supply in Heaven," continued Dr. Crawford.

Comparing prayer with a letter, Dr. Crawford said, "Our letters are written to someone, well worded, and bear a signature; but many reach the dead letter box. I often wonder if there is a dead letter office for prayer. What route do our prayers take? I don't know, but, like our letters, if carefully addressed they will go by some route by which they will reach their destination."

NEW ENGLAND DIVINES, SUBJECT OF DR. W. E. BARTON

Dr. W. E. Barton, pastor of the Congregational Church, related to the students last Friday, December 6, the outstanding points in the lives of three outstanding New England ministers.

The first of whom Dr. Barton spoke was Elder Brewster. Though not an ordained minister, Brewster took an active part in preaching the sermons. Although he was just a layman, he left a library of four hundred volumes; an amazing library for that time. One-fourth of it was on Bible, seventeen volumes of poetry, and much of it was in Science and Philosophy.

Cotton Mather, the grandson of John Cotton and Richard Mather, was the second New England minister.

"Though in Cotton Mather's diary we are told his only sin was idleness, we find that at the age of eleven he had read Latin and Greek; while at fourteen upon hearing a sermon in English he would write it in Latin." declared Dr. Barton.

"Cotton Mather is most often heard of only in connection with the punishment of those practicing witchcraft," continued Dr. Barton, "but he believed that they shouldn't be condemned unless there was evidence of their practice of witchcraft."

This is not all for which Cotton Mather should be remembered for. It was he who submitted his son to the first inoculation against smallpox.

He will also be remembered as the author of the first history of the United States, and was the father of Yale College.

Michael Wigglesworth, a doctor as well as a minister, was the third of these New England ministers to be discussed by Dr. Barton. Michael Wigglesworth is remembered for his poem, "The Day of Doom."



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SUEDE FOR AUTUMN

For Fall, the velvet frock is most important! Therefore, suede will make an important part of your Fall Shoe Wardrobe Nothing but suede complements, so exquisitely and perfectly, the richness of velvet. Chandler's showing of Suede Footwear is unequalled in Variety and Beauty. Chandler quality, of course, needs no further praise.

"That High, Snug-Fitting Arch"

CHANDLER'S *Exquisite* SHOES
506 Church Street
(Opposite Princess Theatre)

PICTURES

Christmas! To the agnostic it brings a picture of a hundred kneeling people with arms upraised in belief. To the modernist it brings the thoughts of giving and receiving many gifts. To the psychologist it depicts a hereditary descent into the Christmas spirit of joy. To the general city dweller it brings hustle and noise, a sharp tang and smelly odor of holly and mistletoe. And to the newspaper man it brings one day of rest, one day in which the hurrying and scurrying of a busy office is stilled. To the well-educated child it brings the Christmas story itself. No one but a child can see the simplicity yet full understanding of that night. Being a child and understanding as a child is a most glorious quiet feeling. And in the joy, laughter, and merry-making comes that thrill of only once a year.

DIARY OF MISTRESS BELLE-WARD



My own love: Thursday, Dec. 5.

Did wake to a full uneventful day and existed as best I knew how. Had me a picture taken and know it will be terrible, not because of the photography, but on account of the general vacancy of expression. It'll be natural, at any rate.

Visited the Seniors at a speedy speed and even went to the library with one, but found her more than too noisy to study n·xt to. Short and sweet!

Friday, Dec. 6.

Study-halled in the afternoon, just when I'd decided to go to town. Spent the whole time washing out socks, so it wasn't half and not much study. Chance for an interesting simile, but I just haven't time.

To Mr. Goodman's recital at night and was just quite, quite, too thrilled by the Rush Hour in Hongkong. It must truly be a bustling metropolis according ————O.

Saturday, Dec. 7.

Played around club village all morning and danced my legs nigh off. Went to Miss Ross' English 25 from twelve to one and heard some right lively discussions on current authors and literature. I think I'll make it a Saturday morning habit of mine.

To the theatre in the early afternoon and got me slightly bored and a bit more blase, but it mattered not so greatly.

Balconied later at the Tri-K dance, a charming black and white affair, to which I rated nary a little bid, but basked in its glory however. I'm not even proud.

Sunday, Dec. 8.

Excused myself from church by a full sly baby ruse and partook sparingly of a cold chapel and hard seats. Then next of a vacant mail box—such is life.

No vespers in the evening and couldn't be dragged out of my room, even with the thought of going to Vanderbilt. Believe it or not!

Monday, Dec. 9.

If anyone can think of something interesting that happened, I'll give you my job and blessings.

Tuesday, Dec. 10.

Got told just what the young ladies will wear in the shape of good table manners. Very interesting, but not particularly elevating as I've been hearing about it since I was two.

Spent quite a few of the remaining hours of the day trying to make this up until one of the nice but not truthful members of the staff told me it wasn't true until Friday. A very lucky day for me.

Wednesday, Dec. 11.

A terribly nice speech in Chapel by one of those men with a nasty Phi Beta Kappa key. It must be mighty white.

Club meeting-ed and strewed money around with a beneficial hand. I don't honestly know what it means, but it sounds terrific.

Thursday, Dec. 12.

Was paraded for in some divine looking frocks, the reason being the Home Ec. style show. Had a bad attack of green jealousy when that slinky red evening number appeared on the scene, but that's all.

Did some tall Christmas shopping in the downtown of our big city and found that the variety offered can be beaten, but I comforted myself with the thought that a week from today I'll be headed for a place where they don't sell bath salts as a new sort of Christmas gift. Ain't it wonderful, gals?

Friday, Dec. 13.

Two exams and no mail on Friday the 13th! And aside from that I spent all my money paying for C.O.D.'s. Labored long and low all the day writing this some more and watching and decorating of "Rec" Hall for open house with envious eyes. Oh, to be a worthy Senior.

Spent a.l evening in the practice rooms listening to the strains of the orchestra and doing just about that much practicing. Wended my weary way to Pembroke, sad of heart and lonesome

Saturday, Dec. 14.

Packed profusely and some more dismantling of said room. It's a privilege, I assure you.

Snowballed with the T. C.'s a while at night. It was a truly darling dance and I made the most of it. Each dance is cuter than the one before. What of it, we love it!

Sunday, Dec. 15.

We go home this week, chilluns! I've been waiting to say that since Sept. 19th and now I can't believe it. Packed all afternoon instead of studying for a chemistry exam I'm to have.

To Miss Townsend's Christmas play in chapel, which was much lovelier than last year. Did swear I'd take expression after the holidays, but Bing says I'd be a terrible flop. I even think she's right. Everything is getting so vacationy that I'm just all agog.

Monday, Dec. 16.

Bought my little ticket with almost the last worthy shekel. It sure do be worth it, however. That wee piece of paper is really going to take me where I want to go.

To the servants' entertainment in the regular meeting place and was royally received, as should be a young lady of the "South's foremost female institution." Also got me thanked "once, twice and thrice" for the present—present, in the year of '29. Such fun.

Tuesday, Dec. 17.

Nothing terribly thrilling except going home is getting nearer. Hall Christmas tree at night and got me the cutest li'l' present. I'm great on these little gifts. Lots of fun pretty soon!

Wednesday, Dec. 18.

The last day!

Club at night and another presentation—goody! Said good-bye to everyone I won't see before tomorrow and wept a few false tears at leaving.

Was caroled to by the Seniors and sleepy as was, it sounded absolutely angelic. I think that that's the sweetest custom. My packed grips look too good to live and so I fall to sleep until tomorrow—grinning cheerfully.

Station MBW signing off for three weeks and you'll never know how good it feels!

'Nite, everybody.

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Stepping Along Pretty Briskly These Days Aren't you



Who wouldn't be with Christmas and the old gang and HOME not far off!

But what we want to bring up is this: why not step down our way and . . . . Well, we might as well say it—

GO INTO ECSTACIES over the sheerness of the hose Loveman's are showing for holiday wear.

Sonata, Illusion, Chaire and Dune for the places you'll be going at night. And for luncheon and tea dates Sable, Onionskin, Primrose, Almora and Peter Pan. Subtle and *so* sheer.

But really you must come and see them. First floor at Loveman's—convenient and worth your while.
An idea for gifts, too.

GIRL SCOUT REPORT

Tuesday evening, December 10th, the Girl Scouts held a very fitting meeting for Christmas time. In the center of the dinner table was a red candle and the place cards were brilliant cardboard candles. After dinner we turned out the lights and sang Christmas carols, and discussed "Christmas carolling," which we have been asked to do in a troop. Mrs. Miller has given us a wonderful district and we all hope we can successfully carry out our job.

A SENIOR-MID TIDBIT

"Have you seen the men?"
"What men?"
"Why, those up in Alice's room."

Such are questions much asked around school lately. You see, it all came about like this. One night, while studying her French lesson, Alice Kirkpatrick got an inspiration; quite a unique one, it has proved. It seems that there had been a lot of discussion about Alice anyway. One reason was that she draws the most remarkable pictures of movie stars. And if you haven't seen her picture of Greta Garbo, you don't know what you've missed!

If you go into their room, you would almost think that it was "movieland." Mary Ryan, Alice's roommate, also has artistic inclinations. There are two hangings on the wall which Mary made; there is a picture of a ship and another one of a landscape.

But to come back to the inspiration which Alice got while she was studying French. She decided that a real life-sized man would be very much worth possessing, so she secured some wrapping paper, and started in. The next morning, he was all done; a dark, handsome, six feet and two inches tall man.

During the next few days, two more men appeared in the room. So now there are three; one is dark, one is a handsome blond with a big red "A" on his sweater, and the other is all dressed up in a long overcoat. And if you haven't been up to room 262 Founders to see them, you'd better go at once.

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We welcome all Ward-Belmont Faculty, Students, Parents and Friends

NOVEMBER-ITES HONORED

Holiday decorations have been prominent at the last two birthday parties, held on December 5 and December 16. At the first one, a large platter of fruit formed the centerpiece, with dishes of nuts on each side. Red candles and silhouette place cards completed the Thanksgiving scheme.

A small Christmas tree, gaily decorated, was in the center of the table at the second dinner. Pale green candlesticks in silver holders carried out the silver and green color scheme.

The girls at the first one were: Ruth Peterson, Alys Macie Cochran, Jean Dix, Dorothy Zaug, Martha Hunt, Gloria Morris, Sarah Elizabeth Proctor, Mary Helen Putman, Willa Luella Ekel, Virginia Gardner, Eunice Hill, Margaret Yoder, Nell Scoggs, Emily Monks, Ann May, Frances Jenkins, Janis Baldwin, Virginia Fox, Esther Jane Johnson, Mary Elizabeth Davis.

Those at the second dinner were: Helen Seldomridge, Mary Franke Lemmon, Dorothy Burdette, Harriett Miller, Rosalie Hulberg, Mildred Koy, Mary Jo Moore, Rose Flentye, Dorothy Standifer, Marion Cox, Beth Chamberlain, Jean McLean, Eleanor Binford, Miriam Dorney, Jean Perry, Virginia Feltus, Mary Helen Taylor, Dorothy Emrich, Jane Stripling, and Scottie Dwyer.

MISS SLOAN'S PUPILS GIVE RECITAL

The first of a series of studio recitals by the pupils of Miss Sloan was given last Wednesday afternoon, December 11, in Miss Sloan's studio. Other pupils of Miss Sloan will give recitals from time to time during the school year.

The program follows:

Com'e' hello (Lucrezia Borgia) ..... *Donizetti*
MRS. SAM AVERBUCH

Sunbeams ..... *Ronald*
Wake Up ..... *Phillips*
HELEN BLOOD

Rose, Softly Blooming ..... *Spohr*
Three Green Leaves ..... *Sproas*
MILDRED DORRIS

Because ..... *D'Hardelot*
Until ..... *Sanderson*
RICHARD HARSH

O Bocca Dolorosa ..... *Sibella*
At Love's Close ..... *Leoni*
HELEN FERGUSON

The Nightingale's Song ..... *Nevin*
Love Me Well ..... *Bemberg*
MRS. MABLE JONES

Tender Ties ..... *Delbruck*
Villanelle ..... *Dell 'Acqua*
MARGUERITE MURPHY

Hindoo Chant ..... *Bemberg*
Land of Delight ..... *Sanderson*
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CARON'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT PERFUME, $2 a dram.

CORDAY'S FEMME DU JOUR $5 an ounce or 65c a dram.

D'ORSAY'S TOUJOURS FIDELE, $5.50 an ounce or 70c a dram.

HOUBIGANT'S IDEAL PERFUME, $4 an ounce, or 50c a dram.

CIRO'S BOUQUET ANTIQUE, $5.50 an ounce, or 70c a dram.

CARON'S L'INFINI PERFUME, $6 an ounce or 75c a dram.

—MAIN FLOOR.

at LEBECK'S

"Y" NOTES

In discussing the Sunday school lesson of December 8, which was on the subject of "How Can We Be Sure of Jesus," Miss Saunders said that we must test Jesus to make sure of Him. We must have a knowledge of Him, and in order to obtain this knowledge, we must read the Gospel to know what other people think about Him, and learn how he has affected those who do know Him.

"The result of the life of Jesus and a few people who were intimately connected with Him is what makes the church," declared Miss Saunders. "Let us take Jesus as a picture of God. We have in the life of Jesus a picture of an individual who had great experience. The church, however, does not make us sure of Jesus. It is necessary that we test Him."

One of our Y. W. C. A. cabinet members, Louisa La Bounty, was the Sunday school speaker for Sunday, December 8.

In introducing her talk, Louisa asked the question: "Are we able to talk to a person from any walk of life in such a way that we give something to him and at the same time gain something from him?"

"We should be able to converse with anyone," continued Louisa. "To be an interesting listener as well as an interesting speaker is a goal we should strive to attain. We must be able to put ourselves in another person's place—to feel his moods. The purpose of such learning is to broaden us."

Mrs. Blanton, who, for the last several Sundays has been unable to take charge of her Sunday school class, was able last Sunday to resume her place as teacher of the class.

On December 12, eight of our students were allowed to represent Ward-Belmont at a discussion group at Scarritt College. This discussion is being conducted by Dr. Mott, who is connected with the Student Volunteer Organization of America. A group of fifty or sixty students from the various colleges of the city were present.



The Perfect Answer

Miss Drew: "What are the three words most used by students?"
Ruth Peterson: "I don't know."
Miss Drew: "Correct."

If you're lonesome and blue
Cause boy-friend hasn't written;
And you don't know what to do,
My advice is: read "The Hyphen"!
It is full of lively news
That will chase away the blues
And replace them with a feeling of content.
Just take this tip from me,
There are more men than he
And, surely, they will have *two cents!*

Can You Do This?

(1) Dance at a meat ball.
(2) Hear a tree bark.
(3) Pack a tree trunk.
(4) Blow a shoe horn.

Poem

Why do the bells of Christmas ring,
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And the mother sung and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy child!"

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.
—*Eugene Field.*

Ignorance is bliss—except in high school where it's general.—*Ex.*

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