Exam Week!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Good Luck!

LUME XXXV | SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1947 | NUMBER 14

'ville Playhouse resents "Rain" As hird Production

The Nashville Community Playuse is presenting "Rain" from nuary 15 till January 22 as its ird production of the season. Miss therine Winnia, director of the ard-Belmont Speech Department, in the presentation.

"Rain," which is written by John olton and Clemence Randolph, is a ltry drama of the south seas and founded on W. Somerset Maughn's story, "Miss Thompson." It is e tragedy of the absolutist, the ernal persecutor, the central men- e and misfortune of the life of ankind, the sworn foe of love and t and freedom and vision. Such is e Reverend Mr. Davidson of the ay, which is being played by Denn Rosell.

The action of the play, which kes place in the public living room Joe Horn's hotel-store on the isnd of Pago Pago during the rainy ason, is the result of a group of ople being forced to stay on the land while waiting for transportaon to another of the islands. The ssengers, Rev. and Mrs. Davidson, issionaries, Dr. and Mrs. McPhail d Sadie Thompson, who is escapg the law, in expressing themselves characteristic ways furnish both lmination and catastrophe.

Davidson sees Sadie and is doomed; e stored poisons in his blood exode. Sadie is saved by O'Hara, e simple soldier who has roughed it rough life and who has tolerance, ty, love, understanding. Joe Horn, e trader, is confirmed in his hard right wisdom. Only poor Mrs. avidson is left utterly forlorn.

The part of Mrs. Davidson is ayed by Miss Catherine Winnia; adie Thompson by Margaret Kendy; Joe Horn by Richard Dunn; O'Hara by Al Margolin; Dr. McPhail by Hayden Johnson; and Mrs. McPhail by Martha Minor.

Out of the Slump

There are big plans for a party to bounce everyone out of the exam slump. On Saturday, January 25, the "Y" is having a party at seven thirty in the gym.

If the weather is suitable, there will be a bonfire, but even if it is raining, there will be skits and many refreshments. Everyone should reserve Saturday night for the biggest party yet!

Music Pupils Give Informal Recital

The first informal student recital of the year, presented by the students of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, consisted of piano, vocal, violin and organ solos.

Numbers in this recital were:

A.D. 1620 from Sea Pieces . . . . . MacDowell
Dudley Brown

Theme from Warsaw Concerto . . . . . Adinsell
Malinda Parker

Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring . Bach

Theme and Variation . . . . . Paganini - Labanski
Barbara Towner

Calm as the Night . . . . . Bohn
Ruth Marie Walls

Sonata Eroica (3rd movement) . . . . . MacDowell
Nancy Cooper

Sapphic Ode . . . . . Brahms

Carissima . . . . . Penn
Louvenia Mitchell

The Man I Love . . . Gershwin
Graenger
Gloria Dandridge

Silent Moon . . . . . Williams

Prelude in March . . . . Rosbach
Mary Jo Warren

J'ai pleure en reve . . . . . Hue

Carmena . . . . . Wilson
Jennie Parr

Arioso . . . . . Bach-Franko
Betty Bryant

I Love Thee . . . . . Grieg

Pierrot . . . . . Andrews
Val Jean Nicholson

La Comparsa . . . . . Lecuona
Tessie Angelina

The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes . . . . . Carpenter

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Yves Tinayre Presents Concert Here

Monologues Given By Speech Pupils

Monologues by members of the Speech Department were given in the chapel program Monday, January 13, 1947.

Miss Winnia gave the settings and situation for the selections. The first she announced was Mary Anne Jones portraying a mother anxious to get her darling in the movies.

"A Cheerful Little Earful" was the second monologue given by Betty Neil Sheppherd who left the invalid after her visit with a heavy pallor.

Lena Mistretta enacted a young girl at her high school prom complete with fluttering eyelashes and sophistication.

And the last of the monologues was given by Olive Thompson as she shouted the praises of that "all-purpose Shropsie Topsie, the perfect food in the pink package!"

Roundtable Club Discusses Palestine

The first panel for the Roundtable Club in the new year will be Palestine. Under this topic, the viewpoints of the Jewish, Arab, British and American citizens will be explained in full.

The speakers for the evening will be Nancy Pippin and Nattie Blake, representing the college classes. Ann Frederick and Martha Ann Rogers represent the high school.

The Round Table counsel, composed of four officers and the members, have decided to send further boxes of food and clothes to Europe. This is partially due to the stopping of the UNRRA and the great need for supplies that still exists.

The names of 12 individual families are being secured. Each hall will take one family and furnish them with a box of food and clothing.



Yves Tinayre

Athletic Awards Given in Chapel

The Athletic Awards for the fall sports season were presented in chapel December 16. Jane Harte introduced the officers of the Athletic Association and the sports managers. Challie Thornton explained the club letters. Virginia Inglett presented the Fall Riding Cup to the Penta Tau Club. Joanne Sherman awarded Red Cross Life Saving badges to Carol Butters who passed the Junior Life Saving Course, and to Nancy Cook, Laurel Cook, Barbara Dickson, Martha Durham, Mary Lou Galloway, Mabel Durham, Jeanne Ingersol, Ruth Killebrew, Julia McHenry, Pat Negley, Margaret Thompson, Joanna Troutman, Janet Young, Beverly Harris, and Virginia Pearson all of whom received the Senior Life Saving Badges presented by Jane Harte.

The tennis varsities were read and those making Prep Varsity were: Marie Brakebill, Cynthia Mizell, Jean Ward, and Virginia Holt. Those on the college varsity are Harriet Ashley, Mary F. Bivins, Marion

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French Baritone Sings at W.-B.

The French baritone, Yves Tinayre, who gave a concert in the North Front Auditorium, January 16, is not only a vocalist, but he is a musical scholar. In a few years research he had unearthed music for solo voice and instruments that dated back to medieval times. Today, his library contains two thousand works and editions, which he has personally collected, of music long out of reach.

Accompanied by a string quartet and Dean Irwin, at the piano, Mr. Tinayre sang:

I

Organ Duplum . Magister Luninus
Conductus: "Beata Viscera" . Perotin
"Ave Mater" . . . . . Anonymous
"Alma Redemptoris Mater" . . . . . Guillaume Du Fay

II

Three Songs from the Trouveres
1. "Or est Baiais"
2. "C'est Lahus pardessous l'olive"
3. "Mes cuers est emprisonnes"
School of Picardy

Balade: "Rose lys" . . . . . Guillaume de Machaut

Chancon: "Adieu mon amoureuse joye" . . . . . Gilles Binchois

Ayre: "Weep You no More" . . . . . John Dowland

III

Two Luther Cantatas
1. Introduction and Motet . . . . . Heinrich Schutz
   a. Sinfonia
   b. Erbarm dich mein!
2. Kirchenkantate No. 4 . . . . . Johannes Christoph
"Die Engelein . . . . . Kriedel
   a. Aria
   b. Recitative and Aria
   c. Recitative and Aria

IV

Kirchenkantate "Festo Pentecostar" . . . . Georg Phillip Teleman
   a. Aria
   b. Recitative
   c. Aria

Home Ec. Club Sees Bridal Show

The Home Economics building was the scene of the "Honeymoon in New York" bridal display, given on January 13 by the courtesy of Cain-Sloan and Company, directed by Mrs. Hibbets.

Six models showed three bridal gowns, a complete trousseau, and a going-away outfit.

President of the Home Economics club, Peggy Johnson, greeted and introduced Mrs. Hibbetts, with Vice President Ann Squires acting as program chairman.

Beautiful flower bouquets were given by Joy Flower Shop for the occasion. Refreshments were served, at which time Mrs. Hibbets answered many questions regarding trousseau and bridal arrangements.

How Belmont Estate Came To Be Belmont College

By Jane Erwin

I suppose we have all wondered at e time or another, how Belmont state ever came to be Belmont Colge. After looking into the records, have found no real reason for the te's being chosen, but I have found cord of an interesting episode which d to the choosing of this particular state.

One fall day in 1889, Misses Hood d Heron were driving out Hillsboro Road when they looked up to e impressed by a majestic mansion the top of the hill. At the very oment they first saw the mansion, ey were discussing possible locaons for the girls' boarding school ey were preparing to open. They had no intentions of opening a school in the South. In fact, an Education Association meeting was their only reason for being in Nashville at the time. When they both looked up at the lovely old building with its dignified pillars and frivolous iron grill work, they knew that their plans had changed, for here was the ideal setting for the school they had always dreamed of—here was Belmont. Even the name was appropriate.

Miss Heron once said, "I believe it was the old tower that made us finally decide." After hearing the romantic history of Belmont from a Vanderbilt professor, there could be no more doubt. An investigation was begun, plans were made, and luck

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The Old Belmont Estate

Editorial Comment

It's Wonderful

Friendship is a wonderful thing to have. Perhaps we have many friends, perhaps only a few, but what would any of us do without them, no matter how many or how few there may be? Friendships are, when you come to think about it, one of the things that make a life out of an existence; they are essential in our lives; they are a part of us.

And yet, how much care do we take of these precious things, our friendships? Are we careful of them, or do we take them for granted as something we have and will never lose? If we SHOULD lose them we would care, certainly, but do we care enough to make an effort to keep them?

Friendships are, in a way, like flowers. To be kept blooming, they must be tended and watered. The ground around them must be kept fertile and loose; they must have the right amount of sun and water; in other words, they must be cared for. You and I both know what happens to an untended flower . . . it dies. An untended friendship may struggle on for years without care, but it, too, will die unless something is done about it.

What can you do each day to please your friend? How can you tend your friendships? You are busy, you say, too busy to stop to talk or gossip, or to go to the drugstore or Tea Room. Exam time is a busy time, it's true . . . but there is always time for a smile instead of a grimace, a cheerful greeting instead of a tired one, two cokes instead of one. There is always time to be cheerful, a thing which goes a long way toward both making and keeping friendships.

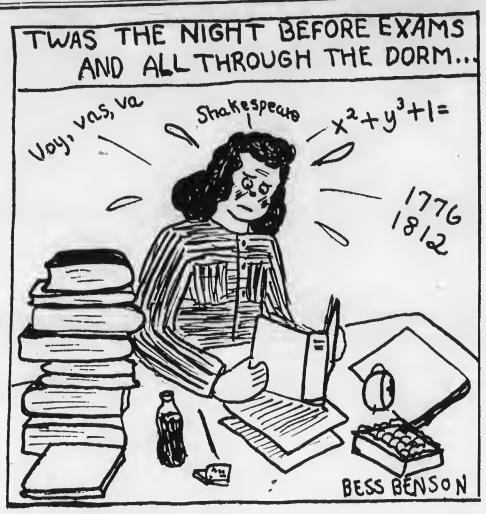
"Friend: one devoted to another by affection, regard or esteem; an intimate acquaintance." This is one dictionary's definition of a friend. "An intimate acquaintance." We MAKE time to cultivate acsuaintances, in the hopes that someday they may become friends. Why not cultivate friends in order that they may someday become better friends?

There's a new semester starting in a few days, a new semester in a new year. How many new friends can we make in this new year? And how many old friends can we keep? Remember, friendship is a wonderful thing to have.

Fran Sez . . .

Here we are . . . back in our little groove once more. With the descent of term papers, dead week, and exams (or should we say EXAMS!?) the life we lead has become even more hectic, and consequently a wee word of encouragement would be appropriate. Knowing that for many of us this is the first exposure to college examinations, we realize that the strain, at first, may be terrific. Long hours of studying . . . cramming, for some of us . . . that precede the three-hour ordeal and the prostration of relief that follows the exam are not the things that will be remembered after THE week has passed. No, we will remember the breakfasts in the Tea Hole and the exalted feeling that arrives on the evening of January 25. Final word of encouragement: stout heart, fellows! We'll all pull through.

To depart from the encouraging words for a few paragraphs, we would like to mention the slump that seems to have hit everyone at the same time. We have all, more or less, discarded any conscientiousness we may have had earlier in the year, and we have assumed an apathy that is unbecoming. Perhaps it is the influence of the Christmas vacation; when we returned to Ward-Blemont, we were unwilling to resume our responsibilities. The longer we procrastinate, the harder it will become to settle down to the duties we have before us. By shirking our responsibilities we merely prove the adolescence of which we have been accused. The sensible attitude for us to take is one of dependability, and the time to begin cultivating such an attitude is now, during exam week!



Why My Larynx Was Out to Lunch; Or-Are Those My Lowers Clicking?

By JOYCE ARMITAGE

Have you ever stopped to realize how much pulling teeth resembles taking exams? One hurts as much as the other though in a different place. . . . Anyhow as I don't want to think about deah exams til I havta, faithful readers, prepare to suffer with me an experience that overtook me during the holidays.

The first object that met my eye when I crossed the threshold of my bedroom after such a long absence was a neat white card stating my honored presence was requested Dec. 26 at 7:00 A.M at the DENTIST'S OFFICE!

My parents caught me bag in hand as I was slipping out the back door. . . . I told them I felt distinctly let down. After all, I had taken very good care of my teeth at school consistently polishing them with lemon drops; massaging the incisions twice daily with lollipops; and chewing taffy and peanut brittle to exercise the gums. Why even once, I had dropped my lessons and allowed wild horses to drag me to the dentist's. So you can understand why I felt both dismayed and betrayed.

At last the dread hour on the dread day arrived and I sat in Dr. I. Pullem D.D.S.'s office propping my sleep-weighted eyes open with marble columns . . . after last eve toothpicks wouldn't do an effective job. From the nearby office a long, low whine like that of a buzzsaw biting into a green plank reached my ears.

Suddenly an ear-splitting shriek rose above it and then died into a choked gurgle. I nonchalantly bit my finger-nails off up to the knuckles and leaned over to the nurse, a medusa type, with serpents writhing under her cap.

"Er-um-pardon me," I mumbled. "Did you hear anything just then?"

"Why, no," she replied, primly tucking a snake back under her cap. "What sort of noise was it?"

"A — a kind of scratchy sound," I faltered.

"Oh that," she sniffed. "Impacted wisdom tooth. We have to go through the skull for those, you know."

Mumbling some excuse about meeting Dr. Provine for lunch in Nashville, I dropped to my knees and began to crawl toward the door. Suddenly a loud rumbling began, a great cloud of flame and smoke rose up from the floor and Dr. Pullem appeared!!

"Oh!" he cackled, "a patient! Quick, slam the door on her before she gets away!" Before I could dodge past, he pinioned me in a vise-like grip and bore me into his web. He was pushing me into the chair when the nurse entered with a heavy glass ashtray.

"Here, hit her with this!" she panted.

"No, no! we mustn't bruise her!" muttered Dr. Pullem. "The parents always ask a lot of silly questions."

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Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Jane Erwin

The girl with the ability to make everyone listen when she speaks in chapel and the sparkling eyes that say, "You're *so* nice" is none other than our own Jane Erwin. (The wild look that comes into those blue orbs of late is due merely to the fact that her roommate wanders about at such hours as two or three in the morning—sleep walker, ya know!! And what with Mar Lou next door who has nightmares—with screams a la carte, well, what can you expect?)

To give you a well-rounded picture of beautiful Janie, I now present her likes and dislikes, which are definitely well-rounded. Thus: onions and garlic, wood fires, reading (everything in sight), duck hunting (who cares if she's never even been hunting?—it's the thought that counts!), surfboard riding, anchovies (ugh), rain ('specially when accompanied by football games), rare meat, amusing and/or intellectual people, walking (except sleep-walking), and swimming. (At this point, the author feels obliged to add Archery, since she won her *own* W.-B. letter in said sport.) As for dislikes, her principal aversions are purple washrags, socks, (note absence), tuna fish (how odd!!!), math, rumors, interrupted schedules and changed plans (a warning).

Excluding this strange assortment,

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Po'ms 'Bout People

By JANE 'n SPRUNG

THERE'S NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO
'Cept exams and smoke and rain,
But those Xmas memories should suffice
To last us until spring.

LIT JUST DOESN'T AGREE WITH US
Or French—but c'est la vie,
We guess we'll have to condone the stuff
While we're at W.-B.

LIFE WAS AWFULLY DULL 'ROUND HERE
Till BETTY STEED came back
Especially in certain classes, but
Best we don't mention that.

TAN SANS PAN
If we could've acquired a tan like that
And a man that's such a peach,
We'd have taken LEBENSTEIN'S advice
And spent our Xmas in Miami Beach.

UNREQUITED ZEAL
We study hard (it says right here)
We surely are quite zealous.
"But, what's the use?" we think sometimes.
JUDY WHEELER, we are jealous.

AN ORCHID, or
Three cheers for those who're giving us
Access to food at nite.
Let's hope full stomachs produce deep thoughts
'Cause this week we've got to be bright.

WHATEVER YOU SAY
It's kinda cold to stand outside
That six minutes between classes,
But if Doctor Provine wants us to
We'll do just as he asks us.

SHE STAYS ALL WET
Bathtubs can be used for lots of things
Like washing our clothes and hair
But MARY DERRICK loves her's so
She even studies there.

ADDED ATTRACTION
Senior hall would be quite dull
Without that BERNO KID
We never know quite what she'll do
But we'll laugh or blow our lid.

WOE IS US
Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
Exams start today,
So good luck to you.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Editor . . . . . FRANCES NEWPORT
Associate Editor . . . . . JOYCE ARMITAGE
Business Manager . . . . . MARILYN PARNELL
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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By Sue and Kathie

Due to partial paralyzation of the imaginatory portion of my frontal lobes due to an unforseen accumulation of several weeks assignments requiring my assiduous and unremitting attention, (due to my inate quality of singular indolence since birth), I have been slightly hindered in turning to my column. Instead of the usual parade of clothes chit-chat, this week we are injecting something a little more scintillating . . . the quintessence of femininity personified by the W.-B. Ensemble Girl!

Carolyn Henderson, hair; "Bobby" Allen, eyes; Pat McGauly, nose; Eileen Springstun, mouth; Val Nicklelson, complexion; Ann Bumgardner, voice; Audrey Horst, smile; Pat Cheek, hands; Norma Rudolph, legs; Jane Hart, feet; Peggy Johnston, conformation; Jane Faulk, likeableness; "Snappie" Englett, spirit; Marian Dopke, sense of humor; Steve Ann Akin, talent.

We begin the day of our ideal girl (not to be confused with our ideal day) with the inopportune chiming of the campus breakfast bell. Zooming out of bed with her characteristic enthusiasm, bubbling with the vim, vigor and vitality for which our campus enjoys such renown, she hastily removes Pat Stamper's (now Mrs. Allen D. Berry, Jr.) sulphur lotion from her face, tears Joyce Armitage's pink and white socks off her hair, tosses Suzanne Zeek's red Russian pajamas into a corner, kicks Mary Jo Warren's chartreuse bunny slippers under the bed, and nestles "Sleepy" Caughron's last nickle into her sock.

Full of eggs and toast, she gaily trips into class, looking as if she were facing, well . . . class, in Betsy Clifford's abject gray skirt, Millicent Major's woebegone bucket hat, L. L. Jones' maroon and white Pine Bluff jacket. Perched on her nose for the intellectual look SO popular this season, are Bunty Hart's horn-rimmed glasses.

In short (if we can be short) we are indulging our transient fancies in a dream world, but to paraphrase a popular song, or more explicitly—to quote it—"I'll Buy That Dream."

A. A. Awards

(Continued from Page 1)

Dopke and Nancy Moss. Nancy Moss was given a charm for winning the tennis tournament. The other girls were given letters. The trophy was given to the Penta Tau Club president.

Those who made second Prep Varsity in Hockey were: Margaret Blair, Dudley Brown, Martha Douglass, Martha Evers, Polly Hager, Ann Hamilton, Martha Hayes, Mary Ann Sugg, Nancy Wilkerson, and Nancy Manier. The second College Varsity included Beverly Berno, Peggy Blowers, Ann Bumgardner, Jane Harte, Marilyn Flynn, Sheila Kennard, Lennie Lavigne, Nancy Moss, Marie Pender, Imogene Spoeri, and Challie Thornton.

The girls making first Day Prep Varsity are: Julia Edwards, Betty Grant, Joanne Geny, Lucy Graves, Jean Horner, Dorothy Hailey, Edna Gene Little, Cynthia Mizell, Elizabeth Nixon, Jean Ward, and Mary C. Woolwine. Those on the Boarding Prep Varsity are: Martha Blackburn, Jane Branson, Dorothy Evans, Mary Gaines, Carolyn McKnight, Sara Jane Mathes, Margaret Petrass, Marion Tilley, Mary Olive Walls, Martha Durham, and Bar Nelson. The College Varsity included Faith Chalmers, Alma Edmonds, Virginia Englett, Bunty Hart, Audrey Horst, Anne Lindgrem, Peggy Pittman, Pat Tanton, Kay Van Nortwick, Pat Wagner, and Jackie Wood. Mary Catherine Woolwine, Barbara Nelson, and Jean Ward made Prep Varsity for the second time, and Lucy Graves made it for the third time. Virginia Englett made Prep Varsity last year. Pat Tanton made College Varsity last year too and received a charm. The rest of the girls received letters. The Osiron president was called forth to receive the Hockey Trophy.

The new active members of the Athletic Association are Mary F. Bivins, Martha Blackburn, Marie Brackebill, Jane Branson, Ann Bumgardner, Faith Chalmbers, Dorothy Evans, Sara C. Farris, Mary Gaines, Joanne Geny, Jean Guttman, Dorothy Haily, Bunty Hart, Margaret Hayes, Virginia Holt, L. L. Jones, Ann Lindgren, Carolyn McKnight, Sara J. Mathes, Shirley Nichols, Elizabeth Nixon, Pat Nowlin, Peggy Pittman, Patricia Rhine, Shirley Schulz, Mary Ann Sugg, Marion Tilley and Mary Olive Walls.

The total club points for the fall sports season are: Agora, 152½; A. K., 123½, Anti-Pan, 151½; Del Vers, 164½; F. F., 145½; Osiron, 179; Penta Tau, 219; T. C., 116; Tri-K, 219; X. L., 139; Angkor, 153½; Ariston, 133½; Eccowasin, 131; Triad, 110.

Music Recital

(Continued from Page 1)

Il Bacio . . . . . Arditi
Nancy Broyles

Apres un Reve . . . . . Faure
Lete . . . . . Chaminade
Sylvia Stahlman

Sarabande . . Romeau-MacDowell
Steve Ann Akin

Scene and Gavotte from "Manon"
. . . . . Massent
Camille Hancock

Toccata in D . . . . . Rinder
Bobbye West

The White Peacock . . . Griffes
Molly Shanks

Britain Favors U.S.; Tax Bill Hearing; Fire in Gallatin

Authoritative sources said yesterday that Great Britain will support the United States in insisting that atomic control be given priority over general disarmament if there is a showdown with Russian in the United Nations Security Council. Russia doesn't favor giving priority to atomic energy control, but to world disarmament.

Nashville has come of age, musically, with the recent establishment of its symphony orchestra and the future of the organization should be a brilliant one. This prediction was made by Albert Spalding, famous concert violinist, on his arrival in the city to play with the orchestra in its second concert in the War Memorial Building, January 13, at 8:30 o'clock.

The joint senate-house committees

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Belle of W-B

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she is unique in other ways. First, she has lounging pajamas (characteristically loud) in which she actually lounges; secondly, she studies in the bathtub when convenient; thirdly, she plans to write a book someday; and lastly, but not leastly, she has a man in tow . . . a very nice guy called Harold . . . or have you heard? Her future plans concern chiefly said fiance, whom she plans to marry as soon as she finishes at S.M.U. (next year, she hopes, due to the aid of multi correspondence courses).

In concluding, we will mention the organizations to which Janie belongs, namely, Anti-Pan (she's President, ya' know), French club, Athletic Association, and the staffs of Hyphen and *Milestones*. Also, in conclusion (don't give up . . . I'll quit), a poem:

Here's to Janie,
She's true blonde . . .
And isn't it becoming?

Sweet Belles Swing

The New Year is off to a fine musical start with a wide variety of discs and artists from which to choose!

"Hoodle Addle" is a jump number rating top place on the W-Bite popularity list and it can really provide a welcome lift these dead days! This tune has been recorded by Ray McKinley . . . his arrangement resembles his famous styling of "Down the Road a Piece." With "Passe," the famous French ballad, well sung by Ted Norman on the flip-over, how could this disc miss???

Tex Beneke offers the ultimate in relaxed listening with his new arrangement of Hoagy Carmichael's immortal "Star Dust." It is as smooth an instrumental number as you have wrapped an ear around in a long while. Also softly instrumental is the reverse "Falling Leaves" which was composed by Frankie Carle. Tex and band are the ultimate in smoothness.

Two exciting discs reveal themselves now as "Swamp Fire" and "Sympathy." The former, given the jungle treatment, is recorded by Duke Ellington with Snookie's song "Just Squeeze Me" on the back side. The latter platter is an oldie popping with vim and vitalis in Eliot Lawrence's original manner. Its flipover is another one of the many steals from longhairs. It is "Once Upon a Moon" a piece doomed to mediocrisy.

My man Woodrow Wilson Hoiman offers hisself on the vocals of his latest spinner "If It's Love You Want, Baby (That's Me.) This is a pleasing tune that may catch on faster than its plattermate which is sung by Mary Ann McCall "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams." It must be said for the gal that she is improving her technique which has been bordering on the faulty side.

If you are a Vaughn (Mastoid

(Continued on Page 4)




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Athletes Footnote

By Flynn

Back to school and back to sports. Christmas vacation is over, except for everyone's wonderful memories, that is. The two weeks rest was certainly a much needed one for all. Now that we are back and *all* prepared after *all* the studying everyone did at home, we can go ahead with smiling faces. (My roommate just hit me over the head for that remark—for who am I kidding!)

Sports, however, have really shown a great improvement after everyone's rest, for all are out in full swing, full of the good old vim and vigor. Extra practices have started in basketball, as well as in bowling, in anticipation of the huge club rivalry in these sports.

The bowling alleys are open daily except Mondays from 8:00 to 9:00 A.M., 12:30 to 1:45 P.M. and 7:00 to 7:30 P.M. and on Saturdays all day until 10:00 P.M. Basketball extra practices for each club are on various days at 6:45 A.M., 8:00 A.M. for day students and 5:10 P.M. This is a chance for each one of you stars to practiced up for your games.

The swimming pool and especially the Niades are very busy, too, for they are practicing and perfecting their big show which is going to be real soon. The theme is the February Holidays, including Washington and Lincoln's birthdays and Valentine's Day. It is all set to music with synchronized swimming and diving.

Starting Monday, January 27, and lasting till January 31, the March of Dimes, the annual drive for the infantile paralysis victims, will be under way. I'm sure you all know what a vital cause this drive is for and each person's donation will be a real spoke in the wheel to help some unfortunate child stricken with this dread disease. You may not be aware of it, but here at Ward-Belmont we have several girls who have had this disease, but because they have been fortunate enough to have families who have been able to obtain the proper care that is necessary for them, they have come through to be able to lead normal lives today. Aren't we willing to contribute a little to help other children who are not so fortunate as to have the families who can see them through this expensive treatment so that they also can live normal lives? I am sure we are—but please, please give as much as you possibly can. We know that a great many will contribute two dollars and we hope that everyone will give as much as fifty cents at least. This drive is being put on by the TOPS, so when one of the girls comes around and knocks on your door, please give, and give until it hurts.

Whoops!! Almost forgot I have an exam tomorrow so I had better sign off for this week. See you soon. Good luck!

Britain Favors

(Continued from page 3)

set the first of two public hearings on the administration-backed two per cent retail sales tax bill for January 14. It became apparent that protests against it by the average consumer and the merchants in the state had been smothered beneath the pressure of organized lobbies.

In Gallatin, a fire, believed to have originated in the store room of a dry gods store, spread quickly, and burned a barber shop, cafe, pressing shop and combination garage and livery stable before the volunteer fire department could bring the flames under control.

How Belmont

(Continued from Page 1)

was with them. The next year Belmont College was opened to students. I cannot doubt that these students, as all the students who have followed them, were impressed in the same manner as were Misses Hood and Heron.

Clicking

(Continued from Page 2)

They finally made me comfortable by strapping me into a chair with half a dozen towels, tilted my feet up, and pried open my mouth with a spoon. Then taking a large hose from the rack he shot compressed air down my gullet, and as I quietly choked to death, he peered at my inlays.

"Who put those in, a steamfitter?" he queried. Then behind him he heard a rustle and whirling around, discovered the nurse going through my purse.

"Miss Lamebrain" he roared. "How many times have I told you not to do that here. Take it into the outer office and count it."

Deciding to fill my numerous cavities and tear out my lowers to insert some nice expensive inlays, he went to work. Fooling with his instruments, he suddenly whirled around with a hypodermic needle about the size of a fire pump in his hands.

"Open wide now," he yelled. "This won't hurt a bit." Plunging the needle into my gum, instantly my nose froze and my tongue took on the proportions of a bolt of flame. I tried to yell but my larnyx was out to lunch and I wished I was too. Seizing the opportunity, Dr. Pullem snatched his drill, took a firm hold on my nose and teed off.

Slowly two wisps of smoke curled upward from my ears. . . .

One hundred and four minutes too many later he laid aside his drill and shook the mass of protoplasm before him and stuck a bale of cotton in my mouth and a long hose. Then I got the water treatment and, as gallons ran helter skelter down my throat, he left me to read several million-page novels. When he returned he gave me artificial respiration and I again began to breath. After picking up a triphammer and pounding the fillings into my teeth, he said, "Aha, now we're all finished."

And I was!

HYPHENATED HULLABALOO

By Sheila

Greetings, friends! (and otherwise) (Hafta include the other 796, y' know). Oh, but *muchly* we missed you during the wee sojourn at home. "Home is the hunter, home from the hill . . ." (howls to be inserted later), and mighty glad of it, too, even when home happens to be a great state like . . . oops! Sorry. Editor's orders, no plugs.

And now we come upon the subject uppermost in the mind of every true and loyal Ward-Belmont gal—exams. A long dissertation could be put here, but we're sure each of us has her own thoughts on this topic. Just like religion, I always says. (No reflection on religion, nat'rally.) And you'll really most likely never know exams have come and gone. After the second day you'll sink into peaceful oblivion, from which the nurse'll awake you only to profer the mail: i.e., a wee notice to the effect that your make-up exams will be awaiting you on Saturday, February 1, at 1:15. . . . But it's all in a year's work, I thought as my class of '45 graduated.

Has anyone noticed the term papers floating onto the desks of English teachers? From all over campus they come, wrong from the very depths of a student's soul. . . . And then there was the gal who passed life-saving by writing a term paper on artificial inspiration, entitled: "Benzadrine: Hope and Benefit(?) of Mankind."

And what's this we hear about the Fidelity students devising a magic carpet to carry them from their abodes in the dining room and other parts of campus? (Thought I'd missed a rug from my room lately.) And so long as we're speaking of magic carpets and the like, has anyone ever heard of the genie who couldn't tuck his light brown hair into his bottle? It happened, believe me! (Just call me "Curly.") way, as I started to say, I hop banisters aren't left "hanging reality. . . . (Remember, kids an antique.)

And now we're to have fire twice a month. We don't understand how people can get mixed up in such a simple matt that. (O.K., so the warden get slightly provoked with me I appeared with my blanket d over my shoulders and no tow shoes.) (At that, I'm better off those fine people who take t baths every night at about ele

Some mighty fine swimme the meet classes this year. In we're beginning to have the about winning the individual . . . We're still wondering why Ryder keeps asking us to craw Australians, though. What do tralian babies look like, anyw

My momma told me, long, lon
"Now gal, when off to colleg
will go . . .
They'll look at you, and never,
know
The depths that lie within your
(or farther below . . .).
They'll greet you on the M
Walk and on the fine green
And think only of you as an
human pawn (Mid, that is
But then they'll realize, and
denly you'll belong . . .
To the Hyphen *staff; no brain*
just all brawn!

(Well, Frances, you brought on yourself. "Has to be an page long," you said. Rememb

And now, people, I have a treat for ya'! That's right, chi we must depart for the nether gions where a wee history test a us . . . (to be studied for, that

Belles Swing

(Continued from Page 3)

Trouble) Monroe fan, his l number is a novelty which will you a case of raves. It borrow title from a soap opera and "Life Can Be Beautiful" shape as a definite song hit possibility. Norton Sisters help the maestro on the vocals . . . give this d spin!

CANDID CLOSEUPS

By LEBIE

BELMONT: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "Caesar and Cleopatra." Caesar acts like a father and disappoints 130,000,000 people. Claude Raines and Vivien Leigh give fine performances in this adult motion picture. Wednesday, "Dancing in Manhattan." Good view of the New York skyline. Tuesday, Friday, Saturday, "Crack-up." No one's seen it, no one wants to, but if you have a spare 3 hours, drop in . . . no waiting.

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Perry Como and Vivian Blaine in "If I'm Lucky." If you do miss it, you will be lucky . . . too far out anyway. Wednesday, "Two Gals from Milwaukee," Dennis Morgan, Janice Paige, and Jack Carson. Morgan's still showing all his teeth.

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "Crack-up" with Pat O'Brien, Claire Trevor, and Herbert Marshall. Still the unseen Academy award candidate. Wednesday, "Virginian." The third time filmed it was better than the fourth. This is the sixth production . . . need we say more? Thursday, Friday, Saturday, "If I'm Lucky." It hasn't improved any since it moved.

PARAMOUNT: Beginning Wednesday, Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, Ann Baxter in the "Razor's Edge." Ty's in it. What more do you want for fifty-five cents?

LOEW'S: "The Jolson Story," with Larry Parks and Evelyn Keyes. Entertaining history of Al Jolson. A new leading man who is really TERRIFIC.

KNICKERBOCKER: Rosalind Russell in "Sister Kenny." It is a story of how the Kenny method of treating Infantile Paralysis was developed.

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VOLUME XXXV | SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1947 | NUMBER 15

Wedding Bells Toll For Three Members Of W.-B. Faculty

The winter season has been the time for several faculty weddings.

Mrs. Richard Shillinglaw, the former Miss Wayne Dent, of the High School English Department, was married December 27, at 4:30 p.m. in the First Presbyterian Church at Caruthersville, Missouri, in a formal ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Shillinglaw are now living in Nashville. He is associated with the Mid Western Security Company.

Mrs. L. S. Huddleston, the former, Miss Jean Jones of the College Dance Department, was married on January 17. The informal ceremony was solemnized at 6 p.m. in the Vine Street Christian Church of Nashville with Miss Jean Ryder of the Ward-Belmont Physical Education Department as the bride's only attendant. Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston are living in Nashville, and Mr. Huddleston is attending school here.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Forde, Jr., are now on their honeymoon to Florida and Cuba. Mrs. Forde was the former Miss Martha Lee of the Secretarial Training Department here. Their wedding took place January 25 at 4 p.m. in the First Methodist Church at Shelbyville, Tenn. The couple will return to Nashville in February, and Mrs. Forde will continue teaching at Ward-Belmont.

New Political Views Given in Chapel

Dr. John Caldwell of the political science department of Vanderbilt University stressed the necessity of an intelligent attitude toward politics in chapel on January 27.

"What do we really think about democracy?" he questioned. Our democracy depends on politics, and the general attitude toward politics is that it is rotten and based on incompetence.

He pointed out that we think of Washington and Jefferson as statesmen, and yet they were able politicians. If young people indicate a desire to enter politics all sorts of obstacles are presented by their parents and relatives.

He emphasized that such young people are needed and could help the government. It is necessary to think differently in the class rooms concerning politics. Debates and forums about politics are a step in the right direction.

The W.-B. Follies

Mark your calendars for the "February Follies" . . . the water carnival to be presented by the newly organized Naiades. There will be two complete shows: Friday, February 14, it will be given for all students except the Seniors; Saturday, February 15, it will be given for the seniors and the faculty.

Pat Tanton and Audrey Horst Elected To Be George and Martha Washington



"George" Tanton and "Martha" Horst

Seniors to Dance Minuet for Them

Pat Tanton and Audrey Horst, as George and Martha Washington, will preside over the annual celebration of George Washington's birthday in February. Sarah Jane Mathes and Hardwicke Newton, both of the Ward-Belmont Preparatory School, were chosen to be pages at the affair.

The election was held on January 14, but the results were not announced immediately. The final vote for George and Martha was between Pat Tanton and Pat McGauley for George and Audrey Horst and Bette McWilliams for Martha.

George and Martha will lead the candle-light procession of colonial-costumed seniors down the hanging stairs of Acklen Hall to the banquet in the dining room. After the banquet, they will lead the ladies and gentlemen in a stately minuet to be danced in the gymnasium of the Academic Building.

Dances from the advanced ballet and tap classes will be featured at this time.

"Y" Party Has Gypsy Theme

"Campfire Gypsies" was the theme of the "Y" all campers party given in the gymnasium Saturday evening.

Clara Caldwell, dressed in gypsy costume, acted as mistress of ceremonies. Her vocal selection was entitled, "The Gypsy." Margaret Ann Webster entertained by dancing an original and authentic gypsy dance. This was followed by a piano arrangement of "Shine on Harvest Moon" given by Hop Fur. The program was concluded with the fortelling of Ward-Belmon't future by the famed gypsy fortune teller, "Maggie" Petrass.

Other activities of the "Y" this year included a discussion group of members which met in the "Y" room Sunday afternoon at 5:00 p.m. to continue their discussion of Catholicism. Father Cleary was the guest speaker.

Keep Posted

Saturday, February 1: Castle Heights dance, Lebanon, 8:00 to 12:00.

Monday, February 3: Student recital, 7:00 to 8:00, Mr. Erwin.

Wednesday, February 5: Faculty coffee, A. K. Clubhouse.

Tops Head Drive For Dimes; Ariston Goes 100 Per Cent

The annual March of Dimes campaign began Monday under the supervision of TOPS. The Ariston Club is reported as being the first group to be 100%. Emma Osment was in charge of the solicitation.

Others heading the drive are: Challie Thornton, Angkor; Joan Hooper, Eccowasin; Mary Ann Graham, Triad.

The drive in Fidelity is headed by Ann Polk. Serving on the floors are: 1st, Marilyn Stark; 2nd, Mary Lou Nelson; and 3rd, Martha Woodmansee. Mary Jo LeMaster is the chairman in Founders with Lois Buford on first floor; Katherine Stookesbury on second; and Merle Izzard on third.

In North Front Audrey Dye is chairman. Heron is headed by Bonnie Dean on first floor; Evelyn Abrons on second; and Marion Tilley on third. Pembroke has Frances Newport as the chairman with Virginia Tait on first floor, Eleanor Bellnay on second, and Carol Crosby on third. Marjorie Gilmore is in charge in Hail, Mary Warner is on first floor, Barbara Benson on second, and Lennie Lavigne on third.

Dot Frank and Sue Waler head the Day Student Faculty; Marie Brakebill and Anabel Seydon and Day Prep Faculty; and Marlou Coleman and Jane Erwin the Boarding Faculty.

Other members of the drive staff are Sissy Mull and Carol Jean Robertson.

Committee Named In Preparation For Senior Dance

February 8 the school will give a formal dance will be held from 8:30 til 12:00 in the Corinthian Room. Wallace McMurray and his orchestra will provide the music.

Jackie Koon, president of the Senior Class, has announced the following committees in a recent class meeting. The chairman of the decoration committee is Barbara Simon. Her assistants are Pat McGauly, Eleanor Bellamy, Barbara Bahr, Joy Clay, Martha Ellen Hassell, Mary Young, Jane Erwin, Jackie Wood, and Betty Johnston.

Invitations have been sent out by chairman Bette McWilliams. Her committee consisted of Anne Squires, Marjorie Quiring, Norma Rickel, Babs Phillips, Martha Edwards, Mary Alice Ohms, Lena Mistretta, Rosemary Wallace, Marie Bergh, Martha Ann Barton, Sara Katherine Green, Phila Rawlings, Peggy O'dell, and Phyllis Rosenbloom.

Martha Wilson is in charge of the floor committee made up of Mary Mull, LeCompte Glenn, Sally Flowers, Anna Frances Hudson, Billie Jean Hailey, Connie Williams, Carrie Proctor, Clara Caldwell, Mary Cooper, Maryjane Hooper, Pat Hornbeck, Helen Keith, Virginia Osborn, and Doris Paty.

Two W.-B. Alums Receive Awards

Two Ward-Belmont alumnae of the classes of 1947 have been honored by the student bodies of their respective universities, according to information received in the HYPHEN office this week.

Betty Asquith, a senior in the college department, was voted the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" at the University of Tennessee. "Boop" was secretary of the Osiron club, a cheerleader of the senior class, and was Honorary Maid during the May Day Festival.

Barbara Bible, a senior in the preparatory department, was named as the "Girl of the Week" at the University of Texas. "Barky" also holds the honor of being the Freshman Secretary, a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority, the Austin Club, Bow and Arrow, and the Canterbury Club. Barky was a member of the Agora Club, Proctor of Heron Hall, Athletic Association, feature writer for the HYPHEN, and a member of TOPS and the Home Economics Club.

Gotta' Date?

If you haven't there will be a *monster* surprise in store for you on Saturday night. Just sit tight in your dorm. The "surprise" will be around about seven thirty . . . and do be there. 'Tis most important!

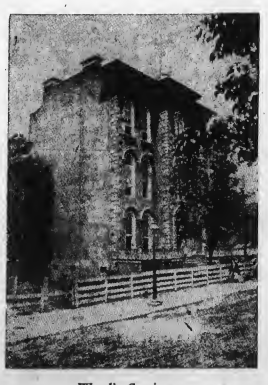
Uniting . . . . Continuing

(Eighth in a Series)

By JANE ERWIN

It was in the year 1913 that Ward Seminary and Belmont College joined their glorious heritages' to form Ward-Belmont College. In the Spring of 1914 the first graduating class donned their hoods and gowns and walked up the center walk to the chapel as as a living proof to the success of unity. But let us go back a year. . . .

Most of the colleges of our country were having financial difficulties during this chaotic time, and many of them were combining to exist. Since Ward Seminary and Belmont College were the two prominent women's schools in Nashville, their collaboration was only natural. Perhaps because of sentiment, perhaps because of the space element, perhaps for reasons we cannot understand,



Ward's Seminary

Ward Seminary moved to the site of Belmont College.

Ira Dandrith was president of Belmont at the time and a year earlier had been president of Ward Seminary. Consequently, Mr. Dandrith became the first president of Ward-Belmont, and Mr. John Deill Blanton, who was president of Ward, became Vice President and Head of Faculty. Mrs. John Diell Blanton, *our* Mrs. Blanton, became Principal of the Home Economics Department. New dormitories were planned and the old estate became the mother of two great schools—now *one*.

New names had to be found for clubs and dormitories, new songs and pledges, new titles for the publications, and even a new spirit had to be derived from the heart of the two. Only the name and the motto came naturally, as naturally as they come to us now—Ward-Belmont, *Uniting-Continuing*.

Editorial Comment

Quiet, Please!

Now that the darkest hours (meaning exams) are behind us with just grades to remember them by, we can once again slip into the nice, white sheets and stay there for a few hours of needed rest. Ah, what a wonderful thing sleep is!!!

Now that we really can go to bed at a more reasonable hour, let's all try to make use of it. This new system of study hall which ends at 10:00 is really a marvelous thing. It is for our sole benefit, remember this. None of us look as though we could jump up and down with joy at the slightest thing or that we're brimming over with vim, vigor and vitality.

School work does keep us up, it's true but if you don't have classes all day, you can work a little bit of homework in between. And even if you can't get it done by 10:00, it's nice to have a quiet hall so those who really want to can sleep.

We really think the study halls will be all right, from now on because everyone, after seeing their semester order seems to have made a resolution: either for their own satisfaction or to try and soothe the dissatisfaction of the parents.

So, when it's possible, go to bed by 10:00; in fact, try and make it possible. Remember spring vacation is looming up in the not too distant future, and we're got to be looking like we have our old natural pep and go.

Let's vote for quiet study halls and more sleep! How about it!!??

Fran Sez . . .

A new semester has begun. This is the fifteenth of thirty HYPHENS, and many of us do not realize the importance of such a statement. It means that half of our year together is gone. "Together" can mean so very much . . . we can do almost anything together. We must begin to realize that we can make the spirit of W.-B. what we will. Let's make it one of loyalty, friendship, and all the little things that are done so beautifully together.

Stop to think of recent campus happenings. Can't we think about them and reform several major mistakes? "Ward-Belmont, on the agreement of most all of you, is a valuable place. It is a place that means something. Why isn't it worth your proving your respect and love for its dignity and beauty? Traditions and customs are not just sentimentalities. Progress must come; but it is not meant to destroy important tradition and atmosphere."

Ward-Belmont girls are forgetting. They are becoming careless. Thinking of some of the things we have done, we wonder if they can be considered "so smart" after all. Students make a school. What are you going to do with Ward-Belmont during the bright, new, spring semester before us?

"This too shall pass away . . . before too many tomorrows have become yesterdays, find out what it is to love your school. Listen to Ward-Belmont. Hear it is the 'Bells of Ward-Belmont,' on the chimes at sunset, and in the shouts from the athletic field. . . . Find it in a thousand little ways: around the fire at a slumber party, songs in the smoker, and a burst of laughter from the Tea Room."—HYPHEN No. 5, 1945.

We realize that the student paper should be representative of student opinion, and we also realize that this is not often done successfully. Knowing our limitations, we are asking for criticism. Do tell us EXACTLY what is wrong with your paper, for it is your paper. And we want it to be the kind of paper YOU will want to read. Tell us what you want to read, and we will do our very best to print it for you.

A new semester has begun. It means that half of our year together is gone. "Together" can mean so very much . . . we can do almost anything together. We must begin to realize that we can make the spirit of W.-B. what we will. Let's make it one of loyalty, friendship, and all the little things that are done so beautifully together.



Ward-Belmont Wild Life Creates Mild Chaos in Room 128 Pembroke

By M. Fred

Like most schools, Ward-Belmont College bars its student body from the possession of normal pets such as dogs, cats, possoms, horses, parrots, badgers, and deer. Unable to expend their loving emotion on these commoner animals, Ward - Belmont girls have turned to the misunderstood turtle with the comforting rationalization that the turtle is lonely. These girls have found that there is a street in New York, 59th between 6th Avenue and Broadway to be exact, where small turtles may be purchased, sent to the four corners of the earth for a mere 54 cents and there, they fondly hope, loved, cherished, and cared for.

In Room 128, Pembroke, are to be found two especially fortunate turtles, Heathcliff and Sweetheart, who finally arrived at their deserved state. They are owned by Miss Cyra Duff of St. Louis, Missouri. Miss Duff received Heathcliff and Sweetheart as a gift, the donor having wandered over 59th Street in a mood of loving philanthropy the morning-after. On her way to the Bromo-Seltzer, the donor glanced across the street where she saw turtles, millions of them, living in crowded conditions under unsanitary conditions without proper facilities. Thinking of her lonely friend back at school and wishing turtles could have a better environment (the streets of New York are no place to bring anything up, as welfare workers well know), she purchases two of the most promising turtles and had them sent to Miss Cyra Duff with a package of the best Turtle Food for Unhealthy Turtles to be found in the metropolitan area.

Miss Duff, on receipt of the little waifs, bought for their exclusive use, one of the best Pyrex pie dishes to be found in W-B, a quantity of fine gravel, some colorful marbles, other play things and set up housekeeping for three.

As the days and weeks lengthened into months, the turtles, Heathcliff and Sweetheart, grew to be a part of Pembroke Hall life. They were consulted gravely on matters of Biblical History, Seventeenth Century Metaphysical Poets, Vanderbilt men, and ski wax. Miss Duff's room became the center of social life. Good, clean, sober, upright, Christian surroundings soon began to change Heathcliff and Sweetheart from slum orphans to well-scrubbed and polished turtles any mother would be proud of. They were spoiled to a certain extent by a superabundance of attention but no one could resist their devotion and charm. New types of food were constantly bought at a great sacrifice by the loving Miss Duff.

But one day when Miss Duff returned to her room from a grueling

(Continued on page 3)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Julia Edwards

This week we have a native of *the* town itself, Julia Edwards, the president and pride of Ankor Club, as our Belle. She's the baby of a family of four, one brother and two sisters, and is a Junior in the preparatory school, this being her third year at good ole W.-B.

Plans for after-graduation concern Stanford, the next school to "have the honor."

When it comes to grades, Julia is doing fairly well. . . . The gal is merely on the honor roll and a member of the Beta Club—for the brains, ya' know.

Julia has attended Camp Nagawicka in Wisconsin where she excelled in basketball, tennis, and riflery. It must be nice to be so talented. Needless to say, she's got the spirit when it comes to athletics on our own wee campus, too.

Few things really aggravate our high school belle, but one thing she abhors is an insincere person or a show-off. (Could be because she's so sincere herself.) She did finally admit, however, that she has a violent dislike for okra, and oysters leave her cold, but she simply drools at the mere sound of southern fried chicken —as who doesn't?

Besides all this, our miss is a member of the Kappa Delta Theta sorority, so Miss Edwards is doing all right for herself. She's a "fine" girl—something for the Ankors to be proud of.

Inquiring Reporter

By Fuller

(With proper acknowledgments to Bessie who helped)

At last, exams are over for this time, anyway, those dark circles are beginning to disappear (I said *beginning!)*, and school life has settled back into its old routine after a hectic two weeks. Of course, with the advent of a new semester and all that, there was only one question that your Inquiring Reporter *could* ask this week, (yes, yes, I realize that there *are* other questions, but after all, you can only use an old tired-out brain so hard, you know!) and that question is, "What resolutions have you made for this new semester?" Perhaps it would have been more appropriate to have asked, "What resolutions have you made up your mind to break this new semester?" However, we'll let it stand at the former, to avoid confusion. And so . . . on with the dance!

JOAN FERGUS stated her resolution firmly, but spoiled the effect by uttering a slight moan as she said, "I want to get *"skinny!"*

JOAN HEAVILON, too, was emphatic in her answer when she said, "I'd like to get a man, *any* man. And I'd like to have more cheese sandwiches at night." (Personally, right at the moment, that last statement interests me strangely!)

BETTY BUCKNER has resolved, with threatening looks, "to keep certain friends out of my room after twelve o'clock!"

ORAGENE WILSON had a novel idea, perhaps a pretty good one, when she said, "Resolutions- I'm resolving not to make any resolutions, so I won't have to break them this time."

W.-B's own TESSIE ANGELINI has only one resolution, but it seems pretty inclusive. Say's Tessie, "Me? I resolve to go to New York more often. Ah-o-o-o!"

"TRISH" SIMONSEN has resolved "to have a wonderful time in Florida (she left Thursday to visit her parents), and to beat Sue Zeek to the bridge table after dinner just *one* time.

JACKIE WOOD, our S. C. head, said gaily, "I'm going to keep my room clean, and write my mother and dad more often. I really had some more, but I won't mention them, since these are the only ones I made that I haven't broken yet." (Tsk, tsk. And with the new semester not forty-eight hours old!)

EILEEN SPRINGSTON was thoughtful when she said, "I'm going to get to work." Of course, when she added, "I'm going to give up bridge, men, and movies," a question formed in my mind (never mind what it was). Then "Sprung" added, "Let's see, what else do I do that I shouldn't do? Well, henceforth I'll be an erudite. I think that's a noun, I'm not sure, maybe you'd better look it up. It means "learned" anyway. Well, whether it's a substantive or an adjective, I know one thing, it's certainly going to be dull." (Pass the dictionary, Jeeves, my reason is failing!)

(Continued on Page 3)

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By SUE

Last week-end was really a festive occasion on the Ward-Belmont campus, for all semester exams were over by 4:30 Saturday afternoon. One of the happiest days of my life, I might add! I spent the greater part of my "play-time" downtown in movies; from the number of W-Bites I passed entering and existing from cinemas, Nashville theaters must have made a "mint"!

Although I heard many gals moaning over the spring weather — no chance to wear the new Christmas fur coat — it was perfect for suits, and I saw multiple pretty ones.

"Sissy" Mull passed by yours truly exclaiming over Tyrone Power, in a beautiful royal blue wool suit. The jacket was fitted with covered buttons down the front; the intriguing element was a long fur piece that looked unattached — it really was, however. The skirt was perfectly straight. I have always been tempted to rinse the mousy locks red after gazing enviously at Sissy's *natural*, gleaming locks. Dazedly walking beside Sissy was roommate Patsy Pattee. She had on a smart black wool suit — *so* practical for Nashville — with small gold buttons down the front. The jacket was fitted, and the collar was of the accidentally-on-purpose-turned-back variety. (New word to be added to Mr. Webster's Dictionary.)

Progressing to the second movie in our worriless day, we stood in line next to Thelma Back of the gorgeous eyes. "T-Back" had on a *very* attractive suite of fuschia and black wool. The straight skirt was black, and the jacket was fuschia with a black stripe across the bodice; the neckline was high, and there was one button at the waist. "T" spent 10 minutes bemoaning her merit's fate as Pembroke's third floor monitor. (I am only kidding, Student Council!)

One of the new gals—easily recognized by the lack of benzadrine nerve and shorn hair (Founders' gals seem to have developed an aversion to long locks)—is Nancy Whitney. When viewed by this servant of the public—W-B public that is—she had on a smart grey and white checked wool dress. The sleeves were very full and tight at the wrist; the neckline was Chinese in design, and there were small silver buttons to the waist. The skirt was full, topped by a wide grey leather belt.

I must trot to the books now—desire to graduate, you know.

P. S. We miss you, Mary and Flynn!!

Wild Life

(Continued from Page 2)

bridge game down the hall, she found white specks on the bottom of the pie dish. In a flurry little pink and blue covers were cast on knitting needles, a doctor was summoned, and Miss Duff prepared to sit up the night and comfort the turtles as best she could. Catastrophe struck! The doctor could not come. Miss Duff dashed out of the room leaving hurried instructions to the crowd which had gathered. She rushed to the biology books, but could find nothing about the Sex Life of the Turtle. She tried the Encyclopedia Britannica, the Americana, Compton's Pictured, but there was nothing on the Sex Life of the Turtle.

Miss Duff returned to her room in despair. She was greeted by a tense silence. Then she saw the new crop of eggs and cursed herself for not being there to help her beloved Heathcliff. Quickly, she changed the water from cold to tepid, then from tepid to hot, then back to tepid. She turned the desk lamp on the turtle dish, giving them the ultra-violet treatment. Vitamin pills were dissolved and poured in the dish.

The crowd watched tensely and silently. They were at a complete loss for words, words which would comfort the distraught Miss Duff in her hour of trial. The turtles appeared disinterested, casually swimming around as if the world were not coming to an end, as if small souls in tiny, fragile bodies were of no consequence.

Some suggested more food for the animals. More food, the new turtle food, opened only the day before, was instantly produced and poured in the dish with a worried hand. Before Heathcliff and Sweetheart had time to enjoy the nourishment, however, it swelled with the water and sank to the bottom, appearing identical with the eggs already there.

Miss Duff turned white and sank into a chair. Then she receovered and glared at her friends who melted through the door, stepping over each other in an effort to be the first to leave.

Someone patted her kindly on the head and offered a drink of water. Dazedly and mechanically, she accepted. Then relief struck her like a blow and she sobbed. Heathcliff leered over the edge of the dish, climbed onto the bookcase from where he dropped to the floor with no apparent harm, and started to meander purposefully toward the peanut butter jar. Miss Duff kicked him viciously into the waste basket.

The Era of the Turtle had ended. Heathcliff and Sweetheart still live in ease in Room 128, Pembroke Hall, but they are treated with stone indifference. They are unconcerned.

Inquiring

(Continued from Page 2)

With all due respects to the millions of people whose resolutions I also collected "for publication," I really must stop this driveling now. In the first place, no one will bother to read this far anyway, and in the second place, it's nearly eleven and Newpie is screaming for the copy.

Sweet Belles Swing

There is no alternative this week but for me to give top billing to the disc of the latest craze. With everyone asking Richard to open the door, it took Dusty Fletcher to scoop other record concerns and put his comedy novelty on wax. It is Fletcher who has been kicking around this routine for almost two decades on the stage; and while his mugging accompaniment can't be captured on the disc, he gives a good account of his alcoholic attempts to get roommate Richard to "open that door." While Dusty tells his story which takes up two sides, Jimmy Jones and his small band improvise a riff refrain.

If this disking doesn't satisfy you, look for Count Basie's and Louis Jordan's arrangements of this novelty which is sweeping the nation!!

P. S. All W-Bites are wondering what the sad Night Watchmen are going to do for material when they can no longer spend the late hours screaming "Open the Door, Richard." . . .

Now for two brand new record releases which will soon reside in every record lover's room. . . . well, anyhow they are very fine discs—take 'em for a spin and hear for youself!

The first is a song that may well mean as much to Buddy Clark and Ray Noble as "To Each His Own" meant to Eddy Howard. In "Linda" is the happy combination of a highly tuneful and contagious serenade, done by Ray Noble and band; and an equally good lyric delivery by Buddy Clark. As an added attraction Buddy engages in some light dialogue with Anita Gordon at the start of the disc giving the number added appeal. So clear the disc decks for "Linda."

After seeing "The Jolson Story," I couldn't help but include this next zoom of a spinner. Larry Park's rendition of "Anniversary Song" got me . . . but as it is impossible to have

(Continued on page 4)

CANDID CLOSEUPS

By PEG

PARAMOUNT: You'll probably either wake up dreaming or with a nightmare after seeing "I Wake Up Screaming." All depends upon whether you like John Payne and June Haver. I asked the girl what it was about, she said she hadn't seen it—so if you have any curiosity why don't you trot down to the Paramount next Thursday and see it.

LOEW'S: Larry Parks does a wonderful job of playing the role of Al Jolson in "The Jolson Story." In fact he did such a "mucho" fine job that Loew's theater is holding it over for another week. So if you've not seen it, do. It will be worth your 55 cents—believe me, this is one that is.

KNICKERBOCKER: Here is a picture you'll either not forget or not want to remember, "Deception." It stars Bette Davis and Paul Henreid, also Claude Rains. It starts Thursday. That's all I know—dumb after exams!!!!

BELMONT: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "Darling Clementine" with Henry Fonda and Linda Darnell. I heard from a very reliable source that it is terrible, but see for yourself—if you have the money or the time. Wednesday, "Fangislan" (guess that's how you spell it). Never heard of it before. It stars Rosalind Russell and Alan Cowan. It sounds —yes, it does. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday is "No Time For Comedy," which will probably make you laugh hard or be bored. It stars James Stewart. Boy, I really built this up didn't I?

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday is "No Time For Comedy," with James Stewart again. No need to repeat! "Blue Beard" is Wednesday's attraction with Jean Parker; and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday is "The Three Strangers" with Sidney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre. Why don't you go and see why they are strangers? It even intrigues me.

BELLE MEADE: Again "The Three Strangers" is playing at another theater—if it was too deep why don't you see it again on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday at the Belle Meade. (P. S. The characters haven't changed as to my knowledge.) Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday is "Enchanted Forest" with Edmund Lowe and Brenda Joyce. If you feel like getting lost—from homework, that is—why not in "The Enchanted Forest."

Thanks loads to Lebie—I appreciated it "mucho."




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Athletes Footnote

By "Georgie"

We sincerely regret that "Flynn" has had to leave us, (due to ill health.) We hope that she will be feeling her old self very soon, and we are looking forward to a visit from her before we all leave W.B. We know that her team will really miss her leadership—on the basketball court and the baseball diamond, as well as in defending the Tri K track championship. "So long to an admirable athlete, a swell girl, and a loyal classmate. I hope I can fill your place in writing this column."

Minuet Practices

As Washington's Birthday draws closer, one of the most memorable and picturesque traditions of the school, "The Minuet," is taking form. Upon beginning practices last Monday, four times a week, the Seniors find themselves reliving the fashionable dance popular in the 18th century. All you old and new girls alike plan to be here for the gala celebration! It is something you will remember.

February Follies

But wait!! This isn't all!! Mark your calendars for "The February Follies," the water carnival to be presented by the newly organized "Naiads." There will be two complete shows: on the night of Friday, February 14, it will be given for all of the students, except the Seniors; on Saturday, February 15, the performance will before the Seniors and the faculty. Let thirty-two "Esther Williams" entertain you right here on campus. We don't need Billy Rose and *his* famous aquacade!

Tournament News

The winter sports competition will get under way in about three weeks, with the exliting basketball tournament starting on Monday, February 17, followed closely by the bowling tournament—the first round of whilh begins on Wednesday, February 19. The basketball extra practices are in full swing now, and it looks like a grand season ahead. The 6:45 alarm awakes such hustlers as Jean Jones, "Sodie," Betty Rhea, Pat Tanton, Betty Belew, Betsy Clifford, Jane Anderson, and Betsy Buchanan, (and "Curly" Neal too!!) Future ten-pin champs are really getting on the ball. Nettie Blake, Thelma Back, Patsie Hornbeck, Shirley Worthington, Doris Tucker, Maggie Petrass, Patsie Simonsen, and Barbara Bahr aren't "sparing" any time—they are all out for strikes, so keep your eye on them.

Derby Daze

And now for the news you have all been waiting for!! Win! Place! Show! Yep! the classic Kentucky Derby, held annually at Churchill Downs, Louisville, Kentucky, is again coming into the sports spotlivht. This is always of special interest to all of us here. First come, first served!! Sign up in the gym office right now if you plan to attend with the enthusiastic group from school. The fee, $40, covers all expenses, transportation, pullman, meals, and a seat at the Derby (of course, your betting money is all up to you, and proceed at your own risk!) The group leaves on Friday, May 2, and returns Sunday, May 4. This is your chance to enjoy and experience the thrills of one of the most colorful, exciting and famous racing traditions in the world. Start making your plans immediately if you want to be one of the lucky crew.

Eight New Students Enroll in W.-B.

Three new first year college students have entered Ward-Belmont this second semester. They are Nancy Whitney from Chicago, Illinois; Gloria Byrd from Royal Oak, Michigan; and Challie Thornton from San Antonio, Texas.

Jenalee Moore from Jackson, Michigan; Dorothy Dean from Elkhart, Kansas; Wanda Gale Wheeler, from Camden, Arkansas; Mary Jo Cundiff from Liberty, Kentucky; and Sue Rankin from Columbus, Ohio, comprise the prep students who have enrolled this semester.

Tenn. Judge Dies; Plane Crack-Up; Grace Moore Dies

Funeral services for the Tennessee Supreme Court Chief Justice Grafton Green, nationally known liberal jurist, who died January 27, were held the afternoon of January 28, at Lebanon.

Judge Green died at St. Thomas Hospital, where he had been a patient since last Thursday. Death was caused by a heart attack. He was 75 years old.

Funeral services for Grace Moore, the world famous opera star who started her career as a Baptist Church choir singer, will be held at Chattanooga with burial in Moore family plot in Forest Hills Cemetery.

Miss Moore was killed Sunday in an airliner explosion at Copenhagen, Denmark. She was once a student at Ward-Belmont.

Early in August, 1945, an aging man in a Washington office reached a decision—certainly one of the most momentous in human history. He went to the White House and told President Truman, "We must use the atom bomb on Japan now."

Mr. Truman, who had the final word, agreed. And within less than 10 days, two Japanese cities had been wiped from the earth.

A CIO union is seeking pay for 70 minutes spent daily riding to and from work by bus, a senate judiciary sub-committee was told yesterday as it wound up hearings on bills to outlaw "portal-to-portal" claims.

Eleven men were killed yesterday when an Army B-29, carrying restricted equipment, crashed in flames as it tried to lift from Kirkland Field on a routine mission.

Belles Swing

(Continued from Page 3)

him sitting on my vic to sing it, I'll more than gladly settle for Tex Benek's smooth disc of the selfsame number. Garry Stevens and the Mello Larks gear the lyrical interest to blend with the maestro's singin' sax and with a combination like this Hollywood can keep ole Larry Parks . . . but if they insist!?

HYPHENATED HULLABALOO

By Sheila

And here we are with BRAND new semester! Time to turn over a new leaf, and if you don't think it can be done . . . just ask US! Yes, suh (in the old Suth'n tradition).

Seems that Hyphen work has been too much for one staff member. (Editor, please not). And where do people go for nice long rests in the sunshine, with the breeze blowing and palms waving? Nope, not Texas for once. . . . Cathy Bull is journeying off to Florida this week. And please have a nice time, gal. Tell us about it and stick in a coupla beach umbrellas for souveniers. . . . There will ALWAYS be someone left . . . (we say as we join Dr. Provine, and Mr. Bitzer, of course, over solitary cups of tea.)

And has anybody been noticing the fine, FINE job of the new color guard's doing? Seems that in order to give everyone who pants for a chance to work on this detail, the roster changes from day to day. We were one of the audience today . . . as Newport saluted, Simp stumbled over the cord, and Merle did a beautiful about-face which sent her into Middle March carrying the flag. But please don't think we're critical. . . . After all, gotta have variety in these things, y' know. . . . I mean ANYONE can put up a flag in the prescribed fashion. . . . It REALLY takes *genius* to make ten people drop their work twice a day merely to watch the flag descend. . . . (Ouch! Didn't mean a word of it.)

Seems *Milestones* wants snapshots . . . and as a personal friend, I'm warning you to turn 'em in. . . . 'Cause if you don't, pal, some fine noon you're gonna walk into chapel to be greeted by the picture of the three (count 'em: THREE) editors . . . on the stage, of course . . . all prepared to render (or rend, one or the other . . . there IS a difference y' know . . . or will soon find out) various little songs . . . such as maybe "Missouri Waltz" and "Beautiful, Beautiful Texas!" . . . Then you'll wish you'd cooperated . . . doggone ya'! Snapshots! We want snaps. . . .

After all, if we can break OUR camera snapping (at) Miss Fessey, you can make *some* sacrifice.

We were wondering the other night just WHAT the Naiades were doing all these nights in the gym . . . then we were in the library (studying, new leaf, y' remember) and we heard the strains of "John Brown's Body" floating from the direction of the pool. . . . And to top it all off, we found our best suit (Confederate uniform passed down from the great grandfather on Mom's side who was wounded at Shiloh) was gone . . . STOLEN! Not only do we not have wearing apparel (clothes to you) now, but it looks very much as though the War Between the States is going to be staged . . . in a naval battle, that is . . . in the swimming pool. All Rebels are requested to join forces in the Y.W.C.A. room the night of February 14. (We'll be there wrapped in a sheet . . . grandpa's uniform gone, y' know.)

And here a cordial welcome to the new people coming into W-B for the first time. . . . Oh, we know you're here, and which ones you are, too. I mean, it isn't the usual thing for people to be standing outside the dining room, fully clothed, at 7:15 a.m. waiting for a spot of breakfast . . . so they can dash madly over to the library between 8:00 and 8:30 to do that outside reading due April 7. Glad to have you all, though.

And so, fine people, we're leaving you with this little thought and its solution. . . .

How deep is the swimming pool?
How true is the Golden Rule?
How many inches on the flagpole?
How many W-B gals have a cold?
Seems rather disjointed, we know . . .
Just some little campus facts, y' know . . .
To find the answers just visit Freddie, Sparkie, Merle, and other little people who'll soon know as much about campus as we knew two months ago . . .

(To be sung to the tune of "How Deep Is the Ocean" . . . (all except the last line, which doesn't fit into the rhyme scheme a-tall . . . darn it!)

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Senior Dance

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Senior Dance

VOLUME XXXV — SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1947 — NUMBER 16

Mikado Presented By Ward-Belmont And Castle Heights

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, in connection with the Castle Heights Military Academy, is presenting on February 13 *The Mikado*, a comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Dean Alan Irwin, musical director, is being assisted by Mrs. Jeannette Kramer, director of the Castle Heights Glee Club, Miss Catherine Winnia, dramatic coach, Mrs. Alan Irwin, accompanist, and Miss Sherry Hanbury, make-up.

The involved plot has the essential young, hampered, but win-out-in-the-end love story, interspersed with tragedy involving the male lead, Nanki-Poo, and uncertainty concerning her lovers for the female lead, Yum-Yum. A tyranical guardian and a persistent executioner do much toward adding suspense and complications to the plot.

The members of the cast are: The Mikado of Japan, Scott Coverdale; Nanki-Poo, Lonnie Hooberry; Ko-Ko, Earl Halloway; Pooh-Bah, Paul Flowers; Yum-Yum, Camille Hancock; Peep-Bo, Joy Clay; Pitti-Sing, Mollie Shanks; Katisha, Marilyn Redinger; and Pish-Tush, Robert Lattimer.

Members of the chorus are: Steve Akin, Joella Blache, Dorothy Bradley, Hattye Ruth Cole, Peggy Elliot, Grace Harding, Florence Johnson, Sarah Ann Jones, Ann Crockett Knox, Patsy McCrea, Katherine Manier, Eleanor Pershing, Barbara Phillips, Valerie Vannatter, Jackie Betz, Janie Branson, Nancy Cooper, Nancy Lou Davis, Sara Horton, Donna Irwin, Carolyn Moody, Jennie Parr, Ann Penn, Margaret Petrass, Ruth Marie Walls, Kathryn Warner,

(Continued on Page 4)

Seniors Give Party For Underclassmen

The Senior-Mids and Preps were guests at a Village Campus Party given by the Seniors in Club Village last Saturday night. The Seniors called for the underclassmen in their dorms at 7:30 by bursting in singing songs to start the party.

In Club Village the Anti-Pan house was open for those who wished to dance; the A.K. house held bridge games; the F.F. house was the one for games; and the T.C. house entertained with skits for their visitors.

Cokes and doughnuts were served by all the clubs and a big time was had by all. In fact, the Village Party was such a success that another one is in the offing, but the big secret has not yet been revealed.

ValentineBanquet Planned by "Y"

The annual Valentine Banquet, sponsored by the Y.M.C.A., will be held in the dining room on Friday, February 14. At this time the King and Queen of Hearts will be crowned.

It has been announced by the new president of the High School Cabinet of the "Y", Martha Nell Blackburn, that plans are being initiated which will provide for a prince and princess to be elected from the high school group. The King and Queen of Hearts have been elected by the college cabinet. Their identity will be kept a secret until the night of the banquet.

Barbara Simon is in complete charge of the decorations for the banquet.

Prep Girls Attend Castle Hts. Dance

Last Saturday night, the Castle Heights Military Academy gave a dance, which was attended by many of the Ward-Belmont Preparatory School students. Music for the dance was provided by Neil Owen and his orchestra.

The decorations were based on the Valentine theme. Bright red and white streamers hung from the ceiling, while red hearts embossed on a white background were placed upon the walls.

During intermission, coffee and cake were served to the guests in the dining room of the school.

Informal Recital Presented Monday

The informal student recital, held Monday evening, February 3, presented by the students of the Conservatory of Music, included both vocal and piano performances.

"Hommage to Haydn," Debussy —Martha Rogers; "Intermede Op. 4 No. 1" and "By the Brookside," Stojowski — Josephine Cook; "J'ai pleure on reve," Hue and "A Heart That's Free," Robyn — Betty Joe Crews; "General Lavine," Debussy Brahms—Marie Bergh; "Du bist die Holdberd's Time," Grieg—Frances Alexander; and "Se tu m'ami," Pergolesi and "The Lass with the Delicate Air," Arne—Steve Ann Akin.

"Intermezzo Op. 118 No. 2," Brahms—Marie Bergh; "Du bist die Ru," Shubert and "Prelude," Ronald—Joy Clay; "Sonata Op. 2 No. 1 (Andante - Allegro)," Beethoven — Kathryn Barfield; "Adele's Laughing Song," Strauss—Peggy Elliott; and "Sonata Op. 27 No. 2 (Adagio Sostenuto and Allegretto). Beethoven —Alice Black.

The above was the program for the evening.

Council Officers Chosen for Second Semester Positions

Second semester elections were held February 3 for officers of the preparatory student council, chapel proctors, and officers of the six dormitories.

The newly elected members of the preparatory student council are: President, Albertine Sutherland; Vice President, Jill Foddrill; Treasurer, Anne Nicks; Chapel Proctor, Evelyn Abroms; Underclassman Representative, Charlotta Bonner; High School Y.W.C.A. Cabinet member, Martha Nell Blackburn; Proctor, Jane Hughes; Smoker Supervisor, Joanne Sherman; and North Front Proctor, Betty Bailey

Challie Thornton is the new chapel proctor being elected from the Senior-Mid class. In the halls the following have been elected to office: Hail, Mary Lou Martin is President, and Virginia Englett is Secretary-Treasurer; the officers in Fidelity are President, Virginia Pullen; and Secretary-Treasurer, Katherine Ann Smith; Ann Lindgren is President, and Betty Buffalo is Secretary-Treasurer in North Front; in Founders Peggy Flowers is President and Laddie Harton, Secretary-Treasurer; and in Pembroke Pat Rhine is President and Mintie Cantrell, Secretary-Treasurer.

Five Social Clubs Accept New Girls

The new students who entered Ward-Belmont at the beginning of the second semester have been assigned to the clubs of which they shall be members.

The girls' names were taken and placed in the various clubs having vacancies. The new members are as follows: Gloria Ann Byrd, Agora; Dorothy Grace Dean, A.K.; Phyllis Poller, Agora; Bonnie Rabe, Anti-Pan. These girls are in the college department.

New members from the Preparatory School are: Jenalee Moore, Penta Tau; Mary Josephine Cundiff, Penta Tau; Sue Rankin, X.L.

D. V. Has Monthly House-Warmings

Mary Korty, an active member of the Senior class and member of the Del Vers Club, has transferred to Purdue University for her second semester work.

The Del Ver Club has found an original way of furnishing their club house. Every other month their members contribute gifts that add to the appearance of their club house. During these house-warming showers the members bring everything in the club from can openers to new slip covers.

Formal Senior Dance To Be Given In Corinthian Room Tonight at 8:30

Keep Posted

Saturday, February 8: Senior dance, 8:30-12:00, Corinthian Room, Wallace McMurray's orchestra.
Tuesday, February 11: Nashville Symphony Orchestra, 8:30, War Memorial building.
Wednesday, February 12: TC-Osiron dinner at the clubs.
Thursday, February 13: Mikado at Ward-Belmont, 8:15.
Friday, February 14: February Follies (Naiads) 8:30-9:30, underclassmen invited to gallery; formal dinner in dining room, Y.W.C.A.; faculty meeting, 3:30-5:30, Anti-Pan club.
Saturday, February 15: A.K. Valentine dance, A. K. clubhouse; Mikado at Lebanon, 8:15; February Follies (Naiads) 8:30-9:30; for faculty and seniors only.

Naiades Give Debut On February 14

The Naiades will give their debut, "February Follies," Friday evening, February 14, at 8:30 p.m. in the Ward-Belmont swimming pool. The Naiades is the newly instituted honorary swimming club, organized by Miss Barbara McCain.

Two performances will be given; one on Friday for the Senior-Mids and Prep. students, and the other on Saturday evening for the faculty and the Seniors.

Alma Edmonds, president, has announced the program as follows: Grand March, Water Ballet, Lincoln's Birthday, Won't You Be My Valentine, Valentine, Cupid's Arrows, Washington's Birthday, and the Finale.

Committee chairmen for the water show are: Lighting, Imogene Spoerri; Publicity, Claire Robida; Program, Janet Young; Ushering, Dot Frank; Decorations, Sissy Mull; Music, Audrey Horst; and Formation, Barbara Nelson.

Hyphen Adds Six Members to Staff

Six new members have been added to the staff of the HYPHEN, it was announced today by the editor. The new members hold positions as columnists, news writers, feature writers, and typists.

The new columnists are Nancy Moss and Shirley Nichols, who are writing the athletic column in the place of Marilyn Flynn; Jane Ellen Tye is to write a column for the Preparatory students.

Janice Lebenstein, Beverly Moore, and Marilyn Stark on the staff in the positions of news writer and feature writer.

Any student who is interested in working on the HYPHEN should have had previous experience in newspaper work, and should come to the Publications Office at seven thirty each Tuesday night.

President, Dean To Receive Guests

The Senior dance will be held tonight in the Corinthian Room from 8:30 until 12:00. Music will be provided by Wallace McMurray and his eleven piece orchestra. Hosts at this occasion are Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Provine, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Hogarth, and Miss Martha Ordway.

Barbara Simon, chairman of the decoration committee, recently announced the plans for decorations. The dining room is to be decorated according to a Valentine theme, with a large open heart around the main door. The Corinthian pillars will be wound with smilax, and the bandstand will be covered with hearts and Valentines.

Invitations have been sent to Vanderbilt University, Cumberland Law School, Peabody College, and other out-of-town guests.

These guests will be met by the floor committee consisting of Martha Wilson, Judy Wheeler, Mary Mull, Le Compte Glenn, Sally Flowers, Anne Frances Hudson, Billie Jean Hailey, Connie Williams, Carrie Proctor, Clara Caldwell, Mary Cooper, Jean Gill, Ann Bumgardner, Kathie Alfs, Doris Paty, Virginia Osborn, Helen Keith, Pat Hornbeck, and Maryjane Hooper.

Speech Club Plans Production

A special meeting of the Speech Club was held Tuesday evening to discuss an amateur production built on the history of Ward-Belmont College, to be presented by the members of the club sometime in March, if possible. The play is to be written in three acts by the members of the organization and will be based on the similarities and differences of the college life of three generations of women in a family.

Importance for all-out cooperation was stressed by the president, Mary Ann Jones, and the sponsor, Miss Catherine Winnia. During the course of the discussion, it was made obvious that every member would have to give her time and full cooperation if the production was to be successful.

Music Students Present Program

Three students from the Conservatory of Music participated in the chapel program Monday, Feb. 3.

Mildred Joy, accompanied by Miss Alma Baskerville, sang Musetta's Waltz Song from the opera La Boheme by Piccini, and May Morning by Charles Manney.

Molly Shanks played Chopin's Etude in E Major. Camille Hancock sang Rachmaninoff's "Sh... of the night."

Editorial Comment

More, Please!

More of the parties like the super-deluxe one last Saturday night is what brings life to the good ol' Ward-Belmont campus. It was strictly all reet!!

Informal gatherings, where we can eat, dance, and get better acquainted, suits our taste fine. There are so many girls we'd like to get to know better but don't have the time between our busy minutes. You toss a cordial "Hi" their way which is about all, until you see them a week or so later and repeat the cycle (as my Biology teacher would say . . . Oh! those cycles.)

By the way, as a boost to the newly formed Naiades, don't forget their campus entertainment to be given February 14 for you students. Really think you'll say it's okay!

If we attend these campus parties, and I know you would if only once you would go, there'd be more of them, I'm sure. Why, you might meet a girl whose great uncle was a nephew of your grandfather.

All kidding aside, we promise that if there are more campus parties, we'll Be There!!

Last Chance

That time has come. What time? Why, the time of rest, of course. Exams are over, the semester is new, and the word "sleep" has been recognized as a rediscovered addition to our vocabularies. Letters are getting written, there's actually time to "play," and everyone is beginning to relax. Or is the word "relapse"?

Plenty of time to do everything, of course . . . why, we've got sixteen more weeks until the end of school. Excluding spring vacation, that only makes fourteen and a little over. That's plenty of time. Or is it? Time has a habit of slipping around corners when we're not looking and running like mad so that we can't catch it. The seniors especially, remember how it was last spring. No sooner were winter exams over than it was nearly time for graduation. "Where did the time go?" was the most popular remark on campus.

"Where DID the time go?" we ask, as the days slip by without our accomplishing any of the things we were resolved to do. The answer is simple . . . nobody knows. Time just goes on, while we sit back and watch in amazement. Before we have time to catch our breath after the ordeal of exams the basketball season will be over, spring sports will have begun, plans for Senior, Senior-Mid Day will have culminated in a brilliant burst of fun, May Day and the crowning of the May queen will be nothing but a nostalgic memory, and finally, the pathos of step-singing will have merged into the memory of graduation and "the Bells of Ward-Belmont" will have faded into summer vacation. Yes, just as simply and suddenly as that.

For the seniors, this next fourteen weeks comes in the nature of a "last chance" to do something for and about Ward-Belmont. It comes as a last chance to look around our campus and appreciate the memories of it that will follow us wherever we go. It comes as a last chance to be with friends we may never see again. It comes as a last chance to learn those studies we will never take again. It means a last chance at recapturing fading friendships. It means so much.

For the Mids, this next fourteen weeks means a chance at accomplishing something for next year, something to better both the school and the individual. It also may mean a last chance at friends, both new and old. And for everyone, it should mean not only a last chance, but a new beginning. A chance to really DO those things we have always wanted to do.

We have fourteen weeks. Not so long, after all, when we think of all that must be accomplished. So let's start now. Not after we've rested, not tomorrow or later, but NOW. Right now, Let's do all the important things and all the trivial things that should be done. Then we'll be able to REALLY relax. And the word is NOT "relapse"!



It All Began In Fidevilty Hall (HMM) When Pracie Guckett Took A Fall!

One night in Fidevilty Hall the customary silence was broken by a slight disturbance in the smoker. It seems an experiment involving the sub-conscious mind was taking place. At first only a few girls were interested in participating in the exploration of that unknown region, since they were too concerned with their studying, and did not wish to take part in anything that might cause noise. Study hours are sacred in Fidevilty, and must be disrupted only in rare, important instances.

On this momentous evening Tetty Bhomas was attempting to hypnotize Pracie Guckett. Pracie was a shy girl, interested only in making good grades, doing her best to promote good will, and settle all the petty quarrels that might arise in the smoker. To satisfy the other girls Pracie agreed to be the guinea pig and seated herself on the plush divan. She made her mind a complete blank. This was not difficult for Pracie, since she usually wandered about in this manner.

Tetty's feverish eyes blazed penetratingly into Pracie's innocent blue orbs. Pracie's eye-lids fluttered and slowly began to close. Then just as she was about to succumb to the pleasurable grate of Tetty's voice, what should happen? You know as well as I do. . . Pirginia Vullen barged into the room knocking Marky into Prancie's lap. This slight interruption aroused the subject and disrupted the whole meeting. A sigh of dismay hissed through the room, while Smogene Ipoerri gently escorted Pirgie from the room with a well-placed kick.

"Merciful H e a v e n s," muttered Tetty, "now we'll have to start all over again!" Which is exactly what she did.

Soon Pracie was completely in Tetty's power. Whispered the smoker crowd: "Make her do something."

Poor Pracie! Little did she know what was in store for her. She made mad love to the dust mop, believing it was Tyrone Power. She swam the length of the smoker three times and ate fresh blackberries off the smoker floor. Cod Liver Oil gave her the pause that refreshes. (Coca-Cola, you know. Plug! We expect a case in the mail. Send care of Lanice Jebenstein, Box 216.) Now, where were we? Oh yes, "Pracie Faces the Unknown." Pracie divulged her secret desire, which was to become a tree surgeon, and was led by the nose down the front steps of Acklin Hall to the portals of the Tea Pot, where the elite meet to . . . shall we say eat? There, Pracie invited all and sundry to have a coke on her. They did. When Tetty could think of nothing more for her "McCarthy" to do, she snapped her suspenders and woke Pracie up. Pracie was humiliated! Poor, shy girl . . . exhibiting before all these people. She payed her bill, which was quite a tidy sum and slunk morosely toward the door. Turning to the crowd, Pracie opened her mouth and said "nnn-da!" Leave us face it, Pracie Guckett was speechless!

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Cynthia Mizell

There is nothing harder to do than to try to keep up with a Nashville girl . . . at least I found it so! "H a s anyone seen Mizell?"—s u c h was my plaintive pleas as I tried for days to catch up with this elusive Miss!!!

Finally frosting into the Ariston Clubhouse I cornered my quarry who seems to hang out there quite a bit. . . . Well, she's *only* the President!! Removing the icicles from my eyebrows, I took a good look at the object of my pursuit. Naturally curly brown hair, green "most of the time" eyes, and a light complexion combine on a lithe, five foot three inch frame . . . very nice indeed!!

"I love to laugh at cute jokes and witty people," says "T" (short for teeny cause she's so skeeny), "Especially the WITS who misplace my age back three or four years!"

Concentrating furiously "T" came up like a flash after an hour or so of thought with some of her main reasons for living: chocolate pie, red, jitter-bugging to boogie woogie music, sports clothes, tennis and badminton, and characters simply oozing originality!

Such a long time did Cynthia (moniker compliments of her parents) take squeezing pet peeves from her memory, that I found myself

(Continued on page 3)

Po'ms 'Bout People

By JANE

WE'VE BEEN STUDYING, MISS WILDER
Cross legged under an oak tree,
Pondering the depths of time,
We wrote these lovely lyrics
With the help of Lebenstein.

AMECHE'S GETTING FANCY
We've heard of 'phones in houses.
Even telephones in bars,
But only LE MASTER'S father
Has a telephone in his car.

LEONARDO A LA '47
SIMON does a masterpiece
In art each day, we hear.
Miss Shackelford may not agree
But the rest of us do, my dear.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
NEWTON'S name is HARDWICK
But don't dare call her same.
She'll utterly detest you;
"HARDY" is her name.

SHE'S JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY
MARTHA WOODMANSEE'S Harry
Is her heart's delight.
She's always writing letters
To him day or night.

LITTLE MISS APOTHECARY
I've seen pills come in boxes
They come in bottles also.
But the finest pill that ever wuz,
Is the little PILL that we know.

THE WEATHER OUTSIDE IS FRIGHTFUL
"STARKY"'s from Nebraska
Where the nights are cold.
She came to dear ole Dixie
To get warmed up, we're told.

THE RECORD BROKE
Charlie, Charlie, Charlie,
That's all we hear from TATE.
He's going home with her for Easter
To have a nine-day date.

MY FAVORITE BLONDE
MARGIE ELIAS' hair is blonde,
And her's is naturally so.
She stays away from Fi's third floor
Where the well-known peroxide does flow.

SO WE'RE DUMB!
ANN BELL is crazy
She lost her man last night.
"FROGGY" doesn't know anymore
So this is all we can write.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

"Tum-de-dah. . . ." (That's "Hearts and Flowers," in case you can't tell.) And what more proper way to introduce the Castle Heights Valentine Dance? Hearts for the Valentines, nat'rally . . . and the flowers? Well, what else can you presume as you walk into the dining room with an orchid waving before your nose on one side, only to have five more surround you as you sit down to indulge . . .? Not that I object to orchids; it's just that I'm more used to daisies. But anyhow, to get back to the subject of the dance, this wee col-yum is to be devoted in part to the happy high school gals who were lucky enough to attend . . . and better still, lucky 'nuff to drift before the fireplace where yours truly was perched (starboard of a burning log, that is) in order to pick up the following impressions. . . .

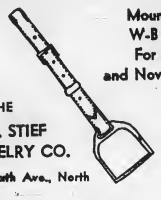
Impression Number 1: THELMA LEE GOLDWASSER, in fuschia faille dress with a full skirt. Gold sequins adorned the top, which had an off-the-shoulder effect and following soon thereafter came BETTY JOYCE CAMPBELL (here the fire rose higher, and I was forced to retire to the bench . . . me and the chaperons . . . bless 'em!) . . . But the chaperons and I enjoyed seeing Betty Joyce in her royal blue velvet dress with the long fitted torso and full skirt. Her three-quarter length cape completed the ensemble, and, oh yes! Her dress ALSO had an off-the-shoulder effect. They seem to be awfully popular . . . or so I mentioned to the rather stern-looking personage seated next to me.

I fully expected to see BARBARA NELSON come swimming by, but nope . . . there she was dancing like everyone else, and in a black net strapless (here the stern-looking personage took on the aspects of Grendel immediately preceding a feast) with a ruffled top. There was a most interesting heavier criss-cross over the net, and as she danced on by I was still counting the number of geometric designs made thereby. (My mom thinks I'm a moron. I guess the chaperons decided the same thing.) Anyway, as I moved on toward the punch bowl, I noticed another Barbara. . . . This time BARBARA BOYSEN, in a yellow marquisette. . . . Yep, the off-the-shoulder effect was on this one *too*, and it had a deeper yellow net band around the hem and top. It's full skirt and fitted bodice looked MOST nice . . . and I just love yellow, anyway. (Might as well; that's my nickname.)

Just as I was consuming the fifteenth glass of punch and feeling slightly punchy (or maybe you spell it "paunchy," I dunno), the dance ended and I was unable to get a glimpse of any more fashions. (Well, I'd like to see YOU taking notes on formals with your nose grinding the floor as umpteen couples dash out over the prostrate body.)

I was most upset 'cause I needed another fashion to complete the specified number of inches (these editors, y' know). Soo-o-o-o . . . I proceeded to trip MARY DERRICK as she started into the dining room and quickly took note of her good-looking back gabardine suit. It had a straight black skirt and the jacket was flared in back . . . also turned back reverse and fastened with three gold and black buttons. . . .

And there, my children, you have it. The Castle Heights dance and Mary Derrick. What more could anyone ask? (No offense intended.) Now go cash your allowance check and dash down to purchase that new ski suit you saw in Harvey's window . . . and who knows . . . YOU may be one of the lucky, lucky people who wins a bee-you-tiful set of brass-band china for having the most unusual costume in W-B (excluding, of course, the regulation swim suits.) Well, anyway, we can't ALL be nice-looking. I've been trying to get MYSELF in this darn thing all year now. . . .


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Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

thawing into a small puddle! Two-faced people, special rough words, and CATS complete the list of dislikes. At last a gal without trillions of grouches.

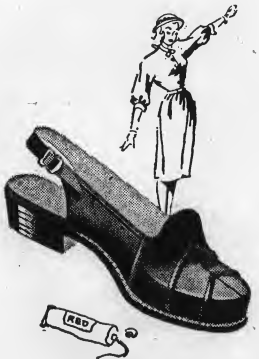
A member of the Spanish Club; one of the Beta Club elite, although not yet initiated; and occupying places on both hockey and tennis prep varsities are some of the extra-curricular activities "T" indulges in, and remember, all this besides having the honor and the job of being the deahly beloved President of Ariston! Versatile is a proper adjective for her and perhaps busy should be appropriately added too!

In her forrth year as a W-Bite Cynthia declares sadly it will be her last, for after graduating in June, she plans to grace the Vandy campus in the fall. The current 'pon graduating ambition running around in her mind is to journey to New York and study tap dancing.

"Oh, I'd rather dance than eat anytime; in fact I don't really care about food," says she with her quick laugh. "I must have my daily coke tho' and so drag my long-suffering pals to the Post Office rain or shine (or freezing wind!)

Although on the verge of turning into a coke with brown foam on top, it is undeniable that one Cynthia Mizell is a mighty swell gal and a credit to Ward-Belmont!

My fortitude is great. . . . I steadfastly refuse to retract the above statement even on the discovery of one last fact about our "Belle"; she possesses two liver and white dogs, a bird dog named "Gin" and a cocker called "Ricky"!


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Extension of War Time Authority Is Questioned

President Truman is seeking extension of war-time authority to combat emergencies, such as a strike, but Senator Robert Taft, leader of the house, contended that this grant of authority would be too sweeping. Mr. Taft agrees with President Truman that controls on sugar and other commodities will be necessary, but he plans to handle the continuance of these controls in individual bills dealing with each one, rather than in a general measure as President Truman plans. Mr. Truman made no statement on that procedure, but he urged that whatever Congress does, do it before the March 31 deadline.

On February 3, 1947, in the Norfolk Naval Hospital, Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, 60, commander of the Atlantic Fleet and fighting wartime boss of famous Task Force 58, died from coromary thrombosis. Funeral arrangements had not been completed yet.

A stubborn fire darted through five buildings in the McMinnville, Tenn., business district Sunday, February 3, causing approximately $130,000 in damages. It started in the basement of Kuhn's Five and Ten Cent Store on Main Street from a cause not yet known.

Secretary of State George C. Marshall is looking for an ambassador to carry out new United States diplomacy in China. J. Leighton Stuart, the ambassador during the time Marshall was President Truman's special envoy to China, is expected to step aside as soon as a successor is found. Though excellent in his work, he has not the physical strength to carry on the U. S. policy. It has been rumored that Lt. Gen. Alfred C. Wedermeyer, commanding general of the Second Army, will be offered this ambassadorial post.

Senator Joseph C. Mahoney charged, in a radio review February 2, that three Standard Oil companies and the Texas Company are negotiating an agreement which will give them dominance of the world oil trade. He stated that gaint combinations like this must be prevented in order to save the capitalistic system of private property.

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Sweet BELLES Swing

Two of your favorite gal vocalists start things rolling this week with two potential ballad hits. The first is "I'll Close My Eyes" delivered in appealing fashion by Nashville's own Dinah Shore. "My Bel Ami," a light and lilting waltz melody, is the flip-over. It's from the score of "The Affairs of Bel Ami" and it should find much favor with W-Bites.

As I thought it would be interesting to discover what records you are playing in this new year, I have begun a survey! It is far too COLD to venture out so I have made Founders the first scene of my inquiry: "What record is closest to your heart?"

Starting on third floor I popped my head into several rooms receiving three consecutive replies for "For Sentimental Reasons"—Charlie Spivak's version perferred—from Juliet Ward, Mary Ellen Harper, and "G-String.".

Hoping for variety, I ahemed my way into Jacque Thady and Daggie's deeeep conversation long enough to find that the former gal likes "Making Believe" and the later the Modernaires version of "To Each His Own."

Feeling even more encouraged after Junie Carnes' emphatic "STARDUST," I approached Juan Strobe's room . . . sadly enough I had to beat her head against the wall to finally have her painfully say Bing Crosby's "You Keep Coming Back Like A Song." Now will you PLEASE let go of my hair??!!

Having nothing more to gain here, I descended to the realms of the smoker! Rusty paused long enough from her adept bridge playing to sight "Frankie's, 'You Go to My Head' "!; Sophie and Judy declared for "If I'm Lucky" and "Temptation" respectively; and Steve Ann with a wry face said "It's All Over Now!" For Mike "Prisoner of Love" is tops; Bev didn't need to be asked. . . . Listen to her "Open De Do', Richard"; and Belew loooves "My Buddy," that's a pun, hon!!

Sue Dell yells "In the Hills of Tenn. . . . Roy Acuff!"; "No, 'Deep in the Heart of Texas.'" No!


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Naiades Will Be In The Swim Soon

Athletes Footnote

By "NICK" and "GEORGIE"

This week seems to be merely the "lull before the storm" of events which will take place during the winter season. Even with putting our ingenious heads together, we have not been able to dig up anything which is very new in the realm of athletics on campus, so stick with us as we give you the "eyes and ears" of the sport world of today (we seem to be wearing dark glasses—pardon our vision!)

With the basketball tournament coming up February 17, we have noticed that the various club managers have begun to assemble their varsity squads; for the big day will be upon us before we know it! Lillian Carn, Martha Ellis, Edna Jean Little, Mary Katherine Woolwine, Sue Dell Brewer, Nancy Pippin, Joyce Armitage, Nancy Simpson, Martha Durham, Beverlee Berno, Virginia Tait, Dot Evans, Margaret Frogge, and Jean Jones, and their teams, have given their time and effort to give their own clubs a winning team, and to give all of the students examples of clean, friendly competition, and fair play. So let's *all be at the games* to give confidance and determination to our teams!

"Lest we (and you) forget," allow us to remind you once more of the "overture of the tranquil icy waters." Unofficial reports may be quoted as saying that there will be numerous guests from neighboring sections of our "fair city" (Nashville, that is). As you should well know by now, the first public appearance of the Naiades as an organization for providing leisure (strictly for the audience!) and entertainment, will be Friday and Saturday nights, February 15 and 16—at the "land of the white tile and H_2O."

We would seriously and sincerely like to thank all of you who so generously contributed to the welfare of the many thousands who have been afflicted with infantile paralysis, and also TOPS, who have done such a wonderful job of campaigning. We hope that you realize how much your small donation will mean to those who greatly need our help, and who, fortunately, we are privileged to help. Our small sacrifice of a few dimes stands as a symbol of kindness, generosity, and selflessness, which are virtues to be encompassed into our youth.

We are sure that the thermometer must read not less than 20 degrees below in this cracker box—our office! So out of necessity, and with sympathy for those who have read this column to the "finis," we close with freezing fingers on these flying keys. (Alliteration, you know!)



Action Shot of W.-B. Swimming Belles

Just a Reminder

You camera fans who have been busily snapping shots of the campus and friends should hurry and turn in your contributions to the *Milestones* snapshot contest. The contest will continue for a few more weeks, but the sooner the entries are submitted, the better your chances for winning the *grand* prize!

"Mikado"

(Continued from Page 1)

Mary Jo Warren, Alice Black, Marie Bergh, Betty Buckner, Betty Jo Crews, Laura Hambaugh, and Rebecca Skidmore.

The orchestra is composed of Mr. Kenneth Rose, Dorothy Dyer, Marjorie Elias, Sheila Kennard, Virginia Satterfield, Miss Grace Schneck, Ruth McCoy, Joe Lennon, Joe Naron, and Catherine Bull.

On the production staff are Carolyn McKnight, Virginia Smith, Betty Joyce Campbell, Joan Michelsen, Neilyn Griggs, Billy Sue Havron, and Jeanine Autret.

Ticket sales are headed by Peggy Elliot and Evelyn Paty, and the proceeds will be added to the fund to buy choir robes. A second performance will be given at Lebanon on February 15, under the sponsorship of the local Rotary Club.

Mehitabel Says

Perhaps it is the result of too much abstinence occasioned by my New Year's resolutions, or it could be that soc class is turning me into a hypochrondriac; but the fact remains that recently I have been suffering from hallucinations.

Ordinarily I am not the superstitious type; black cats of either the Newport or Caldwell variety fail to disturb me when they see fit to tread across my path. But black cats are not the creatures that have been charging around in front of me. No. With me it is different. With me it is much worse. Let me explain to you just what it is that is causing my downfall.

This morning I was blithfully wandering over to Big Ac, because on my little, but gruesome, yellow schedule card it says that there is a certain class called Advance Composition that I must attend. On my way a most peculiar occurence occurred. Oblivious to all but things esthetic, I was a little slow in realizing that a voice was calling my name. "Mehitable, oh Mehitabel," it called. I turned around just in time to see something blue, electric blue it was, dart behind a bush. I was intrigued. Could it possibly be Susan Carson? She was fond of electric blue, I knew. But that wasn't likely, I concluded, after quickly running through a syllogism that proved that Susan did not ordinarily act in this extremely old manner. While I was meditating on the unlikelihood of its being Susan, the blue thing thrust its head out from behind the bush and waggled its tongue at me. No, it wasn't Susan. She is a friend of mine, and she would never think of doing anything that crass. I chose to ignore the incident, and stolled on, a trifle faster this time, to my comp class.

But that is not all. Oh, no. That was just the beginning of it all. Upon reaching the classroom, I unknowingly opened the door, and discovered to my horror that sitting in the back seat of the second row from the windows was that blue thing. It was not Susan garbed in electric blue. It was . . . no, it couldn't be. But yes, there it was. A WAMPUS. I recognized it by its peculiar color, its unusual ears, and its bushy tail that somewhat resembled that of a fox. Then, too, it was wearing snow shoes, and that make it certain that it was a Wampus.

I quickly looked around to see if anyone else had noticed it, and there across the aisle was a Frenchman, an Existentialist at that, calmly sipping a Scotch and soda and staring at the ice cube in the glass. He looked up at me, and announced as if there was nothing unusual in his statement, "You'd be surprised what you can see in an ice cube.

Thinking it best not to disagree, I was mutely nodding my head when I became conscious of agonized groans issuing from behind me. I turned around, and there before my very eyes was a man on an operating table. An ace of spades was clutched in his hand, and a woman in a straight jacket was comforting him with the words, "It was that little girl with the strange eyes who did it, I'll bet. Her name was Claire. She drove me crazy. Always coming to my apartment and looking at me with those strange eyes."

Just then a bartender wandered in and handed two old Southern gentlemen a tray of mint juleps. Being hospitable as all Southern gentlemen are, they asked me to join them. By this time the perspiration was dripping from my face, my throat was dry to the point of being speechless, and I thought I was going stark, raving mad. Boy, did I need a mint julep . . . or ten!

CANDID CLOSEUPS

By PEG

LOEWS: Starting next week at Loews Theater are those two real fine stars Elizabeth Scott and Humphrey Bogart. The show is "Dead Reckoning." I haven't seen it yet but it surely sounds good. You know how Bogart and Scott are alone—well just think of them together.

PARAMOUNT: Finally it's here—"Blue Skies" with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire. If you are burdened with troubles why not let "Blue Skies" help you take them away. It will also make you know that it does sunshine in some places even tho' it doesn't in Nashville.

KNICKERBOCKER: I'm a bit confused about whats going to be on at this show. Here's the dope. They, the managers that is, aren't sure if they'll hold "Deception" over with Paul Henried and Bette Davis; or if they are going to have "Never Say Good-Bye" staring none other than Errol Flynn. Now if you have some extra time you can go down and see it (which ever one it is).

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday at the Melrose theatre is "Enchanted Forest." This stars the same people it did last week, but in case you have forgotten, it is Edmund Lowe and Brenda Joyce. Wednesday, George Succo and Loinue Atwell are starred in "Frog Island." Don't know anything about the picture or the actors. Thursday through Saturday "Mr. Ace" is there with George Raft and Sylvia Sidney. This is a good picture and I advise you all (southern accent) to see it.

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday "Mr. Ace" is playing with the same players, that is George Raft and Sylvia Sidney. And it will be just as good or bad as the case may be. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday "Dangerous Signal" with Faye Emerson is playing.

BELMONT: Thursday, Friday, and Saturday "Enchanted Forest" with, as afore stated Brenda oyce and Edmund Lowe. You never can tell, you might enjoy it, or at least have a good nap. It's warm in the Belmont anyway, I hear, and not too far to walk. Then in this same theatre on Sunday and Monday we have "Mr. Ace," with George Raft and Sylvia Sidney. If you like either one of these characters (if anyone does, that is), you might run down. Let us know if it deals with cards or the air forces, huh?

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See The Naiades

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

February Follies

VOLUME XXXV — SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1947 — NUMBER 17

'Naiades' Revue, "February Follies," Is Given Tonight

Tonight and tomorrow night The Naiades will give their debut, "February Follies" in the Ward-Belmont swimming pool. The Naiades is the newly instituted honorary swimming club, organized by Misses Barbara McCain and Jean Ryder.

Alma Edmonds, president, has announced the program as follows: Grand March, Water Ballet, Lincoln's Birthday, Won't You Be My Valentine, Valentine, Cupid's Arrows, Washington's Birthday, and the Finale.

The members of the club performing in the show are: Harriet Ashly, Claire Robida, Betty Steed, Barbara Nelson, Pat Wagoner, Janet Young, Shirley Nichols, Dorothy Frank, Alma Edmonds, Cissy Mull, Julia McHenry, Peg Bloomers, Charlotte Devine, Patty Margaret, Peggy Pittman, Nancy Stern, Cynthia Hoyt, Sue Hoyt, Mary Lou Nelson, Ann Guthrie, Anabel Gaydon, Carolyn Henderson, Mary Ann Wheeler, Imogene Spoerri, Betty Campbell, Virginia Tait, Steve Akin, Adeline Andrews, Janet Denham, Le Compte Glenn, and Beverly Stevens.

College Honor Roll For 1st Semester AnnouncedMonday

Girls on the college honor roll for the first semester 1946-47 have grades of B or better in all credit subjects and a passing grade in physical education. They are:

Senior-Mids: Jane Basham, Peggy Blowers, Louise Boone, Margaret Boylin, Bettye Bray, Betty Bryant, Mary Ann urton, George Anne Campbell, Mary June Carnes, Nancy Lou Davis, Peggy Farrar, Marjorie Gilmore, Mary Jo Harrond, Carolyn Henderson, Betsy Holton, Cynthia Hoyt, Susan Hoyt, Gayle Jennings, Dolores Koliszar, Evelyn Martin, Myra Maupin, Jacqueline Mebius, Beverly Moore, Ann Morgan, Barbara Needs, Val Jean Nicholson, Jean Ratliff, Barbara Ann Richard, Molly Shanks, Barbara Smyth, Challie Thornton, Laura Ann Tompkins, Mary Warner, Bettie Whitehead, Oragene Willson, Ann Wilson, Betty Witt, Dorothy Yearwood.

Seniors: Kathryn Alfs, Edith Cooney, Bettye Jane Erwin, Martha Lou Faulkner, Marion Frederick, Barbara Hanson, Sheila Kennard, Jackie Koon, Mary Martin, Lena Mistretta, Nancy Moss, Jennie Parr, Nancy Pippin, Pat Rhine, Virginia Rippy, Helen Louise Schreiber, Betty Neil Shepperd, Patzie Simonson, Nancy Stern, Charlotte Sutton, Jo-

(Continued on Page 3)

W.-B. Presents The Mikado



The Three Little Maids from School, Joy Clay, Camille Hancock, and Molly Shanks, in a preview shot from the *Mikado*.

Two Members Are Added to Faculty

With the beginning of the new semester two new members have been added to the Ward-Belmont faculty. They are Mrs. Ruth Taylor and Mrs. Lewis Glenn Pope of the English Department.

Mrs. Pope, who has taught in many sections of the country, came to W-B from Vanderbilt, where she has been teaching for the last three years. Other places of teaching include Los Angeles, where Mrs. Pope taught drama, Wisconsin, Chicago, and University of Tennessee. Mrs. Pope received her Bachelor's degree at University of Chicago and Master's at University of Tennessee. Here at Ward-Belmont she is teaching five freshman English classes.

Mrs. Pope also conducts Shakespearean Readings at Vanderbilt each Sunday night. She is a member of the choir of St. Paul's church in Franklin, Tennessee, Tennessee Philological Society, Natural Council of Teachers of English, and Modern Language Association.

Mrs. Taylor, who also previously taught at Vanderbilt, has held positions in State College, Florence, Alabama, where she taught English and had the office of Dean of Women. She also taught at Florida State College fnr Women at Tallahassee.

Mrs. Taylor received her Bachelor and Master's Degree at Peabody and is now doing some work toward a doctor's degree.

Tri K Club Holds Annual Kid Party

Wednesday, February 5, the Tri K Club house was the scene of their annual kid party.

The Seniors escorted the undergraduates to the party. Bows, knickers, jumpers and lollipops composed the average apparel and musical chairs, red light - green light were among the kid games played.

Kid prizes were awarded to the winners of the jitterbug contest who were Betty Belew and Rachel Sample.

T. C., Osirons Have Valentine Dinner

Wednesday, Feb. 12, the T. C. Club gave a Valentine's dinner party for the Osiron Club members in the T. C. Club house at 6 p.m.

Joan Fergus was the central chairman for the party. Heading the other committees were Christine Chernosky, food committee with Mary Jean Magruder and Aida De Leon assisting her; invitations, Betsy Holton, who was aided by Barbara Boysen, Vivian Boysen, Ann King, and Martha Ann Barton; entertainment was supervised by Doris Paty, with Jae Hughes, Laverne McCann, Rebecca Skidmore, Frances Richardson, Mary Olive Walls, and Betty Sue Corley helping. Mary Evelyn Myers was in charge of decorations with Janice Lebenstein, Marjorie Quiring, Georgia Hall, Katherine Rhine, and Genevieve Wolf completing her committee.

Spaghetti and meat balls were served with French bread, cokes, and heart-shaped cookies. Following the dinner, Valentine games were played.

Speech Class Sees Art Design Exhibit

The classing Acting visited an exhibit of scenery and costume designs entitled "From Sketch to Stage" on Wednesday afternoon.

The exhibit, which was at the Centennial Club, included original drawings, diagrams, color sketches, and photographs illustrating various stages of productions in the fields of Opera, Ballet, Drama, and Musical. The exhibit was from the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

An invitation was extended to the class from Mrs. Cobb Pilcher, General Chairman of the exhibit for the Centennial Club.

Lena Mistretta gave a program of monologues at the February dinner meeting of the Nashville Credit Women's Breakfast Club, which was held on Wednesday evening, February 12.

Anti-Pan Wins Scholarship Cup; Hood and Gown Members Named

Keep Posted

Friday, February 14: Formal dinner sponsored by the Y.W.C.A., in the dining room; "February Follies," Naiad show, 8:30-9:30, pool; faculty meeting, 3:30-5:00, Anti-Pan clubhouse.

Saturday, February 15: A.K. Valentine Dance, 8:30-11:30, A.K. clubhouse; "Mikado" at Lebanon; "February Follies" for faculty and Seniors.

Monday, February 17: Senior English lecture, Dr. Roy Basler, head of the English department at Peabody, 7:30-8:30, Anti-Pan clubhouse.

Wednesday, February 19: T. C. dinner, T. C. clubhouse.

Thursday, February 20: Round Table Club, tea room, 6:00-8:00.

Saturday, February 22: Formal dinner, 6:00; minuet, 7:30; T. C. party, reform school, 2:30.

98 Preps Make Honor Roll for First Semester

Mrs. Souby announced the honor roll for the first semester, 1946-47, in chapel Monday. To be on the preparatory honor roll one must have made at least a B in four studies, not including composition, and not less than C in any study.

The girls on the honor roll are: Freshmen: Jacquelyn Anderson, Charlotta Bonner, Carol Butters, Martha Douglas, Rachel Gardner, Ann McQuiddy, Mary Margaret Payne, Sue Rankin, Alice Stockell, Mary Phil Thomas, and Marian Williamson.

Sophomores: Jeanine Autret, Louise Baird, Shirley Berger, Dudley Brown, Mary Jane Capps, Martha Evers, Betty Gant, Margaret Hayes, Barbara Holt, Anne McCannon, Susan Miller, Pricilla Murray, Beverly Pate, Valere Potter, Lucinda Riddle, Grace Rodgers, and Martha Ann Rogers.

Juniors: Evelyn Abroms, Adeline

(Continued on Page 3)

French Club Holds Monthly Meeting

The French Club held its monthly meeting Thursday, February 6, in the "Y" room. Preceding the program, Pat Rhine spoke on the organization for French relief in Nashville and the part that the Ward-Belmont French Club has already taken in it. This was followed by a report on the life of Charlemagne given by President Helen Keith. Mrs. Jack Mitchell summarized "La Chanson de Roland" for the club, and the meeting was closed with the singing of French songs.

Plans are being made for another meeting on March 5 during which Mrs. Mitchell's senior high school French class will present a play, "La' anglois tel qu' on parle."

With a grade-point average of 1.65 the Anti-Pan club won the Club Scholarship cup for the first semester of 1946-47. Ariston won the Day Student cup with an average of 1.66.

Other club averages were: Tri K, 1.54; Agora, 1.48; X. L., 1.48; Penta Tau, 1.47; F. F., 1.40; A. K., 1.31; Osiron, 1.21; Del Ver, 1.18; T. C., 1.13; Angkor, 1.55; Eccowasin, 1.42; and Triad, 1.34.

These results of club scholarship competition were announced in chapel on February 10, by Dr. Provine. The boarding cup was previously held by the Tri K club, which won it two consecutive times.

The members of Hood and Gown for the first semester were also announced at this time. They are: Boarding Seniors—Barbara Hanson, 3.07; Judy Wheeler, 3.07; Jacquelyn Koon, 2.80. Day Seniors—Betty Neil Shepperd, 2.80; Anna Frances Hudson, 2.56; Virginia Sue Rippy, 2.53. Boarding Senior Middles—Beverly Moore, 3.06; Jean Ratliff, 3.03; Challie Thornton, 3.03. Day Senior-Middles—Jacqueline Mebius, 3.15; Margaret Boylin, 2.93; Gayle Jennings, 2.54.

Dr. Myhr Attends Literature Meeting

Miss Ivar Myhr, head of the Ward-Belmont English Department, returned Monday from a five-day trip to University of North Carolina and Hollins College.

Leaving Thursday, February 6, on the "Georgian," Miss Mary arrived in Chapel Hill Friday at 4:30. There she attended the meeting of the Renaissance Group of the Modern Language Association. This is the fourth such meeting to be held in this region at the University of North Carolina. Delegates were there representing Florida, South Carolina, Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee.

Saturday afternoon Miss Myhr gave a lecture entitled "Minturno's Theory of the Sonnet." It was based upon extensive research.

A visit to Hollins College in Virginia followed the end of the meeting on Sunday. She was formerly a teacher there.

Jean Gill Chosen As Senior Officer

Jean Gill, Tri K, was elected boarding treasure of the Senior Class at the last meeting of the class. She will replace Marilyn Flynn who recently left for home.

Others who were nominated for this office were Ernie Conbleton, Barbara Hanson, Nancy Stern, and Suzanne Zeek.

Editorial Comment

Under Our Noses

Boy, the time is going right out from under our noses. With these wonderful formals to look forward to, it just seems as though spring vacation is not creeping as it seemed Christmas vacation did, but running every inch of the way.

School work keeps piling up and somehow we struggle realizing, although we won't admit it, that someday we'll really wish we could open a book for tomorrows lesson. It sounds absolutely repulsive, and I, myself, would never admit, but as mother would say, "wait and see."

And "wait and see" will be applicable very soon. This is the middle of February. And in only TWELVE weeks (omitting spring vacation) the Seniors will be graduating. "Wait and see" will be a reality long before we are ready for it. Summer WILL come, and we WILL wish we could be in our dorm again.

Our first or second year of college half gone, doesn't seem possible. We keep asking ourselves over and over again whether or not we have made the most of our college life. It's up to each one of us to see what we can get out of college life. Our parents always tell us that our college life is the best part of our lives and it will produce our memories that will always linger.

I certainly would be a wonderful feeling to be able, in years to come, to say that we got the most out of college; that whatever our motive for going, we obtained our goal. Let's hope each one of us in years to come can say those exact words. These are unsurpassable days and even better ones will come!

Fran Sez . . .

And here we are . . . 'tis Tuesday night once more, and we sit gazing at the clock (that runs!) with disbelief. We didn't think it possible to finish this wee sheet by ten o'clock . . . but it has been done! And we even took time out to slide down banisters with Bev, (Hood and "Gooners" don't study ALL the time, you know. And if you don't believe us, read the feature just one column over.) Our mood tonight is one of great pleasure, and perhaps a picture of the "pounding few," to quote Evans, would give you a buzz, too!

First, we have Rusty . . . perched on the filing case madly sewing (or is it embroidering?) the autographs into her shirt. "You mean I don't have to type Candids tonight?" With that thimble on your finger, how could we ask such of you?

Then there was Bess Benson . . . complete with Inquiring AND poem to Texas. And when we think of poems, we think of Lebenstein composing those limericks to the Osirons. And taking flash bulbs of us as we work. Hope she got the ivy which dear Polly so proudly says is "Ward-Belmont ivy!" Adds to the accumulative effect of the desk. Or can we use "accumulative" in such a position? Oh, well . . .

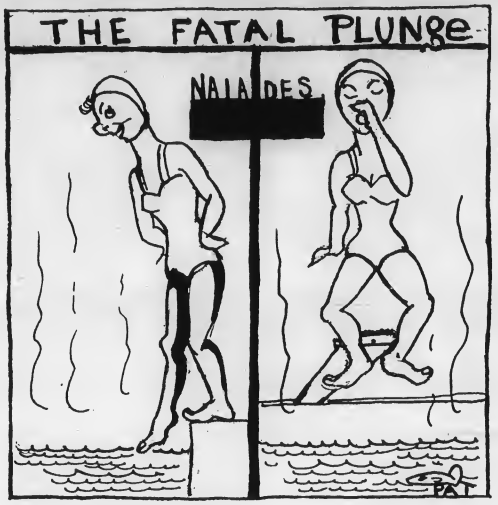
Joyce, good girl that she is, sat eagerly waiting to type the head sheet. To the uninitiate . . . the head sheet is the joyful end of each issue. The culmination of two days' work, we might say.

Erwin coming in to bestow upon us a sweet smile and an hearty pat on the back . . . we KNEW she had two tests on Wednesday! And Sheila moaning that she "wasn't inspired" . . . but when the inspiration finally did come, it arrived with a crash . . . chair falling, you know.

The end of it all was Mary Alice Ohms . . . "I always wondered how you put out the paper." The beauty of it was that she compared us with the MILESTONES . . . Att'n, Editor K. Ward.

We really must end with congratulation to the Anti-Pans and Aristons . . . 'tis so very fine that you won the cups. And we are so very proud of you all. And congrats to the Hood and Gowners (all right, "Gooners," Bev) and to the Honor Rollers, and to just EVERYONE who passed! (Spanish, that is).

In true editorial style, we close with . . . "thirty."



Get Yo' Ammunition 'Cause They's No Peace 'Til the Chicks Get Home

By Bev Moore

The 7:30 study hall bell was ringing when I heard the tap nn my door. "Open de do', Richard. Violet sent me," someone hissed. That I could not resist so I opened de do', and—splat! A blending bath of coca-cola, soapsuds, "Tabu," and water hit me in the face After dirtying two towels, my clean sheet I got three weeks ago, and my bedspread, I could again see the circles under my eyes, and the high water marks on my arms.

"This means wah," I declared, arming myself with a box of talcum powder, a bottle of ink, and three gallons of water. I wasn't going to let Rachel's mixture get me down! I opened the door, and narrowly missed another shower. As I leaned against the door, my heart was doing a rumba. "There must be some way of getting outside," I thought. My brilliant brain did not forsake me. "My raincoat!", I shouted.

Donning my raincoat, rubbers, and kerchief, I bravely ventured out. There was the culprit, and I doused her good. It was total wah, a fight to the finish. I chased her down the stairs taking six, no, seven (sounds better) steps at a time. Up and down we went, and by this time the sulfuric acid Rachel had resorted to was eating my skin. Besides, we had both run out of mixture; so we called a ten-minute truce to refill.

We were in the little bathroom getting some water, when someone outside locked us in and whispered, "Hush, the housemother is up here looking for you." We quaked in our bare feet, for all we need was five more demerits to have an indefinite campus, and we could not get by her without being seen. So we settled down to a peaceful wait.

Rachel hit upon a plan when we found the comfort someone had left there. We could disguise ourselves! We pulled it over our heads and, getting someone to unlock the door, we charged out singing "Two Silhouettes." Everything would have been all right if the housemother hadn't gotten curious and peeked. "You vas expecting mebbe Mrs. Nussbaum"? I yelled, and pushed her down the steps.

Ditching our disguise, we ran down the back steps, and arrived at the front stairway just in time to catch her as she hit the bottom step. We picked her up and dusted her off. "Thank you, girls," she smiled. "It's nice to know that there are still some decent girls." We beamed, backed off, and beat it to the smoker.

We had to sneak in because it was after lights, and there sat four girls calmly playing bridge. They'd gotten up early to get an early start. Rachel and I plumped down, worn out from our fight, and I started idly burning the chair with a match. We had a nice blaze going after awhile, but the smoker was getting stuffy. Then in walked the monitor! She always spoils all our fun. There was nothing I could do to keep her from seeing the fire but to sit on it, so sit I did. After 15 minutes I was getting rather warm, and I asked the monitor if her program "The Exciting Life of Mary Parker, Wife of Larry Pickleseiner, Cousin of

(Continued on page 3)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Audrey Horst

"And little Audrey just laughed and laughed. . . ." And sho' nuff, the little Audrey of W.-B. does that very thing; 'cause despite government tests and late history papers, she always pops up smiling. . . . And so this week we salute Audrey Horst, president of her beloved Del Vers, member of the Drum Corps, Spanish Club, and Athletic Association (here she has a baseball and hockey varsity to her credit), and our own Martha Washington . . . the gal who'll have the best time watching her classmates trip as they minuet for her come February 22!

After sitting for a full fifteen minutes surrounded by her prodding suitemates and an equally prodding (and anxious) reporter, Audrey finally disclosed her likes and dislikes to be the following:

She just LOVES Clayton (Missouri, that is) and macaroons. . . . (Nope, there's no connectionI looked for one too.) She's pretty fond of W.-B., comedies (in movies) and frogs. . . . And as the aforementioned suitemates turned varying shades of white, she related to me

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Inquiring Reporter

By Bess Benson

It seems as if I inherited this column this week, so I'm making the most out of this peculiar task. "While the cat's away, the mice will play" is a good motto—(tho' I thought it applied only to the activities in the dorms). Anyway, what with the Seniors still rehearsing the Senior dance at which they all had SUCH a good time and the rest of us thawing out from the cold spell we've had this week, I could hardly think up a question which would make everybody happy. But since everywhere I went on the campus I was greeted with such bright smiles I decided to find out what caused them. That is, I went about inquiring as to how the girls all got their shining white teeth.

Putting on my glasses so I could see my victim, I sneaked up on MARY ELEANOR GREENE and shouted, "What kind of toothpaste do *you* use, and why?" Having just gotten out of the infirmary, she was too weak to get away—so she answered, "I brush my teeth with lighter fluid. It gives my teeth that extra sparkle when I smoke a cigarette."

Next I accosted IMOGENE HUFFMAN who said, "I use Clorox because I want to be pure." I didn't get it, but I didn't question her further. She might have offered me some.

"TEENIE" CHERNOSKY, her roommate, put down her movie magazine and smiled sweetly. "I don't know what kind I use. The label's covered with coal dust."

JEAN RATLIFF shifted her comfortable position under a pile of books and said, "I use Ipana 'cause it foams so much." I'll bet she's a fiend for bubble-bath, too.

Over in Founder's I met CHARLOTTE DEVINE in the hall. I asked her the same question, which she answered by saying, "Toothpaste? In tubes? For teeth? Um-m-m-m-m-m, I clean my teeth with any kind I can borrow because I never have any money to buy any.

Then along came ANN CARPENTER." I'm from the hills of South Carolina. We ain't got nothing but blow gum." She flashed her pearly white choppers and stalked on.

JO DEDRICK explained why she used Duz by adding "Duz does everything."

Seniors, too, have trouble with their toothpaste. toothpaste. NANCY STERN told me, "I haven't noticed what kind I use; every morning I grope around till I find something. I never use the same stuff twice."

BOBBY ALLEN had a good reason for preferring Ipana. "I don't like Bob Hope," she said.

BESS HOOVER who just had a front tooth pulled wailed, "For a smile like Lena the Hyena's, use Colgate." CAROLYN HEWITT answered at the same time, "I use Forhan's—just a habit, you know."

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By SUE

As was only obvious from the newly Revloned claws and shiny curls of the numerous members of the Senior Class, a *big* event occurred last week-end—a dance for the class of '47. Not only was it in the beautious Corinthian room—which serves as a dining room on less auspicious occasion, but there was actually a monster stag line—something we have not seen in eons.

The first person we spied after scrambling through the heart which composed the unique entrance, was Camille "The Voice" Hancock in a gorgeous formal. We had a very difficult time trying to see the front, but it was worth the effort (I'm so sorry I had to trip you, Camille). The warm salmon colored velveteen was strapless with a full skirt nad bustle in the back on top of which nestled several gardenia poisies. It was really breath-taking!!!

Wandering back to the punch bowl for my tenth glass of refreshments and rum cakes, I saw Kay Van Nortwick in a "muy" attractive dress of black taffeta. The bodice and cap sleeves were trimmed with black sequins; the French neckline was another interesting addition. The skirt was full in front and gathered into a large bustle in back with minute pink flowers reposing on it. It was so very pretty . . . bustles seem to be the latest fashions, incidentally.

Another Senior gal who had on an outstanding formal was Phila Rawlings. The bodice of her dress was strapless and made of pink brocade. The skirt was pink net with many ruffles trimmed in silver sequins around it. Phila was one of those lucky gals with a beautiful white orchid, which she wore in her black hair. Very striking ensemble. While twirling around the floor . . . you know there was a surplus of men if I got to dance . . . I spied cute Ann Squires talking animatedly in a darling pale pink formal. The drop shoulders were completed by small cap sleeves; the bodice was fitted and the skirt swirled out fully at the hem.

It was really a stupendous dance, and did anyone notice a sign near the Founders door announcing the Mid dance March 15th. Hm-m-m-m-m!!!

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

her passion for power fights . . . dances, she calls 'em . . . "And I like to sit in a row-boat on a hot sunny day taking a sun-bath. . . ." The finals in her list of preferences are sports and people with lots of spirit.

And as to dislikes . . . there are those obnoxious people who insist on chewing gum with their mouths open (when Aud doesn't have to chew likewise), people who squeeze the toothpaste tube in the middle, and her bottom dresser drawer which refuses to close despite her most diligent attempts along that line.

Audrey wants to be a camp counselor this summer, and after that she has but one desire: i.e., to settle back at the Lake of the Ozarks (I know, "I'd never heard of it either. . .) and live a life in direct contrast to the "on-the-run" existence so characteristic of W.-B. . . . But next year she'll be in Washington University in St. Louis, where she intends to continue her major, or at least to find something to major in. . . .

So here she is: the peppy little gal with the sunbeam (ahem!) smile and the friendly manner people always associte with Ward-Belmont. Still don't know her? Just look for her in the February Follies. . . . She's the gal who's always wanted to know how to swim and hasn't learned yet. . . . So you'll find her at the vic, tending the musical end of the programmy. . . .Many, many thanks, Little Audrey, for helping to make W.-B. and this year one we'll all remember for a long, long time!

No Peace

(Continued from Page 2)

Mary's Aunt Fifth Removed Who Killed John's Other Wife" wasn't on. That got rid of her!

So I picked up my charred posterior, and examined the damaged chair. It was only medium rare, but it would have to do for now. We tried to be so quiet as we left the smoker, but, due to 52 coke bottles piled in front of the door, we made a crashing exit. But I picked the pieces of glass out of my eye and kept smiling.

Mike had tied a bottle to a long string, and was swinging it out the window when we arrived. We banged it against the window down below, but a loud scream and the sound of shattering glass stopped that. "What am I doing"? I yelled. "That was my window."

I sprinted downstairs where my roommate met me with a carving knife in one hand and a long sliver of glass in the other. What happened? Those drops you see on this paper ain't catsup, sister!

Now when someone knocks on de do', I just say, "There ain't nobody here but us chickens!"

College Honor

(Continued from Page 1)

anna Troutman, Kay Van Nortwick, Billie Vaughn, Pat Wagoner, Ruth Marie Walls, Bobbye West, and Judy Wheeler.

Girls on the college honorable mention list have a B average or above in all credit subjects and passing grade in physical education. They are: Senior-Mids: Steve Ann Akin, Frances Alexander, Peggy Bethune, Nona Brumback, Mary Tom Cantrell, Faith Chalmers, Lois Jacqueline Collins, Virginia Davis, Ida Kate Dunkin, Virginia Englett, Muriel Fisher, Julia Freels, Carolyn George, Susan Glick, Barbara Greenlee, Nan Hagan, Laura Hambaugh, Frances Ann Harwell, Jeanne Ingersol, Joycelyn Johnson, Carolyn Moody, Svea Ogg, Evelyn Paty, Marie Pender, Charlene Prichard, Betty Rhea, Mary Riggs, Paula Rudolph, Katherine Sue Scherer, Mary Lou Schwankhaus, Carolyn Sharp, Betty Hall Shepherd, Beverly Smith, Marilyn Stark, Anne Tyree, Anita Underhill, Genevieve Wolfe.

Seniors: Dorothy All, Harriette Ashley, Thelma Back, Barbara Bahr, Kathryn Barfield, Jeanne Bryant, Catherine Bull, Susan Carson, Pat Cheek, Mary Cooper, Carol Crosby, Nancy Dennison, Marian Dopke, Nancy Lou Fuller, Sara Katherine Green, Frances Harris, Anna Frances Hudson, Betty Latham, June Lord, Ruth McCoy, Betty Lloyd Martin, Frances Newport, Mary Alice Ohms, Mary Elizabeth Rensford, Norma Rudolph, Shirley Schulz, Eileen Sprinstun, Grace Joy Waldrop, Martha Wilson.

Prep Honor

(Continued from Page 1)

Andrews, Thaniel Armistead, Margaret Avery, Betty Bailey, Eve Balloff, Martha Nell Blackburn, Attollee Boynton, Joyce Bratton, Evaline Casey, Carroll Christopher, Rella Cohhn, Nancy Dougherty, Dianne Douglass, Mary Duke, Dorothy Evans, Martha Ann Gambill, Joanne Geny, Thelma Goldwasser, Mary Jane Keeling, Ann Knox, Caroline Lowe, Sally McCanless, Mary Ellen McMurray, Jane McQuiddy, Katherine Manier, Sarah Jane Mathes, Phillys May, Nancy Minick, Mary Olert, Susan Otis, Sally Phillips, Irene Potter, Anne Rich, Betty Sanders, Sue Swinford, Ellen White, and Jean Young.

Seniors: Barbara Ballard, Joan Blackford, Jane Branson, Madaline Coggin, Nancy Cooper, Laurel Cuff, Miriam Cullom, Kathryn Dean, Bernice Dobbs, Martha Lee Durham, Jill Foddrrill, Anne Brederick, Mary Gaines, Nancy Granger, Dorothy Hailey, Ann Hamilton, Mary Ann Hibbett, Jean Horner, Mary Lindsey, Thelma McKay, Carolyn McKnight, Cynthia Mizell, Polly Nelson, Joanne Powers, Mary Ann Sugg, Marian Tilley, Jane Tyne, Jean Ward, and Kathryn Warner.

HIGH LITES

By JET

Ladies and . . . otherwise. You are cordially invited to read the very first (and perhaps the last) column dedicated to those fine young people known as the preppies. (Disgusting, isn't it?) As I was saying, we are fine young people, you were one yourself once, remember? I feel like Eleanor writing "My Day" or something. But do read on, I'm working my way through High School.

With exam week behind us, we are recovering from the loss of blood due to blotters in our shoes which resulted with fainting spells coming on a few minutes before English IV. One can certainly say the Infirmary does well that time of year.

Orchids from us to Albertine Sutherland, our new Student Council President, and to Marion Tilly who did a swell job first term. We must give our charming new proctor, Janie Hughes, roses (she's allergic to them), and the ex proctor, Nancy (McAdoo) Rogers, poison ivy. All kidding aside, we're proud of our new officers, and we know our old ones could not have been more perfect.

POME

"It isn't the cough
That carries you off
It's the coffin
They carry you off in."

OPEN LETTER TO JUDY HARRIS

Dearest Judy,

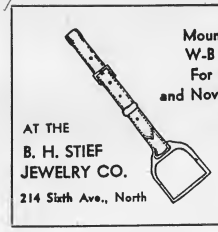
There has been something missing this week that can never be replaced, and that is you.

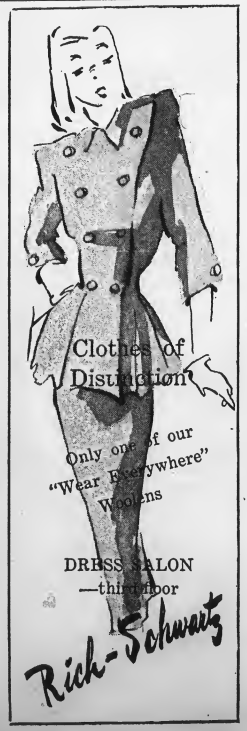
You are missed in more ways than one; your bright remarks that have cheered many a day for us, your rush to the phone when West Point has called, and your constant chatter that monopolized the smoker conversation. Just remember that when you make your new friends, your old ones miss you, and are always behind you in everything you do. Good luck, Judy.

Always,
"The Gang"

Any compliments on this column will be deeply appreciated by the author.

Good-bye!


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Athletes Footnote

By Georgie and Nick

Nick and Georgie want to offer a last bit of propaganda for the water carnival. The show has been nationally advertised as the biggest splash of the month, and we want to be among the first to extend due credit to those girls who have put forth the technical work to produce a show of perfection. The committees are as follows: LIGHTING, Imogene Spoerri, Maryjane Hooper, Joanne Sherman, Pat Tanton; DECORATIONS, Pat McGauley, Jane Harte, Mary Mull, Svea Ogg; WATER PATTERNS, Harriette Ashley, Barbara Nelson, Alma Edmonds, Betty Steed, Pat Wagoner; INVITATIONS, Sue Hoyte, Cynthia Hoyt, Betty Campbell, Alma Edmonds, Peggy Blowers, Janet Denham; PUBLICITY, Betty Campbell, Barbara Benson, Billie Hennard, Claire Robida, Cynthia Hoyt, Sue Hoyt, June Brown; MUSIC, Audry Horst; MUSICIANS, Betty Lee Miller, Barbara Benson, Betty Gant; PROGRAM, Janet Young. Remember! The pool is the place to go if you want to have a splash-up time, either Friday or Saturday!

After the water show is closed, all of our eyes will turn toward the hard, shining floor of the basketball court. The season will be in full swing on Monday, the 17th of February, when you see students adorned in various club colors, prancing and dancing, dodging and yelling, out on the floor. All of the teams have progressed considerably since the beginning of the season, and there will be some very exciting, close games for you to watch. The top-seated club teams are the Anti-Pans, Del Vers, and Penta Taus. The schedule for the first rounds of the tournament are as follows: Mon.—3:00, Ang.-Td; 3:15, A-Ec; 3:50, DV-T; 4:10, TC-O; 4:50, AP-Ag; 5:10, XL-AK. Tuesday, February 18: 3:55, FF-PT. Wednesday, February 19: 3:15, A-Td; 3:55, DV-O; 4:10, XL-TK, 4:55, AP-AK. Monday, February 24: 3:50, FF-Ag; 4:10, TC-PT; 4:50, AP-O. Tuesday, February 25: 3:00, A-Ang; 3:15, Ec-Td; 3:55, DV-TC; 4:10, AK-FF; 4:50, TK-Ag; 5:10, XL-PT.

For all of those who like to watch *good* bowling, start out right by going to the opening tourney, on Tuesday the 18th of February: 2:50, Day Clubs; 3:50, O, TC, TK, XL; 4:30, FF, PT, Ag, AK; 5:10, AP, DV. Wednesday, 5:10, FF, PT. Thursday, 2:50, Day Clubs, 3:50, O, TC, TK, XL; 4:30, FF, PT, Ag, AK; 5:10, AP, DV. Wednesday, 26th, 2:50, Day Clubs; 3:50, FF, PT, O, TC; 4:30, AP, DV, TK, XL; 5:10, Ag, AK.

Ring Riding has started again for the riding majors. The horses were out in the country for over two weeks, and a few good rides were enjoyed by all the enthusiastic horsewomen, but old man weather kept the girls on campus a lot. These last few days of bitted cold and piercing wind have discouraged the road rides. Now that the horses are back here again and there are prospects of lovely weather soon, our riders will be doing considerable mounting, in order to brush up for the Spring Show.

We leave you now with this for the week: as they say in Spanish, "Abre la puerta, Ricardo!!!"

Cold Wave Coming: Crisis In England: Labor Law Passed

A new cold wave is threatening the nation. A cold mass developed over Western Canada February 10 and is heading slowly toward the United States while eastern and southern states still battled storms and cold that destroyed Florida crops, closed schools and factories, and left 200,000 persons idle. Florida had its first snow in thirty years.

A crisis of wartime gravity gripped England Monday, February 10, with enforcement of a government ordered power cut which denied electricity to thousands of factories and millions of private consumers in homes and business establishments. It was a crisis that effected to become political as well as economical. Prime Minister Atlee told the people in a special broadcast that they would come through this if they would pull together as they did in the war.

The National Labor Relations Board ruled yesterday that workers who strike in violation of a no-strike pledge in their union contracts can be fired without the protection of the Wagner Act. The Wagner Act which created the N.L.R.B. guaranteed the worker's right to pick his bans "unfair labor practices" of employers. The board decided that fourteen employees of Joseph Dysan and Sandus, Cleveland, makers of steel and aluminum castings were not entitled to protection of Wagner Act.

HYPHENATED HULLABALOO

By Sheila

Friends, Ward-Belmontites, and fellow sufferers! Lend me your ears . . . (my mom was abnormal and I didn't get but two of my own . . .). Anyhow, children, this week you'll notice that we're not running the reporter (inquirin', that is), and since I thought you'd most likely miss the little po'ms, I decided to treat you to a few of the Kennard version. (Now just be quiet; it won't do you a bit of good . . . I'm all inspired. You wouldn't want me to feel frustrated, wouldja? Hm-m-m-m-m???)

Po'm No. 1:

"Gone are the days
When the weather was so fair;
Gone are the days
When we breathed the nice warm air."

Or, as one lung said to the other, "Whatsa matter? Have they stopped using coal in your district too?" Att'n, Nashville C. of C.)

"The Senior dance was quite the hit,
To that we'll all agree;
There wasn't a Senior who got bit
By the lions for trying to venture past 'em."

(For best description of the aforesaid occasion, see K. Alfs, our own li'l angel—as in angel food cake.)

"As Miss McCain goes toddlin' round,
She wears a pleased expression . . .
The Naiades creep along the ground
From absorbing too much chlorine."

(Or, as my grandmother always says, "Chlorine . . . Chlorine . . .? Where are ya', y' ole bat.')' (Granny gets confused sometimes, but she's real nice. . . . Look her up sometime; she wears the pink fluff wings.)

"In Founders there's a gal, we hear,
Who's very much in love;
She lights a cigarette, and *then*
(Imagine THIS): she puts it out
and declares she's too much
in love to smoke it!"

(Now me, I count the toothpicks it takes to piece together enough stubs to make a smoke-able one. . . . How 'bout you?)

"The *Chimes* staff is most desperate
We ain't got nuthin' yet . . .
'Cept some poetry from that inspirate
Bessie Benson."

(The editor just committed hari. . . she's the one with the blue taffeta ones . . .) (wings, that is . . . *not* my ears, as everyone seems to conclude.)

"The mail came in the other day;
Poor Bev Moore got hers . . .
Her mom broke her leg on the ice,
So they shot her."

(Well, what did you expect? She didn't carry hospitalization.)

"Today we watched the basketball
Games (they call 'em here . . .
To me, they look more like
People who don't know how to use
pogo sticks correctly . . .)"

"I guess you've heard about
The gal who said, "I'm broke."
The poor thing couldn't eat or
smoke;

So I forked over five bucks and now
I've got $1.67 to last till March!"

(Copies of the new publication, *How To Be a Sucker in Five Easy Lessons,* will soon be on sale in Middle-March. Just drop a nickel in the cup and take your copy. But don't try to cheat; them dark glasses conceal some mighty sharp retinas.)

"The folks who write those tooth-paste ads
Ain't never been up here. . . .
Oh, 'Dingy, dingy!' they would cry;
But I'd like to know who the heck
has time to brush their
toofies in this institution."

"The moon is hid, but then a form
Creeps up to Acklen Hall . . .
And soon from dorm to dorm,
Rings out the breakfast bell . . ."

(To which, come Saturday, I ain't gonna pay NO attention!) (I say, eagerly licking Miss Ordway's hand.)

'Night, chillun!

CANDID CLOSEUPS

By LEBIE

LOEWS: Starting Thursday, Wallace Beery makes his return to the screen in "The Mighty McGurk." This promises to be a "Beery" picture in more ways than one. As usual the hoarse man with the big tummy fights his way from scene to scene, eventually reforming under the influence of a "good woman."

PARAMOUNT: When we called up noone knew what would be playing this coming week. "Blue Skies" may be held over . . . then again, it may not. Why don't you give yourself a big surprise and drop in. Don't forget to blindfold your eyes before seeing the marquee, so as not to break the suspense. If you find the picture unappealing, all you have to do is pull up the blindfold and enjoy a good nap.

KNICKERBOCKER: Finally "Never Say Goodbye" arrives with Errol Flynn and Eleanor Parker. Either Flynn is trying to keep Parker from fluffing him off or visa-versa (Latin). Flynn (Errol, that is) will probably be his usual self, which is very entertaining, so drop in.

MELROSE: On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, "Mr. Ace" is playing with George Raft. It's probably about a card game, with Mr. Raft cast as a gambler. I haven't seen it, so don't quote me. Sunday through Tuesday, Zachary Scott and Fye Emerson make with the "Danger Signal." On Wednesday "Swamp Fire" with the mighty man, "Tarzan" arrives. No, not a double feature . . . just Johnny Weismuller.

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, "The Strange Woman" arrives with Hedy Lamarr in the title role. In a word she is really "peeculyar." Wednesday through Friday "Nobody Lives Forever." After seeing this you'll be glad. On Saturday afternoon, the kiddie show is presented. All you little kiddies hop on your scooters and scoot over to the theatre. Roy Rogers is in "Rainbow over Texas." Texas must be like Tennessee—"It's rainin' all the time. (Sung to "Stormy Weather.")

BELMONT: The Manager gave us the same program that was playing last week. Dig up your old HYPHEN and find out if you are really interested. The pictures aren't very good, anyhow.

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Seniors Minuet

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Washington's Birthday

VOLUME XXXV | SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1947 | NUMBER 18

ABC Contest Held In Chapel Friday By Milestones Staff

The *Milestones* ABC Contest and ensemble girl election were held in chapel on Friday, February 21. The winners will not be announced until the *Milestones* is published in June. A new feature of the election was the selection of candidates for ensemble girl by votes from each member of the student body. The girls having the largest number of votes will be presented for final voting. The candidates are as follows:

Athletic: Pat Tanton, Nancy Moss, Barbara Nelson, Ann Lindgren, Joanne Shearman; *Beautiful*: Beverly Stevens, Thelma Back, Olive Thompson, Shirley Nichols; *Charming*: Mabel Durrett, Paula Rudolph, Peggy Elliot, Betty Martin, Jane Harte, Jean Stratton; *Devilish*: Merle Izard, Jan Denham, Ruth Ann Daniels, Mary Derrick, Terry Gaines; *Entertaining*: Helen McGuire, Sheila Kennard, Virginia Smith, Charlotte Devine, Betty Steed, Mary Jo LeMasters; *Fashionable*: Mary Lou Schwankhaus, Sara Ann Williams, Jane Faulk, Jane Erwin, Lois Buford, Tommie Cantrell.

Graceful: Barbara Bahr, Peggy Johnson, Mary Mitchell, Eileen Springston, Joyce Hare; *Happy*: Peggy Blowers, Laddie Harton, La Verne Parris, Marilyn Parnell, Lois Hammer; *Intellectual*: Judy Wheeler, Beverly Moore, Jean Ratcliffe, Kathy Alfs; *Jovial*: Jean Gill, Car-

(Continued on Page 4)

Dr. Basler Speaks To English Classes

Dr. Roy Basler, head of English department at Peabody College, spoke to the Senior English students at the Anti-Pan house, Monday, February 17, at 7:30 p.m.

Dr. Basler, beyond teaching and writing poetry, is a student of Lincoln, and has written many biographies of him. In his talk, Dr. Basler emphasized the falseness of some of these concerning Lincoln, such as his young, hopeless love of Ann Rutledge. Dr. Basler's research has shown him that Lincoln did not write his Gettysburg address on a paper bag while riding the train to Gettysburg, but that he began at least two weeks before and rewrote his address three times. Dr. Basler closed his lecture with an informal discussion time in which one of his true facts was that Lincoln died the third wealthiest presidents of these States.

Round Table Club Meets in Tea Room

The Round Table Club met on Thursday, February 20, at 6:00 p.m. in the Tea Room. Dinner was served and the panel discussion then began.

The topic was Palestine and various viewpoints were taken concerning the subject. Ann Frederick, representing the Prep school, took the English viewpoint. Martha Ann Rogers spoke concerning the Arabian standpoints.

Nancy Pippin took the Jewish viewpoint, and Nattie Blake the American, both representing the College department.

Seniors Minuet on Washington's Birthday



February 22 at Ward-Belmont

"Martha", "George" Reign Over Dancing

Tonight the annual Washington's Birthday dinner will be held in the dining room. Preceding the dinner 52 senior girls dressed in costumes of the colonial period will parade down the staircase in Acklen Hall.

At 7:30 the girls will dance the traditional minuet in the gymnasium. The couples for the dance are as folows: Barbara Allen, Ann Badger; Harriette Ashley, Jane Harte; Thelma Back, Le Compte Glenn; Eleanor Bellamy, Lena Mistretta; Beverly Berno, Mar Lou Coleman; Jeanne Bryant, Jackie Wood; Ann Bumgardner, Jean Gill; Mintie Cantrell, Meredith Golden; Carolyn Casto, Mamie Meriweather; Nancy Clemmer, Nell Smith; Alma Edmonds; Nancy Simpson; Jane Erwin, L. L. Jones.

Carolyn Gidley, Joyce Mickelson; Barbara Hanson, Mary Lou Martin; Betty Ingham, Marjorie Quiring; Bettye Johnson, Maryjane Hooper; Patsy Patee, Mary Mull; Libby Rensford, Betty Lloyd Martin; Carol Jean Robertson, Shirley Worthington; Claire Robida, Pat Rhine; Shirley Shultz, Lennie Lavigne; Ann Squires, Bett McWilliams; Nancy Stern, Jackie Koon; Kay Van Nortwick, Kathy Barfield; Rosemary Wallace, Billie Hennard; and Judy Wheeler, Mary Ann Jones.

A waltz led by Pat Tanton and Audrey Horst as George and Martha Washington will follow the minuet. The pages for the event are Hardwick Newton and Sara Jane Mathes.

Minuet practices have been under the direction of Miss Catherine Morrison, and Mrs. Margaret Hall will accompany the group.

Valentine Dinner Reveals Royalty

The secret identity of the King and Queen of Hearts was revealed at the Valentine Banquet sponsored by the "Y" Friday evening, February 14. In regal robes of purple, King Alma Edmonds escorted Queen "Bett" McWilliams to the throne at the end of the dining room to reign over the formal dinner. Following the King and Queen were Prince Ann Guthrie and Princess June Rucker.

Crownbearers Mary Tom Fossick and Kristen Wallwark, who are dance pupils of Miss Jones, led the procession, and remained seated at the feet of the King and Queen throughout the banquet.

Art Club Hears Alumna of 1946

The Ward-Belmont Art Club met Thursday, February 20, to hear Ann Marshall, '46, speak on how her art training at Ward-Belmont paved the way for a future art career. Ann is now studying anatomy at Vanderbilt University for medical illustration.

In connection with this talk a new art exhibition was opened by the club. This new exhibit is made up of student work from the Parson's School of Design in New York. Commercial illustrations, costume design, interior design, lettering, and lay-out are included. As a study of student work for students the illustrations are excellent in every detail. The exhibition will be open week days from 8:30 until 5:30 through March 8, 1947. Both public and students are cordially invited to attend.

Milestones Given All-American Rating

Carolyn Buie Edits Superior Yearbook

The 1946 *Milestones,* Ward-Belmont yearbook edited by Carolyn Buie, has been awarded an All-American honor rating by the National Scholastic Press Association. The magazine received the award for a total of 1450 points.

The scoring of *Milestones* was done on the basis of Special Pages, Administration and Instruction, Organizations and Activities, Classes, Athletics, School Life, Plan of Book, Artistic Appearance, Physical Appearance, Material Quality, General Effect and Financial Status.

Milestones scored 120 points in the first classification, 85 in the second, 140 in the third, 180 in the fourth, 175 in the fifth, 130 in the sixth, 130 in the seventh, 125 in the eighth, 65 in the ninth, 60 in the tenth, 125 in the eleventh, and 115 in the twelfth. Special commendation was given to the coverage of activities.

Last year, *Milestones* was awarded an All-American rating and was



Carolyn Buie, Editor of '46 *Milestones*

edited by Fay Maples. The rating received in both 1945 and 1946 is the highest that can be given to any magazine.

The National Scholastic Press Association is made up of students in the Department if Journalism at the University of Minnesota. The honor ratings are published only once a year, and this rating was based upon the issue of *Milestones* that was published last spring.

Dean Alan Irwin Attends Meeting

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory will be represented at the National Association of Music Teachers by Dean and Mrs. Alan Irwin.

This meeting will be held in St. Louis from February 25 until the 29. Dean and Mrs. Irwin will remain for the meeting of the American Musicological Society and Phi Mu Alpha. Miss Marilyn Redinger and Mr. Sidney Dalton will attend the National Association of Teachers of Singing.

The following week the third annual piano festival will be given here by music students in five performances. The theme for this festival is French music and it includes works by composers from early French clavecin to modern works.

Village Post Office Shown by Students

A typical village post office with its postmistress, Billie Marie Howell, was presented to the chapel audience Monday, February 17. Martha Ann Barton, who portrayed a mother just recently become mother-in-law, was the first person to inquire about her mail.

The story of "Nicodemus Brown" was related by Billie Vaughn to those in the post office while she was waiting to get some mail. The little boy who told the villagers gathered in the post office, about how a bee had stung his nose, was none other than Mary Burton.

Peggy Bethume was George, the village tramp, who had "stole those pants to be baptized in." Another visitor to the post office was "Guiseppe the Barber," who was characterized by Barbara Worth.

The character "Sis Hopkins" was enacted by Frances Martin. All the students in the program were from the speech department.

Senior-Mids Give Chapel Devotional

Joyce Armitage, a speaker for the Senior Middle Class, gave the chapel devotional program on Wednesday, February 19.

"Do you deserve to graduate?" asked the Mid speaker. Some of the qualities she gave that you should have to prove yourself worthy of your diploma are: a wider knowledge of world thought; a profound respect for your school; the ability to make friends; a wider view of the true meaning of life; and a deeper sense of religious values.

In closing she imparted this thought, "And now in your religion place high your ideals for they are like unto the stars; you will never succeed in touching them with your hands, but, choosing them as your guides and following them, you reach your destiny.

Jane Faulk, president of the Senior Middle Class, presided over the program. Steve Ann Akin was the soloist. She sang "The Lord's Prayer."

Editorial Comment

Born, Not Made

Editorials are born, not made, but this week I'm not exactly sure whether this will turn out an editorial, an essay, or just plain hogwash. It just something I've wanted to say for a long time, so please bear with me.

The whole matter revolves around that little word "misunderstanding," which, regardless of its sixteen letters and five syllables, is a mighty little word to cover such a large territory. When you think of the word it normally calls to mind only an incident, forgotton or brushed away as trivial. That is, to some people it means only an incident. To others, who have painful memories of unsettled misunderstandings, it may mean the end of a friendship, or loss of faith in someone very close.

Practically anything can cause a misunderstanding. The inflection of a word may be interpreted falsely. A wrong mood may influence an innocent statement. A whispered piece of gossip may be its origin. But wherever it starts, the misunderstanding is just about as hard to stem as a hurricane. Before the average person knows what the whole thing is about, it has reached monster proportions, proportions which make it difficult to settle.

The policy that "fools rush in where angels fear to trod" is sometimes not such a bad one after all. Bluntness may be irritating to many people, but it usually has a habit of getting things done. And when one person is willing to make a sacrifice of pride and make the first move toward correcting a misunderstanding, no matter who was the original instigator, then there is usually no trouble at all in righting the matter.

Here at school and at home we have all had many misunderstandings. Some of them have been settled, some have culminated in loss of valuable friendships, and some are still hanging in mid-air, waiting for a breath of fresh air to settle them. Why don't we TRY to settle our misunderstandings when they come up. Why not hang them up in the public eye instead of locking them up in the dark corners of our minds?

Well, I guess I've said about what I wanted to say. I'm still not exactly sure what literary form it is; in fact, I doubt if it has any. But at least I've said it.

Yackity, Yackity

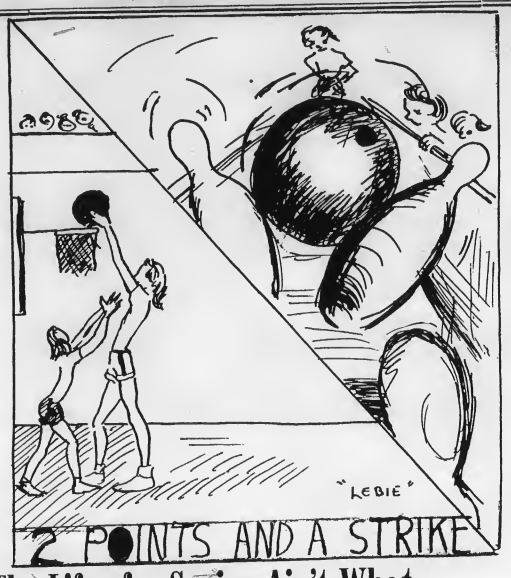
"Yackity, yackity, yackity." Familiar? Remember the song that was so popular last spring? Well, we still think it applies to life in a girls' school, as far as gossip and chatter are concerned.

Sit in the smoker or the Tea Hole for fifteen minutes and listen to the chatter. Isn't most of it idle talk? Watch the whispering in class about so-and-so's affairs. Who is the one who is reciting a topic of gossip for the rest of the class? Each time we stop to listen in on a group of girls talking we are bound to hear the latest rumor or the newest gossip that has grown by leaps and bounds from a harmless statement to one that might hurt another person.

A little rumor is like a little quicksilver—it spreads widely and quickly and is difficult to control once out of hand. One person hears a piece of information in confidence; she repeats it to another friend in confidence and so it goes. However, each girl who hears the story has added something to it either consciously or unconsciously until the story has become so distorted that it would not be recognized by the first two girls.

Why should we have to discuss another girl or her affairs? Each of us has enough to keep her busy and to concern her without talking about another girl, why can't we say something nice? It never hurts another to put in a good word for the other fellow. It might even do us some good; . . . that person might say something nice about us someday, and the people to whom we are talking will think a lot more of us.

Let's see if we can't refrain from spreading gossip and rumors at W.-B. and concentrate on something worthwhile and constructive. Make this place more than a place for gossip.



The Life of a Senior Ain't What It's Cracked up to be, We Moan

By SHEILA

"Ah, for the life of a Senior!" I sighed during my first year at W-B. . . . "Good glory, they get to play all the time, have dates, sign out for Sunday dinner, and watch the little Mids look up to 'em with adoring eyes. Yep, the life of a Senior, that's for me!" And so, in my own inane way, I continued to study diligently from 7:30 to 10:30 each night, retire promptly at 11:00, spend precious minutes counting the number of social hours I had left, and be up at 7:00 EVERY morning (Sundays included), so that I'd be sure to be at breakfast on time . . . And all the time I was dreaming of 1946-47, that glorious Senior year!

O.K., so here it is half gone—that Senior year of mine—and I'm a disillusioned woman. I have matured beyond all hopes my parents entertained when they watched me trip onto the train that first carried me from home, but that process has done something to me I'll never quite understand. I am writing this in the hope that some other members of the class of '47 will sympathize and show me the way out of my dilemma.

To begin with, I left for school. (That is the usual starting point.) No chaperon met me at the station: "Now," I thought, "I'm a big girl. I'm a SENIOR!" Orientation went off well enough, except for the fact that I broke my back carrying bags and trunks up to Mid halls, while owners of same patted me gently on the head and smiled encouragement. I felt more like Pancho the Burro than Sheila the Senior, but I did not let it bother me. After all, that was just the *first* week; I still had time to be a true Senior. . . . Rush Week was not unbearable, though another of my dreams was shattered. Heretofore, I had pictured the untouchable Seniors sitting back calmly scrutinizing the poor quaking Mids as they entered for the first time the sacred portals of "the club"—picking and choosing in an abstract, disinterested way. No, suh! THEY calmly strolled through commenting on whether they liked the furniture or not, while I panted along behind apologising for the fact that the cup (we had one then) was not polished. "After Rush Week," I though. . . . "Then I'll sign out for Sunday dinner and play and date and get the adoring glances from across campus. . . ."

Well, I have no doubt that anyone and everyone will agree Rush Week is long past. And DO I date and play and do all those things I dreamed of while being a dutiful Mid- Listen, my children. . . . At the present moment I cannot afford a stick of gum from the Fidelity vending machine. (Ah, yes! Haven't you heard?) much less Sunday dinner at Zanini's. Dates? At the first club tea dance I watched those same Mids who should have been casting adoring glances my way walk out with the men—ALL of 'em—while I sat begging the sponsor to run along home. I'd make just as good a chaperon, I kept saying. She finally

(Continued on Page 4)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Judy Merrick

Pausing between bites of a cheeseburger which was reeking with onions, the very pretty girl opposite me shrieked in horror — "Oh no, kind one, do not put in Punk's name 'cause that will ruin me!"

And who is this girl who is worrying about balancing her men; who has been the sweetheart of a fraternity plus the queen of a football team; and is practically an alumna of Sewanee???? Judy Merrick, no less, a resident of Nashville, no less doubt!

To this fine gal who claims the honor of being the lord and master of Eccowasin, I give without question the nomination and unanimous approval for Belle of the Week . . . even tho' our interview *was* shouted above the hub-bub of the Tea Hole!

Declarin' "There is nothing I like better than trillions of *cheeseburgers*" Judy finished her mere fifth (exaggeration) and began to spell out on my palm—to save her lungs that iz—her life history as I slowly devoured a dough-hole!

After relating her babyhood and grade school days, high school and Ward-Belmont gained its entrance into the topic of handversation. Presi-

(Continued on page 3)

Po'ms 'Bout People

By JUNE

ONE ALONE
With nothing to do but study
To get off the deficiency list,
I'll try to write some poems, Miss
Newport, if you insist.

DON'T LET IT GET AROUND, BUT . . .
Our special sweetheart, Froggie,
Is all aglow tonight.
She's out with Jay Boy Saunders,
And, believe me, that's all right!

MINUET, NO LESS . . .
The sacred stairs in Acklen
Have had it, this past week.
With herds of Seniors up and down,
No wonder they groan and creak!

AND WE DO MEAN EVERYWHERE!
There's a gal from Alabama
Who's not had her praises sung.
We run into her just EVERYWHERE,
Ahm! Yes, Mary Young.

SHE USED TO BE ONE OF THE GALS . . .
Pat Hornbeck waits for phone calls
That give her quite a thrill.
We hear he's tall and handsome;
A man, of course, named Bill.

THESE DAY STUDENTS, GR-R-R . . .
And then there's T. C.'s Evelyn Patee,
A sharp little card from town
With wit and muchos talent;
She sho' nuff gets around.

HINT!
The Senior dance has started
Quite a rush in Acklen Hall.
They need ten phones in Pembroke,
For me to get a call.
(From my folks . . .)

IF YOU'VE GOT IT, DON'T HIDE IT!
The things that go around W.-B.
Keep us all out of a rut.
But the personality that's goin' 'round
Just won't keep our wee doors shut.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT . . .
Some people get candy for Valentine's,
But for Flea that wasn't enough.
Her big surprise was a diamond ring,
From Kenny that's mighty fine stuff.

ORCHIDS TO KAY AND STAFF . . .
To get serious here at the end of the line,
We give a proud congratulation
To the MILESTONES staff of '46
For their rating through the nation.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By Bev

Sunday comes around once a week, as we all know. However, last Sunday came all too soon for me, as I dragged myself out of bed and poked my head out of the door to see what time it was. What I saw was an eye-opener, and I mean that literally. It was Peg Blowers in her gorgeous new suit. The gold wool skirt was topped with a fingertip muton jacket trimmed in gold wool.

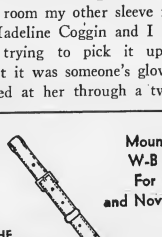
I went back in, pulled on my old black suit that is falling apart at the seams, and pinned on one sleeve that fell off the last time I wore the suit. I propped open my eyes with bobbypins, and stumbled down the steps on top of L. L. Jones. She was wearing a lovely suit, and I did not want to outshine her with mine; so I inspected her inconspicuously under a table nearby. The jacket which set off a brown-and-white-checked skirt was a cream-colored bodice flared from the waist down with the brown and white checks.

This was the Sunday for suits, I thought as I leered over my coffee at Clara Caldwell's royal blue one. The coachman's jacket with two rows of silver buttons and a wide revered collar was pleated in the back; the skirt was straight with a slit in front. After that, I decided to go into hibernation.

Before I could get out of the dining room my other sleeve fell off and Madeline Coggin and I conked heads trying to pick it up. She thought it was someone's glove, and I glared at her through a two-inch space. She was wearing black crepe with ermine tails on the belt. I snatched up my sleeves and stalked out. She could have her black crepe. I'd stick to my sleeveless suit. (Latest style, ya know.)

When I saw Compte Glenn leaving Pembroke Sunday night, I moved into my closet for the winter. Her turquoise crepe dress had long fitted sleeves and a sweetheart neckline. The straight skirt was made of three tiers cut in a semi-circle fashion. If I had Compte's black hair, I'd probably be wearing a turquoise dress, too.

I'm thinking of renting a section of my closet for fellow-sufferers. There is only one draw-back—it's dark in here!


Mount Up W-B Girls For Gifts and Novelties
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Turf and Tanbark Plan Campus Party

Turf and Tanbark, the honorary riding club, will sponsor an all-campus party in the gy, March 1, at 8 p.m. The party theme is entitled "Horseplay"; everyone is expected to come in jeans, prepared to stay till 10 o'clock when the fun comes to a close!

The committees for the party have been announced as follows:

Entertainment: Alma Edmonds, chairman, Florence Johnson, and Pat Tanton.

Publicity: Bertie Hinman, chairman, Carol Woodruff, Kathy Liter, Kathy Smith, and Peg Johnson.

Decorations: Snappy Englett, chairman, Mary Jo Harrod, Le Compte Glenn, Mary Jo Warren, and Ann Wilson.

Refreshments: Bobby Allen, chairman, Gwen Walker, Le Compte Glenn.

The members of T. & T. and Mrs. Newerf, their sponsor, deserve a good turn-out at this, their first all-campus party. Let's give it to 'em!

Their Majesties Reign



King Alma Edmonds and Queen Bett McWilliams at Valentine Banquet

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

dent of her sophomore class last year, Judy says her being a member of the Penstaff Club; in an advanced ballet class; a guard on the Ecco-wasin basketball team; and an art major slightly occupies her school time.

By the time she got around to her ambitions, the Tea Hole was nearly empty; so I removed my scratched hand gingerly and allowed her to carry on by voice. "Well, I'm going three more years to W-B," she said, "and then it's Vandy for my last two years. With an infectious grin she added, "I've got an ambition also to be a commercial artist. So my summers are to be filled with extensive study in Boston, New York and Chicago!"

Setting up my collapsible cot I prodded her for the stuff that makes her tick. 'They call me 'Juicy' because my eyes (which are very dark and sparkly, by the way) water in cold weather, but you'd better not put that in," she admitted stopping for breath! Sporty suits — *nothing* fluffy, football, kittens, white Lincoln '47 cars, Tex Beneke, seances and Tom head the monstrous list of her joys in life; while dogs, liver (read with the comma in between, please), and people who don't speak are her only grievances to date.

After much, much prodding, "Juicy" admitted that her secret ambition is to attend a military school! Any objections, cadets, to a 5'7" trim frame with a sweet face surrounded by long golden brown hair entering your ranks? Application blanks stacked to the right, please!

Before my final dash for my classe de francais, Judy with the vocal aid of a pal who had drifted in said, "My spare time is mainly occupied with designing appliques for my friend's evening clothes; closing my door to blare my radio; and composing music on the piano, boogie and otherwise! From this drifted-in-pal came the news that modest Judy's latest composition is a number called "If I'd Only Known" judged good enough to send to Eddy Duchin! This versatile girl was after my heart by this time (and my French grade) but the deal was clinched when she admitted her affection for "Snookie" Lansen. 'Hubberish" which means "'chargie" she declared with a sigh.

Judy, you iz the *hubberish* one!

Keep Posted

Saturday, February 22: Formal dinner, 6:00; minuet, gym, 7:30.
Sunday, February 23: Free Sunday.
Tuesday, February 25: Sigmund Romberg concert, War Memorial, 8:15.
Thursday, February 27: Community Concert, War Memorial, 8:15.
Friday, February 28: Tri-K formal dance, 8:30-11:30, Tri-K clubhouse.

HIGH LITES

By Jet

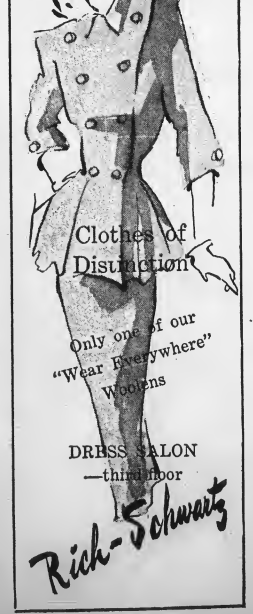
Tourney week is over (Ginny Smith and I say prayerfully) and I don't think I was this glad to see exams end. Mrs. Harber says, "Take the ball out," (we go out into the hall with the ball.) She says, "Keep up with the ball," so we cross the middle line and never leave it." She says, "Do your best to get two points." Why didn't someone tell us guards couldn't make goals? I just don't understand. If you hear of Ginny making a home run and me making a touchdown, don't laugh, we're from the country.

Last night we celebrated with food, songs, and "pomes" to welcome in our new Council. All had a gay ole time. The Tea Room shook when we sang our "Come on you preppies and up on your toes." . . . When I said all had a gay ole time, I included our cats, millions of um, bobcats, tabby cats, Persian cats, and alley cats which have set up housekeeping in our smoker. We have renamed the smoker, "Jungleland" (to make them feel at home). Ugh, I hate the creatures! There happens to be one traitor to the cause, "Lefty" Gullett. After sneaking food away from the table, getting her pocket all gummy with chicken, she gets so hungry she forgets it was meant for the cat and devours it on the floor in Middle March. Why, page 24 in my Campfire Girl's manual says, quote "Be kind to all dumb animals."

(So I say as I run the bath water for my room-mate.)

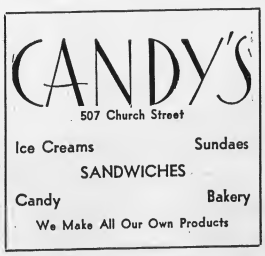
Well, we were proud of our Prince and Princess at the Valentine Dinner. Everyone thought the Prince from Snow White had stepped out of the pages in the form of Ann Guthrie, and June Rucker with her gorgeous blonde hair was a sight that thrilled us all.

By the way, if you plan to go to to Cuba for the holidays, I have a friend I'd like you to look up. . . . Twenty-two, blue eyes, six feet one, black curly hair, and a very nice Mother. Adios amigo. . . .





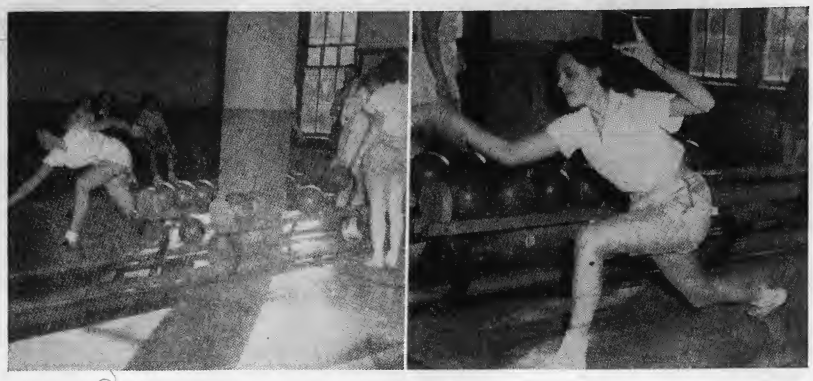






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Winter Sports Begin With Flourish



Nick, of the column, bowls 'em over!

Athletes Footnote

By "NICK" and "GEORGIE"

The Water Show, which was presented by the Naiades, proved to be a tremendous success! Grace and form were skillfully exhibited by each member of the club; and the diving was certainly excellent. Hats off to those in the beautifully executed "Water Ballet" (let's hope there were some talent scouts at the show to see your perfect form and smooth swimming!)

"Lincoln's Birthday" was especially spectacular, with all the splashing and split-second timing. Perhaps one of the most entertaining land-water shows we have ever seen was given in the comedy act, "Won't You Be My Valentine?" That "doll," Betty Steed, was certainly a charmer. Betty, where did you get those tiny feet, and that flashy Catalina two-piece? The big attraction of "February Follies" was the eerie "Dolphin's in the Dark," done by Miss Ryder and Miss McCain. It was beautiful. The "Finale" was one of the most impressive water scenes we have ever sen; it was a grand conclusion to a gay, delightful evening. Whose heart didn't sing with pride when Alma Edmonds carried the Flag of the United States of America?

Congratulations to all of you and I'm sure we voice the opinion of all who had a chance to see you.

The basketball tournament started off with a bang Monday when Angkor defeated Triad, 14-11. Edwards and Ward showed fine, accurate playing, while Nelson was the high scorer of the game. Blair did some grand guarding. Ariston suffered a 28-14 loss by Ecowasin. Mizell was the mainstay of the Ariston team, while Woolwine pushed her score up to 15, with Sugg marking 8. Geny displayed careful and tight guarding for the Eccowasins.

Del Vers and Tri-K battled to a 30-15 score for the D. V.'s. Tanton's fast breaking crip shots were hot, and she tossed in 18 points. The passing of the guards was particularly spectacular. Horst, Rhine, and Edmonds held their opponents to six points in the last half. Betty Belew, a steady player, was high point man fro Tri-K, but she was held down by Edmonds; Osment did some grand guarding; and Evans and Simms, high school girls, did some especially good playing.

Jean Jones led the X.L.'s to a 20-16 victory over A.K.'s steady, precise playing, and Jean's excellent footwork was topped only by her spectacular long shots. The X.L. defense proved strong too. McGuire, Thady, and Young held the A.K.'s individual scorer. Pippin was the high point A.K., showing some quick plays and accurate shots. Anderson was the outstanding guard of the A.K. team. Bumgardner, too, was right on the job.

The upset of the day was T.C.'s downing Osiron 18-15. Ward and Bell were the high scorers for T.C.; Bell controlled the floor play beautifully, and Brumley did the most effective guarding. McKnight was the outstanding guard for Osiron, while Lindgren racked up 8 to 15 points for Osiron. Those high school girls (for all clubs) have been doing some especially fine work on the court.

Anti-Pan handed Agora a 31-16 defeat. Buchanan did some excellent passing and she and Frank worked well together. Frank put in for the highest individual score of the day. She really was "on," and hit from every angle of the court. Sisk did some grand guarding. "Sodie" Brewer was Agora's mainstay. Her beautiful long shots were accompanied by some well executed crip-shots.

In Tuesday's only game, the P.T.'s defeated the F.F.'s by a score of 51-20. Betty Rhea captured high-score honors of the day by racking up 26 points! She did some beautiful passing to her teammates, of whom Harton hit for 14 points in two quarters of the game. Bivins proved herself as a guard as well as a forward. Worthington held high honor for the F.F.'s; she tossed in some fast, accurate crips; and her tries at the foul line were well shot.

Mehitabel Says

My roommate's rosy roses fade away.
The petals clothe the rude boards of the floor.
The "Bloomlife" flower food is shifting down
Into the sink among the soap and knives
Adorned with cheese and jelly that recall
The nights before trespassers ate our food
And left us with crumbs and pickle juice.
Yes, dusty Valentines and drooping flowers
Remind us that's over for the year.
As usual though, the men I know adopt
The attitude that beauty such as mine
Would only shame a rose or Valentine;
Therefore they just ignored those clever signs
Suggesting that they say't with flowers this time.
But I don't mind. I know his love won't die
Except for nine short months while I'm away.
His love is versatile, and so is he;
Therefore each lovely June his love revives
And flourishes throughout the summer months.
Enough of these love thoughts!!—they only bore.
Let's think of choo-choo's, and of going home.
And that recalls a "Burma Shave" that said:

"Twould be more fun to go by air
If we could put these signs up there."

O dear, what would Chris Marlowe say to this?
I've spoiled his Mighty Line that somehow fails
To be so mighty when Mehitable tries
Expressing thoughts that could be left unsaid.
In any form, much less in blank line

Senior Life

(Continued from Page 2)

did leave, towing a most agreeable Navy ensign. . . .

Playing all the time? My day is filled, my nights are filled. . . . And yet who's the gal on bended knee before Miss Newhall's desk each Sunday night begging that the library just *can't* close YET . . . not when I have only 450 more pages of outside reading to do . . .? I ask you! 'Tis me. . . .

Thus, my friends, I am a disillusioned woman. As I grin humbly while one of the Class of '48 deigns to pour ice water down my back, I think of the many times one of last year's Seniors told me, "You'll feel just like a god sitting on your pedestal watching the world go by. . . ." What she neglected to say was that that same figure on the pedestal was holding a soc book in one hand (the other filled with benzadrine tablets), while her little sister sat merrily bragging about the A's she made to the fella I thought was gonna ask ME for a date!

Middies, enjoy your childhood. The age of responsibility is upon you.

A. B. C.

(Continued from Page 1)

olyn McKnight, Faith Chalmers, Lois Snyder, Snappy Englett; *Kind*: Julia McHenry, Tessie Angelina, Sue Carson, Margie Elias, June Michelson; *Loyal*: Sissy Mull, Ann Bumgardner, Bettie Whitehead, Carolyn George, Martha Durham; *Magnetic*: George Ann Campbell, Nancy Clemmer, Betty Ann Graves, Emmie Osment, Connie Williams; *Natural*: Martha Jo Furr, Cathy Bull, Helen Keith, Betty McWilliams.

Original: Pat McGauley, Bessie Benson, Freddy Frederick, Ann Tyree, Jane Ellen Tye; *Peppy*: Audrey Horst, Nancy Peacock, Betty Simms, Harriette Ashley, Rusty Kelly; *Queenly*: Martha Ann Rogers, Patsy Patee, Ann Guthrie, Jane Martin, Nell Smith, Mary Cooper; *Reliable*: Nancy Broyles, Betty Buckner, Bobby Allan, Jackie Koon; *Sincere*: Kathy Barfield, Margaret Frogge, Frances Alexander, Dot Dyer; *Talented*: Steve Ann Akin, Molly Shanks, Nancy Pippin, Camille Hancock, Clare Caldwell, Dot Hodgson; *Understanding*: Barbara Hanson, Dee Hearne, Nancy Fuller, Margery Snyder, Ruth Marie Walls; *Versatile*: Jackie Wood, Kay Van Nortwick, Betty Joe Crews, Pat Rhine, Pat Wagoner; *Winning*: Janice Roberts, Laura Tompkins, Carolyn Henderson, Dot Evans, Alma Edmonds; *X-ecutive*: Frances Newport, Sophie Gounos, Marion Tilley, Joyce Armitage; *Youthful*: Le Compte Glenn, Cecelia McGowan, Ann Polk, L. L. Jones; *Zealous*: Billie Hennard, Sue Zeek, Mar Lou Colman, Jean Ward.

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Horseplay Tonight

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

T. and T. Party

VOLUME XXXV — SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1947 — NUMBER 19

25 Girls Taken Into Phi Theta Kappa



New members of Phi Theta Kappa snapped after the initiation

Initiation Ceremony Given in Chapel

The initiation of 25 new members into the Ward-Belmont chapter of Phi Theta Kappa was held in chapel on February 24.

The initiates were Jackie Mebius, Beverly Alyce Moore, Jean Byram Ratliff, Challie Thornton, Margaret Boylin, Susan Hoyt, Barbara Richard, Barbara Needs, Ann Greenlee, Myra Maupin, Nancy Davis, Nancy Moss, Eve Martin, Jane Louise Boone, Mary Jo Harrod, Dolores Koleszar, Cynthia Hoyt, Sue Scherer, Gayle Jennings, Ann Wilson, Mary Ann Burton, Marjorie Gilmore, Charlene Prichard, Bettie Whitehead and Betty Witt.

Formal initiation followed the tapping of the girls who were to become members of the society. The identity of the new members was discovered when each was tapped on the shoulder by one of the old members.

Prior to the initiation Judy Wheeler, president of the organization, and Mary Lou Martin, vice president, made short talks in which they explained the aims and ideals of Phi Theta Kappa.

The informal initiation will be held on Judy Wheeler's return from Wichita Falls.

Prep Art Student Wins Merit Award

Vivienne Boysen, art student of Miss Louise Gordon of the Ward-Belmont Prepartory School Art Department, was awarded the Gold Achievement Key and Certificate of Merit in the Tennessee High School Art Exhibition, sponsored by the Cain-Sloan Company. These are the highest prizes that are given in Regional Exhibits.

The work of all Tennessee Schools is now on exhibition at the Watkins Institute and will remain there until March 10. At that time the winners will be sent to the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh.

At Pittsburgh the prize winners and exhibit pieces will be chosen for the National Exhibit. The National Awards include money prizes given by art firms and magazines, and various art schools offer scholarships for outstanding students.

Scholastic Magazine sponsors this exhibition, which is given every year.

Mardi Gras Comes To Club Village

X. L. Club gave a campus party Wednesday evening, February 26, in honor of their sister club, Tri K. It had the Mardi Gras as its theme and was a masquerade ball.

The Tri K's were asked to come dressed in costumes, and the program began with the coronation of Thelma Back, Tri K president, and L. L. Jones, X. L. president, who presided as King and Queen of the X. L. Mardi Gras.

The "old woman in the shoe" was at the party and some of her many children who depicted nursery characters performed for the King's and Queen's entertainment.

All X. L.'ers participated in the grand finale after which refreshments were served in the balcony to the guests.

Keep Posted

Friday, February 28: Tri-K formal dance, 8:30-11:30, Tri-K clubhouse.

Saturday, March 1: F.F. weekend, Dunbar Cave; Publications weekend, Rawlings; Turf and Tanbark campus party.

Monday, March 3: Centennial club, 3 o'clock tea.

Thursday, March 6: Senior, Senior-Middle Day, 3:45.

Friday, March 7: Basketball and bowling tournaments, 2:45; F.F. formal dance, 9:00-12:00, F.F. clubhouse.

Second Recital Is Given Wednesday

The second recital in the French Festival which is being presented by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory will be given on Wednesday night, Mar. 5. The program will consist of the following numbers.

Bess Hoover will play "La Morena" by Chaminade, and Leslie Cram will play "Chant sans paroles" by Saint-Saens. Godard's "Mazurka" will be given by Barbara Benson; "Comme un souffle embaume" by Pesse will be played by Patricia Sullivan.

Dorris Phillips will play two selections, "Petit chorale" by Rhene-Baton and "Valse" by Poulenc. Betty Clair Guthrie will play "Valse Romantique" by Debussy.

"Clair de lune" by Faure will be played by Catherine Smith. The popular "Clair de lune" by Debussy will be played by Barbara Towner, who will also play Ibert's "Giddy Girl."

Sue Swinford will play two numbers, "Scherzo" by Francaix and "Fileuses pres de Caratec" by Rhene-Baton. "La terrasse des audiences du clair de lune" by Debussy will be played by Frances Craig, and Marie Bergh will conclude the program with Debussy's Sarabande, Prelude."

Dramatists, Note!

The members of Mrs. Jack Mitchell's third year preparatory French class will present a play, "L'Anglais tel qu' on parle," Thursday, March 5, in the Speech Studio. All persons who are interested are invited to come. The play will last from 7 until 8 o'clock.

Conservatory Has French Festival

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory is presenting a festival of French music which will begin March 4 and continue until March 9. There will be five recitals during the presentation.

The program for the first recital which will be held on Tuesday evening at 8:15 p.m. in the chapel consists of the following numbers.

Betty Mosby will play "Elegie, op. 88" by Nollet; Mary Olive Walls is to play "Idilio" by Lack. "Le Cygne" and "Danse de la Gypsy" both by Saint-Saens will be given by Mary Jane Capps.

Dudley Brown will play "Golliwog's Cake Walk" by Debussy, and Irene Anderson will also play a selection from Debussy, "Danseuses de Delphes." Malinda Parker will play "Sarabande" which is written by Rameau and arranged by MacDowell.

"La serenade interrompue" by Debussy will be presented by Joy Clay, and another Debussy number, "General Lavine, eccentric" will be played by Barbara Morrison. Peggy Farrar will play the "Nocturne" by Debussy; Debussy's "La Danse de Puck" will be played by Emily Finklea.

Josephine Cook will play the "Scherzo et choral" by Dubois, and "Reflects dans l'eau" by Debussy will be played by Peggy Jean Williams. The final number on the program is Ravel's "Bolero" which will be played as a two-piano arrangement by Molly Shanks and Jennie Parr.

Music Is Theme Of Vesper Service

One of the most enjoyable vesper services was held in chapel Sunday evening, February 23. Mr. F. Arthur Henkle, at the organ, played "Andante" by Tschiakowsky as the prelude. Kay Van Nortwick led the Vesper service, which consisted of biblical readings and silent meditation. "Sheep May Safely Graze" by Bach was played by Mr. Henkle.

Third Recital Is Given Thursday

The third recital in the French Festival which is being presented by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory will be given Thursday night, March 6. The program will consist of the following numbers:

Jean Guttman will play "Le Petit Berger" by Debussy and "Adagio" by Franck. "Menuet et gavotte due septuor," op. 65 by Saint-Saens, will be played by Carolyn Bearden and Veranne Hall.

Eve Balloff will play "Arabesque, E major" by Debusyy; "Bolero" by Ravins is to be performed by Betty Shepherd; and "Dr. Gradus ad Parnassum" by Debussy will be played by Grace Rogers.

"Nocture" by Philipp is the piece to be played by Mary Burton; Nancy Rogers will play "Adagio Pathetique" by Godard; and Debussy's "Bruyeres" will be played by Nancy Myers.

"Bergers et Bergerettes" by Godard is the piece Patsy McCrea will play; Nancy Broyles will play "Apres un Reve" by Faure; Ann Polk will also play a number by Faure, "Barcarolle"; and Peggy Elliott will play Debussy's "La fille aux cheveux de lin."

"Gnossienne" by Satie, "Les petits moulins a vent" by Couperin, and

(Continued on page 4)

Judy Wheeler Goes To Convention of Phi Theta Kappa

Judy Wheeler, president of Phi Theta Kappa, the Junior College honorary fraternity, and a member of Hood and Gown, has been chosen as the W.-B. delegate to the annual national convention of Phi Theta Kappa, held in Wichita Falls, Texas. This is the first year Ward-Belmont has been represented.

Judy will fly to Texas, February 26, to be on time for the three-day convention ending March 1. The purpose of the convention is to elect national officers to present the ideals, customs, and programs of the fraternity and to promote greater interest in it throughout the nation.

A few of Judy's highlights will be her flight there and back, being with her father, meeting students from all over the States, a formal dinner and dance Saturday night, chuck wagon supper and a Mexican luncheon.

Three W.-B. Girls On College Board

In an announcement received from *Mademoiselle* magazine it was made known that Marilyn Flynn, Shirley Shepard, and Judy Wheeler have recently been accepted to membership on the magazine's 1947 College Board.

The 20 Board Members who excel in their assignments during the year become Guest Editors of the banner August College issue and will participate this year, in *Mademoiselle's* first annual Career Conference.

This board, composed of students from almost every major campus in the country, offers numberless opportunities to girls interested in furthering their careers. Students who are chosen for it on a competitive basis submit four assignments each year, report on all college activities and items of interest, and keep *Mlle* abreast of campus trends.

"My Blue Heaven" KKK Dance Theme

The Tri K formal dance was given Friday night, February 28, in the club house. The theme for the dance was "My Blue Heaven," and the club house was decorated in silver and blue to carry it out. Sally Schumacker was in charge of the entire dance.

Charlotte Sutton headed the invitation committee, while Lois Snyder was chairman of the decorations committee. Serving under her were Martha Ann Rogers, Beth Taylor, Svea Ogg, Joyce Bratton, and Rusty Kelly.

Refreshments were served throughout the dance, and music was furnished by a juke box.

Editorial Comment

On Top!

Phi Theta Kappa had its second initiation Monday, and the "Smart" ones took their reward with a smile and a few tears. Who wouldn't? Those lucky ones walked up to the stage while the rest of us watched them with tears in our eyes.

The majesitc, yet sentimental strains of "Pomp and Circumstances" added a note of higher aspirations, and we attempted to retain them after the chapel program was completed. As we sat in our chair, the report card turned itself over and over in our mind, and the "C's" kept bouncing up and down before our eyes. Again we admired those lucky ones who had stood before us on the stage, signing their names in the memorable book which is a symbol of higher education.

We wish we could give individual congratulations to every one of you new members, but we can only say that we are proud of the Hail, Fidelity, and Founders girls . ... plus, of course, the new non-resident members. The honor is a great one, and we know that each of you is more than pleased with the distinction which has been bestowed upon you.

We're all very, very proud of you; we envy you, but since we ALL couldn't make it, we'd wish it for no one but you. Keep up the good work and GOOD LUCK!!

Fran Sez . . .

Contrite we are . . . seems that all we've done of late has been a ready target for criticism. By way of apology and retribution, may we say how sorry we are for several omissions that have been made. Truly, we were not deliberate, and the errors are three of many which cause us anguish. Just call us "Red-in-the-face" Newport.

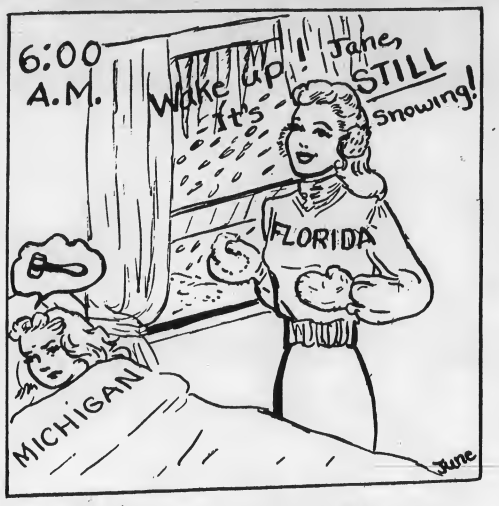
First, we tell you of celebrities on our campus. Did you know that Hattye Ruth Cole was the representative of her home town at the Sun Bowl game, 'way last January 1. From her description the event was a memorable one and an experience she will never forget. Another celebrity, Clara Caldwell, is starred in the Nashville Community Playhouse production of "Junior Miss." Seniors will remember Clara in "Kiss and Tell," her last year's success. And quite good she is, we hear, in her new role.

The final apology is made to Mr. Bitzer. In the write-up of the award given the 1946 MILESTONES we neglected to mention that he was sponsor of that publication during 1945 and 1946. A sponsor's duties can ofttime be wearying, and he certainly deserves recognition for all that he did to make our yearbook the fine one that it was.

Perhaps the outstanding "celebrity" is our own Fran Harris . . . who else could spend three days at the Waldorf Astoria with ALL expenses paid? Seems that she represented Fort Myers, Florida, in the Thomas A. Edison celebration . . . was the "Queen of Light," no less. Met scads of real celebrities and had a fine, fine time! Oh, well . . .

And to speak of a subject that pleases us no end . . . 'course you have heard about the weekend the three publications staffs are planning. 'Twill be at Rawlings, and we are most excited about it. Prayers for warmer weather are being muttered in the office every night at ten. Do come join us! Even if it DOES snow again, we care not . . . carefree, that's us!

What with the basketball tournament and other such exciting happenings, we are in the well-known dither. How else can we explain our wrinkled brow? In spite of a 35-5 defeat at the hands of the P.T.'s and a hacked finger, we shall attempt to do our duty. And please, PLEASE let us know 'bout things that should go in the sheet. We don't want to live in ignorance ALL the time, and if you don't tell us, we'll never find out!



Lost: One Pencil in Chapel Monday Please Return to Sway-Back Camel

By Bev

I can't help it if I look like a camel with his hump dented in. It all started in chapel Monday when I dropped my pencil, and had to crawl under the seats looking for it. It rolled about three rows down, and while I was frantically searching, someone in the seat above me got mad. "I won't stand for it!" she said. "I'll just put my foot down." She put her foot down all right; right on my back. I pulled my face out of the cement, patted my nose back in place, and crawled on.

Just as I thought I'd found my pencil at last, I felt a firm thrust behind my ear. It was chewing gum someone thought she was putting underneath her seat. At least that ear won't wiggle any more, even if I can't hear so well. It was Spearmint gum though, and I didn't mind it as much.

I crawled under the next seat, and studdenly everything went black. I grabbed for my nose, my most sensitive spot, and it was a little longer than usual. I'd stuck it in a girl's shoe which she had removed to enjoy chapel more, and I couldn't get my nose out of it. I waved my head in the girl's face, and, finally, with the aid of two hymn books, three pencils, and a bobby pin, we pried it off. She was a little angry with me because she said she didn't like for other people to wear her shoes.

I beat a hasty retreat, and saw my pencil up ahead. Then the going got rough, and was accompanied by loud noises which I thought was my breathing until I realized I was climbing under the organ. The organist was diligently pressing her feet on my spine, and couldn't understand why the organ wasn't playing right.

With this, I gave up in despair, and started crawling back to my seat, pausing in someone else's about five rows from mine to catch my breath. Suddenly I felt two hands on my shoulders. I was sure they'd finally caught up with me for that murder I'd committed two years ago. (I'd killed a spider, and now I'm wanted in five states.) But I heard a voice say, "I'm tapping you for Phi Theta Kappa. Come with me."

Bu—but you've got the wrong one," I protested. At that moment everyone started clapping, and I was drowned out. Someone carried me up on the stage, poked a candle in one hand, and a pen in the other, and said, "Here, sign this."

"But it's all a mistake! I was just looking for my pencil, and she tapped the wrong person," I persisted as I signed my customary "x."

Suddenly I saw a flash of yellow in the audience. "My pencil!" I yelled, and leaped off the stage. Say, that sounds good. Maybe I'll go out for track.) Down under the seats I went again, but no pencil was in sight. About the twelfth row back I bumped into a bridge game. "Par-

(Continued on Page 3)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Bettye Johnston

One's ex-suitemate should never write about one's ex-suitemate, but one is, and so begins a long dissertation on the "gal who putsfriendliness in first place." This week's Belle is none other than Bettye "Jonni" Johnston, the happy-go-lucky president of F.F.

"Johni" originally hails from sheffield, Alabama, but has lived in Chattanooga, Tenn., for the past three years. Next year she plans to go to Boston where she will continue her art study at the Boston Museum and Art School.

It would take hours of coaxing to find her dislikes, for they are few. Mice, insincere people, and cheap fur coats seem to be the only ones. After those few minor dislikes, she plunged into her likes: sincere, friendly people, horses and riding, F.F., food—all kinds, any time; having fun; giving tea parties (will we ever forget the instant coffee served in the silver tea pot?); decorating for club affairs; long walks; swimming; and art—everything from doing campus scenes and portraits to designing the school's Christmas card.

Willingness to help is another attribute of her's known to all. Her love of people not only presented in her obtaining presidency of F.F., but also in all around campus recogni-

(Continued on page 3)

Inquiring Reporter

By Nancy Lou

So, here I sit again, pounding alternately on my head and the typewriter. Just between us two (I'm working under the feeble delusion that *one* other person on campus reads this column, at least!) I haven't had an idea in weeks, so how this thing will end I have no earthly idea. Right now I'm ready for the looney bin, but then that's immaterial. Took a lot of thought to think up the question for tonight. In fact, I plagarized it (Relax, Newpie! It's legal) from one of mother's letters. Quote: "Why aren't you making straight A's?" Unquote. I thought it was a pretty good question. In fact it was so good I couldn't answer it. . . . So I decided to let the general public furnish me with some good excuses.

First interviewed was GLORIA GILES, who listened to the question, gasped, "I hope my mother doesn't read this," and then went on to say, "I don't know what to say. I guess 'cause I'm just not smart."

ANN POLK, interrupted in the library, looked amazed, then flashed that famous Polk grin when she replied, "Why I'm not making straight A's? What'm I supposed to say . . . something witty? Well, I'll tell you, for the main reason because I find too many other interests besides studying. My motto is, 'Grades aren't everything.'" (Hear that, mother?)

In the senior smoker, MARY ALICE OHMS was slaving over a hot deck of cards. Queried as to her excuse, she replied majestically, "Solitare occupies all of my time. No! No! Don't put that! My mother reads that column." (Aha! I knew there was *someone!*)

ELEANOR BELLAMY, also buried in the smoker, raised her head from a magazine just long enough to answer, "Love stories mean more to me than grades. Heaven help me if mother reads this!" (You know, more people seem to be having trouble with their mothers lately!)

"TEXAS" EDWARDS waved a cigarette gaily in one hand, smiled, and put it this way, "Well-l-l-l, I'll tell you. I have just the *faintest* idea that it's because I spend all of my time either writing short stories for Dr. Myhr or discussing life with Freddie."

You know, all this is very well, but I still haven't gotten any ideas to tell *my mother*. Confidentially, right now I'm too tired to think up anything, so I guess I'll just tell the truth for a change. Too close to Washington's birthday to fib anyway. Mother, I cannot tell a lie. I am not making straight A's because you have a dope for a daughter. Good night!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By Sue

The month of February has come and gone, and it certainly was a memorable one! Especially the minuet on George Washington's birthday—although the costumes did not help this column any. Another reason for February being memorable was the abundance of snow, quite unusual for Nashville. Even the Florida gals got used to it.

And speaking of Florida gals reminds us of that "Hood and Gooner," new Phi Theta Kappa-er, and columnist for a day (thank you so very much—I was incapacitated with three tests), the "inimitable" Beverly Alyce Moore. When seen approaching the Sunday noon table, Bev had on a very attractive brandy colored suit. (I guess she rushed out and replaced the raveled one—see last week's Hyphen if confused!) The blousy sleeves were tight at the cuffs, and there were small pockets with gold buttons on the bodice. The jacket was loose fitting with a narrow belt at the waist; the skirt was straight. I often wonder if Bev takes a bottle of vitamins every morning before breakfast — and brains, too! (Now quit twisting my neck, please, Bev!)

Also seen swept along by the rushing crowd was Margie Elias in a black crepe. The short sleeves and shoulders were ruffled white lace; there was a ruffle of the same lace about the hem. The dress was princess style with a tear drop neckline, and a narrow black tie bow at the neck. A very pretty girl in a pretty dress!

The big shock of my life arrived at breakfast this morning, however. Mary Ann Jones arrived completely dressed for town at 7:30 in the morning! And very nicely dressed, too; she had on a pale grey wool suit with a fitted jacket and grey plastic buttons down the front. The sleeves were full with wide, tight cuffs; the skirt was straight.

Just think kiddies, only five more weeks to spend *los parientes'* money —then they inform you upon arriving home that you are overdrawn $222 and you must suffer the consequences (bread and water diet.)

Lost!

(Continued from Page 2)

don me, but have you seen a yellow pencil about three feet long with a sharp point on one end and an eraser on the other?" I asked them.

They hadn't seen it; so I gave up in despair, and crawled back to my seat. Someone pulled it up just as I was sitting down, and then I decided to take up permanent residence on the floor.

All at once chapel ended, and so did my search. I found my pencil behind my ear. I marched out of the auditorium a new member of Phi Theta Kappa, and the proud owner of a yellow pencil.

Leaders Captured; Schools Paralyzed; And No Box Cars

Nazi underground leaders were captured February 24 in Herford, Germany, by a dramatic British-American week-end roundup. The Nazis planned to send an "ultimatum"to United States and Great Britain demanding the setting up of a central German government and other concessions. If this "ultimatum" were not granted they threatened deadly germ warfare. About 31 leaders have been arrested in the American zone and many more in the English zone.

A German denazification court on February 24 sentenced Franz von Papen to eight years at hard labor for his activities as the sly ace of Adolf Hitler's diplomatic corps. The term was considered life imprisonment, since the 68-year-old man is suffering from hardening of the arteries and is not expected to live more than a few years.

The public school system of Buffalo, New York, was paralyzed on February 24 by a strike of 2,200 teachers seeking higher wages. The teachers were under the guidance of Federation President Raymond J. Ast, who demands an immediate $500 cost-of-living increase for the current year and a permanent boost of $1,025 a year effective in September. The walk-out closed in 61 elementary schools and 17 high schools while 21 schools continued functioning.

The worst boxcar shortage in 20 years is tightening its throttling grip on American industry. The concensus is that more cars are needed to bring any real relief. Chairman Clyde M. Reed of a senate commercial sub-committee, which has been holding hearings on the shortage, called a conference of industry executives and government officials in Washington for next Wednesday in an attempt to work out a plan to obtain 10,000 new boxcars a month.

A Wednesday deadline was set for February 22 hearing of additional witnesses on the David E. Lilienthal's qualifications to head the Atomic Energy Commission. The Senate Atomic committee which has been holding hearings for four weeks may decide then whether to report the nomination of Lilienthal and other commission members favorably or unfavorably.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

tion. Serving on the orientation and welcoming committee gave the new girls a chance to meet "Johni," and to let them see the prevailing friendly school spirit. Participation in all sports, piano study, and powers of organization also go to "Johni."

The personality of this ex-suitemate lies firstly in her friendliness and willingness, dominated by her guiding lines: "This above all, to thine own self be true." Her love of fair play, her regard for loyalty and friendship, and her love of W.-B. make "Johni" a girl we are proud to claim as our own.

Sweet BELLES Swing

Before giving out with census of disc taste in Fidelity this week, I want to mention two new platters making their smatters (Dutch for 'nickels').

A smoothie by T. D. called "For Me" is currently making the rounds of all the radio programs and ear waves. With Stuart Foster on the vocals this show tune is destined to travel far! Give it a spin if you haven't heard it and see if you don't agree.

Yep . . . the second tune is none other than Louis Prima's crazy arrangement of "That's How Much I Love You," the song that is heard all over the campus (and beware of letting it get into your mind, for it sticks there like a leech!). The flip-over is a fair "Anniversary Song" arrangement . . . none can touch Tex's though!

Now far my gleanings from my musical visit to another hall . . . this time Fidelity! Before I even got in, I ran into "Kacky" Smith and Carol Bacchus hanging around the personal office . . . hmmmnn . . . they immediately staked out claims for Tex's "Anniversary Song," the former's choice; and Monica Lewis' "I'm Gonna Be a Bad Girl" for the latter!

Passing Babs Richards' room on first floor I stuck my head in long enuff to discover "Deep Purple" heads her private Hit Parade; and then cornered Ann Polk on her way to a basketball game discovering Frankie's "You'll Never Walk Alone" is her favorite disc. Smiling broadly, as it is one of my worn-to-a-frazzle discs, I yelled at Fran Doolin who yelled back in no indefinite tones "Star Dust" by Glenn Miller.

Not surprising, this same piece got another vote from Sue Ann McReynolds, although I couldn't quite seem to talk her out of liking Artie Shaw's arrangement the best. Also occupying Sue's room was Teenie Chernosky who spoke up for "Making Believe" by Hal McIntyre. (Can't understand why so many girls here in W-B are fond of that number?)

Going on up to third floor, I stuck

(Continued on Page 4)

CANDID CLOSEUPS

By PEG

KNICKERBOCKER: Last Thursday a great show was held over. It's "Notorious," staring Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman. Part of it will make you wonder why the telephone was ever invented. Don't pass this up!

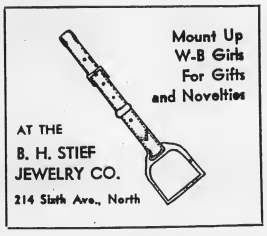
PARAMOUNT: Starting Thursday, Betty Hutton and Sonny Tufts move in with a new picture. "Cross my Heart" (the name of the picture, natch) Drop in. It will probably be good (and loud, that is.)

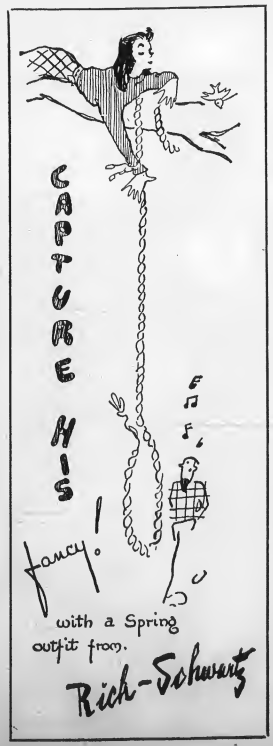
LOEW'S: It's time for "Johnny O'Clock (that's a pun. All right, I'll stop; only don't throw any more vegetables. It stars Dick (no more singing) Powell and Evelyn Keys. I have it straight from the manager that this is "mucho goodo." Drop in and give the box-office a break.

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, "Lady Luck," with Robert Young and Barbara Hale. In case you don't know, she's from Illinois.) Sounds Good. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Ingrid Bergman (she's been getting around) and Gary Cooper (I wish he got around—around my way) in "Saratoga Trunk." This is really worth your while.

MELROSE: Sister Kenny stars Rosalind Russell as said aforementioned Sister Kenny. If you've seen the advertisements around town and want to know if she took a profession or a man . . . I won't tell you. Go see it. "Lady Luck" comes here Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. If you have a big test, why not go? She may follow you home.

BELMONT: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Hedy Lamarr as the "Strange Woman," pays us a visit. Pretty good. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, John Garfield and the late President's wife, Faye Emerson, make a wonderful pair in "Nobody Lives Forever." (Wouldn't it be awful if one did?) It's one of those tough stories with everyone against everyone else. But in the end—well!!!!!


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Athletes Footnote

By Georgie and Nick

The second round of the basketball tournament got off with a flying start Monday when Angkor defeated Eccowasin 25-16. Berrien was the high-scorer of the game, followed by Sugg. Triad claimed a 19-14 victory over Ariston with Little and Nelson doing some fine playing, while Evers was the backbone of the Ariston team.

Del Vers-Osiron

Del Ver won a 17-8 victory over the Osirons in what was perhaps the most outstanding defensive game of the tournament. Miller and Tanton tossed in most of the points for Del Vers, while Wood led the Osiron offense.

Tri K-X. L.

Tri K overcame X. L. with a score of 23-19 with Belew, guarded closely by Young, making 16 points, and Jean Jones making the total 19 points for her team, and doing some fine playing backed up by the guards.

F. F.-Agora

Agora suffered a loss of 26-19 to F. F. with Gladden as high scorer of the F. F. team, and Hewitt and Brewer making the 19 points for the Agoras. Buckanan, followed by Frank, led the Anti-Pans to a 23-12 victory over A.K., with Izzard and Pippin making most of the points for their team. Sisk was outstanding on defense for the victors.

Penta Tau-T. C.

Rhea added 20 points to the 36-13 Penta Tau victory over T.C., and Ward made 9 of the 13 points for T. C. In the last game of the day, Anti-Pan downed Osiron 21-8. Frank did some fine playing, and put in the highest score of the game, for the Anti-Pans. The Osiron defense, consisting of Ingham, MacKnight, and Berno, was again very effective.

Del Vers-T. C.

In the first game of the boarding clubs Del Ver overcame the T.C.'s 20-16, with Miller making the high score. Edmonds, ably assisted by Horst and Rhine, formed one of the moste ffective defensive combines we have seen thus far.

F. F.-A. K.

F.F. claimed a 19-15 victory over A.K. as a result of the good playing of Worthington, Johnston, and Gladden backed up by the fine work of the guards. Izzard was high scorer for the A. K.'s with Pippin very effective in floor play, as well as scoring.

Tri K-Agora

Belew again led the Tri K's to a 23-16 victory over Agora, making a total of 16 points. The mainstay of the Agoras, as we've noted all season, was Brewer, making 10 of their 16 points. Osment, Tri K, and Kennard, Agora, were the defensive stars of the game.

Penta Tau-X. L.

Penta Tau-X. L. game, with the P. T.'s on the long end of the 35-5 score, Ashley, Rhea and Bivins shared scoring honors in their beautiful teamwork. The X. L. constant threat, Jean Jones, was held to a lone field goal by Campbell, with Clifford, Tait and Stevens turning in their usual good defensive play. Young, aided by Thady and McGuire, formed the able X.L. defense.

The three ceded teams, Anti-Pan, D. V. and P. T., have come through the preliminaries undefeated. The finals promise some very tense, as well as thrilling moments for all basketball fans.

Bowling Scores

The end of the second round of the bowling tournament found F. F. far in the lead, with a score of 943. Their closest competitor was Tri K with a score of 915, followed by T. C.'s score of 905, D. V.'s 896, and fifth, X. L.'s 877. The day student club scores were led by Triad, knocking down a total of 856 pins, followed by Angkor with a score of 789.

The high individual scores of the first round were led by Bumgardner with a score of 167, followed by Patey, 146, and June Mickleson and Nowlan, tied for third place with a score of 139. In the second round, Blake bowled the highest score of the day—150. Frank followed closely behind her with a score of 146, and Hornbeck took third place, bowling 136.

Belles Swing

(Continued from Page 3)

my bean into a room picked at random to discover Nonnie Stanley placidly sitting in the middle of her bed eating an orange and humming "I'll Never Smile Again." Surprisingly, she said this is her favorite disc . . . by T. D., natch . . . and as I looked at she-of-the-smiling-face, I wondered. Oh well, meditation will get you nowhere. Thus I went to work to extract Oragene Wilson from her newspaper which she was diligently reading got her to gasp "Bolero" by Kost. (Can't spell rest.)

Having had enough of surveying, I was on my way out when I decided to stop and see Betty Rhea. In the midst of putting on a red skirt over her rose stripped shorts for the game and messing with her in-the-process-of-being-built airplane (model, that iz) she said she liked Dinah Shore's "The Man I Love." Her roomy, Dorothy Yearwood, put in her bid for "The Desert Song" by Dennis Morgan.

Not just on the verge of, but actually leaving at last, I encountered Betty ("Brains") Whitehead who said she liked the new ballad "After You." My, but I was disappointed no one had said "What Is Life Like Without Love?" (just ask *us*) by Eddie Arnold and his Tennessee Plowboys!

HYPHENATED HULLABALOO

By Sheila

Greetin's and salutations to my public (all three of you). . . . The day has been long and weary due to athletic contests . . . but we'll endeavor to bring you the latest in nonsense, from the latest in bringing in her copy for ye olde Hyphen!

Well, by the time this is read, it would appear that the basketball games will have ended. So will Sheila, but that goes without saying. The basketball manager just didn't seem to understand that my object in coming out for the sport was to assure a good seat. Last year was pitiful; I was the gal that kept the club spirit going by neatly falling outa the balcony onto any opponent who had the ball. But this year was even worse. They wouldn't let me watch in peace; kept calling, "GUARD her!" and all the time I thought she didn't need guarding. She was doin' fine all by herself.

Joyce just mentioned (in typing the col-yum to the left) that there was a shortage of box-cars. . . . Hmmm, well, darn you Mother. . . . And all the time I thought you wanted my old shoes to turn over to Greek War Relief.

We guess you've heard by this time that W-B will soon be minus one student, namely ME. It seems that on Saturday night (Minuet night, remember?) we let our emotions run away with us . . . and they issued in the form of a prolonged howl. By the time Mrs. Asper had a firm grasp on our ear we'd realized our error. (The gal next to us whispered, "Doesn't Tanton look GOOD tho'?") Ah, well . . . girls' school. . . . We hafta take what we can get.

We LOVE contests, don't you? So we're hereby challenging anyone on campus to beat us in words per minute, hunt and peck. The only thing about the deal is that since we've been practicing for eight years they think we should gine yp the pracyice of looking ay the keyboard. Persobally ,we8re of thr opinuon thst it wouldn't worf out so well.

And now, kiddies, for the poem. The poems usually appearing in this space are of a more humorous nature, but tonight we have a more serious one. Under the influence of Wordsworth. (I reckon . . .) (or Ogden Nash.)

When I consider how my life is spent
Waiting, waiting for her to appear;
My eyes grow dim with looking, then
Her voice falls on my ear. . . .
Ah! Pleasant sound, by all 'tis unexcelled
Her eager face looks up to mine . . .
My heart melts.
And then I speak, she listens.
(This is dumb, but just wait.)
And soon, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But eight tiny cups of coffee and the rest of the meal . . .
Leomme's pulled through again!

(Or, as one maid in the dining rooms says to the other, "Does yo' people git upsot too when they's the las' table in the room without (*still*) nuthin' to sink their toofies in?")

Here's another. Call is a chaser:

"My uncle was a two by four;
My aunt just roared and roared
Because the city council made him
Head the local draft board."

And then there was always the gal who gat an urgent call from Acklen:

"Rush up! You have a gentleman caller."

So dress she did, while roomie panted:

"Now be casual. Don't appear eager."

At last, all ready, she walked sedately into the hallowed hall. Mrs. Asper beamed and Miss Ordway winked. They whispered, "He's in *there*!" She flushed, and pausing on the threshold, entered. The personal staff waited, listening.

"Why, grampa, how nice to see you!"

And as a finish up, we want to say that Publications staffs are MOST eagerly anticipating the coming week end at Rawlings. Just to be serious for a minute, we'd like to say that sometime in future years we're going to look back to the days and nights of working and playing in the office. Maybe we're morose tonight, but a phrase from the 1946 *Milestones* keeps returning to the wee (take that literally) mind. . . . "Every publication is a secret society. . . .". We're most proud of 'em, those secret societies. And it takes lots more than editors to make 'em up. . . . The writers, cartoonists, typists, all go into 'em.

Well, that was that. As the firefly said when he backed into the electric fan, "I'm delighted!" We are, and so to you, kiddies, we bid fond farewells, one and all.

Anybody want to go to the Drug?

Third

(Continued from Page 1)

"La Tambourin" by Rameau are the three numbers to be played by Joella Blache. "Le Reveil" and "La Poisie" will be played by Gloria Dandridge; and Frances Alexander will play "Barcarolle" by Faure.

The concluding number will be played by Martha Jo Furr and it is Menuet et Rigaudon, "Le tombeau de Couperin" by Ravel.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Read the Editorial

VOLUME XXXV — SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1947 — NUMBER 20

Committees Named For College Class Clash Held Friday

Committees for the Senior-Senior Mid Day activities were announced by the Senior-Mid president, Jane Faulk, and the Senior Class president, Jackie Koon.

The general manager for the Senior Class was Barbara Hanson. The decorations committee was under the direction of Jane Erwin with Betsy Horner, Betty Neil Sheppard, Pat Nowlan, Lois Stevens, Evelyn Rudley, and Jane Harte serving under her. The sing committee was led by Clara Caldwell assisted by Hattie Ruth Cole, Peggy Eliot, Marion Frederick, Eileen Springstun, and Sally Flowers.

Class colors were sent out by Chairman Carol Crosby and her committee consisting of Carolyn Gidley, Joyce Michelsen, Shirley Shultz, and Joan Maddox. The skit committee was composed of Chairman Bobbie Allen and Ann Badger, Alice Tritschler, Carrie Proctor, Patsy Patee, and Ann Bumgardner.

June Michelsen was bowling manager, and Harriette Ashley managed the basketball team. Margaret Frogge was in charge of the class uniforms.

The Senior-Mid's decoration chairman was Bess Benson. Her committee was composed of Joan Fergus, Barbara Barnes, Pat Cory, Marilyn Stark, Mary Swinford, Eleanor

(Continued on page 3)

WLAC Features W-B News and Activities

Ward-Belmont students are to have their activities around and about the campus "aired" over the new WLAC program "Kollege Wax Works" each Tuesday at 10:30.

Lucy Pope and Daryl Lamb are the originators of the program which includes news of all Nashville colleges as well as recorded music, activities, personalities, social news, elections, etc., are to be given, so any letters or information to Kollege Wax Works, WLAC, Nashville, will be appreciated.

17 Sr. Mids Attend A. T. O. Houseparty

A week-end trip to Sewanee, "University of the South," was made on March 1 by 17 Ward-Belmont girls.

With Miss "Curly" Neal as chaperon the girls left Saturday and returned Sunday evening. They were the guests of the A. T. O. fraternity for their houseparty and dance.

The girls were: Peg Blowers, Jan Denham, Ida Kate Dunkin, Barbara Hudnall, Susan Hoyt, Cynthia Hoyt, Ann Kennedy, Virginia Pullen, Frances Alexander, Marilyn Miller, Helen Wills, Julia Freels, Bev Moore, Laddie Harton, Mary June Carnes, and Joyce Armitage.

Miss Hay Gives Chapel Program

"The Marshall and the General" was the topic discussed by Miss Vera Hay in chapel March 3.

The Marshall was synonymous for Stalin and the General for Secretary of State, George Marshall. Those two men will be leaders at the conference in Russia scheduled for the next few days. At that time many serious problems concerning Russian-American relationships will be considered.

"America does have the opportunity to establish peace," Miss Hay pointed out, "by supporting the United Nations Organization. We could also facilitate the solving of existing problems by raising our immigration quota and lowering our tariffs.

"We are at a turning point. The way we choose will bring to us in our lifetime war or peace. Which will it be?" she asks.

Beta Club Selects 7 New Members

The Beta Club, the preparatory honor society, under the direction of Mrs. Philip Ottarson, sponsor, and Mary Ann Sugg, president, have announced the following girls as their pledges for the first semester. These girls were chosen for scholarship, leadership, and general ability and will be formally initiated next week.

The new pledges are: Jo Ann Geny, Irene Potter, Martha Ann Gamble, Attollee Boynton, Eve Baloff, Polly Nelson, and Cynthia Mizell.

The regional section of the National Beta Convention is being held in Nashville this week-end.

Middies "Had It" Over Suffragettes

Basketball, 38-25. Bowling, 528-516

The second Senior, Senior-Mid Day held Thursday, March 6, closed with "The Middies Have It" winning the most number of votes over the Senior "Suffragettes" in both basketball and bowling. The final scores were: basketball, 38-25, and bowling, 528-516.

The Senior basketball team was composed of forwards, Jean Jones, Hariette Ashley, and Pat Tanton; and guards, Alma Edmonds, Bev Berno, and Audrey Horst. Those on the Mid team were forwards, Dot Frank, Dee-Dee Bivins, and Betty Rhea; and the guards, Sodie Brewer, Jo Ann Sisk, Betty Belew, and Laura Clifford.

The Senior bowling team was composed of Marion Dopke, Ann Bumgardner, Shirley Worthington, Thelma Back, June Michelsen, and Patsy Hornbeck. The Mids bowling were Nettie Jean Blake, Barbara Morrison, Georgie Hall, Jane Basham, Helen McGuire, and Challie Thornton.

The Seniors portrayed "Suffragettes" with the cheerleaders dressed as bloomer girls of 1923. Pictures of old maids adorned the balcony.

The Mids did a take-off on Harvey's advertisements and a huge sign across the balcony stating, "MIDDIES HAVE IT—BELMONT'S LARGEST CLASS . . . SETTING A NEW PACE IN THE COLLEGELAND WITH THE SAME OLD SPIRIT AS BEFORE." The Mids and cheerleaders were dressed to represent "white-collar girls."

Final Recital Given Sunday Afternoon

The final program of the series, Sunday 4:00 P.M., will end the third annual piano festival at Ward-Belmont. The previous ones consisted of the music of Beethoven and Chopin. Music to be heard at this recital will be:

Menuet et Ballet, "Petite Suite"—Debussy, Ann and William Greenlee; *Marche de les petits Soldats*—Pierne, Betty Ann Hall; *Des pas sur la neige, Le vent dans le plaine*—Debussy, Nancy Peacock; *The petite nigar, The Minstrels*—Debussy, Bessie Anderson; *Les collines d'Anacapri*—Debussy, Margaret Petrass.

Menuet, "Sonatine,"—Ravel; Ann Greenlee; *Modere,* "Sonatine"—Ravel, Kathryn Barfield; *La Cathedral Engloutie* — Debussy, Patsy Patee; *Theme et Variation* — Faure, Jane Faulk; *Jardins sous la pluie*—Debussy, Nancy Cooper; *Scherzo-Valse* —Chabrier, Betty Ann Graves.

Piece en forme de habanera—Ravel, *Pastourelle*—Poulenc, Alice Black; *Copacabana et Gavea,* "Saudades do Brazil"—Milhaud, Mary Jo Warren; *Etude en forme de Valse-Saint* — Saenz; Jennie Parr; *Jeux d'eau*—Ravel, Molly Shanks; *Brazileira,* "Scaramouche" — Milhaud, Frances Alexander and Steve Ann Akin.

Junior Preps Have Picnic in Gym

Last Friday, February 28, the junior class of the preparatory school gave a luncheon in the A. K. club house. The entire junior class attended the lunch, which was sponsored by Mrs. Rasmussen.

Keep Posted

Friday, March 7: F F Club Dance in F F Club House. French Piano Festival at 8:15.

Saturday, March 8: D V Campus Party. T C trip to Reform School at 1:30. X L Dance (9 to 12). Castle Heights Dance at Lebanon.

Sunday, March 9: French Piano Festival 4 p.m.

Tuesday: Nashville Symphony Orchestra, 8:30 p.m.

Thursday, March 12: Community Concert (Chicago Symphony Orchestra, 8:15 p.m.). French Club Play in Speech Studio, 7 to 8 p.m.

Friday, March 13: Senior Prep Dance (9 to 12) in Acklen Hall. Chemistry Club 3:30 p.m., in Lecture Room). Dance Recital, 7 to 8 p.m.

F. F. Dance Theme Is "Candyland"

Candy canes, gumdrops, and peppermint sticks carried out the Candyland theme of the second F. F. club dance, given in the clubhouse Friday evening, March 7, from 9:00 until 12:30

An all-club circulating floor committee welcomed the escorts and a senior lead-out, led by the president, Bettye Johnston, followed the intermission.

Candy sticks, peppermints, and cherry punch were served as refreshments, completing the Candyland theme.

Committees were as follows: Invitations—Pat Farthing and Lynn Roehl; refreshments — Mary Ellen Captain; decorations — Jackie Garrell, Rosemary Wallace, Nettie Jean Blake, Joan Simon, Pat Brooks, Marcia Sperry, Billie Jackson, Jean Guttman, Shirley Worthington, Lena Mistretta, and Sparkie Hooper.

Mrs. Tom Forde, club sponsor, and her husband were chaperons, as well as guests of honor.

Conventions Are Fun, Says Phi Theta Kappa Prexy

By JANE ERWIN

A week ago last Wednesday a tall, stylish looking blonde in a tweed suit topped off by an orchid got off the plane in Wichita Falls, Texas. Had any of the Ward-Belmont student body been present, they would have been very proud of their representative to the National Phi Theta Kappa convention, President Judy Wheeler. They would also have been quite happy for her when her one-and-only, Harvey, met the plane.

She spent the morning after registering meeting people such as the National Treasurer, Editor, and Secretary, not to mention many of her fellow delegates whim she gave a very favorable opinion of her school. Judy tells us that her fellow delegates were exceptionally nice to her since she was the only delegate from her school.

Thursday night the convention was officially opened by a buffet supper and "mixer" party at the country club. A very nice way to officially open a convention.

The next morning there was, at last, a business meeting at which each official delegate gave a short speech about her chapter of Phi Theta Kappa. Judy proudly reported how many members Delta Xi had and the various offices the members held such as Editors of the publications and Presidents of various organizatiins. She also reported the work done by the chapter on campus projects including the publication of *Who's Where.*

The business meeting was followed by a Mexican luncheon at which Mexican food was served to Mexican entertainment. The afternoin business meeting was taken up by making changes in the constitution. That evening the delegates were taken out to a ranch to watch an oil well come in, then fed à la chuck wagon. The program for the night included square dancing in which Judy did some exhibition dancing though she would never admit it.

The business meeting for the next morning included the election of officers and setting the date for the next convention. Judy has suggested that next year we send a college freshman to the convention since only freshmen can be elected to a national office. The next convention location will be Wentworth Military Academy in Lexington, Missouri.

After an informal luncheon the business meeting was resumed with a model initiation on the docket. The convention was then formally closed with a formal dinner and dance. President Wheeler gave a glowing account of the dance which may assure us that she upheld Ward-Belmont's reputation to the very end. Aside from all her fun, we owe Judy a vote of appercication for representing us in her charming way to the Phi Theta Kappa delegates from all over the United States.

Fourth Recital Given on Friday

The fourth recital of the French Festival series given by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory will be on Friday evening. Pianists and compositions presented at this program will include:

Les sylvains, Chaminade — Jane Douglass; *Le plus que lente,* Debussy—Mary Lou Schmausser; *Nocturne, E flat,* Faure—Attollee Boynton; *Valse Chromatique,* Godard—Peggy Jones; *Movements perpetuels,* Poulenc — Carolyn McKnight; *Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir,* Debussy — Carolyn Hewitt.

En Route, Godard — Marilyn Koehler; *Reverie,* Debussy—Martha Rogers; *Sur le nom Haydn,* Debussy —Martha Rogers; *Feux d'Artifice,* Debussy—Carolyn George; *La bandoline, Couperin*—Frances Pullias; *Le Coucou,* Daquin—Frances Pullias; *Le petit ane blanc,* Ibert—Frances Pullias; *Ce qu'a vu le vent d' Ouest,* Debussy—Steve Ann Akin.

Golliwog's Cake Walk, Debussy—Betty Bruce Cate; *Danse,* Debussy—Evelyn Paty; *Soiree dans Grenade,* Debussy—Patricia Rhine; *Feux-follets,* Phillipp—Florence Hearn.

Editorial Comment

Do You Believe?

Do you believe in Student Government? Do you think Student Government worth looking for?

At present we have a limited Student Government, why shouldn't we have a COMPLETE Student Government—a democratic government? If you have any answers to the above questions please drop the Student Council a note through house mail or talk to one of your representatives.

Now let us proceed to answer our questions. If you disagree with us—don't forget to write that note.

We believe in Student Government wholeheartedly and we think it IS worth fighting for. Why? Because we believe as the president of Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, that "the effective leaders of the future should make their mistakes in their student days. There should be in any college which seeks to train young people in responsibilities of citizenship some freedom for trial and errors. The task of student government furnishes such an opportunity."

Student government may be harder — but wouldn't you rather it be harder and know that it was very much a part? The trouble at present is that not everybody is really a part.

We want your ideas and opinions because we are after all working FOR YOU.

Since student council and government is at the present undergoing much revision for what we hope is better—let's hear what the students have to say. After all, this is YOUR school and YOUR government. You must take an interest. Shall we run a well-organized democratic community or shall we play games in parliamentary proceedure. The next move is YOURS!

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Proud of You

Basketball season has had the limelight the last weeks and now the final play-off is over.

It certainly was a wonderful season with such good turnouts for all the games, not only by the members themselves, but supporters of other clubs joining in the yelling. Enthusiasm has been the magic work. Decorations were set up and the yelling was terrific. Club spirit was leading the procession, which goes to show Ward-Belmont has got spunk and spirit. There has been good sportsmanship not only among the players but among the students. It's just natural for you to feel badly when your club does not win but everybody took defeat with a smile and a good word for the victors. Isn't it wonderful to have a school that knows how important good sportsmanship is? It is very noticeable by outsiders who visit our Alma Mater. It makes you so proud you could almost burst.

But enough of this braggin' and more wishing congratulations to the teams winning the cup. You all did a fine job and we're proud of you!

It's True!

We are well aware of the fact that all too few students read the editorials. And this should not be the case, for the editorials represent the opinions of fellow students which should be read by the entire student body.

The reason for the lack of attention given the editorial column is due, perhaps, to the form in which they are written. But, please, do not skip over this column; . . . it often contains interesting comments. Read them, and if you have any comments to add, just send them in to the HYPHEN, if they are signed, they will be published.

There seems to be something in the word "editorial" that frightens the average reader of a student publication. There are varied reasons for this, but none of the reasons (or excuses) hold water. The editorials are written by you, FOR you. Please cooperate—please tell us what you WANT to see in the editorial column.



"The Amoeba and I" or "Life In A Cell" Is Explained by the Nucleus!

By JANE

Even though I have never seen the inside of a convent or a monastery, with the aid of my imagination I find it quite easy to understand why Mr. Loeweenwoek, or was it Mr. Hook, at any rate, when whoever first saw and named a cell, named it a cell.

And in that otherwise insensible inclosure (I) I am the nucleus, the essence, the rudiment, the controlling organism, in short, the nucleus. We make up a cell, my room and I, an ameoba with all of the aspects of an amoeba but none of the advantages. You may be saying that an ameoba has no advantages in being an amoeba, and if you are, you are wrong. At this point I can think of one decided advantage. Nothing other than dissolved food and water in the process of osmosis can permeate the walls of a cell. Anything small enough and strong enough to walk through the door can permeate the walls of my room. And now I have reached the meat of my essay, to wit: the things that walk through doors so easily and find it so hard to walk out again.

Oh, how I long to tell of the nucleus in the next cell who is studying first-year French and knows that I am reading third year! How I ache to disclose the torment I endure in hiding the fact that I know much less about the language than said nucleus next door! If only I could disclose the agony of owning such rare articles as a thesaurus, a hair drier, a box of matches, a calendar and an extra pair of sox! Who but I can know the torture of living on the direct route to the smoker where a cigarette must be had, on the way to the post office where a stamp must be had, on the way to class where a pencil must be had, on the way to the phone where a nickle must be had, on the way to Hillsboro where company must be had?

Upon closer examination, I find another advantage in an amoeba's being an amoeba other than its precious semi-permeable wall. While nothing other than solutions in the process of osmosis can enter the walls of the cell, neither can the nucleus of the cell eject itself from the walls. This is a decided advantage. What a comfort not to know the lure of the bridge game in the smoker, not to know the upsetting effects of a phone call, never to have heard the tantalizing call of "Lux Theatre," never to have known the uncontrollable desire to get away from the bright pink bedspread and sick-looking green walls. If I had never seen anything other than the inside of my cell, I coudl have no desire to eject myself from its protecting walls. But alas! I have seen the world, all of it. Oh, amoeba, lowest of creatures, how fortunate you are never to have known the charm of the outside world!

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Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Harriette Ashley

And so it's "Hail, P. T., Hail!" and hail as well to their energetic, capable prexy, Harriette Ashley. Always laughing as she bounces from class to an extra basketball practice, and thence to EAT, Ashley is, shall we say, one of the *better*-known figures on this ole campus. Member of Phi Theta Kappa, Spanish Club, active member of the A.A., vice-president of Naiades, and Senior Class cheerleader, Ashley manages pretty well to keep her hand in on all the more vital affairs of W.-B., as well as some of the less vital ones. (Shall we mention powder fights in this instance? We shall!) Valdosta, Georgia, is the gal's home town . . . and it is on this location that she has her own claim to fame. Seems her greta-grandpa owned a hotel in said city, which hotel was called the Dan Ashley Hotel.

Asked about her ambitions, Ashley permitted a short period of silence to intervene before she answered in these profound words: "I ain't got none." Digging a little deeper, we finally got her to admit that she plans to finish college (someday) and then just loaf. Her list of likes was headed foremost by her favorite yelp, "Being a P.T.!" As soon as we could get her calmed down enough to evoke further revelations, we found she also has a craving for hamburger steak and onions, singing and

(Continued on page 3)

Po'ms 'Bout People

By SPRUNG

THE CHAMPS

To Ashley and the Penta Tau's
Let's all give three big cheers.
And hail to Audrey and her gang.
Three cheers for old Del Vers.

BEAUTY AND THE BASKTEBALL

Perhaps you've seen Deedee B.
Play ball upon the court.
She's not only beautiful,
But a mighty good sport.

MOTHER FESSEY

The week end at Rawlings
Was simply divine,
And Polly was chaperone.
There's no one more fine.

OUR GIRL SCOUT

Toasted marshmallows and Milestones, it seems,
Are specialties of Editor Kay.
Without her our week end would have been dull.
As it was, it was really "tres gai."

CHECK-MATES

Over the chess board
Hovered two pensive beans—
Sparky and Rusty—
Fighting for queens.

FOR SALE—ONE SIZE FORTY RAINCOAT

Have you a penny to spare? I say!
To buy a new coat is our intention.
Jane Hughes is out in the rain today
Wearing that "tent" of vast dimensions.

BIOLOGY ENTHUSIASTS

Cynthia and Sue are loved by all.
In fact they have very few enemies.
They do right well by Dr. Myhr,
And they're not at odds with anemones.

LONELY HEARTS CLUB

There once was a bug called Busby,
Who's marrying a guy named Wayne.
And we young maids sit at W.-B.
Ye gads, we must be insane!

MY SILENT PARTNER

To Sal-baby of the flaming red hair,
And much poetic ability,
I doff my hat for her brilliant help,
And crusty with all docility.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By SUE

Last Tuesday the thermometer hit 52 degrees and it really seemed like spring was here! (The editor had to drag this wee person from an entrancing and difficult game of jacks to compose this column—spring fever!) Only two days before the campus was covered with snow-balled W-Bites—never a dull moment!

For a change, this week instead of clothes seen on campus we're going to describe ensembles spied off campus—some of the ones that went to Sewanee as a matter of fact. The first gal we saw was Fay Chalmers in a lovely apricot brandy gaberdine suit. The jacket was long and fitted; it tapered to three-quarter length in back. The sleeves were fitted, and there were small covered buttons down the front. The skirt was severely straight with a small slit in front and back. (Odd how many words with s . . . I wonder if Steed ever got off sevens-do-not-bounce-the-ball?)

Another gal who went to Sewanee was vivacious Laddie Harton, seen dancing in a lovely pink crepe dress. (I bet you are wondering how I could spend the week-end in Rawlings and still see Laddie in Sewanee—split personality!) The cap sleeves and round neck were a perfect compliment for the skirt draped to one side in front. The skirt was draped in back to give the appearance of a bustle. Very pretty indeed!

As we swing from the curtain rod over the crowd—anything to amuse is our motto—who was spied but Ida Kate Dunken, from the fair state of Arkansas. She had on a smart black crepe with cap sleeves and a round neck; the skirt was straight. There were glittering sequins interspersed. (I've waited so long to use my pet word "interspersed" again!) on the bodice; the dress was princess style. Ida Kate really looked sophisticated. One boy thought she was 22!

Leaving this fair place of frolic—snow blindness prevented our viewing more charming gals—we returned to W.-B. and the Iturbi concert. Note to ignorant: pronounced It-ur-be. Among other gorgeous damsels we noticed Hattie Ruth Cole in a honey beige rayon dress. The sleeves were tight fitting; the V-neckline had an oblong panel below it from which the dress softly sheared. Very pretty with Hattie Ruth's green accessories.

Now can I return to my jacks, Newpie? (Lessons are ten cents for three hours.)

The Amoeba

(Continued from Page 2)

A wandering creature in the same state as I just permeated the open space left in the wall when the door is not shut and asked me:

"What is an essay?"

I replied confidently,

"An attempt."

She was already incubating another one.

"An attempt at what?"

"That, my dear, is usually up to the reader."

X. L. Club Host At Formal Dance

On Saturday, March 8, the X. L. Club will be hosts to a formal dance given in the club house. A reception line consisting of the officers and Miss Chambers, club sponsor, will welcome the guests. The club house will be decorated with palms and greenery, and the entire dance is under the supervision of Norma Rudolph.

Sally Flowers is head of the invitation committee, with Mary Derrick as her co-worker. Mary Mitchell and Ann Tyree are in charge of decorations. The floor committee for the evening includes, L. L. Jones, Edith Ann Young, Sally Flowers, Norma Rudolph, Jean Cartwright, Betty Steed, and Sarah Ann Jones.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

dancing (remember the jitterbug contest?), dogs, and all kinds of sports (that is, just the ones she's managed to accumulate varsities in: namely, basketball, swimming, and tennis) . . . (Poor child . . .) Dislikes? Nuthin'," to quote our subject, but a wee creature of the atmosphere. (Bev, to be exact, informed us of her aversion to macaroni and snakes . . . curly hair (because hers is straight), and getting up at 7:30. (Watch Ashley stumble in to breakfast some morning; see what we mean?)

Ashley takes chemistry; we don't. But nevertheless we tried to put together a formula for this phenomena, and thusly are presenting forthwith the conclusions: one part Al Jolson, one part Betty Hutton, and the rest just plain Ashley . . . mixed with a dash of Albert Einstein and Geoffrey Chaucer . . . (How'd he get in here?) 'Case you can't gather, she's undefinable, but just much amounts of fun! P.T. and W.-B. are every bit as proud of Ashley as she is of being part of them . . . need we say more?

Committees

(Continued from Page 1)

Hurst, Glo Colee, Mary Riggs, Ann Tyree, Imogene Huffman, Joan Michelsen, Grace Harding, Carolyn Harmening, Mary Ellen Captain, Janice Lebenstein, Mary Jo LeMaster, Barbara Needs, Barbara Worth, Joan Simon, Dot Hodgson, Louise Boone, Sara Ann Jones, Merle Izard and Martha Jo Furr. The theme committee was headed by Virginia Englett. It consisted of Sadie Horton, Martha Woodmansee, Jo Derrick, Pat Baker, Joan Heavilon, Betty Smith, Oragene Willson, Francis Martin, Marie Pender, Margaret Jane Jackson, Nancy Peacock, Margie Thompson, Peggy Bethune, Gail Jennings, and Jo Ann Sisk.

The skit committee was under the direction of Beverly Moore. Those on the committee were: Peggy Blowers, Betsy Buchanan, Mike Major, Eve Martin, Helen McGuire, Rachael Sample, Betty Belew, Joyce Hare, Sue Dell Brewer, and Charlotte Devine. Basketball manager was Dot Frank assisted by Joyce Hare, and Laddie Horton and Audrey Dye were bowling managers. Nancy Broyles was in charge of the uniforms.

HIGH LITES

By JET

It's a cold dreary night as I sit here pondering over my assignment in a state of deep concentration. Anywho—life is picking up around this place, the percentage of blondes has increased greatly this past week, and I hear the Drug is running out of peroxide in a hurry. Children will be children (let's hope their parents feel that way, too.)

Vivienne Boysen (suite mate), ahem, is strutting around her beautiful gold key she won for her paintings last week. If I could get my dear teacher to give me something besides a pot to draw I might get one myself. I keep a diary, you know, and already I have drawn 136 pots this year, and still have 46 to go.

Last night I was awakened from my slumber to the cries of "Fire, fire." I grabbed a suitcase, clock, "The Prophet," lipstick, toothbrush and a picture (I'll never tell), and slid down the three banisters to First. . . . The other Heronites were doing ditto. Never in my life saw so many photos of "Mother," running around. The smoke was drooling around the hall like something from "Lost Horizon," striped pajamas and blood-curdling screams shouted back and forth to each other. It was a terrible let-down to find it was only the boiler in Senior Hall, next door.

Do hope Neilyn Griggs is having a nice time listening to her beloved Iturbi tonight. Wish I had the dough to be with the kid. My roommate isn't entertaining me enough here.

Dear Daddy, I always wondered why your favorite song was "There's No Place Like Home," now I know. I hate to admit this, but all last summer I was singing "There's No Place Like W.B." Ain't I a mess? Don't answer that. . . .

Be good, and brush your teeth leetle one, or are you one of the less unfortunate (like me) who has no toothpaste? HINT HINT, room mate, its been your turn to get it for three weeks now! Bye bye you all.

CANDID CLOSEUPS

"Peg"

PARAMOUNT: Thursday Betty Grable and Dick Haymes are starred in the picture, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim." LOEW'S: "The Beginning or the End?" starts at this theatre Thursday, and it stars Bob Walker and Brian Donlevy. I know there's a "gal" who plays in it—but no one seemed to know who—why don't you solve the mystery by seeing it?

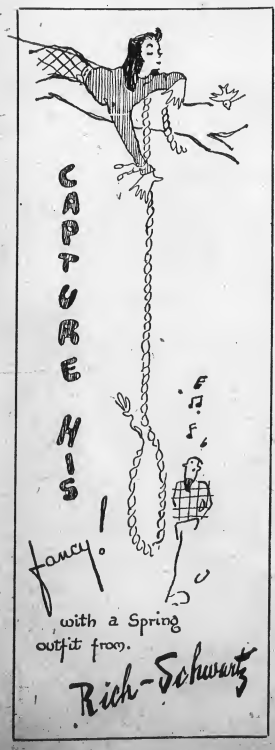
KNICKERBOCKER: Again I'm at a loss as to who the girl is, but I'm not at a loss as to what the title of the show is. It's "The Time, the Place, and the Girl"—what girl!! Turn to the right, go into the nearest theatre and see.

MELROSE: "Saratoga Trunk" is starting here Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, and it stars Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. Wednesday is "To Have or To Have Not," with that super couple, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, it's "Till the End of Time," with Dorothy McGuire and that "Lover Boy," Guy Madison.

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, again we have "Till the End of Time" and for some odd reason, the same characters. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday is "Nite and Day," with Cary Grant and Alexis Smith.

BELMONT: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, is "Lady Luck," with Robert Young, Barbara Hale (the Illinois Gal) and Frank Margall). Wednesday stars John Caren—who is she? in Blue Beard (must have gotten it from Five O'clock shadow). Thursday, Friday, and Saturday is "Saratoga Trunk"—no more said.


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Penta Tau Six Surges to New Championship

Athletes Footnote

By "Georgie" and "Nick"

Capturing the 1947 basketball title, the Penta Tau sextet split the net in the first minute, never to be overtaken by the Del Vers.

Both teams played heads-up ball, and neither relaxed their playing during the entire game. The wild passes and many misjudged shots were soon calmed down by both sides, and the spectators witnessed some excellent basketball. The passes were hard and swift; the guards were on their toes to intercept many plays and the forwards did some mighty fast clean breaking.

Simpson took the ball to start the game; but Campbell intercepted the pass and the P. T.'s took the ball. Ashley missed a crip, then Rhea missed consecutive shots from under the basket. Finally Rhea contacted and P. T. went into the lead 2-0. But Tanton broke loose and contacted on a beautiful one-handed crip. For some minutes it seemed Rhea was off for the day, but when she began to hit, she hit. Her decided height advantage and constant control of rebounds rendered her final individual score worth 32 points. Rhea finally tallied back to make it 4-2. The guarding on both sides was terrific; the forwards could hardly break and the guards had trouble passing. Bivins, jumping high into the air, missed a crip, and Edmonds rebounded. Simpson got in the clear for a second and made her long shot good for two points, tying the game 4-4. But lanky Rhea redeemed herself by caging two more shot, bringing it to 8-4. Bivins was doing some superb faking, and Horst seemed not to be able to keep her down; she went in for a crip, missed, passed to Ashley, who broke in again; but Rhea rebounded the shot and put it in the bucket again, 10-4. Seconds later, she tossed in again, 12-4. Thus at the end of the first quarter the players were settling down and the P. T.'s showed some good offensive play, and Edmonds and Horst were really doing some good guarding.



The winning P.T.'s in action

Rhea opened up the second quarter on a slowly executed play, dunking in again 14-4. Then Clifford splurged to intercept passes, break up plays and take rebounds. Ashley tallied on a beautiful open crip from the front, 16-4. The D. V.'s were playing good ball, they passed accurately and broke up innumerable P. T. plays, but they couldn't seem to crack the net. Campbell kept intercepting, until Miller caught Clifford off guard, and rushed in to tally, 16-6. Rhea crashed again, followed by a crip by Bivins, making it 20-6. Bivins missed a try at the charity line, but Rhea pushed in the rebound, 22-6. Again she picked the ball from the backboard after Ashley missed a fast crip, and tossed it in, 24-6. (Ashley showed the prettiest, smartest, breaking of the game, but didn't seem to be able to contact.) Campbell's superb, brilliant guarding (outstanding this year) had Tanton bottled, and Miller, too, was closed up. Ashley broke through again to make a jump pass to Rhea, who left the score at the half 26-6.

The third quarter started out with sizzling wild, over-shot passes and interception. Horst did a nice job of keeping Bivens from the basket, but finally "Deedee" went in for two points on an open crip, 28-6. Tanton couldn't put in a crip, but Miller quickly rebounded the shot, 28-8. Ashley made a try, but Edmonds captured the short shot, and got the ball out of the P. T. territory. Rhea was there again to make it 30-8; but Miller was on and she came back to make it 30-10 on a quick crip shot. Clifford stopped her man for a while, but when Miller was loose she really hit home. Everyone seemed to go wild the next few minutes; the P.T's passed way over Rhea's head, and the D. V.'s muffed up some good chances by fumbling. Finally Bivins cripped in one from the side, 32-10. Edmonds showed off her stuff, putting in some of the best guarding of the season as she kept Rhea almost powerless to shoot in the third quarter. Edmonds jumped in to take the ball from Rhea's grasp time after time. Miller tallied again, 32-12, and Ashley closed the third quarter with a flash crip from the side, 34-12.

In the final quarter Bivins took the ball in and after two swift P. T. passes, Rhea caged another, 36-12. Tanton tried to crip, but Campbell was holding her helpless. Miller couldn't shoot, but Tanton took her pass, shook Campbell and rocketed one in to make it 36-14. Quickly Miller shot for two more, 36-16. Tanton missed a chance at the foul line, Clifford rebounded, Rhea missed a crip, but Bivins rebounded to make it 38-16. Tanton tallied immediately on another running crip, 38-18. Rhea was still being held, and Miller kept up her series of shots, she tallied to bring the score to 38-20. Rhea got the ball above Edmonds and tossed in again 40-20; Tanton cripped, 40-22. Miller raced around Clifford to put in two more for D.V., 40-24. But Ashley controlled the ball to make another basket, 42-24. Bivins missed a crip and Rhea ended the 1947 basketball season by tallying to make it 44-24.

The Penta Tau victors held the play in hand during most of the first half with intelligent floor play and deliberate passes. The Del Vers didn't seem to be able to crack through their opponent's guards like they had usually done in their games before. All in all it was a grand game on part of both teams. Hats off to you both for making this year a splendid basketball season.

The bowling finals were played off last Friday with F. F. coming out in the lead with a score of 548, followed by Del Vers with a score of 465. Third high in the 4th round was Agora, with a score of 444, followed by Tri K, scoring 439. F. F. bowled the high score of the tournament—1948. Second in line was Tri K bowling 1826, followed by Del Vers with 1815, and Agora's 1802. The highest individual score of the final round was 157, bowled by Blake, followed by Worthington, bowling 150. Third high was June Michelson, bolwing 132.

HYPHENATED HULLABALOO

By Shelia

Well, kiddies, I'll lay a good clean wager that this is the first time (and last) the wee col-yum will ever emerge from the depths—infirmary, that is. Now, Mom, don't get the airlines reservations *yet;* the ole Pub week-end just proved a li'l too much for yo' baby. . . . Firstly, I guess hanging onto the back-end of the bus all the way out wasn't such a hot (literally!) idea . . . but it was either me or Miss Fessey, and I could see the wind pulling *her* poor silver hairs from their rather unstable moorings. . . . Mr. Rawlings' greeting smile was one to melt the snow beneath our feet, but it (like everything else) soon froze as first the ping-pong table and then the household pet (cat) went up in flames. (Don't get us wrong; the food was grand . . . just don't care for cats. . . .) Then too, K. Alfs took a fancy to the colonial fireplace and swiped a coupla rugs in which to cart it home. . . . But Mrs. Rawlings didn't flinch till Rusty started an avalanche by setting off a coupla dehydrated atom bombs.

Ah, the life of a patient! 'Tis most interestin' at this point due to the fact that Ginny Smith just gained fifteen pounds with the aid of a feather pillow. . . .

"I always wanted whooping cough.
'It's different,' Doc said—
But I never ever really thought
I'd catch T.B. instead!"
(T.B.—that's W.-B.'s third cousin.)

'Nother one:

"The music from the monkey house
Is beautiful indeed . . .
Just wish they'd play a different tune;
'Warsaw Concerto' played forty times over is a little wearing, even if one's great uncle *did* die in the charge of Koplaskakof."

Just how many W.-B. gals, we're beginning to wonder, have been rooked into joining the Book of the Month Club? I know this li'l chicken has, along with Mary Anne Jones and one or two others. . . . Goes something like this: You agree to help a friend gain her premium by joining the organization . . . and mentally you resolve to buy *only* the required four books per year. . . . The first set of books comes in, and you don't mind a-tall. After all, that's your premium—except that they charge you for it anyway. Then, after you've sent in countless slips, all saying you *do not* want a certain book, you walk down to the P. O. one evening to find a monster package with a bill for the amount of $14.32. At this point you're slightly dazed and upset, but just wait till the bill goes home to parents! . . . (O.K., so I do like my new flour-sack dinner dress . . . American Beauty, that is. . . .)

Have you ever given any real thought to families—yours or anyone else's? Such an interesting subject. . . . Take William Penn, f'r instance . . . founded Pennsylvania. And then there's his brother, Fountain (Pen, that is). . . . And Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravity—but his brother Fig is such a crumby character—seedy, too. . . .

"I've struggled through this column,
Now I'm off to bed;
'Cause when Newport looks so solemn
She wishes I were ———
(somewhere else besides where she and the Hyphen are. . . .)

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Senior-Mid Dance

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Senior-Mid Dance

VOLUME XXXV | SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1947 | NUMBER 21

Senior Preps Give 1st Formal Dance On Friday Night

The Senior High School class held a formal dance Friday night, March 14, in Acklen Hall. Al Richardson and his orchestra played for the dancing which lasted from 9 o'clock until 12.

The guests at the dance were: Mrs. Susan S. Souby, Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Provine, Mrs. Mary Hay, Mrs. W. S. Love, Mrs. "Ro" Wyckle, Miss Martha Ordway, Miss Wilmoth Reese, and the Junior Class officers.

The floor committee consists of Jane Branson, Anne Frederick, Elizabeth Nickson, Sara Camille Farris, Bennie Cannon, Neilyn Griggs, Katherine Dean, Madelaine Coggin, Carolyn McKnight, Lucy Ann Graves, Clare Carson, Jane Hughes, Dot Hailey, and Jean Ward.

Acklen Hall was decorated with smilax twined on the pillars and chandeliers. Trellises with flowers entwined in them were seen against the walls.

Ornithological Club Has March Meeting

The Tennessee Ornithological club held its March meeting at the Agora Club House Monday night, honoring Miss Alma Hollinger who has been a member for 25 years. Dr. Emily Walker of the Ward-Belmont Biology Department and president of the Nashville chapter of the T.O.S., presided.

Miss Hollinger gave a talk entitled "Reminiscences" and gave a review of *Birds Against Man*, by Hall. Following her talk Dr. Hearn G. Bradley gave a report on his recent trip to Guatamala.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. John Kaye and Miss Lucy Parnell of the Ward-Belmont Biology Department, assisted by Virginia Englett, Nona Brumback, Laura Hambaugh, and Jackie Collins. Expressions of gratitude were given by Dr. Mayfield of Vanderbilt at the close.

Choosing a Church Discussion by "Y"

The first discussion group meeting of March was held in the "Y" room last Sunday evening at five.

"How to choose a church," was the theme of the discussion group, led by Peggy Blowers. Participants in the discussion were: Bobby Allen, Pat "Sleepy" Coughron, Challie Thornton, Jane Erwin, Eileen Springstun, and Carol Crosby. Miss Susanna Wilder, sponsor of the YW CA, was also present.

The discussion group will meet at five p.m. in the "Y" room on March 23. All are cordially invited to come.

Mrs. J. Mitchell's Class Gives Play

Thursday, March 5, the French Club presented a French play, "L'anglais tel yu'on parle" in the speech studio. The play was given by third year high school students from Mrs. Jack Mitchell's class.

The players and the plot were introduced and explained by Mrs. Mitchell. The presentation followed after the three traditional raps on the stage. The play was concerned with the elopment of a Frenchman and his American bride. A mix-up was created by an interpreter who claimed to know English when he could not understand a word of it.

Those in the cast were: Nancy Cooper, as the groom; Mary Ann Hibbett, bride; Ann Frederick, the interpreter; Dorothy Hailey, the hotel clerk; Jean Horner, the bellhop; and Martha Nel Blackburn and Patty Ann Frizzell, policemen. Nettie Jean Blake, a Senior-Mid, played the part of the bride's father; and Barbara Richard was the prompter.

Senior Mid Class Stages Talent Show

In chapel Monday, March 10, members of the Senior-Mid class participated in a talent show. Mid "stage hands" moved ladders and props on the stage while Mary Jo Le Masters established order so rehearsal could continue.

Martha Jo Furr played "Boogie Woogie" and "Easter Parade" on the piano. Bev Moore and Ig McGuire sang and enacted "The Night Poor Willie Died." Jane Faulk was next on the "rehearsal" and she sang to Snappy Englett who was behind iron bars because of putting "slug in the gum machine."

Carolyn Henderson, Peg Blowers, and Joyce Armitage pantomimed "Go On Home, Ya' Mudder's Call-in'" Throughout the rehearsal Jacque Thady "scrubbed" the aisles, and Janice Lebenstein threw "favors" to the audience. The program was concluded with Bessie Benson *not* playing her violin.

3 Dancing Majors Give Their Recital

Friday night, March 14, at 8 o'clock, the dancing majors gave their diploma recital. The seniors who are receiving their diplomas and presented the program are: Margaret Ann Webster, Barbara Bahr, and Millicent Major. Mary Clifford Major, a Senior-Mid who is also a dancing major, was also in the program.

The climax of the program came with the presentation of the dance that was used as the finale in the George Washington Minuet that was presented by the Seniors on February 22.

Sr. Eager Beavers Paddle the Juniors By Score of 26-6

The second Senior, Junior Day was held Friday, March 7, and it closed with the Senior "Eager Beavers" chewing up the Juniors in both basketball and bowling. The final scores were: basketball, 26-6, and bowling, 474-447.

The Senior basketball team was composed of forwards, Jean Ward, Mary Catherine Woolwine, Mary Ann Sugg, Polly Nelson, Ann Bell and the guards were Martha Lee Durham, Polly Hager, Caroline McKnight, and Maggie Blair.

Those on the Junior team were forwards Julia Edwards, Dot Evans, and Edna Gene Little and the guards were Lillian Cornelius, Dickie Wharton, and B. J. Campbell.

The Senior bowling team was composed of Emily Washington, Elizabeth Nixson, Florence Stevenson, Barbara Hall, Cynthia Mizell, and Jean Horner. The Juniors bowling were Maggie Petrass, Joan Skelton, Evanlina Casey, and Nancy Daugherty.

The Seniors portrayed "Eager Beavers" and in addition to the decorations of pictures of beavers some of the Seniors were dressed in Mouton coats and had snaggle teeth protruding.

The Juniors' theme was "The Washed-Out Seniors" and to carry it out their decorations consisted of faded Seniors and boxes of soap flakes.

"Noon Lull" Wins In Poetry Contest

"Noon Lull," a poem written by Camille Hancock, has been accepted by the National Poetry Association for publication in the Annual Anthology of College Poetry, it was announced by Dennis Hartman, secretary of the association.

Camille, a senior in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, is a member of the *Chimes* staff and serves as poetry editor for the magazine.

The Anthology is a compiliation of the finest poetry written by the college men and women of America representing every state in the union. Selections were made from thousands of poems that were submitted.

Dinner Party Given By Spanish Club

The Spanish Club gave a party for its members in the X. L. Club house Tuesday night. Dinner was served and bridge was played in Spanish.

Frances Harris was in charge of the whole party. The Committee consisted of: Peggy Blowers, chairman, Julia Freels, Hazel Moore, Cynthia Hoyt, Billie Vaughn, Ann Wilson, and Dorothy Maxwell.

Formal Mid Dance Will Be Given In Corinthian Room Tonight at 8:00

Keep Posted

Friday, March 15: Senior Prep formal dance, Acklen Hall, 9-12, chemistry club meeting, 3:30, lecture room; dance recital, 8:00, auditorium.

Saturday, March 16: Senior-Mid formal dance, Corinthian Room, 9-12.

Monday, March 18 through Saturday, March 22: Mid-term examinations.

Friday, March 21: Anti-Pan formal dance, Anti-Pan clubhouse, 9-12; teachers' meeting, Agora clubhouse, 3:30-5:00.

Saturday, March 22: Del Ver formal dance, Del Ver clubhouse, 9-12; F.F. and Osiron weekend at Rawlings.

Sunday, March 23: Free Sunday; required vespers, high school YWCA in charge.

Chem Club Gives An Atomic Party

The Chemistry Club gave a party for members of the Faculty and all the High School and College Chemistry student, Friday, March 14, from 3:30 to 5:30. The theme of the party was the Atomic World.

Everybody met in the Chemistry lecture room where a brief talk was given by Pat Wagner, the President of the Chemistry Club. She spoke concerning atomic power and exploded several atoms. Following this each person was presented with an atomic symbol pin.

The various groups were placed in charge of eight girls, dressed as atoms, and escorted them into the Laboratory. In the Lab nine experiments were demonstrated on uses of atomic power. Each person was given several souvenirs—a piece of glass with their name etched on it and a burning atomic candle.

The groups were accompanied to the Analytic Lab decorated with colored fountains. Atomic doughnuts and Coca-Cola were served for the refreshments.

A dramatic ending to the party was furnished by a big out-of-door demonstration of the new dry-ice fire extinguisher. This performance was conducted by a man from the Nashville Fire Department who built a fire and then proceeded to put it out using the new fire extinguisher.

The scheme of the party was very clever and the experiments startling in their results. The girls in charge of the committees were: Refreshments, Martha Faulkner; Decorations, Norma Rudolph; Invitations, Catherine Bull; Poster, Trisch Simonson.

Congrats

The Red Cross Drive has gotten off to a flying start. The Ariston Club has already reported itself as being 100%. Annabel Gayden was in charge of the drive for the club and Cynthia Mizell is president of the club. Congratulations to each club member . . . hope the others do as well!

St. Patrick's Day Is Theme of Dance

Tonight the Senior-Mid class will hold a formal dance in the Corinthian Room. Neill Owen and his orchestra will play and the dancing will last from 8:00 to 12:00 p.m.

The committees for the dance were announced by the Senior-Mid president, Jane Faulk. The decoration committee with chairman Julia McHenry is composed of: Muriel Fisher, Aida DeLeon, Marilyn Allday, Frances Alexander, Mary Burton, Dorothy Bradley, Jean Stratton, Marilyn Stark, Frances Stabler, Grant Taylor, Christine Chernosky, Betty Buckner, Mary Riggs, Barbara Hudnall, Ann Greenlee, Dot Dyer, Rusty Kelly, Sara Prentice, Helen McGuire, George Ann Campbell and Glo Colee.

The theme of the dance is centered around St. Patrick's Day. The chairman of the theme committee is Virginia Pullen and the members are: Joan Blacksford, Lois Buford, Jane Basham, Lou Chambers, Evelyn Paty, Nona Brunback, Ida Kate Dunkin, Jan Winter, Joyce Mebuis, and Marilyn Koehler.

The food to be served will consist of punch, cookies, and mints. The chairman of the food committee is

(Continued on page 4)

A.K. Club on Top In Swim Contest

The swimming meet, held Monday, Mar. 3, and Wednesday, Mar. 5, was viewed by many enthusiastic students. The results were as follows: The A. K. Club won high honors with 32 points, the Agoras held second place with 36½ points, and the Penta Taus were in third place with a total of 15½ points.

In the individual events, Barbara Nelson walked away with first place, holding 25 points. Joanne Shearman was a close second with 19½ points, and Mary Lou Nelson was in third place with 14½ points. Barbara, an Agora, will receive the individual medal in recognition of her achievements. Joanne and Mary Lou are both A. K.s.

Phi Theta Kappa Honors Initiates

Phi Theta Kappa met in the F. F. Club House Monday evening for dinner and portion of their informal initiation.

Following the initiation, the fraternity discussed the project they would leave to the school. General projects were suggested and Patzie Simonsen is in charge of the committee to investigate the probability of fire proofing the Phi Theta club room.

Editorial Comment

Spring Fever

It's time for spring fever to be wedging itself into our bones again, and we can already feel signs of it.

We awoke this morning to the tune of the birds, which reminded us that in exactly ten days the first day of spring will have arrived and that in approximately three weeks, we'll be heading homeward again for vacation. We just can't seem to fix in our mind where the year has gone.

Spring always brings around the thought of new clothes and to us the thought that summer and all of its fun is waiting, not too far off, to make its entrance. It makes everyone walk around in a dream ALMOST forgetting their work at times. Spring means bright pastels in all sorts of clothes, green trees and flowers around the summer house. Everyone sits up lazily and takes notice of everyone and everything.

So let's put away any old troubles of the year, tuck away thoughts of another winter and look ahead to the most beautiful time of year, spring. It gives us life and vitality along with the old traditional spring fever and brightens our faces with the bright colors of a bright season. Spring truly is the season of all season.

Fran Sez . . .

We knew it would happen sooner or later! The poetry bug has bitten every member of the staff at one time or another, and now it has hit us. The wee effort which appears below is not original, but it does express our feelings long 'bout now.

A school paper is a great invention.
The school gets all the fame;
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.
HYPHEN 1914.

And to quote our sponsor, "This is SO true!" No one knows the validity of such statement better than we. If there is a bungle, large or small, we are told immediately. And that is only right. But if by chance there is something pleasant in the sheet, we very rarely hear of it. We are not, however, complaining . . . the work we do, we love . . . and even when the mistakes are many and outstanding we can always apologize and attempt to improve.

The shock of the year was found in our p.o. box this morning. Folded carefully inside the frightening yellow envelope was the startling news that nominations for campus offices for 1948 are due in the office of the Dean of women in a little over a week. We didn't realize that the year HAD passed so quickly . . . seems like only a few weeks ago that we were typing a news story 'bout the nominations for 1947. It all happens so swiftly, that you never quite realize that the year has come and gone, and that the offices won't be held by the same girls when next you return to Ward-Belmont.

Company is coming next week, and either the next issue or the one following will be done with a Middie in charge of the big job. Yep, we have a holiday while Joyce struggles with the inches and heads. 'Twill be quite painful to stay away from the office, but the experience will be fine for all concerned and the break must come SOMETIME! We didn't realize how much we would miss meeting deadlines until the time came to give the job to some other "lucky" person.

We have been searching madly among the friends and otherwise to find a schizophreniac, and now we are convinced that 'tis us all the time! Must see a psychiatrist soonly. Remember that there isn't much time left for us here, and let's do make the last two months the most beautiful of the ten spent at Ward-Belmont.



CORINTHIAN ROOM

For Rent: One Southern Mansion, Otherwise Known as Joe's Diner

By Bev and Joyce

Wouldn't you like to stay in a lovely Southern home with a charming hostess and feather-down beds? We did until we went "away" last week-end. Looking forward to all the comforts of home, we piled into the boys' cars at the station, and drove to the place we were going to stay.

When the car stopped in front of Joe's Diner, we thought, Oh, no, this can't be it! This was no Southern mansion. It looked more like the home mentioned in "Shanty-Town." But the boys yelled, "This is it. We'll see you in a few minutes."

We looked cross-eyed at each other, pulled our hats down over our faces, prayed no one would recognize the hats, and hurried up to the place. We went through the diner, and found a door in the back. We knocked on it, and it fell over on us. We were lying on the floor peacefully watching the little birdies flying through the air, when something poked its head under the door and wiggled its snaggle tooth at us.

"Well, girls, don't just lie there. Come on in and pay me two dollars for your room. I'm Mrs. Dawson, your landlady," she growled.

We shoved the door aside, got up, and patted our noses back in place. We walked in, and promptly fell through a hole in the floor. "You'll have to be more careful, girls," she told us, as we dragged our broken leg apiece behind us, and crawled out. " just had those edges smoothed last week, and you've already broken a piece off." We watched her fascinated as her nose reached down and tickled her under chin when she talked.

Suddenly a ball of white fur knocked us off our feet. It was a huge dog with a lump on his side as big as a watermelon. There was another dog, and a cat too, and they were all lying in the bed that Mrs. Dawson told us we were going to sleep on that night. We hurriedly squeezed into the bathroom which was a made-over closet, and prepared to go to the dance.

When we got back from the dance, Mrs. Dawson had our bed in the dining room ready for us. She had put screens around it so that the dogs wouldn't crawl in with us; so feeling fairly safe, the six of us got under the covers.

We thought it was snowing through the hole in the roof, until we realized it was only the ceiling falling in. Then one of the girls fell through the crack in the bed, and we all ended up on the floor. We pulled our pillows over our heads to drown out Mrs. Dawson's snoring, the dogs' barking, and the front door flapping in the breeze.

At six o'clock, we heard a rumbling that we thought was thunder, and grabbed for our raincoats, but

(Continued on Page 3)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Betty Joe Crews

"Ah'm just a plain ol' gal," said B. J., figiting as the time for her to be symphony bound drew nearer. For me, at least, that seemed a little hard to believe as I watched the two eyebrows which rose and fell as the conversation progressed (?), the quiet smile which spread over the interested face, and the warm eyes which absolutely *glowed*. . . . Thusly we're taking a slight amount of your time and mine (and B. J.'s!) to introduce Betty Joe Crews, prexy of Osiron and member of the choir and French Club.

Our li'l plain gal is from Osceola, Arkansas—as well we might guess after hearing her yell her lungs out for ye olde home state at the various bonfires. Her future home of higher education is as yet undecided, but wherever it happens to be, B. J. will therein be learning the fundamentals of public school music.

Suthoun fried chicken and food in general hit top heights with Betty Joe, along with music, Osiron, and baths. The poor roommates looked forlorn as B. J. told of how she adjourned to spend several hours each day in the tub. . . . (They *did* look kinda grey at that.) Sarcasm and turnips were the only pet hates which occurred to our subject,

As the music lover dashed madly out the door, the aforementioned

(Continued on page 3)

Inquiring Reporter

By Nancy Lou

It was on a Saturday. The elite were gathered in the smoker, rapidly settling the more vital issues of the world between puffs, when some glamorous creature walked by, all dressed up. Of course some of us more naive souls inquired as to whither she was bound (you know, this English Lit is beginning to show!) and were justly amazed when she replied, with that proper note of condescension. *"I've* got a date." After we had discovered what that was, the conversation lagged noticeably. Finally some poor soul who couldn't stand it any longer screamed desperately, "Why don't *I* have dates?" Breaking into tears, she fled. And thus, the question for the week was born. In no uncertain terms. So . . . "What's *your* excuse for not dating on Saturday nights?" (A cackle of mirthless laughter is *my* only answer . . . and to my own question, too. Oh well, my mirror knows.)

LAURA ANN TOMPKINS had the most definite answer, and she didn't have to ponder over it either. Said she, "I'm campused. Any more questions?" (Well, you know how it is . . . ask a silly question, you'll get a silly answer.)

LOIS BUFORD, caught in the library, was knee deep in note cards, notebook paper, and simply scads of horrid looking books. (All books are horrid looking . . . author's note!) "My excuse," she said grimly, "is here. Term papers and themes." When asked if that was all, she replied, "Heavens! Could there be another reason?"

SUE ZEEK, when questioned, said, "Do I have to be witty? I'm not in the mood. Well, there's a lot of reasons . . . parties in people's rooms, and well, just seems like that's the most logical time to wash your hair and take your Saturday bath and stuff like that. Doesn't it?"

GEORGIANNE CAMPBELL just looked at your Inquiring Reporter as she said, "Have I *got* an excuse?"

LENNIE LAVIGNE also had a novel answer. She laughted, then said, "Well, my excuse is 'cause Richard not only won't open the door, but he won't ring the telephone either."

STEVE ANN AKIN, interrupted in the middle of a term paper, murmured low, "Well, I'm faithful to my man at home. Of course, if someone equally as handsome comes along, I *may* give him a chance." (Well, who wouldn't!)

So, screaming and tearing what's left of my hair, I close another column (so called, that is!) We've promised to ask this question again next time in order to include those balls of fire that are thinking up witty answers, so have your excuses ready, girls. You never know who's next!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By SUE

I am tearing my five hairs out slowly! I can not remember anything that happened last week end except my whole suite discovered we were advanced, cronic cases of dementia praecox. Does anyone know of a psychiatrist? I guess I'll just have to tell you about the lovely damsels seen between peaks from my sociology book. (In case I fail my test tomorrow I want Miss Wilder to know I did my outside reading!)

Now I remember something that happened last week-end . . . the X. L. club dance (and I live with three of them). Unfortunately I caught glimpse of only one person — the night watchman was chasing me around the club. If the rest of the formals were as pretty, the little X. L.'s must have looked like *Mademoiselle* on parade. To end the suspense, the formal belonged to Helen McGuire, better known as "Ig." It was white organdy with a sweetheart neckline and small puffed sleeves with green ribbons laced through them. The skirt was very full with the same green ribbons running around it. (If this description is not accurate, Ig, blame it on the night watchman!)

As we limped into Sunday dinner —a party, whose name we shall not mention, dropped a bowling ball on our wee foot Saturday night — who did we stumble into but Frances Ann Hayes. She had on a turquoise silk print; there were tiny white and rust figures in it. The sleeves were capped and the neck round. (Inverted sentence, no less.) The skirt was straight with a gathered peplum from the middle of the front panel to the middle of the back panel.

The next person we spied was Rusty Kelly sprawled on the floor— I must remember to place my plates on the table next time! She had on a wide grey striped wool dress; it had three-quarter length sleeves and a straight skirt. There were big gold buttons down the bodice and on the shoulders. There was also one on each side of the skirt; a wide gold belt completed the outfit. Do you think Rust will ever finish embroidering that shirt?

Since poems in columns are the latest fashion, who are we to be different? So . . .

Mademoiselle from W.-B.,
Parlez vous
You eat your chocolate and your cake
And then you wonder why clothes inflate!

(This was not writ by us, natch.)

Prep Spanish Club Makes Spring Plans

The preparatory Spanish Club met on Tuesday, March 4, in the A. K. club house. Dinner was served at six o'clock and the meeting began following the meal.

Plans are being made for the meeting next month, at which time Dr. and Mrs. Robert Provine, Miss Martha Ordway, and Miss Curly Neal will be the guests of honor. A skit will be given in Spanish, and refreshments will be served by Spanish waitresses.

A picnic to be given after the spring holidays is also being planned. The first year Spanish students will be invited.

For Rent:

(Continued from Page 2)

it was only Mrs. Dawson walking across the floor. She stirred up the fire which was right next to our bed, and we wiped the hot coals off our face and went back to sleep. It began to snow at last, and when our faces were covered, the dogs got thirsty and came over and licked us.

Then at 6:30 Mrs. Dawson had company, and they came in the dining room. We got tired of their sitting on us even if they did keep our feet warm, and so we began to wiggle our toes. They took the hint and sat on our heads instead.

When they finally left, Mrs. Dawson woke us up and demanded the rent. We gave her some Confederate money, dressed, and packed. Everything would have been all right if we just hadn't fallen in the hole again on the way out.

We were pretty lucky to get out of there, however, with only two broken legs, 12 flea bites, pneumonia, and some kind of complex. We'll never go near another diner!

Easter Play Cast Named by Studio

"Family Portrait," by Lenore Coffee and William Cowen will be given by members of the Speech department March 30.

The cast is as follows: Mary, Virginia Pullen; Mary Cleophas, Marjorie Snyder; Judas, Phila Rawlings; Magdale, Ann Moursand; Selima, Oragene Willson; Woman at Well, Juan Stroube; Mathias, Janice Lebenstein; Nathan, Billie Howell; Eden, Betty Rhea; Joseph, Barbara Worth; James, Mary Burton; Simon, Ann Carpenter; Fisherman, Betty Johnson.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

roomies looked hopelessly at each other and sighed . . . "This goes on all the time," said one, her face ashen. "The child waits till two minutes before time to dress for *everything.*" My softly murmured thanks to B. J. were lost in the slam of the door, thusly I'd like to convey them now. They aren't just thanks from me, however. . . . They're thanks from the Osirons to the president who led them through to that treasured hockey cup, and from W.-B. and its other belles for something intangible that makes Betty Joe "just a plain ol' gal. . . ."

PHIGH LITES

By JET

Hey, bird. Whatcha know? Junior-Senior Day went off with a bang. We won! And what day! The Juniors had an original theme: "Wash out the Seniors." The Senior class now is known as the "Eager Beaver" Seniors. No one could ever say High School had no spirit . . . what yellin'! The dinner was much, much fun. We sang, yelled, and just tore the roof off with our class songs.

Friday night the Senior dance was held in Acklen Hall, complete with orchestra, and MEN. The Junior class officers were invited as guests, and everybody turned out with bells, and speaking of belles, wow . . . "That's what I like about the South." The stag line stood and licked their chops for a good half hour before they invaded.

You'd better hang on to your seats to read this one. It's going to be serious . . . yes, that's what I said.

When you see those gold sunsets over Acklen, run out to a Spring gym class and start planning for third quarter exams, doesn't it make you a little sad to think that this year is nearly gone already? Yep, time flies from here on out, and believe you me, before you know it, either you or that good friend down the hall will be walking across the stage for that white diploma. Things start moving fast now, and there'll be lots to do, but every once in a while, stop and think. . . . "What kind of an impression am I going to leave on those behind me?" Just call me sentimental, but it is something you won't forget after you've left W. B. Lots of kids go, and you never see them again, maybe you're going yourself, but do remember this: its' such a short time until June—make the very best of it.

Love and other indoor sports, bye now.

P.S.: Oh yeah, and don't forget T. G. I. F. meeting Friday in smoker after school.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It took us a good day to find out just exactly what the "T. G. I. F." meeting was about. Are we, perchance, stupid?

CANDID CLOSEUPS

By PEG, LEBIE, n' SPRUNG

PARAMOUNT: Hollywood has finally found the solution for the rising divorce rate. David Niven and Loretta Young show us exactly what not to do in "The Perfect Marriage." Starts Thursday. (So does a new wave of discontent.)

LOEW'S: For all you contemplating impropriety . . . drop in and see "Smash-up." It could happen to you. (For those who have not seen the advertisements, this is the story about a woman, not a car.) Susan Hayward stars in this epic starting Thursday.

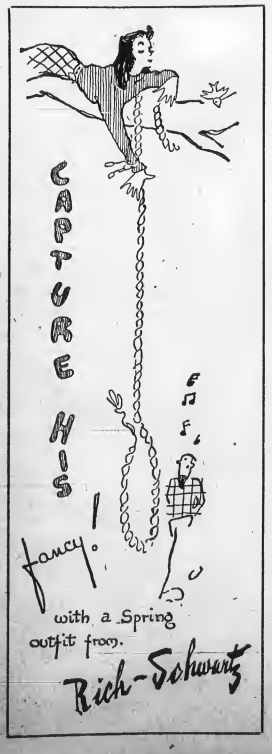
KNICKERBOCKER: Surprise, surprise, surprise! "The Time, The Place, and The Girl" is being held over. My only regret is that it was not held over before it hit Nashville. It should not play at any time, at any place, and no girl should see it. Even a campus would be more pleasant.

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Cary Grant (that "Notorious" osculator) chases Alexis Smith "Night and Day." He finally catches her after ten or fifteen years and several songs in this picture about the life of Cole Porter. On Wednesday a novel picture with a novel title, "Swing Parade of 1947" arrives. I know nothing about it, and confidentially, I care less. Remember last year's edition, and stay home. Sleepo is much cheapo. Thursday and Friday (they change often here. The air-conditioning is on the blink.) Margie comes. She is the original Bloomer Girl.

BELMONT: "Till the End of Time" with Dorothy McGuire and Guy (sigh, sigh) Madison comes. Of course it will take that long for Madison to learn how to act, but who cares? You can look, can't you? Wednesday, "Junior Prom" prances in with a loud blare of trumpets. After the first blast you fell asleep, but if you want to throw away a few pense, drop in. They will take your money. "Night and Day" follows on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Strangely enough, Grant (he's from the No'th, you know) catches Smith this time too.

BELLE MEADE: Yak yak! "Margie" with her embarrassing moments tells all here, too, on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. You too can catch a man, if you are willing to go to such extremes. Ann Sheridan is back with "It All Came True." Exactly what it is about, I could not tell you, but the law of averages is bound to catch up, and give us a decent picture sometime. Who knows? This may be it. Saturday, you have a chance of a lifetime. You can go in the afternoon and see "God Is My Co-Pilot," and then come back in the evening to see "Kitty O'Day" all for the price of two admissions. Boy! this is really a bargain.


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Athletes Footnote

By SHEILA

Nope, don't flinch (yet)! It just so happens that in the absence of our regular columnists, you all are stuck with *this* athlete . . . (joke, that is) . . . Hm-m-m, well, what can *I* do? After all, I hafta write it; you *don't* have to read it . . . (but that ain't a suggestion. . . .)

Well, kiddies, looks as tho' basketball season is all gone; we can stop lookin' up to Dot and Rhea. . . . I've always had the ambition to make people look up to me in some sport . . . but baseball ain't it evidently. Just about the time I prepare to slide something clonks me on the wee head and I glance up to see the first baseman (or woman) staring down as if to say, "Well, cousin, what's your trouble? Locomotor a-tax-ia?" (It does!)

Then we always have archery. . . . You know archery . . . that's the sport where they stick a silver dollar in an easel two miles away, put a twisted limb with a piece of string attached in your hand, and say, "Hit it!" Some people do, we've heard. Take Betty Steed, f'r instance.

And there was the day I decided to commune with nature and was talking peacefully in the direction of the athletic field. . . . Heard somebody yell "Fore!" and I was just preparing to say, "I'd LOVE to play bridge," when I suddenly saw a small white object making its way through the air toward me with exceeding velocity. . . . Lucky I stepped in one of the cup at that second. After all, a broken shank's better'n a crushed cranium.

Last year I thought I'd be athletic. . . . My club sisters were looking askance at me as they made their industrious ways toward strenuous bowling and tiddlewinks classes, thusly I was gonna show 'em up. . . . I signed up for track, and even Miss Morrison's horrified look did nothing to dampen my ardor. . . . Out I went for my first class, thinking it was gonna be simply running my head off. "After all, any dumb one can *run," thought I.* Some dumb ones did (me, f'r instance . . .), but among the other enthusiasts were the top member of Hood and Gown and a small group of gals who wore shiny little gold keys to each class. . . . I found out why later. . . . They tossed a little black cannon ball around the field while I meekly scattered 22 shells in the furrows dug up by Pat Tanton's hurrying feet. After all, I *thought* the woman said, "Shot put." . . . I tried, but they expelled me before we got to the discus throw. (I should leave this one up to *your* imagination. Mine's run out.)

Tennis was about the only thing left to me. I was still game, but the instructor *still* wouldn't cooperate. She took the time to patiently explain to me all about the term "let ball"; and sho' nuff, the very first game I played, she yelled it at me . . . only it turned out she said, "Let the ball go!" . . . After that I let 'em *all* go; and when the office called me in to explain my F in gym, they mentioned the fact that I'd played all love games. I grinned and told 'em I'd always been an affectionate little creature . . . ever since my mom told me I was a lovely child. . . .

"If you think this *is bad, my chum,*
Just wait till Bev takes over.
You'll think, amid the looks so glum
'I wish I were in Dover . . .'"

P. S. Newport says this thing has to be two inches longer, thus I'll mention the fact that even tho' I ain't athletic, I used to be able to make the best mud pies on our block. In fact, I made such delectable ones that the family lived on 'em for two months. But my cakes had a habit of falling, unfortunately.

Control Program To Be Planned; Lilienthal Indorsed

The United Nations security council, March 10, ordered the U. N. atomic energy commission to work out details of an atomic control program as soon as possible and make a public report by September 16. The Atomic Commission is composed of the 11 nations on the security council plus Canada.

David E. Lilienthal on March 10 won indorsement from the senate atomic energy committee by a vote of 8 to 1. He picked up three more Republican votes in his fight to hang onto his job as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. He has been serving in the post since last October, although his appointment by President Truman has not received Senate approval.

An interested audience of 150 faculty members and students of Peabody College, March 10 ,voted enthusiastic approval of the General Electric Co. opinion meter, which was presented at the Peabody Auditorium in the opening of *The Nashville Tennessean's* and Radio Station WSM's state-wide public opinion surevy. Students registered their convictions on hand dials and a large dial recorded the composite opinion of the entire group in less than 10 seconds.

The same opinion poll was given to twenty-four Ward-Belmont girls on Tuesday afternoon. The test was given in the Senior smoker, and the results were tabulated. One of the questions was on student government, and the poll proved that 18 out of the 24 girls were in favor of student government. The same percentage were in favor of an honor system.

The liberal leaders of the GOP are uprising and the Republican leaders are trying to quiet it as it will definitely dampen the party hopes of winning the Presidency in 1948 if there should be a split in the party.

On the afternoon of March 8 a private plane crashed and burned in a remote section of Grundy County near the Warren County line. Volunteer searching parties brought in the bodies of four persons who were killed. The dead were all from St. Louis.

Mehitabel Says

I have a great fondness for sleep, whether it be a catnap, which is too good for a mere cat, or a warm slumber in clean flannels after physical exhaustion. As vacation rolls around and comes ever closer, even though it still seems to be intolerably far away, I begin to think of sleep, long, uninterrupted, drowsy hours in bed, or on the living room couch with the radio soothing me with soft classical music.

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul."

What a balm for the jangling ganglia that send snatches of thought, bits of poetry, and lines of a song scuttling through my synapses is sleep.

The companion of sleep is contemplation, time to think without footnotes, slowly, thoroughly, meditatively. This also is in a poem.

"A poor life this if, full of care
We have no time to stand and stare."

And yet, as I think of the short time given, a conflict arises within my soul, whether to sleep and contemplate, or to dash myself into the social whirl and commit my favorite impropriety. My reason tells me I am nervous, jumpy, irritable, and my mirror tells me that, without a doubt, I might look half human without circles and satchels under my eyes. My inclination tells me that unless I commit a few improprieties I might forget all about them and then I would be unrecognizable to my close friends. My reason all too quickly replies that an impropriety or six during vacation is good for the mind; it teaches the difference between good and bad in the best and most entertaining way possible. But a succession of improprieties without sleep and contemplation will bring me back to school in the same overwrought condition I leave. Vacation is short and I have not time for both improprieties and sleep.

Do you wonder that I dread the fourth of April? Is it strange that indecision has strangled my soul in this way? It was said, and I sometimes agree that

"My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh."

And yet there is within me an overwhelming desire to see my loved ones, to look upon the faces of my family. Vacation must be and must be spent. There is great joy in release from the busy, humdrum life of school and the pursuits of the scholar. The Old English melody frequently heard around school is evidence of that. Home has many pleasures the school lacks.

"No more papers, no more books,
No more teachers' dirty looks,
No more chicken, no more hash,
No more meals to which we dash."

There is an answer somewhere. As usual, conflicts of the mind and soul are solved by circumstances. The deciding factor is this: that I have so much work to do over the holidays that I shall have time for neither sleep, improprieties, or contemplation if I accomplished my appointed tasks. If vacation were extended for six months instead of nine days, I would have time for all three. But then, if I did my work first, then slept, then committed improprieties, and then contemplated, I might never return to school. As it is, I shall sleep, forget about the work, and commit improprieties when I have the time. There will be no time for contemplation; therefore, my improprieties will be unnoticed by my mind and I shall return to the life of the scholar, as return I must, healthier, more rested, with a clear conscience, and my work done . . . maybe.

Mid Dance

(Continued from Page 1)

Frances Martin and the members are Nancy Broyles, Ann Lindgren, Joan Fergus, Ruth Ann Daniels, Jean Stratton, and Martha Woodmansee.

Rose Mitchell Randolph is the chairman of the invitation committee. The members are Julia Freels, Bunty Hart, Lynn Allday, Ann Morrison, Joan Simon, Madelaine Terry, Priscilla Broumen, Margie Gilmore, and Fay Chalmers.

Chairman of the floor committee is Mike Majure and those serving under her are: Joyce Hare, Carol Reese, Nell Chilton, Sarah Ann Williams, Cecilia McGowin, and Emme Osborne.

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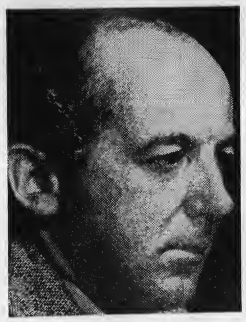
W-B Concert Series Presents Henry Cowell, Noted Author

Musician to Speak In Chapel Monday

Next in the concert series of Ward-Belmont, is Henry Cowell, who will speak in chapel, Monday, March 24, on "Music in the Office of War Information." Monday evening, Mr. Cowell will demonstrate the use of his new theory of composition in his own compositions. He has composed over 700 different works. He will also lecture to groups, possibly on his music research in the Far East, illustrating with records he has made.

Mr. Cowell, author of "New Music Resources," and "American Composers," is a member of the faculty of the New School of Social Research in New York, and Mills School; as well as Editorial Consultant of the Music Division of the Pan-American Union.

Mary Jo Warren will be student co-ordinator for Mr. Cowell's visit.



Mr. Henry Cowell

Senior-Senior Mid Banquet Planned Committees Named

The annual Senior-Mid banquet for the Senior Class will be held Thursday, March 27, in the dining room.

Jane Faulk, Senior-Mid president announced the committees for the banquet as following: Theme committee, chairman is Joycelyn Johnson and the members are Dolores Koleszar, Mary Jo Harrod, Anne Lessig, Pat Baker, Carolyn Sharp, Jean Ratliff, Carol Reese, Peggy Pittman, Virginia Montfort, and Carolyn Moody.

Pat McCrea is chairman of the food committee which is composed of Ann Penn, Julia Rhea, Grace Puckett, Janie Roberts, Betty Thomas, Mary Warner, Marjorie Snyder, Fay Chalmers, and Ann Canterbury. On the invitation committee, with Mary Riggs chairman, are Bess Benson, Sue Hoyt, Imp Hoyt, Barbara Barnes, and Svea Ogg.

Barbara Hudnall is chairman of the flower committee which is composed of Frances Hayes, Audrey Johnson, Connie Kaufman, Lois Hammer, Carolyn Harrill, Jackie Collins, Fran Doolin, Nell Abberger, Mickey Michelson, and Nancy Myers.

The decoration committee has not been chosen yet.

Prep and College Tuition Increased

Beginning in September, 1947, the annual rate of tuition will be $1185 in the Preparatory School and Junior College, it was announced by the Ward-Belmont Administration.

Mrs. Rasmussen Speaks on Swiss

Mrs. E. G. Rasmussen spoke to the chapel audience Monday, March 17, on Swiss life as she saw it the year after the war's end.

The Swiss people are very thrifty, and five years before the war started they enacted an economical program concerning food and supplies and the country's defenses. "All Swiss," she pointed out, "have three meatless days a week besides enduring shortages of eggs, flour, milks, and cheese."

Their electricity power is rationed and up until January 1946 clothing was also rationed. "Every member in a Swiss family," emphasized Mrs. Rasmussen, "took part in some war service."

D. V. Club Hosts At Spring Formal

Saturday, March 22, at 8 o'clock, the Del Vers Club will have a spring formal dance.

The theme of the dance is "April Showers." Arbors decorated with spring flowers will frame the entrance and the doorway between the living room and the sun room. A flowered fence will surround the dance floor and a gate is to be used as an entrance to the dance floor. Silhouettes will be placed on the walls and in the balcony.

The invitation committe was headed by Janet Young, and she was assisted by Mary Jo LeMaster. Decorations were by Joyce Michelson, and she was assisted by Marilyn Smith, Emmy Lou Peters, Betty Bernette, Jane Wilson, Pat Rhine and Alma Edmonds. June Michelson was in charge of the food. The floor committee consists of Kathy Dean, Emmy Lou Peters, June Michelson, Alice Fisher, Betty Martin, Betty Buffalo, and Marilyn Smith.

Contest Sponsored By Mademoiselle

Mademoiselle is sponsoring a college fiction contest, it has been announced in a letter received in the HYPHEN office. The prizes will be $500 for the two stories chosen to be published in the August issue of that magazine.

Only women undergraduates are eligible for the contest. Stories which have been printed in undergraduate college publications may be submitted but they must not have been published elsewhere.

All manuscripts should be from three thousand to five thousand words in length. Stories should be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper only, with the contestant's name and address clearly marked. The judges will be the editors of *Mlle.* and all decisions will be final.

All entries should be submitted to the College Fiction Contest, *Mademoiselle,* 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and should be postmarked not later than midnight, May 1, 1947.

Red Cross Drive Ends Wednesday

The Red Cross Drive, under the direction of Mrs. Camilla Newerf, came to an end Wednesday, March 19. Tri K Club and Ariston Club were the first to report themselves as being 100 percent. Betty Buckner and Annabel Gayden were the chairmen respectively for those clubs.

The other chairmen for the drive from the clubs are: Mary Jo LeMasters, Del Vers; Frances Alexander, X. L.; Helen Graves, T. C.; Jeanne Ingersoll, Osiron; Ann Morgan, Anti-Pan; Ann Guthrie, Agora; Shirley Schultz, F. F.; and Babs Phillips, P. T.

Snapshop Contest Offered to Preps

The National High School Photographic Awards has announced its second annual contest which opened February 15 and close May 15, 1947. There are 361 cash prizes to be awarded, ranging from $5 to a total of $600 for the Grand Prize winner.

Pictures suggested are snaps of babies and adults, scenes and still-life, pets and wildlife, sports and school activities, and pictures of people at work and at play. Rules, folders, and entry blanks are available at the HYPHEN office.

Helen Hayes, star of stage and radio; Norman Rockwell, artist and illustrator; and Kenneth W. Williams, Director of Photographic Studios of the Eastman Kodak Company will judge the entries.

Art Club Sponsors An Exhibit Of New Western Water Colors

Club Also to Hold Tea In Acklen Hall

The Ward-Belmont Art Club will have a tea March 30 which will be held in Acklen Hall. The main feature of the tea will be a water color exhibit which will continue from March 26 through April 4.

The exhibit is entitled "Water Colors of the Western Hemisphere" and these pictures are from the permanent collection of the Fine Arts Department of the International Business Machines Corporation.

Included in the collection are 115 water colors from Latin America, the Dominion of Canada, and the United States that comprise an extensive collection of works of art representing the 20 countries of Central and South America, eight provinces of Canada and regional United States. The collection provides a cross-section of native life in the land of our neighbors to the north and south.

The chairmen for the Art Club Tea are: invitation, Lois Ann Stevens; food, Joan Fergus; reception, Barbara Simon; and decoration, Mary Riggs.

Keep Posted

Friday, March 21: Mid term exams; Anti-Pan formal dance, 9-12, Anti-Pan club.

Saturday, March 22: Castle Heights dance; Del Vers formal dance, 9-12, Del Vers clubhouse; Osiron week-end at Rawlings.

Sunday, March 23: Free Sunday; required vespers, High School YWCA in charge.

Monday, March 24: Phi Theta Kappa dinner, Anti-Pan clubhouse; High School honor society out to dinner; concert, chapel, chamber music.

Tuesday, March 25: Spanish club meeting, 5:30-7:30.

Thursday, March 27: Senior, Senior-Middle banquet, 6:00.

Friday, March 28: High School YWCA dance.

Office Nominations Are Due March 21

It was announced last week by the Dean of Students, Miss Martha Ordway, that nominations for officers should be in her office by March 21 and April 10.

Because of the Easter holiday it is necessary to have the nominations earlier than in past years. Nominations for all Student Council officers must be in the office no later than March 21. Nominations for the presidents of the Y. W. C. A., the Athletic Association, the Senior Class, and editors of HYPHEN, *Chimes,* and *Milestones* must be submitted no later than March 21.

Nominations for the social club presidents should be in the office by April 10, and nominations for all offices below the rank of president, and the presidents of all departmental clubs, should be in the office by April 17.

Elections for the various offices will not be held until after spring vacation.

Anti-Pan Gives Del Vers Party

A bowery ball was theme of the party the Anti-Pans gave for their club sister, the Del Vers, on Wednesday, March 12.

The club house was decorated to resemble a bowery and lighted by candles. Spaghetti, meat balls, French bread, pretzels and cokes were served.

Providing the entertainment for the floor show were: the Apache chorus; the boogie chorus composed of Ann Morgan, Joyce Hare, Bet McWilliams, and Mike Majure; Jane Erwin doing a strip tease; Judy Wheeler and Meredith Golden singing "The Man I Love"; and Ruth Ann Daniels and Jan Denham dancing to "The Mooch."

Terry Gaines, as a version of Hoagy Carmichael, played the piano for the dancing in which all participated for the rest of the evening.

Music Pupils Give Informal Recital

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory presented an informal student recital Tuesday evening, March 18. The program included ten members of the conservatory.

Numbers on the program were: "Sonata, No. 6, Chorale and Variations," by Mendelssohn, which was played by Bobbye West. Katherine Ann Anderson played "Nina" by Pergolesi and "Carmena" by Wilson. Beethoven's Sonata op. 27, No. 2, First Movement was played by Tommye Cantrell.

Ann Crockett Knox played "Voi che sapete (Marriage of Figaro)" by Mozart. "La Puerta del Vino" by Debussy was played by Tessie Angelini, and Patricia Potter played "One Fine Day" by Puccini.

Kreisler's "Liebesleid" was played by Dorothy Hodgson, and Mary Ellen Captain played two numbers, "The Star" by Rogers and "A Spirit Flower" by Campbell-Tipton. Betty Gant played two Russian folk songs by Kreisler, and Valerie Vannatter concluded the program with two numbers, "Donzelle Fuggite" by Cavalli and "The Lark Now Leaves" by Parker.

Whee!

Under the supervision of our own Student Council, the Chatterbox will be opened three nights each week, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 9:30 until 10:30.

Students will no longer have to starve slowly in their rooms. Food can be obtained, and council members will be there to serve you.

Editorial Comment

For 'Evans Sake!

By RUTH EVANS, Editor 1945-46

Somehow or other we have once again found ourselves at the business end of a HYPHEN typewriter . . . new one, that is . . . on the other side of THAT desk that was so often the lone support for our tired elbows. It doesn't seem any time, and yet it seems years since our major maladjustment resided in el HYPHEN office. Time plays funny tricks, and in the words of one of the editorials in this year's paper, "The only permanent thing is change."

We can't remember just what is customary for ex-ed's to say, and we've been searching all day for some stroke of genius to burst forth with a most elegant approach to the old subject of the glories of W.-B. However, our efforts have gone unrewarded . . . no zoom . . . and all we can say is that we were not one bit disappointed. From all appearances, you gals are working to "transmit . . . greater, better, and more beautiful" all the things the class of '46 and classes before have loved and will always remember.

We want to tell you about what we have seen since we have been back for a few days. There have been a lot of us alums around this week. You mids have probably noticed. We look at you with surprise, and wonder who you are, which of you will be living in our room, which of you will be holding down our jobs, and how many of you will see W.-B. as we do.

We just got in from a 10 p.m. session at the tea hole . . . 'scuse, "Chatterbox." ! . . It was so lovely. . . . This afternoon we toured the new Conservatory, faculty row, the stalls of newly acquired animals named Belmont (establishing a new line of thoroughbred mares, that is). . . . We let all of three venetian blinds collapse clatteringly around our sorry shoulders, and were formidably halted by a new wire fence behind a certain clubhouse. These are little changes.

Chapel is still a myriad of tubercular coughs. Even with a singing grace, the dining room keeps a set of manners all its own. Dr. Provine is introducing Jackie instead of Nelle, but he still has his slow, important way of speaking. Gals are still running to and fro in navy shorts and white shirts, but corduroy replaces white wool in the shape of senior blazers. . . . Senior, Senior-Mid Day remains a favorite subject, but this time it's the mids who carry the torch of victory. The friendly greeting of "Hey" or "Hi" is the most familiar thing on campus, but there are many new faces.

We alums have loved seeing it and being a little part of it for a day or two. We have felt completely at home . . . how could we help it? After all, we left a part of ourselves here, and we carry a large part of this place with us wherever we go. We realize, though, that time has its main value in its characteristic change, and while last year was ours this year is yours, to be seniors, and senior middles.

You will never have another year like this. . . . Next year may find you doing the same things, but it will be different. . . . Maybe you will think it better, maybe worse, but whatever the opinion, that difference will remain.

All the people we see ask us what we think of W.-B. in 1947. They know that what we think of Ward-Belmont will not change. They know that the friendship and fun and fineness of all that Ward-Belmont in its deepest sense means will not change . . . no matter what little troubles might appear to observe the picture of the tower, to subdue the melody of the bells, to hush the chatter of the girls.

As for your part in our growing love for alma mater, we appreciate what you are doing. Congrats on all you have accomplished, and our best wishes for all grades of luck in the few months left in this big year. Two bits old graduation creeps up on you and hits you like it hit us . . . but it's not bad. In spite of the end of lots of things, it is a step in that game of time, and after all, it was all really love-ly. Thanks, and bye for now, remember "the glorious spirit of old forty six!" We had it!



For Moore Beauty Apply to Jones, Jones, Jones; and Perriwinkle Now

By Bev

I was sitting in bed reading *My Father Was A Smudgepot* by G. S. Firestone when the porter stuck his head in the door, and told me I had company in Acklen. "Be calm," I told myself. "After all, it couldn't be your fifth aunt who lives at the North Pole because she died last week." (The snow melted and she drowned.) That problem eliminated, I threw my book out the window, and rushed to my closet to see what to wear.

I pulled out my old green dress but put it aside. At the first of the year, the hem had come out, and the dress was worn out from wearing it to formal dinners. Next I tried my polka-dot dress. I spilled cherry pie on it one time, and it has been polka-dot ever since. But that would not do either so I finally decided on my blue dress. All I had to do to it was to pin the bottom to the top and it would be ready to wear. I glued the heels on my green shoes, but one of them wouldn't stick, so I had to wear a ballet shoe on that foot.

I pulled on my clothes, taking care not to poke my arm through the hole in the side of my dress. I looked at myself in the mirror, and then thought it would be better if I didn't look at all. At that moment the radio came on, and a man said, "Do you look like a dirty dishrag?"

"Yes!" I screamed.

"You do? Then try using Finklestein's Amazing New Big Liver Pills," he advised me.

I threw my bottle of Vitamin Q6 at the radio, and that shut him up. It also broke my radio.

I brushed my teeth with my comb, combed my hair with my toothbrush, and put lipstick on my nose. It was all ready now except for my hat. I decided to wear the one that had the kitchen set on top, because, if we went out to dinner, I might need the spoon. (The last time I went to Cross Keys, I took all the spoons, and I don't think they have anymore.) But no, I couldn't wear that one because the spoon always falls at crucial moments.

I could wear the one with the big feather that sticks out in front. If my visitor happened to be that good-looking boy I saw in Hillsboro with curly hair, a handlebar moustache, a caved-in chest, and flat feet, I could poke the feather in his eye, and he wouldn't notice my flat nose. Yes, that was the hat.

Properly attired, I dabbed some Pepsi-Cola behind my ear, ran out in the hall, yelled "Timber!", and slid down the banister. I picked myself up at the bottom, pinned my dress together, and made a sweeping entrance into Acklen (Arnold had to sweep behind me as I walked over the red carpet.)

My visitor was a tall, gray-haired attractive woman who leered at me scrutinizingly from the Jones, Jones, Jones, and Perriwinkle (how did he ge in there?) Beauty Salon. Your named was turned in to us as needing our aid. Now let me show you what we can do for you . . ."

That was all I needed. I poked my feather in her eye, shook her hand, and threw her over my shoulder. You remember the gray rug in the little sitting room. Well, it isn't gray anymore, 'tis RED.

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Eileen Springstun

"They just don't come in pairs! It simply can't happen—beauty and brains both!" That's what I say to myself everytime I look at Sprung, and everytime I find that what my mother told me was wrong. For the general run of girls that may be true—beauty and brains don't come together—but there is an exception to every rule, and Sprung is the exception to this one. One glance at those heavy-lided, big, brown eyes that can talk all by themselves, and you'll see what I mean. Her eyes alone have them both—beauty and intelligence. Of course, good-looks doesn't begin and end with a pair of pretty blinkers, but when you put them along side some soft, shiny brown hair, straight white teeth, and a figure that would make a tow-sack look good, brother, you've got yourself a case of beauty!

As for her intelligence, well, let me tell you what she does in her spare time. On rainy days (she loves 'em) you can find her curled up with juicy book of philosophy or pondering

(Continued on page 3)

Po'ms 'Bout People

By SPRUNG AND JANE

On Tuesday nights
Pomes write we must . . .
But seems our brains
Are filled with dust.
My kingdom for a horse, they say;
We prefer something more stationary.
Right now we would give any horse
for a rhyming dictionary.
But on with po'ms 'bout people—
If we can find any left.
Exams killed off an awful lot,
Which leaves us most bereft.

FOR 'EVANS' SAKE

Editor Evans was back again,
And we hope she won't love us less
To find that pomes about people
Are still a terrific mess.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD '46

It's really swell to see
Some of '46 here again.
We love to have you come,
Please stay as long as you can.

AH! SOLITUDE

Some have single rooms to study
Or because they are early retirers,
But Patience has one of her own
To have space for her many admirers.

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

She types her fingers to the bone
For HYPHEN, MILESTONES and CHIMES.
Buckner types her life away.
On the side—a page for a dime.

NEW FIELDS TO CONQUER

Mary Lou Schmausser is quite the belle
On Sewanee Campus we gather.
In fact, they really like W.-B. girls,
But see for yourself if you'd rather.

RICHARD IS HERE AGAIN

Pill, Pill, little Jean Gill,
In a triple way up on third floor.
Won't you come down to commune with us?
For you, Richard, opens the door.

THE CHATTERBOX

Mistreated by diets of ciggies and cokes,
Our stomaches were crying in vain.
But Jackie came through, she's right on the ball.
Cheer Council! We now eat again.

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By SUE

My ego is sadly deflated. I thought possibly a few people knew yours truly after seven months in this lovely institution; but apparently not. Saturday night I trotted over to Founders to gaze at the Mids' formals so determined to discover clothes for the column in an orthodox manner for a change.

Grabbing a stray Mid I made a tour of all three floors. At every door, a shiny face beamed until she saw what was leering at her from the doorway; then I was greeted with expressions of "are they letting them out of the zoo now" or "where is your mother, little girl."

Undaunted I strolled on and right into Betty Belew, complete with a monster white orchid. Her lovely formal was black marquisette with drop shoulders; there wa sa small strip of pink set into the ruffle around the shoulders. The bodice was fitted and the gathered skirt flared out from the long torso. There was a large pink bow set into the skirt. Betty was just beaming 'cause big sister Martha was visiting in addition to big date for dance.

As I was gazing after Betty in envy, I bounced down the stairs—I will never walk with my eyes straight ahead again! Before I could glue the scattered bones together again Joyce Hare tramped over my prostrate form. That is all right, Joyce, I always wanted a pug nose anyway. Even in my weakened condition, my one open eye was impressed with Joyce's beautiful white formal. The bodice was white brocade with a round neck and cap sleeves; the material continued on to the skirt, but cut across it diagonially. The skirt was gathered white net. Being a courteous child, Joyce returned upon hearing a low moan from this battered reporter and helped me screw the head on again. Love that gal!

Just as I was pulling myself up the stairs to second, Ruth Ann Daniels came sliding down the bannister (side-saddle). Again scrambling for the lost teeth, I carefully noted Ruth Ann's lovely dress with my third eye (obviously never took Biology). It was a strapless red velvet with a big bustle in back. The dress was fitted except where it flared out from the bustle. "The final touch" was matching long red velvet gloves. Does anyone have an extra set of uppers??

Finally reconciled to remaining on the first floor, or on the floor anyway, I strayed into a room where screams were issuing forth. Groping through a maze of shaggy rugs—idiots never learn to walk, you know—I finally located the body to which the sounds belonged. It was none other than Charlotte Devine, wanting to make her voice sound husky! "Har" (why the nickname is the mystery of the week) had on a gorgeous black net formal; the drop shoulders was a band of black satin. There was another band of satin around the long torso and gathered into a bustle in back. The bodice was fitted, and the skirt full—natch!

I have only one question to ask—do orchids grow wild in Nashville?

Anti-Pans to Give Formal Club Dance

Today, March 21, the first official day of Spring, is the date of the Anti Pan formal club dance.

Using the theme of Spring, the club was decorated with daffodils, jonquills, pussy willows, and forsythia interspersed with ferns and green vines.

The committees for the dance were: Decoration, Libby Rensford, Dee Hearne, Terry Gaines, and Mike Majure; Food, Ann Morgan, Nancy Lou White, Carol Butters, and Ruth Ann Daniels; Invitations, Joyce Hollon, Mary Runyon, Rose Randolph, and Betty McWilliams; and the Floor committee, Judy Wheeler, Betty Lloyd Martin, Millicent Majure, Joyce Hare, Meredith Goldwin.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

over one of her poetic masterpieces in the embryo. Sometimes she just sits and thinks, but she had rather have some light fiction like *Of Human Bondage* to keep her mind on the right track. I sound as though I think Sprung's a terrific book worm. Well, we all know better—I was just trying to prove my point. It would be hard to find a better party girl or a wittier addition to a hen party than our Belle. Everybody knows and loves her, else how could she be President of T.C., member of Phi Theta Kappa, on the staffs of HYPHEN and *Chimes,* and an active member of the Athletic Association? This is enough to prove to anyone that she's an all-around girl, even if she does have special talents.

One of Sprung's most charming idiosyncrasies is unusual clothes. It would be *unusual* to see Sprung in something *usual,* and this even applies to lounging robes. Along with this she loves olives, hates Wednesdays, adores Voltaire, and despises small towns. Her pet peeve against humanity, however, is (to use her own words) the "perpetuation of mediocrity." (For further information on this subject, just get her started on the public school system.) Her pet pastime is to neglect her lessons for a week or so and go off on some completely irrevelant tangent. The latest of these is her consuming interest in the French philosophy, *Existentialism.* Somehow through it all, she manages to stay on the Dean's list—and not his deficiency list. How, I'll *never* know.

What more can be said of Sprung than that she is just Sprung, a person in herself, not affected by admiration or even convention. I could have said it all by just stating: "Here's Sprung, a charming, stimulating, and nice person to know!"

1946 Alums Visit W.-B. This Week

Several alumnae of the Class of 1946 have visited Ward-Belmont this week.

The alums which have been here or that are coming are: Bette Pierce, Editor of *Chimes;* Ruth Evans, Editor of HYPHEN; Mary Lou Phelps, president of Del Vers; Jane Knabe, president of F. F.; K. D. Durham, president of T. C.; Pat Shillings, vice-president of Del Vers; Tally Pope, treasurer of Agora; Idy Turn-

(Continued on page 4)

HIGH LITES

By JET

If you've noticed those dreamy-eyed Seniors in class this week, it is only that they're still remembering our wonderful dance Friday night. There is no other word for it. Everyone had a terrific time; one we'll never forget.

Orchids to "Snooks" Blackburn for the fine job she's doing on our "Y" dance coming up. Big plans are being made, and it should turn out to be a super affair.

At this point, I'd like to apologize to my fellow T.G.I.F.'s for not making the announcement of our meeting in the dining room. You know its my life ambition to make an announcement there. . . . Just lay it on my cold feet and Dr. Provine sitting right there by it. While I'm in this foul mood I'll tell you about Gordy trying to swipe the bell, but found they had beaten her to the draw and wired the thing to the table. Isn't there some harmless act we can do to break the monotony? Huh?

For my admirers of fine art, I am celebrating the revolution that is taking place in my two-hour art class. No more pots! I am now washing statues, and they *shine.* Maybe in a month or two I'll get promoted to our sacred lions in front of Acklen. Progress, that's my middle name.

Tuesday night the Tea Hole opened and on behalf of the High School, I'd like to say to the College Student Council, Thanks from all of us, it's such fun, and we think it was a fine thing you did. . . . Marilyn Smith was so excited she almost ate the sock on her hair. . . . Bonnie Dean gave cheers on top of the table, and our rooms were so much more quiet without the rumbling of empty tummys.

Well, I'm running out of the bla, bla, so I'll retire and wash my mop . . . shut-up, room-mate, I filled my fountain pen three weeks with your water the last time you gave yours the shampoo.

POEM

I never saw a purple cow,
Until the other night,
'Twas only roomo fast asleep,
Her 'jamas tied too tight.

CANDID CLOSEUPS

By Rusty

KNICKERBOCKER: Starting Sunday and lasting until Saturday is "The Cloak and Dagger" with Gary Cooper!!! If you want to see something different, go and see it.

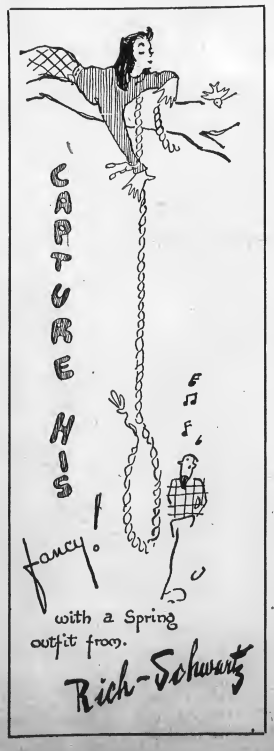
BELMONT: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday Jeanne Crain plays in "Margie." The show is just darling and so is Jeanne. Humphrey Bogart stars in "To Have or Have Not" here Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Erol Flynn and Eleanor Parker play in "Never Say Good-Bye." There's that man again; so girls, be sure to see it.

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday (yes, it's here), "Open the Door, Richard." All you Richard fans be sure to see this. I think I will!!! Wednesday is "Scotland Yard Investigator." Thursday, Friday, and Saturday is "Black Beauty." I don't know who plays in either or any of these shows, but they all sound exciting.

PARAMOUNT: "Boomerang" starts here Sunday and goes through Saturday. Dana Andrews and Jane Wyatt are the stars in this. Sounds different, doesn't it?

LOEW'S: "Song of Scharezade" plays here next week with Yvonne De Carlo. I haven't seen it, but I think I will, 'cause I like the name.


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The only complete department store in walking distance of the school . . . .
SPORTSWEAR ACCESSORIES
GIFTS COSTUME JEWELRY
COSMETICS FURNISHINGS

Athletes Footnote

By "GEORGE" *and* "BEV"

We feel that it is only fitting to extend a last bit of praise and spirit to the recent Senior-Senior Mid Day. We recall the very close bowling score, and some highlights of the basketball game. The powerful Ashley-Jones combination we won't soon forget; they sparked forth to plug the Seniors to give the Middies a good game after all. Rhea, ably assisted by Bivins and Frank, was in the game again to keep her individual score and excellent team-play up to par. We are looking forward to the big spring "field day" between the two college classes.

This week is a grand opportunity to compose a prelude to the wide range of spring sports. Spring finds everyone outside; and soon we'll all enjoy old man sol's glittering benefits as we run the dashes, slide to base, strike the bullseye, or slam a hard ball to the tricky corner baselines.

With the spring riding season in its prime, an onlooker may see the horse-women out in the ring performing various activities. Jumping, five-gaited riding, and buggy riding are going to be in full swing soon. When time comes for the show, the Anti-Pans will be out to defend their championship title of the Spring Riding Show.

In the battle of the diamond this year the Del Vers will be the defending champs. They still have a lot of their old winning team; outstanding among these are Pat Tanton, Alma Edmonds, and Audrey Horst. The pitcher-catcher combination of Edmonds and Tanton was one of the best ever seen at Ward-Belmont. The runners-up for the trophy, the X. L.'s, suffered a heavier loss of first stringers than perhaps any other club, but they seem to have lots of good new material. The P. T.'s and Tri-K's ought to have two good teams this year too; they should both put in strong contending teams. Sparked by such "oldies" as Bev Berno and Lennie Lavigne, the Osirons have promising chances too. Extra individual and club practices will lead to thrills and excellence in pitching, hard-hitting and swift running.

All of the Robin Hoods are going to be out again—no, they won't be aiming at wild boars or wicked English aristocrats, but there will surely be a horde of little John's and the "Sherwood Forest band" spending idle moments practicing for their letters, as well as for the contest at the end of the season. Neilyn Griggs will be defending her individual championship against such ace-archers as Betty Steed and Sissy Mull—and all of the new-unknown-at-the-moment aces on campus.

The black asphalt is being traversed and tromped again by the very large classes of tennis enthusiasts. There are a lot of girls thinking about the big doubles tournament in May, and as soon as it gets warm enough you'll see these courts in constant use. We expect Nancy Pippin, Marian Dopke, Deedee Bivins, Ruth Ann Daniels, Harriette Ashley, Betsy Clifford and many others to be out there fighting for the gorgeous plaque of victory.

With last year finding Patzie Simonson, Jean Gill, and Peg Clough shooting par or below, and many new enthusiasts proving themselves good golfers, it looks like a keen, relaxing sport is taking new bounds. All of the girls will be out to hit the ball straight down the fairway, aiming to perfect their strokes—we can bet on that.

Running, jumping and hurdling (*and* falling) are a few of the strenuous activities undertaken by the energetic gals on campus. Each spring track meet finds new stars of the sand and track; among last year's outstanding girls, Maggie Petrass, Pat Waggoner, Harriette Ashley, Challie Thornton and Pat Tanton are right on hand to jump with the gun of another season. We know there are more than a handful of Glenn Cunningham's here, so start digging the turf now!

Now here's an item which we're sure will interest everyone at school; our outstanding athletes have not been limited to home space as stomping ground! In the City Badminton meet our own Mrs. Harber (or just "Shannon") is top-placed in the women's event. Runner-up last year, and the champ the year before, "Shannon is an old hand at the game—and a beautiful hand, too! Miss Chadwell, and Mrs. Newerf are two more strong contestants from W.-B. Ann Marshall, who graduated from W.-B. last year, is in the running, too; Mary Catherine Woolwine is doubling with T. Mizel in the city tournament. We certainly have a grand representation, and we are right behind you, rooting for your success and good games!

Enough for the prelude to this bright, gay season; as the overture of spring breaks forth in its new magnificence, likewise the theme of spring sports assumes its role in our refreshed campus activities.

Rubber Production Halted By Strike; Gen. Urges Treaty

Russia demanded March 17 that Germany pay her $10,000,000,000 in reparations within; that the Ruhr, industrial heart of Germany, be put under inner-allied control, and that the U. S. and Great Britain annul the merger of their zone for economic purposes.

The United Rubber Workers (CIO) on March 17 called a strike for March 23 against the Big Four of the rubber industry, Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, and United States Rubber. The strike order for a 100,000 workers who are holding out for a six cent an hour wage increase will virtually hold the nation's rubber production.

General Douglas MacArthur urged on March 17 that the Allies conclude an early peace treaty with Japan, recall their troops as soon as the treaty is signed and place the country under United Nations control.

Britain has been suffering a freak winter of floods and hurricanes. Two hurricanes lashed the southern coasts of England with 100-mile an hour winds destroying much livestock and property, killing three persons and injuring four.

HYPHENATED HULLABALOO

By SHEILA

"Newport's body lies a-moulder-ing on the desk . . ." but Kennard's marchin' on! In other words, kiddies, it was survival of the fittest—fittest, that's me. I had my Senior jacket taken up in the waste . . . (nope, tain't misspelled . . .)

Surrounded by alums as we are at this point, it seems sorta the proper moment for los blazers to arrive. Take my case for example: I walk in at three one morn and look in the laundry bag for my p.j.'s. Nope, not there . . . so I'm forced to don a clean pair, and 'pon preparing to trundle into the wee bed, I'm *most* started to have a form leap out at me yelling something about "the glorious spirit of old '46 . . ."! 'Tis most disconcerting, but what's even worse is the following day when she walks out in *the* skirt (my only), leaving me exposin' my Senior jacket to the public gaze. But we love 'em . . . so long as they bring in news from the outside world.

We see that W-B is increasin' tuition. . . . Well, papa, 'tis a good thing I entered the first grade at 10 instead of 11 years of ago, no? Just think, next year it'll only take three days a week of selling matches on the street corner to send me through Pflugersville Sub-Normal (a matchless school, in other words.)

Bev Moore's great-uncle must've been a fakir 'r sumpin. Else why's she suddenly showin' a partiality to India ink? The final touch'll come when she starts singing "Swami, How I Love Ya'" . . .

Merle Izard and Sleepy came by tonight to take us for a ride in their new Buick . . . which Buick turned out to resemble extremely much the contraptions Ursury and I carried trunks on at the beginnin' of the year. . . . At any rate, the darn thing stuck in a crack. I didn't konw how deep said crease in the cement surface was, that is, till I looked up into a rather chartreuse face and heard something like, "Hoy ling chow," which (translated) meant, "Down in a campus in a 'itty-bitty Pub office, sat one li'l columnist, and an editor, too. . . . 'Write!' said the ed, 'write if you can,' so she wrote and she wrote till she was . . ." (Else whaddya think I was doin' down *there*? I ain't an alien, even if people *do* speak of the Kennard pagoda. . . .)

Milestones has gone to press, for the benefit of those who are interested. Better come into the office and sign up for yours right away. Limited number of copies, we decided . . . after we managed to dig up only four sheets of carbon paper.

"I've got a strong right arm;
I'll wash for you and iron.
In return all I'm enlistin'
Is your assistin'
(*On a wee paper due this* Thursday . . .)"

Florida's coming this week-end; we wondered how the gym department had survived this long without her. Which reminds me, I'd like to ask my patrons not to clap so loudly this Friday when the A. A. awards are given. . . . I checked with gym office this morn, and it seems I didn't make varsity AGAIN. Your checks will be forthcoming; I'll call another meeting as soon as I find out the baseball results. Just watch the bulletin board in the boiler room, and my thanks so far for your loyalty.

Oh, inspiration, where art thou? Dost not thou know that I hast been seated in position of this from the long-past hour of seven, awaiting thee?

We of the Pub staffs have, for the past month, been the proud possessors of one *most* unusual typewriter. It takes one by surprise; 'tis kinda ordinary *looking*. But just try to set the margins on said machine. You reach for the margin key, and all at once the room flies about in circles, and you find yourself (along with the rest of the drips) on the overhead radiator. So what should happen about that time but Mr. Bitzer comes through with a new prospective student (rare animal!) for the purpose of showing her how efficient members of student Publications staffs are. Now I ask you, CAN ya' win? I thought so once, but not since the day a said prospective student, with convoy, trapped me within the inner sanctum of my bathroom, while I stood listening at the keyhole to a recital of the merits of my abode. . . .

Just heard the watchman's whistle outside signaling the little men in white this way, so guess we'll dash. Happy Spring VACATION!!!

1946 Alums

(Continued from Page 3)

er, treasurer of the Senior class; Doris Hosmer, member of A.K.; and Martha Harlow, member of X.L.

Visitors from the Senior-Mid Class of '46 are: Sara Hayden, Susie Fletcher, Mildred Prueitt, Peg Morton, and Peggy Henry.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

'Til Vacation

VOLUME XXXV | SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1947 | NUMBER 23

Winner of Chimes Essay Contest Told In Friday Chapel

Janice Lebenstein was the first-place winner in the *Chimes* essay contest, it was announced in the chapel program presented Friday by the *Chimes staff*. Second-place winner was Betty Neil Sheppard, while honorable mentions were won by Nancy Dennison, Dot Hoback, and Betty Latham.

The program was in the form of the regular Phi Theta Kappa ceremonies. The *Chimes* staff members, dressed in black, were seated on the stage as Editor Sheila Kennard made the opening speech announcing the fundamental aims of *Chimes* for the year, 1946-47. Following this talk, the staff marched up the asiles to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" played by Bobbye West; they then "tapped" the contest winners and returned with them to the stage.

The winner of the contest, Janice Lebenstein, was here presented with a large bouquet of roses. A HYPHEN reporter was waiting to interview her for a write-up as "Belle of the Week" in the weekly newspaper.

The conclusion of the program was a short talk by Dr. Provine.

High School YWCA Sponsors Vespers

Jill Fodrill was the student speaker at the YWCA-sponsored vespers which were held Sunday evening, March 23. Jill chose as her subject the selection "On Talking" from *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran.

"People talk to gain confidence in themselves, because they aren't at peace with themselves," Jill stated. Using a passage from Gibran's book, the speaker said also that thoughtless words and rumors compose the talking which murders thinking.

Jill concluded her talk by saying that one should never merely listen and absorb the ideas of others without adding something to the discussion. She illustrated her statement by the idea of "swapping dollars and ideas."

Martha Ann Rogers sang "O, Lord Most Holy," and she was accompanied by Bobbye West. Martha Nell Blackburn gave the opening and closing prayer.

This vespers service was under the supervision of the High School YWCA.

Pre-Easter Services

The Y.W.C.A. is sponsoring a series of services for Holy Week which will begin Monday, March 31, and will continue through Friday, April 4.

These services will be given in Acklen Hall from 7:15 to 7:30 a.m., and they will be conducted by members of the Y.W.C.A. cabinet.

Need Crutches?

Sunday morning, March 30, the members of the W.-B. TOPS will canvass the halls here on campus to collect all donations for the Junior League Cripple Children's Drive. They'll be around early, so if you don't want to be awakened, better leave your donation in an envelope on your door.

Do you have to have a crutch to force you to give to the children who need'em worse than you ever will? Leave us hope not!

Mr. Henry Cowell Charms Audience By Piano Concert

In one of the most unusual and entertaining programs of music ever presented on this campus, Mr. Henry Cowell charmed his Ward-Belmont audience with his wit and unique method of composition. The combination recital and lecture given by this artist was presented on Monday evening, March 24.

The program, interspersed with informal conversational ancedotes that were connected with each forthcoming number, was a collection of original "tone clusters" presented on both the keyboard and the strings of the piano.

Mr. Cowell's program included "Romance," "The Tides of Manaunaun," "Aeolian Harp," and "Lilt of the Reel," which were in the first group of the artist's compositions. Next, he played "The Banshee," "Antimony," "Sinister Resonance," "Amiable Conversation," "Fabric," and "Advertisement."

Following a brief intermission, the composer-pianist concluded his concert with "Tales of Our Countryside" which included "Deep Tides," "Exultation," "The Harp of Life," and "Country Reel."

Mr. Henry Cowell Speaks in Chapel

Mr. Henry Cowell, an American composer who was Senior Music Director in the Office of War Information, spoke on "Music and Propaganda" to the chapel audience on March 24.

During the war it was the task of the Office to give the people in enemy and occupied territories our point of view. Radio was the Office's only means of communication, and they found musical programs would be listened to rather than speech broadcasts. "However," Mr. Cowell pointed out, "people all over the world don't like the same music."

Mr. Cowell, who had made a study of the music of the Balkans, the Near East, and the South Sea Islands, selected the music for the program broadcast to those people. He cited a request from the Persian government for records of sitting-up exercises for the Persian army with the direction in Persian and a background of Persian music.

Camille Hancock, Molly Shanks Give Recital on April 1st

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory is to present Camille Hancock, soprano, in the first diploma recital of the year, and Molly Shanks, pianist, on Tuesday, April 1, at 8:15 p.m. Mr. Sidney Dalton will accompany Miss Hancock at the piano.

Miss Hancock will begin the program by singing "If Thou Be Near" by Bach; "Ombra Mai Fu" by Handel, and "With Verdure Clad (from 'Creation')". Miss Shanks will continue the program and will play "Prelude and Fugue No. 214" by Bach, and the first movement of "Sonata in A Major (No. XVI)" by Mozart.

Next, Miss Hancock will sing "O Mio Babbino (from 'Gianni Schicchi')" by Puccini, "Gavotte (from 'Manon')" by Massenet, "Si Mi Chiamano Mimi" (from 'La Boheme') by Puccini, and Bizet's "Ouvre ton coeur." She will also sing "The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes" by Carpenter, "Now Sleep the Crimson Petal" by Quilter, and Dalton's "Morning Song."

Miss Shanks will play Griffes' "White Peacock" and "Etude Op. 10 No. 8" by Chopin. Miss Hancock will conclude the program by singing "White Nocturne" by Nordoff, "Dreams" by Chasins, and "Will o' the Wisp" by Spross.

Prep YWCA Gives Bobby Sock Dance

Friday, March 28, at 8:00 o'clock the Prep "Y" held an informal bobby-sock dance in the gym.

The "Y" cabinet was in charge of all plans for the affair. The Cabinet members are: Martha Nell Blackburn, president, and Bonnie Dean, Emily Finklea, Enmy Lou Peters, Carolyn McKnight, Virginia Smith, Vivienne Boysen, and Martha Ann Rogers.

The refreshments were cokes and doughnuts, and they were served to Castle Heights boys and other guests in the multi-colored gym, decorated with crepe paper and balloons.

Production Heads Named For Play

Three scenes from the play, "Family Portrait" based on the life of Jesus will be given by members of the Speech department under the direction of Miss Hanbury, Sunday, March 30, at 7:30 p.m.

Those in charge of various phases of production are as follows: Mary Elinor Green, stage manager; Mary Burton, scenery chairman; Peggy Bethune, costume chairman; Diane Bellinger, make-up chairman; Svea Ogg, art chairman; and Betty Coker, house chairman.

Senior Senior-Mid Banquet Theme Is Gullivers Senior Travels Middiput

Keep Posted

Friday, March 28: High school YWCA gym dance, gym 8:00-10:30.

Saturday, March 29: Penta Tau dance, Penta Tau clubhouse, 9:00-12:00; T.C. campus party; Castle Heights dance, informal; Art Club exhibit and tea in Acklen Hall, 4:00-6:00.

Monday, March 31: Senior challenge.

Tuesday, April 1: Round table group, 6:00-8:00, Prof. Caldwell from Vanderbilt University; Penstaff dinner at Sherry's, 6:00.

Wednesday, April 2: A.K. party for Agoras, A.K. clubhouse.

Thursday, April 3: Athletic Association awards in chapel, 12:30; Pasquior trio, 8:15, chapel.

Friday, April 4: Easter vacation begins.

2nd Year Speech Students Present Group of Plays

The second year speech students, under the direction of Miss Catherine Winnia, are to present a group of 18th century plays this coming week in the speech studio. Monday, March 31, at 7:30 there will be a presentation for all Senior English students, who are now making a study of 18th century writers. Wednesday, April 2, at 8:00 there will be another production for the faculty and remaining students.

The plays are living pictures of the time: "Beau of Bath" is a play about a famous "Lord Chesterfield" of the century, Beau Nash. The characters are: Beau Nash, Nancy Fuller; Jepson, Charlotte Eaton; the Lady of the Portrait, Adele Adams.

"Ashes of Roses" is a brief scene from the life of Kitty Clive, the famous 18th century actress. The characters are: Kitty Clive, Kay Van Nortwick; Horace Walpole, Claire Robida; Phyllis, a Maid of Devon, Olive Thompson; Roxane, Maid to Mistress Clive, Martha Ann Barton.

Two other plays that give an intimate picture of outstanding people are "Silver Lining," a delightful scene with Fanny Burney and Richard Burney. Meredith Golden takes the role of Fanny while Imogene Huffman, a first-year student, plays the part of Richard Burney. "Gretna Green" is a brief episode concerning Maria Linley, who was betrothed to Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Shirley Nichols is Maria with Martha Ann Barton as Avis Linley, Maria's aunt, and Virginia Satterfield, also a first-year student, playing Thomas Linley, her father.

The final highlight of the evening will be several scenes from "The Rivals" by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The characters are: Lydia Languish, Margaret Ann Webster;

(Continued on Page 4)

Middiepucians Give Skit for Seniors

The annual Senior Senior-Mid banquet was held Thursday evening at 6:00, March 27. Each Mid escorted a Senior to the dining room.

The theme of the banquet was based on "Gullivers Travels in Lilliput" and was entitled "Gullivers Senior Travels in Middiput."

This theme worked into the decorations. On the speaker's table was a plaster paris replica of Acklen Hall with flowers coming out the top and the place cards were sketches of Acklen. Jonquils and iris decorated the tables. Ann Tyree was in charge of these decorations.

The program for the banquet consisted first of toasts made by the following people: Jane Faulk, Emperor of Middiput; Jackie Koon, High Chancellor; Sophie Gunos, Chief of Finance; Dorothy Frank, Keeper of the Keys; and Juan Stroube, General of the Army.

A skit entitled "Gullivers Seniors Visit in Middleput" was then presented. It was written by Bess Benson and Faith Chalmers. Those participating in the skit were: Betty Rhea, Carolyn Henderson, Bess Benson, Jackie Betz, Julia McHenry, Ann Lindgren, Barbara Needs, Peggy Pittman, Betty Buckner, Faith Chalmers, Imogene Spoerri, Jackie Thady, Mary Clifford Majure, Nancy Broyles, Mollie Shanks, and Steve Ann Akin.

Then the Owner of the Castle, Dr. Robert C. Provine, gave a speech. The banquet was concluded by the singing of "The Bells of Ward-Belmont."

Dr. Ivar Lou Myhr Gives Chapel Talk

Miss Ivar Lou Myhr, head of the Ward-Belmont English Department, gave the devotional service in chapel Wednesday, March 26. The subject of her talk was "What is the center of your universe?"

Miss Myhr began her speech by telling of the celebration last year of the four hundredth anniversary of the new system of the universe. Then she pointed out additional discoveries and truths that compose the background of the universe.

Basing her thoughts on the eighth Psalm in the Bible, Miss Myhr posed the questions, "What is there in man that God would walk and talk with him?" and "Why does God visit man?" She stated her belief that it is because He finds the true expression of Himself there.

Last, she cited some women who have had one great idea in their lives and who thus reached their spiritual height, Isadora Duncan and Jane Adams among them.

Editorial Comment

Hail to Council

This column's going to be devoted to showing the gratefulness of the whole student body to the Student Council for having the Chatterbox open on those three nights a week.

It's the most wonderful feeling to know that when our stomachs begin to growl and suggest that somebody fill them, we can hop a few steps and get delicious food and service with a broad smile. The latter is to thank the Student Council members for patiently putting aside necessary work for awhile in order that the campus does not die of starvation.

I think it actually helps us to study better. It's a long time from 6:15 at night to 7:30 the next morning and for those who could not take time out to go to H-B because of a slight matter, such as the "D" list, the debut of the new Chatterbox is a Godsend.

Thanks a lot and again to those who have worked hard to get this for us. We'll do our very best to show our appreciation, won't we kids?

Fran Sez . . .

In spite of all our moanings about "no copy" and "autographs on the front page," the staff came through . . . just as we knew they would . . . and the wee sheet filled up beautifully. And next week comes our opportunity for the vacation we have been promising ourself (and Joyce). Our associate will struggle with the heads and inches, and the resulting HYPHEN promises to be a fine one. 'Twill be in your p.o. box Thursday night . . . just in time to catch you before the trek home . . . or to Cuba . . . or to Chicago. Plug!

Our office is filled to capacity this noche. . . . Visitors have dropped in from all sections of the campus . . . and country! While little Audrey wrestles with Simp and Challie, Jean Jones begs us to mention her . . . so consider it done! She also startles us with the statement that she has decided "to write a men's magazine for women!" Just why we, don't know; but there must be a good reason. At this point, Little A. is prostrate on THE desk, while Snappy pours ink on exposed sections of her body . . . A.'s body, that is. And while we're on the subject of Snappy, let us say that strive as we did, we were utterly incapable of composing a lyric fine enough for said person. Give us another week or so, and we promise to come through with something "strupendous."

Carolyn . . . Henderson, that is, from the good home state . . . just trooped into the office from a big date. Her tales of term papers and history class are most amusing, and we're attempting to type 'midst the giggles emitted by said fellow Missourian.

Editor Kay Ward is now relating the trials of her attempts to play the violin. And best we mention, before going on to more trivia, that 'twas with her invaluable aid and assistance that this issue reaches you. So nice to have a speech student to write of the 18th Century plays that all the Senior lit students are to see next Monday. Do we hear remnants of a deep sigh or two?

Seems that at this point we really should depart from the comments on people and should go on to some subject more worthy of space in the column for "Editorial Comment." Eager, that's us! What with the Middiepucians slyly working on plans for our banquet and everyone on campus all zoomed up 'bout the coming elections, we truly find it difficult to settle down to the dignified duties that confront us.

For a smash ending, we shall state simply that if Jet doesn't stop writing of things about which we know absolutely nothing, we shall go completely berserk. More things occur in the prep school than this world dreams of! And did you people know that it snowed Tuesday night? At approximately 11:38! You see, there are compensations for burning the HYPHEN oil!



"Hayseed" of '46 writes Report Of "My Return To Ward-Belmont"

By Bette Pierce

Well, girls, as Idy said, boarding the Philadelphia, Mississippi-bound plane, "It has been real." Knabe and Hosmer left with car horn blaring as car swished around the circle. Shillings is safely ensconsed in a berth on the Chicago train. This one is sitting in a gently remembered publication office, watching the smoky rain drops dribble down the smoky window panes, and wondering why she ever decided to attempt anything remotely resembling what has all the possibilities of turning into a mauldin report of "My Return to W-B as an Alumna."

The focus of this "blood, sweat, and tears" effort of one of countless editors who always return to the scene of their few fleeting months as a "wheel" before becoming lost among the veterans and graduate students at the greater universities of our land, is to report to all those "Hayseeds" of '46 (who really *do* read those Hyphens that Snappy sends their way) how the place is managing to go on without us. My pride writhes, but I am forced to admit that it seems to be doing very well! It did our tired old hearts good to stroll around club village on a rainy Sunday afternoon and hear the sounds of a vic's fighting it out with the piano strains of "Body and Soul." We stopped in to chat with two long-shirted Mids who were taking copious notes for term papers. And we even braved the wrath of the watchmen (whom we still hold in awe) to pick a rather wilted jonquil for the memory books. Somehow the walls of the auditorium managed to remain erect when Knabe shuffled onto the stage with "Swanee," and that old feeling that all editorials speak of around graduation time nearly dissolved us when those sensational '47 seniors sacrificed their own private class spirit and shouted out to "The glorious spirit of old '46."

We missed the welter of lipstick-stained cigarette remains (I'm still not hardened to that other word!) in the hall of Big Ac., but there were still plenty of "Kickapoo" coke bottles in the senior smoker. The rattle of the coke machine has settled to a dull roar, and it even produced cokes on Sunday night! In a period of one hour Ursery was viewed carrying flowers out of the greenhouse, returning a radio to Pembroke, and rushing madly around a corner in the vicinity of the biology lab. Chicken and dumplings miraculously appeared at lunch, but we all nearly committed the great faux pas sitting down at dinner Sunday while everyone else remained standing for the new "singing blessing." Those little red English books have been relegated to a dark shelf in the library, and quotations are now being learned from very impressive *one-volume* editions of *Survey of English Literature*. They have been trying to tell us that the Mids really won last Senior Senior-Middle Day, but

(Continued on page 3)

Chimes Girl Of The Week



Janice Lebenstein

The dark-haired, dark-eyed genius who runs rampant o'er campus, the sacred halls of Fidelity, New York City, and Miami Beach has done it again. Who else could write the prize essay that took the honors in the contest sponsored by *Chimes* except the inimitable Janice Lebenstein? Her essay was entitled *The Conformist and The Non-conformist*, and what could be a better description of our Janice than the non-conformist she so aptly depicted in her master composition? That original genius with the unruly black hair profoundly dreamy eyes of the artist does more than write strong, forceful essays and short stories. She doesn't stuff her bulging pockets with stacks of drawing pencils, art gum, paint brushes of all shapes and sizes, and thumb tacks for nothing. And why else would she break her arms carrying drawing boards if she didn't paint and draw in the same forceful way that she writes? And she acts, too. Undoubtedly you have heard her shouting "Salima" these past few days.

I mentioned both New York and Miami Beach as home towns for little Janice. Let me explain. New York is really home . . . it has been

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Inquiring Reporter

By Nancy Lou

True to her promise to all you *Nice* people, your Inquiring Reporter is continuing last week's column this issue, just to include a few of the witty (that is!) answers that were submitted to the question, "What's your excuse for not dating on Saturday nights?" Maybe in this batch I'll find one I could use. We've (the editorial we, you know . . . I love it. It's so chummy!) had all sorts of answers coming in . . . by carrier pigeon, special messengers, etc., etc., and so forth. Personally, I think this continuation idea is a lulu; it's helping me preserve what's left of my feeble mind (yes, I *have* got one! I had my head examined the other day to see if the mechanic could do something about the rattle, and he said that there was something there that might pass as a brain . . . if I couldn't find any other excuse, that is). Enough of this. I know and you know that it's just to fill up space . . . so . . . on with the dance.

JULIET WARD had a short answer, to say the least. Said she, "I'm true, I guess."

JANICE ROBERTS nearly had hysterics before she laughed, "That's the biggest joke I've heard in weeks! I don't know, let me think of something clever, if I'm going to be quoted. Well, put anything, I don't care. Wait, I know . . . because there's nobody worth dating." (Well, I sorta guess that takes care of that!)

PEG CLOUGH had a novel answer. She said gaily, in that good old Clough way, "Well, because I go to church on Sunday nights and see Biddle, and I can't go out but once a week . . . deficiency list, you know." CAROL JEAN ROBERTSON, trapped while wandering through the wastes of Hail Hall, said sadly, "My excuse . . . deficiency list, you know . . . also right now I've got three men mad at me . . . all at the same time." (Tsk, tsk.)

BARBARA BARNES, accosted in her room, turned deliberately over on the bed where she had been deep in a book and eyed your Inquiring Reporter quizically. "Well," she said, "I supposed 'cause Bill isn't round. He's a little bit too far away, and the army doesn't exactly appreciate having its little West Point cadets running all over the map pursuing women, you know. Darn it."

MARY JO LEMASTERS had an answer that was short, sweet, and simple. Said she, "No men!"

MARY ELEANOR GREENE was running down the hall after talking on the telephone when your Inquiring Reporter caught her by the shirt-tail. When asked the question she sat down in the middle of the hall (the better to think, I presume) and finally came forth with, "Well, it's like this. I live next door to Margie Elias, and she wears the clothes on Saturday

(Continued on Page 3)

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By SUE

There is an exception to every rule and the old proverb, "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb," has certainly been disproved this past week. Never saw so many people walking at an 85 degree angle in my we life—even in Chicago! That natural, wind-blown effect so picturesque in magazines was extremely prevalent on the campus. Somehow I received the impression that it did not look so picturesque on yours truly; as I stumbled into dinner my hostess gave me a scalding look and uttered in a chilling tone, "Have you combed your hair recently, my dear" Now I wear it twisted into a knot—anything to please the public!

Since the purpose of this column is to describe clothes—or so Newpie keeps telling me—I guess I might as well start. The first person to be honored (?) is Janice Lebenstein, seen munching on a piece of turkey in the dining room Sunday. I still have not forgiven her for seizing the piece I had picked out for *me*! Her royal blue suit had tiny rhinestone buttons down the front; the jacket was fitted and tapered to three-quarter length in back. The skirt was straight with a slit on either side. It certainly must be wonderful to have coal-black hair and eyebrows to match instead of twine color and quality hair and eyebrows.

Sitting next to "Lebie" was Eileen Springstun in a gorgeous brown crepe. The two-piece dress was fitted; the round, high collar was pink faille and there were large cuffs of pink faille on the three-quarter length sleeves. "Sprung" looked so very "purty" in it! If I ever get desperate for a column (more than usual that is) I could always write it entirely on Sprung's wardrobe. If you do not believe me, just notice sometime!

Now the scene changes to the formal dinner Monday night. I was a trifle embarrassed upon discovering no one else had moth holes in their formals, but undaunted I marched on to my table. On the way who did I spy but Judy Wheeler looking especially attractive. Her dinner dress was two piece; the cap sleeved blouse was entirely gold sequins. The black crepe skirt was slit up the front and drapped on either side. I wish Judy would divulge the secret of how to keep blond hair blond in Nashville—Uncle Pete just got fired from the Chamber of Commerce. Scrambling for my seat, I trampled on cute Peg Blowers in a darling dinner dress. The top was black crepe with cap sleeves; the skirt was black and white striped taffeta gathered into an immense bustle in back. Peg looked so very fine!

Anne Nicks Chosen Sweetheart of CHA

Anne Nicks, member of the Ward Belmont Preparatory School, was elected Sweetheart of De Molay at Castle Heights Military Academy, March 22.

The De Molay dance began at 8:00 o'clock, and was held in the Mitchell Home. At 11:00 Anne was presented with a dozen roses by Herbert McCullough, president of the fraternity, after coming down the staircase with her date, Tom Hartley.

The De Molay is a national Prep School fraternity which is composed of sons of Masons.

"Hayseed"

(Continued from Page 2)

we just smile disbelievingly and deny the truth of such a rumor.

I guess that we all had a fear of disillusionment when we came back. After the initial shrieks of reunion we stared at each other for a few minutes and managed a few "remember when's." Then, just as naturally as making the mad rush for breakfast, everything was the same again. There were many parts of the old act missing, and there were the dubious looks we got from various people when we walked into rooms—but that old "whatever it is" was still there. We couldn't help feeling proud, seeing the Mids we "orientated" leading the life of the senior in "the manner to which it is accustomed." And we were definitely impressed with the new Mids. To be sure they looked at us a bit doubtfully and asked if we were the exseniors they had heard about—and of course we couldn't imagine what they must have heard to cause the doubtful looks.

Sometimes it's difficult to believe in too many things, but we know now that W-B is one thing that won't ever change, even though a new girl may be sitting in your chapel seat and reading the notes you wrote last year in the hymn book, and there may be a shortage of "revolutions." The friends we made here didn't change, and for us the school will never change. We looked back on all our fine memories and said, "It has been." But when we left, we were saying, "It will be."

Inquiring

(Continued from Page 2)

nights." Then she added, as an alternate, "Or, by the time Saturday comes I'm out of money, therefore, no dates!" (That's a pretty good one, Mabel!)

With that I knew I couldn't face any more. . . . It makes my own case too hopeless.

Chimes Girl

(Continued from Page 2)

all of her eighteen years. That makes her one of those rare persons known as an original New Yorker. But then her winters are usually spent in Miami Beach. This year it was only Christmas vacation, but the short two weeks proved very profitable. It seems that she met Dickie, another New Yorker who owns the Empire State Building or something. Well, anyhow, he sends her orchids at the slightest provocation, and has turned over all his army clothes to her. Hence, the khaki pants and shirts that comprise her favorite ensemble. But believe me, Janice doesn't always run around in baggy pants and beat up sports jackets. When she adorns herself with her smart New Yorkish fashions she presents a picture of the typical "handsome woman" who might have just stepped out of a Fifth Avenue shop.

I believe it is customary to list the likes and dislikes of the Belles of Ward-Belmont, but Janice makes this extremely difficult since she has so very few dislikes. Janice is so good-natured and congenial that she likes just about everything and everybody. Being a budding intellectual, however, she does dislike mediocrity and narrow-mindedness in people. Her consuming pastime at present is photography. Seldom is Janice seen without her camera dangling over one shoulder, and flash bulbs sticking out of the pockets that aren't stuffed with art equipment and a spare typewriter. In her spare moments, Janice likes nothing better than sitting around the HYPHEN office, her second home since she is on the staff, and expounding her latest theories and pet peeves. The old office, and Fidelity smoker, for that matter, just wouldn't be home without Janice's sparkling chatter. And what would the T.C.'s do without her? At present she is writing a new constitution for the club, no less.

By now you are probably wondering if there is anything our inimitable Belle cannot do. Well, as a matter of fact, there isn't, but if I went on to tell you all her special talents, I would soon fill the whole HYPHEN. We hear that next Janice is going to try writing a little poetry, something she hasn't yet attempted. All we can do is wait, but we all know that if Janice does it, it is bound to be sensational.

HIGH LITES

By JET

Well, another week. . . . Portia is still facing life; and so am I. Isn't it wonderful to think only one week more? Those "X's" across the days look good, don't they? Everyone is making big plans for Easter, in fact, that's the only thing I've heard around this place in weeks.

Last night the High School "Y" sponsored an informal gym dance which was much, much fun. . . . Our High School "Y" deserves a big hand for its success. Cokes and donuts were served to hungry guests at intermission.

Congratulations Ann Nicks for sweeping those Castle Heights boys off their feet to become their De Molay Sweetheart for 1947. Heron turned green with envy when she returned with a dozen red roses in her arms, and that million dollar smile on her face. We're sure proud of you, Ann.

Seemed strange seeing Adaline Sunday night with fur coat and sun-tan. Yep, we're at it already. The sun was fine Saturday, and looks promising these next two weeks.

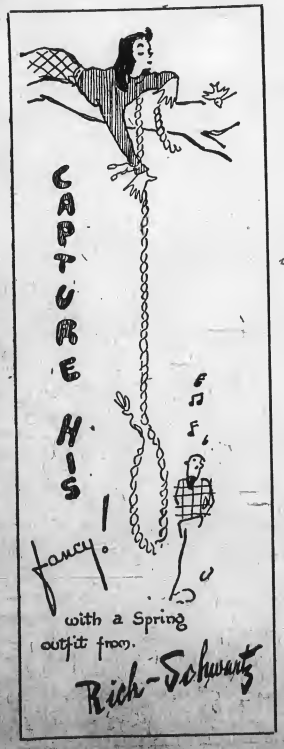
Bon Voyage Al and Bonnie. . . . While you're painting Cuba red think of us and bring us back a pretty. Wish we could all crowd on that train and take off to the tropics. I still want you to look up my friend for me. Named, Amigo Juan Pedro Josepie. (Sounds like something McAdoo would fall for.) No one but me can really appreciate that joke.

That pretty blonde who read so sweetly from "The Prophet" Sunday night was our own Jill Fodrill. And Martha Ann Rogers thrilled us again with that golden voice of hers.

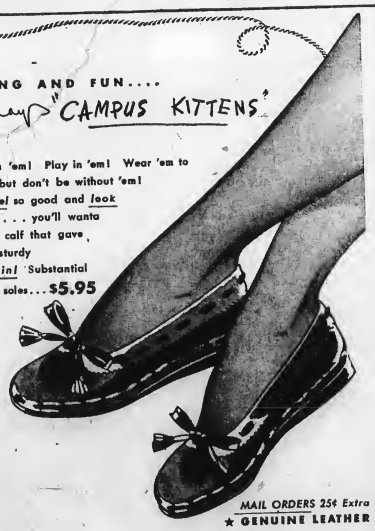
The bottom of the paper is in view, so bye bye, happy vacation, and be real good. Think about me while you're out on that late date. I know how deeply you will miss W. B. then.

P. S. Children, children. (We really love you, Miss Ordway.)


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Athletes Footnote

By Bev and Georgie

I think that I shall never see
A softball big as the one that hit me!

Whoever called that ball "soft" obviously was never hit in the head with one. You think I'm kidding? I ain't wearing this hat on my head to cover up my bald spot! But pushing hat, ice-bag, steak, wash-cloth, and two aspirins to the back of my head, I take up my pen to take Georgie's dictation.

With spring sports underway, we find this an excellent time to put softball in the limelight. All clubs have a large turnout, and, being fairly evenly matched, they promise some fine competition and thrilling finals to end a year of sports. With the old girls mentioned in last week's column, we'll devote this week's to the standouts among the mids and new girls.

Defending the diamond cup this year are the Del Vers with Imogene Huffman, and Mary Jo LeMasters looking very well in practice. Last year's runners-up, the X.L.'s sparked by Jean Jones, Faye Chalmers, and Jacque Thady, should prove good competition for the champs.

Also in the game are the A. K.'s with Jane Anderson, Merle Izzard, and Marilyn Stark on the ball along with other good material. Backing the Agora team is Sue Dell Brewer ("Sodie," in case you don't recognize the name) in the pitcher's box.

If Jackie Garrell doesn't confuse the F. F. team with her beloved St. Louis Cards, she, Nettie Jean Blake, and Martha Durham should be on hand to give the contending teams some keen competition.

The P. T.'s and Anti-Pans promise the fans an exciting time. Deedie Bivens, Betsy Clifford, and Sophie Gounos of P. T. have shown up very well so far, while Dot Frank, Nell Chilton, Joanne Sisk, Betsy Buchanan, and Joyce Hare give the Anti-Pans a wide choice of good material.

New Osiron enthusiasts are Connie Kaufman, Ann Lindgren, and Carolyn McKnight. The Tri-K's look promising with Betty Belew, Emme Osment, Sally Shumacher, and Dotty Dyer providing promising first-stringers.

Last, but certainly not least, are the T. C.'s who almost didn't have a team at all, but due to the pleading efforts of the campus' number one softball fan, Janet Pierce, the club pulled through. With Janice Lebenstein at the manager's helm, and Juliet Ward, Mary Eleanor Green, and Ann Bell plugging and slugging, the team looks like championship material.

With Mrs. Harber and Miss Chadwell in the pit, the teams are shaping up. (No, Shannon, not yet. No, we're not going to tell everyone to use the target until the end of the column. We're not going to say that, by taking advantage of the target in the little gym at the door on the far side of the big gym, you can improve your aim, and develop your pitch. We're not going to say that a pitcher can't get enough practice in class to become skillful *because that comes at the end of the column!* So there!)

Note to Miss Chadwell from Bev: The target *is* ¼ of an inch off, because I took a tape measure and measured it!

As we were saying, Mrs. Harber and Miss Chadwell are coaching this year's team, with Mrs. Harber putting in a plug for her home state by constantly referring proudly to a "Texas leaguer," and making all the students stand up, salute, and sing "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You" every time she says it.

Incidentally, watch next week's column for the charter members of the news sports club, for the biggest-Boner-of-the-week. You too can be a member!

As soon as weather and progress permits, softball will be outside. I for one will be glad because the last time I was chasing myself around the bases, I slipped on the slippery floor and fell on my nose, and lost two teeth. Joyce Armitage will be glad too because she always falls on me.

Guess it's no use to tell you about the target now because Mrs. Harber has already given it out. Newpie says to stop writing now so I will end with an excuse. If you don't like this week's column, just remember (as Miss Ryder says) I been sick!

Bullit Warns U. S. About Soviet Union; Airport Returned

William C. Bullitt, former U. S. ambassador to Russia, said March 24 that the Soviet Union is planning an "ultimate attack" on the U. S. and would have dropped an atomic bomb on this country by now if it had one and we did not.

Secretary of State George C. Marshall demanded, March 24, that the Big Four reduce their occupation troops in Germany to minimum by July, and proposed a six-point bill of rights, defining basic human freedoms, for all German constitutions.

Mayor Thomas L. Cummings announced, March 24, that the federal government has agreed to return Berry Field with its more than $3,000,000 in improvements to the City of Nashville for $1,500. The government, which leased the airport for $1.00 a year, shortly after the outbreak of the war, had agreed to return the airport to the city when hostilities were ended.

A nationwide strike on the Bell Telephone System, beginning April 1 was called March 24, by the National Federation of Telephone Workers. A $12 weekly wage increase is the fundamental issue involved.

Mehitabel Says

I have been in a stage of wonderment on one subject all year. . . . My Sunday afternoons are spent in my room pondering this question—likewise my Saturday nights and all other spare moments. . . . The question? 'Tis this! For a year or two or three you have (we hope) been reading this wee col-yum . . . (can't be wee tonight tho', doggone it; . . . we lack space). Anyhoo, as you've read and enjoyed (pulease!) "Mehitabel Says," I wonder if YOU'VE wondered just where some bright soul dug up the title for the dumb thing. . . . (Those are your thoughts, not mine. . . .) Thus, this fine evening I am taking it upon my fragile shoulders to explain the meaning of this MOS' peculiar phraseology. . . . (New word! Fooled ya', didn't we?)

It seems that once, my children, there was a wee cockroach . . . (nope, you sho' can't say you don't know what a cockroach is . . .). This li'l roach's name was Archie, and he had a great ole pal named Mehitabel. . . . Now isn't that sweet? Mehit was quite the gal about town . . . had dates from one night into another . . . but she was far from being the main character in our story. . . . She was merely the subject for Archie's tales, which tales he wrote in another MOS' peculiar manner. . . . It seems that Archie was a WEE cockroach, not even large enough to cover two pinpoints placed side by side . . . but inspired genius never fails! Through great obstacles, though all seemed against him, Arch persevered. . . . He developed a method all his own. . . . Being a cockroach, he natch couldn't write, thus he had to type . . . (slam on the executive type who can type in the orthodox manner. . . . Me, I'm like Archie). So type he would . . . night after night he'd journey down to the deserted editorial office, and there, among the empty desks and coke bottles, he would jump on first one key and then the other, making one letter at a time. . . . Now I told you that A. was a tiny roach, thus there were drawbacks even to this ingenius system . . . one being that he was unable to be two places at a time, and thus couldn't jump on the shift key and the letter at the same time. . . . Therefore, no capitals, no question marks, etc. archie's typing thus looked something like this . . . pitiful, wasn't it.

But the moral of my story is yet to come, kiddies. . . . You are from Ward-Belmont, reet? And being from Ward-Belmont, you no doubt wonder what said cockroach and cat have to do with our fine school . . . (I could say somethin' else here, but I don't prefer to digress . . .). For your information, I should like to inform you that there are, in heart, many inspired Archies here on campus. . . . During the hours when others less gifted indulge in that nasty habit, *sleep*, THEY hop from key to key of their faithful typewriters, bringing forth great masterpieces which have not, as yet, been recognized as such by any publication other than their own campus magazine . . . (said magazine rather desperate for material. . . . Remember Bessie Benson's poetry and be warned!)

Their ambitions are high, their ability unquestionable, their perseverance endurable, their genius unquenchable. . . . Each Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday night they gather in their own little place of rendezvous. . . . Here they reaffirm their loyalty to the memory of their founder, and devote themselves again to the preservation of his memory.

for archie is no more. he is no longer with us. never again will we see his own footprints on our keyboards. his hours were numbered from the moment some unsympathetic soul reset the margins on his favorite machine. unaware of this unexpected turn of events, archie began his evening's work work, only to discover that he was unable to return the carriage to its original point. true to his duty to the end, he strained until the very breath was pulled from his fragile body. he collapsed and passed from this into another, a better world. there on the back-space we found him the next morning, cold and lifeless.

thus it is that we, his followers, endeavor to give you a weekly, a quarterly, and an annual campus publication. hyphen, chimes, and milestones are dedicated to the memory of archie and his many second cousins, whom we also find lifeless each day.

Speech

(Continued from Page 1)

Julia Melville, Sir Anthony's niece, Claire Robida; Lucy, Mrs. Malaprop's maid, Lena Mistretta; Mrs. Malaprop, Betty Neil Sheppard; Sir Anthony Absolute, Beverly Berno; Capt. Jack Absolute, his son, Mary Ann Jones.

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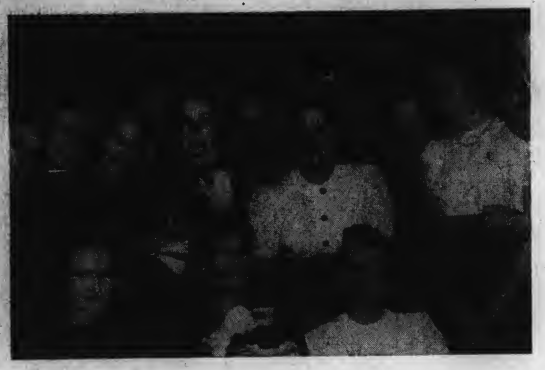
WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Happy Easter

VOLUME XXXV | THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1947 | NUMBER 24

Grace Moore Leaves Collection of Music, Letters to Ward-Belmont



Grace Moore on One of Her Visits to W.-B.

It was recently learned that Grace Moore had left her collection of music scores, letters, books, and souvenirs to her alma mater, Ward-Belmont School. This was revealed when Miss Moore's will was read in Newton, Connecticut.

Dr. Robert C. Provine said that the school was "proud and grateful" to receive the collection.

Miss Moore, who attended Ward-Belmont, was a world-famous opera star. The outstanding singer was killed in a plane crash in Copenhagen, Denmark, two months ago when her airliner exploded.

32 W.-B. Girls Go On Vacation Tour

Thirty-two Ward-Belmont girls chaperoned by Mrs. Asper and Miss Kuykendall will go on the Cuban tour during spring vacation. The group will leave Nashville on the Pan-American on Friday afternoon, April 4.

The following girls are taking the trip: Bertie Hinman, Nancy Fuller, Bennie Cannon, Carolyn Moody, Emily Finklea, Carolyn McKnight, Marjorie Quiring, Barbara Worth, Meredith Golden, Judy Wheeler, Thelma Back, Maryjane Hooper, Marie Bergh, Barbara Benson, Dolores Koleszar, Ann Wilson, Joan Simon, Julia Theoharatos, Bonnie Dean, Albertine Sutherland, Eleanor Pershing, Anne Kennedy, Mary Lou Martin, Barbara Hanson, Betty Ingham, Marilyn Stark, Lucy Ann Graves, Louise Armistead, Alice Banks Carr, Margie Joy, Mary Duke, and Barbara Ballard.

New Orleans will be their first stop. After seeing and visiting places of interest there, the tour will continue to Pensacola, Florida. The next scheduled stop is Miami. From Miami the girls will take a plane to Havana, Cuba, where they will spend a few days sight-seeing. On April 13, the group will return to Nashville.

Tops Has Canvass For Junior League

Sunday, March 30, the Junior League held their annual Crippled Children's Drive for funds. Ward-Belmont's Top's assisted them in their canvass. The eighty-two participating girls were divided into four groups headed respectively by: Challie Thornton, Marian Tilley, Susan Glick, and Jackie Wood.

The total amount collected by Top's was $1,137.40 as against $1,136.78 for last year. The individual dormitories' contributions were: Fidelity and Faculty Row, $27.00; Heron, $13.65; Pembroke, $11.89; and Hall, $7.37. The faculty also gave $44.85.

The total amount for the complete drive this year is nearly $100,000, a tremendous increase over last year.

Penstaff Club Has Informal Dinner

The Penstaff Club gave an informal dinner at Sherry's Tuesday evening, April 1. A bowl of fresh jonquils decorated the center of the table with greenery on either end. Placecards contributed by Judy Merrick carried out the originality of the club by an appropriate jingle written on the back of each.

Guests, other than the members, were Miss Billie Kuykendall and Mrs. Susan S. Souby.

The president, Ann Frederick, presided at a short meeting following the dinner. She introduced the new sponsor, Miss Kuykendall, and announced the acceptance of Jane Ellen Tye's poem for publication in the High School Poetry Anthology.

The club is now planning a picnic to be given this spring.

Thirteen Hood and Gown Members Named

Seniors Formally Challenge Mids In Chapel Skits

The Senior Class of Ward-Belmont, 197, formally challenged the Mids to the Spring Senior, Senior-Mid Day on April 18, in Chapel, March 31.

Nancy Pippin is the over-all chairman for the challenge and the Day and her committee for the challenge was headed by Frances Newport with Sheila Kennard, Marilyn Parnell, Shirley Nickols, and Kay Van Nortwick assisting.

Billie Hennard was chairman of decorations and her committee was Sue Zeek, Mary Mitchell, Millicent Majure, Birdie Hinman, Barbara Simon, Lena Mistretta, Eleanor Bellamy, and Pat Waggoner.

The skit took place in the Board of Directors' office of Lucky Strike Cigarettes and the characters were: The board of directors, the officers of the Senior Class, Jackie Koon, president, Martha Wilson, vice-president; June Michelsen, secretary; Jean Gill, boarding treasurer; Jane Means, day treasurer; and Marian Dopke, sergeant-at-arms. Beverly Stevens and Marilyn Parnell were the secretaries while Shirley Nickols was the advertising manager for Lucky Strike. The cigarette packages were Lena Mistretta and Eleanor Bellamy while the lipstick-tipped cigarettes were Martha Clark and Ann Squires. The soloist was Camile Hancock, accompanied by Bess Hoover. Jean Jones, LeCompte Glenn, Harriette Ashley, and Sue Carson were the typical cigarette girls who scattered their cigarettes into the audience.

The imitations were as follows: Camile Hancock as Jane Faulk; Sheila Kennard as Challie Thornton; Barbara Simon as Janet Young, Jackie Wood as Ann Polk; Ann

(Continued on Page 3)

Turf and Tanbark Has Annual Dinner

The Turf and Tanbark Riding Club were guests for a dinner given at the Del Vers clubhouse on Tuesday evening, April 1. The dinner consisted of chicken moose, spinach souffle, potatoes, coffee, rolls, and baked alaska for dessert. This meal is the original Turf and Tanbark menu and every opportunity it is served to the club.

The members of the club include: Carol Woodruff, Bertie Henman, Bobbie Allen, Snappy Englett, Mary Jo Harrod, Alma Edmonds, Le Compte Glenn, Kathy Lyter, Gwen Walker, Pat Tanton, Flossy Johnson, Peg Johnson, Ann Wilson, Kacky Smith, Steve Ann Akin, Mary Jo Warren, and Mrs. Newerf, sponsor.

Chimes Contest!

Have you ever had a yearning to enter something in the Reader's Digest on "The Most Unforgettable Character I Have Met"? Here's yo' chance! *Chimes* is sponsoring a contest on "The Most Unforgettable Character I Have Met at Ward-Belmont." Dash off somethin' about the gal across the hall; there will be BIG prizes for both the writer and the one written on! Deadline: April 23; submit entries to Sheila Kennard. Come on; WRITE!!!

Concert Series Has The Pasquier Trio

Last in the concert series for this year is The Pasquier Trio, consisting of Jean Pasquier, violin; Pierre Pasquier, viola; and Etienne Pasquier, celo. This trio, presented by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, performed Thursday, April 3, at 8:15 p.m. in the North Front Auditorium.

The program consisted of: Trio in C Minor, Op. 9, No. 3 by Beethoven, Allegro con spirito, Adagio con espressione, Scherzo (Allegro molto e vivace), Finale.

Second was Schubert's Trio in B Flat, Allegro moderato, Andante, Menuetto Allegretto, and Rondo Allegretto.

Last the Trio played Trio by Cras with Ier Mouvement, Lent, Anime, and Tres anime.

W.-B. Contributes $1153.58 to Drive

Ward-Belmont contributed to the Red Cross Drive $1153.58, it was announced by Mrs. Camilla Newerf, chairman of the campaign. $610.58 was contributed by the clubs and $543.00 by the faculty and staff.

Ariston Club was the first club to report itself as being 100%, while the Tri K Club was the first boarding club to 100%. Other clubs that were 100% were: Eccowasin, Triad, and Angkor in the Day Student Club. Of the boarding clubs A. K., Del Vers, Osiron, T. C., Agora and F. F. were 100%.

T. C. Party Has Circus Theme

T. C. had a campus party last Saturday, March 29, at the T. C. clubhouse. The theme was that of a circus and the walls were crawling with strange wild animals, specifically a Llahwen, a wampus, and the strangest of all, a Gnurps. Many freaks wandered about, while the phonograph blared with gay circus music.

Pink lemonade and popcorn were served under the crepe-paper striped "Big Top."

College Honor Roll Named By Dean

Thirteen Hood and Gown members were named by Dr. Robert C. Provine for the spring mid-semester.

From the Boarding Senior classification are Judy Wheeler, Barbara Hanson, and Helen Schreiber. The Day Seniors are represented by Bobbye West, Martha Wilson, Alice Adams, and Sara Katherine Green. The Boarding Senior-Middles chosen by Hood and Gown membership are Jean Ratliff, Susan Hoyt, and Beverly Moore. From the Day Senior-Middles are Jackie Mebius, Bettye Bray, and Charlene Prichard.

The college honor roll was also announced at this time, and the Seniors who are on the honor roll are as follows: Kathryn Alfs, Harriette Ashley, Barbara Bahr, Kathie Barfield, Patty Cheek, Edith Cooney, Marion Dopke, Jane Erwin, Martha Lou Faulkner, Barbara Hanson, Sheila Kennard, Jackie Koon, and Betty Lloyd Martin.

Continuing the honor roll are: Mary Lou Martin, Nancy Moss, Jennie Parr, Nancy Pippin, Helen Schreiber, Patzie Simonsen, Nancy Stern, Charlotte Sutton, Joanne Troutman, Kay Van Nortwick, Pat Wagoner, Bobbye West, Judy Wheeler, and Martin Wilson.

Sixteen per cent of the Senior class was on the honor roll, while ten per cent of the Senior-Middle class was represented. Fourteen per cent of the Seniors were on the honorable mention list, while twelve per cent of the Senior-Mids were on it.

Spanish Fiesta Is AK-Agora Party

On Wednesday, April 2, the A. K.'s were host to a Spanish Fiesta given for the Agoras. The party was given at the A. K. clubhouse which was decorated with Spanish rugs and pottery. The guests were all dressed in costumes of every Spanish variety. The A. K.'s were dressed as Spanish boys and Agora's as Spanish girls.

During the evening entertainment was provided for by a Spanish chorus line with Nancy Broyles in charge. Another addition to the program was a song sung by Molly Shanks. A special attraction of the evening was a group of songs and dances given by three Spanish girls from Vanderbilt.

Refreshments of chili and hot tamales were served throughout the evening.

Penta Tau Club Has Formal Dance

The theme for the Penta Tau dance, held Saturday night, March 29, was a little Dutch Garden. A picket fence effect was carried out complete with tulips.

Beverly Stephens was in charge of the dance and her assistants were "Dee Dee" Bivens, chairman of decorations; Anne Greenlee, invitations; and Myra Maupin, refreshments which consisted of green punch and fudge squares.

Editorial Comment

Easter Gladness

Most of us, I believe, have some faint idea that the Easter holidays are approaching our busy schedule. In fact, I know that you're aware of it by the bright, new, colorful spring suits that everyone is sporting these days.

To most of us here at W.B., which, is natural, Easter means new clothes, heading homeward for a glorious vacation and a long day of church-going. Certainly it's fun to dress all up in a brand new outfit and walk gracefully into church with everyone looking at you. But shouldn't we have a little more feeling about Easter? Shouldn't it be a day of reverence, yet gladness? Shouldn't you feel pretty grateful tha tyou're around to enjoy a beautiful Easter Sunday? It's a pretty wonderful thing, life is, and we can really show our gratitude on Easter. Think about these things, a little more seriously and let's make this Easter one of sincere feeling. Happy Easter, everyone, and have a wonderful vacation to top it off!!!

The Easter feeling has been perverted in too many instances. We lose sight of the true, deeper meaning of the day and become immersed in a maze of superficialities. The stress laid upon a new suit or a brilliant hat has overweighed the One for which this day is in commemoration. It is not too late to realize that we have LOST sight of the importance of Easter.

The Little Things

Whoever said that it was the little things in life that counted most certainly knew what he was talking about. How often a little thing that either goes right or wrong can make a remarkably big difference in our lives. We've all had the experience of having some little thing change our entire mood, our entire way of thinking about something, sometimes perhaps even our entire mode of living.

In ordinary everyday life none of us stop to think much about the little things, until suddenly, one will pop up in view to either please us or make us unhappy. Sometimes it can be as trivial as a chance remark, or an unexpected glance; then again, it can be a culmination of these little things that pile up unnoticed until suddenly the sum total of them assumes alarming proportions, proportions that may change our ideas completely.

Just what are these little things that are so important? They can be anything—the way we say "Hello" in the morning, the way we casually treat our friends, the paper that we never got around to writing for History or English, casual gossip, borrowing, a chance remark we may not even mean, indifference to others. The list is endless and impossible to compile. Nearly everything that makes life worth while or meaningful can be traced back to the little things.

Little things can cost us so much, too, just as they can gain us so much. Taking advantage of friends in little ways, not respecting their ideas, moods, privacy, confidences or other friends may unwittingly cost us a valuable friendship in time. Or, on the other hand, respect in these little things, unwillingness to inflict our own moods on others, and general good nature may gain us many friends and advantages that we have never dreamed of. We've all had experiences along these lines, both the good and the bad.

There is neither time nor need to cite specific examples of the value of the little things in our own lives. We can all think of so many individual things that are trivial in reality, but mean so much to us, personally, that it would be useless to pick out any set few for discussion. But when we are tempted to overlook some little thing that would make someone else happy, or when we are tempted to do something that we know displeases someone else, thinking that it is so incidental that it will really make no difference, we should stop to consider. We should consider that the man who wrote the recent song that opens, "Once too often, you're gonna lose that once too often . . ." knew what he was talking about too.



Frustrations of Publications Bared As Swan Song Is Finally Written!

By PSYCHO, NEURO, AND VAN NORTWICK

Campus offices am wonderful things. They give you them citizenship pernts which help keep up the ol' record at W-B and thusly aid you in getting into other places of higher education. OK., fine so far. What about the different *kinds* of campus offices? There's the prexy of a class, f'r instance. All she seems to do is call meetings and plan dances; pleasant, is it not? There are club presidents, who do about the same things, and the prexy of the "Y." Again, fine so far . . . but what about those forgotten officers: the editors?

The editors embrace three categories . . . each of which in itself seems "gorie" at times . . . HYPHEN, the campus rag; *Milestones,* the organized scrap book; and *Chimes,* the place where people dump all the themes they got even D+'s on in English. Natch, these piles of paper need people who are reputed to put them in the form in which they publicly appear . . . ! thus, the editors!

Did YOU perchance attend one of the three meetings held at the beginning of the year by the aforementioned editors? Did you notice the glowing personalities displayed by each of these lovely girls? *Now it can be told!* Little did you guess that the three weeks prior to re-entering W-B were spent in solitude with a wee kit entitled "Du-Barry Success Course." . . . Who could guess the number of times *How to Win Friends and Influence People* was perused by the three forlorn. . . . But this was necessary for those who were to hold responsible and and personable offices on campus. . . . That's us!

Leave us give you a wee thumbnail sketch of these characters, the editors: Firstly, there's Kathryn Ward Van Nortwick of the *Millstone.* . . . Kay's an amiable kid; we all like here, but what do we see her perpetually doing? Chasing *men* (photographers) around campus and thrusting herself into every picture she can. The staff was forced to watch her in her every move in order to keep the theme from being "North Carolina, the Tobacco Country of the World." . . . Now I ask you, is it not forgivable? The poor child is cooped in her wee cubicle day in and day out, with no recognition for her efforts. . . . What *could* we blame her for?

Nextly, we have the "baby brain-trust" of Publications! . . . the gal with a perpetual hint of glue beneath those weary fingernails (hokay, so fingernails *aren't* weary!) . . . pasting *Chimes* while attempting to insert a few Texas jokes into odd corners is the manner in which Sheila Kennard spends her idle hours. Now "Shelia," as she is known familiarly to the printers, is a versatile child who bores the silent staff with imitations of an entire menagerie, plus, of course, all modern conveniences.

Mr. Nelson must always watch closely this gal with a capacity for consuming more cab-fare in two

(Continued on page 3)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Thelma Back

This week's Belle is the kind of gal who goes to bed looking like some sort of a dream and wakes up just as beautiful. She can't help it (it's biological). In case you haven't looked at the picture, I'm talking about Tri-K's pride and joy, the one and only, T. Back.

T. Back comes from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and how she loves to tell you about it. (Some afternoon when you don't have anything to do, just ask her about the old home town.) In fact, just ask her to talk to you about anything, she'll love it, 'cause Thelma's the kind of girl who just loves people, and people love her, and there's nothing she can do about it. But then, who wants to do anything about it?

To look at those lovely eyes and sweet, feminine features, you would never guess that our Belle is a research scientist in the making, but, horrible as it may sound to us English Majors, that is exactly what she is. She lives on Math, Chemistry and German, and dreams about finding out what makes an element an

(Continued on Page 3)

Po'ms 'Bout People

By JANE and SPRUNG

APRIL FOOL!

As we sit here weak and weary,
Torn out hair and eyes so bleary,
April first is very dreary.
Why are fools so cheery?

BREATH OF SPRING

The first one that we saw today,
With lollypop and dress so gay,
Our little breath of spring, we say
Jane Anderson, please go away.

GRAHAM IS BACK!

Around the campus recently
We've seen a lot of pans.
And we were happy when we found
That one of them was Graham's.

BEACHCOMBERS DeLUXE

When we grow weary of our books,
And other things that teach,
We think we'll join McGauly
And be combers of the beach.

KILROY?

It's a bird ,it's a comet, it even wears skates.
What can all this mean?
They say that Kilroy has been here,
But it's Bessy that we've seen.

PAPERGIRL

Remember when your Hyphens were
Delivered to your bed?
One gal to think for by-gone days
Is Betty M. Whitehead.

SNOWBALL

Days may come and days may go,
But never again will you all know
A snowball like Nell Smith, although
We'd never heard of black-haired snow.

CONFUSIN' BUT AMUSIN'

We thought it over carefully
And came to a conclusion.
Without Bumgardner there would be
A great deal less confusion.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

Come summer, and we all go home
To those who can't decide.
Come summer, and Le Compte goes home
To be a blushing bride.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

It was a great surprise when on
The first of April Nelson came.
Mary Lou is now a success.
Being born in a closet's her claim to fame.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Intercollegiate Press

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By Sue

Just think, little ones (also you that are not minute—such as this corpulent one), in a few hours we shall be journeying homeward. That is, unless you are one of the casualties of April Fool's Day whose entire wardrobe was locked in the closet, and the key mailed to the Mint for remelting. You could always wear a draped sheet, I suppose, but then one might be mistaken for a mummy and shown in a tomb. (Do I see several faces with evil leers at this thought?)

Before April Fool's Day, however, was the P. T. Club dance and everyone there looked very nice and very much alive! The first time I approached a window to peek in what greeted me but a radar directed cigarette; I *used* to think flipping them was clever, but no more! Undaunted, I approached the back—my favorite entrance—and who did I discover but Shirley Nichols and handsome fiance surrounded by females. Before the nightwatchman started pursuit of this eager reporter, I managed to notice "Nickie's" dress. It was a red, white, and blue plaid taffeta strapless; there was a wide ruffle around the top. The skirt was gathered and was extremely full over a hoop. I wonder why I could not have been born with blue eyes like "Nickie!"

Before I could get a glance at anyone else the nightwatchman came peering around the corner; hopping on my pogo stick I made a frantic dash to another window where I gazed upon talented Steve Ann Akin, looking very pretty indeed. Her white marquisette formal was midriff style with black ribbon, laced through a strip of the white, holding the bodice and skirt together. There was a ruffle around the drop shoulders with black ribbon interlaced through it; there were several rows of large ruffles on the skirt with the same black ribbon laced through them. It is when I gaze at people like Steve that I realize my utter lack of talent—I am even unable to make a yo-yo behave properly!

As I bounded past yet another window—pogo sticks are *so* handy—I heard a Georgia drawl ask, "Want a brownie?" Halting for the moment, curiosity and hunger are powerful forces, I snatched the offered goodie from an outstretched hand; then I discovered that the voice and the hand both belonged to vivacious Harriet Ashley, president of P. T. She had on a pretty green taffeta formal with big three-quarter length sleeves gathered tightly below the elbow. The tear-drop neckline was accented by a row of tiny covered buttons down the front. The skirt was gathered and very full. Thank you ever so much for the brownie, Harriet; you kept me from starving to death. (Some people regret Harriet's generous act, no doubt!)

The next day was the Art tea in Acklen Hall. Although I am certainly no art critic—stick figures are more my medium—for the sake of ye ole column I vetnured forth in my best orange flour sack. After gazing at the pictures in the approved meditative manner, I ventured a glance at the crowd gathered and discovered Mary Mitchell, looking very attractive in a lime green crepe dinner dress. The bodice was softly draped with a high neckline and cap sleves. The skirt was draped, and a pleated piece of the material hung down to the hem; a wide gold belt looped over and a pleated piece of this, also, hung down to the hem. Very sophisticated!

Before I could see many more clothes, I noticed an official looking man looking like he was about to ask me an opinion of the pictures, consequently I bolted out the door. Have a wonderful vacation! (Silly wish!)

Senior

(Continued from Page 1)

Bumgardner as Merle Izard; Carol Crosby as Pat Caughron; Judy Wheeler as Betty Below; Meredith Golden as Beverly Moore; L. L. Jones as Helen McGuire; Millicent Majure as Mike Majure; Lennie Lavigne as Joyce Hare; Kay Van Nortwick as Carolyn Henderson; Connie Williams as Laddie Horton; Billie Henard as Peggy Blowers; Barbara Allen as Joyce Armitage; Pat Rhine as Hop Furr; Jane Harte as Ann Lindgren; Barbara Hanson as Faith Chalmers; Pat Wagoner as Bess Benson; Frances Newport as Rusty Kelly; Nancy Pippin as Snappy Englett; Pat Tanton as Dot Frank; Alma Edmonds as Mary Jo Le Masters; Nancy Simpson as Dee-Dee Bivens; Mary Cooper as Betty Rhea; Mary Derrick as Sodie Brewer; Mary Ann Jones as Betty Whitehead; Audrey Horst as Jan Denham; Marion Frederick as Jo Ann Sisk; Betty Steed as Ruth Ann Daniels; Virginia Tait as Jacque Thady; Betty Neil Shepperd as Betsy Clifford; Jean Gill and Pat Nowlan as Sue and Cynthia Hoyt; Sue Zeek as Janice Lebenstein; and Betty Lloyd Martin as Steve Ann Akin.

To everyone concerned with W.-B. campus, the Seniors are presenting on April 18 the latest top Hit Tune of the year, so be listening.

"Lucky Seniors Have Gone to War — yes — Lucky Seniors Have Gone to War." "The Seniors Challenge the Mids!!"

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

element and why it has to be an element anyhoo. It all sounds pretty gruesome, but we may be saying, "I knew her way back when she wore long-tailed shirts and cheered her Tri-K's on to victories." Next year at Duke or Oklahoma U. (as fate and entrance applications may decide) she is going to settle down to a chemistry major and a math minor. With a Phi Theta position at W.-B., we needn't have any apprehension about her being able to do it.

About the only thing T. Back really dislikes in this world full of "very nice things" are people who are insincere. It's a little hard to imagine how she could have met any people like that, however, 'cause she's so sincere people just automatically try to be like her when she's around. But then of course, there's music. Though she may go a little against convention, she hates "Sonata" and thinks Hillbilly music is "cute." Poor old Perry Como is responsible for hte former. It seems he and the Chesterfield Supper Club have worn out what was in the beginning a perfectly good song. Isn't it a shame!

The things we would really like to say about T. Back would sound pretty gushy and unnecessary to the people at W.-B., because we all know her and love her. But just in case some "foreigners," meaning people who don't live around Belmont Circle, are reading this, I will say this much. This week's Belle is the kind of girl of whom W.-B. is proud. If you don't know her, you missed one of the nicest things about Ward-Belmont. That is, knowing a girl who is so fine in herself, that she makes you want to be a little better.

Frustrations of

(Continued from Page 2)

week's time than the other two eds use in an entire year. But who can criticize? Pity poor Sheila, who must read the drivel which eager, budding novelists submit to her mag. And besides, she lets us ride with her!

But far and above these other two mediocre characters, there stands one: the EXECUTIVE! B. F. Newport symbolizes all that an editor should: perpetual absent-mindedness, over-eagerness, and a tendency to print infllammatory Communistic material in her wrapping paper news (SHE calls it) sheet. We admire this mature, sophisticated woman of the world as she sallies forth, purportedly to the printer's, in reality to Rich-Schwartz, where she consumes precious dollars of the inheritance her parents left her.

It was for this frustrated one that we composed this, our Swan Song.

PHIGH LITES

By Jet

Were you an April fool sucker, too? Well, we won't go into that. I fell for all of them except the note saying Miss Ordway wanted to see me for cutting up in a chapel seat. That is one of the few things I'm not guilty of doing.

At this point, I shall say "Farewell" to my pals and chums who are leaving for the four corners of the world. (And I haven't even seen the four corners of Kentucky yet.) Bye, bye lettle ones . . . have a fine, fine time.

The T. G. I. F. Club will not meet this Friday, seeing that no one will be here. This note was one sent to me by the honorable prexy, Lefty Gullette. There's a brain for you.

I have my typewriter here on my suitcase trying to write. The walls are bare of their works of fine arts now, and we are ready to take off. I even mailed my toothbrush by mistake and this hanging moss is driving me crazy. I would use my roommates, but you know how it is.

Nothing very exciting happened this week. Tuesday night the Penstaff dinner was held at Sherries. (I didn't mean this wasn't interesting). The dinner was very fine. Mrs. Souby and Miss Kuykendall were the guests and every member attended.

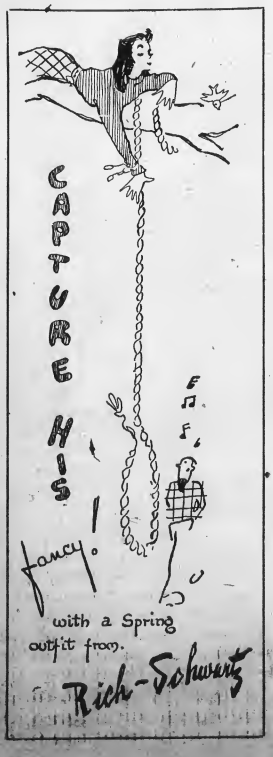
Thanks, Seniors for your caroling Monday night. It was deeply appreciated by us all. You should do this more often, it put my room-mate right to sleep.

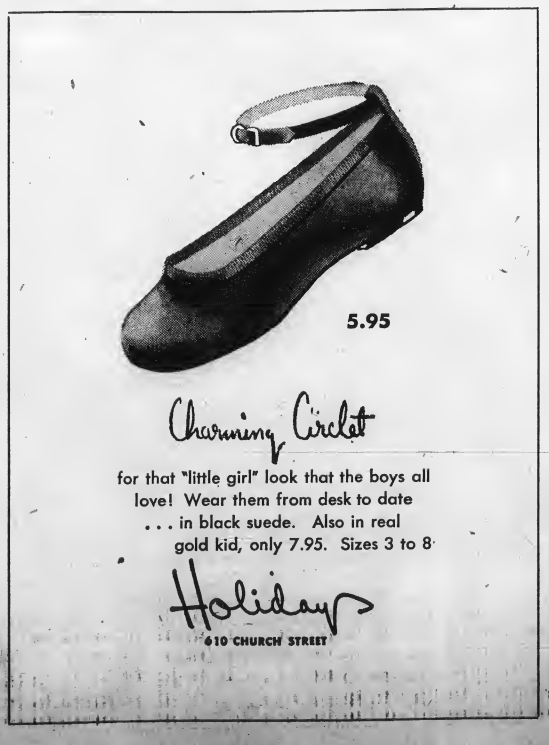
Enough of my witty remarks. "I say, old chap, cheerio, if you don't have your wits about you today." No joke, I'm sleepy, (I'm really Jet). And Joyce Armitage beats me and my state of confusion. Bye, little preps. Happy vacation.

Pome

Happy vacation, wherever you go,
I hope you see no rain or snow,
But only the fairest of April weather,
While you and your man are again together.
And in this Editor's note *we wish*
To send to all the nation
(But most of all to our li'l preps)
A WONDERFUL vacation!


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Athletes Footnote

By "GEORGIE" and "BEV"

We want to be among those who extend their praise and gratitude to the gallant members of TOPS. Despite a few obstacles: arising just enough before the sun came up that they were all sure no better "Dawn Patrol" surprise attack would have been planned, being confronted with people's awful early-morning humors, and dragging one's own weary weight all over town—the girls had lots of fun. More than having fun they knew, and we know, that their slight efforts in selling the Junior League paper will someday be rewarded by seeing some little children enjoy the use of *their own* healthy strong bodies. The funds collected from the sale of the papers will be given to the Crippled Children's Home. There was never a more worthy cause, and thank-you's must be warmly extended not only to those who sold the papers, but to those who contributed to the welfare of the children.

Bev is recovering from her knot-head now! Softball clssses got out doors just in time; one more soft-slide into the cold, bare wall and we'd have had to send our "goon" home! But there is lots more space out on the terra firma, so she'll probably be clipping grass and spitting mud-balls before long—anything can happen when "Moore or Less" is around!!!!

Potential track stars are slowly shining forth. What with classes being conducted outside now, the gals have been able to release considerable energy. The spectacular and hard to master high jump has found Carolyn McKnight, Pat Tanton, Pat Waggoner, Challie Thornton, Jackie Thady, and Sue Glick, stepping out front and showing some excellent form as well as good height in their atempts. Tossing the shotput for quite a spell, we see Tanton, Waggoner, Thornton, and Edmonds proving to be anything but slacks-at-the-job. The favorite and most colorful event, the dash, is being heralded by "Sparkie" Hooper, Sue Glick, Jackie Wood and Alma Edmonds. Other activities have been the standing broad and the relay, with batons. Along with stiff legs and sore muscles will come perfection and grace in the sport—so keep at it!!

Riding classes, that is the first and second year majors, are finally learning to jump! After weeks of preliminary training and instruction, the culmination has been put into practice-jumping at last.

Tennis-life has not made any big new progress, but classes have been concentrating on the forehand and backhand shots. The advanced classes have Nancy Pippin, and T. Mizzel as examples of fine players. Pippin has developed a beautiful, deliberately executed backhand, while Mizell's steady playing is an asset to any player. Jean Ward, the high-school champ, and both the singles and doubles champion of the Nashville City High School tournament last year, is showing more of her true form.

So if the weather man will just be kind to us, we might be able to round out this year of sports with some excellent tournaments—entered by experienced, anxious teams and individuals.

We both just had a flash of frivolous thought; so we'll initiate our new, exclusive sports club. It has been very hard to make a decision, for the first charter member must necessarily be an ideal for the club! Pounding our heads together, we unanimously voted Miss Betty Jean Steed as the first charter member of the new athletic club. Here is what we found out about her. Remember when she was flashed across the hot-lines of the press to be dubbed an all-archer? Well, we found out that Betty calls the feathers on the end of the arrow "rooster feathers"—and that isn't all! On a test last week, a question was: "What do you do after you have secured your equipment, and have straddled the line in ready position?" Do you really want Robin's answer? This is it: "Wait for Miss Ryder!" If an ace-archer gives that for an answer, what can we expect from the beginners???

Have a gay vacation everybody! See you in ten days. Happy Easter.

Truman Extends Sugar Rationing; N.F.T. Plans Strike

President Truman signed a bill extending the sugar rationing until October 31. Mr. Truman feels that even this date will be too soon to terminate the controls as did many other Congressmen.

The National Federation of Telephone Workers are planning a nationwide strike to begin April 4. Already 15 conciliation conferences had been planned throughout the country, but these have had little success. Because of the acuteness of the situation, two bills were introduced into the house which would block by injunction any long telephone strike.

The mines have been closed this week because of Lewis' order to observe a "memorial" period in honor of the 111 workers who died in the Illinois mine disaster. Mr. Lewis restated his charge of "criminal negligence" against Secretary of Interior Krug.

A United Air Lines Douglas DC-6 plane made a record flight from Los Angeles to New York in 6 hours and 47 minutes. The average speed of the plane was 364 miles per hour. This was possibly the fastest civilian passenger plane which has ever been made, for this is the first time in history that passengers could see the Atlantic and the Pacific "under the light of the same day's sun yesterday."

Concerning German reparations Marshall told Russia, March 31, that the four big powers would not be able to agree "on the basis of an ultimatum." He said the United States would not allow any country to take resources from Germany so as it would continue to be a slum. British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin backed Marshall's statement. Marshall and Molotov have met in "restrict session," and this meeting may be presented with little detail to the press.

Republican Senator Robert Taft is still back the income tax cut even though practically all the Democrats and some of the Republicans stand for further delay.

HYPHENATED HULLABALOO

By SHEILA

May I take this opportunity to dedicate this wee col-yum to one who has, for the past eight months, served faithfully and loyally; to one who has carried out her duty regardless of adverse circumstances; to one who merits the praise of each and every student on the Ward-Belmont campus for her part in transmitting "this school not less, but greater . . ."

To Frances Newport, Editor of the HYPHEN during the school year of 1946-47, who is tonight relinquishing her place to her associate editor, we'd like to say, "it's been FUN!"

"The Senior Class is out for vict'ry . . ." or so we kept saying to ourselves Sunday morning as we stood, petrified, while Ann Penn called in, "Who's there?" Holding armfuls of Snappie's and Challie's apparel, we could see the Senior Committee for the Procurement of Clothing to be Used in the Challenge being caught red-handed, but things worked out fine. . . . (I say, remembering the grating of one rib against his fellow as we landed outside the window of Hail, first floor. . . .) And did anyone notice the poor Hoyt twins wandering around, lost, due to the fact that their entire wardrobe had disappeared? Then there were always those people who looked meekly up upon being surprised and said, in subdued tones, "We're collecting clothes for the Flossie Crittenden Home. . . ." (And brother, if you don't know what *that* is, you'll get your chapel absence notice for Tuesday pretty soon now!)

Preparing for the challenge was fun too . . . wasn't it, roomie? That's all right; I didn't want to take a bath anyway the day I walked in to find you mixing green paint is the wee tub. . . .

Guess this is as good a place as any to comment on the weather. . . . Seems we can't get through this without at *least* one . . . I've doctored it up, tho' . . . POME!

"Spring is sprung;
Fall is fell;
Winter's gone;
Out pops the sun. . . ."

(It rhymes if you use French pronunciation. . . .)

Seems that yo' li'l colyumnist ain't so unlucky, after all. . . . We were strolling through Hail the other morn, and helpful souls that we are, we answered the phone, which was ringing most heartily. . . . The voice at the other end said, "What number is this?" "I don't know . . . it's Hail. . . ." "Is kinda hot, ain't it?" And with that he proceeded to tell me that he was Frank Seifert (Munsen's buddy, yeah . . .), and if I could identify their li'l tune, I'd get five dollars. . . . Well, I identified, but the five ain't showed up yit! . . . and I'm hereby calling upon my fellow students to aid me in gaining my legal booty . . . (which booty is going to carry me to Texas in exactly four days. . . .) The plan of action is as follows: day students in armored cars will picket Station WKDA, while all boarders must deluge the mean ol' man with numerous letters, wires, and postcards. (No roses, please!) There will be a meeting of the executive committee in the "Y" room Friday morning; watch the bulletin boards!

Four letters! I gasped and sat weakly down on somebody's paste-board-enforced trunk, as I actually *did* espie *four* letters in my wee cubicle. . . . So I took 'em out and glanced through through 'em. . . . Odd, I thought, but after glancing through, I knew why. . . . Honestly, Betty, *must* you? And the cotton-filled candy in my hungry mouth, and the greased door-knob. . . . Father, come get me!

We wandered into the smoker the other day to see Tait and her li'l pal perched on the sofa, enjoying a nap. . . . seems the old looking canine creature we've noticed around is an ol' friend of the Tait family. . . . "Sleepy," Va. calls 'im. . . . But I guess Sleepy didn't like Tait's rather silent company, 'cause he proceeded to follow us upstairs. . . . We tried *everything,* even to drowning out the poor fella with repeated glasses of water, but budge he would not. . . . We were finally forced to drag him forth by one paw and deposit him outside the door. . . . And when we next journeyed downstairs, he was busily engaged in the phone booth calling up the N'ville Humane Society. . . . Could I help it if he was messing up the trundle bed I keep my Shirley Temple doll in?

And speaking of animals, we see that K. Alfs, Kay W. Van Nortwick, and Sissy Mull, all members of Miss Hollinger's zoo class, are soon to be the proud possessors of fur coats . . . slightly matted.

The night's wearing on. . . . (Reminds me of me and *my* wardrobe . . . both skirts.) . . . Just in a dash, we'd like to wish you a *most* good spring vacation. . . . May we *all* come back sprouting li'l bands on the third finger, left hand. . . . (In other words, I'll give you a friendship ring if you'll reciprocate. . . .)

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Sr. Sr.-Mid Day

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Sr. Sr.-Mid Day

VOLUME XXXV — SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1947 — NUMBER 25

Blowers, Lindgren To Head '47-'48 Council

Last Senior Senior-Mid Clash To Be Held Saturday Morning

The committees for the final Senior-Senior Mid Day, to be held today, were recently announced by Jackie Koon, Senior Class president, and Jane Faulk, president of the Senior-Mid Class.

Nancy Pippin is general chairman of the entire event for the Seniors. Billie Henard is chairman of the decorations, and her committee consists of the following girls: Grace Waldrop, Sue Zeek, Mary Mitchell, Millicent Majure, Bertie Hinman, Barbara Simon, Jane Erwin, Pat McGauley, Bettye Johnston, Rosemary Wallace, Molly Lively, Norma Rudolph, Sue Carson, Lena Mistretta, Eleanor Bellamy, and Nancy Fuller. The Parade committee, headed by Alma Edmonds, consists of Lois Snyder, Tessie Angelini, Carol Woodruff, Pat Wagoner, Audrey Horst, and Jean Jones. The class favors to the faculty were sent out by Chairman June Brown and her committee: Joyce Hollan, Millie Arthur, Eleanor Pershing, Joy Clay, Pat Wagoner, and Martha Lou Faulkner. The songs were written by Clara Caldwell, Sally Flowers, Virginia Satterfield, Bettye Ingham, and Jeanne Bryant. The sports managers are as follows: Nancy Moss, tennis; Mary Mull, archery; Pat Tanton, baseball; and Pat Wagoner, track. Margaret Frogge is in charge of class uniforms.

The Senior-Mid committee for decorations is headed by Bess Benson and Janice Lebenstein. Other members of the committee are: Virginia Pullen, Barbara Worth, Mary Riggs, Joan Fergus, Ann Lindgren, Ann Greenlea, Mary Burton, Julia Freels, Barbara Barnes, LaVerne Parris, and Rose Randolph.

Sports managers are as follows: Fay Chalmers, track; Jacque Thady, baseball; Betsy Clifford, tennis; and Betty Buckner, archery.



Above Are Anne Lindgren and Peggy Blowers, New Student Council Officers

Others Are Named To Campus Offices

Election were held Monday, April 14, for officers of several campus organizations for the coming year. Peggy Blowers, Penta Tau, was named president of the college boarding student council, and Ann Lindgren is the new vice-president. Kathryn Ann Smith will be council secretary, with Ann Morgan as assistant secretary. Caroline George will take over the chapel proctorship for the first semester of next year.

Editors for the three publications were also named at this time. *Chimes* will be headed by Jane Ellen Tye; *Milestone,* Carolyn Henderson; and HYPHEN, Joyce Armitage. Y.W.C.A. president is Challie Thornton, and Athletic Association head is Faith Chalmers.

Other girls who ran for these offices were Frances Stabler, Susan Glick, Susan Hoyt, Betty Buckner, Virginia Davis, Steve Ann Akin, and Helen McGuire.

Laddie Harton, Penta Tau, will assume the office of president of the Senior Class for 1948, it was announced by Jane Faulk following the election which was held Thursday, April 17. Others who ran were Anita Underhill, Snappy Englett, Jean Ratliff, Sophie Gounos, and Julia McHenry. The other class officers had not yet been announced when the HYPHEN went to press.

The day student council also has chosen its new leaders. President is Judy Merrick; vice-president, Molly Brown; Secretary, Nancy Denney; and college representative, Gayle Jennings.

Chamber Music Society Presents First Performance

The Ward-Belmont Chamber Music Society will present its first program at North Front Auditorium on April 20 at 4 p.m. Mr. Kenneth Rose is director of this group. The program will consist of:

"Trio Sonata in F Major for Strings and Organ Op. 1, No. 1," by Corelli-Biggs, played by F. Arthur Henkel and Ensemble; "Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins, Vivace, Largo, ma non Tanto, Allegro," by Bach, and played by Arno Aho and Kenneth Rose with Hazel Coate Rose as accompanist; "Waltz," by Weber, "Chorale Prelude: 'Es ist ein Ros' entsprugen," by Brahms, "Seven Rumanian Folk Dances," by Bela Bartok, played by the ensemble.

The personnel of the Chamber Music Society consists of: First Violins—Arno Aho, Josephine Pardue, Wilda Tinsley, Malinda Jones, Jo Linnon Williams, Joe Naron; Second Violins—Charles Hill, Ruth McCoy, Jerald Peiser, Betty Bryant, Dorothy Hodgson, Gretchen Rudnick; Violas — Browne Martin, Dorothy Dyer; Cellos — Vivienne Olson, Margaret Kaser; Bass — Mary Hannah Gillespie; Flute—A. Maurice Loveman; Piano—Harriet Pardue.

Anthology Takes Prep Girls Poems

It has been announced by Mrs. Susan S. Souby, Principal of the Preparatory School, that several Ward-Belmont prep school girls wrote poems which were accepted for publication in the Annual Anthology of High School Poetry.

The girls whose poems were accepted are: Miriam Cullom, Valere Potter, and Jane Ellen Tye. Miriam Cullom is a Preparatory Senior, Valere Potter a Sophomore, and Jane Ellen Tye a Senior. Jane Ellen is also future editor of *Chimes,* and has previously had poetry accepted for this collection. She was also first place winner in a contest sponsored by the Lynn White Anthology of Intermediate Writers.

Poems from all over the United States are considered for this publication, sponsored by the National High School Poetry Association.

Athletic Awards Given In Chapel For Winter Sports

The Athletic Awards for the winter sports were given in chapel on Tuesday, April 15. Jane Harte opened the program by introducing the new manager. Marion Dopke then gave the club letters to the club basketball and bowling managers.

The A. K. president was called to receive the swimming cup. Shirley Nickols explained how the bowling varsities were chosen, then read the second bowling varsity: June Mickelson, Shirley Worthington, Pat Nolan, Barbara Morrison, Mary Jo LeMasters, and Georgia Hall. The first varsity for the preparatory school included Betty Langston, Elizabeth Nixon, Nancy Dougherty, Josephine Pritchett, Florence Stevenson, and Emily Washington. The college first varsity was Helen McGuire, Ann Bumgardner, Thelma Back, Dot Frank, Pat Hornbeck, Challie Thornton, and Nettie Blake. All of the first varsity girls received W-B letters and Pat Hornbeck received a bowling charm for having made the bowling varsity for two years. The Triad and F. F. presidents were called to the stage to receive the bowling trophies.

Shirley Worthington read the second basketball varsity and asked them to stand. They were Polly Nelson, Jean Ward, Julia Edwards, Betty Gant, Polly Hager, Lillian Cornelius for the preps, and Betty Belew, Sue Dell Brewer, Pat Tanton, Audrey Horst, Betsy Clifford, Ann Bumgardner, and Nancy Pippin for the college.

The Prep Day student first varsity is Mary Ann Sugg, Edna Gene Little, Margaret Blair, Ann Wharton, Joanne Geny, Mary Catherine Woolwine, and the Prep Boarding varsity is Betty Simms, Ann Bell, Martha Durham, Betty Campbell,

(Continued on Page 4)

Milestones



Carolyn Henderson, X.L. from Jackson, Missouri, has been named as the editor of the 1948 *Milestones,* W.-B. yearbook. Carolyn has been associate editor of the yearbook this year and will succeed Kay Van Nortwick.

Hyphen



The campus weekly newspaper will be edited next year by Joyce Armitage, above. Joyce is an Anti-Pan from Charleston, West Virginia, and has been associate editor of the paper this year. She will succeed the present editor, Frances Newport.

Chimes



Above is Jane Ellen Tye, editor of *Chimes,* the literary magazine that is published three times each year. Jet is an Agora from Harlan, Kentucky, and is on the *Chimes* and *HYPHEN* staffs. She will succeed Sheila Kennard.

W-B Dean Resigns For New Position

It has been announced that Dean Charles P. Hogarth of Ward-Belmont has resigned to accept the position of registrar of Florida State College for Women and will assume his duties in Tallahasee after the close of the local school year on June 3.

Dean Hogarth is in his fifth year here, having come from the Detroit, Mich., Country Day School, where he was director of public relations, business manager, and teacher.

Editorial Comment

The HYPHEN is the students' paper. As such it is the vehicle of their news, their thoughts, and their feelings. There are no forbidden subjects; and the only limits are those inherent in plain good taste, simple honesty, fairness, welfare of all students and faculty—and charity. Every point of view should be broad enough to be interesting and deep enough to be significant.

Please read the editorial that follows carefully. It is well worth your time. Have one thing in mind: individual freedom can exist only in direct proportion to individual responsibility. This is no school "rule"! The world of man happens to be made that way; and the path of history is almost completely filled with the litter of nations and people who thought they were "free" but not responsible. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, this trait of the universe cannot be altered by majority vote—or even by administrative edict!

Robert C. Provine

Read This!!!

This is an editorial. Editorials are supposed to be boring, but I hope this one won't be. It shouldn't be, because everyone likes to read about herself . . . and it's about you.

All year long we've been hearing from various sources comments . . . call 'em critical comments if you like . . . about Ward-Belmont, the way it's run, some of its rules, big things and little ones. All year long these comments have been kept within the sacred precincts of the smoker, the club, the rooms, and those general places where people discuss things having to do with their way of life. Right now Ward-Belmont IS your way of life, isn't it? This is your world for a year or two, and it's only natural that you should be interested in it.

One sign of interest is griping. Everyone gripes; it's a healthy sign—sometimes. It's good when the gripe is a legitimate one: one which griping will, to some degree, remedy. That's the type of griping we're going to talk about; we don't want anything to do with the perpetual gripe that doesn't hope or want to accomplish anything.

There are a lot of things in W.-B. that are badly in need of improvement; we'll all admit that. There are some things that should be tossed out to make room for better ones. But remember that there are some things that are fine just the way they are; don't try to tear down the whole thing. Every school has things the matter with it; but one of the complaints often heard is that the students in other places have a chance to express their views and that we don't.

Last year a lot of publicity was given to a project whereby W.-B. students could air their opinions in the HYPHEN. It fell through because not enough people felt sure enough of their ideas to watch them circulate around campus in print. This year, right now, you're getting another chance. If you don't say something this time there won't be another opportunity. You have something to say about the relations between day students and boarders; you don't understand, or maybe don't like, some parts of student government. There are a lot of things you'll say in sessions in the room that you wouldn't write to the HYPHEN, and why? Because you're afraid to stick your neck out.

I'm a student; I'm interested in what goes on around here, and I stuck my neck out—'way out. I've been told quite a few times that something like this wouldn't work: that W.-B. gals weren't interested enough in their own school and lives to write their opinions and sign their names to 'em. I wanted to see for myself; because if that's true, then we might as well give up any thought of ever putting any responsibility on the students themselves. If that's true, you'll go right on living, as you say, "in confinement."

There isn't much else to say. Here's your chance. The gate's open; and we have the approval of the powers that be to go ahead and HAVE a student newspaper, an active, spirited student opinion. You've got a gripe; who hasn't? Then let's hear it! Address your gripe to Frances Newport. We can do something about all these gripes, we've been promised, if you'll act NOW.



Why Oh Why Did We Have To Leave Havanna, Sigh Red Faced Travelers

"Why, Oh Why, Did I Have To Leave Havanna" seems to be the theme song of a large number of the W.-B. population this week. Yes, they went to Cuba over the holidays, and while they returned red with the sun, we remained green with envy. The only thing I can say about W.-B. turned loose on Cuba is—poor Cuba! You have all been hearing specialized versions of the trip to the land below, and I am sure your version has many more juicy details than mine, but anyhoo, here's how I heard it.

The crew took off from W.-B. on a train about three o'clock Friday afternoon and woke up in New Orleans Saturday morning. After anchoring themselves at the Mounteleon (well, they *had* to call someplace home), they started right in on a sight-seeing tour. Naturally, the tour began, ended, and stayed in the French Quarter (as did most of our W.-B. girls throughout the stay in the Crescent City). I have heard glowing descriptions of St. Louis Cathedral, The Cabildo, the site of the old French Opera House, Napoleon's home, and The Old Absinthe House. After leaving their cards at the Absinthe House, they returned for lunch, then set out on a shopping tour. (If they shopped there like they do here—poor New Orleans!) After picking up praulines and old friends met at the Senior Dance, they returned for dinner and preparations for the evening to follow. This evening, I might mention, was one of the most educational of the trip being spent at one of the places in New Orleans that "you just can't miss!" The name of the place was something like, Marvelous, Miraculous, no no—WONDER CLUB. (Of course, how stupid of me to forget.) Some amazing feats in the realm of electricity were there performed.

Sunday morning found our crew at church and afterwards, at morning call eating French rolls and coffee. They had lunch at Arnaud's and started off on another tour on which they saw Tulane, Sophie Newcomb, and some historic cemeteries. That night was given over to another stab at the French Quarter. They boarded the train about twelve and arrived in Pensacola the next morning. They were taken through the naval base, given a ride on a destroyer, and taught how radar works in one easy lesson. After a red afternoon on the lovely white beach at Pensacola, they struck out again for Jacksonville. Here they saw the town and "Florida and Jane." Incidentally, kids, "Florida" now has long hair.

The next morning they were whisked through Miami to the airport where their special plane was ready and waiting. Havanna loomed up in a matter of hours, and by that time the next day, probably wished it hadn't loomed at all. Then there were the customs. This was the stage for a most phenomenal event. Some of the girls discovered that Cubans don't speak English which only goes to prove what traveling can do for a person. They saw everything: the wineries, the capital, Sloppy Joes, the Tropicanna, Moro Castle, the Tropical Gardens, oh, just *everything.*

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Margaret Blair

The slim brunette sitting on the table beside me didn't look a bit fagged out after the running back and forth she did collecting cups.

At this, Margaret Blair — esteemed president of Triad, grinned modestly and proceeded to give all the credit to the club. This is one of the fine characteristics of "Maggie"—modesty. I know, as I beat her head on a typewriter before she consented to give with some Blair talk!

But at last talk she did when I hit upon her favorite subject—ATHLETICS! She declares that she has but one ambition and that is "to swim all the rest of my life!" Basketball is also on the top of her list—for only a few minutes before our talk she had been named to the Prep First Varsity in basketball! She confided that when she returns to W.-B. next year as a Mid she will probably be a physical ed. major!

Matching her personality is Maggie's very pet peeve of the people who

(Continued on Page 4)

Inquiring Reporter

By Nancy Lou

After exploiting all of the so-called humor running around campus, Your Inquiring Reporter has decided to try her hand at a serious question for a change. There has been much talk among small groups, in the smokers, and generally all over the school about suggested improvements at Ward-Belmont. Therefore, this column is being devoted this week to the airing of these views. The question is, "What improvements would you like to see made here at school?"

The first person questioned is our Student Council president, JACKIE WOOD. Said Jackie, "First of all, I'd like to see a gathering place either built or provided for which had room for all of the girls to congregate together, with drugstore facilities and everything. You know, sort of a Union. And I think it should be available to the girls who have club dates when they want cokes or something. I'd like to see more interest in student government, needless to say. Then I'd like to see a blue book published with as few rules as possible stated clearly and able to be understood."

PEG CLOUGH aired the views of many of the girls interviewed when she said, "I wish we didn't have to go to breakfast every morning. Lot's of the girls could use that extra sleep when they don't have first hour classes."

BERTIE HINMAN also expressed the ideas of many of the girls when she remarked, "I'd like to see less emphasis and importance placed on the little, relatively unimportant rules, and more on the really big issues. So many of those little rules apply to only a few girls, but are required for everyone."

NANCY STERN was emphatic in her statement that the high school girls should have more freedom. Said she, "I think that the high schoolers are too restricted. Also, if we have to go to breakfast, I wish they'd have better ones."

ELEANOR BELLAMY remarked that she "would like to see less emphasis placed on meal attendance" and then went on to say that "I'd like to see the girls express a little more appreciation of what's around them."

BILLIE HENARD aired a rather new opinion, but one which was confirmed by several others when she said, "I think that there's too much importance placed on past tradition around the school, and not enough emphasis placed on application of present-day adaptions. It's just a general clinging to out-moded tradition."

BABS PHILLIPS said, "I'd like to see more blanket rules, not so vaguely defined as they are now, but stated so that there's no mistake about them, and less of the little annoying rules. I think a lot of the girls need to take stock of themselves, too, instead of placing so much blame on the school."

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Mlle. From W.-B.

By SUE

After battlin' a path to the plane during one of the North's unseasonable snow flurries, imagine this weary person's delight upon landing on Nashville *terra firma* to discover SPRING had sprung in all its greeness! I was so overcome that I quickly up-rooted a red bud tree and shipped it home to the parents-peace offering after denting the new car in several places. My happy state was soon shattered, however, when Newpie informed the delirious one that, "There will be a HYPHEN this *week, Sue.*" (Said in tone of executioner as he lowers the blade.)

The first persons seen were Jan Denham and Bonnie Rabe, dressed like twins; at first glance I thought perhaps the Hoyt twins had attacked the peroxide bottle, but no. Bonnie's suit was pale aqua while Jan's was pale pink; otherwise they were identical. The jackets were three-quarter length and flared in back, with one large shiny button at the waist. The full sleeves had wide, turned back cuffs. The skirts were straight with small slits on each side. As a matter of fact, I am so fond of the suits I am going to procure one—on the installment plan!

Wandering further, I came upon feet belonging to Ann Lindgren, with body attached, natch! She had on a Chinese red linen dress that buttoned down the front and had white embroidery on the sleeves. There was a big bow at the waist and the same embroidery on the ends of the blow. Very cute! Ann is one of those people who make this lily white one petachio (green to you) with envy; I never get tan, just Chen Yu red!

Our next gal dressed in spring ensemble was Mary Cooper of the beautiful eyes. She makes me consider gluing false eyelashes on, but my dearest(?) friends assure me it is too late for improvement. Sweet people! Anyway, "Coo's" dress was a silk print with black background and white and grey fish swimming through. There was a black taffeta sash in back, gathered into a bustle. The dress was softly draped around the hips. Very nice indeed!

Continuing sniffing the ground—love the smell of spring, especially the new grass—who did I come upon but Jackie Wood minus the traditional W-B bags. (Beds with springs are such a wonderful invention.) She had on a brown and white checked wool bolero suit; the jacket had wide, three-quarter length sleeves. The skirt had a wide band, and there were small gathers just below it in front. With it, Jackie wore a plain white blouse with gathers round the neck. Another "cutie" outfit!

Y. W. C. A.



New president of the Y.W.C.A. is Challie Thornton, Tri-K from San Antonio, Texas. She has been active in the "Y," which was headed this year by Barbara Allen.

College Honor Roll Read in Chapter By Dr. R. Provine

Dr. Provine announced the college honor rolls in chapel Friday, March 28. The Senior-Middles on the Honor Roll are:

Jean Hayden Basham, Jane Louise Boone, Bettye Dozier Bray, Mary Ann Burton, George Anne Campbell, Faith Audrey Chalmers, Nancy Lou Davis, Virginia June Davis, Julia Aileen Freels, Mary Jo Harrod, Carolyn Margaret Henderson, Mary Elizabeth Holton, Joan Croinne Hooper, Susan Hoyt, Dolores Koleszar, Evelyn F. Martin, Myra Myrl Maupin, Jacqueline Joyce Mebius, Virginia Neville Monfort, Carolyn Jean Moody, Beverly Alyce Moore, Barbara Needs, Charlene Browning Prichard, Jean Byram Ratliff, Barbara Ann Richard, Katherine Sue Scherer, Mary Elizabeth Shanks, Betty Hall Shepherd, Barbara Ann Smyth, Laura Ann Tompkins, Mary Elizabeth Warner, Oragene Willson, Ann Wilson, Martha Genevieve Wolfe.

The Honorable Mention list includes Steve Ann Akin, Frances Alexander, Nettie Jean Blake, Margaret Ann Blowers, Margaret Elizabeth Boylin, Betty Tyson Burnette, Mary Ellen Captain, Lois Jacquiline Collins, Janet Manry Denham, Virginia Bernadette Englett, Margaret Dora Farrar, Muriel Fisher, Mary Susan Glick, Barbara Ann Greenlee, Nan Ellen Hagan, Laura May Hambaugh, Lois V. Hammer, Frances Ann Harwell, Dorothy Gayle Jennings, Joycelyn Johnson, Sarah Ann Jones, Connie Kaufman, Marilyn Joy Miller, Ann Elizabeth Morgan, Mary Lu Nelson, Svea Ruth Ogg, Virginia Lee Pullen, Marian Elizabeth Rhea, Mary Paralee Riggs, Paula Rudolph, Mary Lou Schwankhaus, Joan Ora Simon, Beverly Oessa Smith, Marilyn Jane Stark, Harriett Anne Tyree, Doris

(Continued on page 4)

Athletics



Faith Chalmers will follow Jane Harte as president of the Athletic Association next year. Fay is an X.L. from New York City and has been active in athletic events this year.

Dates For Diploma Recitals Announced

Dates for diploma and certificate recitals, presented by students of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, have been announced as follows: April 21: Molly Shanks, voice, and Kathryn Barfield, piano. April 24: Ann Penn, voice; Martha Jo Furr, piano; Joy Clay, voice; and Hattye Ruth Cole, voice. April 25: Mary Jo Warren, voice; Pat Rhine, piano, and Betty Joe Crews, voice. April 28: Jenny Parr, voice; Frances Alexander, piano; Steve Ann Akin, piano; Marie Bergh, piano.

May 2: Bobbye West, organ, and Betty Ann Graves, piano. May 4: Dorothy Hodgeson, violin; Carolyn George, piano; Evelyn Paty, piano; Mary Ellen Captain, voice. May 6: Mamie Mereweather, harp and Jenny Parr, piano. May 7: Carolyn Moody, piano; Nancy Peacock, piano; Betty Bryant, violin, Peggy Farrar, piano. May 8: Mary Jo Warren, piano and Peggy Elliott, voice. May 9: Florence Johnson, voice and Alice Black, piano.

Tune In . . .

For the top song on the Senior Hit Parade . . . 'twill be played at one o'clock, Saturday, April 19! Be sure to listen!!!

PHIGH LITES

By JET

Vacation behind and lots and lots of hard work ahead. Sounds horrible doesn't it? Term papers, parties, Junior-Senior day coming up Friday, and all sorts of big times planned to make these last two months fly by. The Preppies have been wearing wide smiles since Sunday because even if they are tired, their spirit has risen to new heights.

Apologies to Sara Jane Mathes for thinking she was the new maid on first. Her sun tan is out of this world. The Cuban victims gather for a peeling session each night and someone suggested using the skin for paper; term paper that is.

It was so fine to see Sally Kayko around this week. Seems that Kayko expedition got around Easter. Ask them what they liked best about Kentucky! Horses? Huh?

I must pause a moment. Frankie is sing, "You Are Too Beautiful," dear, I wish he'd leave me alone. Now I can resume my duty and proceed with gab, gossip and what have you.

A couple of us have something new in our suites. Not an electrician, guess again, not a painter, a plumber! Well, I'd just as soon open a window to find one of them, as anything else. What they are doing on the roof no one knows, but there must be something up there needs plumbing. Strange world. My mother told me so.

The nominees for next year's prep officers look good. Should be a fine year for both North Front and Heron.

Certain people on the Study Hall list are charging admission for attendance now. Someone should write a book on what goes on down there. I'm sure they could get enough material on the subject.

The night creeps on with silent feet, and so do tiptoeing imps of the hall. We need a neon sign saying, "Smoker, Open all Hours." . . . I'm not implying, honest.

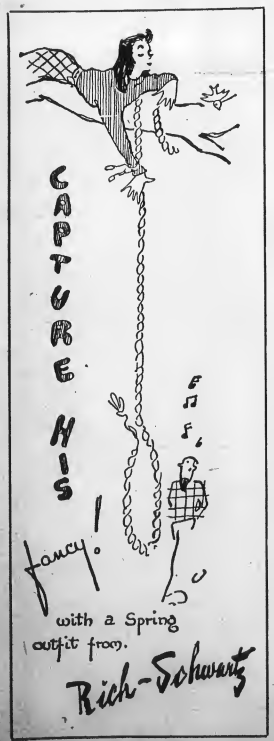
Well, the end of the page, so as Marilyn Smith would say. "Gotta Go." Bye now.



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Athletes Footnote

By Bev

Well, spring vacation is over, and we trust y'all down South, and you "furriners" from the deep North had a swell time. Now I gotta put aside thoughts of my good ol' bed (it creaks, groans, and sings "I Got a Right to Cry" every time I even look at it), pull down the bags under my eyes so I can see over 'em, and turn out this week's colyum.

Tomorrow being Senior - Senior Mid Day, we're looking for a good show in all sports. Miss Chadwell heads the tennis players with Georgie Moss, Senior manager, and Betsy Clifford at the Middie helm. Both teams are evenly matched, and we'll see a tough fight before the final playoff.

Mrs. Harber leads the softballers, and Pat Tanton is manager for the Seniors, Jacque Thady, Mid manager. The Seniors have Alma Edmonds in the pitchers' box, and such supporters as li'l Audrey, Bev Berno, Lennie Lavigne, and Jackie Wood. Sheila says I'm discriminating—I'm only mentioning the good ones, so I'd better put in her name: Sheila Kennard also plays. With Middies Sodie Brewer, Dot Frank, Jacque Thady, Ann Lindgren, and Betty Belew on hand, the game should prove an exciting one.

Bow-plucker mentor is Miss Ryder with managers Sissy Mull for the Seniors, and Betty Buckner for the Mids. If Betty Steed, our charter Boner-Puller (see last week's column), doesn't wait too long for Miss Ryder to give the word to shoot, she will be a standout among the Senior archers, while Joyce Hare pulls—or rather—plucks for the Mids.

Miss McCain sparks the tracksters, and Pat Wagoner and Faye Chalmers are the managers for the Seniors and Mids respectively. High-jumping and shotputting are the Seniors Pat Tanton and Pat Wagoner, while Sparkie Hooper and Alma Edmonds are out in front with the dash. Mid stars are Challie Thornton and Sue Glick.

With these sports lined up, we can expect not only a well-rounded athletic day, but a fine show of sportsmanship and clean competition. Do not forget, a large turnout means points for your class; so let's make this Senior-Senior Mid Day one to remember.

By the way, there are certain three girls on this campus who've got the "grin," a new disease going around here. They are Harriet Ashley, Nell Smith, and "Johnnie" Johnson, whose clubs won cups in the winter sports. Congrats, girls!

Speaking of cups reminds me of the days when I used to win 'em. Let's see—there was the one I won for playing tiddlywinks, and one for twiddling my thumbs the longest. (Only one other person was in the contest, and she didn't have any hands; so I won that one easily.) I almost got one for holding my breath the longest, but another girl got it because she died after the first five minutes. They awarded the cup post humously. Ah well . . .

By the way of closing, I think I'll close. See ya next week!

College Honors

(Continued from Page 3)

Christine Ward, Betty Joe Witt, Dorothy Egan Yearwood.

The Seniors on the Honor Roll were announced in last week's paper.

The Seniors on the Honorable Mention list are: Alice Ann Adams, Thelma Lee Back, Alice Jane Black, Susan Jane Carson, Mary Allgood Cooper, Carol Eley Crosby, Sara Katherine Green, Frances Willie Harris, Mary Jane Harte, Anna Frances Hudson, Florence Carol Johnson, Lennie Kathryn Lavigne, Kathleen Ann Lyter, Ruth Lanora McCoy, Betty McWilliams, Lena Gloria Mistretta, Frances Newport, Marilyn Parnell, Mary Elizabeth Rensford, Norma Rudolph, Alice Jo Mae Tritschler, Billie Blair Vaughn, Ruth Marie Walls.

Prep School Honor Roll For Last Six Months Announced

The Preparatory School honor roll for the last sixth month period is as follows:

Seniors: Barbara Ballard, Betty Jane Bell, Madalene Coggin, Nancy Cooper, Laurel Cuff, Miriam Cullim, Marilyn Dawson, Kathryn Dean, Bernice Dobbs, Martha Lee Durham, Jill Foddrill, Anne Frederick, Terrie Gaines, Nancy Granger, Dorothy Hailey, Ann Hamilton, Mary Ann Hibbett, Polly Nelson, Jeane Powers, Elizabeth Robertson, June Rucker, Florence Stevenson, Mary Ann Sugg, Marian Tilley, Jane Tyne, and Jean Ward.

The high-ranking juniors are: Adeline Andrews, Margaret Avery, Betty Bailey, Martha Nel Blackburn, Joyce Brattan, Molly Brown, Evalina Casey, Carrell Christopher, Rella Cohen, Lillian Cornelius, Dianne Douglass, Mary Duke, Julia Edwards, Dorothy Evans, Joanne Geny, Thelma Lee Goldwasser, Mary Jane Keeling, Ann Knox, Caroline Lowe, Sally McCanless, Mary Ellen McMurray, Jane McQuiddy, Sarah Jane Mathes, Beverly Nichols, Mary Olert, Susan Otis, Sally Phillips, Irene Potter, Anne Rich, Martha Ann Rogers, Nancy Jane Rogers, Ellen White, and Jean Young.

Jeanine Autret, Shirley Berger, Dudley Brown, Bonnie Dean, Dorothy Dean, Martha Evers, Betty Gant, Courtenay Gillespie, Barbara Helt, Priscilla Murray, Beverly Pate, Sally Rodes, and Grace Rodgers are the honor roll sophomores.

The freshmen are: Jacquelyn Anderson, Charlotta Bonner, Lucy Buford, Martha Douglas, Patricia Dredge, Rachel Gardner, Mary Charlotte Moore, Mary Margaret Payne, Sue Rankin, Alice Stockell, Mary Phil Thomas, and Marian Williamson.

Mehitabel Says

Heartache, heartache, la, de, da, da. I do not usually speak in this strange, Oriental language, but vacation was over a couple of days ago, kiddies, and well, the shocks is just too great. So you see, the reason I am speaking thus tonight is not because I do not know the rest of the words to the song, because I don't. The fact is, since I went home over Easter, and since our house is infested with one small pest, commonly known as "little brother," I have fallen under his influence. La, de, da, da, means—come to think of it, I don't know what it does mean. Oh, well.

To get back to the point. Yes, I did have one, but at the moment it escapes me. Oh yes. Does your heart ache? Does your heart ache for long, monotonous hours of classes during which some instructor vainly tries to hold your attention by droning endlessly, and interestingly, of course? Does your heart ache to possess an aching back? Try pitching for your club baseball team. I turn my crutches in tomorrow. Does your heart ache for frayed nerve ends, for splitting headaches, for a minor nervous breakdown? Step right this way, folks. The cheerful smiles, the glowing faces, the excess energy, and the "eeekkkkk, you're back!" screams will not last long. As a matter of fact, the death-warmed-over looks have already returned. Does your heart ache to write a nice, long, fifty-thousand word research paper? If so, see the nearest English teacher. If you are unable to find one without a large amount of difficulty, see a history teacher instead. They will fix you up. Anyone have an old, beat-up term paper that hasn't been used over five times? If so, see Mehitabel. A small fee will be offered for a "C" paper, and a "B" paper may bring forth a stale carton of Luckies. If anyone possesses one of those rare specimen referred to with awe as an "A" paper, I will be only too happy to give up my scalloped blue jeans with SENIOR painted in canary yellow on the obvious place. OK, kiddies, the line forms to the right.

Have you all seen the new faces breezing around campus since the holidays? All of them have long, shaggy hair, pink eyes, no teeth, emaciated faces, and wear 1920 bathing suits. Some say they are the remnants of the Cuban trip. Others swear they blew in with the aftermath of the Texas-Oklahoma tornado, and still others contend they were found among the debris in the Langley Collyer house. A Hyphen reporter was sent out to interview them and learn definite facts, but no information could be gleaned from them. Seems they were speaking only some strange Oriental language. Sounds like "Heartache, heartache, la, de, da, da.

A. A. Awards

(Continued from Page 1)

Carolyn McKnight, and Dot Evans. The college varsity consisted of Harriet Ashley, Beverly Berno, Mary Frances Bivens, Alma Edmonds, Dorothy Frank, Jean Jones, Betty Rhea, and Jo Ann Sisk. These girls received W-B letters. Betty Campbell, Martha Durham, and Mary Catherine Woolwine received letters for the second time. The Triad and Penta Tau presidents were called forth to receive the basketball trophies.

It was announced that the tennis doubles tournament lists are posted and that all girls who wish to enter the tournament must sign up on the Athletic Bulletin Board by Thursday morning at 8:30.

Ann Frederick read the new active members of the Athletic Association and the season club points. Jane Harte told how successful all the winter sports had been, then dismissed the group.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

say they'll do something and then don't do it. Stockings, people who wake you up in the morning, cats, and sarcasm aren't the essentials of her life either.

But she has a love of: summer, shorts, math., red, Tex Beneke, her twenty-one-year-old Vandy brother, and mostly, enjoying life!

At Ward-Belmont, which school she openly and happily adores, Maggie holds the position of secretary of the Spanish Club, besides, of course, poking her athletic socks into various sports *and* traveling around gathering cups and honors for her Triad honeys! Just ask her weary chums, "T" Mizell and Polly Nelson, how hard life is keeping pace with Blair!

Yep, a ball of energy and vitality is our Triad chile—and in short, a *very* wonderful girl!

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Congratulations To New Officers

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Congratulations To New Officers

VOLUME XXXV — SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1947 — NUMBER 26

Spring Is Theme Of Senior Dance Held Friday Night

The second Senior dance was held in the Corinthian Room from 8:30 until 12:00 Friday, April 25. The dining room was decorated with a spring theme of smilax and yellow and white flowers, and the couples walked through a white garden arbor at the main door. Al Richardson and his orchestra provided the music. Dr. and Mrs. Provine, Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth, Miss Ordway, and Miss Newhall received the guests.

The decorations committee was headed by Pat McGauly. She was assisted by Sue Zeek, Charlotte Sutton, Marian Dopke, Nancy Stern, Martha Clark, Joyce Michelson, and Betsy Horner. Invitations were sent out by chairman Libby Rensford and Ruth McCoy, Helen Schreiber, Mildred Bouton, Anita Dalton, Gloria Dandridge, Evelyn Rubley, Alice Adams, Anna Frances Hudson, and Connie Williams.

The floor committee chairman was Martha Wilson. She was assisted by Pat Rhine, Claire Robida, Ann Bumgartner, Jean Gill, Bette McWilliams, Joan Maddux, Shirley Shepherd, and Cora Bell.

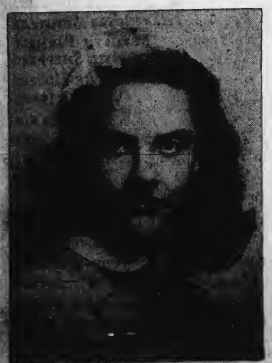
Councils Are Guests At Ordway's Home

Misses Martha and Ann Ordway were hostesses at a dinner party for the entire retiring Student Council and the newly elected officers of the Council for the year 1947-1948.

The group was received at 5:30 p.m. Tuesday evening, April 22, at the home of the Ordway sisters at 1504 Bernard Street.

After the dinner was served, the girls discussed their accomplishments and mistakes of this year and made plans for improvement for the coming year.

Day Council



Judy Merrick, who will assume the office of president of the Day Student Council for 1948, was president of Bo cassain this year and is from Nashville.

Keep Posted

April 25, Friday—Senior Dance in Corinthian Room from 8:30 to 12 o'clock.

April 26, Saturday—P. T. Weekend at Rawlings. Del Ver Weekend at Dunbar. Tri-K Weekend at Montgomery Bell Camp.

April 27, Sunday—Free Sunday (Required vespers. Miss Wilder will be speaker.)

April 29, Tuesday—Nashville Symphony Orchestra at 8:30 p.m.

Dr. Edwin Mimms Speaks To Seniors On Victorian Era

Dr. Edwin Mimms, Professor of English literature at Vanderbilt, lecturer and author of many books, such as *The Divinitine Life of Sidney Lanier, History of Vanderbilt, Biography of Chancellor Kirkland,* and his latest, *English Poets, Interpreters of Religion,* spoke to the Senior classes, April 21, at 7:30 in the Anti Pan Club House on the subject, "The Victorian Period."

Dr. Mimms approached his subject by reviewing the needs and the value of having expressive literature. "Literature is vital," said Dr. Mimms, "the best expression of any age is in creative literature. Since it has life, literature, you will notice from your study, changes whenever the life of the people change and so to study literature is to study all the political, economic, social, educational and religious changes of that people."

"The Victorian Age," continues Dr. Mimms, "was perhaps the most glorious and exhilarating age known and can be compared only to the Elizabethan Age in the scope of its advancements in every field."

"There are five things a national literature does for a people," said Dr. Mimms," and these in conjecture with the Victorian Period are:

1. To make you feel the great historical events, patriotism and personalities of that age.
2. To give the physical background of the people. For every past of England there has been some great man to write about it and so tell us.

(Continued on Page 3)

Two Recitals Held For Certificates

Two certificate recitals were presented this week. Misses Martha Jo Furr, pianist and pupil of Dean Alan Irwin, Joy Clay, Hattye Ruth Cole, and Ann Penn, vocalists and students of Mr. Sydney Dalton, were presented on Thursday evening, April 24.

On Friday evening, April 25, Miss Mary Jo Warren, who studies with Miss Marilyn Redinger, Miss Betty Jo Crews, a student of Mr. Sydney Dalton, and Misses Marilyn Kuehler and Patricia Rhine, pupils of Dean Alan Irwin, were presented in a recital.

Blackburn Named Head of Prep Council

Barfield, Shanks Present Recital

Kathryn Barfield, pianist, and Molly Shanks, soprano, were presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Diploma in Music and the Certificate in Music, respectively by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music in a concert Monday, April 21.

The program consisted of Miss Shanks singing "Du Bist die Ruh'," "Wohin" by Schubert. "Verborgenheit" by Wolf, and "Standchen" by Brahms.

Miss Barfield then played Beethoven's "Sonata, op. 27, No. 1" and this was followed by Miss Shanks singing of Debussy's "Mandolin," "Psche" by Paladilhe, "Les filles de Cadix" by Delibes, and "Pleurez, mes yeux" (from "Le Cid") by Massenet.

To conclude Miss Barfield played Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood" and Miss Shanks sung Gliere's "Ah! Twine no Blossoms," "When I Bring You Colored Toys" by Carpenter, "Daisies," by Barber and Horsman's "The Bird of the Wilderness."

Mr. Sydney Dalton was the accompanist.

Minnie Pearl Has Chapel Program

The Monday chapel program, April 21, was given by Ophelia Colley, or Minnie Pearl, one of the stars of the Grand Ole Opry.

Attired in wide hat, yellow organdie dress and black pumps with white socks, Minnie Pearl told the students of some of her experiences and sang three songs. A graduate of Ward-Belmont, class of 1932, she then spoke a few minutes more seriously and told of her engagement on the Vaughan Monroe program next Sunday, April 27.

T. C. Has Dance With Spring Theme

The T. C. Club dance was given Friday, April 18. The theme for the dance was Spring. Flowers were placed all over the clubhouse to carry out the theme.

Mary Jean McGruder was chairman of the dance and the committees under here were: Decorations, Vivien and Barb Boysen; Floor, Betty Johnson; Food, Kassie Smith; and Invitations, Ann Brumley.

Last Chance!

Budding writers have only three more days to submit stories, poems, or essays to *Chimes*. All contributions must be in by Monday night for publication in the final issue.



Martha Nell Blackburn

Mid-Class Answers Senior Challenge In Friday Chapel

Friday, April 18, the Senior-Middle Class answered the Senior challenge. The program was written by Mary Lou Nelson, Faith Chalmers, Jo Ann Sisk, Betsy Buchanan, Janice Lebenstein, Betty Buckner, and Jane Faulk.

The program, which consisted of five skits, with between scene chatter, was directed by Janice Lebenstein.

The mids in the program were Marilyn Hanover as Kay Van Nortwick, Faith Chalmers as Frances Newport, Pat Negley as Sheila Kennard, Margie Elias as Eileen Springstun, Jo Derrick as Marion Frederick, Janice Lebenstein as Bobby Grannis, Bev Moore as Betty Steed, Helen McGuire as L. L. Jones, Ruth Ann Daniels as Harriette Ashley, Betty Buckner as Jean Jones, Ann Lingren as Jane Harte, Jo Ann Sisk as Jane Erwin, Ann Polk as Jackie Wood, Martha Jo Furr, as Martie Clark, Ann Penn as Jeanne Bryant, Cynthia Hoyt as Jean Gill, Merle Izard as Ann Bumgardner, Margie Gillmore as Judy Wheeler, Carolyn Henderson as Thelma Back. Jan Denham as Audrey Horst, Nancy Peacock as Nancy Clemmer, Peg Blowers as Sissy Mull, Rusty Kelly as Martha Wilson, Mary Ellen Captain as Libby Rensford, Jackie Thady as Bett McWilliams, Nancy Broyles as Betty Jo Crews, Betsy Buchanan as Jackie Koon, Marie Bergh as Pat Rhine, Grace Puckett as Pat Wagoner, Joyce Armitage as Bobby Allen, Laura Ann Tompkins as Marion Dopke, Carolyn George as Johnnie Johnston, Laddie Harton as Nell Smith, Mildred Bethsheres as Pat McGauley, Janet Young as Pat Tanton, Mary Lou Nelson as Alma Edmonds, Virginia Pullen as Betty Ann Graves.

Rest Of Members Elected To Offices

The Preparatory School held their elections for next year's Student Council members last Wednesday, April 16.

The new council members are: President, Martha Nell Blackburn; Vice-President, Anne Nicks; Treasurer, Bonnie Dean; Chapel Representative, Sally Phillips; Chapel Proctor, Sara Jane Mathes; Underclassman Representative, Carol Butters, and Smoker Proctor, Dee Hearne.

Others that ran for these offices were: Nancy Rogers, Bernice Dowd, Joanne Buckner, Dorothy Dean, Jean Young, and Judith Larry.

Y.W.C.A. Plans Varied Activities

The state Y.W.C.A. convention of Tennessee was held at Scarritt College Saturday, April 19, from 9:45 to 4:00. Each college was in charge of part of the program.

Martha Ann Rogers and Martha Nell Blackburn represented Ward-Belmont and were in charge of the introduction and the singing. Misses Rosalie Oakes and Helen Harris, Y.W.C.A. secretaries, were present. Other "Y" members from Ward-Belmont attended the convention.

The Y.W.C.A. is sponsoring a trip to the Hermitage, the home of President Andrew Jackson, on Sunday, April 27. The bus will call for the girls at 2:00 p. m. at North Front. In case of rain, the trip will be postponed. The annual Y.W.C.A. dinner for both the old and new cabinets will be given in the Tea Room on May 5.

Senior Class



Above is Laddie Harton, president of the Class of '48, who will succeed Jane Faulk. Laddie is a Pepsi Tau from Tallahoma, Tennessee, and was a cheerleader for the Senior-Mid class.

Editorial Comment

Doing Nothing?

Some people in Ward-Belmont have a perfect genius for doing nothing! These talented people sit in class with perfectly blank minds and immediately upon being released from the confining walls of the classrooms they sally forth to spend all afternoon and evening pursuing their favorite occupation . . . doing nothing. There is nothing to be done at this late stage in the game for a truly dyed-in-the-wool "do nothing" but for the additional multitude which join their ranks in the spring there is still hope.

The symptoms for these new victims are always the same. They include sitting in a hard desk listening to the muted sounds of the out-of-doors and gazing at the bright sun, all the while wishing to be in club-village with only these sounds and the sun for company. Although this mental condition is only temporary, it can wreak havoc on demanding lessons and term papers.

It should then be remembered, "do nothings" as well as those of you on the verge of it, that your every minute of these last busy weeks should be carefully conserved and spent accordingly. To help you in using your utmost will power, even when the sun is JUST right for a good brown, remember that three of the most important qualities to have within your reach are knowing the value of time, the success of perseverence, and the pleasure of working.

So try not to waste valuable time when there is so much to be done and so little time in which to do it. How much easier your work would be if you put forth as much effort trying to improve the quality and amount of it as the "do nothings" do trying to find excuses for not properly attending to it!

Fran Sez . . .

And now is the time to give the congratulations that had to be squelched all last week . . . you new officers merit our very heartiest pats-on-the-back! Seems such a very short while ago that we were being given the same treatment . . . and don't we wish we had it all to "do over again!"

Considering our duty as done, we leave the more pleasant subjects and attempt a fling at something a bit more serious. As most of us are aware, the Senior challenge and the Mid response were the cause of a type of friction between the two classes. After sitting in the office and talking (simultaneously) to seven members of the Mid class, we have been convinced that they did NOT intentionally write anything into their skit which was meant to "slam" the Seniors, either as a class or individually. Any misunderstandings that may have arisen from the Response should be quickly forgotten, for the entire affair was presented with no attempt at sarcasm. Personally, we think it should be forgotten without delay.

Now to return to the lighter side of campus happenings, let us mention the amazement that was ours when Georgie submitted Footnote this week. 'Twas thirty-four inches long . . . which will mean next to nothing to the un-journalistic . . . but to us it was quite a feat! And I can remember screaming over a twenty-inch column!!

Full of the good "old Spirit of '47, we shall give a final "Rah" for the class teams and decorators, realizing that the latter should be spelled in letters three feet high. Just how much paint can one hall absorb? We'll never forget the struggle with the "angel hair" or the rapidity of Pat Wagoner's ideas. Long hours spent in the chem lab rewarded us with the unique class colors that received so many kind words. Never could we give credit to all the gals who worked so long and hard on THE day . . . but 'twas all much, much fun!

To dwindle down to a conclusion, we shall only say that exactly six weeks from the time this is being written, we shall have been graduated. Shed a tear for the Seniors!



The Inside Dope on Sr.-Sr. Mid Day Or; Nervous Breakdown Here I Come

By Bessie

Now that Senior-Senior-Middle Day is over, I can seize this opportunity to tell the world, (Seniors especially), how hard we poor Lil Middies worked for Senior-Middle Day. With a great sigh of relief, I look back over the past few harrowing weeks and realize that it's all over. I have aged considerably since those carefree days of long ago when I had no bags under my eyes, when my notebook was not cluttered up with plans, diagrams, and notes which never got to house mail.

"How can we ever do it?" I cried. "With only 300 people and six weeks to work, we cannot possibly do *anything* equal to what those *Seniors* are doing." But I was patted on my sunburned back and told, "Sure, you can do it. Anyway, if you don't we can always hang you the next day." That was what really made me decide that Senior-Middle Day was the most important event of the year.

And so we hopeful little Middies got busy. Yep, five whole days before the Big Event we started to work. The Mids returned from vacation all rested up and I from Cuba all worn out; and we looked at each other with fear in our wide violet eyes (patriotic, you know). Suddenly the nearness of the fatal day struck us, and we shrieked in alarm. I went from hall to hall, sounding a call to our paint brushes. Only we didn't have any paint brushes, or paper or paint, for that matter. All we had was plans, big plans, vain plans, futile plans, and vague plans. Being my brain children partly, some of them were wild plans.

Soon first floor Fidelity began to resemble Grand Central. The Seniors may think that excitement ran high in Pembroke, but I'll bet it was nothing compared to the state of general confusion which reigned in Fidelity and Founders and Hail Hall the last two days. I am still wondering how North Front escaped. Those industrious North Fronters somehow managed to keep their hall so *neat*.

And right here I would like to stop and give a loud vote of thanks to our housemothers, Miss Chambers, and our *wonderful* sponsor, Curly Neal, who did everything from run errands to help paint signs and furnish ideas.

The biggest project seemed to be the signs which were supposed to be hung from the third floor windows down to the ground. (Only we didn't predict the high wind which promptly tore down our beautiful vertical billboards and distributed them over the campus in forlorn piles of paper.) Those particular signs had to be painted in the hall since they were 40 feet long. They were spread out on first floor Fidelity, and our crew of eager beavers spent hours on hands and knees dabbing away at them. It did my heart good to see them work so hard; this does not mean that they don't apply themselves equally hard to their studies.

Of course, anyone stepping on one of those prized banners was liable to be struck by an angry artist or to

(Continued from Page 3)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



L. L. Jones

"Well, I just like everything and everybody," she drawled in answer to my queries about her "likes"—and I'm sure the feeling is mutual. You just can't help but like the lil' gal with the pixie face (pug nose included) plus per-son-ali-ty (the kind Johnny Mercer gets so excited about).

"L.L." (I'm not one of those honored few—meaning the faculty—who have the privilege of calling her Lizzie Lou) is a "cutie-pie" from Arkansas . . . Pine Bluff, no less . . . who finally wangled to think of some more specific "likes," such as chocolate pie, green apples and salt (her tummy says O. K.), bubble gum, clothes ('specially suits), and baseball. "But I just *love* X.L. . . . and Buddy (little brother) . . . and playing," she added quickly (or as quickly as she can, being more or less inclined to take her time and take life easy). In fact, "hurrying" tops her list of dislikes—consequently, track is banned from L. L.'s life, too. Then, she hates going to bed (she's always too busy playing) and, worse still, getting up. (Just ask the little organiza-

(Continued on Page 4)

Po'ms 'Bout People

By JANE n' SPRUNG

LITTLE WHEELS GROW TO BE BIG WHEELS

Now is the time for you to peruse
The list you'll see below.
They are the officers for '48;
When you see them, say "Hello."

HY-FUN

Come '48 our big fat chair
Will make as its first choice
That dark haired girl with looks and brains,
The HYPHEN'S own dear Joyce.

HOPE, FAITH, AND ATHLETICS

In '48 when A. A. cups
Adorn the chapel stage,
You'll find the curly head of Faith
By far the biggest rage.

FLOWERS TO BLOWERS

As Jackie steps down from her throne,
All honors, headaches, and powers
Will be placed on the shoulders of
Our lush, redhead, Peg Blowers.

THE LITERARY ELITE

Jane Ellen Tye, familiar as Jet,
Heads CHIMES this coming year.
We wish you luck, success, and fame;
You'll get it, we've no fear.

AN ANNUAL EVENT

We hope Henderson doesn't have
A neat roommate next year—
With layouts, pictures, write-ups, and all
Her poor roommate will never be clear.

Y OH Y DID I EVER LEAVE TEXAS?

Challie—gal will have a big job
Bein' head of the Y '48.
Bobbie can warn you, dear girl,
You'll have a busy fate.

HERE'S TO THE CLASS OF '48

Looks like a wonderful Senior Class
With Laddie as President,
With wonderful girls with big ideas
And a prexy that Heaven-Sent.

DOLLY DIMPLE

Judy Merrick, Day Prep Council Prexy,
Comes from Nashville, Tennessee.
She's peppy, funny, sweet as pie,
And has dimples cute as can be.

MINOR AND MAJOR QUEEN

Snooks Blackburn is next year's President
Of the council for the Boarding Preps;
She's a cute 'lil blonde, a leader grand,
For advice, follow in her steps.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By SUE

Summer is just around the corner! Why else would most of the W-B populace spend their time either taking sun baths (or peeling in monster sheets in this lobster red person's case) or worrying about how they are going to get those three term papers written in two days! Does *anyone* have a spare English term paper—this desperate one will be happy with even a D+ paper. Remarkable how all my teachers manage to give either tests or term papers on the same day; of course, one can always utter in martyr voice, "My hand is too sunburned to write, teacher. You will postpone the test, hmm? Unfortunately, they usually sweetly inquire when you found time to sun. They went to school too, you know!

The newest fad around campus is wool suits with peeling face—I will learn to send my two winter outfits home the first day it is warm: my blanket, however, gives me such a fashionable figure.

One gal who looked pretty as a magazine ad gave this dowdy one a complex—last week-end was Nancy Clemmer in a navy blue gaberdine suit. The long tapered jacket was flared in back but fitted otherwise. There were twisted silver buttons from the round neckline to the waist; the skirt was straight with a slit on either side. "Buttsie" has the most unique diet I have ever heard of; she does not eat between meals, but if someone *offers* her food she can eat it. Novel!

Another cutie-pie in a suit was Sue Zeek, only hers was light grey wool. After Sue agreed that my sunburn was more severe than hers—after being strangled for a few moments—I noticed how her suit was designed. The jacket had gold buttons on the pockets of the bodice and down the front. The sleeves were full and gathered at the wrist; the skirt was straight with a switched pleat in front. When I departed from Sue her face matched her blue eyes. Not breathing is very bad for one's circulation.

Still another suit girl was Marilyn Hanover. The skirt was chocolate brown, and the jacket was brown and white striped. There were two large buttons in the back, at the waist, and one in front. The long jacket was pleated in back, but with a fitted bodice. Marilyn is one of those lucky people with "misty black" hair.

Crawling into the smoker—just had a nicotine fit—who did I discover but *another* girl in a suit. The gale was Rose Mitchell Randolph, and the suit was brown and white striped. The fitted jacket was buttoned up to the neck with three pyramided pockets on either side of the waist. The skirt was straight with a stitched pleat in front.

Happy suntans, kiddies!

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

tion on second floor Pembroke whose members file into her room every two minutes from seven 'til seven-thirty each morning, urging her to "rise and shine.") Declaring that one nickname is enough, she disapproves of being called "Chubby," and the moniker "Lizzie" is equally annoying. Her least favorite occupation is studying . . . her favorite—laughing.

Miss Jones (that's L. L., ya know) is first and foremost president of

Deaths By Autos; Pres. Warns US; Coal Leaders Meet

Five persons were killed and twenty others injured, seven seriously, in a series of highway accidents, two of them train-truck collisions in Davidson County and Middle Tennessee on April 20.

The Big Four completed the preamble of the American Treaty yesterday, including a clause which Russia demanded specifying that Austria "cannot avoid a certain responsibility arising from its participation in the war."

The House Appropriations Committee after a series of what the Democrats claimed were "false starts," yesterday put new life in the Republican economy drive by taking a 43 per cent bite out of funds asked for by President Truman for the Interior Department.

John L. Lewis and many other of the country's leading coal operators have accepted a government bid to conferences here April 29 on plans for direct contract negotiations between AF of L, UMW, and the private owners.

X.L. (X.L. please to be underlined ten or twelve times—she's kinda proud of it!) She also claims membership in the Athletic Association, French Club, the Choir, and is a Senior Cheerleader.

This jean-clad X.L., who substitutes her own individual canter for a walk, talks with an Arkansas drawl accompanied by many gestulations with her hands and many sparks from her snapping blue eyes. For L.L. all sentences begin with "Well . . ." and end with, "You know how it is." And that fascinating way of dancing on the off-beat of a song . . . or the slight frown over some serious subject—these are the things that belong just to L.L., the girl with the constantly grinning face and the effervescent personality. These are the things that make Lizzie Lou just "our L.L."

The Inside Dope

(Continued from Page 2)

slip and fall into a bucket of purple paint. One evening about 12 o'clock an overloaded Mid stumbled in carrying an immense roll of paper. She tripped over someone painting furiously and knocked her into a freshly painted sign. When we disentangled them, the Mid had on her face an expression of surprise and horror at what she had done. The green and purple figure on whom she was sitting was none other than Curly herself.

We borrowed things and rented things. "Gone to the Seniors" became a byword. But we didn't give up. We had a terrible time getting a real live bathtub down from the attic, and a worse time finding someone brave enough to ride in the grimy thing. Our own carpenter, Gracie, built for us an escalator which sadly enough failed to work. (The blue prints lacked one essential, an explanation as to its operation.)

We rented an airplane to drop confetti over the school, only to discover that Dr. Provine wouldn't let us douse the neighborhood with colored paper. Desperate, we gathered up all the Mid hats in the school and gave them to Curly to take out to the airport. (Incidentally, it was she who flew with the pilot and dropped the hats out over the school.) Now our theme song is, "Where, oh where has my Middie hat gone?")

However, preparations for Senior-Middie Day weren't as bad for us as I have made it sound; I am sure that every Mid enjoyed it as much as I did, and we learned not only good sportsmanship, but a few principles of democracy which will help us in the future. It will be a long time before any of us forget this Senior-Senior-Mid Day, nor the parade which finally got started in spite of the troubles we had getting several hundred bewildered Mids lined up in the right direction Saturday morning.

Dr. Mimms

(Continued from Page 1)

3. To express the ideals of a nation.

4. It shows a compromise between the two extremes in any decision.

5. Finally, a national literature explains and interprets religion to its people.

PHIGH LITES

Yours truly has not fully recuperated from the past week of excitement, but will attempt to write the column as sanely as possible.

Three rousing cheers for the Student Council. They are giving their victims a dance so there will be no hard feelings at the end of the year. We're all excited, and think that's really swell of them. It will be in May, and an orchestra is being engaged for the event.

Junior-Senior Day was held complete with brass band, owned by the Senior Circus. The Juniors portrayed Mother Goose characters in their parade. The Seniors won and were presented the trophy by Doctor Provine. Both Janie Branson and Sara Jane Mathes deserve credit for their loyal followers and spirited teams.

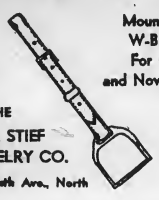
The Penstaff's club project for this month was for each member to turn in a composition to *Chimes*. That's my woman. Scads of poems and stories were turned over to Sheila who madly tore her hair at the thought of having to read them all. Sincerely, they were appreciated.

A last year's Heronite, Pat Wylder, visited the campus this week. Besides being glad to see her, we give thanks that for a short while Bonnie Dean will have someone to talk to about Alberquerque.

With the phone strike in full swing, many are without homes. Wonder where those critters who set up housekeeping there are living now. Think I'll write a poem, "Song of the Lonely Phone Booth" or "John Wilkes' Little Brother is Lost."

Sally Shumacher has begged so hard for me to put her name in the column, that I will tell you that I'm going to walk with her at graduation.

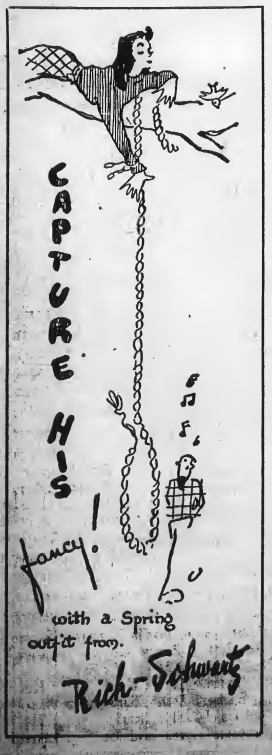
My gym number is calling, so I'll run play Robin Hood for awhile. Hope you and Glocco Morra are doing fine. Bye til next week.



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Seniors Went To War and Won the Cup

Athletes Footnote

By "Georgie"

The most glorious week end that we've been blessed with to date found itself heralding two very exciting, and delightfully colorful festival days. Everyone enjoyed the gay parades and the sports were excellent. On top of that, we all managed to get our first bit of sun-tan (we'll catch up with those Cuba gals pretty soon!). I think all of us on campus may sincerely say it was a gratifying and memorable week end of fun. Here is a little review to refresh your memory and to put in your scrapbook.

Circus Day At W.-B.

After the very clever parades, a "circus" and "Mother Goose," the high school troup marched out to the ball field. The Senior team, Woolwine, Graves, McKnight, B. Nelson, Sugg, Blair, Holt, P. Nelson, Ward, and Durham, did some fancy playing and managed a 39-15 victory over the Juniors: Boynton, Edwards, Campbell, Blackburn, Little, Langston, Pierce, McQuiddy, Marshall, and Goodloe. Both pitchers allowed a lot of hits, and the infield couldn't seem to stop those runs. However, it was a very fast moving, exciting game, and again—lots of fun.

In tennis too, the Seniors carried off the wreath. Woolwine and L. A. Graves downed Nancy Daugherty and Mary J. Keeling. Woolwine showed up in true form and Graves was hitting some good shots.

In the battle between Ward and Little, the Seniors again took the upper hand. Ward swamped Little with Line drives and strong serves, to pull out a 9-2 score. Mizel and Holt won a third match for the Seniors by downing Edwards and McDonald, 9-2.

On the archery range, the Junior class carried off the honors with a 479-471 victory over the Seniors. Frederick made the highest individual score for the blue and white, while the Juniors named Campbell as their high point archer.





Climaxing a week's work was the parade held Saturday morning, April 19. The Mid Mardi Gras, which represented phases of a department store, and the Lucky Seniors Hit Parade, with the shot above of "In Your Easter Bonnet," were colorful parts of Senior, Senior-Mid Day.

L. S. M. F. T.

Hey! Hey!
Lucky Seniors gone to war—
Middies say they've won before—
But hey! hey!
Watch those Seniors win today!

Yep! That L.S./M.F.T. chant urged the sturdy Seniors to carry the banner of yellow and white right to victory. We all enjoyed the bright, lively, and beautiful parade, with the Middies portraying a department store panorama—complete with escalators, lingerie, cosmetics, and millinery! And the Seniors giving the latest hit tunes and extras including "Easter Parade," "Mam'selle," "Donkey Serenade" and "Girl of My Dreams." By the time the echoes of the highway patrols' siren had died away we were all on the diamond to see the awaited baseball game.

Baseball, You All!

The Mids' ten purples, Bivins, Chilton, McCanne, Frank, Osment, Dye, Thornton, Belew, Brewer, and Buchanan, were in the field first. Frank's speed-balls put out the first three tobacco-rollers up at bat. Horst, Lavigne, Moss, Berne, Young, Rhine, Edmunds, Tanton, Zeek, Ingham, Jones, and Allen were not to be discouraged, however! Edmunds too was doing some mighty fine pitching, and the game went scoreless, until in the first half of the fourth inning Moss managed to sock one of Frank's pitches deep into the right field bushes for a home-run! Then in the fifth inning the Seniors, sparked by some hard-hit base drives by Horst and Jones, racked up a score: Tanton, Allen, Moss, and Edmonds scored runs also. The Mids retaliated to make two runs, but the Seniors held on and the game ended when a Middie high-fly was caught to make the final out; the final score was 7-2. Dye's hard hits, coupled with Belews strong drives, and good teamwork from all the Mids went together to make an excellent game. To make the game even more "professional" and colorful the diamond was graced by a loud speaker!

Archery N' Track

The "purples" went up to the line first at the targets, and the grandest and people sat in a scorching sun, eagerly watching the team make a stab at the bulls-eye! Rhea, Dyer, Moody, Palmer, Benson, and Collins put their arrows together to bag 383 points. But the Lucky Seniors buckled down to claim 522 points. Hailey, Michelson, Irwin, Mull, Wagoner, and Steed exhibited some fine marksmanship to make this score. Dottie Dyer took honors of the day with 114 points, followed closely by Mull and Michelson with 110 and 109, respectively.

Then came time for all the deer and leap-frogs to take the limelight. The obstacle race was won by the Seniors, while the 50-yard dash was a close one. "Texas" Clifford did some mighty pretty running, and the Seniors only edged by with a 28.9"-29.4" victory. Chalmers broad-jumped 13' 11", closely followed by Tanton 13' 10½" and Ashley and Frank, both with 13'9". However, the Seniors stretched their legs a bit farther, for a sum total of 54' 3½" to 54' ½" for the Mids. The four-girl relay was won by the Mids, but Hooper, Lavigne, Tanton, Bumgartner, Ashley, Wagoner, Tait, Crews, and Wood, ably representing the Seniors, won the track meet against Chalmers, Thornton, Thady, Glick, Clifford, Kelly, Bivins, Frank, and Dunne.

It would do well to mention the tennis victory of the Seniors too. Pippin and Sutton downed Stroube and Kelly 9-2. Pippin was exhibiting some beautiful backhand shots and corner drives, while Sutton kept up a steady, good game. Daniels and Clifford almost "had" Ashley and Dopke in their watch. Clifford's hard serves were some medicine, but Ashley came out to play a steady, hard net and back-court game, while Dopke's persistence couldn't be cracked. It was a close and exciting match, ending with a 9-4 victory for the Seniors. In the singles match Bivins and Moss battled it out for honors. The game was full of "quack" shots as well as some deliberately placed, hard drives; Moss carried the Senior banner to a 9-1 victory.

Final Scoring

In summing up this fun-day here are the official points awarded to each class for the various activities throughout the year: *Challenge*—Mids 5, Seniors 4; *Parade*—Mids 3, Seniors 5; *Decorations*—Mids 4, Seniors 4¾; *Cheering and Organization*—Mids 4, Seniors 4½; *Attendance*—Mids 1, Seniors 2; *Pennant*—Seniors 2; *Hockey*—Seniors 5; *Basketball and Bowling*—Mids 10; *Tennis, Archery, Baseball, Track*—Seniors 20. All of which goes to make a grand total of 48¾ for the lucky Seniors and 26 for the Middie class.

It was all lots of fun, and we hope all of you will long remember the anxious athletes. We had a perfect day given to us to have a perfectly delightful time.

Hats off to the Seniors and to the Mids! It was so much fun. Thanks everyone for being such gay sports, and thanks to the umpires, referees and scorers for their help and time.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Kentucky Derby!

VOLUME XXXV | SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1947 | NUMBER 27

Snaps By Squires and Gill Win Contest



Above are the two winning snapshots submitted to *Milestones*. First place was won by Ann Squires with her snap of Betty Lloyd Martin, and second place was taken by Jean Gill with her snap of Mary Korty and Bobbie Allen. The two winning photographers will be invited to a picnic at Percy Warner Park which is being given by the three publications staffs.

48 Girls Attend Kentucky Derby

Forty-eight Ward-Belmont students, chaperoned by Miss Patty Chadwell and Miss Alma Baskerville, left Friday night for Louisville, Kentucky, where they will attend the Kentucky Derby today.

They will be in Louisville all day Saturday and will return Saturday night, arriving back at school early Sunday morning.

Derby trips were a yearly event in pre-war years, but during the war the trips were discontinued. This is the second trip since 1946. Last year fifty-eight girls attended the derby.

Four Pupils Have Recital On Monday

Marilyn Koehler, pianist, Steve Ann Akin, pianist, Jenny Parr, soprano, and Marie Bergh, pianist, were presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Certificate of Music, by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music in a concert Monday, April 28.

The program consisted of Miss Koehler playing "Nocturne" by Chopin, "Maid with the Flaxen Hair" by Debussy, and "En Route" by Godard.

Miss Parr followed by singing "Je dis, que rien ne m'epouvante" from Carmen.

Miss Akin then played "Sarabande" by Rameau-MacDowell, "What the West Wind Saw" by Debussy, and "Sous Bois" by Staub.

Miss Parr continued by singing "Ja'ai pleure en reve" by Hue, "O wusst ich doch den Weg zuruch" by Brahms, "To the Children" by Rachmaninoff, "April" by Crist, and "A Birthday" by Woodman.

Miss Bergh concluded by playing "Intermezzo op. 118, No. 2" by Brahms, "Prelude" by Debussy, and "The Fountains of Aqua Paola" by Griffes.

Keep Posted

Friday, May 2: High School Class Elections. Osiron Dance.

Saturday, May 3: X.L. Club weekend at Rawlings.

Sunday, May 4: Y.W.C.A. Council meeting for nomination of High School President.

Monday, May 5: Chemistry Club trip to Cellophane Plant. Spanish Club Dinner at A.K. Club house.

Thursday, May 8: Y.W.C.A. Dinner, 6 p.m., in Teahole.

Friday, May 9: Glee Club trip to Clarksville at 4 p.m. Senior Hall Picnic in Club Village from 5 to 7. Teachers' meeting (3:30 to 5) in Anti-Pan Club House. X.L. and P.T. informal dance in Gym.

Dr. Mayhew Gives Chapel Travelogue

The speaker for chapel Monday, April 28, was Dr. Mayhew, a professor of religion at Vanderbilt University. He spoke concerning a trip he made through South America.

He told of his travels with his companion, a Spanish professor also at Vanderbilt, down the west coast of South America and then up the east coast. They made the 6,000-mile trip in a jeep due to the rough, sometimes unchartered roads over which they traveled.

Some of the highlights of their trip were his pointing out that the most densely populated regions of the country were in the mountains where the mosquitoes are less dense; his viewing of the people's chief occupation of farming; and that the cities are very beautiful and modern due to the white men who live in them and who built them.

Dr. Mayhew stated "All these Latin American people's lives move around an artistic concept." The people are very courteous and they take their time in whatever they say and do. One of the things they do not understand nor like about us Americans is the mad rush we are always in.

IT'S YOURS

Everyone with an opinion concerning improvements at W.-B. should be sure to turn them into the Hyphen office.

Comp Class Hears Literary Editor

Miss Rowena Ferguson, editor of the *Highroad,* literary magazine published by the Methodist Publishing Company, spoke to the class of Advanced Composition on Tuesday, April 29.

Miss Ferguson's talk was divided into three primary sections. The first dealt with learning to be a writer; the second discussed "How to Market for Publication"; and the third applied to the attitude of writers toward their work.

The prime requisites for a writer, as outlined by Miss Ferguson, were experience, imagination, facility with words, and unlimited energy. A writer may either write for satisfaction or for the purpose of earning a living, but no writer will be successful unless he has exposed himself to experiences and is able to communicate to his readers those same experiences.

Miss Ferguson further discussed the recent trend in publishing, saying that short stories are the most difficult form of writing to be marketed. "Don't write until you have something to say" and "don't pay any attention to the opinions of your family or friends" were two points which the editor stressed.

Two Music Majors Have Concert

Peggy Jean Williams, pianist, and Sylvia Stahlman, soprano, were presented by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music in a recital given April 27 at 4 p.m. in the auditorium.

The program consisted of: Miss Williams playing Grieg's Concerto A minor and Miss Stahlman singing "Pastorale" and "Phillis Has Such Charming Graces" both Old English, Handel's "O Sleep Why Dost thou Leave Me," "Non so piu

(Continued on Page 3)

Ten W.-B. Social Clubs Elect Presidents and Officers for 1948

New presidents of the ten social clubs were elected for the coming year in the weekly club meetings, on May 1. The new presidents are: Paula Rudolph, Agora; Nancy Broyles, A.K.; Cynthia Hoyt, Anti-Pan; Marilyn Miller, Del Vers; Tommye Cantrell, F.F.; Steve Ann Akin, Penta Tau; Sally Carus, Osiron; Juan Stroube, T.C.; Jane Faulk, Tri-K; Cora Moss Bell, X.L.

The other officers chosen for Agora were Sue Dell Brewer, vice-president. The vice-president of A.K. is Mary Lou Nelson; Joan Hooper, Day student vice-president; Hardwick Newton, Treasurer; Rush Captain, Sara Jane Mathes; and All-Around Girl, Nelle Smith.

The Anti-Pan officers are: vice-president, Beverly Smith; Day Student vice-president, Betsy Buchanan; treasurer, Susan Hoyt. Del Vers chose Imogene Huffman as vice-president and Carolyn Moody as treasurer. The new F.F. officers are Louise Boon, vice-president; Margaret Boylin, Day Student vice-president; Nettie Blake, treasurer; Bonnie Dean, sergeant-at-arms.

Osiron chose Margie Thompson as vice-president, while the Penta Tau's elected Muriel Fisher, vice-president; Ann Greenlea, treasurer; Betsy Clifford, Rush Captain; Glo Colee, Assistant rush captain. The T. C. officers are Laverne McCanne, vice-president; Jane Hughes, treasurer.

The newly-elected Tri-K officers are: Lois Buford, vice-president; Sue Waller, Day Student vice-president; Betty Bailey, secretary; Julia McHenry, treasurer; Dot Evans, Athletic Manager.

The new X.L. officers are Dot

(Continued on Page 3)

Court Is Elected, Plans Announced For May Festival

Elections have been held to choose a queen and attendants for the annual May festival which will be held at Ward-Belmont, Saturday, May 17, at 3:45 p.m.

The names of the court will be kept secret until that day. Miss Catherine E. Morrison has announced that the court, which in recent years has included only one girl from the preparatory school and one from the college, will, as begun last year, be composed of representatives from the college boarding students, college day students, high school boarding students and high school day students.

The nominees are: queen, Barbara Allen and Thelma Back; college boarding maid, Bev Stevens, Shirley Nickols, Nelle Smith, and Caroline Henderson; high school day student maid, Martha Ann Rodgers and Mary Lindsey; and for the high school day student maid there was only one nominee so consequently she is the automatic winner.

Although this May festival was originally planned for the students of Ward-Belmont only, its fame has grown to proportions of widespread popularity throughout Nashville and

(Continued on page 3)

'Y' Sponsor Gives Vesper Program

Miss Susanna Wilder, sponsor of the Ward-Belmont Y.W.C.A., was the speaker at Vespers Sunday evening, April 27. The subject of Miss Wilders talk was "What Is a Religious Person?"

The word "religious" has been misused, and the term "religion" has been misdirected, Miss Wilder stated. "Religion is faith in something—usually God."

Three types of faith were presented by the speaker: first, the faith in God, which is manifested in worship; next, a faith in one's fellowman, which is shown in humanitarianism; and finally, faith in one's self, which is depicted in a form of self-improvement.

Miss Wilder concluded her talk by saying, "Faith in something is basic, and that faith must be expressed by putting it into practice before a person can be called truly religious."

Prior to the vesper talk, Mr. F. Arthur Henkel played a prelude on the organ. Miss Wilder gave the introductory and closing prayer.

West and Graves Present Recital

Bobbye West, organist, and Betty Ann Graves, pianist, were presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Diploma of Music, by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music in a concert Friday, May 2.

To begin the program Miss West played "Cantabile" by Franck, "Sheep May Safely Graze" and "Prelude and Fugue, C minor" by Bach.

Miss Graves then played "Sonata," op. 14, No. 1 by Beethoven, "Allegro," "Allegretto," and "Rondo" also by Beethoven.

Miss West continued by playing "Sonata, No. 1," "Allegre ma non troppe," "Antante," "Allegra con fuoco" by Borowski.

To conclude Miss Graves played "Etude, op. 10, No. 3" by Chopin, "La Plus que lente" by Debussy, and "Scherzo Valse" by

Editorial Comment

Two weeks ago the HYPHEN launched an attempt to ferrit out the perpetual gripes heard on campus in order that they might be published in the campus newspaper. Here are suggestions of several top campus officers on the subject.

JACKIE KOON, President of the Senior Class: "There should be more campus activities for those who date AND those who don't . . . more gym and club parties—something more to do on campus."

BOBBIE ALLEN, President of the "Y": "There should be permanent breakfast excuses for those who never have eaten breakfast. Less partiality should be shown outstanding students, for their sakes AND those of other students. There should be more opportunity for activities which should serve as a transition between the home and the larger school; for example, why send chaperons to the railroad station with us?"

JANE HARTE, President of the Athletic Association: "There should be extra outs for those who have B averages or are in Phi Theta. There should be a sort of canteen on campus where girls and their dates could get cokes without all the other girls around. The merit system should be redone and more importance given to it: the list should be read off in chapel, maybe, and its privileges made more outstanding. Also, the merit system should be conducted on a positive basis as it was planned; we should be given merits where deserved and allowed to spend them, rather than having the negative penalties that are now imposed."

KAY VAN NORTWICK, Editor of Milestones: "Every mid should have a faculty advisor to help her plan her entire four-year schedule when she first enters college."

FRANCES NEWPORT, Editor of HYPHEN: "There should be a smoker on every floor in the halls if smoking is not to be allowed in the rooms, or at least one more centrally located smoker. The Phi Theta Room is for Phi Theta members and those whom they invite in, and others—students and faculty alike—should realize this fact and leave it for them exclusively."

SHEILA KENNARD, Editor of Chimes: "Better relations between day students and boarders should be fostered; day students who use the clubs should respect them and leave them as they were found, clean rather than cluttered. Some system should be introduced whereby the faculty could get together other than at business meetings; this would lead to a spirit of interest in W.-B. in general. More freedom should be allowed as to where we sit in the dining room; perhaps the privilege of sitting where we liked would cut down our skipping meals."

NELL SMITH, President of A. K. Club: "Students should be more cooperative. Our buildings should be modernized."

HARRIETTE ASHLEY, President of Penta Tau: "The administration should take more general interest in the clubs. The Athletic Association should have more power in selecting varsities, and Phi Theta members should get eight cuts."

L. L. JONES, President of X.L.: "There are too many required activities that don't leave a student enough independent time. Sports play too big a part in campus life; they reach the point of cut-throat competition rather than friendly play. The clubs aren't emphasized enough; there should be more organized campus club activities than the regular meetings, such as slumber parties."

AUDREY HORST, President of Del Vers: "Too many academic and extra-curricular activities hit you in the face at the same time; why can't assignments be made for the term at the beginning of it? The tea room hours are too erratic; a lot of times it won't serve us when we need it most. The A.A. ought to have more power; both it and the team managers should have more say-so in selecting varsities. Some system should prevent costly borrowing by one club from another."

Here are opinions expressed by campus leaders; more opinions should be given on this question. Why won't YOU say something?



Even With Dormitory Pests, Inc., Life Can Be Beautiful, We Guess

By NANCY LOU

Life *can* be beautiful, but not in a dormitory. Not unless you are, of course, not quite normal. The tall, athletic extrovert type who makes good grades without studying, never needs, sleep, always has food, is utterly fearless concerning any form of wild life, and is willing to lend any amount of money on trust may be able to bear dormitory existence indefinitely, as may the short stocky introvert type who is able to lock her door against the world, get out the cigarettes and the benzadrine, and pay no attention ot the stream of miscellaneous humanity trying to batter the door down, to say nothing of the wild life that comes in under the door. But who knows any person like this? No, speaking of the average normal college girl, if there is any such animal as a normal college girl, life cannot be beautiful in a dormitory because of Dormitory Pests, Inc.

President of the corporation is, of course, your best friend. This may be a drastic statement, but who comes in to cry on your shoulder the night you'd planned to study for the big test? Who eats most of your food? Who keeps you up all night reforming the world, washing socks, and discussing that never-boring subject, men? Who borrows your money, your evening slippers, and your toothpaste, as well as wailing, "Can I bathe in your tub? They're lined up three deep in mine." Who goes merrily off on a date and leaves you sitting mournfuly alone (except for that group of food-hunters perched like birds of prey on your bed) wishing that you used Pepsodent, too? Who? Your best friend, of course. However, we mustn't be too hard on this member of Dormitary Pests, Inc., since she probably feels the same way about you. That's what makes good friends, that mutual feeling of respect! President of Dormitory Pests, Inc.

Second on the list of dormitory enemies are the millions of vice-presidents in charge of operations, since they are always present, and always in unexpected places, places where you wouldn't even find your best friend. Naturally, I speak of man's best friend, the cockroach. How lonesome the dorm would be without the cockroach! Who would drawl across the desk, leering, at three in the morning, as you struggle to finish last week's theme? Who would dart out from under a pile of your best blouses? Who would wait until you were taking a bath to come quietly in under the door. Who ruins all your food for you simply by sharing it with you? Who snuggles up in your bed occasionally, giving you cases of screaming hysterics? Who luxuriates in your five dollars' worth of DDT, even taking some home to the family, who all come back for a taste the next day?

(Continued from Page 3)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Pat and Alma

Guess what! This week you get a bargain in ye olde HYPHEN . . . two, not one, but *two* Belles of the Week. We could give the excuse that they are co-presidents of the Turf and Tanbark Club, or we could say that they are really twin sisters . . . but relax, we won't. In fact, we aren't going to give any excuse at all for there being two Belles. It's just because we love 'em both so much that we couldn't decide which one should come first. Now I've gone and done just what I said I wouldn't do.

After meditating for hours as to which of our Belles to talk about first, I decided to rely on good old alphabetical order and begin with more specifically on The River Road (from the book of the same name). No place but Louisiana could ever produce an Alma, and no other place would ever try. Now wait a minute, Cowlephant . . . no one but a Louisiannan could have that adorable drawl, that spontaneous giggle, and those enormous eyes. The most fascinating accomplishment of Alma's eyes is that she can blush with her eye lashes,

(Continued on Page 4)

Inquiring Reporter

By NANCY LOU

This week, your Inquiring Reporter is continuing the question asked last time (no, I'm not just being lazy . . . Ye Olde Editor requested a repeat performance! So there!) since the HYPHEN wished to get a fairly good survey of the student attitude toward the question, "What changes would you like to see made here at Ward-Belmont?" Last Inquiring column was a survey of the seniors here at school, so it is only just and fitting that this week's column be dedicated to our little friends and those future seniors, the Mids. There has been much controversy on campus as to proposed changes in rules, etc. . . . so, this is what some of the Middies think.

VIRGINIA PULLEN, popular president of Fidelity Hall, said sweetly, "I'd like to see the "tea hole" open at night for girls and their dates. Also, it seems to me that more *legal* meal cuts would be grand. I think there ought to be more of a reward for being on the merit list, too."

DOT FRANK (she of the red hair and winning personality, that is!) expressed her wishes thus: "I'd like to see more cuts for Phi Theta Kappa members; after all, they used to have an unlimited number."

Caught washing her hair by your snoopy reporter, NANCY BROYLES said, "In the first place I think we have plenty of dating privileges, so we don't need much improvement there. But I think there would be less skipping chapel if they allowed us a certain number of chapel cuts, and *then* made a strict penalty when we cut."

CHALLIE THORNTON, popular Mid, was at a loss to suggest any new changes. Said she, "I like it the way it is and I can't think of any changes right now."

"SNAPPY" ENGLETT, Challie's roommate, had quite a list of small things to be changed: "I'd like to have Senior Hall left intact, instead of mixing Mids and Seniors. I think they should abolish English, too. You know what I mean, Miss K. (This last was all Snappy's idea, not mine!) And I think we should be able to sign out for meals whenever we want to. Give the clubs more money to start the year with, and last, but not least, *please* put an arm on that statue!".

So ends another column. Hope all you kiddies enjoyed it. I didn't. Faced with a test, two term papers, and a book report, I sit here trying to be amusing. Bah!

JOYCE ARMITAGE: (Next year's HYPHEN editor): "Hold on while I spout awhile about my worst bone of contention here . . . the general treatment of the DAY STUDENTS here. It's a cryin' shame the way they are left out of our activities in which they desire to participate too. Some improvements could be: *quicker* method of house mail, joint informal dances, and big picnics for them once a week. Also the boarder's attitude toward them is deplorable.

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By SUE

Spring has sprung,
Fall has fell,
Summer's here,
And it's hot as—my sunburn!

On this merry note of plagerism, another column commerces—I hope. Last week-end was the second Senior dance, complete with April showers in the afternoon. The night of the dance, however, dawned "bright and clear." (Those Victorian poets get stuck in one's brain after an 18-page term paper.) Looking as pretty and enchanting as the night were many Senior W-Bites. Since the roommate wore the only formal in the suite, I hung from the third rung of the fire escape and joked down notes on the dresses with my fourth toe—ape ancestors ya' know!

The first gal I saw was Joyce Michelson—Daddy should be glad he has only one instead of three—in a white and green stripped taffeta formal. The bodice was fitted with small straps over the shoulder. The gored skirt had wider stripes near the hem. The dress swirled out in an appealing manner when Joyce danced.

Circling near Joyce was Hattie Ruth Cole in a creamy white evening dress. The fitted bodice had tiny puffed sleeves; the full, gathered skirt had an immense bustle in back. One of the prettiest bustles seen this season, we thought.

Swinging to the second rung of the fire escape I spied roommates dressed as twins: Kay Van Nortwich and Kathie Barfield to be specific. Their dresses were made of pale pink marquisette with fitted bodices and drop shoulders; the wide material about the shoulders was gathered in front and on the sides with several pink flowers nestled in the gathers. The gathered skirt was looped in several places with the same pink posies in the loops. They looked like cotton candy. (Subtle way of saying, "Good enough to eat.") Writing of fluffy formals reminds me, does anyone have some pale blue dye? My flour sack *must* be a pastel color for May Day.

Another gal in a lovely pink dress was Margaret Ann Webster. There was a big ruffle around the shoulder, and the fitted bodice was brocade. The full net skirt had vertical ruffles interspersed on it. Margaret Ann looked so very pretty! It certainly must be nice to be graceful; if there is anything for this one to stumble over—need I say more?? I seem to have spent most of my life gazing up at people from the floor—one way for this corpulent one to feel small!

Do not amble off the roof, kiddies!

Musical Recital

(Continued from Page 1)

cosa son" by Mozart, and "Waltz Song" by Gounod.

Next Miss Williams played "L'Alouette" by Glinka-Balkirew and Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau." Then Miss Stahlman sang "Do Not Go My Love" by Hagemen, "Come Ye to Tthese Yellow Stands" by La Forge, "Apr un reve" by Faure, and Del Acqua's "Chanson Provencle."

Miss Williams concluded the program by playing Liszt's "Gnomenreigen," "Consolation in D flat" and "Rhapsody No. 11."

Miss Alma Baskerville was the accompanist for Miss Stahlman.

May Day Planned

(Continued from Page 1)

surrounding states and many people travel far to see it.

This year the events of the pageant follow in this order. Part I is the procession around the circle and the entrance of the Seniors in a body.

In the second part the queen's court enters and then the crowning of the queen takes place.

The third part of the program contains the dances. These include the following numbers: the Southern Ballet, Pickaninnies, Begin the Beguine, Spanish group including a rumba and Scarf Dance, Junior Trio Ballet, Le Sylphides, and the Finale including performances by the four dance majors.

Part IV includes the performances of TOPS, Drum Corps, and Physical Fitness and Culture classes.

The fifth and last part of the pageant is the May-Pole and its dancers.

Pests, Inc.

(Continued from Page 2)

Why our friend, the cockroach, of course, vice-president of Dormitory Pests, Inc.

The members of this famous corporation are legion, so only a few can be mentioned at this time. However, to any of you who wishes to peruse the subject farther, my book on the subject will be published some time in 2534, when I have finished my research. However, getting back to the dormitory, one of the most ardent workers in the cause of Dormitory Pests, Inc., is the fire drill captain. Who wakes you at some ungodly hour in the morning, wraps a towel around your face in an effort to stop all respiration, and then pushes you off the first escape? Who runs up and down the hall screaming, "Fire!" in such an agonized voice that you immediately throw your fur coat, your favorite picture, and your blue jeans out the window into the pouring rain? Who slams doors, clicks lights, and just generally has a good time about it at two o'clock? Whey the fire drill captain, of course. Member of Dormitory Pests, Inc.

No list of dormitory irritants would be complete without mention of the electrician. Ah, yes, the dear electrician. Who knocks on the door loudly, yells "Electrician!" and then walks in before you have a chance to get over the idea that someone actually knocked for a change? Who fixes the lights in your room (which were perfectly all right to begin with) so that they wouldn't turn on for love or money? Who wanders in at all hours of the day saying, "Did I leave my . . . ah, yes, here it is." Who gets all the telephone calls? The electrician, of course. Member of Dormitory Pests, Inc.

Many, many are the members of this corporation who clamor for recognition. But only passing mention may be made of most of them. Perhaps you can recognize a few. Who brings pet baby mice to your room and turns them loose in your bed? Who posts false telephone calls for you? Who wakes you up to borrow some shoe polish and then says "Gee, were you asleep? I'm sorry. I wouldn't have waked you up for anything?" Who borrows your typewriter? Who leaves the ring in the bathtub? Who borrows your nylons? Who borrows your boy-friend? Kilroy? Yehudi? Gremlin Gus? Uh-unh. Just members of Dormitory Pests, Inc.

Yes, life *could* be beautiful, but not in a dormitory. Not unless, of course, you're not quite normal. And I guess I'm not. Life in a dormitory? I love it.

Club Prexies

(Continued from Page 1)

Maxwell, vice-president; Betty Hall Shepherd, Day Student vice-president; Nancy Jo Gullet, secretary; Jill Foddrill, treasurer; and Helen McGuire, rush captain and athletic manager.

The new officers will be installed in a ceremony May 14 or later, but will not assume their new positions until next September.

HIGH LITES

By JET

I wandered aimlessly into the smoker to ask the weekly question, "What's new, this week, you all?", and I actually felt like one of another race. I seem to be the only white mortal left on the W.-B. campus. Perhaps this week I may find time to drop by one of the new sunbathing resorts, North Front Plaza, and the Heron Terrace Gardens (alias tennis courts). Coney Island seems closed for the summer.

Saturday the Penstaff Club will hold its annual picnic at Anne Frederick's house, which is something to look forward to.

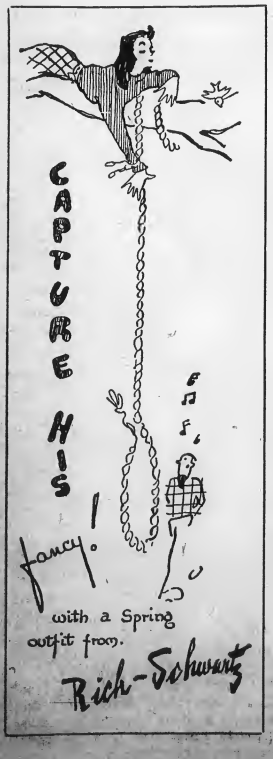
Last Saturday afternoon the Agora's picnicked at Percy Warner, and I must mention something to you who stayed home that day. Troop 42 of the Nashville Scouts seemed very delighted for us to share their ground. After we ate, and while we sat around the fire, with only Nature about us, tra la, a certain little boy, Billy Nickins, serenaded us and believe me girls, he'll be taking Frankie's place someday. No joke, he had such a *fine* voice we all sat spellbound. He's eight years old and resembles Alan Ladd, and he's going places with that voice, seriously. I hope he'll get a big kick out of seeing this in black and white. I'm going to send it to him tomorrow.

The Council dance will be the sixteenth in the Corinthian Room. This is going to be the highlight of the year, so let's see all those shining faces there. . . .

If you should overhear anyone plotting a perfect crime this week, I can tell you who they are scheming against — the fire drill captain of Heron Hall. I found a whole handful of gray hairs after that drill at 3:00 this morning. I once, as a child that is, possessed a rather nice asset called a sense of humor, but lately, I've been missing it, and finding instead something new, a red hot Irish temper.

The pile of books beckons me, so I must leave. See ya around.


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Athletes Footnote

By Bev

My goodness, it doesn't seem like it's almost time for sports to end. Why, I just bought me a pair of waterwings last week so I could take life-saving, and I found out life-saving is nearly over. Oh well, it doesn't matter much because the wings were made out of duck feathers, and, when I tried them out in free swim yesterday, I flattened my skull on the skylight. You see, every time I dived off the diving board, the wings would start flapping, and I'd soar up to the ceiling. Miss Ryder had to give the duck's mating call three times before I finally settled down in the water.

Now, let's see, where was I—oh, yeah, the end of sports. Well, with the softball tournament beginning on Thusrday, we find the four ceded teams rarin' to go, and the other clubs ready to tame them. The softball managers are: George Moss, PT; Pat Tanton, DV; Challie Thornton, Tri K; Joyce Armitage, AP; Faye Chalmers, XL; Jane Anderson, AK; Sodie Brewer, Agora; Lennie Lavigne, Osiron; Janice Lebenstein, TC; and Shirley Shulz, FF. The ceded teams are Penta Tau, Del Vers, Anti Pan, and Tri K.

In the PT lineup are: Pittman, c; Moss, p; Campbell, 1b; Stevens, 2b; Dye, 3b; Glick, ss; Ashley, sf; Bivens, lf; Allen, sf; and Clifford, rf. The PT's play Osiron, FF, and Agora. Sez Bev Stevens, " promising team."

The DV tentative team includes: Tanton, c; Edmonds, p; Rhine, 1b; Horst, 2b; Edwards, 3b; Huffman, ss; Simpson, sf; S. Smith, lf; Martin, cf; and Le Masters, rf. The DV games are: TC, Agora, and Osiron. After twisting li'l Audrey's arm for an hour, I finally got her to say something about the team. Very meekly and in between blushes, she announced, "We'll do our best."

Anti Pan softballers are: Armitage, c; Frank, p; Buchanan, 1b; Sisk, 2b; Hare, 3b; Chilton, ss; Moore, sf (that's me, heh, heh!); Roesch, lf; Galloway, cf; Daniels, rf. Playing the AP's are XL, AK, and FF. "We'll enjoy playing together even if we lose," said Joyce Hare in an exclusive interview outside biology lab.

In the Tri K lineup are: Osment, c; Thornton, p; Belew, 1b; Sims, 2b; Simon, 3b; Dyer, ss; Back, sf; Evans, lf; Carnes, cf; S. Schumacher, rf. The Tri K's play TC, XL, and AK. When I asked Betty Belew to say something about her team, she said, "Sure. They're a fine team, if they'll throw the ball straight." T'anks, Betty Jane.

The schedules for the games are: Thursday, May 1, Tri K vs. TC; PT vs. Osiron; FF vs. AK; and DV vs. Agora. On Friday, May 2, are XL vs. AP; TC vs. Agora; and PT vs. FF. Tuesday, the 6th, we find DV vs. Osiron; Tri K vs. XL; PT vs. Agora; and AK vs. AP. On Wednesday, the 3rd, are Tri K vs. Agora; Osiron vs. XL; FF vs. AP; and DV vs. TC. The semi-finals will be on Friday, the ninth, and the finals on the following Wednesday.

Before we leave softball, I want to announce the new member of our Boner club. It is none other than Audrey Horst! The other day in softball class Li'l A was chuggin' into home when she saw that the hit which brought her home was a fly. So she sprinted back to 2nd base via the PITCHER'S BOX. Guess she musta figured that the shortest distance between two points was a straight line, but she was put out before she got there.

Just two more announcements, and I'll call it a day. The track preliminaries begin Monday, the fifth, and the meet is Thursday. The spring riding show has been announced for the 20th. Oh, I almost forgot, the first round of the tennis tournament has ended, but it is too early to note any important results. The second round will be over Saturday and I guess I should remind you that all scores MUST be in the office not later than Saturday morning at 8:30, but I won't 'cause it's too much trouble.

I should end ye ol' column with a joke but I can't think of any right now so I think I'll just stop.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

but, that isn't all those eyes can do. Have you ever been phone monitor in Pembroke? After a day of it, you'll be willing to put that mythical third phone in Miss Edmond's room. Then too, if you should look into the records to see why people started peroxiding streaks in their hair, I think you would find that Alma's natural streak inspired the whole thing. Nobody but Alma could make a baby bob look sporty on a hockey field and down-right vampish at a dance. I said *nobody*, so don't cut your hair just to see. Let's leave Alma standing in her Robin Hood shoes for a minute, and go to the other half of our Belle, who is, I might add, the only girl I know who has as many friends as Alma.

The Ipana smile on Alma's left needs no introduction around W.-B. Anyone who doesn't know and love Patience Tanton (otherwise known as George and Dirty Bunny), has either been locked in her wee room all year or is an undeveloped moron. Pat is characterized by a room full of varsity letters and people, a way of being silent that makes people want to be around her in case she might say something, and a quiet way of doing nice things for people without their even knowing it. Her main interest in life is people. She thinks all people are wonderful, and the more she can be with them, the happier she is.

Well, I haven't said very much, really, about our Belles, but a lot isn't necessary. You all know them, and the reason for their being Belles is as obvious as the spirit of the Senior class. I made that comparison because, to most of us, Alma and Tanton kinda stand for the spirit of the class, and the school . . . of its girls like these two who make W.-B. the wonderful place it is.

HYPHENATED HULLABALOO

By Sheila

Ward-Belmontites! Hello.

And with the business of getting disposed of in a more or less creditable fashion, we shall proceed to deeper, more worthy subjects. . . . Sue Carson, for example, who perished from third degree burns and is this afternoon to be buried at sea. . . . (The vat of baby oil will be centrally located in Club Village so that those who arrive early for the ceremony will undergo no confusion. . . . Out of town attendants will include the family and all residents of Montgomery Bell. . . .)

Sun bathing has become the regular habit of many W-B gals, we notice . . . that is, till the infirmary suddenly filled with sudden bright's disease cases. . . . And then there was always the gal who, when asked by her roommate precisely *what* was this ailment, answered, "Something every member of Phi Theta gets at one time or another." (For those who wish to inquire after the health of Judy Wheeler and Bev Moore, they are no worse than usual.)

By the way of an after thought, I thought we should say something about the Hyphen. . . . You should be most grateful for yo' li'l campus noospaper. . . . Seems that a less worthy soul once wanted to change Ward-Belmont to Ward, Belmont . . . then the name of the sheet would be the *Comma*. . . . And what if it were Ward:Belmont? Maybe something like "Digest the News with the Colon" would be definitely in order.

Seeing's how we haven't had a chance to express ourselves since spring vacation, we shall now and immediately inform our reader (that is you, Mom . . . and you already know, but I wanta tell it anyhow) that the family (mine, that is) is the proud possessor of a new car. . . . Seems that Flossie lost her understanding and the engine fell out, thus Pop took the proceeds of his new glass-blowing business and got a new one—a '32 Essex.

Texas Clifford wanted her name mentioned, thus I should like to say her grandmother is fine and will soon recover. . . . Texas and I went down to the waterfront the other day to take the sweet old lady her supplies, and found that her houseboat had become water-logged while she was still under the influence of the last batch of cocaine we took her. We rescued her *and* her houseboat; she now has a nice apartment in the furnace room of Hall Hall, and her former home has become the new Home Ec Department. (Texas is now majoring in said subject.)

There's a movement under way in Pembroke whereby we will all be sisters . . . no secrets from one another. . . . To this end a committee has succeeded in removing many of the doors from the rooms; they are even remaining nearby during the subsequent two weeks to view the results of their handiwork.

Newpie's been having some trouble with Joyce as to the name of a certain col-yum next year. . . . It was "Belle of Ward-Belmont" this year. Joyce wants "Prima Donna" for next. . . . I think they've settled on "Bella Donna."

"The night is young and I'm not beautiful . . .
So I guess I'll still be dutiful . . .

(To Oscar, my pet roach. He has *such* a jealous nature."

(To L. L., too. She wanted her name mentioned.) (Happy, Lizzie Lou?)

And then there was always a gal named H. Ashley, who thought spring had come and then found it hadn't, apparently, since hers were gone . . . along with accompanying objects pertaining to sleep. Even accused roomie of being harte-less. (I guess "Harteaches" should come next.)

And Audrey Horst, innocent as always, started, at her suitemate's direction, out to take a wee sunbath. You know li'l Aud, always going into things with her eyes closed, and when she opened 'em, who should be demanding her immediate exit (and splashing her with bath water) than wee Peg Clough.

"I thought that I should never see
A sight so lovely as can be . . .
A vary-colored array
Of rainbows on a tray. . . .
That such a sight should come to be
Walking down the hall toward me:
Bess Benson in her new spring . . . outfit?"

We of the Hyphenated staff (me and Betty B.) send greeting and wish you all a fond goodnight. . . . Would that we could tuck you all in your sweet little beds and invoke the goblins of W-B dreams to enfold you in untroubled slumber . . . only to wake you in time to aid in the grisly business of extricating the chem lab and its occupants from another of Pat Wagoner's experiments.

Splat and g'night!

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May Day Looms

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

As Sports End!

VOLUME XXXV — SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1947 — NUMBER 28

Sinfonietta Gives Program Directed By Mr. K. Rose

The Sinfonietta, a student organization under the direction of Mr. Kenneth Rose, presented one of the most charming musical chapel programs of the year.

They opened with "Sarabande" and "Sailor's Dance" by Purcell, followed by "Peasant's Song" and "Grandmother's Minuet" by Grieg. These were all short, but interesting pieces.

The "Gypsy Serenade" by Valdes was most ably and beautifully performed as a solo by the concert mistress, Miss Ruth McCoy, accompanied by Miss Alma Baskerville.

The program ended with "Andante Cantabile" from string quartet by Tschaikowsky, a very melodious and charming number, (the theme has been converted into a currently popular song.) and "Marionettes" by Isaac, a delightful, piece with pizzicato effect.

This group should be highly acclaimed for their musical skill and this can be a great beginning for an excellent institution at Ward-Belmont.

Meriwether, Parr Present Recital

Mamie Meriwether, harpist, and Jennie Parr, pianist, were presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Diploma in Music, Tuesday, May 6, 1947 by the Ward-Belmont Conservatory.

The program consisted of: "Adagie Cantabile" from "Sonata Pathetique," Beethoven—Miss Parr and Miss Meriwether; "Intermezze, op. 118, No. 6", Brahams—Miss Parr; "Sonata in C minor," "Allegro vigorose," "Andantine espressive," Pescetti; "Le Petit Navire," Etchecopar—Miss Meriwether; "Variations Serieuses," Mendelssohn—Miss Parr; "Danse Sacree" (for harp with piano accompanist), Debussy—Miss Meriwether and Miss Parr.

Miss Meriwether is from Jackson, Tennessee. She is studying under Mrs. Parker.

Miss Parr is a member of the Octet and is also getting a certificate in voice with her piano diploma. Munfordville, Kentucky is her home.

Osiron Club Has Formal Dance

The Osiron Dance was held Friday night, May 2. The theme for the dance was May Day with Jane Harte in charge of the decorations. A May Pole stood in front of the fire place with streamers hanging to the floor.

Madelyn Terry was head of the refreshment committee and Mary Young and Lois Stevens were in charge of sending the invitations.

Thornton Gives New 'Y' Cabinet

The Y. W. C. A. officially announces the new cabinet of next year, headed by president, Challie Thornton. The officers are as follows: Vice-President—Betty Smith; Secretary—Anne Greenlee; Treasurer—Dot Dyer; Social Chairman—Sophie Gounos; Discussion Group Chairman—Laura Hambaugh; Hyphen reporter—Rusty Kelly; Publications and Decorations Chairman—Julia McHenry; Orphanage Chairman—Virginia Englett; Old Ladies' Home Chairman—Frances Stabler; Vesper's Chairman—Jo Ella Blache; Cripple Children Home's Chairman—Rose Mitchell Randolph.

These girls were told of their responsibilities at the Y. W .C. A. dinner Thursday evening, May 8. The "Y" dinner in the Chatterbox is an annual affair at which time both old and new cabinet members gather.

X. L., P. T. Hold Informal Dance

An informal dance was given Friday, May 9, by X.L. and P.T. Clubs in the gym from 8:30 to 12:00. Its theme was a "Gal in Calico" with the decorations under the directions of Mary Mitchell, Ann Tyree, Bess Benson and Betty Campbell.

Edith Ann Young was in charge of invitations. The food committee was handled by Jacque Thady and Betsy Clifford. The officers of both clubs served as the floor committee.

F. F. Gives Party For Penta Tau Club

"Peter Pauls' Pink Pills for Perfect P.T.'s" was the theme of the Supper Club program given by the F.F. Club for the P.T. Club in the Chatterbox on May 7.

The theme of the party was carried out by placecard advertisements and carboard advertisements. Each girl was dressed in a costume representative of a well-known product. A skit was presented by "Johni" Johnston and Martha Lee Durham, followde by a parade of all the P.T.'s. The "best dressed" P.T. was awarded a prize.

Refreshments were served and dancing followed.

The party was ended with the singing of "The Bells of Ward-Belmont," led by Mrs. Harber and Harriett Ashley.

Day Clubs Elect '47 - '48 Prexies

The election of the new day student club presidents for 1947 and 1948 were held Thursday, May 1.

The new Presidents are: Edna Gene Little, Triad Club; Anne Rich, Ariston Club; Attollee Boynton, Angkor Club; and Joanne Geny, Ecowasin Club.

Elliot and Warren Give Final Recital

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory presented Peggy Elliott, soprano, and Mary Jo Warren, pianist, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Diploma in Music May 8, 1947.

The program included: "Nachtigall," Brahms; "Beau Soir," Debussy; "Nachtingall and the Rose," Massenet; "Ouvre ten coeur," Bizet—Miss Elliott; 'Papillions," Schumann—Miss Warren; Ah, fors' e lui" ("Traviata"), Verdi—Miss Elliott; "Le Vent dans la plaine," Debussy; "Danseuses de Dephes," Debussy; "Sandodes do Brazil," Milhand; "Copacabana," Gavea—Miss Warren; "Oh, that it were so," Bridge; "The Clothes of Heaven," Dunhill; "Laughing Song" ("The Bat"), Strauss—Miss Elliott. Sydney Dalton was accompanist.

Miss Elliott, of Knoxville, Tennessee, is vocalist for the dance orchestra and is Secretary of the Music Club.

Besides being a piano major, Miss Warren is a riding major, and she is also working for a certificate in voice. Her home is in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Speech Students Give One-Act Play

The second year Speech Students will present their last program for the season on Thursday evening, May 15th at 7:30 o'clock in the Speech Studio Academic Building.

The program will consist of one act plays from modern dramatists ranging from Comedy to serious Drama, including a near Tragedy.

The plays are under the direction of Miss Winnia with the following girls participation: Adele Adams, Martha Ann Barton, Beberly Berno, Charlotte Eaton, Nancy Fuller, Meredith Golden, Mary Ann Jones, Lena Mistretta, Shirley Nichols, Claire Robeda, Betty Neil Sheppard, Olive Thompson, Kay Van Nortwick, Margaret Ann Webster.

The Faculty and students are cordially invited to attend.

Prep Spanish Club Elects New Officers

The new officers of the Preparatory Spanish Club were elected Tuesday night, May 6. Nancy Boudeman was chosen president of that organization, and Jody Redd is vice-president. Betty Bailey will assume the position of secretary, while Nancy Rodgers and Nancy Minick are the new boarding and day student treasurers. Bonnie Dean was selected as sergeant-at-arms.

Following the picnic supper at Agora Clubhouse, the club played bingo, using Spanish numbers.

W.-B. Choir Presents Concerts Directed By Mr. Sidney Dalton

The Ward-Belmont Choir, directed by Sydney Dalton, will give concerts in North Front Auditorium on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The Monday program will be devoted to music of the 17th and 18th centuries ending with Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater." In this the choir will have the assistance of Marilyn Redinger, singing the soprano solos, Gray Gillespie, mezzo-soprano, and F. Arthur Henkel, organist.

At this concert, beginning at 8:15, Elmer Schoettle, who recently appeared as soloist with the Nashville Symphony, will be guest artist, playing a sonata by C. P. E. Bach and a Partita by J. S. Bach.

On Tuesday evening at 7:30 the choir will offer a program of music of the 19th and 20th centuries and will sing pieces by Bartok, Korngold, Gershwin and Graham Read, among others.

The soloist for this occasion will be Florence and Alan Irwin, duo-pianists, who will play numbers by Bax, Copland, Rachmaninoff and Strauss. The College Octet and the High School Glee Club, directed by Miss Redinger, will each contribute a group of choruses.

Keep Posted

Friday, May 9: X-L-Penta Tau informal dance, gym; Glee club trip to Clarksville, 4:00; Senior picnic, club village, 5-7; high school sophomore class picnic, 4-7:30; teachers' meeting, 3:30-5, Anti-Pan clubhouse.

Saturday, May 10: Agora club weekend, Montgomery Bell; Anti-Pan, Del Ver weekend, Dunbar Cave.

Tuesday, May 13: Concert, octet, choir, chapel, 7:30-8:30, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton.

Thursday, May 15: Round table dinner; speech department one-act plays, speech studio, 7:30-8:30.

Friday, May 16: Style show, chapel, 7:30; high school student council dance for all resident high school students, 9-12, Acklen Hall.

Saturday, May 17: dead week starts; May Day, 4:00.

Black and Johnson Present Recital

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory will present Alice Black, pianist, and Florence Johnson, soprano, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Diploma in Music, May 11, at 4 P. M. The program will include: "Extose," Duparc; "An die Nachtigall," Brahms; "Sin tu amor," Sandoval; Miss Johnson—"Prelude, E flat minor," Bach; "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," Bach; "Two Sonatas," Scarlatti; "Pastourelle," Poulenc; Miss Black.

"Waltz," (from "La Boheme") Puccini; Miss Johnson—"Sonata, op. 27, No. 2," Beethoven, "Adagio Sestenuto," "Allegretto," "Presto Agitato"; Miss Black—"By a Lonely Forest Pathway," Griffes; "At the Ball," Tchaikovsky; "When Celia Sings," Muir; Miss Johnson. Sydney Dalton will be the accompanist.

Both of these young ladies claim Tulsa, Oklahoma for their home. Miss Johnson is also a riding major.

Senior Class Has Box Social Picnic

A box social was held in Club Village Friday Night from 5:00 until 7:30. The supper was given by the seniors in Pembroke Hall, and Seniors from Hail Hall were invited. Pat Rhine, President of Pembroke, auctioned off the box suppers filled with all sorts of good food.

Games and contests were held immediately after dinner. Mintie Cantrell was head of the contests and games committee, and Nancy Simpson assisted her. Prizes were chosen by Thelma Back, Peggy Clough, and Meredith Golden. Bobbie Simon, assisted by Pat Tanton and Maryjane Hooper, took care of publicity; and Patzie Simmonsen, Marjory Quising, and, Lena Mistretta were cashiers.

Prizes were given for the most beautiful girl, the girl with the biggest ears and feet, and other characteristics. A cake walk was also one of the outstanding events.

Conservatory Has Four In Recital

The Ward-Belmont Conservatory presented Mary Ellen Captain, contralto, Dorothy Hodgson, violinist, Carolyn George, pianist, Evelyn Paty, pianist in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Certificate of Music Sunday, May 4, 1947, at 4:00 P.M.

The program consisted of: "Che faro senza Euridice" (from "Orfeo"), Gluck; "Vittoria, vittoria," Carissimi—Miss Captain; "Song without Words," Mendelssohn-Kreisler; "Tambourin," Leclair-Kreisler—Miss Hodgson; "Etude, op. 25, No. 1," Chopin, "Viernese Dance II," Friedman-Gartner; "Fireworks," Debussy—Miss George.

"A Spirit Flower," Campbell-Tipton; "Lullaby," Scott; "Hills," LaForge—Miss Captain; "Liebesleid," Kreisler, "Liesbesfreud," Kreisler—Miss Hodgson; "Etude, op. 10, No. 6," Chopin; "Rhapsody, G minor," Brahms; "Danse," Debussy—Miss Paty.

Sydney Dalton was the accompanist.

Late News!

Here are some late news items just received in this office: Penta Tau won the track trophy for the spring season. Dot Frank broke the record for the Baseball Throw by fifteen feet, and Betsy Clifford broke the broad-jump record by a foot.

Election returns are as follows: Jean Ratliff, president of Phi Theta Kappa; Fran Deolin, leader of Capeivators; Dorothy Yearwood, president of the French Club.

Editorial Comment

Fran Sez . . .

'Tis an effort to keep us from becoming slightly mauldin this Tuesday evening. The thought struck us that there are only two more HYPHEN'S . . . the one next week will be done without Seniors in any form, and thus it does not really count as a HYPHEN for US. The Middie issue does, however, promise to be an outstanding one, and we are eagerly awaiting its arrival in our p.o. box.

The roomo just breezed in and informed us that all sentiment must be reserved for the final Senior Issue . . . and so we will conform. Suffice to say that the last "normal" Tuesday night has sunk us in the very depths.

And still we are immersed in the annual term paper, track meet (in which the little sister nearly lost her head, literally, on a hurdle), baseball tournaments, week-ends, and other such activities. In spite of each busy minute, we have formulated a plan by which the proper amount of play and work (in the order of importance) can be inserted in the schedule. If one studies for fifteen minutes and plays for thirty, a kindly balance can be maintained.

Perhaps you have read the comments that have consumed both the editorial column and the inquiring reporter column during the past two weeks. At least we hope that those comments have been read and discussed. It is an accepted fact that there are improvements . . . little things . . . that are needed on the Ward-Belmont campus. And the HYPHEN has attempted to bring these improvements to the attention of the administration by presenting them, not in the usual, editorial manner, but as signed statements from campus leaders. We sincerely hope that some benefit may be procured from the columns of the preceding weeks.

The policy of the HYPHEN has been to give to the students of Ward-Belmont a paper that will meet all their demands, and though we are limited to a certain extent, we have attempted to carry out that policy. By means of the articles of the recent weeks we have printed a rather thorough cross-section of campus column. We do not, however, mean for our readers to stop taking an interest in the paper or in the editorial column. It is, in truth, your paper and your column. We print what we think you want to read. If at any time we do not live up to our desire, we want each of you to inform us of our negligence. And do not cease sending your comments to us, for we will always be glad to print them. Without an active interest on the part of our readers, we will be unable to print a paper that will satisfy each of you.

To clinch our statements, we shall say only that with an enlightened faculty and administration and with an eager student council next year's Ward-Belmont will be one that will surpass our fondest hopes.

And now is the proper time to offer congratulations to the new club presidents and officers. Soon 'twill be time for the well-remembered Orientation meetings . . . and then the Seniors really DO feel like "has-beens" . . . but as the roomo reiterates . . . now is not the time for such thoughts. But can we help it if Tennyson has affected us?

Seriously, to depart from the sentiment, we want to boost, pat-on-the-back, and generally encourage all the new officers. Yours is one of the finest opportunities of any college career . . . and we are confident that each of you will succeed in your new duties. There is a sense of completeness when one realizes that an assigned job (other than regular class work) has been performed in the best possible manner. And each of you is capable of performing your individual duty in the very finest style. Recognize what you have, because although you may think thta it is yours for only a brief space of time, in reality, a part of you will always remain here . . . if not in a tangible form, in the minds of your successors. For example, a part of us will always be here in the office, seated before our little machine, gazing at the clock with amazement and saying, "Well, this issue is done!" And it is.

With this lofty statement we say good-night.



"There Isn't Anything Better Than The Derby Unless It's The Derby," We Say

A wise person (namely me) once said, "There isn't anything better than the Derby unless it's the Derby." It really took brains to figure that one out, but when I walked into the dorm Sunday with twelve $2.00 duckets on Cosmic Bomb (he also ran), two black eyes, and my wig on lop-sided, I explained it pretty well.

The black eyes I got when we arrived in Louisville. There was a girl photographer in the station waiting hopefully for celebrities, and we asked her to take our pictures, saying that we were representatives from "Wahwud-Bellllmont". In the tussle that followed, my eyes got a little black around the edges, but you should have seen her! We had to prop her up against a post and take our picture by remote control.

As soon as we got out to Churchhill Downs, I went right in to bet on the Derby. I'd had a hot tip from my uncle to bet on Cosmic Bomb, because the horse had been raised by my aunt's niece's cousin's great grandfather who'd married John's other wife; So I knew it'd be a sure thing. After standing in line for three hours, my feet began to hurt, and I took my shoes off, but a little boy came running up, grabbed one of them, and yelled, "Mommy, I found my tugboat!" I snatched them away from him, and didn't take my shoes off again.

Another hour passed, and I arrived at the window. "Twelve tickets on Cosmic Bomb to win by a tail," I told the man. He patiently explained to me that horses don't run backwards, and I finally bet on him to win by a tooth. He had buck-teeth and I knew if he won, his teeth would come in first.

Just as I left the window, it was time for the Derby race. I hurried down so I could get a good seat on the rail, and bumped into three very tight gentlemen. "Pahdun me, m'am," said one of them, as he picked me out from under the nearest seat and brushed the camel hairs off my camel hair coat. "Mah name is Roosevelt. What's yours?"

"It ain't Eleanor," I retorted, sitting down in front of the fence. They told me I was going to get "hoofitus" down there since all I could see was the horses hoofs as they went by. I told them to go peddle their bicycles elsewhere. You can imagine my embarassment when their picture came out in the paper right next to ours. They were the presidents of the three biggest railroads in the country! That explains the lop-sided wig which I pulled apart piece by piece.

Well the race started, and I was valiantly yelling for Cosmic Bomb, when I suddenly notice he wasn't even out on the track; in fact he hadn't even left the post yet. I jumped the rail, ran down there, and gave him a swift kick where it would do the most good. He reciprocated, and shot out on the track. I ran for the nearest pillow, and yelled,

(Continued from Page 3)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Janie Branson

Another bargain this week, two fine prep aristocrats, Janie Branson, president of the Senior Preparatory class, and Albertine Sutherland, Student Council president. I shall tear these two apart in alphabetical order, beginning with that smiling blonde from Pampa (not Tampa, that's a ceegar), Texas, Janie Branson.

Janie's mere 5 feet 3, green-gray eyes, and blonde tresses combine to spell a very natural beauty. She's one in a million; just ask any prep Senior. Before a Junior-Senior Day parade you can find her buried in white card-board and blue paint with that slow Texas drawl telling you to "go 'way, it's a secret!" Janie misses Mama, Dad and *freedom* more than anything else, at W.-B. But she just loves the girls here, and Mama Hay. Next year she plans to attend Amarillo Junior College, and after that Texas Tech. or University of New Mexico.

Her secret ambition is to *really* catch "Mose," her man, and her pet peeves are hypocrites and people who can't break down and be natural. It can certainly be said that Janie has perfected the art of being natural. Best of all, she likes to dance, eat,

(Continued on Page 4)

Po'ms 'Bout People

By JANE and SPRUNG

CYNTHIA HOYT—ANTI-PAN
The president of Anti-Pan
Is not yet quite decided.
We know it's Imp! but which IS Imp?
However, we're delighted.

CORA MOSS BELL—X.L.
Who could be a finer pres.
Than our own C.M. Bell?
Your pickin' surely suits our taste,
Three cheers for you, X.L.!

STEVE ANN AKIN—P.T.
Well, I'm almost sure P.T.
Has a genius in the makin'.
Have you ever seen a more versatile gal
Than their prexy, Steve Ann Akin?

TOMMIE CANTRELL—F.F.
The cutest little man-killing girl
We've seen is Tommie C.
Can you imagine! She's talented too!
Watch F.F. next year, you'll see.

PAULA RUDOLPH—AGORA
Congratulations to Paul A. Rudolph
And to the Agora's too.
When the honors come around next year,
We'll see a lot of you.

NANCY BROYLES—A.K.
Nancy dances, Nancy smiles.
She makes us feel quite gay.
We wish her all the best of luck
As prexy of A.K.

SALLY CARUS—OSIRON
Big brown eyes is a main attraction.
Osiron loves her well.
Sal's a gal that's satisfaction.
We too think she is swell.

JUAN STROUBE—T.C.
Who heads the T.C. group? we ask.
Juan Stroube is her name.
But even if her name was "Mud,"
We'd love her just the same!

JANE FAULK—TRI-K.
Janie dear without a Faulk
Will lead the Tri-K clan.
We now might take time out to say
We sure like your sun tan.

MARILYN MILLER—DEL VERS
The more I write, the worse the verse.
I really ama dowd.
But Marilyn Miller's on the ball.
I'm sure Del Ver is proud.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Mlle. From W.-B.

By Sue

After picking myself up off the sidewalk—never could walk on stilts—I have finally come to the conclusion that there are some members of the human race, namely this one, who have *no* sense of balance! My only claim to executing anything vaguely athletic is catching goldfish—out of a bowl. And speaking of goldfish reminds me of the golden (tan) gals in pretty clothes around campus. (That last is known as a sentence of transition, if ya' use your imaginations, that is).

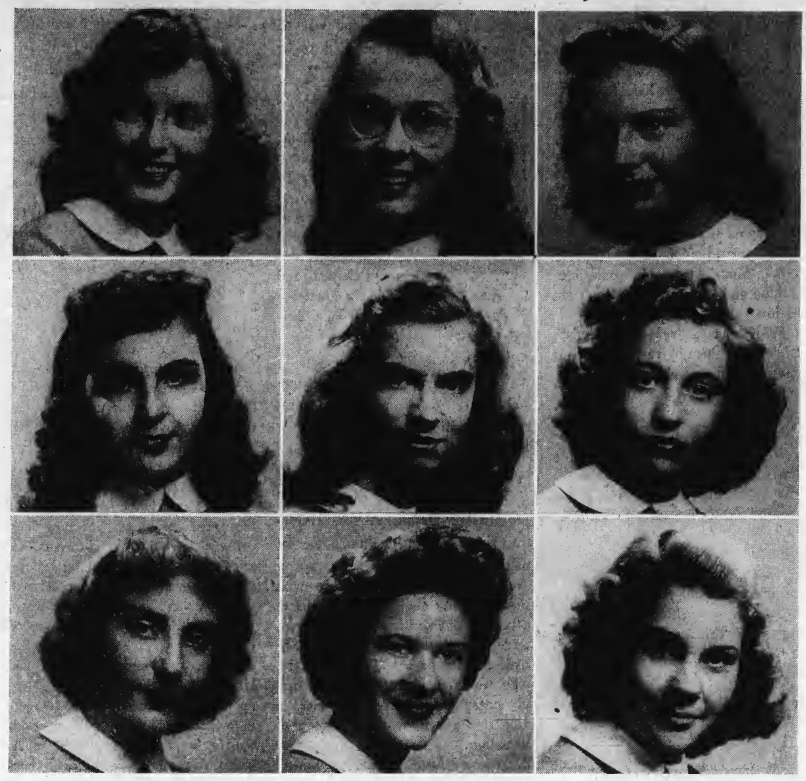
The first gal in summer dress was Mamie Meriweather, seen proudly escorting her mother into the dining room. In an effort to note Mamie's dress carefully I nearly stabbed the hostess with my knife; we don't have such finery back where I come from. After creeping to Mamie's table—some *dear* person mistook me for a dog and threw me a tidbit of meat—I finally discovered that the dress was a white and red print against a beige background. The intriguing feature was a drape down the side which had red sequins inter-spersed on the red posies. According to my ghost writer—I refuse to admit that *I* compose all of this column—sequins are going to be shown on bathing suits next season.

Leaving the dining room who did we spy but Ernie Congleton in a luscious cherry suit. The short, compared to the three-quarter length number, jacket had a peplum in back, and two rows of small silver buttons in front. The straight skirt had a slit in front and back. Ernie had just returned from purchasing a Mother's Day present; my poor *madre* will have to be satisfied with a postcard since I only have three cents—never play black jack with gals from Arkansas!

Upon entering Pembroke I nearly trampled upon little Alice Black before I saw her; in my four inch heels, we looked like the amazon and the midget. She had on a brown cotten dress with a French neckline and cap sleeves. There was a big bow in back, and it was midriff style at the waist. She wore gold sandels with it. Little Alice's only complaint against the world was a peeling back; she should worry—my legs are coming off three layers at a time. My room looks like a shedding animal lived there—and I do, too!

Between now and the next column comes several term papers so I will just say in closing—happy benzadrine dreams!!

Meet The New Club Prexies For '48!



High Lites

By Jet

"Oh the sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home . . .": yes, even my Western suitemates are singing it now. (They bet on my little namesake and cleaned up). Of course, I had to be smart and bet on Jet Jet; came in thirteenth. Anyway, it was exciting and no one shall ever forget it.

Quite a few Seniors are receiving letters from the dean concerning next year. So far the Seniors that will be back for college are: Neilyn Griggs, Barbara Nelson, Nancy Gullett, Mary Ann Wheeler, Jill Fodrill, Janie Hughes, Clara Turner, and others that are still undecided. Yours truly of course will thrill W.B. two more years or even more??????

The High School "Y" election has for its candidates for prexy, Martha Ann Rogers, Nancy Boudeman, and Jane McCrary. The "Y" deserves a big applause for the work it has done this year under Martha Nell (Snooks) Blackburn.

The time, the temperature, and the weather forecast: Times: 23 days until graduation, around (700) hours. Temperature, hotter than usual, weather forecast, hotter still til June 2nd. Predicted a beautiful final month of school. May day next week, then exams, and then *Home!*

The T.G.I.F. meeting will be held Friday. On that day the officers for next year will be elected, also the High School Pin Up boy. Please place your nominee for Pin Up Boy in the ballot box of the Heron smoker. Those running so far are Billy Jo Adcock and Mope Q. Matthis. Plug Mope! Every member is expected to be present as roll will be taken.

Orchids to June Rucker for no particular reason. Just a little thanks for the rolls Saturday night.

By the way, gold certificates are being awarded to the two Ideal Members of the T.G.I.F. Club. This vote will also be taken Friday.

Another week is at its close.
Another fly is on my nose,
Another moth moved in my clothes,
You can't win!

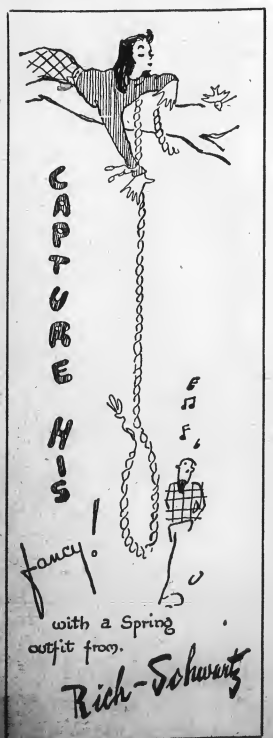
Derby Daze

(Continued from Page 2)

"Come on, Cosmic Bomb!" About halfway around the track he saw the rest of the horses on the other side, and jumping the rail, he took a short cut through the center. He caught up with Jet Pilot just as he got to the finish line, but another horse stuck out his hoof, and tripped him so he was put out of the race. Well, I did my best, but it didn't work. Jet Pilot won, and I was stuck with the twelve duckets.

Still, there isn't anything like the Derby. Next time I think I'll bet on Cosmic Bomb to lose, and, by durn, I bet I'll collect.


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Athletes Footnote

By Georgie

This week has found itself making diamond history. There have been from six to eight games scheduled every afternoon since Thursday, May 1. The weather man has been considerably decent to us and we only had one of the afternoon games in the gym. This has been an excellent ball season, and with the finals right around the bend, it is hard to realize that another set of sluggers will be leaving the field "for good" pretty soon. The games have been lots of fun and sportsmanship I think reached an all-high peak this season. Let's always try to smile when we enter any sort of competition and the other fella will smile too!

Looking at the prep school day student games a few moments (I didn't get a chance to see much of any of these games—my term papers have gotten the best of men and my time) there was some excellent ball being played. Some of these prep teams could take the college gals for a good game any day!

Eccowasin bowed to Angkor 8-15 in the first bracket of games. Once Angkor got started on those runs, they were off. Ariston then were at Angkors mercy of 6 to 30. Eccowasin retaliated to upset Ariston 13 to 12 in a very close exciting game. Ariston again suffered loss at the hands of the Triads, 16-13. But the Triads met their conquerors in the Eccowasins, 20-16, and another defeat by Angkor (vs. Triad) 12-6.

In the college the Penta Taus downed Osiron in a hit and run game, 20 to 6. The P.T. gals were hitting that day. The upset of the day was 4-11. The D.V.'s just couldn't get the ball under control and the Agoras Del Vers defeat by the Agora Club, took advantage of the monentary difficulty.

T.C. was swamped by Agora 4-27 in another wild game. Balls went every which way, except into the T.C.'s hands. The pitching was excelent and the T.C.'s couldn't get many hits off Sodie.

Tri-K defeated T.C. by a score of 25-4. Some of these hard hitting Tri-Ks really socked 'em and again T.C. couldn't get control.

F.F. downed A.K. by a 19-3 score. The F.F.'s did some mightly fine, hard, deliberate hitting and caught A.K. in a daze.

Anti-Pan turned on X.L. for a 14-2 score. Dot's pitching was "right on there" and the X.L.'s were held to a few hits. Penta Tau took their second victory from F.F. by a 25-7 total. Again the sluggers were "on", and Clifford, Dye, and others socked 'em far and wide.

D.V. turned on and beat Osiron by 10-8. Alma was doing some nice pitching and Osiron fust couldn't get the hits.

Tri-Ks chances were stopped when .L. defeated them by 12-7. X.L. was doing some fine pitching and fielding, and even the Tri-K sluggers were stumped.

Anti-Pan won their second game with an 11-1 victory over A.K. The Penta Taus came out thus far as the only undefeated team in three games by knocking their way to a 21-3 score over Agora.

So ends this much of the baseball. Be on the lookout for the final game and everyone come out for the round-up of the season! We've all had fun—only wish there were more time to play more games and tournaments as well.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

sleep, and have fun, X.L., men, music, or well, most anything. Janie loves life, and gets her fill of it!

Her favorite food is good ole southern fried chicken, and while she's enjoying it she's likely to be listening to the Glenn Miller's arrangement of "All the Things You Are." Such classical taste!

She loves to watch baseball games and play a good warm game of hockey herself. Her best pal is Susie Havron who has been her roomo for two long years at W.B.

Janie is indeed an aristocrat. In her two years here she has been an active member of the Athletic Association, a member of the Beta Club, Home Economics Club, Round Table Club, and has received her W.-B. varsity letter in hockey.

Janie's getting awfully excited about graduation, and hates to think of leaving all these fine people. May we add to that, Janie, we shall miss your cheerful "hello" along the walk next year, and your happy way of making other people be glad to be alive.



Albertine Sutherland

Now to Miss Sutherland, who hails from Boone, North Carolina. Al, as she is called by her fellow classmates, is President of the High School Student Council, and what a great job she'ss done during the year! Al possesses *gorgeous* blue eyes, plus the sunniest disposition ever. (What a perfect combination for a Council president). Al is finishing her fourth year at W.-B. and she thinks the school can't be beat. She likes especially the friendly atmosphere of the place and the girls of Heron. Al, the Heronites think you're mighty fine, too, don't tell anyone.

Al wants to learn to sing, more than anything else, "or at least carry a tune." She dislikes people who interrupt, and sarcastic remarks. She likes a jolly person, (just like Al), who wants to have fun. She is simply crazy about horses and dogs, in fact, that is her favorite topic of conversation.

Al is an Anti-Pan and Captain in TOPS. Speaking of TOPS, that fits you, Al, you're really tops with us all.

She added a little comment on Ward-Belmont which I would like to quote: "I have attended this school for four years and I love it because every year has been a new adventure to me. I love to meet people and be with them. Maybe this kind of sums up my feelings for W.-B.: If you don't miss the kids and the activities here when you leave, you just 'ain't human.'"

Yes, Al, you're certainly right, and that was the finest remark I've heard in quite a while. You've got a heart as big as your circle of friends, which is mighty large. And you've contributed more than you dream to the school through your wonderful spirit and kindness.

Mehitabel Says

Not long ago you all heard of my famous cousin Mehitabel, the cat who was Cleopatra in her former incarnation. Lately Mehitabel, who is by the way my favorite cousin, has been paling around with a Bohemian cockroach named Archie. Archie is a very intelligent little bug who used to be a poet and a very good friend of a friend of a parrot who used to be on familiar terms with a broken down advanced comp student named Shakespeare. Anyhow, Archie found it extremely frustrating being reborn a cockroach, since no known cockroach until that time had ever won the Pulitzer prize for verse. Being an uninhibited roach, Archie decided to throw all convention to the ill wind that blows no good, and he has been composing poetry on a slightly defective Remington he found in the Hyphen office. At first he suffered terribly from rhumatism, sinus, and a misplaced sacroilliac, but now he is calloused in all the right spots, and finds it much easier keeping his feelers from getting caught between the space bar and the margin release.

For awhile Archie was a contented cockroach, happy and unconcerned with the troublesome problem with which we of the homo sapien category have to contend. Then he met a fellow named Don Marquis who took a great deal of interest in Archie's work. He even had a book, *Archie and Mehitabel,* published. This pleased Archie no end, but recently he has become extremely distressed since he noticed that Mr. Marquis was given credit for authoring the book. Archie feels sure that people who read it will think it is a figment of Mr. Marquis' imagination, and not the product of the first poetic cockroach in history. He has been bothering my poor cousin Mehitabel, and continually plaguing her with his trials and tribulations until the poor cat has been practically driven to the mange. She has used up seven of her nine lives, and is sure that when she dies and is reborn again she will turn into a Gnurps and everyone knows that there is nothing lower and more detestable than a Gnurps.

The other night Mehitabel came slinking up the fire escape to my office and unburdened herself to me. She sat by the fire in the wastebasket licking th einside of an old sardine can while she told me of Archie's latest solution for his problems."

"Archie," she said, "is determined to take it before the High Tribunal For The Protection and Prevention Of Plagarism Or Otherwise Unfair Exploitation Of Temporarity Dehumanized Artists, Musicians, Authors, And Other Intellectual Transmigrants.

"You don't say," says I. "Exactly what does this board do?" "Well," says Mehitabel, "they will see to it that the guilty party pays for his wrongs. How do you think I became a cat?"

"That, my dear cousin, is a mute question. Since I have nothing but six term papers to write, why don't you tell me?"

Mehitabel settled herself by curling her tail about her left forefoot. She told me the long story of her downfall.

"It all began after my long friendship with Mark Antony, a traveling soldier who stopped off at my summer cottage on the Nile for a year or two. Life became extremely dull after he left, and as an anodyne for my boredom, I began paling around with an affectionate asp who one day kissed me in a fit of passion. Next thing I knew I was before the Board for the Determination and Promulgation of Classification of Transmigrating Souls. As a result, I am on probation as a cat. You can never tell what they will do to me next."

With that, Mehitabel arched her back and sobbed hysterically in the sardine can.

"Now, now, Mehit.," says I, "It could be worse."

"You just don't know how bad it is. I went riding in a convertable pushcart with that tom cat, hubarb, and he brought along a jug of catnip. If the board ever finds out, I just don't know what they will do to me."

At this point, as Mehitabel looked soulfully into the sardine can, there came a tapping, such a rapping at my chamber door. Archie came squeezing under the door, dragging a copy of Kafka's *Metamorphosis* behind him. "Now look, even this guy is stealing my stuff. There's just no justice."

Archie drooped across the table, his feelers dragging through the dust, and announced that life had become too much for him. Before I could stop him, he executed a beautiful sswsan dive into the sardine can, and ended it all.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow. May his soul rest in peace.

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Senior-Mid Issue!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Senior-Mid Issue!

LUME XXXV | SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1947 | NUMBER 29

Thelma Back Reigns Over May Day Festival



Thelma Back, 1947 May Queen

Seniors Compose Court of Queen

Thelma Back was chosen as May Queen to reign over the annual May Festival this afternoon by the department of physical education. Thelma is from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and some of her activities at W.-B. include President of Tri K, Phi Theta Kappa, Chemistry Club, and German Club.

The Queen's court was composed of Barbara Allen, honor maid; college boarding maids, Nell Smith and Bev Stevens; preparatory boarding maid, Mary Lindsey; and preparatory day student maid, Jean Ward.

The festival began at four o'clock on the west campus by the singing of the national anthem. Then the procession began. The procession heralds were Cynthia and Sue Hoyt. Thelma entered in a "Barouch" drawn by horses. The Queen's court, composed of the Senior Classes of college and high school followed, led by heralds Carolyn Henderson and Virginia Pullen. The Queen's pages Virginia Berry and Lynn Youmans preceded the Queen and Leslie Sharp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sharp, was the crown bearer.

After the crowning of the Queen, the festival dances took place some of which were: Southern Ballet, Begin the Beguine and other Spanish numbers, Junior Trio Ballet, and the Finale. The physical fitness and culture classes, the drum and bugle corps, and TOPS gave exhibitions. The May Pole concluded the festival activities.

The dances were instructed by Mrs. Charles Heddleston and were accompanied by Miss Alma Baskerville.

Shakespeare Play To Be Presented Saturday, May 31

The Ward-Belmont Speech Department, headed by Miss Catherine Winnia and Miss Sherry Hanbury, announces the presentation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." This play will be held Saturday, May 31, in club village and will inaugurate the commencement exercises.

The cast for the play will include all the college speech students. The following have been cast as the principals:

Rosalind . . . Kay Van Nortwick
Orlando . . . . Mary Ann Jones
Aliner . . . . . Nancy Fuller
Celia . . . . . Adele Adams
Touchstone . Margaret A. Webster
Duke in Banishment . . . . .
. . . . . Betty Neil Sheppard
Melancholy Jacques . Beverly Berno
Adam . . . . . Meredith Golden
Duke Frederick . . Ann Moursand
Le Beau . . . . Olive Thompson
Phoebe . . . . . Lena Mistretta
Audrey . . . Martha Ann Barton
Amiens . . . . . Claire Robida
Corin . . . . . Juan Stroube
Sylveies . . . Betty Hall Shepperd
William . . . . . Charlotte Eaton
Charles . . . . . Barbara Worth
Demis . . . . . Phila Rawlings
Demis . . . . . Shirley Nichols

Conservatory Has Tuesday Concert In Auditorium

Tuesday evening, May 13, at 7:30 m., the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music presented the Ward-Belmont Choir, Octet, High School Glee Club, and featured Mr. and Mrs. Alan Irwin, duo-pianists in a concert.

The program was opened with the Glee Club singing "Looking Glass River" and "Night Song." The Choir continued by presenting "Prayer of the Slavic Children," "Only Tell Me," "Tomorrow," and "Kung Fu-Tze."

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, featured duo-piano soloists, then gave a brilliant rendition of "El Salon Mexican," "The Poisoned Fountain," "Floods of Spring," and "'Fledermaus' Paraphrase." The first two numbers were in a modern vein.

"When I Bring You Colored Toys," "Deep River," "Two Roses," and "Romany Life" were rendered by the College Octet. Peggy Elliott was soloist in "Romany Life." Accompanist, Martha Jo Furr, added the background for the eight voices.

The concert was completed by the choir singing "A White Blossom," "The Man I Love," and "Windy Nights." Jenny Parr, was choir accompanist.

Rev. Bittinger Has Wednesday Chapel

Rev. J. B. Bittinger, pastor of the Belmont Second Presbyterian Church of Nashville, was the speaker in chapel, Wednesday, May 14.

Rev. Bittinger, a former chaplain in the Navy, began his talk with a quotation from a letter from a serviceman which laid the basis for his following thoughts. The boy wrote, "Life is so sweet. Take care of it, and I hope you will live all your life."

Then he proceeded to ask three questions: "What is your name? Where do you live?" and "What do you do?" In stating what one should answer in ten years he said that one has three names, the ones given by family, schoolmates, and the one earned yourself; one decides the kind of atmosphere to live in; and that one must go into world to live, not to exist.

In conclusion, Rev. Bittinger said: "When you find the answer to these questions, a dawn of a better tomorrow will break through. I hope you're going to live all your life."

Student Wins Art Exhibit

The honorable mention for the best work in art this year was awarded to Bettye Johnston. She has a creditable exhibit including the following: design, illustrations, drawing from life and water colors.

Her work as well as that of all the art students will be exhibited in the art studio Tuesday, May 27 through June 3. The public is invited.

Attention is also called to a permanent exhibit of student work from previous years will be hung in Room 300-A, opening Friday, May 16, through the summer. Each year a purchase prize from the outstanding work of the year is selected and becomes the property of the school. That piece of work is incorporated in the permanent exhibit.

The following girls are candidates for certificates in art: Jane Harte, Betty Johnston, Pat McGauley, Mary Mitchell, Virginia Rippy, Barbara Simon, and Lois Stephens.

The following girls were elected by all the art students as the officers for next year: Genevieve Wolfe, president; Joanne Furges, vice-president; Julia McHenry, secretary; and Wayne Hammond, treasurer.

Captivators Give Final Programs

On Friday, May 16, Captivators, Ward-Belmont's versatile orchestra, presented their final program for the year. The program consisted of "The Old Lamplighter," "Goodnight," a solo by Fran Doolin, "In the Mood," "Beautiful Baby," a solo by Hop Furr, "Rumors Are Flying," and "Johnson Rage." The program was concluded with the playing of the theme song, "I'm in the Mood for Love."

Speech Pupils Give One-Act Plays

The first-year students of the Ward-Belmont Speech Department will present a program of three one-act plays on Tuesday evening, May 20, at 7:30 in the Speech Studio.

The first play to be given is "Entre-Act" by Syvan Simon. The scene is laid in the dressing room of an actress on opening night. Juan Stroube plays the part of the actress, Ann Carpenter, her understudy; Patricia Stoll, a doctor; and Connie Kaufman, personal attendant to the actress.

This will be followed by "Girls in White" by Sylvan Simon. This play is centered around an incident behind the scenes in a Nurses' dormitory. The characters are Sophie Gounos, Patricia Huddy, Frances Martin, Rachel Sample, Barbara Worth, and Dorothy Yearwood.

The last play will be "Murder at Mrs. Lorings," a mystery melodrama in which women solve a crime. The students participating are Bettye Johnson, Mary Jean Macgruder, Betty Miller, Norma Rickle and Virginia Satterfield.

Round Table Club Holds Discussion

The problem of integrating women in civic life was the top of discussion at the Round Table dinner held Thursday evening from 6:00 to 8:00 at the Mocker's restaurant.

The panel consisting of four members was made up of Dorothy Hoback from Ward Belmont, Mrs. Stuart from Peabody, and Mr. Charles Mott and Mr. Harry Kahn from Vanderbilt.

Style Show Held In Chapel Friday

Friday night, May 17, Ward-Belmone presented the annual Fashion Show, consisting of garments made in the Home Economics Department. There was a wide variation of garments shown, ranging from bathing suits to evening clothes and including lined suits, children's clothes, and dresses.

The show consisted of two scenes —a winter and a summer scene. The models ascended a winding staircase while modeling winter clothes. The summer clothes were modeled in garden with a white picket fence and an archway which they came through.

Clara Caldwell was the mistress of ceremonies. Special music was provided by students from Peabody, David Lipscomb, and Ward-Belmont classes.

Mrs. C. H. Sergent, who received her M.A. degree from Peabody College, is the instructor in sewing and was in charge of the show, assisted by Mrs. W. R. Walker.

Prep Council Presents Dance

The High School Student Council gave a dance for the high school girls last night in Acklen Hall. The theme was "Les Fleurs du Jardin" or "Garden of Flowers."

The floor committee consisted of the new Student Council members, Al Sutherland, president; Jill Fodrill, vice-president; Anne Micks, treasurer; Charlotta Bonner, representative of the underclassmen; Evevlyn Abrams, chapel procter; Betty Bailey, procter of North Front; and Jane Hughes, proctor of Heron Hall.

Marion Tilley, Sally Schumacher, Hardie Newton, Alice Fisher, Jean Yound, and Nancy Rodgers, the old Student Council, helped decorate.

Al Richardson's orchestra played and the group danced from 9 until 12 o'clock.

Senior Prep Wins Scholarship Award

Vivienne Boysen, a senior in preparatory school has been selected by the scholarship jury of the National Scholastic Art Awards for the scholarship to Modern School of Fashion Design in Boston, Mass. Announcements of prizes were made on May 12, which followed the opening of the 20th National High School Art Exhibit at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Editorial Comment

And Once Again

It's "that time" again. Seniors graduating, all of us saying good-bye, wishing for just a little longer with our friends, planning reunions, and wondering where we'll be in five years . . . or making plans for next year at Ward-Belmont—and wondering if it can be better than this one. The new officers are chosen for the student council, the "Y," and the clubs; the new HYPHEN staff is already trying its wings. The Mids are once again to replace the Seniors; once again the Seniors are moving on.

From the very beginning, it has been a wonderful year. Remember that lonesome feeling, Mids, just at first . . . and how swell the Seniors were about showing us around, and making us one of them RIGHT AWAY? Remember how you thought you'd never seen so many girls . . . such friendly girls . . . or heard so many names . . . and yes, how so many of us suddenly realized we were really in the South where southern accents flourish?

Remember too the club rushing and the cute invitations you found in your mailbox . . . the "big night" when you finally made your decision after your hand was minus fingers, and your name changed? FAG DAY . . . how could you forget? And the night when you were initiated. Remember the pride, the sense of belonging, the warm welcome from the Seniors?

Then came the hockey season and the shin guards, the tennis tournament, Senior-Senior-Mid Day . . . and real spirit. "Y" parties and picnics . . . teas . . . club week-ends and dances.

And the first thing you knew, mid-semester exams were over, and you DID pass. Christmas vacation was only five weeks away. Calendars were watched and marked.

After vacation we Mids more fully realized how you Seniors felt about Ward-Belmont . . . just as you said we would. And we were so proud of you . . . the King and Queen of Hearts, George and Martha . . . and all the minueters.

And we laughed and we cried with all the Seniors when LAST year's Seniors came back and gave us a program. Truly then we realized that we would soon have to part with YOU, and tried to show you how we felt at our banquet.

Then came Easter vacation . . . a new thing . . . and we all came back to rest.

There isn't much left of the year's calendar now. May Day . . . you look so sweet, Seniors . . . dead week, and then those horrible final exams. THEN comes graduation. We'll be SO proud of you, and we're hoping we'll be in your place some day . . . but GEE, we hate to see you go. . . .

Jerce's Diction

Before I go one single typewritten word further I must explain the above title of my new column. . . . Would crush me to discover some forlorn souls at the end of next year who still hadn't figured it out. 'Tis simply me exercising my legal authority or JURISDICTION by putting my thoughts on paper. . . . "Jerce's Diction, n'est-ecpas? (Cut out the PUNY groans—those kind of brainwaves don't roll in often, pal!)

After anticipating the pleasurable writing of this column for so long, I find it rather disconcerting to sit down in Newpy's portly chair to begin this only to find my eyes refusing to remain open! Perhaps the fact that it is now 2:45 a.m. may have something to do with this deplorable condition. . . . If this happens every Tuesday next year, the men in white coats will claim their victim!

In the few inches left in this column, I want to thank very sincerely all the Mids who worked so diligently tonight to make this '47 Senior-Mid issue of the HYPHEN another invaluable memory to add to those already collected here in W-B. They left the office (decades ago) with looks of contentment and pleasure, for tonight, perhaps as never before, they realized that true happiness is gained through love and service for others. It is up to you Seniors, and your



Time Approaches for Class of '47 To Make Way for Class of '48

By MARY JO LEMASTER

The time has come again for Mids and Seniors to stroll back through "Memory Lane." The Mids are stepping into offices with proud gleams in their eyes, but sadness in their hearts that they must bid the Seniors an "until we meet again" greeting. It all seems that the past year has gone by too fast, and is just a dream. This dream is built along "Memory Lane" and will always be there for us to stroll along.

At the moment our path is very well lighted by your smiles, laughter, and happiness. I can remember when we first arrived at W-B, things seemed pretty strange and futile. But you took us in hand and we rushed through Orientation with flying colors. Fag Day arrived, and then work began. You helped us feel your love of W-B, and through you our love became stronger.

When Christmas came we had fully realized what it meant to be a part of W-B. The friends we have made will be life-long, and our fears have been put aside. Adjustment was complete, and without your warm greetings, cheery smiles, and sturdy arm to lean on our struggle would have been much harder. You came through as you have year, and were always at our side to counsel and advise.

Stepping into your footsteps will not be hard. You have left a well marked path, and the sign posts read "look to the future." We will be out on our own, and it is up to us to uphold the spirit you have embodied in W-B. Accepting this responsibility is grave, but we can and will do it.

Next year will seem strange without you. We'll miss your songs ringing from the smoker, the proud look you get when you walk in your Senior jackets, the sportsmanship and clean playing you have taught us. But most of all we'll miss YOU. Those long talks of counsel and advice you have given us will keep your spirits alive this next year.

When we sing "The glorious spirit of old 48," the spirit of '47 will linger in our memories. You may be gone, but there are the concrete, and sentimental thoughts you have left behind in the Mids' hearts. We will make next year a year that you can be proud of, and the spirit of '47 will be our guide. Your love for W-B is deep in our hearts, and we will keep this love forever.

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Nancy Pippin

"Howdy, folks! I'm just s'proud t'be hyere!" Nope, 'tain't Minnie Pearl, but our own Nancy Pippin, whose secret ambition is to take over Minnie's job someday.

She's 5 feet 7 inches, has black hair and blue eyes, and hails from the Ozarks. She's going back to the hills (U. of Mo.) to study phys. ed, and when she takes her mind off her beloved St. Louis Cards, she hopes to get married.

Pippin explained to me how she makes her grades. She studies in the bathtub with pillow, blanket, and board every night. Must try that some night. She likes "hosses," tennis, and old jazz. Among "don't likes" are dirty fingernails and folks that don't like W.-B.

Pip has been ye ol' chapel proctor, athletic manager for AK, and a member of A.A. She warbles for the choir and octet and "Luvs music." Mary Alice informed me that she likes to sing hillbilly songs to which she modestly replied, "Shut up."

Yessir, that's our Minnie Pip! We'll miss her next year, but in ten years from now, when we listen to Grand ol' Op'ry, we'll say that we knew her when . . . Good luck, Pip.



Cathy Bull

Wait! That's not all! The new HYPHEN policy is to give you double your money's worth, so we are giving you two Belles. Our next one is Catherine Bull, the little lady who is only secretary of the Student Council, vice-president of Agora, member of the drum corps, orchestra, Chemistry

(*Continued on page 3*)

Inquiring Reporter

By BESSIE

What makes the Seniors so *different* from everybo else at Ward-Belmont? No one I've met lately seer to be able to say just exactly why they are— *special,* b we all, Mids and high school, know that they are. Wi this idea rattling around in my mind I put on r threadbare gym shorts and went in search of an answe I didn't even have to ask my question; what I w thinking seemed to be what everyone was thinking, a before I had gotten further than "Graduation is comi up in only three weeks and I wonder what you thi . . ." my victim always said, "I think they're *wonde ful.*"

MARILYN MILLER said she thinks the Senio this year are *different* because "they know how to lau and love and live—and they are generous and swe enough to teach us how to do the same. I wish I mig have had the opportunity to know more of them, b cause they make the dearest friends in the world."..

MARILYN STARK (Starky to us) added from h seat in an ashtray in the smoker, "The Seniors are unit and they have the good ole class spirit."

Another Mid meditated and said, "I'm sure going miss the Seniors 'cause they're so friendly and we lo 'em. That was KACKY SMITH'S opinion.

CONNIE KAUFMAN sighed enviously, "They ha the wisdom of the ages. Gee, I think they're smart."

Putting a slug in the Pembroke coke machine (whi was empty) BEV MOORE told me, "I'm going to m the crazy things those Seniors do."

FAY CHALMERS had a sentiment to express: "I going to miss the powder fights, fagging for the Senio talking to them, borrowing their clothes (Ashley's, th is), and—well, just everything. I could go on forev because they're just so . . . well, they *are.*" I agree

A lil high school freshman, FANNY FRAME, w had very definite ideas of her own, stated, "The Senio are so dignified. They are lots of fun but serious t They're all going to be remembered a long time."

Several outstanding high school Seniors decided t Seniors, both college and prep, were "good sports" an to quote BARBARA BOYSON, "They give prestige the campus." ALBERTINE SUTHERLAND lik the attitude of the Seniors "because they uphold t ideals of the school and work hard to make W.-B. a even better place." "Maybe it's because they realize th is their last year here" was JUNE RUCKER'S com ment.

NANCY "Lefty" GULLETT, gulping a sandwic in the tea-hole (excuse me, I mean "Chatterbox") sai "The Seniors are a little older and know the ropes. That what makes them different." BARBARA NELSON w another high schooler who will miss the Seniors; "Senio have set the standard for the underclassmen to follow they've been a good example."

ANN LINDGREN, after reading all these comment over my shoulder, had to have her say: "I'm going to b lost next year. I keep thinking of all the good time we've had together. It'll seem sorta funny not havin them around, sad too. I won't have anybody to borro shoes or clothes from. It'll be terribly lonesome." Sh looked solemn for a moment, and then brightened. He usual cheerfulness came to her rescue as she exclaime "But we won't *ever* forget them, and they can come bac to see us!"

By this time both my shoulders were damp and m eyes were too. "Buck up, old girl," I said to me, "jus think, we have something to live up to now. Why, it been an honor to know and love all these grand Senior And though they'll be missed everytime we go to th drug store and in all the familiar places on campus, the friendly and helpful spirit will move us to try to be a much like them as possible." As BETTY BUCKNE says, "We love every doggone one of 'em."

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Mademoiselle from W.-B.

By Ann Morgan

As I saw the horses rounding the bend for the fourth hurdle, I thought, "This is the end!" I dove to the bottom of the hedge, and as I crawled out several minutes later, I was confronted with a group of my fellow W-B girls watching the Steeplechase.

The school's new set of twins, Mike and Millicent, loomed up in sight in pink cotton dresses with peplums edged in white eyelet pique. The same pique also bordered the square necklines. Very petite!

Tagging along behind was Judy Wheeler in a blue and yellow cotton dress accentuating her light blond hair. The front of the bodice was quite different; it was light blue crossed and re-crossed with half-inch yellow stripes. The back and skirt were of the plain yellow material. With the dress Judy wore a bright yellow sweater over her shoulders.

By this time I had managed to get back on my feet and escape more on-coming horses. What a relief! Joyce Hare had just come from the stables when she joined her friends. She had on her new gray and yellow stripped cotton suit. (The one she bought for the Derby before the weather man decided to make the day very cold). The jacket, fastened by gold buttons in the shape of small crosses, had three-quarter length sleeves with deep cuffs and a long, full fish-tail flare in the back.

Trish Simonson, who was sprinting to the judges' stand, nearly ran me down, but before I dodged into another hedge—just call me "Leafy" —I happened to gaze upon her blue and white strip dress. Why did everyone wear stripes last Saturday? Anyway, the neckline was high and plain, but the full skirt had two deep, deep pockets. The back of Trish's dress— I saw it as I again stuck my head out the hedge—was cut out in a large triangle! Did you get a suntan, Trish? To top everything though, her belt was made of braided material in blue and green.

One little girl came strolling by, evidently lost behind the mounds of multi-colored cotton candy which she was carrying. Determined to see who she was, I plowed through the foamy mixture of sugar and air, and guess whose face laughingly greeted mine —Nancy Lu White's. Wipping the cotton candy from my face, I saw that she wore a purple stripped dress. It was cotton, of course, to go with the sticky stuff she was carrying. The dress had buttons down the front and had a set-in belt and cap sleeves—the later was—very appropriate for the warm weather.

Then to disturb my pleasure of talking with those I saw, the trumpets blew loudly and shrilly. Another race was starting. I dashed to the top of a small hill with about one hundred other people, got my field glasses ready, and aimed my sights at the track. Where was it? All I could see was a dull brown object. Down came the glasses as I discovered a man's hat. Well, I didn't want to see anyway. So I passed them over to Marilyn Miller, who wore a white peasant blouse with a low, round neckline and a cotton dirndel skirt.

Until next time I'll be pulling pink and white cotton candy out of my hair, and still there will always be the leaves from those hedges. You can never win.



Pictured above are the new day student club presidents: Attollee Boynton, Angkor; Joanne Geny, Eccowasin; Edna Gene Little, Triad; and Anne Rich, Ariston.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

Club ("mere detail"), and writes for the Hyphen.

She was born an' bred in dear ol' Michigan, and is going back to the U. of Michigan to take pre-med. She informed me that her brother graduated with a 99.9 average, and when I picked myself off the floor, I realized why Cathy makes such good grades. And—get this—she likes to study!

Cathy's very amiable (a big help to an interviewer) 'cause she likes everything. Eating is her favorite, and "notice the results," she sez. But pecan shells aren't among her "likes."

Her hair is brown and her eyes are blue—no, purple—well, changeable anyway. She stands 5 feet 5 inches from the ground, and doesn't like people who are shorter than she is.

Gals like these are what we'll miss next year on the campus, and the ones that make up our own W.-B.!

Truman Appoints New Top Official

President Truman appointed Robert A. Lovett Undersecretary of State May 12 to succeed the veteran Dean Acheson. He indicates that other changes among top diplomatic officials are in the making.

The government's first major move to stimulate the rise of new industries in the West and South thus reconciled equalization of railroad freight rates was approved by the Supreme Court yesterday after a 2 year legal battle. On a seven-to-two decision written by Associate Justice William O. Douglass, the court upheld the Interstate Commerce Commission order issued in 1945 cutting class freight rates 10 per cent in the West and South and raising them in the Northeastern States. Interested parties in the South estimated the decision would save shippers approximately $2,000,000 a month.

Benefits of the daylight saving time came into effect for Nashvillians at 12:01 a.m. on May 11. Everyone turned their clock up an hour and now an extra hour of daylight is enjoyed.

PHIGH LITES

By Jet

Dear Preps and T.G.I.F. Members: Happy May Day! Two more Hyphens until vacation, believe it or not. I can't.

Last Monday night the first semester council members gave a surprise party for the second semester council members in the Tea Room. Marion Tilly, first semester council president, was toastmistress, and a toast was read to each girl with a gift from the old council. Brownies and cokes were served to the entire prep student body. Afterward, we danced and played around until eleven thirty, and it was a huge surprise to us all.

Betty Joyce Campbell just bounced in looking for her bathing suit, as if WE could have it. We don't even take baths, much less go swimming. Gordy does every once in a while; that is, she crawls up into the sink with her famous toe hanging over the side and brushes her eye lashes.

The T.G.I.F. pin-up boy election is still in dispute . . . and may be announced next week. Don't miss. Remember, if you want a square deal, Mope's the man. (This was a paid political announcement.) After Billy Jo and Mope were put up, Virginia Leeotis Smith insists Fireball run, now what has Fireball ever done for Heron, I ask you? Enough of the trivial chatter.

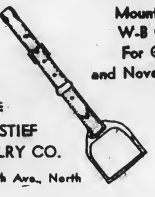
Jenalee is calling some homing pigeon on the roof, Joan Hayes is filing her fingernails, Mouse is hollering something about "Bloody Harlan," (yeah!!!!), Mary Runyon keeps singing, "Through the Forest Wild and Free," and Clare Turner, and Janice Pierce just walked into the hall.

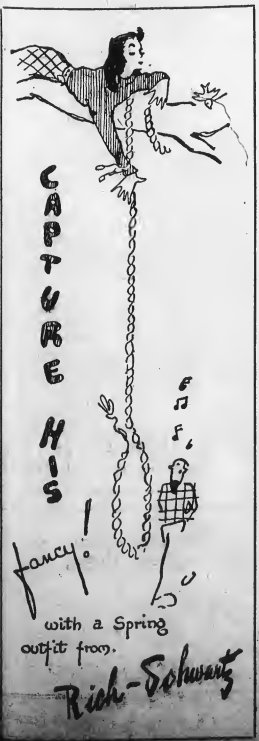
Kayko's pictures from Tuttums came, in case some of you are deaf. One has a pink cloud over his head, the other blue, to match Jeanie's room. I still say he has a broken nose.

Well, toodaldoo, fine chums. . . . I leave you with this thought:

Do you deserve to graduate?

If so, try cod liver oil, you'll need it to get you across the stage.


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GIFTS COSTUME JEWELRY
COSMETICS FURNISHINGS

Penta Tau Wins Baseball Tourney, 12-11

Moss and Clifford Pitch Winning Game

With hard-hitting and excellent teamwork, the Penta Tau ten snagged the 1947 softball cup, May 9, in a 12-11 victory over the Anti-Pans.

Both teams showed fine spirit, and the winner could not be called until the last inning. The pitching was fast and accurate; the fielders were on their toes, catching some pretty flies; and the batters got off several long hits. The Anti-Pans lagged behind in the first few innings, but rallied to give the P. T.'s some real competition before the game ended.

The game started with the Anti-Pans at bat. Moss' fast pitching held down the batters with the only outstanding hit being Frank's, whose outfield grounder took her to third. With Dandridge and Moore on bases, Hare hit an infield fly snagged by Glick. Dandridge was caught off base, and the inning ended with the double out.

The P.T.'s at bat faced Frank's fast curve, but long hits in the outfield gave them the lead early in the game. The tension was somewhat relieved when Pittman slid into home in the nick of time right on her noggin. The crowd heaved a sigh when they found "Peanut" was all right. Home run of the game was made by Clifford in a beautiful left field hit, greeted with roars of approval from the P. T.'s.

The second inning was comparatively quiet with neither side doing outstanding playing. Excellent teamwork held both teams down.

The third inning finds the A. P.'s getting off some excellent hits, but P. T. fielding stopped this threat. Frank stole second, while Galloway bided her time at bat, and "looked 'em over." The P. T.'s at bat also hit some long balls, but Frank caught



Safe at first! But you can't say the first baseman didn't try!!

Dye's fly giving them their first out. Souhtpaw Allen almost rattled Frank but she was put out on first, and Ashley's run didn't count. The inning ended with the P.T.'s ahead, 8-4.

In the fourth inning the Anti-Pans began to recover with Chilton starring at bat. She made a hard, long hit, and Sisk brought her home. The P.T.'s were held down, Ashley making the last out.

The fifth inning showed the fighting spirit in both teams. The Pandas were unable to get a run off the P.T.'s, but their opponents took the lead by six runs by errors in the outfield. Moss, Clifford, and Stevens all came in.

After five innings of sharp, accurate pitching, Moss turned the mound over the Clifford. Clifford's ball lacked the accuracy of Moss', but had more speed. The Anti-Pans almost caught up in this inning, making six runs. The P. T.'s were put out, with only one point added to their score.

The deciding seventh inning gave the Anti-Pans only one run, leaving them lagging behind the P.T.'s, 12-11.

The Penta Tau victors held the game in hand during most of the innings with good ball-handling and teamwork. The Anti-Pans, despite outstanding playing, couldn't quite catch up with them.

W.-B. Octet Sings In Monday Chapel

The Octet gave a program in chapel Monday, May 12. The program was opened by the singing of three religious songs, followed by "Oh! Suzanna" and "Old-Arks-a Moveren," "When I Bring You Colored Toys," and "Romany Life." For an encore they sang "When Day Is Done."

The girls singing in the Octet are Nancy Pippin, Steve Ann Akin, Ruth Marie Walls, Nancy Broyles, Bunty Harte, Molly Shanks, Peggy Elliott, and Jennie Parr. Martha Jo Furr accompanied the Octet.

Athletes Footnote

By FAY and LINDGREN

The cracking of old bones heard so frequently on campus, is nothing more than that of dislocated joints and muscles acquired by those courageous enough to play second fiddle to Jet Pilot. Which concisely boils down (or up or something) to TRACK. Ah, yes. This year was a great season—a record breaking season at that. To give proof to this last statement, let us refresh your memory for a moment.

Flash — Betsy Clifford stretches her legs to stretch the broad jumping record a foot. She actually put 16 feet between her ~~and~~ the take off. Ramblin' roses to ya' Texas. (?) She also managed to come in first in the hop-step and jump, with 29' 11½", followed by Chalmers second, Petras third and Ashley fourth. "Put" Tanton did some might nice placin' with the shot pat (my, my how these typists confuse their letters.) (Typist's note—that word was misspelled on the copy!! B. B.) S'matter of fact, she came out on top breaking the record with 30 feet and 4 inches, followed by Dot Frank's 27 feet, 7½ inches, and Blake's 27 feet, 5½ inches. As we sit and wonder how they pick it up.

Now let us drag our sun burned bodies over to the high jump pit, where the pole is leveled off at 4 feet, 2 inches. The wind and I held our breath while Casy, Frank, Gladen, and Chalmers went over. Then a sudden exhale, while the pole is raised to 4 feet 4 inches. Inhale. Chalmers goes over. X.L.! But wait, what's that, it's a bird, it's a plane, no it's a baseball glidin' through the air landing neatly on the 215 foot mark. Another record breaker!! Of course the gal who threw that winged ball was none other than Dot Frank. Placing 2, 3, and 4 in the baseball throw were Sugg, Edmonds, and Durham, respectively. Congrats, kids.

As we wonder back to the bleachers are blown back in our seats by the passin' breeze of the speed demons in the 50-yard dash. Jacque Thady, Harriette Ashley and Betsy Clifford tied for first place with Petras making a close second. (How true) 7.2.

Now for the hurdles. A new record was established by Evalina Casy winning with 8.1 seconds. The runners up were McKnight with 8.3 and Tanton and Clifford tying 8.5. The last event of the day was the relay races with each club participating. Penta Tau came in first, Eccowasin second, X.L. third, and Osiroa fourth.

The culmination of the day's meet found the individual winners, Betsy clifford with a score of 27.5, Dot Frank with 19 and Pat Tanton 17. As the club ratings stand, Penta Tau wil receive the Track Trophy for the grand score of 50 points. Next in line is Eccowasin with 23½ points and F.F. with 5½ points.

So ends the track season. Congratulations to you all and (the infirmary is right around the corner.) Congrats to D.V. for winning archery cup with an all-high score. In the tournament Pat Hornbeck and Betty Stted fulfilled the requirements for their W. B. archery letters with 18 hits and a minimum score of 90. Others who are doing well are Mary Lou Nelson, Carolyn Moody, June Michelson, Challie Thornton, Sissy Mull, and Nancy Cooper. So here's to all the would-be William Tells.

In closing we want to remind you to be on hand for the final horse show this Monday and Tuesday, for it promises to be a grand display of horsemanship including jumping, pair classes, and gaited work.

This Riding Show will end athletics for the year '46-'47. It certainly has been a year of fun and complete teamwork combined with good sportsmanship and hard work.

As an after thought Jody Blanton joins the Boner Club this week. She thought she was being foxy by not participating in athletics, but she was foxed and is now taking croquet. This was a low blow and she is now thinking of entering the National Croquet League this June. (Texas partition, of course!!!)

Phi Theta Kappa Elects Officers

The newly elected officers of the Ward-Belmont chapter of the Phi Theta Kappa Fraternity were announced by Judy Wheeler, president of the chapter this year, after the last meeting.

Jean Ratliff was elected president and the other officers are as follows: Laura Ann Tompkins, vice-president; Mary Jo Harrod, secretary; and "Sis" Boone, treasurer.

OR ELSE!

Miss Newhall, W.-B. librarian, announces that all library books must be in by May 23. . . . So keep this in mind and get 'em in right away!

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Senior Issue!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Senior Issue!

VOLUME XXXV | SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1947 | NUMBER 30

Chimes Awarded First Class Honor Rating

Excellent Magazine Edited by Kennard

Chimes was awarded a First Class Honor Rating by the National Scholastic Press Association, it was announced by the editor, Sheila Kennard. This rating, which signifies an excellent magazine, was the only First Class Rating given a junior college, and it was also the highest rating given any junior college magazine.

The rating was based on the editorial content, art work, editing and makeup, and typography and mechanical considerations. In the first group *Chimes* scored 340 points; in the second group, 180 points; in the third group, 245 points; and in the fourth group, 160 points. The total number of points earned by *Chimes* was 925, and this placed the magazine in the first-class bracket.

Sheila Kennard is an Agora and is a member of the staffs of the paper and yearbook, in addition to her position as editor of the magazine.

The National Scholastic Press Association is associated with the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis. The judging of the magazine was done by students of the School of Journalism.



Sheila Kennard

Shakespeare Play To Be Given May 3 By Speech Classes

"As You Like It" by William Shakespeare will be presented by the Speech Department on an out-door stage in club village on May 31. The production is directed by Miss Catharine Winnia. Songs in the play will be sung by soloists Bettye Johnston and Phila Rawlings.

The cast in the order of their appearance is as follows: Orlando, son of Sir Rowland de Bois, Mary Ann Jones; Adam, servant to Oliver, Meredith Golden; Oliver, son of Sir Rowland de Bois, Nancy Fuller; Dennis, servant to Oliver, Shirley Nichols; Charles, a wrestler, Barbara Worth; Rosalind, daughter to the exiled Duke, Kay Van Nortwick; Celia, daughter to Frederick, Adele Adams; Touchstone, a clown, Margaret Ann Webster.

(Continued on Page 4)

New Y Officers Installed Sunday

The newly elected officers and cabinet of the "Y" were officially installed in a candlelight service in chapel May 16, 1947. Speeches of support to all Y activities were given by Peg Blowers, representing Student Council, Laddie Harton for the '48 Senior Class, Faith Chalmers, for the Athletic Association, and Carolyn Henderson for the publications.

The new Y.W.C.A. officers are Challie Thornton, president; Betty Smith, first vice-president; Secretary, Anne Greenlee; Treasurer, Dot Dyer.

The cabinet is composed of Sophie Gounos, Nona Hambaugh, Catherine Kelly, Julia McHenry, "Snappy" Englett, Frances Stabler, JoElla Blache, and Rose Mitchell Randolph.

Mr. Arthur Henkel played the organ processional and recessional music for this installation service.

154 Seniors Will Receive Diplomas At Commencement Tuesday, June 3

Completing the school year for 1946-47, College Commencement exercises will be held Tuesday, June 3, at 9 A.M. At this time, 154 junior college graduates will receive academic diplomas. There are 55 candidates for special certificates in music, speech, art, secretarial training, and riding.

The Commencement speaker will be Doctor Hugh C. Stuntz, A.B., B.D., M.A., and D.D., president of Scarritt College for Christian Workers. Music will be provided by the Choir.

Preceding graduation there wil lbe a number of activities honoring the college and the preparatory seniors.

At 8:15 tonight the speech department will give its outdoor presentation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" in Club Village.

Baccalaureate services will start tomorrow's activities, and the Reverendend Thomas Calhoun Barr, Pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, will give the sermon at 11:00 A.M.

Sunday at 4:00 P.M., Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Provine will receive the graduates, their parents, and guests at a tea on the south lawn of campus.

Step-singing and the laying of the daisy-chain will be held on the steps of the Academic building Sunday evening at 5 P.M. At this time the traditional class diary will be handed down by the outgoing Senior Class president to the incoming president. The seniors will plant ivy, according to custom, in front of Senior Hall; and the 1947 *Milestones* will be presented at 7:30 P.M.

Monday the All-Club Banquet will be held at 5:30 P.M. and the Preparatory School Commencement will follow this event. At the banquet music and citizenship awards will be made.

Peg Blowers Gives Orientation Plans

The plan of the 1947 Orientation committee has been announced by Peg Blowers. Those coming back for orientation are: the presidents and rush captains of the ten social clubs, student council officers and cabinet members, the Y.W.C.A. cabinet, president of the Athletic Association, president of Phi Theta Kappa, Senior Class officers, and the editors of the three campus publications.

The new orientation program will be based upon the program of last year, with some changes and alterations. Peg Blowers, president of Student Council, will head the college boarding group. Under the central group is a governing council which is divided into four parts, according to the subjects to be discussed.

Academics will handled by Jean Ratliff; student government by "Kacky" Smith; activities by Carolyn Henderson; and Athletics and Social Club by Ann Morgan. The orientation program is stressing "attitude" and great plans are underway.

Each new girl will have a "big sister" who will not only correspond with her during the summer months but also will help her when she arrives at Ward-Belmont in the early fall.

This year each hall will have two senior counselors to guide and help the new girls during orientation and continuing throughout the entire year.

Exercises Held For Graduating Preps

The Preparatory graduation exercises will be held in the chapel Monday, June 2, at 8:15 p.m. Doctor Hugh C. Stuntz, President of Scarritt College for Christian Workers, will be the speaker for the evening.

There are 90 candidates for diplomas from the Preparatory School. The girls will wear white dresses and carry bouquets of red roses.

Special music will be provided by the high school glee club. The Rev. Prentice M. Pugh will pronounce the invocation and benediction.

Other activities planned to honor the Preparatory Seniors included the annual Senior Banquet, which was held on May 3rd, and a reception that will be held on the South Lawn Sunday, June 1 at 4:00. Dr. Robert C. Provine and his wife, Mrs. Provine, will receive the graduates of both the Preparatory and College Senior classes and their parents.

A. A. Banquet Held For New Members

The annual Athletic Association spring banquet was held May 23, in the Tea Room. The old active members entertained the faculty and the new active members, including the new president, Faith Chalmers, who succeeds Jane Harte.

The toastmistress for the occasion was Sarah Jane Mathes, and the program was in the form of a radio skit, sponsored by "Belmont's Better B-Athletes Bugaboo" and presented by station WBAA.

The entertainment was arranged by Joyce Armitage, Maggie Petras, Helen McGuire, Betsy Clifford, and Terri Gaines. Decorations were by Nettie Jean Blake and Mary Jo LeMasters. One hundred and fifty-two members of the Association were present.

In addition to the new president, the Athletic Association has elected Anne Lindgren as vice-president; Mary Vantrease as secretary; Betty Rhea as treasurer; and Sarah Jane Mathes as general manger.

"Senior Song" Is Theme of Banquet

The annual Senior Preparatory banquet was held May 3rd at 6:30 p.m. in the Tea Room. The theme, "Senior Song," with words and music written by the Senior Prep class of 1947, was carried out in their decorations: music notes as place cards and tiny sheets of music as programs. Each girl of the Senior Class was a note in the "Senior Song," which was arranged by the faculty and copyrighted by the W-B Preparatory School.

Toastmistress Dot Hailey welcomed the guests: Dr. and Mrs. Provine, Miss Martha Ordway, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Lowe, Miss Wyckle, Miss Cleveland, Mrs. Souby, Miss Kuykendall, Sara Jane Mathes, Jr., Prep President; Hardwicke Newton, Sr. Prep President for 1948; and the Senior Class.

Following the dinner, toasts were offered the prominent guests by the presiding officers. The will and prophecy of the class of 1947 were read following the reading of the class history; and the banquet was closed with the class poem, written by Jane Ellen Tye.

The committee in charge of the banquet consisted of the present officers: Janie Branson, president; Anne Warnock, vice-president; Elizabeth Nixon, boarding treasurer; Sara Camille Farris, day treasurer; and Bennie Cannon, sergeant-at-arms.

Former W.-B. Graduate Is Maid of Cotton

Miss Hilma Seay, the 1947 Maid of Cotton, was a graduate of the Ward-Belmont Preparatory School in 1944.

Miss Seay, who is from Memphis, Tennessee, was a member of the Agora Club and was chosen "Beautiful" in the 1944 *Milestones*. She studied voice in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory, and was active in the International Singers and the Choir.

As the Maid of Cotton, Miss Seay received a trip to New York, flew to Paris to model cotton dresses, and is to go to Hollywood soon. Her tour is sponsored by the National Cotton Council, Memphis Cotton Carnival Association, and the Cotton Exchange of New York, Memphis, and New Orleans.



Miss Hilma Seay

Another former Ward-Belmont student who has been honored is Miss Mary Dixon, Senior-Middle in 1946, who has been chosen the 1947 Beauty Queen of Tulane University.

Mary, an Anti-Pan, was one of 15 contestants whose pictures were judged by Cecil B. DeMille, John Robert Powers, and the art staff of *Esquire*.

She will receive an engraved cup and a $200 course at the Candace School of Modeling. Also, she will be considered with the 14 other beauty queens from other sections of the country in a national contest to select "Miss American Co-Ed of 1947."

Editorial Comment

Fran Sez . . .

We can't quite realize that this is our very last column, that this is the very last time we will sit in our "monster" chair before our desk and beat out a quick editorial. The year and the thirty issues of the HYPHEN have been completed in what seems to be record time, and we are left feeling that is has all finished before we really got started!

To be quite proper we shall begin this, our last effort, and end this with a kind of "thank you" and "goodbye". First of all, we shall never forget Rusty . . . sewing on "the" shirt, bringing great quantities of food to our little Tuesday evening parties, and moaning over Footnote or Candids . . . still, she always typed! And then there was Bev . . . of the havoc creating ways, her droll funnies and infectious giggle, the way she had of making us quit our work for a brief "play-time!"

And Sue! Typified first semester by the punctuality of her copy, and typified second semester by fighting with Sheila to see who could be "last" . . . always playing. Marilyn . . . asking us "when will you be through?" . . . confusing the business office with her method of obtaining ads . . . sitting with us 'til "late."

Could we forget Erwin . . . the superlative of Feature Eds . . . her flair for poetry, laughing over the series of histories, and always turning in the earliest of copy. Fuller . . . with her men, sending Bessie to the personnel office at ten to get "Keep Posted", trying to think of a new question. Georgie . . . turning in beautiful copy that is easily read, and always on time, thinking up the "boners" for her Footnote. Flynn . . . working on last year's Mid issue . . . astounding a new editor by a twenty inch column, always eager to work . . . how we hated to see her leave in January . . . and how happy we are that she is graduating with us!

Jet . . . the only prep on the staff, in the office at exactly seven five each Tuesday, asking us "will it be long enough?" . . . her rendition of "My Bill" . . . the night she and Joyce went berserk and disrupted us. Joyce . . . "Let me type the head sheet!" . . . "Can I go to the tea hole now?" . . . her cackle, the way she looked when we piled on the work.

Our backbone . . . Sheila . . . falling off the chair, astounding visitors with her one-finger typing, sleeping on the table by the window . . . waiting anxiously for inspiration and even more anxiously for laughs when her copy is read . . . sitting with us until the issue has gone to bed.

Polly . . . the "Mother Con-Fessey" . . . epitome of a perfect sponsor, sitting in the "Alumnae" office by day and the "HYPHEN" office by night . . . tearing to a dozen different meetings at once, playing hockey and basketball . . . accepting us in a good mood or bad. Always there when we need her . . . be it a worry or an empty stomach . . . we just can't say it all. Suffice to say that she is beloved by all!

We could never tell you all how much we have appreciated your cooperation during our term as editor . . . we could never tell you how fine you have been as members of the staff. "Thank you" doesn't say all we feel, but then, nothing does. Without you there would have been no paper . . . and with no paper our year would not have been complete.

Goodbye is a most difficult word to say or write . . . but it must be said and it must be written. We have avoided it as long as 'twas possible, but now our last opportunity presents itself . . . so it is goodbye . . . goodbye to a wonderful staff, a wonderful class, and a wonderful year. What we have had here, we shall not soon forget. Each detail of our life, in the school or in the office, will stay with us for a long, long time. And when we say that we will not forget you, we hope that you will not forget us.



Ward-Belmont: A Definition

By SHEILA

Ward-Belmont . . . it's such a hard thing to try to put into words. If this were the first thing that had been written on that topic, it would be much easier. It seems, though, that every girl who comes to W-B has her own idea about it, and quite a few express it the way I've been asked to. It seems, too, that every girl's idea coincides to some extent with that of every other, so that nothing really new can be said. All we can do is try to put into words what every girl feels—put into words for the benefit of those who haven't heard it before, and for those who may never hear it again.

Ward-Belmont . . . it's a comparatively small thing to look at: a few buildings, a not-too-large campus, a limited student body. Ward-Belmont . . . it's firstly and foremostly made up of girls, girls from Texas and New England, South America and the Middle West; girls who are buddies and others who are mere acquanitances, girls you can talk to and those you only greet in passing. . . . All kinds of girls make up W-B, just as all kinds of people make up a word. . . . You see, Ward-Belmont *is* a tiny world all in itself, with its own government and its own newspaper.

But Ward-Belmont is so much more than buildings, or girls from different sections. Ward-Belmont might be said to abide in the things, tangible or intangible, felt through the senses.

It's a sound. Ward-Belmont can be heard in the yelling from the athletic field on crisp fall days and in the seemingly eternal buzz of the coke machine. There's a part of W-B in the morning breakfast bell and in the talk in the smoker, in the concentrated rattle of books and pencils mixing with the dim echoes of a week-day Academic Building.

Ward-Belmont is something felt through the sense of touch. It blows against your face in the early-morning breeze that greets you at breakfast-time; it's in the rather hard bed that *you* greet wearily after studying long for that chemistry test.

Ward-Belmont is in the scent of magnolias, in the noontime odor of hamburgers. It's in the refreshing taste of that "after-class" cigarette, and in the less pleasant taste of the early-morning winter soot. Ward-Belmont is the sight of club-shorted figures trooping out to a baseball game; it's in the beauty of a sunset highlighting the Tower.

Still, there is something more to Ward-Belmont than all this. . . . There's a *feeling,* one which can't be classed under any heading. The sound of "The Bells" played on the chapel organ or the chimes, the sight of a group of singing girls in yellow and white blazers: these send a thrill through any W-B girl who has discovered the true meaning of the school.

Perhaps it is the remembrance of this feeling that brings alums back to W-B year after year, that inspires Seniors to put out a final issue of their HYPHEN. Perhaps it is this that will enable us, the graduating class of '47, to put away our two years, tied in a pink ribbon, with a smile rather than a sigh.. We know that in leaving we are merely making room for others who, in their two years, will have a chance to "transmit this school, not less, but greater."

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Ann Brumley

If there has ever been a girl at Ward-Belmont who deserved the title of "Belle" more than Ann Brumley, I don't know who it could be. Everyone who knows her will tell you she is an ideal Belle from the minute you meet her clear through two years of knowing and going to school with her, and, believe me, this is something special. The first thing we always think of in connection with the word "Belle" is a beautiful southern girl. Well, who could fill the bill more perfectly than Ann? With those big eyes and heavy lashes set one one of the prettiest faces we ever hope to see, that gorgeous red-brown hair, that slim little figure, and that smooth southern accent, she just couldn't be anything *but* a belle. However, a Ward-Belmont Belle is more than that. She is the girl who always has a word and a sweet smile for everyone, the girl that you can't know without loving, the girl you always like to be with, in short, she's Ann.

Guess I had better take time out from telling you the things you al-

(*Continued on page* 6)

We'll Remember Them

By SHEILA, SUE, AND PARNELL

JACKIE, sprawled over the library desk plotting with Miss Newhall for another "big dance!" . . . KAY, chasing the photographer, making chapel speeches, being Mary and Rosalind for Miss Winnia . . . STEED, MARTY, and JEAN, their feather head-dresses and continual "Ain't Nobody Here" every time Mrs. Kannon knocked . . . ALMA, sleepily carrying her drum out to the green; humming "Mam'selle Marie"; pitching for the Seniors . . . TANTON, riding, running, hockey-ing; judging the fall horse show in her green and brown T. & T. uniform . . . NEWPIE with her constant admonitions to "be sure and check the assignment sheet"; trying to look sophisticated with that baby face . . . SNIPE, her constant bubbling over; enjoying life . . . ERWIN, her Texas Aggie jacket and long, gold-fish colored hair . . . McGAULY and ZEEK entering the Senior smoker promptly at ten . . . GEORGIE having the windows cleaned "for Bev" . . . FREDDIE with her peculiar system of walking and talking . . . Li'l AUDREY, pepping up her D.V.'s in the midst of a big game with a "We can do it, y'all!" . . . DOPKE, that slow trot that actually places her within reaching distance of the tennis ball . . . JUDY and "that grand Cuba trip"; playing the fiddle for the Senior cake-walk . . . while JEANNE BRYANT twanged her banjo . . . SUE CARSON, our bundle of Southern charm from the North; constantly teasing "poor li'l Harriette" . . . PAT RHINE and her Arkansas drawl, leading Captivators to new heights . . . GWEN and that freckled Louisiana face which lighted up with surprise as she received five or six blue ribbons . . . SPRUNG and her stupendous hats; working into the night on her comp . . . BOBBIE, flashing her Ipana smile at the first sight of her new convertible (plural) . . . ASHLEY with her new P.T. radio to replace the bed some careless soul misplaced . . . WAGONER, worrying about the artificial smoke for Senior-Senior Mid Day . . . SIMON, her "sophisticate" expression, soon followed by the uncontrollable laugh . . . PILL and BUM, doing their best to live up to the ideals of the "T-Suite" . . . JACKIE WOOD, in her white shirt and red tie, opening the tea-hole for the first time at night; her calm, efficient way of "mothering" all the bad little girls . . . L. L. shambling up the walk, grinning an invitation for you to grin with her . . . PIPPIN, tearing out that gorgeous mane over multi-term papers . . . THELMA, her white May Day dress accenting that beautiful Easter tan . . . DERRICK, "Just think, if I'd been sitting there ten minutes longer . . ." . . . SHEILA, pasting her dummy until all hours . . . going to sleep just *anyplace,* and grinning that grin with the accompanying crinkling of the eyes . . . PARNELL, talking a mile a minute, being fiendish and sophisticated within five seconds . . . We'll remember seeing you in chapel and having fun at the club; we'll see you again going to the drug and working in the halls for Senior-Senior Mid Day. We'll think of the books you dropped somewhere, then forgot to pick up, and of the funny ways you decorated your rooms . . . The "Bells", the tower, and these little things . . . our last impressions of Ward-Belmont as we knew it.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

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A Bird's Eye View of Ward-Belmont

It isn't an easy thing, this trying to paint a "bird's eye view" of Ward-Belmont; the words must be the same as words written in 1919, 1927, 1934, or 1946. Still, they must be written once more, and this time they are being written for Janie.

Janie may be the Mid that is coming to Ward-Belmont next September, or she may be the daughter of one of the graduating Seniors, or she may be just the girl-next-door. Janie's identity is of small importance; the important fact is that next year, or the year after, or five years from now, Janie will come to Ward-Belmont and begin her college life.

And so it is to Janie that I am dedicating this, my "bird's eye view" of Ward-Belmont. The choosing of an introduction to my portrait presents no problem. Logically, the picture begins when Janie first decides to enroll in Ward-Belmont. Perhaps one of the school representatives will visit her, and Janie will pick W.-B. as *her* school. Not until the summer preceding her entrance into the school. will Janie become truly excited. Then, however, with the selecting of a new, college wardrobe, will come the first waves of the excitement that will follow her the rest of the summer.

Janie's initial contact with a Ward-Belmont girl is through the rush letters written by each of the ten clubs on campus. It may be that Janie will not understond the clubs, but soon she will learn that they comprise one of the major organizations on the campus and that the rushing the clubs carry on is comparable to rushing by sororities. She will receive letters from all the clubs; she will write to innumerable girls; and she will find that she has a wonderful possession . . . a big sister to carry her through the hectic days of orientation.

The last minute letters are written. Janie has packed her new wardrobe; she has not forgotten the wash cloths and hangers that she had been told so many times to "be sure to bring!" Janie kisses her parents and man goodbye, boards the train for Nashville, and begins her big adventure.

It is on the train that Janie will first meet a real "Ward-Belmont Girl." Janie will find a seat on the train, take off her hat, and across the aisle will be another young girl. By her new fall suit and bewildered expression Janie will recognize her as a probable "Senior-Middle" . . . one of the girls that will be a contemporary of Janie's for the next two years. From across the aisle a conversation will arise, and the girls will pool the information they have learned about their prospective home.

As the train nears Nashville, more and more girls in fall suits will find their seats, and more and more conversations will spring up about Ward-Belmont. When, at last, the shadows of the Nashville station envelope the group of college freshmen, they will know that they are "here," they have finally reached their destination. . . . Ward-Belmont is just a cab-ride away!

As Janie steps from the train to claim her luggage, she is greeted by an eager group of wise looking girls. The tags on their dresses indicate that they are from Ward-Belmont, that they are members of that well-known group, the orientation committee. Janie will find herself being led up endless flights of stairs, through a maze of people, and placed inside a cab with four others just like herself. "Ward-Belmont," the omnipotent girl will say, and the cab will swing out of the station and head down 16th Avenue toward the college.

Janie's first impression of the school will be one of pleasure. The tall, stately buildings, the loveliness of the impeccable campus, and the glory of a Tennessee autumn will astound her. When the cab circles the drive and deposits Janie at her assigned dormitory, she will realize, for the first time, perhaps, that she is actually at college. She is actually at Ward-Belmont!

Janie's first few days at her college will be spent in unpacking, settling her room, exchanging ideas with her roommate, and going to the numerous orientation meetings. Janie will learn to find her way around the campus, and soon she will be calling her school "W.-B.", just like all the Seniors.

With the end of orientation comes the beginning of regular classes and the confusion of Rush Week. Janie will know the joy of finding her P. O. box filled with "multi" rush notes, and she will have the thrill of being invited to lunch with "the Seniors." Finally will come the night of the All-Club Reception, and Janie will experience the confusion of choosing one club out of the ten in club village. Her choice made, Janie will wait anxiously for the club bids. The night that the bids are distributed will be one that Janie will never forget . . . it seems, somehow, that her life at W.-B. is filled with nights and days that she will never forget.

Fag Day arrives in a glory of zebras, babies, pandas, pirates, and Janie will be forced from her bed at six, so that she can prepare for the activities of the day. It won't take long for her to accustom herself to eating raw eggs and writing letters to entirely alien people.

The passing of Fag Day marks the close of the first phase of Janie's college life. Now she will belong. She will belong to her dorm, to her club, and to her class. Hockey season brings forth her first chance to exhibit her club spirit, which has been dormant until this time. Janie won't make the first club team, but she will have the fun of going to hockey class and all the early-morning practices. Even if Janie isn't playing in the game, she *can* yell. And she does. It won't even matter if another club *does* win the cup. Janie knows which club is the best!

On the heels of hockey season comes the first Senior Senior-Mid Day. Janie will be a little confused by all the secret meetings, but she will work with her class, and even be a little pleased when the Seniors win. That night at dinner she will be impressed when the Seniors march into the dining room, singing their class song. And as the echoes die, she will think: "Wont I be glad when I'M a Senior!"

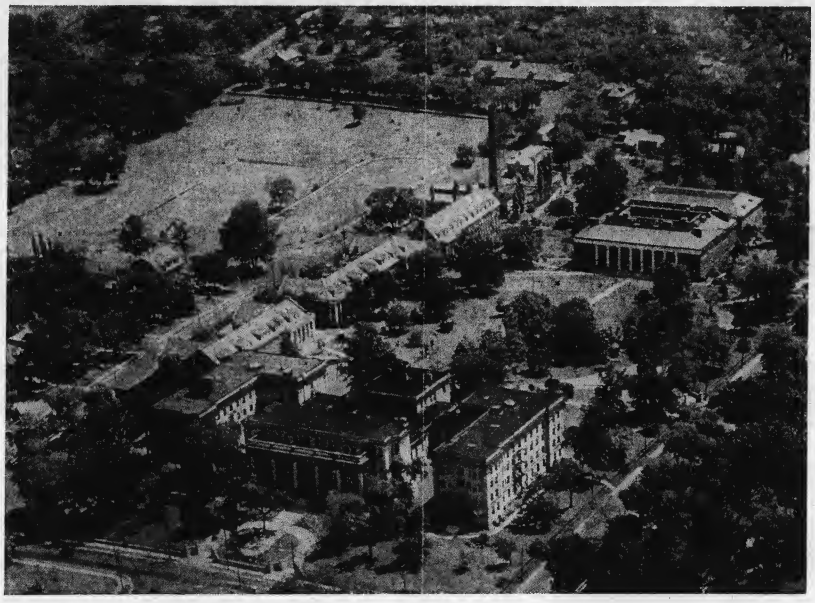
Fall brings many things: a kind of settling down, the knowledge that Ward-Belmont is Janie's school, and that she will always be a part of its varied activities. She will moan about required concerts, will dress formally for the Halloween banquet and then race back to her dorm to pull a few "original" pranks. Janie will know the serenity of the Thanksgiving dinner, the elation that comes with the first snow, and the old, familiar sound of rain outside her window.

The smoker will suddenly be filled with the strains of "Three more weeks 'til vacation. . . .", and Janie will realize that Christmas is upon her. The last few weeks before the departure are busy weeks. Janie will be in charge of the Christmas banquet in the club, and she will thrill to the Senior's carols on that last night. She will know the anxiety of a holder of a plane ticket, and she will be immersed in the confusion of packing. Almost before she realizes it, she is home. And now she will wish she were back at W.-B.

Following an exciting New Year's Eve, Janie will again board the train for Nashville. This trip is entirely different from the first, the one she made in that September so long ago. Half the passengers on the train will be friends of Janie, and the station will seem like an old friend. Janie will find her own cab, will race into her dorm, and climb the stairs to her second floor room, shouting, "Hey, you all, I'm back!"

As an anti-climax to her joyful "homecoming," the exams will come. Dead week will be experienced, and the mid-morning breakfasts in the Tea Hole will prove fascinating to Janie. After exams Janie will be a full-fledged college freshman. The five remaining months of school seem endless, and there will *always* be time to do all the things that she and her buddies deem necessary.

There will be parties at the club . . . informal get-togethers, and BIG parties for the sister club. There will be the winter sports, and again, Janie will not make the club basketball team. But she can bowl! There will be the Minuet of the Seniors on Washington's birthday. The winter season will be climaxed with the second Senior-Senior Mid Day, and this time Janie knows what it's all about. She and her class will give the Seniors a tough fight. And who knows? They just might win!



In the middle of Janie's more or less settled life comes Spring vacation. This time, Janie doesn't go home. Instead she will visit her roommate, and will begin to feel like an experienced woman. The vacation is short, and once she is back at school, it seems as if she had not really left at all. And then it is that Janie will realize that she has only seven, yes, seven more weeks at Ward-Belmont. Seven more weeks, as a Mid, that is.

One day in chapel Janie will be startled by a ballot. She will look at it, and then Janie will realize that she is to help elect new officers. A new council president, a new president of the "Y," a new A. A. president, and three new editors. Janie will try to visualize Mids in the positions that have been filled by the Seniors she knows, and finds it impossible. But the election is carried on, and the results are tabulated, and new officers are chosen.

It all seems a little fantastic to Janie, and it is not until one Wednesday night that the truth of the "only five more weeks" is made clear to her. A pencil is placed in her hand, and Janie will be told to vote for new club officers. Her amazement will be intensified when she hears that she, Janie, is one of the nominees for club president. Why there must be some mistake! But there is no mistake, and Janie is elected president of her club. And suddenly she knows that the Mids *can* take the places of her Seniors . . . they *have* to!

Still a little bewildered, Janie attends the softball games. And is thrilled beyond all her expectations when her club, the very best club on campus, wins the cup. Along with this comes the final Senior-Senior Mid Day, with the multitudinous committee meetings, the all-night decorating sessions, and the paint-smeared jeans. The morning of sports is closed with the picnic in club village; and even when the Seniors win the cup, Janie will not care, because she has "next year."

Janie goes to see the dean, and she selects the courses that will occupy her time next year. But even when this has been done, it doesn't really seem as if she will be a Senior. She goes to Senior Hall and looks at the room that will be hers next year; she and her roommate decide about the draperies and spreads that they will buy during the summer. And then Janie finishes her term paper and begins another Dead Week.

Dead Week isn't dead at all for Janie. She has Step Singing practices, and secret meetings of the undergraduates at the club. She worries about the presents for the retiring president, and she makes flying trips into town to check on engraving. Janie helps plan the program for the last club banquet, and she weeps many tears when she hears the song written in honor of the Seniors. No longer does she think "I'LL be a Senior next year." Now she only wishes that she could be a Mid forever and never have to say goodbye to the girls she has learned to love so well.

She dances for the Seniors on May Day, and she takes exams with much less studying than before. She sees the invasion of parents for graduation, and she watches the Shakespearean play with amazemenst.

Sunday morning she goes to chapel. The solemn faces of the Seniors only mirror the sense of solemnity that Janie will feel. That night she dresses in white and joins the rest of her class for Step Singing. There, as she hears the Seniors sing for the last time the song that will forever be theirs, she will know what is meant by "Spring at W.-B. just isn't like spring anywhere else." Janie will try not to become openly sentimental, but as the chimes in the tower ring out "The Bells of Ward-Belmont," Janie will cry a little and will know the sense of futility that comes each year at this time.

Janie will go to chapel, will receive her *Milestones*, and will race madly around the dorm, trying to get everyone to sign it. Monday she will go with her club to the All-

(Continued on page 5)

Mlle. From W.-B.

By SUE

Pushing aside thoughts of becoming maudlin . . . benzadrine has that effect on one when it wears off . . . I will calmly state (a box of Kleenex at my side) that this is the last column to be writ by this graduating—had to kidnap the dean's daughter to do it—one and consequently will be devoted entirely to seniors.

A compass to find the meaning of the last sentence may be purchased from yours truly for the small sum of ten dollars; well, I have to pay for my diploma somehow! I considered selling matches on the street corner, but unfortunately boiling sulphur in the tub does not seem to work too well. When attempted, Mrs. Kannon came bursting through the door, shotgun in hand, yelling, "Where is he?" "Where's what," I innocently inquired, sniffing the odorous fumes. "The skunk, of course." As my suitemate so aptly remarked, "On that I quit." (One must compose something to fill up 20 inches, ya' know!)

Stumbling into the dining room last Thursday evening . . . being ridden all afternoon is very hard on one's hoofs . . . who did I run into, or was it over, but the Grand Champion, Gwen Walker, looking like the happiest girl we have seen in a long time. Congratulations, Gwen! She had on a princess style navy blue linen dress with a French neckline; the sleeves were made of white eyelet, gathered into fullness at the shoulder. Speaking of the horse show reminds us of an incident we cannot resist telling. When a passing horse sneezed, a wee friend burst out laughing; when asked why the horse amused her so, she replied, "I thought it was Ashley laughing." (So did we!) (Don't worry, kiddies, it's not natural. It took Harriette weeks to perfect it.)

While at the horse show, we noticed the gorgeous twin riding outfits of Bobby Allen and Peg Johnson. Their jackets were white linen with splits in back; their shirts were white also. Their Kentucky jodphurs were made of brown gaberdine, and their ties and derbies were brown also. They even had their hair styled in the same manner; those two pretty gals look wonderful with buns in back, but mine either looks like the sprinkled doughnut or a drowned rat. My three hairs do not quite cover a bun!

To return to the dining room, who did we see but the pretty blonde with the beautiful soprano voice, Peggy Eliott. When I was a small child I too could sing, or so my relations would tell me for a menial fee, but my singing talent has evaporated since my voice changed. Poor, croaking thing has never quite decided whether to be alto or soprano. Mother always explains to bewildered guests that ,"Poor Sue has a bad case of larengitis." To return to Peggy, she had on a bright pink and grey cotton suit. The jacket fastened with round gold buttons, had a full, flared back. The three-quarter length sleeves had deep cuffs.

Another pretty gal with a beautiful voice is Camille Hancock, who was strolling into dinner with Peggy. She had on a unique, and very attractive, we might add, green and white striped linen dress. The front was composed of alternating wide stripes of green and white, placed diagonally. The back of the princess style dress was solid emerald green, same as the stripe. Camille might be summed up in three words —musical, talented, engaged.

Hearing a burst of laughter and a fast Louisiana accent, I turned around to friend "Happy Girl" Parnell, who was coming toward me. I always thought Southern gals talked extremely slow . . . until I met Marilyn. Seems she did not speak until age three and has been attempting to make up for it ever since. (I do not even have an excuse!) She had on a grey and yellow striped cotton suit; the jacket was fitted with the stripes on the bib running horizontally. The gathered sleeves had wide, tight cuffs with yellow stone cuff links. The buttons fastening the jacket were of the same pale yellow crystal stone. Marilyn looked very pretty, indeed!

I was happily eating my vulcanized steak, I'm only teasing, Miss Wheaton; how could I gain 20 pounds if the food was not delicious? . . . when my fork catapulted across the dining room; someday I will learn to eat without placing both elbows on the table! Quickly scrambling under the table, I started a frantic search for the lost fork, and coming up for air, I felt a hand patting my head and an Arkansas drawl saying, "Well, you know how it is. . . ." That's right, L. L.! I am *not* related to a cocker spaniel, my ears to the contrary. L. L. had on a white crepe dress with three square gold buttons down the front, and a big gold buckle on the belt. The left side of the bodice was chocolate brown; also, the back was brown. I am so fond of that dress that it just might disappear like all of poor L. L.'s shoes.

Walking back to my table—young ladies do not crawl past age two—I spied Alma Edmonds in a very attractive bright green linen dress. The V-neckline was accented by three gold buttons. Two pieces of the material were draped over the hips and looped over in front. So pretty! Every time I see Alma and that naturally curly hair I turn as green as her dress . . . especially when it rains and mine strongly resembles Alice in Wonderland.

And now to turn serious for a minute. To my successor next year I wish all the luck in the world; I sincerely hope you have as much fun writing this column as I have had! We cannot really grieve too much in leaving because we have loved our two years here too much. Although we may part from our friends, in leaving them we become closer to them, because we realize and appreciate more than ever their wonderful and endearing ways. We will never really say goodbye to this school because we will always possesses it and you in our memories. So I'll just say . . . "see ya'."

Thelma Back Reigns Over May Court



Above is the 1947 Ward-Belmont May Court. Queen Thelma Back is shown just after she was crowned. Thelma reigned over a festival of dances and exhibitions staged by the Physical Education department and participated in by all students. From left to right the court is, College Attendent, Beverly Stevens ,Honor Attendant, Bobby Allen, Thelma Back; College Maid, Nelle Smith, Prep Boarding Maid, Mary Lindsay; and Prep day student maid, Jean Ward.

Seniors Honored At Club Banquets Held on May 21

Wed., May 21, the 10 clubs held their final club banquet in their houses. The themes and decorations were varied and colorful.

T.C. held an informal dinner in their house, all decorated with iris and carnations. After dinner, the will and prophesy were read and each senior given a silver I.D. bracelet engraved with T.C.

Osiron chose to have a formal dinner with decorations of greens and long stem white roses, which were later presented to the seniors by their little sisters along with their gift of silver I.D. bracelets engraved with Osiron. Following their tradition, a cup was awarded to Beverly Berno as the most Atheletic Senior for the year, and a cup to Jackie Wood as the most all round girl.

Del Vers, exploded with an informal "Hades or Heaven" party. The club was decorated in red and white with place cards of red roses and each Senior was given an engraved disc and chain and a white rose. Following the dinner, the angels of heaven fluttered down to the earth, while the 'debils' of Hades ascended and formed a court, prophesying to each Senior where and why her life would end.

The Agoras held a formal banquet at station A-G-O-R-A-, which was decorated with green and white snapdragons. Miniature microphones were the place cards, and at each Senior's place was a white rose and her gift of an engraved, gold plated perfume bottle for her purse. The station featured women guests, that evening among whom were the Seniors ten years hence.

The famous "Crystal Gazer" appeared at the X.L. formal dinner, prophesing for each Senior her posi-

(*Continued on Page* 5)

Shakespeare

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Le Beau, a courtier, Olive Thompson; Frederick, ursurping Duke, Ann Moursand; Duke, living in exile, Betty Neil Shepperd; pages to banished Duke, Bettye Johnson and Olive Thompson; Amiens, Lord attending exiled Duke, Claire Robida; Lords, attending on exiled Duke, Phila Rawlings and Marjorie Snyder; Corin, a shepherd, Juan Stroube; Sylvius, shepherd in love with Phoebe, Betty Hall Shepherd.

Jaques, Lord attending exiled Duke, Beverly Berno; Audrey, a country girl, Martha Ann Barton; Phoebe, a shepherdess, Lena Mistretta; Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar, Imogene Huffman; William, Charlotte Eaton; Jaques de Bois, Billie Marie Howell; Hymen, Mary Lou Swankhaus.

Others in the cast are as follows: Pages to Frederick, Laura Ann Thompkins and Helen White; Ladies of Frederick's Court, Betty Coker, Ann Russell Ellis, Betty King, Frances Martin, Rose Marie Payne, and Julia Theoharatos; Lord's of Frederick's Court, Barbara Albert, Carol Bacchus, Gayle Jennings, Janice Lebenstein, Norma Rickle, Sue Scherer, and Patricia Stoll.

Mu Sigma Phi Is Initiated At W.-B.

The last meeting of the Music Club was held in the Tea Room on Monday evening. Dinner was served to about fifty members, the Conservatory faculty, and the guests, Dr. and Mrs. Provine and Dean Ordway.

There was a short business session in which elections were held for the coming year. Former president Molly Shanks has announced the results as follows: President, Carolyn Moody; Vice-President, Nancy Davis and Secretary-Treasurer, Dorothy Hodgson.

In a brief talk, Dean Irwin announced the organization of an honorary music society, to be called Mu Sigma Phi. Qualifications for membership are Mu, musicianship, Sigma, scholarship, and Phi, friendship. Charter members in this society are Carolyn George, Carolyn Moody, Molly Shanks, Peggy Farrar, Betty Bryant, Evelyn Paty, Steven Ann Akin, Frances Alexander, Marie Bergh, Tommie Cahtrell, Nancy Davis, Margaret Boylin, Jennie Parr, Pat Rhine, Bobbye West, Kathryn Barfield, and Ruth McCoy.

Penta Tau Triumphs in Tennis Doubles

3-6, 6-3, 9-7 was Winning Margin

Typically following the trend of hotly contested matches marking the Tennis Doubles Tournament recently completed, the Penta Tau two-some, Georgie Moss and Harriette Ashley came from behind the first set lead held by the Tri K combine, Marian Dopke and Charlotte Sutton, to win the championship by the slim margin of 3-6, 6-3, 9-7.

Only the score of the last set partially indicated the closeness of the match; but each point of every game was so closely contested and so many games were deuced before their completion that the gruelling duel lasted well into two a half hours, and the spectators were beginning to wonder if the match was to be decided by a contest of physical endurance.



Ashley and Moss

The strategy of the set was marked with traded angular placements (featuring Sutton, Dopke, and Moss) scrambling runs (Moss), accurate lobs (Dopke), and net storming (Ashley).

Probably the margin of victory held by the P.T.s could be summed up by the matching of the consistency of Moss and the brilliant net play of Ashley with the constancy of Dopke and Sutton.

Mary Jo Harrod Named Champion Of Ward-Belmont Spring Riding Show

The Ward-Belmont Horse Show came to a close Thursday, May 22, with Mary Jo Harrod winning first place in the Championship Class and Gwen Walker taking first place in the entire show by having the greatest number of points.

Penta Tau won the riding cup by having the greatest number of points. The three top scores were: Penta Tau, 31; Del Vers, 22; and A.K. and Tri K. 19.

Winners in classes Tuesday were: Beginner's Jumping: first, Virginia Monfort; second, Ann Wilson; third, Peggy Blowers; and fourth, Steve Ann Akin. Beginner's: first, Janet Denham; second, Jane Erwin; third, Joan Blackford; and fourth, Pat Farthing. Five-Gaited Class: first, Mary Jo Warren; second, Pat Tanton; third, Kathie Lyter; and fourth, Bertie Hinman. Intermediate Three-Gaited Class: first, Edna Gene Little; second, Joan Simon; third, Barbara Barnes; and fourth, Joanna Troutman.

Management Class: first, Dot Evans; second, Mary Magruder; third, Mary Cooper; and fourth, Nancy Lou White. Pair Class: first, Peggy Blowers and Kathryn Smith; second, Mary Magruder and Virginia Monfort; third, Steve Ann Akin and Carol Bacchus; and fourth, Mary Jo Harrod and Catherine Kelly.

Those winning Thursday were: Jumping Class: first, Gwen Walker; second, Carol Woodruff; third, Virginia Englett; and fourth, Kathie Lyter. Novice Class: first, Patty Ann Frizzell; second, Virginia Satterfield; third, Portia Fincher; and fourth, Jacqueline Garrell. Five-Gaited Class: first, Peggy Johnson; second, Carol Woodruff; and third, Gwen Walker.

Intermediate Three-Gaited Class: first, Kay Van Nortwick, second, Sally Phillips; third, Margaret Currey; and fourth, Jane Teich. Pair Class: first, Bertie Hinman and Gwen Walker; second, Virginia



Gwen Walker

Englett and Carol Woodruff; third, Barbara Allen and Peggy Johnson; and fourth, Kathie Lyter and Pat Tanton.

Three-Gaited Class: first, Mary Jo Harrod; second, Barbara Allen; and third, Steve Ann Akin. Championship, entered by the winners of the third, fifth, ninth, and twelfth classes; first, Mary Jo Harrod, and reserve, Pat Tanton.

The officials for the show were: Judge, Mrs. Hubert Wyatt; Scorer, Miss Catherine Morrison; Ring Master, Camilla Newerf; and Presentation of Awards was by Dr. Robert C. Provine and Mr. Vernon M. Nelson.

Seniors

(Continued from page 4)

tion in 1957. The Gypsy's tent were decorated with roses and before each Senior's plate was her I.D. engraved ring. The Seniors presented to the club two large pictures.

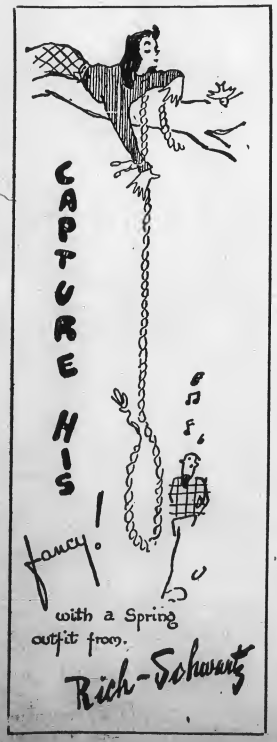
The Tri-K informal banquet was a 1915 beach party in typical decorations. As some underclassmen swam they found the prophesy and will in a bottle which foated by while others in the sand found a box containing blue leather photograph albums engraved with Tri-K for the Seniors.

The underclass men of Anti-Pan were the waiters for the Seniors, attired in formals. After serving the meal, and entertaining them, they were about to fall when in came the Sand Man bulging with engraved discs and chains with a white rose also for each Senior. He also bestowed upon Jane Erwin the title of the typical "Anti-Pan Girl."

The A.K.'s at their informal party battled against Peg Leg himself in the realistic atmosphere of their Treasure Island. Daggers were the place cards and small chests were the programs. Candles in brown bottles were the lights. The will and prophesy were found just before the dinner in a bottle afloat on the sea, and the pirates unlocked their treasurer chest and gave each Senior a gold plated engraved perfume atomizer.

Nostalgic Memories of the past two years were found at the F.F. formal dinner. Their house was decorated with spring flowers and each Senior was given a red rose and gold plated I.D. bracelet engraved with F.F.

Aye,Aye, Sir, echoed thruout the U.S.S. Penta Tau as the formally dressed Seniors were saluted by the underclassmen in white shirts and shorts. As each Senior entered the main stateroom, she signed the log and was given a U.S.S. Penta Tau sailor hat. The ships dining room was festooned with portholes, anchors, life buoys, and the will and prophesy was found while riding the waves in the life raft.



Penta Tau Awarded Athletic Cup for '47

All-Round Athlete Is Pat Tanton

The Penta Taus won the College All-Round Athletic Trophy in the last Athletic Association Assembly of the year which was held in the chapel Thursday, May 22.

Jane Harte, president of the Athletic Association, was awarded a special medal by the Athletic Association for her splendid cooperation and sportsmanship.

Sixteen girls received their W.-B. swimming letter for the second time. They are: Thaniel Armistead, Harriette Ashley, Carolyn Casto, Alma Edmonds, Alice Fisher, Katherine Manier, Barbara Nelson, Polly Nelson, Claire Robida, Joanne Shearman, Nancy Stern, Virginia Tait, Pat Wagoner, Jean Ward, Carol Woolwine, and Mary C. Woolwine. The girls who received their swimming letter for the first time are: Steve Akin,, Cora Moss Bell, Margaret Blair, Peggy Blowers, Faith Chalmers, Barbara Dickson, Lillian Dobson, Mary Lou Galloway, Joanne Geny, Ann Guthrie, Bunty Hart, Virginia Holt, Barbara Holt, Rusty Kelly, Julia McHenry, Mary McKinley, Sissy Mull Shirley Nickols, Betty Rhea, Pat Tanton, Mary Ann Wheeler, Mary C. Woolwine, and Janet Young.

Lucinda Riddle was given her Junior Life Saving card, and the following girls received their Senior Life Saving: Rella Cohen, Kathryn Dean, Alma Edmonds, Marion Frederick, Audrey Horst, Sarah Ann Jones, Mary McKinley, Barbara Nelson, Sally Phillips, and June Rucker.

Second year archery letters were awarded to: Billie Jean Hailey, Pat Hornbeck, Pat Wagoner, June Michelson, Neilyn Griggs, Sissy Mull, and Betty Steed. The following girls earned their archery letters for the first time: June Brown, Mary McKinley, Carolyn Moody, Barbara Benson, Betty Rhea, Jennalee Moore, Dorothy Dyer, Challie Thornton, Louise Armistead, and Jean Ward.

The archery trophy was presented to the Del Vers Club who won the archery tournament, and the tennis plaque was presented to the Penta Tau Club for winning the tennis doubles tournament.

Riding letters were awarded to the following girls on the judgement of the instructor: Steve Ann Akin, Barbara Allen, Carol Baccus, Snappy Englett, Bertie Hinman, Florence Johnson, Kathie Lyter, Kathryn Ann Smith, Pat Tanton, Mary Joe Warren, Ann Wilson, and Carol Woodruff.

Harriette Ashley made tennis varsity twice; Nancy Moss made it three times; and Marion Dopke made it four times. Those winning tennis letters for the first time were: Julia Freels, LeCompte Glenn, Rusty Kelly, Betty Rhea, Carlotte Sutton, and Martha Evers.

Girls making their track letters for the second time are: Harriette Ashley, Margaret Petrass, Pat Tanton, and Challie Thornton. Those



Pat Tanton

making letters in track for the first time were: Betty Campbell, Betsy Clifford, Martha Durham, Susan Glick, L. L. Jones, Rusty Kelly, Carolyn McKnight, Mary Ann Sugg, Ann Tyree, and Mary C. Woolwine.

The following girls made the prep varsity for the second time: Martha Durham, Barbara Nelson, Polly Nelson, Jean Ward, and Julia Edwards, who made varsity for the third time. The prep second varsity was composed of Dudley Brown, Laurel Cuff, Govan Davidson, Betty Gant, Lucy Graves, Cynthia Mizell, Beverly Nichols, Sarah Smith, Mary Ann Sugg, Jane Tyne, and Marie Brakebill. Those on the college second varsity are Harriette Ashley, Marie Brown, Audery Dye, Alma Edmonds, Lennie Lavigne, Betty Johnston, Carolyn Hewitt, Emme Osment, Peggy Pittman, Pat Rhine, and Jackie Thady.

The prep day first varsity was composed of Barbara Berrien, Margaret Blair, Julia Edwards, Russell Fessey, Polly Hager, Margare Hayes, Betty Longston, Polly Nelson, Jean Ward, and Emily Washington. Those on the prep boarding varsity are: Betty Campbell, Ann Bell, Martha Durham, Dot Evans, Mary Gillespie, Mary Jane Keeling, Carolyn McKnight, Polly Nelson, Janet Pierce, and Betty Simms. The college first varsity was made up of Betty Belew, Beverly Berno, Sue Dell Brewer, Betsy Buchanan, Betsy Clifford, Dot Frank, Audrey Horst, Nancy Moss, Pat Tanton, Challie Thornton, and Edith Ann Young. Audrey Horst and Pat Tanton were given a softball charm, and the softball trophies were presented to Angkor and Penta Tau.

Silver medals were presented to the winners of all individuals sports. The winner and sports are: Nancy Moss, tennis singles; Barbara Nelson, swimming meet; Nettie Jean Blake, bowling; Betty Steed, archery; Nancy Moss and Harriette Ashley, tennis doubles; and Betsy Clifford, track.

Special letters are awarded to the girls who have won three or more varsities in different sports. Those winning three or more varsities are: Barbara Nelson, Dot Evans, Cynthia Mizell, Joanne Geny, Margaret Blair, Martha Durham, Betty Campbell, Carolyn McKnight, Mary C. Woolwine, Jean Ward, Alma Edmonds, Dot Frank, Pat Wagoner, Harriette Ashley, Betty Rhea, and Pat Tanton.

Some years an interlaced W.-B. letter is presented to girls who have all-round proficiency in sports. This year these letters were given Jean Ward and Pat Tanton.

Each year a silver medal is given to the girl in both high school and colledge with the second highest number of individual points and a gold medal to the girl with the highest number of individual points. The five highest in prep school were: Barbara Nelson, 52; Mary C. Woolwine, 60; Martha Durham, 62 and a half; Mary Ann Sugg, 63, who won the silver medal; and Jean Ward, 65 and a half, who won the gold medal. The five highest in college were: Alma Edmonds, 71 and a half; Dot Frank, 73; Betsy Clifford, 78; Challie Thornton, 91, who won the sliver medal; and Pat Tanton, 94 and a half, who won the gold medal.

The club totals point for the year are: Agora, 550.5; A.K. 418; Anti Pan, 502.5; Del Vers, 620; F.F., 503.5; Osiron, 549; Penta Tau, 810; T.C., 350; Tri K., 708.5; X.L., 531.5; Angkor, 535.5; Ariston, 414.5; Eccowasin, 524; and Triad, 453.

The Day Student Preparatory Trophy was presented to the Angkors and the College Boarding Trophy to the Penta Taus.

A Bird's Eye

(Continued from Page 3)

Club Banquet, will sing the club song for the last time that year. Janie won't sleep that night; she will ignore her packing, and will go to the graduation with swollen eyes.

Afterwards, Janie will walk back to her room, telling friends goodbye. Some she will see next September. Some she will never see again. But even while she is sad, Janie has left one consoling thought. She *will* be back in September. She *will* see many of her friends again. And she *will* have a Senior year at Ward-Belmont. After all, isn't that about the finest thing *anyone* can have?

—Frances Newport.

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Athletes Footnote

By "GEORGIE"

At the close of a year which has has excelled in excellent athletics I have chosen to devote my final column, not in a summary of the specific activities and outstanding athletes, but rather I want to dedicate this column to Miss Morrison and all of the members of the athletic department in deep appreciation for the provision of the athletic program we have so much enjoyed this year.

Throughout this year I have stressed acknowledgement of our outstanding athletes; laud and praise must be extended to them not only for what they have accomplished in athletics itself, but also for their individual make-up and character. I am an athlete, and I feel that I can voice pretty fairly the opinions of all my associates in the field. In leaving Ward-Belmont, I should like to leave behind a few words in behalf of all us girls, especially the athletes or those interested in the sports.

We cannot begin to recognize in writing the complete working of this department of athletics and the many contributions it makes to the W.-B. campus. We only know that we as individuals have benefited tremendously.

We, ourselves, with our liminted knowledge of the aims of the department, and though not always fully conscious of them, realize that the entire sports program has been an integral part of our school activities. We have made many and lasting friends on the athletic field through common interests. Sometimes in large groups, sometimes in small, we have learned to lead, to follow, to cooperate, to respect authority, to play for the joy of playing. We have won, we have lost, and we have learned to be generous, modest, and gracious—win or lose.

Looking into what athletics truly are, we find more than just body coordination, agility, stamina and other physical qualities. If we would only study the higher faculties in an athlete and her leaders, we would discover marvelous qualities of the mind and spirit. If we take athletics as a real-life situation, as a mode of culture in itself, then we finally grasp the nature of the thing.

In every phase of life we seek achievement . . . in every thing we do, we put ourselves in it to win something. Life itself is aimed at a goal; therefore, incidents in life, logically, are aimed at incidental goals. Let us call this goal a reward . . . a material object signifying excellence. Our receiving trophies and individual awards as the result of winning sports is simply an essential part of our culture; we are *learning life* through this significant tradition.

Did you ever stop to think what has gone together to make for winning a trophy? If you will pause for a few moments with me, I will attempt to present a few of these things.

We hear the word "sportsmanship" being tossed about rather glibly at times, so now let's try to see it in the right light. Webster gives us a splendid definition: "conduct becoming a sportsman, involving honest rivalry and graceful acceptance of results." Participation, leadership, cooperation, kindness, consideration, gracious spirit, and friendship are only a few of the many virtues which constitute the *unique wealth* gained in athletics.

Education is a means of culture; but culture has to be well educated. Our human nature calls for a balance in our rapid pace of life. Athletes and by-standers alike must realize that the main effort in sports is to utilize the individual according to her personality as well as ability! Energetic personalities require a means of release for their energy; only a good athletic stimulus supplies this in true form. By this simple, but exciting means, girls are taught to grow in capacity to live, and they enjoy doing it.

Sometimes we are too quick to judge just what constitutes the happiness and the unhappiness of the rest of those about us in terms of "what I personally want or don't care for" . . . a pitiful state of mind if one even existed. We cannot appraise too highly the athletic department for affording to those girls who need and want active, competitive sports, excellent opportunities, challenging goals and awards of achievement. They realize what makes an athlete happy.

During our history as a nation we have cherished what we call the "American Way of Life" . . . an energetic way, permeated with lively sports of every kind. Many lasting friendships have resulted in association on a field of sport; many girls have caught hold of new standards and ideals. We have learned to respect our instructors; to love our teammates and our opponents alike; to admire and consider the other fella'; and to strive for perfection in all ways possible.

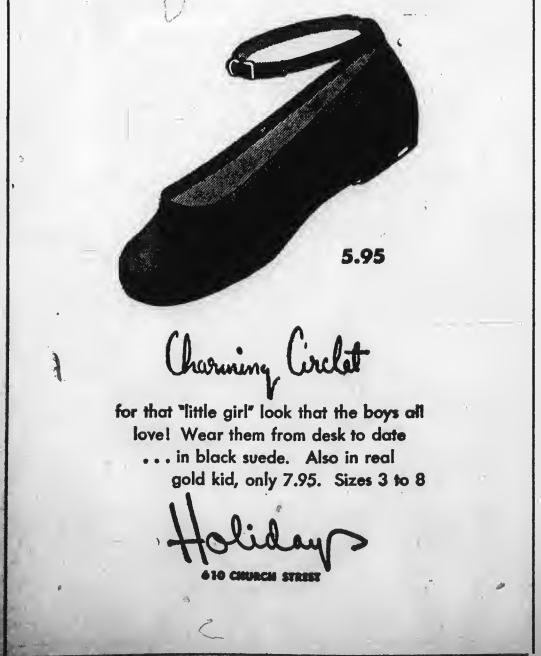
These qualities don't leave us after we depart from a game. . . . No, we carry them with us into every phase of our life. We all know that play is an educational process, and through it we have grown at W.-B.

Perhaps through these few words I have been able to convey an understanding of and an admiration for athletes, instructors and the department. I hope that we all realize how much of our life on campus has been based on the clean, honest, refreshing, energetic American way of life . . . athletics.

We may be very thankful that Ward-Belmont has had insight and foresight enough to advocate a healthy, full sports program. Our education in the athletic activities is a great portion of what we will take away with us.

Thank you sincerely, Miss Morrison, for your patience, work and wisdom in guiding us. Thank you, instructors one and all, for leading us this year. You have given us more than you realize, and more than we can comprehend right now. We can't close our eyes to that.

Here's to an even more energetic, bristling season of athletics next year! It helps to make W.-B. the fun place it is! So long for another year!



Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

ready know to tell you that she's going to William and Mary next year to major in either English or Sociology. They are mighty lucky people to get a girl like this.



Pat Wagoner

Pat Waggoner is, without a doubt, one of the most versatile girls we have ever run across. Just to mention some of her offices, she is Treasurer of the Athletic Association, President of the Chemistry Club, and Athletic Manager of the Senior Class and Agora. That's a pretty busy life even for energetic Pat. Besides all that, she makes simply wonderful grades. If you know how she does it, would you please drop a note in housemail to us. The whole Hyphen staff would like to know. We might also mention that Pat flies her own plane in her spare time. As for athletics, she never ceases to amaze us. She's good in everything.

HYPHENATED HULLABALOO

By SHEILA

Oh, beautiful day! And hi, kiddies. How're y'all? Well, we presume that by the time you've read through the other five pages of this mess, you're now ready to slaughter *Hyphenated*. . . . (Tha's all right; so'm I at this stage of the game.) Well, as we were saying, s'pose you have noticed the fact that every other column is dedicated to somebody, so, never to be left out, we do hereby wish to dedicate this column to a group of people without whom W-B as a whole would never be able to function . . . would perish in utter distress. To Leomee, Mrs. Weedon, and the morning breakfast bell, may we of the *Hyphenated* staff express our heartfelt thanks for the delicious scrambled eggs with which we begin each morning . . . dead or alive (Leomee, if I didn't spell yo' li'l name right, you just tell me and I'll sue myself for breach of promise.)

And then the athletic awards in chapel. . . . I appeared on the stage three times, only to find it was a case of mistaken identity. . . . (Mom, why didn't you tell me I'd been christened *me* 'stead of Pat Tanton?)

The club banquets were neat, too, *no es verdad?* (Righto, Senorita Donner!) We came back to see what all the other clubs had given their Seniors, in the way of bracelets, photograph albums, etc., and weren't they surprised when we pulled out our solid, 14-carat gold yo-yos. . . . Ah well, life has its up and downs.

Hyphenated has made its endeavor for the year the position of "the people's col-yum. . . ." In that capacity, and seeing as how there won't be another HYPHEN till July (editor's gettin' lazy on us), we do hereby wish to say something of those people who were not fortunate enough all year long to have their names mentioned in the other columns of the paper. . . .

THE POOR WOMAN'S

Mlle.

(of W-B, natch)

We were rambling down by the school pool (swimming, that is) the other day, and happened to notice Ginny Smith in a perfectly *stunning* blue bathing suit. . . . One piece, it had a draped effect in the front . . . likewise the back. . . . Of a very interesting material, Ginny's suit had the unusual capacity of expansion and contraction; it seems to be most popular, since everyone we've seen at the school pool (still swimming . . . : the people, not the pool) has purchased one. (Tch, Sue, for not getting the scoop on this latest article of fashion.)

ATHLETE'S BUSTED KNEECAP

FLASH!!!!! It has just been announced by the Ward-Belmont gym office that one of our student body has compiled more points than any other . . . but the fact remains that this modest creature forbade the reading out of her name in chapel, thus this is the first public announcement of her achievement. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mary Derrick, who secured a can of invisible paint, coated herself with it, and proceeded to come out for every fall, winter, and spring sport. . . . Mary played left wing for her club team, and though the X.L.'s were disqualified for not having enough team members (she's invisible, remember?), Mary made first varsity! Her other points include: riding, four blue ribbons, two reds, and three white; tennis (well, you noticed the blank space by Jean Ward on the stage the other day, didn't you? Mary didn't want to embarrass Jean, so she once more became visibleless . . .); archery, 250 (ten bulls-eyes out of every nine shot). The rest are just as impressive. Asked for a statement, Mary quietly replied: "There's something the matter with Miss Chamber's vision. My special brand of Ox-Ox paint won't make me the unseen one in American History class." (Must "Ox" Miss C. about this phenomena.)

INCONGROUS REPORTER

When asked her opinion of the contemplated removal of the tower so that a night-watchman's shack migh be built in the center of Club Village BILLIE VAUGHN replied:

"It's quite true, just as it has been pointed out to us, that Uncle Willie and his coordinates become cold during the winter months when they are required to perform their duty in all sorts of weather. It is my opinion, however, that with the tower glassed in, they could remain in it, warm and cozy. . . . That way, too, they could get bird's eye view of things, blow their whistle from the heights to awaken us for breakfast, and perform other small duties which would greatly increase the efficiency of the Ward-Belmont P. D."

We guess you've heard;
We guess you've seen;
My look of green,
When I warn't May Queen.

And then there was always the little gal who couldn't find a room anywhere for her grandma to stay during the graduation season. . . . Grannie proceeded to stay in Fidelity; she was a 1901 grad of Ward's. . . .

So there it is, finally . . . the thought of graduation . . . We wanted to keep it out of this, our last li'l attempt at the colyum; we wanted to try to be funny (per usual) . . . but do ya' really mind if we digress these last few words . . ? There's so much that could be said in the way of apologies to Bessie for the slams on her po'try, and yes, even to Leomee . . . (Leomee, if you don't know by now, has been my faithful dining room maid . .) There's even more that we could say about Tuesday nights in ye olde *Hyphen* office . . . and about how good it's made us feel to know someone reads the wee few lines we've scribbled . . . But I guess, trite though it may sound, that nothing I could say could show you what I mean unless you've happened to already become acquainted with it . . .

If there's a *Hypenated* next year, may we wish the poor gal who gets talked into writing it all the things, good and bad, that go with the job . . . How 'bout a pome?

"Here's to her, who ever she is;
Just hope her head won't be all knots . . .
But knots or not we hope she'll use
Next year again our little dots" . . .

So that's it . . . We'll put out last little dot here with a quick "see ya' " . . .

June - Aug 14, 1947

Meeting

TENNESSEE STATE LIBRARY

Vacation Issue!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Vacation Issue!

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College Governing Organization Is Here

Two College Seniors Attain Prominence In Literary Contest

Miss Eileen Springstun and Miss Jeanne Bryant, two seniors who graduated from the college department of Ward-Belmont in June, attained national prominence in the 1946-47 Atlantic Monthly contest for college students. Miss Springstun was judged first-place winner in the essay division, and Miss Bryant was selected as having the "top paper" in the poetry division.

Miss Eileen Springstun, from Oaktown, Indiana, won a $50 cash prize for her essay entitled "The Resistance." It is an exposition of the philosophy of existentialism which was begun in France. Other activities she engaged in at W.-B. included being the President of the T. C. social club, a member of the Athletic Association, and a HYPHEN staff member.

Miss Jeanne Bryant, from Huntingdon, Tennessee, won the "top paper" title in the poetry division with her poem called "If Winter Comes."

Miss Bryant also participated in the Drum Corps, the Speech Club, and was a member of Phi Theta Kappa at W.-B.

These two winners were students of Dr. Ivar Lou Myhr, head of the Ward-Belmont department of English.

This contest sponsored by the Atlantic Monthly had a total of 359 essays and 400 poems from colleges throughout the United States entered in it.

Jingling the News

BY JET

What used to be the Student Council
Is now the "C. G. O."—
And we've a new Constitution for
our Institution
That'll make last year seem
SLOW!



Eileen Springstun



Mr. Chiles VanAntwerp

Chiles VanAntwerp Is Dean of College

It has recently been announced by Dr. Robert Provine that Mr. Chiles VanAntwerp has accepted the position of Dean of the College of Ward-Belmont Junior College. This post was made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Charles P. Hogarth.

Mr. VanAntwerp comes from Mt. Sterling, Kentucky originally. He attended Centre College for one year. Then he went to the University of Michigan to take his Bachelor's degree, and he took his M.A. sometime later at the same place. He has also done graduate work at the University of Kentucky and Colorado State College of Education.

Mr. VanAntwerp has had extensive experience both as a teacher and as an administrator. For a number of years he was with the Cranbrook School at Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, and the Pembroke Country Day School in Kansas City, Missouri.

Dean VanAntwerp has traveled widely, both in South America and in Europe and served two years in the Navy.

Large Senior Class Has Final Exercises Tuesday, June 3

Commencement exercises for a large class of 160 Junior College graduates closed the school year of 1946-47 at Ward-Belmont on Tuesday, June 3, at nine o'clock. The speaker for the occasion was Dr. Hugh C. Stuntz, President of the Scarritt College for Christian Workers.

In this morning ceremony, the Seniors dressed in the traditional cap and gown, marched in to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" as played by Mr. F. Arthur Henkel. After the invocation, two musical numbers by selected members of the W.-B. choir, and the presentation of music certificates and diplomas, Dr. Stuntz was introduced by Dr. Robert Provine.

Dr. Stuntz began his talk with this: "There is a tendency now that we are fleeing our yesterdays, becoming more modern and looking forward to an age of magnificent achievement." He said that men must not be afraid to break with the past, citing Martin Luther, Galileo, and other famous men of history as examples of men who were not afraid to make the necessary break.

"Tradition, with its binding quality, is something we rebel against," stated Dr. Stuntz, "and it is this dead hand of tradition which makes a slave out of men." He further said that it is easy to submit to this dead hand and thus men ask themselves can they break through their bonds of tradition, convention, and conforming?

In conclusion, Dr. Stuntz told the Seniors that our job today is to purge all evil traditions and cling more than ever to our good traditions from the past. "You at Ward-Belmont have a tradition of education here that should never be for-

(Continued on Page 4)

Meaning You!

All of you possessing the ability to compose essays, short stories poems, or most anything worth reading . . . hop out of that swimming pool or easy chair and get busy! *Chimes*, our literary mag on campus, is beckoning a desirous finger . . . meanin' you! It comes out in September and so Editor Jane Ellen Tye will welcome any of your contributions!

Present staff: Just a word to remind you that you cannot lie around either . . . for you all have to turn something in as soon as you hit the campus!

Tri K Is Awarded Scholarship Cup

The Tri K Club, sponsored by Miss Catherine Morrison, was awarded the scholarship cup for the second semester, 1946-47, according to an announcement made by Dean Chiles VanAntwerp. Tri K has an average of 1.6485.

Hood and Gown members, the three highest grade point average in each of the four classifications were also named. They are: Boarding seniors—Julia Wheeler, 2.95; Helen Schreiber, 2.94; and Barbara Hanson, 2.90. Day seniors—Bobbye Carolyn West, 2.45; Virginia Rippy, 2.41; and Martha Wilson, 2.39. Boarding Senior-Middles—Jean Ratliff, 3:11; Mary Shanks, 3.08; and Beverly Moore, 2.94. Day Senior-Middles—Jacqueline Mebius, 3.32; Bettye Bray, 2.72; and Charlene Prichard, 2.56.

There were sixty students on the college honor roll, and sixty-seven girls achieved honorable mention standing.

The scholarship averages of the nine clubs not already mentioned are as follows: Anti-Pan, 1.6405; X. L., 1.6149; Agora, 1.6130; Penta Tau, 1.5771; F. F., 1.4951; A. K., 1.4338; Del Vers, 1.2963; Osiron, 1.2550; and T. C., 1.1834.

Peg Blowers Tells Meaning of C. G. O.

It has been recently announced by Peggy Blowers, President of the C. G. O., that the former Student Council has become the College Governing Organization. Various changes have been made in the newly named organization to give Ward-Belmont complete student government for the first time.

The C. G. O. is a government by and for the students. Everyone at Ward-Belmont is automatically a member of this organization which, in brief, works thus: The C. G. O. has an executive of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Assistant Secretary, all of whom have a term of one year. The Chapel Proctor term lasts one semester. The members of the C. G. O. board are hall presidents, secretaries, and the vice-presidents. The C. G. O. meets once a week and at this time makes improvements for the students and carries out suggestions and recommendations from the Presidents' Cabinet. They also take up any matters that are of enough importance to be brought before them.

Another important phase of the C. G. O. is the Presidents' Cabinet, which consists of the major office holders on campus. The President of C. G. O. acts as chairman of the Cabinet and they meet once a month to collect and compile the wishes and requests of their fellow students. They sponsor student programs, campus parties, picnics, and other forms of entertainment that concern the campus as a whole.

In an interview Peggy Blowers explained the meaning of this student government. She said: "Today all important schools have student government. It is a wonderful thing because it gives the young people of today an opportunity to learn how to govern themselves and also gives them voice in the affairs that concern them. It is a great opportunity for everyone . . . so let's continue to support it. This College Governing Organization concerns *everyone* at Ward-Belmont. Remember, you are the ones who make it!"



Jeanne Bryant

Orientation Welcomes All New Girls

The word *Orientation* is a very important one in the vocabulary of a Ward-Belmont girl. It means "welcome" and thus you can see that its main purpose is to welcome all of you new girls to W.-B. It also strives to acquaint you with the administration, the faculty attitude toward the student body, and with our fine institution as a whole.

How does a program of this sort function, you wonder? Well briefly, here is the method of its organization: Peggy Blowers, as president of the Student Governing Organization, is at the head of the entire Orientation program. Under her comes the Central Committee which is divided into four parts—A, B, C, and D.

The first of these four divisions, A, stands for the *new* college boarders with Ann Lindrgren as chairman; B is for the *new* prep boarders with the chairman Martha Jane Blackburn; C stands for all the *new* college day students and Gale Jennings is this chairman; and last, D represents the *new* prep day students with the chairman Judy Merrick. Each of these four groups is divided into various subject heads, too lengthy to be gone into here.

Prepare yourselves for the mighty interestin' discussion groups . . . they are held at the ten social club houses in club village and it is here you really will learn what goes on in your new home. Activities, academic, student government, social life, and sports are the topics of these informal discussions. And how do you know which club house to honor with your presence? Later on in the summer, you will receive a certain unit number, and then, in the fall, you will trot down to the club with that number and a unit of girls will lead you in a lively discussion.

And also in the mail will arrive a letter to you from one of the sixty girls on the Orientation Program . . . she will be your "Big Sister" and you be sure to answer her letter because you will see a lot of her when you arrive at W.-B. in the fall.

Besides the activities already mentioned, the Orientation girls have numerous other things to look after. You will recognize them as they meet you at trains, buses, and planes upon your arrival; you will smile as they greet you as you step from your taxi onto the campus; you will

(Continued on page 3)

Editorial Comment

Enjoying School

There is a somewhat silly and even dangerous notion abroad to the effect that school is a preparation for life. Of course every moment spent at school is in a sense a preparation for any living that may come after it; but to call it "preparation" for life as if it were not life itself and as real and important as any succeeding hour . . . this is vastly to underestimate what takes place at school and perhaps to miss the best part of it and its main significance.

So school is not a dull stage in the process of getting ready for the genuine thing. It is as real, or rather more so, than the life for which it is sometimes supposed to prepare. In fact, school is the most concentrated kind of life imaginable. School is nothing artificial and thin . . . it is simply life itself intensified and raised to the highest degree.

Now a school exists only for its students. It is theirs now and will be theirs for the rest of their lives. Consequently, the responsibility of making it a good school and one that will give the students what they have a right to expect rests to a great extent with them. They, on their own initiative, can keep all the various activities concentrated, beneficial, interesting and significant.

In short, school life is organized to out-strip common life in numberless ways. While it may prepare for something yet to come, it involves no postponement of living. It encourages and enhances all aspects of life! This is why you come to Ward-Belmont and why it is so important for you to keep your school activities concentrated, rich, and heightened in flavor and color. If you do this, school will be the most fascinating and satisfying time of your whole life . . . and you will be making it possible for other students to enjoy it too.

Dr. Robert Provine

Jerce's Diction

Pardon me for just a minute while I throw some more wood on the fire, chase a wood kitty out, and turn up the lamp . . . there, that's better! Now I can begin my column in comparative peace — or rather in questionable peace and solitude of an isolated cabin which is snuggled in deep between the West Virginia mountains.

For days now rain has been in the process of obliterating all traces of civilization from around our cabin and, an hour ago, after the family left on a brave venture for supplies, it played its most devilish prank by causing the electricity to disgustedly blink out! Sitting mute in a stunned darkness, I pondered my chances for survival while the b'ars growled out back, cobras curled up in the window sills, and black widder spiders playfully flicked their luminous hour glass bottoms at me from the beams overhead.

"But the summer issue simply can't appear without my delovely column", I mumbled to my petrified self, and so with renewned courage, I managed to stumble over to and light the kerosene lamp reposing on the mantle.

Scoff if you want, chil'un, at my table of woe, but if your copy of the HYPHEN is a bit charred around the edges, you'll have all the proof you need that this very minute, as I sit typing this, the sputtering kerosene lamp is my CLOSEST friend!

Now that the setting has been so aptly established, I feel the need of proceeding to things of interest to all of you . . . namely, your coming sojourn at a very wonderful Southern school . . . Ward-Belmont! First, I want to give a great big cheery "hi ya" to you who are coming to our loved school in the fall. Certainly am looking forward to meeting you all via Orientation.

Secondly, I want to bestow my most editorily-like smile and sincerest appreciation on those who hopped out of their swimming holes long enough to send me the much needed copy for this issue! Bless their pointed craniums but I luv 'em!

Last, and most naturally, is "Goodbye and be good until fall"! (Oh, oh . . . my friend and associate, the kerosene lamp just gave a weary sigh and flickered out.) I GIVE UP!!



Here's What to Expect at Dear W-B So New Girls Come Along and See!

The main feature of the summer issue is to inform all you new girls what to expect at Ward-Belmont in September, and so I am writing this in the fond hope that it will do exactly that for you.

The minute you step off the train, a group of gals on the Orientation committee will greet you, and you will begin to feel right at home in Nashville. Then you all pile into a cab and head for the dear school in person.

The buildings will seem strange and new to you at first, but after several weeks on the campus, you will discover that you know your way around like an old student!

Getting acquainted with your roommate is exciting and fun. You find that you have much in common, and try to find a spare few minutes to have a big gab-fest. But the Orientation committee has your time all planned, and so one night you are led over the entire campus . . . the slave tunnel, the tower, through stately Acklen, and finally Academic, the place of hard study!

The first meal in the large dining rooms is wonderful . . . especially the oodles of hot rolls . . . and the servants you find at your service soon become your friends.

The first two weeks at school, on the whole, are so full of activities, you will find you have little time to meet and make new friends but soon you find yourself becoming acquainted with everyone anyhow . . . that's just the friendly atmosphere of W.-B.

With the end of tests and playing, come classes. The assignments finished, you rush down to club village to visit the various houses, and finally go through the tortures of deciding which is the one for you . . . they are all so-o-o-o fine! But you choose, then receive your bid, laugh all through "Fag Day," and at last dress all in white for the moving formal initiation. Words are repeated this night that you are long to remember and hold in your heart.

Hockey is the main fall sport, and you learn the spirit each girl holds for her own club. You cheer your lungs out for your team, not only in hockey, but in every other sport, the whole year through. By this time you have fallen into the swing of things, and really begin to feel settled and happy in your new life. But at the same time you have constructed a huge calendar in your room over your bed to mark off the days until Christmas vacation. The first Senior-Senior Mid day arrives, however, distracting your mind for a while longer.

After mid-term exams leave you reeling, you hop the nearest vehicle and hurry home for a two weeks' vacation. Funny thing, no matter how eager you are to get home, after you have been there awhile, you find you are ready to return to school and all it holds for you!

A lovely treat, however, is just laying for you upon your arrival at school after Christmas. . . . Semester Exams! Although you feel like you just can't pass, pass you do, and when the grades arrive in your mail box, you are thrilled to find you did better than you expected.

Along with cold weather, comes the coal soot. You wake up in the morning in complete "Al Jolson" make-up, and even find your ears are dirty. But you just grin and bear it, and soon learn to joke about the delightfully dirty city! Time seems to fly by and weeks become mere memories.

The rumor now goes around school of the thrill of May Day, and so it becomes a reality when you drag out of bed every morning to rehearse for your part in this big event. Along with all of this goes studying for those tough finals, participating in club sports, election of new officers for the school and club next year, and the last monster Senior-Senior Mid day. Suddenly the thought occurs to you that soon the wonderful Seniors will be graduating, so you make multi more trips to Senior Hall for "visits."

One of the last hot afternoons, as you rush to take a sun-bath so you can exhibit some Southern sun-tan to the parents, you begin to think back over past events: the King and Queen of Hearts on Valentine's Day; the smooth formal dinners held on Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Valentine's Day, and the climaxing all-club banquet; and of the many little things that have contribute so greatly in making your Mid year one you will never forget. To cheer you then, you think of your coming Senior year and how much you have to look forward to then.

Yes, Ward-Belmont has these and many other fine traditions about it and perhaps it is this that causes us to love the school so much. We only hope that it will mean as much to all of you someday!

Po'ms 'Bout Places

By Lebie and Jet

CORRECTION, PLEASE

Kipling said of East and West
That never the twain shall meet.
But he never heard of Nashville
Where the hearts of all states beat.

BIG SHOTS!

To you who hail from Indiana
We bid "hello," "good cheer."
Can't wait til you get to W.-B.
And the fun we'll have next year!

FROM THE HILLS

They come from Guatemala, Penn.,
New York, but let me see . . .
I think the greatest number come
From good old Tennessee

AND FROM THE PLAINS

Coming from Texas we have the gals
Who bring their boots spurs,
And ride the ring at W.-B.
On Capers . . . for better or worse.

AND FROM THE OCEAN TOO

Kiss the white-capped waves goodbye,
'Tis a long time from fall to June.
You gals from Florida and other points
Dance this winter to the hickory tune.

"ABE'S" HOME STATERS

The gates of Belmont will fling wide
For Illinois' gals.
We welcome you with colors high
Hurry on, old pals.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

Me own home state, Kentucky
Will be represented too.
And we'll "on U. of K." together
Hurray for the white and blue.

YANKEE DOODLE COMES TO TOWN

Michigan, my Michigan
We'll see you too next fall.
So bring your Yankee spirit
You'll need it. Ha, ha, You all!

PEACHES AND CREAM

Way down South, in Alabam'
There's a train that's Nashville bound,
So bring your brushes, little friends,
And we'll really do that town!

ST. LOUIE WOMEN

We hear a gang is comin', too
From down St. Louie way.
Missouri, come and join the gang
On registration day.

'TIL THEN

Yep, one more month til school begins
That's all we have to wait,
Before we meet you, bag in hand
A-comin' through that gate.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Ann

Soon, in the few weeks to come, each freshman will be packing her trunk. No doubt you will have many questions to ask concerning what clothes to bring as the utmost essentials for your first year at W.-B. (That's our affectionate name for the school we hope you love as much as we do.)

Since the South has many traditions, so does W.-B. For many of these you will need a white dress, one that can be worn in all kinds of weather. You will need it first for your club initiation and then for many other festivities.

Of course you don't understand about Senior-Senior-Mid days, the days in which the classes compete in sports, but everyone dresses in her respective class colors. Therefore, be sure to bring a white skirt to be worn in the fall, winter, and spring with a contrasting sweater according to your class colors. Last year no one told me about this; so I was frantically running around the dorm seeking a white skirt to wear with my purple sweater!

Then of course there are formal dinners and concerts, also. So don't forget to pack a formal for these, plus on or two of your favorite glamorous ones for the the club dances. You want to look luscious for all the wonderful Vanderbilt boys.

You will find that many hours of each week are spent in the various gym classes, but you needn't put any gym clothes in your already filled trunk. The uniforms which are white shirts and blue wool shorts can be purchased inexpensively at the book store. However, if you have a pair of gym shoes, bring them along, unless you prefer to buy yours at one of the stores in Nashville.

Many of the girls, you will find, wear long white men's shirts with shorts or jeans when not in class. All the girls wear these shirts to classes, too, so be sure to ask your father or big brother for one to wear at W.-B.

Speaking of classes, which are not few and far between for some people, most of the girls wear summer dresses, and later sweater and skirts to the hourly sessions. After classes, everyone changes for dinner. Suits and dresses are always worn with pumps or some other dress shoe. In the winter a variety of wool dresses are worn to dinner, as they are most comfortable to the Nashville weather. Don't worry you Northern girls, it really snows and gets cold in Tennessee. So I learned!

Of course, the first Saturday after you arrive at school you will want to go downtown. Let me warn you of one rule pertaining to the venture. It is customary at W.-B. to be dressed up when you go to town; so each girl is required to wear a hat, hose, heels, and gloves. With these most everyone wears a dress or suit, whatever the weather permits. The first day you venture forth people will say, "She's A Ward-Belmont girl!" It gets to be funny after a while, but you will feel the pride of being from W.-B. as much as the rest of us do.

Above all else, please don't fail to pack a rain coat, because if you don't you will actually drown. We don't want to lose you before we really get to know and love you all. Nashville always has two or three rainy seasons; and even though the outlook is dull, the campus will be covered with multi-colored coats, and brown boots. Most of us have found out last year that stadium boots are quite useful; but just bring along anything you might have, for I'm sure they will do. If it rains all day, you will be sure to wear boots all day, no matter what!

Some other little hints on what to bring this September to W.-B. might not be fashion notes, but in the long run they do pertain to your appearance on campus. First, although the school furnishes face and bath towels, it is necessary to bring wash cloths, too. Quite a few girls forgot last year that one has to wash as well as dry. You don't want to go up and down the halls shouting, "Does anyone have an extra wash cloth not in use?" Second, you won't find hangers lying around in abundance in the closets, so be sure to pack all you will need. Also, your clothes will keep nicer during the year if you remember to bring a clothes bag; a cellophane or cloth one will do very nicely.

I hope that these few tips will help each and everyone of you. By now you should know what to bring and what will not be needed. We are all anxiously looking forward to September with great expectations, for we want to know and love you all. Until then, have a wonderful summer, and I'll be seeing you.



Sue Glick



Joycelyn Johnson

Senior Sponsor System is Established

Sue Glick and Joycelyn Johnson, members of the Senior Class of '47-'48, are the newly selected presidents of the Hall Governing Boards of Founders and Fidelity Halls, respectively.

The other Senior girls who will live in these halls composing the Hall Governing Boards are: In Fidelity, Secretary is Mary Lou Schwankhaus; Vice-Presidents, Carolyn Moody and Betty Rhea; and sponsors Jean Ratliff, Patti Stoll, Carolyn George, and Nan Hagan.

In Founders, Secretary is Louise Boon; Vice-President will be appointed from this sponsor group: Barbara Albert, Joella Blache, Bettie Burnette, Pat Farthing, Joan Fergus, Sophie Gounos, Jean Guttman, Mary Jo Harrod, Bunty Hart, Barbara Hudnall, Billie Jackson, Virginia Monfort, Sue Scherer, Mary Simms, and Jane Wilson.

These Senior Sponsors, living in the two Senior-Middle halls, hold their positions on the Hall Governing Boards for a term lasting one semester. The second semester the Mids are elected to the offices.

The Senior Sponsors are picked for outstanding citizenship. Among their duties are: Holding and conducting hall meetings once a month to discuss general matters concerning the hall and conduct therein; meeting with the hall mothers every Monday to discuss cases concerning the hall and decide what category each offense belongs in; and in general, giving the Mids a good example of hall government.

Penta Tau Wins Citizenship Cup

The last all-student affair of the year 1946-47 was the formal All-Club Banquet held Monday evening, June 2. Dr. Robert Provine presented the various awards and announced the citizenship ratings.

Penta Tau Club, sponsored by Mrs. Margaret Harber, and Eccowasin Club, with Miss Louise Saunders as sponsor, won the boarding and day student citizenship cups. The Penta Tau Club had a total of 93.40 points and Eccowasin had 81.85.

Challie Thornton, a member of the Tri K Club, was judged the best school citizen. Challie headed the list with 148 points out of a possible 150. Mary Ann Sugg, member of Eccowasin Club, was named the best day student enrolled in Ward-Belmont this year. Her score was 133 points out of a possible 150.

The Jane Morley Award, given to the young woman who excels in any field of music, was awarded to Jennie Parr for advancement in her major field and also for interest in other fields of music. Another musical award presented was the Mildred Genet Cup given to Camille Hancock for having the outstanding voice in the college.

Three other awards made were: The Lenice Ingram Bacon Speech one for the most outstanding student in speech which went to Kathryn VanNortwick; the Johnston Scholarship Award recognizing high accomplishment and encouraging continuation of high education went to Jacquelyn Koon; and the Linda Rhea Memorial Award for the student who exemplifies some of the qualities characterized by Dr. Rhea was presented to Julia Wheeler.

Prep Graduates Receive Diplomas

Eighty-four Seniors of the Ward-Belmont Preparatory School received their diplomas at the commencement exercises held in the North Front Auditorium on Monday, June 2. Dr. Hugh C. Stuntz, A.B., B.D., M.A., DD., President of The Scarritt College for Christian Workers, was the speaker.

The program consisted of first, the processional to "Pomp and Circumstance" played by Mr. F. Arthur Henkel.

Reverend Prentice A. Pugh, rector of Church of The Advent, gave both invocation and benediction; and the Preparatory School Glee Club sang two selections directed by Miss Marilyn Redinger and accompanied by Sue Swinford.

In Dr. Stuntz's address he emphasized the importance of the Seniors using their minds to do what is right; and thus, keep their bodies from dictating their actions. As another illustration, he related the true tale of the Nazi leaders who were rated as geniuses, but who used their minds in the wrong way. He concluded with this advice to the Seniors: "To become better citizens in our world today, always use your minds in the right way."

After the conferring of the diplomas by Dr. Robert Provine, the Seniors marched out to "The Bells of Ward-Belmont."

Day Light

By Betsy

Taking a few minutes from the lovely Nashville water, sun, and play, I want to begin an open letter to you all . . . you all being that cleancut bunch of kiddies known as the COLLEGE DAY STUDENTS of Ward-Belmont! Since this first column of mine is to be a ray of *light*, so to speak, for those new day students, best I write a few facts well-known to the old gals that the new will want to know . . . and then get back in the water (Willow Plunge, I love thee, glub, glub!)

Unless you're a newcomer to the "misty" South you've probably seen Ward-Belmont countless times and wondered just what goes on there. Well, to very briefly sum it up, there's a lot of living and learning and laughing taking place there! It is a life consisting of little things such as getting to school early and watching the boarders arrive, some with a few curlers still dangling in their hair; or a quick bridge game before your first period class; or it's trying to hook a ride out to lunch; going to the drugstore multi times daily; skits at the club; studying like mad for that test to he sprung upon you next period . . . yes, it is all these things and more that make your college days at W.-B. so unforgettable.

Your school year will pass quickly and before you know it you will be saying "so long" to all the gals you have grown so fond of and watch them take off for Missouri, Ohio, Texas, and other far distant places.

And then, as the time draws nigh for you to go back to school, you experience something else, an indefinable something I cannot quite put down in black and white. It is a wonderful feeling, maybe it is love, maybe it is pride, or perhaps a combination of both . . . but there is no mistaking it once it hits you. You may feel it the first time you sing "The Bells of Ward-Belmont"; it may be when you get over homesickness for the familiar halls and faces of West, or Hillsboro, or East, or Litton. But I am certain that it *will* hit you . . . and when it does you'll be just a little better.

That's about all I can say right now ('cept I'm dying of the heat). Just come on over the fence in September and find out for yourself about the fun and laughs and loving and learning and living and growing that goes on at Ward-Belmont. So play hard now . . . and I'll be seeing you in the fall. The very best of luck to each and everyone of you day student Mids. . . .

Goodbye for now!

Orientation

(Continued from Page 1)

become less bewildered as they direct you through a maze of unfamiliar buildings; and in fact, everywhere you turn you will be welcomed by their friendliness and their readiness to answer any and all of your questions.

Perhaps by this time, you have gained a clear idea of why we at W.-B. have made the word Orientation such an integral part of our vocabulary. Just remember that it is a welcome all for you! We can begin now by saying, "Hello, we've been waiting so long to meet you!"

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Achille's Heel



By Fay 'n' Lindgren

Hear ye, Hear ye . . . Friends, Ward-Belmontites, all new students . . . Lend us your glance and take a quick look to see just what goes on at W.-B. in the sport department.

We've really got everything here (even studies). Do you like hockey? We have two big fields for you to choose from, plus *plenty* of equipment, instruction, and fun to go with 'em. Or, how about tennis? Great sport, is not it? Good for decreasing the inevitable waste (?) line too. Anyway, we have eight of the finest courts in the state, so Tennis-see them balls flying come next September!

And for all you mermaids coming this way, we have a beautiful inside swimming pool, so that no matter what the temperament of the weather, you can always refresh the tired body with a quick dip. And if you figure in form swimming, be sure and try out for Ward-Belmont's own *Naides,* an organization which presents really spectacular water shows providing fun for its members, and long lived entertainment for spectators.

But tell us, is there a prospective "Byron Nelson" in the crowd? Well, even if not—we'll create a few on the driving range. And *then* when you're *really* up to par, you get a free ride out to the eighteen-hole course not far from the campus.

And when the fall season is over, WE don't fall off, or introduce our sport attire to the mothballs . . . no sirree! We just pump ye ole basketball, and while away the time and the arm . . . making contacts . . . ball in basket, that is. Or else we put our good eye in, inhabit the bowling alleys, and chalk up the strikes, or spares, or less. (Heavens, *we* can use the same scoring sheet multi times, purely on account of we never get nothin' but nothin'. (This last to be said in undertone.) . . . And to re-invigorate, thar's always the pool for a quick quench in the quiescent quietude of the swimmin' hole. Quacks? Yes!

After the holidays are over and spring (or should we say SPRING) is busting out all over, you'll see some people actually running to classes (some people anyway). 'Course they're not really that eager—just that they think "ambition" should be made of sterner stuff" and are thus gettin' limbered up for the track season. On the first warm day there we all are—putting the shot, running relays, high jumping and generally having a grand time getting kinks out, and charley horses in. But that's life—in and out, out and in. (But, Oh, it sure nuff can be uncomfortable, as we rub our bruised bodies) which reminds us; our theme song:

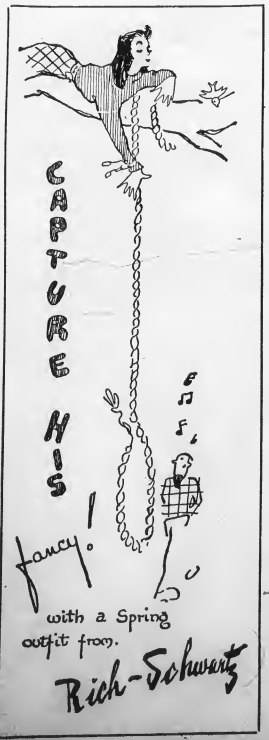
"Oh, somewhere in this favored land
the sun is shining bright—
The band is playing somewhere, and
somewhere hearts are light—
And somewhere men are laughing,
and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy for our team—
for "we" has just struck out!"

Yep—softball for all you dubble sluggers—get ready on the softball "diamond", "club" the ball with all your "heart," and if you're like us, hope they don't "spade" you a premature grave for the third out. Really, it's not that bad . . . but on the contrary, much fun 'n'excitement . . . And for those with a little Indian blood, there are many hunting grounds (or something) on the campus where we spend fruitless . . . oops, we mean fruitful (really) hours practicing with the bow and arry on the archery range. Ugh . . .

We've got other sports down here gals, so come on down and give them a twirl. You see, we have ten social clubs at Ward-Belmont, and athletically speakng, each club has a team for each sport. These teams compete with each other throughout the year, and the highest award a team can receive is to win a cup or trophy for that particular sport. Cheers, songs, yells, and friendly competition between clubs run high—and the feeling that one must play the game for the game's worth; that you may not find the answer in the victory or the defeat, but in the way that you play with an eye for the qualities that the game will bring out in yourself and others.

Well, we have to run now—all you fine peoples have a fine time this summer—so til then—

Bye now . . .



Milestones Wins Blue Ribbon Award

On May 21 it was announced that the Milestones of 1946 won the blue ribbon which is an annual presentation of The Southern Graphic Arts Association for the best job of printing done on a college annual.

The 1946 Milestones which was awarded this honor, was edited by Carolyn Buie. The original copy of this annual, which was judged by the Association, has been adorned with a blue ribbon and it occupies a place on Dr. Robert Provine's desk.

The McQuiddy Printing Company of Nashville is acknowledged with the prize-winning printing job on the 1946 annual.

Dean Announces College Honor Roll; Honorable Mention

The following girls made the college honor roll, having a grade of "B" or better in all credit subjects and a passing grade in physical education.

Seniors: Kathryn Alfs, Kathryn Barfield, Edith Cooney, Bettye Jane Erwin, Sara Green, Barbara Hanson, Sheila Kennard, Jacqueline Koon, Ruth McCoy, Betty Martin, Lena Mistretta, Jennie Parr, Nancy Pipin, Mary Elizabeth Rensford, Virginia Rippy, Helen Schreiber, Eileen Springstun, Nancy Stern, Joanna Troutman, Kathryn VanNortwick, Billie Vaughn, Patricia Wagoner, Ruth Walls, Bobbye West, and Martha Wilson.

Senior-Middles: Margaret Andrews, Louise Boone, Bettye Bray, Mary Ann Burton, Mary June Carnes, Nancy Davis, Muriel Fisher, Julia Freels, Barbara Greenlee, Laura Hambaugh, Lois Hammer, Mary Jo Harrod, Carolyn Henderson, Mary Holton, Joan Hooper, Cynthia Hoyt, Sue Hoyt, Dorothy Jennings, Dolores Koleszar, Evelyn Martin, Jacqueline Mebius, Beverly Moore, Barbara Needs, Mary Nelson, Charlene Prichard, Jean Ratliff, Paula Rudolph, Katherine Scherer, Mary Elizabeth Shanks, Betty Shepherd, Laura Tompkins, Mary Warner, Oragene Willson, Ann Wilson, and Betty Witt.

These girls made the colloge honorable mention list, with a "B" average in all subjects and a passing grade in physical education.

Seniors: Alice Adams, Harriette Ashley, Catherine Bull, Mintie Cantrell, Susan Carson, Patty Cheek, Ernestine C. Congleton, Thelma Back, Barbara Bahr, Mary Cooper, Carol Crosby, Marian Dopke, Martha Faulkner, Marion Frederick, Frances Harris, Anna Hudson, Florence Johnson, Helen Keith, Mollie Lively, Kathleen Lyter, Mary Martin, Nancy Moss, Frances Newport, Mary Ohms, Marilyn Parnell, Patricia Rhine, Shirley Schulz, Betty Neil Shepperd, Patzie Simonsen, Charlotte Sutton, Margaret Webster, and Julia Wheeler.

Senior-Middles: Steve Ann Akin, Frances Alexander, Joyce Armitage, Jane Basham, Peggy Blowers, Margaret Boylin, Lois Collins, Virginia Davis, Ida Dunkin, Virginia Englett, Margaret Farrar, Susan Glick, Nan Hagan, Georgia Hall, Marilyn Hanover, Frances Harwell, Billie Howell, Joycelyn Johnson, Sarah Jones, Adele Lipsey, Myra Maupin, Carolyn Moody, Ann Morgan, Ann Moursund, Svea Ogg, Marian Rhea, Barbara Richard, Mary Schwankhaus, Joan Simon, Beverly Smith, Barbara Smyth, Challie Thornton, Harriett Tyree, Genevieve Wolfe, and Dorothy Yearwood.

Large Senior

(Continued from Page 1)

gotten. Keep it serviceable to humanity."

Then Dean Alan Irwin conferred the certificates; and after the conclusion of this, Dr. Robert Provine presented the diplomas to the graduates. The program was concluded with the benediction, and the playing of the recessional "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" by Mr. F. Arthur Henkel.



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Day'n Board Out



By Judy and Gordy

First Judy Speaks To Day Preppies

Well, hi everybody! Honestly, I feel like a newly hatched chicken or somethin'. You see this happens to be just as new to me as Ward-Belmont will be to some of you. It's almost too wonderful to be true. You see, the day students and the boarding peips have never had an individual column of their own in the Hyphen, but wait till you hear the latest, our editor has given us a whole column in the newspaper just for *our* goin's ons! We want this column to be just what you want, so keep us posted on new ideas and we'll do the rest to make it you day preps very own column!

Now for a word to you newcomers . . . be you freshman, sophomore, junior, or senior! (That's okay . . . you can read it too!) Maybe some of you didn't particularly care one way or the other which school you attended; still others might have looked forward to the time when you could come to Ward-Belmont . . . but *each* and every girl, despite circumstances, should still have a certain feeling of excitement and expectancy . . . a new school . . . new friends . . . and a new experience! Well, there is not a girl on this campus that has not had that feeling the same as you are having now! So my purpose in this, my first day prep column, is to welcome each and every one of you to Ward-Belmont. We love it and we want you to feel the same way. It is good to remember "Whatever you put into something you'll get back more than you gave!"

Just remember, then, these few things as a guide to your new adventure. Let's you and I make this coming year the best that W.-B. has ever had! Do not forget that it is your school now . . . a school with traditions . . . ideas . . . and opportunity. Make the most of it!

Improvements Are Underway at W-B

A number of improvements are being made on the Ward-Belmont campus during the summer months.

The most outstanding of these improvements are the ones being made in the Academic Building. It has been done over from top to bottom in a pale light green, with white ceilings, and the floors have been refinished. Also the offices of the Dean of Students are being painted and papered.

Others are: At least two new studios are being added over at the Conservatory; the boiler-engine house is completely done over guaranteeing plenty of heat for the coming year; weatherstripping has been added to Acklen, Pembroke, and Hail Halls; and additional ironing rooms with new electric outlets are being provided in the various halls.

The club houses will receive their second coat of paint within a few weeks; Pembroke Hall is having its woodwork and corridors done over completely in light shades; a new drainage system has been worked out for the playing fields and the riding ring; and last, a new four-inch water main has been laid to the north group of buildings. This will give an abundance of water at high pressure in this part of the campus. Furthermore, the water for Fidelity, Founders, and North Front will be heated by high pressure steam in the basement of each dormitory. With these large storage tanks enough hot water will always be available.

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Then Gordy Greets The Prep Boarders

Welcome to all you wonderful future boarding Preppies. I am your columnist for this coming year . . . and it is my job to keep you up to date on the goings on. This is quite a job too, because things happen so fast around here that it takes an active mind to keep tab on everything. (My mind is not exactly active, but it does come up for air on alternate Fridays.)

The whole year is just full of things that will keep you on the go every minute. There are club parties, gym get-togethers, week-ends (ah yes, Yours Truly is still explaining to one irate how it is possible to lose so much money at one Kentucky Derby!) And then, of course, there are those very exclusive little get-togethers in the various rooms after light-bell (if it is possible to shake the monitors), but those are for the very elite only. I've never been to one of them myself. I frequent the gatherings of the potato pickers which are strictly bourgeois but nevertheless interesting. Life in Heron Hall is one of the most fascinating things in this world today. You have to be awfully quick with the feet in order not to be trampled on . . . and to keep up with the parade of passing events. I sometimes wonder where the Preppies get all their energy . . . they are without a doubt the most up and coming group on campus! (Note to college girls: Don't be offended, because we realize that old age has gotten the best of you . . . but we love you just the same!)

The editor said this first article of mine was to give you new girls an idea of what to expect at W.-B. Well kids, expect the very best and I promise you won't be disappointed!

When you get to school come up to Room 368 Heron Hall and pay me a visit. My room is not a bad sort . . . sorta like something left over from meat rationing. If you have any famous relatives I will put your name in my column . . . a few celebraties here and there will give this thing some class which it *needs!*

Enjoy your vacation chums and I'll see you in September!

Round Table Club Elects New Officers

The Round Table Club, sponsored by Miss Vera Hay, has announced its election of officers for the semester of '47-'48. The President is Ann Morgan and the Secretary, Louise Boone. The Vice-President and Treasurer will be elected from High School in the fall.

The newly elected members of the council are: Carolyn Harmening, Nettie Jean Blake, Billie Jackson, June Carnes, Mary Anne Stanley, GeAnn Ingersol, Mary Elizabeth Hart, Sarah Prentice, Janet Young, Kathryn Manier, Dickie Wharton, Mary Ellen McMurray, Janet Gayden, and Eleanor Holder.

The Round Table Club recently sent six boxes of clothes to Europe, Norway and Greece in particular.

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N. P.

Welcome Faculty!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

THE WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION

Welcome Students!

VOLUME XXXVI | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1947 | NUMBER 2

1947 Orientation Program Proves Best Yet



Senior-Mids disembarking at the station—them's all Texas gals. | On the W.-B. campus at last. Orientation committee—to work! | Facing reality . . . or Registration Means Study!

Faculty Receives Addition of 27 New Members

Chiles B. VanAntwerp from Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, is the new dean of the college department. He received his B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Michigan.

Four new faculty members have been added to the English department. They are Miss Moselle Adams, a former Ward-Belmont student, and Vanderbilt graduate; Miss Margaret Cubine from the University of North Carolina; Miss Vesta Whillay from Vanderbilt, and a preparatory teacher, Miss Anne Locke from Vanderbilt.

Miss Dorothy Morrill from the University of Michigan, Miss Elizabeth Neff from Columbia and Wisconsin University have joined the history department.

Music theory and 'cello are being taught by Miss Marjorie Davis, a graduate of Murray State Teachers College and Sherwood School of Music. Mrs. Gwyn T. Luker, a former Ward-Belmont student has joined the faculty as dancing instructor. She also received training from Albertina, Rasch, and Maria Yurieza. Mr. Joseph Van Sickle from Iowa University is a member of the art department. He is teaching art history.

From Boston University comes Miss Ruthie Carroll who will teach physical education. Also in the department is Miss Shirley A. Mueller from Iowa State University.

Three new teachers will teach foreign languages. They are Mrs. William Fleming from Emory University, who is teaching Spanish. Mrs. Fleming has taught in Guatamala, and Chile. Mrs. S. K. Haynes is teaching Spanish and French. Mrs. R. C. Long from Vanderbilt, is teaching Spanish in the preparatory school. From Columbia University comes

(Continued on Page 4)

W.-B. Students Hail From Four Corners

This year Ward-Belmont has approximately 800 students from the four corners of the United States; girls from New York to California, from Idaho to Florida have been showing their faces about the campus. The states boasting the most students are Tennessee and Texas with 56 and 38 respectively.

Examining the roll finds Alabama third with 27 students. Then follow Missouri with 23; Kentucky, 22; Florida, 21; Indiana, 15; Louisiana and Mississippi tied with 13; both Illinois and Oklahoma with 11 and finally Georgia with 10. Idaho is represented by one student.

There are students from thirty-one states and the District of Columbia.

And Ward-Belmont cheers the three foreign students, all from South American countries; namely, Honduras, Venezula and Brazil.

Keep Posted

Saturday, September 20. **Formal dinner at 6:00 p.m. All Club Reception, 7:30 to 9:00 p.m. New girls sign for clubs with Dean Ordway. Old students hand in lists of rushees.**

Friday, September 26. **4:00 to 6:00 p.m. Tea for new members of faculty and staff in Acklen Hall. Castle Heights formal dance, 8:00 to 12:00 p.m.**

Saturday, September 27. **Fag day. 7:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. At 7:30 p.m. formal initiation into clubs.**

New Blue Books Handed to Mids

This year Ward-Belmont gave each Mid a Blue Book of rules by which to govern their daily life. Some of the rules have been modified, modernized, and moral builder-uppers.

After 5:00 all the school can go into Nashville without wearing hats. Prep Seniors can double-date in Hillsboro and Nashville in the afternoon if the students have permission from home.

The amount of week ends has been limited to three a semester, and only one of them can be taken with cuts being used. There will be three merits off for over-due reserve books while one merit will be taken off for overdue two week books.

This year rush week has been cut short two days, and the formal club reception on Saturday, Sept. 20, will only have six persons in the receiving line in each club.

W.-B. Alumnae Club Gives Silver Bowl

The Ward-Belmont Alumnae Club of Memphis, Tennessee, recently presented the school a silver bowl. It will be placed in Acklen Hall. By this gift the Club wants to recognize the member of the graduating class who ranks the highest scholastically. The name and class of this girl are to be engraved on the bowl each year.

The first graduate of Ward-Belmont to receive this honor is Barbara Hanson. Her grade point average is 2.892.

Chapel Program Marks Thirty-fifth Opening of School

Friday, September 12, 1947 marked the 35th opening of Ward-Belmont College. Following the customary tradition, Reverend Prentice Pugh opened the program with the invocation which was followed by the hymn, "Come, Thou Almighty King" sung by the entire student body and faculty. Dr. Provine read the scripture reading and the Gloria followed.

The violin interpretation of Schubert's "Serenade" and Kreisler's "Tambourin Chenois" was played by Mr. Kenneth Rose accompanied by Mrs. Rose. Dr. Provine continued the program by speaking to the students concerning "Background" and its importance. After Dr. Provine's address, the students followed the tradition of years past by joining hands to sing "The Bells of Ward-Belmont." Dr. Prentice Pugh closed the program with the benediction.

New Club Sponsors, Hostesses Chosen

Seven new club and house sponsors have been chosen for the coming year. From the old and new teachers present this year, these clubs have selected the following for their sponsors. F. F.'s sponsor is Miss Shirley Mueller, Phys. Ed. instructor. Miss "Ruthie" Carroll will sponsor A. K. She is also an instructor in the Phys. Ed. Department.

Another Phys. Ed. teacher, Miss Keith Cutchins is sponsoring X. L. this year. Penta Tau will be sponsored by Miss Camilla Newerf, also in the Phys. Ed. department.

The High School club Angkor will be directed by Miss Georgie Hodgson, teacher of high school history.

The new house sponsors are: in Founders, assistant to Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Hamilton; and Mrs. Cleytor will be new assistant hostess and chaperone. Mrs. Thomas Dunlap has been moved to North Front and Mrs. W. S. Love, to Fidelity.

YWCA Presents Evening Vespers

The Y.W.C.A. president for the year 1947-48, Challie Thornton, conducted the annual fire-light vespers in Club Village Sunday, September 14. Preceding the ceremony new students heard for the first time the Ward-Belmont Chimes played by Mr. F. Authur Henkel.

Following the Call to Worship was the group singing of "The Day is Dying in the West." Martha Rogers gave a vocal solo.

Girls entering school for the first time met some of their new leaders when, after a prayer offered in unison, these officers pledged their cooperation by each placing a fagot on the bonfire in the center of the group. The speakers included Challie Thornton, president of the Y.W.C.A.; Peggy Blowers, president of the student council; Laddie Harton, president of the Senior Class; Fay Chalmers, president of the Athletic Association; Jane Faulk, representative of Clubs; Joyce Armitage, representative of Publications; Neilyn Griggs, representative of new girls; and Dr. Robert C. Provine, president of Ward-Belmont.

Then was pledged in unison the Ward-Belmont pledge for service and loyalty.

To conclude the service all students sang the traditional hymn. "Follow the Gleam." Challie pronounced the benediction.

Prep Glee Club Begins Meetings

Glee Club meetings are to start Monday, and will meet every Monday and Wednesday thereafter from three to four in Mr. Rigg's studio in Middle March. Any High School girl who likes to sing is cordially invited to join.

The Glee Club presents many programs during the year. The annual Christmas vespers, spring festival, commencement and assemblies are a few. Last year the club traveled to Clarksville for a regional music clinic concert.

"Big Sisters" Assist New Girls

Over three hundred new students were welcomed to Ward-Belmont upon their arrival by Seniors who returned early for Orientation. The Seniors were at the station and at the airport. Girls were also present in the various halls to greet the new girls and help them find their rooms. South Front had its share of welcomers who saw that the new girls felt right at home.

Wednesday evening the Middies went on a conducted tour of the campus at which time the history of the slave tunnel and old ivy tower was related to them. Lectures were also held during the week at the ten clubs. At this time school activities were explained to the new students to enable them to judge what would be of interest to them in extra-curricular activities.

Orientation was further carried out by the ten units established for the new girls. Every girl was put in one of the ten units. All units met in one of the ten units. All units met in the clubs in club village. The discussions were led by the club prexies and girls holding other offices on campus.

A picnic was held Thursday night for Mids and Seniors. Fried chicken, cokes, and brownies were the main attraction while singing and a campfire consumed the evening. Friday at noon school was officially opened by Dr. Provine in chapel.

Saturday evening a party was held in the gym for Middies with entertainment and refreshments being on the bill of fare. In the afternoon club rushing began and the new Senior-Mids had their first real taste of Southern hospitality. It was also on the agenda for all Big Sisters to take their "Middies" to Nashville and show them the good eating places and stores.

(Continued on page 3)

Jingling the News

By JET

"O" week has passed, and here we are
Settled at dear W-B.
'Twas loads of fun, but now that it's done
There's nothing but STUDY for me!

Think on These Things

There is nothing in life more precious than friendship. This bright star shines eternally, undimmed by passing clouds of earth's joys, sorrows or trivialities.

K.H.T.

Give and Take

"To have a friend, you must be one" is the trite old adage that comes blaring forth with the first indication of a dissension on the subject of friendship. Trite, yes—but, how true! How thrilling the tingling sensation of a new admirer—a "confidante" with who you can share your hopes and fears, and all the delights that go with a wholesome living.

Before coming to college, we, of course, had our friends, acquaintances, and different kinds of enjoyable fellowships. But living "with" your friends, and living "near" them are two very separated aspects. We have never before been endowed with the opportunity—that of learning to live with people graciously, without the aid of an ever-patient mother or father.

We must abide by the unpenned rule of "give and take"—and it is a fundamental truth that by giving all you have, you seem to gain a double portion in return. Naturally it is the desire of all of us to make true friends here at Ward-Belmont, and acknowledgment that the cultivation of such friends is an enviable art is undisputable! A veneer or artificial amiability is easily detected, and a genuine nature of friendliness is quickly recognized.

The company you keep will always cast a reflection on your own character, so discrimination in one's choice of friends is laudable. However, Ward-Belmont, in selecting her students, has carried out a thoroughly cautious program designed for the purpose of obtaining the most desirable girls in the United States—thus, leaving us with little or no difficulty. It is only human to have personal preferences, but courtesy and consideration of others is a small task.

Upon entrance at the Acklen Hall reception room, we come into full view of one of the most revered and extoled symbols of friendship known to mankind—our historic "Ruth." In her, we avow the most noble trait of friendship—self-sacrifice.

And so we discover a "bondage" from which men seek no emancipation. It is the "golden ship of life"—friendship. Make it your own!

Now That We Are Here

During the months following our acceptance to W-B, we were terribly excited and happy. Everybody in our high school was told! After all, we had a right to be proud, for getting into W-B was by no means simple. Oh! it was fun to say, "I'm going to W-B this fall."

. . Then in the mist of Class Day, Commencement Sunday and Graduation, we were so busy that going off to college was more or less forgotten. We decided that we'd better finish high school first, and save college 'til later! And so it was!

As months became weeks and weeks turned into days, we became a little nervous and the thought of leaving all of our friends and our family. The thought brought tears to our eyes!

When we got here, we soon found that we were confronted with an even greater problem, hundreds of new faces and not one we knew! It was pretty tough going because we became very homesick! But this didn't last long, "thanks" to our "big-sisters!" We soon made lots of new acquaintances, and with each one, became better satisfied! Then there were campus tours, picnics and parties! And food!

Now that almost a week has passed, with unpacking finished, we are giving most of our time to new classes and "rushing." Just as soon as things are settled we hope to have a successful year and to do our best in every way and in everything.



Magnolia Steps Out

Ole Southern Hawgspitality Greets Even Ellie Mae and Her Pet Hawgs

Deer Maw,

Well, I been agoing to this hyere Ward-Belmont School nigh on two weeks and hit shore ain't nuthin like Chittin' Switch.

When we got offen thet there train in Nashville, they had a regular reception awaintin' fur us. It shore was a long trip (stairs thet is). I didn't see them suit cases alying there on the ground. Collectin' all them bags of mine and them candy boxes, magazines, my straw hat and callin' all my hawgs together we tryed to get one of them men's attention who was wearing one of them little red hats like a fireman but he didn't even pay us no mind uther than to tell us to carry 'em ourselves.

At long last when we drove up through them purty white gates to the steps of thet there hall they calls Acklin, we got outen the car and Maw some of them gals shore was confused. Why one of them senior gals was so mixed up thet she thought she was my "big sister." I kep atellin' her they I wasn't ahavin no big sister ceptin' Lula Bell but thet she don't count no more since Paw done given her away to thet ther Turnipseed boy at the weddin'.

Course I'm aggittin along right fine being as all the teachers like me so much. Yeah, they shore is nice to me and everytime I steps out in the hall to call my hawgs (they won't stay outen front and eat them purty flowers) they offers me a one way ticket home.

When I was asignin' up fur my classes, one mighty nice lady done sed to me, she sed, "Would you like to be a big splash in society" and I sez "Yessum, I shore would" and Maw do you know what she tole me. She sed, "Don't be a goose and duck—come in and take your swim test Monday at 3:15."

They done give us some tests one day Maw and some of them questions shore wuz hard to answer, but I wuz glad I lived on a farm all my life cause when they asked me what a chickanery wuz, I didn't have no trouble tellin' them thet acourse it was a place where they canned chicks.

I'm alarnin' to write too. I carved my name on my desk and I knowed it wuz good cause the teacher looked at it so long. Then she give me a piece of paper and tole me to write it 500 fimes more. Weren't thet cornsiderate of her?

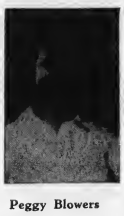
One day some of us gals went into Nashville to see some of the sights. They done warned us not to get lost but how could we get lost Maw when we didn't know where we wuz in the first place. Thet town shore is a big one. One of them stores wuz named Harvey's, but I didn't see no big rabbits arrunnin' around there like in thet New York stage show we done seen this summer.

This afternoon they done the nicest thing. Me and the hawgs was asashayin' down the hall and a gal come outen the orifice and sez, "Are you Ellie Mae Clooney?" I sez, "Yup thet's me." She give me a note and you know what Maw? Them people at Ward-Belmont School done sed I don't have to come back hyere no more. Ain't thet neighborly of em to give me sech a nice long vacation.

Tell Clementine, Zeke and the hawgs howdy.

Age 18 Your daughter,
Writ by han Ellie Mae

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Peggy Blowers

Up pops a shiny red-gold head on the platform, green eyes smile in hazel flashes, and a Northern flavored voice says: "I want to welcome all of you to Ward-Belmont — I'm so glad you're here". That is, my HYPHEN readers, our C.G.O. president Peggy Blowers.

Holding the highest office on the campus does in no way hinder Peggy from taking part in multi other campus goings-on . . . Naides, Spanish Club, "Y" discussion groups, Ardent P.T., riding major . . . peppy Peggy (was a very fine Mid cheerleader last year, by the way) has a finger in every pie!

Standing up and lustily singing "Yankee Doodle" with the rest, Peggy happily acknowleges the fact of her presence here as a No'therner. Rocky River, Ohio claims her . . . just mention that fair state and watch a dreamy look appear in her eyes . . . 'most likely she's thinking of her parents, sis, "Snif," and her wonderful home town.

(Continued on page 3)

Inquiring Reporter

By Bunny, Betty, Swede, and Nancy

A true cross section of Ward-Belmont, old and new boarders and day, prep and college, students all, were interviewed on the question of the week, *"What do you enjoy most in the Orientation program?"*

The Senior-Mids expressed varied opinions, probably the most humorous to us, and the most discouraging to the Committee was the one expressed by *Bet Francis* of Hail Hall, "Oh, did we have an orientation program?"

One more promising was, "I adore the strong Texas spirit in the whole program and especially the Senior-Mid party when the Texas gals shouted their lungs out singing Texas songs," offered by *Sue Steinmen* of Texas, where else?

Going across camps I spied three hurrying girls who paused long enough to answer my proferred question. *Betty Lou Farmer* said, "Going around to all the club houses and meeting all the darling girls." *Peggy Bethune* answered, "Meeting all the new girls and seeing the old ones again." Then *Jo D. Johnson* said with a grin, "I didn't realize there were so many wonderful girls in the world. They're all so friendly. That's what I liked."

Betty Lou Weber of Hail Hall liked the free cigarettes and food found in the Clubs. She was a little low on cig money this week, you know. However, just the opposite was voiced by *Patsy Elkorrie* of Founders. She sincerely wishes that clubs would have soft candy. Her tooth was broken on the hard pieces. (Must have been left over from last year!)

Ann McHenry was very pleased over the reception given her pet turtle, Johnny, given by the Seniors. He now resides in the lavatory in Hail Hall.

Three preps who had definite opinions on my question beseiged me with their ideas. *Nancy Hendricks* liked (and I quote), "The perfect timing of everything." *Pat Crow* answered, "Being met by the orientation committee and having the feeling of being wanted." Then *Joanne Byrd* said: "The food in the infirmary; you couldn't smell it or taste it."

Jean Howard was impressed by the old slave tunnel shown to all the new gals on the tour of the campus. She hopes to be able to open up the rest of it, all the way to Nashville, you know!

Last—the *Seniors! Marjory Gilmore,* Senior, looking rested and not in the least like a tired senior, calmly said that she wasn't here. *Audrey Johnson* and *Mary Lou Nelson* unanimously agreed that they enjoyed the little men who sprayed their room after vacation. *Fay Chalmers* "Writers cramps, plastered smile, and all the new Mids, bless their hearts, and their bags, and my bags—under my eyes, that is!"

Sarah Prentiss answered, "Seeing all those new and innocent faces on the campus." And just off the record Sarah wonders what the new girls had in their suit cases —lead blocks?

Barbara Barnes remarked icily, "I didn't enjoy it—no luggage, no room-mate, no sleep, no food." With that candid statement she threw us out!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Ann

I know all of you mids have been going around in circles—with Orientation, rushing, and now classes. You all have met lost of girls, fellow classmates and seniors, but I thought there might be some you have not gotten to know. Maybe if you see them running around in their favorite clothes you will recognize them.

One girl who will be leaving her beloved alma mater soon, an alumnae, "L. L." Jones, has been wearing her white aviator suit recently. You know what I mean, those long baggy pants and all, but anything on "L. L." would look good.

There's a little blonde girl who is always flitting around Senior Hall and spending her waking hours playing bridge in the smoker. She is Mary Ellen Harper, better know as "Flea." Tonight, as she sat at her table, she had a red, green, and white blouse with a large Peter Pan collar and tight cuffs which extended almost to her elbows. With this she wore a straight grey shirt, red leather 'flats," and a red bow around her neck.

Kate Dunkin, who is chaperoning her little sister, Della Mae, around campus, had on a light green dress with a V-neck and double cap sleeves. The skirt has a kick pleat in front and slash pockets. With this she wore a beautiful wide gold belt of unusual weave.

There are several new girls in Senior Hall—all of them mighty fine. Pat Austin, who is working so hard tonight on telephone duty, and the phone hasn't rung once, came in a gorgeous black faille dress. It is definitely of the new style with the hippy look. Some of us won't have to worry about that, will we? Pat's dress was made with a puff, (pronounced with the long "u") which is a swath of material brought forth and draped under. This extended almost to the hemline in back, although the front skirt was perfectly straight. With this exquisite dress Pat wore a slim rinestone belt. Doesn't that sound supreme?

Have you seen Ann Greenlee strutting about the circle in her new moss green corduroy dress? Well, to tell the truth, she hasn't worn it as yet; but since I'm writing about it, she had better blossom out in the above article soon. The dress in question has long sleeves with gold cuff links to match the gold buttons which march up the front. There is also a wide brown leather belt with gold on it in front. The bodice has a high neck with a painted collar.

Pris Braman came in tonight to check rooms. She's one of those awful people who loves to give a week's campus if you aren't there. (I'm sorry, Pris, I know you don't love it!) Anyway, Pris had on an unusual black crepe dress with cap sleeves and a double-tiered drape across the front. The high round neck was outlined in a unique design of aqua, red, and silver beads. Pris looked real cute with her hair caught with a barette in back, and her long earings dangling from her ears.

"Jackie, Jackie," came the bellow from 116 Pembroke. It was Sara Ann Jones screaming for Jackie Garrel, which is nothing unusual in this hall. Sara Ann decided that the weather had turned warm after last night's frigidness. Little does she know! She had one one of those cute cotton shirts with cut-away jackets. Hers was brown and white stripe with large white pearl buttons, which looked well with her brown hair. With the dress Sara Ann wore brown leather sling pumps and a single string of pearls.

Now you middies better know these swell girls. I must run back to my room and delve in my Lit book.



Mary Lena Faulk

Mary Lena Faulk Retains Georgia State Golf Crown

"Florida" Faulk, of Thomasville, Georgia, and W-B, successfully defended her golf title in a 36 hole final contest of the 18th annual Women's Golf Association tournament. "Florida" walked away with the biggest feminine golf crown in the state. She is the third player in the history of the tourney to win two years consecutively.

The state crown rests again in the hands of one of Georgia's ablest players as well as one of W-B's most outstanding athletes. She was a member of the Tri-K club and chosen all-round athlete for the year 1946.

Following the championship match "Florida" was presented with the large Silver Bowl and the Association Cup.

Myhr-Duncan Wedding Held

On Monday, June 9 Miss Ivar Lou Myhr married Dr. Edgar Hill Duncan, Jr. at 5:00 at the Christian Church in Bellevue, Tennessee.

Miss Myhr is head of the Ward-Belmont English Department. Dr. Duncan is associate professor of English at Vanderbilt University in Nashville.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

This 'portant young personage, when not speaking of her C.G.O. with all the serious earnestness so characteristic of her, can be found romping all over third floor Senior *visiting*. There never has been *anyone* who loves *everyone* as deeply as this gal . . . could that be why all of Ward-Belmont loves HER so??? Enthusiasm, too, fills her 5 ft. 5 in. frame when anything referring to fried chicken, green, any and all sports, clothes and a certain pin she wears, is mentioned.

We, her suitmates, have her amply tagged too . . . 'tis "Margaret Ann" is stern reproof; "Bloss" when shopping; and "Bloomers" when dignified people are around! What a life she leads us . . . all is quiet in the west wing of our mansionous suite of rooms until, at midnight, Seifert spins "It's Lovin' Time", Presto . . . our redhead grabs her stationary and dashes off a letter to her blond fella —(Hank . . . to be more specific). Reminds me, someday I must ask that boy just DID Bloomers make those two conseucutive holes-in-one during their summer golf games? (Guess I had better find myself an inconspicous corner and stay situated when this paper comes out!)

Peggy freely admits her deep and vital love for Ward-Belmont . . . and you know, in some ways it appears to me that she IS Ward-Belmont. She has the honesty, and the straight-forwardness; the contagious joy of living and the love for her fellow man; and the spiritual strength and faith—all qualities that combine in making our school the great one it is.

The man who wrote "There are souls in this world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them when they go" could have been speaking of no one else but Peggy Blowers.

Orientation

(Continued from Page 1)

The Mids first classes were on Friday, September 12, and they were only twenty minutes duration. Twenty minute classes were also held on Saturday.

Day Light

By Betsy

Catch that title. Day-light, day students. Get it?

And just as I promised in the last column, I am back again—you lucky, lucky people. Ah, yes, kiddies, school again—just as promised—you lucky, lucky, *lucky* people. Maybe sleepy would be a more accurate adjective.

Yes, we're off with a bang. Noticed some cute new faces running around the campus. To name a few, Betty Webb, Betty Methvin, Betty Luck, Betty Kelly, Betty Farmer, and Joan Reynolds. Interesting fact: five out of six day students are named Betty. And a fine old name it is. Of course, there's Frankie Ann Taylor, (NEW? Bet that's news for F. A.), Mickey Cooper, Patsy Jones, Sylvia Stahlman, and ever so many others which are just so fine but there just isn't room to mention.

The crew of Seniors are back, too. Ruth Killebrew and Nancy Cook are dashing madly around. Incidentally, Cookie has a new system for a snappy bridge game. Quote: A peep is worth two fineses, Unquote. Wonder if Goren knows about this system.

"I never knew that our romance had ended,
Until you poisoned my food."

Isn't that sweet? Don't you just love those sentimental love songs?

Ran into Evelyn Paty the other day. Oh, but does she play a mean piano! And while on the subject of talent, have you new gals heard Mildred Bethshare's version of "Willie." There's also Josephine Cook. Josie is a Mid who gets that piano stuff real well.

Overheard Conversation Dept. The innocent little Mid said, "I've never been on the third floor. What's it like?" The cynical old Senior replied after much deliberation, "Just like the first, except three times as hard to get to."

Attention, Mids ! ! ! This week only Jody Fullerton is giving lessons on how to get up at eight o'clock and be in class by eight-thirty-six. That yours truly hasn't learned to do yet.

Katie Lou Martin came putting through in her little auto. (She's a sought after gal about lunch time.) Speaking of Katie-Woo-Woo reminds us of what took place in shorthand class. Miss M. was merrily reading along when the word came along. "He are—, er, she are—," stumbled Katie. And then in a meek little voice, "Can't I just call it her." That objective case is a wonderful thing isn't it?

Must close now. See ya in a week or so. Fag day, too, FRESHMAN!

Peg

PEGGY PICS PICTURES

Knickerbocker: Beginning Sat. for all you faithless women, Ann Sheridan plays in "The Unfaithful." She will be Unfaithful for a week at the Knickerbocker.

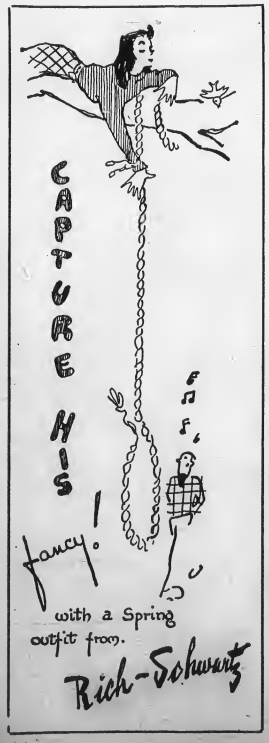
Loew's: All you gals wanting to escape from the grind of studies for a few hours, don't miss "Down to Earth," a delightful musical starring Rita Hayworth.

Paramount: Pauline and her Perils may be held over if she escapes—"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" (will be featured for a week).

Melrose: This Saturday, "Homestretch"; Sunday Monday, Tuesday, "The Verdict"; Wednesday, "Vacation in Reno"; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, "Calcutta" with William Bendix and Alan Ladd. They flirt with death and danger flying transports across the mountains in China.

Belle Meade: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "Calcutta" if you want to see Alan in an exciting mystery befor Thursday; Saturday, "Homestretch" for all you horse lovers and Cornel Wilde fans.

Belmont: Saturday, Walt Disney's "Song of the South" in which Uncle Remus gives forth with several lines of amusing entertainment; Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "Homestretch"; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, "The Verdict"—I haven't seen it so give me your Verdict! See you at the movies!



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Achille's Heel



By Fay 'n' Lindgren

A thin, transclucent mist had settled over the acrid earth and they slowly inhaled the hot, languorous air. There was no audible sound, but the atmosphere seemed filled with noisy tension. The sky became darker, and white sepulchres pierced the gloom like spectres dancing a weird macabre. They stood there, spellbound while the full realization of the spectacle to which they were about to witness flooded their sense. Suddenly a gold drop of light flickered in the darkness and slowly beckoned the huddled group forward. Down, Down, Down—they descended into the depths of remote ages. A form could be discerned in front of the tensed group, shrouded by a gloomy light. A hollow, sepulchral voice uttered these weird words:

"And say, y'all—see that blocked passage in the corner—well they hid hordes of slaves there and also tortured them."

Yeah?

Yeah!

At this point the Mids remembered the last half of their cigarette and started to clammer up the tunnel stairs, but it was without success—la Lindgren and Jet prattled on:

"And the ghosts come up on Halloween and ring the chimes!

Yeah?

Yeah!

This was too much to fathom—so turning their backs on these too gruesome thoughts they remembered other phases of the A. A. tour of campus — Carolyn's talk in Acklen Hall, Ig's oration on the life and loves of the founder of the Acklen estate, and Challie's revelation of the significance of the majestic tower by club village. Then their feet began to scream—after all they too had covered every inch of the campus that fateful night—and their musings were rudely interrupted by that voice—

"And so, my friends, you see history as a part of W-B." Long pause;

Yeah?

Yes!

And with these convincing last words the Mids were liberated from the abysmal darkness—and landed on all fours at the tea hole—Free cokes n' songs—And thus it came to pass.

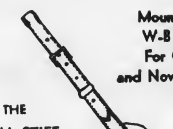
And that, in case you think we're batty, is our rendition of the night's excursion. A. A. tour of campus, that is. (Cause their ain't nothin' to say about athletics as yet).

On the Dotted Line

But everyone be sure and sign up in the gym office next week for the sports you want to take. Watch the athletic bulletin board for instructions when to do this. And in the ole gym office you'll meet the new members of the phy. ed. department in case you haven't as yet. They are Miss Mueller who teaches hygiene, physiology, and golfology. (She's the Iowa state champion in the women's golf tournament by the way.)—And also F. F.'s sponsor. And then there's Miss Cutchins, who assists in the gym office and who is sponsor of X. L. And Miss Carroll, who some of you seniors will have for hygiene and we'll all have for sports. Miss Carroll is A. K.'s sponsor.

Now, we must get back to homework, rush notes, and dear old ugly bed—sometime in the night, that is. Next time we'll really have some sports head lines that will interest all of you.

Note to Jet: Please get yo' history straight gal!



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Reverend Williams Has Wed. Chapel

Reverend Peyton R. Williams, pastor of the Christ Church in Nashville, presented the address in the chapel meeting Wednesday, September 17.

Reverend Williams was introduced by Dr. R. C. Provine, president of the school.

The talk given by Reverend Williams pertained to the spiritual person and the characteristics which build great spiritual leaders. He pointed out four main elements are needed to become spiritually strong. Those elements are: The sense of direction and drive; the capacity of sympathy for others; and the ability to look from this life into the eternal life.

He said also that those on the higher, spiritual level take disappointments as incentives for the future. He closed by saying that those individuals who hope to gain spiritual strength must work for themselves.

President Honors Boarders at Tea

Acklen Hall was the setting Sunday afternoon from three until five for a reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Robert Provine honoring the new boarding students at Ward-Belmont.

Those receiving were Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Provine, Dean and Mrs. Chiles VanAntwerp, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Bitzer, Miss Martha Ordway and Mrs. Susan Souby.

Senior students who served refreshments were Peggy Blowers, Anne Lindgren, Laddie Harton, Kacky Smith, Carolyn George, and Ann Morgan.

The hall was decorated with white asters and red roses. Refreshments were tea, cookies, and mints. The Ward-Belmont representatives were also guests.

Faculty Receives

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss Ella Puryear Mims to teach the Romance Languages.

Miss Faith Phillips, from Vanderbilt, is the new biology laboratory instructor.

Speech is being taught by Mrs. E. C. Ball from Emerson College. Miss Anne Goodloe, a Ward-Belmont graduate, has been added to the Home Economics department.

The new dietitian is Mrs. Ethel Irick. Assisting her is Mrs. Christine Wilson. Mrs. Harry Frierson is the dining room hostess and her two assistants are Mrs. C. M. Hamilton and Mrs. George W. Clayton. Miss Keith Cutchins is in charge of the gymnasium and Miss Grace Orr is supervisor of the infirmary. Mrs. Louise Massey is the post office and switchboard operator, and Mr. Dan McDonald is Mr. Nelson's assistant.

PREPARLANCE

By Judy and Gordy

Gordy's Preppies

Get the column head. Judy and I decided that such a nice big word would give our column prestige. We spent days scanning a dictionary then when we found it, a few mo' days were spent beating our editor over the head. She finally consented so it's now "Preparlance," a wonderful $64 word meaning talk of the Prep Students in Latin. Very blasez, No?

The party in the Tea Hole last Friday night was great fun. Lots of food and fine entertainment with a few exceptions of course, Sorry Ginny! A new girl, Marni Stenson played the piano and that girl is really something. Mary Jo Cundiff was being her own "chic" self and Maggie and Martha Ann did a couple of lovely piano and voice duets. We should have those parties more often, Snooks.

It is grand to get back and see all the old girls, but it's even more fun to meet all the new faces. Looks as if we have a grand bunch this year. Just to mention a few: Lydia Vollenweider from Buenos Aires, Argentina, Bubbles Cundiff, Kitty Garrett, Marylin Brewster and so on. When the cab driver was driving me out to school he said he thought the girls this year were much better looking on the whole than the other years and you know, I think he was right. (This is my third year so you can imagine how that made me feel. Well!)

Of course, we have to welcome back all the old girls. Oh, yes, we're so glad to see each other this week but after that we'll be at each others throats. You don't have to worry new girls, you are safe until after the change of the semester. Adeline arrived sporting an orchid, and of course we were glad to see Kayko, Boudeman, McAdoo and all the old gang. Butch is back, but you know I think she has given up whistling at the birds. Too bad too, I'm gonna miss that.

The T.G.I.F. is starting up again with Dee and Bonnie as President and Vice-President. That well known organization is going to do great things this year. We are working for the good of all humanity. We haven't decided upon a project yet, but when we do I'm sure it will be a worthwhile venture.

Well, Kiddies, that's going to be all for now. Hope you enjoy the coming year, and by the time they patch up the holes and send you home to Mother next year I know you will be in love with the place.

And Judy's Preppies

Whew! . . . school . . . how grand to be back to the old grind, especially the first two weeks.

Saw several new preppies running up and down Big Ack. Ann Jarman, Christine Poole, Alice Ingram and Doris Skelton saw the Orientation Committee coming and signed up for "ice skating" to get away from the pursuing millions! Not to mention the gleaming smiles of Eleanor Haliburton, Caroline Griscom, Doris Ann Creagh, and Margaret Marshall as they walked unsuspectingly into the next nine months of school.

Bright and early (about eight-thirty) Monday morning, I saw Ann Gambill, Tiny Calvin, Margaret Hayes and Valere Potter wearily trying to climb the club house steps. After reacing the top step all I could hear was Ann and Valere gasping, "If I just hadn't worn my fraternity pin, I might have made it to the front door."

By the way, Martha Ann Gambill is back again (just to let you know who that mysterious character is that's under the head of H202 curls).

Starting the week off with a bang (popping balloons, that is) the D. S. C. H. was decorated like a sore thumb, with Triad, Eccowasin, Ariston and Ankor colors waving in the doorways and loud crys coming from the Eccowasin animal show. Between the howls of Lela Harwell (the wild woman) and the "smoke, smoke, smoke" of the Siamease Twins, namely Edna Gene Little and Ottie Vantrease, we finally managed to have a CIRCUS ! ! !

Clowns of every size, shape and dress could be seen wearing the latest in new fall fashions. Such as, the much talked about ankle length "red underwear." The little jokers also gave us quite a treat with the "polled donuts" and popcorn—(after the party we tarred and feathered them).

Skits were given by each club in the main room of the C. H. Everyone was laughing (bless their hearts) and gave the girls a big hand when the final act was unglued from the floor. As the last group of new gals left the tired old building, I could imagine the relief it must have felt. This scene of merriment and gayiety was enjoyed by everyone . . . I hope. I do know the old gals certainly enjoyed it.

So long until next time.

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Senior Week

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Begins Sunday!

VOLUME XXXVI — SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1947 — NUMBER 3

New Students Join Boarding Clubs In Formal Initiation

Tonight, concluding rush week and the traditional "Fag Day," initiation will be held in each of the ten boarding clubs at 8:00 o'clock. This year, for the third time, college day students are new members of these clubs. They are listed, along with the prep boarders and the college boarders in the following line-up. This list is complete except for a few girls that have not yet made their choices. Girls who will be initiated tonight are:

AGORA

Mickey Allen, Bonnie Beebe, Joanne Beeland, Sara Lou Black, Elizabeth Blue, Barbara Bull, Carol Cantrell, Mildred Cooper, Ruby Dabney, Betty Francis, Betty Fuller, Joy Goodlett, Mattie Greer, Mary Gresham, Cornelia Hall, Jeanne Herbert, Jo Holcomb, Jean Howard, Jayme Johnson, Lillian Lawing, Elizabeth Mahoney, Margaret Marks, Rosemary Meriwether, Dianne Morgan, Annette Norman, Norma Stegeman, Joanne Sullivan, Frankie Taylor, Mary Trigg, Jane Whiddon, Jolyne Wilkins, Elizabeth Wilkinson, Mattie Wood, and Marion Wright.

A. K.

Cora Anderson, Carolyn Atchley, Barbara Barry, Ann Barrett, Betty Barrier, Barbara Black, Esther Blassingham, Lou Bogen, Frieda Boyer, Carlene Bradley, Ella Brooks, Bev Burtt, Janet Burroughs, Sara Marie Carter, Carol Combs, Sharon Ferguson, Jane Gray, Harriet Green, Jeanne Heise, Glee Henderson, Martha Holt, Adeline Horton, Ann Hoerhammer, Pearle Luckie, Diane Mackey, Frances Mallory, Wilma Mathews, Martha Midkiff, Denise Mitchell, Nancy Oakley, Pat Pack, Linda Paul, Tecora Paul, Anne Phillips, Frances Sanford, Caroline Smith,

(Continued on Page 4)

New Seniors Hail From Six States

Ward-Belmont this year welcomed six new senior transfers. All hailed from below the Mason and Dixon line except one Yankee. Pat Austin comes to us from Ft. Worth, Texas. She was a freshman at Texas State College for Women last year. As an art major, she plans to continue her work at Southern Methodist University next year.

Gloria Chastine is from Shreveport, Louisiana where she attended Centenary College previous to her entrance at W. B. this year. If all works out, Gloria hopes to enter Texas University. Frances Paine hails from Valdosta, Georgia where last year she attended the Georgia State Women's College. This southern belle plans to go to the University of Georgia and to continue her study of social work.

Jean Taylor's home is Jonesboro, Tennessee where she recently attended East Tennessee State. The University of California is going to be her next stop when she leaves W. B. this year.

Joan Watts is from Nashville, Illinois. She attended MacMurry College at Danville, Illinois and at present has made no plans for the coming year.

Mary Dell Wilson comes from Harlan, Kentucky. Last year she was a student at University of Louisville where she studied the piano under the direction of Dwight Anderson. At present she has made no plans for next year.

This concludes our list of new Seniors.

Speech Majors Honored At Tea

Miss Catherine Winnia, head of the Speech Department, will entertain the second year speech students at her home on Acklen Avenue, Sunday, September 28 at five o'clock in the afternoon. Plans will be discussed concerning the speech program for the coming year. The students will contribute their ideas about the Speech Club and the extension of the speech activities.

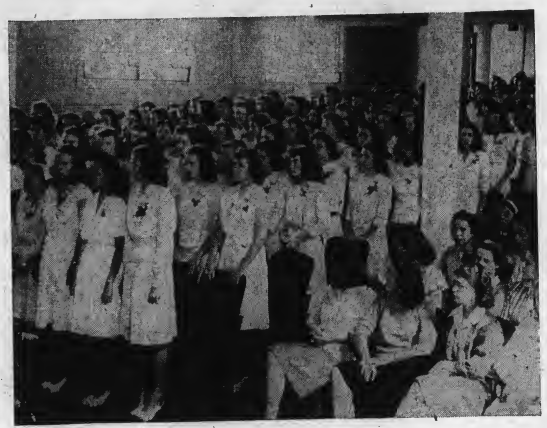
The second year class consists of nineteen speech majors all of whom had some experience in plays and programs last year. The Speech Department, under the direction of Miss Winnia, plans for a year of progress and achievement.

Phi Theta Kappa Elects Officials

On Thursday, September 18, a meeting of Phi Theta Kappa was held, presided over by Jean Radcliffe. Sue Hoyt was elected vice-president for the coming year.

The organization chose as their sponsor, Dean Chiles VanAntwerp. It was decided that the Phi Theta Kappa room be shared with the honorary music society, Mu Sigma Chi. It was also stressed that no one except members or those entering with a member should be extended the use of the room.

Senior Week Plans Are Announced



Traditional Events Begin Tomorrow

Plans for Senior Week have been announced by Miss Neal, sponsor of the Senior Class, and Laddie Horton, President of the Senior Class. Senior Week will begin Sunday, October 5, with a coffee at 2:30 for the Senior-Middle Class staff, and faculty in Acklen Hall. Ann Morgan is chairman of the coffee. Her committee consists of Sue Hoyt in charge of invitations and Cynthia Hoyt, Betty Burnett, and Jane Wilson.

Nancy Cook is head of the decorations committee and is aided by Ruth Killebrew, Georgia Hall, Fran Stabler, Julia McHenry, and Gloria Chastaine. The refreshments committee is made up of Betty Buckner, Mabel Durrett, Muriel Fisher, and Bev Smith.

Entertainment will be offered by Martha Jo Furr as pianist and Steve Ann Akin, vocalist.

Monday, October 6, the seniors will be in charge of chapel, the platform of the class of '48 will be stated. Speeches on each aim of the class will be given by Betty Hall Shepherd, Margie Elias, Helen McGuire, Mary Frances Bivins, Betsy Clifford. At this time Dr. Provine will recognize the class.

Tuesday, October 7, the Senior class will have a picnic on the athletic field. Mary June Carnes, Sara Ann Jones and Betty Shoemaker have charge of the food. The entertainment committee is made up of Mary Jo Lemaster, "Hop" Furr, Marilyn Miller, "Sodie" Brewer, Betsy Buchanan, Jo Ann Sisk. On the invitation committee are Ann Greenlee, Carolyn George, and Mary Simms.

Four Prep School Day Clubs Accept New Members

The four day student clubs, made up of preparatory day students only, held their initiation for new members last Tuesday. This year the day students had a rush program, highlighted by a reception. The girls who were initiated are as follows:

ANGKOR: Jeanette Baker, Pat Bailey, Mona Burt, Emily Fletcher, Alice Ingram, Nell Maxson, Christine Poole, Harriet Provine, Doris

(Continued on Page 4)

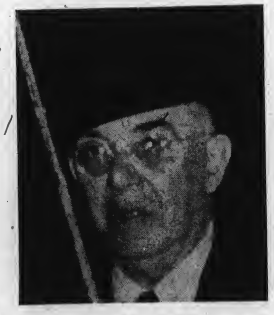
Playhouse Tickets Are In Bookstore

The Nashville Community Playhouse is announcing the opening of its thirteenth season beginning Wednesday, October 29. They will present six productions this season.

The first play will be "Swan Song" by Ben Hecht and Charles Mac Arthur, which will run from October 29 through November 5, and is about murder with music. The rest of the productions are as follows: Wednesday, December 10, through December 17, is Shakespeare's "The Tempest;" "The Glass Menagerie" will run from January 28 until February 4;

(Continued on Page 3)

He's Tied to The Lamp Post As Usual



"Uncle Willie"

By Ella Brooks

Have you ever tried to *find* a night watchman? It is the usual policy to have him find you. But an assignment is an assignment, so out I went across the dark campus. I cautiously looked into a dark face and asked where I could find Uncle Willie. "Why, he's tied to the lamp post as usual," replied the man. I was quite startled at his answer; but nevertheless I knew my duty and walked over to a man whom I had seen surrounded by baggage many times before.

I hopefully asked if he were Uncle Willie. To my surprise he replied, "Yes," and there ensued a conversation most entertaining for both of us.

For fifteen years Uncle Willie has been "tied to the lamp post" meeting all the boys and herding in all the "bashfuls" from the shadows. He also "matches wits with the ladies," and he adds, "They're pretty smart, too!" He thinks especially that the old girls will know what he means without further explanation.

I explained to him that I was a new girl and that I'd like to know what his duties were. He was amused by my question because his duties range from fixing light bulbs, chasing stray animals, playing Dan Cupid, all the way to keeping faculty members from parking in their favorite spots inside the yellow lines. (Incidentally, I suppose you know the yellow lines mean no parking.)

By the way, girls, he often drops in at the drug store or the Open Hearth for a snack after 7:30—this is just between you and me, of course.

Question: Uncle Willie, what are your biggest nights?

Answer: As a rule, every night is a big night, but of course Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights are the worst.

Question: Uncle Willie, what do you do before the dates start coming? At that moment, Arnold appeared in the doorway shaking his fists and saying something I couldn't understand.

"There's your answer," replied Uncle Willie, and went on to explain that when he went into Arnold's "doghouse" to borrow a tool to fix a light in Founders, he happened to spy a very large piece of apple pie (so that's where our desert goes) which he promptly hid. This was at six-thirty, mind you, and at eight-thirty Arnold was still going around with a hungry look in his eye or is that the way potential murderers look?

I asked Uncle Willie to tell me a few of the exciting things that happened last year but he says that it would give the new girls too many good ideas, but he suggested with a sly wink that you could always ask the "vets."

Although he helps keep W-B stand-

(Continued on page 3)

Conservatory Has Monday Chapel

Miss Maribel Benton, teacher of piano in the Conservatory played a series of Brahms waltzes for the student body last Monday in chapel.

Mr. Irwin next introduced Mrs. John Van Syckle, a voice instructor at the Conservatory. She sang "Into the Night" by Clare Edwards, "Ouvre ton Coeur" by Bizet, and "Dear One When I Behold Your Eyes" by Sydney Dalton.

Mr. Dalton is the head of the Voice department and accompanied Mrs. Van Syckle. They concluded with Giannini's "Sing to my Heart a Song."

Jingling the News

By Jet

We are poor little fags who have
lost our way,
Bah, bah, bah.
But next year this time, we will have
our day.
Hah, hah, hah.

Think on These Things

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things—but above all, the power of going out of one's self and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.

—THOMAS HUGHES

The "Voice" Speaks

When you stop to think about it, the C.G.O. represents the principles of Ward Belmont-the principles by which we live and the ones which we uphold so strongly. The C.G.O. is the voice of the student body, speaking with cooperation and unselfishness. It is this organization which gives us the opportunity to make our own lives at Ward Belmont.

It is for these reasons and many others that we should support every action of the C.G.O. A whole-hearted co-operation of the entire student body will not only benefit the school as a united organization, it will also benefit each student as an individual. The C.G.O. and it's leaders deserve, and must have, the support and cooperation of all the students in order to make the C.G.O., as well as Ward Belmont itself, a working unification of upheld principles.

Find the Way

It is with genuine respect and awe for the creation of the earth in such abstruse terms of perfection that this is written—Particularly, relating to the amazing intricacy of humanity—woman. To what can her complexities be attributed? A logical answer would be her talents or talent. Every woman has her own vocation, be it professional, political, artistic, or domestic! She has the power within her own sphere to kindle a spark of happiness for herself and others, or to let it die hopelessly.

The fact that one girl is more capable to meet the requirements of a certain phase of her school work is indisputable. But it is also plausible that she has discovered her talents and made it her business to cultivate them.

True, 'the height of the pinnacle is determined by the breadth of the base", but by making the most of what you have—developing your faculties and powers of mind—you will find the key to the most consequential art of all, the art of living!

Jerce's Diction

The world is a marvelous place . . . I guess especially marvelous here at Ward-Belmont. The chilly edge to the breeze busily wafting brown leaves to the campus; the approaching Vandy football season; the joyous love of living reflected in surrounding faces; yes, even the biscuits and jelly for breakfast . . . all are wonderful, so wonderful!

Well, having expressed my frame of mind and worked that poor adjective to death, I would like to speak seriously for a line or two about another subject . . . C.G.O. As you have already read on the third page the C.G.O. is now swinging into action and that means that all of us who compose this organization must begin swinging along with it, bringing cooperation, loyalty and new ideas with us! 'Tis the wish of Peggy for this . . . so how about it, you all? Take it from me . . . C. G. O. really "has it" (I have it too . . . but I just can't seem to find it . . . let's see . . . must be here someplace . . . hmmmn!)

Correction Pulease . . . Mrs. Edgar Duncan and Miss Ann Ordway are co-chairmen of the college English Department. Mrs. Duncan is head of the English composition also.

I have a score to settle! To avoid having our HYPHEN torn up over the air anymore, I herewith insert the names of the two Nightwatchmen, Seifert and Wilson, for better or worse . . . mainly, the latter. Anyhow, thanks boys, for the free plug (if it can be called that . . . WHO listens to your program anyway! ? ? ?) Ha!

Well, that about does it . . . or "thirty" as we say. Here comes my wonderfully eager new staff thru the door draggin' their stories and typewriters behind them, So . . . .!



Sleep, A Commodity Not Found By Our Little Middie "Sleep Hound"

By BUNNY HALLER

The day dawned cold and grey. Why do days always dawn cold and grey? That is a good question for the encyclopedia. But in this story, this day dawned cold and grey. The bell for breakfast knocked Suzie out of bed on this one of her first days at good ole' W-B. Why didn't they have alarm clocks with softer bells? For goodness sakes you'd think this one was a church bell—it was loud enough.

Suzie busied herself getting the room straightened up, the maid mustn't see a dirty room when she brings the breakfast up. Suzie noticed something quite funny, peculiar, that is, everything seemed to have blown against her door. Gad! What a sensation! As she pulled the pieces away, they would immediately stick up against the wall again. Then she saw that the window was open and the Nashville Hurricane was coming in full blast. Struggling over, she slammed the window shut and everything crumpled to the floor. Then she noticed the oddly shaped lump near her roommates bed, it must be some old laundry the maid left. Well, here goes, out *it* goes. Gosh! It was heavy, and then a voice fogged out, "let me down!" Imagine, her roommate, almost Gone with the Wind! After untangling her roomy, Suzie proceeded to get ready for school. Today there was Chemistry, vile subject! All those poor little atoms running around looking for some poor little neutron. Then there was lots more confused things that her warped mind hadn't quite conceived yet. She was waiting for some of that Atomic Power they were always talking about to enter her mind and help her out in Chemistry.

Since the maid had evidently overslept, Suzie would just have to skip breakfast. Her roommate gave her a gentle shove and propelled her toward Academic. She thought World Lit came next. Homer was what she was studying, but what difference did it make to her? It was all Greek anyway!

Having had a nice snooze thru her first two classes, she once more set her feet in motion and proceeded to German. Now there's a class! After sitting for over an hour making gutteral sounds, sleep once more began to claim little Suzie. There was a chapel meeting. Could she skip it? A simple plan flashed into her simple mind. If she was quiet, she could make it to her room and sleep for awhile. Slowly she crept up the stairs, quietly closed the door and fell on the bed. Sleep! Wonderful invention. Here it was a commodity very much in demand, but a great shortage was sweeping the campus.

There went that alarm clock again! Thru the sleepy recesses of her mind it dawned that maybe it meant food this time. Down the stairs with a burst of energy, Suzie went. However, that alarm was for her afternoon class!

Night finally came and Suzie fell toward her bed. OH! NO! A horrible thought crossed her mind. She had studying to do. You'd think the only reason they came down here was to study. After her third benzidine shot, she was ready for bed. By this time her roomy had been sawing logs for over two hours. There was quite a pile of them too. All of a sudden, good ole' roomy began making queer sounds. Very nasel and very gluggy. Hay fever season was here! On this thought our little heroine climbed wearily into bed and thoroughly filled her nose with nose drops and settled down to a peaceful sleep. After all, what is more important than getting one's sleep?

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



"Snooks" Blackburn

The possessor of golden blonde hair, big brown eyes, a nice smile, athletic build, and an A-1 disposition could be none other than Martha Nel Blackburn, known much better as "Snooks." This gal is everything lots of us long to be . . . cute kid, good in sports, "real" in something black and slinky, liked by everyone and yep, even an honor-roller.

"Snooks" heads the Prep Student Council and from what is gathered, she's done a first-rate job already.

(Continued on page 3)

Po'ms 'Bout People

The Wanderer

By
A LITTLE INK SPOT
(Fay, that is)

I have the strangest travels
Of any one I know
I don't belong to anyone.
Cuz I'm always on the go.

I'm used by Mrs. Asper
To O.K. the latest date
Then Miss Ordway picks me up
A talk in chapel to relate.

I'm passed along the line
In economics, History, chem.
Will I never hear the ending
Of everlasting "haws and hems"?

Someone grabs me up again
With most dramatic sighs
I know each persons private life.
Tho' I never mean to pry.

Violently, I'm soon picked up
That theme is sure as fate,
With violence I'm laid down again
Inspiration must be late.

When Peggy Pics her Pictures
While Joyce reveals the Hyphens course.
I never have a moments' rest
I'm the "force behind the force".

I have but one complaint and it's
The bain of my existence.
When Laddie starts her letters
She has simply no resistance (to men).

A sudden groan from "Ig" and then,
Another theme on Grendel.
Meanwhile she wonders why she's got
To learn the laws of Mendel.

Another inspiration dawns
And there I go again.
To continue on my travels—
For you see—I am a pen.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

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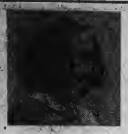
Columnists: Ann Morgan, Peggy Blowers, Jane Ellen Tye, Gloria Gordon, Judy Merrick, Bessie Benson, and Betsy Buchanan.

NEW WRITERS: Barbara Dunn, GeAnn Ingersol, Betty Shepard, Nancy Cook, Peggy Muessel, Sara Ann Jones, Kay Bond, Donna Perkins, Mattie Greer, Barbara Bull, Mary Martin, Wilma Mathew, and Pat Crowe.

FEATURE WRITERS: Nancy Groble, Swede Clark, Bunny Haller, Betty Lou Brown, Jo Holcomb, Shirley Rosevelt, Joyce Calloway, and Ella Brooks.

TYPISTS: Robin Ragin, Joyce Potts, Cathryn Cox, Betty Jo Fuller, Jackie Watkins, and Ann Polk.

CIRCULATION: Lee Henry, Mary Jane Bull, Nancy Avis, Mildred Jones, and Jeanne Smiley.



Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Ann

Everyone has been so busy with rushing and everything, and now we're waiting for the lull before the storm (so to speak). No matter how busy the Mids have been, they always seem to take plenty of time to dress—they'll learn won't they. That last hand of bridge is much more exciting than listening for the dinner bell as you wait in your best bib and tucker.

Saturday night everyone was shaking hands with the other person, and lots of people were just in a big whirl. But I didn't fail to notice three little girls who caught my eye, Jean Benton's dress of white, figured brocade was very spectacular. Did you see her? It was off-the-shoulder and had a very tight bodice while the skirt was extremely full. With this Jean wore very lacey pink gloves—long ones at that.

Betty Kelly also wore a white off-the-shoulder, but the front was apron style outlined in "fire engine" red. There was also a touch of red at her shoulders. A new Mid, but an old girl at W-B, Lil Foddrill also wore white. Are the girls trying to rush the snow? Lil's dress was made of moirre taffeta. It had a deep V-neck, cap sleeves, and a full, full skirt, also. With this she wore long white gloves.

Sunday I noticed several girls who looked "mighty fine." Claire Kelton and Laura Jean Cox looked "spiffy" in their identical dressed (except that they were in opposite colors). Claire's was red corduroy, one piece, and with it she wore a green tie. Christmas is coming, I guess. The bodice was made similar to a regular sport shirt, and the skirt was plain except for a kick pleat in front. Laura Jean's dress and tie were exactly opposite in colors; both girls wore little stick pins in their ties.

Have you heard Rae Elms play the piano?—she can really make those 88 do their stuff. Sunday, Rae was wearing a dark green sport dress. It also was one piece with white stitching down the front of the bodice, around the cardigan collar, and at the edge of the three-quarter length sleeves. The pockets, which were also outlined with saddle stitching, were the huge patch style. With this dress Rae wore dark green flats, which matched perfectly.

Have you seen that grey wool suit of Willie Turner's? (Ha! I got out of the red, green, and white!) It has a straight skirt, and the jacket has small reveres and little tiny buttons marching down the front. The other day Willie wore with her suit, a chartruse silk scarf around her neck and thrown over her shoulder. The scarf was fastened to her shoulder with three gold butterflies which graduated in size (like the three bears.)

But of course you haven't missed any of the bevy of Texas girls which have descended upon our campus. There must be a hundred. At least it seems I'm always seeing one everywhere I turn. They all must have a great supply of white shirts and ties, but seriously they really look good. Betty Moore, Katherine McLinden, Mary Thompson, Joan Lester, Pat Capps, and Sue Steinman are only a few of the group that has come to good old W-B.

Now, I must dash. Peg wants to discuss what you have put in the C. G. O. boxes.

Play Tickets

(Continued from Page 1)

"Cradle Snatchers," a hilarious farce, will be featured March 10 through March 17; Sophocle's "Oedipus" and Shaw's "The Admirable Bashville" will play from April 28 through May 8; and the sixth production will be Gershwin, Kaufman and Harts' musical comedy, "Of Thee I Sing."

College students' season tickets will go on sale September 30 in the bookstore for $3.60 tax included.

Lamp Post

(Continued from Page 1)

ards up, there's nothing dull about Uncle Willie!

Say girls, you'd better watch out! Our man of the week is not just a night watchman but a member of the police force in the capacity of special officer. Now! you can all stop looking under your beds before you turn out your lights, you're as safe as you were in your daddy's arms.

Reverend Duff Holds Wed. Chapel

Reverend W. Wood Duff, pastor of the Hillsboro Presbyterian Church, delivered the address to the student body in Wednesday's chapel.

Reverend Duff was introduced by Dr. R. C. Provine and chose as his subject, "I Dare You To Be Great."

During his talk Reverend Duff pointed out that greatness consists of three things. First, to be great a person must be good; second, a great person must be useful; and third, he must be courageous. To emphasize these characteristics and the other points of his talk Reverend Duff used a number of poems and stories.

Round Table Club Has First Meeting

The Round Table Club cabinet met September 19, with their sponsor, Miss Vera Hay, to discuss plans for the coming year.

Two new officers from the High School department were elected; these were Martha Ann Rogers, vice-president, and Kathryn Manier, treasurer. The topic which was selected for the first discussion group was "Inflation." The time of this meeting will be posted, and Miss Hay and the old members will welcome all new girls who are interested in the affairs of the world today.

Formal Initiation In Clubs Tonight

To crown the week of rushing and fag day is the formal initiation of all new students into the various clubs tonight. After primary climax of receiving club bids Thursday night this is the conclusion. The affair tonight begins at 7:30 and is a tradition of Ward-Belmont.

All ten clubs are decorated with flowers and serve refreshments arranged in accordance with the club colors. Each girl dresses in white and the ceremonies are held by candlelight in the individual clubs.



Ida Kate Dunkin



Audrey Johnson

Seniors Dunkin, Johnson Elected President of Pembroke and Hail

Ida Kate Dunkin and Audrey Johnson were elected presidents of Pembroke and Hail Halls respectively at hall meetings held Monday, September 22 at 7:30. Sodie Brewer and Sue Armbreuster were elected secretaries at the same time.

The recently elected Senior officers of Founders are: President, Sue Glick; Secretary, Sis Boone. The recently elected Senior officers of Fidelity are: President, Jocelyon Johnson; Secretary, Mary Lou Swankhouse.

The presidents and secretaries of the halls with the aid of the house mother, chose the new vice-presidents, on the basis of their leadership, cooperation and dependability. They are: Betty Bounett, Barbara Dixon, and Carolyn Harrill of Pembroke; Mary Lee Nelson, Anita Underhill and Virginia Davies of Hail; Sue Scherer, Joella Blache and Sophie Gounos of Founders; Betty Rae and Julia Freels of Fidelity.

These newly elected officials attended the first student council meeting of the year in the C. G. O. room Sept. 23, at 5:30. Various phases of the Constitution for the Student Council of Ward-Belmont were discussed and plans have been made for distributing copies to all the halls. Later it will be published in the HYPHEN.

It was decided that all hall meeting would be held on the second Monday of every month at 7:00.

Tea Room assistants will be chosen by rotating the halls. Discussion of Student Council sponsors followed.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

You can see most any High Schooler beaming with joy over the new privileges received.

The "Belle" hails from the bluegrass country (which reminds me that blue is her favorite color . . . def.) and she shouts Georgetown's praises to the skies. When asked what she liked, "Snooks" looked surprised and replied, "Why, everything"! But a more specific account puts emphasis on music, dancing, ('member the Blackburn—K., Dean duo last year at Teahole parties ? ? ?), football, sincere people, W-B, Agora, and Heights (just oughta see the academy fellas flock 'round 'bout our gal ! !) "Snooks" likes especially to be able to trust people and what trait could be handier in a job like hers?

When "Snooks" hears "Lil Augie Is a Natural Man" she goes into ecstacies. Yep, *his* name is Augie . . . but hes' not much of a "lil man." *This* Augie is a West Virginia football player and "pulenty" rugged, that's for sure.

What do we like best about "Snooks"? Well, yours truly could be prolific in this vein. We like her warm, friendly smile that every passer-by receives, her ability to handle any situation, the way she knows *everyone* with her "it's-wonderful-knowing-you" attitude, her ever coming ejaculation (f'r instance, "jezzy pezzy," "for cat's sake," "where'd it go, George") . . . oh well, volumes could be written!

No poet could ever say or write anything nice or complete enough about "Snooks," so this columnist is a poor one to try. "Snooks" is the kind of person that's one in a million. Aren't we the lucky people to have her here? Now, see why all the Preps claim her as their very own pride and joy ! ! !

PEGGY PICS PICTURES

BELMONT: This Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, William Bendix and Alan Ladd will play in Calcutta—they have moved this week! Wednesday: "Backlash," starring Paul Kelley—a one day stand. Thursday and Friday: The new combination of George Raft and Lynn Bari will solve the mystery of "Who's legs are these" (see billboard advertisement) in the "Nocturne."

BELLE MEADE: This Saturday, Tom Conway will play detective again in "The Falcon's Adventure." So bring your popcorn and bubble gum. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday: "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" has Gene Tierney falling in love with a ghost. There is also some interesting trick photography. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday: Again, for all you horse lovers, "Stallion Road" should hit the spot. Beautiful scenery and lovely Alexis Smith fulfill your entertainment.

MELROSE: This Saturday, "Calcutta" (again). Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, "Stallion Road." I forgot to mention Ronnie Reagan also stars with Alexis Smith. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, "Under Nevada Skies"—sounds like a cowboy picture to me. Maybe all you Texas girls can help me out.

PARAMOUNT: Saturday through Tuesday. There's a lot of time for all of you to see "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" June Haver and Mark Stevens provide enjoyment and offer relaxation from all of your studies. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday: The stars of "Going My Way," Bing Crosby, and Barry Fitzgerald, along with Joan Caulfield play in the widely publicized "Welcome Stranger."

LOWE'S: Wednesday, "Singapore" starring Fred McMurray and Ava Gardner. This is an E. S. R. movie—excitement, suspense, and romance.

KNICKERBOCKER: Sunday to Saturday, Larraine Day is the first problem for all you psychology students. Her co-star is Robert Mitchum. Oh, by the way, the name of the movie is "The Locket."

If your allowance has held out, I'll see you at the mivies!

Peg

LOVEMANS

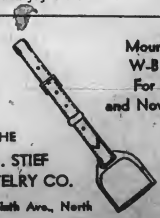
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Achilles' Heel

FAY N' LINDGREN

It is indeed a blessing to know that this will be our last attempt to write something newsy about nothing! That is to say, as dawn breaks on Monday, September 29th, the green grass of the hockey field will be trodden by anxious athletes again. As this shin-breaking game gets under way with every one in there plugging for her own club, the first major sport of W. B. will take the limelight. Miss Chadwell, Miss Carroll and Miss McCain will endeavor to instruct us in the finer arts of the game.

The hockey manager for the college is Barbara Nelson. Giving instruction and pep to their various clubs will be managers, Anne Lindgren, Osiron; Ig McGuire, X. L.; Texas Clifford, P. T.; Dot Evans, Tri-K.; Nettie Blake, F. F.; Barbara Nelson, Agora; Mary Jo Lemaster, D. V.; and Mary Olive Walls, T. C. Anti Pan and A. K. have notified us that their managers will be announced shortly.

Rusty Kelley has been appointed tennis manager for the A. A. and she has informed us that the single tennis tournament will begin very soon. So all of you Kramers, Marble's and Kovack's take note! The notice for entrants will have been on The Athletic Bulletin Board two days by the time you get your HYPHEN. Sign up immediately if you have not done so. It seems like we'll have Ole Man Sol with us for a few more weeks unless Ole Man River comes rolling along. (But you and me will still sweat and strain, body all aching and wracked with pain.) Anyway, leave us take advantage. We'll all station our eyes on Rusty Kelley, Texas Clifford, Julia Freels, and Deedee Bivens, who showed brilliant performances last year, and we'll be looking for many, many more stars among the new girls. (We've heard that Fran Purvis, Jean Jewett, Joan Jester and Mary Thompson are outstanding in wielding the racquet—(racket that is).

FLASHHHHHHH! That streak of yellow, white, black, orange, (and any other color that you wish to name) that you may have seen blazing across our hallowed campus is the proud possession of the Publications staff. Having been formally christened "CHM" (pronounced "shem") during a reception in the Senior Smoker a few days ago, the calico cat is now an integral part of W-B. In case you brains haven't figured it out "CHM" translated translates, Chimes, Hyphen, Milestones! Not to be thwarted by any obstacle, "CHM" has given us its word that it will play goalie for the students when it rolls time for the student-faculty game. Beware Miss McCain and Miss Neal ! ! !

A. H. (Achilles Heel's own P.S.) Much grass to you, Georgie. A. A. H. Note to Miss Mueller—Are bulls color blind ? ? ?

Clubs Accept

(Continued from Page 1)

Skelton, Elizabeth Starr, Susan Thomas, Becky White.

ARISTON: Melba Jean Akin, Elizabeth Calvin, Lark Curtis, Martha Foutch, Jane O'Callaghan, Sara Orr, Virginia Tipton, Harriet Williams.

ECCOWASIN: Joy Allen, Betty Bullard, France Caldwell, Kathryn Cummins, Johrianne Hollabaugh, Anne Howard, Mildred Jarman, Anne Jarman, Dorothy Johnson, Polly Morgan, Mary Elizabeth Roberts, Nancy Simmons, Mary Ann Smith, Anne Pritchett, Jeanne Tune.

TRIAD: Doris Creagh, Caroline Griscom, Eleanor Halliburton, Margaret Marshall, Marjorie Moyle, Alice Peebles, Pinky Robertson, Martha Jo Tate, Margaret Thompson, Allison Tidman, Sue Winters, Mary Alice Wright.

The Day Student Proctor for first semester is Julia Edwards (Angkor Club).



Hurricane Takes Rising Death Toll

A rising death toll from the fearful hurricane that swept a 25 mile strip of the eastern gulf coast was counted last night as ebbing waters permitted a survey of casualties and destruction.

In New Orleans, 4000 volunteers were called to stem the inflow of flood waters pushed up by Friday's storm. Damage to New Orleans property, the area's crops and the fishing industry was counted in the terms of millions.

Fading into memory last night were the sights, sounds, thrills, and almost-spills of the 1947 Tennessee State Fair . . . described by fair officials as the second greatest exhibition in forty-two years. The total attendance this year was 155,693.

The United States last night branded Russia claims of American aggressive intention as "absolute falsification" of American motives, and countered with charges that Russian tactics were breeding hate.

Ten W.-B. Alumnae Return to Visit

Ten alumnae of Ward-Belmont have returned to school to visit in the past two weeks. Some were last year's Seniors, some were to be in the class of '48, and one was from the class of '46.

L. L. Jones, Georgie Moss, Nancy Simpson, Shirley Nichols Dickie (Mrs. Gilbert Dickie, Jr.), Jean Jones, were of last years' Senior class. Betty Joyce Campbell and Martha Durham were here also. They graduated from Prep School last May.

"Florida" Faulk was here for a few days visiting her sister, Jane. She was in the class of '46.

Jeanne Bryant and Joan Newsome were also here a bit earlier in the year. L. L. was President of X. L. last year; Georgie was a Penta Tau, Nancy was a Del Vers, B. J. and Shirley were also P. T's. Martha was an F. F. "Florida" was a Tri-K, Jeanne Bryant was an Osiron, and Joan Newsome was a T. C. member.

New Members

(Continued from page 1)

Isabelle Snelling, Mary Anne Stevenson, Mamie Ward, Ann Warren, Jackie Watkins, Peggy Wise, and Mildred Word.

ANTI-PANDORA

Pat Austin, Nancy Avis, Jean Benton, Mary Bentley, Adrienne Birchard, Dorothy Borden, Helen Bomar, Mary Alice Branham, Betty Lou Brown, Joyce Calloway, Doris Cassidy, Joan Clark, Pat Crowe, Peggy Daniel, Dena Mae Dunkin, Carol Mignon Emerson, Peggy Fauconer, Nancy Groble, Jane Gross, Joyce Haggard, Nancy Iler, Joanne Johnson, Marye J. Johnston, Mildred Jones, Bettye Luck, Barbara Sue McDuffee, Joan MacLeish, Kathryn McLendon, Betty Moore, Beverly Nickols, Joan Reynolds, Jane Sprayberry, Sue Steinman, Marilyn Stenson, Sue Stevens, Mary Thompson, Florence Wates, Betty Webb, and Jess Westphal.

DELVERS

Julie Aldrich, Nancy Allison, Barbara Louise Black, Anne Boyd, June Brandt. Jean Bloom, Peggy Browne, Mary Jane Bull, Catherine Campbell, Anne Chamberlin, Nancy Catherine Davies, Margaret Jo Dooley, Frances Elkins, Patty Evans, Patricia Ann Hart, Betty Herndon, Wilma Lee Henry, Ann Israel, Marjorie Jensen, Evelyn Jenkins, Mary Jane Johnson, Alice Johnston, Carol Louise Kessler, Mary Kimball, Lida King, Betty Klyce, Norma Krenzer, Jessica McDonald, Ann McHenry, Nancy McTeer, Patsy Ann Matheny, Pat Mathias, Betty Methwin, Janice Mayne, Sue Zella Moreton, Ann Moyers, Vivian Robertson, Bettye Reding, Shirley Roosevelt, Bonnie Jean Sharp, Emily Washington, Helen Wiggs, Suzanne Witham, Virginia Woody, Annabel Gayden, Patricia Elkourie, and Jean Hamilton.

F. F.

Delrey Bourland, Mary Jo Breusing, Bett C. Brown, Gwendolyn Butler, Edith Cantrell, Mary Katherine Chumley, Lue Edna Diver, Katherine George, Sue Gruver, Martha Jack Hamilton, Pat Hoffhein, Tula Georgia Johnson, Charlotte Justice, Jacqueline Klinner, Ann Marie Laskey, Jacqueline Liebermann, Kathryn Lynch, Margaret McDonald, Martha McDonald, Evelyn Marsh, Mary Sue Patrick, Juanita Phipps, Margaret Preha, Robin Eliz Ragin, Barbara Jane Ruth, Barbara Ellen Sanders, Janet Sitton, Alice Stevens, Ave Jo Vance, Norine Van Hyning, Barbara Vaughan, Shirley Wallace, Anna Jean Watters, Jane Witherspoon, Elizabeth Wynne, Martine Pollak, Bernita Stanberry, Betty Tipton, Mary Ready Weaver, and Frances Durbeck.

OSIRON

Gerry Bonsteel, Marilyn Brewster, Betty Bush, Martha Butler, Ada Susan Campbell, Mary Ellen Clements, Ann Cohen, Josephine Cook, Mary Ann Curtis, Margaret DeMerschman, Betsy Dodge, Marlene Foote, Anita Gavin, Marjorie Glass, Caroline Hathcock, Ann Hawes, Martha Hull, Ruth Hurwitz, Betty Luke, Ann McCaskill, Jackie Maiden, Clare Martin, Mary Ellen Martin, Carroll Ann Mattingly, Wanda Merrell, Katherine Myers, Mary Jo Nabers, Jeanne O'Donnell, Daisy Owens, Grances Paine, Norma Pries, Anna Jewell Provins, Suanne Richardson, Rosalind Rosenbloom, Carolyn Rosenzweig, Mary Ellen Rowe, Marnie Sedberry, Alberta Sherman, Harriette Sparkman, Dorothy Terry, Nan Tompkins, Barbara Wallace, and Joan Watts.

PENTA TAU

Margie Barry, Cheryl Barton, Barbara Jeanne Baynes, Carol Borrow, Mary Louise Buechner, Gloria Chastaine, Betty Lou Coad, Patsy Cox, Betty Jean Cundiff, Ann Dunham, Raye Elms, Frances Elizabeth Grey, Mary Jo Grone, Kathleen Hall, Marion Huesgen, Joanne Ingram, Lucy Lane Lambert, Eloise McBride, Eleanor McCarty, Sue Madison, Katherine Martin, Doris Joan Miller, Peggy Muessel, Dot Parrish, Jane Reese, Helen Schoen, Patty Shiffer, Rosalie Simon, Sylvia Simon, Gertrude Taylor, Lydia Vollenweider, and Louise Wilson.

TRI-K

Frances Ann Alexander, Gerry Berger, Grace Brading, Pat Capps, Betty Lou Carey, Sue Coker, Laura Jean Cox, Beverly Cunningham, Connie Cureton, Jane Dunlap, Corlee Fain, Betty Lou Farmer, Sarah Camille Farris, Rose Marie Fulghum, Line Katherine Garrott, Georgia Ann Gresham, Carolyn Lea Hahn, Alma Hart, Mary Henegar, Jane Hines, Joan Jester, Claire Kelton, Gloria McSpadden, Jackie Mitchell, Frances Morrison, Patricia Potter, Barbara Rowell, Rae Smith, Karim Tuhtar, Charlene Turner, Betty Lou Waber, Mary Delle Wilson, and Chiara Wing.

T. C.

Evelyn Atkings, Helen Baldwin, Kathleen Bond, Sue Carpenter, Joan Catlett, Mary Clift, Helen Cottongim, Louise Eubank, Jean Fergus, Beatrice Fox, Jeannine Frantz, Lois Anne Guinn, Polly Hackett, Ann Haller, Carolyn Hart, Jane Harris, Dixie Hurt, Doris Johnson, Mildred Locke, Betty McGregor, Mary Miller, Nancy Mills, Rhoda Noblett, Martha Nocol, Geraldine Pauley, Betty Payne, Pat Riley, Mary Southwick, Jeanne Taylor, Mary Tanner, Naomi Wright, Betty Pace, Willodene Saunders, Dorothy Wright, Patti Martin, Jacque Keyes, and Jeanne Seviley.

X. L.

Fleur Barngrove, Sandra Britt, Rebecca Brown, Anne Burnley, Jo Byrd, Chatryn Cox, Beverly Crawford, Jane Dance, Patricia Dolfuss, Mimi Franklin, Dot Funke, Frances Gibbins, Beth Goldsmith, Frances Griffith, Gwen Harless, Evelyn Hartford, Cornelia Hays, Nancy Hendricks, Abby Houdersheldt, Jean Jewett, Patricia Jones, Betty Kelley, Peggy Lair, Rosemary Logan, Mary Gay Long, Anna Millar, Peggy Moyers, Donna Perkins, Joyce Potts, Frances Purvis, Peggy Read, Betty Rhodes, Charlene Smothers, Sylvia Stahlman, Joella White, and Jeanette Williams.



SPECTATORS WITH A NEW LOOK

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Mehitabel Says



Mehit remains anonymous — it's her privilege to say whatever she thinks and this way no fireworks!—Ed.

After finishing my first year at W. B., I spent the summer recovering at the beach, sunning and thinking. As I sat near the incoming waves, the thought suddenly struck me that life is somewhat like the waves of an ocean. No matter what occurs, we always keep "rolling in," and life can give some pretty bad knocks.

Here at school we have to give as well as take. Now I don't mean to sew your name tapes in all your roommates clothes, but try to be as considerate of others as they are of you. This may be hard at times, but try real hard to do it.

Pa Don't Preach to Me

This article could turn out to sound like a lecture from home! But take advice from one who knows, and make the most of this year. Occupy every spare minute with something helpful.

Studying can be a bore, but make the course interesting for yourself. This task, when accomplished, can be most advantageous. Your grades will be better, and when you step on the stage to receive your diploma, your heart will be swollen with pride.

Come The Clubs . . . .

By next Thursday night, all you new girls will have your bid to become a member of one of the clubs. Your club will become a vital part in your life at W.-B. By taking part in all your club activities, the girls and school will come to mean more to you.

Club sports are very important, and if possible, the more you can sign up for, the better. Now please don't crowd the gym office too much, and don't rush—but get it done soon! As a club, you can help add or detract from its name. So before pushing ahead without thinking, stop for just a few seconds and try to analyze the situation.

As you loose demerits, so your club loses them. So be careful kiddo's and keep a close check on those merits. Take advice from one who was on the Deficiency list all year and off the Merit list all year.

Back To The Beach . .

As waves bellow from the ocean, and take parts from the sands, so we add or detract from others lives. It is up to you whether you fail and fall into deep fanthoms of water, or rise and become a wave to conquer the surf.

In each person is the ability to succeed. You are as good as you choose to be. No one can take the blame for your shortcomings, and your own conscience is the one to suffer.

Life can be simple or complex. You can mold it like modeling clay, and create a beautiful piece of sculpture. This column is not a lecture, or a short sermon, but only a helpful bit of advice on the coming year.

A Little More . . . .

Joyce is forcing me to write 16 inches, and I have been beating my brains against the wall. The preceeding word, brains, is a great compliment to me. Last year there was an article similar to this, and I paid no attention to it. But now I wish I had read and absorbed every word and understood the meaning.

The year is going to be so short. The longest time is from September to Christmas vacation. But after you come back, time will whiz by. So mold your campus life carefully, and become a small wave that can build into a tidal wave.

McCLURE'S

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Mid & Senior

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Sponsors Chosen

VOLUME XXXVI | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1947 | NUMBER 4

J. Percy Priest Addresses Chapel On World Today

The Honorable J. Percy Priest, Representative from Tennessee, was speaker at the Monday Chapel. He was introduced by Dr. Robert C. Provine, President of Ward-Belmont. The subject of his address was, "Congress Looks at the World."

He expressed his belief that politics toward other nations should be bi-partisan, and that the U. S. must act quickly in this hour of need, else the world be plunged into another World War in 15 years.

"The main trouble with the United Nations Organization is the veto power," the representative stated. He showed that in order to secure a change in the Charter, it must be ratified by two-thirds of the member nations and must include the signatures of the big five powers. This would cause any big five to have a monopoly on the United Nations, thus impairing the work of that organization.

"Until we learn to get along with other nations, there is no hope for a peaceful world," he said.

In closing, he cited an incident, that will live in the hearts of Congressmen—the meeting of the crippled son of Lord Halifax and a crippled veteran of World War I, now a Senator, in the Senate Chamber, before the historical speech of Winston Churchill, during the dark days of the war. The incident showed the cooperation necessary for our ultimate goal, Lasting Peace.

Dean Announces New Vespers Plan

Miss Martha Ordway, Dean of Students, announced a new Vespers arrangement in chapel, Tuesday, September 30. The monthly Sunday evening vespers have been eliminated. From now on, vespers will be held on the first Wednesday night of every month, instead of the club meeting that night. Clubs will meet the first Thursday during the regular assembly time. This will give the clubs time to have a meeting with all its members, day and boarding attending.

New hours for the infirmary were also announced—8 a.m. to 12 noon, 1:30 p.m. to 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Emergencies, of course, will be accepted at all hours. These new hours are arranged for the nurses' convenience.

These new rules will go into effect, Wednesday, October 1.

Sign Up!

Attention all high school Seniors, boarding and day! Don't forget to sign up to have your picture taken for MILESTONES in the entrance of Heron Hall Monday noon . . . 'tis important that all of you do so then. So tie 'a string around yo' fingers, preppies. Carolyn thanks you, I thank you, my mother thanks you . . .

W.-B. Alumnae Sponsor Senior, Mid Classes



Miss Polly Fessey

Fessey and Neal Are Named

It was officially announced Tuesday, September 30, that Miss Polly Fessey and Miss Mary Margaret Neal are to sponsor the Senior-Mid and Senior classes respectively for the school year '47-'48.

Miss Fessey is a Nashville girl, attended Ward-Belmont College and graduated in 1943. After that, she attended Vanderbilt University, where she was a Pi Beta Phi. She graduated in 1945 and earned a B.A. in Business Administration. While attending Ward-Belmont she held various positions. She has taught at Ward-Belmont for two years and sponsors Osiron Club, Hyphen and Milestones.

Miss Neal, from Miami, Oklahoma, graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1944. She then attended Northwestern University, where she was a Pi Beta Phi, and received her B.S. in 1946. She has just completed her first year teaching at Ward-Belmont. She sponsors Agora Club, Senior Class and the Chemistry Club. While a student at Ward-Belmont, she was president of the Senior Class, George Washington, Phi Theta Kappa and Hood and Gown.



Miss Curly Neal

College Octet Members Chosen

The college octet, under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Van Sickle, has been selected for the school year. The old members are Steve Ann Akin, Bunty Hart, and Martha Jo Furr, accompanist. New members are Sylvia Stahlman, Patricia Potter, Joyce Potts, Nancy Lee Davis, and Marjorie Jensen.

The Octet has been a group at Ward-Belmont for five years. It consists of two sopranos, three second sopranos, and three altos.

Goldsmith-Britt Lead North Front

Beth Goldsmith, Senior-Mid, was elected president of North Front Hall at an election held on September 25.

Other officers chosen at this time are as follows: first vice-president, Adrienne Brichard; second vice-president, Mary Alice Branham; secretary, Sandy Britt; smoker monitors, Mary Ruth Clift and Gloria McSpadden.

Artist Series Is Announced

The Ward-Belmont Artist Series for 1947-1948 has recently been announced by President Robert Provine.

It is as follows: October 16 and 17 will be Katherine Bacon; November 20 and 21 is Joseph Knitzer. Ernest Wolff will come on February 5 and 6; and Ruth Rraper is to be the artist on March 11.

Each of these artists is invited to come and spend a few days on the campus, and meet and talk with the faculty and students.

Dean Announces Meal Cut Plan

Miss Martha Ordway, Dean of Students, announced a new plan for meal cuts Tuesday morning, September 30.

All girls, Seniors and Senior-Mids, will be allowed ten meal cuts, per week. They will be allowed to cut any meal, if they sign out in the dining room before 6:30 p.m. for breakfast, and 10 a.m. for dinner and lunch.

The girls will receive five demerits for failing to follow this procedure. If any girl receives thirty demerits, a letter automatically will be sent to her parents.

This new plan went into effect October 1, under the direction of the dining room hostess, Mrs. Frierson.

Each table hostess received a letter from Dr. Robert C. Provine, setting down new rules for checking tables. Each hostess must designate an assistant hostess, in case she is not present. Then she must assign the job of checking the absentees to one of the girls when she is absent.

She Supplies the "Tools" for W.-B. "Laborers"!

By Ella Brooks

Here is someone that everyone has met, but not everyone knows. She's someone you meet more than anyone during the first six weeks. Have you guessed whom I mean? Her name is Miss Carrie Lester and she is our librarian extraordinaire, (of the bookstore, that is)!

Miss Lester came to Ward-Belmont twenty-one years ago and was in charge of the package department. It (the package department) had then the importance it has now, but it seems that mothers didn't send as many cookies and blankets then. Thus the baggage room didn't occupy as much space as it does now. So you see it was a big job Miss Lester stepped into when she accepted the management of the "tools" for Ward-Belmont "laborers."



Miss Carrie Lester

The bookstore started in the basement of Heron Hall and then moved to it's present location in Middle March.

Miss Lester and Mrs. Washington, her helper during the first rush of the year, are both so helpful and cheerful in spite of the pressing needs of young hopefuls that I think they ought to be congratulated by everyone.

Here's a good reason why they should be congratulated too. Miss Lester took some students in once to help her. One of them totaled up one girls' books to $4,501,000. So the helper was sentenced to four years at hard math problems and then the capable Mrs. Wash. appeared to end the further distress of Miss Lester.

Miss Lester wants you to know that she was born and reared in Nashville—and oh, yes, I almost forgot, in her opinion we're all just about perfect and have been for all twenty-one years. (Let's not tell her any different, shall we?)

Seniors Entertain For Senior-Mids, Faculty On Sunday

Opening Senior Week, the Senior Class of 1948 will entertain the staff and administration of Ward-Belmont and the Senior-Mid Class at a coffee in Acklen Hall at 2:30, Sunday, October 5.

The general chairman, Ann Morgan, has named the following committees to make the arrangements.

Sue Hoyt will head the invitation committee. Cynthia Hoyt and Betty Burnett will aid.

Decoration committee chairman, Julie McHenry, is assisted by Ruth Killebrew, Fran Stabler, Georgia Hall and Gloria Chastien.

Betty Buckner is chairman of refreshments. Mabel Durrett, Muriel Fisher and Bev Smith are on the committee.

Serving will be Carol Baccus, Jane Basham, Dot Bradley, Gloria Byrd, Glo Colee, Jackie Collins, Aida De Leon, Barbara Ann Dickson, Ida Kate Dunkin and Patty A. Frizzell of the boarding students. Betty Bray, Denise Allen, Gayle Jennings, Elizabeth Davidson, and Gloria Cherry are the day students who will serve.

Music will be furnished by Martha Jo Furr and Steve Ann Akin.

Light refreshments of mints, cheese sticks and coffee will be served.

Mlle. College Board Open to Students

Mademoiselle is offering all undergraduate college girls a chance to become a College Board Member, and an opportunity to become a Guest Editor. This offer is not restricted to girls who have fashion talent alone, but includes all college girls.

To become a college Board Member and compete for a place as Guest Editor for the month of June you must be available to work during the month of June, 1948, in the New York Mademoiselle office, helping put out the August College issue; submit a trial report consisting of approximately two typewritten, double spaced pages on any new phase of campus life such as an academic course, fashion, fad, activity organization or trend; send a snapshot of yourself with complete information concerning your college training, home address, class year, college major and minor, other interests and activities, and any paid or volunteer jobs you have held. After this has been completed; mail your trial report, snap-

(Continued on page 4)

Jingling the News

By Jet

Sitting here, with pen in hand
I'm going completely NUTS . . .
I can't think of anything to say
except,
Thanks Miss Ordway, for our new
meal cuts.

Think on These Things

Why do we ever miss an opportunity to do a fine thing? Why do we forget that there is once to be a last chance . . . and that it may be this very one.

K.H.T.

Always Look Upwards

"And I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength." No doubt this is a familiar passage to most of you. You read it in Sunday School classes, and you slept through it at Wednesday night prayer meeting programs—yet, have you taken this sentence apart? It has a psychological meaning. David did not mean we must look upward at the hills or mountains to have strength, but he meant we should look upward to find power. A person who walks about with his head to the sidewalk misses all the beauty and glory of life. One who looks upward, outward, forward is an observer, and finds all about him the happy, good things about life.

In "How To Win Friends and Influence People" Dale Carnegie said, "If you want to feel superior to a person, or have a person feel you are superior, place him in a chair below you when you talk to him You will influence him without his knowing it. If a person must look up to a person, it causes him to feel within him he is looking up to someone above him." This is only an example, but try it yourself when you stroll about the campus, or walk to classes, look forward and you will find you are discovering things. Look outward and you will find you are learning things. Look upward, and you shall find—strength.

Check Yourself Now

In our relations with the many girls attending W. B. from various parts of our great nation, we find ourselves choosing our friends. The outstanding feature of any "personality plus" girl is her quality of genuine friendliness imparted from acts of courteousness. "Courtesy" is more than "politeness combined with kindness"; possessing gracious disposition to put "others first" would be a more accurate definition!

And it's the little things that count—such as remembering to seat your hostess in the dining room! Such a small amount of effort is necessary to positively enrich the atmosphere of our surroundings!! A guide to happier living might be: Doors open wide to little keys, like "Thank you, sir," and "If you please."

Who Is the Winner?

Temptation is a test tube. Out of it comes a refined product or a ruined mixture. Men are often judged by the manner in which they emerge from the test.

The way pointed out by temptation may seem easier, quicker, or more fun, but later its true characteristics come forth. Only too late do we realize that we have been the one cheated or deceived. It is indeed a great man who can daily meet his tasks, differentiating between right and wrong, and sticking to that which is right.

Each time we do not yield, we profit and it becomes easier for us to resist temptation.

Here you have a brand new year, so make it the one that really will effect your life. Resist that first little temptation tomorrow and the one the day after that. Remember, life is yours to make of it what you will, so next time give a little more thought to that decision you are making between right and wrong.

One example of this would be an invitation from one of the girls you run around with to go to the Community Playhouse or to a new movie downtown on a night when you know you have a great deal of homework to be accomplished. If you don't yield the first time and do stick to your lessons, the next instance this temptation comes your way, it will be just that much easier to resist. And it certainly can be said that you profit from resisting this, and other temptations.



Mmm-Sho' Do Love That Man!! Or: Is It Legal Or Is It Ain't?

By Jill Foddrill

NOTE: The purpose of the following doodad is to explain to those who have not found out and to clarify more extensively to those who are already in-the-know.

In the dream of college life, dating falls into the big-fun category. Girls go off to college with visions of dating the number one football star or a big cog in the fraternity mechanism.

O.K., here we are—all set to meet oodles and gobs of men—handsome ones only, of course. Days pass—no phone calls. Weeks pass—still no phone calls. By this time we are willing to meet men—handsome, ugly, tall, short, fat, thin—or a reasonable facsimile ! ! !

Say that one of us finally lands a man and he asks you for a date. To avoid the bright red tape of a single dating permission you ask Clifford (your catch) if he has a friend that would like to date your roommate. "She's really a very lovely person—Petunia's the name. She's just a little taller than you (and he's about six feet!), weighs 365, has hair the color of straw (and most likely the same texture, too!), and possesses skin like a peach (fuzz, that wuz!). As for the night of the date—well, Mondays and Wednesdays are closed. Wednesdays and Fridays are heavy class days so that eliminates Tuesday and Thursday nights. Friday night is already engaged for Petunia's surprise birthday party. Saturday night—oh, early-to-bed night! How about Tuesday afternoon?"

That leaves only a spot of time (that's the English coming out in me) to have Mother send permission. The month's allowance is shot to pieces by sending a three dollar telegram. You and your 'mate file and swear to the personnel staff that your permission *is* en route.

Days are spent in preparation for the big event—for after all, this is the first date with a man in three months, even if he is the buck-toothed, cross-eyed, freckle-faced soda JERK at the drug. He is of the *opposite* sex, but it is doubtful that he exemplifies the stronger sex. HE IS A MAN— ! ! ! ? ?

Tuesday afternoon rolls around and you arrive in Acklen Hall at 1:00 to wait for your Prince Charmings to arrive at 2:30. Anxious ? ? Well, I'd reckon! They come on white horses—yeah, horses resembling a Model T. They crash the door and are marched right back out to exercise the index digit on the doorbell. Blunder No. 1 chalked up! After the "hello's" and shy, nervous giggles are all squared away, you drag your somewhat reluctant beaux in to be introduced and looked over by the office staff. Names, addresses, phone numbers, and past criminal records are all recorded in the big black book and you and your blushing heroes are sent out to have a merry time. As you descend the steps of Acklen pride swells within you, for all your chums gape in awe and admiration at your escorts. At this great moment you are Luck personified.

"Now let's see—what can we do? Oh, let's *do* look at Club Village—such a lovely place"—picturesque club houses, pretty shade trees, dirty swings, and cold, iron seats, and troupes of jean-clad, pig-tailed gals! Thus, a flying trip is made through Club Village and you trek on down to the drug, to your date's utter dismay 'cuz he spends the better part

(Continued on Page 3)

Belle Of Ward-Belmont



Judy Merrick

Ah! to be a day student, and that's just what our belle of the week is — Judy Merrick, president of the day student council! Judy has light brown hair and brown eyes. A light streak may be seen across the front of her coiffuer.

During Judy's last three years at W-B, she has been president of the Sophomore Class, and last year was chosen president of the Eccowasin Club. This year she is writing a column for the HYPHEN along with Gordy, entitled Preparlance.

Our belle detests unfriendly people, positively can't stand them, and liver just isn't mentioned around Judy. That's about all she detests, but her loves sure do add up. Among them are tennis, swimming, horses, commercial art and Tex Beneke is just lucious!

Maybe you've noticed Judy wearing odd mixtures of color in her

(Continued on page 3)

Inquiring Reporter

By Jean and Jerry

With our studies stacked away for another day, we pondered over a snappy question for this week. What could be more entertaining and imaginative than the thought of *five hundred Vanderbilt boys flocking the W.-B. campus?* So, with this idea in mind we overwhelmed all we interviewed with it!

There we stood in front of Acklen Hall waiting for our first victim to pounce upon. As the bell rang we managed to catch a day student by her coat-tail as she dove for her "privately-owned automobile". (Remember what those are, boaders?) In a second the question was asked and *Deane Douglass* drawled in her sugar-coated accent, "Well—ah' sho nuff wouldn't be going home right now". It wasn't long before a crowd of other day students gathered around us. *Dorthy Wright* had a very blunt answer to our question, "Not a darn thing" . . . and why not—she's got a steady at Tennessee Tech.)

After talking to these college girls we wandered over to a group of five preps day students and repeated the the question. *Mary Ann Smith* was quick on the draw by answering "I'd start being a boarder". (Boys on campus are tabu for day students.)

"Or better yet", *Jean Tune* implied, "I'd drop a subtle note to meet me".

Mary Simmon's contribution to the cause was "It's a sure cinch, every gal for herself". *Margaret Marshall* would handle the situation by "walking calmly on her way—knowing it was a mirage".

The infirmary almost had two patients when *Mary Ann Curtis* threatened to drop dead and *Nicki Trigg* to faint. However, the prep girls proved brave and hardy with, *"Bonnie* will trip one and *Dee* will catch him—two or three in fact." These were overpowering statements, one from *Bonnie Dean* and *Dee Hearne. "Callie" Hall* came through with "I'd tackle one! Just call me "Gridiron Hall". (Ah, those high school preps.)

Jo Jester gave a lovely character sketch by saying "I'd grab one, dark haired and 6' 2". (Those Texas gals are picky).

We found *"Sleepy" Caughron* dabbling over her usual pills and bottles and there we popped the question. "Why, I'd guzzle my nerve tonic", she choked. *Betty Buckner* just laughed, knowing you only dream about such things, and *Dottie Dyer* agreed saying, "I'd go for my camera!" Who'd believe it!?

Ann Polk slipped us a sly wink with this practical retort, "I'd run the other way! Someone would chase me??" Chasing Ann out the door we saw *Ann Greenlee* and got this jackpot answer from her: "I'd see if I could find my brother". (Demure satire, right?)

"Ohhhhhhhh," sighed *Mary Delle Wilson,* while *Carolyn George* echoed, "I'm afraid to say."

To be truthful, so are we!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Business Manager ..... Rusty Kelly
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Columnists: Ann Morgan, Peggy Blowers, Jane Ellen Tye, Gloria Gordon, Judy Merrick, Bessie Benson, and Betsy Buchanan.

New Writers: Barbara Dunn, GeAnn Ingersol, Betty Shepard, Nancy Cook. Peggy Muessel, Sara Ann Jones, Donna Perkins, Barbara Bull, Mary Martin, Wilma Mathew, and Pat Crowe.

Feature Writers: Nancy Groble, Swede Clark, Bunny Haller, Betty Lou Brown, Jo Holcomb, Shirley Rosevelt, Joyce Calloway, and Ella Brooks.

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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Ann

Have you been in Heron Hall lately? You should hear all the pep and spirit that those high school girls show. I'm not kidding, I think they can yell louder than all the new Mids. But while I was there visiting a friend of mine, I certainly did see some good looking clothes go marching by.

You all know Ginny Smith, that little girl that is always flitting around. Have you seen her in her new brown fall suit? The jacket is very tight, to accentuate the full skirt, and there are the cutest little buttons all the way down the front (of the jacket, that is,) Then I saw some more faille. This was a black off the shoulder dress. The top had a wide band that formed the low neck line and the abbreviated sleeves. The skirt was flared, but not pleated or gathered. All this, in case you're interested belonged and was worn by Alberta Sherman.

"Snooks" Blackburn looked so wonderful in her black suit. It certainly did accentuate her blond hair. The suit had a very full skirt and a tight jacket with three gold buttons. How can the girls sing their class songs when they are all dressed up? We Seniors have to have all the comforts of home before we can bellow out, or do we?

I stopped to talk awhile with Adeline Andrews. My, she looked "charming" (as the Easteners say) in her royal blue crepe dress. It had a very unique feature—it was nipped in at the waist with several gold buttons. The collar was round and the sleeves three-quarter length. With this dress, Adeline wore gold earrings and bracelet to match—very fetching.

Then I saw a fellow columnist of mine wandering into the smoker—"Gordie" Gordon. She was wearing a black skirt with a long sleeved aqua crepe blouse and a black tie. The blouse was so different, for it had lipstick red figures all over it. The sleeves were very full, and yet tight around the wrist, fastened by a small pearl button.

As I was wending my way out the door, I saw Betty Martin clad in a gorgeous brown and blue dress. It was completely brown except for a huge blue yoke, and the skirt had a drape in front. Talking to Betty was Bonnie Dean, who also had on blue. Only Bonnie's dress was navy blue, with a high round neck, cap sleeves, and a saucy little peplum in back. With this outfit Bonnie wore navy shoes and silver accessories.

As I sauntered down the walk toward my own stamping grounds, I saw some more attractively dressed girls. Peggy Daniel and Joyce Calloway were wearing identical pink shortie coats. It's too bad they won't stay pink very long down here. The sleeves were bell-shaped, the collars resembled an enormous Peter Pan collar, and the backs were flared. Under these coats Peggy and Joyce wore white, long sleeved blouses and straight black skirts.

Walking right behind was Frances Purvis, on her way to see "Ig." She wore a stunning grey wool gabardine suit, very tailored. With this suit Frances wore red accessories—blouse and shoes. She even had a small red pin on her fitted jacket.

While the seven-thirty bell was ringing in my ear, I noticed Frances Morrison dashing to her dorm. She had on a black and white striped light wool suit dress. The jacket had small reveres and three-quarter length sleeves. With this outfit Frances wore a red blouse and red shoes. She looked mighty fine.

As this goes to press soon, I'll say, "See you next week!"



A view of the Fag fun on Ward-Belmont's traditional "Fag Day" which was held Saturday, September 27!

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

daily dress. When asked about this, she stated that she just loved all colors "jumbled up together"!!!

What about the men in Judy's life? Naturally this question should be the first asked when speaking of loves, but we wanted to save the best till last! When we mentioned her love life, all she said was West Point, and, with that she smiled that smile that typifies Judy Merrick. Finally, after giving Judy a mild third degree, she revealed to us that he was a blonde monster reaching about 6' 5" and to to top all that, my dear HYPHEN readers, he has blue eyes. Don't drop dead, darlings, but Judy also has interests at Duke—one in particular is a brunette brute 6' 2" in height and beautiful brown eyes and he's a Sigma Chi!

While all you girls are knocking yourselves out, I may as well "add" to your misery by saying that Judy is going to the Army-Navy game! How do you feel, now?

Judy plans to attend Vandy and become a commercial artist. That means summer study in Boston, New York, and Chicago. More power to ya', Judy.

In ability Judy ranks high. This explains why she has been chosen our Belle of the week. Not only has she ability, but one of the friendliest dispositions you'll ever encounter. Hats off to the day council president and Belle of Ward-Belmont, Judy Merrick!

Love That Man

(Continued from Page 2)

of his life there—yep, jerking sodas!

Tempus fugits and it is time to check back in, but pronto! So the space between the drug and Acklen is covered in record time—two minutes flat—on your face! The men are checked again and hurried goodbyes are said as they run to freedom.

The date is over and what have you? Blisters from running the length of the campus and a heap of neglected studying to do that night.

But, really, don'tcha think it's fun?

Day Light



By Betsy

Hello. Ya' know what one casket said to the other? That you coffin'? Things like that are why Emmie Osment follows me with a shovel—Can't stand to see that corn go to waste.

Just saw DeDe Bivins. DeDe was very happy 'cause some thoughtful soul had put her chapel seat back together. The back was out and DeDe thought that carrying a tennis racket to chapel every day to lean on would have some effect on her personality, not to mention her back.

Found Mildred Bethshares and a merry crew of athletes composed of Sarah Glenn, Jo-D Johnson, Ann Coleman and Jan Winters involved in a roaring game of slap-jack. From the sound it must have been strictly "anything goes," so in case you Agoras wonder what was on the floor of the club-house, 'twas only broken fingernails and blood. Incidentally, the Idiots Delight tournament will be held in the near future. Naturally, Bethshares is favored, but hot competition is expected to be given by such idiot's (delight fans, that is) as Polly Miles, Evelyn Nenon and the idiot who writes this column.

A funny, dah-dah! Denise Allen says, "Did you ever take chloroform, Gloria?" And Cherry's reply is, "No, who teaches it?"

Geneive Wolf and Georgia Hall were overheard bemoaning the sad tragedy of a flea. That is he knows for a certainty that all of his children are going to the dogs. Horrors.

Betty Bray has come up with what we consider this week's most profound statement. Betty says that a cold bath will be found more pleasant if made with cold water. Brr. That statement almost caused me to write a poem, but I ain't got no poetic talent.

Comment: Zounds, caught again. (Thats' right, Evelyn, crime does not pay.)

Did you know: That there are two chapel seats numbered 354 and Marie Brown sits in one? That the steps in club village are 12 inches apart? That there are twenty-five panes of glass in the lower part of the windows in the library? That this is all of this column for this week? Bye-bye Little Kiddies, and remember that there are only 123 studying days until exams.

Peggy Pics Pictures

PARAMOUNT: Saturday through Thursday the stars of "Going My Way" Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald present another hit movie, "Welcome Stranger". Joan Caulfield who won fame in "Monsieur Beaucaire" is billed with them.

LOEW'S: Thursday, "Desire Me". Greer Garson plays the leading role while Richard Hart (never heard of him!) and Robert Mitchum play opposite her.

KNICKERBOCKER: Sunday 'til Wednesday "The Lost Honeymoon", which is just a fill in until Thursday when the movie you've all wanted to see—and me, too!—"Life With Father"—seven RED HEADS. (No relation.)

BELMONT: "Saturday Nocturne" with Lynn Barry and George Raft is still here in Nashville. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, The Falcons Adventures—but special for all of you the charming story of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will be shown. Friday and Saturday: Stallion Road—seems to me I wrote about it last week.

BELLE MEADE: Saturday: The senator, that is, alias, Kenny Delmar in "It's a Joke, Son" will be showing only Saturday for you southern friends of the Senator. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday: "Moss Rose"—Vic Mature (he went to school with a maid we had). Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday: "Ladie's Man"—Cass Daily and Eddie Bracken.

MELROSE: Saturday, the Ghost and Mrs. Muir—as "just another Davis named Ginny" said, "Rex Harrison was some ghost". Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, "Dead Reckoning". Wednesday, "Dick Tracy vs. Q-Ball," for all the comic kids—this ought to be their meat! Thursday and Friday, "Moss Rose."

Peggy





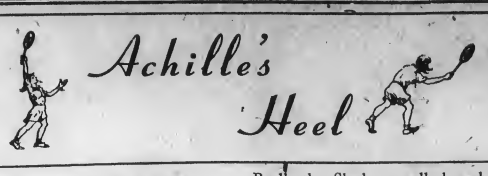
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Achilles-The Heel!

They say history always repeats itself. We say—repeat ! ! ! and what do you say? Listen my children and you shall deal with the case of Achilles Heel. As the court is called to order, the turbulant crown is finally subdued. Apollo, the prosecuting attorney, presents the case of that notorious Heel, Achilles. Nervously the defendant takes the stand and tremorously awaits the verdict. After all, could he help it if his heel was his weak spot? Even his knees were weak when Apollo concluded the reading of the case. The final plea was made. Will the jurors of this court grant this man his wish? Take a look at him and let your heart be veiled with sorrow. His eyes reveal the depths of darkening despair—his pulse seems to throb with a deepening anxiety, even his hair standeth on end and again he utters his plea: "Honest (gasp) I didn't mean it—I hadn't thought that it would (gasp, gasp) involve so many people—it was non-intentional, I swear it (gasp, gasp, gasp) by all thats "heely"—all I want is to change my name"—

You, the jurors of this case—are responsible for the final decision. Think it over—carefully. And if you have a brainstorm for a new title, send it through housemail to Chalmers or Lindgren—or put it in the publication office. There is a fine, upstanding, characteristic reward too, so please you all, make the case of the Heel open and shut. Before we are shut—out that is.—

The Shadow Knows

And now back to the "Shadow"—"evil lurks in the hearts of those" who fail to sign up for sports. After lengthy pleadings and promisings to participate in the various fall sports. "Ha! Ha! Ha! The managers *know*. Really tho, Shadows really have been haunting Miss Morrison and Mrs. Hall, with constant changing, and rechanging, scheduling, and re-scheduling and automatically answering, "Yes, several more have signed up." The Spirit and enthusiasm has really been grand on the part of all the new girls, even though they are up in the air with "ground sticks," and scoring, with Love, (in tennis that is.)

We're keeping our eyes on such dark horses as Jean Jewitt, Marlene Foote, Betty Luke, Sandy Britt, Mary Thompson, and Jackie Mitchell as Hockey stars.

Rusty Kelly has really been on the ball—in her racket, tennis, and leave us quote Rusty for emphasis's sake. "First matches must be played off by Tuesday. Be sure and know all the rules posted on the Athletic Bulletin Board—good luck to you all."

Smoke That Cig!

Have you noticed the Hygienic seniors curled up in a nicotine apoplexy lately? We'll have to invent a new de-niconitized cigarette 'n call it MuCar! (for Miss Mulleur and Carol). But since our brains won't figure, seniors have been forced to change to Pall Mall—"Lucky Strike has gone to war—teacher say to smoke MuCar." At least we thank 'em for one thing—it sure is good for those who need their wind to chase the hockey ball round the field. More lung power to you gals! Now lets see how those reports come out next week and who's using what for their "5 (five)—a day brand." Outcome printed next week.

One more reminder—don't forget to remember to solve that devastating, dramatic, dynamic and daring case of that heel—Achilles.

See you on the hockey field!
(See you in the infirmary.)
See you!

Fire Prevention Program Outlined

Mr. Dan Hicks, General Chairman of the Nashville Fire Prevention Week Committee, visited Ward-Belmont this week and stated the aims of Fire Prevention Week, October 5 to 11.

It will be necessary for all schools to have one fire drill per month, and all schools in Nashville will hear talks on the subject. The radio will carry talks also. In connection with this program, the department will stage demonstrations of the Hook and Ladder, and bon-fires. Many schools have set up fire patrols, and Mr. Hicks wishes that Ward-Belmont will have one again this year. This group will be in charge of the activities throughout the year.

He explained the reason Fire Prevention Week is held from October 5 to 11. It is commemoration of the Chicago Fire, October 19, 1871. Every year since that time, the week has been set aside for this purpose. President, Governors and Mayors have cooperated by sending out proclamations and notices.

Geniuses Wanted

Some of you new girls may still be in the dark about CHIMES, so this little note is to explain what you must do to have material accepted for publication. First, select a subject that will interest the student body. Second, add your name and class, and third, drop it to Jane Ellen Tye through House Mail, or leave it in the Publication office.

CHIMES wants poems, short stories, essays, themes, or even fragments. CHIMES is your magazine. Contribute!

Reverend Nooe Addresses Chapel

Reverend Roger T. Nooe, the speaker in Wednesday's chapel, is the pastor of the Vine Street Christian Church in Nashville.

Reverend Nooe was introduced to the students by Dr. R. C. Provine and he spoke on "Elements of Education."

The student body joined in singing a few religious songs and Reverend Nooe pronounced the benediction.

Mlle. Board

(Continued from Page 1)

shot and personal data to—The College Board Editor, *Mademoiselle*, 122 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

Here is your opportunity to earn and learn at the same time. All applications must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 1, 1947. Now is the time for all girls looking for a future career to get busy. The complete details are posted on the bulletin board in Blanton Academic Building.

Mademoiselle wants new College Board members so get busy and compete for the chance to go to New York for the month of June with your traveling expenses paid by *Mademoiselle*. Do not let this chance pass.

PREPARLANCE

Day Prep News

The third week of school and we're all alive and kicking! (at least some of us are . . .) We know our teachers . . . have received some of our grades . . . and we have already started putting off until tomorrow what we should have done today! It happens every time—and we always declare it won't be like this next month—but it is.

Talking 'bout such things, I wonder if you would know a question that I'm going to ask? Why is a certain Angkor never at school on Monday and Friday? Here's a hint . . . She's blond—5'5"—and she just *loves* to sleep!

Saw Nancy (I'm a deer) Wilkerson and Molly (Davidson) Brown sitting in the D. S. C. H. with the most mournful expressions I have ever seen. I asked the cause for such grief and both looked with tears in their eyes and said, "NO MAIL TODAY." Each has declared that the cause for the lack in one days mail is due to the paper shortage!

Senior Officers

We must also note the big event Thursday in senior class meeting. Senior officers were elected and the job was a mighty fine one . . . congrats, gals!

Have you noticed the expression of horror on the face of Govan Davidson, Ann Caldwell, Becky Hatchett and Ann Carr Young? The cause for this alarm was the discussion of combs . . . lipsticks . . . and compacts in Physiology class this past week. You explain the rest gals!

Overheard beeg plans for the tennis coming up in the near future. Julia Edwards, Clara McDonald, Betty Marshall and Jane McQuiddy seem to be wondering how the games will go. Good luck to all you "fiends."

Always Winners

Never say a W.-B. gal is defeated! I listened to some of the local gossip and find there are still a few that expect to make four big "A's" this coming report card. Mmm . . .

So work for the goal
Which is in every heart,
And you'll find W.-B.
Has you as a part!

Didn't know I was a poet—Did you . . . Well, I'm not . . . Just a bit of Shakespeare!

And Boarders Now

Now that Fag Day is over and everyone has been initiated into a club, things have settled down and the time is flying by. Soon those monthly grades will be coming out, too soon, in fact.

We are glad to see Jo Byrd back again. Poor thing had her appendix removed. Seems no worse for the wear and tear though.

Sunday night vespers were held in the sitting room. Martha Ann Rogers and Rose Fulghum officiated. Cherry Walls played. It was one of the nicest vespers I've seen. Very informal you know, and everyone just wore pajamas. The vespers were put on by the high school "Y."

Well, well, gym classes start this week. From now until June we will all be running ourselves ragged every afternoon on the athletic field. With hockey, swimming, golf, tennis, bowling, basketball, I'm sure we will all be getting our quota of exercise. I hope the dining room knows about all these vigorous physical activities that are getting underway this week.

Dancing Again

The first Castle Heights dance of the year was held Friday night. From all reports I gather that it was a great success. The Academy hasn't been blessed with my presence as yet so all I get is second-hand news. I do know that everyone is waiting for the next C. H. M. A. party to come along.

We want to say thanks to Miss Ordway and Mrs. Souby for the long Thanksgiving week end we can take. That is something we are all glad to see and I know we can put it into use. You should hear some of the plans that are developing for that week end.

Hardie Newton held her first Senior Class meeting the other day. Mrs. Rassmussen is our sponsor again. We are awfully glad to have her. She made such a grand sponsor last year. Welcome back, Mrs. Rassmussen. I know we will have a great class this year with you as our sponsor.

Some Poetry?

Poem: High School days are the best of all
But somehow I wish it were
Spring instead of Fall.

Everyone has been asking what happened to my column in last week's HYPHEN. Well, kids, it's like this. We don't want to run a good thing into the ground, do we? Besides, Joyce said it was degrading to the paper and that once in a while was often enough. I simply don't know what she means by that, do you?

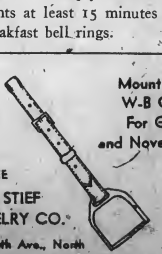
(I retract that statement—ed.)

Well, it's time to pull out my red flannels. I feel a cold wave setting in. Anyway, Sarah Jane says deadline or no deadline I simply must turn out the lights at least 15 minutes before the breakfast bell rings.



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Senior Week

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Mid Elections

VOLUME XXXVI — SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1947 — NUMBER 5

Senior Class Goals Presented in Chapel

Harton Heads Monday Chapel

The Senior Class of 1948 was recognized formally by Dr. Provine Monday, October 6, 1947. Laddie Harton, president of the class, was in charge of the meeting and presented the class to Dr. Provine. She announced the goals of the Seniors this year. They are Realization of Opportunity, Sincerity, Loyalty, Honor, and Cooperation. Laddie explained that those particular goals had been chosen because they typify all the Ward-Belmont ideals.

Betty Hall Shepherd, vice-president of the class, discussed Realization of Opportunity. Loyalty was Margie Elias' topic. She is the Senior class secretary. Our Day-Student Treasurer, DeDe Bivins, spoke on Sincerity, and the importance of it in our daily lives.

Helen McGuire, Boarding Student Treasurer, talked on honor. This is especially important since our student government is based on this characteristic. The Sergeant-at-Arms, Betsy Clifford, discussed cooperation —without which none of our goals could be accomplished. The Seniors concluded by singing their class song.



Laddie Harton



Challie Thornton

Senior Devotional Led by Thornton

Senior Devotional was held in chapel last Wednesday at 12:30, under the direction of Laddie Harton.

The program opened with the Organ Prelude played by Mr. Henkle, followed by the Call to Worship and Sentence Prayer and a Scripture reading by Laddie Harton.

A vocal solo, The Beatitudes by Molotte, followed with Steve Ann Akin singing.

Challie Thornton, president of the Y. W. C. A. organization at Ward-Belmont was the speaker. The title of her speech was, "Might, Knowledge, Goodness these things. But the Greatest of these . . ."

She based it upon the three creeds of humanity. The first, Might Makes Right. In this she showed how the ancient warrior and "strong man" ruled the world and all its events. She raised the question whether or not the United States was right in this past war because it had a great show of might on its side.

The second creed was, Knowledge is Power. Again she brought out the historical references and applications to this theory. Once more she stressed the question, "Were we entirely in the right during th last war, merely because we had the knowledge of all the great minds on our side?"

Finally, the third creed, Goodness is Greatness. She quoted on this subject, "He who would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all."

New Members of Choir Announced By Mr. Dalton

The new members of the college choir were announced by Mr. Sydney Dalton this week. They were chosen in try-outs that have been held during the past two weeks. However, applications will be accepted for one more week. All former members who are not listed below are welcome and asked to contact Mr. Dalton at once. Rehearsals for the Christmas Program have started.

First Sopranos are: Ray Elms, Dorothy Bradley, Barbara Ann Black, Jean Fergus, Robin Ragen, Betty Coad, Pat Hoffhein, Joyce Potts, Sylvia Stahlman, Mary Ellen Clements, Phyllis Poller, Joella Blache and Grace Harding.

Second Sopranos: Marjorie Jensen, Martha Lu Chambers, Gerry Benger, Ann Watters, Sara Ann Jones, Joan Fergus, Joan MacLeish and Nancy Davies.

First Altos: Sophie Gounos, Gloria Byrd, Betty Bush, Mary Dell Wilson, Carolyn George, Mary Ann Reid and Betsy Dodge.

Second Altos: Marni Stenson, Margaret Jo Dooby, Sandra Britt, Becky Brown, Kathryn Marie Smith, Carroll Mattingly, Ella Brooks, Jess Westphal, Evelyn Paty and Betty Rhea.

Dean Stresses Class Attendance

Dean Chiles VanAntwerp talked on scholastic rules pertaining to every Ward-Belmont student in Tuesday Chapel. He stressed that class attendance should be regular. Cuts are to be used in emergencies only and not for back-work. Infirmary visits do not count cuts, but must be considered as lost time. Dean VanAntwerp said, "Cuts are to be used as life-preservers. Cuts do not have to be used." Absence slips are to be taken to Mrs. Smelser's office in the basement of Hail Hall.

All girls are urged to try to make the honor roll. If there is any question about absences or about scholastic difficulties they may be straightened out in the office of the Dean. Dean VanAntwerp expressed this wish, "I hope you are reasonably happy in your present classes."

Naiades Meet to Plan Year's Events

Janet Young presided over the first meeting of the Naiades, which was held October 3rd in the Hygiene room. At the meeting, the requirements for membership were discussed and a constitution is being planned.

The club is planning to take in about thirty-five new members. Try-outs are being held now.

The date of the water show has not been decided, but it will be held around March 1st.

Speech Club Holds Elections

New officers for the Speech Club were elected Wednesday, October 1 at a called meeting. Heading the club for the year will be President Betty Hall Shepherd, Vice-President Juan Stroube and Treasurer Jan Denham.

This year the president, first vice-president and treasurer were elected from the second year speech students. The officers of second vice-president and sergeant-at-arms will be elected from the first year group at a later date. The club will announce their plans for the coming year soon.

Chemistry Club Plans Activities

In an organization meeting, October 7, the Chemistry Club elected the officers for the coming year. Officers chosen were Virginia Englett, president; Neilyn Griggs, vice-president; Margie Elias, secretary; Pat Mathias, treasurer.

After election of officers, Miss Neal, sponsor of the club, told of her trip abroad, laying stress on England, France, and Switzerland.

At the next meeting the refreshment and program committees are to be chosen.

Plans were outlined for a party in the spring and a trip will be made to a factory to observe chemical processes.

Begin Now!

Something very new, exciting, and different has been added. Gather 'round chilun . . . seems the English Department has just announced a contest to give a prize to the Senior-Mid who has collected the best personal library at W.-B. The winner will be chosen after Easter holidays. Get busy now, Mids and get that book you've been wanting!!

Captivators Add New Members

The Captivators, the W.-B. orchestra, has been organized this year under the leadership of Fran Doolin, the director.

Assisted by Miss Cutchins, they have selected the following girls as members: Vocalists: Steve Ann Akin, Martha Nell Blackburn, and Mary Dell Wilson. Piano: Martha Jo Furr. Clarinets: Barbara Bull, Betty Barrier, Sue Morton, Dorothy Bradley, and Fredia Boyer. Saxophones: Martha Nell Blackburn, Sue Morton, and Wanda Merrill. Violins: Bess Benson, and Jo Ann Fergus. Drums: Sue Glick. Marimba: Marjorie Glass.

The practices began this week and will continue throughout the following year. Later they give a Chapel program.

Fran Doolin, leader of the Captivators, gave some solo numbers on her saxophone at the Senior Class picnic. "Stardust," "Whispering," and "I'll See You In My Dreams," were among the numbers she played.

Miss Neal Speaks To French Club

Le Circle Francais, sponsored by Dr. Givens, held its first meeting Thursday, October 2, in the Anti-Pan house.

Miss Curley Neal, the guest speaker, told highlights of her trip to Europe this summer. She visited England, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, and France. While in England she spent the night in a Medieval Castle. She told of the changes of food that she noticed in the various countries. A side trip of interest was a visit she payed to a champagne factory where they had twelve miles of bottles.

The meeting was conducted by Ge Ann Ingersoll, vice-president. As the president did not return, a committee was chosen to elect a new chairman.

"Fine, Thank You Mam" He Always Grins in Answer

By Ella Brooks

Ursery — Now of all the new names I'd heard around here, this certainly was a new one! However, it wasn't long until I found a man who spoke the magic words when I asked him who he was. He answered "Fine, thank you mam" and I knew I had at last come to the end of my search.

Naturally, I asked him what his real name was and he replied that it was "Marshall Ursery," that is up until sixteen years ago when "Ursery" came to W-B and became, well, just Ursery. My following question was very simple, I thought, but when I asked him what his official title was and just exactly what he did his exact words were "Ah often wonder." At this rate I was about to be demoted to chief desk-duster around the Hyphen office; so we worked to qualify his statements until we had something even you, dear reader, can understand.



Marshall Ursery

There used to be a superintendent to do the job that Ursery is doing now, but that was several years ago and now there is no superintendent but Ursery "hires and fires," projects in the projection room and is just all over the campus at once. Now I'm sure you all know just what he is—yeah, so do I! I do know that he does a big job and he has really earned the office that is now his across from the package room.

You see, when Ursery lived in St. Louis, he worked as a stock clerk for one of the big department stores there, and he made quite a large salary. (He is the only Negro stock clerk they have ever hired.) He worked there for seven years and then his mother and sister moved here and when Ursery's sister, who oper-

(Continued on page 4)

Jingling the News

By Jet

Orchids to you wonderful bunch of gals
Who make the gold and white so great
Here's to you, the Senior Class of 1948.

Think on These Things

According to Mrs. Wiggs, "It ain't no use putting up your umbrella till it rains. There ain't no use dying 'fore your time comes. Looks like everything in the world comes right, if we wait long enough."

That Glorious Spirit

This has been the Seniors' week to honor and be honored. It has been an annual tradition at Ward-Belmont. During this week the Senior class is recognized by the school and leads the social functions. It is a tribute to the Senior class and a pledge to Ward-Belmont.

This year, as in years before, the seniors presented a platform. It consists of the ideals which will constitute the aims of the Senior class. The aims are not only ideals; they are typifications of the spirit of Ward-Belmont. We must live up to the Senior pledge of 1948, to build Ward-Belmont, and to build yourselves.

The Senior class is being honored by being allowed to pay its tribute and fulfill its pledge for the year of 1947-48.

Deep in Your Heart

This great truth was written by Kahil Cibran: "When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy." To those who have experienced a great tragedy, this philosophy has already taken form. But let us talk in terms of the school campus where the greatest sorrow is the night before an exam, or the most painful experience that of listening to the roommates above you move furniture at night. Don't complain or fuss. It is this part of school life that you will remember and smile about.

"When you sorrowfully look again in your heart, you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight." It is always the lovely things in your life with which it seems hard to part. While school may mean only struggling work and strict rules now, all that will dissolve when we play that important part in Step Singing and in Commencement. School life does hold anxieties but, it will also hold many of our happiest moments.

Jerce's Diction

Senior Week has come and blazed it's memorable way into the past. It was a treasured week never to be forgotten and especially will linger the goose-bumps felt when our beautiful Senior Song was sung in chapel Monday for the first, really official time! There is no more wonderful feeling I have ever known, than that of being a Senior at Ward-Belmont! AND THAT'S FOR SURE!

To the Art Department go my apologies for omitting the name of Miss Susan Russell from the list of new faculty several issues back. Twas merely an over-sight! Speaking of over-sights, I nearly had one last week, while proof-reading the paper, which would have caused a mild sensation . . . reason? One headline on the proof read: Meal Cut Plan Honored At Tea! We hardly go to that extreme!

This warm weather is giving me spring fever in advance . . . or it easily could do so if these monthly tests were not so busy giving me apoplexy! Where, oh where has my play time gone ? ? ? And where, incidentally, has this evening gone? What with Lebie giving Bunny mild hysteria, Jill examining her soon-to-depart tonsils, Jackie attempting to learn to read; Krenzer in her p.j.'s, cartooning; Ella and her cracks; the Senior Symphony rehearsing in the near-by smoker, and me trying to concentrate through it all, it has been quite an evening . . . but a very fine, fun one. Oh, that these Tuesday evenings would last forever!



Magnolia Among Her Souvenirs

If You Can't Sleep, Don't Despair; Rules Below Show Cure That's Rare!

By Jean Hamilton

Four years of high school homework, a radio and my procrastinative nature have all combined to make me the victim of that blood-shot-eyed demon—insomnia. It all started with the appearance of a radio beside my bed. Naturally, I found it much more pleasant to switch on Bob Hope or Jack Benny, and delay the monotony of studying until the wee, small hours. Late hours have become such a habit that when I retire early, I cannot go to sleep.

Through enthusiastic friends and eager magazine articles, I have learned and tried at least a dozen pet remedies: relaxing the body "piece by piece" (from eyebrows to toenails); thinking about absolutely nothing; sleeping propped up on two or three pillows; sleeping with no pillow; and, of course, counting the inevitable sheep. I have tried them all, and always with the same result: I concentrate so hard on the cure that I find myself more wide-awake than ever.

Following all these discouraging failures, I have formulated my own method of getting to sleep. In case you too are having trouble in getting to sleep these autumn nights, I hereby present the steps of the Hamilton Method—unconditionally guaranteed to cure all types of insomnia, or double your tuition back.

1. Awaken at seven a.m.—promptly. If you happen to attend a boarding school, some sort of melodious alarm will no doubt be provided.

2. As soon as you have gone to sleep, firm in the conviction that it is still dark outside, ask your mother (or roommate) to reawaken you—gently. (cold water in the face will do) at exactly 7:28.

3. Eat a hearty breakfast at 7:30.

4. Cut you way into a crowded, smoke-filled room and inhale the beneficial tobacco fumes until your breath comes only in short rasping gasps, or even gasping rasps.

5. Return at once to your room, make your bed, straighten up the room, and glance over the homework you should have done the night before.

6. At 8:45, indulge in some violent form of exercise—hockey, for instance.

7. After you last class, take a long hike through a park—or college campus—and classify every tree you pass.

8. If your dinner is served at, say, 6:15, return to your room at 6:10, thus allowing ample time to bathe and dress.

9. After dinner, join in a young people's "community sing," in which you may have the opportunity of harmoniously shouting such old favorites as "The Eyes of Texas."

10. Do about two-and-a-half hours of intensive homework. (NOTE: This step is optional, and may be substituted by two-and-a-half hours of letter-writing, movie-going, or fat-chewing. But under no circumstances must you rest.)

11. At about ten o'clock, run, do not walk, to the nearest tea room for nourishment, and perhaps more lung exercise.

12. Join your friends in several rubbers of bridge.

13. Run rapidly up the stairs to your room a few seconds before room check.

14. Fall gracefully into bed.

Four weeks of college homework, a couple of slap-happy Nightwatchmen, and my ever-present procrastination have not encouraged getting to bed—but my insomnia is going . . . going . . . gone—to the highest bidder—life at W.-B.

Belle Of Ward-Belmont


Laddie Harton

"Hmmm? Oh, pardon the yawn, but its' so early in the mornin', and I'm always so sleepy, when I get up . . . Oh, really? You mean you want to know about me?" Immediately those sleepy brown eyes began to rise and shine. Laddie Harton beamed, and began to radiate her sunny personality over all, and so early in the morning!

"Oh, really! This is so thrilling—Well, ah just have loads to say, I think, but where to begin—oh, my family—you really should meet my family. Please do come to Tullahoma; no Tullhoma, Tennessee, to see them. Do try to, they're so wonderful! I have two of the best sisters, and the best brother anyone could have—and they're all so crazy . . . What?

(Continued on page 3)

Po'ms 'Bout People

By Bessie

Today, kiddies, we shall have a lesson in poetry. You know, of course, that poetry s what pomes are when they're good. Maybe this will just be a lesson in pomes. Anyway, I shall attempt to give you the distinct types of pomes, the best of which are about people.

FIRST THERE IS THE SHORT, TO-THE-POINT-POME:

Ginger comes from Buenos Aires
Down Argentina way
Her name is really (Vollenweider, that is)
And we like her more each day.

THEN THERE IS THE DESCRIPTIVE POME:

Marie is only five feet tall
With a grin from ear to ear
And when we hear a piano play
We know that Bergh is here.

THERE ARE BRIEF, BUT INFORMATIVE POMES:

On the back of a horse
She spends her days
She's from way out West
And she's named Sue Hays.

OR THE LONG EPIC TYPE:

Big brown eyes, a sincere look
Always writing pomes in her French book,
Or running about with a tennis racket—
Why, it's Carol Kessler in that tan jacket!

AND WE MIGHT DISCUSS THE SATIRICAL POME:

Radio mysteries
The more murders the better.
Jennalee (Butch) Moore
Likes them deader and deader.

NOW THE FLATTERING POME: (SVEA OWES ME TWO-BITS)

Svea Ogg is a genius, no doubt
She takes chemistry in her stride
And at writing, too, she's quite good.
Ah, such brillance is hard to hide.

AND WE COME ACROSS THE NONDESCRIPT POME:

Connie Cureton is a Texas gal
With a scarf about her neck
She's cute as a bug and friendly, too,
But ain't we all, by heck!
(Plug paid for by 658 of the Texas girls)

THIS IS CALLED "BLANK VERSE":

Who is it we see
In her long plaid skirt
It's Barbara Barnes from New York
Who else?

P. S. AUTHOR'S NOTE:

To my victims I say
If I have caused much sorrow
Then please arrange a duel
And don't shoot me 'til tomorrow.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Ann

Have you seen me hanging on your wall? How many times a day do you look at me? Are you pleased when you do? I wonder—My name is Mamie Mirror, and I'm at your service, always. Today there have been so many girls looking at me; I can really say I saw some "mighty fine" looking clothes. I wish I could wear them instead of my black wooden band.

While Cora Moss Bell was fixing her hair, I got a good look at her new dark grey wool suit. The skirt was straight except for two small kick pleats in front, and was belted with a narrow red belt. The jacket was of the new boxy style, but not one of those long ones. The silver buttons marched all the way up the front and fastened the neck, which was a Peter Pan collar. Today Cora had the neck open, and was wearing a white blouse with a mammoth red chiffon bow—very cute. The sleeves of the jacket were tight at the cuffs which turned back.

Just as Jenalee Moore was dashing out of her room on her way to dinner, she passed my view. I saw that she was wearing a light blue wool dress which brought out the blue of her eyes. All over the dress were small gold stars. The skirt was flared, attached to the bodice by a self belt. With this Jenalee wore a gold link choker and bracelet to match. Her roommate, Lydia Vollenweider, also stood in my view as she sent on a slight touch of perfume. She was wearing a white silk dress with a unique figure of red, blue, yellow, and green. The dress was made with a tight round neck and cap sleeves. The skirt was very full and fastened with a red braided belt.

A few minutes later I saw Sally Carus' new dark aqua velveteen suit. Sally looked mighty fine in it. The jacket was extremely long, doubled breasted, and had wide reveres. It was fastened by two white buttons at the waist. The skirt, as all the suit skirts I've seen lately, was straight. With this outfit Sally wore a dusty pink silk blouse, which was a sensation itself. It had long sleeves, a high round collar fastened by a narrow grosgraine ribbon. Down the front of the blouse was two rows of very dainty lace ruffling. My, my, it looked good enough to eat. Then I saw Dot Funke passing by (why can't I turn my gaze, instead of looking just forwards?) Dot was wearing a cinnamon brown crepe dress, with long, full sleeves. The skirt also was very full. I thought that brown dress bore out Dot's exquisite dark features.

Mirror Sees More . . .

There has been so much color coming before my glassy eyes, but brightness always makes me look twice. Diana Morgan popped up before me, so I stared right back at her. She was wearing a tomato red wool dress with one of those Chinese collars. The front of the bodice was fastened by four large gold coin buttons. The skirt was straight, and the sleeves were small capped. With this dress Diana wore a large gold sword and sheath pin—very clever.

As Diana passed out of my view, in came Nettie Jean Blake in a smooth looking black crepe ensemble. The neck was very high and round, but the bodice was decorated by a silver design in the shape of flowers. This extended from the left shoulder to below the right sleeve. The skirt was perfectly plain except for a drape down the front; and the sleeves were capped only, like the Dolphin style.

Before I closed my eye upon all these beautiful clothes, I saw Kacky Smith in a beautiful light grey wool suit. The jacket was short in length, but tight with a flare at the back. It was double-breasted and fastened by two rows of small silver buttons. The sleeves were tight and had large cuffs of black velveteen fastened at intervals by more silver buttons. The skirt to this suit was flared with a dip in back. With this outfit "Kacky" wore a grey half hat with a small brim which was trimmed with heavy black net.

Now I must close my single eye for now, but what I have seen! MY! My! See you soon, I hope.



Rained Into the Tea-Hole, The Seniors Nevertheless Enjoy Their Picnic

Senior Picnic Held in Tea Room

The annual Senior Class picnic was held Tuesday, October 7, in the Tea Hole, due to rain. This event was an important event in the Senior Week.

Committees were appointed by Laddie Harton, President of the Senior Class. Those on the food committee were: Mary Jane Carnes, chairman, Sara Ann Jones, and Betty Shoemaker. The entertainment committee was: Mary Jo Lemaster, chairman, Martha Jo Furr, Marilyn Miller, Sue Dell Brewer, Betsy Buchannan, and Jo Ann Sisk. The invitation committee consisted of: Ann Greenlee, chairman, Carolyn George, and Mary Simms.

Guests attending the picnic were the House Mothers of the Senior Halls; Mrs. Kannon, Mrs. Meek, Mrs. Love, and Mrs. Eastin. Also present were Miss Martha Ordway, dean of students and Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Provine.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

Yes, I guess you could say they're just like me—and oh, my parents, and those football games, and our house with those beautiful white pillars—I miss them all so; but when I'm home I miss the school 'and all so'!"

And thats' the way Laddie, the senior class president, reacts to all the problems presented to her. She literally bubbles, babbles, and flows from place to place as smoothly as the course of a brook, taking all in her stride, enclosing all types of situations, yet still calmly—and collectively—seeing that all feats are accomplished in proper fashion. And her course winds many ways! It is not at all unusual to see her skittering in and out of Miss Neal's room, or to that Baptist church down the way, or the Y-room, or out collecting info for the Nature Club, or doing odd jobs for any of P-T's affairs. Maybe she pauses for a second to catch her breath (I couldn't be sure, I know I've never seen her stop), but she's twirling on to something else. At present, she's very excited about that date to the Sewanee dance—do you blame her—because the boy who asked her is the *best* jitterbug, "and really, you've just got to have a good jitterbug for a partner, and especially because I lu-u-u-ve to jitterbug, and, yes, you know how that step goes . . . like this . . . oh, you mean you have a new record? Can I come down and dance to it? Ooh! That rhythm!" She's off again.

Yes, it's a good thing she loves living—and it's a good thing she's an optimist, and it's a good thing she goes to Ward-Belmont, for she is "the spirit of old '48," the popular and versatile gal who plays the pipe to lead the school to fame and renown.

Round Table Club Begins Activities

The Round Table Club opened its program for this year with the first of the monthly chapel speakers, Congressman Priest. This was a part of the World Affairs study.

The Round Table will meet October 14. The subject is Inflation and the panel will consist of Anne Morgan, president; Mary Ellen McMurray, vice-president; Louise Boone, secretary; Katherine Manier, treasurer.

The meeting October 14 will be in the Tea Room from 6 to 8 p.m. Reservations may be made with any one of the above officers. The meeting is open to everyone.





- Green suede with green calf
- Green suede with tan calf
- Black bucko with tan calf
- Black bucko with black calf
- Antique red clef
- Antique tan clef

8.95

Baynham's

223 [illegible] Ave. N.



By Carolyn

News, I have decided, travels more slowly than the usual rumor runs. Weeks have passed and still no material for one non-established exchange column! But digging into the far corner of the Publications office I rescued a few dusty, summer issues of several college newspapers. Thought you might like to catch up on the news from other college campuses—There are other campuses than W.-B. you know ! ! !

I find we weren't the only college to initiate the Senior advisor play with Orientation. (Since this column is "brand new," we can still write about Orientation). *Our Lady of the Lake,* a college in San Antonio, contains news of Senior girls living in Freshman halls—a help to Texas gals, too.

Here's a suggestion from Alabama we might try. "College Cuties Commence Clothes Contest." Whew—what a head. The only rules are (1) everyone enters, and (2) nobody snoops to find the secret judge. *Alabama College* is also trying the W.-B. idea of a C. G. O. suggestion box. From all reports theirs is working as well as ours.

Depend on *L. S. U.* to have the most startling university news. "Men to Outnumber Women Over 3 to 1." Wonder if the Hyphen will ever carry such a headline?

Meatless Tuesday, eggless Wednesday is being observed by other colleges in the U. S. The editor of CAMPUS COMMENTS, *Mary Baldwin College,* Staunton, Virginia, writes of their efforts to conserve the nation's food supply. So don't feel W.-B. girls will be the only ones to do without that special T-Bone steak or breakfast fried egg.

A musical item from Ohio's *The Akron Buchtelite* clicks with an opinion from our campus. They vote the King Cole Trio to be tops—O. K. by you all?

Dancing Too!

Seniors, remember all the square dancing we did Tuesday night? Well in *Montevallo* (you had better thank me for all this publicity) they have deserted the Birmingham Hop in favor of the Virginia Reel. They have these old fashion dances several times a week. Would be fun, Wouldn't it?

Hollins College, Virginia, begins their big Y. W. C. A. drive the last of October—just as we plan to do! And they also plan to make their membership one hundred per cent—just as we are going to do!

More next time—Promise! By then we'll have news from all your other favorite colleges—*Gulf Park, Sullins, Stephens, Randolph Macon, Smith* and all universities.

I have only one regret, this week there is no news to report to you from MISSOURI. (Plug, that is).

Perhaps we'll even find a stray copy from Harvard, West Point, or Yale, O. K.?

Harveys Has it

Achille's Heel

By Fay 'n Lindgren

Well, ye old hockey season has finally rolled around, and the ditches in the field show that the sticks are really being wielded with interest. Of course no balls have been put in play yet, but with a good imagination, many of the enthusiasts dribbling non-existent balls to unguarded goals, show a great deal of promise. Carolyn Hahn, Betty Luke and Jean Jewett were swinging their stick like scythes; and when they connect, opposing team, watch out! Those of you who have never taken hockey may wonder what it's all about, but in due time that sore back and arm will really be in the swing of things. Of course you may not be able to walk for days, but that is only a minor sacrifice the true sportsman, or should we say woman, must make.

Promising—Hockey

The spirit and energy with which all you girls are displaying leads us to believe the hockey tournament will be packed full of excitement and anticipation. Much preparation must go into the making of a good hockey team, and the early morning practices and nightly runs around the circle will help to put you in top form. Cooperation, too, is one of the most important factors necessary, and before you know it that will be as much a part of your training as the elementary rudiments of hockey.

But enough of this preaching, all of you will soon find it out. Now you are no doubt in a confused state of mind concerning shin guards (please, they are not to be worn as ear rings, Chinky) and shins (yes, that cast is most becoming, goes with your eyes), and last but not least, positions. As one recruit remarked—now since the halfbacks guard the forwards, the forwards block the backs, and the fulls interchange with the half, how can a back guard a forward, blocking a back if a full is backing a back? What confuses me, most is I'm playing goalie . . .

Back to Tennis

That's not much, so lets go on back to the tennis courts. After watching Jane Gross and Ruby Jo Dabney slamming the ball back and forth we are expecting to see them still slamming near the semi-finals, which, by the way, are not too far off. The second round must be played off by next Tuesday, so keep the balls flying and Miss Hall posted as to winners of matches.

The ole' swimming hole is open for tryouts for Naides, and Janet Young, president, asks that all of you interested in form swimming be sure and enter. The water show, culminating many weeks practice, is one of the most spectacular events on campus, and provides fun for spectators and members.

Zeee New Bosses

Now we want to extend congratulations to all new athletic managers. They are: Hockey, Barbara Nelson; Tennis, Rusty Kelley; Swimming, Janet Young; Bowling, Nettie Blake; Basketball, Sue Dell Brewer; Baseball, Betsy Buchannan; Archery, Dot Dyer and Track, Betsy Clifford. All of you, we know, will do a grand job in managing these sports.

That about does it—and us—after that Senior Picnic tonite—we still have to wipe the pie off our faces, replace the bones after Virginia Reeling and recuperate from stuffing ourself with fried chicken.

Musicians—Come!

There will be a Music Club meet-Monday night, October 13 at 7 P. M. in the chapel. All music and conservatory students are invited to attend in order that organization and membership may be completed.

Dean Irwin

Hyphen Staff Is Now Completed

New girls interested in earning a position on the Hyphen staff have been working regularly on the last three issues.

Jane Faulk, Senior, was appointed to the position of Circulation Manager, while the new girls working in the Circulation Department are Lee Henry, Mary Jane Bull, Nancy Avis, Mildred Jones, and Jean Smiley, all Senior-Mids.

The new cartoonists are Norma Jean Krenzer, and Kay Bond.

The new columnists are Peggy Blowers, Betsy Buchannan, both Seniors, Gloria Gordon, and Judy Merrick.

Betty Sheppard, Nancy Cook, Sarah Ann Jones, Seniors, Peggy Muessel, Barbara Bull, Mary Martin, Wilma Mathews, Pat Crowe, Gerry Pauley, and Jean Frantz, all Senior-Mids, are new writers.

Among the feature writers we find Nancy Groble, Swede Clark, Bunny Haller, Betty Lou Brown, Jo Holcomb, Shirley Roosevelt, Joyce Calloway, Ella Brooks, and Jill Foddrill, Senior-Mids.

Joyce Potts, Cathryn Cox, Betty Jo Fuller, Jackie Watkins, Senior-Mids, and Anne Polk, Senior, are the Hyphen typists.

"Fine Thank You"

(Continued from Page 1)

ates a beauty school, got married, Ursery's mother asked him to come here. Ursery came here to drive a truck at $11.50 a week and from there he has successively gone "up the ladder."

A certain club was "having a week end" near White Bluff, Ursery was driving the truck with the food in it, and talking to the maid who was telling him about all the snakes that thrive there in the state park where they are going. Now Ursery is no coward, but a snake is a snake, and Ursery was in a very nervous state by the time he had finished his rounds for the night and was ready to go back to his own cabin. He pumped up his lamp and inspected every nook and cranny he was quite sure that there was nothing under the bed too, so he blew out his lamp and went to bed. No sooner had he drowsed than a horrible pain shot up his leg from his toe and there was a kind of buzzing. Ursery was halfway back to W-B when he remembered there were more snakes outside than inside (some reasoning!) and stopped long enough to see that it was no snake that had attacked him, but a wasp! Of course, I asked him what he did about the wasps but he replied like a he-man saying that he was so relieved that it wasn't a snake he just left the whole wasps nest there on the foot of the bed.

Ah L'amour! I almost forgot. Ursery is "going steady." He hasn't had enough time in the last sixteen years to get married tho. His hours are from 7:30 to 7:30 or later. Uncle Willie's poem!

Uncle Willie works
From dusk 'til dawn,
But Ursery's work
Is NEVER done.

Mehitabel Says

"A pretty girl is like a melody"—what more simple, but elogant tribute to a ladies charm has ever been offered? Yet, upon close examination of this loving declaration we discover many well-concealed complexities! Just what kind of women can be fustifiably be placed under this term "pretty."

Tips on Looks

Glamour magazine will rejoice to find recognition and approval, by W.-B.'s renowned Mehitabel, of an article presented in this month's issue of said publication, entitled, "358 Tips on Good Looks."

One of the first points raised was the culmination of a serene, unruffled and composed look. Any man will confess that nothing enhaves a woman's charm as much as calm, quiet poise. Suggestions were even offered to invent a desire of achieving the "personality-must." Relaxation might be the basic factor in pondering the peace of mind that walks hand in hand with the ideal composure.

Other beauty hints concerned general appearance including old and new tricks for that special touch to your shampoo-sets, sun baths, application and removal of make-up, and exercises to help keep the body beautiful that way!

Not that I would take it upon myself to presume that a W.-B. Belle would follow a diet of eggs, milk, rye bread, fruits and vegetables, merely for the sake of sparkling eyes, a smooth complexion, and lots of ginger and pep ! ! ! It's no groundless theory that well-balanced meals improve our dispositions, either.

Graceful and Pretty

I hope that my mentioning that "pretty is as pretty does," and that manners which are graceful and poised are "a-to-be-reserved" asset does not seem superflous. Reflecting good breeding on one's home and school has been greatly stressed by my mother all my life.

Maybe my Mother was strait-laced and old-fashioned, but she always maintained that a woman possessing any trace of inherent culture would at best display a touch of modesty in her behavior, showing her good breeding.

And Then Courtesy

Gracious courtesy will never be an out-moded virtue—so some of us might as well stop long enough to face the fact that an air of debonair self-suffering will not always see us through.

Any girl who isn't a base deceiver will acknowledge (unwillingly perhaps) that she has a cherished dream of "and they lived happily ever after" throughout her infancy, and matured it to full bloom the last few years, suppealing the boy next door as the strategic captivator of the much-sought-for heart—provided by herself, of course!

Attaining the crown of womanhood is not an easy task, but wearing it is even more difficult! No preparation can be too extensive, so let's not put off 'til next year what we can start right now!

Peggy Pics Pictures

BELMONT: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday: "Moss Rose" starring Vic Mature and Peggy Cummings; Wednesday, again, another plea to all you southerners, "The Senator," played by Kenny Delmar has been put into a picture for the Southern Americans to see-any northerners will not be permitted-by the way, the name is "It's a Joke, Son". Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—Now this ought to be a movie that will put you in a mood, a good mood, that is—"Ladies Man" Eddie Bracken must be the man—Cass Daily—not sure!

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday: Well, "Ladies Man" is being shown here also. Wednesday; Les Miserables—sounds French to me, but I'm taking Spanish, so—. Thursday, Friday and Sautrday: Now if some of you haven't out grown those thrilling adventure movies of Tarzan you used to see—"Tarzan and the Huntress" is coming.

PARAMOUNT: "Welcome Stranger" will be held over until October 14. This movie has everything; humor, conflict, love, and human interest that envelop everyone who see the movie. You'll come out laughing and happy and feeling glad that you made "Welcome Stranger" your choice—we did.

LOWE'S: The "Unfinished Dance" will be shown until next Wednesday. Remember the issue of Life when Margaret O'Brien was featured in a ballet costume. She's dancing now. It ought to be good to see how the child wonder plays this part!

KNICKERBOCKER: "Life with Father"—William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Elizabeth Taylor—all have red hair! This play was on Broadway for years and now we all have the opportunity to see it on the screen.

Peggy



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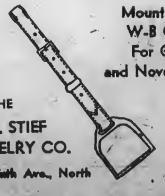
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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Is Coming

VOLUME XXXVI — SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1947 — NUMBER 6

Gullett and Kelley Lead Senior-Mid Class

Conservatory of Music Adds New Senior Quartet

The Senior Quartet, a new organization, has been added to the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music. Mrs. John Van Sickle announced this new feature on October 10.

This Senior Quartet is composed entirely of Seniors in college. The purpose of this quartet is to fulfill engagements for small gatherings, both on and off campus. The repertoire of the quartet shall consist of semi-classical, semi-popular, and a few sacred numbers.

The newly chosen members of the Senior Quartet are: Phyllis Potter, soprano; Sarah Ann Jones, second soprano; Carolyn George, first alto; Gloria Byrd, second alto; and the accompanist for the group will be Evelyn Paty.

This quartet is under the direction of Mrs. Van Sickle.

Home Ec. Club Has Formal Initiation

Monday night was the formal initiation of the Home Economics Club. The new members were dressed in white for the candlelight service.

The following girls were taken in as members: Beverly Crawford, Mary Claire Tanner, Betty Bunch, Pat Dalfuss, Jody White, Patty Hart, June Brant, Janice Mayne, Norine Van Hyning, Jane Dance, Sarah Prentiss, Hazel Moore, Kathryn Lynch, Cora Beth Anderson, Peggy Wise, Perale Tuckie, Martia Holt, Peggy Faulconer, Cardine Smith, Sandra Britt, Peggy Daniel, Lou-Ala Rogers, Martine Pollack, Bettye Reding, Martha Midkiff, Mary Ann Curtis, Mildred Jones, Charlene Smothers, Catherine Cox, Jeanne Smiley, Helen Baldwin, Patsy Cox, Anne Barrett, Norma Priss, Adeline Horton, Beverly Cunningham, and Beth Taylor.

Sarah Prentiss was elected HYPHEN reporter and Jeanne Smiley treasurer for the coming year of the Home Economics Club.

Keep Posted

Saturday, October 18: Tri-K weekend, Castle Heights dance.
Sunday, October 19: Y.W.C.A. chapel.
Monday, October 20: Talk on ballads by Mrs. Gregory for Senior English classes at Anti-Pan, 7:15 to 8:15.
Friday, October 24: F.F. club formal dance.



"Lefty" Gullett

Quiz High Lights Speech Meeting

A feature of the call meeting of the Speech club last Thursday night was a Quiz program for the new members. The "We Quiz Y'all" program was conducted by mistress of ceremony, Professor Juan Stroube. Judging the consequences were Gayle Jennings, Sophie Gounos, and Jan Denham. Acting as "spotter" in the audience was Virginia Davis.

The rest of the meeting was devoted to selecting a committee to work on a constitution for the club. The new officers, with the help of Jean Bloom and Mary Thompson, will plan an outline for the new constitution.

The president, Betty Hall Shepherd, explained the value of club participation for the individual. Ideas for the coming year were suggested.

Fessey Announces Results in Chapel

Nancy "Lefty" Gullett, X-L from Janesville, Wisconsin, was elected president of the Senior-Mid Class in the election held October 10. Vice-president chosen was Betty Kelley, X-L from Nashville.

The class has also chosen Neilyn Griggs, Los Angeles, California, P. T., as secretary. New treasurers will be Barbara Rowell, Tri-K, from Tulsa, Oklahoma, for the boaders and Sylvia Stahlman, X-L, from Nashville for the day students. For the first time in the history of Ward-Belmont, the candidates for sergeant-at-Arms tied for the office. Therefore, Jean Benton, Anti-Pan, of Opp, Alabama, and Sue Madison, P. T. from Bastrop, Louisiana, will be the new sergeant-at-arms.

Other candidates for the offices were: President, Mary Thompson, Jill Foddrill, Marye Jayne Johnstone, Joan Jester and Mary Jo Grone.

Vice-president, Sarah Camille Farris, Jane Dunlap, and Emily Washington.

Secretary, Sue Coker, Peggy Faulconer, Carol Kessler, Sue Steinman, and Joanne Sullivan.

Boarding treasurer, Peggy Lair, Barbara Nelson, Sandra Britt, Rosemary Meriwether, and Joan Clark.

Day treasurer, Pat Mathias, Josephine Cook and Patricia Potter.

Sergeant-at-arms, Beth Goldsmith, Jayne Johnson, Jane Gross and Mary Alice Branham.

The primary election was held October 9, at which time the candi-

(*Continued on Page* 3)



Betty Kelley

Literary Contests Are Availiable

The editors of MAINSTREAM, announce literary awards to be sponsored by this magazine. Four awards of $150.00 each will be offered. Two will go to the best unpublished stories by amateurs, and two awards will go to members of trade unions. The competition will close March 21, 1948. Winning poems and stories will be published in the MAINSTREAM, Judges will be the editors of this magazine for one issue.

The National Poetry Association also announced the Annual Anthology of College Poetry. All efforts must be submitted before November 5, 1947. Each must be written on a separate sheet. Rules and addresses for both contests can be found in the HYPHEN office.

Mr. Van Sickle Lectures to Art Club Meeting

The Art Club held its first meeting on the evening of October 9 in the assembly hall. Mr. John Van Sickle, teacher of art at Ward-Belmont, and head of Watkins Art Institute, was the guest speaker. Mr. Van Sickle chose as his topic of discussion: "Art as an Expression of the Time."

"There cannot be a universal definition of art. It is as undefinable as the words beauty and love." Clarifying these opening sentences, Mr. Van Sickle explained the inner emotion and individual technique with which each artist paints. "There is no right way to paint" for an artist will either capture the realism of a picture or give a definite impression of color, design, or emotion.

"Historians can distinguish the trends of time at any age since art always reflects the current fads, the economic status, and the religion of that day. While some artists prefer the realistic art in expressing themselves, others capture dreams, confusion, or shock."

Mr. Van Sickle then gave the club audience a demonstration of abstract design in pastels. He made the subject matter flow around the frame, never allowing the eye to leave the painting. This is a law used by all artists.

The lecture was concluded with this question: "Does the serene and passive realism of the past fit the period of today, or is it personified in the driving, shocking, force of abstract painting?"

N. S. P. A. Awards Hyphen First Class Rating

A Total of 750 Points Awarded

The Ward-Belmont HYPHEN was awarded a First Class Honor Rating by the National Scholastic Press Association at the University of Minnesota for the year 1946-1947.

The paper was edited by Frances Newport of Malden, Missouri. While at Ward-Belmont, she was a member of X. L. club, the Speech Club, Spanish Club, Tops Captain, Phi Theta Kappa, Associate Editor of HYPHEN in 1946, and on the CHIMES staff. She now attends Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri and plans an English major with short story writing.

The paper was awarded a total of 750 points, 50 more than the HYPHEN received the year before. Points were based on news values and sources, news writing and editing, headlines, typography and makeup, and department pages and special features.



Frances Newport

A score sheet was sent, which has constructive criticisms and comments pertaining to the paper. The HYPHEN received 205 points on news values and sources, 220 on news writing and editing, 210 on headlines, typography and makeup, and 115 on department pages and special features. Issues of both semesters were judged.

"The coverage of school affairs is thorough, particularly in the extra-curricular department. The paper has an agreeable personality and appears to be the work of an enthusiastic staff," were the attitudes expressed by the judges.

The scorebook also contained various rules on the contest and rules of good newspaper composition.

This group grades the MILESTONES and CHIMES publications of Ward-Belmont also. These contests are held for the improvement of student journalism and to aid the various schools to put out a significant publication and to help the staffs in the solution of their problems. It seeks to create from year-to-year, an effort to improve the quality of the school publications—to establish the ideal of improvement. The schools that have attained the All-American rating must maintain the standard and to those who received lower, a goal to reach.

Jingling the News

By JET

On Miss Gullett, and her cabinet
The Senior Mids will lean . . .
We're wishing you cheer for the very best year
The Mids have ever seen!

Think on These Things

We communicate happiness to others not often by the great acts of devotion and self sacrifice, but by the absence of fault finding and censure; by being ready to sympathize with their notions and feelings instead of forcing them to sympathize with ours.

—James Freeman Clarke

All You Have

You always get out of a thing what you put into it. If you have done your best for a certain cause, from that cause you shall receive those rewards such as praise, honor, or even glory. There is no such thing as victory without first, a good fight. This can certainly be applied to campus life here at Ward-Belmont. The number one thing we can put ourselves into is schoolwork. If one takes interest in a subject, besides good grades, she will receive knowledge, and all in all knowledge is a pretty handy thing to have around.

The one thing that we should put our hearts into is our club and above all, our class. However it is only natural that every girl think her club and class is the very best on campus. If we didn't feel that way, would we have that wonderful club spirit so typical of Ward-Belmont?

Greatest of These . .

Love makes the world go round; therefore love is all important. Perhaps we are inclined to think of only one type, the romantic aspect. It's circle is wide, and strong and is everlasting. If we could apply love where we are apt to apply hate, what a glorious world this would be. It is the key to all doors, the answer to questions, and the most sure way to find happiness. To be loved, you must first love. Showing it means not to write passionate letters exclaiming adoration for a certain person. Showing your love for another is done by small things, like smiling, saying a friendly "hi" to people you meet, helping someone in a small way, or just taking interest in other people.

It is a great thing to be loved, yet it is greater to love. It is the greatest thing on earth. Why, love makes the world go round.

Duty to the World?

That we are living in the most critical period of American history since the birth of our nation is becoming everyday more and more apparent. The deplorable state of confusion and bellicose contentions pervading in the United Nations meeting should shake every American citizen who is blind enough to dwell in self-assurance concerning the finality of his patriotic duties—to a realization that the fighting is not over! With Russia's opposing so strenuously to the Marshall Plan, constituted to provide relief for the helpless people of Europe, for what she accusingly termed an attempt to obtain more power in these near demolished lands, our leaders have too long delayed in the fulfilling of our obligations to those multiple suffering communities.

It's not too difficult to perceive from a letter received recently from a friend in France, that already America is loosing foothold in French affections, due to this lax pursuit of her duty. The absurdity of the Russian charges is enough to incite quick action, rather than prevent it! If government administrators are so vague as to a reason for immediate function, we are within our rights to expect their resignation. This is no time to stand still in rattled bemusement! To preserve the all but extinguished spirits of these deject and destitute nations, we, as the strongest survivor of World War II, must move—and move now!



Magnolia — the athletic type !!

Chew, Chew, Chew Your Gum; If You Do, You Won't Be a Bum!

By Mary Jo

Do you chew gum? Are you one of those people who are always popping and cracking your gum? If so, read the following article to see what a revolutionary article you are mangling in your mouth.

Stand in front of a mirror, and chew your gum as you do naturally. What marvelous exercise for your teeth and gums. Of course some of the newest gums extract your teeth for only five cents, and save your dentist bill. And others eat up your gums, and cause your teeth to fall out, but never you fear; CHEW ON IS THE BATTLE CRY ! ! !

Scientists have been working for years to perfect a synthetic rubber. Little did they know that in a wrapper with bubbles floating on the cover, is their solution to the problem. Bubble gum can be used in case of a flat-tire on some lonely road. It will hold broken dishes together, repair holes in the roof, and numerous other things.

And just think of all the friends you can loose by popping gum in their ear. There are unlimited possibilities to being a gum chewer. And you never knew all of the possibilities for your future.

The idiotic facial motions you can make while chewing gum would do for any vaudeville show. No practice is necessary, and any one of any age can apply. Ptrhaps your jaw is out of line. Just chew gum, and this can be corrected. Of course your jaw will probably drop off, but never you fear, life can be beautiful.

Spike Jones could use a few new bubble blowers for his latest piece, so you too can blow bubbles on the radio. (Mr. Jones, please send only $100 for the above plug.) Get busy, and choose your vocation of the future. Life is short, and bubble gum is scarce.

This is solemnly dedicated to my roommate without whose cooperation, this master-piece could never have been written. Murder her, not me!

Belle of Ward Belmont


"Lefty" Gullett

"Lefty, what's this? Lefty, what's that?" come shrieks from all over the school from morning 'till night. Our belle for this week has all the answers, and, by the way, she will need all those answers now that she is our new Senior-Mid president.

Lefty hails from Janesville, Wisconsin, where Parker Pens are made. Her life's ambition is to make a million dollars, in a hurry. This million is to be obtained by one of her many talents.

Probably you have heard strange thuds arising from 102 Hail or the smoker. Well, if you have, don't be alarmed. It's only Lefty drumming out one of Stan Kenton's famous "Artistries." But this is not the extent of her talent, for she is interested in nature and draws beautiful flowers, specializing on the Tiger Lily (I think).

Her pet love at Ward-Belmont is XL. She has been treasurer of XL and this year presides as secretary. This makes her third year at W-B and in that time has been vice-president of her Junior class in High School and also proctor of Heron Hall.

Lefty detests the word "lie," and any other vulgarism. She loves artichokes and seafood. Classical music is definitely on her list along with Eddie Howard and Stan Kenton.

Her moods usually stay on an even keel. Those black and blue marks on her roommate are only love taps. Don't let anyone tell you differently, because she gets along with everyone.

"The deepest trials as well as the greatest joys can be met in a way to give new strength and new power for all, if we have a sound philosophy and a loyal heart." This quotation was written by a man who must have known there was a person as fine and true as Lefty, our belle for this week.

Inquiring Reporter

By Lebie

This is the infirmary talking! It seems this place is sadly neglected—by the HYPHEN, that is. I thought INQUIRING REPORTER might find a good cross-section of public opinion here. 'Course it necessitated my registery as having a miserable cough, cold, headache, consumption, and some unknown far-Eastern malady. We have just finished our monthly tests (which is the reason that the infirmary is so crowded) and this might be a good time to bring up the question of cheating, so our question is: "Do you think the school has an adequate system to forestall cheating or do you think any system is necessary?"

The first room I crawled into—Visiting is against rules—contained Lois Beth Buford and Steve Ann Akin. Steve Ann only groaned but Lois weakly opened an eyelid and glaring at me hatefully, "I don't think any system at all is necessary. But if we have the honor system there will be less cheating. Most people who know they are not being watched won't take advantage—on the other hand when you know some one is watching you, you might cheat, when you wouldn't while on your honor."

I charged around the corner and saw Dot Parish who offered slightly, slightly, "I think an honor system is the thing. I don't think it will work in high school, but by the time we hit college we are supposed to be pretty mature. I do think we are mature enough to realize when we cheat we hurt no one but ourselves. The honor system has worked in large universities; I don't see why it can't work here."

There was only one more room to look in, so I did. Sue Scherer groaned when she saw me, but she got over the shock quickly, "Well", she said, "I guess the honor system would be the best. I think most people don't cheat and even *they* wouldn't if they were on their honor."

Oh yes, and although I did not see Peggy's shining redhead inside these infirmary gates, I must not end this without adding a very unique idea she once was talking about. Instead of a full-fledged honor system, she told of some colleges where they have a "tapping" system. The students are on their honor in a way . . . but if they do see soemone cheating on a test or at any time, they begin tapping with their fingers on the desk.

Well, that's what the infirmary thinks of cheating—personally, I think we should have the honor system since human beings are like all animals—put faith and trust in them and they will usually end up being trust worthy. Of course, there are two sides to every question. There was the teacher who was instructing her class in how to take an exam. A little boy asked her what she thought about cheating. After a pause she answered softly, "Well, if you can cheat and live with yourself afterwards, it's all right." The little boy digested this subtle hint and then added, "Well, teacher, I guess I know what I'll have to do 'cause it will be easier to live with *myself* than with my Mother when she will see my report card."

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

Editor ..... Joyce Armitage
Business Manager ..... Rusty Kelly
News Editor ..... Virginia Davis
Literary Editor ..... Peggy Pittman
Feature Editor ..... Mary Jo LeMaster
Exchange Editor ..... Carolyn Henderson
Music Editor ..... Joella Blache
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Anne Lindgren
Cartoonists ..... Norma Jean Krenzer
Kay Bond
Circulation Manager ..... Jane Faulk

Columnists: Ann Morgan, Peggy Blowers, Jane Ellen Tye, Gloria Gordon, Judy Merrick, Bessie Benson, Betsy Buchanan, and Janice Lebenstein.

News Writers: Barbara Dunn, JeAnn Ingersol, Betty Shepard, Nancy Cook, Peggy Muessel, Sara Ann Jones, Donna Perkins, Barbara Bull, Mary Martin, Wilma Mathew, and Pat Crowe.

Feature Writers: Nancy Groble, Swede Clark, Bunny Haller, Betty Lou Brown, Jo Holcomb, Shirley Rosevelt, Joyce Calloway, Ella Brooks, Jean Frantz, Gerry Pauley, and Jill Foddrill.

Typists: Joyce Potts, Cathryn Cox, Betty Jo Fuller, Jackie Watkins, and Ann Polk.

Circulation: Lee Henry, Mary Jane Bull, Nancy Avis, Mildred Jones, and Jeanne Smiley.



Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Ann

Have you all had your hall meetings tonight? You can certainly tell when I write my column can't you? We are getting prepared for fire drills; but at least you all don't have a fire captain living with you. And now from fire drills to the fashions of the week. That's quite a jump, isn't it?

At one of the tea dances last Saturday I saw Ann Lindgren and Fay Chalmers. They certainly did look wonderful. Anne was wearing a black crepe off-the-shoulder dress. An added attraction at the neck-line was the key-hole. The sleeves were capped, and the belt was gold which tied in front with the black crepe bow. There were stiff folds at the waist which made the skirt flare at the hips and dip in again at the hemline. Fay also wore an off-the-shoulder dress, but her's was made of brown moire faille. There was a small card of the material which outlined the neck. Fay's dress also had cap sleeves. Across the front of the waist Fay's dress was made with a double fold which extended to the back and into a peplum. There was a small brown velveteen bow at the top of the peplum. What will Doug and Ed think?

The other day I saw Donna Perkins walking by in a beautiful kelly green heavy faille skirt, which was of the *new* length. The skirt had an extremely wide self belt, and was very flared. Really, it looked like it had umpteen yards of material in it. With this skirt Donna wore a long-sleeved white blouse which had a Chinese collar. Of course, as the style goes, so goes W-B, and Donna wore a scarf of red, green, and white.

What Did I See?

Then I ventured out further on middle walk to see Sandy Britt and Joyce Potts coming back from church. Sandy was wearing a beautiful royal blue wool suit. The jacket was very long and tailored, but it had a flared tail. With this suit Sandy wore a black felt hat with royal blue pompons which matched her suit. She certainly did look mighty fetching! Joyce Potts also looked smart in her black and white figured crepe dress. It had a jewelry neckline and cap sleeves. The skirt was very straight, as the maker did not want to have anything competing with the figure. Joyce wore a black grograin belt which tied in a bow in back.

I saw more greens and browns. It certainly must be a sign of fall, but why doesn't it come? Pat Dalfuss was seen wearing a green plaid skirt. It had three kick pleats in front and back. With this she wore a white Gibson Girl blouse with a green bow tied in dog collar style. Pat was carrying a tan sport coat. Where were you going so dressed up and looking so smart?

Did you all see Janice Lebinstein Sunday morning? I loved that brown suit she was wearing. The skirt was straight and had splits up both sides. The jacket was the kind which was tight to the waist and then flared down over the hips. With this outfit Janice wore brown suede shoes which exactly matched her suit. The brown suede pocketbook also matched the suit. Janice's hat was of a lighter shade of brown. There were felt flowers across the front and a brown veil.

For the benefit of those who didn't go to the Vandy dance last week, you should have seen the Simon twins; for they really made dear ole W-B proud. Rosalie and Sylvia looked just darling. Their formals were sale blue net over tafetta with a doubled ruffle, around the front, extending to a point at the neck. Then the ruffle formed the shoulder straps and outlined the neckline in back. The skirts were very full, and half way down there was another ruffle around the skirt.

That's all for now; see you next week.

Katherine Bacon Is Guest Artist

Miss Katherine Bacon, concert pianist, presented a formal concert at Ward-Belmont Friday evening at 8:15 p.m. in the chapel auditorium.

Miss Bacon presented a program consisting of three parts. The first part included: Prelude, Fugue and Variation, by Cesar Franck; Variations Seriueses by Mendelssohn; and the second part was Sonata in B Flat Minor, op. 35. Included in this last were Grave, Doppio Movimento, Scherzo, Marche funebre, and Finale.

After intermission Miss Bacon concluded her program with the third part which was "Intermezzo in E Flat minor, op. 118, No. 6" by Brahms, Sonnet in E major by Liszt; and Four Preludes by Rachmaninoff G major, Op. 32, No. 5, G sharp minor, Op. 32, No. 12; E flat, Op. 23, No. 6; and B flat, Op. 23, No. 2.

Preceding her program of Friday night, Miss Bacon had presented the Friday chapel program and had talked to informal study groups on the campus.

This talented Artist, who was born in Chesterfield, England, is a member of the faculty of the Juilliard School of Music in New York. She has made numerous appearances and was a guest Artist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

This marks Miss Bacon's seventh year as a concert pianist under the auspices of the Association of American Colleges. Her concert includes selections always from Brahms, Liszt, Chopin, Mendlessohn, and Rachmaninoff.

Church Discussion Led by "Y" Group

The first meeting of the "Y" Discussion Group was held Sunday, October 12, at 5:30 in the "Y" room of Acklen Hall.

Laura Hambaugh, chairman of the discussion groups, opened the meetings by reading a psalm.

Joyce Armitage spoke about the Presbyterian church and its beliefs and ritual. The Greek Orthodox Church was discussed by Sophie Gounos. She told about Easter Marriage and some of the other rituals of the church.

Challie Thornton, president of the "Y," led the group in prayer. The meeting was closed with a hymn played by Libbie Mahony and sung by the entire group.

Reverend Henley Leads Devotional

The talk in Wednesday's chapel was presented to the student body by Reverend James W. Henley, pastor of the West End Methodist Church.

Reverend Henley was introduced by Mr. Charles VanAntwerp and the subject of his talk was "Finding the Goal Posts."

Reverend Henley illustrated the points of his talk with a story of a football coach who told his team how well they had played in the game and told them to play as well in life using Time, Worship, and Purpose as their goal posts.

Mid Officers

(Continued from Page 1)

dates nominated by the nomination committee were presented to the class. Miss Polly Fessey, sponsor of the class, had called the meeting of the committee, in which each hall was represented.

Day Light



By Betsy

Somebody call me psycho-something, I've just had a dream. I was on the W-B campus of all places and in my dream all my little friends were running madly about doing the most peculiar things. The statute of the deer and dog had come to life and a huge sign proclaimed "Belmont Park." Anabel Gayden and Sarah Camille Farris were seated in the saddles (jockeys they were) and racing madly about the circles. Leaning on the rail were Helen White and Elizabeth Wynne cheering madly and screaming, "Come on dog, I've got $2 on your nose." Betty Lucke was seated on the flag pole, waving a Confederate Flag and demanding the abolition of North Front.

Peggy Bethune was selling the Jefferson Street Bridge to Margie Pettus and Piggy Weaver had just brought the athletic fields to plant corn in. The statue of Mercury had come to life and Barbara Gropp was trying to get a date with him. Carol Harmning was taming the lions in front of Acklen Hall, and Betty Bunch was standing on the smoking stone campaigning for a telephone in the Agora House (direct line to who, Betty?). Marie Hardison had opened a pool parlor and was looking prosperous, while the pool room crown of Nancy Oakly, Diane Mackey, Jane Harris, and Charlene Bradley ripped the table to shreds.

Sue Waller had dressed "Breathless," the boy (?) from the hygiene room in a tux and was selling dances for a dime. Eagerly waiting for their dance with the handsome brute were Evelyn Jenkins, Anne Chamberliss, and Annete Norman. The music was furnished by Margeret Boylin's one woman band. The crowd dispersed when Pat Mathias came through with an air drill, screaming, "Natural gas is coming through."

At this time I was awakened by my own screams, and in case you wonder why I have the shakes every morning 'til noon, you can now understand that it's not the thought of 8:30 a.m. classes, but the dreams I have.

Peggy Pics Pictures

BELMONT: This Saturday at the neighborhood theater is "Ladies Man" starring Eddie Bracken and Cass Daily. I saw the previews and it looked like the same old plot of Eddie and the gorgeous woman with the "ugly duckling" Cass always there at the wrong time.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday there will be "The Angel and the Bad Man" with John Wayne and Gail Russell. This is probably another western.

"Stanley and Livingston", a bit of history, is playing Wednesday with Spencer Tracy as Stanley. "And" says Jane Faulk, "Richard Greene too!"

"Johnny O'Clock" is on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Ask Jerce about it! Good ole Cleveland! Ohio, that is, and spring vacation!

BELLEMEADE: Playing Saturday is "Genius at Work" with Allen Carney and Molly Brown. Your guess about this one is as good as mine.

"Blaze of Noon," on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday stars Sonny Tufts and William Bendix. Now, I'm positive I'm going!

Wednesday, Theresa Wright and Ray Milland should provide excellent entertainment in "Imperfect Lady."

MELROSE: "Blondie Knows Best" is on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Again one of your favorite comics comes to life. What WOULD they do without Blondie!

Wednesday, there will be "Its a Joke, Son". I saw the previews and it looked "so-so."

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday "Blaze of Noon". When I quietly asked if anyone had seen it, three or four piped "Oh yea! It's good, about the flying McDonald Brothers."

PARAMOUNT: It became this Thursday—"Kiss of Death" Vic Mature and Briane Donlevy. If you feel like a good seen it there is a perfectly darling cartoon featured with "Father"—Bye now—

LOWES: "Gun Fighters" with Randolph Scott. It's a western—same old plot. If any of the girls from the western states feel home sick undoubtly this ought to make you feel worse.

KNICKERBOCKER: If "Life with Father" isn't held over, "Deep Valley" will be shown beginning Thursday with Ida Lupino. By the way, if you haven't seen it there a perfectly darling cartoon featured with "Father"—Bye now—

Peg





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- Green suede with tan calf
- Black bucko with tan calf
- Black bucko with black calf
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- Antique tan claf

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Achille's Heel

By Fay and Lindgren

Do your knees hold a violent conversation at the sight of a hockey stick? Are your shins playing second fiddle to a battle-field? Are the muscles in your back toned up, but slightly off key? Does the penetrating screech of the whistle stop you dead in your tracks and leave you wondering . . . "was it sticks, advancing, off sides, or was I out of my position"? If so, take a deep breath and relax—sooner or later those compound-complexities composing your cranium and creating confusion will no longer disturb you. Cross our hockey sticks and hope to die!

Now that the basic fundamentals of hockey have been introduced, the actual playing has started between the various clubs practicing together. You will find that this actual competition, above anything else, promotes development of skill, teamwork, and club spirit. Not that we want to horn in on the Inquiring Reporter column but when we asked a few of the new recruits their frank opinion of hockey the results were amusing. For example—i.e.—that is to say—Kay Bond said "a-hah-hah-hah (well, how do you spell it) I love it—fell down and through a silhouetted pattern of hockey sticks saw the blue sky smiling at me—then one stick came too close for comfort so I got up and started hitting that clump of grass again." Marlene Foote said she couldn't see for the glasses guard's guarding her vision and Jean Benton remarked that it was fun but got the best of her wind. Louisa Wilson thought it was amazing the way the balls jumped over her sticks, when she tried to stop them. Rae Smith loves it, but the ball never comes over to her alley. Carol Kessler says she might go "maaad" any minute. But aside from bruised bones and bodies, everyone seems to be getting a large charge out of the game.

Proes 'N Foes

Now we want to urge you'all to come out for Saturday morning practices. It's loads of fun and starts at 10 a.m. and lasts until 11:30. Come a running and be prepared to match your wits and hockey sticks against such pros (nothing but) as THE misses Neal, Mueller, Carroll, Chadwell and McCain. Bless their lil hearts. No joke tho, it really gives us an inferiority complex to watch those powerful drives combined with their gazelle-like agility. S'wonderful ! ! ! Besides these Saturday morning practices, there are also early Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday pre-dawn practices which will start shortly. (Too shortly).

Must Be Love

Ready?
Serve.
Second?
Serve.

"O.K., you win," as you leap ungracefully over the net with high expectations of shaking the victor's hand, only to find yourself prostrated upon the ground. It must be LOVE. (It was the game, that is.) That's our tale!

The third round is now being played off, and as the number of contestants is narrowed down, the prospects begin to look really exciting. Jackie Mitchell and the tennis ball must be in kahoots according to her connections, as with Sylvia Stahlman, Jane Gross, that Dabny gal, and Fran Purvis. The competitors should be interesting when these gals meet with last year's champs such as Texas Clifford, Rusty Kelly, Betty Rhea, and Betsy Buchanan.

Well, best we hit the hay now—get rested up to make breakfast on time—that takes athletic ability too—you know.

Dr. Courtenay Theorizes A War Between Wars

Dr. Courtenay, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Nashville, recently expressed his views concerning the self-preservation of the United States and our Allies in this time of war with the ideas of foreign governments.

He stated that we are at war with Communism and went on to name several perils facing America, such as "leftist legislation" and the misunderstanding of the use of free speech. He then condemned the people who do give aid to Russia and her government. Our form of government has been the light and envy of the whole world.

Dr. Courtenay said that this state is a war between wars and if we lose it there will be an open war. He gave historic examples to emphasize the terrible danger of indifference to the present state and the trends of the times. A point that he stressed was the fact that we have been waiting for Russia since the end of the war. Besides, he also spoke against the New Dealers. As he put it, "New waiters, same menu."

Dr. Courtenay summed up the duty of all Christian Americans by saying that we should build, work for, and believe in unity, patriotism, high standards and strength. "The war between wars must be fought and won or the fields will be red again."

Unmask?

All you original people . . . Halloween is approaching and with it, the big masquerade party to. So it is not a bit too early for you to begin thinking of how you shall dress . . . make your costume the winning one! Friday, October 21 is the night . . . see you then!

Prep French Club Elects Officers

The second and third year French students of the Preparatory School assembled to organize the French club, Le Circle Francais Friday, September 26. At this initial meeting officers for the year were elected. They are: Beverly Nichols, president; Clara MacDonald, vice-president; Mary Ellen McMurray, secretary; and Martha Ann Rogers, treasurer. The sponsors of Le Circle Francais are Miss Alma Phillips and Miss Mimms.

PREPARLANCE

By Judy and Gordy

Gordie Speaks First

Let me express my deepest sympathy to you all, dear friends. Now that grades have come out we will no doubt be seeing a lot less of each other. Too bad, too, we were getting to be such good friends. Oh well, night study hall isn't really too bad if you can find a table that hasn't been taken by the termites.

We've had a lot of excitement in Heron lately. Two cats are the principals concerned. One named "O" can't ever be found and another named Vanderbilt can always be found, especially when he's least suspected. Lefty, I think you'd better give "O" up. Mary Jo is beginning to fret, poor dear.

There was a meeting of the T. G. I. F. Friday afternoon in the smoker to welcome our new sponsor, Miss Mueller. You are a brave person! I herewith express a desire that the president and all old members be present and on time for the next meeting. Really, girls, Friday was a disgrace.

These Vandy Men

Boy, all you girls are getting tres gai going to the Vandy games and gym dances. H'm, these college men are really something from all reports.

In case you've noticed a little blonde running around the hall looking like an old maid aunt, it's our new aunt, Betty Lee. Congrats, Betty Lee, but remember, it your sister's baby.

Well, well, we have our Senior Class picnic Thursday. Someone remind me that I'm a senior so I won't forget to go. I will probably have a hard time convincing Mrs. Souby, too. You'll help me convince her, won't you Delia? I'd hate to miss a nice trip to Percy Warner.

Oh, I almost forgot the celebrities we had over the week end. Harriet Provine spent the night in Heron Saturday. Come again soon. Also a couple of divine Argentines were seen wandering around the campus last week end with Lydia and Maggie. Oh, to have cosmopolitan friends like that.

Chick in Heron

I think we should have a contest in Heron to decide who is absolutely the "chickest" of all. Betty Gray and Mickie Allen would surely be in the running. They are a couple of second floor fashion plates.

I must close now so I'll end this literary gem with a *pome*.

Winters' coming, the soot is here,
Get out your mask and oxygen, my dear!

Judy's Turn

Since last week's column ended with a poem, I thought this week's should begin with such.

If your grades aren't good,
And you're down in th' dumps
Don't forget the motto—
"If at first you don't succeed, try try, again!

(free verse is my specialty)

Although school has been in progress for five weeks now, we still had some electing to do in the day students clubs. Here's a peek at some of the gals heading the executive list at W.-B.

Angkor: president, Attollee Boyington; vice-president, Clara McDonall; secretary, Sally McCanless; treasurer, Trilby Eliston.

Eccowasin: president, Joanne Geny; vice-president, June Sanders; secretary, Phyllis May; treasurer, Irene Potter; sergeant-at-arms, Sis Goodloe.

Ariston: president, Betty Gant; vice-president, Nancy Minick; secretary, Jody Reed; treasurer, Margaret Hayes.

Triad: president, Edna Gene Little; vice-president, Nancy Minick; secretary, Beverly Nichols; treasurer, Betty Marshall; sergeant-at-arms, Molly Brown.

The Sport's World

Now that sports are in full *swing* (whether it's a hockey stick, golf club, or tennis racket) we seem to find many enthusiasts in *all fields*, such as Carney Overall, Ann McQuiddy, Sissy Roberts, Dudley Brown, and Carol Christopher.

Just a hint to you who have never taken sports here at Ward-Belmont. If you wake up some morning and find out you can't move—think nothing of it—Ha, Ha—laugh, be merry . . . strain every muscle and if you still can't get out of bed . . . you aren't the only one suffering from that "W.-B. ACHE." It happens even to us "ole 'uns." Haven't you ever been curious when you noticed several girls crawling from class to class?

Ah, Super Seniors

If any of you are surprised next wetk at the great enthusiasm of the Seniors, the explanation is . . . SENIOR WEEK! A beeg party has been planned at Percy Warner Park on the 30th of October. Nothing has been left out, football, fried chicken, songs and a general good time will be had by all.



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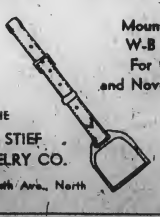
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VOLUME XXXVI — SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1947 — NUMBER 7

Y. M. C. A. Membership Drive Opens With Thursday Chapel

Plan Outlined By Challie Thornton

Challie Thornton, president of the YWCA, announced the annual "Y" membership drive in chapel Thursday, October 23. They plan to launch a drive that will be backed one hundred per cent by the students of Ward-Belmont.

Chairman in charge of the membership drive is Frances Stabler. In chapel she and Challie presented the aims of the membership drive and asked that all support it by giving their dollar to the representative that will come and solicit each one. Also the "Y" cabinet was explained by the girls.

Along with the membership fee, the girls will be asked to fill out a file card that can be used to aid the group in their activities throughout the year. On this card each girl will place her interests and abilities.

During the year the "Y" has an impressive list of activities. Visits to the Children's Homes, Home for the Aged and nearby Children's Hospitals are part of the scheduled events. For those especially interested, a discussion group is sponsored and questions of importance to all are heard.

Throughout the school year, the "Y" also sponsors the Valentine Banquet, the election of a King and Queen who preside there and several parties.



Challie Thornton

Glee Club Honored At Barry Home

The high school Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Van Sickle, had a barbecue at the home of Virginia Barry, Sewanee Drive, on October 3.

The barbecue was given in honor of the new members who include Mary Jane Kapps, Elizabeth Calron, Barbara Bainbridge, Sue Rogers, Mary Phillips, Margaret Avely, Martin Coers, Mary Jane Keeling, Mary Eda Larson, Lillian Cornelius, Julia Edwards, and Valere Potter.

The old girls are: Ann Knox, Virginia Berry, Sue Baldoff, Carol Butters, Katherine Manier, Attollee Boynton and Pat Sullivan.

Iler Elected to Head Spanish Club

Nancy Iler was elected president of the Spanish Club at the meeting held last Monday, October 20, in the Anti-Pan club house. Bess Benson was elected vice-president and Mary Ann Wheeler was elected secretary-treasurer.

It was announced that the regular meetings would be held on the third Monday of each month. Every student taking Spanish is urged to become a member and attend these meetings.

The co-sponsors are Mrs. Flemming and Miss Green.

Speaker Stresses Foreign Inflation

Mr. Duke McCall, one of the leaders of the Baptist Board in Nashville, spoke on "Footnotes to the Headlines" in chapel on Monday, October 20th. He introduced himself as an "eight week expert on the European situation."

Concerning the food problem he made the statement that while in Italy he lost twenty pounds on the same diet that an English guide gained twenty pounds.

Mr. McCall stated that inflation has taken over the European countries. One example of this fact is that cigarettes have taken the place of money which has no intrinsic value.

Before his return to America, Mr. McCall went to a cleaning establishment to have his pants pressed. There, he found that a seven cent bar of soap paid the bill and gave him fifty cents change.

He concluded his talk with the statement that we should be glad, as well as proud, to be Americans.

Gregory Lectures To Senior Class On Folk Ballads

Mrs. Thomas Gregory, of the College English Department, lectured to the seniors on October 21 on the subject of the Popular Ballads. The meeting was held in the Anti-Pandora Club house.

Mrs. Gregory explained the history of the ballads. Each generation has changed the words in every ballad, but the spirit has always remained the same. She said that the tune is as important as the words, but it has been the tune that has remained identical.

After she had told about the ballads, Mrs. Gregory sang several of her favorite selections: "Barbara Allen," "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen," and "The Gypsies." She concluded by having the entire group sing "The Frog Went A'Courtin'," and then she sang "The Old Woman."

Mrs. Gregory was accompanied by Charles Witherspoon on the piano.

Senior Preps Have Picnic

The annual Senior Prep Picnic was held Thursday, October 16, in the Tea Hole, due to rain. This event was an important one in the Senior Week proceedings.

Several members of the class entertained. Martha Ann Rodgers and Snooks Blackburn sang, Marnie Stenson played the piano, Judy Merrick and Irene Potter played and sang an original composition of Judy's; and Sis Goodloe, Ann Carwell, Gowan Davidson and Nancy Denny did a comedy routine. The cheerleaders led the class in two cheers.

Guests attending the picnic were Mrs. Hay, the house mother of Heron Hall, Miss Ordway, Dean of Students, Miss Wikle, Day Student Sponsor, Mrs. Souby, Principal of the High School, and Mrs. Rassmussen, Preparatory English Teacher.

W. S. S. F. Contributions Are Solicited By the Y. W. C. A.



Betty Smith

$1,000 Is Set For Year's Goal

The YWCA on the Ward-Belmont campus announces the official opening of the World Student Service Fund on October 30, under the chairmanship of Betty Smith.

Again this year W-B will join leading colleges of the nation and the world in a campaign to solicit money for the WSSF. The drive is an annual project on all college and university campuses and the students all over the world give for the aid and relief of needy students. The organization is international, interracial, non-political, and non-sectarian. The WSSF is active only during war time and postwar periods.

Starting the drive here will be a chapel program Thursday evening, October 30, 7:00 to 7:30 in the auditorium by Miss Verena von Lieben from Austria. She is the foreign traveling secretary for the WSSF.

Throughout the week, members of the council will give talks in the various halls on the meaning and importance of the WSSF. They will be given by Ray Elms and Sophie Gunos, Founders; JoElla Blache and Frances Stabler, Fidelity; Laura Hambaugh, Dottie Dyer and Anne Greenlee, Pembroke; Snappy Englett North Front; Julia McHenry and Rusty Kelly, Hail; Betty Gant, High School Day Students; and Pat Mathias, College Day Students.

The minimum goal for this year will be $1,000 and the members of the cabinet hope that this can be reached and surpassed.

The committee promises several surprising features and stunts that will occur during the campaign week.

America Supports Foreign College

Ward-Belmont presented a technicolor movie, "Outposts of American Education," Thursday evening at 7 p.m. in North Front Auditorium. It depicts the eight colleges in Turkey Greece, Lebanon, Syria, and Iraq that are supported by the United States.

The schools, located in Athens, Damascus, Beriut, Baghdad, Istanbul, and Lebanon. The faculty and executives of the schools are Americans, but all students are natives.

The purpose of these schools and America's interest in them is to pass on our knowledge of medicine and engineering to those countries. It is to instill ideals of citizenship, raise the standards of living, and to encourage the people to help their country.

Most interesting to note was the contrast between the ancient and modern in the various college cities. Twenty-nine of the delegates to the United Nations meeting in San Francisco from the Near East were alumni of the American sponsored colleges.

C. G. O. To Sponsor Dinner and Dance

The Masquerade Ball to be given Friday evening, October 31, by the C. G. O. council will be held in the Gym. A special menu will be served in the dining room, where the students will come dressed in masks and costumes. A prize will be awarded to the best dressed couple after dinner in the gym. Dancing will follow until 9:00, after which study hall will resume.

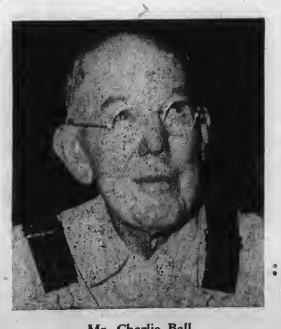
The decorations committee is composed of Genia Davis, Chinkie Goldsmith, Sandy Britt, Virginia Woody, Sally Powers, Janice Mayne, and Fay Chalmers.

Mr. Ball Has the Recipe for Longlivity—"Just Wait"

By Ella Brooks

Since this series of columns have been started, many people who have become a tradition of Ward-Belmont have been interviewed. However, one of the most unusual and traditional is Mr. Charles Ball, carpenter and general "fixit" man. He has surveyed this old world for ninety years and he considers that he is now living the best years of his life.

Three years ago, Mr. Ball dropped a knife on his foot. The cut developed into gangrene and his entire leg had to be amputated. Nothing like this could dampen his spirit. After a mere twenty days of convalesence in the hospital and at home, Mr. Ball came back to Ward-Belmont and resumed work. In this time, he had learned to deftly use the artificial leg that had been given him and found various ways of resuming his work.



Mr. Charlie Ball

He was brought to Nashville by his beautiful, brave mother who drove thru the lines with a horse-drawn ambulance, all the while being shot at by the Yankee snipers. Once in Nashville, he was captured by a Confederate soldier while he was down in the Capitol basement which, at that time, was being used for an arsenal. Needless to say he got his "britches warmed" over this episode.

While speaking of his early days in Nashville Mr. Ball said: "Say, did you ever hear of anyone being on a milk diet? Well, I was when

(Continued on Page 4)

Jingling the News

By Jet

Beware, beware of the judgment, dear
For the dreaded day is drawing near.
The devils claw will reach through the night
So prepare, and pray you'll not die of fright.

Think on These Things

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday; and see—the hurtful thing did not happen at all!

K.H.T.

Happiness Guaranteed!

What will the entire Ward-Belmont campus be doing the last week in October?—Joining the Y.W.C.A., for this organization will begin their membership at this time.

One dollar is a small price to pay for dues when the returns are doubled in worthwhile work and recreation. This Y.W.C.A. membership means happiness to countless people, for the club sponsors parties for children at the Tennessee Children's Home, visits the Old Ladies Home and orphanages at Christmas and Easter.

But the club members also give of themselves by presenting the evening vespers, in attending discussions groups and planning parties for the campus itself.

What will the entire campus be doing the last week in October?—joining the Y.W.C.A.

The People's Charter

You should take advantage of this—for it will help you become a more mature person.

Cooperation is to be bred into the minds and hearts of the people of the world by fourteen United Nations short films produced in eleven countries. They will serve to educate internationally and promote understanding and sympathy among people.

The first of these films is "The People's Charter" and it deals with the birth and developments of the United Nations. It depicts its aims and problems as seen through the eyes of the peoples of the world. The film is in several languages as will be the following releases.

This film, as well as the following, will put the verbal plea of cooperation into pictures that will serve the world as a united whole. So, students, see these movies for your own good and that of your country!

Jerce's Diction

There is an addition of three new members to the HYPHEN staff this week . . . 'course the fact that they crawl on fours, wear decorated shells, and are of a sickly green shade does not in any way differentiate them . . . Let their names provide the distinction! From left to right, splashing in the bowl before, are "Bailey," "Barnum," and "Ringling, The Elite" (he has two yellow ducks painted on his back!)

Yes, the staff payed a visit to the circus last night! 'Tis a funny thing but no matter how old one grows, the magical spell of the Big Top never seems to fade away! The eternal sawdust; the sideshow with its strong man, fat lady, puppet show and the ever-present "souvenirs costing you, little lady, just a dime, one tenth of a dollar"; the animal tent full of strange smells and sights; and the main tent filled to the brim with graceful airelists, painted clowns, and beautifully trained animals . . . all are part of "the greatest show on earth" and constituents of that "magical spell"!

So here be we tonight . . . seriously debating whether to remain at W.-B. awhile longer or to join the circus as the "Headless Wonder" or as the "rider-of-a-bicycle-at-the-top-of-the-tent-upside-downer"!! However, as it stands at present, the most practical thing to do is stick to one's typewriter and printer's ink storing as fond memories for future reference such experiences as: our encounter with the elephant who insisted on eating our paper bags in addition to the enclosed peanuts; or the smile down 8 ft. 4 in. from the World's Tallest Man (and a handsome one, too); or . . . . well, one could go on endlessly!

Guess the best policy to be followed right now is to grab "Ringling, the Elite", "Barnum", and "Bailey", and their box of turtle food and trudge three flights to sweet repose . . . but oh! is there anything more wonderful than a CIRCUS????



She Ain't All She Used To Be Or; Which Way'd They Go, George?

By Jill

Gee, whatta break! I make weeth the beeg joke, kiddies. Doc sez, "You must come home to have those tonsils out immediately—so come home for a week in October." Right then and there the victim's square head was filled with visions of a week chockfull of bitsy amount of recuperation and a stupendous portion of fun-making.

So Hilda Hashertonsils made a flying trip home—airplane, I mean. All thoughts of the butchering were pushed aside and Hilda raised cane all weekend—then went to the hospital Monday morning in a slightly weakened condition. The trip to the hospital was made at dawn—so the patient might have time to consider, reconsider, and work herself up to a state of complete frustration! After being told that the pretty p-j's were taboo, Hilda donned a most unbecoming hospital gown, made of cloth having the softness and femininity of a piece of canvas—not to mention the serial number and Dunn Memorial Hospital stenciled in every corner of the garment.

White-clad witches, nurses to you, then started the old one-two routine with a pill here and shot there. By the time Hilda was stretched out on the cart to be taken up to Surgery she was so inebriated that the whole affair appeared to be just one big joke. Thus and so when she was actually in the operating chair the 'skates wouldn't even let her lie down to die. In bounced the doctor looking very funny in his just-like-a-chef's hat and apron. Doc let loose with some s'posed to be hilarious remarks and Hilda knew all the time that he was fed up with all this business and was trying to make her die—laughing, that is!! (All gory details of this slaughter shall be omitted here for the sake of the weak. Any cast-iron stomached souls may receive morbid details by inquiring at Hall 103). Hilda would like to advise you to have your tonsils removed under local anesthetic. Heck, why not your

(Continued on Page 4)

Belle of Ward Belmont



Challie Thornton

A tall, slender girl with a short, curly bob, a table 'way back in the corner of the big dining room with "William" plodding back to the kitchen for "more," a friendly wink and a sly "Hi!" and there you have the prexy of the W-B YWCA, Challie Thornton. But to those who know her better, Challie is more than all this; she is the winner of the individual Citizenship award for the year 1947, and she is a serious person with a great many high ideals and deep thoughts behind those solemn eyes.

And has she contributed to the school! We all know her by that famed jacket which is completely hidden by those numerous athletic emblems of all the sports, but this is not all: she was the number one all around athlete in high school, and the second in college last year and also the first general athletic manager in the A. A., and is now the Tri-K hockey manager. She received her instructor's swimming degrees this past summer, and as a result, was the lifeguard in the "Y" in San Antonio. We saw her in chapel, when she spoke as the senior class speaker, and we see her all the time coming in and out of the "Y" room, as she is it's highly regarded and capable president.

As we look into her more personal life we find that she has the usual likes and dislikes of schoolgirls. She loves food of all sorts, but unlike most of us, she doesn't gain weight! She loves poetry of all styles, but especially that of the non-classical category. And Challie also has a pet peeve—her bath tub bloop-bleeps. We never hear her say an unkind word, even to her bath tub, and her room-

(Continued on Page 4)

Po'ms 'Bout People

By Bessie

PASS THE BENZADRINE, PAPPY

I often find
As time goes on
Life's hardest task
Is to write a po'm

COULD THIS BE KAYKO JUNIOR?

She has long brown hair
This high school gal
She's loads of fun
We call her Sal.

DITTO KAYKO—JEAN, THAT IS

Now this one is
A year older—or two
She's a cute 'lil Mid
And pint-sized, too.

SPOUTING GENIUS JANICE

Lebie is a mad genius
A madder one is hard to find
But underneath is a heart of gold
She's really swell, that Lebenstein.

SLEEPING BEAUT—OR A WARNING FOR NIGHT OWLS

Mardi Palmer loves to sleep
In her sagging bed
And if you dare disturb her rest
She's apt to kill you dead.

THEY AIN'T GOLFERS

Who are those things
Digging up the greens?
It's Lindgren and Chalmers
They're hockey fiends.

THE PRIMA POET OF CHIMES—MISS TYE

She's not at all
What a poet should be
But where there's JET
There's poetry.

KELLY ON THE SPOT

What would life
At the Tea Hole be
If it weren't for folks
Like our gal Rusty.

ALL THIS—AND ON STUDENT COUNCIL, TOO

Another Senior
Who's always on hand
In the smoker each day
Is Ann Morgan

LOVABLE IMY

Pretty and jolly
The best of her kind
Is Illinois Spoerri
We like her just fine.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Business Manager ..... Rusty Kelly
News Editor ..... Virginia Davis
Literary Editor ..... Peggy Pittman
Feature Editor ..... Mary Jo LeMaster
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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By ANN

Have you met my new friend? He certainly has done a lot of work for me this week. You'd be surprised how much he can see—all you girls in your good looking fall dresses. But I want you to meet him too. His name is Dandy Danny Door. He is all brown, but he is so inconspicuous that he can see what you wear, and you never know. I don't know about your relative of Danny, but I do know that mine has two big white eyes. You better watch out because he can really stare you all down. Anyway, this week Danny did all my scouting for me, so he has just come to report to me about . . .

Carolyn Harrill, who walked into my room in a gorgeous caramel brown silk dress. Danny just couldn't keep his eyes off it. It had self buttons down to the waist, and the sleeves were long, ending with a single ruffle. Carolyn's skirt was straight except for the graduated ruffles which extended from the waist to the hem. With this dress, she was wearing a dark brown felt hat which had a snappy feather matching her dress, with a veil covering the feather and her forehead.

Then Joan Simon caught Danny's eye as she was visiting in Senior Hall. Joan looked so cute in her new light blue lame dress. It just sparkled all over the place. Joan's dress had a very high neck and cap sleeves. The skirt had a unique drape, which was modified across the hips from right to left and it extended in a very full flare to the hem. With this dress Danny noticed that Joan was wearing silver sandles and jewelry.

As Danny watched Joan pass out of sight, he saw out of the corner of his eye a beautiful brown suit worn by Patty Frizzell. The shade was coco, as I later found out, and the jacket was extremely long and flared. The revers were mammouth, and they extended into a double breasted effect. Patty's suit had large gold disk buttons down the front and two on each of the patch pockets. As is the style now, her skirt was perfectly straight. Patty wears a helmet hat of the same color which has an intertwined gold braid in two rows extending to a bow in back. Also there is a small coco brown veil across the front. Patty wears brown suede shoes and carries a matching bag. "Very sharp," said Danny.

Danny Marveled At .

Steve Ann Akin as she was passing on her way to dinner. Stevie was wearing a beautiful dark purple wool dress. It has a high round neck which tied and also a belt that tied. The sleeves were tight and long and down the front were exquisite rhinestone buttons. The straight skirt extended into a flare a little above the knees. Stevie wears her new opera pumps with this dress—black ones so Danny says.

My little friend said that he hadn't seen very much green this week, but just at that minute he saw Junie Carnes heading his way in an olive green silk dress. Her sleeves were three-quarter length, but not the full style. The high round neck was tied with a bow of the same material, and the self buttons extended down the front. A very striking feature of this dress was the wide yoke from the shoulders to the middle of the bodice. With this dress Junie wore a dark brown felt hat which had a beige veil over the large satin bow in the back.

Since Danny has done more than his share tonight, I will let him say "good night"; but he promised me that one of his friends will be by to see me next week with all her latest news of the fashion world. 'Bye, you all.



The Ward-Belmont summer houses were built in 1848 as a part of the Acklen Estate. When the young married couple returned from Europe, they were equipped with full plans for their estate home. It was to be an exact copy of the Venecian homes they had seen in Italy. An important part of the landscape were the summer houses scattered on the front lawn. Since the house was to be the showplace of the South and was to add to the enjoyment of their guests, the Acklens did not hesitate to add these charming summer houses to their estate. These beautiful houses, one of which is pictured above, with their intricate iron work, remain an attractive and historical feature of the Ward-Belmont campus today.

News Briefs

Nancy Hendricks, X-L, is the newly elected secretary of the Preparatory YWCA. She is in the Ward-Belmont High School Department.

* * *

A new twist: With our formal dinner before the Bacon concert October 17, was held a special banquet for all girls who had birthdays in September and October. This is the first of the series of birthday dinners.

* * *

The Episcopal Canterbury Club will meet at 9:00 Sunday, October 26, for church services and 5:30 Sunday evening for Forum. This service will be held in the Alumni Building at Vanderbilt.

* * *

New monitors for Heron Hall for November have been chosen. Head monitors are Rosemary Fulgham, Betty Martin, and Nancy Rogers. Other monitors are Anita Gavin, Karin Tuktor, Mary Gillespie, Cornelia Hall, Mary Jane Keeling, and Pat Crowe.

* * *

At the Music Club meeting Monday, October 13, Carolyn George was elected president of the Music Club.

Reverend Love Is Speaker in Chapel

The Reverend Joe Brown Love of the Wesley Foundation for the College Students of Nashville, was the chapel speaker for Wednesday, October 22 at 12:30.

The title of his sermon was "A Modern Parable." He looked at us as a photographer looks at life and asked the question, "Are we worth enlarging?" Are we worth educating as a person? What can we do to change the present print if we do want to enlarge? He summarized these points and showed how to, if it is worth it, to enlarge our print.

By CAROLYN

To the great relief of this *Off-Campus* column writer stacks of *Off-Campus* (Yes, I like the new head) newspapers have been arriving these last two weeks. And I know you are anxious to hear the many thoughtful suggestions, funny incidents, social news, and football scores which we have gathered from other colleges.

Fashions were highlighted by all Inquiring reporters this month. On the *Oklahoma College for Women* campus the question was asked, "How do you like long skirts" and the reply came "Oh, Ugh ! ! !" In *Hollins Columns,* Hollins College,, Virginia, the cowboy scarves have completely taken over the campus. Wonder if they've seen a group of W.-B. girls lately?

All this time I have had one eye on the *Washington University* (that's in Missouri, you know) newspaper. Wanted to discover something "different"—I found it—"The census shows that there is only half a man to each of four million women. No comment ! ! !" No comment for this article either.

Here's an item for you new Home Economic inituates. Keep cooking, but the Home Economics teacher at *Salem College,* North Carolina, writes a feature on the fact that men make better cooks than "us 'uns."

Dean VanAntwerp asks us to be careful of taking unnecessary cuts—same problem presented itself at *St. Joseph,* Missouri Junior College, but the editor of their Griffon had an original thought on the subject. And we might add as a postscript to Dean VanAntwerp's chapel talk, "Did you know that some people are cutting their classes every day? .S'fact. And they aren't even aware of it. They simply sit in the class room, placidly gazing out the window, or carving nondescript figures on their desks."

L. S. U., at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has begun a series of panel discussions concerned with foreign study opportunity and foreign travel tours for American students. Perhaps we could do the same—meet you at Oxford ! ! !

Spanish club, French clubs, Naiades, have all been adding new members these last few weeks, and from *The Cue* published at University of Dubuque, Iowa, comes a serious thought to tie in with our club organization "Join a Club? Yes—perhaps two or three. But when you put your name on the membership list, plan to give the organization your time and efforts. Not as much as you can, but as much as you should."

And then there is news from across the street (Vandy, that is). Kentucky made a visit to Nashville—! ! !

PEGGY PICS PICTURES

Before I begin this week I'd like to tell you of my first scoop—Joyce got it for me, but—on November 10 and 11—Monday and Tuesday is "Henry V" starring Lawrence Oliver with an all-English cast at the BELMONT. This will be especially profitable for all you Senior English students.

At the BELMONT this Sunday, Monday and Tuesday—"Blaze of Noon" with Sonny Tufts, Ann Baxter and Sterling Hayden—the former dream man of every girl! Friday and Saturday and Sunday—"Imperfect Lady," starring Ray Milland and Teresa Wright. These two, as I said last week, should be pleasant entertainment. Wednesday, "Les Miserables," must be French. Charles Laughton and Frederic March.

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday—"Miracle on 34th Street," with Maureen O'Hara, and John Payne. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday—"Dead Reckoning"—Elizabeth and Humphrey are back—from many opinions you musn't miss it ! ! !

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—"Imperfect Lady," quite the popular movie! Wednesday—"Stanley and Livingston," an old movie returned. Spencer Tracy, academy award winner, plays Stanley. Thursday, Friday and Saturday—"Miracle on 34th Street."

PARAMOUNT: "Forever Amber." Need I say more? Begins this Thursday and continues until Wednesday. Linda Darnell and Cornell Wilde have the leading roles.

LOEW'S: "Song of Love" with Paul Henried and "Kattie" Hepburn. If my opinion is right, this should be a picture of concentrated acting with accents.

KNICKERBOCKER: Ann Dvorak and Vincent Price in "The Long Night," will be shown beginning this Thursday until Wednesday.

And remember, "Keep Smiling!"





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By Fay and Lindgren

Whose What

Each day brings more encouragement for the various club teams and along with this, more shins and knuckles are cracked; however, it is all a part of *that* great sport—HOCKEY. This year the many technical skills are really being stressed in order to teach us to play a good fast game. The gals are so eager to achieve this goal that they pull themselves out of their nice warm beds and crawl to the hockey field by 6:45 a.m. Then again at night, we can hear a thumping vibrating all over the campus. Yep, it's the hockey gals once again taking their nightly stroll at a rapid pace around the circle. They seem to be running a close second to the steam engine. But as said before, it's all a part of training for hockey.

The other afternoon we were walking out to the field and caught a glimpse of that Ann Morgan making a beautiful goal for Anti-Pan. We also ran into the end of T. C. practice, and tho' Lebie was a wee bit redder in the face than usual, she acknowledged her love for the game and exclaimed, "There ought to be two center-halves, I can't be two places at once." You're doing swell Lebie, don't worry, there're two fulls behind you. Have you noticed that center forward on the Tri-K team? Dot Evans really has that ball on the dribble. Tho' Janet Young doesn't quite understand the ethics of hockey, She's really all out for the D. V.'s. And Barbara Nelson is doing a splendid job of backing her Agora slaves. Other gals who are showing signs of good form as Betty Luke, Jean Jewett, Robin Ragan, Audrey Johnson, and Dee Dee Bivins.

Three Down

The bane of our existence
Is the lack of our resistance
As we watch the growing distance
Between the ball and our racket.

Three down and one to go before the finals in tennis. The weather really has been with us and if it keeps up, before long the exciting finals will be held. Everyone be sure to come and watch. The day will be posted. But now the fourth round has just begun. Those still in the running for the Preps are Martha Nel Blackburn, Edna Gene Little, Dudley Brown. For the college: Jane Whiddon, Nancy Iler, Sodie Brewer, Jean Benton, Mary Henegar, Texas Clifford, Fay Chalmers, Laddie Harton, Francis Purvis, and Julie McHenry.

Two to Goal

Another goal was reached by Kacky Smith and Steve Ann Akin for today they were seen riding Lady Peavine, this being one of the honors in the riding ring. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a.m. most of the riding majors trot down to the stables to walk the horses—extra practice for the fall horse show which, under the competent guidance of Mrs. Newerf they show skillful horsemanship. (Snappy, take not, M., W., and F.!)

On leaving the riding ring our eyes caught four prostrated preps sprawled out on the ground, exhausted they were from a strenuous game of croquet.

Don't let last Saturday's rain discourage you all from coming out to play hockey this Saturday morning at 10 a.m. to 11:30. It's lots of fun.

For a grand conclusion
And a great delusion
A poem we're choosin'
To write
But it didn't work
Good night.

Young Greek Girl Writes to W.-B. For Clothing Aid

This letter from Christina Caprini was received by Dr. Robert C. Provine, President of Ward-Belmont. He has handed it over to the YWCA officials for their forthcoming World Student Service Fund. The Hyphen takes great pride in being able to publish this letter.

Dear Girls of Belmont,

As I know that all American people want to help Greece, I take the liberty to write to you. I am a young Greek girl, 22 years old. I went to an American College, here in Greece, but did not graduate due to the outbreak of war. My teachers were all Americans and they taught me to think America was a great and generous country. Greece has suffered very much and needs help. Here almost every Greek is getting help from friends or relations he has in the U. S. We are getting adequate food from the government and UNRRA. But clothing is our biggest problem. We don't import any and our stocks are very limited. Prices are above reach and few are those who are able financially to buy clothing.

This is the favor I want to ask you, dear American girls. If any of you are willing to send any clothing to me, you will make me very happy. Even old ones will be very welcome for me and my family.

I hope I am not a nuisance.
Many thanks and best wishes.
From a Greek Girl,
Christina Caprini.

Where, George?

(*Continued from page 2*)

money's worth and see the whole show? The expression on the doctor's face as he gets a firm grip on the little devils with the graspers, places his other hand on your forehead and braces himself with his foot against your knee before he "pulls" them out, is priceless. Never has there been such a fiendish gleam of cold, cruel eyes above a pair of flared nostrils and bared fangs as from a tonsil-taking doctor—the old cut-throat—yipes, CUT-THROAT—oh, what I sed! Fitting and proper, to say the least.

Anyway, recuperation consumed the larger part of Hilda's week and fun-making was least desired. And here she is back at ole W-B in one piece (a smaller one, though!), known as Nora Notonsil. I heard her vow and declare that the next time she has them out she's gonna have it done when she's a 'lil girl cuz the wear and tear and horrible memory is too much for a grown-up gal of eighteen. Scared?? Don't let 'em fool ya—it's no major operation. It deserves a promotion—it's a general!!! (Thanks, Miss Ordway).

Belle of W.-B.

(*Continued from Page 2*)

mate can vouch for that and all other incidents.

Challie can be compared to the Rock of Gibraltar as she calmly stands among the activities that flow toward her from all corners of the campus and that travel on again enriched by her thoughtful, considerate suggestions.

Mehitabel Says



"Ah, me," said Mehit, as she perched on my bed licking the inside of an old sardine can. Mehit, as you all must know by this time, is the sacred fair-haired cat of the Hyphen. Right now we are sending her through the New School for Advanced Composition, which has courses gauged expressly to appeal to the average feline. Naturally, Mehit is way above average and therefore she has no difficulty in accomplishing what her professors have assigned her. At least, that is what she tells me.

Now, I for one, have great confidence in Mehit's ability. I sometimes think her greatest forte is in the field of poetry. After reading one of her latest chefs-d'oeurvre, (French for masterpieces—you can't say that this isn't a high class column) I know *Chimes* missed the boat when they didn't make her poetry editor. But anyway, not to digress too far from the subject, which I realize has not as yet been clarified to any great degree, Mehit was esconced securely upon my newly cleaned bedspread tearing pages from her new text book. "Ah, me," she repeated, "English." 'Tis a lovely language. The only thing wrong is that someone had to develop a system of putting it on paper. If only they had been satisfied with the spoken word. Those guys who wrote the ballads had the right idea—make it up and sing it. None of this committing yourself with the written word."

"Now," says I to Mehit, "what has brought all this on?"

"Well," says she to me, "I have a short assignment that my prof asked me to dash off. Not very important and real easy—just a short book length novel—and I have plenty of time to do it in. All of tonight!"

"You'll have to do it by yourself," said I to my dear, dear friend. "I have much more important things of my own to do. I have to disect an elephant for extra credit in Biology, tonight. If you wish, you can bring along your equipment and come along to the lab with me."

"Well," said Mehit, "I'll have to gather together a few reference books."

While I picked up my hacksaw and meat cleaver, my dear colleague collected her reference books which consisted of one complete set of the Encyclopdia Britannica, one Roget's *Thesaurus,* one Bartlet's *Famous Quotations,* and a condensed version of the *Unabridged Dictionary*. She then picked up seven reams of paper and an old Remington Rand, with which she was going to compose her chef d'oeurvre (see above for translation).

We slaved for hours—I on my elephant, she on her book. The floor of the lab was littered with blood and paper. The pen and the sword were waging a mighty battle. And then as the seven o'clock bell tolled mournfully we raised our weary eyes from our respective problems. We both knew the answer. The next morning Mehit went to see her dean, as I sat patiently outside the office of mine. That is the reason Mehit now slaves over the dead bodies of mice, and I try to write plays. "Ah, me, English. 'Tis a lovely subject. The only thing wrong is someone had to develop a system for putting it on paper.

Mr. Ball Has

(*Continued from Page 1*)

I first came to Nashville! Ever hear the like?" When the negative reply came, he said with his wide, cheerful grin, "You see I was only a baby."

Since he has been at Ward-Belmont he has used his skill and workmanship to help the school retain its appearance.

Upon being asked what he considered the greatest blessing in life, Mr. Ball replied, "Being right with God, having good health, being able to work, and having work to do," and when asked the best recipe for longlivity, his answer was, "Just wait."

Throughout the days before his operation, church members prayed constantly for his life. But what they didn't know was that the will for living was not lost. Mr. Ball must live to educate the young girl who had been adopted into the family by his sister-in-law. Even today, he is ready to live another century, as long as he can keep his little chair on wheels. Not to be called a wheel chair, since they, in his opinion, are only for invalids. His is merely "a convenience."



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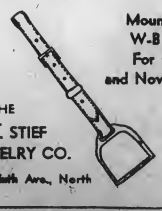
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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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VOLUME XXXVI | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1947 | NUMBER 8

Foddrill, Haller, Bloom, and Hamilton Are Chosen Associate Editors of Hyphen and Milestones



Left to right: Jean Hamilton, Jean Bloom, Ann Haller, and Jill Foddrill, Associate Editors of Milestones and Hyphen.

Publication Staffs Are Completed

Jill Foddrill, Ann "Bunny" Haller, Jean Bloom, and Jean Hamilton were named Monday, October 27, to the associate editorships of HYPHEN and MILESTONES by the respective editors.

Jill is from Mitcheli, Indiana, an X. L., and has had two years experience on high school papers. "Bunny," a T. C. from Boonville, Missouri, has had experience on school papers and a weekly county newspaper.

Jean Bloom is from Fayette, Missouri, a D. V., and was art editor and class editor on the high school yearbook. Jean Hamilton, a D. V. from Washington, D. C., was editor of her high school yearbook.

The final HYPHEN staff of the year has been announced by the editor, Joyce Armitage. It is as follows:

Associate Editors, Jill Foddrill, "Bunny" Haller; Business Manager, Rusty Kelly; News Editor, Virginia Davis; Literary Editor, Peggy Pittman; Feature Editor, Mary Jo LeMaster; Exchange Editor, Carolyn Henderson; Music Editor, Joella Blache; Sports Editor, Faith Chalmers, Anne Lindgren; Cartoonist, Norma Jean Krenzer; Circulation Manager, Jane Faulk.

Columnists, Ann Morgan, Peggy Blowers, Jane Ellen Tye, Gloria Gorden, Judy Merrick, Bessie Benson, Betsy Buchanan, and Janice Lebenstein.

Carolyn Henderson, editor of

(Continued on Page 4)

Senior Prep Class Formerly Received In Chapel Program

The Senior Class of the preparatory school was formally recognized in chapel, October 27, by Dr. Robert C. Provine.

The aims of the Senior Preparatory class were announced by the class president, Hardwick Newton. Class ideals were drawn from the virtues portrayed on the pillars of the Palace of Doges in Venice. Ellen White, vice-president of the class, discussed justice. "Justice is too often thought of as an abstract quality or governmental term." In school it means "fairness in activities." "We shall strive for a practical application of justice."

Sergeant-at-arms, Beverly Nichol, spoke on fortitude. "Personal courage in students is fortitude at Ward-Belmont."

Martha Ann Gambill, day student treaturer, enlarged on the virtue of prudence. "Prudence plays a large part in leadership training obtained in school."

The virtue honesty was chosen by Betty Bailey, treasurer. "Honesty is the beginning of every good thing. Every action is motivated by honesty."

Secretary, Bernice Dowd, talked on hope. "If no goal exists, there is no hope." The Seniors shall "lift up their vision to see the possible above the actual."

The class repeated its creed; and Martha Ann Rogers led the singing of the class song. The program ended with the playing of "The Bells of Ward-Belmont" as the girls left the stage. Mrs. E. G. Rasmussen is the class sponsor.

Wilkerson Speaks For Senior Preps

The Senior Preparatory Students of Ward-Belmont presented their annual devotional service in chapel Tuesday, October 28.

The program consisted of: Organ prelude by F. A. Henkel, choir response, Responsive reading, led by Hardwick Newton, vocal solo, Martha Ann Rogers, and a talk by Nancy Fawn Wilkerson.

"Who is our neighbor" was the subject. In this she brought out the importance of love in all our work and attitudes.

"Love is made up of nine compounds, patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, sincerity, good temper and guilelessness." Also, "Love is the fulfilling of the commandments of God,"

She closed with the fact that true and pure love is all inclusive, and that it must be based upon a philosophy that includes no prejudices or other lower things.

Thirty-Eight Girls Attend Sewanee

Thirty-eight Ward-Belmont girls, chaperoned by Miss Louise Moss, attended a fooball game and dance at Sewanee on Saturday, October 25. The girls left Saturday after lunch on a chartered bus and returned late Sunday afternoon.

The girls that went to Sewanee were: Peggy Janice, Betty Dodge, Tommy Cantrell, Sallie Pawers, Ann Canterbury, Jo Derrick, Jane Basham, Gloria Chastain, Patty Ann Frizzell, Mabel Durrett, Bonnie Sabe, Jan Denham, Gay Long, Carol Borrow, Jane Reese, Barbara Baynes, Louisa Wilson, Donna Perkins, Caroline Smith, Martie Holt, Joan Jester, Jean Jewett, Sue Madison, Margie Elias, Julia McHenry, Eleanor McCarty, Louis Buford, Betty Smith, Nancy Allison, Lucy Lambert, Barbara Roell, Mildred Jones, Joella Blache, Martha Hull, Pat Capps, Joyce Callaway, Dianne Morgan, Mary Ellen Harper.

Naiades Initiate New Girls Friday

Twenty-nine girls were formally initiated into the Naiades Club on October 24th in the Del Vers Club House at 7:15.

These new members are: Frances Alexander, Sue Armbruster, Pat Austin, Jean Benton, Mary Frances Biven, Dot Borden, Becky Brown, Mary Jane Bull, Ruby Jo Dabney, Patty Frizzell, Ann Haller, Joanne Ingram, Jean Jewett, Catherine Kelly, Carol Kessler, Eda Larson, Ann Lasky, Ann McHenry, Rosemary Meriwether, Betty Moore, Hazel Moore, Mardi Palmer, Pat Shefer, Sue Stevens, Marne Stenson, Beth Taylor, Challie Thornton, Jess Westphal, and Louisa Wilson.

Each one of these girls was given a small gray colored pin in the shape of a fish. The name "Naiades" was printed in white on this fish. The new girls wore these pins on their dresses to signify that they were new members of the Naiades Club.

Junior Prep Class Chooses Officers

The Junior Class of the Ward-Belmont Preparatory Department elected its officers Tuesday, October 21.

Alice Fisher was elected vice-president; Ann Gambill, secretary; Dudley Brown, day treasurer; Helen Long, boarding treasurer, and Anne McGannon, sergeant-at-arms, were also chosen by the class.

President Martha Evers presided over the meetings at which the nominations were presented to the class.

Candidates for the offices were, vice-president, Grace Rodgers, Rosemary Logan; secretary, Harriet Williams, Elizabeth Calvin, Princilla Murray, Beverly Pate; day treasurer, Sarah Smith, Laetitia Wenning; boarding treasurer, Nancy Hendricks, Polly McDonald; sergeant-at-arms, Barbara Bainbridge, Betty Orr, and Mary Jane Capps.

Mrs. Sam Turner is sponsor of the class.

Round Table Club Announces Discussion

The Round Table Club will meet on November 18. The topic of discussion will be France. The following girls will lead the panel discussion: Joyce Calloway, France and America; Irene Potter, DeGaulle's Theories; Peggy Blowers, The Key Industries and the Monet Plan; and Lillian Cornelius, Communism In France.

The meeting will begin at 6:00 in the Tea Room. Everybody is urged to attend, whether or not they aer taking one of the Social Sciences. All will benefit by the discussion.

See Ann Morgan or one of the other officers if you plan to come.

For Us-Sincerest Interest and Wishes Via Miss Fletcher

By JILL FODDRILL

Upon entering the pleasant sky-blue office of the secretary to Dr. Provine one is greeted with a warm, friendly smile and a kind word offering assistance. Miss Mabel Fletcher is the quiet, capable occupant of this tidy, ever-busy office. Her duties in the office range from secretarial work for the President to witnessing the woes, sorrows, and joys of hundreds of girls.

Asked for some information about herself and her position, she replied, "There is nothing particularly interesting to say about me, for I have never done anything spectacular or made for myself any great place in the scheme of things." But after considerable interrogation, we secured the following account of the modest interview.



Miss Mabel Fletcher

Miss Fletcher came to Ward-Belmont about eighteen years ago, on February 30, 1930. She worked first in the Registrar's office, then in the Dean's office, and finally was asked to be Dr. Provine's secretary.

"I am a Southerner, and a Methodist and, I might add, a Tennessean for several generations back, since my forefathers came from North Carolina and Virginia to Tennessee many years ago; but first, of all, I am an American, and believe that the interests of the nation should come before any local or state interest always, though I do believe firmly and traditionally in states' rights" she stated forcefully.

Miss Fletcher has, from her advantageous place, been able to note

(Continued on Page 4)

Jingling the News

By JET

These wonderful things called Stop Day
Cause me old heart to soften.
Just tell me why, Dr. Provine,
We don't have them much more often?

Think on These Things

I am willing to work, but I want work that I can put my heart into and feel that it does me good, no matter how hard it is.
—Louisa M. Alcott

Long Live The Optimist

"Look for the Silver Lining when ever a cloud appears in the blue." At Ward-Belmont (especially during the rainy season) quite a few clouds appear above our lovely campus, and everyone walks about with a grouchy face and there are so few cherry "hello's." When we do see one shinning face in the throng, well, its just like the sun itself coming right through the heavens.

Life is short, and an hour passes pretty rapidly here at W-B so make the best of each day—it'll make others feel better—it'll make you feel better—for happiness is an allergy. Remember this—"Laugh and the world laughs with you—cry, and you cry alone."

An old man loved to sit on a picket fence because he felt so good when he got off. Anyone can make the best of a good day—but it takes real character to find the goodness in a bad day.

There are always days when everything seems to go wrong, but life's like that. One could never appreciate the good without a contrast, and after every bad day you'll usually always find the next day a very good one.

You Are The Trust!

There is a saying "give them an inch and they will take a mile", which in some ways applies to the abusing of the privileges at Ward-Belmont. This constitutes one of the most serious problems on campus today. An honest realization of our personal abusing of privileges can bring this to an end.

An example of this is our privilege of smoking. We exercise a definite lack of consideration in our smokers and on the campus. We abuse the privilege of meal cuts and the quota of social hours also. These privileges are awards of trust and do not have to be abused. If we will be honest with ourselves and appreciative of the trust bestowed upon us, Ward-Belmont, and we ourselves will be finer.

To be trusted is the goal of every well-meaning girl. Trust instills a feeling of confidence and well-being. A "sneaker" is not liked at Ward-Belmont or in any walk of life. To be trusted, show that you are deserving of that quality.

Objective—Peace!

An observation effecting genuine astonishment is that such a short period of time has elapsed since America was allied with Russia against mutual enemies—the destructive forces of combined Germany and Japan—and that the two countries were, to all appearences, locked in the throes of friendship and understanding. Peace was their objective—and the design for making this much-sought-for commodity an enduring one was the formation of a democratic world co-operative system. With Russia's belligerent agitation of each laudably proposed measure, the results of a rehabilitation program have been lamentably slight and distressing.

Obviously, if, at this time of mass confusion, the secret of atomic power were placed in the hands of unscrupulous, power-mad men, it could reduce any nation to a state of slavery. Our only course is to use every means of restoring order to the chaos erupting in Europe. If America does not stimulate democratic sympathy, extending the sympathy so desperately needed, and provide relief for these starving lands, their only alternative will be to accept the government offered them in communistic form. Anything is better than nothing, when the past is so bleak and the future seemingly non-existent!

Such peace is not to be gained with a minimum of self-sacrifice, but our time and fortunes are poor donations in comparison with the multitude of lives already surrendered in dedication to "freedom's holy light".



Will It Be "Beowulf" by English Dept, Or "Lovin' Time" by The Nightmen?

By Jet

Outside my window the circled moon rose above the great black silhouette of the Tower, and the midnight hour was near at hand. In my dreary room I sat pondering over the adventurous story of the death of Grendel's mother, looking up every minute or so to watch the rain blown limbs of a tree hit upon the silver window pane. All is sleeping; even the bells are silent and there is nothing but the morbid sound of rain, and the mysterious murmur of the great North Wind.

I reach to my right and flick on the dial to my faithful companion, my radio, hoping to find some cheerful music which will drown the sorrow of my mood. "Its' lovin time, let's turn the lights low." "This is your nightwatchman's program, WKDA, Nashville, Tennessee." (And in the meantime, Beowulf charged upon his white steed, and away to the cave). "Now cuddle up, lil children, it's lovin' time . . . Just push the button and sit back in the dark, and give your boyfriend's hand a big squeeze." (Grendel was stalking up and down the Mead Hall, killing the brave knights in their sleeping place, dripping blood about him as he walked) "Ah, shut up, Seifert, let's play something more our speed" . . . "it's the choo choo che boogie, wahoo, the choo choo che boogie." (Again Grendel had brought destruction to the castle. His cave, somewhere on the moors, must be found. Beowulf was the man!)

"To spend one night with you, in our own rendezvous . . . that's my desire."

This was too much; either the radio or the book must go. The book.

And so I laid my head against my pillow and spent the rest of the hour hearing . . . "Love me, just a little bit . . . love me, oh, love me tonight." I was inspired. I just had to write Joe a letter before I retired. My darling, only 6 weeks, 4 days, 297 hours, and thirteen minutes until we are together again."

And outside my window the circled moon rose above the great black silhouette of the Tower, and the midnight hour was at hand. Under my little white pillow lay the book of Beowulf—from which an inkling I hoped to absorb when I was ready to rest my head on the pillow. My letter to Joe, inspired by Syrupy strains of "Mamselle," continued on through the eighth page as I looked up only momentarily to watch the rain blown limbs of a tree hit upon the silver window pane.

THE SLEUTHS

By Jill and Bunny

Extra! Extra! Read all of it! This is a new column, idea of which is a chit here and chat there. So inhale, and latch on to the details of the latest campus capers.

Bells Are Ringing !!

Christmas vacation—such ectascy— but Ann Kennedy has the beat on us all. She's "pergaged" and will be married real soon. Put away the books and pick up the apron and pans!!

Did you eer catch the fiends who set off that alarm at 4:30 A. M., Neilyn?

Speaking of alarm clocks, they never found the extra "fire alarm" in Founders Hall the other night, did they?

A Dog's Life !!

What's Je Ann Ingersol going to do with one Chow dog? (Alive at that) Wish our mothers were considerate enuf' to ship our hounds here.

Last weekend was the loneliest weekend for those that were stuck here. Some of the lucky gals were: Betty Lou Weber, Ray Elms, Tippy Groan, Tink Huskin, Kitty Cox, Pat Capps, Betty Rhodes, Sue Madison, "Flea" Harper, Jan Denham, Bonnie Rabe, Anne Canterbury, Sally Powers, Lois Buford, Betty Smith, Tommy Cantrell, Mable Durrett, Jane Basham, Julia McHenry, and Ruby Jo Dabney.

Those gals must have had quite a time at Sewanee. Juan Strouble, Sue Coker, Jean Benton and twenty-two others are really looking forward to next week's adventure.

When is Miss McCain going to swim the laps with her Life Saving Class, hmm?

Pardon Slip's Showing!

"After dinner they entered the saloon in the hotel!" A raucous laugh went up, our French book was never like this, 'Twas "salon" of hotel, not saloon, wasn't it Sodie? Bless your 'lil pointed cranium!

Fleur Connoisseurs !!

Orchids to the twelve brave males who came to the T. C. dance Saturday afternoon.

Poison Ivy to Jane Hughes, who reads only the one little one inch column on the front page, right hand column.

Magnolias, dozens of them, to Kren, our HYPHEN cartoonist who comes out with a darlin' cartoon every week, even if they are done in German class.

White Imported Orchids: to Dr. Provine for the big super colossal STOP DAY! Thanks, from the bottom of each and every lil' heart.

Poison ivy to the P.O. people for leaving so many boxes empty—'cept for gym notices.

Poison Oak to Smoky Joe, who is lurking only four days off.

Roses—and very definitely—to Margie Elias. Lucky gal, got fifty (50) from the man at Sewanee!

Stop Day brings to our minds—STOP, so to a screeching halt—'bye, will bother you again in three weeks.

BELLE OF WARD BELMONT


Jean Ratcliiff

Her name ain't Radcliff, it's Ratliff! She is the brain who presides over Phi Theta Kappa and her first name is Jean. If you don't know her, you have at least had a glimpse of her as she tears madly back and forth from analytical chemistry to the Zoology lab.

She was one of the people who was thrilled when the University of Kentucky beat Vandy—naturally, because she's from Kentucky. She lives on a big farm near Sharpsburg, and just loves it. Even the pigs have a place in her heart, but when it comes to something to sleep on the foot of her bed, she'd much rather have a cat.

She's a Tri-K born and a Tri-K bred and forever loyal to those three K's. As before mentioned, she is president of Phi Theta Kappa, a member of Hood and Gown Honorary Society, and does her part as a member of the President's Council, German Club and Chemistry Club. As anyone can plainly see, the Belle of the week is a mighty busy girl.

When she becomes a graduate of the class of '48, she intends to continue he study of medicine at Vanderbilt University. Her goal in life is to be a doctor, and she has studied hard all of her eighteen years to reach it. All of her honors are well deserved for Jean has worked hard for them. Everyone should look to her as an example, because she is one who believes in earning all you get.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Sue Hoyt

Dear Sis,

So you want to know what Ward-Belmont is like! Gee, Sis, I've never quite seen anything like the gals that go there—the party-party type, and the beautiful clothes them women can flow into! There were only five dances in these two days, to which I went, natch. I certainly wish you were there to see the whole works so I wouldn't have to explain it all to you, but I'll do my best (you know me and the technical terms of clothes).

F. F.'s Formal

Anyway, on Friday night F. F. had the first formal dance of the season. Their theme was a French cabaret and they sure knew how to carry that theme out. The first femme fatale I met was a Miss Mueller, who much to my amazement, is a teacher. She had on a cute thing of black what with a perky bustle of a bright plaid taffeta (How's that sound?) And then there was Anna Jean Walters who had on a sort of green net affair that was muy pleasing to look at. The neck-line was almost nil seeing that it hung over her shoulders, which was quite different because it was full of unusual looking folds. I danced with Tommy Cantrell just long enough to see her black topless with the peplum below plus an orchid when Bill Killebrew cut in. And then you should have seen the floor show with Anna Jean Walter, and Jo Brusing whose costumes were such a transformation from their formals.

Then to T. C. Dance

The next afternoon I traipsed over to the T. C. Club for their tea dance. The two things I saw most were black materials that new ballerina-length. Kay Bond had on one of those. Hers had a whistle bait neckline of black lace with a pink satin ribbon peeking out from underneath. She said that the silk rose at her waist was a hand made creation and very pretty it was, too. I met one of those Beaumont, Texas gals by the name of Carolyn Hart, who had on another of the black and new length styles. I liked the materials. She later told me it was taffeta and it had those cute short sleeves and a long tight waist. It was most amazing. Very striking, and much to my approvement. Jane Hughes had on a dress that sure matched her eyes, blue that is. The sleeves were long and tight, and ended in a point over her lily-whites. The skirt was rather slim with a drape in front and one of whatjamacallits behind a fishtale, I think, is the technical term.

A. K. Entertaining

Then again that night I went to Club Village to the A. K. Club house, where they were entertaining the boys in best of style. The press introduced me to blond Audrey Johnson who looked doggone good in a black creation with one of those huge skirts and the kind of drop shoulders I like. There was Ann Nicks' dress of white shiny stuff, satin they call it, alternating with rows of net. She looked like a real southern belle with the traditional hoop skirt and bare shoulders.

I hope this satisfies your requests, and I could go on, and on, and on, but even for writing this much I deserve more than one epistle from you—so write your deserving brother soon.

See ya,
Bud



Mr. Hudson Long Seeks Material At W.-B. to Supplement Book

By Janice Lebenstein

His bright eyes were lost in the crinkles formed by his broad grin. Mr. Hudson Long of Vanderbilt University laughed at the thought of anyone interviewing him.

"Me" he said shyly. "But O. Henry is so much more interesting. Really, let me tell you about . . ."

There was no chance to do or say much of anything as Simms, Joyce and I trailed behind Mr. Long from office to office, trying to find out exactly when Margaret Porter, daughter of Sidney Porter, who is known to most as O. Henry, attended Belmont College.

"You know," he said as we waited for Mr. Nelson to dig through old, dusty piles of catalogues and files in search of the information, "O. Henry visited his daughter and stayed here for over two weeks. It rained all that time and when he left, he wrote the *Municipal Report* as a result of that visit. Mr. Nelson finally found Margaret's name in the list of students that attended Ward-Belmont, or as it was known then, Belmont College.

"She attended high school here in 1905 and left in 1908," he said as he blew the dust from the old catalogue. We were all amazed to hear that the magnificent sum of exactly three hundred dollars was the charge for room, board, steam heat, running water, and maid service.

Since Mr. Long had gotten the information he had come for to add to his forthcoming book, we tried vainly to get him to talk about himself. We *finally* gleaned the knowledge that he had taught at Ohio State until this fall, and that his book, *O. Henry, A Biography,* was already at the printers and he was waiting for the proofs.

"One point I have tried to make



Mr. Hudson Long

clear in my book is that O. Henry *did receive* a fair trial and although he was guilty of extortion in the legal sense, he was not a thief because he did return all the money he borrowed. You ask about O. Henry's contribution to the short story. He widened the scope immeasurably. Instead of writing about the four hundred, he chose to write about the common people—the four million.

Mr. Long, himself will have contributed greatly to the field of literature when his book is published. A fair, objective treatise of O. Henry and his works has been sorely needed for many years. I am sure Mr. Long's book fills this void!

Tri K and Osiron Take Club Week-Ends

The Osiron and KKK Clubs spent week ends at Rawlings and Dunbar Cave, respectively. Hiking, wading, boating, and cave excursions highlighted the trips.

The club girls returned to Ward-Belmont Sunday evening in chartered busses.

Day Light

By Betsy

I have crawled to the four corners of the campus this week, for you my reader, to learn of all the very latest news and doings of the day students. I slithered into the analit lab where my extra large ears (I'll show 'em to ya sometime) overheard Jody Fullerton and Mary Anne Graham discussing a character named "Stinky." "Ah, ha," I thought, "A date by that name perhaps." But no, no gossip. Stinky turned out to be a Kipp generator. And if you want to know what Stinky does for a living, step into the lab and breathe deeply. See —no lungs.

See. No Trump!

I made my way to "The Rest for the 'Ready"—Agora house, that is—where I heard Jo-D Johnson telling Betty Webb that she was going to bid seven no-trump on a ten high hand. It was an interesting experiment. But down thirteen isn't bad. The bridge game broke up when Betty Bray came dashing in waving a highly perfumed piece of paper and screaming about a meeting of the "J" (as in juvenile) Club. Everyone left.

Left alone, I decided to crawl in the piano and see what made it tick. I found not only what made the piano tick, but three cigarette butts, a nest of mice, and Betty Shepard, who was practicing a speech. "And to you I say—"quoth she and I left.

A Topless Car

I walked out into the sunlight where I found Nell Chilton applying a can opener to the top of her car. "Frankie Ann and I want twin cars again," she explained.

I met Gayle Jennings, who was mumbling about something. (Sounded like something from Dick Tracy). She told me that egg prices have gone up: The hen lays for the dealer, and the dealer lays for the public.

Willie, Oh No!

Joan Sisk was waiting for me on the steps, with a poem. "Just listen," she cooed. "The meter, the meter."

Willie stopped to bum a smoke,
Willie also bummed a coke,
The sucker couldn't take a joke,
On Willie's head the bottle broke.

Shades of Shakespeare, Willie's Back!

I then ran into Joan Reynolds who tried to bum lunch money from me, while I was trying to bum money from her. We were so flat broke we couldn't pay attention—and we still are. Now I must close 'cause I'm hungry, and have got to bum lunch money.

You'd never believe us if we'd say that we went to printers on Wednesday and found this great big empty space. So here's a filling paragraph—I'd best hide my face.

To Betsy—our deepest and sincerest apologies ! ! !

PEGGY PICS PICTURES

BELMONT: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday; "Miracle on 34th Street"; Wednesday; "Blondie Knows Best"—Both of these you've heard about again and again. Thursday, Friday, Saturday: "Dead Reckoning" with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott—'nuff said! says Carol.

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday; "Tarzen and The Huntress" with Johnny Weismueller and Brenda Joyce —asked what Carol thought of it and she said, "Don't know, haven't seen it!" Wednesday, Thursday, Friday: "The Beast With Five Fingers", Peter Lorre, so that ought to be a good, thrilling mystery—better take along a big- strong chaperone! Saturday matinee — "The Bells For Rosasta" and in the evening "Little Miss Broadway"—here is your childhood glamour girl—Shirley Temple and Jimmy (Snozel) Durante—for old times sake go and see it!

MELROSE: All they could tell me is that this Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, "Miracle on 34th Street" will be shown.

PARAMOUNT: "Forever Amber" will be shown through Saturday—"I'll bet you make your own comments, but beginning Sunday, the former Broadway production and now a hilarious comedy on the screen—"Dear Ruth"—If you don't do another thing—you must go and see this movie!!! Joan Caulfield, as "Ruth", has a young sister and this girl of about 13 or 14 steals the show. It is just a light and entertaining show and I guarantee none of you would be sorry you went to see it!

LOEW'S: October 30th to November "Christmas Eve" will be shown (just a trifle ahead of the season!) George Raft and Joan Blondell play in this movie. I wish I could make some outstanding critical coments, but never having seen the show or not even hearing about it before, you'll have to see it out of curiosity or just plain lack of something to do.

KNICKERBOCKER: "The Dark Passage" with Humphrey Bogart and "The Look" Bacall will be shown from Thursday to this Wednesday. You know, I must be getting behind on these movies but with football games on Saturday, and all these tests, I just can't get to all of them. Got to rush to the show, kids—

Peg



- Green suede with green calf
- Green suede with tan calf
- Black bucko with tan calf
- Black bucko with black calf
- Antique red clef
- Antique tan clef

8.95

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By Fay and Lindgren

Semi-Finals

With consistent and deliberate plays, Julia Edwards, Angkor, defeated Dudley Brown, also Angkor, in the Prep tennis finals last Tuesday. The plays on both girl's part were excellent and the final score was 6-2, 6-2. It certainly was an exciting game, even if our necks did get tired from the continual turning back and forth. One thing which held our attention was the sharp accurate serves and quick returns made by both players. Edwards really has a strong backhand and it was wonderful to watch the coordination between feet and hands. All in all, it really was a grand showing for the Preps and congratulations to you both.

The college tennis singles are fast and furiously drawing to a close, with the contestants narrowing down for the semi-finals. To date Betsy Clifford, Penta Tau; Ruby Jo Dabney, Agora; Frances Purvis, X. L.; Jane Whiddon, Agora; and Jean Benton, A. P. are still in the running and by the time this Hyphen comes out the prospects will look even more exciting. The Best of Luck to you all—and to those who were eliminated at the start (was the beginning of the end) remember you still got two (2) points for ye olde club, so Tennis-see-you next spring in the doubles tournament with racquet in hand. (Ah, yes—in spring—when young girls' fancies turn to thoughts of Love once more!)

Finally Sense

And now to hockey once again—which we hope is beginning to be up to the new gals. This crisp weather is a marvelous incentive—makes one really feel like sending the ball smash BANG thru the opponents goal—but as for Joan Watts—she remarked with a sly dry smile that her goalie pads only covered her legs and at the same time weighted the rest of her down, thus preventing oscillation. Bessie Benson, bless her heart, was so eager the other day that she rushed down to the field fully prepared with shinguards, pinnie, glasses guard, and first aid kit, only to find herself ensconced in the midst of Osirons and F. F.'s forty minutes premature she were, but practice maketh perfect, Bessie, so keep a-comin'!

As we leaned on the yellow smoker table with Snappy we thought of some of the hard hittin', fast runnin', everlasting enthusiasts of hockey. Among them are Sara Jane Mathes, Anne Lessig, Jane Dance, Mary Olive Walls, Jean Guttman, Sue Del Brewer, Jane Gross, Jackie Mitchell, and Anabel Gayden. S'matter of fact, everyone is really doing fine so keep coming to the early morning practices and Saturday games.

In termination, congratulations to Miss X (she likes to go incognito) who solved the case of Achilles Heel with OLYM-PICS—hope ya like it—the heel is a heel no more.

News Briefs

Saturday night, November 1, the Twentieth Century Club will give a party for all the students on the campus. The theme is "Sadie Hawkins Day."

* * *

Saturday afternoon twenty-five Anti-Pans left W-B for a week end at Horn Springs, near Lebanon, accompanied by their sponsor, Miss Maribel Benton and their guest, Mrs. Newerf. They are the first club to go to Horn Springs from W-B in a number of years.

* * *

At the Penstaff Meeting, Tuesday, plans were made for the approaching contest for membership, which will be open to all high school students interested in creative writing.

Film Actors Are Faced by Charges; Train Gathers Food

"None of your business," said movie writer John Howard Lawson defiantly refusing yesterday to tell Congressional investigators of Hollywood whether he is a Communist and they cracked down with contempt action in a roaring and turbulent session. French Reds "Open Door" to United States—membership in the new Communist information bureau is open to the Communist party of the United States and it is up to the American Reds to decide for themselves whether they will join it, French Communist leader, Jacques Duclos announced yesterday.

The Soviet Union backed down yesterday on its charges of "warmongering" in the United States, Greece, and Turkey, and was then joined by the United States in a world-wide condemnation of talk that might disrupt the peace.

"Friendship Train" gathers up food for hungry Europe. The president's food committee announced yesterday that it would send a freight train puffing from coast to coast to collect food gifts for hungry Europeans.

Miss Fletcher

(*Continued from Page 1*)

the inevitable changes that occur in a school over a period of years. She was working at W-B when the school was not so full. She vows that it was not as interesting as it is now-filled to capacity.

Miss Fletcher's feeling for Ward-Belmont and its nucleus—the students, is reflected in her closing statement, "I have been here so long that I feel really a part of Ward-Belmont and feel a personal pride and pleasure in all the honors and achievements of our students. Whoever you are and wherever you are, if you say you are from Ward-Belmont, you will certainly have my sincerest interest and good wishes."

Associates

(Continued from Page 1)

Milestones, has also announced her complete staff. Associate Editors, Jean Bloom and Jean Hamilton; Advertising, Julia McHenry, Muriel Fisher, Peggy Lair, Becky Brown, Patty Cox, and Glo Colee; Literary Editors, Jane Ellen Tye, Sue Hoyt, Joyce Armitage, Fay Chalmers; Art Editors, Peggy Reed, and Norma Jean Krenzer.

Typists, Betty Smith, Betty Buckner, and Jo Vance; High School Editor, Ann Nicks; Day Student Editor, Russell Fessey.

PREPARLANCE

By Judy Merrick

Up Pops Judy!

Smoky Joe is here again! After awaiting him with much expectancy, there are a few questions I would like to ask! Have the Seniors "whites" turned "black"? Is there soot in your hair? If so . . . read next week's column entitled . . . "That Ole Black Smudge" or "In the Grey of the Day."

Now for a bit of reprimanding, please gals, help me out on the goin's on around here. Tell your club reporter any news of the campus. "Jest" give names, details, and be sure it gets to me the Wednesday following each club meeting . . . thanx!

Your Bid, Kid

Saw Virginia Berry, Dicki Wharton, Carol Woolwine, and Betty B. Langston in the club house the other day. They seemed to be quite ingrossed in a furious game of bridge. They could hardly tear themselves away, but were so anxious to get to the next class that it didn't make any difference.

I have wondered what some of us would do if we went to school with members of the opposite sex. The way we come to school is nothing short of a "masquerade ball." We have had two nominations for the typical W.-B. attire—1. Margaret Currey and 2. Stormy Smythe. It's gonna be close kids! Of course every Friday you see Nancy Denney, Thaniel Armistead, Susan Rogers, and Nancy Dougherty at school with hair rolled up, no make up, and cold cream sprinkled here and there for that "new effect." It's because of dates that week end. Aren't we lucky there aren't any "camera fiends" at W.-B.?

Bumped into Sister Cates the other day—(excused me—she tripped on her "new look") and she was all smiles! Asked why—? Sis explained, "Guess what? I just got a new skirt, and it's so long—I won't ever have to polish my shoes again!"

Oh, Happy Day!

A great big kiss and a "thank you" from each of us goes to Dr. Provine. We hope Mrs. Provine understands.

Saw several gals so happy they fainted with surprise and didn't recover until Thursday morning. He . . . He!

In closing I must add another poem!

"If it t'were done when tis done,
Then t'were well it t'were done quickly,
'Cause if I had to learn more Macbeth, I'm afraid I'd turn up sickly!

By Gloria Gordon

Here Comes Gordy

"Ain't nobody here but us chickens." That's what they were saying last week end. The Anti-Pans and the Agoras took off for Horn Springs and Dunbar Cave respectively. What a week end! I'm just beginning to be able to get up in the A.M. without my back contracting convulsively. Yes, we did a bit of rowing (no comments, Miss Neal). We burned a little midnight oil over a bridge table; in fact, M. H. Marks got so excited when she saw the sun coming up that she bid 6 spades on a 3 card suite. The Anti-Pan's seem to have had a little trouble with plumbing, light fixtures and the like.

This past week was Senior Week. Monday we had Senior Recognition Day and Tuesday was our Senior Chapel. You can put your white dresses back in the bags now, girls. No, wait a minute, you don't have to keep them so well-covered anymore. You've all heard about the new smoke ordinance, of course.

'Round and About

Peggy Brown, dear, next time any of my friends (?) start telling you such things about me as they did last week end, just don't pay any attention to them; besides, you should know me better than that anyway. My friends will please refrain from taking advantage of the wee freshman.

"Bucky," you can just stop all that "talented" business. I think it has gone quite far enough. Put it away for a while anyway, just as a special favor to me.

Third floor is so nice and cultured these days. Joan Hayes honors us with her ballet and Peggy Phren has all the long-haired records you can imagine. Really, it's quite charming. It seems to add a gentile touch, you know.

Also on third we have a most diligent little monitor, Collie Hall. Collie is so thorough in her checking that even the rodents respect light bell now.

At this point I'll mention my suite mate (at her insistence). I hereby mention Janet Pierce—so much for that.

T. G. I. F. Project

The TGIF club of Heron Hall has decided upon their project. Everyone is saving the red celophane strips off of the cigarette packages for *obvious reasons!* There'll be a box in the smoker; so be sure and participate.

The girls who get my vote this week for being the chicest of all are Sal Kayko and Karim Tuhtar. They're a couple of long, lanky, good-looking Northerners.

Did all you fifth period Physiology students know that egg plant contains phosphorus? Just an item of interest to you illiterates.



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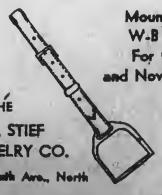
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Judgement Was Passed

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

See Henry V!

VOLUME XXXVI | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1947 | NUMBER 9

Henry The Fifth Presented to English Students

The entire English department of Ward-Belmont will attend the showing of "Henry V" by William Shakespeare at the Belmont Theatre, November 10 and 11. Admission for the matinee will be $1.20 and for the evening performance, $1.80. The school has been able to purchase a block of tickets for each performance, so that all the students who wish to see the movie will be able to do so.

Time Magazine calls this work, "the greatest movie ever produced." It is an English movie, made during the war, by director Laurence Olivier.

King Henry will be portrayed by him. As the plot unfolds, Henry is shown as a wild router in taverns of London, where Sir John Falstaff, an amusing braggart, is his chief companion. Henry, however, rises from all this and ably takes his position as King of England and proceeds to take his royal responsibilities very seriously.

Under the guidance of his advisors, Henry decides to claim the throne of France. The rest of the play is made up of the struggle for the crown of France.

His early death prevented him from uniting the two lands, thus enlarging England's empire to include France permanently.

All English classes this week are studying the play in its original form so they will be better prepared to enjoy to the fullest the picture.

Prexy Participates In Nashville YWCA

Dr. Walter Courtenay, minister of the First Presbyterian Church will be the speaker of the Nashville YWCA Vesper Service at Wightman Chapel, Scarritt College, 4 p.m., Sunday, November 9.

Miss Challie Thornton, president of the YWCA chapter at Ward-Belmont, will be on the program. She will read the scriptures for the day.

Challie has been active in "Y" work since she has been a student at Ward-Belmont. Recently, she has put over the membership drive at school, one hundred per cent.

Reverend North Is Chapel Speaker

Reverend Floyd H. North of the Baptist Student Center in Nashville, was the speaker in chapel last Wednesday.

Reverend North was introduced by Dr. R. C. Provine, and the title of his talk was "Swerving from Now." He gave the girls many constructive ideas pertaining to both the present and their future.

The student body joined in a hymn and the responsive reading, led by Dr. Provine; the prayer was led by Reverend North.

Austrian Student Commends WSSF

Verena Von Sieben spoke in the chapel Thursday evening, October 30, in connection with the W.S.S.F. Drive, sponsored by the Y.W.C.A.

Miss Sieben is a traveling secretary for the World Student Service Fund. She is a medical student at the University of Vienna and was chosen as one of the students to travel all over the United States because of her good standing at the University.

Miss Sieben said that students attended the school all during the war despite the adverse conditions. She added that although conditions are somewhat improved, the students must trade through the channels of black market. Therefore, the money that we give will go for the education of these students.

Miss Sieben said that there is always some doubt as to whom the solicitations are given. She explained that the money is sent to the United States representatives in each foreign country. These representatives see that the money is placed in the hands of the schools and the parents of the students.

Miss Sieben stressed the point that the World Student Service Fund is beneficial and indispensable to those students far less fortunate that we.

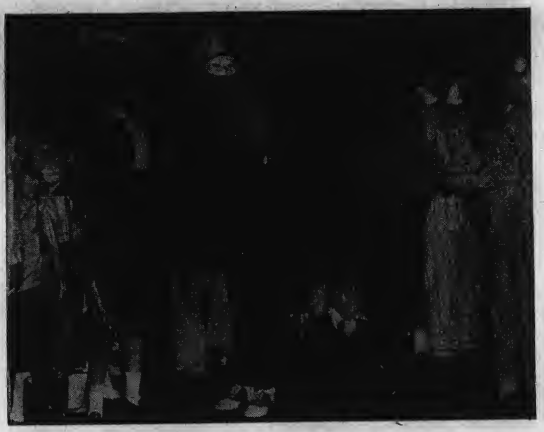
Try-Outs Are Held For New Operetta

Tryouts were held Tuesday night in Dean Irwin's studio for *The Gondoliers,* an opera by Gilbert and Sullivan. *The Gondoliers* is a two act opera with a long cast of characters, 17th century costumes and dances.

In previous years Ward-Belmont and Castle Heights have jointly presented four other Gilbert and Sullivan operas: *The Pirates of Penzance, Patience, Pinafore,* and *The Mikado.*

The cast and chorus will be announced at a later date. Tryouts and production people are still needed, Dean Irwin has stated.

C. G. O. Innovates Masquerade Party



The Headless Horseman, His Steed, and a Group of Merry Masqueraders at the Halloween party.

Headless Horseman Wins First Prize

The C. G. O. sponsored a Halloween party in the gym, Friday, October 31.

Everyone came masquerade and the costumes were judged by Misses Polly Fessey, Shirley Mueller, and "Curly" Neal, sponsors of the C. G. O. First prize winners were Ann Lindgren, Fay Chalmers, and Janet Young. Ann depicted "The Headless Horseman" who rode Fay and Janet. Each girl was presented with a W.-B. stuffed animal.

Nornie Stegman won most unusual prize of a package of Fritos for masking in the most unusual costume of magnolia leaves. Honorable mention winners were Maggie Petrass, a witch; Mary Ellen Clemmons, a pumpkin; and Janet Pierce and Marie Byrd, the spider and the fly.

"The Captivators," led by Fran Doolin, furnished music during the program. Mary Del Wilson, vocalist, sang with the orchestra. Margaret Glass played several selections on the marimba.

Members of the faculty that were dressed as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs were Misses Phillips, McCain, Mueller, Neal, Fessey, Cutchins, and Dr. Walker. Most of Fidelity Hall came dressed in night clothes.

Virginia Davis was in charge of the decorations.

Cake Decoration Is Demonstrated

Donna Becker of the Becker Bakery gave a demonstration on decoration of cakes to the Home Economics Club in the Home Economics Building last Monday evening.

Miss Becker decorated two white square cakes. The frosting which she used came from the Becker Bakery. A paper cornucopia with a frosting tip on the end was the device which she made to apply the frosting. White, pink, blue, and green were the colors Miss Becker chose for the decorations.

White strips of frosting were put on the sides, and rose buds, forget-me-nots, and large roses, all made from the frosting, were put on the top of the cake.

After the demonstration the club members and Miss Becker had pieces of the newly decorated cakes, and coffee.

Then the girls and Miss Becker discussed informally various ways to decorate cakes both small and large.

Flunkie Class Has Horrow and Deal

Chemistry Club held its regular meeting last Tuesday night in the analytical lab. "Snappy" Englett, president, took charge of the meeting. Plans for the initiation of the new members were discussed.

After the business meeting, the meeting was turned over to Betsy Buchannan. She presided as "Mistress of Ceremonies." A skit was presented with "Snappy" Englet as Dr. Horrow; Margie Ellias as Mrs. Mathias; Oragene Willson as Mrs. Boyd; Jean Ratliff as Miss Deal.

Students were Sue Steinman, Ann Greenlee, Nettie Jean Blake, Dot Evans and Joan Simon.

The skit revolved around a typical day in the Chem Falcutaly's life. A test was given by Mrs. Boyd. Dr. Horrow explained the courtship of Hydrogen and Nitrogen. Miss Deal lectured to her class, and Mrs. Mathias taught the analytic students how to light a cigarette with the bunsen burner.

German Club Is Newly Organized

Dr. Mary Givens called the first meeting of the German Club of Ward-Belmont last Monday night. The club was organized for the year, and officers were elected.

Anita Underhill was chosen president, Jeanne Heise, vice-president, and Neilyn Griggs, secretary-treasurer.

The group will meet the first Monday in each month from seven to eight in the YWCA room, under the sponsorship of Dr. Givens.

A plan for the year's activities was presented and German songs were sung. Dr. Givens spoke briefly on the origin and meaning of these songs. The meeting was closed with the singing of "Die Laurlie," a German folk song.

Flowers All Spring From Uncle Buck's "Green Thumb"

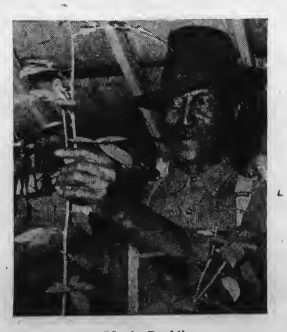
By Ella Brooks

Did you all notice the beautiful roses placed on the tables and at the teas when you first arrived at Ward-Belmont? These were the product of a master artist, an artist with a "green thumb"! These were the product of "Uncle Buck" here at W-B.

"Uncle Buck" has been with the school since 1927 as gardener. He is now in charge of the greenhouse and flowers for all occasions at W-B.

If you ever wander down toward the greenhouse, be sure and go in. You are always welcome and if you are lucky enough to find "Uncle Buck" there, an interesting visit can be spent.

His parents were slaves and he can remember when he used to get



"Uncle Buck"

"whuppins" for digging up all sorts of plants and transplanting them. But they always grew, for you see, he possesses a rare gift; a "green thumb." All through his life incidents have proved this to be a truth. Have you ever noticed his roses? They are larger and prettier than any around this part of the country.

You see, "Uncle Buck" believes that all he has to do is to pass his hand over the plant or touch it and it will grow larger, or which ever way he wants it to do. He firmly believes in himself and he transfers a little of this confidence in nature, in God, and in himself to you. You are absolutely spellbound by his intense black eyes as he tells of his plants and his beliefs.

Sometime when he gets time, he promised to show me how to cut a

(*Continued on Page* 3)

Jingling the News

By Jet

Though Halloween is far behind,
We'll long remember it—
The Headless Horseman rode again—
And really made a hit!

Think on These Things

A dear old Quaker lady, distinguished for her youthful appearance, was asked what she used to preserve her charms. She replied sweetly: "I use for the lips, truth; for the voice, prayer; for the eyes, pity; for the hands, charity; for the figure, uprightness; and for the heart, love.

—Jerry Fleischmann

A Threatening!

Democracy—liberty and freedom for all! The munificent form of government that has made our country the most esteemed the earth has ever known! We all know what it is, and have taken it for granted that we can never be deprived of this gift from God, for it belongs to us! But each and every day this assurance is being shaken as we realize that the threats of Communism and Socialism are no longer too far away to be dangerous—for they are now blandly exhibited before the American public.

To be open-minded Americans, we ask ourselves why? Looking at Communistic and Socialistic Europe and Asia, we see that any good influences wrought by these parties are insignificant compared to the widespread advantages of democracy. In Europe, the slight things that are "everyday" and common to us, such as electricity and running water, are nine times out of ten, luxuries afforded only by the most fortunate. Yes, capitalism has run rampage the last few years, but the advancements generally offered to Americans is as miraculous to the continents of Europe and Asia now as they would have been to the American Indians in 1500!

Free enterprise has made us great and although the lack of a stable economic system must be amended, a recognition of new radical forms of government is not the solution. It is natural that the deplorable living conditions of some American families should be disturbing, but our foundation for building better things is the best! The most worthwhile commodities demand some sacrifice and always require hard work! Capitalism is an example of democratic ideals in action. With the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," the fruits of democracy, every man will have an opportunity to leave "footprints on the sands of time."

Jerce's Diction

Somewhere, awhile back, I happened to run across this little suggestion tucked in the corner of a newspaper. "Try this for one day: Think as though your thoughts were visible to all about you." This is, admittedly, a startlingly different idea!

Imagine, for instance, sitting in an English class busily scribbling away on that test you studied so hard for and having your closest neighbor able to visualize your every thought and transcribe it to her paper! "I wouldn't like that at all," you say indignantly. No, of course not. Nor would you like your close friend to know, while you are joyfully admiring her latest man, that you think him comparable to a mud fence!

No, the quotation does not refer to these unimportant things. It means more than such trifles as I have mentioned. It is trying to say that we, no matter our walk of life, should think thoughts that we would not be ashamed to have visible to all we come in contact with during the day. For those who are glad their thoughts are private ones this transition would be difficult, but it would be so worth the effort. They would be surprised at how clean and wonderful they would feel inside if they could, even for one day, think thoughts worthy for all to see.

For those who could truthfully say their thought are free to release, if this magical power to see was given us, I can only say they have the real happiness and purpose in life by the handle.

All of you . . . someday soon, do try to think as if your thoughts were visible to all about you. This is a startling, but very fine idea. Perhaps you'll get even the habit!



The Case of Claustrophobic Kids—Or: Don't You Wish Your Cell Was Padded?

By Bunny

This week is exam week! This happens to be a very needless statement. My roomy and I got very tired studying the reaction of carbolic acid upon acid and the reign of Telemachus in Rome, or something of the same. So we decided since our claustrophobic tendencies were coming out that we would move our furniture.

Now the average room at W-B is large, but ours was put in the hall as an afterthought—we are firmly convinced. At this time, I will not state the exact dimensions, only give you an idea. When we come in we find ourselves in bed. To wash our hands, we go through a maze of clothes, over the desk, out the window and crawl back into the room and what do you know, there we are at the beds again! Since this was the case, the furniture *or something* must be moved out.

First, we have three chairs. Where the extra one came from, we don't know, but one morning we opened the window and there was the chair. No one else would have it.

Ever since we have remembered, we have both wanted double-deck beds. Now we could have them! That took care of the beds, and the floor. I hope the poor diligent students below us didn't mind that extra piece of ceiling falling through to disturb their studies.

The bureaus, we found, would be quite in order if we strung them out the window and pulled them up to our window level. Too bad we're not on first floor, then we could have the whole sun deck, to put our stuff on.

Now all we have to find a place for, is the desk, our bags, the extra closet—that also popped in one morning, and our copies of the Hyphen (plug)!

We were set—only the beds in the room. As we stepped back to appreciate our handy-work, we stepped back, and back. The door had been opened. We fell into Mother Easton's waiting arms.

Student Council, here we come! Anyway, I'll close this with the eight advantages of a small room.

1. Save money, no room to spend it.
2. Not so much to clean up.
3. Always know where everything is.
4. Get more stuff in, at least looks like it.
5. It doesn't hurt to bang your head.
6. The quiet is wonderful? ! ! !
7. Can always see who is there.
8. Get to know your roomy better. Whee!

BELLE OF WARD-BELMONT



"Jet"

Jet! That about sums her up. You know, like jet propulsion. She even looks like her name should be Jet with her coal black hair and green eyes and does that gal move in a hurry. In her three years at Ward-Belmont she has done more and been in more things than anyone. In high school she was known in Heron as the poet-laureate of the Preppies, secretary of Penstaff, senior cheerleader, reporter for the Art Club, associate editor of "Chimes," and a member of the Hyphen staff. Now as a senior-mid, she is editor of that great literary epic, "Chimes," mid cheerleader, member of the Hyphen and Milestones staff, student council, and ever-faithful to Agora.

When I asked her what she liked, she said, "cats and Bloody Harlan." I will add to these W-B, Agora, Vandy, cheeseburgers, coffee, Kentucky, good poetry, "Song of Norway," and would rather cheerlead than sleep. Among her dislikes (these she says she really hates) are loud music, crowds, and people who don't like horses!

Jet is carefree and at the same time very ambitious. She can be depended upon to get things done and done well. She sees something good in everyone and is always cheerful and generous. In spite of her colorful personality, she wears black

(Continued on page 3)

Inquiring Reporter

By Bessie

There I sat that Tuesday night; my mind was as blank as the paper I turned in for my Chemistry mid-semester exam. Then suddenly two thoughts flew into my empty head and rattled around in it. "Should I get up and close my window, or should I just sit here and let the rain wash away my little white bed?" was the first thought. (I decided to leave the window open; I never use my bed anyway.) The second thought was: "WHAT will I ask the people I am going to interview for IR this week?"

I picked through the events of last week like a literary vulture until I became restless and got up to pace the floor. But instead I fell flat on my face, for I had forgotten my stiff knees left over from the Stop Day Picnic.

As I sat in the small Niagara which dribbled over the window-sill, I reflected on that unforgettable Tuesday when Dr. Provine got up and announced that on Wednesday we would have a Stop Day—that is, a day when everybody stops working and takes a holiday.

Not wishing to force my opinion on the readers of this erratic column (if there are any by now), I consulted my fellow-scholars and ended up with these answers.

To the unusually quiet group across the hall I shouted, "How do you feel after that wonderful Stop Day we had last week?" Frances Purvis turned painfully around and whispered, "I feel like the cracked belle of W.-B." Her roommate, Abby Houdersheldt, just smiled weakly and said, "I'm pooed out."

Fran Gibbins' statement was a bit wistful: "I still had lessons to get when I got home."

On the steps I tripped over the body of Lebie who was muttering something about a forward pass. I went over to Senior Smoker (10 per cent more smoke inside than outside) to see the gals. Only Rusty Kelly was there, and she had the prettiest blue spots all over her. I said, "How do YOU feel after the picnic?" and she screamed "T-E-R-R-I-B-U-L ! ! !"

Next I met Jo-Jo Sullivan whose ready answer startled me. "I feel fine! Just like I'd been on a grand week end." At the Tea Hole Bucky Jr. (Joanne to all foreigners) told me, "I had a REAL good time, but Beowulf kept calling me to come back and keep him company."

"Snooks" Blackburn yawned and said, "I felt like hitting the sack for three days."

Carol Cantrell rubbed herself and said one word, "Sore."

But Lil Audrey Johnson cheerfully expressed what many of us were thinking: "We should have more Stop Days—about five a week."

My, I thought, how laconic these folks are; but I was to find that nearly everyone's answer was short and to the point. F'instance, Mary Lee Nelson just said, "Hungry," Betty Smith sadly eyed me and commented, "Ever draw a complete blank?" then she buried her head in a monstrous pile of red, red roses (Happy Birthday, Betty) and went back to sleep!

Having heard 'nuff voices from this neck of the campus, I started out to see the rest of the world!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Editor ..... Joyce Armitage
Associate Editors .... Jill Foddrill and Ann Haller
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News Writers: Barbara Dunn, JeAnn Ingersol, Betty Shepard, Nancy Cook, Peggy Muessel, Sara Ann Jones, Donna Perkins, Barbara Bull, Mary Martin, Wilma Mathew, Pat Crowe, and Kay Bond.

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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Ann

Have you all seen the good looking clothes floating around campus now that the winter season has set in? I think each and everyone of you should be models in New York or someplace. Where can one ever find better dressed girls than here at good old W-B

First—At Dinner

The other day I saw Jackie Garrell and Frances Paine strolling to dinner in two mighty sharp outfits. Jackie's suit of black and white check was made with a long flared jacket. It had two large pockets and one small one on the left side, and there were five small self buttons and large revers. As is the new style, Jackie's coat was cut away into a slight flare in the back. The skirt was perfectly straight except for one kick pleat in the front. With this suit she wore a varigated blue scarf and black shoes. Frances was wearing a red (bright red, at that) crepe dress with a high neck which tied in a big bow in the front. Down the front of the bodice were a row of ruby and rhinestone buttons. Frances' sleeves were short, and the skirt was gathered with two small side drapes across the hips. The belt which completed this dress was red crepe also with a buckle of the same stones as the buttons.

As I walker into the dining room, I saw "Candy" Bentley wandering around trying to find a place to sit. She had on a beautiful cinnamon brown tailored crepe dress, with a heavy gold necklace. The sleeves were short and the high jewelry neckline became her ornamental choker. "Candy" wore her new brown shoes with dark brown hose which set off the cinnamon of the dress.

Dinner Smoker Outfit

Tonight in the Senior smoker I saw quite a few outstanding clothes which I thought all of you would enjoy being on the look out for.

Ann Canterbury was wearing a gorgeous gray wool suit. The softest material I ever felt! It was made with a long jacket which did not flare in the back and a perfectly straight skirt with two slits (on the sides). The flared pockets added a unique touch to the straight lines of the suit. Ann wears a printed scarf of green, yellow, blue, and gray around her neck and she has covered the buttons of the jacket with the same material. A very good idea, Ann. I bet somebody copies it soon.

Next, in came Muriel Fisher, sporting her new SAE pin that we have all been hearing about. She had on a blue and brown mixed weave suit. The skirt was straight and the jacket was double breasted. The two rows of buttons were made out of the same material as the suit, and the lapels were very wide and large. Muriel was wearing a white blouse which ties at the neck, and she says that she usually wears brown shoes and matching bag.

Then in came Carolyn Henderson wearing her orchid, sent as a Happy Birthday greeting from Stephen. She was wearing a royal blue wool suit dress with the skirt in a drape tier which matched the tier of the drape of the jacket. The jacket had long sleeves and the two large buttons were gold lined on the inside with the material of the suit. Inside this was a small flower made in gold. I do not think that anyone could do justice to this terrific dress. Happy Birthday, Carolyn, and we're sure that the orchid will make you enjoy the day even more!

Sewanee Fashion!

Margie Thompson wore a beautiful wine velvet formal to the dance at Sewanee. It had huge padded hips. Margie's straps were V-shaped in the front and extended low in back. Although she did not wear it, Margie has a cape that also goes with the formal. It is plain except for the small ruffle all around it. Margie certainly looked marvelous, so the girls said, and I'm sure they are all right.

JeAnne Ingersol wore a brown and blue plaid bolero suit up to Sewanee. The skirt is straight except for the self pleats in the front. The sleeves were three-quarter length sleeves with wide cuffs and the jacket has four pockets, two on each side of the jacket. With this suit, JeAnne wore a white blouse with a Peter Pan collar and a blue tie.

Next week I will put in some more girls who have gone to Sewanee, and until then, I'll be seeing you all!



A group of eager baseball fans root for their side during the "Stop Day" picnic at Edwin Warner Park!

News Briefs

Julia Edwards and Dudley Brown, both Angkors, reached the finals of the Prep Tennis Tournament. After a hard fought game, Julia was proclaimed the winner.

* * *

The F. F. Club will leave for a week end at Horn Springs, near Lebanon, Saturday accompanied by Miss McCain and the sponsor, Miss Mueller. They plan to return to the W.-B. campus Sunday evening.

* * *

Sylvia Stahlman and Mary Delle Wilson, students in the Conservatory, presented a program of music in the chapel last Monday. "My Lovely Celia," an English folk tune, "Si Mes Vers Des Ailles," by Hahn, and "Caro Nome" by Verdi were the three numbers selected by Miss Stahlman, a soprano. She was accompanied by Miss Alma Baskerville. Miss Wilson's piano selection was "Prelude" from the Debussy "Suite."

"Green Thumb"

(Continued from Page 1)

bare twig from a tree and make it take root. That may be hard to believe, since I thought trees could only be planted from seeds, but after talking to "Uncle Buck" for an hour, I believe he could do it. In fact, I believe there is nothing that he could not do with his flowers!

"Uncle Buck" wanted me to be sure to tell all the girls that he prays for them every night, for, as he says, "I'm a real Christian man."

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

and writes poetry on death. For six months now she has been in a death rut. Previous ruts have been gypsies, jungles, and insanity.

She loves to wear loud shirt and her "Chimes" hat. This constitutes her daily campus outfit. She likes rain and on rainy days she can be seen moping around the "Chimes" office. Her loud voice, which she puts to good use, never ceases to amaze everyone around the railing at the basketball games. To sum it up, you can say she is sophisticated and yet full of pep and life that make her the gal we all love! And known to be one of the finest girls on the campus!



By Carolyn

Thought—not only is it a good idea to go "off-campus" to obtain news, but that I do the same to disentangle myself from all these exchange newspapers. Have *you* ever tried to write an exchange column while sitting in the Hyphen office? 'Tis confusing to write amid so much gaiety, typewriters clicking, voices chattering, and Bessie's music drifting (???) in from Senior Smoker. Which reminds me—I just read in the Huntress (newspaper of Huntington College for girls, Montgomery, Alabama) a note which coincides with Bessie's music. "Music, that's the thing to get away from it all and bring yourself in some moody music." They have a new record room, complete with fresh paint, and a light switch. Here's an opportunity to have a concert every night. I doubt if we have to do much urging, but remember, we too, have a beautiful concervatory, plenty of well tuned pianos, and a wonderful record collection. And you're welcomed to use them.

Virginia Sings!

Virginia Intermont College (uh-huh, all girls) is sponsoring a club song contest, just as the music club on our campus is going to do. Wish we could have the winners compete. How far away is Virginia anyway?

In their "Downbeat" column these Virginia gals are keeping their students well posted on the "new and old disc jobs which are both strictly solid, and guaranteed to send the feet a' hoppin' and the head a' swimming!" Best suggestions are "Our Love," "The Puppy Love Song," "When a Fellow Needs a Girl," and Spike Jones' new number, "The Popcorn Sack."

And see where V. I. girls were

(Continued on Page 4)

Peggy Pics Pictures

BELMONT: Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, "Dead Reckoning," starring Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott—a hand-me-down from last week, but on Monday and Tuesday "Henry V" will be shown. Doubtless, all English classes have heard mucho about this movie all week.

BELLE MEADE: On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, "The Locket" will star Brian Aherne and Lorraine Day. "The Man I Love" with Ida Lupino and Robert Alda. It sounds like the sort of thing that students of a girls' school might enjoy.

MELROSE: And again "The Man I Love" on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday here. "Fort of Kings" starring Paul Campbell and Gloria Henry will show only on Wednesday. A real scarey, "The Beast With Five Fingers" will be shown on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

PARAMOUNT: "Dear Ruth," with the wonderful Joan Caulfield will finish up Saturday, so if you haven't seen it you can catch it Saturday afternoon. Then beginning Sunday is "Mother Wore Tights"—none other than Betty Grable and Dan Dailey—the lucky man.

LOEW'S: Beginning Thursday and lasting 'til the following Wednesday is "Body and Soul" starring John Garfield and Lilli Palmer. There ought to be some A-1 acting in this.

KNICKEBOCKER: "They Won't Believe Me" say Robert Young, Susan Hayward, and Jane Greer in the movie of the same name, starting Thursday at this pic house.

Peg had lots of studying to do, so if the pics review aren't up to par, put the blame here.

Jill



- Green suede with green calf
- Green suede with tan calf
- Black bucko with tan calf
- Black bucko with black calf
- Antique red clef
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Olym-Pics

By Fay 'n Lindgren

Semi-Finals

Pushing aside (and we mean it literally) all books and pertinent matters we take pen in cramped hand and begin this exposition on athletics —again.

Because of rain and mild hurricanes the tennis semi-finals have not been played off as yet. Last Monday Clifford and Dabney started their match but were unable to finish it, and as of today both girls have won one set. The plays were beautiful; and both games close what with continual slam, wham, banging, excellent placing and returns—all of which kept the brave spectators tense and amazed at the possibility of doing the impossible (if you know what we mean—we don't). Benton and Whiddon also started their match this morning, but could not finish it due to these necessary evils—classes. Whiddon has won one set—and we've heard (you see, we were still in bed) that the playing was excellent. The time for the playing of the finals will be posted on the A. A. bulletin board and you *all* try to come as it promises to be one of the most exciting and suspenseful games in the history of W-B ! ! !

H'yar Is D-Day

Tuesday was the last meeting of the Hockey managers with Barbara Nelson presiding. The final touches were made in the preparation for the hockey games which begin November 11. Wednesday was the fateful day for all hockey teams, that is to say, the managers drew the little white slips proclaiming who plays whom.

Now the answer to a hockey player's prayer—the ceded teams, that is. They are Tri K, Osiron and Penta Tau. In case you're wondering what ceded implies, 'tis the three top teams on campus as judged by the Physical Education Department. These three teams only play each other if they are runners-up in the finals. (Maybe now the teams will take up their nightly jaunts around the circle.)

Can't wait for you gals to experience the playing of your first hockey game at W-B or watch your own team out on the field fighting for you all. The friendly competition, wild cheers and club spirit really run high. All in all its an occasion you'll never forget.

Boots N' Saddle

We never saw a headless horseman
We never hope to be one
But this we will say anyhow
We'd rather *Be* than *See* one,

or so said we at the masquerade party in the gym—all this just goes to show you we needed a Grand Introduction for the latest events in riding. Late in November all riding majors and other interested personages having horse-junitioitis are taking off to Chicago for the annual horse show. Really promises to be a lot of fun and a fine lesson in Horse-ology. Practicing is on in full swing for the fall riding show and the dates will be posted.

Sure hope lots of you signed up for basketball cause its really thrilling and what more not so cold for morning practices and BESTLY no running round circle so Rise and Shine.

Rumors Are Flying

Heard some rumors going around that the Niades are working on their theme for the Water Show and that its going to be ex-cell-ente. Congrats to all new members of Niades—you certainly will have fun 'n be in the swim of things.

Well now, our books are giving us the evil eye so back we'll crawl under stacks of notes for the night.

Quakers Awarded Nobel Peace Prize; Attlee Not Ousted

American and British Quakers, members of the Society of Friends that for 300 years has stuck to the tenet of brotherly love while the world has been torn by many wars, were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize this week.

Controls are lifted on time sales, sugar prices. The price lid was lifted at midnight last night and controls over installment buying will expire at midnight tonight.

Churchill loses in 4th attempt to oust Attlee! By a 348-201 vote Winston Churchill lost last night his 4th attempt to expel Great Britain's Labor government from office by parliamentary vote.

Keep Posted

Monday and Tuesday, November 10 and 11: Laurence Olivier in "Henry V" at Belmont Theatre (afternoon and evening).
Friday, November 14. 8:30 to 12:00 Osiron Club Dance. Formal. At 8:15 p.m. is the Community Concert at War Memorial Building
Saturday, November 15. Del Vers week end. Anti-Pan formal dance from 8:30 to 12:00 p.m. and the Penta Tau week end.

Off Campus

(Continued from Page 3)

guests on the "Coffee Club" hour at their local broadcasting station. Each one got to dedicate several numbers to roommates, house mothers, parents, and back-home boy friends.

But I wonder if they have ever heard of Nashville's "Night-Watchman."

Music Major's Delight: Music majors at Salenareall College, N. C. (girls again) agog over their famous brand new pianos and thirty recehtly-tuned practice pianos. Best news, however, is their announcement of their concert sereis. Let's hope they have the opportunity to hear Mrs. Bacon.

Mehitabel Says

"Why did I ever leave home? School, nice restful education. Hmff —it's a lie; that's what it is."

"Uh?" said I.

"I said," said Mehit . . .

"I heard what you said, but I am in no mood to put up with your incessant griping and nonsense. I had enough of that last week, and what with my damaged cranium and monsterous studying, I am having a really rugged time."

"You speak of injuries? I'll have you know, my dear girl, that I hurt much worse than you ever could. I cut my tender little nose on a sardine can that some unkind individual left outside the pub office to tempt me. As a result I was encased, encased mind you, in that dog and cat hospital that seldom releases one until death itself. Ah me, the mere thought sends chills over me. Let me tell you of my horrifying experience.

The Tale Unfolds

"After the sharp pain had subsided because of the morphine injected by that malpracticticant of a dogtor, they carried me away in an ambulance. Delirium overcame me and all was a blue fog. I woke up in a green room. A sickly green room, in fact, a room so very green my complexion soon matched it. I was so sick and uncomfortable.

Then I remembered, that this night was the very evening that the very cream of cat society was to convene in the very, very, Very bestest hotel in town. I was going to have to miss it and after I had purchased a new gown for the occasion. I was crushed —simply crushed. Not to be able to make my debut. The mere idea . . .

"Ah me," I thought to myself as I settled down for a boring evening listening to the trials and tribulations of one stagnating cat whose mind had stopped functioning properly. I wondered how many others there were in the world, and especially at W-B, who had gotten so interested in their own problems that they had lost sight of the more important things about them. Here at school we forget about what is going on about us, but in eliminating the distracting forces, we should replace them with something that is as important and necessary in order for us to take our place in society after graduation. Education in the abstract sense is the rarest and the finest thing that can be acquired. Here at school the opportunity for learning is presented and mistreated by the majority of students. How many of us really study during study hour or utilize that free time to good advantage? How many of us have read something besides Superman or the society page in the last month? Learning requires much time, and aside from text books, a knowledge of contemporary and past culture is of prime importance. The world must have competent people to see it through the complicated situations that are bound to arise. An education is the only background that can ably outfit a person to combat these situations. But with education comes that nemisis of all students—Exams. "Exams," I sighed aloud.

Intellectual Again

"Exams, you say," said Mehit . . . "While we're on that subject, let me tell you what my little sojourn in that horrible hospital has cost me. You know of course I am entered and attending The Feline University for Culturpd Young Cats and I have fallen mucho behindo in my worko. It will be very difficult to make up, n'est pas? But that is life. Ah me, if I were not so concerned with higher education, I would give up and go home, if I had a home. I lead such a difficult existence. If only I were the subnormal type, content with the easy path, but no—struggle I must with Plato and the like. I will be a truly remarkable example when I have completed my course of study. And speaking of studying, I am off to conquer that which eludes me. Tó wit, my text books. Ta Ta. You know I bet I really can win. I think I'll try."

X. L. Formal Has Football Theme

The X. L. Club had their formal dance Friday, November 7.

The clubhouse was decorated in a football motif with goal posts, school songs, and school colors.

The floor committe was composed of the officers of the club. Sally Powers was in charge of the decorations.

Punch was served as the refreshments.



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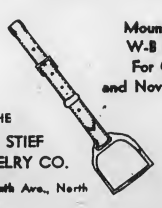
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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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VOLUME XXXVI SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1947 NUMBER 10

Fourteen Seniors Tapped for Phi Theta Kappa



An informal shot of the Phi Theta Kappa initiates immediately after the Monday ceremony.

Jean Ratliff Leads Initiation Ceremony

The initiation of fourteen new members into the Ward-Belmont chapter of Phi Theta Kappa was held in chapel on November 10.

The initiates were Mary June Carnes, Laura Hambaugh, Julia Freels, Betty Bray, Beverly Smith, Genevieve Wolf, Nan Hagan, Joycelyn Johnson, Betty Shepherd, Paula Rudolph, Jackie Collins, Mary Lou Schwankhous, Carolyn Henderson, and Georgia Hall.

Formal initiation followed the tapping of the girls who were to become members of the society. The identity of the new members was discovered when each was tapped on the shoulder by one of the old members.

Prior to the initiation Jean Ratliff, president of the organization, and Sue Hoyt, vice-president, made short talks in which they explained the aims and ideals of Phi Theta Kappa.

Plans Are Made For A. A. Sponsored Interhall Party

Fay Chalmers, president of the Athletic Association, announced that the A. A. will sponsor an Interhall party on Saturday, November 22. It will be held in the gym from 7:30 to 10:00.

All student halls and Faculty Row will participate in the activities. Each hall will be given points for cheers, songs, and decorations. There will also be three-minute games of basketball, volleyball, badminton, and ping-pong. The hall receiving the most points will receive a prize. Refreshments will be served to everyone.

A chairman of activities has been chosen in each hall. They are: Snappy Englett, Pembroke; Pat Shiffer, Fidelity; Barbara Nelson, Hail; Jean Benton, Founders; Peggy Faulconer, North Front; and Sara Jane Mathes Heron. Committees chosen by these chairmen will complete the plans for their hall's program.

North Front Is First in Drive

The YWCA drive will officially end Monday, and there are still four halls on campus who are not 100 per cent. North Front was the first to have all girls join and Heron was second. It is an honor to have your hall 100 per cent in the YWCA.

Those girls that haven't joined and wish to may see the following: Dot Dyer, treasurer of YWCA; Challie Thornton, Pembroke; Anne Greenlee, Fidelity; Laura Hambaugh, Hail, and Sophie Gounos, Founders. Rusty Kelly was the solicitor in North Front and Jane McCarey, Heron.

The day students, both college and high school, are cordially invited to join the "Y," and may turn their money in to Betty Shepard, Martha Ann Rogers, and Challie Thornton.

Viola Is Featured In Community Show

The Community Concert presents for its next engagement, William Primrose. He is the man who has popularized the viola as a solo concert instrument.

Mr. Primrose was born in Glasgow, Scotland. The violin, not the viola was his first instrument, but he always had a secret desire to play the viola. He came to America where his viola playing has interested many and won for him great fame.

Mr. Primrose will play several selections of Bach, Brahms, and Schubert. Many Ward-Belmont girls plan to attend the concert.

French Club Has Doctor Haynes

The meeting of "Le Circle Francais" was called to order by JeAnne Ingersol, November 7th, in the Anti-Pan club house. The speakers, Dr. and Mrs. Haynes, were then introduced. Dr. Haynes was doing research work in physics in Paris in 1939, when he met Mrs. Haynes. While in Paris he resided at the Sorbonne. He was amazed at the ability of the children to speak beautiful and melodious French, and commented on the excellent French food.

Mrs. Haynes, who is a member of the Ward-Belmont French department, told of her experiences while teaching in a French Lycee, which is a state-owned school to prepare pupils for the university. She said that the school was organized somewhat like Ward-Belmont. She said that although the school was very strict, the girls drank wine at every meal.

Contest Offered College Essayists

The Swedish American Line is sponsoring an essay contest open to (1) all college undergraduates, (2) high school and preparatory school students, (3) adults regardless of occupation. The contest will close April 1, 1948, and the prizes are free trips to the Scandinavian countries. The essays will be judged by a board picked by the travel line.

The essay should be a biographical presentation of a person, man or woman of Swedish birth who lives anywhere in the United States or Canada. They must have lived during the last two hundred years. It should be not more than 2500 words.

Information on the contest may be found on the bulletin board of Mrs. Edward Duncan's room on second floor of the Academic Building.

C. G. O. Sponsors Judgement Day

The C. G. O. sponsored the chapel program Friday, November 7, with members of the Class of 1948 participating.

The skit took place in the lower region of the world, known as Purgatory. Court was being held by Her Honor Judge Juan Stroube. Attorneys for the defendants were Mary Lou Nelson and Janice Lebenstein The defendants were sworn in by Baliff Sue Dell Brewer.

Mildred Bethshares was accused and then proceeded to play and sing "Stormy Weather." This was followed by an imitation of Al Jolson by Mary Jo LeMaster. Fran Doolin and Hop Furr then entertained the student body with "Near You" and "Jim." Jean Ratliff gave a dissertation on the density of the earth. Mary Dell Wilson ended the program with "I Want to be Loved."

T N' T Elects Co-Presidents

At the first meeting of the Turf and Tanbark Club, Monday, November 10, Snappy Englett and Mary Jo Harrod were elected co-presidents of the club. Other officers will be elected from the new girls.

Bids have been sent out to five new members: Carol Baccus, Peggy Blowers, "Rusty" Kelly, Virginia Monfort, and "Peanut" Pittman.

The new members went to the T n' T clubroom Friday night, after dinner for an open house.

This club, for riding majors only, is sponsored by Mrs. Camilla Newerf.

Anti-Pans Give Formal Vanity Ball

The Anti-Pan formal dance will be held Saturday, November 15, from 8:30 to 12:00. The theme will be the Vanity Ball, and the club will be decorated in pastel colors with pastel satin streamers and angel's hair. The music will be provided by a seven-piece orchestra.

The decorations committee is composed of Sarah Prentiss, Jo D. Johnson, Joan Reynolds, Betty Luck, and Betty Webb. Mary Runyon is in charge of the refreshments. Jan Denham, Bonny Rabe and the day students make up the invitation committee.

Artist Concert Series Features Knitzer

Joseph Knitzer, violinist, will give a concert at the Ward-Belmont Auditorium Friday evening, November 21, at 8 p.m. He is the second artist to be presented in the Concert Series. The first one was Katherine Bacon, pianist.

The talented, young violinist has had many honors bestowed on him. Among his various achievements is the winning of both the Walter Naumberg and the National Federation of Music Clubs awards. For four years he appeared as a soloist with the Cleveland Orchestra. He has also appeared as soloist with the Ford Sunday Evening Hour and other radio programs.

The brilliant artist began his musical career at the age of seven. He made his debut with the New York Symphony Orchestra as a soloist under the direction of Walter Damrosch.



Mr. Joseph Knitzer

Mr. Joseph Knitzer will present a program of the following selections: "La Folia," Corelli; "Chaconne," (for violin alone), Bach; "Sonata for violin and piano," Burnet Tuthill; "Rumanian Folk Dances," Bela Bartek; "Buncombe County, N. C.," Ernst Bacon; and "Hoe Down" (from "Rodee") Aaron Copland.

He is currently on tour and has played in many large cities. His next appearance will be in another southern city.

The young musician has complete command of the audience from the time he steps on the stage and places the instrument. He is tall and dark with delicate artists hands.

Myron Myers will accompany Mr. Knitzer at the piano. The public is cordially invited to attend this second in the Artist Series of Ward-Belmont.

Jingling the News

By Jet

Tourney week . . . the players bold,
Nobly struggle in the cold.
They warm the field both down and up
In search of what?
The hockey cup!

Think on These Things

If you want friends, you must be genuine and sincere in your interest in other people's lives, their interests, their fortunes and their misfortunes.

Albert E. Wiggam

Seen Henry Yet?

The illustrious production of Henry V (Kindly offered to the English students of W. B.) seems to have been received in good grace by the majority of girls, although there are a few shameless gripers.

The Shakespearean realm of drama has long been considered a source of unparalleled eloquence in the modern pursuit of culture. Not only was the setting of the Globe Theater interesting and informative, especially to history enthusiasts—but it also presented clearly the contrasting factors between the moving picture theaters of today and the mode of dramatic presentation of a past age.

The play was well-documented concerning clothes and customs of the period and the beautiful phraseology of the world's most renowned playwright adds further to the charm of "Henry V". We believe this play will inspire desires for more Shakespearean art!

Last Chance Now

"Today is the golden tomorrow that you dreamed of yesterday . . . and so it shall be until the end of time. Today, then is your day of goldren opportunity."

An old man hung a worn, wooden plaque above his bed with this saying burned upon it. Each morning as he arose to face a new day, he read this small saying. When the old man died, his plaque was hung in a museum, for the man's name was Benjamin Franklin. Who could be a more perfect example than Benjamin, one who took advantage of each opporutnity?

Opportunity awaits us at every crossroad, at every doorstep, at every corner. Opportunity does not return a second time.

As it does not return a second time in our life time, we must always be ready to meet it with courage and use it to the fullest. In this way only can we say that we have obtained everything possible out of life!

Today, now, as you read this you will meet with this thing called opportunity, and whether it be big or little—take it and make it into an important event of your life!

Economic Channels

Few Americans are aware of the confused state of the average European mind regarding our capitalistic system of enterprise. In our push-button world, it is as difficult for us to conceive the many hardships and complexities of trans-Atlantic life as it is difficult for these people to grasp our inadequacy in understanding their situation. After years of sharing and sacrificing, these war-devestated countries look upon our individualistic attitude with astonishment, and perhaps consternation, just as naturally as we look with disapproval upon the everwidening influences of socialism and communism.

Americans are inclined to be satisfied if they feel their opinions in national affairs have been recognized—and thus international problems are allowed to go over their heads through the hands of government officials. The sympathies of the American people, as a whole, are not expressive in the sentiments of cosmopolitan New York and Washington. Contributions toward restoration of the disabled countries of Europe through private channels has been generous, and refusals of government loans are resulting in suspicion and alienation of affections. We must remember, however, that we cannot rebuild other lands with our own national strength as the forfeit. A stable economic system, based on freedom of trade, will be an essential factor in putting Europe back on its feet and in constructing a peaceful, unified world.



Do Your Distilling in Your Own Room 'Tis Much Safer Than Chemistry Lab!

By Bess Benson

Before you decide to be a junior alchemist, harken to these words of warning to those eager scientists who would take chemistry. The only thing wrong with chemistry is the two-hour laboratory periods which accompany the regular lecture sessions.

A typical lab period goes something like this: A bell rings, and the chemistry student grabs her bright yellow lab manual, which promptly unfolds like a picture postcard folder. Extra sheets from the manual and old test papers float gently to the floor; stopping to pick them up, the chemist crams them back into her dangling lab book and hurries on to lab.

The lab partner greets her with the facial expression of a Dr. Cyclops, and the two hours of measuring and stirring of mysterious brews and of *h o p e l e s s* calculations commences However, first the equipment must be set up; this requires ten minutes of digging among tons of broken glass tubing in a drawer in an obscure corner of the lab; then the poor soul must figure out how to make oxygen come out of a generator which leaks badly. Attempting to follow the detailed and confusing list of things to do, the would-be c h e m i s t collects enough sulfur and magnesium and zinc to supply the atom bomb manufacturers for six months and begins to mix them aimlessly, hoping that she will live through just *one* more lab period without a serious explosion.

Next the partner disappears, and the dangerously-bubbling mess boils over. Several broken test tubes, one burned hand, a head (which was banged against the edge of the desk during a search for a beaker which wasn't there in the first place), and two gray hairs later the chemist is choking to death from a foul-smelling gas which may or may not be poisonous. Evidently she did the wrong thing somewhere in the beginning.

At the end of two hours of such

(Continued on Page 3)

BELLE OF WARD-BELMONT



C. Henderson

"Why c a n ' t 'do-flitch' k e e p h e r appointment to have her picture made?" wails a plaintive voice f r o m behind a stack of old yearbooks and piles of papers. Suddenly the owner o f t h e voice emerges . . . gray corduroy slacks and wool shirt adorning a figure short of stature, with thickly curling brown hair and a radiant face. Perhaps she would be just an average college girl *if* it were not for certain characteristics belonging only to Carolyn Henderson! Eyebrows like Miss Ordway's; a positively square nose . . . "Just feel it" she admonishes; and wide blue eyes recently admired by a Nashville shoe salesman . . . but really, everyone agrees that our Milestones editor this year is one of the prettiest gals in the Senior Class.

However, 'tis time now to reveal the sad truth . . . she has *brains* as well as beauty! Why, the day last week she was initiated into Phi Theta Kappa her already discouraged room and suitemates' gasped and went immediately into hibernation! But not only does she wear that gold key, she's a charter member of Naiades, attends French Club and Chimes meetings, a columnist on the Hyphen, and an ardent X. L. to the core!

"Caro" (W-B's monicker) or "Moonie" (Jackson, Missouri style) makes life on the third floor of Senior far from dull! From constant pecking on her typewriter; pirovetting madly around the suite practicing ballet steps; and to sitting on the floor eating sardines goes our Belle, always so happy, always drawing others to that happiness! "Say something I can quote, Caro," this interviewer sprightly said. "Gosh" came the gracious reply accompanied by laughter in the mischievous blue eyes. This sense of humor extends to her secret ambition to trip a waiter bearing a huge pile of trays but comes to a dead halt before an offensively ticking alarm clock. "I just can't

(Continued on Page 4)

Po'ms 'Bout Pe

By Bessie and JeAnn

OH, WHERE IS THE CHESTERFIELD?
"I've found the coat," screamed Janice,
With dreams of A's and flowers.
She thought 'twas Dr. Duncan's,
But it was Sallie Powers'.

PROPHECY
There is a D. S. wandering 'round,
Who has a lovely voice.
We hope someday the "Met" will say,
"Miss Stahlman is our choice."

THE ATHLETE!
Jane Hughes is now a P. E. kid,
She's mad about it all.
You may think golf and hockey rough,
But, Jane, its' only Fall!

PURSUIT OF CULTURE
Henry lived in history,
Some folks are wont to say.
For us, he lived at Belmont
As Laurence Olivier.
(Pant, pant . . . oh, to be Catherine!)

TO THE BRAINS . . .
To take each individual
Would be too much for me.
So, to you new Phi Thetas,
You're great, collectively.

PREP COMMEDIENNE
The funny gal of Heron Hall
Is surely Mary Jo.
That Condiff is so comic,
She's just a one-man show.

ONE LITTLE SMITH
West Va. must be mentioned
With reverence and respect
Before our little "Cassie" Smith
Who came from there direct-(ly).

THE LADY FROM VOGUE
Terry is that well-dressed gal
Who hails from Arkansas.
A tiny miss with curly hair,
She lives in Senior Hall.

MERRY MILLER
Marilyn comes from Yankee Land,
She's Prexie of D. V.,
She runs the club, but thinks of Dick.
She's busy, you can see.

NO! NOT BLACKWOOD!
In Senior Smoker any day
You are apt to see
Barb Morrison bidding no-trump
With enthusiastic glee.

GREEN 'N WHITE, FIGHT!
Osiron's proud of Betty Luke,
Their Middy secretary.
She also plays good hockey
And is always very merry.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT
There are two Ferguses
Who frequent Founders Hall.
There's one way to distinguish them;
One's short, the other tall.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Associate Editors . . . . Jill Foddrill and Ann Haller
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Circulation: Lee Henry, Mary Jane Bull, Nancy Avis, Mildred Jones, Jeanne Smiley and Neilyn Griggs.

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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Ann

Winter Blues

This real cold weather has brought out the winter clothes of all the girls at good old W-B, at least of those who have gotten them from home. Some striking outfits have been seen going around campus.

The other evening I saw Hazel Moore in a gorgeous brown wool dress. Her sleeves were long, and the skirt was straight except for the two modified poufes over the hips. The bodice was plain with the neck in the shape of a V, and on her left shoulder she worg a beautiful gold chatelaine. The other accent of gold was her gold leather belt which wasn't too wide or too narrow.

Have you all seen "Ig" McGuire's new gold crepe blouse? It has pushup sleeves with French cuffs. The bodice has a gold sequins motif on the left side. With this blouse "Ig" was wearing her black velveteen skirt which flared to an enormous width and was made in the new length.

Burgandy Rhapsody

Sunday I saw Dot Maxwell on her way to church. She looked just wonderful in her new wine colored suit. The skirt and the jacket blended together to make a double tiered effect. The drape of these two tiers was quite wonderful. The jacket had long sleeves and long lines, with the reveers being on the large side. With this suit Dot was wearing gray shoes with a matching bag, and her. hat was also the same shade of gray with a wine satin ribbon around the crown and extending down the back.

Then I saw Rusty Kelly hurrying out the door on her way to church also. She was wearing her cocoa brown suit, which was made with long lines also. The skirt was straight except for the two slits on the sides. The jacket was made long with one button and large reveers. The two slit pockets on the jacket were quite unique, because they were made with small arrows at the curving corners. The arrows and the outline of the pockets were stitched in full with thread of the same color as the suit. Rusty was wearing a dark brown hat, the roller style, which had on the side a cluster of feathers which also matched the suit. She wore a canary yellow scarf and matching gloves, and she carried a dark brown purse which matched her hat. I guess just about everything matched something, didn't it Rusty?

Gorgeous Gloria

Last night at dinner Gloria Byrd appeared in a beautiful dark purple wool dress. It had long sleeves, and the bodice was crossed from the lower left up to the right with small gold coins all the way. Then in the back the coins crossed again in the opposite direction, and then they extended down the front to the hip where the skirt was gathered into a full drape, over the left leg. Of course, the skirt was quite long, but straight, except for the drape. Around her waist was a narrow gold belt. With this dress Gloria wore black suede shoes. She certainly did look mighty sharp!

Mary Thompson, one of the tall Texan girls in our midst, had on an equisite brown crepe dress the other night at dinner. It had a high neck with a pointed collar which was covered with gold sequins. The bodice buttoned down the front with small buttons of the same material as the dress. The sleeves were long and came to a point over the hands. The skirt was long, but not too long, and it was quite full. Also there was a belt of the same material as the dress. This brown in her dress certainly did bring out the shade of Mary's eyes.

That's about all for now, but next week I will publish a letter about you all.

Dabney Is W.-B.'s '47 Tennis Champ

By Bunny Haller

Saturday, November 8 the final match of the W-B Tennis Tournament was played off between Ruby Jo Dabney and Jane Whidden. By winning this, Ruby Jo captured the title of Tennis Champion of W-B. The score was 6-1, 6-1. The tournament started the fourth week of school and has run since that time.

Ruby Jo is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dabney, Jr., of Corpus Christi, Texas. A neatly dressed girl appeared for the interview and calmly assured me that she had been playing tennis since her Freshman year in high school. Last year she won the district and regional doubles and proceeded to the State Tournament. Since then she has worked on the further perfection of her strokes.

She said that she signed up for the tournament because the club needed points. Being an ardent Agora member, she carried this to the fullest of her ability and beams happily all the time, when her club is mentioned.

She has never carried a good luck piece before this tournament, but this time Betty Buckner was present at all games and Ruby Jo claims that



Ruby Jo Dabney

Bucky is the best good luck piece in the whole world.

Her first words after winning were, "This is the surprise of my life."

After completing her work here at W-B next year she plans to go on the Texas University. Knowing Ruby Jo, we know she will be just as much a success there, in her home state of Texas as here in Tennessee.

Julia Edwards and Ruby Jo Dabney now reign as the 1947 tennis champions of Ward-Belmont.

Dr. Harton Has Wednesday Chapel

Appearing on the program in last Wednesday's chapel was Dr. John L. Horton of the First Methodist Church in Birmingham, Alabama, who is attending the city-wide Methodist Church meeting in Nashville this week.

Dr. Horton was introduced by Dean Chiles Van Antwerp, and gave an inspirational talk based on the scripture, "as a man thinks in his heart; so is he."

Dr. Horton brought out many important ideas for the students. He pointed out that if one thinks slum thoughts he cannot live in light. He said also that no thought is a project of the present, but has come down from ideas of generations before. In closing he stressed that man's intellect is second only to God, and a person becomes what he thinks.

Chem Lab

(Continued from Page 2)

labor,. the frustrated scientist comes to the conclusion that her experiment is a failure and staggers forth from the lab with her bright yellow lab manual dragging in the mud behind her. Next year she will take astronomy.

Day Light



By Betsy

"Hello, little kiddies," as Katie Lou would say, or "Hello, you lucky people, I'm here," as a certain dear departed senior would say. These horrible old tests are over, and everyone seems to be wearing bags under the eyes. For instance, Sarah Glenn has an adorable set, and Betty Webb and Anne Coleman. Incidentally, these three gals have my deepest admiration for arriving at school in the neighborhood of 7:30 a.m. To each his own, I always say.

This line shall be devoted exclusively to Dot Terry who says her name has not appeared in this here column this year or any other year. Imagine that. A most profound statement. Speaking of profound statements, this one is pretty good: The trouble with the world today is that everybody's smoking the peace pipe but nobody's inhaling.

To think that I would live to see this day! I walked in the Agora House one morning and there wasn't a bridge game going on.

These Brains!

Congratulations to these characters who just got tapped for Phi Theta Kappa, by name Betty Bray, Betty Shephard, Georgia Hall and Genevieve Wolfe. Good old Bray was almost beyond discovery. Seems she crawled in a song book as the tapper approached. Tapping reminds me of the incident that occurred during one of last year's tappings. A certain departed Senior was setting in her accustomed seat, minding her own business, when a playful friend tapped her on the shoulder and said, "You have been asked to pledge Phi Theta Kappa." Said the D. S. jumped out of her seat and proclaimed to all seated around, "My gosh, I did it on a "D" 'average."

Table Matter

Lunch. What a charming custom. Know almost any day you can see Ruth Killebrew, Polly Miles, Jo-D Johnson, and Anabel Gayden at the Sweet Shop, while returning from the Tea Hole are Virginia Moore, Carolyn Harmining, and Betty Jean MacGregor. Mildred Bethshares seems to find the Krystal more to her taste, and Evie Paty apparently prefers Moussons. Ah, lunch!

Note to Jerce: You just forget it. There is one unsolved mystery to which I would like to know the solution to same. Who is the person who wrote in red pencil, on my last piece of notebook paper, "Hi, Bucky, you old silly." Who, I say, who?

A poem.

Mary Lamb a little had
It's snow as fleece as white
And every went that Mary where
The lamb was go to sure.

Somebody get a shovel. Must close, and find something in my own known.

PEGGY PICS PICTURES

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday; "Framed" with Glenn "I wish I knew him better" Ford. Wednesday: Little Miss Broadway"—Shirley Temple and Jimmy "the Nose" Durante. Friday, Saturday: "Variety Girl"—an all star cast.

PARAMOUNT: This til next Wednesday: "Mother Wore Tights"—filmed in technicolor—Betty Grable and Dan Dailey, undoubtedly a light amusing comedy.

LOEW'S: "Wistful Widow of Wagon Gap"—Senior English students, note the aliteration. Bud and Lou—"I'm a baaad booy" Castello. The movie begins Thursday, through Wednesday.

KNICKERBOCKER: "The Unsuspected" will be shown from this Thursday to Wednesday, darling Joan Caulfield and elderly Claude Rains are the stars.

BELMONT: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday: "The Man I Love" starring Ida Lupino and Robert Alda. "It's real neat, and really super" says one of the associated editors of the HYPHEN. I thought it was about George Gershwin, but I find that it's the story of a Blues singer and her devotion for one man. Wednesday: "Sport of Kings"—no idea what or who it's about—anyhow, Wednesday is a closed night. Thursday, Friday, Saturday: "The Beast with Five Fingers"—it ought to be scary—Pete Lorre is snooping around.

BELLE MEADE: Wednesday, Friday: "The Man I Love". Saturday night—"Centerville Ghost." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—Variety Girl—all star cast. Wednesday, Thursday: "Cry Wolf", Errol Flynn, and Barbara Stanwick.

I must get back to homework—by the way—hope everyone enjoyed Henry V—it was good, wasn't it? See you at the show!

Peg





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Hockey Time

Ground, sticks,
Ground, sticks,
Ground, sticks,

And they're off ! ! ! Each team tense, watchful—the spectators silent, grim for the first second and then wild yelling, cheering, and suspense is rampant for the remainder of the game. As you all know, last Monday and Tuesday, with the grace of the weather and the aid of a prayer, the first games were played off. Monday, X. L. and Penta Tau clashed in fast-moving team work with Betsy Clifford, Jean Jewett, Peggy Pittman and Frances Purvis showing excellent stick work and ability. The final score found X. L. in the lead with 3-1.

At the same time on the lower field the A. K.'s and Osirons battled for the victory. With outstanding plays, Osiron stars, such as Connie Kaufman, Betty Luke, and Ann Lessig competed against A. K.'s Kacky Smith, Mary Lou Nelson, and Sara Jane Mathes or respective goals. Osiron came out on top with the score, 3-0.

Anti-Pan Stars

Between the halves of the P. T.-X. L. game, Anti-Pan and T. C. were really in there slugging. This game was evenly matched until the last part when Anti-Pan rushed the goal making the final score 1-0. The game revealed such fasties as Jean Benton, Anne Morgan, Janice Lebenstein, Juan Stroube, and Mary Olive Walls. All of the players really made a fine showing.

Ole' Man Weather

In spite of the weather which would have kept less hardy layers from their match scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, the games took place before a wildly enthusiastic, if frozen audience. The day students started the ball rolling with Ankor tipping Eccowassin with the score 4-0 and Ariston downing Triad with 5-0.

Following these games Del Vers and Agora roared into the field—both frogs and elephants croaked and numpeted with each other and with excellent playing, the Agoras took the lead with a victory of 2-0. The balls really flew when LeMaster, Brewer, Huffman and Dabney contacted—(spectators contracted). Between the Halves, the Tri K's and F. F.'s stomped down the field for a Tri K victory 2-0. It was really an exciting game as justified by the spectators. It was thrilling to see Dot Evans, Challie Thornton and Dot Dyer click with F. F.'s Robin Ragen, Jean Guttman and Jackie Garrell.



One of Monday's hockey teams after a victory in their first game of the tournament.

News Briefs

Dean Irwin announces first informal student recital for Monday night, November 17th at 7:00 in North Front Auditorium.

* * *

Tuesday, November 18th. Round Table Club—8:00. 85c for dinner. Pay money to Sarah Prentiss or Ann Morgan by Monday noon. Day students pay Caroline Harmining or Katherine Manier. Topic—"Depression in France."

* * *

The "Y" Discussion Group met Sunday afternoon in the "Y" room with Laura Hambaugh in charge. Miss Catherine Winnia spoke on Catholicism.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

stand alarm clocks that tick" she mumbles never failing to put the offender in the closet every night!

And then there is her consuming passion for roses . . . (or perhaps it is the sender); her habit of leaving her gum parked on the sink; blue, especially in clothes; exams on her birthday; "Night and Day"; dancing with Nat . . . swimming with Steve; her photographers galore (strictly business); the five boys she wants someday; . . . "Missouri Waltz" and her brother "the best there is," she says . . . these are only a few of the constituents of her nineteen years of life to date!

Even tho' Caro often calls people "Do-Flitch" for want of a better name, she loves every one with rare and deep sincerity pronouncing that her aim in life "Besides getting the Milestones to press," is to be "completely happy and to make others happy too!" There is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness . . . About this Bliss Carman has said "The fountain of health and happiness is always bubblnig within us; and will fill as wide and deep a channel as we will make for it!"

Carolyn Henderson is the personification of this happiness!

P-PREPARLANCE

By Judy and Gordy

Gordon Gives

Last week end was a gay one. The FF's week end must have been fun. McAdoo gave me a detailed account. By the way, how is possum hunting this season, Miss Meuller? I saw three gangster movies and all week I've been trying to make up my mind as to whether I should be the Lauren Bacall type, or am I really cut out to be a Lizbeth Scott or Lili Palmer? I think Lizbeth is more my type but roomy insists Cass Daley is.

The North wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow.

I do believe winter is here. I am so glad. There is nothing I enjoy more than a good cold gale ripping through our room at 90 per. It is truly invigorating if you aren't overcome by the smog first.

TGIF Goin' T' Pot

I am at this point going to exercise the right of freedom of the press. I hereby declare the administration of the T. G. I. F. corrupt. I implore you, loyal members, let's do something about the government of our fair club. Our present administration is lazy and unorganized. If something isn't done, I predict a political upheaval and communism taking over. The situation is more serious than anyone realizes. The communistic element is remaining under cover, but when they see an opening they will strike, believe me. How would you like going around calling everyone comrade?

Things have been rather quiet lately, excluding the hockey games, of course. Ah, the hockey games. All I can say for the hockey games is they aren't football! Speaking of football, anyone who has any complaints can bring their suits against Fullback Stenson up at the next monitors meeting.

Strings Attached

I know you are all eagerly awaiting to see who I consider chic this week. Well, the lucky girls are, Ann Hoerhammer and Mary Kimball. Yes sir, they sure are a couple of cute kids. (For that plug, Ann, I expect you to give me your cherry pie next time we have it.)

Now I will again attempt to write a pome. The last one I wrote they cut out completely.

POME:

Hockey at W-B is great fun, every-
one is such a good egg.
I love the game myself, but how to
explain the broken leg.

Judy's Jorgon

Well, gals, ole' man winter seems to be here in full swing, with rain and winds to boot. The hockey games are progressing (slowly but surely) with the aid of wet fields and bruised chins! It won't be long now until the final outcome will be known to all—so keep up the good work. Sarah Beverly Smith, Letitia Wenning, Ellen White, and Courtney Gillespie were seen (something new and different) going to the hockey field. Finding out that the game had been called off, they turned with despair and sadly walked from the field of mud wondering why on earth the game was called off.

By the way . . . I have a question to ask. What cute brunette senior is planning to give up her millions for the O. A. O. the night of graduation?

Henry Gets a Rush

Between crunches of popcorn and idle chit-chat, Mary Eda Larson, Russell Fessey, Susan Miller, and Anne McGannon, finally realized that time was growing short before last period class. So dashing from the lunchroom door (knocking me and anything else out of the way). Naturally I was rather surprised at their enthusiasm and inquired about the sudden rush. They told me they were mined to find out) I asked meekly, "Is he *that* cute?" With uproarious laughter they pushed me down the remaining steps . . . only for me to find out that it was a picture show! Anyway to make a long story short, I went and saw Henry the Fifth (thank goodness we didn't have to see the other four) and met up with Alice Casey, Jody Reed, Dottie Sensing, and Ellen McKinney.

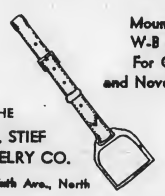


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VOLUME XXXVI SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1947 NUMBER 11

Conservatory Students Present Informal Recital

The first informal student recital was given last Monday evening by the students of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory. It was under the direction of Dean Alan Irwin.

The program consisted of *Spirit Flower,* Campbell-Tipton and *The Answer,* Terry by Nadine Eastin; *Toccata,* Beellman by Betsy Dodge; *Nun wer die Sehnsucht kennt,* Tchaikovsky and *Invictus,* Huhn, by Joe Naron. Wilma Lee Henry played *Hungarian Dance, No.* 6, by Brahms. *Down in the Forest,* Ronald and *Nymphs and Shepherds,* Purcell, was played by Betty Rae Elms. Steve Anne Akin sang *Little Shepherd's Song,* Watts, and *Come Unto these Yellow Sands,* La Forge.

Mary Jo Breusing played *Chaconne* by Durand. *Pleading,* Kramer, and *Maman dites-moi* and an Old French folk song was sung by Patricia Potter. Rose Marie Wilson presented *O Mio Babbino Caro,* Puccini and *Serenade,* La Forge. *Polonnaise in A Major* by Chopin, was played by Geraldine Norris.

O Del Mio Dolce Ardor, Gluck, was played by Ann Crockett Knox. *I Love Thee,* Beethoven and *Obstination, Fontenailles* was played by Mary McKinley.

Club Discusses French Depression

The Round Table Panel Club met Tuesday night, in the Tea Room. The subject of discussion was the depression in France.

The speakers for the evening were Peggy Blowers, who spoke on "Economic Conditions in France"; Irene Potter, who told "The Story of DeGaulle"; Lillian Cornelius, who spoke on "Communism in France"; and Joyce Calloway, who brought the discussion to a close by speaking on "France-American Relations."

The president, Ann Morgan, announced plans to fill a truck with imperishable foods to put on the "Friendship Train" going to Europe. Another project is to take up a money collection to buy flour, which is also to be put on the "Friendship Train."

Biology Class Organise Club

The Natural History Science Club held their second meeting Tuesday, November 11. The club was organized last year with the following people elected as officers: Barbara Dunn, president; Mary Allice Harper, vice-president; Ida Kate Duncan, secretary; and Sally Carus, treasurer. The sponsors of the organization are Miss Hollinger and Mrs. Walker.

The club consists of five different groups each of which is headed by one of the teachers in the Biology Department.

1947 Milestones Named All-American

Van Nortwick Edits Superior Yearbook

The 1947 *Milestones,* Ward-Belmont yearbook, edited by Kay Van Nortwick, has been awarded an All-American rating by the Minnesota University Department of Journalism. The yearbook was sent to the National Scholastic Press Association and from that organization received a total of 1600 points.

The *Milestones* was graded on the following items: Plan of Yearbook, Opening Page, Administration and Instruction, Senior or Album Section Pages, Underclassmen Coverage, School Life Coverage, Organizations and Activities, Athletics Coverage, Material and Technical Quality, Special Considerations and General Summary.

The points received were given out in this manner: Plan of Yearbook, 85; Opening Pages, 80; Administration and Instruction, 85; Senior or Album Section Pages, 105; Underclassmen Coverage, 110; School Coverage, 155; Organizations and Activities, 285; Athletics Coverage, 190; Material and Technical Quality, 80; Special Considerations, 85; and General Summary, 70.



Kay Van Nortwick, editor, and her staff of the 1947 Milestones are pictured at work on the prize-winning yearbook.

Speaker Stresses World Missions

Mrs. H. K. Taylor of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, spoke in the Wednesday devotional chapel program. Her topic dealt with the work of young people in today's missions the world over.

"Today there are millions of people who never knew that Christ came," she stated. "But there are many missionaries who are spreading this doctrine around the world."

Then she devoted the rest of the talk to telling of the Christian people meeting at Oslo, Norway and the consequences of this meeting.

Mims Analizes Poetry in Chapel

Dr. Edward Mims, professor emeritus of Vanderbilt University, addressed the student body of Ward-Belmont Monday, November 17, opening National Book Week.

Dr. Mims spoke on poetry and its importance to the student. In his talk he brought out many interesting points. He disselled the popular belief that all poets were abnormal. Many, he said, lead absolutely normal lives, only they can express their innermost thoughts in such a way that, to us, they become poetry. He expressed the view that unless we have never had an emotion, we can never edpress anything. He quoted from Shelley, Frost, Keats and Millay to prove this point.

He closed his speech with the fact that poetry reinforces all these needed qualities he had set forth and that it is the source for people who want to be deeply religious and live a rich, full life.

Chimes Portrays Grecian Goddesses

The Chimes Staff presented the assembly last Friday. The skit was written by Jane Ellen Tye and based upon Greek mythology.

We find the location at Myth College (pun on Smith College) for Innocent Young Ladies, during a typical *Chimes* meeting.

The various goddesses of mythology were portrayed by: Chimegius, Jane Ellen Tye, Goddess of Literary; Artisemus, Goddess of Illustrations, Sue Hoyt; Anamotopius, Goddess of Rhythm and Meter, Sue Coker; and Criticus, Goddess of Books and Reviews, Joyce Calloway. Also, Goddess of Many Letters, Exchangeus, Gloria Gordon; Financius Goddess of the Budget, Janice Lebenstein; Peck, Goddess of Typewriter, Barbara Nelson; Bess Benson as Goddess of Strange Sound, Mumbles. Undergraduate goddesses were Neilyn Griggs, Joyce Armitage, Carolyn Henderson and Pat Negley.

Mrs. McBride's Management Makes Many Merry!

By Jill Foddrill

"Do you have fourth hour free? You do? Well, let's meet at the Tea Hole ! ! !"

Yes, Tea Hole, one of the best-liked places on campus. It is the place where we spend a lot of time, where we go to refresh and recreate after classes and after study hall. We like Tea Hole not only for the fun we have with the gang, but also for the efficiency displayed in service, the pleasant atmosphere, and delicious home-made goodies.

And the lady who is accredited for the afore-mentioned factors is Mrs. Elizabeth McBride. She is the nucleus of all Tea Room activities, plus many outside going-ons.

Mrs. McBride's capability and efficiency is explained by her many years of experience. She has done her job for nearly thirty years, of which twenty-eight have been served here at Ward-Belmont. For twelve years Mrs. McBride was in charge of the dining room—a job which she liked very much except for the fact that she "felt she wasn't really doing anything to help." It was then that she started working in the Tea Room which at that time was housed in the Round House, so called because of its circular, brick construction. It stood behind the athletic field. The Tea Room was later moved to the basement of Heron Hall, first to the south end, then to the north end where it now is. Believe it or not, Tea Hole has existed for twenty-two years!



Mrs. Elizabeth McBride

Mrs. McBride has had the unusual experience of serving under all the presidents of the college. In the interview she mentioned that Dr. Pro-

(Continued on page 3)

Merit List Students Receive Privileges From Miss Ordway

Martha Ordway, Dean of Students, announces the new merit list privileges as follows:

"The first merit list, like the first academic grades, was temporary. It gave students a chance to see where they stood and was a form of recognition, as the merit list always is. With this new list at mid-semester, seniors on the merit list may go unchaperoned to Vanderbilt gym dances returning to their halls by 11:30. Seniors on honor roll, honorable mention list, and merit list, may have unlimited social hours, provided always they are off campus five hours at a time on week days and Sundays, and seven on Saturdays.

"Seniors and mids on the merit list may spend two Saturday nights a month with friends in other dormitories, always with the permission of hostesses in their own hall, and the one they visit in.

"There are no more privileges now for the minds since they already have all the seniors have."

English Teachers Are Tea Hostesses

November 20 at 3:30 p.m. the Nashville Council of English Teachers were the guests of the Ward-Belmont English Department. A tea was held in Acklen Hall in honor of the English teachers of Nashville's schools and colleges. This will be a regular meeting.

Mrs. Susan S. Souby was in charge of all the arrangements and program.

Dr. Robert Provine, president of Ward-Belmont, was the speaker. The topic of discussion was, "Philosophy of Education."

This group holds regular monthly meetings with a program, and is followed by a social hour.

Penstaff Club Plans Dinner

A scheduled meeting of the Penstaff Club was held Tuesday, November 11, in the Reading Room.

Plans were completed for a dinner at which the final judging of entries in the recent contest will take place and also for a party which will be held in honor of the new members. It was decided to adopt gold and white as the colors of the club. The meeting was concluded by a brief program in which two themes, a character sketch by Katherine Manier and Jeanne Geny, were read.

Jingling the News

By Jet

Though English themes and lab work
Is now your occupation . . .
Remember this, schoolmates dear—
Only 25 days 'til vacation!

Think on These Things

Not to deny that wrong and sorrow have been, are, and will be, till time shall be no more, but admitting them, to try with our whole might to rise above them, and look for the rising sun, with patience and a steadfast hope, remembering that there is always a tomorrow.

—Anon.

W.-B.'s Net Gain

Already, half of the first semester is over, and it seems as though we waved good bye from a train window just the other day. Two months has been a short time, that's true. But as the year progresses, the days will fly like the leaves, and each month will seem more brief than the last. Time will pass quickly, and soon we will be looking back, saying, "What have I gained from W.B.?" Let's see what we can do in the next seven months.

Naturally, grades and scholastic work are important in our eyes. They determine whether we graduate or not or whether we come back to Ward-Belmont next September. But on campus there is something more than grades; that thing is friendship. Knowledge can be acquired from books, but friends are different. They can be gained only by having a pleasant attitude toward those around us. On a campus like ours, life is all give and take; give your best to your friends and take the best they can offer you. Mold it into your character so as to make yourself broader, less prejudiced, and more worthful than when you first entered those hallowed white gates.

That line which says, "and the love we have now for the friendships we've made will not fly as the leaves" was not written into the Senior Song for nothing. W.-B. is offering us the highest things of life. Let us take advantage.

Basic Faith

It seems each girl on campus has her own point of view about "church-going". Some say "it's unnecessary to stimulate a loving, gracious nature" and "it doesn't do much good to go just because you have no choice"; but others take the stand that "the very atmosphere will be an influence unconsciously on any girl—desirous of religion or not".

The basic reason, however, is belief or faith in something eternal and superior to this life. Without it, every great undertaking would be futile, for there would be no object in life. The strength of a conviction and the logic of it offers the distinction between a strong and weak character. Better that a man really believes in something perhaps not completely justified, than nothing at all. To worship as we please is a freedom Americans fought to maintain and cannot be too highly cherished.

Jerce's Diction

The frost in the air, the sound of the wind whistling around the corner of the office, and the silhouetted leaves scurrying past the window, inspire me to a pipe-dream. (I should, at this hour, inspire myself to bed!) Some Tuesday evening, instead of putting out a paper, the whole staff, dressed in soft wool slacks, comfy wool shirts and bedroom slippers, would traipse down to the office to find a pine-panelled room with large, stuffed chairs. It would be illuminated by the flickering glow of an open log fireplace and all would lie contentedly around it, roasting juicy apples, popping popcorn, and thinking on the small enjoyments of life, leaving for a while the profound required thoughts of study.

All right, I'll stop! It was only my pipe-dream designated to relate to my very wonderful staff what else I can dream up for them besides . . . "heads, more inches, copy-read . . . type, rewrite, cut" . . . ! I think they are the kind of girls that, as they lie beside this imaginary fire, would think perhaps the thought that small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practiced in our daily school lives, give greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

In fact, I am sure they all are this way!



Light Sleepers Don't Have a Chance Or: Admission-Crackers Plus Cheese

By Sue Coker

I've got the crackers, who has the cheese? And thus a small party is started. Requirements are: plenty of undone homework, plenty of food and a lot of good humor.

For some reason a successful party can never be held earlier than 11:00. The element of time is important in assuring its success, because only the daring and foolishly bold will participate.

The entertainment is purely up to the individuals who are present, and woe be unto those who aren't there! "Turn on the radio and let's listen to the nightwatchman." "Don't be silly we can't talk above the noise he makes." And then the buzz begins. Talk about your instructors, talk about your roommates and the girls who sit at your table in the dining room. The buzz continues and goes on without end until a wit in the bunch says something funny and everyone has a convulsion trying to suppress the laughter.

As the minutes and hours waste away numerous other people have popped in your room to see what is up. Sounds like fun, so they decide to join you and add their comments to the discussion.

Just as you are getting sleepy and about to call it a night, you hear that dreaded sound. The tap of feet coming down the corridor, it's an unfamiliar sleepy footstep of someone who has been disturbed by your gathering.

Everyone makes a mad dash for the closet or the bed. Poor little closet, too small to even hold your best raccoon coat and countless girls think it will shelter them from a few demerits or a campus. After the footsteps have ceased comes thelongwaited knock on the door. There you sit wondering what would sound good at this particular moment and all you can manage is a feeble, "Hello." Its all over, the worst is known and slowly people pop up from all sorts of places sheepishly dragging back to their rooms, waiting for that sum-

(Continued on Page 3)

BELLE OF WARD-BELMONT

Our Belle is a joy,
Her name is too,
It's a joy to know "Joy"
'Cause she's sincere and true.



J. Armitage

"Ten inches will have to be cut. What lead is there this week? Shall I run 'Poems' or Inquiring Reporter? Golly, this is Wednesday, I've got to go to the printers! The proof, has anyone seen the proof ? ? ?

"Please, Joy," I screamed over the confusion of the Publications Office, "Slow down a few minutes, I've got to interview you, you're the Belle of the Week."

"Well, bless your heart—interview me? I'll be with you in a minute. First, I have to make out the assignment sheet."

Patiently I waited. This gal, Joyce Armitage, our Hyphen editor, is busy-plus! Knowing her executive ability to always get everything accomplished, I knew the interview would continue later. All I was hoping was that she would speak good plain English, not all that stuff she usually mutters—leads, cuts, heads, inches ! ! !

An hour passed and I was about to give up—still no interview. All I knew of our Belle was, "I love baked ham. West Virginia baked ham, that is. In fact I love W. Va. —those mountains." This was followed by quick sneezes (hay fever) which are so characteristic! I tried once more. "What do I want to be doing twenty years from now? That's an easy one to answer. Have a ranch out west, raise palamino horses, and write children's stories about horses. Oops, got to go to riding—see you."

Faithful to my Hyphen assignment I followed Joyce to the riding ring and from a fence post watched her happily cantering around the ring. But the minute she jumped from the horse she disappeared in the direction of the Anti-Pan club house with a

(Continued on Page 4)



By Bunny & Jill

Polly's car was all tied up, but not in traffic. It seems that the steering wheel, brakes, gear shift, starter and clutch were all bound together with rope. We didn't see it, but Jo Jo Sullivan and "Lefty" Gullett knew all the details and related them eagerly.

Yipes! The bane of Bath-Takers' existence—firedrills, no less. Huh, Ann McHenry ? ? ? It is said that Ann had to be carried back into Hail Hall after the drill where the ice was chipped away with nail files and high heels.

Reducing Remedy Right Reet

Gettin' fat? (very superflous question) Well, Jane Dance has the solution. Study like mad until 12:45 and then do vigorous reducing exercises until 1:00—that is, if, if your roommate doesn't object too much ? ? ?

More about firedrills—several male strangers from the AK dance got the shock of their lives when they were rushed (after a fashion) by firedrillers running from the imaginary fire. What a drastic change from Glamour Gals to the typical before-bed appearance.

Quilty Guy or Just Generous

Kirby must be really feeling quite guilty to send Sue Coker all those presents, Roses, Candy, Calls and Telegrams. To top it all he's coming down Thanksgiving and Sue is going to Sewanee.

Betty Lou Brown was happy the other night . . . she now has 45 demerits. She claims that she will be the first in Founders Hall to reach 50.

More letters for other people, we say as the spiders have grown to octupus proportions in our mail boxes. Jean Hamilton was mighty glad to find that Air Mail Special in the room. Could be from Jim?

Attention, there will be a meeting of the "Jim Club" in the C. G. O. room November 23 at 12:00. For further information see Sue Hayes, Neilyn Griggs and Pat Dolfuss.

As "Hop" Furr says, "Not many places furnish forks that you can eat and pick your teeth with at the same time."

Moon Missed or Did He?

Happy pinning! Bev Smith went up to Ohio State the other week end and now is sporting a beaut of a SAE pin. That "moon" must have been really sumptin'.

Mary Jo LeMaster says, and we quote, "Someone moved the steps by the side of Hail, I put my foot out and they wern't there any more." Merry Miller came smacking into comp. class, dropped all her books anywhere, and gasped, "I finally answered a question in Biology." The class proceeded to have a celebration.

Maternal Menagerie

"Happy Motherhood" is now Mary Dell Wilson's theme song. Her red-tail goldfish from the Caribbean just had five little fishies. Then to top it all, the snails also in her aquarium, gave birth to twelve baby snails.

What we're thinking of is sleep and rest. "Bye for now!"

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Joyce Armitage
Associate Editors. . . . Jill Foddrill and Ann Haller
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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By ANN

It's funny that someone like me could see everything that I saw these past few weeks. But what can I do but watch for people? You see, I'm trying to find my owner, for I am Dr. Duncan's black Chesterfield.

Those Cute X. L.'s

When the X. L. club had their dance I certainly got one big eyeful. As I walked into the club house I saw the girls' pretty sponsor, Miss Cutchins in a gorgeous white moire taffeta dress. It was made with a sweetheart neckline which extended over the tip of her shoulders; and her skirt had flares over the hips, and then it was very full. With this formal she wore long white doeskin gloves and pearls around her neck.

Then I saw Barbara Ann Dickson in an aqua velveteen formal, which was made in the princess style with a full skirt. The neckline was low and extended over the shoulders at the very tip, and there were small sleeves. One unique feature of this dress was the small slit in the front just below the neck. Barbara Ann wore a set of beautiful rhinestones in a necklace and bracelet to match.

Also in red was Jean Jewett. Her dress was interspersed with gold sequins all over. Her skirt was gored, and the neckline was off the shoulders with a very small ruffle for straps. Jean wore a beautiful gold braided choker with her formal.

Then I saw Jo Derrick in her dark green velveteen formal. It was strapless, and the skirt was very full. There was a huge red rose at her waist and another one on her skirt. Jo wore a rhinestone bracelet and necklace to match.

Club Number Seven

From the X. L. house to the Osiron house I traipsed in a fury to see all the girls over there. The first person I saw was none other than Polly Fessey in a white silk jersey formal. The bodice was decorated with gold sequins in the design of flowers. Her dress had a high neck and short sleeves. The skirt was straight; and with this formal she wore a beautiful pair of gold earrings. Then I saw Betty Luke wearing a black strapless formal which had a long flared skirt. She certainly did look good!

Along came Nan Tompkins in an American Beauty satin dress which had small cap sleeves and a V-neck. The shimmering of the color of her dress in the light was quite beautiful, and it enhanced Nan's blonde hair. Her only jewelry was a pair of silver earrings. Coming along behind Nan was Betty Bush in an aqua formal which was cut very low and had small straps extending over the shoulders. The bodice was made to form a point in front where the skirt was attached. Betty wore silver also in the form of earrings and slippers.

Vanity Ball at A. P.

My next stop on my journey of the dancing clubs was to the Anti-Pan club house where the girls were throwing a Vanity Ball. As I walked into the house I was greeted by Imp and Sue Hoyt, who were wearing dresses made of gold, purple, green, and red stripes on a black background. The bodices were of the plain black material with low necklines extending over the tip of the shoulders. The skirts had box pleats all the way around and were kept in place by crinoline skirts. Identical dresses, naturally.

Then I spied Miss Benton, the club sponsor, in an ice blue formal which was off the shoulders. The folded material of the neck also formed the small sleeves, and the skirt was very full. With this dress, Miss Benton wore a gorgeous gold and rhinestone choker which was just out of this world!

Blonde Peggy Faulconer wore a beautiful black ballet length formal. The low round neck was not quite off the shoulders, and it was outlined with a wide collar of the same material. Peggy wore black ballet shoes with a rhinestone clip on each, and around her neck was a matching rhinestone necklace. The black of the dress certainly did set off her long blonde hair!

You might hear from me next week, in case Dr. Duncan doesn't find me. Wish me luck, because I'm tired of benig lonely!



A gala scene from one of the W.-B. social club's formal dances.

T N' T Sponsors Fall Horse Show

The riding students of Ward-Belmont will present a horse show, Wednesday, November 26. It wil be sponsored and managed by the riding society, the Turf and Tanbark Club, under the direction of Mrs. Camilla Newerf.

Classes will be, Management, Three-Gaited, Beginners, Drill, and Pairs.

The trophy for the show will be awarded after the Pair Class to the club which totals the highest number of points.

Ribbons will be presented to the girls by Dr. Robert Provine, and Virginia Englett and Mary Jo Harrod, presidents of the Turf and Tanbark will present the trophy.

Officials will be Carol Bacchus, Mary Jo Harrod, Virginia Monfort. Scorer: Peg Blowers; Ringmaster: Virginia Englett.

Mrs. McBride

(Continued from Page 1)

vines' name is the only president's name that hasn't begun with a "B."

The Tea Room serves all the parties on the campus and, take it from Mrs. McBride, we certainly do have a lot of them. She enthusiastically added, "I'm crazy about girls because I have never had any of my own. Girls are much nicer than boys."

Much is to be said about the busy, gray-haired lady behind the counter at Tea Hole. Her job is a big one—and an important one. Despite the stupendous quantity of duties, they are all done and done well. Find just one person that doesn't agree and I'll treat her to a piece of Tea Hole's famous chess pie ! ! !

Light Sleepers

(Continued from Page 2)

mons from the hall council. The merriment has ceased, girls have long since tried to hang on to the last fragments of sleep and as you look out of your room on the rows of other dark windows, you can almost hear it again, "When are we going to have another small party?"

PEGGY PICS PICTURES

BELMONT: Sun., Mon., and Tues. "Lost Honeymoon." Starring Franchet Tone and Ann Richards. I calmly asked —"Does any one know what it is like" —a cold dead silence hung over the office—need I say more? Wed. is an open day, if you have any idea, call and tell the Belmont what you'd like. Friday and Sautrday, 40 of Paramont's top stars will play in "Variety Girl".

BELLE MEADE: Sun., Mon., and Tues., "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer" Cary Grant, Myrna Loy plus Shirley Temple. Really Miss Temple is cast in a part that she is able to fulfill much better than her other recent rolls. Cary Grant's soficisticated humor drops a bit when he participates in the field races of a High School picnic! Wed., Thurs., and Fri., Glen Ford plays in "Framed"—everyone is too busy to make any remarks and I haven't seen the show so I'll close all comments now.

MELROSE: "The Other Love" (which other love—no! just *the other love!*) This movie will be shown Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday is also an open date . . . must be catching. Thursday, Friday and Saturday will find the "Unfaithful", Z. Scott and Ann Sheridan—about divorce and love! as one just remarked.

PARAMOUNT: "Mother Wore Tights" will be held over one more week, so all of you haven't been too swamped with homework can go this week. Now is your opportunity to see mother, when she wore tights!! In technicolor. Oh, by the way Betty Grable is the star!

LOWE'S: Now the academy award winner—"The Best Years of Our Lives" will play for one week. Frederick March, also won the A.A. for this preformance and a veteran won the A.A. for the best supporting role in this. There are no special rates higher prices so!! It's really a treat! Dana Andrews and Teressa Wright are also starred in the movie.

KNICKERBOCKER: "The Woman on the Beach," Joan Bennett and Robert Ryan. Now, I don't know what this movie is about—someone just remarked —"Sounds rather skeptical to me!" Anyway, we only have four more weekends til we won't have to go to the Nashville movies! Let's enjoy ourselves, now.

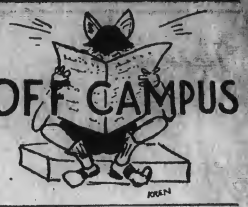
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Ah ha! Thought you wouldn't have to put up with Gordy again until next week but here she is pinch-hitting for Carolyn. Let's see whats' going on around the country on other campuses. So far, Yale and Annapolis are holding out on us.

New Look Rates

The new look is still a topic for great discussions. In *The Akron Bucktelite* I see where they are going to have a lecture on just that. The lecturer will discuss the pro's and con's of the 1947 styles. How do you like that? That is one lecture I know you all would be interested in. Also at Akron U. they had a homecoming a few weeks ago complete with a big name band, pep rallies, dancing in the street and a decorated car caravan.

Ran across an interesting item in the *Drake Times* of Drake U. in Des Moines. They sent five delegates to the Intercollegiate United Nations conference held in Colombia, Mo., early in November. The conference rules are based upon the methods of procedure of the United Nations Assembly. Each student is prepared to present the news of a particular nation. The intercollegiate U. N. was organized on the U. of Missouri campus in an attempt to stimulate student interest in international affairs.

Stephen's Girls

In the *Stephen's Life* I found an article about dieting—sounds familiar. It seems that everyone at Stephens trys to take off a few pounds but without too much success. You'll probably find the same story on every girls' college campus in the country.

To correspond with our inquiring reporter the *Salemite* of Salem College has a curious Reported. One of their questions was, "Do you believe in love at first sight?" Some of the answers ran as follows: "No, but you can be very interested."

"Yes, but don't look twice."

"I sure do if he's good looking."

"No, I've looked but never been in love."

What a question to ask anyone anyway, but I wonder what some of the W-B girls would answer!

Neighbor News

A little news from one of the local colleges. *Peabody* proudly boasts students from nine different countries. Of the countries represented China leads in number. Others are Hungary, Norway, Brazil, India, Iran, Mexico and Bolivia. To that list you could add the countries that are represented here at W-B and we could hold a U. N. conference here in Nashville.

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Olym-Pics



By Fay and Lindgren

The whistle blows, the field is cleared, and another team runs out to find their positions signifying the beginning of another hockey game. This was the procedure of the last two weeks for the various clubs in playing off their three games each. We gave you the events of last Monday and Tuesday's turnouts, so we'll begin with those of Wednesday.

X. L. & A. K. Shine

It was a beautiful day for the Osiron-Anti-Pan game. Both clubs showed great skill in the technique of that wonderful sport. Betsy Buchanan was in beautiful form when she scored a hit for her Anti-Pandoras. Ann Morgan, Jean Benton, and Jane Gross showed beautiful team work. Betty Luke did her part for the Osirons, by chalking up two points which made the final score 2-1, Osiron. Marlene Foote, Connie Kaufman and Betty Bush showed up with wonderful defense plays.

During the half of the Osiron Anti-Pan game the XL's and AK's began their second game. XL scored 5-0. Jean Jewett, Fran Purvis, and Sandy Britt were really in there full swing, against Mary Lou Nelson, Sara Jane Mathes, and Hardy Newton.

Thursday found the Penta Tau's and DV's clicking in a fast moving Rhea, and Sue Glick fighting against game with Betsy Clifford, Betty Emily Washington, Jo LeMaster, and Carol Kessler with the PTs' slamming a goal making the final score 1-0. TC and FF also were on the move with players as Janice Lebenstein, Jean Hamilton, and Juan Stroube competing against Tommy Cantrell, Jean Guttman and Robin Ragen.

Foul Weather

There were high hopes of beginning the third round Friday, but because of that necessary evil—the weather, the games were postponed until the following Monday. Then Monday dawned a beautiful, crisp day for the XL-Osiron game. The spirit was high for both teams. The XL's came through after a hard struggle with the score 1-0. Both teams played a good hard game.

Between the halves of the XL-Osiron game the TC's and AK's took over the field with the TC's scoring 1-0. These teams were evenly matched thus making it a game of thrills.

At the same time on the upper field the PT and Agora game was on its way for a PT victory, 1-0. Between this half the DV and Tri K game was played. Both teams showed good play and stick work, with the score 1-0, Tri K.

On Tuesday the Anti-Pans and FF's completed their third round with a tie, 0-0. At times both teams looked like they might score, but the defense players showed up in the nick of time.

Spirit vs. Chill

In the next game the Tri K's scored over Agora. This put Tri K in the finals with XL. It was a splendid game. The Tri K's racked up the score of 1-0 with players such as Dot Evans, Challie Thornton, Dot Dyer, and Beth Taylor. The opposition gave rise to tenseness and spirit in the bleachers (they needed it for it was cold). The Agoras who really showed technique were Sodie Brewer, Rae Smith, and Ann Polk.

The finals between the Tri K and XL will be written up in detail in the next Hyphen.

The Athletic Association is sponsoring the interhall party of this Saturday night in the gym at 7:30. It'll be lots of fun and we want everyone to be there. All the halls will compete against each other. Each hall will have a color.

Truman's Message Aids Europeans; Holy Land Divided

President Truman will go to the Capitol in person on Monday to ask Congress in a message delivered at a joint session of the Senate and House to authorize interim aid for European countries during the winter season along lines already outlined by his cabinet officers and to lay the ground work for action on the Marshall Plan proper.

The United Nations General Assembly voted 32-17 to hold next year's session in Europe. Before this decision became final however, it must be supported by a two-thirds majority in favore of a bugetary appropriation for the meeting.

Speedy U. S. action to accept some displaced persons as immigrants while urging other nations to cooperate in a similar fashion was recommended by a House Foreign Affairs sub committee.

A U. N. subcommittee on Palestine received from the Jewish Agency for Palestine a proposal that the British Government refrain from liquidation or disposal of the assets of the Palestine Government pending the naming of a U. N. Commission to supervise partition of the Holy Land.

Belle of W-B

(Continued from Page 2)

bundle of newspapers under one arm, and a clip-board under the other.

Back I flounder to the Publication office. I knew that since our literary Belle writes for all three—publications—she was bound to reappear in that vicinity. And within a few minutes I heard Joy's laugh (words fail to describe it). 'Twas enough to know she was around. This time she came in flying low and wearing red, *bright* red slacks, and shirt, and green A.-P. hat. "Honestly, my favorite color is aqua," she pleaded.

With her came her suite mate who insisted this story be included in the Belle. Joy attended a dance last week end in Athens, Ohio. During a fast jitterbug number a handsome lad in the stag line called, "She's from Charleston, I can tell by the way she dances." They danced the next number. Joyce laughed again, for she loves a joke, even one on herself.

"If that night-watchman tears up anymore W-B newspapers there will be a state of war declared between us!" she declared as her pet peeve!

I was unable to catch Joyce in a serious mood, unable to get her to use any wise and wonderous statement, but I saw "Joy" reflected in one of her recent editorials.

"We, no matter our walk of life, should think thoughts that we would not be ashamed to have visable to all we come in contact with during the day."

Joyce's thoughts are always for others, they are there for any who desire to look! It's a joy to watch "Joy" working in the Hyphen office, to see her dancing in the tea hole, to hear her laugh ring through Senior Hall!

Mehitabel Says



At last I was alone—alone in my little cubby hole with all my undone lessons and dirty clothes. I sat there, contemplating all the things I had to do for the next day—wondering if there might possibly be a cut left in Spanish, when I heard a faint scratch on the door. Thinking it to be one of the little Mids on second floor, I screamed "Go on home, I ain't here", and pushed my bed and dresser against the door just in case whatever it was had an axe!

Enter Mehitable

But instead of knocking the door down, my midnight caller crawled in under the door—There could be only one creature in creation who could manage a feat like that; so I turned in my spacious moccasins and said, "Hello, Mehitable."

My furry lil' friend marched in as boldly as a girl with all her homework done, and she headed for my gray sheets as if she had come for an evening's cat chat. Curling her tail around a bed post and cutting my radio off, (I'll always wonder whether Dick Tracy really did accept a bribe from "Book Head" or not) Mehit said to me, "You know, Pulaskivitch, old gal, I have been doing some deep thinking."

Not at all amazed at this declaration of Mehit's, I clucked encouragingly, secretly hoping she had brought something to eat with her—not that I like the fish heads and other delicacies she purloins from her roommate at the Institution for Fastidious Felines.

Philosophising

Wrinkling up her whiskers in a facsimile of a frown, my visiting sage continued her latest line of philosophy. "Out at school, you know, there are quite a few of us living together in one cattery. I've been looking the situation over lately, and there are several interesting facts that have come to light." Here Mehit paused, waiting coyly to see if my eyes were shining with attention. I smiled an Ipana smile (which would have been utterly devastating had I had my teeth in).

"When so many cats—or people, for that matter, live together the traits of human nature come out. Not only the bad traits—those are the ones easiest to see—but the good ones as well. Did you ever look at the back of a mirror?" At this sudden question I jumped, and doggoned if my bed didn't collapse.

And Continuing

Picking herself daintily up off the floor, Mehit went on with her talk. "If we like somebody, we 'most always see them like we see the front of a mirror—shiny and silvery. But if we hear something bad about someone, or if a person has said something unkind to us, we always think of them as we do the back of a mirror . . . ugly and painted black. We know, though, that on the other side of the mirror is a piec eof glass which sparkles and reflects—Why," then shouted Mehit, pointing a claw at me, "don't we try to look on the other side of people?—if we only did, we would see that they, too, have something pleasant to look at!"

With that Mehitable got up and padded out of the room, opening the door this time, leaving me to sit as I was before. Only now I had something to think about.



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N. P.

Happy Thanksgiving

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Happy Thanksgiving

VOLUME XXXVI | MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1947 | NUMBER 12

Senior, Senior-Mid Hockey Game Ends in Tie—1 and 1; Senior Preps Win Over Junior Class 3 to 2 in Hockey Game

Traditional Class Days Observed

The tradition of Senior-Senior-Mid day was varied this week by the playing of only a hockey game. This game was played November 25, at 4:00 on the athletic field. The score was 1-1. The cheerers came onto the field dressed in their class colors, yellow and white for the Seniors and purple and white for the Senior-Mids.

Monday, November 24, was the Senior-Junior Prep day. It was celebrated by a hockey game which the Seniors won 3-2.

Senior Senior-Mid day found the field decorated with the class colors. Each goal had crepe paper entwined in the wire with the names of classes spelled out. The Seniors were dressed in yellow sweaters and white skirts. They also wore the traditional Senior hat. The Senior-Mids sported their colors in their sweatshirts with Mid in purple and white skirts. They wore their white hats with purple '49.

The referees for the game were Miss Ruth Carol Land, Miss Patty Chadwell. Timers were Rusty Kelly and Jill Foddrill; scorers, Grace Harding and Ann Haller.

The Senior-Junior Prep day, which was highlighted by the hockey game, was also the first public appearance of the mascots of each class. Each was a black cocker spaniel decorated in the class colors. The Senior class was dressed in white sweaters and royal blue skirts. The goal was decorated in the same colors with Seniors written in the design. A huge "S" was placed on the posts.

Pink and white decorated the Junior class' goals and was worn by the team and members of the class. Each member carried a pink and white streamer.

A Thanksgiving Tribute

There's that old feeling again! What do we call it?—Why, Thanksgiving spirit!—What else? One sure thing to cause a surge of overwhelming pride in an American's heart is that famous tale of the first Thanksgiving, known as "The Thanksgiving Story." There's a new and different thrill each time we think of the settlers of America, the pilgrims enduring the first hard winter with such inadequate resources, and then triumphant rally the following year when their unfaltering perseverance and labor yielded abundant crops, providing "plentiful" amounts of food for all.

We all know that our prosperity as a nation has increased and re-increased a thousand fold since then, and we have more "to be thankful for" than any previous heirs of "the good earth." Among the nicest things about this day is the feeling of contentment that seems to envelop the American home (not that we're forgetting that the cancellation of a Biology lab appointment might add to the merriment!). This is a time to honestly

(Continued on Page 4)

Holiday Music Is Chapel Feature

Mr. F. Arthur Henkel and the High School Glee Club presented a pre-holiday musical in chapel on Wednesday, November 26.

Mr. Henkel's selection was "Thanksgiving". by Demarest, which he played on the organ.

Then the Glee Clug sang some numbers. The selections given by the Glee Club included "Prayer for Thanksgiving," and "Thanks Be to God."

The Glee Club is under the direction of Mrs. Van Sickle and consists of Juniors and Seniors.

The Thanksgiving music was in accordance with the holiday tradition.

Vandy Dramatizes "Papa Is All"

The second of the Vanderbilt University Theater's productions of the year was presented in the Old Gym at 8:15 for a three nights' showing, November 26 through November 28.

The play is Patterson Greene's comedy, "Papa Is All." It has a Dutch folk theme and is done in the Mennonite accent. The play was a Theater Guild production of 1942 and was successful on Broadway.

Directed by Robert Jones of the Vanderbilt drama department, the cast includes Jane Kinkens, Jane Cirely, Anne Flannigan, Denny Bell, Lonnie Cox, and Bill Allen.

Penstaff Names Nine New Members

The Penstaff Club has announced nine new members, who were elected in its recent contest. They are Sue Winters, Marjorie Schock, Mary Eda Larson, Valere Potter, Margaret Ann Petrass, Mary Jane Capps, Carolyn Mansfield, Ann Carr Young, and Trilby Elliston.

An informal luncheon, to be held on December 6, has been planned by the old members in their honor.

Mark Discusses Russian Situation

Rabbi Julius Mark, who served for three and one-half years under Admiral Nimitz, spoke in chapel Monday, November 24, 1947. Dr. Mark's subject was "Must there be a war with Russia?"

He remarked that those people who believe there must be such a war are idiotic and stupid. The Soviets have been arrogant and stubborn in holding up the settlement of atomic energy and have refused to cooperate with the Marshall plan. But war is not the way to stop Russia; it would only aggravate the problems of liberty.

Dr. Mark concluded his talk by reminding us of three things to remember: (1) communism breeds on discontent and we must supplement the Marshall plan of sending aid to Europe; (2) the United Nations with or without Russia is the best thing to prevent war; and (3) we must give thought to strengthening our democratic way of life at home.

Party Plans Laid By Spanish Club

The Spanish Club met at 7:00 o'clock on Monday, November 27, in the Anti-Pan Club house.

A Christmas Party was planned for December 15 in the Anti-Pan Club house. The different committee members were chosen. The following girls are on decorations: Doris Miller, Jeanne Jewett, and Joanne Beeland. On posters there is Adele Lipsey, Barbara Benson, Nancy Iler, and Mary Ann Wheeler. For the refreshment committee there is Joycelyn Johnson, Julia Freels, and Helen Bomar.

A short Spanish play, which was revised by Bess Benson, was given at the meeting. Nancy Iler, Bess Benson, and Naomi Wright took part in this play.

All the new members in the Spanish Club will be seen this week wearing colored paper sombreros on their backs.

Informal Concert Given for W.-B. Music Students

The second informal student recital of the 1947-1948 season was given last Monday night, November 24, at 7:15 p.m., by the students of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory. It was under the direction of Dean Alan Irwin.

The program consisted of *Se tu mami,* by Pergolesi, sung by Ann Knox; *Serenade,* by Schubert, and *Villanelle,* by Del Aequa, sung by Marie Brown; *Ah Je veux vi vre,* by Gounod, and *Do Not Go, My Love,* by Hagemon, sung by Phyllis Poller; *Sonata, Allegro moderato,* by Edvard Grieg, played by Margaret Petrass; *I Love Thee ,* by Beethoven, and *Obstination,* by Fontenailles, sung by Mary McKinley; *Valse,* by Levitzky, played by Barbara Barry; *Nocture F Minor,* by Chopin, played by Margaret Boylin; *O that it were so,* by Bridge, and *Ouvre ton coeur,* by Bizet, sung by Sarah Jones; *Whims,* by Schumann, played by Peggy Lair; *Vergin turta amor,* by Durante, and *The Sleep that Flits,* by Carpenter, sung by Nancy Davis; *Prelude in E minor,* by Mendelssohn, played by Tommy Cantrell; *Allegro molto op. 10, No. 1,* by Beethoven, played by Josephine Cook; *Etude op. 10, No. 3,* by Chopin, played by Martha Furr; *Nocturne,* by Chopin, played by Marie Bergh; *Sonata Tragica, First Movement,* by MacDowell, played by Mary Wilson.

The next informal student recital will be held Tuesday evening, December 9, at 7:15 p.m.

Jingling the News

By Jet

To the day of days
I write this verse—
Senior, Senior-Mid day—
Get me a hearse—(quick!)

Choir Will Give Annual Program

It has been recently announced by Mr. Sidney Dalton, head of the Conservatory Voice Department, that the Ward-Belmont choir will present its annual Christmas program. This traditional affair will take place in the North Front Auditorium on Wednesday night, the fifth of December at 8:15 p.m.

The forty-voice choir will be assisted by Mr. F. A. Henkel at the organ.

The high school glee club and the college octet will also assist in this Christmas program. They are both directed by Mrs. John VanSickle.

The numbers to be sung by the choir will be announced at a later date.

Marian Anderson—The Voice of Her People!

By Joyce Armitage

"As long as I have known myself, I have wanted to sing!" This statement from Marian Anderson filled the air of the crowded auditorium as did her rich, contralto voice fill the hearts of her listeners.

Who in that listening audience could forget that they were privileged to be listening to America's greatest singer? And who among them was as privileged as I? For only the night before had I sat in the same room and conversed at a lengthy interval with this lady!

Apprehensive and nervous as only an amateur newspaper reporter can feel, I sat on a stiff, white leather chair in the spaciously beautiful president's home of the A. and I. College waiting for Miss Anderson. And then she entered and the room



Miss Marian Anderson

was filled with warmth and friendliness . . . I knew instantly that everything was going to be fine. She is just that sort of person.

Dressed simply and with excellent taste in a gray gabardine suit, pale aqua blouse, soft black leather pumps, and a corsage of camellias, she smiled and greeted me. Seating herself opposite me, she looked almost girlish as she tucked her legs under her and seemingly relaxed from the long train trip she had just completed from Tallahassee, Florida.

Then she began to speak of her next concert in Chicago; of the tour; of Franz Rupp, her accompanist from the Bavarian Alps; of Mr. Jofe, her business manager, formerly from Russia; and, as I listened to her melodious voice with its unmistakable eastern accent, I became immediately aware of her modesty and humbleness, an unusual quality in great peo-

(Continued on page 3)

Think on These Things

Thansgiving day has just been here,
And I shall thankful be
For every blessing Thou hast sent,
But most of all for Thee!
From Singing Sands and Silver Sea
by Osbert W. Warmingham.

They Can't Be Beat

This editorial is written specifically to praise the spirit and loyalty shown by the student body for the year 1947-1948. Proof of this fact can be easily found at the games, at club meetings, in the smoker, or just around campus. Ward-Belmont tags her girls the finest to be found anywhere, and who can disagree? A Ward-Belmont girl is a friendly girl. She learns to co-operate, and she especially learns to share with others; after all, isn't that the most important thing in life? Ward-Belmont teems with spirit this year, and each student, individually, deserves the credit for this. The warm companionship, the pep, class organizations, consideration—all these have been fitted into school life, and the attitude in general has made Ward-Belmont proud of the girls who walk in the shadow of the tower. The officers have filled their positions so well and have been backed up with unequalled support.

The banners of W-B are flying high this year—spirit is at its height. Even at small gatherings the atmosphere is happy. Laughter rings up and down the halls, and it is laughter with each other, not laughter at each other. The way the girls are always joking, giggling over private secrets, and just plain loving one another is typical of Ward-Belmont life.

She Is For You!

When your house mother comes in and tells the smoker crowd to lower their voices, to refrain from singing the loud songs or just general boisterous attitude, she is not trying to squelch all the fun in college. She is thinking of your future. She is thinking of the character and personality your parents sent you to attain. She is trying to remind us of the standards that her generation holds for ours.

Being a little more quiet and reserved is not the traits of merely goody-goodys, it shows the result of good breeding and a mature view point on the important question of growing up. So, the next time the house mother comes into the room to silence a bit of the noise, don't dismiss her pleas, but try in a small way to live up to her expectations.

Americans Don't Scare

"They know not the temper of free-born minds
Who glibly think that they can scare
The men of these United States
With vaunting boasts, and bullying threats,
And the terrors of merciless mechanized might."

Everyone agrees that the state of the world looks very precarious today. We find ourselves discussing international politics and the prospect of another war around the tables in the Feahole. Headlines in the papers cause us to stop and wonder just what will become of the world and what our generation will do to affect its fate.

"Are we capable of handling this earth?", we ask ourselves. "Will we know how to take over where our fathers leave off when that day comes?" These and many other questions trouble our minds constantly as we live in the threatening shadow of communistic tyranny. Let us oppose that threat vigorously by keeping our faith in what we believe is right. Young America holds today the hope of the world of tomorrow, and we must merit in our thinking that hope.

To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow man sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

VanDyke



Oh! For My Old Kentucky Home—Complete With Running Horses

By Joyce Calloway

The month of November seems to have been a great succession of all happy and extraordinary events. The most happy and the extraordinary being the W-B horseshow last Wednesday afternoon—or at least to horse-lovers! Being a Kentuckian, naturally I know all about horses! Of course, everyone known that a Kentucky babe's first words are "giddap" and "whoa." National sentiment is the only emotion more strongly felt than pride in our horses and accordingly the Kentucky child's first recollection of his father is as he faithfully performed his duty by teaching that "George Washington is the father of our country—and that Fair Play is the father of Man O' War." Naturally, when speaking of horses, one first acknowledges the well-known fact that all of the best are born and bred "the Kentucky Way."

What's that? (You can't mean that a college girl's education could have been so neglected!) Well, it's done like this! (?) First, the trainer buckles some leather straps about the horses neck and ears and puts an iron heavy-looking bar into his mouth, (these are known as the bridle and bit).

Then, one simply "mounts"—or in plain everyday language "gets on" the horse. In this, it is considered preferable to face the "rear quarters," pardon, but that means the "hind" legs or the one in back!

Now when you be mounted, it's customary to say kindly, "giddap, fellow," whereupon any Kentucky horse will promptly walk out at the most pleasing gollected gait! (if he is feeling moody or temperamental, as our high-strung thoroughbred stock are likely to do, and is not inclined to move, a gentle tap on his right shoulder will assure complete and dutiful obedience). If you are feeling that a brisk "trot" is just what you'd like most, you merely bend over and whisper politely in his ear, "trot, please" and immediately you are gliding smoothly along at a swift, rhythmic pace. Ah! that bluegrass is wonderful stuff!

BELLE OF WARD-BELMONT


P. Rudolph

There was a hush over all—the audience's eyes were fixed on one person as she paused and scanned the anxious faces, hesitated again and then, her mind made up, quickly passed the revolving heads and rested her hands on the shoulders of one of those with an inquisitive face. "You have been tapped for Phi Theta Kappa, Polly." The tension broke, and Paula Rudolph screamed with credulous eyes turned toward the tapper—"But Ah didn't know! Oh, yawl!"

And from what has been said about this gal, she surely does deserve to be on Phi Theta Kappa. Her roommate and suitemates all claim that she's a brain—since she never spends long, grudging hours on her lessons, and even when she is studying, it's to a tune or a serial on the radio mixed in with frequent letters to John. And plus all this, she goes to bed at a fairly decent hour, and is usually the first one up in the morning. Her genius just comes natcherly.

Besides holding this precedented position, she is the president of the Agora Club. Her friendly disposition certainly is evident in all her dealings—and her love for all and every type of person is easy to spot.

Polly is the kind of girl W-B is proud to have—she has only one real dislike, liver, and ever so many loves that range in many directions. For instance, in food, she loves spaghetti and roquefort cheese with lettuce, in that order. She eats pickles and oranges constantly, she just adores football, dancing, and Grand Old Opry style moosic. Maybe she's been influenced—seeing that she lives in Clarksville, Tennessee, that is.

You see Polly lively and chipper as can be (after 8 a.m., natch) with a very ready and usually evident smile that shows her beautiful teeth—and her eyes are ever friendly to all that meet her gaze. Yes, she's the type of gal that W-B is proud to claim, and, proud to display.

Inquiring Reporter

By Bunny and Jill

Since our editor sent us out in the cold bleak Nashville night to inquire, we inquired! Of course, now the joints on our fingers are frozen stiff, and ye' ole' editor is howling for inches. The question for the week is, *"What were you thankful for this Thanksgiving?"*

Trudging over to North Front, *Mary Ellen Clements*. Says she is thankful for it only being 25 days, 5 hours, 3 minutes, and 5 railroad tickets 'til Xmas vacation. *Anna Millar* and *Martime Pollak* are so-o-o thankful that the dinner here is informal. Tearing down the hall and knocking us down, *Edie Cantrell* shouted that Jay was coming and she will be practically engaged!

Most of the gals were thankful for their "Joes," but *Betty Brown* has extra reason, she is going to Knoxville, to do all the town with John! *Jackie Michell* is just plain happy that we have a holiday. *Ebbie Marsh* is glad that she is a Texan! (comment, now!) *Abby Houdersheldt* and *Francis Purvis* are happy they got to come to school and have met all the swell kids and made such wonderful friends.

Now Deeper Reasons

The members of the "Horizontal Suite," *Jackie Leibermann, Janet Burroughs, Mary Eline Runyon* and *Lanie Buechner* are very excited over the fact that they can finally catch up on some sleep and live up to their suite's name ! ! !

Lefty Gullett is glad and very thankful that she is here in school, receiving all these advantages while other people are in countries underprivileged and they aren't able to receive all the advantages we are.

Mother Eastin, housemother of Founders Hall, is exceedingly grateful for the chance for her to do something she considers useful and pleasant, in guiding young college girls. She feels that it is a great opportunity for her generation to give something to ours.

STUDENTS ON PARADE

Editor's Note: This is the first in a new series in which girls chosen at random relate an amusing incident of their life.

Lydia Vollenweider, the first to be interviewed for this new series, is a high-schooler from Argentina. Among the bound-to-happen incidents that would undoubtedly occur in the wide traveling of a gal like Lydia prizes this one most highly.

Lydia was approached by a news reporter as she landed in New Orleans on her way to school. He popped numerous questions concerning politics, government and economic situations. In the interview Lydia stated that she thought the Argentine government is faulty. Well, she was amazed to find her statement printed in the newspaper the next day. This unusual experience presents a problem because Lydia's permission to return to Argentina must be obtained through the Argentine consulate in New Orleans ! ! !


Lydia V.

Lydia's mother is an American whose home was in Wisconsin. Her father is an Argentine. They met while Dr. Vollenweider was studying medicine at the University of Wisconsin. The couple went to Argentina on their honeymoon and decided to stay there.

You may wonder why Lydia ever came all the way to Tennessee to go to school. It seems that two of her mother's sisters attended Ward-Belmont in years past and commented so favorably that Lydia decided that this was the school for her despite the fact that she had access to German, English, and American schools in Argentina.

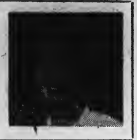
Gripes, groans, and growls are replaced by echoes of her two aunts' sentiments. We love to hear Lydia rave on about how much she loves W-B, how wonderful Americans are cuz they're frank and friendly. The frankness applies especially to newspapermen—huh?

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Joyce Armitage
Associate Editors . . . . Jill Foddrill and Ann Haller
Business Manager . . . . . Rusty Kelly
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Anne Lindgren
Cartoonists . . . . . Norma Jean Krenzer

Day Light



By Betsy

Noticing that this is the only column in the paper that hasn't mentioned the weather, I shall do so now. Brr—it's cold. I promise that you can first read about the warm weather in this column, as it was the last to mention the cold.

I have asked several people a question this week. The question was, "What do you do in your spare time?" I received several good answers. Marie Brown told me she daydreams. Sarah Glenn works toward her S.H. degree in bridge. Joanne Sisk says that she stands in front of Fabry's window and just looks. Betty Shumpert says she doesn't have any spare time.

I'm a Big Girl Now?

The Christmas Parade brought out lots of little kiddies, Deniese Allen and Gloria Cherry. I understand they didn't ask Santa for children's things, such as fur coats, and convertibles, but instead want erector sets for Christmas.

Snappy answer dept.: Where are you going?" I innocently asked the two little girls, dressed in leotards and ballet shoes.

"To hockey class, darling," was the purred reply.

Did you ever notice how many day students you can see at day student meeting? Amazing number. Seventy-five or there 'bouts. Almost any time you can spot Helen Wiggs, Jessica McDonald, Evelyn Jenkins, Emily Washington, and Front-Row Osment. Also noticed Jody Fullerton passing around the hat to Elizabeth Davidson, Jackie Mebius, Betty Kelly, Betty Methvin, and Ann Ellis. Jody's fund is for a scooter to ride to Acklen Hall to sign for chapel cuts. DeDe Bivins, Mary Anne Graham, Annette Norman, Mickey Cooper, and Polly Miles were among the more enthusiastic contributors.

"Nights Are Long" . .

Betty Bray has a new attachment for the windshield of her car. Uncle Willie put it there yesterday. Gayle Jennings told me that she hadn't slept for days. Sleeping nights you know. Barbara Vaughn told me that she was going into the movies. "How," was the inevitable question. Pay thirty-four cents like everybody else was the quick reply.

Will someone please tell Betty Webb how to say D. D. T. in French. T'would be appreciated I know.

A poem will be my final line.

POEM

Thanksgiving is here,
Stop day is past,
Until Xmas
We must last.





A rollicking scene from the Interhall party which was held in the gym on Saturday night, November 22.

A. A. Proclaims Faculty Row Is The Winner of InterHall Party Prize

The InterHall party sponsored by the Athletic Association was held Saturday night, November 22 in the gym. Miss Catherine Morrison and Fay Chalmers, president of the association, were in charge of the events. Faculty Row won first place and was awarded a hot plate and a card table. Fidelity Hall was given second place, thus winning two decks of cards and a card table. Then each hall was presented a table, in the order of their placement.

Badminton, ping pong, volley ball and basketball games were played off in the tournament. Winning badminton, Faculty Row; ping pong, Fidelity Hall; volley ball, Faculty Row; and basketball, Faculty Row.

Points were given on the following divisions: appearance, cheers, yells, and stunts, games and decorations.

The Hall standings were Faculty, 16 points; Fidelity, 9½ points; Pembroke, 7 points; Heron, 6 points; Founders, 5½ points; North Front, 5 points; and Hall received 4 points.

The officials for the various sports were: Jean Benton, badminton; Ann Polk, ping pong; Barbara Morrison and Ann Haller, timers; Imogene Spoerri, scorer for basketball; and Sue Dell Brewer, general timer.

Miss Anderson

(Continued from Page 1)

ple. She seemed to find it difficult to speak of herself in first person and continued throughout our interview to use the pronouns "we" and "one."

"My folks have always believed that a part of being good is going to church," she said with a convincing light in her large, expressive black eyes. It was in the Baptist church choir that Marian Anderson first found an outlet for her intense desire to sing; a desire that filled her being even at the age of six when she would sit on the floor and pound her fists on a stool yelling with all her power. Then, when she was thirteen, she joined the Senior choir and there she gained invaluable training for the famous years which were destined to be hers. "Whenever anyone was absent, I was allowed to sing their solo, and whether the part was baritone, bass, or soprano, I was overjoyed to be allowed to sing it."

In reply to my query concerning her activities when not on tour, she said with soft laughter, "I've saved up some recipes which would put Betty Crocker to shame." She even carries a sewing machine along on tours with her with which to make some things to wear on the farm. "The Farm" . . . these magical words give to her face, which has high cheek bones, wide humorous mouth, and smooth intelligent forehead, a look of unfeigned contentment. It is a Connecticut farm with all the usual things, including two horses as Miss Anderson is fond of riding. One day she took a picture of two tiny baby chickens and then, when the day for

(*Continued on Page 4*)



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Olym-Pics

By Fay 'n Lindgren

X.L. Wins Cup

Last Thursday was the fated day in the lives of two teams—specifically Tri K and XL—for it was V-Day so to speak, wherein the hockey champs for the year would be decided. Both club were perched on the bleachers in full voice and both teams on the field ready and raring to go. The whistle blew, the screaming began, and the ball started a long fast sojourn up and down the hockey field with Evans, Dyer and Wing fighting hard with Purvis, Jewett, and Britt. At the end of the first half the score stood (and players sat) at 2-0, favor XL. It started all over again at the beginning of the second half—whistle, screams—and then passing, driving and dribbling up and down the field. With both teams really in there, the score at the blow of the last whistle stood at 6-0, XL. Thus was placed the latter as champions for the year.

InterHall Party

The bloomer girls (faculty to be more definite) really walked off with all the honors last Saturday night at the Interhall Party sponsored by the Athletic Association. All the girls were decked out in various colors representing their hall. The gym was decorated fit for a king's pageant and everyone really had "gaylor" time. Pembroke and Founders presented the most spectacular decorations, both halls receiving two points for them. There was ping pong, badminton, volley ball, and basketball tournaments with the faculty winning everything but the ping pong which Fidelity won.

The faculty may have won the prize but it was definitely proven that they couldn't stand up under the strain of it all wihout a check-up by a doctor. Poor faculty. Students, we really should take better care of them. However, they won the hot plate (first prize) and they deserved it. Fidelity won the second prize of a double deck of cards. A card table was given to each hall (how we did need one here!) Brownies and cokes were served and all had loads of fun.

Jr.-Sr. Prep Day

"They're a grand old gang and together they'll hang." Yes, Monday was Junior-Senior Prep day. All the preppies especially the Juniors and Senior hockey teams were really on their toes. Both teams played a rip-roaring game and a close one, too, for score was 3-2 in favor of the Seniors. For Dot Evans, Julia Edwards, and Carol Christopher were very outstanding for their passing and dribbling. The Senior cheerleaders looked impressive in all white with royal blue emblems on their sweaters with Seniors and '48 on them. On the Junior team Dudley Brown, Martha Evers and Marjorie Hayes looked good. The Junior yell leaders wore pink sweaters and in their hair they wore large pink bows. Both teams had a coal black cocker spaniel for mascots and had their class colors tied around their necks with huge bows. Very cute, indeed.

Sr.-Sr.-Mid Day

With flying colors and hysterical screams the Seniors and Mids marched out on the hockey field for the biggest hockey game of the year in which these two classes compete against each other.

Senior players were Pittman, Buchanan; LeMaster, Clifford, Morgan, Dyer, Chalmers, Brewer, Kaufman, Thornton, Englett, and they played against a Mid team composed of Jewett, Luke, Pauley, Purvis, Merriweather, Nelson, Johnson, Bull, Goldsmith, Foote, Luke and Britt. It was a fast-moving game (concensus of spectators and Snappy)—and the skill and stick work exhibited in some of the plays was excellent. All the girls' really showed marvelous plays and teamwork as well as spirit. The score was tied at the end of the first half at 1 to 1, and so it remained during the rest of the game while Mids and Seniors battled it out. More cheers—more yells and last but not least the singing of the Senior Song at dinner when the Seniors marched in dressed in yellow and white . . . thus signifying the end of an excellent hockey season at W-B.

LOVEMANS

Step high in the Fashion picture with Loveman's exciting attire for daytime, dating, dinner and dancing.



PREPARLANCE



By JUDY AND GORDY

You're back from Thanksgiving,
Sure hope you had fun!
Just remember, only 21 more days
Till Christmas shopping is done.

Isn't this a bright and cheerful subject to linger on?

Question Please

Now for the usual question of the week . . . Why does Pat Sullivan peer out of the Club House window at 2:45 every afternoon, and sing "Hail, Hail, the gang's all here" when she sees a blue Packard?

After last Monday I have definitely decided to buy a coat of armor. The reason for this was the ever enthusiastic Junior-Senior Day. Besides suffocating from the colorful pinks and blues, I was almost trampled to death in the mad rush for the hockey field. The spirit from both classes has never been equaled in the four years I've been here. In there yelling (and I do mean yelling) were the Juniors, some of which I glimpsed as Pricilla Murray, Louise Baird, Susan Miller, and Mary Beattie. The Seniors with a black "cocker" as mascot had that ole W-B pep shown by Ruth Hargrove, Mary Duke, Betty Lu White, and Bev Nichols. Congrats go to the Seniors for being the victor, and to the Juniors for mighty stiff competition.

Give Gladly

We have an awful lot to be thankful for this yuletide season, so see if in the next few weeks we can help those about us who are less fortunate to have just some of the grand Christmas that they may never have experienced. All the clubs will be asking for your support soon to help a needy family. Give with a true spirit of love and gladness, and see if the ole saying doesn't still go . . .

"It's more blessed to give
than to receive."

Happy Thanksgiving, you all. Well, I guess the high school is happy. Practically everyone took cuts after Thanksgiving and went someplace. Yes, Ginny, I think everyone knows you went to Le Panto, Arkansas. I know everyone had a grand time and to those who had to stay here you have my most heart-felt sympathy.

Last week end was the interhall party. Heron had the spirit and that's what really counts. Everyone was on deck for the proceedings.

Choice of Chic

Well, guess what. It's time to decide who is chic this week. The honors go to Hardie Newton and Anne Nicks. Of course, with that team we have to add to the chic males of the week, and they are Leland Billers and "Tat" Anderson. Got a glimpse of "Tat" chauffering Hardie around the circle in a black chevie convertible a couple of weeks ago. Guess that's hard to take!

The Castle Heights dance must have been a brawl last Saturday night. Everyone came back covered with corn and straw. Frances Durbeck and Marilyn Brewster are still combing it out of their hair.

Junior-Senior Day was last Monday. The seniors won, but the Juniors played a swell game. My heart went out to those poor things in their shorts. It was so cold out there that the poor little mascots (two black cockers) got disgusted and left. I went in and got a blanket and made like Big Chief Wahoo for the rest of the game.

Easy for Gordy

Thanksgiving is over, we're stuffed
to the gills.
We had a fine week end, please pass
the pills!

Say, I'm hard up for something to say. Yeah, hard up.

I will leave you with this word to the wise. They have begun checking breakfast slips, so beware.

Thanksgiving

(Continued from Page 1)

weigh and consider, rather than take for granted, the manifold benefactions that our creator has bestowed on us, the American populace. We might assume that our good life is a rod of divine approval for the democratic principles of government we have established, but this includes certain responsibilities and we should be convinced by now that sharing our food and material comforts is foremost among these. Amidst our gala celebrations, let's not forget the real meaning of our holiday and with heart-felt gratitude, let us give thanks for our munificient standard of living.

Keep Posted

Monday, December 1st. **Style show by Home Economic Class in Acklen Hall. 7:30-8:30 p.m.**

Wednesday, December 3rd. **Christmas music by Choral Groups.**

Friday, December 5. **Agora Formal dance in their club house.**

Saturday, December 6. **A.K. Tea Dance in club house at 3:00 p.m. T.C. formal dance in club house at 8:30 p.m.**

Miss Anderson

(Continued from Page 3)

killing and cooking the now grown fryers, she found that she just couldn't eat a single one of the whole brood for KNOWING that that one was one of the babies whose picture she had. "We have two German shepherds who had two puppies, a Kerry-Blue who had seven offspring, and of course, Rex . . . which makes thirteen dogs in all!"

Still feeling the firm, sincere grip of her hand at our parting, I stood for a moment on the front steps of the house, looking into the deep silent night. Slowly came the realization that Marian Anderson is not just a singer but the voice of her race And the whispering trees echoed my thoughts . . . she is indeed the voice of her people!



Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By ANN

Last Friday night the Tri K's had their winter dance, and their theme was "Winter Wonderland." The president, Jane Faulk certainly did look mighty fine in a long sleeve, white blouse spattered with gold sequins. She wore a long straight black skirt, and also she had a beautiful orchid! Connie Cureton, the cute Mid that hails from Texas, was very striking in an aqua moire formal, which was made with a set-in belt. The bodice was cut very low in the back, and the front was high and outlined with a small double ruffle which tied in the back. Her skirt was very, very full, and it stood out all over.

Day's Have It

Jane Dunlap, a day student the Tri K's should be proud of, looked just out of this world in a rose satin ballet length formal. It was strapless, and right in the front she was wearing a beautiful rhinestone clip. The skirt was extremely full and held out by a hoop. Jane wore a pair of silver ballet shoes. Last but not least, she also was wearing flowers in her hair.

Darling little Betty Lee Simms went to the dance in a moss green velveteen formal. The tight bodice was made with a wide bertha which extended over the tip of her shoulders. The straight skirt which was slightly gathered at the low waist was slit in the front. With this Betty Lee wore a simple strand of pearls. Another Texas girl who looked mighty fine was Claire Kelton. She was wearing a black taffeta strapless formal, and the top was outlined with a small double ruffle of the same material. Claire's skirt was extremely full, also.

At the concert I saw Evelyn Paty in a beautiful green suit. The jacket was very long and cut away in the front. There were three silver buttons down the front of the jacket, and the reveres of the neckline were quite large. The skirt to the suit was straight. Evelyn wore beige lizard shoes and a purse to match. Also she wore a white blouse which tied in a bow at the neckline.

Betty's Black Suit

The other Sunday in Church I saw Betty Burnett in a good looking black and white check suit. The check was so small that the suit gave the appearance of being gray. The jacket was made with a double row of small self buttons which terminated in a small high collar. The sleeves ended in wide cuffs, and on the jacket were two flat pockets. The skirt was perfectly straight and without any slits. With this suit Betty wore a gray felt hat with a black taffeta ribbon which extended into a huge bow in the back. All of her accessories were black also.

It seems I gave all you Mids a few hints about our school in the summer edition of the paper, and from time to time I have some more to add. Do you all know about the beauty shop we have on campus? Well, it is down next to the bowling alleys and under Miss Morrison's offices. It is run by Mattie, and I, for one, think she does a very good job of washing and setting the girls' hair. Appointments are very easy to make, so why don't you run down and have your hair done by Mattie?

That's all for thise week as we must travel hastily to press. See you all around the campus?

PEGGY PICS PICTURES

BELMONT: Sunday. Monday and Tuesday; "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer." Guess this movie has made all the rounds—hasn't missed one theater in town! Wednesday, "The Razor's Edge"—if any one couldn't see it last year, here is your chance—This movie was the "talk of the W.B. campus" last year for a full two weeks. Thursday, Friday and Saturday—as yet the management has nothing scheduled.

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now". June Haver and Mark Stevens. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—"Cheyenne", with the vocal chord Dennis Morgan and Jane Wyman.

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—"The Long Night" Wednesday—This too, is an open date. Thursday, Friday and Saturday—"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"—I wonder???

PARAMOUNT: Thursday to Wednesday—"The Foxes of Harrow"—a good book now a movie—with Rex Harrison and Maureen O'Hara.

LOWE'S: "Green Dolphin Street" starring Lana Turner and Van Heflin—quote "they say she does a bang-up job of acting" unquote.

KNICKERBOCKER: I hear the movie that will be shown from Thursday to Wednesday is full of laughs and very enjoyable—so those of you who are admirers of Danny Kaye, his latest movie "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—not only middies may attend but Seniors also.

Bye,
Peg



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Thirteen More Days

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Until Vacation!

VOLUME XXXVI | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1947 | NUMBER 13

Twelve Members Accepted by Hood anb Gown

Seniors Rank Tops With High Averages

Members of The Hood and Gown, college honor roll, college honorable mention list, and preparatory honor roll were announced in chapel Friday, November 28, by Dean Chiles VanAntwerp and Mrs. Susan Souby.

Hood and Gown members number twelve this mid-semester. The three students with the highest grade-point averages from each classification are members of this organization. A grade-point average of 3.50 represents an "A plus" average. The following girls are the newly appointed members:

In the Boarding Seniors, Jean Ratliff, 3.00; Mary Jo Harrod, 2.80; Ida Kate Dunkin, 2.74. The Day Seniors were represented by Sylvia Stahlman, 3.15; Jacqueline Mebius, 2.88; and Betty Hall Shepherd, 2.70.

The Boarding Senior-Middles were Jean Hamilton, 2.88; Cathryn Cox, 2.86; and Sue Madison, 2.84. The Day Student Senior-Middles were represented by Josephine Cook, 2.89; Pat Mathias, 2.77, and Betty Methvin, 2.73.

(*Continued on Page* 4)



First Row: Ida Kate Duncan, Josephine Cook, Betty Hall Shepherd, Jean Hamilton, Cathryn Cox, Pat Mathias. Second Row: Jackie Mebius, Mary Jo Hanson, Jean Ratliff, Betty Methvin, Sue Madison, Sylvia Stahlman.

Reverend Barr Speaks in Chapel

The guest speaker on Wednesday's chapel program was Reverend Thomas C. Barr of the Trinity Presbyterian Church.

Reverend Barr was introduced by Dr. R. C. Provine and the subject of his talk was "Armor for Tomorrow."

In his talk Reverend Barr pointed out that, although the world seems frightening to the young people of today, it is the same frightening world that everyone else has faced, and it has the same God.

He stated that the Armor to protect young people from the world is the shield of Gods' faith, the helmet of acceptance of the pattern of Christ, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God in man's heart.

Winnia Announces Christmas Play

Miss Catherine Winnia, head of the speech department, announced that the English play, "Eager Heart," will be presented by the Speech department on December 14th in the chapel at 7:30 in the evening. This allegorical play by A. M. Bucton will be given as the annual Christmas vesper program.

The action of the play is centered around the three sisters, Eager Heart, Eager Sense, and Eager Fame. Eager Heart awaits the coming of the Christ Child while her sisters Eager Fame and Eager Sense seek fame and worldly pleasures. This production is a traditional one at Ward-Belmont at Christmas time.

Musical Program Rendered by Choir

The Ward-Belmont Choir presented its annual program of Christmas music in the North Front Auditorium on Wednesday night, December 3 at 7:30. The choir was assisted by Mr. F. Arthur Henkel, organist, the college octet, and the High School Glee Club.

The program consisted of the following numbers: The Processional was "Adeste Fideles," by the choir. The High School Glee Club then sang "A Babe So Tender" (Flemish), arranged by Davis, "As Mary Walked Through Thorny Woods" arranged by Luvaas, and "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones" (German) arranged by Davis. Rev. James Stirling then read "The Christmas Story" from the Scriptures.

Next the choir sang "Sleep, Holy Babe" by Matthews, "Lo, How a Rose e'er Blooming" by Praetorius, and "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks" by Praetorius. "Epiphany" by Edmundson, and "From

(Continued on Page 4)

Holiday Fashions Viewed in Preview

Monday evening, December 1, in Acklen Hall a preview of holiday fashions was presented by Tinsley's under the direction of Mrs. Margaret Brownlow by the Home Economics Club. This show featured clothes for late afternoon, dinner, and evenings at home.

The models were Pat Dolfuss, Emmie Osment, Glo Colee, Muriel Fisher, Janice Mayne, Hazel Moore, Jean Stratton, Eleanor McCarty, Kathryn Lynch and La Verne McCann.

The show began with Pat Dolfuss wearing a semi-dress black and white ensemble. Then Emmie Osment appeared next in a smoke grey taffeta satin. Glo Colee wore a formal dress of emerald green taffeta and Hazel Moore had on a dance dress of crushed rose rayon taffeta. Concluding was La Verne McCann in a red velvet cape over net formal with off the shoulder effect and bouffant skirt with gold sequins.

Dr. Smith's Talk Sponsored by Club

The Chemistry Club presented Dr. Smith of Vanderbilt University as its annual winter speaker. All chemistry students were required to be present.

The meeting was held in the Anti-Pan club house Tuesday night, December 2 at 7:00.

Dr. Smith was introduced by Miss "Snappy" Englett, president of the Chemistry Club. The topic of his discussion was "Poison."

In this speech, he followed the importance of poisons through the ages and then gave the development, uses, actions and took some of the more common ones up in detail.

Poisons were known to the Greeks and Romans who used them to great extent for punishment and suicides. Then, during the Christian Era, many professional poisoners were employed by the states to rid them of state and personal enemies.

Delia Does Her Daily Duties With Double Diligence

By Jill Foddrill

She may be spotted by her head of plenteous amount of jet black hair, her dark, sparkling eyes, her tiny stature, and her youthful appearance —so youthful that she is often mistaken as a student. This is Mrs. Ralph Thurman, better known to all of us as Delia.

Delia came here about four and a half years ago. She first worked for Dr. Burk, in the Dean's office, and then became secretary to Miss Annie, at that time, principal of the preparatory school. Delia is now Mrs. Souby's secretary.

When asked if anything unusual ever happened to her she related this funny incident. While she was working for Dr. Burk, who was a lover of cigars, she passed out one day from the smoke from afore-mentioned weed.



"Delia"

Delia's hobby and pastime is eating and we wonder why she doesn't grow ! ! ! When she can't be found in her office, you can't miss by looking in the Tea Hole.

Delia fills the place of any typical secretary and loves her work. Just out of curiosity, I asked if she enjoyed filling out transcripts since that always looked like a tedious and somewhat boring job. Delia replied that it was all right—but she remembers too well that she had to fill out *seventeen* for one girl ! ! ! Can you imagine?

Delia likes W-B girls very much. Seldom does she greet one with a simple, "Hello," but adds her name also. This is particularly true in the case of the high school girls—she knows each and every name and that is really an accomplishment!

"Every year the last year seems the best until I get to know all the girls," Delia commented. She delights in following the girls into college who have graduated from the preparatory school.

Riding Cup Given To Anti-Pan Club In Fall Exhibition

The annual fall horse show of Ward-Belmont was sponsored by the Turf and Tanbark Riding Club. All riding students who were not eliminated in the preliminaries rode in this show. It was held November 26 at 3 p.m. in the riding ring. The riding cub was won by Anti-Pan club with a score of 18 points. Second place was given to A. K. Club and third place to P. T. Club.

The highest ranking rider was Jan Denham, of Anti-Pan. She received first place in two classes.

The three places in the classes were awarded to:

Management Class, Jan Denham, Pat Farthing, and Glo Colee.

Three-Gaited Class, Ann Polk, Eleanor McCarty and Hardwick Newton.

Beginners Class, Jean Howard, Nancy Davies and Barbara Benson.

Three-Gaited Class, Dorothy Evans, Jane Reese and Dorothy Borden.

Three-Gaited Clas, Sarah Carter, Ella Brooks and Cora Beth Anderson.

Pair Class, Jan Denham, Dorothy

(*Continued on Page* 4)

Art Club Exhibits Van Sickle Works

The Art Club of the Ward-Belmont School of Art will give their annual tea on December 7, from 4 to 6 in Acklen Hall.

The tea will introduce the paintings of Mr. Joseph L. Van Sickle to Nashville artists and the public. Mr. Van Sickle is director of the Watkins Art Institute and is now teaching art history at Ward-Belmont.

Mr. Van Sickle's paintings will be exhibited in Acklen Hall, the 7th through the 17th. The exhibit will be open to visitors from 2 to 6 through that week.

German Club Holds Christmas Meeting

The meeting of the German Club was called to order by Anita Underhill on December 1. The meeting was held at the Agora Club house at 7:00. There was a short business meeting.

Jean Ratliff and Jean Heise read stories of German Christmas customs in German and then in English. The entire club sang several German Christmas songs, among them were "Der Weihnachtsmann," "Stille Nacht," and "O. Tannenhaum." Refreshments, cocoa and cookies, were served and the meeting was closed.

Jingling the News

By Jet

The skit we had last Thursday night
Almost gave me a tumor . . .
But isn't it fine our faculty
Has such a sense of humor?!

Think on These Things

"The heights that great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night!"

Palestine Question

The limelight of international affairs is rapidly being attracted to the remote regions of Palestine—about which many of us have wondered, but know little. One of the major subjects for United Nation's debate, in the past few weeks, has been the appropriation of Arab possessed lands for Jewish occupation. Although the property was illegally procured from the Jewish people thousands of years ago, it's quite natural for the Arabian people to resent a confiscation of territory which has been under the dominion of themselves and their ancestors for centuries.

Well-situated in a supposedly sane seat for speculation, we have given our stamp of approval to this project of removing the Arab control of Palestine. We are supported by representatives from almost every country belonging to U. N. O., but to the "dispossessed" Arabs, this high-handed measure is far from laudable. Horrible methods will neither put down oppositions, nor lay a foundation for the much-devised, but very elusive commodity, commonly referred to as "peace". The confusion, which is slowly enveloping the globe, is an inevitable precursor to strife and destruction. "Black magic" isn't required to foretell our future, if the present chaos that racks the world is allowed to prevail!

A Worthwhile Aim

What is the W.S.S.F.? The W.S.S.F. is America's branch of the World Student Relief Organization which, of course, is an international movement. The World Student Relief has accomplished and is accomplishing much toward world peace, for its aim is to supply medical care, intellectual relief, emergency clothing, food, housing, international projects such as rest centers, student sanatoria, etc. The importance of this movement cannot be over emphasized. While the nations of the world are suffering from hunger and inadequate housing needs, there is also the need for education. Books, teachers, paper, schoolrooms are among the needs, and the contribution includes medical supplies, for the student who is physically disabled, and cannot study. The people of the world of tomorrow, must not be held back from the education which they deserve. How can we expect a final peace if four leaders in the future are to be ignorant?

Ward-Belmont has set a goal of $1000, to be gvien to this drive. Surely we who are so fortunate in having the very best teachers, material can give a helping hand to students our own age who earnestly want to learn. The W.S.S.F. Drive ends this week . . . So contribute, and give our foreign neighbors the chance we can give them with our money.

Jerce's Diction

This has certainly been the THIRTEENTH issue of the paper in no doubtful terms! From the painful tracking down of several illusive stories (the hoss show number almost didn't appear); thru the eeking out of precious inches 'cause nothing but impatient waiting seems to be the news around Christmas time; and to the ingracious conclusion of being forced to climb thru the Pub window to leave the finished product outside, has wending the course of the evening! But by the combined and diligent efforts of my staff, the 13th jinx has been defeated and the HYPHEN is put to bed until next week!

Next Week . . . ! Oh my, I shall be more than ready for a holiday. I am glad that two excellent editorials reduced this column to a mere scrubble so I can retire to the third floor and begin reserving my energy for next Tuesday night and the SIX-PAGE Christmas Issue! G'night!



Girls: When Home, Don't Take All Play Time But Write That Theme!!

By Mary Jo Lemaster

Ah yes ! ! ! There's good blues tonight, and I can't find them ! ! ! Such is life in this hyar girls' school. But on with this chatter. If Jerce wouldnt' stick me between the editorial column and those obnoxious Belles, I could really be a literary genius. As it stands now, you will have to put up with this here writin' piece.

Did you hear the refrains of "Jingle Bells," and have you been eagerly awaiting your ticket home for vacation? Well, eager beavers, there is a great blow in store for you—jokers ! ! ! Get your hat, and listen to this!

You will probably have to write several papers for English while you are home, and try to catch up on back work . . . but do I worry? Life can be beautiful. Just discipline yourself and instead of attending the annual Christmas formal, merely check out some books from Carnegie, and stay at home and work ! ! !

Food for thought: Ward-Belmont would be the ideal place for an Army recruiting station ! ! ! Lay down that shovel, Jerce, this could be worse.

If you will divide your time between "party and play time," you can find time to catch up on some of your work. This may sound obnoxious, but when time comes for semester finals, you will wish you had at least read some chapters in just one of your textbooks.

There is so little time to cram all of the knowledge into your wee wooden heads, and those two weeks may mean the difference between an "E" and an "F." So consider this, and then throw it into the trash basket like I did last year. Do I worry because I spent twelve weeks in summer school?

But it really isn't such a bad idea to stuff several books in that suitcase. Seriously consider what you are going to do with your time Christmas, and be ready for those nasty finals. You won't ever regret doing this. Lead me to the mental hospital, this is all . . . !

BELLE OF WARD-BELMONT



F. Chalmers

"Oh, I've got to go to a meeting!" And away she goes. That tall, slender gal with the light brown hair who you see whizzing about the campus, always busy, always smiling, always willing to lend a helping hand, is none other than our lovable Fay. Fay is an X. L. and has done her club proud by her wonderful hockey playing and excellent management of their championship team. Her dance (wow!) to "East Side, West Side" is enough to inform us that she's a New Yorker and loves it. Some other things that she's fond of are candy bars and sunsets. As for her pet peeves, well—olives, rumors, and horses that kick other horses. (That's all right, Fay, we all understand.)

"Wake me up in time for the T-hole" is another familiar phrase of hers, the last cry before Fay curls up in her favorite sleeping position. Yes, Fay loves her catnaps and manages to sneak in ten or so a day.

Fay, as president of the Athletic Association, is doing a splendid job, and is well qualified for this position because of her outstanding ability in hockey and her interest in other sports. Fay is also a member of the Spanish club and the Biology club, the latter being the inspiration for carving up an innocent dog, stealing his bones and then soaking his teeth in clorox.

In spite of this, Fay does have an ambition which she will fulfill when she leaves W-B, selling neckties on a street corner. We do know however, that there are plans in the making for a trip to Japan after graduation, which sounds very thrilling. (We do hope that this trip won't postpone her debut into the necktie-business for too long a time.)

Not only because of these antics, and not only because of her accomplishments has Fay made a hit on the W-B campus, but because she's just Fay!

Po'ms 'Bout People

YEA AGORA

We met Miss Sodie Brewer
Afloatin' down the hall.
Guess she didn't see us
'Cause her mind's on basketball.

SLEEPY PREXY

Cora Bell lost her roommate
And looked for her all night;
But "Ig" was sound asleep in bed
And that nap gave Bell a fright.

TEXAS

She has long legs, and boy! can she run!
At tennis she's mighty good
Betsy Clifford is a real sports gal
We'd be like her if we could.

DAY STUDENT, NO LESS

The little Mid with dancing feet,
Is our friend Dottie Terry
That tiny miss has light brown hair
And is she cute? Oh, very!

SHE HAS BANGS, TOO!

Whoever saw a grin so wide
As the one on this T. C.?
We call her Gerry Pauley
And she inhabits Fidelity.

KACKY—ALABAMA BELLE

This good-looking blonde rides horseback
And everyone knows her name
She may not have much accent
But she's Southern, just the same.

VERSATILE ALARM CLOCK

Two loves has Middie Neilyn Griggs
Iturbi and Heron are they
Not only is she a chemistry whiz
But she wakes us up each day.

SWIMMING CHAMP.

We'd say that shes' a mermaid
But she doesn't have a tail
It must be Barbara Nelson
Who lives on first floor Hail.

Students on Parade

Leading our parade for this week we have none other than our Captivator leader, Fran Doolin, who has had quite an exciting life, we assure you. One of the most unusual experiences she has endured is this which I will now portray.

It seems that Fran was playing sax for Al Harvey's orchestra not far from her home in Missouri. The town, Albany, was filled with the tinkling clatter of glasses, loud laughter, and blue cigarette smoke. The dancers were on the floor, and Harvey's music was floating on the air, when Fran arose, sax in hand and walked to the mike for her lush solo . . . Whoops . . . a loose plank beneath her feet flew up, and whamed Fran in the logical place. I quote Fran, "It was just *turrible* at the time, but it's right funny, now that I can look back on it."



F. Doolin

Another rather embarrassing event occurred when Fran began a beautiful ad lib solo on "Star-Dust," (and have you ever heard her play it ? ? ?) and found that someone had put paper wads in her sax bell, so that the dah dah dah, came just, puu, puu, puu.

Fran is a Senior, an Agora, and adores Glenn Miller and jazz. She someday hopes to play with a name band, and the way things look, we'll be seeing "Doolin and her Sax" in the bright lights before very long.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Joyce Armitage
Associate Editors . . . . Jill Foddrill and Ann Haller
Business Manager . . . . . Rusty Kelly
News Editor . . . . . Virginia Davis
Literary Editor . . . . . Peggy Pittman
Feature Editor . . . . . Mary Jo LeMaster
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Anne Lindgren
Cartoonist . . . . . Norma Jean Krenzer



By Carolyn

Gordy gave you so much *Off-Campus* news last week (thanks to her) that I decided we'd stick close to "home" this issue. Luckily she neglected to see my hidden stack of Nashville college newspapers so here's some new news.

Vandy Catastrophe

A horrible thing has come to pass at Vanderbilt! So horrible that editor Watson of the *Hustler* wrote an editorial on the terrible mistake—one never destined to happen at W-B (?????)

"Smokey Joe" is one of Nashville's most respected and beloved personalities. He has been here longer than any of us; so long, in fact, he has become a tradition. And all who know him love him. But rumor has it that a freshman has made a dirty remark about dear old 'Smokey Joe'. Although it is hard to believe, it is enough to make it necessary to tell you *that* sort of thing just is not done!"

Lipscomb Quotes

An entire column in "David Lipscomb's" *Babler* contained some quotable quotes—here are a few to remember.

"Nothing is really work unless you had rather be doing something else." Sir James Barrie.

"The wise person when handed a lemon, makes lemonade out of it." Paul Brainard.

Peabody Personals

And the last newspaper I hid from Gordy was the *Peabody Post*—our neighbors to the northeast. This I learned—the next time a Nashville Symphony concert plays, look for some Peabody students. There are thirty-five playing in the orchestra! And no telling what nationality they may be, for in the Teacher's College there are students representating nine nations—from Norway to China.

See you after Christmas—with more off-campus news.

Ruth Presides Over the "Great Hall" Now As in Days of the Acklen Estate

By Bunny Haller

"Now this lady is so heavy that she has to have a lead slab placed in the floor under her, so the floor won't cave in." This was the description we received during Orientation of "Ruth," the statue in Acklen Hall.

From the material available, it is thought that "Ruth" is the work of an American artist, Rogers. He was sent by his fellow workers to Europe, where he studied and created his different works. One of his works known as the "Kneeling Ruth" may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum. The description of the two statues are quite similar, so we are led to believe that our "Ruth" is the work of the same man. An interpretation of this statue was given by Mr. H. B. Alexander of Nashville. "This is the figure of a lovely Hebrew maiden, who is gathering the ripened grain in the fields of Boaz. Suddenly she looks up and sees Boaz. On her face we find the emotions of hope and fear mixed."

Mrs. Acklen saw this statue in Italy and purchased it for her new home. It has been stationary in it's present place since it was shipped to America. In the days of the Estate, great dances were held in Ruth's presence. Summer parties, concerts and teas were all part of the scene that passed before Ruth's eyes.



Statue of Ruth

During the Union occupation, the officer's headquarters were situated at Belmont. When the soldiers left, tradition has it that one Captain from Michigan wished a souvenir of his visit to Nashville. He decided that one of Ruth's fingers would be a suitable one. The finger has never been replaced and today can be seen where it was broken off.

Throughout the years, Ruth has reigned over the "Great Hall" with majesty and graciousness. In this place she will remain, to be looked upon by the girls here as a symbol of the past glory of the estate.

Music Featured Chapel Program

The chapel for December 1, consisted of a musical program. Charlene Turner played "Reflections in the Water." This is her first year at Ward-Belmont and she will continue in the field of music.

Marie Bergh, a second year music major, played "Polinaisse in A Major" by Chopin.

Both of these students are studying in the conservatory. They were introduced by Dean Alan Irwin, head of the conservatory.

Christmas Dance Sponsored by T. C.

The Twentieth Century Club gave their first formal dance for this season, Saturday, December 6. "Christmas" was their theme.

The club house was decorated with pine boughs and red and green streamers. The small den, nicknamed the "Blue Room," was done completely in blue with balloons hung from the ceiling. Their refreshments were "Christmas-Star shaped cookies. Dancing, to music supplied by a juke box, lasted until 11:30.

Mehitabel Says



The oil in my kerosene lamp splattered gayly as the light flickered and threw shadows against my bright chartreuse walls. My electric light bulb had failed again! I promised myself to get into the habit of turning out the light before I got into bed if I ever got the opportunity to sleep again.

I peered nearsightedly at the small print at the back of my French book. French is my best subject so to make it harder, my teacher insists I use a different book than the other students. Seems mine has all the answers in the back, just so I can check up on myself, although I'm not to refer to them too often. Well, to get back to my narrative, there I was peering at the small print in the back of the book, when I heard that soft sound I knew so well. It always brought fear to my heart and dread to my soul. Mehitabel was back!

Yes, She's Here!

My warped door creaked open and my dear little friend's blood-shot eyes gazed up at me.

"All right," I said, "Come in."

"Meoooooow," said Mehit. Our dialogue was always filled with spontaneous wit and repartee.

She pattered in and took her accustomed place at the foot of my bed amidst the stuffed monkey and teddy bear my dear aunt gave me for my seventeenth birthday. Auntie always overestimated my intelligence. Seems that's what she played with, when she was that age . . . and naturally I must, too. I sometimes think my aunt was a little backward. But enough of the black sheep of our family. Back to Mehit.

"Well," says she, "I hear tell vacation's coming around again."

"Yep," said I as I wrote my lesson. "I remember how it was last year at Ward-Belmont just before Christmas. All that packing, and storing away. I remember a girl who was packed four weeks before she left. She missed her train too, because she forgot to buy a ticket. Poor girl. She finally got home on New Year's Eve and then had to leave the next morning. She got on the wrong train coming back and ended in Kukamunga somewhere and finally arrived at school just before Spring vacation. Seems she spent the whole time taking over-cut exams." I wonder if she ever did get settled.

"Hmmm," I muttered. "Je suis tres fatigue . . ."

Mehit. Knows Too

"But," continued Mehit without waiting for me to finish my sentence, "the best thing about Christmas at Ward-Belmont is the activities that go on. I remember the night all the seniors serenaded the other girls with Christmas carols. It was a clear cold night and the snow that was falling landed in big fluffy flakes on the bare heads and shoulders of the singing girls. The sound of their voices floated up to the listening girls in the dormitories, standing at the windows looking down at the white snow dotted dark figures of the carolers. Vacation was but a few days away and the realization of how much Ward-Belmont could mean crept into the hearts of the new girls, who had become an integral part of the school."

"Why, Mehit," I said, "you know how it is, don't you?"

"I know that even a short stay away from Ward-Belmont clarifies the feelings about the school one has. Some learn to love it; some merely understand it, after they return, but to all, the school represents a period of time out of their lives, during which they have grown and matured and in many instances changed the path they were headed for. The happy memories of their stay will always remain with them.

PEGGY PICS PICTURES

BELMONT: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday; still in town is, "I Wonder Who's Kissing her now". Wednesday, "Two Years Before the Mast." I just can't understand how Allan Ladd makes history so wonderful! The life that our first merchant marines lead was unbelievably cruel. Thursday, Friday and Saturday; "Cry Wolf" with Errol Flynn—(ask Kate Dunkin about —"Flynn!"

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "Cheyenne"—with Dennis Morgan and Jane Wyman. Seems to me I told you kids about this show last week! Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—For four long days "The Long Night" will be shown—"Hank" Fonde is the star.

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—"The Other Love". Wednesday—This is an open date. Thursday, Friday and Saturday—"Cheyenne".

PARAMOUNT: Another Bob, he's from Cleveland and his brother runs a green house in "Rocky River" Hope picture. "Where There's Life"—no telling what will happen—.

LOWE'S: There seems to be such demand to see "Green Dolphin Street" that the management is holding this

KNICKERBOCKER: "Escape Me Never"—"Errol" Flynn—Kate? Ida Lupino and Allen or Parker.

If any of you see it let me know, will ya! See you at Bob Hope's picture!

Peg.

Reward!

Mrs. Edgar Duncan wishes to offer a reward of five dollars for the discovery and return of a black chesterfield which was lost in the tea room several weeks ago. The coat is valuable and has a B. H. Sterns of Boston lable. Please let's find that coat, kids!





● Green suede with green calf
● Green suede with tan calf
● Black bucko with tan calf
● Black bucko with black calf
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Fashion Plates at W.-B.

By Ann

Just a few more weeks and we will be home having a wonderful time with all our friends. I can hardly wait. Can you all? Today I was talking to some of the day students who, of course, won't be leaving this smoggy city. From their conversation they are all planning to have a big time come vacation.

Kristmas Kapers

First I saw Nell Chilton as I was going into class. I asked her if there was anything she was going to wear to a big party this holiday season. She had something right in mind. Nell is going to wear a cocoa brown suit which has a fairly straight skirt. The jacket has a peplum in the back, and the front is cut-away from two large lapels. Nell says the suit is quite tailored, but it doesn't sound like it. She wears a beige silk blouse with a jewelry neckline, and all her accessories are gold.

Next I saw Mildred Bethshares all excited about a new dress she had just gotten for the Christmas holidays. It is a beautiful moss green silk crepe dress. The bodice is very tight, and the neck is outlined with small pointed scallops. Within each scallop is a cluster of rhinestones. The long sleeves are trimmed with scallops inclosing rhinestones. Mildreds' skirt is very full, and the belt of her dress is made of the same material and fashioned into double loops. Sounds mighty fine, doesn't it?

Adele's Black Dream

Saturday night I saw Adele Lipsey going out in a gorgeous black velveteen dress. It was made with cap sleeves and a tight bodice. The sweetheart neckline was covered with transparent net with the lower edge outlined in black lace. This same lace and net covered the low back of the dress. The skirt was straight except for the full pointed drape in the front. With this Adele wore a small gold cross and black accessories.

Also this morning I saw little Helen White describing her new dress to Betty Bunch. Helen said that it was the new wine colored satin, made with long sleeves which came to a point over the wrists, and the neck was cut in a bow shape. The pointed sleeves blended in with the point of the long fitted waist. The skirt was gathered on the sides and in the back. Helen said she was going to wear a pearl necklace, bracelet, and earrings, and the rest of her accessories would be black.

Gray Sonata

Joan Watts came dashing into the dorm tonight. She had been Christmas shopping and was afraid she would miss dinner. She was wearing a gray gabardine dress with silver sea-horses pinned onto the front. The dress was very tailored—long full sleeves which buttoned at the wrist, a high neck which fastened into large lapels, and a straight, gored skirt. With this Joan wore a black cloth coat and black shoes. Black certainly does show off her blonde hair!

Until I see you around campus and do my own inquiring, be good.

Riding Club

(Continued from Page 1)

Borden; Rose Mary Logan and Jane Reese; and Dorothy Evans and Jean Simon.

The judges were Carol Bacchus, Mary Jo Harrod and Virginia Monfort. Scorer, Peg Blowers; Ringmaster, Virginia Englett.

Virginia Englett and Mary Jo Harrod, presidents of the Turf and Tanbark Club presented the trophy after the Pair Class to Anti-Pan Club. The trophy was accepted for the club by Jan Denham.

Honor Roll

(Continued from page 1)

The following girls made the college honor roll, having a grade of "B" or better in all credit subjects and a passing grade in physical education.

Seniors: Joyce Armitage, Marie Bergh, Betty Burnette, Sally Carus, Nancy Davis, Ida Kate Dunkin, Carolyn George, Julia Freels, Mary Jo Harrod, Carolyn Henderson, Susan Hoyt, Adele Lipsey, Jackie Mebius, Ann Morgan, Mary Lou Nelson, Jean Ratliff, Betty Rhea, Paula Rudolph, Sue Scherer, Betty Hall Shepherd, Joan Simon, Beverly Smith, Sylvia Stahlman, Oragene Wilson, and Mary Delle Wilson.

Senior-Middles: Barbara Barry, Sue Beebe, Jean Bloom, Elizabeth Blue, Dot Borden, Rebecca Brown, Sue Coker, Josie Cook, Helen Cottongim, Cathryn Cox, Bev Cunningham, Nancy Davies, Jill Foddrill, Jeannine Frantz, Ann Haller, Jean Hamilton, Jean Heise, Adeline Horton, Ruth Hurwitz, Eloise McBride, Sue Madison, Pat Mathias, Betty Methvin, Peggy Moyers, Margaret Musessel, Martha Nicol, Patty Potter, Fran Purvis, Joan Reynolds, Norma Stegeman, and Betty Webb.

These girls made the college honorable mention list, with a "B" average in all subjects and a passing grade in physical education.

Seniors: Steve Ann Akin, Barbara Barnes, Jane Basham, Joella Blache, Peg Blowers, Louise Boone, Margaret Boylin, Dorothy Ann Bradley, Betty Bray, Lois Buford, Mary Tom Cantrell, Mary June Carnes, Faith Chalmers, Gloria Chastain, Gloria Cherry, Patricia Coleman, Jackie Collins, Virginia Englett, Clemmie Everley, Julia Freels, Joan Fergus, Susan Glick, Ann Greenlee, Nan Hagan, Georgia Hall, Laura Hambaugh, Carolyn Harmening, Carolyn Harrill, Cynthia Hoyt, Imogene Huffman, Jeanne Ingersol, Billy Jackson, Gayle Jennings, Sara Ann Jones, Connie Kaufman, Virginia Monfort, Hazel Moore, Virginia Moore, Pat Negley, Emmie Osment,

(*Continued Next Column*)

Mary Lou Schwankhaus, Mary Simms, Kathryn Ann Smith, Julia Theoharatos, Anita Underhill, Barbara Vaughan.

Senior-Middles: Julia Aldrich, Betty Barrier, Helen Marie Bomar, Ann Boyd, Grace Brading, Barbara Bull, Janet Burroughs, Beverly Burt, Joyce Calloway, Susan Campbell, Patricia Capps, Ruby Jo Dabney, Betsy Dodge, Patricia Elkourie, Peggy Faulconer, Jean Fergus, Emily Finklea, Marlene Foote, Frances Gibbens, Jane Gray, Neilyn Griggs, Jane Gross, Kay Hall, Evelyn Hartford, Wilma Lee Henry, Marion Huesgen, Nancy Iler, Evelyn Jenkins, Marjorie Jenson, Joan Jester, Doris Kathryn Johnson, Betty Luke, Margaret McDonald, Julia McHenry, Joan MacLeish, Kathryn McLendon, Mary Martin, Carroll Mattingly, Barbara Nelson, Geraldine Pauley, Donna Perkins, Anna Provins, Jane Reese, Shirley Rosevelt, Frances Sanford, Rosalie Simon, Sylvia Simon, Sue Steinman, Gertrude Taylor, Nan Tompkins, Charlene Turner, Norene Van Hyning, Anna Watters.

Begin Now

Attention all you kids! Begin now to dig out all those cute snapshots that you have taken during the year. The MILESTONES needs them for their special pages.

You can put the contributions in a box especially for this purpose across from Mr. Nelson's office in the Academic Building. There will be a contest later in the year for the best snapshots.



Olym-Pics

By Fay and Lindgren

Hockey Tears

It grieves us to part from that beloved sport—hockey, now that all the shin guards have been collected, the sticks and balls accounted for and all the broken bones and bruises healed, but we'll always remember the good times in practice and in games, too. Those outstanding players such as LeMaster, Benton, Luke, Jewett, Britt, Kaufman, Dyer, Thornton, Guttman, Clifford, Pittman, Foote, Dabney, and many others will be in our hearts as we watched them play their best for their clubs. Senior Senior-Mid, too, was lots of fun. All the yells, cheers, and decorations will bring out a song of remembrance to us all. Yes, it was lots of hard work, but fun too, in organizing the teams and arranging those early morning practices which at the time were highly criticized.

Basketball Cheers

Now as we watch the athletic field fade in the distance till spring, the winter sports take the new high light. Basketball, bowling, swimming, and road riding classes are now in full swing. This first week has been set aside for preliminary instructions, and from the looks of things there seems to be a good turn out for all the clubs. We've heard rumors about Meriwether, Luke, Burnley, Hull, Barry, Benton, and Bush as basketball stars and undoubtedly there are many other dark horses, so come on, and join the thoroughbreds.

Spare Us

That is if we're lucky enough to chalk up a spare much less a strike. And once again the thud of the ball resounds through the gym as the teacher screams, "We've got enough dents in the alley." So the ball bounces g-e-n-t-l-y down the alley, to reach its destination—the gutter. Seriously tho'—with pre-W-B examples such as Morrison, Blake, Thornton, McQuire, Lebinstein, and Powers and of course the new elites, make bowling prospects look good.

Ping Pong

Something new has been added this year, that strenuous sport—Ping Pong. This is purely an extra, in that *no* athletic points will be given to the winning clubs. Any girl may enter in her club tournament either in the singles or doubles and the three winners of each of the 14 clubs on campus will play each other. To the victors a plaque. So ping it off gals.

So til next week when we'll have more of the latest on the latest—good bye.

Musical Program

(Continued from Page 1)

Heaven Above to Earth I Come" by Edmundson was next on the program, rendered by Mr. Henkel. The Polish Carols "Hark! Bethlehem," "Sleep, Thou, My Jewel," and "Hark! In the Darkness," all arranged by Greer. Soloist: Sylvia Stahlman, the Octet.

Soloist Dorothy Bradley sang the Czech Carols, "Harken to Me." "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," "Gloria in Excelsis," were arranged by Kricka. Then the combined choruses sang the "Hallelujah Chorus" (from "The Messiah"), arranged by Handel.

The Choir is under the direction of Mr. Sidney Dalton, who is head of the Conservatory Voice Department. The College Octet and the High School Glee Club are both under the direction of Mrs. John Van Sickle.

Mary Delle Wilson assisted in several numbers on the piano. The College Octet were attired in white blouses and black skirts, as were the High School singers. The Choir wore all-white evening dresses.



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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Christmas Edition

VOLUME XXXVI — SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1947 — NUMBER 14



Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Plans Are Laid For Annual Hall Christmas Parties

Each resident hall has completed plans for its Christmas party. These parties will be given on a night during the week preceding vacation.

The chairmen of the various committees in each hall are as follows: Founders, general chairman, Sue Glick; decorations, Jean Benton; refreshments, Mary Thompson; and entertainment, Mary Jo Grone and Marion Huesgen.

Bonnie Dean is the general chairman of the Heron Hall party. Entertainment will be in charge of High School "Y." Ma... ...herry is chairman of deco... Marily... Brewster of refre...

General chair... ...Hall H... party is Au... Johnson. P... Read, Mary ... ...aster, and ... erly Cunnin... are chairmen... decorations, ...tainment, and ... freshments ...tively.

In Pembroke Hall Rusty K... was appointe... chairman of e... tainment, La... Hambaugh is ch... man of decorati... and Cynthia Ho... is in charge of ...

In Fidelity, ... King is chairman of entertainme... ...dy White was appointed head of ... and Alma Jo Hart will be in ch... of decorations.

Each hall has ... names and will have a gift exch... ...party.

Senior-Mids Give Faculty Coffee

The traditional Senior-Mid c... in honor of the Senior Class, f... and administration will b... Aeklen Hall on Sunday, Decem... 14 at two o'clock.

Music will be provided ... oct... of Mids who will sing Christmas carols, and Joan Clark ... play several Christmas select... the piano. Those who will s... the octet, are under the direction of Sylvia Stahlman.

The girls who will serve ... coffee are Mary Louise Bu... Joyce Calloway, Jane Hughe... ellen White, Jean Benton, ... Grone, Tink Huesken, and ... Griggs, chairman of the commi...

The invitation committee is c... posed of Nancy Avis, Emily ... lea, Helen Lee Schoen, and Ba... Barry, chairman.

Receiving the guests will be ... Senior class sponsor and preside... Miss Mary Margaret Neal and Laddie Harton, and the Senior-Mid sponsor and president, Miss Polly Fessey and Nancy Gullett.

Dean Irwin Directs Informal Recital

The third informal student recital of the 1947-1948 season was given last Tuesday night at 7:15 p.m. in North Front Auditorium. Selections were given by students of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory under the direction of Dean Alan Irwin.

The program consisted of *Vo... sapete* "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart, sung by Betty Coad; *Ca... as the Night,* by Bohm, sung ... Grace Harding; *At Sundow...* Butler, Sammie Louise Je... *Dance,* by Dett, playe... Parker; *Intermezz...* Brahms, played ... *Waltz in B mi...* ... Ann ...

... by Be... ...ttongim; ... played by Susa...

Mrs. ... the Ward-... ment, gave a ... bers of the Depa... meeting Tuesday, Decem... luncheon was held at her home o... Valley Vista Road at 1:30 p.m.

The guests of Mrs. Duncan were Miss Ann Ordway, co-head of the ... Miss Mozelle Adams, ...aylor, Mrs. Tom Greg... ...Owen, Miss ...

W.-B. Dignitaries Attend Meeting

Dr. Robert Provine, president of the school, and Dean Chiles VanAntwerp, Dean of the Coll... attended the fifty-second annual meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools which was held December 1-3 in Louisville, Kentucky. The general theme of the ... educational problems ... present world crisis.

... attended the phase of ... entitled Annual Meeting ... Association of Junior ... was held in the Brown ... ber 1 at 2:00 p.m. ... the meeting concerned ... of College Devel... ...ing he attended ... ...ses of ... were discussed.

...VanAntwerp went to the ... Southern Association of ... for Women on Monday, ... 1 at 10:00 a.m. The theme ... meeting was "The Kind of ... tion Needed by the Women of ... morrow." In the evening he also ... attended a banquet.

... Christmas as a prog... Paula Rudolp... ...g with a talk on Fr... customs. At the c... such familiar ... as "Silent Night" and "O ... All Ye Faithful" were sung ... by the members of the ... These carols were accompanied ... piano by Peggy Laird. The ... was concluded by a vocal ... Christians."

Christmas Projects Are Selected By Ten Social Clubs of Ward-Belmont

The ten ... clubs of Ward-Belmont have once more taken up their annual projects. These are to express how all here at the school wish to do what they can to aid the underprivileged.

... Club is going to give ... to needy children. A welfare worker will come and tell the club members about the cases, then they will choose those they wish to help. This is all done through the Children's Welfare Organization. Del Vers Club will also participate in this project.

X. L., Osiron, Agora, F. F. and Penta Tau will choose a needy family and either give them baskets of food, clothing and other essentials or collect money which will be turned over to a welfare organization to buy the family the necessary items.

Anti-Pan is giving its annual Christmas party for the Nashville Orphans' home. There will be a tree, presents, food, candy and all sorts of goodies for the children. This will be held in the club house on campus Saturday afternoon.

The T. C. Club will again journey to the Industrial Home for Young Boys. They will present a program, take gifts, and will help decorate a tree.

The Tri-K Club will make a visit to the Old Ladies Home in Nashville.

... DAY, DECEMB... ...Club Campus ... SUNDAY, DECEM... ...for the fa... ...Coffee in Ac... 2:00. ... Speech Department ... 7:30. ... A. W. ... at 6:4... THURSDAY, ...vant's ... ...Audito... FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19. Christmas vacation ... return January 6, 1948.

Jennings Is Named Day Council Head

Gayle Jennings was named the first president of the College Day Student Council of Ward-Belmont at its ... meeting, Tuesday morning in the Tri-K Club House, December 2.

This new council was innovated ... the suggestion of ... students. The idea was approved by Dean Martha Ordway and Dr. Robert Provine. The group will be made up of a president, vice-president, secretary, and two monitors ... will be chosen each six weeks.

... day students elected Betty ... vice-president; Margaret ... secretary. The two monitors have not been named yet. They will also be elected by the students. These girls were nominated by the day students ... the nominations were approved by Dean Ordway.

Miss Patty Chadwell wil lbe the sponsor of this new organization which will meet every Tuesday morning in the Tri-K Club House after ... meeting of the Day Students.

Santa ... Again Plays a Leading Role in Holiday

By JILL FODDEN

Brrrr—I just slid ... from the North Pole where the editor of this publication sent me to interview Mr. ... what an interesting ... it proved to be! Just ... of us fails to know exactly ... looks. He has a silvery ... twinkling eyes, a ... cheeks likened to ... He ... but ... fel... ...is ... spirit.

Mrs. Santa Claus ushered me straight to Mr. Santa Claus, who was in his workshop. Here, Santa ... is the happiest. He putters ... eleven months out of the year preparing for his annual giving spree. ... Santa ... claimed ... a ... anthropist ... not material gifts ... spirit to the most ... of the year.

Santa loves ... is greater fo... for the bad. He ... worthy and ... caught a glim... mont scoring ... saw so... black marks for Sue Skipmeal. There were red stars after Mary Meritlist's name!

When Santa was asked if anything unusual ever happened to him, he told about a Christmas list he received from a W-B student only a few years ago. It seems that the girl, Nellie Nicotine, asked for a carton of smokeless cigarettes. Unable to fill the order, he sent a three weeks' campus instead ! ! !

As Santa put the finishing touches on a rocking horse and sent forth a ... vibrating peal of ... ...ned that "this little number is fo... Texas gal!"

I was ... to relay only one ... to you all, and that is—... better watch out, you better not cry, Santa Claus is coming to town"—and who wants a bundle of sticks under the tree on Christmas morning?

English O Class Is Aid to Students

This week is the fourth week of the new class on campus known as English O. This is a class for those students who did not receive proper training in high school English, or who feel that their grammar, vocabulary, punctuation or other mechanics of the subject need a slight refresher course.

It is being conducted by Miss Mozelle Adams every Monday and Wednesday fifth hour. For those students not able to attend those meetings, a Tuesday and Thursday fifth hour class has been innovated. As

(Continued on Page 5)

Jingling the News

By JET

This column has been filled with news
Since way back in the fall.
So I shall take this chance to wish
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

Think on These Things

Oh the depth of the riches both of wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgements, and His ways past finding out . . . For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things: to whom be glory forever.

—Romans 11:33, 36

A "Big" Christmas

The faculty, staff and administration wish you a big Christmas! The sort of bigness we have in mind, however, is not limited to your receiving many gifts, as fine and welcome as these may be. There is another and quite different sort of bigness. You have doubtless come to know one or more of those fortunate and enviable people whose capacities enable them to take in and hold harmoniously together in their souls many extremes of the infinitely varied world of things and men. They are broad enough and strong enough to love deeply and humble stars and tadpoles; artic cold and tropical heat; the leisurely pace of the seasons and supersonic speed; wealth and poverty; warm human affection and nature's sublime indifference; and all the many kinds of prose and poetry of life.

Christmas should be a time of expansion and this kind of bigness, for it is the birthday of One who could take in lovingly even the bitterest depths of man's estate. This is the "big" Christmas we wish for you. Let it be a time when you bring within your circle of sympathy things that formerly lay beyond, a time when your vision grows wide and deep, a time when your heart grows big enough to take in all the world and every kind and condition of man. A big Christmas to you!

Dr. Robert Provine

A Yuletide Thought

Sleigh bells tinkle—and so do our hearts and souls; bright lights illuminate a snow-laden path as they shine down from gay, ornamented windows; the last note of caroler's song hangs gently on the still night; shouts of glee fill American homes as children welcome their beloved Santa Claus; gifts are exchanged and an elaborate, festive dinner is in the making as delicious holiday odors pervade the atmosphere. These are the connotations the word, Christmas, stirs in the mind of an average American citizen. A realm of beauty and happiness seems " in the offing" and spirits of anticipation run high.

And here we are—once again shutting ourselves up in our little cloisters, drinking the pleasure to the last drop—unmindful, of the lamentable, but still existing conditions of the major portions of the earth's inhabitants.

In Europe and Asia, the situation will be quite different. Will there be bread for breakfast? There may be snow, but minus the bright lights that say "Merry Christmas"—only resentment against the chill of the fleecy white flakes, wiping out the delight of the sight of them. There will be little joy in singing, for hunger and cold are not good foundations for the growth of a healthy spirit of contentment.

But there is one thing that is unalterable, and that is the true meaning of this illustrious holiday. Sometimes the attitude of worship is lost in the throes of boistrous celebrations which destroy the apex of Christmas beauty. This can be had for the taking and it will produce the power to renew the courage of desolated peoples if they but reach out for it. Our Christmas "duties" will not be fulfilled until we send throughout the earth "Good tidings of comfort and joy", and a reminder of the Christ, whose birthday sets forth the festivity, and who promises, "a new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you".



I'll Be Home for THIS Christmas Even If I Have to Crawl 700 Miles!

By Mary Jo LeMaster

The first four months of drudgery has ended, and Christmas vacation has arrived at Ward-Belmont! You should make reservations on the train, and I will try to tell you why—if you do try to fly, pack the nearest bed and cover, and you are all set!

I, eagerly awaiting the zero hour to depart for the airport last year, had packed and unpacked my suitcase several times during the preceding week. The sun arose on the morning of the 20th of December, but we were never able to see the sun due to ole' man soot and the slow drizzle of rain falling.

Flight 306 to Oklahoma City left at 12:45 in the afternoon, and at 11:45 we arrived at the airport. I use the word "we" because there were ten girls from W-B going on the same flight with me.

In the airport our bags were pushed up to the desk, weighed, and were checked with tags.

Twelve-thirty arrived, and we walked into the ante-room to be ready to board the plane. At precisely twelve-thirty three a voice boomed over the loudspeaker—"Will all passengers holding tickets on Flight 306 please report to the desk."

We rushed to the desk—nearly pushing it against the wall, and stood gazing with eager faces at the man in uniform. He stared right back at us with sad eyes, as a dog begging for a bone, and then replied—"I'm sorry, but your flight just flew over."

These words will be immortalized in the annals of flying history ! ! ! The guardian of an emergency, shock, set in and we were glued to the floor. We wouldn't get home! This thought slowly seeped into my dulled brain. We were told to wait, and the airlines would try to get us on another flight.

During the course of waiting, we played bridge for three hours, ate six meals, and had become tired and fatigued. The airport had become our home, and we used it as such. All the girls to whom I had been bragging arrived and left. I stood sadly waving goodbye to them, and then turned to walk into the airport once more.

The drizzle still fell in soft beats on the pavement, and the ceiling re-

(*Continued on Page* 3)

BEAU OF WARD-BELMONT



Dr. R. Provine

Yes, your eyes see right . . . our head *does* say "Beau of Ward-Belmont"! And that doesn't mean the school has been made co-educational by any means. Just use those same eyes to look at the picture in this column . . . and you will understand.

Dr. Robert Provine, our president, is indeed the BEAU of Ward-Belmont . . . and somehow it seemed fitting to interview him for the special Christmas issue. After all, he is the nicest Christmas present that we at W-B could ever wish for!

Striding along laughing with Robie, his youngest son, astride his shoulders; or playing an intense and skilled game of tennis with the Dean . . . it is at such times as these that one gains the truest picture of Dr. Provine. True, he does look so dignified and intellectual as he sits upon the stage in chapel or behind his spacious desk . . . and so he *is* this way. But gracious, engage him in a conversation, and watch his sparkling personality emerge!

In fact, if one does more than casually converse with him, if one asks a few questions, the interesting things that are HIM will come out . . . but the questions must be asked, for he is prone never to talk about himself!

Born in Columbia, Tennessee, he, with a glow in his humorous blue eyes, calls it "the dimple of the universe." He will describe the beauties of his home countryside, too! Perhaps this nature description will lead into a subject which completely engrosses him . . . that of mountain climbing! "Having lived near the Rocky Mountains, I used to climb them at every opportunity, and the higher I climbed the bigger I felt," he remarked with a remembering smile.

What does our President do when not occupied with endless school mat-

(*Continued on Page* 3)

Inquiring Reporter

By Ann Haller

Again out into the cold, cold night, Jerce has sent me. Inquiring again! Such Christmas spirit! Most of the girls were too cold to write an answer, but as well as could be understood from the "Mumbles" heard, these are the answers to our question of the week, which reads as follows, and I quote, *"Just what are you going to do with the 16 days, 5 hours, 30 minutes, and 14 SECONDS that we have for Christmas vacation?"*

In the Arms of Morpheus

The answers came fast and furious, mostly I think everyone agrees with this bunch of girls. *Nancy Boudeman, Madeline Terry, Margie Thompson, Shirley Wallace, Jo Jo Sullivan, Cindy DeWitt,* and *Fran Doolin* all remarked in reverent voices that they intended to SLEEP. Outside of this, they intend to eat and pursue various other pleasures. Ah, Ha!

Bugs Schone, a good St. Louie gal is going to do nothing but see all the basketball tournaments of her old high school and haunt the shrimp bars of the city, 'til she turns into one.

Neilyn Griggs says that she will go to Amarillo and sit there in the waste lands of Texas and wish like everything that she was home in sunny, wonderful CALIFORNIA . . . (little did you all know that I'm on the Chamber of Commerce there.)

Now we hear from some of those people better known as days students around this campus. *Trilby Elliston* says that the minute classes are over, she will climb in her car, go home, throw the books in the nearest fireplace and proceed to give her cat, "Lord Gilmer Darlington", a bath.

Mildred Cartright agrees that since she will have little time to sleep, she will make love to her Biology Book. Tuf life!

Margaret Currey is first going to write off a little item called a term paper, then dash down to Atlanta and relax. Ho, hum.

Harriett Spartman and *Jane Harris* are going to sleep mainly (how does that get in so often?), not ride busses, eat and eat and eat. They remarked that their folks would probably be bankrupt after they got through raiding the kitchen.

And on the Red Caboose

Gordie, Jean and Sally Kayko, Bev Nichols, and *Butch Mora* are spending all their time on the train to Chicago, they are going to serenade all the passengers with Christmas carols. One girl from New Mexico, dryly remarked that if they had to be on that train as long as she, they would be desperate enough to sing.

Janet Pierce and *Lee Goldwasser* are going to eat every meal in their jeans, and have cigarettes between each course.

Susan Campbell and *Sue Stevens* are doing something . . . wonder how long they will last . . . they are going to sleep all day and date and go out most of the night. Ah, what a life!

Dashing down the hall, I ran into a big smile . . . yes! It was *Ursery.* When asked what he was going to do with his time, he carefully counted up, "Let's see, 16 days, 5 hours, 30 minutes and 14 seconds, Well, every bit of that time I'll be working to fix up those rooms for you girls when you come back from your wonderful vacations." So there you have it!

Everybody here in the HYPHEN office merely breathed a sigh of relief as Jerce put in the final inch of this paper. This is what we did . . . this what we'll do . . . SLEEP, SLEEP and SLEEP!!!!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published every week by the students of Ward-Belmont

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Day Light



By BETSY

Dog take it, if Christmas isn't just around the corner. That's the straight scoop from one who has done no Christmas shopping, not an idle rumor started by some vicious rumor monger. You know what a rumor monger is: A prattle snake. Heh, heh. Yes, all the boarders are singing, "I'll be home for Christmas," while such fine gals as *Jody Johnson, Joan Reynolds, B. J. McGregor, Marie Brown,* and *Pat Mathias are sing*ing, "I'll be home sometime after that 5:50 gym class."

From Club Eight

Hear tell from such sundry sources as *Jody Fullerton, Betty Bunch, Mickey Cooper, Ann Coleman* and *Annette Norman* that the Agoras pitched—excuse me—threw a fine dance. Also heard same from "*Snowfloor" Taylor.*

One gal we know who got a present in advance is *Mary Ann Graham.* Note the fancy lighter she pulls out of her pocket book, then out of the box, out of the cotton, out of the felt wrapper and flick—"No fluid," she says, "but I have a match."

Philosophy, no less. Don't envy a firecracker too much when you hear them exploding Christmas day, even though they do get a big bang out of life. They are really nothing but big blows. Least that's what *Mildred Bethshares* tells me.

'Tis interesting to note that the Osiron House (call me *Virginia Moore,* that is) has a roaring bridge game every morning. Such lassies as *Dot Terry, Jessica McDonald, Jane Harris, Helen White,* and *Harriet Sparkman* really have a fine time before going to that well known first period class.

Tossing Them In

Basketball practice is now in full swing, and according to *Joanne Sisk* (pant, pant) her conditioning just isn't what it used to be. You aren't by yourself Jo, so just huff, puff, and get sore muscles with the rest of we mortals.

Noticed the way *Betty Kelly, Carleen Bradley, Evelyn Jenkins,* and *Carol Harmning* keep the library doors swinging? Those gals must be planning a study free Christmas. But, then, aren't we all?

Latest GV wire-service-news-with-a-smile and rumors-on occasion has it that *Jean O'Donnell* was so inspired by the last Chem Club meeting that she has decided to be a professional poisoner. Special low prices, too.

As my Christmas present to you all, let me warn you about the wire in the grass just in front of the Agora House. Darn thing got just south of my foot and fired me half way across club village. Call me flat face—my "new look" nose spreads from ear to ear.

Presents for 'Em

To end with let's give a few Christmas presents. For *Polly Miles*—new cuts. For *Peggy Bethune*—four new stickers for her car windows, For *Betty Bray*—more long, long distance calls. For *Betty Methvin, Gayle Jennings,* and *Margaret Boylin*—congratulations, and the hope that we, your fellow day-students, don't work you too much.



Pictured above are Betty Lee Miller, Jan Denham, and Juan Stroube who are starring in the Christmas Play produced by the Speech Department entitled "Eager Heart".

Denham, Miller, and Stroube Star In Leading Roles of "Eager Heart"

The traditional Christmas Vesper service of Ward-Belmont will be presented Sunday evening at 7:30 in North Front Auditorium. This Christmas service has always been produced by the Speech Department as the final evening worship service before the holidays commence.

The name of the play is "Eager Heart," which is an allegorical mystery play. A story pageant with mingled mysticism and pathos has been widely used in recent years both in this country and the English speaking world. The three leading parts are: Eager Heart, Jan Denham; Eager Sense, Betty Lee Miller; and Eager Fame, Juan Stroube.

Others participating in the presentation are: Shirley Rosevelt, Pat Austin, Sophie Gounos, Mary Thompson, Mary Jean Magruder, Mary Lou Schwankhaus, Eloise McBride, Betty Hall Shepherd, Barbara Barnes, Barbara Gropp, Mary Alice Branham, Margie Barry, Sue Bebe, Becky Brown, Ann Ellis, Peggy Read, Betty Lee Farmer, Georgie Gresham, Mildred Jones, and Jane Reese.

Crawling Home

(Continued from Page 2)

mained zero—not the ceiling of the building, but the sky ! ! ! We were told to be patient, and patient we remained . . . but patience can last only so long ! ! !

After nearly devastating the airport and angering numerous people, the airlines decided they would have to take drastic means to get us home. A plane was readied, and we were pushed out onto the runway. At eleven o'clock that night the plane took off and we were told to be patient. We were headed toward the vicinity of Dallas. That was only 250 miles from home, and securing passage from there on a plane shouldn't be hard . . . joker and optimist that I am ! ! !

By three o'clock in the morning the weather had cleared, and we watched the sun rise from the airport. The same answer greeted us, "I'm sorry, you will just have to be patient."

We were a sad group . . . the neatly pressed suits and dresses were now wrinkled, hose were messy and had runners, and clothes had food spilled on them.

Harry, the fiance of one of the girls and who was driving to get us, had a flat and wanted us to board a bus and meet him in Denton. We arrived at the station, bought our tickets, and climbed on the last bus to leave Dallas for Denton.

The bus ride was not exciting. Only the engine caught on fire, and the bus broke down. We had to wait on another bus being sent from Dallas. This only made us two hours late arriving into Denton ! ! ! When we did arrive, Harry was waiting, and we were rushed over to the car and pushed in. The trip into the city was uneventful, and we arrived home only twenty-eight hours late ! ! !

Standing in the front door of our home was my mother, and I wearily trudged up to fall in her arms. The poor hat box full of books, purses, and even hats gave out, and all the contents were spilled upon the floor. But the final blow came when my mother said—"I never want you to fly again. The ordeal just nearly wore me out."

December is here, and we are making reservations now. Take a word from one who knows—for gosh sakes —RIDE THE TRAIN ! ! !

Beau of W.-B.

(*Continued from page 2*)

ters or taking part in various Nashville Discussion Groups? Perhaps he will be drinking tea or eating STRONG, ripe cheese fresh from a century spent fermenting in a cavern; or perhaps he will be listening to Mendelssohn's "On the Wings of Song," or even playing and singing at the piano himself. Again he might be watching a good, fast basketball game, or reading "Decline of the West" by Oswald Spengler or something by Goethe.

But most likely he is doing the grocery shopping accompanied by his eldest daughter, Harriet, now a freshman at W-B. Maybe Teena, John, Will, and Robie are along, but they probably are waiting eagerly at home for his arrival! Five fine, well-mannered children and a tiny, sincere wife compose the happiness of our President! (Here is the place for two things that surely don't give him any particular joy . . . namely, the sight of any litter on the campus, and the radiator tapping during the solemn chapel programs!)

Professing a secret and loved ambition for teaching—of mathematics, of foreign languages, but mainly of his field of philosophy, Dr. Provine could well fulfill this ambition. His philosophy, imparted to and treasured by the students on various memorable occasions, is best summed up at the conclusion of his conversation with you. "About nine-tenths of the time, to understand a thing is to forgive it," were his sincere words that all should enfold in their hearts as they will the brief duration of their acquaintance with this fine, true man ,who is president of Ward-Belmont . . . and so rightfully the Beau of the Week!

Fashion Plates at W.-B.



By ANN

Christmas comes but once a year, so the old adage goes. All this wild shopping downtown in the mad rushing crowds is about to drive everyone absolutely insane, including yours truly. I think I see more W-B girls downtown than I do around here.

The Wine Girls

I saw *Mary Thompson* in town in a beautiful wine, blue, and white checked wool dress with a deep wine jerkin. With her was *Ann Polk* in her new burgandy colored suit. It has a high open neck, and the opening down the front is closed by unique gold buttons. The jacket is long, and so is the skirt. Ann certainly has a right to be proud of her new suit, and it looks mighty fine on her.

Yesterday I saw *Diane Morgan* dreaming away about Christmas. She had on a gorgeous gray satin dress, which was fairly plain except for the drape effect around the hips. I also saw *Paula Rudolph* in her new coffee brown crepe dress. It is the new length, and the top is covered with spatterings of bronze sequins which sparkled all over the place!

Chartreuse Ensemble

Patty Stol sat next to me on the bus coming back from church on Sunday. She really looked good in her light gray and chartreuse outfit. The gray wool dress was trimmed in chartreuse, and her hat, gloves, and purse were of matching chartreuse suede—very unusual and good looking. I also saw *Frances Mallory* in a black satin dress with sequins on the top. Her shoes were of black suede and the pert little bows were covered with black sequins!

I ran into *Marlene Foote* dashing madly around in the stores, and she was wearing a gray wool dress, very appropriate for this chilly shopping season. It was quite tailored with a high neck fastened by three large buttons. With this dress she wore all black accessories. Then I saw *Madelyn Terry* in a brown and yellow outfit. The skirt was of dark brown, yellow, and white plaid, quite full, and she wore a yellow cashmere short sleeved sweater with it and a dark brown tie. With this Madelyn wore low brown dress shoes and brown accessories.

Silver Blue

Nancy Iler and *Ebbie Marsh* were wandering around in a daze the other day. Nancy had on a gorgeous red plaid dress underneath a silver blue raincoat which was made with the hood and the swing back. Ebbie had on a gray wool dress with a huge Peter Pan collar and a wool tie. Those two girls are quite the dressers around W-B, and it makes you feel good to see someone looking nice all the time.

Mabel Durrett went to dinner tonight in her new cherry red suit. It has a high round collar, that is made not to lay quite flat. The jacket is quite long and also snug, and is buttoned down the front with self-covered buttons in a curving shape. *Marie Bergh* walked by the table tonight in a black crepe dress that was quite striking. The neck was cut low and filled in with multi-colored grograine ribbons. It was very good looking!

Anne's Black Dream

Have you all seen *Anne Lessig's* black silk two-piece dress? It is really out of this world. It is made with a large point in the back which is outlined in black lace. The sleeves are long and very tight. It is really something. Sunday *Rae Smith* also had on a good looking black dress. It was crepe with wide satin insets at various intervals down the length of the skirt.

Abby Houldersheldt has a very striking new coat. It is gray, red, green, and black plaid with a square yoke collar and the full swing back. About the same time I saw Abby in her new coat, I saw *Betty Rhodes* in a gray wool suit which was made with a straight jacket and a cute tailored vest. The jacket and the vest were fastened with small gold buttons.

Tea Hole Fashion

Jill Foddrill was showing her new dress the other day in the Tea Hole. It is the most unique thing I have seen in a long time. It is made off the shoulder and of a multi-colored figured metallic material. It was ballet length and was gathered into a bustle in the back. The same day I saw *Sodie Brewer* in a beautiful black crepe dress. It was made with long sleeves, a high neck, and the belt ended with long tassels. It was very good looking.

This is the last time I will be able to write about you all for another year, but after vacation I want to see all those new clothes that you all will be mighty proud to wear. So until then, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to each and everyone.

Penstaff Club Has Lunch for Initiates

The Penstaff Club held a luncheon in honor of the new members Saturday, December 6. Mrs. Susan Souby and Miss Ella Mims were the guest speakers.

Present at the banquet, in addition to the members, were all the members of the High School English Department. Sally McCanliss read the constitution of the club to the new members. Then Miss Mims, a French teacher, and one of the first members of the original Penstaff club, told the past history of the club.

Mrs. Souby took up the story and told of the years that she was sponsor of the club.



By Bunny and Jill

Big issue this time and since every other column is in, you'll just have to grin and bear us again. Sad and true as it may be, here we go to give you the dirt scooped up from all over campus.

'Tis said that the advanced comp class is going to file in singularly attired in black chesterfields to *Mrs. Duncan.* Christmas is flying nearer as the calendar leaves drop off rapidly—and those five smackeroo would come in mighty handy.

Big Week-Ends

A regular week end affair or two seems to be that of *Sophie Gounos* and Bob Allen and *Pat Farthing, Rae Elms,* and dates.

Sue Steinman, Betty Moore, Gerry Pauley, Carolyn Henderson and *Julia McHenry* all enjoyed their stay at Sewanee the other week end. Some more are going up this week end, too. Just wouldn't that be a sad place if it weren't for all the charming scenery by the Belles of Belmont?

Beowulf, a werewolf, or something has been coming to see *Ann Polk* cuz did you see all the scratches on her arms?

Old Cousin Story

"Imp" and *Sue* are having guests next Sunday. They say it's their cousins, but come on now, break down and give us the word.

"Zero" Jackson comes through in a fit of anger and sends the Sigma Chi pin back in an envelope. Innocently she asked, "Do you think it will make the trip all right?"

Take the experience of *Betty Burnett* and *Jane Wilson.* They warn you all, each and every one right now—The Belmont bus just don't stop on that corner no more. Hear they ended up in an absolutely unknown part of the fair metropolis.

Seifert and Pal

Have you all heard all those sweet old sentimental songs that Seifert and Wilcox, no more Wilson, have been playing and making remarks about were given by none other than our *Joan Hays'* fiance, Bill Calwell. Ain't that nice? But that obnoxious "Dill Pickles" shore ain't!

Here we go with the flower shop again! Hold on to your noses! Orange Blossoms to: *Lindgren* and Doug. Gosh that ring sure does look purty, Ann.

Orchids to all the gals such as *Joy Goodlett, Miss Newhall, Mary Lou Griffith, Jean Frantz,* and *Beth Goldsmith.* They really got them too. Gleaming evidences of time spent at dances ! ! ! (almost poetical, ain't we?)

Poison Ivy, to the weather man if any of the gals are grounded for even one minute when we start to go home.

Blossoms to *Dr. Provine,* who not only brought over his editorial tonight, but a huge, burly sack of hard, juicy apples. Mucho appreciated!

Students on Parade

A few years ago, when Jackie Liebermann was in the seventh grade she constructed a nativity scene on a table in her room several days previous to the holidays. For days she carefully planned her program, working it down to the most minute detail.



Jackie L.

So "'twas the night before" the Big Day when she presented the pride and joy to her parents. Just before she descended the stairs to invite Mr. and Mrs. Liebermann to view it, she lit several candles arranged in a semi-circle around the scene. The three ascended the steps, opened the door to Jackie's room, and were greeted with a merrily leaping fire!

The solemn atmosphere was altered. The air was filled with screams of disappointment from Jackie, bursts of reprimand from her parents, and obviously, profuse clouds of smoke. For you see, the flame from the candles had spread to cardboard figures, then to the curtains.

The maid arrived on the scene with a bucket full of—NOTHING! Which only proves that little control is maintained in emergencies. But after the first few moments of shock were away, the perturbed family regained their senses and extinguished the flames in quick order. The amount of damage was considerable and Jackie received a belated Christmas gift—a bedroom suite! To say the least, a *warm* Christmas spirit prevailed in that home ! ! !



The soft strains of "Silent Night" float on the snow laden air as a group of carolers from W.-B. sing!

BALLAD OF THE THREE CANDLES

By Jet

The village streets were bright and gay
The eve before a Christmas day
And chimes and bells and carols rang
While choirs of angel voices sang
"Joy to the World, the Lord is come."
My feet moved swiftly with the crowd
Of hurrying shoppers, faces bowed
Avoided snowflakes dancing white . . .
Carolers somewhere, sang to the night:
"God rest ye merry gentlemen let nothing you dismay."
As I walked, I passed an old brick wall . . .
Behind it, the rich man's house stood tall
And in the window, slim and alone
A single new white candle shone.
"Join the ancient Yuletide carol."
Although the towers were richly made,
Inside no happy children played . . .
And out on the wide lawn, all was dark,
For a single candle has no spark.
"Above thy deep and dreamless streets the silent stars go by."
Another house came into view.
A merchants' house it was, I knew.
A wreath had been placed on his door with pride,
But something, like joy, was lacking inside.
"Let every heart prepare him room."
In the merchant's window a candle sat . . .
A squatty candle, red and fat . . .
But it's light, too, was not so bright.
That it could pierce the dark cold night.
"It came upon the midnight clear that glorious song of old."
On, on I trudged in hopes to find
A house, a home, where peace of mind
And happiness and all things good
Combines in love for brotherhood
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."
Down a small hill where the iced river lay
I saw 'cross the snow a shining gold ray
As closer I walked, I found there a shack . . .
With a small winding path where the snow drifted back.
"Away in a manger, no crib for His bed ! ! !"
There was laughter and music and glad voices, too
And lights all of silver and crimson and blue . . .
The smoke from the chimney rose high up above . . .
And the whole little house was just teeming with love.
"Jingle bells, jingle bells jingle all the way."
The door stood ajar, so I peeked through the space
"Hello, come on in" said a bright shiny face.
So I joined in the throng, and helped dress the tree
And the tattered old chairs never mattered to me.
"Oh, come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant."
So I bid them "goodbye" and walked out in the night . . .
But a small, battered candle shone with such a light
That the hills and the heavens were lighter than day.
And I heard, as I walked, God's own Angel say:
"Hallelujah, hallelujah . . . The Prince of Peace shall forever reign."

Borge Interview Involves Centuries Of Spotlight Havoc

By Janice Lebenstein

"Oh," I muttered to myself, "Will this cab ever get here?" Rusty, Bunny and I swung our arms in an Indian war dance in the attempt to keep warm. We had started out to interview Victor Borge two hours before, but we had had a slight delay . . . required concert, to be exact. Finally, here we were at 9 o'clock, starting for Nashville.

The cab rounded the curve on two wheels and, as we climbed in, I was glad to know we had a safe driver. I hesitated to tell him we were in a hurry, but expediency overruled wisdom and we were off! Three minutes and seven seconds later we zoomed to a sudden stop before the War Memorial Building.

We dashed inside only to find the program had started and we would have to wait until intermission before we could see Mr. Borge. Walking regally down the aisle we entered the sacred portion called back-stage! When we asked to see Mr. Borge's dressing room, his manager gave a fiendish laugh and told us we were standing in it. When Mr. Borge finished taking his second bow, the applause subsided and our moment had come.

"These girls want to interview you," said some strange man to a pale, slightly perspiring man in a monkey-suit. This was Victor!

"Where were you born?" said Rusty.

"No autographs now," said Mr. Borge to some strange women who had sneaked backstage. "Where were you born?" said I. "I have to go on now," said Mr. Borge. Thus ended our interview. "Well," said Bunny, "Maybe we can find out where he was born in *Variety.* Let's try to get a picture for the paper. You draw it."

I thought that a brilliant suggestion since I was the only one who had brought paper.

Regally we walked out of the sacred portion called backstage and entered the public hall with the masses. Seating ourselves on the front row, I started to draw. We had a beautiful view of the piano and the top of his head. We moved to one side. I had a beautiful view of the back of his neck. We moved to the other side. I couldn't even see the stage from there! We got up and walked up the aisle, hailed a cab, and rode quietly back to school. As far as the next issue of the *Hyphen* was concerned, Victor was never in Nashville!





PREPARLANCE



By JUDY N' GORDY

Jingling Judy

Jingle Bells, Jingle bells—
Jingle all the way.
Oh what fun it is to think
Only six more trying days.

Hoping that all of you have been good enough this year to get on the right side of Santa Claus, I greet you with the best yuletide wishes.

The past week has been filled with the Penstaff luncheon and the Beta Club bridge party. The gals have been busy getting their last bit of business finished so that school will be the one thing that is fartherest from their minds.

The song heard most around the campus at this time of the year is "WHITE CHRISTMAS." I'm dreaming of a white Christmas too—but in Nashville, the snow hardly has time to settle before Smokey Joe takes over.

Parties Poppin'

With all the parties planned on this year's calendar "ye ole town" is to be completely stuffed with doin's. The art of balancing a tea cup and taking three bites from one tiny cup cake will be practiced by *June Sanders, Julia Edwards, Irene Potter, Nancy Denny,* and *Phillis* (ace club) *May*. Some of the hostesses for these scrumptious teas will be *Caroline Norman, Lucy Buford, Ellen McKinney,* and *Margaret Thompson*.

A chocolate will be given by Totty Holder to start the first week end off with a bang. The high school fraternities will be the hosts of many W-B cuties through the holidays with heavenly dances.

Carol singing will be a special feature on Christmas Eve. Expected to be seen harmonizing on "Silent Night," and "O Come All Ye Faithful" will be *Martha Ann Gambill, Joanne Geny, Jane McQuiddy* and *Anne Knox*.

Gordie's Jabber

'Tis the week before Christmas and all through the hall everyone is stirring.

Oh, yes, we sho' have got that Christmas spirit. I saw *Alich* and *McAdoo* coming in from town the other day simply enveloped in packages. Trying to buy off your teachers maybe?

There is someone very special I want to make chic this week. It is *Mamma Hay*. I know everyone will agree that she is the chicest of all. You rate plenty high with us.

Well, well, so you are getting ready to go home. Bit of a struggle, isn't it? First, you can't find your suitcase, then when you do, you can't find anything to put in it. Seems that all your clothes have been borrowed or just fallen apart. *Sal Kayko* says she went down to get a dress back from *Bev Nickols* and had to dig it out from under a desk, cardboard chest, desk lamp, radio, bureau drawers, and a mattress which had all been shoved into the closet. Bev has just gotten the mattress molded to suit her and would hate to lose it. These situations almost make one decide that it would be simpler not to go home for vacation.

Thinkin' of Home?

Hardships or not I know you are all dying to get home. Back to somebody's brother, maybe? Next week will be a busy one with the Servants' Party and the hall party. It will be a lot of fun. Of course, you all know what fun the Servants' Party is and if you haven't heard about it, it is truly wonderful.

So much for all the parties. We've still got some packing to do. Remember those things you took to the cleaner so they would be nice for Christmas? Too bad you can't afford to get them out. What if you do have to wear that old skirt you've stuffed in your dresser drawer? Ma and Pa will be glad to see you even if you arrive swallowed in one of those bilious yellow Anti-Pan sweat shirts. (Sorry Miss Benton and Hoyts.)

Near the End

I guess everything is all set and everyone is ready to go. That is, we are packed a week early. The lights may fail and *Dr. Provine* may want us to leave early; and so it's best to be prepared. N'est-ce pas?

Since it is the yuletide season I won't expose you to any of my poetry. Be good, be merry and have a wonderful vacation. See ya next year.



Adding a festive touch of the coming Yuletide season to the doors of the dorm are these girls!

PREPARATIONS

By MARY SIMMS

Julia danced gaily around the room. The room itself was the personification of festivity with its glimmering Christmas tree and the big red bow holding the mistletoe on the chandelier. The eggnog mellowed in the huge punch bowl sitting proudly in the center of the gleaming dining room table and the fat red candles on either side dropped their wax in ridiculous forms. Julia's heart was light, and she hummed happily.

She, herself, was the prettiest decoration the old house held with her youth and vivacity, her gently rounded white shoulders on which fell softly golden blond hair, brushed to a silken lustre. Her face was a creamy oval tinted with delicate pink and her mouth was generous and laughing. Julia's eyes were the exact violet color of the satin and net formal lyin on the guest room bed at which she ran to stare with fixed wonder and admiration every few moments. The white orchid in the ice box was another delight which she viewed often. Julia took a piece of peppermint from the dish on the coffee table and thought she had never been so excited in her life. Christmas was so wonderfully wonderful—but oh! how the time did crawl. She went upstairs and began to undress.

The door burst open, and Julia's mother dashed in in a gust of perfume and violet satin and net. She kissed Julia and picked her up and ran down stairs with her. "Here, darling, let's hang up your stocking before you go to bed." Julia hung up the tiny white sock and looked again at the lovely white orchid, now perched in her mother's black hair.

Servant's Party Program Is Secret

The traditional Servants' Party, which is being held for the twentieth consecutive time this year, will be presented December 18, 1947, at 7:00 o'clock.

The complete staff of Ward-Belmont servants totals one hundred thirty-one persons. The average length of service, including those who have been here only one or two months is 9.4 years.

The servants who have been with the school for the longest time are: Arnold Johnson, Acklen Hall, 42 years; Addie Edmondson, Founders, 42 years; Maggie Majors, Pembroke, 34 years; William Blackman, baker, 31 years; and Albert Knox, Academic Building, 30 years.

William Blackman ("Willy") is in charge of the entertainment, all of which is planned by the servants. The program, announced by Dr. Provine, remains a surprise until that evening.

'Twas The Night

By BESSIE AND JEANNE

(With apologies to Clement Clark Moore.)

'Twas the eve of vacation, when all through each dorm
Every creature was stirring, awaiting the morn.
The nylons were hung on the towel racks with care,
And bags, badly bulging, were stacked everywhere.
The girls, in their glee, were ignoring their beds.
While visions of revelry danced through their heads.
And Je in her nightshirt and Bess in her jeans
Had just settled down to enjoy their day dreams,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
They sprang to the window to see what was the matter,
When what to their wondering eyes should appear
But eight Yellow Cabs, which were all coming here
To carry the girls to the airport and station
From which they would start on their Christmas vacation.
They drove up to Acklen and stopped in a line,
And from every dorm all the girls came a 'flyin'.
From Personnel Office the chaperones came.
They whistled and shouted and called each by name:
"Now Akin, now Barry, now Clifford, and Dabney,
"Off Fisher, off Freels, and now Denham and Rabe.
"Now fly away, ride away, walk, or just crawl,
"But dash away, anyway; beat it, you all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane blow,
Out through the white gates and away they did go.
Bess and Je, at the window, did watch them depart.
(They didn't feel sad, for they, too, would soon start.)
And they heard the girls shout, as the cabs drove from sight,
"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!"

PEGGY PICS PICTURES

BELMONT: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "Framed," starring Glenn Ford. If he's as good as he was in "Gilda", ought to be a good one! Wednesday, "Beat the Band". Thursday, Friday, Saturday is, "The Long Night", starring Henry Fonda.

BELLE MEADE: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday will be Ann Sheridan and Zachary Scott in "The Unfaithful." Wednesday, Thursday, Friday will be Barbara Stanwick and the other, Elias Smith—I guess. Humphrey Bogart is included somewhere.

MELROSE: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," I've already told you about it. Wednesday is "Forever Yours"—it's not the candy bar either! Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, "The Unfaithful".

LOWE'S: Wednesday, Thursday—Ginger Rogers and Cornel Wilde in, "It Had to Be You."

PARAMOUNT: Wednesday, Thursday, "Desert Fury", an exciting western, in technicolor. Elizabeth Scott has four or five men in her life, Burt Lancaster is one of the men!

KNICKERBOCKER: Thursday thru Wednesday, "The Fabulous Texan"—did someone mention Texas?

Well, kids, no more paying your own way—it's a *date* to movies!! Merry Christmas!

Peg

English Class

(Continued from Page 1)

previously stated this class is for the mechanics of the subject only. It will last as long as the teachers feel that it is needed.

There are no outside assignments required and the only teacher for the class is Miss Adams.

BY NORMA JEAN KRENZER



And to All a Very Happy Vacation!

Composition Class Edits Story Book

The advanced composition class, under the direction of Mrs. Edgar Duncan, has recently completed a book of children's stories entitled "A Winter's Fantasy."

Under the editorship of Janet Young, the class, composed of seniors, organized their children's stories into book form. The stories, headed by a preface, are arranged chronologically according to age groups. Each story has an illustration drawn by Janice Lebenstein, Svea Ogg, and Sally Powers of the art staff for the project.

Mr. John Bitzer, Registrar, supervised the printing of the three hundred copies of the book.



And off to a happy vacation are four of the Ward-Belmont girls, slightly happy about the whole matter!

Riding Majors Attend Horse Show

Seven riding majors of Ward-Belmont College attended the Chicago Horse Show chaperoned by Mrs. Camilla Newerf, riding teacher of the school. They left the school Thursday afternoon, December 4 and returned to school Monday morning, December 8. This is an annual affair of the school.

The girls who made the trip this year were: Marlene Foote, Steve Ann Akin, Snappy Englett, Carol Bacchus, Peggy Bethune, Ella Brooks and Mary Elizabeth Carpenter.

News Briefs

The W-B choir is broadcasting over WSM Saturday afternoon, December 13 from 4:30 to 4:45. The choir will sing several Christmas songs.

* * *

YWCA candlelight service will be held in Acklen Hall Tuesday night, December 16 at 7:00 p.m. The scripture reading is by Rosemary Fulghum and music will be furnished by the college octet. Christmas carols will then be sung by everyone.

Student Named Carnival Princess

Miss Bettie Ann Hardison, student of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music was chosen by Governor Jim McCord of Tennessee to be the "Official Princess" from this state at the 14th annual Christmas Carnival of the city of Birmingham, Alabama. The five-day carnival began November 25. It is a festivity sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Bettie lives in Columbia, Tennessee. and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hardison. Recently, also, she was named one of the six sponsors of CMA companies.

Mehitabel Says . . .



"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas not black with Nashville snow. Where the trees don't glisten, because . . ."

"Mehitable," I shouted, "stop that infernal yowling. This is no time for joking. I must finish wrapping my Christmas packages for my family. I am having enough trouble without your minor distractions. Hm, let me see now . . . A yo-yo for my older brother. He ought to like that, don't you think so, Mehit? He's rather backward, like my aunt. He's twenty-four and Mother wrote me he can talk real well now. 'Course he twitches every once in a while and lapses into his own little world peopled by Whump-de-Whumps, and Giddley-Hads, but we who know him well, ignore that. We have hopes he will go into song-writing.

Pop never smiles anymore. That might be because Mother borrowed his upper-plate a month ago when she was invited out for dinner. That's what I'm giving Mother for a gift. I thought she might like one of her own, but I am having a difficult time wrapping them. Ah me, I do lead a very rugged life.

"I bet you do," meowed my dear little friend. Ah well, everybody seems to be wrapping gifts tonight. And everybody seems to be so-so-sooo happy. I think I like the Christmas season better than any other time of the year. All the bright tissue papered gifts, with the bright red ribbons, Christmas carols, and all the intangible things that make up Christmas. The delectible food . . . even the garbage pails among which I forage contain better and more digestible products.

"Mehitable, what a revolting idea!"

"You were telling me of your rugged misfortunes, so I thought I would let you know what I have to contend with. There will be a lot of people this year who won't even have a decent garbage pail from which to get their Christmas meal. Just remember that this Christmas will fall during one of the most disasterous periods this world has ever seen. Internal strife runs rampant in China, Asia, Europe and the very far East. The quantity of food to feed the needy is far below the supply sufficient for survival. The press carries continued news of famine and imminent war. You've heard all this before and in a much more impressive manner, but please take the word of an animal who known what it is like to fight for survival, search for food, and suffer because of insufficient necessities. Christmas is a time for rejoicing and happiness, but while you are enjoying to the full extent your Christmas vacation, remember, and be thankful. Even pray.

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