



"The Bells of Ward-Belmont Oh,  
hear they are calling  
The Old Girls, the New Girls to  
meet once again,  
And so, my beloved, with autumn  
leaves falling,  
Our Alma Mater sings to us its  
old refrain."

" With autumn leaves falling"  
bits of vividness floating down,  
lilting as they bounce from air-cush-  
ion to air-cushion, somber olive green  
changing to warm cinnamon brown  
and smoldering red, wisps of gold  
flashing in the still-warm sunlight  
the condescending majesty of the  
oaks in front of Acklen Hall as the  
brisk little squirrels play hide-and-  
seek on their gnarled, beautiful  
branches the incredible blue of  
the sky this is autumn

Football games with blazoned pen-  
nants and shaggy chrysanthemums  
and enthusiasm which takes one's  
breath because of its youthful, val-  
iant gaiety the tangy nips of cold  
insinuating themselves into the air to  
give promise of crackling bonfires and  
early morning rides when the horse  
is frisky and eager "to be given his  
head" the pert happiness of W.-B.  
girls as they run to breakfast, laugh-  
ing and vivacious the joyful  
shouts from the sturdily contested  
hockey games the saucy veiled  
hats on Sunday morning and the plaid  
skirts flickering their multicolored  
brightness

The radiant sunsets which tinge the  
clouds with hues from birthday-party  
pink to fluffy delphinium blue the  
orange moon making the clouds lu-  
minous and ethereal the brittle-  
ness of the clear night air and the  
rustle of dry fallen leaves

Yes, autumn leaves are falling and  
"our Alma Mater sings to us its old  
refrain" the Bells of Ward-Belmont!

MARIE MOUNT  
COLLEGE, '44

