



LINDEN BARK

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MAY SARTON TO LECTURE FEBRUARY 5, 6

Exams Bring Anticipation; New Semester Offers Chance



by Judy Langnecht

Among the assorted misfortunes with which all college students are confronted, the period of final examinations is undoubtedly the most dreaded. For the duration of a week, every instructor becomes potentially, if not in reality, a veritable bluebeard. Armed with reams of bluebooks he stalks the Lindenwood corridors occasionally emitting what might be interpreted by the student body to be chortles of glee over a job too well done.

Meanwhile, back at the dormitory, an air of silence reigns. Doorknobs drip with handtowels and weary brows drip with perspiration. Dismal files of exam-bound students creep punctually between text books and lap boards oblivious of the world about them. At the classroom door they are greeted by the cheery smiles of their instructors who promptly present them with the dreaded pamphlets and seating instructions.

The examinations themselves contain various questions which appear for the most part to be concerned with such momentous occurrences as September lectures, times lines from chapter two, or the birth date of Napoleon's bootblack with frequent reference to footnotes and glossary terms.

But somehow from the obscurity of six weeks ago, the asundry answers gradually return to be apprehended one by one by the apt memories and nimble fingers of an industrious student body. No one knows quite how, but suddenly the ordeal is over. The completed papers are collected and the weary ranks return to the proverbial grindstone amidst jungles of unwashed coffee cups, mountains of cigarette butts and moans of "but the only questions he asked were covered in the chapters I forgot to read."

Ten Students Complete Work; To Receive Diplomas in June

Ten Lindenwood students will complete work toward graduation this semester. In May, they will return to graduate with the other members of their class. The group includes Sandra Allen, (Mrs.) Judith Esterly, Jane Eyler, Emily Hunter, Alma Jameton, Carolyn Jurgenson, Tanni Lee, (Mrs.) Patricia Nelson, (Mrs.) Beth Thompson, and Ann Wentker.

Sandra Allen is from St. Louis. She plans to enter graduate school, possibly the University of Denver, specializing in guidance and counseling.

As an art major, Judith Esterly, who lives with her husband in St. Charles, is hoping for a position teaching art.

Jane Eyler, an elementary education major from Cincinnati, Ohio, has a job teaching first grade in Norwood, Ohio. Her "semester break" will be brief, as she starts work Monday, Jan. 22.

Emily Hunter, an English major from Birmingham, Ala., had good reason to speed up the educational processes—she is getting married in February.

Another elementary education major, Alma Jameton, is a resident of Clayton, Mo. Following completion of this semester's work, she will teach kindergarten in the St. Louis public school system.

Carolyn Jurgensen, majoring in elementary education, calls Clinton, Iowa, home. She will be teaching the fourth grade at Walnut Grove Elementary School in Florissant-Ferguson, Mo.

A home economics major originally from Korea, Tanni Lee plans to enter graduate school at Purdue University, continuing her work with foods and nutrition.

Another St. Charles resident, Mrs. Patricia Nelson, is a nurse. Her first child, expected in late April, will keep her busy.

Mrs. Beth Thompson, a mathematics major, considers North Little Rock, Ark., her home.

Niccolls Hall Holds Seminar Discussion

Under the guidance of Mr. William Thomas, 28 freshmen have been organized into a Niccolls seminar.

Being tried for the first time, the purpose of the seminar is to give students a chance to read and discuss authors which they normally wouldn't cover in class.

The idea first originated as a result of Mr. Thomas coming to Niccolls for an informal discussion by request of the girls. Due to the interest shown, he agreed to set up a seminar for the Niccolls Hall residents who were interested.

Poet, Novelist Will Address Student Body

May Sarton, poet, will be on the campus Feb. 5 and 6. Author of eight novels and five books of poetry, Miss Sarton will address the student body in a convocation entitled "The Poet's Work" in which she will read from her own manuscripts. Following the convocation Poetry Society and other interested students will meet with her at 130 Gamble.

An informal coffee hour at 4:00 Monday afternoon, to which students, faculty, and administration are welcome, will provide an opportunity for students to meet and talk with Miss Sarton informally. According to Dr. Agnes Sibley, in talking with Miss Sarton, "You feel that you don't have to go through formal preliminaries to talk to her but can begin immediately with important topics."

Miss Sarton will meet with several English classes including the English literature class at which she will lecture on "The Challenge of Metaphor" and the creative writing class where she will discuss "The Uses of Memory for the Creative Writer."

Born in Belgium near Ghent, the daughter of the renowned historian of science, George Sarton, Miss Sarton is now teaching at Wellesley College. She was in recent years a Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholar; the Phi Beta Kappa poet at Goucher, Agnes Scott, and Brown University; a Danforth Visiting Lecturer under the Association of American College; and a Lucy Martin Donnelly Fellow at Bryn Mawr (others who have held this fellowship are Elizabeth Bowen, Elizabeth Bishop, and Eudora Welty.)

Miss Sarton holds the Honorary Litt. D. degree from Russell Sage College, Honorary Phi Beta Kappa membership from Radcliffe College. She received a Guggenheim fellowship and was a participant in the Johns Hopkins Poetry Festival in October, 1961. (See page six.)

Memorial Service Held

A memorial service for Karen Howlett and Nicole Johnson was held last Sunday evening in place of the usual vespers. Dr. Eugene Conover gave the address and President F. L. McCluer participated in the service.

Instead of chapel this week, there will be a meditation service today for all those who wish to attend.

The chapel talk will be given by Dr. Conover on Jan. 31, and the vespers will be conducted by President McCluer on Feb. 4.

town. She will be working as a technical analyst at McDonnell Aircraft Corp., in St. Louis.

Ann Wentker, majoring in elementary education, lives in St. Charles. She has obtained a fifth grade teaching position at Carrollton in the Pattonville School District, St. Louis County.

Semester To Begin With New Courses In Math, History

Second semester, three new courses will be offered at Lindenwood, two by the department of mathematics and one by the department of speech. The history department will repeat two courses for the first time since 1960.

In co-operation with McDonnell Aircraft Corporation, the mathematics department will offer a course in computer programming. Thirteen students who have advanced at least as far as calculus will attend classes at McDonnell one night a week.

Also being offered by the math department is a television course in probability and statistics. In addition to the TV lectures, weekly discussion hours have been planned.

Designed to strengthen the skills of members of the newly formed Forensic League, a course in debate will be offered by the speech department. The course is designed to offer practice in the scientific analysis of a problem and acceptance of a proposed solution.

The Age of the French Revolution, a course which will call attention to the emergence of the concept that government should rest upon the consent of the governed rather than imposed upon the people by a king claiming divine rights, will cover not just the French revolution, but also the Glorious Revolution in England and the American revolution.

A course offered to increase friendship and respect through knowledge is Latin American History. This course covers the discovery and settlement of South America and the development of the various countries to their present status.

Where Are the Stimulants ?

One of the principles of a college education according to Confucius is "mutual stimulation (literally 'friction')." It seems that this mutual stimulation means many things. First, it should apply among students: questioning, competition, admiration are all methods. But, it should also apply between students and teachers, students and writers, students and administration, students and their publications.

"Mutual stimulation" is a wonderful concept and perhaps the most unselfish and gratifying aspect of all education.

It appears at Lindenwood that primarily all the stimulation is student centered. The attitude of some students seems to be, "let's have the faculty stimulate us and prod us and tell us what to say." This one-sided stimulation does many things: it hands one an education on a silver platter; it sets up specific rules, regulations, slogans and laws; it presents only one side of an issue; it causes vague and greedy minds.

One-sided stimulation is worse than no stimulation at all. So far as the faculty is concerned perhaps it would be better to just have statistics, charts, diagrams, facts, and figures to present to a class. The administration could see to it that we are all well fed and housed, fix the thumping radiators, and manage our money as they see fit. The Bark would do better just to have funnies, be a social calendar and end on the note that "a good time was had by all." At least this appears to be the type of "college" many "students" want.

Traditionally students have been the so called "rabble rousers," the campaigners, the intense do or die variety. A college was the crossroads of the world where the world met and was sifted out by eager minds who would then agitate and rebel and stimulate the world around them.

It is the students who decide whether a college is like a TV commercial or a Shakespeare play. As Confucius says, a teacher presents one-fourth of the material, and the student figures out the other three-fourths on his own.

When students act the world acts with them. When students stimulate teachers they get more than facts, figures, charts and diagrams. When students stimulate libraries, they get better and more books. When students stimulate administration, rules change, policies change, and washing machines get fixed. Theoretically, students are the ones with the earth-shattering ideas; and never will it be so easy for people to express themselves, to cause friction, to stimulate, to bring out in the open as when they are students, for they are protected by their youth. People understand that we've just been reading Karl Marx; people understand that we want to cross a million bridges at once, people understand that we are hasty and impulsive so, therefore, we are more protected than adults who should "know better" and who risk their professional reputation and salary when they go out on a limb. Finally, older people understand because they were once students with big ideals and big dreams for saving the world.

Theoretically, the role of the adults is to mellow, tone down, find the most effective ways of solving the problems and answering the questions raised by the students.

Students must be more than a mixing bowl of ingredients, because no matter how much the faculty and administration stir and stir, we will still be a smooth, sweet, limpid batter.

What's the matter? Why aren't students writing letters lambasting editorials, or singing the praises of certain articles and reviews? Why aren't students scattering pamphlets about why we don't have a Phi Beta Kappa chapter? Why aren't we delivering orations on the ideal society?

Are we embarrassed? Is it laziness? Is it selfishness? Or are we too caught up in the gloom of the impending tragedy of life that will someday engulf us all?



LINDEN BARK

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Whoever You Are, Don't Sweat What Could Be Worse

'Twas in my last column, I believe, that I told you of my great luck of finally receiving a title for my column. At this point, I'm afraid we gave it the wrong name. Convolutions, if I remember my invaluable training in Biology 102, are impressions in the form of little crevices upon the tissue of the brain. They are formed by thought and conscious perception.

Today (please understand that in the press process, things have to be submitted far enough in advance to be edited, "made-up," and printed) is January 13th, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and sixty two. I am approximately five days away from my first two final examinations. (I have four others after that.)

Logically, I should follow this with a statement such as "My convolutions are in really spiffy shape," but in reality, I'm not even sure I even have any BRAIN, much less convolutions. Get the point?

Oh yes, I almost forgot. I also have due a paper on **My Philosophy of Life**, which is almost completed and the most confusing thing I have ever read, a paper on my Apprenticeship at KMOX-TV, and a thesis on my 390 in TV production. To be perhaps a bit repetitive, (in other words, "you've probably already heard this one, haw, haw!") My mother once told me "Cheer up. Things could be worse." I cheered up, and sure 'nuff, things got worse.

A note to all Freshmen: Don't sweat it. Things could be worse. You could be a Senior.

A note to all Sophomores: Don't sweat it. Remember how scared you were last year? Now you at least know what to be scared about.

A note to all Juniors: Don't sweat it. You're over half-way through and what'll another C do to your cumulative now. (You probably won't get lower.)

A note to all Seniors: Don't sweat it. You've been through six final examination periods, the Sophomore Tests, the Junior English Exam, and the Graduate Records. This is your last round of finals if you keep B's next semester. (What am I saying?!)

A note to all of those kind and compassionate members of the faculty: Don't sweat it. Grading papers isn't so bad. You could be a student.

A note to my editor: Don't sweat it. Things could be worse; at least this fills space, although it may not be the most inspiring bit of literary genius in the world, it's still literary genius. (We must have confidence.)

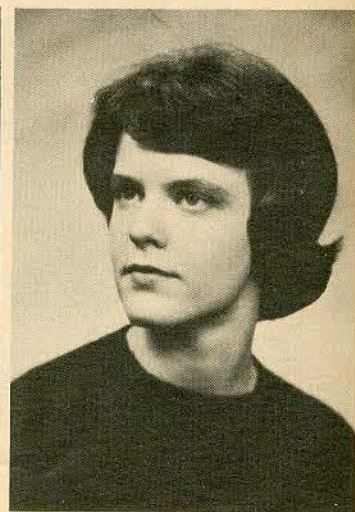
Anyway, what I'm trying to get across to you, though it may be as obscure as my philosophy of life, is that finals are not the end of the world—just the end of the semester. And in the case of first semester finals, there's always a "next semester." And, if it could be of interest to, or amusing to any of you, we seniors are still saying, "Next semester, I'm not going to get behind!"

Next issue, I'll be out of philosophy and I promise I'll try to be less philosophical (?) and more humorous. See you 'round Roemer. MLR

A Long Sunday Afternoon



Karen Howlett



Nicole Johnson

Editor's note:

In memory of Nicole Johnson and Karen Howlett who died in an automobile accident Dec. 16,

1961, the Linden Bark presents this story written by Nicki in her sophomore year. The story is reprinted with the permission of the Griffin staff.

They had been sitting in Joyce's room all through that long Sunday afternoon. Joyce thought she would never forget the eternity the two of them had spent looking at those hideous brown walls, streaked and grimy, looking out of the window at the grey sky and the dish water color of the dead earth—staring blankly and talking.

She moved restlessly on the light another cigarette. There had been so much talk and so little said, she thought. But maybe it had helped Barbie, that incessant babbling. She didn't seem to be fighting it so hard any more. Maybe the first shock was beginning to wear off. If only Barbie would stop talking about it. It wasn't good—that eternal question, the endless grieving over Patsy lying dead in a crumpled ruin of a car.

She shivered, and then shook herself. It was no good sitting in there any longer. The air was thick with smoke and stale with the smell of cigarette butts heaped in the ashtrays. Even her thoughts were stale, curling aimlessly and hazily and always coming back to the same question. Why Patsy instead of all the bored, the tired—Patsy, the golden girl, more alive than anyone Joyce had ever known.

Tears were stinging her eyelids, but she pushed them back. There had been too many tears already, she thought. Look at

unmade bed and decided to Barbie.

She looked at Barbie. Suddenly the face she had thought almost beautiful was ugly in the half light. It wasn't so much the tear streaks and the redness of her eyes. It was the bitter twisting of the soft mouth, the listless way she held her head.

"Look, Barbie," she said, choosing the words carefully, "why don't we go to supper?"

She groped for another sentence. "You haven't eaten since yesterday noon," and blurted on, "Then the best thing for both of us would be a good night's sleep. We've got classes tomorrow morning and Patsy's clothes have to be sent home."

"Go on, Joyce. I don't feel like it. I wouldn't eat anyway. I just want to sit here and think a while."

"But there's no sense in that, Barbie. We haven't been outside this room since—since we found out last night."

"Why did it happen to Pat-

(Continued on page 5)

Happy Is As Happy Does

Not everyone was intended by God or fate or biochemistry to live in bliss unending. When reality warrants it—to be happy without anxiety, apology, or defensiveness—is one indication of good health.

New and grisly Pollyannas march through our campus singing the praises of Happiness, and proclaiming that Discontent is unnecessary, unnatural or plain un-American. Everyone knows what secretly is wrong with everyone else. What once might have been called gossip now is in the disguise of "insight." Discontent is pounced upon as a symptom of some dark disturbance.

Not excluding psychiatrists or psychoanalysts from their duties, we are inveighing the new Florence Nightingales who leap to the conclusion that if you are not obviously happy, you are sick, (sick, sick).

Students worship at the shrine of fun, exerting energy in the frantic effort to prove to themselves as well as others that they are really, really having fun.

FUN means the constant search for sensations instead of emotions.

It means substituting jokes for talk.

It means the avoidance of solitude, reflection, communication with oneself.

Lastly, it means making noise. For quiet is fun's enemy and silence its death. You cannot have "fun" alone.

Enshrine the trinity in our hearts as "Happiness," "Popularity," and "Fun."

Two L.C. Artists Display Work In Roemer Hall and Art Mart

by Kelly Starr

Two members of the Lindenwood community, Professor Arthur L. Kanak, and Mrs. Judy Esterly, have recently shown their work in art. Mr. Kanak's work is being shown at the Art Mart in Clayton.

The display on the first floor of Roemer Hall is the work of Judy Esterly, a senior day-student and art major.

Judy has worked with different medias, pen and ink, water color, pastel, oil and clay. She has sold her big Chinese vase but hopes to sell more. From the consensus of opinion, the favorite is the amber-colored Cedar Creek Bridge.

Judy is soon to have a show at the Art Mart in Clayton.

On Jan. 12, at 5 p.m. the Student Artists' Guild as well as art appreciators left for St. Louis.

The first stopping off place was the St. Louis Artists' Guild. The objective was to see the works of sculptress Mrs. Elizabeth Phelan. Mrs. Phelan who is a good friend of Mr. A. Kanak, was here, on campus, on Jan. 9, for a lecture-demonstration.

Mrs. Phelan works in stone; sand stone, limestone, granite, and the hard woods; walnut, cherry, redwood. Her works are very diversified, dealing with everything from religious pieces, human heads to animal forms, modern garden statues to such expressionistic examples as "Wind" and "Germination." Her religious statue of "St. Joseph" is embossed with fine leather and copper ornamentation — an unusual but striking combination.

Members of S.A.G. were asked by Mr. Harry Hendren to choose a piece they liked best for the Art Department but were not able to reach a final decision.

From Mrs. Phelan's exhibit, the S.A.G. journeyed to the Art Mart to accept the invitation to Mr. Arthur L. Kanak's opening reception.

Mr. Kanak cannot be said to belong to a definite school of painting. This is a good quality to have as a painter, for though he has a definite style, he can vary it from the representational to the abstract.

Mr. Kanak does not try to convey that hidden message of symbolism the public is always seeking. His repetitions of color, design, subject matter and form, are his style, not his personal symbol. The composition as a whole and the interest it provides for the observer, is his symbol. In this way his pictures speak for themselves instead of through symbolism.

Mr. Kanak is most interested in landscape, but enjoys a still life and the figure occasionally. A fairly large landscape, painted in darker hues than the usual "Kanak" has been commented on and appreciated by many and was sold that night. Mr. Kanak, noticing it had been sold, said that he had no "favorites" but he had just finished that particular painting ("the oils could still have been wet") and he had not had the opportunity to hang it in his home for a while.

Mr. Kanak's show will be at the Art Mart Gallery, in Clayton, Mo., until Jan. 25. Try to see it!



A picture of Mr. John Wehmer's presently in the window of the Art Mart.

Conclave Attempts To Give Insight

Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hendren presented the Freshman Conclave, "Role of Humanities in Your College Program," on Jan. 4 in the Fine Arts Building. They showed how the paintings, literature, and passages from philosophers of each period—ancient, medieval, Renaissance, and modern—could expose the spirit of the age.

Mr. Hendren emphasized in his introduction that the field of humanities is concerned with the spiritual products of man which make him distinctively human.

Mr. Thomas stated, "We hoped by the presentation to illustrate the interdependence of material that is now treated in separate courses. It is a commonplace of educational philosophy to recognize the fragmented character of the courses in our curricula."

President Kennedy's Message Discusses Domestic Issues

President Kennedy delivered his second State of the Union address before a joint session of Congress Thursday, Jan. 11.

This year's speech seemed to be more concerned with the home front and not so much with what the Communists are doing. He was above all more pessimistic and helpful in his suggestions than last year.

President Kennedy covered many subjects, ranging from the postal rates — which, incidentally, he intends to increase — to the Reciprocal Trade Act.

Aid to Education

Attacking the problem of aid to education, he said:

K.U. Professor Reviews L.C. Math

Jan. 9, 1962, Professor William R. Scott, associate chairman of the department of mathematics, University of Kansas, visited Lindenwood College as a consultant for the Committee on the Undergraduate Program in Mathematics.

This committee, sponsored by the Mathematical Association of America, is interested in helping colleges work out a long range program for their mathematics departments; adding new courses, combining old ones, and bringing the program up to date.

Professor Scott, who received his Ph.D. from Ohio State University, has acted as chairman of the department of mathematics at the University of Kansas, and has held a National Science Foundation Fellowship at the Institute for Advanced Study. His major field of interest is modern algebra. He has been an instructor in several National Science Foundation summer and academic institutes and is serving as a director of an academic year institute for college teachers of mathematics during 1961-62.

Professor Scott is a member of the American Mathematical Society, the Mathematical Association of America, and the Kansas Association of Teachers of Mathematics.

Equally important to our strength is the quality of our education. Eight million adult Americans are classified as functionally illiterate . . . I shall recommend plans for a massive attack to end adult illiteracy.

I shall also recommend bills to improve educational quality, to stimulate arts, and, at the college level, to provide loans for the construction of academic facilities and federally financed scholarships.

We cannot afford to wait another year . . . A child mis-educated is a child lost. Civilization, ran an old saying, 'is a race between education and catastrophe.' It is up to you in Congress to determine the winner of that race.

Earlier this year the bill for public school aid was defeated. His own leaders feel there is little hope for the general school construction bill, but say there is a chance for some federal aid for higher education.

Civil Rights

On the issue of civil rights the President stated:

This administration has shown as never before how much could be done through the full exercise of executive powers—through the enforcement of laws already passed by the Congress — through persuasion negotiation, and litigation, to secure the constitutional rights of all: the right to vote, the right to travel without hindrance across state lines, and the right to public education.

As for our foreign trade President Kennedy says the European Common Market poses a great challenge with an economy and productivity as

(Continued on page 4)

Seminar for Seniors Offers Extra Curricular Study

This year's Senior Seminar in the Humanities provides stimulating evenings for nine enthusiastic students and a number of faculty members who act as guest speakers for the group.

Studies

Mr. William W. Thomas, who helped to plan the curriculum of the seminar, says its purpose is to "cover works of significance and importance that students have not studied in their courses. Among the thought provoking books included this year are *Tonio Kroger* by Thomas Mann, *Four Quartets* by T. S. Eliot, and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* by James Joyce.

The course was set up last spring for seniors who volunteered. Although it carries no academic credit, the students, who handle all details of the organization, enjoy delving into the serious discussions on theology, literature, social anthro-

pology, and the arts.

Lectures and Discussions

In preparation for the almost monthly meeting of the seminar, the students read the work in question and prepare for a three hour lecture and discussion on it. Speaking on behalf of the faculty, Mr. Thomas says, "Faculty members have been pleased by the quality of student contributions in these seminars." And it is no less apparent that the cooperativeness of the faculty is appreciated by the seniors.

Members of the faculty who have been scheduled as speakers for the group have been Mrs. Dwight M. Dillon, Mr. Harry D. Hendren, Dr. Elizabeth Dawson, Dr. Agnes Sibley, Mr. James H. Feely, Mr. William C. Engram, Mr. John H. Wehmer, Mr. Irving Kaplan, Dr. James F. Hood, and Dr. Eugene C. Conover. The speaker for the next meeting will be Mr. Thomas.

K. Rodemich Gives Voice Recital

On Tuesday, Jan. 9, Karen Rodemich, contralto, presented an hour-long sophomore honor recital in Sibley Chapel. Her recital program consisted of songs in three languages.

Karen is majoring in music education with an emphasis in voice. Her teacher is Dr. Pearl Walker.

Karen displayed poise, self-confidence, and excellent musicianship. The high-point of her program lay in the rich, deep tones of "He Was Despised" from Handel's *Messiah*. Near the climax of the program, Karen once again gave her audience an extra thrill with her interpretation of the Scottish tune, "My Ain Folk."

Karen is a member of the Choralaires. She is also proficient in piano and will appear in a piano recital with Linda Street this spring.

Karen is now a residence counselor in Niccolls Hall.

Morris To Act As Club Prexy

The Young Democrats held their first meeting on Jan. 8 in Roemer Hall. The officers elected at this meeting were: Pat Morris, president; Judy Beard, vice president; Sandra Goot, secretary-treasurer.

Although this organization has been inactive during the first semester, they decided to meet again the first of next semester and plan a membership drive and to poll all dorms.

The club intends to hold forums dealing with various state elections. Other tentative plans include discussions of current Congressional issues. The organization intends to become more active with the National Young Democrats in St. Louis County. They also hope to bring more political emphasis speakers on campus either this year or next.

Pat Morris, president of the Young Democrats, stated: "We hope that all Democrats on campus will come to participate and present ideas at the next meeting."

Pi Alpha Delta Initiates Five

Togas, laurel wreaths and Plato were the order of the initiation day, Jan. 12. These toga clad spirits of old were reincarnated for the specific reason of Pi Alpha Delta initiation, under the sponsorship of Dr. Hazel Toliver.

The new members experienced first a ritual ceremony of initiation traditional to Pi Alpha Delta. The new members are Jonis Agee, Kay Cushing, Sandra Kamp, Sharon Munsch, Cheryl Ranchino, and Pam Walsh.

Pi Alpha Delta, also known as the Classics Club, is a club that is interested in discussing the classics and their effect upon the modern world. Meetings are held once a month at 130 Gamble. The next meeting planned for January 30 will be an open meeting. Films will be shown of Europe and places of classical interest.

Julie Bottorf Presents 390

On Jan. 11 at 7 p.m. Juliann Bottorf gave an interpretation recital in Sibley Chapel. Her 390 project, "Hedda Gabler," by Henrik Ibsen, was under the direction of Miss Juliet K. McCrory.

Ibsen, a Norwegian playwright, is considered to be the father of modern drama. Written in 1890, "Hedda Gabler" is one of his most powerful plays. It emphasizes his philosophy of being oneself by employing individual action. However, in this play the evils of selfish individualism are seen.

Julie began with an introduction about Ibsen and Hedda Gabler. She then read selected scenes portraying all of the characters. Julie is a junior majoring in speech.

Junior SCA Plans for Inner City Work Project

by Jill Dominick

John Engleman, a student at Eden Seminary and head of Work Camps at Caroline Mission, St. Louis, spoke Saturday morning to members of the S. C.A. on the work of the Caroline Mission and its work projects. Caroline Mission is located in the third district of a slum area known as the Inner City.

Inner City

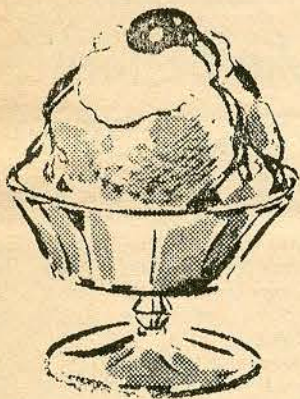
Inner City is an integrated area one-half the size of St. Charles with twice its population. Because of the lack of advantages people rarely remain in the Inner City and the average age of a male is 16. There is a high rate of separations and divorces.

The average rent in a home with five families is \$41 a month. Inner City has an infant mortality rate of 48%, as compared with a rate of 28% infant mortality in the whole city of St. Louis. According to Mr. Engleman, if a boy lives to the age of 16, it is likely he will have a long police record; arrests on charges of suspicion. A boy as young as 6 will be arrested on suspicion of crime; only because he has nothing to do he is wandering the streets of Inner City. This explains the fact that the Third District alone has 18% of St. Louis's juvenile delinquent cases.

50 Years of Service

Caroline Mission has been in the Third District of the Inner City for over 50 years, being the first mission in the city of St. Louis. Note of Caroline Mission's progress is seen by the fact that the city of St. Louis is now aiding the work of the mission. A less tangible and not so easily recognized form of progress is the concern and meaning its work has given to individual lives, especially to the children, toward whom a great deal of the mission's work is directed.

Much of their work and progress is done through weekend work projects; cleaning the home of a sick mother or applying badly needed paint. It is a chance to see a life like your own existing in conditions very much unlike your own, a chance to see lives that can and need to be valuable. This is the plan of the members of the Jr. S.C.A. who will attend a Work Project on the first weekend in February.



A Sundae's Not
A Sundae unless
it's made with
ice cream
from

ST. CHARLES DAIRY

Mixer, Dance For February

The February social calendar includes a mixer Feb. 3, and a Valentine dance Feb. 17, in the gym. The new social chairman will be appointed sometime in February. The decorations for the Valentine dance will be managed by the freshman class.

Expresso on Campus

Sibley recreation room will be changed into an expresso room in February. The room will be conducive to the casual meeting of fellows from around the area.

Entertainment, hot chocolate, and coffee will be provided free of charge by the social council. The atmosphere will be completely casual, allowing fellows without dates to come.

OUTSIDE L.C.

(Continued from page 3)
great as our own.

He proposes a five-year trade expansion action which would permit the gradual elimination of tariffs both here and in the Common Market on those items in which we together supply 80% of the world's trade. Both Senate and House sat silent when he mentioned this.

I question the success of this program in the ensuing year.

Peace

On peace and disarmament:

World order will be secured only when the whole world has laid down these weapons which seem to offer present security but threaten our future survival. That armistice day seems very far away. The vast resources of this planet are being devoted more and more to the means of destroying, instead of enriching, human life.

But the world was not meant to be a prison in which man awaits his execution. Nor has mankind survived the tests and trials of thousands of years to surrender everything now. This nation has the will and the faith to make a supreme effort to break the logjam on disarmament and nuclear tests—and we will persist until we prevail, until the rule of law has replaced the use of force.

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Student Suggests 'Winnie-the-Pooh' For Reading List

by Lois Pedersen

Winnie-The-Pooh, A. A. Milne, O 1926 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

Having just read an excellent commentary on the Lindenwood College Community, **Winnie-The-Pooh** by A. A. Milne with decorations by Ernest H. Shepard, I feel that this book is a **must** for every college student and would like to hereby and henceforward and foreverafter recommend it for the reading list to be completed upon graduation.

The chapter **In Which "Christopher Robin Leads an Expedition to the North Pole"** is particularly pertinent. Christopher Robin, symbolizing teacher, comes upon Pooh, student, singing ho for the life of a Bear which song continues:

I don't much care if it rains or snows,

'Cos I've got a lot of honey on my nice new clothes, whoops
'Cos I've got a lot of honey on my nice new nose.

Deciding to get up a group for an "expedition" Pooh finds Piglet blowing on a dandelion in front of his house "wondering whether it will be this year, next year or never," and Rabbit who was pretending he really wasn't he, schitsophrenia you know or perhaps withdrawal, anyway the sort of thing that frequently happens to students around this time of year; and Eeyore who remarks, "What I say, . . . is that it's unsettling. I didn't want to come on this Expo—what Pooh said. I only came to oblige," and Owl who says, "My dear Pooh, . . . in his superior way, "don't you know what an Ambush is?"

But the real thing that makes **Winnie-The-Pooh** such an excellent novel is the growth that the characters show. Pooh especially, bear of little brain that he is, discovers the North Pole, rescues Piglet along with Christopher Robin in Robin's umbrella, which just goes to show when Bears of Little Brain start doing things, using the little brain that they have they become Bears of Enormous Brain.

3 Cheers for Pooh!

(For Who?)

For Pooh—

(Why what did he do?)

I thought you knew;

He saved his friend from a wetting!

(For where?)

For Bear—

3 Cheers for a Bear!

(For where?)

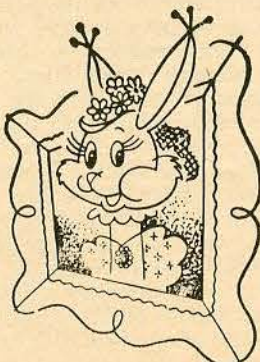
He couldn't swim,

But he rescued him!

(He rescued who?)

Oh listen, do!

I am talking of Pooh—



Creativeness Takes Place In Home Management House

Sandwiched between the library and the Gables sits the Ida Belle McCluer Home Management House, occupied for six-weeks periods by groups of four girls. Suzanne Cundiff, Pat Kelly, Michaela McKittrick, and Gretchen Weinrich most recently inhabited it, rotating the positions of responsibility: manager—"head" of the house, "handy Andy"—sort of all-round helper, assistant cook, and cook. Each girl assumes her particular title's duties for a week, after which the positions rotate.

The girls are allowed \$1.15 per person each day for food. The cook prepares three meals each day, Monday breakfast through Friday lunch. During the weekend the girls may either eat in the dining room or cook for themselves, if they wish.

Life in the Home Management House is not limited to home economics students. Any girl who wishes to live in the House may do so after receiving permission from Miss Sophie Payne Alston, chairman of the department of home economics. Her stay in the House is intended to give a girl valuable experience in the problems she will someday encounter in her own home.

One might wonder what the House's reaction is toward being invaded by four different

groups of "Lindenwood Ladies" each year. Not even the dormitories have that rapid rate of change in occupancy.

West Berlin Sends Check to Aid U.S.

A check for \$180,181.33, donated by the residents of West Berlin for Hurricane Carla relief in Texas and Louisiana, has been turned over to the American Red Cross.

The funds were raised by the newspaper **Berliner Morgenpost** and sent to Vice President Lyndon Johnson. He gave the check to Texas Governor Price Daniel, who endorsed it to the Red Cross.

The ARC President, General Gruenther, was quick to express the organization's appreciation for the gift. In a letter to President Hans Ritter von Lex of the Federal Republic of Germany's Red Cross society, which cooperated with the newspaper's efforts, he wrote that not only the people of Texas and Louisiana but also of the entire country "will long remember this act of generosity."

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A Long Sunday Afternoon

(Continued from page 2)

sy?" Barbie's voice rose in a shudder. "That's what I want to know. She wasn't ready to die. She wanted to live. She was so young."

Jerking herself from the bed, Joyce walked to the dresser and stood with her back to the limp figure hugging the bed.

"The young die, too." She said it slowly, almost wonderingly, as she stared down at the orderly array on the top of Patsy's dresser. She picked up a bottle of Chanel. Patsy had never used it. She didn't like perfume. And yet she had always had a sweet fresh smell about her, like all young, growing things.

She put the bottle down in hatred. It sat on the dresser, inanimate and yet existing, while Patsy, who had been alive, was dead.

"They shouldn't have to. It isn't fair." The fear in Barbie's voice exploded in the room. "There's too much to live for. Tell me why, just tell me why, right now, this minute."

"I can't tell you. I don't know, Barbie. But someone must know or we wouldn't be here and the world wouldn't be going on."

"Yes, we're here. Yes, the world is going on. But where's Patsy?—and how do we know that tomorrow or the next day we won't be here any more either?"

"We don't know, do we?"

"How can you be so hard? Look, do you want to die, Joyce? Now? Before you've begun to live? Don't tell me about heaven and hell now. Just answer me—do you want to die?"

"No, I don't want to die. I'd be crazy if I did. Patsy didn't want to die either, but she did." Joyce turned around suddenly and looked at the bulletin board hanging over the bed that had been Patsy's. How could anyone look at that board and ever believe that Patsy wanted anything less than to live, she wondered. There it was—Patsy's past, her present, her future. But mostly the future. Patsy never left the past up very long. Down came the swimming, the tennis, the golf ribbons. Down came the dead corsages and souvenirs. Up went the future—a newspaper article about summer work for college students, tickets for next week's concert, an invitation to a golf tournament.

"I don't care." Barbie's voice was a whimper in the gloom. "I don't want to die. I'm afraid to die. Maybe Patsy wasn't. Maybe you aren't. But I am." She began to whimper again, the terrified whimpering of a frightened cur.

Joyce looked away. "Everybody is, in a sense, but you have

to hold on to yourself," she said. "How can worrying or talking about death stop its coming? Fear is a kind of death. It can keep you from living. Don't you see, Barbie—?" She stopped as the door flew open, and a tall, heavy girl ran into the room. Her broad face was a splotchy mass of tears. "Oh, God," she cried hysterically, "I don't believe it! I can't believe it. Not Patsy. How can you stand it in here where she was?"

Joyce asked her quietly, "When did you get back, Marilyn?"

"Just now. I just found out. It's awful, simply terrible." She stared at Barbie slumped on the bed, and then ran to her. "Oh, you poor darling! It must be awful for you. I'm so sorry I wasn't here when you needed me. Is there anything I can do?"

"Nothing right now," Joyce replied tonelessly, "but tomorrow you could help us pack her clothes."

"Oh, God, I couldn't possibly—not tomorrow. It's too soon. I'd just feel too terrible, handling all her things. How can you stand to do it?"

"It has to be done." Joyce felt the anger growing in her. She wished desperately that Marilyn would leave, but she was already crying uncontrollably with her arms around Barbie.

The dinner bell rang.

Joyce moved abruptly to the door. "Let's go to dinner," she said but there was no answer from the two girls on the bed.

Marilyn was murmuring to Barbie, "Poor baby, I know how you feel. We all loved her so. I'm going to miss her so terribly. No one else ever understood me. It's so rare that you find such complete understanding between two people. The last time I saw her she was running to the car. And now she's gone. How can we bear it without her? Part of me died with her. Everything died with her."

Joyce looked at Barbie whose body was shaking with the sobs torn out of it. The scene before her angered her so that her stomach was churning spasmodically. She knew that they weren't crying for Patsy, not even Barbie who had known her. While Marilyn, yes, here was Marilyn who hadn't known Patsy at all, who had rarely spoken to her.

She remembered suddenly the day she had walked into Marilyn's room in time to hear her say, "I'd like to cut that Patsy down just once—her with her 'Look who I am' air."

"Why? Why?" Barbie was asking. "You tell me—why?"

Marilyn sat a moment fingering an enormous pimple on her nose. It was red and angry and about ready to come to a head,

Joyce noticed.

"God has a plan for all of us, dear," Marilyn said slowly to Barbie. "Patsy was needed in heaven. Or maybe her mission on earth was completed." She dried her eyes and looked suddenly sure of herself. "That's it."

Joyce clenched her hands. That was the way then. Let the smooth complacent words fall. Just hold on to those words of wisdom she's heard so many times she had memorized them. They seemed to have helped Barbie. That was what she had wanted to hear. She looked more cheerful already.

"Now that we have Patsy all taken care of and labeled, let's go to dinner." The harsh, ugly words shocked her as she said them.

Marilyn turned on her savagely and Barbie's eyes were wide. "You don't care, do you?" Marilyn almost screamed it. "You never were as close as you pretended to be, were you! Or else you wouldn't be so hard, so cold. The big twosome. Hah!"

She sat back and surveyed Joyce. Her hand moved to her nose and she rubbed the red lump again.

Joyce was silent. Don't answer her, she warned herself. You don't have to defend your love. Patsy knew. Patsy wouldn't want you to cry. Patsy never cried for herself. She knew—she knew.

"Oh Joyce, didn't you love her at all? Didn't you care?" Barbie echoed.

The three of them sat in silence, staring angrily at each other.

Marilyn got up abruptly and stalked to the mirror. She stood for a minute examining the pimple, scratching at it with her thumbnail.



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Recent Student Movement Reflects Attitudes, Ideals

by Sue Matthews

The Student Peace Union is an organization of young people who believe that war can no longer be successfully used to settle international disputes and that neither human freedom nor the human race itself can endure in a world committed to militarism.

Without committing any member to a precise statement of policy, the SPU draws together young people for a study of alternatives to war and engages in education and action to end the present arms race. The SPU works towards a society which will insure both peace and freedom and which will suffer no individual or group to be exploited by another.

Independence

After years of bad faith

"I'll simply die if this God-awful thing doesn't go away before this weekend," she said disgustedly. "I've got a big date."

Joyce glanced at Barbie and their eyes met. A slow awareness and understanding crept into Barbie's face.

"Let's go to dinner, Joyce. I guess it's not too late," she said, "and it's been a long Sunday afternoon."

shown by both East and West in disarmament negotiations, the Student Peace Union believes that to be effective, any peace movement must act independently of the existing power blocs and must seek new and creative means of achieving a free and peaceful society.

In the spring of 1959, less than three years ago, the Student Peace Union was just an idea in the minds of a few students at the University of Chicago. Today the SPU is a nationwide organization with members on 200 campuses and affiliated groups on 75.

Action

During the past year, the SPU supplied interested groups and individuals with more than 350,000 pieces of literature on peace and related topics. This figure includes the *Bulletin*, which has grown both in size and scope and has increased its circulation to over 5,000.

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SELECTIONS FROM MAY SARTON

Editor's Note:

The following poetry by May Sarton has been selected by Poetry Society and Patti Rinehardt, student who has read all of Miss Sarton's works. The poems are from Miss Sarton's books of poetry which include *Encounter in April*, *Inner Landscape*, *The Lion and the Rose*, *The Land of Silence*, *Cloud, Stone, Sun, Vine* which contains selected poems from her earlier books, and new poems, as well as her novels, *The Single Hound*, *The Bridge of Years*, *Shadow of a Man*, *A Shower of Summer Days*, *Faithful are the Wounds*, *The Fur Person*, *The Small Room*, and *I Knew a Phoenix*, are on sale in the book store. Her earlier books of poems are in the library.

IN TIME LIKE AIR

Consider the mysterious salt:
In water it must disappear.
It has no self, it knows no fault.
Not even sight may apprehend it.
No one may gather it or spend it.
It is dissolved and everywhere.
But out of water into air
It must resolve into a presence,
Precise and tangible and here.
Faultlessly pure, faultlessly white,
It crystallizes in our sight
And has defined itself to essence.

What element dissolves the soul
So it may be both found and lost,
In what suspended as a whole?
What is the element so blest
That there identity can rest
As salt in the clear water cast?
Love in its early transformation,
And only love, may so design it
That the self flows in pure sensation,
Is all dissolved and found at last
Without a future or a past,
And a whole life suspended in it.

The faultless crystal of detachment
Comes after, cannot be created
Without the first intense attachment.
Even the saints achieve this slowly;
For us, more human and less holy,
In time like air is essence stated.

PRAYER BEFORE WORK

Great one, austere,
By whose intent the distant star
Holds its course clear,
Now make this spirit soar—
Give it that ease.

Out of the absolute,
Abstracted grief, comfortless,
mute,

Sound the clear note,
Pure, piercing as the flute:
Give it precision.

Austere, great one,
By whose grace the inalterable song
May still be wrested from
The corrupt lung:
Give it strict form.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Pain can make a whole winter bright,
Like fever forces us to live deep and hard,
Betrayal focus in a peculiar light
All we have ever dreamed or known or heard,
And from great shocks we do recover.
Like Wright's hotel, we seem to have been fashioned
To take earthquake and stand upright still.
Alive among the wreckage we discover
Death or ruin is not less impassioned
Than we ourselves, and not less terrible,
Since we nicely absorb and can use them all.

It is the small shock, hardly noticed
At the time, the slight increase in gloom,
Daily attrition loosening the fist,
The empty mailbox in the afternoon,
The loss of memory, the gradual weakening
Of fiery will, defiant to exist,
That slowly undermines the solid walls,
Until the building that withstood an earthquake
Falls clumsily among the usual days.

Our last courage shaken:
When the cat dies, we are overtaken.

SONNET

The rose has opened and is all accomplished,
The inner violence of its growing done;
The petals, fashioned as the center wished,
Rest on the air in silent consummation,
Still held but all unfolded and resolved,
And still contained but with its falling near.
It is immense and quiet. It is solved.
Saint at the fire's center with no fear,
And like the saint detached from its own fall,
A rose of blood, a central seeing rose,
The legendary rose of the cathedral,
Transparent to the light, that does enclose,
Holy and wholly indivisible,
The heart of love and keeps it visible.

Below are selections from an address by May Sarton, "The Writing of a Poem," delivered at Scripps College:

... In what does the "holiness" of ... poetry consist? Is it not in the quality of the experience that precedes the writing? For the writing of poetry is first of all a way of life, and only secondarily a means of expression. It is a life discipline one might almost say, a discipline maintained in order to perfect the instrument of experiencing—the poet himself—so that he may learn to keep himself perfectly open and transparent, so that he may meet everything that comes his way with an innocent eye. How is he to achieve this extreme awareness and maintain it? Do you remember Thoreau saying, "To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?"

I believe that if one were to isolate one quality and one only as essential to the poetic nature, it would be the poet's instinctive tendency to translate the abstract into the concrete, **to think in images.** For the business of poetry is to bring thought alive, to make a thought into an experience, and we experience through the senses. The means of doing this is the image.

SONG

This is the love I bring,
A tree but with no root,
Absolute and nothing:
A cloud heavy with fruit,
A wide stone stair
That leads nowhere
But to empty sky.
Ambiguous majesty.

This is the love I bear:
It is light as air,
Yet weighs like earth;
It is water flowing,
Yet adamant as fire.
It is coming from going.
It is dying and growing.
A love so rare and hard
It cuts a diamond word
Upon the windowpane,
"Never, never again,
Never upon my breast,"
Having no time to bring,
Having no place to rest,
Absolute and nothing.

RETURN TO CHARTRES

We came to Chartres, riding the green plain,
The spear of hope, the incorruptible towers,

The great tree rooted in the heart of France
Blazing eternally with sacred flowers;

We came to Chartres, the house without a stain,
The mastery of passion by belief,

With all its aspiration held in balance;
We came to Chartres, the magic spear of grain,

The spear of wheat forever nourishing,
The never-wasted stalk, the ever blessing.

And there we meditated on our tragic age,
Split at the heart, **flowering without a stem,**

For we are **barren men** haunted by rage
Who cannot find our hope here though we came,

Now all the hope we have is human love:
Passion without belief destroys our love.

ARCHITECTURAL IMAGE

Whatever finds its place now in this edifice
Must be a buttress to the spire's strict arrow,

No arbitrary grace, no facile artifice
Beyond its compass, absolute and narrow,

Structure imponderable in its ascension,
It is the central nerve, the living spine,

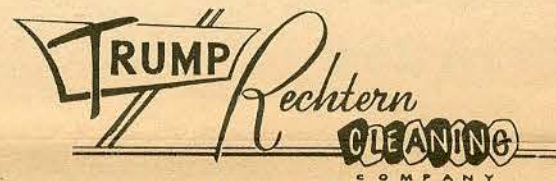
Within it there exists a soaring tension,—
Flight, but deriving from the sternest line.

Whatever arches mould to gentle curve,
Whatever flowers are carved into its face,

Are thrown, are carved to decorate and serve
That motion of a finger into space.

All that is builded here is built to bind
The gentle arch, the stone flower of desire

Into the sterner vision of the mind:
The structure of this passion is a spire.



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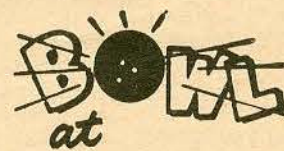


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