

Good Bye, And  
Good Luck  
To The Seniors!

# LINDEN BARK

See The Rest  
Of You Next  
September!

VOLUME 30

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NUMBER 13

## Three Seniors To Graduate With Honors

The first student to be graduated from Lindenwood College with the distinction of Magna Cum Laude is Mary Ann Smith. "Smitty," as she is known to her friends, is the first student and only senior to complete the new honors program initiated by Dr Eunice C. Roberts, Dean. Upon completion of her thesis, "Development of Miltonic Criticism," Smitty completed an oral examination before the Honors Board.

"Smitty" has been active in school activities and served as president of Beta Chi 48-49, is a member of Sigma Tau Delta, Poetry Society, has served on the Student Council and is on the Dean's Honor Roll. After graduation and a visit to her home in Bonne Terre, Mo., Mary Ann plans to continue with graduate work.

Lorraine Peck and Dorothy Walker are the two Seniors chosen to graduate with distinction. Lorraine is from Troy, Ohio, and has participated in International Relations Club, president '49-'50, Peter Pan Staff, business manager '48-'49; Griffin staff, editor '49-'50; League of Women Voters; Washington Semester '48-'49; Poetry Society, secretary '47-'48; El Circulo Espanol; Press Club; Linden Leaves staff; KCLC continuity director '48-'49; Alpha Epsilon Rho; Alpha Sigma Tau; Sigma Tau Delta; Presidential Scholarship '48-'50; Pi Gamma Mu; English Department Award '49; Dean's Honor Roll '46-'50; and Who's Who in American Colleges '48-'50.

Dot is from Grand Island, Nebr., and is receiving her B.A. in art. Her activities at Lindenwood include: Alpha Lambda Delta; Alpha Sigma Tau; Kappa Pi, treasurer '47-'48, vice president '48-'49; Sigma Tau Delta; International Relations Club; Linden Leaves staff, editor '49-'50; Future Teachers of America; Beta Pi Theta; Instrumental Association; Student Christian Association, publicity chairman '48-'49; Press Club; Presidential Scholarship '49-'50; Dean's Honor Roll '46-'50; Who's Who in American Colleges '49-'50.

## Commencement Speaker



Judge Florence E. Allen, speaker for the 123rd Commencement program of Lindenwood College. Judge Allen is the first woman to be appointed to the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

## Mr. C. C. Keel New Director Of Admissions

Clarence C. Keel has been appointed Director of Admissions of Lindenwood College, and will begin his duties June 1. The announcement was made by Dr. Franc L. McCluer at a student assembly on May 23.

Formerly with Dr. McCluer at Westminster College, Mr. Keel filled a similar position here. A graduate of the University of Iowa, he has been instructor of physical education at Webster Grove High School and has also been enrollment director at Hastings College, Hastings, Neb., a position he has filled at Lindenwood since last fall.

Mr. Keel and his wife, a former Lindenwood student, have recently purchased a home in St. Charles.

## 1950 Washington Semester Students Are Announced

Three students have been announced who will participate in the Washington Semester this fall. The announcement was made in a student assembly recently by Dr. Homer Clevenger.

Students who attend Washington Semester must be Sophomores when the announcement is made, and they spend the first semester of their Junior year attending classes at American University in Washington D. C. The girls are Sharlene Agerter, West Concord, Minn.; Laurie Bowman, Seminole, Okla.; and Eleanor Trefz, from Beatrice, Neb.

One other girl will be announced to attend the Semester before the year is over.

## Thirty-Nine Seniors To Receive Degrees At 123rd Annual Commencement

### To The Wise— Exams Coming

The annual sessions of cross questions and wrong answers is about to hit L.C. The official word from the proper channels is that the final exams schedule is Monday, June 5, through Thursday, June 8. School is officially closed on Friday, June 9, at 5 p. m.

The Seniors did not take their final exams this year . . . reward for four years good work well done.

### Atlantic Monthly Cites Two Students

Barbara Spandet, Freshman, and Remy Rodriguez, Junior, have been notified by editors of the "Atlantic Monthly" that they have received "merit" awards for writing submitted in the magazine's annual college contest. Remy received a "top" ranking in the contest last year with a short story about a water buffalo.

From the 457 entries in the short story division of the 1950 contest the judges selected 48 for special comment and ranking. Barbara's story, "Unorthodox," received the comments "fresh and readable, humorous and amusing," and "the ending is very good indeed."

An essay entitled "The Sun Sets at Manila Bay" won for Remy the comment of "colorful, full of action and incident; the descriptions are good and incidents do not overweigh the piece." There were 293 essays entered in the contest, and 55 were graded "merit," "top," "honorable mention," or "prize-winning." Students from 113 colleges competed in the contest, submitting more than a thousand manuscripts.

## Judge Allen To Speak To Graduates

Thirty-nine members of the class of 1950 will bid farewell to Lindenwood College Saturday.

Commencement Day will begin with an early morning worship service conducted by Dr. Franc L. McCluer. Following this will be the annual outdoor breakfast, attended by Seniors and their parents.

Dr. James W. Clarke will give the invocation opening the commencement program, which will be held outside. "The Bridge to the Future" will be the subject of the address delivered by Florence E. Allen, Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

Presentation of the 42 Lindenwood students as candidates for degrees will be made by Dean Eunice C. Roberts. President Franc L. McCluer will then confer the diplomas. The graduation program will be concluded by a benediction by Rev. Harry T. Scherer, pastor of the Webster Groves Presbyterian Church.

The annual Alumnae Luncheon will be held in Ayres Dining Room at the conclusion of the graduation exercises. At that time members of the Class of 1950 will be initiated into the Alumnae Association. Following the luncheon, the yearly business meeting for the election of new officers will be conducted by Miss Gladys Campbell, current president of the St. Louis group.

Baccalaureate services will be held the preceding evening in Roemer Auditorium. Dr. Paul Calvin Payne, of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, will deliver a sermon on the subject, "The Individual in a World of Mass Pressures."

After the Baccalaureate program, a reception for members of the Senior Class and their guests will be held in the president's home.

## Careers And Matrimony Catch Eye Of Members Of The Class Of 1950

While the more fortunate underclassmen are planning summer vacations and other idyllic things, the stalwart Seniors are about to face the cruel world of the outside.

Many of them are taking the easier way out—marriage that is. For instance, Bobbie Walters, Renie Oakes and perhaps Joie Choisser will be December brides. Jo Hake is rushing the season a little and has set the date for June 24. Sue Finney will be married in August, while Pat Turner and Joyce Shoemaker have yet to decide a definite date.

Despite the past four years of term papers and final exams, some members of the Class of 1950 still

seem not to have had enough. Take Dorothy Quail, for instance, who will continue her post graduate work at Washington University. Pat Schilb and Sandy Chandler also plan to do graduate work at St. Louis U. Another Senior who will be doing post graduate work is Mary Ann Smith. Georgia Whitaker will also continue her college work in her major field, chemistry. Sally Joy and Haydee Scheinin will be enrolled in the University of Illinois this fall.

The magnetic powers of radio have attracted two Seniors—Virginia Crawford and Lorraine Peck, who plan to begin their careers in  
(Continued on Page 5)

## When Girl Bites Dog - It's News

Remember those prototype lovelorn columnists who generally advise others, but lack their own "feathered nests" or "shuttered cottages"? Well, our staff is different!

Marian Rattner, who has brought you the latest in campus gossip this year, is now at the bottom of some worthwhile news herself. Yes, Marian, who does not use that nationally advertised cold cream, is engaged.

Congratulations to her Gene from the entire BARK staff!

## Collective Talents Of Senior Class Combined - Result Terrific

Close your eyes and see if you can imagine one Senior with all these qualifications. With the best features from a number of the Seniors, one girl would really be terrific. See for yourself!

Sylvia Vedalakis' eyes  
Jo Hake's pertness  
Helen Jones' executive ability  
Lorraine Peck's intelligence  
Bobbie Walters' optimism  
Barbara Allen's Southern accent  
Joie Choisser's clothes  
Marilyn Maddux's hair  
Joyce Shoemaker's complexion  
Sandy Chandler's figure

Pat Turner's hands  
Jody Viertel's sportsmanship  
Ruth Kawahara's dancing ability  
Ginny Kimmel's artistic ability  
Joan Reed's speaking voice  
Mary Ann Smith's generosity  
Renee Oakes' friendliness  
Liz Wetzel's culinary ability  
Pat Schilb's scientific mind  
Dot Walker's versatility  
Betty Orr's designing talent  
Loma Ostmann's sweetness  
Sally Joy's nose for news  
George Washington's humor  
Betty Steigemeier's and Margaret Wick's double roles.



## Blood, Sweat And Tears

As undaunted as Churchill, as undefeatable as Dunkirk, the staff of the Linden Bark has carried on, midst blood, sweat and tears.

Not even the terror of deadlines could still our typewriters; not even the chant of "Copy, copy," from Mr. Clayton could quiet our thoughts.

With all the intents of the Northwest Mounties, we have asked, phoned, and tried to get our news. And now, with typing keys yet clacking, the final deadline for the year is here.

Beneath our newspaper veneer of hardheartedness, a la all those films about journalists produced in Hollywood, there beats a degree of nostalgia. Thank you all for your cooperation and that ever-welcome exclamation every other Tuesday: "Oh, the Barks are up!"

Of course, while Winchell can do it, we can't afford it—this giving out of orchids and the like, that is. But at least, to our advisor, sponsor, and comrade in press conferences, Charles C. Clayton, go our fondest best regards.

... and by the way, the Senior Class is not giving a statue of Cupid to Lindenwood . . .

Well, while it might not always have been "atomic," at least it has been "real!"

## Summer Plans

Going to Cuba or Canada! Lolling in the sun on the beach or by the lake! Is that the way you will spend your summer vacation? Or will you forego this life of ease, and work? If you are one of those people who like to loaf, just stop and think what you get out of it. Just a tired, dull, and bored attitude. The best way to spend your summer vacation is to get a job. It will give you a feeling of accomplishing something, of meeting new people, and doing something new and different, as well as plenty of experience. No matter what you do, you have plenty to gain and nothing to lose. But don't waste your summer, do something useful!

## A Bouquet For The Annual

One of the best publications in recent years was issued to the student body last week. The staff of the Linden Leaves is to be congratulated for its marvelous work in making the 1950 annual a handbook of memories and a source of pride for its owner.

It is easy to take for granted work of this kind. But the majority of us do not realize the hard work, patience, and the tremendous job of gathering material that such a publication entails. The Bark staff wholeheartedly congratulates the members of the Leaves staff for their perseverance and ultimately, for their praise-worthy project.

## Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

STUDENTS EXPOUND VIEWS ON IMPROVEMENTS NEEDED TO MAKE LINDENWOOD BETTER COLLEGE.

Since this is the time of the year that all sorts of truths pop out, the Bark decided to capitalize on this tendency and ask these questions this week:

What changes can the faculty make, and what changes can the students make to help Lindenwood become even better?

The most frequent answers to the first part of the question were: Gain closer contact with students. Give easier assignments during

"big activity" week ends.

Cooperate with school more when a campus event is scheduled.

To the second part of the question, concerning changes the students themselves can make, these were some of the answers:

Less criticism and more cooperation.

Stop procrastinating about assignments so that faculty members will be more understanding.

## LINDEN BARK

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EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE  
Seniors '50

BUSINESS MANAGER  
Kathryn Shaddock '51

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Sally Joy '50	Rosa Tsatsakos '51
Lorraine Peck '50	Marian Rattner '52
Barbara Allen '50	Mary Lou Matthews, '51
Joanne Sullivan '51	Sharlene Agerter '52

# All Bark And No Bite

By Sally Joy

Linden Leaves arrive . . . . .  
Seniors pin Juniors . . . . . Judge  
Florence Allen to speak at commencement . . . . . Exams near at hand . . . . . Officers for next year announced. At Lindenwood, these are the signs of an approaching summer. To Seniors this means goodbye to street suppers, convocations, exams, dorm bull sessions, and midnight feast in the rec room. It means they now have reached the point where they are prepared to climb over the walls of ivy and face the world. To the underclassmen it means they will soon be up one more notch on the collegiate ladder. To everyone it means goodbye to the 1949-50 school year. Though you are now looking toward the future, the events of the past year will not be forgotten. You lived these events and they formed the day to day history of nine months of your life. Here, then, are the "big stories" from this year.

## Thanksgiving To Be One-Day Holiday

## Mary Alice Davies Is Harvest Queen

To the strains of "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody," Freshman Queen Mary Alice Davies was received at her throne by her First Maid of Honor, Nellie Sue Montaudon, and her Second Maid of Honor, Mona Lou Hand.

## New Residence Hall To Be Named For Thomas H. Cobbs

Thomas H. Cobbs is the name of the new residence hall! The Board of Directors of Lindenwood College voted to honor Thomas Harper Cobbs, vice president and counsel, for his long and faithful service to the college. He has been a member of the Board of Directors since 1917.

The new hall will be dedicated on Founders' Day, November 21. The speaker will be Dr. Arthur H. Compton, chancellor of Washington University and noted atomic scientist.

## Mrs. Sibley Walks At Midnight

## OF ALL THINGS

By Kathryn Shaddock

This is the last time we'll be writing jokes for you this year. It's been a lot of fun trying to find the jokes we can print. Hope you have enjoyed reading them as much as we enjoyed hunting them.

Now we'd better get down to the business for the day for the last time this year.

If she looks young, she is camouflaged.

If she looks old, she is young but dissipated.

If she looks innocent, she is fooling you.

If she looks shocked, she is acting. If she looks languishing, she is hungry.

If she looks sad, she is angling.

If she looks back, FOLLOW HER.

S.M.U. Limbo

"Are they strict at your college?"  
"Strict! Betty almost dropped dead in class and they propped her up till the lecture ended!"

The only trouble with lipstick is that it doesn't.

I'm for grading on the curve  
I think the plan is fine,  
Provided that they start the swerve

## May Day Activities Include Street Supper, Mardi Gras, Play, And Dance

## Guy C. Motley Dies Suddenly During Vacation

"Yippee" was his battle cry, and the Democratic Party his banner. And to all of Lindenwood, he was known as "Uncle Guy."

The sudden death of Guy Cleveland Motley of a cerebral hemorrhage on December 27 has been a personal loss for all those who have been members of the Lindenwood family.

## Jim Boyer Selected Romeo Of 1950

## Gridiron Sizzles And Pops . . . .

Mid sips of Lindenwood champagne (ginger-ale) the program of the Seventh Annual Gridiron Dinner sponsored by the Press Club was given last Tuesday evening in Ayres Dining Room.

## Joyce Shoemaker To Be Crowned May Queen

In a spring-clad campus setting, Miss Joyce Shoemaker will be crowned Queen of May by her Maid of Honor, Miss Patricia Underwood, at the thirty-second annual May Day. The Queen's Court will be the high light of the week-end long fete which will start off on Friday evening at 5 o'clock with a blue-jean street supper in front of Ayres Hall. Following the street supper and in keeping with the "Old South" theme of festivities, it will be L.C. Mardi Gras time. At 8 p. m. the curtain will go up on "Blithe Spirit," a comedy by Noel Coward. Saturday night will be the annual Queen's Ball held in Butler Gym for all students and their guests.

Thirty states and 23 foreign countries are represented on Lindenwood's campus this year. Missouri is leading with the largest number of girls, 121. Illinois has 62 girls to cheer for the blue and gold, and Iowa has 22 girls here. The students from the foreign countries represent all corners of the world.

## W.S.S.F Drive Nets \$1250

Approximately \$1250 was the amount made in the recent World Student Service Fund drive sponsored by the Student Christian Association. This total topped last year's efforts by more than \$325.

The new work-week idea was accepted enthusiastically by both employer and employee. The car washing, cooking, ironing, and other odd jobs netted approximately \$71.

Hail to the new Popularity Queen! Bobbie Walters received her crown as Queen of the Popularity Court last Tuesday evening in a setting of candlelight and palms. Twelve other girls were also presented as the most popular girls on campus.



On the grade one lower than mine."

New England epitaph reads—"Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go."

There are still brains in this world, I guess.—It took just 30 hours for a 17-year-old "brain" to wrap up four years of college this year at the University of Chicago! Joseph Edward Nelson passed a battery of 14 placement tests which shows he already has the equivalent of a college education. So Nelson by-passed undergraduate work

at the University to do graduate study in mathematics.—(ACP)

Been having trouble with matter and space?—Students in a chemistry class were bombarding the professor with questions on the nature of matter and space, reports The Hurricane, Miami, Fla. The questions were flying fast, and the mentor got a little flustered. Trying to put his point across, he raised a quieting hand and explained: "Space is matter with nothing in it."—(ACP)



## THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

By Marian Rattner  
Well, gals, here we are. Another year has flown by and pretty soon we enter upon another session of cross questions and silly answers. While you can still read the printed words and before you all give up and call it quits I wanted to get my final two cents worth in. Firstly, my apologies to all those who would have liked to see their name in the column.

Secondly, I want to give my special vote of thanks to Jo Sullivan, Mary Lou Matthews, Kay Shaddock, Barb Allen, Sally Joy, Sharlene Agerter, Hansey Peck and Jane Meyers for all the sleuthing they have done on behalf of the column. Without these gals it looked as though many a time there would not have been a column.

Third, thanks to all you gals who went places and did things, got pins and rings. Were it not for an ambitious student body, there should not have been any news whatsoever.

It's been a swell year. All the week-end dates and dances, parties and week-end jaunts. The P. J. parties and dorm diversions. The initiation of the Cobbs Gang and the Old Ladies Club of Sibley. I want to say so-long to all the seniors and wish them as well as all the girls best of luck in the future.

Now that we are all packing our trunks and putting this year's memories away for posterity and dust, let's forget all the downs and remember the ups of this year at Lindenwood. Don't forget the old red sweater and last semester's humanity book and of course you can't leave behind the biology and E. lit notes. Have a wonderful vacation, everyone, and keep your eyes on next year. Bye everyone and thanks.

MARIAN RATTNER

## L.C. Wins Honors At Play Day At Principia

Lindenwood won honors at the Principia Play Day, May 20!

In competition against Principia, Monticello, and the University of Illinois, Lindenwood came out first in softball and tennis doubles and singles.

Leaving here early Saturday morning, the L.C. gals journeyed to Principia to start the morning off with a softball game and tennis singles. The softball game was played against Monticello with L.C. winning 25 to 8. Those girls playing were Sue Haas, Grett Bartenbach, Marlene Czarlinsky, Ruth Beutler, Max Davis, Jody Viertel, Martha Powell, Diane Smith, and Alice Mack.

In the tennis singles, Mollie Car and Bonnie Holt defeated Monticello.

After lunch, entertainment, and a tour of the campus, competition was held in tennis doubles and archery. In tennis doubles, Max Davis and Mollie Carr, Ruth Beutler and Bonnie Holt won over Monticello and University of Illinois. Shooting for L.C., Pat Thomas and Gwen Roth placed third in archery.

## Juniors Receive Seniors' Pins At Annual Ceremony

Midst traditional cheers for the Juniors and tears for the Seniors, the Junior Class officially became members of the Senior Class at the annual Junior-Senior Pin Day ceremonies last Thursday morning. The stately Seniors, garbed in the customary dark robes, took their places on the platform and the Juniors, dressed in white dresses, took their places downstairs during the processional. Renie Oakes, as Senior president, delivered the charge of responsibility to the Juniors, and following the traditional pinning ceremony, Pat Underwood, president of the Junior Class, accepted the Senior responsibilities.

The two classes then sang the Senior song, "Remember," to each other and the annual event concluded with the recessional.

## THE CLUB CORNER

The clubs of Lindenwood College have been getting busy lately to start organization for next year. Approximate budgets have been set up, some tentative plans made, and officers elected. Not all the clubs have selected their officers for 1950-51, but those remaining will be voted on in the early fall.

Officers for next year's International Relations Club are Jean Callis, president; Jewett Langdon, secretary; and Flora Ruth Hill, treasurer.

Sibley Chapter of Future Teachers of America announces the following girls as their new leaders: Kathryn Shaddock, president; Elizabeth Bates, vice president; Carolyn England, secretary; Virginia Ratcliff, treasurer.

Beta Chi, Lindenwood riding club, has selected: Matilda Hagerty, president; Laurie Bowman, vice president; and Sue Carpenter, secretary-treasurer.

Emily Terry will again shoulder the responsibility of president of the Lindenwood chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon, national honorary music fraternity. Other officers are: Beverly Stukenbroeker, vice president; Barbara Sutton, recording secretary; Carol Romann, corresponding secretary; Virginia Ratcliff, treasurer; Carolyn Furnish, warden; Carolyn England, historian.

Assuming the presidency of Delta Phi Delta, campus music society, will be Virginia Ratcliff. Following her leadership will be Barbara Sutton, vice president; Carolyn England, secretary; and Carol Romann, treasurer.

Instead of electing officers for next year, the Commercial Club has selected Betty Tom as chairman for the organization of the 1950-51 club. She will take charge until regular officers are chosen in the fall.

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## CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



For our final candidate for this year's Hall of Fame, the Bark chooses Miss Virginia Kimmel of Midlothian, Texas.

President of Cobbs Hall, Virginia is also known for her interior decorating work, and her exterior decorating with posters of the campus.

A member of the Encore Club, International Relations, and the League of Women Voters, Virginia has yet found time to lend her full cooperation and gay spirit to numerous campus events.

"Ginny" is one of those rare persons who can be called upon to print a poster one evening and have it ready by next morning.

At the moment, Virginia intends continuing her career in art, probably in her home town.

## Linden Leaves Board Announced

The Linden Leaves Board for 1951 was announced today at student chapel by Polly Allen, who has been chosen as editor of the yearbook.

Kathryn Shaddock, a Camden, Ark., girl, has been selected business manager for next year. Kay was advertising manager of this year's annual.

Bonnie Lou Holt, of St. Louis, was announced as the new organization manager.

Beverly Pannell, of Aurora, Mo., will be art editor of the yearbook. Bev was a member of the art staff this year.

The appointments of the literary editor, and the advertising manager had not been confirmed prior to the Bark's deadline.

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## Variety Of Work In Final Issue Of Literary Magazine

The Griffin, namesake of that little mythological animal who guarded valuable treasures, and Lindenwood's literary magazine, came out May 19. Former faculty and students and present faculty and students contributed to this issue of The Griffin. Elizabeth Isaacs, former member of the English Department of L.C., wrote "The Farm." Jo Ann Smith, a former student, wrote "Grandpa Had Three Wives." Dr. Siegmund A. E. Betz represents this year's faculty, and other prose and poetry was contributed by: Jane Ewing, Peggy Pennel, Beate Luther, Barbara Spandet, Laurie Bowman, Nancy Starzl, Jacqueline Cheney, Bette Gene Nebesnick, Betty Jack Littleton and Marilyn Tweedie.

Lorraine Peck is editor of The Griffin this year. The cover design was done by Mary Kircherr. Lyda Lou McManus did the illustrations. All those who still wish to obtain a copy may do so from Nancy Starzl, business manager, or from Dr. Agnes Sibley, faculty advisor.

## Ukelele Craze Hits L.C. Campus

"I want to hear it again, I want to hear it again—." And we have been "hearing it again," only this time it isn't "The Old Piano Hall Blues"—it's the Ukelele Blues. Bewildered mothers and fathers of the Lindenwood lassies have been receiving letters from their "born 20 years too late" daughters, begging for their cast-off ukeleles of the flaming 20's.

No gathering has been complete recently without Dot Patrick and her wicked uke. Dottie is a past master at the art of "strummin' and hummin'"—and some of her most ardent admirers are: Marilyn Tweedie, Klancee Miller, Sarah Hilliard, Eleanor Trefz, Isabel Stauffer and Lou Drymon. Sarah Hilliard's and Klancee Miller's rendition of "Lovely Hula Hands" is truly a soul-rending experience to the listener.

## SURPRISE!

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## Listening In

KCLC TO PRESENT SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR PARENTS AND GUESTS THURSDAY NIGHT

By Lorraine Peck

Even the Voice of Lindenwood will speak its farewell before the end of this year. This Thursday evening, from 7 to 9, KCLC will present a special program for students and parents.

"Picked Platter Parade" with Dotty Patrick will begin the program. The dramatic-variety show, "Linda's Lane," will follow with a special performance.

"Party Line," a political commentary show, will begin the next hour of broadcasting and will be followed by "Let Freedom Sing."

A special presentation of "Who's Who on Campus," featuring visiting parents, will be on the air at 8:15. "Piano Playtime" will be the final show of the year.

Although The Voice will be signed off the air officially for the summer months, plans for next year's programming are afoot. Already, a special faculty radio board is being created. This will provide the link between the Fine Arts Building and Roemer Hall. In other words, programs stressing certain educational features can be mentioned in classrooms, and the staff of KCLC will be able to gear its shows accordingly.

Probably the only thing that never will be changed is that well-known refrain: "Listen in to KCLC, won't you? It's your radio station, dedicated to your listening pleasure."

Come next September, tune in again to 590 on your radio dial. Until then, this is, as they say in network stations, the time for the final sign-off.

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## Annual Staff Resumes Normal Life - Linden Leaves Is Here

Something new has been added! This aptly describes the 1950 Linden Leaves which was issued last Tuesday to the student body.

Several new features have been added to the annual this year to make it one of the best editions Lindenwood has ever published. The theme of the Leaves is "Through the Looking Glass." At the beginning of each section is a quotation from Lewis Carroll's book and photographs of clay models representing the characters from the book. Joyce Shoemaker and Beverly Pannel made the quaint little figures, depicting Alice in Wonderland, the Red Queen, the White Queen, the King, and the Mad Hatter.

Each page of the Senior section

has four pictures: One formal picture of each of three Seniors, and one small informal shot of the three girls together in a casual pose.

The inside of the cover and the end sheets are photographs of Sibley Hall, the oldest of Lindenwood's buildings. A larger section of campus shots constitutes the last section of the annual.

Another new addition this year is the use of "running comments." These are used in heavy black print across the pages of the club section.

The dedication is to Guy C. Motley, and a tribute to this beloved member of Lindenwood's administration who died December 27.

The staff of the 1950 Linden Leaves is to be congratulated on making this one of the best annuals in the history of Lindenwood.

## Dr. McCluer Will Speak At Meetings

Dr. McCluer spoke on "Laymen in the Holy Catholic Church" during the convention of the General Assembly of Presbyterian Churches, held in Cincinnati. The delegation, which was the largest ever attending, included elders of churches from all over the United States.

Included in his recent travels was a trip to San Antonio, where Dr. McCluer spoke at a Lindenwood Alumnae Luncheon. While there he visited the First Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. George Mauze, this year's Religious Emphasis Week speaker, is pastor. On Sunday he spoke to the young people at a high school banquet, and on Monday he addressed the women of the church at a luncheon.

President McCluer has been asked to deliver the commencement addresses at Huron College, in Huron, S. D., and at the high schools in Mexico, Lexington, and Shelbina, Mo.; John Burroughs in Normandy; Ritenour in Overland; and at the high school in Waterloo, Ill.

## L.C. Prepares For 'South Pacific' At Kiel Next Fall

"Be Prepared" may be the motto of the Boy Scouts, but it also serves well as the motto for Lindenwood students. A good example of this preparedness is the preparations that are being made now to see "South Pacific," which is coming to Kiel Auditorium next September.

In a letter to the students, Dr. McCluer said that reserved seats are now being offered and after the Playgoers have had an opportunity to order extra seats, the remaining ones will be on sale to the general public.

"South Pacific" will be in St. Louis September 25 through October 5. The prices range from \$4.27 for orchestra seats, to \$1.22 for upper balcony seats.

Dr. McCluer urges all those who think they will be interested to take advantage of this offer, as seats will be difficult to obtain next fall, due to the extreme popularity of the play.

## Those Of Ivory Tower Are Human Too - It Says Here

If you are among the vast number who have come to the disconcerting conclusion that only students make mistakes, or feel and act human, read on and take a new look at life in the collegiate circle.

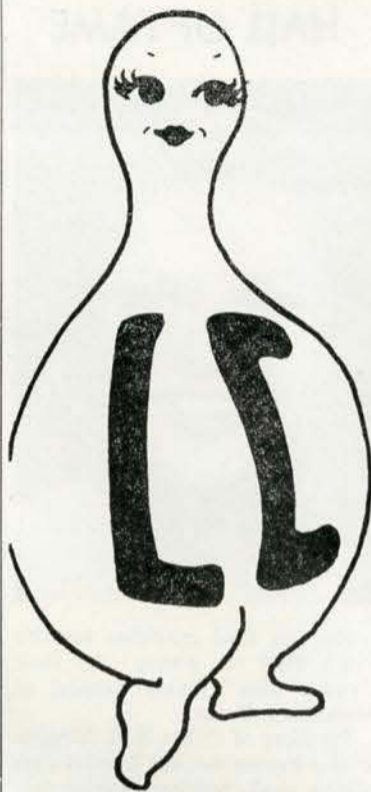
The late George Lyman Kittredge, famed Shakespearean scholar at Harvard, inspired many anecdotes which have already made him a legendary figure in the lore of colleges. Kittredge was beloved by his students, and his "Six Plays of Shakespeare" was one of Harvard's most noted courses. Typical of the Kittredge qualities which endeared him to his students is the professor's handling of an embarrassing accident:

Kittredge was lecturing one day while pacing about the platform in his usual manner. Lost in thought,

he stepped off the edge of the platform and fell to the classroom floor. He picked himself up, dusted himself off and climbed back up on the platform to the tune of a tittering class. He faced his students and said with dignity, "Gentlemen, I believe this is the first time I have ever descended to the level of my audience."

When Cyrus Northrup was president of the University of Minnesota in the early years of this century, he once participated in a ceremony to dedicate a new cemetery. The day was cold and raw. When Northrup's turn to speak came, he put his hat back on his head, suggesting that the others do the same. "I do not care," he said, "to contribute personally to the success of this cemetery!"

## SUSIE SCHMOO



Well, the Thirty-nine Survivors, otherwise known as the Class of '50, are almost on their way down the green for their diplomas. Commencement, of course, is rather a contradictory thing. It is supposed to suggest bright beginnings, youth on the march, etc. But what happens? Mother weeps as though daughter had signed up with Admiral Byrd's next expedition; Father has that tight-lipped expression which says that HE will certainly not be caught indulging in any FEM-inine wailing; and even Daughter looks suspiciously dew-eyed. However, when the graduation loot has all been acknowledged and put away, and when everything is once more normal, then think of the Schmoo, and its final words: Success to you all, Seniors, and don't forget to return to Lindenwood, which, as the song goes, will "always belong to you."

## It's A Dog's Life

Have you ever been told of the trials and tribulations of a newspaper woman? There comes a time in her career when she must do make-up. Now in newspaper lingo "make-up" is the term for the arduous job of organizing the galleys, cutting out articles and setting up the pages, keeping in mind the satisfaction of the reader. This entails setting up the headline and important news stories and spacing the special feature stories on the pages according to the reader's interest and pleasing effect upon the eye. When this is completed we have what we call the "dummy." Then we are ready to hit the presses. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Well, friends . . . there's a snag in our reporter's nylons.

All is well and good if there is

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## KCLC Staff Appointments For '51 Are Announced By Miss Boyer

Carol Greer will be in charge of programming and personnel for KCLC next year. The appointments have been announced by Miss Martha May Boyer, head of the Radio Department.

A new department for the Voice of Lindenwood has also been created, which will handle station relations on campus. Gretchen Schnurr, assisted by Marilee Darnall, will direct this.

In addition to these staff appointments, the following departments will be under the direction of the following persons: Helen Parks will have charge of conti-

nunity; Jean Robb, of production; Jewett Langdon of the workshop group; Elizabeth Bates will be music director, Joan Cowgill will head the engineering department; Susie Dodson will be secretary.

Sharlene Agerter, who will attend the Washington Semester at the beginning of next year, will be included in the staff upon her return in January.

Sally Joy, member of the Senior Class, has been station manager for this past year. The other member of the staff of KCLC who will be graduated is Lorraine Peck, currently continuity director.

## Jody Viertel Gets Sportsmanship Award At Dinner

Awards and letters were presented to outstanding members of the Athletic Association at the annual A.A. banquet on May 23.

A large white and gold blanket, the Senior Honor award for sportsmanship and outstanding service to the Athletic Association, was given to Jody Viertel.

College sweaters were presented to the girls having 2000 points, Jody Viertel and Marilyn Maddux.

Those girls with 1000 points who received numerals were Grett Bartenbach, Mollie Carr, Max Davis, Sue Haas, Martha Powell, Gloria Fay, and Marilyn Maddux.

A.A. emblems worth 750 points were given to Sharlene Agerter,

enough copy, which in the layman's language, is material—but should there not be enough copy to fill the pages the poor gal sits back chin in hand and wracks her brain. Eight more inches to fill, commands the editor, if she's lucky and doesn't have eighty more inches to fill. Then comes the problem of what to fill the space with. All the club news has been covered, the convos, and the latest campus news. Susie Schmoo has said all that she has to say, pin day and graduation week-end programs have been put in black and white for posterity and here we are with all those inches to fill yet.

Now we implore you, dear reader, have mercy on the poor girl who still has the space to fill and while you're reading this bear in mind that we are just trying to tell you of the dilemmas of a reporter's job. So, instead of filling up the space, we decided to tell you a little about the problem and let the space fill itself.

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## Awards And Honors Are Announced

The Annual Progress Prizes were announced this morning by the Dean's office. The following students who received their awards at the Student Chapel this morning are:

Music Department:  
Piano, Eleanor Trevz.  
Organ, Katherine Shaddock.  
Voice, Sylvia Tullar.  
Original Composition in Music Theory:

Underclassman, Barbara Sutton.  
Upperclassman, Emily Terry.  
The Mu Phi Epsilon Award was awarded to Peggy Pennel.

For the best writing in a student publication, the Press Club award of \$5 went to Sally Joy for her column "All Bark and No Bite."

The Sigma Tau Delta Prizes awarded were:

1st Prize (Gold Medal)—

Jane Ewing, "Roots."

2nd Prize (Silver Medal)—

Patricia Thomas, "Johndos-passosstyle."

3rd Prize (Bronze Medal)—

Barbara Spandet, "Unorthodox."

1st Hon. Mention—

Matilda Hagerty, "Father's Folly."

2nd Hon. Mention—

Jacquelyn Cheney, "At Home: Poems in Japanese Measure."

## Sports 'n Skirts

BUTLER LOSES PLAQUE TO SIBLEY HALL

By Sharlene Agerter

At the Athletic Association Banquet the A.A. plaque was presented to Sibley Hall, for having the highest number of points in intramural competition. The race was keen this year for the plaque, the final winner being decided by one softball game. The race was between Ayres and Sibley, both halls being tied for points before the softball intramurals. Butler who has had the plaque for two years, came in third place this year. Sibley was first with 22 points, followed by Ayres with 18; Butler, 14; Irwin, 13; Nicolls, 6; and Day Students, 2.

Speaking of softball intramurals, here are the results. In the first game between Ayres and the Day Students, the Day Students were victorious 10-8. Sibley defeated Butler 7-3, and was defeated by Irwin 11-4. In the final game, Irwin defeated the day students 13-5. This ended a successful year of intramurals with competition in all sports having been held.

Congratulations to Jody Viertel on winning the outstanding award of the Athletic Association.

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and  
GOOD LUCK!

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Vacation  
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## Seniors Will Treasures To Underclassmen As They Go Into World To Fulfill Prophecies

At the eleventh hour last Thursday, a tense, solemn-faced group of students gathered in Roemer Auditorium to hear the reading of the Senior Class will and prophecy.

Underclassmen inherited practically all the worldly possessions of the Seniors—everything from stein glass collections to menageries of stuffed animals. Renie Oakes and Jody Viertel, heaving a heartbreaking groan, left their priceless painting of Custer's Last Stand to Betty Tom. This illustrates the boundless unselfishness displayed by the class in its last will and testament.

After the legacies had been given and while tears were being dried, the class prophecy was read. At the end of four long years of tireless delving into the metaphysical realm, arduous research involving

such heavy reading as Fantastic Comics, and Supernatural Monthly, the Senior Class' own "Swamee Riva" revealed the future of the class to all.

Ten years hence, "Swamee" saw Dr. Mary Ann Smith, Ph.D., LL.D., D.D.T., and Honorable B.C., conducting a combination bicycle-lecture tour of Europe.

Betty Orr, creator of the famous Dellie Non line of dresses, was seen being given an honorary degree by Lindenwood College at their 1960 Commencement exercise.

Ginny Kimmel is working for Neiman-Marcus on advertising layouts for prefabricated privies.

George Washington and Sandy Jeter are collaborating on their fifth novel entitled, "You Crawled Under That Steam Roller, Brother.

That's Why I Left You Flat."

Mary Jo Sweeny was seen to be working hard as assistant string-changer for Burl Ives, and Lorraine Peck, formerly of Washington, D. C., L. C., and Troy, Ohio, has been appointed national chairman of the Republican Party. Giving a statement to the press in 1960, Miss Peck was quoted as saying, "My life is just one mad whirl. It's all because I'm an L.C. girl!"

These are merely a few classic examples of the super-exclusive prophecies of fame awaiting the members of the Senior Class of 1950. Amid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, the Seniors wound up this class day with a fervent rendition of "Lindenwood, Our Alma Mater."

## Mrs. Croft Writes For "Tempo"

"Grandma Knows Best" stated Mrs. Anita Croft, in her article appearing in Tempo Magazine in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Sunday May 14.

Mrs. Croft, instructor of psychology here at Lindenwood showed her readers how the same principles Grandma followed in raising her children were far from being old fashioned, but rather the most modern and the best way to bring youngsters up. Psychologists of today have abandoned all their old theories and schedules in favor of the method Grandma used: That is, letting children develop naturally with the aid of a large portion of "mother's love."

In the last two intercollegiate softball games, L.C. was defeated. In the game with Washington University, L.C. lost by four runs, 13-9, and with Harris the score was 7-6. Mollie Carr and Max Davis won the doubles tennis match at Washington U. In the singles, Mollie won, and Pat Turner, Bonnie Holt, and Max Davis were defeated. In the volleyball game with Harris, L.C. again lost 52-28.

I like to take space in this last issue to wish the best of luck to the new officers of A.A. and to the teams of next year.

Be seeing you next year. Hail and Farewell!

## Faculty Plans To Travel And Study This Summer

Lindenwood faculty members are busy making plans for their summer vacations. Some are planning on more school, some on traveling, and some on just plain loafing.

President and Mrs. Franc L. McCluer will spend the week of July 22 at Estes Park, Colo., where Dr. McCluer will lead the YMCA Conference. Later in August they will visit in Michigan.

Dr. Alice Parker, Dr. Eunice Roberts, and Dr. Elizabeth Dawson will go to Europe to attend the international conference of the American Association of University Women.

Dr. Siegmund Betz will study math by correspondence.

Miss Mary Lichliter will spend her summer in Michigan and Boston.

Miss Martha May Boyer will teach at Washington University in St. Louis.

Miss Pearl Walker will be an instructor in voice at Columbia University.

Dr. and Mrs. John Thomas will spend the summer traveling through Canada and the New England States.

Miss Marguerite Ver Kruzen is planning to attend summer school at New York University Camp. If she is unable to do this, she will work at Rockefeller Center while taking a course at New York University.

## CAREERS AND MATRIMONY (Continued from page 1)

this field after two years of work with KCLC.

Barbara Gawthrop will be traveling to West Virginia after June 3, where she will work for the Child Welfare Department. Jody Viertel will return to Boonville and teach in one of the rural schools there. Liz Wetzel has been accepted as a dietician intern at the Ford Foundation. Barbara Allen will work on her father's newspaper in Kentucky.

Among the future graduates as yet undecided as to what the future

## Alpha Epsilon Rho Gives Program

A dramatic version of the Beatitudes was presented by members of Alpha Epsilon Rho, honorary radio fraternity, under the sponsorship of Miss Martha May Boyer, at last Wednesday's convocation.

Included in the cast were Jean Robb, Joan Reed, Carol Greer, Sally Joy, and Dott Hall. Miss Elizabeth Bates provided the musical background. The script was written by Lorraine Peck.

holds is Sylvia Vedalakis, who will learn how to drive a car in the meantime. Joan Reed hopes to gain a teaching position after her return to her home in Mexico.

Helen Jones will still be at Lindenwood next year though not as a student. She will be working as secretary to Mr. Keel, Director of Admissions.

Miss Dorothy Ross is going to teach square dancing at Point of Pines in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Miss Martha Reese is going to attend summer school at University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

Nancy (George) Washington plans to teach history and government next year. Nora Jeter's plans are not definite, but she intends to either go on to school or teach.

Several of the Seniors will be in St. Louis next year. Among these are Ada Ann Pope, and Betty Orr. Dorothy Walker is another of the Seniors who is still yearning for more learning, and she will probably do graduate work in art at Iowa University.



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Vol. 25, No. 22

**Daily Northwestern**

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## Once, In A Wooded Place . . .

The year had passed, as years do, even in Wooded Places. But no lambkins gamboled about the greens of Oakwood on the sunny day of early June. Even the first spring grasshoppers moved with a stately grace, as though in honor of the great occasion.

And a great occasion it was, for 39 of the lambkins had proved their integrity, intelligence, and virtue, and were considered as having grasped the principles of Oakwood.

These favored 39 were to appear before Dr. Secure for a final lecture on How to Live Life. When the sun was just above the tallest tree of the Wooded Place the wisest of the owls stepped forth from his great oak tree and looked down upon the assembled 39.

The other owls, in keeping with the moment, had congregated too, each one wearing his academic awards on his breast. A few wore the special ribbon of orange, denoting the completion of years of research and study, and adherence to the ideals of true education.

After a few introductory remarks, Dr. Secure began his speech. (It should be noted that this wisest of the owls had tried to hire the services of the famous Dr. Swallow, who had gained renown for his publication concerning the changing styles of hunting garb as observed in the Outside World. Dr. Swallow, however, was busy analyzing the psychological reactions of damp marshes upon the spirits of duck hunters. Moreover, he was bound for Capistrano, and so was unable to accept the invitation.)

In a few words, Dr. Secure summarized the problems to be faced by the departing lambkins. He told, in one sentence, how all these might be solved. His very brevity, indeed, was indicative of his acuteness and perception.

Then, when the lambkins began fidgeting and squirming with excitement, as even the mildest of lambkins will do, the good doctor began to conclude his remarks.

As a final token, each of the 39 lambkins was given part of a sheep skin which had been worn by an ancient lamb of the twelfth century.

Actually, this sheep skin was endowed with certain mystical powers. With it in hand, each of the 39 could enter the Outside World and find a place for himself.

At the end of the ceremony, there was a period of great confusion. Eventually, the lambkins were ready to depart, and not a few of their ba-a's turned to bah's at the thought of leaving the sheltered security of Oakwood.

The owls for their part, carefully took off their ribbons and placed them away for another year. A few of them heaved sighs of relief and assured themselves that they were not growing old, but rather that this batch of lambkins had just been a particularly trying one.

And so peace once more settled on Oakwood, as lambs and owls departed. Dr. Secure alone remained. At least until the next day, when Dr. Swallow invited him to Capistrano, all expenses paid.

All of which only proves that this wisest of the owls was really wise!  
THE END

## Congratulations

To The

Seniors

From The

Bark Staff

See the rest of

you next year

## Jane Ewing New Editor Of Literary Magazine

Jane Ewing, Freshman, has been appointed to be the editor of the Griffin for next year. Jane hails from Nevada, Mo., and is interested in the writing field. This year she served as a staff assistant on the Griffin. She is a member of Alpha Lambda Delta, honorary Freshman scholastic fraternity and is the winner of the Sigma Tau Delta contest for her Freshman writing, an essay entitled "Roots."

Freshmen at the University of Holland are required to have their heads shaved to a high polish, and to make their life on campus more complicated, they are not permitted to use the doors in entering school buildings during their entire first year!

## L.C. Alumna Is Author Of Novel

"Never Marry A Ranger" is a humorous, autobiographical novel recently published and written by a former Lindenwood student. Roberta McElhiney McConnell relates her experiences living in the Rocky Mountains in Utah at a ranger station with her husband and two children. Miles away from a shopping center and the general information bureau for all picnickers, hunters and fishermen, Mrs. McConnell captures the color, trials and tribulations of life as a ranger's wife. As Dr. Parker said in an informal review of the book it is the story of the heroine trying to maintain a standard of living in the wilderness through a revealing saving grace of sense of humor.

Ann and John Groth did the illustrations for the book, which was published by the Prentice Hall Co., N. Y. A radio presentation of "Never Marry A Ranger" was given on Cavalcade of America.

## Installation Of S.C.A. Officers Is Held Sunday

Installation of the new officers of the Student Christian Association took place after Vespers, Sunday, May 14. In a candlelighting ceremony conducted by Mrs. Croft, each retiring officer stepped forward and lighted the candle held by her successor, at the same time making a pledge to uphold the standards of the organization.

Martha Reid was inducted to the presidency, Sue Hayes as vice president, Tillie Hagerty as secretary, and Joy Hellwig will be the new treasurer. The six newly elected cabinet officers are: Gret Bartenbach, Mel Bemis, Jean Callis, Flora Ruth Hill, Estelle Swanson and Von Burton.

After the services the student body followed both the new and retiring officers out to the campus, where the white-clad girls had formed a cross.

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# The Linden Bark Literary Supplement

LINDEN BARK SUPPLEMENT, TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1950

## Two Contest Winners In The Griffin

Two of the five prize papers entered in the annual Freshman SIGMA TAU DELTA contest are to appear in the new GRIFFIN, the publication of the contributions excelling in literary style for the year at Lindenwood. We congratulate Jane Ewing for her descriptive narrative "Roots," that won the first prize—gold medal, and Barbara Spandet for her short story "Unorthodox," the third prize—bronze medal. *The Griffin* is on sale by staff members at the present.

Pat Thomas won second prize—silver medal with her critical essay on the style of John Dos Passos—"JOHNDOSPASSOSSTYLE." Honorable mentions were awarded to "Father's Folly," a short story by Till Hagerty, and to "Poems in Japanese Measure" by Jacquelyn Cheney. These three are to be found in this edition of THE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

## Father's Folly

By Tillie Hagerty

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

I darted from between the rows of dust-covered cars, winced as a hot fender touched my bare legs, and scrambled upon the gate, waiting for Mother and Dad. Realizing how disreputable I must have looked, I brushed my straying bangs from my sticky forehead and futilely straightened a once-pressed peasant blouse on my shoulders. I sat for a moment, watching Mother picking her feet up high so she wouldn't snag her hose and Dad gently holding her elbow. I looked up at the sky, wondering if I could tell the time and found squinting at the sun more profitable. Each ray seemed like a silvery spider web, and I followed the beams down over the panorama of our destination.

A squeaky sign revealing the bold letters ALLEN'S HORSE FARM—SALE TODAY swung restlessly between two stone pillars. Down the gravel road, slow-moving figures interwove over the well-worn path to the barn. Mammoth horseflies perched on the sleek shoulders of nervous horses. Houseflies skidded down the sides of half-filled coke bottles. Squealing children, unafraid, stroked the noses of stomping stallions, while terrified mothers snapped their fingers, demanding obedience. Scared whinnies, raucous shouts from the coke stands, and the questioning voices of prospective buyers mingled with the hot breeze, unnoticed.

I wished that they would hurry. But I couldn't expect things to go smoothly; today was different. Mother never went to auctions with Dad and me for her love for animals began and ended with housebroken cocker spaniels. She played the part of Dad's silent partner—silent only as long as he took her advice. Dad wasn't henpecked exactly. He only thought that it was best to keep peace and harmony in the family.

This morning at breakfast while Dad was drinking his orange juice and reading the paper, he had casually mentioned that he was going over to the Allen sale and then put a blank check into his pocket. Mother instantly decided that it would be "fun" to go along and have the family together. Although she humored Dad's middle-aged request, preferring that he be interested in horses rather than in wine and women, we definitely understood that she thought that another horse was not a good buy!

"Now, Eli," Dad had answered soothingly, "I'll pick one up cheap

and turn him at a sale later in the summer."

All of those we had planned to turn later in the summer turned into an indispensable part of our farm and stayed until autumn and then winter and on into the summer. Everytime Dad would advertise one for sale, Julie, my sister, and I would sit firmly by the phone and answer in broken, choking sobs, "Oh yes, we—we have a horse for sale. She belongs to me but Mother is making me sell her because she's been limping so badly." The response of the prospects couldn't have been more satisfactory, for they never ventured out to see our beloved pets.

I jumped down from the gate, joined Mother and Dad, and we entered the tent in stair-step fashion, the shortest in front, eager to get good seats. Sidestepping jumpy horses and clods of dirt, we edged our way through the crowd to a splintery bench and made ourselves as comfortable as possible—I sifting the straw out of the toes of my sandals, Dad taking off his suit coat, Mother fanning herself with the sale book.

"Number 72, Tilford's pride, registered, got the papers up here if

## Sigma Tau Delta Winners



Jane Ewing  
Gold Medal



Pat Thomas  
Silver Medal



Barbara Spandet  
Bronze Medal

you want to see 'em, nice little mare and . . ." The voice from the loudspeaker boomed loudly, then cracked, and the microphone made odd noises. The auctioneer sounded like Donald Duck. He was irritated, also fat. The creases of his double chin shone with perspiration as he mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. He tapped the mike and fidgeted with the cord. "These damn mikes go off at every auction," he muttered. He meant to mutter, but the mike suddenly came on.

Mother was talking to the farmer with the big adam's apple and the red whiskers who was sitting behind us. His wife looked extremely bored and none too pleased with Mother. Their little blond daughter was picking up cigarette stubs and gleefully dropping them in her mother's lap. My children, I thought, if and when I ever have any, for I was very dubious of the bliss that those dirty faces could bring to their parents, my children will never go around with runny noses or sticky fingers or picking up cigarette stubs.

"Well, when I was a youngster, we had an old pony, Lightning was her name, and when he started coughing, we'd just put some sulphur . . ." Mother was embarrassing me as she always did at times like this. She really didn't know much about horses and what she did know she confused with the material she had read in the *Farm Quarterly* on black angus. I wished she wouldn't call "he's" "she's". I looked around to see if anyone was listening to Mother. How could they miss her? I moved over and tried to act as if I belonged to the woman sitting next to me. It

(Continued on Page 4)

## Poetry Contest Winners

The Poetry Society admits members each year on the basis of one of two requirements: the writing of a poem acceptable to the committee composed of five students and members of the English Department or the writing of a criticism of a poem acceptable to the same committee. The winners of the fall contest this year were Dixie Williams and Ann Davis. Others whose poems were accepted are: Jo Anne Aldrich, Jacqueline Boomis, Jacquelyn Cheney, Joan Gillette, Dorothy Quail, Barbara Spandet, Joanne Sullivan, Patricia Thomas, and Haydee Scheinin.

### THE OLD QUITARIST

(Inspired by Pablo Picasso's painting "The Quitarist")  
by Dixie Williams

#### PRIZE POEM

The people stared. The old man sat  
Beside the door. The winter air  
Rushed through and stirred his  
ragged shirt  
And ruffled through his sparse white  
hair.  
Quitar clutched close to bony breast,  
He sat apart from all the rest  
and prayed.

He wept. The sudden tears  
coursed down  
Through wrinkles long imbedded  
deep  
Within his skin. And then, ashamed  
That one might see an old man  
weep,  
He ceased. They whispered, "Still  
he clings  
To youth." His fingers touched the  
strings  
and played.

### AUTUMN IMPRESSIONS

By Ann Davis

#### HONORABLE MENTION

The sun—  
A golden bar stretches to North  
and South  
Pressing close upon the horizon.

Leaves sift slowly downward  
Reluctantly revealing barren hill-  
sides.

Shadows creeping with immeasur-  
able slowness up the sides of  
mountains.

The conscious absence of the wind  
The symmetry of stillness  
And unity of sight and silent  
thought.

### ON ACQUIRING WISDOM

By Ann Davis

The subtleties of learning  
As the undercurrents of nature  
Reveal themselves leisurely.

Therefore—  
Journey not rapidly  
Rather stay thy time.

For—  
The coquettish evasion practised by  
wisdom sought  
Tires many impatient seekers.

(Continued on Page 4)

## JOHNDOSPASSOSSTYLE

By Pat Thomas

A Critical Essay

### SIGMA TAU DELTA—SECOND PRIZE—SILVER MEDAL

Silent movies were destined to give way to talking pictures; the "flapper" was never here to stay; and even the great stock market crash became an item in history. There was something, however, which grew out of the 1920's and the years immediately before and after which remains as fresh and vivid today as in the turbulent times during which it was created. This is the work of a man whose writing gives to the literary world some innovations which are extremely unusual. This author, who writes unconventionally and yet so skillfully that many of today's writers strive to imitate him, is John Rodrigo Dos Passos. The works of Dos Passos could be interestingly studied from the point of view of the social ideas which are well-presented in his proletarian novels, but I feel that the greatest contribution this man makes to the world of writing is to be found in the liberties which he takes with style. It was with interest concentrated on this phase of his work that I recently read three novels by Dos Passos, *42nd Parallel*, *Nineteen Nineteen*, and *The Big Money*, collectively entitled *U.S.A.* I soon realized that not only does he show great skill in his experiments, but he uses very well the conventional. For these reasons I feel Dos Passos can be listed as a master in writing technique.

Even a casual glance through these books reveals to us that here are some very obvious unconventionalities. Closer study shows us that these are but a few of Dos Passos's breaks from stereotyped methods. The most obvious variance in his style is the almost mechanical organization of his material into four levels of expression. These levels present from different points of view and in a seemingly disconnected manner the appeal this author is making against the evils of our social and economic systems. Two of the levels he names himself by calling them the "Camera Eye" and the "Newsreel." The other two we shall call biographies and narrative material. All four of these levels are found throughout the trilogy with the first three types grouped together between chapters of the narrative. At first we are inclined to find them quite detached from the story; but as we read on, we realize that the views which each level presents merely carry out the other levels from a different perspective.

The time and social conditions of the novels are set by the device which Dos Passos calls the "Newsreel." These newsreels present in a cold, impersonal light a panorama of the times through excerpts from newspapers, songs, and speeches, beginning with the dawn of the new century in *42nd Parallel* and continuing through the prelude to the first great war with echoes of popular music, "Over there—over there," and the headlines, "BIL-LIONS FOR ALLIES." The headlines follow the war and the so-called peace through the newsreels of *Nineteen Nineteen*. Then in *The Big Money*, we see reflected in song hits, advertisements, and scandal sheets the wild, carefree days of the "twenties." Now the newsreels are filled with quoted accounts of new aviation, new music, and new unrest quickly following one another in an inconsistently punctuated and capitalized fashion which adds to the feeling of diver-

sity that Dos Passos is creating. Iron-ic too, is the picture which he presents; for regardless of how favorable the war news or how prosperous the times, the newsreels are still filled with comments on the constant evils in human nature. We hear of the girl's annoyances who is lashed in public, the trollies held up by gunmen in Queens, and the gas station robbed by tourists. Another interesting point is the use of the newsreels as an effective way of showing the author's social ideas in regard to the working man. The sprinkling of comments on labor and management throughout these passages awakens us to his ideas without their being objectively laid before us as such.

Even more of Dos Passos's social ideas are to be found in the biographies of prominent men of the times. The men whom he pictures in this second level of writing may be socialists or capitalists, but their lives and ideas about wealth reflect the desires of the many common people who are his lesser characters. In a rhythmic way, these well-written passages follow the rise of such men as Eugene Debs and Andrew Carnegie in *42nd Parallel*, Jack Reed and J. Pierpont Morgan in *Nineteen Nineteen*, and Henry Ford and William Randolph Hearst in *The Big Money*. Dos Passos follows the rise and then shows in the end the death and downfall of these men. In addition to making rather bitter comments on such men as "Meester Veelson" and the John Pierpont Morgan family—"starvation, lice, cholera, and typhus; good growing weather for the house of Morgan"—he uses the biographies to record further the times of which he writes by showing, through the thoughts and actions of these key men of the century, the general activity of the common man and his basic desires. In this, the second level, there is to be found a definite tie between the disconnected lives of men temporarily famous and the many little characters who live and die in the narrative material with little importance in the society which they make up.

The third level presents, in the form of the "Camera Eye," the only personal note in the otherwise impersonal style. These interludes are written in an unpunctuated stream-of-consciousness style which gives an insight into the mind of the author. In a rambling way they present the point of view of the author toward his subject material. In the first book, the thinker seems to be a child, in the second a soldier, and in the third an immigrant worker; yet he varies somewhat from these themes from time to time. In these passages we find the only obvious attempt that the author makes at moralizing.

The described three levels are found, as we have discovered, between the chapters of the narrative material which make up the fourth and last main method of expression. In this level we find presented in a highly disconnected manner the stories which are woven together into a comprehensive picture of the United States. The first book opens with the story of Mac, but we soon discover that the hero of this novel, as well as in the other two, is no particular man or woman, but society in general. Dos Passos presents and describes society by presenting and describing his many diverse characters as a cross-section. In the first book he has five main characters, the last of whom, Charlie Anderson, is intro-

(Continued on page 3)



The Linden Bark  
Literary  
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River View

By Sue Carpenter

Cynthia had slipped out the back door and started down the steep, rocky descent to the river. Pebbles clattered over roots and stones as her sandaled toes clung to the narrow pathway. As she approached the railroad tracks stretching along the bank, she breathed a sigh and gazed upon the rolling expanse of water before her.

The river held many mysterious and interesting sights—shallow, hidden swimming places, islands uninhabited except by blue and white herons, puffing tugboats, and sloughs where sporting fish took evening meals.

Wouldn't Doris Parker turn up her nose if she knew that I wanted to fish in a river! Well, it isn't my fault I'm in her set—mother wouldn't approve of another. If only I were a boy—Cynthia's most private thoughts were interrupted by the buzzing of an outboard motor. When she looked upstream to discover the source of the noise, she saw a small boat disappearing behind an island. In her line of vision lay something else that attracted her attention. Across the tracks, and a few hundred yards distant, a fisherman with his back toward her sprawled on the bank. He wore a flannel shirt torn at the elbows, a pair of dirty gray trousers that hung on his long legs, and a battered felt hat that drooped around his ears. The four cane poles stuck in the ground around him were propped with stones. Beside him stood an unlit rusty lantern and a basket covered with a small piece of red-and-white checked tablecloth.

Cynthia walked nearer, staying on the opposite side of the tracks. I wonder if he's caught anything, she thought. I'll bet he knows just everything about the river and fishing. Oh! That pole is moving—come on, little fishie, please bite so I can see you. Gee, I wish I could talk to that man and—

In the time it took for these thoughts to go through her mind, she had walked a few paces beyond the man. From this new vantage point she looked into his face and found, to her surprise and discomfort, that he was a Negro. Cynthia turned quickly, and with head aloft began to walk away, hoping that she had not been noticed.

The man looked up. He nodded his head. He smiled. Cynthia stopped. Trying hard to take flight again, she succeeded only in shifting her weight. Her eyes assumed that teen-age, glassy stare as she pretended not to see the friendly gesture of the elderly man. Yes, elderly—she had not noticed that before. I can't possibly speak to a Negro, she thought, even if he is

old. He's so dirty and—gosh, he looks comfortable. But I wonder if a person has to sit so near all that mud in order to catch fish around here. Is that a can of worms? Ugh, slimy things.

Just then the man, seeing one of his corks bob, edged nearer the active line. At the same time, Cynthia noticed movement in another of the corks. Without a thought, she rushed to the edge of the water, took up the pole, and yanked upon the line. The Negro landed his flopping catch quickly, chuckled a moment at Cynthia's plight, then stepped over to rescue her from the channel cat-fish which flew in circles around her head, barely missing her face. They laughed companionably.

Four hours later, as bullfrogs began to croak in the shadows, Cynthia started up the bluff wearing muddy sandals on her feet, carrying two catfish on a bit of rope in one hand, and a shine in her brown eyes. Before trees blocked the river bank from her view, Cynthia turned and waved to her friend—to the colored man in the flannel shirt and the dirty gray trousers.

The Breaking Of  
Blaze

By Jo Steed '52

He was lying in the straw, flat on his side, his small, delicately formed legs stretching straight out like four slim sticks placed side by side. A I came closer, he started, tried to rise, but his weak body failed him. I knelt down beside him, placed my hands on his well-formed Roman head, gently tickled his nose.

His color was true palomino—he was golden red with a blond mane and tail. There was a patch of white between his eyes and white markings on each pastern. He was perfect in every detail, from his hoofs to his crest. If broken and trained right, he would develop into one of the most beautiful and able cow-ponies in the Southwest. (To me, he was already the best.)

His nostrils flared, his eyes rolled back as he strove to see if I meant him harm. I could feel his whole body quiver, every muscle strain, as I gently stroked him. Gradually, he loosened up, breathed more regularly, and decided to accept me as a friend. This small colt, descended from a line of Texas cow-ponies, was mine. The seed of trust and devotion began to develop between Blaze (for that was to be his name) and me.

The succeeding months, following the foaling of Blaze, were a time of unsurpassed joy for me. I watched him develop, saw the small body grow strong and the spindly legs strengthen. He frisked about in true coltish manner, always exploring and investigating. The things that seemed so commonplace to me were exciting and new to him. He developed a sense of caution following many painful mistakes, such as the one he made when he hit a hornet's nest and got stung on the nose. He carried that reminder around, in the form of a tender and painful swelling, for a week.

Another time he decided to play "follow the leader" with the wild duck that stays around the ranch. He did fine as long as they stayed on firm ground. The duck waddled and flapped along and gave forth quacks of insult and rage at having this dumb four-legged thing chasing it. Blaze nipped at the feathers on the tail of the duck and stuck so close to him that it looked as if a magnetic force were between the two. Blaze enjoyed himself immensely. But he soon discovered that he was no aquatic animal, for, when the duck took to water

Despondency

Life is like a raindrop on the window-pane of time, Crystal clear reflecting back the dawn;

It slides  
down  
the  
sill  
to  
the  
streets  
and  
the  
slime,  
It whirls in the gutter, and suddenly, is gone.

by Patricia Thomas, '53

and swam out to the middle of the cow-pond, Blaze tried to follow suit and immediately went under. One of the ranch hands and I had to rope him and drag him back to safety. Blaze was a mighty wet and thoroughly frightened colt. He never ventured near water again until a year later when he found out that he could keep afloat merely by kicking his legs to propel himself along.

His enjoyment of unrestrained exploration finally terminated the time he got into the chicken house only to be pecked and scared half silly by the angry fowls. He tore the door off as he came charging out, followed by a barrage of screeching and cackling chickens. I think he ran a mile before he sensed that he was safe from the feathered monsters.

At the end of a year and a half, Blaze was well into the late stage of becoming a full-grown horse. True, he was not heavy enough and certainly not disciplined, but he was ready to be broken and the title of "cow-pony" would soon be his.

Early one dusty summer morning, as the sun was appearing in the first blur of daybreak, I went down to the stables. Blaze was standing over the hay rack, eating as though this meal was to last him for a lifetime. He never seemed to get enough food. I gave him a lump of sugar, holding it in one hand, while with the other, I pulled down the hackamore. Gently, clamping his muzzle, I slipped it over his head. He had no idea of what it was all about and concentrated on nuzzling my pockets to see whether there were more sugar lumps. Tying a lead rope on the hackamore, I led him out to the post in the middle of the corral where all horses start their breaking-in lessons. He followed, docilely enough, but I knew that a first unfamiliar gesticulation on my part, he would start kicking and shying.

I tied him to the post and brought out the saddle and blanket. I put the blanket on, first holding it under his nose to let him get the smell. As I flung the

Two Lyrics

STARS

Pinheads of silver  
Scattered above your reach  
To beckon the dreamers, you and me,  
Who wander down dark streets,  
Our heads tilted back in wonder at stars.

OLD STORY

A breeze . . .  
And soon leaves rustle from  
branches hanging low . . .  
A sign that night begins.  
A sound . . .  
A bird cries and lends enchantment  
to the dusk now here.  
A light . . .  
The moon appears and from within  
this disc a man grins.  
A boy . . .  
A girl . . .  
A silhouette of love will soon  
appear.

by Jacqueline Boomis, '52

saddle over his back, he flared up. His ears stood erect, his nostrils widened, and a wild gleam of untamed spirit flashed in his eyes. It was as if he were saying, "I don't know what you're doing, but I'm not going to stand here and take it."

I went about the saddling in a slow and easy way, speaking to him in a monotone, knowing that if I startled him, my efforts were wasted and it would mean backtracking and wasted time in repeating the procedure. My work had begun. From now on it was my job to train and break Blaze into becoming a true cow-pony.

I repeated this same procedure every morning for a week or so. If I could just get him accustomed to the saddle I could feel that I had gained a toe-hold in his training.

Finally he no longer shied at having the saddle put on. He had come to accept it as something that must be. But, if he thought that he was being mistreated then, he had yet to become more confused and angry. The day that I hoisted myself into that arched leather seat was going to prove somewhat disconcerting to him.

The day I mounted Blaze, the sun was high in the sky, and a cool breeze blew in from the direction of the cow-pond. I had taken him out, as usual, and had saddled him. I talked to Blaze and was careful not to agitate him. I checked the lead rope tied to the breaking post, to be sure that it was secure, for so much depended upon that rope. If it were to break or come loose while I was mounting, a fall might result in a broken arm or leg. Even worse, I might be kicked accidentally by Blaze's flaring hoofs.

I put my left foot in the stirrup. Blaze was trembling like a breeze rippling the surface of a pond. I could feel his tautness and sense the anger and fear in him. As I flung my right leg over, he exploded! No more fear, no gentleness, just plain horse, and a lot of it, broke loose. Blaze jumped straight up, landing on all fours with such a solid impact that I could almost feel my thigh bones going up to meet my ribs. I had certainly underestimated his power. My Stetson flew off and hit the dust, but I was still in the saddle. One of the ranch hands ran out and quickly untied the lead rope from the hackamore. Now Blaze was free.

That horse sun-fished, snaked, and sky-rocketed. He used tricks that I had never seen, nor felt, for that matter. My body was aching already and every joint felt each hammering wallop. But I was ready to ride him right on. He had to be broken, and if I were to be his master, I had to break him.

And then it happened! At one point, just when I thought he was beginning to wear down, he unleashed all the wild fury in him, gave a huge forward lunge and stopped just as if he had hit a stone wall full force. I flew over his head and sprawled, face first, in the dust. For a moment I was completely stunned. My head felt as though everything in it was trying to burst out. I had that awful feeling of being conscious, and yet, feeling that I was in another world, that it was some horrible nightmare that was frightening me and I couldn't get away.

The wind had been knocked out of me and each effort to breathe was agonizing and unreal. Each intake of air sent sharp splinters of pain through my whole body. All I could see were whirling and distorted shapes in front of me. The sick feeling in my stomach made me tremble and I couldn't control the cold chills and shaking in my body. I could taste blood and knew that I had, subconscious-

ly, bitten my lip to keep from crying. All I longed to do was die.

I must have lain there for no more than a few minutes, but it seemed to me that I was engulfed in a dull and inane stupor. Gradually, the trembling subsided, and I could focus more clearly. Some of the ranch hands were standing around me. One of them had a pail of water, and before I could move, it hit me full force in the face, blinding and gagging me. I jumped up, shocked and spluttering mad, ready to hit them all. Then I realized, "Why, I'm all right. Nothing is broken or I couldn't be standing." The men had known that the shock of cold water could clear my head, return me to reality.

I walked around the corral, flexing my muscles, checking here and there for bruised spots. One of the boys brought out a mirror. I didn't understand what they were all laughing about until I looked into it. The skin around my right eye was scratched and already discoloring. Who cared? If it took a hard fall and black eye to tame Blaze, well then, I wouldn't grumble. As long as I could stand upright and breathe normally I figured that my chances of riding him were still pretty good.

I had the boys put Blaze back into the barn. I walked in with them, stood talking to my horse. "Well, Blaze, you've shown me that riding you won't be easy. I guess I can understand your hate of being kept under control. You wouldn't be a horse that I could like if you didn't have all this spirit and power; but, I'm riding you again tomorrow, and I don't think I'll go to bed in the dust." I kept talking to him while I brushed him down, combed away the dust and sweat. When I had finished and made sure that he had enough to eat, I left the barn.

I walked back to the bunkhouse and flopped down on the bed. I was mentally stripped of all thought and power, and immediately dropped off into a sleep that dragged me down into the very pit of nothing.

The next morning, when I arose, pain and soreness were right there to greet me. They had a clamp on each muscle, each tendon, and when I moved, that clamp just tightened a little more. It was an effort to brush my teeth.

After breakfast and some feeble attempts at exercising, I felt a little better. The stiffness would just have to be worked out. The bruises would fade with time and, as for my eye—all I could do would be to stay in some inconspicuous place and take the razzing.

I thought about putting off the ride until another day but immediately discarded the idea. Might as well go on with it. If I were thrown again, and that possibility made me wince, then I couldn't feel any worse than I did at the present time.

Blaze was munching his hay as usual when I went down to the barn. I must have had a wry look on my face as I put the hackamore on him because he looked at me as if to say, "Hope the ride yesterday didn't bother you too much. It wasn't any idea of mine to carry you around on that ridiculous thing you call a saddle." I could have sworn that he was snickering and giving me the old proverbial "horse-laugh."

But I wasn't angry. Blaze had only acted as would anyone, to fight for his freedom. He had yet to learn that good training in discipline is not a harsh and binding tormentor, but will manifest itself in signs of intelligence.

I finished saddling him, and again, as in the many weeks before, I led him out to the breaking post where I made secure the lead rope.

I looked around the corral. Every man that worked on the

(Continued on Page 3)



## JOHNDOSPASSOSSTYLE

(Continued from Page 1)

duced only in the last chapter. In *Nineteen Nineteen*, the second book, the lives of these five characters are continued, and five new characters become important enough to have whole chapters entitled for them. Finally in *The Big Money* these characters—with the exception of Daughter, who has been killed in a plane crash in the last of the preceding book, and Mac, who after seven consecutive chapters in *42nd Parallel* disappears into the Mexican Revolution—are still being described, and four new characters have been added. In many cases the "new" characters are not necessarily strange to the story. For instance, we have heard about Eveline Hutchins in *42nd Parallel*, but it isn't until *Nineteen Nineteen* that she has a whole chapter. Some of them are named formally and others by mere nicknames. There are chapters entitled "Richard Ellsworth Savage," whom we know merely as "Dick." On the other hand, the man we know as "Fainy McCreary" has his chapters entitled simply "Mac."

When a character is introduced and his story is begun, the material is presented in the regular third-person style of the novel, but Dos Passos is different in that, while the material is not quoted from the character which the chapter describes, nor is it even the thoughts of the character, the impersonal description of events is presented in the type of words which that particular person might use. When Joe is seeing St. Nazaire for the first time, Dos Passos tells us that he looked around "for the mademoisels and the vin rouge" and thought it was "kinder like Villefranche." Later in almost stream-of-consciousness writing, Joe meets a couple of Americans in khaki uniforms

and asked them the way and they gave him a drink out of a bottle of cognac and said they were on their way to the Eytalian front and that there's been a big retreat and that everything was cockeyed and they didn't know where the cockeyed front was and they were just going to wait right there until the cockeyed front came right to them.

Similarly, in the childhood of Eveline Hutchins we see the train trip through the childish eyes that remembered the train as it "went rumbumb chug chug and the trees and houses ran by," and the sisters who liked to play "King Arthur and Queen Whenever." At this point one character is all-important, and other characters are important only in their effect on that main character.

A little later, however, the character who was formerly viewed impersonally may become the important character of another chapter. In *42nd Parallel* we follow the thoughts of Eleanor Stoddard as she meets Eveline Hutchins in an art museum and sees her only as a "girl dressed in a gray fox neck-piece and a little hat" who grows to be her friend in a rather Bohemian existence. We learn the facts involved in their friendship, which lasts well into *Nineteen Nineteen*. and Eleanor's feeling regarding it: but we have, at this time, no insight into Eveline's character or thoughts. Then, later, in the second book, the author describes the same meeting through Eveline's eyes, and reveals her emotions when she meets Eleanor. So we see Dos Passos going back to review the same events through the eyes of several different characters.

On the other hand, he sometimes treats consecutive events in the lives of several characters first through the eyes of one and then, continuing right along in the action, through the eyes of the others.

We see the meeting of Margo and Charlie when in a "Charlie Anderson" chapter he notices "the blonde eating a sandwich at the end of the counter;" but it is in a "Margo Dowling" chapter that we see their relationship grow and first notice Charlie's economic decline in a chapter showing her feelings and her distress when he is unable to lend her the money that she needs. Then his death occurs in his own chapter.

fact, so numerous that we can hardly open to a page which does not contain several of them. When we have read the first few chapters of *42nd Parallel*, the combined words no longer seem to jar us, and we do not feel they are overused because they serve their purpose well. These purposes are different in the two types of combinations. When the whole sentence is run together in the first manner, the method furthers the stream-of-consciousness style which he uses in the camera eye. The second use of spliced

filthy and rancid-smelling and jammed with sweaty jostling negroes and chinamen yelling over coops of chickens and slimy stalls of fish." Regardless of how disagreeable the picture produced by the descriptions of smells, we must admit that through this medium Dos Passos achieves a vivid picture of people and lives that he is describing.

Another characteristic of the style of Dos Passos is the fast-moving way in which he describes the action of his novels. The events are

## THE BREAKING OF BLAZE

(Continued from page 1)

ranch was there, most of them sitting on the corral fence, chewing tobacco or smoking their home-rolled cigars. I noticed an escaping grin or two as they caught sight of my swollen eye. Well, they had a laugh coming, but I hoped most fervently that they would not be given a chance to laugh again that day, at my expense.

I was not afraid as I mounted Blaze. There was no time, for the minute my toes touched his rounded sides we were fanning the air faster than any jack-rabbit can hop. I was never quite sure when we were on the ground for Blaze's legs seemed to have pistons in them, jumping back and forth, up and down.

Blaze and I literally sailed around the corral, but not like a large schooner on a calm sea—no, more like a small row-boat trapped in the terrific storm, the waves playing catch and toss. (I was mostly tossed!) Blaze put on an even better show than the previous day. He was determined that I was not to ride him. I was equally determined that I should.

The sky and the earth seemed to merge into one vast whirlpool, tilting and straightening, sometimes not even there. (These were the instances in which I closed my eyes in the expectancy of being thrown off. It's an awful feeling to see the ground almost face to face on an even keel.)

But horses can only give so much. The bucking slowed down, the jolting punishment that Blaze was meting out to me became less painful. Finally, after one charging lunge which I was able to survive, Blaze stopped dead still. If he had said, "All right, I'm through. This is too much trouble. If you're able to ride me and stay on, then I'm ready to take you wherever you wish," I couldn't have been more surprised.

There was a good feeling inside of me as I got down from Blaze's back. Although my whole body was numb I could still muster the emotion of happiness. Blaze was mine. The breaking hadn't turned him into an enemy.

I led him back to the barn and unsaddled him. From the way he kept sniffing for the sugar that was always in my pocket, I knew that we were still friends. I gave him the sugar and walked out the barn door. My feet barely disturbed the dust which I trod.

## The Misconstrued Student

By Louise Williams

Biology students are sometimes probably mistaken for morons or for persons with childish minds. Since the outsider has no knowledge of bug collections to be submitted on a certain date or the wild flowers, commonly known as weeds, which are to be collected and classified, he sometimes mistakes intellect for stupidity.

As the biology student rapidly pursues a multi-colored butterfly across the lawn, a pedestrian ponders over what mental institution that character escaped from. The student, however, nonchalantly captures Lepidoptera and continues his search for other products of nature. He stoops to urge a little beetle, sauntering along the sidewalk, to step into an open jar placed in its path. Just as he gleefully tightens the lid of the container and hastens for his notebook to jot down some interesting observations, a small boy queries, "Do you like to play with bugs too?" Our student attempts to answer the question, but the child's mother nervously jerks her youngster away.

## Poems In Japanese Measure

By Jacquelyn Cheney  
SECOND HONORABLE  
MENTION

### SPRING

Rain on gutter spouts—  
A wheelbarrow rumb-  
ling  
Over a brick walk.

### SUMMER

A pigeon cooing  
Like the reluctant  
gurgle  
Of a coffee pot.

### MEASLES

Blankets and pillows  
Become smugglers'  
caves for a  
Sick child's paper dolls.

### BOOKCASE

A full masted ship  
In crystal sits on the  
shelf  
Surrounded by books.

### SPRING CLEANING

In May, china stands  
On the dining room  
table  
Waiting to be washed.

### BEDTIME

Fresh sheets settle and  
Crackle around you in  
the  
Dark like crisp paper.

### FALL

Against my window  
Rain slaps, and I write  
my name  
On the cloudy pane.

### WINTER

Snow sifts across the  
earth—  
Divinity icing with  
Sugar grains sparkling.

### SHAMPOO

Blobs of soap like  
whipped  
Egg whites make a  
dunce cap peak  
Out of wet blond hair.

### WINTER WASHDAY

My sheets and towels  
wave  
Like boards on the  
clothes line. It  
Is freezing again.

### SATURDAY NIGHT

The oblong outline  
Of a bathmat marked  
on the  
Floor by bath powder.

It is through his many diversified characters that Dos Passos presents a cross-section of society. Still these characters are bound together in a common struggle to live. They are on different levels of success and failure. While Mac never gets beyond the station of a laborer reading Karl Marx, J. Ward Moorehouse advances from the beginning of a shy boy wasting his time in Wilmington, Delaware, to the position of leader in the world of big profits where he has great influence on the lives of Janie Williams, Eleanor Stoddard, Dick Savage, and others. This is one of the bonds which prevent Dos Passos's work from seeming too disconnected.

Another mechanical innovation in style is the word splice which we find throughout his work. Run-together sentences are most common in the camera eye, where we find such combinations as "dontaundersandafellagottagetup" and "nevertohavestayedinbedsolate;" but such expressions as "hellonearth," "tooripe pears," and "welltodo country-people" are used elsewhere throughout the narrative. They are, in

words is to produce descriptive adjectives and adverbs. These spliced words are combinations of several words which present one picture to our minds, as "twentyone yearold," "Bibleclass," and "icy-bright." They are merely several written words representing one thought.

We have now seen Dos Passos's original methods and the success he has had with his innovations, but in addition to this, he is a master of the more conventional in style. This mastery of style is especially evident in his production of an effective setting. His accuracy of detail presents to us a very clear picture, especially one of the often licentious and disagreeable life of which he writes. No detail is too unsavory to be included if it adds to the over-all picture. The basic appeal is sensory. The sense of smell is especially prominent, and responses are stirred, often rather unpleasantly, by the author's frequent allusion to such things as a "daycoach that smelt of coalgas and armpits," "mudflats and smilysmelly piles of ooze," and a market "so

always related in the present, with the result that something is constantly happening. At no time do the author or his characters seem to think back or moralize on the past. Also adding to the fast action is the fact that we can find no long descriptive passages between scenes. Instead the scenes seem to slip from one to another, and the descriptions slide effortlessly in and run hand in hand with the action.

We have seen that Dos Passos is a master of the old and conventional in style and yet unafraid of trying the new and unconventional. Both of these characteristics are those which accompany great contributions to the world of writing. When we have studied the work of this author it is easy for us to understand why a list of important twentieth-century American novelists would be sadly lacking without the name "John Roderigo Dos Passos" near the top of that list.

Note: Footnotes were eliminated for publication.



## Poetry Club

(Continued from page 1)

## THE BEAUTY I CRAVE

The beauty I crave is not a tangible thing,  
It's the longing to capture the essence of spring.  
A will o' the wisp forever beyond my reach,  
Like the elusive silver of a moon washed beach.  
It's the aching desire to move with the mist,  
Or to dance with the waves as they leap and they twist.  
It's the sweet spicy fragrance of a marshy bay,  
The drowsy contentment of a warm summer day.  
It's the breath of a bell note lost in the air,  
Or the proud regal thrill of a march militaire.  
It's the enchanted moment that precedes the dawn,  
Like the silence that follows a beautiful song.  
It's the feeling of goodness and awe at the Might,  
That made the dark brilliance of a cold snowy night.  
It's the thanksgiving offered with all that I do,  
To a God that is known, but intangible too.

*by Joanne Sullivan, '51*

## JOAN OF ARC

Scarlet tongues licking her feet,  
like a favored pet its mistress.  
As cries of scorn the crowd repeat  
Reach her ears, grown listless.

Cruel flames spring up, she disappears.  
But in the flames she sees

A loving Christ to vanquish fears.  
She crumples to her knees.

*by Barbara Spandet, '53*

## COMPANION POEMS

## DEFEAT

Despondent night, dark shadows meet  
As souls lay bare their ritual beat.  
I search for truth, but find it not  
In God, nor man, nor pagan thought.  
And I lay sick in living death—  
Devoid of all but tepid breath.

## HOPE

I've built a web of silken dreams  
To hide from all progressive schemes,  
But know that someday I shall free  
My thoughts from idle reverie.  
I gaze at life through rainbow walls  
Ignoring any earthly calls,  
For as you knew me I shall be  
When someday you return to me.

*by Dorothy Quail '50*

## LYRICS

Fairy,  
Prancing, flashing,  
Pirouetting in flight,  
Downward, twirling on through the night  
To snow.

Perhaps the tiny cuckoo,  
From the clock against the wall  
Could show me things I've never seen  
Like a nodding marionette's ball;  
I'd like to see the moon's far side  
Or a cavern 'neath the sea,  
And mayhap the butterflies will give  
A banquet just for me,  
And some night if I'm very tired  
Or just don't want to roam,  
He'll show me the cozy nook in  
the wall  
Which he has always called home.

*by Jacqueline Cheyney, '53*

## Two Poems

*by Haydee Scheinin*

## THE PATTERN OF LIFE

Up on the hill,  
the bells are tolling,  
the chapel is crying  
a peasant is dead.

Down in the valley,  
a youngster is walking,  
blowing a tune.

## THE CRICKET

Dancing dwarf,  
master of the grass,  
the cricket drags his simple song  
through evenings and nights.

After two careful compasses  
he utters a shrill line,  
swelling his tuneless cello  
for a new rhythmic dance.

One final discordant note  
hovering in the air  
is muffled by the dawn.

*by Haydee Scheinin, '50*

## CALL OF AUTUMN

I climbed the hill the other day  
When autumn leaves were falling.  
'Twas a rare, brilliant afternoon  
And all outdoors was calling.  
The wind was brisk among the weeds

And goldenrod bowed down,  
While cottonwood leaves cut elfin capers  
Floating to the ground.

A butterfly fluttered and came to rest  
Close beside my feet  
In a whitewashed patch of meadow  
blooms,

Whose odors wafted sweet.  
A milkweed spun its cottony fluff  
And sent it off on a breeze  
Gently lifted and carried aloft  
To blend among the trees.

I quietly stood and let nature's love  
Seep peacefully into my soul.  
In silence I stood and shivered a bit.  
Yet I was not cold.  
In awe I gazed about me—  
God was surely there.

No man could doubt his being;  
Could help but pray a prayer  
That all who do not know their God  
Could stand in that same spot.  
For what man, then, with any mind  
Could say, "I know Him not?"

*by Joan Gillette, '53*

## THE WORLD

The world is too much with us,  
The past too far behind:  
The present so uncertain,  
The future not in mind:

The world is so befuddled,  
So awkwardly confused:  
And like a little awkward child  
Will always be excused.

## 'TIS LOVE!

I see a merry sparkling spright  
That dances 'cross the myriad night.  
With graceful motions full and free;  
Capricious, then all gentle—thee.  
Oh fairy angel, elfin spright!  
Come nearer, nearer in your flight  
That I may see your beauty rare.  
Come close that I may see thy fair  
And radiant beauty and admire;  
And to exorbitant heights aspire.  
Such beauty! Straight from heav'n  
above.

By faith, I know you. Yes,—  
'tis Love.

*by Jo Anne Aldrich, '50*

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FATHER'S FOLLY  
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didn't work. She didn't look motherly or strained enough.

I watched the horses being led into the ring by small, colored grooms in white overalls or ridden by humped-shouldered trainers. Each animal sensing the importance of a good showing, proudly displayed royal ancestry.

"Do you want her? Will you buy her?" The auctioneer continued mumbling his incomplete senseless words, and as each horse was offered for sale the owner was called up to say a few words. Always, he had bought him in Kentucky and had been offered \$5,000 for him last month, and it was a shame he was going for \$250. As far as I was concerned, it was a shame he had not sold him last month.

"When Lightning finally died, she must have been at least thirty. Good care does a lot for a horse—and cattle too!" Mother was still talking about her Shetland pony, completely enthralled in her memories. Unfortunately, the farmer didn't feel the same enthusiasm.

Dad loosened his tie, moved to the edge of the bench, and determination appeared in his eyes, the look he had when he said to me "Practice that piano!" The horse now showing was a gelding that had not yet outgrown his coltish awkwardness. His mane was scrawny, but his tail was scrawnier. His ears flopped; he tripped over his own feet, and everytime he started to trot, he hunched his back and took a tremendous leap! I thought he was cute; the audience thought he was funny; obstinately. Dad thought he had "possibilities." Every time the auctioneer pointed to Dad, he nodded "yes." I thought that Dad was awfully brave to do this, and I was elated at the prospect of a new member to the family, but the consequences seemed terrifying!

The gavel came down; Dad jumped up, and Mother turned around, simultaneously.

"Where are you going, dear?" Mother asked sweetly, unaware.

Dad usually didn't clear his throat often. "To pay for the horse I just bought," Dad said with that superior "I - said - it - and - I'm - glad" tone in his voice, and with those words I became absorbed in the program which had just recently slipped from Mother's lap to the floor.

The program was interesting, but somehow, it didn't create the suspense that Mother's and Dad's solemn looks did—each trying to figure out what plan of action the other was going to take. Dad had momentarily assumed the masterful, commanding attitude. I

hoped that Mother wouldn't do the same!

It was inevitable that sooner or later Dad and I would find ourselves squelched by her words announcing our bad, unconsidered judgment. Dad would probably be reminded of the time he had so wisely invested in the apartment building which was condemned by the Health Inspector three days later. If Mother would only wait until later, until reasonable excuses could be made, until Dave Wilson, that trainer from Blue Ridge Stables, had passed by. The utter humility and embarrassment her disdainful words could cause made me afraid even to glance at her.

As we walked out to examine "fathers folly," Mother was strangely composed and quiet. I hoped that two children had taught her the proper time to reprimand was not in front of a group of people.

"What's its name?" Mother asked, emphasizing the "its."

"Knave of Hearts." Pretty, isn't it?" Again, all was silent.

"But Vince, what are we going to do with another horse? We've already got too many. What ever possessed you to buy him?"

Dad answered truthfully. "Well, I felt sorry for him. Nobody was bidding."

"It's not so bad," I said, trying to ease the tension. "You can always sell him for horsemeat." The comment was not appreciated; nor did anyone laugh.

On closer inspection, we found Knave to be just as big and clumsy as he had looked in the ring. I stood off a little, expecting a sudden volley of words expounding the faults of "that horse." But Mother didn't say much. Instead, she just stared at Knave, shook her head, and breathed a heavy sigh. Then she walked up to him, patted his nose with two fingers, and peering into his face, remarked, "He must be a good horse—he—he has such large ears."

I don't know how she connected large ears with a good horse. She must have read it somewhere—probably in the *Cocker Spaniel Journal*.

## SUNRISE

The blue of night begins to fade  
And morning dewdrops start to play  
Their welcome to the coming day.  
The morning sky on earth has laid  
Spright rosy tints for all to see.  
Now light descends to wake, with  
glee,  
The earth in azure-lidded sleep.  
The golden sun, through mist blue  
seas,  
Ascends the steps of day so steep.

*by Jo Anne Aldrich, '50*

## You Get In My Hair

*By Janet Schmidt*

We bought a new sink the other day. Yes, Pa finally put his ten per cent down, and that afternoon our otherwise 1920 kitchen was equipped with an elaborate 1949 sink. Ma and Pa were so proud, and Brother John even christened it "Petunia" with a bottle of liquid soap. I liked "Petunia" too, especially last week when I washed my hair in her. "Petunia" is one of those double sinks equipped with a spray which comes in very handy for rinsing my hair, even though it is rather difficult to get just the right combination of water at first—either I scald my hairs out one by one, or quickly freeze my follicles.

The first time I used "Petunia" I rinsed my hair in blonde five-and-ten tint for that "added luster and sheen." I oh-so-carefully emptied the orange (blond tint is always orange before it's put on one's hair) crystals into a tall glass, filling it three-fourths full of hot water. Well, I had just soaped my hair for the first time when what do you know—

"Hi, Ma! (La - de - da - Ma gets furious when I use tint - la - de - de -)." "Why, I notice you have made some orangeade."

"Why - a - 'yeah', how did you figure that one out, Mother dear?"

I had finished chewing the lid to the Halo and had started on the faucet labeled "C" when Ma innocently raised the slender glass from its position on the "beat-up" work table—she raised it to her ruby lipstick lips and deliberately, if you can possibly imagine this, deliberately drank that "stuff"—my blonde hair rinse! I gave up all hope, swallowed the Halo cap, and prayed that raw eggs would counteract the liquid she had swallowed. (I also wondered if her esophagus didn't have that "added luster and sheen" now).

"With a few ice cubes and some sugar, this would be excellent orangeade. Yes, Daughter, you will certainly make some lucky man a wonderful wife," said Ma.

("Yeah," wonderful is right—no doubt I'll just be full of wonders.)

The biggest wonder of all, however, occurred that night when Ma happily reported she hadn't felt so well in weeks. She didn't know why, but she certainly felt wonderful. That was the last time I used blonde hair rinse.

Just this afternoon I was planning to dunk my fuzz in lemon juice. Dear Ma, always on the job, drank the mixture, mistaking it for true lemonade. I wasn't worried, though,—it was just harmless (so I thought) juice and H<sub>2</sub>O.

If you will excuse me for a "sec." I must telephone Dr. Brown—Ma says it must be something she drank! Mothers!! I will never understand them. I may as well call the Corner Grocery too and order a jug of vinegar for my next shampoo. Thank goodness vinegar is harmless. We use it in all types of food, and I haven't noticed any ill effects yet. Well, we'll see.

Oh, by the way, I've heard that beer is excellent for rinsing one's crowning glory. You know, I'm sure beer would prove interesting. Yes indeed, very interesting. HMMMMMMMM—Well we shall see—we shall see!

BUY

a

GRIFFIN