

It's:  
Sizzling, Saucy,  
Scintillating -  
The Gridiron

# LINDEN BARK

A Salute To  
Lindenwood's  
Men Of The Year!

VOLUME 30

ST. CHARLES, MO., TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1949

NUMBER 9

## Careers For Women To Be Discussed

Outstanding women in professional fields will discuss opportunities in the business world with Lindenwood students at the Career Conference Thursday. The conference, sponsored by the Student Guidance office, will follow a convocation during which the conference counselors will be introduced by Miss Marguerite Stuehrk, chairman of the Conference Committee of the Altrusa Club of St. Louis.

Among the different fields discussed will be dietetics by Miss Dorothy Dolan, former Lindenwood graduate, who is now dietitian of the St. Louis County Hospital.

Miss Mayme Satoris, well-known dress designer with the "Minx Mode" line, will confer with girls interested in dress designing.

For those interested in medicine, Dr. Grace Bergner, internist and instructor at Washington University, and Edna E. Peterson, director of nurses at the Jewish Hospital Nurses Training School, will hold conferences.

Miss Annabelle Lamburth, supervisor of women's employment, will discuss personnel work, and Miss Gretchen Vanderschmidt, director of the Sarachon Hooley School of Secretarial Training, will talk with students concerning secretarial work.

For those interested in journalism as a career, Mary Kimbrow, editor of the woman's page of the St. Louis Star-Times, will discuss her professional field.

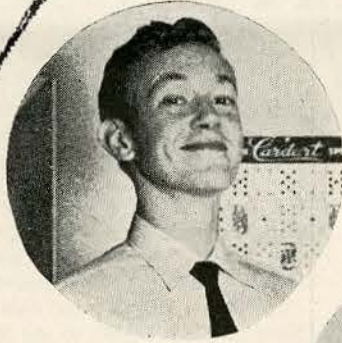
The Social Service conference will be led by Mrs. Margaret J. Williams, assistant professor of social work at Washington University.

Miss Georgia F. Wittich, training director of Stix Baer, and Fuller Company, will explain the opportunities found in this field.

A conference on advertising will be led by Mrs. Agnes McCaddon, advertising director of the Godefroy Manufacturing Co., and interior

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## MEN OF THE YEAR



Here is Lindenwood's 1949 Romeo, surrounded by the campus' men of the year. The Romeo in the center of the heart is William Spaeth. Selected as the "Most Fun to Go Out With" is Tommy Shoemaker, upper left. "The Most Kissable" is John Carroll, upper right. The "Most Marriageable" is Sam D. Spencer, lower left, and the "Most Athletic" is David Sowle, lower right. The "Most Intellectual" is Raymond Karcher, at the bottom of the heart.

## Bill Spaeth, Dotty Hall's Entry, Is Romeo

Hold on to your hats for here comes the long awaited winner of the 1949 Romeo Contest! His name is Bill Spaeth, entry of Dot Hall. He was chosen by Miss Beulah Schacht, who took over for Lynn Fontaine at the last minute. Because of the illness of her husband Lynn Fontaine was unable to judge the pictures. Beulah Schacht is a top woman feature writer for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Recently she was chosen by a woman's club of St. Louis as one of the outstanding women of St. Louis. Miss Schacht chose as the Most Marriageable, Sam S. Spencer, entry of Jeanette Abercrombie. The Most Kissable is John Carroll, the hopeful of Genola Jo Bellrose. An entry of Pat Sowle's won the title of Most Athletic. His name is David Sowle. Raymond E. Karcher, the entry of Helen Strategas, carried away the title of the Most Intellectual. Tommy Shoemaker, entry of Joyce Shoemaker and incidentally her brother, won the award for The Most Fun To Go Out With.

My "one and only" is Dottie Hall's answer to the question of whether or not it's a case of true love with the 1949 Romeo. Bill Spaeth hails from Carlyle, Ill. He is 5' 8" tall, 22 years old, has dark brown eyes, black hair, and is wonderful (so says Dottie). Bill is owner and editor of a newspaper and printing company right at present. Dot wishes to state that Bill is not available.

The winner of the Most Marriageable title, Sam S. Spencer, lives way out in Roswell, N. Mex. His ambition, says Jeanette, is to be a rancher in "good old" New Mexico. Sam is 6' 2" tall, has brown hair, blue eyes, and an excellent build. Jeanette and Sam met at the home of a friend, and as to whether or not it's a case of true love—from Jeanette we get a "Who Knows?"

Continued on page 3

## Roundelay On Rambling Through The Ozarks With Lindenwood Choir

By Mary Frances Morris

Have you ever longed to hop a bus with 30 friends? To head for a week of the vagabond life down through the Ozarks? Thirty members of the Lindenwood Choir did just that. Here are some of the conditions they met. Though they had to sing for their supper, that meal was delicious. Steak every night! Sound good? And then there was the time four of the girls had a cabin at the end of the muddy lane. Now none knows better than we what results when one is required to slither toeless, heelless shoes into a mire. However, the bus driver realized the danger of driving the bus through it. The gals walked.

But who could expect bed and board for free. These pioneers of the Twentieth Century sang not

only for their supper, but for every other small occasion. High schools presented the biggest problems. It seems to be a custom to seat the boys in the front of the auditorium. Hark back to your preparatory days. Were the boys ever models of perfection? No! and they haven't changed a bit. Barbara Watkins seems to be able to calm them though. Music hath charms to sooth the savage high school boy. And we think Lindenwood has too many teas! Every town made an offering of this type. How wonderful! The high spot for many was the stop at Rolla. Though this was but a stop, moss has never collected on our girls. One thing about Mr. Rehg, though, his girls always looked good, and sang better than that. All in all, the trip was a success for all concerned. Sleep, what's that?

## Come One, Come All--It's The Gridiron Dinner

Tonight is the night! The thing the campus has been waiting for—the Gridiron Dinner. This great occasion will take place at 6 o'clock this evening in Ayres Hall. "Don't make the mistake some fine people made last year and not come because you have to wear hose and heels, urges Joey Choiser, president of the Press Club. "The event is even fine and dignified enough to wear evening clothes. So get dressed, put on your armor of courage, and be there."

The faculty is expected tonight. After all, it won't be any fun to pun them and not have them there. Lots of students will be "pushed over the coals" also.

## Girls Wielding Ole' Wooden Ruler Over Grade And High School Students

Twenty-three Lindenwood students are now practice teaching in elementary schools and high schools here in St. Charles. Eight of these practice teachers are instructing in high school, teaching such subjects as home economics, art, English, and commerce, and five are teaching courses in physical education.

Betty Bishop, a Senior, teaches physical education at Sacred Heart Academy three hours a week. With team practices and lectures she spends as much as seven hours a week. Asked if she had any disciplinary problems she answered "No, they're all very sweet." She teaches 75 students whom L. C. girls may recognize by the red tunics, their official hockey uniforms.

Gloria Cluny, also a Senior, teaches arithmetic in the third grade at Benton School, and spends three hours a week with her 33 students. Gloria states that her students are very eager and cooperative and she has no disciplinary problems.

Martha McCorstin, a Senior, teaches the students at St. Charles High School three hours a week. The students are instructed in volleyball, square dancing, physical fitness and basketball under the leadership of Martha. "Mac" loves her work and claims that amazing incidents every day make it more enjoyable.

Three Seniors who have found teaching positions are Elizabeth Keighley in Gary, Ind.; Joyce Garrison and Ruth Schaefer in Kirkwood, Mo.

## A Light In Every Swing

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love and where could a young man find a more appropriate place to have these thoughts than on the Lindenwood campus? Here within these ivy covered walls on the warm spring evenings young couples may stroll beneath the leafy lindens and towering oaks. They may sit for long hours in the gently swaying swings as the lengthening shadows of evening deepen into night. There in the wisteria- and forsythia-surrounded bowers, the idyllic couples may watch the light of day fade into evening. When the night has fallen, they may sit together and read the afternoon paper in the well illuminated swings. For as surely as every L. C. room is provided with hot and cold running water, so is every L. C. swing provided with, not a 60-watt size of the dorm rooms, but with a 100-watt light bulb.

By accident one young couple discovered an unlighted swing where they were forced to spend the evening, due to the crowded conditions in the other swings. The next evening, due to the same shortage of swings, they were forced to return to this one; however, the inconvenience connected with this swing had been called to the attention of the college, and an extension cord had speedily been strung from a nearby dorm to it, thus making it up to the standard maintained by the college.

As the winter passes, the lassies and laddies will again be reminded that evening strolls behind the dorms are not in keeping with the policy of Lindenwood. The golf course in the moonlight might be too romantic, don't you think? Perhaps a campaign should be started to provide lighting for the course, in order that the girls might be able to challenge their dates to a game of golf, if the evening gets too boring. What about it, girls? We surely don't want any of our campus unlighted, if we are going to be there, do we? Perhaps, this lighting system could be the gift for the Seniors of 1949 to leave their alma mater. I understand each Senior Class leaves something for the college to remember them by.

## Problems Of Federal Aid Bill Arise

Are you wondering how Federal Aid to Education could possibly concern you, an L. C. Girl? Just think a minute. You're going to be a future taxpayer aren't you? You want the future generation to have an equal chance for a good education don't you? If your answer was "yes" to these questions, then lend an ear for this article does concern you.

The Federal Aid to Education Bill is having a hard time making the grade. In fact, right now it has come to a complete standstill. The pros and cons have it up a tree. Regardless of the pros and cons on this bill, however, there must be federal aid to education. If there ever is to be a higher standard of education in the United States, this bill must go through. As it stands now, education for all is limited to the states who have the higher incomes. This leaves the less fortunate states to make out the best way they can on their meager income, cutting out the chance of equal education for all in these states.

The particulars of the Federal Aid to Education Bill provide for an equal amount of money distributed to each child for his education. The money is to be rationed out to each state and distributed by local authorities in the manner stated by the bill. Each state is taxed according to its income, the money is pooled, then each state receives the amount necessary for the education of its students. The main objection to this arises from many of the states with the higher incomes that pay out more in education taxes than they receive. However, these states should take into consideration that unless a method of this sort is used there is no chance of education for the less fortunate. A definite advantage of this bill is that through raising the standards of education that even the standards of living may be raised in many of the economically poor sections of the country.

The cons on the Federal Aid to Education Bill should stop a moment in their mighty surge against the bill to think that our society stands for the equal rights and privileges of all its citizens. But! If the privilege of education is denied to all because of the value of money to a few, then our society doesn't stand for much.

## Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

A great variety of summer plans were discussed when our reporter asked the Lindenwood girls what they hoped to do during their summer vacation.

The first question was: "Do you plan to work this summer?" 80 per cent replied "yes," and 20 "no." Only 1 per cent answered affirmatively to the question: "Do you plan to go to summer school?"

The third question was: "Do you

plan to play?" One hundred per cent answered "Yes."

The fourth question was: "What's the reason of your choice?" The girls gave a variety of answers. Most of them of course, plan to work in order to make money. A lot of them want to work just for the fun of it, and to get practical experience. And all of them agree that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl.

## LINDEN BARK

Published every other Tuesday of the school year under the supervision of the Department of Journalism

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

MEMBER OF MISSOURI COLLEGE NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION

Subscription rate \$1 a year

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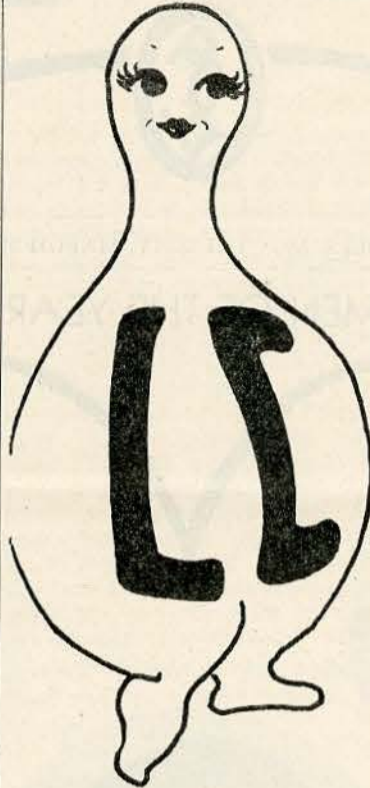
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## Schmoo's Schmoothies



Only two weeks more and we're off again for home, dates, and Easter dinner with the family.

Your old pal the schmoo reminds you that it is later than you think. When you get back the weeks will fly and before you know it June will be bursting out all over and another college year will be history. Come back from vacation ready to make the most of the fun, the classes, and the fellowship that means Lindenwood in the Spring.

## Letters To The Editor

Linden Bark  
To The Editor:  
Dear Editor:

I, as a representative from Lindenwood, wish to bring up a matter that is a very vital issue to me. The other night attending the theater here in town I sat in front of a group of Freshman girls. On both sides and around were the townspeople also there to see and hear the show. From the beginning to the end of the show these Freshman girls continually made loud remarks and answers to the conversation on the screen, talked about the clothing apparel of the performers, giggled, hissed back at the persons who attempted to tell them to be quiet, and in general made a rumpus throughout the film. Naturally the remarks and attitudes of the townspeople were of disgust towards Lindenwood. I was thoroughly embarrassed and I wanted them to know that we have a group of courteous, refined and educated women.

It is usually a minority group that does the largest damage and why should we, the rest of us Lindenwood girls, have to suffer the ridicule they bring forth. After all, we are not children but adults and we should act as such. If these girls want to act in this manner they would be better off in grade school, where the mentality rating is more their level.

—AN IRATE JUNIOR

## S. C. A. Sponsors Visit To St. Louis Chrch

The Student Christian Association is sponsoring a bus to the Centenary Methodist Church of St. Louis on Sunday, April 3. Dr. Frank Tucker will deliver the pre-Easter service. Everyone is invited to attend, and a bus will be provided.



By Sally Joy

Somehow or other a rather weary group of L. C. ites has survived the ordeal of mid-semester exams and all is back on the normal level again. With spring vacation just around the corner, and the Gridiron Dinner already here, looks like things will be popping pretty fast and furiously for the next few weeks.

Some of the gals are even so sure that events will be piling up on each other, that every Tuesday morning the student body is treated to a few ditties encouraging the advisability of a Stop Day. I hope their appealing rhymes are not going unnoticed, but also wish they wouldn't put all their talent in one spot. Please, kids, if you'd just reveal yourselves, we'd put you write to work on the Bark . . . that is, if Rita Baker wouldn't snatch you away to compose for Peter Pan. And why didn't you hand in a few entries to the Student Council Song Contest? However, if that Skip Day comes through, you've done your part.

The orchestra at the dance sponsored by the Freshmen several weeks ago, sort of knocked everyone for a loop when it came forth with a short floor show . . . an event unprecedented in recent L. C. dance history. And oh, what an ovation they received! With a few more good bands like that (or even that one again, please,) maybe Lindenwood dances will begin to pep up and turn into rather lively affairs, and cease to be merely a convenient means of showing off your latest formal (or man!) Perhaps the reason why so many blind dates at L. C. are flops isn't because either the fellow or girl is boring, but because these dances don't give either of them an opportunity to reveal the informal side of their personality. Conversation for the

greatest part of the time is the polite, superficial kind, and neither party has an opportunity to prove that they have any other personality than the one that runs, "How do you do . . . and what are you studying in college . . . and where is your home town?" Given a fair chance at these Lindenwood dances most of these blind dates might turn out to be a lot of fun. The first thing that should be done is to eliminate the formality and stiffness usually found in Butler Gym on certain Saturday nights. Just about the best way you can do this is to get a good, lively informal band. Congratulations to the Freshmen for doing this, and let's have many more.

With the gifts they've been handing out to the audience of "Ply'ke and Win" down at KCLC, they must be building up to something. I mean, one week it's a sample of shampoo, to give you lustrous, shining hair, then next week it's candy, to make you sweet, followed by ice cream sundaes, (to make you even sweeter) and then hand lotion to give you those soft hands, the kind men love to hold. Looking at it logically (which after all is the only logical way to look at it) I've come to the conclusion that next Tuesday they must be going to give away fraternity pledges! Just one thing I want to know, will we get a little slip, like we did with the sundaes, entitling us to whatever we want, or will they be handed out, first come, first serve style? H'm, we should complain.

And so adieu . . . remember to laugh at the Gridiron Dinner (this message is especially directed toward certain members of the administration) and don't let any balmy breezes fool you . . . this is still Missouri.

## COUNCIL CORNER

The Student Council of Lindenwood College has been considering various changes in campus rules and regulations. One of these which will affect the student body most is the new regulation concerning Assembly and Chapel absences. As there are no cuts allowed for either of the two, anyone absent on either Tuesday or Wednesday will automatically be campused for the entire weekend which follows the day of absence.

The council is also considering revision of rules in the handbook, to become effective in the fall of 1949. Boxes will be located in the first floor of each dorm, and anyone having suggestions, either for revision or new rules, is requested to place the suggestions in the box in her dorm.

The desirabilities of a Lindenwood retreat have been discussed in the meetings, and efforts are being made to procure such a place for the use of Lindenwood students.

The tea room holds a box for you. Why not drop a suggestion, one or two? Leave it there for us to see, 'Twill make the campus better for all of we.

## OF ALL THINGS

"I shall illustrate what I have in mind," said the Lindenwood professor as he erased the board.

Many an L. C. lassie will scream at the sight of a mouse and think nothing of stepping into a car with a wolf.

Thought-Starters — Some women throw themselves away, but the majority take careful aim . . . Some people read just enough to keep thoroughly informed . . . Bigger the mouth, the better it looks shut . . . If you don't enjoy what you have, how could you be happier with more?

Something never seen at L. C.: Dim lights: Scandal power.

How's about these: Gentleman—Wolf with patience . . . Dead give-away—When no one answers the radio announcer's telephone call . . . Biggest post-war let-down—Women's skirts. . . Budget—Method of planned worrying . . . Escape literature—File hidden in jail inmate's book . . .

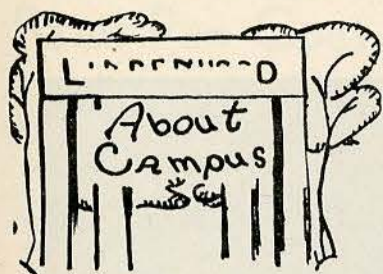
The trouble with many graduates after commencement is that they don't commence.

Matrimony: An institution that costs the man his bachelor's degree while his wife acquires a master's.

There could be more lady lawyers, but they'd rather lay the law down than take it up.

## In Memoriam

The Lindenwood student body offers its deepest sympathy to Miss Dorothy Ross and Dr. Mary Talbot, who recently lost their mothers. Condolence is also offered to F. B. Lamb, who lost his father. Mr. Lamb is on the ground crew.



By Nancy Bailey

This is "My Day," a take off, yes, and also a chance to give a plug for the beaten bones about campus. The terrible jangle of the alarm starts things off, of course, and the noise is so hard to take, after five hours of nightmares and hearing, regardless of the pillow, the hacking of many poor, sick students down the hall. I'm up now but not awake. This will come to me about noon if I'm lucky. Somehow I stumble over to breakfast (once a month) and after being directed to a seat, sit down, grunt at the person sitting next to me, and proceed to feed my face mechanically. I have to hurry because I'll just have to snatch a few more minutes sleep before my first class. And pretty soon there I am, I don't know how I got there, but anyway I'm in class frantically taking notes, assignments, short and sweet according to my instructors and terribly terrible according to me, and at the same time trying to keep my head vertical with the desk and not parallel. This goes on all morning and suddenly there I am in chapel listening to beautiful poetry written by L. C. students.

Now I'm eating again and rushing like mad because I want to get my mail (what mail?), study and do a little "flakeing" (new L. C. word meaning sleep) before my one o'clock. In fact it is essential that I do all this and especially "flake" or I just can't survive the afternoon. Oh Wheel! a package from home at the post office—food maybe — hmmm. But no, more vitamin pills. What a disappointment and yet as I become real logical they seem very fine because they may give me that extra energy which I need.

Anyway I'm off again with assignments, assignments, assignments notes, notes, notes, until it all seems quite hopeless and the only thing I can think of is sleep, sleep, sleep. To think I used to be a lively human being once with energy to spare. Ah sweet mystery of this life, let me find thee. Here I am dozing again before dinner when I should be studying. Here is dinner, with vitamin pill after dinner and now hours of studying, vrey frequently mixed with great desires to give it al up and—you guessed it—flake!

Now this has been my day, non-exciting as it is but strong with purpose, which you surely must have guessed by now. I love the pretty poetry read in student chapel and definitely agree with it along with 500 other girls. Would also like to look at strong, healthy students again instead of skeletons with black eyes.

Another take off—this time Mr. Pierson—with a prediction. A Stop Day no less—love to be optimistic but maybe this time it will pay. WE NEED IT.

I'm off with the thought of more predictions next time, eliminating the April Fool issue, our pride and joy.

### Miss Waite Returns To Campus After Illness

"I been sick" was the cheery greeting from Miss Helen Waite, head resident of Butler Hall, when she arrived back on campus after her long stay abroad. Abroad, Miss Waite says, means a soft bed. Only when you have to lie in it

## Lindenwood Students Visit St. Louis U.



Eight members of Lindenwood College's International Relations Club are shown at an informal reception held recently on the Parks College campus in East, St. Louis. Parks College is a part of St. Louis University. Students from 11 nations of the world are represented at this meeting. Those attending from Lindenwood are Martine Porteret, Remy Rodriguez, Wadad Dibu, Mary Ella Bemis, President, Gladys Miranda, Rosa Tsatsakos, and Virginia Crawford.

### Jr. - Sr. Prom To Be Held At Chase Hotel April 9

Post-war history will be made at Lindenwood on April 9, when the Junior and Senior Classes make their exodus to the Starlight Roof of the Chase for the annual Junior-Senior Prom. This is the first year since the war that the prom, sponsored by the Junior Class, has been held in St. Louis.

Officially the evening begins at 9 o'clock and ends at 1 a. m. though the wee hour of 3 has been set as the time for all upperclassmen to be in.

Dr. and Mrs. McCluer, Miss Grace Albrecht, sponsor of the Junior Class, her escort, and Joan Reed, president of the class, and her escort will form the receiving line.

for 24 hours a day, she says, it doesn't feel so soft anymore. The Butler gang really missed her while she was away. They even succeeded in proving that the old saying, "While the cat's away the mice will play," is nothing but a big fib. (Despite certain vindictive rumors.)

Miss Waite was in the hospital for 10 days after her operation, and then was taken home to recuperate. She has decided by this time that operations just aren't the happiest things in the world, and in the future the farther away she can keep from them, the happier she'll be.

### Fashions To Be Shown April 12

Let's go shopping with the clothing class in their style show April 12 at 7:30. Under the guidance of the advanced costume designing classes, students of the sewing classes will present their creations of the year. Narration will be by Delores Thomas and music will be provided by the school orchestra.

Girls who will model are having their hair styled by Stix salon and will be taught the fundamentals of posture and walking by professional models. Some outstanding creations for the spring wardrobe will be shown at the show.

### President Of Drake U. Speaks At Vespers

Dr. Henry G. Harmon, president of Drake University, presented the Vesper talk Sunday, March 20, following the theme of "More Than You Are."

Dr. and Mrs. Harmon were guests in the McCluer home, this being their second visit to the Lindenwood campus. Dr. McCluer delivered the January Commencement address at Drake University this year.

It is better than to have loved and lost than to go apartment hunting.

### STATION STATIC

#### KCLC "Hooper Rating" Tops 30

The result of the fourth week of the Hooper Poll which KCLC is conducting shows that Lindenwood's own campus radio station has topped Jack Benny's 30 rating a number of times.

This means boxes of candy to the halls which have given the station a Hooper of over 30, and there is still the big, special prize awaiting the hall giving KCLC the highest Hooper over a period of weeks . . . Tonight following the Gridiron Dinner, KCLC will present a special show "Easy Aces" done by a group of Washington University students studying at the KMOX Radio Workshop . . . Pat Stull and Mary Lou McNail, who are spending two weeks working at Station KMOX in St. Louis, spent last Saturday afternoon at the Starlight Roof of the Chase Hotel where they watched Bandleader, Dick Juergens do a radio program for the C.B.S. Network. While there they met and talked with the orchestra leader and members of his band, Gil Newsome of KWK, Wed Howard, C.B.S. announcer and Abie Morris of Billboard Magazine . . . Because of the convocation to be held this Thursday night, KCLC will not go on the air at that time.

## PICK OF THE AIR ON KCLC

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
7:00 p. m.	PICKED PLATTER PARADE	STATION WILL NOT GO ON	PICKED PLATTER PARADE	NO	PICKED PLATTER PARADE
7:30 p. m.	SHOW TIME	UNTIL 8:00 Because of GRIDIRON DINNER	"THE CITADEL"	PROGRAM	Let's Talk It Over
7:45 p. m.			STARRY EYED OVER THE STARS	BECAUSE	
8:00 p. m.	KIBITZ	CHATTERBOX	PARTY LINES	OF	Who's Who On Campus
8:15 p. m.	QUOTE UNQUOTE	"EASY ACES" By Students	OVER THE RAINBOW	Convocation	Who's Who On Campus
8:30 p. m.	YOUR FAVORITE	From Washington U.	LETTER HOME		WITHOUT A SONG
8:45 p. m.	PIANO PLAYTIME	TOP TUNE TIPS			PIANO PLAYTIME

## THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

By Dot Steiner

Not that we don't accept constructive criticism on our work here in the Bark office, but our suggestion is, if you can do something about backing your criticism, please do. Now one sweet thing has told me that this column wasn't very good in the last issue. If you girls would do something other than wish you were home, or complain, or write letters, I assure you this column would prove far more interesting. Let's have something to gossip about and the gossip will be really be gossip.

Biggest news item is that two weeks from tomorrow we leave for all directions. I understand that lots of Texas gals plan to go home, lots of people headed for New York, and every one is headed somewhere. Even if it's Lindenwood for you, be happy, the rest will do you good.

Ann Sanders has developed a new name. She is now called "The Nomad." Poor Ann has moved about three times in the last week. Hope at the time this comes out, Ann will be a little more settled.

To Pat (Honey Lou) Moss, goes a word of advice. Next time you hop on one of those motor vehicles, be sure and take your goggles.

This is a condolence message to Ginger Gray, who had to return one of the three new suits she purchased. Too bad, old girl, why didn't you just give one of them to me? Never mind.

Joyce Powell is back from home. Glad to see you back, Joyce, hope you're feeling in top shape now.

Bobby Bills has been having pictures taken in the bathtub lately. Should get some good shots for the Annual.

Betty Lou Pittman and Dottie Patrick say they will be glad to give Arkansas Hop lessons for anyone who desires them—the lessons, that is. Personally I like the Birmingham Hop and I don't see how anything could top it, think I'll go see for myself.

Margie Groce, graduate of last year, dropped in to see us in the Bark room this week. Maggie is studying zoology at Ohio State University. Good to see her back, she looked wonderful.

Seen On The Beaten Path . . . me . . . Mid-semesters almost over . . . Gridiron Dinner tonight . . . Shirley Poulson is the latest of our girls to be pinned . . . Spring at last in St. Charles . . . Joyce Fleet and Mac Macorstin are going home with Ruth Beutler for Easter, have a wonderful time, gals . . . Cohen and Humanities . . . The badminton class trying out on the short serves . . . That's all for now. Remember . . .

Spring has sprung,  
Fall has fell,  
Summer is coming,  
and  
It's going to be hotter than it was last year.  
By now,  
Love and kisses  
Dot

Highbrow: One who likes a thing so long as he's sure you don't like it too.

Divorcee: A woman who gets richer by decrees.

Cynic: One who looks down on those above him.

## LINDENWOOD COLLEGE CHOIR



The Lindenwood College choir has just returned to the campus after a tour which took them through the mid-west.

## THE METRONOME

## Choir Returns From Trip

We welcome the Choir back to the campus. The joint concert with Westminster on March 19 was a huge success. Congratulations to both of these fine groups and their soloists. Everyone enjoyed the L. C. trio, and Patsy Field's solo at Vespers while the choir was on the tour.

This afternoon at 4:45, Jo Ann Swalley, contralto, and Emily Terry, pianist, will present a diploma recital in Sibley Chapel. Dorothy Becker will be the accompanist.

Six members of the Phi Theta Chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon presented the Vesper program last Sunday evening. The program included selections for piano, voice, and a sonata for piano and violin. Louise Gordon presented an organ recital Tuesday afternoon, March 22, at 4:45. Marthan Dusch, pianist, assisted her.

## DULL DATE

Here we sit  
Hand in hand—  
Her's in her's  
Mine in mine.

## Foreign Policy To Be Discussed At Club Conference

International Relations Club will conclude its year's activities by holding its First Annual Conference on Lindenwood Campus, April 3. The topic chosen is: "What is the General Reaction to the American Foreign Policy in the Major Areas of Tension?" The "major areas of tension" are defined as: Russia, Western Europe, China, and the Middle East. The question will be discussed from three viewpoints: The cultural, economic, and political.

Twelve colleges from this area will be represented. They include: Webster College, Lincoln University, St. Louis University, Parks College, Shurtleff College, Washington University, Stowe Teachers College, Principia College, and Quincy College.

Registration will begin at noon in Roemer Hall, followed by a dinner in Ayres. The first general session will be opened by a welcome address in Roemer Auditorium and followed by four group discussions: Section 1, Russia, room 219, Roemer; Section 2, Western Europe, room 217; Section 3, China, 204; and Section 4, Middle East in room 203.

A second general session at 4:00 will conclude the meeting and will be followed by a social hour in the Library Club Rooms.

## Students Judge High School Speech Contest

Folsta Bailey and Mary Lou Mc-Nail were judges in a recent contest. The occasion was the state division of the National Forensic Contest held at Normandy High. Folsta and Mary Lou helped judge in contests on oratory, declamation, and debates.



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## Peter Pan Goes To Press; Literary Prodigies Revealed

Peter Pan has been whisked off to the printer, and proofs are expected to be returned sometime this week.

More and more subscriptions are being received from Lindenwood alumnae, and entries are being included by four of these former Lindenwood students.

These are the writers who are included in Peter Pan now, but the list hasn't been completed.

Prose: Miriam Reilly, "Felicia"; Mary Lou Matthews, "Twelve O'clock Scholar"; Kaye McLatchie, "The Creek"; Jennifer Sullivan, "October Interlude"; Remy Rodrigues, "Si Malakas, the Strong One"; Marcia Morris, "Happy To Know You"; Rita Baker, "The Sun Shall Not Smite Thee by Day"; Jane Hall, "The Swing Tree"; Nancy Gaines, "Bessie's Birthday"; Dixie Williams, "The Straw Hat"; Margery Barker,

"Captured Moments"; and Pat Underwood, "Yaller Gal" and "White Chickens."

Poetry: Jean Kiralfy, "Christmas Eve"; Jo Anne Smith, "Candy Eskimo"; Jane Morrisey, "Betrayal," "Autumn Fantasy," "Cinquains"; Nancy Starzl, "Security"; Lorraine Peck, "Doctor of Niamh"; Pat Underwood, "La Bas," "The Arrival"; Rita Baker, "Virgin Mother"; Betty Joy Haas, "Wagon Ruts," "Hear My Love," "Star Shadows"; Siegmund Betz, "Death of Ghandi"; Agnes Sibley, "After Dreams"; and Johnsie Fiock Fildes, "Affinities".

Lorraine Peck, the business manager, has visited St. Charles High School making arrangements to sell Peter Pan there, and plans are being considered to send copies to all future students who are interested in writing as a possible career.

### BILL SPAETH

Continued from page 1

Our next winner of the year is John Carrol, Most Kissable man in the contest. He is 20 years old, and is 5' 9" tall. His stomping grounds are in La Salle, Ill., where he is now attending Ogelsby Junior College. His spare time he spends in his home town, Ottawa, Ill. John's main interest is music. His work in the summer time consists of being a railroad conductor. Genola puts a new slant on things by being just a very good friend of her entry. She says that he is engaged to one of her girl friends. Too bad, girls, you'll have to give up your big plans for making railroad trips this summer.

David Sowle, 6-foot tall man from Jonesboro, Ark., is the winner of the title for the Most Athletic. David is 18 years old, has blond hair, blue eyes, and is all muscle. He is mad about football, loves to dance, and is a Yale man. Pat says that he is a mighty fine brother to have around.

Winner of the Most Intellectual title is Raymond E. Karcher. He is 6'2" tall, and has blond hair and green eyes. His home is in St. Louis, Mo., but his main concern at the present is the army. He plans to be a history professor. Helen met him September 1947 at a church dance in St. Louis, and doesn't know whether or not it is a case of true love, but says the future will tell.

Joyce Shoemaker has introduced us to the boy that is The Most Fun To Go Out With. Tommy is described as being 6' 4" tall, has blue eyes, auburn hair, and a vivacious personality. He is 22 years old. His occupation is a commercial artist with a modeling job on the side. He is extremely witty, likes to entertain and is entertained. Joyce says that Tommy has excellent taste in clothes, music, art, and just anything else that comes to mind. The best way to describe him she says is, "Loads of fun, popular, and a wonderful brother!"

These are the winners, gals, and congratulations are swinging their way from the Bark Staff. All entries will be on display on first floor Roemer, and the owners may pick them up there the last of the week.

It used to be that a vegetarian was a fellow who looked for the pork in a can of pork and beans. Now it could be anybody.

### Antiques & Gifts

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## THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



And here we present . . . Nancy Bailey, our Hall of Fame candidate for this issue. Nancy, a tall, pretty, brown haired Senior, transferred to Lindenwood her Junior year after graduating from Stephens. Since her arrival on the L. C. campus, Nancy has been a regular member of the Linden Bark editorial staff, this year writing the "About Campus" column. She's treasurer of the League of Women Voters, and last month was chairman of Religious Emphasis Week. Hailing from Boise, Ida., and an English major, Nancy plans to continue newspaper work . . . "Preferably, in warm, sunny, California," she states every day, as she drips through the Missouri rain. Good luck, Nancy, to one of our favorite people, and may you be a second Dorothy Thompson!

He: "I see by the paper that on one of those South Pacific islands a good wife can be bought for what amounts to \$3."

She: "Why, that's terrible."

He: "I don't know. A good wife might be worth it."

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## Marcia Fisher Elected As S.C.A. President

Marcia Fisher has been elected new president of the Student Christian Association. The other officers for next year are: Marilyn Tweedie, vice president; Jane Hall, secretary; and Martha Reid, treasurer. Dolores Thomas, acting president of S. C. A., announced these elections at dinner last Tuesday evening.

Nominees were Marcia Fisher, Patricia Schilh, president; Marilyn Tweedie, Joyce Powell, vice president; Jane Hall, Carol Greer, secretary; Martha Reid and Janel Neilson, treasurer.

Guy: "Let's walk in the park."  
Gal: "No I'm afraid if I do you'll kiss me."  
Guy: "No, I won't."  
Gal: "Then what's the use."

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## Oh Woe! Oh Joy! They're Over And I'm Verging On Complete Insanity

"Who is the President of the United States?" "Who replaced Forrestal in the Cabinet?" "Where's Barkley from?" "Who ran on the Progressive ticket?" "What's Turkey doing nowadays?"

Questions were flying furiously and fast as we were sitting in the Tea Room, being briefed on "Contemporary Public Affairs" for the test to face us that afternoon. It was a great life B. T. (before tests, for the Sophomores, that is). Then the faculty only suspected things about us—that we didn't have any culture, we knew nothing about current affairs, and our English was perfectly atrocious. Now they have no suspicions left—they know it!

I never saw so many things I didn't know. (No comments please!) Just to give you an idea, which answer would you pick for these statements:

1. The boy had green hair because: (a.) he took Alka-Seltzer. (b.) he stood on his head in the grass ten times a day. (c.) his father was a cement mixer. (d.) the price of eggs has gone up.

2. Rosalind Russell starred in "The Velvet Touch" because: (a.) she uses Jergens. (b.) her fingernails are short. (c.) she has that "skin you love to touch." (d.) she uses Borax.

3. Spring is late getting here this year because: (a.) Columbus discovered America in 1492. (b.) mid-semester are over. (c.) the wasps have gotten lost on their trip back to St. Charles. (d.) Casey dropped a glass of water.

Then to top it all off, here we had to take a vocational aptitude test last Thursday. We thought we were all through with them, and they just threw another one at us for free. Ain't it a hectic world?

### Continued from page 1 CAREER FOR WOMEN

decoration will be discussed by Hazel Stoltz, interior decorator with the Vierheller & Maas Co., & Craig Furniture Co.

These conferences will be held following the convocation, and a reception will be held in the Library Club Rooms from 8:45 till 9:15 p. m.

This Career Conference is a part of the Guidance Placement Service. Miss Lichliter added that the women who will be on campus for this conference will welcome girls to visit them at their offices in St. Louis.

### Faculty And Seniors

### Get Together For Fun

A challenge was made by the faculty and accepted by the Seniors, the night was Saturday the 26th and the scene was the gym. The battle, of course, was the volley ball game between the faculty and the Seniors.

Following the volley ball battle were bridge games, ping pong, refreshments and general socializing after the scrape.

## Whoever You Are, Whatever You Do

Drive  
Refreshed

Play  
Refreshed

Shop  
Refreshed

Lunch  
Refreshed

Travel  
Refreshed

Work  
Refreshed

5¢



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# Full Week-End Program Is Planned For May Fete Festivities

Lindenwood's thirty-first May Queen will receive her crown on Saturday, May 7. This year's queen is Miss Jeanne Gross, a Senior of St. Charles, Mo.

A street supper and a carnival on Friday night will open the May Day festivities. After the carnival the spring play will be presented.

On Saturday morning the annual horse show will be held.

The coronation ceremony will begin at 2:30 p. m. A formal outdoors dance held at 9 o'clock will follow the coronation. The dance is given in honor of the Queen and her Court.

Joyce Nelson of Moss Point, Miss., will be Maid of Honor to the

Queen. Senior attendants are Mary Lou MacNail of Zeigler, Ill., and Helen Sherwin, St. Louis. Joan Reed of Mexico City, Mexico, and Bobbie Walters of St. Louis, are the Junior representatives. The Sophomore attendants are Martha Soldwedel of Canton, Ill., and Joyce Holt of Mt. Vernon, Ill. The other members of the Court are Shirley Hawn, Waterloo, Iowa, and Sylvia Tuller, Wheaton, Ill., Freshmen.

The next day will be "Parents' Day." All parents will be invited to a lunch held in the dining room, and to an afternoon tea at Dr. McCluer's home.

**DEDICATION**  
The man is you;  
The woman, me  
And all the rest  
Is fantasy.

**SCHOOL TRAFFIC SIGN:**  
Do Not Kill the Children.  
Wait for the Teacher

## Spring Formal Held In Oriental Setting

Lindenwood girls and their dates danced the evening away at the spring formal dance the evening of March 19. Bonnie Ross and his orchestra provided the music and an oriental setting provided the atmosphere.

In the center of the room was a cherry tree and an oriental bridge, while lanterns hung from the ceiling. Mint green punch was served.

During the intermission, outstanding vocals and vocal imitations of today's singing stars were presented by members of the orchestra. The Westminster choir remained as guests for the dance.

Doris Webber was in charge of the decorations.

The man who weds a fashion plate  
May learn to his dismay,  
That maidens fair, dress to kill  
Quite often cook that way.

## Water Pageant To Unfold In April

"Mississippi Saga", a trip down the daddy of all rivers, is the story which will be enacted at the Water Pageant here April 6, 7, and 8. The girls from Lindenwood will unfold the enchanting story of life on the river.

The shows begins at 7:30, when the boat leaves St. Louis. It will dock at Memphis and finally in New Orleans. The story is partially taken from "Showboat" with the audience as guests on a boat trip down the Mississippi. Included in the show will be a spiritual baptism and an ever popular "Deep River," which will also include eye-catching formations and exhibitions in the water. The hostess for the trip down the river is Jo Cox, who will describe the different scenes along the way.

Campaign speech: A patter of little feats.

### THE CLUB CORNER

## Seniors Entertain Faculty In Gym

The Senior party for the faculty was held last Friday night in the Gym. The invitations sent out were rather clever, and some of the answers were even more so.

Sigma Tau Delta and the Poetry Society sponsored a tea for the honor students of the English Department last Sunday afternoon.

Alpha Sigma Tau met last Monday afternoon to initiate those who were unable to attend the regular initiation ceremony earlier.

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## STRAND

Tues.-Wed. Mar. 29-30  
Ray Milland in  
SEALED VEDICT  
with  
Florence Marly  
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Mar. 31—Apr. 1  
Cary Grant in  
EVERY GIRL SHOULD  
BE MARRIED  
with Diana Lynn  
Franchot Tone  
Sun.-Mon. Apr. 3-4  
Continuous Sun. from 2  
Clark Gable in  
COMMAND DECISION  
with  
Walter Pidgeon  
Van Johnson  
Brian Donlevy  
Charles Bickford  
Tues.-Wed. Apr. 5-6  
Victor Mature in  
CRY OF THE CITY  
with Richard Conte  
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Apr. 7-8-9  
2—Features—2  
Jack Oakie  
Joan Leslie  
in  
NORTHWEST STAMPEDE  
with James Craig  
also  
Lex Barker in  
TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN  
with Brenda Joyce  
Sun.-Mon. April 10-11  
Robert Taylor in  
THE BRIBE  
with Ava Gardner

# The Linden Bark Literary Supplement

LINDEN BARK SUPPLEMENT, TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1949

## Preface

By *Suzanna Patricia Bingham*  
 Voice 1: Start with the Crucifixion, then define the cross. That's the plan. But then, "What of the resurrection?" Or should we concern ourselves with that? What should we do? Where should we begin? Where should we end and if so why?  
 Voice 2: Just for the sake of argument let's say, "Begin in the middle with the Crucifixion." You do agree; it is the middle?  
 Voice 1: Yes . . . Yes, I do agree. It is the middle.  
 Voice 2: All right. Now we want to define it; is that right?  
 Voice 1: Yes, but is it right that I should want to?  
 Voice 2: No . . . No, I don't think it is, but let's go ahead.  
 Voice 1: Yes, I think you're right, we should do something. Function is the only answer. We must do something even if we're wrong. We can always retract it later. But we must do something.  
 Voice 2: Well, of course, I disagree again, but I'm not involved in this. It's your cookie and you have to eat it. I'll just take it down and witness it for you. Agreed?  
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## Science: A Platonic Dialogue

By *Rosa Tsatsakos*  
 It was a warm night in the beginning of the fall. I was seated in my garden of dreams, and this night, the trees, the lake, the flowers, the birds, the fish had taken an aspect entirely new. A sort of unnatural breeze animated everything around me.  
 It seemed that this night the rhythm of life had changed. The garden spoke to me. Nothing extraordinary. Even the furniture speaks to us in closed rooms, when we are alone with it, especially in the critical moments of our existence. Seeing the inanimate things and those beings whose life is elementary, we finish by letting enter into them a little of ourselves through the tension of our gaze and

our thought. Later when the emotions diminish our energy, and we need to have a counsel or an aid, this world, which at the same time is familiar and strange, returns to us this little piece of ourselves that we gave her every day.  
 The whole garden was lighted from the silver rays of the moon. The jets of water were singing, throwing in the air their precious pearls. The tears of the nocturnal dew, rolled slowly, slowly from the leaves of the plane-trees and palm trees.  
 All this nature, with its air of youth, all this universe was a problem to me.  
 Many questions in my mind needed an answer. I felt so small in this atmosphere. Without knowing it, I was searching for a being who could explain these marvellous and mysterious things to me. Suddenly a white form appeared before me. It was a young woman; a white veil was her only dress, and a golden globe was in her hands.

"Who are you?" I asked her.  
 "Don't you recognize me, little girl? You called me to give an answer to your problems. Your ancestors were very much interested about everything that concerned me. They worshipped me as a goddess. I recompensed them by giving them the ability to discover many of my secrets. I am the Muse Ourania, the patroness of science."  
 "Yes," I murmured, "Science, this is my problem. Tell me Muse Ourania, what is science?"  
 "Science is a great word, my girl. It has a very deep meaning. It is a system of uniform knowledges which are connected in one. Science is divided into many branches. The work of sciences is to help human beings to discover the laws that rule the physical phenomena of nature. With the aid of sciences men can subdue Nature, because they reveal to them her secrets, her laws. Of course, everybody can't be a searcher of sciences. Sciences have their select ones. Take for example the doctors. They have to know their science well, to know all her caprices, and sometimes to fight against her. They have to be careful because their eternal enemy, Death, will win their combats.  
 "You cannot be a good doctor without pity.  
 "You have to know the structure of the marvellous machinery which is the human body.  
 "If you are a real searcher of science, she will help you to turn to Mother Nature, the wise old nurse, for advice and aid, because Mother Nature is the eternal source of

## Peaceful

By *Marilyn Fawley*  
 Trickle, trickle came a soft and quiet sound from behind the rose purple rhododendron bushes. The firm twigs pushed against my body as I plodded through them. The trickle became louder and green moss suddenly appeared under my lightly colored shoes. Crickets were chirping happily on the cool carpet of moss. I trod along, singing merrily, until I reached the bottom of the mountain.  
 The jagged rocks, lacy ferns, green ivies and the yellow and red columbines looked very much contented living together, fear and worry never penetrating into their life. Trickle, trickle became very loud as I looked straight down into a clear spring, which reminded me of a wishing well. The fern and moss had grown around this spring, giving me a feeling that they owned this crystal blue bowl. I did not see any specks of dirt or ugly spiders in the clear clean water. The molecules of watery crystals kept running down the winding stone mountain path, falling leisurely into this small transparent bowl, as I scooped a rhododendron leaf, clutched in my hand, into the soft flowing water.  
 It tasted cool and heavenly. All at once I felt very lonely, but happy. As I looked from the small opaque pool to the top of the mountains, I felt very peaceful.  
 Much have I traveled in realms of gold;  
 I have ridden on through Ohio roads and through our dense cities! I have walked through many Appalachian valleys and over mountain tops.  
 But here I found my life and was satisfied.

Continued on page 4

## The Man In Our Trio

By *Jo Ann Carte*  
 SEVERAL light, quick steps broke the aloof silence around the three of us. The man in our trio had arrived. As the door swung open, Scotty burst in, laughing at nothing and apologizing for another tardiness.  
 Rushing upon a defenseless chair, he flopped his heavy body down and immediately lit a cigarette with nervous fingers.

"I am sorry to be late, but you know how much I must do. I had lessons to master and scales to practice, and just so many other things," he whined.  
 We waited patiently, saying very little, as he puffed the cigarette. This was a weekly ritual that must be observed in order to practice: first, the tardiness; second, the cigarette; third, the almost endless chattering.  
 Through the open door I watched the passers-by as I pretended to listen. I knew what he would say. He would wave his long-fingered hands as he told us of the newest books, records, movies, or gossip.  
 Without standing he scooted the complaining chair away from the chilly spot near the open door. As he charged on from topic to topic, he automatically brushed aside the long, colorless strands of hair that fell to his forehead. His beady brown eyes darted over the narrow room like a captured animal's eyes over its cage. His too-red mouth, twisted in a condescending smirk, showed his confidence in his own genius and his doubt concerning our intelligence. Endlessly knocking his imaginary ashes into the tray and tapping one foot, he kept perfect time with his rattling discourse.  
 Suddenly Scotty popped up from his chair. That was what we were waiting for. Snatching the top trio from the stack, I placed it in his hand and herded him to the piano. We could practice at last. Seating himself he chanted, "Now, I cannot stay long because I have home work in every subject tonight and scales that have to be learned by tomorrow. Why did not we start sooner?"

Continued on page 3

## The Past Is Ever Present

By *Marilyn Hirsch*  
 "Eastern Airlines Flight 214 at gate number 4. Passengers for Evansville, Louisville, Washington, and New York." The wind played with her skirt as she stood at the gate watching the grounds crew check the airplane. With one hand holding her hat and the other swinging her pocketbook back and forth, she had watched all the activities on the field.  
 "Now let me see, do I have everything." She checked her bag—tickets, money, keys, baggage tag—it was all there.  
 She remembered her mother's letter. "Don't be frightened, everyone's flying nowadays. Buy some Mothersill's Pills and take two. Then you'll be sure not to be sick."  
 She had taken mother's advice without any coaxing, and a few minutes before she had swallowed two of the large white capsules.  
 She climbed the stairs and bent her head to get inside.  
 "Miss Rona Davis." The stewardess took her ticket.  
 Rona looked down the aisle. People had already filled most of the seats. The plane was arranged with a row of double seats, an aisle, and a row of single seats. She found a vacant place and fastened her safety belt. To release some of her nervousness she

traced her finger over the coarse fabric of the chair covering. She heard heavy breathing from the passenger sitting next to her. The sun was streaming in through the window, and she glanced down to keep it out of her eyes. Scuffed brown shoes and grey pants with a grease spot were all that she could see of the man sitting next to her.  
 "Seems as if they'd teach you something practical behind those ivy-covered towers."  
 Rona moved nervously in her chair. What's he talking about? How does he know I'm not taking shorthand or home ec courses? What gives people this insight into other people? She clenched the arm of her seat. Why can't I ever understand? Why is everything always so jumbled? It's like those other times—like that day with Marc.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Rona lay on her stomach tracing her fingers over the yellow sand. She gazed out over the early morning ocean and watched a grey battleship inch its way along the horizon. Seagulls swooped down looking for food, flapping their wings violently. The waves beat rhythmically against the beach and left shells and seaweed as they receded.  
 Continued on page 4

Continued on page 4

## Yearly Episode

By *Jennifer Sullivan*  
 THE birds  
 In arrow-head formation  
 Fly by,  
 Screaming.  
 A few break away  
 On private excursions,  
 Then flap their wings furiously  
 To catch up.  
 The breach  
 Slowly closes.  
 The birds again fly  
 As one.

## I Was Dolly

By *Virginia Reece*  
 "WOULD you care for an apple," he timidly asked, "or perhaps a sandwich?"  
 I turned abruptly in my seat and observed the passenger sitting by me. Pity surged openly in my heart as I saw a dowdy, unkempt little man.  
 "Thank you, I'm terribly hungry," and I accepted the dull, scarred apple in his extended hand.  
 He carefully folded the paper bag in his lap and bit hungrily into the crusted bologna sandwich. Happiness and joy shone in his eyes. His nails were torn; his hair shaggy. Shoes, that were dull and unshapely, fit awkwardly on his feet.  
 He turned my way again and smiled. It was a beautiful smile, and not one to be ignored as flirty. We both continued eating in silence. I turned back to my book, but couldn't read. My thoughts were running wild as I tried to picture this enchanting little man in some everyday occupation. He was so genuine but so careless in his matter of dress. Why?  
 Silently he reached in the pocket of his tattered coat, fumbled, and drew out an old photograph. It was yellow with age. The image was almost invisible. It was of a girl sitting on a bench with a large skirt covering her legs. The neck of her dress was drawn up high under her chin but the beautiful features of her face shown brilliantly.

Continued on page 3

## Pleasures

By *Mary Louise Wooldridge*  
 It may be a nice, soft, overstuffed lounging chair or even an old stained straight-back rocker that Dad has fallen to sleep in, for Dad doesn't seem to worry about comfort.

As I watch him sleeping so relaxed and peaceful, it makes me feel good inside. Perhaps it's the love I have for him or just the pleasure I receive in seeing someone contented. As he continues to sleep, his smooth round head gradually approaches his plump round shoulder while his long, slick, black eyelashes tightly knit themselves together. His firm suntanned hands overlap each other until suddenly I see a limp arm slowly drop to his side. As he draws a deep breath and begins to snore, his lips act as a valve, releasing steam that keeps the engine going.  
 Once in a while he snores so loudly that he wakes up and his eyes flash open in astonishment, unable to get a clear picture of what is going on about him. Then he sees me standing there watching him and a broad grin passes over his sweet face as he says, "Sure was good sleeping."  
 I can't keep then from throwing my arms around him and kissing him with all my heart, for, "That's my dad."

Continued on page 4

## Growing Up

By *Sarah Hilliard*  
 DREAMS and wishes are childhood's life.  
 I had my share.  
 Run-Sheep-Run in summer's twilight  
 And wishing on the bright first star.  
 A shiny penny in my shoe,  
 A rabbit's foot clutched in my hand,  
 I knew no limit.  
 Now, I would not walk the milkyway  
 Or live in a fairy's palace  
 Or have a pony with a blue saddle.  
 My dreams have grown simple,  
 And my faith is gone.  
 The magic is not there.  
 A star means fair weather tomorrow  
 and not a wish tonight.  
 The penny is long lost  
 And the rabbit's foot is locked in a box with a blue egg and a stone.

## The Linden Bark

Literary  
Supplement

"Natura et Doctrina"

Published Quarterly  
by the Students  
at  
Lindenwood College  
St. Charles, Missouri

## DO I BELIEVE?

Am I happy to accept other people's beliefs and ideas? Do I think and feel for myself? These are questions I am unable to answer.

When I was very young, I first heard of the drink called "coke." As all children do, I asked my mother something about my new discovery. She told me about its similarity to soda pop but that to her it tasted somewhat like medicine. From that statement I promptly concluded that I wouldn't care for the drink. Did I accept her personal opinion as my own? Yes, I did.

The family that live down the street from me are average American. Being a little reserved makes many of their neighbors draw false conclusions. Some of my friends say they are Jews, while others believe them to be doing some dishonest business. These conclusions are gathered because the family mix very little in the community. Have I accepted these rumors which could lead to harm or have I looked for the best in these people? I have accepted the stories and probably repeated them in much the same way as they were told to me.

Sometimes I wonder if I find it easier to accept things than fight for what I believe. Of course, now I have learned to like cokes but that is only a small thing that I have done for myself. I still accept the larger, more important things, like the unfortunate family, without thinking that perhaps I could help them.

—Virginia Reece

## ENGLISH—AS SHE IS

HAVE YOU EVER known a person, who has trouble pronouncing words? I believe that there are very few people, who neither have trouble pronouncing words, nor are unacquainted with someone who does. I am not an exception to this statement. Words like *poor*, *nickel*, *aluminum*, *catastrophe*, and *calamity* have been stumbling blocks for me for some time, but whenever I have trouble I think of the people from foreign countries, who have difficulty with English words and the English language.

I can remember clearly a little old German lady, who lived near us in Cedar Rapids. Her house was a small frame structure, painted white, with neat forest green shutters. Symmetrical pine trees grew in the yard, and she carefully tended her patch of flowers. Tena, for that is what we called her, was small, and slightly stooped, with her wispy white hair neatly caught in a bun on top of her head. Her intense blue eyes were surrounded by crinkly wrinkles, and when she smiled she disclosed two even rows of store-bought teeth. She was the best cook in the neighborhood,

and we loved to sit and munch her 'lasses cookies, and listen to her thrilling tales of foreign countries.

In broken phrases, she would tell us of her father's home, or her brother Johann, or her mother in the old country. Even now as I sit here I can see her pronouncing words like *vhat*, *t'ing*, *vorm*, and others with a peculiar little flip of the tongue.

The story we liked best was about her sister, Anna, who had a "green tumb" and raised flowers like they "vas veeds." Anna, it seems, had a patch of hollyhocks, which she watered each day, and she believed that if she took good care of them they would some day turn into a court of fairy princes. Each time we would visit Tena she would hand us a big cookie, chuckle to herself and say, "Vell, kildren, today the hollyhocks ist grown taller. Mebe tomorrow dey be princes."

Although we waited all through childhood for the princes to become realities, it seems to me now that we enjoyed listening to Tena talk, more than we did her tales, or perhaps it was a combination of the two that made her such a friend of all the children.

—Louise Blaut

## I LIKE IT HERE

By Virginia Townsend

I'm glad I'm not dead. Why, the way some people behave you would think this world and this life were the most detestable things imaginable. Personally, I have become rather attached to myself as I am and to this old world in general. Because of this, I am in no hurry at all to find what peace will be mine after the clamor of life.

First I want to see what I can become. If the only thing I'm capable of being is a clown in a circus, well that's all right; one sees a lot of interesting people at a circus. For example, take the harassed-looking father herding the angelic little twins past the cotton candy booth. At first glance you can't imagine those cherubs producing such a devastating effect upon their parent, but in the next instant you understand completely. As they walk away with their noses already sticky and pink, you feel justified in giving the defeated man an understanding and sympathetic smile. Now, if I weren't alive I should have missed that.

And, even more important, to me, at least, I should not be seeing buildings every day. Buildings are wonderful things—have you noticed? The modern home, held to the contours of the land by its design; the old gothic church ascending to its spiritual heights; and, above and beyond them all, the steel and stone of the skyscraper. Even more than the buildings themselves, I respect those who have designed and built them. These architects have learned to express themselves in a creation that is not just a building but a vision and an ideal made concrete and living. So I must try, though it may be beyond my powers, to learn the art which enables man to create the thing which, of all our achievements through time, is my continuous inspiration. Though I never build I must know how to build.

I know I must find peace through having a life full of sound and sights, filled with tangible and intangible beauty, and controlled by some definite goal, which I have not yet found, but which I can only find through my own search. Peace will be useless to me until I have had much more of this rough and tumble world.

Have I been getting too serious? I am sorry; I don't do it often. All I really meant to say is: I like it here; and I like it now; and if things change, I want to be here to see them change.

—Virginia Townsend

## Seek Loneliness

ONLY in loneliness look at the night sky,  
Look for the ghost-moon  
At war with the clouds,  
Now hidden, defeated, now gleaming, triumphant.

Only in loneliness look at the grey sky;  
Sing to the gold of the death of the leaves;  
Praise them for giving the last of their glory,  
Jubilantly shouting against the bright sky.

Only in loneliness look at the grey sea;  
Sad, glad in its power over all who invade it.  
Hiding its secrets in crests of white foam;  
Clutching the sad heart in pits of black death.

Only in loneliness look at your soul,  
See there the moon-sky, the blue-sky, the sea-sky;  
See there all beauty, all fear, and all love,  
Woven together to make a fit gift.

Then, walking in loneliness with none to guide,  
Bear up your one gift; bear it with hope.  
And when you have laid it on the high place,  
Fear no more loneliness; fear no more death.

—Virginia Townsend

## Midnight Conversation

By Yu-Yi Lu

I started on my way on a dark night; the car drove me through the long silent wildness. The coldness of the November wind and the loneliness of the long way made me homesick. Anyhow, I caught my train on time.

I saw a smile on the face of a middle-age woman who called me to sit beside her. Under the dim light of the midnight train I met the warmth of a new friend who was a beautiful lady with white skin and golden hair. She was sweet and charming.

She asked me about the Chinese Civil War. We discussed the characteristics of the heroes in Chinese history. But suddenly I was disturbed by her uneasiness.

"How strange," she whispered to herself. As I followed her sight and turned my head backward, I noticed there was something wrong. I saw a girl with white skin put her arms around a black man who was huge in stature with a wide plate nose and thick lips.

"Is she a White or a Negro?" the lady asked me.

"I don't know."

"How bad, a white girl married to a Negro!" the lady murmured.

"Why?" I asked.

"They are bad in morality," she answered.

A kind of feeling pressed me heavily, and it choked my conversation. I wonder why God created people in different colors and set up such a ditch between mankind.

"The world is what we think it is. If we can change our thoughts we can change the world and that is our hope." I remembered this sentence from out of the past.

## Famous First Lines

SPRING FEVERS

*Can You Name The Author?*

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,

I fled Him, down the nights and days;

I fled Him, down the arches of the years;

I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways

Of my own mind;

Answers Page Four



## BOOKS AND WAYS

An Apologue Of The Unattainable  
A Critical Paper On W. H. Hudson's  
Novel, "Green Mansions."

By Nancy Lee Perkins

In achieving his purpose in *Green Mansions*, Mr. Hudson is also able to draw a moral. His main objective is to convey to the reader his own personal ideas and feelings concerning nature and beauty. One feels that perhaps at some time he has seen just such a forest as the one he so aptly describes in the book, and having been deeply impressed with its exquisite beauty, wished to share this experience with others. But this is only part of his main purpose. By using Rima, one of the main characters, as a symbol for all great beauty, he points out the moral that although beauty of one kind or another is desired by nearly everyone, it is very hard if not often impossible to obtain, and if by chance one does obtain this beauty, it is not a lasting thing but must eventually die. The author succeeds so well in conveying his feelings and ideas through the use of exceptionally vivid description that one feels he is actually seeing this beautiful forest and is really experiencing the almost overpowering grief of Mr. Abel after the loss of the lovely, mysterious Rima.

Mr. Abel is an especially good choice as the main character in the book for several reasons. He is very sensitive to beauty, and is a sincere nature lover. If he had not been, the forest would not have impressed him so deeply. Probably he would not even have noticed it. But from the first, he is deeply moved by the majesty of this wild paradise, and visits it often to listen to the varied songs of the numerous birds and to observe the busy monkeys in the branches overhead. Had Mr. Abel been a man who considered power or worldly possessions the most important things in life, he would not have been willing to remain in this isolated spot for any length of time, even with the charming Rima as his wife.

I can think of no better choice than Rima for the important role of symbolizing beauty as a whole. No other character would serve the purpose of pointing out the moral better than she. Her predominating characteristic is her elusiveness, which gives her a phantom-like quality. Because of this quality, one feels that Mr. Abel, or for that matter no one, will ever be able to win her, just as many people are never able to attain the beauty

they desire. In spite of his many attempts to draw her out of hiding, not only from among the trees and bushes but also from within herself, she continually tries to elude him. Even when he does succeed in getting her to talk with him, she will not give a direct answer to his questions, preferring to hedge about the issue or change the subject altogether.

Unlike most books *Green Mansions* relies almost entirely on its setting to stimulate interest instead of on its plot which is merely a simple love story. Nearly all of the action takes place in or near a beautiful forest located in the wilderness of Guayana in Venezuela. As Mr. Hudson describes this forest, giving to it an unreal quality, one feels that he is being taken into another world. The words—"Even where the trees were largest the sunshine penetrated, subdued by the foliage to exquisite greenish-golden tints, filling the wide lower spaces with tender half-lights, and faint blue-and-grey shadows"—bring to mind the picture of a forest unlike those seen in books or motion pictures—full of savage beasts and venomous snakes—but, rather, a kind of enchanted forest which invites the observer to explore its depths and absorb its every beauty. The amount of time covered by the story is not told, but one feels that in such a dream-like setting, anything as real and matter-of-fact as time would only detract from its atmosphere of unreality.

Suspense is secured throughout the book as to whether Mr. Abel will be able to win Rima's love and make her his wife, but with her tragic death the climax of the story is reached and the suspense ends. The remaining chapters of the book simply tell of Mr. Abel's great grief at the loss of Rima and relate his many hardships in reaching the coast and civilization.

Mr. Hudson uses several devices in his writing which were new to me, and for that reason, very interesting. I was particularly fascinated by the poetical quality of his sentences as a result of the repetition used. For example: "Rima wakeful and listening to the mysterious night sounds of the forest—listening, listening for my returning footsteps." Also, Mr. Hudson uses a great deal of parallel structure in his sentences—"It commanded me to stand still—to wait—to watch—to listen!"

three main divisions—Eagles, Males, and Doves. We found that every school has at least one teacher who falls into one of these groups.

Eagles are arrogant, cynical women who usually teach geometry or chemistry. They are very unscrupulous, and although they tell you that you are "the most stupid creature on earth," they expect you to know the correct answer to every question asked. If you have the misfortune to have an Eagle for a teacher, it is better to be as business-like as possible because an Eagle is not susceptible to flattery.

Continued on page 4

## Some Educational Data

A STUDY BASED ON  
SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

By Metta Castleberry

SEVERAL years ago when I was a mere child, my friends and I decided to find out what was wrong with the American school system. After many surveys we came to the unbiased conclusion that school would be wonderful, were it not for the teachers. Naturally we considered it our duty to investigate this, and although we did not reach a definite conclusion we did discover some very interesting facts. Teachers may be divided into



## Love Is Where She Found It

By Rosa Lea Heath

NANCY'S heavy footsteps resounded down the hall as she walked to her dormitory room. Arriving at the door she pushed it open and stepped inside. A cold, gray light came reluctantly through the windows and failed to pierce the deep shadows of late afternoon. Throwing her books on the bed, Nancy flopped into a chair and sighed wearily.

After a moment of complete inactivity, she began to notice this small room that she shared with her good friend. She looked at the dresser. Three of the drawers lacked a few inches of being shut, and a bit of green cotton emerged from one so tightly packed that it seemed to be gasping for air. Bottles of perfume lined the top of the chest — "Tempest," "Indiscreet," "Whisper." A half stick of gum lay near two large photographs which monopolized the scene. Nancy smiled sweetly as she scanned each one. Then her eyes moved on.

The lavatory shelf was painfully cluttered with toilet articles. A distorted tube of Ipana perched precariously near the edge while its rival, Colgate, wore no cap and oozed profusely. Tiny droplets of water on the glass caught glints of light and gleamed like beads.

Both closet doors were ajar and from each protruded a kaleidoscope of colors. A box of Ivory Snow glared noticeably from one opening and was dominated only by a

patch of red velvet.

Study tables stood weighted with books, pencils, and dust. The small calendar numbers had been marked off meticulously to the twenty-eighth of September, and the skinny desk lamps bowed humbly to pink and green blotters.

Suddenly all the furniture seemed dead, yet weirdly alive; and the button eyes of the teddy bear stared like those of a mocking ghoul. The ominous silence grew disturbing, and Nancy flipped the dial of her small radio. A screeching trumpet broke the air as blaring jazz injected artificial life into the chill room.

Still Nancy felt dispirited and she tried to extract comfort from all the familiar snapshots on her pin-up board. They, too, had no life. The music grew monotonous, and impatiently she moved to turn off the switch. All was quiet again except for the incessant ticking of the clock.

"I can't stand it," thought Nancy, and she started to the door to reach the faint voices heard downstairs. But coming toward her now were other heavy footsteps; and looking up, she saw her roommate approaching.

It was as though the sun had come from behind a cloud and scattered light over everything. As Nancy and Kate walked into their room, the photographs became alive, the air grew warm, and Teddy smiled affectionately.

## PREFACE

Continued from page 1

Voice 1: You always do that. You never go along with me . . . just when I need you the most you run off and say "you started this, you finish it."

Voice 2: That's what you want and you know it.

Voice 1: O. K. Now that that's over, let's get at things.

Voice 2: The Crucifixion.

Voice 1: Yes. The Crucifixion, . . . the end.

Voice 2: Now wait a minute. You agreed it was the middle.

Voice 1: You know what I mean.

Voice 2: I only know what you tell me and that I take down.

And when I read it it has to be halfway intelligent or I don't understand it.

Voice 1: Well, all right, read.

Voice 2: "The beginning . . . The Crucifixion. . . the middle . . . The Crucifixion . . . the end."

Now I ask you does that sound intelligent? Does it sound logical? Does it sound sane?

Voice 1: That's it! It's the beginning and the end and the middle. It's all three. It's the answer, not the question. Or is it? How can I be sure? No . . . you're right, it isn't sane. You can prove no answer if you don't know all the factors. There's no way.

Voice 2: Come now, you know there's always a way, if you want to work at it.

Voice 1: Oh, I do, but how?

Voice 2: O. K. Let's start. The beginning . . . The Crucifixion. Why is it the beginning?

Voice 1: Because it is the first real thing that happened. It is the only thing that really occurred. It was the first event.

Voice 2: Was there no birth? Was it not the consummation of an entire series of events which led toward it, and contributed to its effect and outcome? Wasn't it the theme and the climax of an entire situation?

Voice 1: Yes, but are they of any importance? (No, I don't mean that.) Rather were they any of them, anywhere near this level of this? This one thing: The Crucifixion? Were they not, as you said, all a part of the whole? Were they not all pebbles on the road to Golgotha?

Voice 2: Pebbles? No analogies . . . PLEASE!!

Voice 1: All right, no analogies. To use your own words, did they not all contribute to the effect and actual outcome?

Voice 2: You use my words to prove my point. What is the sense in that?

Voice 1: Is not the Crucifixion the one important thing? Is it not the one thing you remember most? Is not the Crucifixion the beginning point of the story of Christ? Is it not the basis of the entire Christian faith?

Voice 2: It's a climax and a dynamic mark. No good story begins with a climax: only thrillers and adventures. Christianity is a religion. A way of life. A MEANS. And you expect me to agree that human beings would follow and believe in something like that? A ten cent mystery thriller, done up in a morocco binding and punctuated with penitential prayers? No, I don't agree.

Voice 1: You're right it is a climax. But isn't that what you remember when you see a play or hear a symphony? You remember the theme, the building up to a certain thing, then . . . the climax. Yes, Christianity is dynamic. I've heard several people say it. I've seen them live it, I've seen them feel it.

Voice 2: You've proved to me that it is a beginning point in so far as it is related to people. But for me it is nothing but . . .

Voice 1: Go on. Say it.

Voice 2: No.

Voice 1: Ha. Ha. I've made you feel. YOU'RE INTERESTED!!

## AMERICANA

## A Childhood Friend

By Nancy Gaines

Clouds of smoke from a mammoth cigar were billowing about his gleaming face when my small, childish hand was first crushed within his powerful palm. I was a little amazed by the sudden impact of his personality, but I liked him immediately.

From that time on, our friendship "was founded upon a rock." I remember still a few things that were so much a part of him: His dislike of getting dressed for church. "Dress-up clothes make me feel like a mule in harness," he said; the time he exploded with wrath at a spotted hound, and bellowed, "Come 'ere, damnit." The hound came, and was called "Damnit" for the remainder of his days because of his brilliant response to that name. He loved his children with fervor, but he did not hesitate to lay the length of his belt upon them to improve their character. He was brusque, colorful, and hot tempered, and he moved through my childhood days with a vigorous stride.

Shortly before his death, having returned from a trip to Texas, he gave me a varicolored scarf, liberally decorated with mustangs and hard-riding cowpunchers.

## New Orleans

By Nancy Gaines

Black hands,  
White keys,  
Blue music;  
Where is  
Color  
To compare  
With this?

## New York

By Nancy Gaines

Hurry, hurry,  
Millions of feet  
trotting tired  
pavements.  
Noise, noise,  
a scream  
and one less brain  
to worry, worry.  
Two less feet to  
hurry, hurry.  
As another million  
go trotting on,  
Hurry, hurry . . .

Voice 2: I over-stepped my bounds. I apologize. I will say just one thing, then no more. I am the intellectual criterion by which you are to define the Crucifixion. It may not be very dynamic, but it appears to be the most usable means at hand.

Voice 1: The Crucifixion . . . the end.

Voice 2, Yes?

Voice 1: The end, because in it is the answer, in it all things are found. Through it the ultimate is viewed, by way of it the ultimate is attained.

Voice 2: If in it is the answer, why do you question? Why do you view the ultimate, if the beginning is seen? Is the beginning the ultimate?

Voice 1: No . . . and this I am sure of. Christians do not believe in the beginning, they believe in the end. They think only of the end, not of the beginning or the means, but the end. The end is the most important thing and therefore the beginning point. The goal which they go for and the means which they use.

Voice 2: Now you're in the middle.

Voice 1: Yes, no I'm in the middle, I've begun and I'm ready to end.

## Salvador Dali: Some Surrealistic

## Biographical Phenomena

By Dorothy Walker

Salvador Dali's world is filled with dripping telephones, fried eggs, limp watches, and all other sorts of monstrosities. His is a world of metamorphoses: One wonders what sort of a personality is behind these weird creations. And to discover as much as possible about the why and wherefore of Dali's reasonings, we must go back to his childhood, for many of his early experiences are now reflected upon his canvases.

Salvador Dali was born May 11, 1904, in Figueras, a small town in the district of Catalonia, Spain. He was the son of intellectual, middle class Catalonians. His father was a notary and hoped that young Salvador would grow up to follow in his footsteps. But alas and alack, even in his baby days Dali was very individualistic.

He ruled the household. In his king's ermine cape, gold sceptre, and crown, which had been given to him, he would stand for hours admiring himself in the mirror. He liked being alone and would spend much of his time in his favorite retreat, the family bathtub, where he would sit for days with a pasteboard crown on his head.

Dali in his youth had a vivid imagination and grew up very super-sensitive to his surroundings. His only love, besides himself, was painting. He claims that the slats of his cradle were filled with sketches as soon as he was old enough to hold a pencil. Although this is undoubtedly much exaggerated, it is true that his gift of drawing became apparent at an early age. For by the time he was ten, he had completed two oil paintings.

At public school, Dali continued to be different from the other children. He wore a sailor suit with heavy gold insignia unlike the other little boys and carried a bamboo cane with a silver dog's head. He would fling himself down the steps to the stone play-yard below just to attract attention.

In the meantime his interest in art had continued, and at the age of fourteen he entered the Fine Arts School at Madrid. One day though Dali told the professors of that school that he was infinitely smarter than they, and refused to be examined by them. This caused him to be expelled by the order of King Alfonso.

## HIS EDUCATION BEGINS

Dali, not particularly bothered by his expulsion, then went to Paris to work at his painting independently. Surrealism at this time was all the rage there, and after a little experimenting, Dali settled with this school. At his first exhibit he sold every canvas.

Dali's enthusiasm for this surrealistic painting led to fits of uncontrollable laughter. He caused much anxiety among his fellow artists, and they began to fear for his sanity. If then he had never met nor fallen in love with Gala, he probably would have gone mad at that time. But Gala's love restored to him his self confidence and reality.

Their marriage has been a happy one, and Gala has been a very devoted wife. Dali, to show his love for her, insists on always writing her name somewhere on each of his canvases.

Gala is a small, smart, determined-looking Russian woman with a distinctly continental air. She pays the bills, signs the contracts, and in all ways possible she acts as the go-between Dali and the public. Whenever he must go out alone, she will pin a tag to him clearly stating his destination so that he will not get lost.

Dali came to America in 1934 at the invitation of Julien Levy, an art dealer in New York who wished

Dali to give an exhibition. Dali arrived certain of success, and showing his conceit by being positive that his surrealism would make a bigger impression on the American public than Hitler and all the trouble in Europe.

To his shipboard interview, Dali brought a loaf of French bread. It was politely ignored by the interviewing reporters much to Dali's disappointment.

Salvador Dali has made himself known in this country not only by his surrealistic painting but also by his surrealistic character. At forty-five he is a slight, dark, restless man with a clipped mustache and the eyes of a crystal gazer. He is a little fatter than most pictures lead you to believe, and does not look the part of an artist except sometimes when he wears his favorite Catalan liberty cap.

He claims not to know any English, but sometimes at meetings his eyes will light up with perfect understanding. And it is sure that he knows enough to read his press clippings which he hoards and pores over with satisfaction. But among strangers Dali's only word of English is "Connecticut," because he likes the sound. At least this pose keeps autograph collectors away.

## SANE SURREALIST?

Because Dali has lived so surrealistically, he has won the title of "America's No. 1 Madman." At times he probably has been close to madness. Dali himself said once, "The only difference between me and a madman is that I am not a madman, I am able to distinguish between the dream and the real world." But on the other hand he has also admitted that he has trouble telling where reality ends and imagination begins.

Critics have very diversified opinions as to Dali and his paintings: Some believe him to be mad. "Dali is not only unbalanced to begin with, but makes a business of seeming crazier than he is." It delights Dali to shock people with his paintings, and he wants to "drive everybody nuts!"

Others believe he is wasting a great talent on surrealism. They think that Dali is truly a realistic painter, but because the trend of the day was toward surrealism, Dali followed it to be sure of an audience.

But one thing they all agree on is that Dali is an excellent draughtsman. His *Portrait of Gala* proves this.

It is more important though to find out why he does such things instead of what he does. Some have asked, "Is he an isolated phenomenon projected into fame by an unusual technique, a weird imagination and a flair for publicity? Or does he reflect, in exaggerated form, the psychology of his epoch? Is he pure eccentric, or part prophet?" This era of Dali is one of stepped-up emotion, restlessness and phobias. Artists are supposed to be more sensitive of such feeling.

Of course Dali might not have such an influence or be as significant as some things point to. He may be simply a phenomenon for whom Freud's epithet, "What a fanatic!" is apt and final, as Dali has proudly proclaimed it.

## I WAS DOLLY

Continued from page 1

The train jolted to a stop. He slid the picture back into his pocket and rose to leave.

He leaned over me and whispered, "I didn't intend to be rude, but you see, Miss, you look so much like my Dolly. It is almost like she was here."

## OVER THERE

Home Lands Described By Our  
Students From Abroad

### Modern Danish Interior

By Anna Marie Vanghilde

MY home in Denmark is on the outskirts of the next biggest town. The house is white. It has four floors of families. We are living on the second floor. When you enter our flat, you come in the hall; it is very little and painted in a light color, so that it seems bigger. In one corner you will find one of the things which is used most in my home, our phone. In spite of our hall being little, and there being little place for moving, I like it.

From the hall you come to the sitting room. It is the most comfortable place with arm chairs which are green and grey. They are good when you are speaking together, and good when you wish to take a little rest. Three of them are standing in two corners of the room, one just beside the bookcase with a reading lamp over it, the other two standing by the radio. In these chairs you can sit and turn on the radio from one station to another in all of Europe, and some stations outside Europe. On the dial you can see what country you listen to. In the lower part of the radio we have the graphophone; here you can choose what you like best from Tschaikovsky or Bing Crosby.

Against one wall the sofa stands. To make you comfortable there are two pillows with colored covers. On the wall hang two electric lamps. In front of the sofa is a little table

with a cloth, which has the same colour as the pillows on the sofa. On the table is standing a ceramics bowl with apples and pears, and beside it are a little glass cup with candy and an ash tray.

Opposite the sofa there are two arm-chairs, where we have our conversations. On the walls we have some modern impressionistic Danish paintings and some small antique prints, and green plants. They are all arranged in good taste. The window sill is filled with potted plants. The floor is covered with a rug in green and grey squares. Rust colored drapes hang down on each side of the window frame.

A folding door separates the sitting room and the dining room. In the middle of the dining room stands the dining table with chairs around. Against one wall stands the sideboard in which we have all the things we need for laying the table. Under the window my mother's work-table stands with a good chair. On each side of the folding door are two bureaus and opposite stands the couch. The furniture in the dining room is old fashioned, the same that my parents had when they married. On the walls are the pictures of my father's and mother's families in dark wooden frames.

It is on this second floor that my father and mother have their bedroom, and the kitchen is there too. We children have our room upstairs, which we only use to sleep in.

planes as they disappeared into the distance.

"Going to be bad flying weather. Thunderheads forming over there." He pointed to small patches of clouds overhead.

"If a plane gets caught in one of those it could be goodbye airplane. Tears 'em all to pieces." He looked wistful about this bit of information. Rona just sat listening to him. She poured sand from her right hand to her left hand and then let it trickle through her fingers.

"Tell me about your job?" she suddenly asked.

"Not much to it. Just chart the course, tell the pilot which way to go, and sit back and pray we don't get hit." He seemed thoughtful. "I, ah . . ."

She interrupted him with childish admiration. "I wish I were a navigator." She sighed, suddenly caught in the glamor of her thoughts. Just imagine me telling the pilot which way to go. I'd be in complete control of the plane. Lt. Davis they'd call me.

He smiled at her, amused at her statement.

"Do you? Did you know that if the navigator says that the plane will land at a certain time and the plane is shot down, when the time comes, the first person they eat is the navigator."

"Why that would make them cannibals." Rona was astonished at such a primitive trait in modern American aviators.

At that moment a big wave crashed a few feet from them, and the foaming water came up to their blanket.

"Better move." Rona said. "Else we'll get wet." Marc stood up and helped Rona to her feet. He was about five feet ten inches tall. He was thin, but his body was well developed by exercise during his basic training in the army.

Together they picked up the blanket, shook it free from sand, and spread it out farther back on the deserted beach. Marc stretched out lazily on his back gazing up at the now grey sky. Rona sat down on the corner of the blanket and be-

### Portrait Of A Lady

By Jean Boxer

ELLEN has always been my idea of a real lady in every sense of the word. I was very young when she came to visit my mother, but she left an impression in my mind that I shall never forget. Her physical appearance was not what one would call even pretty, but her manners and her character were so charming that none ever noticed that she was plain. Ellen's voice was soft and had a quality of kindness that made one feel as though one were talking to someone from heaven.

Ellen came from a very wealthy and socially prominent family, but by the way she dressed one would never guess she was wealthy.

I was just a child at the time but Ellen made me feel that what I said was important and not just something to be laughed at. I remember coming home from a birthday party with a little doll I had won. I was so proud of myself for being able to get the most clothespins in a bottle that I had to tell someone about it. My mother, at the time, was very busy with my little brother and did not have time to listen. I was hurt and disappointed, but Ellen made up for it by her great enthusiasm for what I had done. She listened to my whole story as if it was the most important thing in the world to her. She made me feel as though I had really done something wonderful.

It has been years since I have seen Ellen but there will always be a loving place in my heart for her.

gan to build a sand castle.

"Don't take everything so literally," Marc said suddenly. "I didn't mean they toast the navigator and eat him. It's just a bit of good natured fun for men who don't know if they'll ever be back home again."

There he goes again, making fun of me. She kicked some sand into the air and stamped her foot. She looked at him pathetically.

"Forget it," he said hurriedly and lapsed back into his own thoughts.

He's leaving me out again. I thought he finally was paying attention to me. She heard the airplanes as they flew overhead but did not look up at them. Why's he so concerned with the fact that they might eat the navigator. He said it was only a joke.

"I'm going to wet my feet," she told him as she stood up. She stepped lightly on the sand, but the grains gave way under her feet, and she sank down with each step. She stood for a long time staring down at the ever changing water line. The foaming salt water covered her feet, receded, and then swallowed them up again, burying them in the wet sand.

How guilty he seems, she thought. He feels like it's his fault if the plane's hit. Why he knows, as well as I do, that he's got nothing to do with it. She lifted each foot, washed the sand off and then put it down again. You'd think he was the only one fighting the war.

"Shoo, fly," she whispered. She brushed the two wings and the tiny body that made the pesky animal from her shoulder. Oh, well, let him fight the war if he wants to.

"Hey kid, it's raining. Let's go." Rona ran up the beach. Marc had already gathered up the blanket. Together they climbed the stairs to the boardwalk and began to run so that they would get home before it was raining too hard.

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The grim line of her lips relaxed; the nostrils which had arched resumed a natural position; she began to smile slightly.

I understand now. I know that Marc was trying to let me share in his feelings, trying to communicate through his quietness.

She turned toward the grey suit. "Haven't you heard about the practicality in impracticality?"

### Violet And I

By Jo Anne Winn

I have never been much of a scientist, and I don't work a lot with experiments, but sometimes a person does become interested in such things as trying to copy someone else's theory on how to conduct an experiment. Such was the one on my little African Violet.

After seeing my friend's large collection of plants, I became very curious about the how and why of things. I spent the whole afternoon with Jane discussing plants and the way in which she cared for them. Throughout the entire conversation I had been admiring one in particular. When I asked her its name, she introduced me African Violet, and offspring so many throughout the house that I thought it must not be too hard to grow them.

She told me there was really nothing to this business. "It's all very easy," she explained. "First you take a leaf and break it from the plant and put it in a fourth of a glass of water. The next step is to punch a hole in a square cut sheet of wax paper and place the stem in the hole and into the water. You should keep it in water as I explained to you previously while you are doing the punching, so that the leaf will not die. Then carefully twist a rubber band around the paper and put the leaf in a window where it will receive plenty of sunshine. You will be amazed at the results within a week because then you will actually be able to see

the roots beginning to take form on the plant."

"Oh," I responded weakly, "Is that all there is to it?" "Certainly. I will give a leaf from one of mine to experiment with." Jane wrapped it up in a damp cloth, and bewildered but eager I arrived home to discover Mother in the midst of preparing dinner. I was heartbroken, because I knew the experiment would have to wait a fatal hour. After a terrific pleading with Mother, she finally consented to let me work in the kitchen with her, and I followed the instruction to a "T."

Three days I waited patiently, three weeks, and still nothing happened. At last, I became both desperate and discouraged and hastened quickly to Jane's house with tears in my eyes. She began laughing. "Why silly, it takes almost six weeks before anything really happens." With that, we both sat down in the middle of the floor for fifteen minutes and laughed, and when time came for me to go home, I had an entirely different outlook on life and violets.

There on my window I found my Violet exactly as I had left it, waiting for nature to take its course. Thus I became a scientist or whatever William Cullent Bryant might call her

. . . who in the love of nature holds Communion with her visible forms, . . .

### SCIENCE: A PLATONIC

Continued from Page 1

sciences.

"If you want to be a servitor of sciences, you have to know that sometimes you are obliged to wage war against humanity herself! Yes, my dear, it is unbelievable, but it is true. Humanity that you try with a great zeal to serve, doesn't trust you. Remember Pasteur, Koch, and all the great wise men that served humanity faithfully? They suffered many things from their contemporaries. Remember the fellows who discovered the anaesthetics? No one trusted them, though they offered a marvellous gift to humanity: the victory over pain.

"Remember Madame Curie? She had not even a real laboratory for her researches."

"Oh, yes," I said, "Madame Curie discovered radium and polonium. Oh! Muse Ourania, help me please to discover a new element. I will name it 'helladium' to honor Greece."

"Be quiet, silly girl. I think you are fitted to become a . . . cunning journalist. Science is for select persons. I said scientists must be helped by humanity. They must be left to pursue their researches undisturbed by outsiders. They need to have their hands free, because they work for the benefit of mankind. There are a great number of unknown heroes who served mankind faithfully, and very often gave their lives even for it. Doctors, explorers, microbe hunters, and now the heroes who offer themselves for atomic energy, and the glory of science."

I turned my head to thank her, but I saw that my Muse had already disappeared.

I was alone in my garden of dreams, and I remained to think how great and marvellous science is.

### FAMOUS FIRST LINES

Answers

Browning, *Home Thoughts from Abroad*  
Francis Thompson, *The Hound of Heaven*

### Solstice Symphony

By Corinne R. Weller

Seasons of golds and oranges, Smearings from an artist's palette, Moldiness of musty timbers and pungency of smoke.

Haze of anticipation on a crimsoning hill-side—

Autumn—

Fires fuelled by fears and fires fuelled by dead loves—

Thoughts—Allegro.

Seasons of snow and frozen wilderness,

Distant from the cooling sun, Blackness—greyness—blackness—

Endlessly—

Winter—

Shadow-boxed fire

Carelessly punctuating dark-ceilings, man-made.

Thoughts—Adagio.

Season of thawing and sun-worship, Rain etching panes and green invasion.

Nature—God—God—all.

Man — man — woman — woman —both one.

Summer—

Early dawns, fire-drenched, Lazy noons, blue drenched,

Warm nights, moon drenched.

Thoughts—Cantabile.

### SOME EDUCATIONAL DATA

Continued from page 2

The Males are really the most interesting of the specimens. Very likely they are men teaching their first year of school. Males are extremely shy and when found teaching a class of girls you will hear one say, "I do not know if this is correct—but. . . ." Males can usually be found in some dark corner of an American history or art class.

A few people are fortunate enough to have a Dove for a teacher. She is a peace-loving person who is a mother to all of her pupils. She will wear feminine dresses and high-heeled shoes. The Dove is a warmhearted person who is often found giving motherly advice to a husky football player.

There are many types of teachers I have not mentioned but since they are less prevalent, I shall not go into detail about them. If teachers are handled with thoughtfulness and respect, their students will probably survive the courses.