

To The
Seniors Hail
And Farewell

LINDEN BARK

See The
Rest Of You
Next Year

VOLUME 29

ST. CHARLES, MO., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1949

NUMBER 12

Pre-Commencement Honors And Awards To Be Announced At Convocation Today

Mary Morris Wins Press Club Prize

Announcement of the Pre-Commencement awards and honors will be given today at a special chapel in Roemer Auditorium.

The Press Club Award was won by Mary Frances Morris for the best piece of writing by a student in Lindenwood publications during the college year. A prize of \$5 was given by the Press Club.

The Mu Phi Epsilon Prize for outstanding Freshman music major was awarded to Rosa Lea Heath, and winners of the award for Original composition in music were, in Underclassman contest, Jean Eiel, and the Upperclassman, Lucy Anne McCluer.

Other awards are:

Progress Prizes to the students not specializing in music who make the most progress in music for the year:

Piano: Carolyn Furnish.
Voice: Patsy Ann Fields.
Organ: Dorothy Becker.

Orchestral Instruments: Mary Nussbaum.
Painting Prize awarded in the Art Department by the College: Beverly Pannell.

General Achievement Prize awarded in the Art Department: Marie Koch.

The Richard Spahmer Prizes for outstanding literary work are awarded to the following:

First Prize: Miriam Reilly.
Second Prize: Patricia Underwood.
Third Prize: Mary Ann Smith.
Sigma Tau Delta Prizes:

Junior-Senior Pin Day Held May 12

Members of the Junior Class received their Senior pins in the traditional Pin Day ceremony held in Roemer Auditorium on May 12 at 11 a. m.

The Seniors, wearing dark gowns, and the Juniors in white dresses entered to the strains of the school hymn, played by Marthan Dusch. Following the processional, Marjorie Moehlenkamp, Senior, sang "I'll See You Again," accompanied by Carolyn Furnish.

Suzi Martin, Senior president, delivered the charge of responsibility to the Juniors and, following the traditional pinning ceremony, Joan Reed, president of the Junior Class and Student Association president for next year, accepted the Senior responsibilities.

The two classes then sang the Senior song to each other. The annual event concluded with the recession of the two groups.

New Editor



Miss Dorothy Walker, who will be editor of the Linden Leaves next year.

Dorothy Walker Named Editor

Miss Dorothy Walker, Junior from Grand Island, Neb., will edit the Linden Leaves next year. Announcement of her appointment was made in Student Chapel last Tuesday.

The annual staff was selected by Dean Roberts, following recommendations by the yearbook staff of this year. Helen Jones accepted the position of business manager; Joey Choisser, organization manager; Pat Schilb, advertising manager; Barbara Allen, literary editor, and Joyce Shoemaker, art editor.

Gold Medal: Jane Hall.
Silver Medal: Barbara Sutton.
Bronze Medal: Virginia Townsend.
1st Honorable Mention: Rosa Lea Heath.
2nd Honorable Mention: Margery
(Continued on page 6)

1949 Linden Leaves Arrives On Schedule

The 1949 Linden Leaves is off the press. Annual history was made this year when, for the first time since the war, the yearbook came out on time. The annuals were distributed on May 9.

This year's edition contains a number of interesting new features, including informal group pictures of the faculty, and more than usually intriguing snapshots. The cover features Lindenwood's crest.

Miss Jane Foust is the editor of the yearbook. Miss Mary Alice Sanders is business manager, and Miss Casey Jones is the advertising manager. Faculty sponsors are Miss Grace Albrecht, Miss Carolyn Trimble, and Miss Elisabeth Watts.

Peter Pan Makes Formal Debut

Peter Pan, Number 1, has made his first formal debut into the Lindenwood literary world.

Seventy-one pages, bound in white, boasts a modern green and black Peter Pan, who invites the reader to enjoy the work of twenty-six Lindenwood students and faculty members, present and past.

Miss Elizabeth Isaacs, former Lindenwood instructor in English, "with whose encouragement this magazine was undertaken," received the dedication.

The editorial staff was composed of Rita Baker, editor; Betty Joy Haas, Patricia Underwood, and Sally Fielding as assistants; Lorraine Peck, business manager; Marie Koch, art editor; and Agnes Sibley, faculty advisor.

Following the announcement of Peter Pan's arrival, copies were sold in Roemer for \$1.50.

An outstanding feature of the edition is five picture engravings, by Marie Koch, that portray the theme of each writing that they accompany. Each of the contributors has received special recognition for past literary accomplishments, in a section at the back called, "About the Contributors."

Mrs. James A. Reed To Receive Honorary Degree At 122nd Annual Commencement May 30

Enters Contest



Miss Marjorie Moehlenkamp, Lindenwood Senior, is among the finalists in the national contest sponsored by "Music News" and Metropolitan School of Music.

Robert Kazmayer Will Deliver The Address

Mrs. James A. Reed, one of Lindenwood's best known graduates, will receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the college's 122nd annual commencement on May 30, it is announced by Dr. Franc L. McCluer, president of the college. She will be presented for the degree by the Rev. Dr. James W. Clarke, president of the Board of Directors, and the degree will be conferred by Dr. McCluer.

Seventy-one members of this year's graduating class will receive degrees, certificates and diplomas at the commencement, which will be held on the lawn in front of historic Sibley Hall at 10 a. m.

Mrs. Reed, who was Nell Quinlan, attended Lindenwood 1907-09. She is now the head of a multi-million dollar dress business in Kansas City, the Donnelly Garment Co., which makes the world-famous Nelly Don dresses. Mrs. Reed has always maintained an active interest in Lindenwood. She awards annually the Nelly Don prizes to students in the Home Economics Department. It is through Mrs. Reed's efforts that Mme. Helene Lyolene, noted Paris stylist, comes to Lindenwood each year. Several years ago Mrs. Reed was the alumnae speaker at the annual dinner of the Lindenwood Alumnae Association.

A full week end of activities is planned for the commencement. Events begin with the annual dinner of the Lindenwood Alumnae Association in Ayres Dining Hall at 6 p. m., Saturday, May 28. Mrs. H. K. Stumberg of St. Charles will preside. The '49 graduates, guests of honor at the dinner, will then be inducted as members of the Alumnae Association. Following the dinner, at a business meeting officers for the following year will be elected.

Continued on page 5

Three Students Win Recognition For Writing

Jane Hall, Freshman, and Remy Rodriguez, Junior, are two of 26 students from over the nation whose short stories have been given "top" ranking in the *Atlantic Monthly* College Contest. In the short story division of the contest the 26 manuscripts, from which the prize-winning entries were chosen, were selected from 353 stories submitted. In the essay division of the contest, Janet Neilson, Freshman, won the rank of "merit," the grading given by the judges to entries in the division just below the "top" papers. Of 255 essays submitted, 21 were judged "top," and 23 received "merit" ranking. The contest for college writers is an annual project of the *Atlantic*, and this year entries were received from 95 colleges.

In commenting on Miss Hall's story, "The Swing-Tree," which was published in the first issue of *Peter Pan*, the judges wrote, "It's a good quick picture of childhood moments . . . This story is written with warm-hearted sincerity . . . The child's happy anticipation and bewildered dismay are very real." Of "Si Malakas," Miss Rodriguez's story, which also ap-

Continued on page 3

Course In Flying May Be Included In Next Year's Curriculum At L. C.

Merry flying days are dead ahead. At last Lindenwood girls are going to have a chance to try out their flying legs. Who knows some L. C. Lassie may turn out to be another Amelia Earhart, or Jacqueline Cochran.

Brayton Aircraft, Inc., is now making arrangements with the college to include flying in the curriculum. A testing program is going to be in effect this summer with the girls that live in the vicinity who will be able to take lessons at Lam-

bert Field. These girls will receive pre-flight training and eleven hours of actual flying. After this the student is then ready to solo if she has fulfilled the requirements of her flight training.

Next fall, if the testing program is a success, flying will be offered as a regular course from which a student may obtain credit hours.

If you are interested in the summer testing program see Jo Ann O'Flynn for further information.

Hints To The Hopeless From An Expert On How To Study For Exams

By Dorothy Steiner

In exactly one day, St. Charles is due for the worst blitz since the middle of last February. The faculty and administration of Lindenwood College announced today that tomorrow is zero hour for flying books, chewed fingernails and pulled hair.

Minds, though great, will begin to weaken with overwork, and Mr. Motley's "yippee" will fade out. The clouds will be the darkest to ever hit the metropolis of St. Charles, but perhaps the term storm is inappropriate. The term should be "brain-storm," and the cause, what else?, is the expected arrival of final examinations. If this storm doesn't scare you, never worry when a tornado comes your way.

Funny, what significance those little blue-books have. Just as before a terrible storm the skies are blue and clear, that's the way the blue-book looks. Just as in a storm the clouds are all gray and the sky becomes a horrible looking

sight, that's the way the blue-book looks after it is filled.

Tomorrow it will hit. Students can just never tell about these things, except the professors who pass out the questions and gloat every time they see they've stumped a victim.

Just one last word of helpful advice, and that is, stay the full two hours of your exam. At least impress the teacher with the fact that you are trying. Maybe he or she will be good enough to mark down on your paper that you were a conscientious person, and that will raise your grade about a half a point. Go into your finals, with head high, as if you couldn't wait to write down all you know, and if you know something that the instructor doesn't ask, well, put it down. Why let all that intelligence go to waste?

Alright, tomorrow is the day, so sleep well tonight, and remember all of my words of wisdom. See if you don't go through the storm safely.

Hail And Farewell

"When other friendships have been forgot, ours will still be hot!" This may sound a trifle frivolous, Seniors, but seriously we're going to miss you, and we want to wish you all the best of luck. As each graduating class does, you occupy a special place on the campus in our memory.

Wherever you go, something of Lindenwood will go with you, and, conversely, you, your laughter, clowning, and accomplishments will remain with us at Lindenwood.

Congratulations To The Annual Staff

History is made!! For the first time since before the war the annual is out on time, and what an annual it is. Due to the hard work of this year's slaving annual staff, the L. C. Lassies have one of the best annuals that has ever been witnessed in the halls of Lindenwood. To Jane Foust, our priceless editor, goes a three-gun salute for her many weary hours of work on this year's Linden Leaves. And! To the rest of that distinguished staff of co-workers for their weary worry, late hours, and floor pacing in making the annual a success, goes our applause. Thank you, Linden Leaves gals, for an annual to remember.

Blood, Sweat, And Tears

The travail of another year, fraught with printer's ink, late copy and stubborn typewriters, terminates. All is forgotten except the end results.

We have had fun, and in many ways hate to see the year end. But there will be more Barks for you next year and we'll remember the things that made this one. This year Gracie Gremlin, gave way to Suzie Schmoos. We've added "The Soap Box," giving you a chance to put your views before the school. In addition we have continued regular columns such as "All Bark and No Bite," "Hall of Fame" and "About Campus."

The Bark Staff of 1949 thanks you for your help and appreciation and pledges to bring you even better Barks in the future.

Hold High The Banner

Just one week remains in this school year and we would like to take space here to evaluate a little on what has been accomplished during the year and what can be accomplished in the future.

FIRST in the way on construction, the structure for a new dormitory has been started, and it seems certain that in the not-too-distant future the college will have a beautiful new multi-use residence hall. LINDENWOOD'S campus radio station KCLC has gone on the air, providing two hours of entertainment five nights a week and giving students an opportunity to get actual radio experience on the campus. MANY outstanding speakers have been brought to the campus and through their talks students have gained an insight into many fields previously unknown to them.

THE Student Council, working on behalf of the student body, has revised many outdated regulations, and passed more lenient residence hall rules. They sponsored informal hall dances with various fraternities.

And next year . . . what improvements should be made then?

WE feel more lenient system of cuts, both in classes and assemblies should be put in effect. It could be based on the student's academic standing.

PROVISIONS should be made for more week end recreation for students remaining on the campus Friday and Saturday nights.

MORE extra-curricular activities for Freshman, and less for upperclassmen. Perhaps a revised point system and a bigger and better counseling system would help this situation.

A consistent set of rules regarding punishment for various offenses. MORE time and money spent on improving what we already have rather than adding new things to the campus.

These then are things we feel of great importance for next year. We hope that you, the student body, will join us in our crusade for what we feel are all valid appeals.

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

EDITORS OF THIS ISSUE

Sally Joy, '50

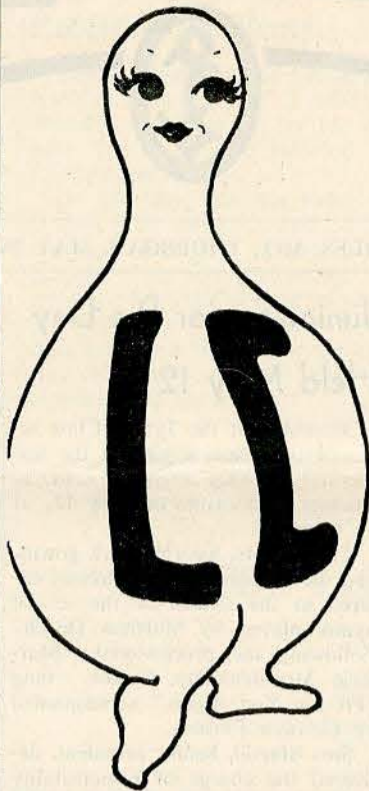
ADVERTISING MANAGER

Jeanne Gross, '49

EDITORIAL STAFF

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| Betty Joy Haas '51 | Peggy Hale, '51 |
| Rosa Tsatsakos '51 | Mary Frances Morris, '49 |
| Ruth Kawahara, '49 | Nancy Bailey, '49 |
| Kathryn Shaddock '51 | Dot Steiner '51 |
| Barbara Allen '50 | Jo Ann Davis '51 |

Schmoos's Schmoothies



This is the last issue of the Bark, girls. I won't be talking to you for three months. Will you miss me?

I just want to say a few words of farewell. It's really been a swell year, and I'm so glad you decided to initiate me into the arts or journalism this year. Maybe I'll be with you next year, but you never can tell what that Bark staff will decide to do with me.

Have a lovely vacation, but don't be thinking about it too much during exams. Do your best on them next week, and don't forget that your little Schmoos wishes you good luck always!

OF ALL THINGS

Seems as if everyone has those things called "roommates":

This is the story of my roommate, I shall not want another like her, She maketh me to lie down at ten-fifteen every night, She leadeth me into error; She restoreth not my kleenex, She leadeth me into paths of anger, For she talketh when I want to sleep.

Yea, though I do my share of the work, I fear no cleanliness, for thou art with me.

Thy pencils and thy bobbie pins, they comfort me; But thou preparest thyself a table with my cheese and crackers. Thou anointest thy face with my oil, and my cup runneth over. Surely if thou followest me all the days until I get my degree, I will dwell in the house of the mentally ill forever.

—Seton Journal

Lindenwood prof: "I think you missed my class yesterday."

L. C. gal: "Why no, I didn't, not in the least!"

College-bred is a four-year loaf made with fahter's dough.

"Now," said the professor, "watch the board while I run through it again!"

Kay: "Do you use tooth paste?"
Corky: "For what? My teeth aren't loose."

A few daffynitions:
Addressee: Last person to read a postcard.

Waiter: Fellow who thinks money grows on trays.

Tact: Ability to describe others as they see themselves.

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Sally Joy

A radio blaring down the hall; a bridge game going on next door; a party in the room above, and just a few tears, left over from Pin Day, on this page. For this is the time that I, and 499 other Lindenwoodites, realize that the year is at an end. It's back to mother and father, and perhaps somebody's brother, for three months. No more evenings spent singing in the Tea Hole . . . No more three a. m. bull sessions . . . No more bridge games with your special partner.

The year slipped by sometime when we weren't looking, and now, gazing back on it, the good times we had seem even better, and the things we complained about seem humorous. Remember the first month of school when the uninitiated Freshmen fell for the usual upperclassmen's pranks? . . . those Freshmen are sophisticated Sophomores now waiting for next fall when they can play the same jokes on the class of '53. . . Of course we all remember the great mystery of the baggage room at the Wabash station . . . a mystery still unsolved! . . .

Then KCLC went on the air, and Lindenwood could boast of its own radio station . . . All of us were just a little awed with the presence of so many foreign students on the campus . . . an experience from which we've all gained . . . Upon our arrival each of us rushed out to the back campus to see Lake Success. The Freshmen thought it was a joke; the upperclassmen thought they were looking in the wrong place; the administration just thought and thought, then told us to wait till next year . . . We all swelled with pride when Lindenwood celebrated its 122nd anniversary on Founders' Day, October 21 . . . It was election year and in a mock election on the campus the Republicans won by 66 votes, much to the chagrin of Mr. Motley and Dr. Clevenger . . . The first dance of the year and 13 Freshmen formed the beautiful Harvest Court

. . . There were the convocations when we heard Raymond Swing, Edward Weeks, and Alexander Kerensky. We complained about it then, but now we realize we were really fortunate to hear them . . .

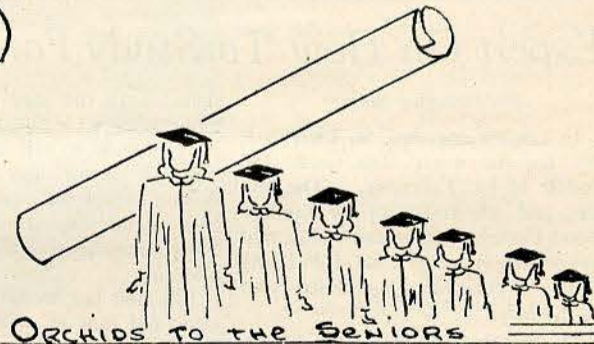
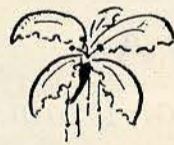
Suddenly, Thanksgiving vacation, and just two weeks later Christmas vacation . . . We saw the first play of the year, "Brief Music," and oh'd and ah'd over the style show when we got a peek at spring fashions . . . Then the gray clouds descended and exams were upon us with the usual cramming, worry, midnight oil and this year, in addition, ice, snow and frozen trees . . . Valentine's Day with cards, packages, a dance and a Sophomore Queen of Hearts . . . Construction began on the new dorm and we all cheered at the thought of 10 separate date parlors in it . . . The L. C. politicians were back after having spent a semester in the nation's capital under the Washington Semester Plan . . .

At a dinner in Ayres Dining Hall the 13 personality-plus gals on the campus were honored when the Popularity Court was presented . . .

It was April Fool's Day with a special edition of the Bark, a program over KCLC at 7 a. m., and the Freshman hazing the Juniors . . . Hearts went pitter-pat as the Lindenwood Romeos of the year were presented . . . Next, the conferences; Career Radio and Community Leadership . . . Eatser vacation, and back for the last few weeks . . .

The Gridiron Dinner starring "a grrreat educator and personal friend" and UNESCO . . . The Junior-Senior Prom at the Starlight Roof of the Chase Hotel . . . the final play of the year, "Antigone" . . .

May Day week end with a carnival, dance, parents, men, and a beautiful May Court . . . Sunbathing on the tennis courts and hockey field . . . And now these last few days, exams, Pin Day, the 1949 Linden Leaves, packing, good-byes with promises of "I'll see you next year," graduation, then memories.



ORCHIDS TO THE SENIORS

Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

Poll Taken Reveals Students' Opinions Of The Most Outstanding Event To Them This Year.

Lindenwood girls were asked what they considered the most outstanding event on the campus during the year. These were their answers

Phyllis Manske, Freshman: May Day week end.

Lou Dryman, Freshman: May Day week end.

Ruth Shaefer, Senior: The political convention in 1948 which brought Senator Taft and Senator O'Mahoney.

Carol Cole, Sophomore: May Day week end.

Doris Weber, Freshman: May Day week end.

Loma Ostmann, Junior: Fridays.

Babs Bush, Senior: Graduation.

College Cruises Down River

By Peggy Hale

"Cruising down the river on a Wednesday afternoon." Everybody grab your sailor hat, 'cause we're sailing down 'ole man river for parts unknown. Ahoy, Mates! Have you even been on the good ship, S. S. Admiral? It's a ship fitted for every occasion, and a more streamlined boat is hard to find. It's the steamer of today. Its sleek round nose of steel has replaced the picturesque gingerbread woodwork and towering smokestacks of the old-time packets.

As Lindenwood invaded the main deck yesterday they were greeted by the Midway, newsstand midship, and the popular 3-Ring Circus, novel refreshment center, at the stern. Here the students played the penny arcade, the electric shooting gallery, the kiss-o-meter, the photomatic booths, punching bag machines, and juke box.

Deck "B" is just as exciting to see as the main deck. Here the Admiral's Blue Salon boasts a dance floor of 12,000 square feet with an orchestra situated against one side. Deck "C," locale of the famous "Club Admiral," is the deck overlooking the dance floor. Here are the elaborate lounges so talked about. Those who didn't care for the Sonja Henie Room tried the Deanna Durbin Room. Deck "D" was for promenading. Eight laps around is a long mile as we discovered. Also on "D" deck is the ship's restaurant which looked extremely good to the hungry seafarer. This is surrounded by the Terrace Garden, Deck "E." Probably the most appeal was found on topside, Deck "F" or The Lido. Beach umbrellas and deck chairs and a bright sun were heaven to the girls looking for a suntan. "The Lido deck tops them all" was a favorite saying on the Admiral.

This was the first river run in many years for Lindenwood. The trips were discontinued during the war.

Busses left from campus following an early lunch, and returned in time for dinner.

Ruth Ann Ball Wins Prize In Contest

Ruth Ann Ball, of Neosho, Mo., has been awarded first prize of \$25 in Class 2 of the Second Annual National Radio Script Contest of the Association for Education by Radio.

This honor was won by Miss Ball for her 30-minute dramatic adaption of the life of Sacajawea.

Campus Poll Reveals New Trend In Styles For College Wear

By Jo Ann Davis

It's smooth again, reports the St. Louis Fashion Creators after taking a poll of 17 important college campuses, including Lindenwood. Big brother's shirt is a thing of the past and the modern miss is now wearing that smooth pull-over sweater.

Pert and pretty date dresses, as far away from campus clothes as they can be, are the students' choice as revealed by the poll. As always, sweaters and blouses are collected by the box load, but as few hats as possible are bought.

Two formals are the usual number for the year, though some girls

Faculty Plans Summer Of Work And Study

Faculty, like students, have plans for the summer vacation that include travel, work, and play. Here are some of them.

One of those taking a bus-man's holiday is Dr. Homer C. Clevenger, who will teach at the University of Missouri. Dr. Clevenger will teach one undergraduate course, "Recent American History," and two graduate courses, "Problems in Teaching History and Social Science" and "Problems in Reading in Recent United States History."

Miss Martha May Boyer, director of radio at Lindenwood, will teach radio production at the KMOX Teachers' Radio Workshop, where she will also lead discussion and demonstration in radio utilization. She will also conduct a workshop at Washington University.

Miss Marjorie Savage, of the Home Economics Department, will direct the nursery school at Delta State Teachers College, Cleveland, Miss., and teach "Child Development" and "Nutrition." Miss Savage will almost have to master the trick of being in two places at once. Her summer job starts the day after she leaves Lindenwood.

Dr. William Parkinson will go to Berkeley, Calif., where he has accepted a position on the faculty of the University of California.

Dr. Pedro E. Y. Rio, of the Education Department, will sail for the Philippines early in June. The fact his boat is scheduled to dock at Sahnghai, has caused Dr. Rio some anxious moments. Communist control holds no fascination for Dr. Rio.

Miss Ellen Irish, of the Art Department, plans to go to graduate school this summer.

Charles C. Clayton, Department of Journalism, will continue as editorial writer on the Globe-Democrat this summer, and will attend the convention of the honorary journalism fraternity, Sigma Delta Chi, in Dallas, Tex., next fall. He has tentative plans for conducting a workshop at the University of Missouri for faculty newspaper advisors.

Dr. Eunice C. Roberts, scholastic dean, will spend most of the summer here, although she plans to attend a meeting of the International Student Service at Wells College, N. Y. The meeting will consist mostly of conferences and seminars held by faculty members, students of this country, and foreign students. Dr. Roberts will also spend a month on her farm in Illinois where her children will join her.

Miss Mary F. Lichliter plans to spend the summer at her home in Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Freiss plan to travel in Europe, and Dr. and Mrs. Franc L. McCluer will spend the early part of their vacation in Guatemala.

manage on one and few buy four or five. Suits are on the must list of the college freshman wardrobe. Skirt lengths seem to suit the college girl very much, she cares neither to shorten or lengthen the debated item. Most girls have cut their curly locks by now, deciding that is the thing to do.

This questioning has been done by the St. Louis Fashion Creators in preparation for the showing of the fall lines in a show presented May 23. But this does give the modern miss a chance to see how she stacks up with the other girls in college throughout this area.

Sally Joy Named Manager Of KCLC As Plans Are Announced For Expanded Program

With thoughts already concentrated on next fall the student staff of KCLC, Lindenwood's carrier-current radio station, has begun to make plans for the second year of campus broadcasting. Sally Joy has been announced as station manager for 1949-50. In her Sophomore year, Sally was a member of the Lindenwood Theatre of the Air over KFUC in St. Louis, and this year she served as director of public relations for KCLC.

Assistant manager will be Miss Gretchen Schnurr, who worked as production director on this year's staff. Lorraine Peck will continue as continuity director. Other members of the executive staff will

be Jean Robb, production manager; Carol Greer, sales and public relations; Dot Hall, music director; Joan Hake, business manager, and Helen Parks, chief engineer.

Tentative plans for the station include the installation of a news teletype machine and a course in television. In addition to the programs already familiar to Lindenwood students several new ones will be heard over the station next year. One, under the direction of Joan Reed, will be a weekly 15-minute program sponsored by the Student Council, while another will feature a 15-minute student interview once a week. "Music to Study By," a show of uninterrupted music, will also be added to the schedule.

In addition to the executive staff other students who will be working on KCLC are: Suzanne Bingham, Sharlene Agerter, Barb Sutton, Marthan Dusch, Jewett, Langdon, Virginia Crawford, Marilee Darnall, Joan Reed, Lee Josephson, Barbara Ebeling, Marian Rattner, Jeanette Abercrombie, Joan Cowgill, Louise Braz, Betty Carlson, Pat Sowle, Joan Bordewick, Dianne Lent, Lyda Lou McMannus, Peggy Ford, Doty Patrick, Gloria Fay, and Marcia Fisher.

Members of this year's staff who will graduate are Pat Stull, this year's student manager; Mary DeVries, music director; Ruth Ball, engineer; Mary Louis McNail, business manager.

Betty Orr To Head Home Economics Club

The Home Economics Club gave their Senior members a farewell dinner Thursday evening, at Lake Village Inn. Officers for the next year were announced at that time. Betty Orr will lead the club. Patsy Kloss is vice president and Joyce Powell is secretary. Barbara Varland is the new treasurer.

Bar-b-que'd chicken, chocolate cake, a few ants, and a lot of witty remarks, is a summary of the last dinner given in the meal planning class for this year. With Mary Jane Miller as hostess, the concluding picnic was held at Mrs. Ahrens' home. The entire class acted as guests for the occasion. Other guests included three nosey ants, and Chubby, the Ahrens canine of unusually friendly nature.

Dorothy Steiner Models In Style Show

Dorothy Steiner, the best-dressed girl on Lindenwood campus as decided by the student body, was a model in the Vogue style show, presented in St. Louis May 21 and 22.

The Sunday show was held at the Jefferson Hotel in the Gold Room. A second show was presented Monday at the Chase Hotel for the manufacturers.

Dot is a Sophomore from Birmingham, Ala. She is active in all school activities, taking a prominent part in radio and newspaper work. This summer Dot plans to go to the University of Alabama "to give her man moral support." She is not returning next year.

Carol Cole Wins First Prize In Style Show

For excellent designing and outstanding presentation of her original black crepe dress, Carol Cole received first prize of \$25 at the St. Louis style show held May 12. Carol is a Sophomore and has taken designing and draping under Madame Lyolene, and sewing under Miss Savage. Carol is from Iola, Kans. A wine wool original dress gave Betty Orr \$15 as second prize.

Fifty original garments were modeled by Lindenwood students who worked with Stephens girls on this show in the Ivory Room of the Hotel Jefferson. The dresses were modeled by their designers and creators, for different manufacturing companies who were represented. Miss Marjorie Savage acted as commentator for the Lindenwood girls.

THREE STUDENTS WIN Continued from page 1

peared in the campus literary magazine, the judges wrote, "The writer has the advantage of being able to work upon almost untouched material—Filipino life . . . The descriptions of country, people, and Si Malakas—the water buffalo—are unusually good. Fresh, original, holds up to the end." Miss Neilson's essay, "A College Girl Looks at Chemistry," was described as "a good straightforward piece or writing."

The winners of the nationwide contest will be announced in the June issue of the Atlantic, according to a statement of the judges. The three Lindenwood students who received recognition are in the creative writing class of Dr. Agnes Sibley, who was notified of the results of the contest.

Jobs And Matrimony Loom Large In Plans Of This Year's Seniors

This year's Senior Class has big plans. Though graduation means saying goodbye to friends and even a way of life, it also means "greetings and felicitations, world." As the 49-ers leave Lindenwood they will begin careers of all kinds, further study—Let's take a look.

Of the career women, those with the most definitely defined duties are about-to-be marrieds. Early in June, Lou Gordon, Mary DeVries, Joan Arbogast, Mary Jean Miller and Betty Brandon will renounce the single life. Joan will live in Oregon and teach kindergarten next fall. Mary Lu McNail will marry in July. By next fall she hopes to be a key figure on a radio station in New Mexico. Dorry Thomas, another who will marry in the fall, plans to teach home economics in a Peoria high school.

Many of the Seniors will go on to graduate school. Connie Darnall, Martha McCorstin and Gaelic Ching, brave souls, will go right into summer school: Connie to Wichita University, Mac to Washington University, Gaelic to Columbia University. Before going into advertising, Marie Koch plans to study at Northwestern and at the American Academy of Fine Arts. Wilma White and Shorty O'Flynn plan to be medical technicians. Shorty will train at Henry Ford Hospital. Margaret Lu and Helen Sherwin like occupational therapy. In the fall, Margaret will study at Michigan State College, Helen at Southern California. This summer Margaret will work in Cleveland at the Children's Fresh-Air Camp.

Taking advantage of her scholarship to North Carolina, Mimi Reilly will study sociology. Both Fran Duffy and Wadad Dibu will do graduate work in education, and

Number Of L.C. Girls Attend Opera

More than 50 Lindenwood girls attended the Metropolitan Opera Company presentation of "Carmen" at Kiel Auditorium last Friday night. Buses were provided for transportation to and from the event.

"Carmen" seemed to be the most popular of the three operas presented, since less than ten tickets each were ordered for "Lucia Di Lammermoor" and "La Boheme." "Lucia Di Lammermoor" was sung on Thursday night, and "La Boheme" was presented on Saturday night.

Twenty-seven members of Delta Phi Delta, local honorary music sorority, attended "Carmen" as a group.

Charley Yu will study voice. Gladys Miranda will work another year in the U. S., and then it's back to Chile. Looking at the list of teachers we know that this year's class is doing much to relieve the shortage. Bobbie Wade and Jane Foust will be roommates—they both plan to teach at Maplewood High School. Betty Bishop will be right here in St. Charles at the Sacred Heart convent. In University City, Hawthorne School's second grade teacher will be Gloria Cluny. Joyce Garrison and Ruth Schaeffer will teach in Kirkwood, and Betty Keighley will go back to Gary to teach the first grade. Also planning to teach in the St. Louis area are Jeanne Gross, Casey Jones, Jean Heye, and Corinne Weller. Fran Bauer will be at Washington University, the secretary to the head coach, Babs Bush will be riding instructor, and Folsta Bailey plans to teach speech in a St. Louis high school.

Mary Boos will take over the instruction of a third grade in Missouri. California is the destination of Nancy Bailey, our budding journalist, and on the Atlantic coast, Mary Alice Sanders starts her career in personnel work in Washington, D. C. Lucy McCluer will be church organist and choir director in St. Louis. Barbara Watkins will continue her music with radio and church work.

Carolyn Sloan starts her summer vacation with a trip to and through Europe. That, my dears, is a graduation present. Of course, there is some indecision.

Butch Macy, Susie Martin, and Betty Bivins come in the "work, teach, or go-to-school" category. So there they are. Rather a class to be proud of, don't you think so? Good luck, Seniors.

THE CLUB CORNER

The Commercial Club held its annual picnic on May 9. Officers for 1949-1950 were elected. They are: President, Joan Hake; vice president, Dianne Lent; secretary-treasurer, Joyce Nelson; recorder, Barbara Payne.

Terrapin had its annual dinner at the Station Duquette on May 12. Officers for next year are: President, Alice Mack; vice president, Dianne Lent, secretary-treasurer; Yvonne Williamson.

Tau Sigma initiated pledges on May 15 at the Fine Arts Building and ended with the annual dinner at the Station Duquette. Officers for next year are: President, Polly Allen; vice president, Ruth Kawahara; secretary, Betty Tom; treasurer, Jean Robb.

The Day Students Club has elected the following officers for next year: President, Loma Ostmann; vice president, Mary Jo Sweeney; secretary-treasurer, Ruth Kawahara.

Will And Prophecy Read At Convocation

Senior Will and Prophecy Day was held May 19, as hilariously as ever. All the Seniors, clad in jeans, were on the stage, doing everything from yelling to singing with the traditional Senior band.

The will was read first, by Wilma White, with small interruptions by the talented band and various individuals in the audience. Everything from a chest of drawers to freckles was willed to the lucky Juniors and underclassmen.

After the will the Class Prophecy was read by Mary DeVries. It was in the form of a letter to Mr. Motley in the year 1959. The setting was New York where all the Seniors were found at the heights of their careers. Mary DeVries turned out to be a torch singer at the Stork Club, while Shortie O'Flynn was found in a department store, testing refrigerators to be sure the lights went out when the doors closed. Various other Seniors of '49 seemed to have found their places in such fields as television, the radio, institutions, foreign boards, art, music and science, and many other branches.

Remember
The Graduate
Our Candies
Cards
Perfumes
REXALL DRUG STORE
213 N. Main

Nine Months In Nine Minutes As '48-'49 Parade Past Reviewing Stand; Judged "Swell"

Dear Diary:

Ah! what a year this has been. The surprising thing about it is, it's literally flown by. Boy, when I look back at all the days and nights I sat around and complained, and now I'm getting ready to leave and I feel so empty inside. Well that's the way it goes, live and learn, at least that is what my counselor has been telling me all year. Just because I'm leaving for the summer months or maybe for good, is no reason for me to forget some of the year's exciting experiences. Oh, diary, just let me tell you a few of my memories.

Placed in the back of my mind is that first wonderful week of school. I'll admit as a Freshman, I was scared silly, and I'd never tell just how green I really was. The first day I walked in Roemer and thought Dr. McCluer was Mr. Motley, but I soon found out that he couldn't be, because he didn't know my room assignment. Next I went to take that stupid English exam, and as I recall, I wrote myself out on something I didn't know about. That whole first week was a jumbled mess, and I loved every minute of it, but as soon as it was over, I had a little time to get homesick. "Dear Mom, I am so-o-o-o homesick, I want to come home." I was green. Orientation Week. Before I got here, I thought Orientation Week was a Chinese holiday. I soon learned.

When I look back, I kinda wish that first week had lasted all year, for it wasn't long before those wonderful convos, chapels, and vespers started. Last fall I had so many wasps dive down on me, that I began to bring cushions to chapel so I could sit on the floor. But that wasn't the only memorable experience I had in chapel. Will I ever forget the day that Frenchman, Pierre Balmain, spoke to us on the fashions in France. Oh man, the way he looked at me, at least I thought he was looking at me. I liked him. Then in October, the later part, Raymond Gram Swing, the noted news commentator, spoke to us. He was good, but I thought he would never stop. Lunch was a little late that day. In Novem-

Mother Of Student Given Recognition

Mrs. Fred M. Hudson, mother of Susan Hudson, Sophomore at Lindenwood, was selected as the representative Mother of the State University of Iowa for 1949, and was given recognition at their exercises recently.

ber, the convos had more pep to them, and we had some grand speakers. I remember Vera Michele Dean, Edward Weeks, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, and many others.

Then we had Thanksgiving holiday and I was glad to get home for a few days, the thing that hurt was having to come back for three short weeks, to me that was a waste of transportation money. I should have taken a long vacation and stayed at home. Well, there wasn't too much excitement until our favorite, Alexander Kerensky, spoke on December 2. As long as I live I'll never stop hearing that man talk. None of us could understand him, but he thought we could, and he kept right on talking. "Brief Music" was presented on December 10, and was a howling success. The girls are still talking about the terrific job the cast did. After the play, the Christmas festivities started in, and all the girls were busily decorating their dorms. Sibley Hall was about the cleverest I saw, but all the dorms looked lovely. Of course there were lots of other things, the Sophomores caroling, the many parties, and then, home again for two glorious weeks.

Yes, it was fun to get back and tell of all our happy times, but what an upset stomach I had when I thought of finals. Looks like most of us pulled through, though, because here we are, just as upset over our next set of finals. I'll breathe a sigh of relief when that last philosophy test is over and done with.

C. C. Clayton Honored On "Big Story" Program

One of Charles C. Clayton's experiences when he was reporting for the Globe-Democrat 25 years ago was dramatized over NBC network at 9 p. m. last Wednesday.

Mr. Clayton is now an editorial writer on the Globe-Democrat and instructor in journalism at Lindenwood.

The story, broadcast over the Pall Mall "Big Story" program, concerned Mr. Clayton's experiences when he helped track down a woman to whom an unknown benefactor wanted to bequeath \$100,000.

The woman, Mrs. Marie Cheatham Kister, is the mother of a girl who attended Lindenwood.

Diamonds - - Watches
Gifts For All Occasions
Lindenwood Crest Jewelry
MEYER'S JEWELERS
138 N. Main

COLLEGE GRADUATES

Opportunities for Young Women

ARTISTS for Designing or
Lettering Hallmark Cards

VERSE WRITERS to Write
Sentiments for Hallmark
Cards

OFFICE POSITIONS for
Research Analysts
Stenographers and Copy Writers

Permanent Full-time Positions in Our Kansas City Office.
Write Our Personnel Department for Further Information.

HALL BROS., INC.
Manufacturers of Hallmark Cards
2505 Grand Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri

In January 1949, we had the auction for the WSSF., Archibald MacLeish, and second semester began. In February, we had Religious Emphasis Week, the bridge tournament, the Popularity Court Dinner, (JoAnn O'Flynn was our Queen) and a wonderful program put on by our foreign students. February was a messy month as far as the weather was concerned. It was nasty, but still—no snow.

March came in like a lion and went out the same way. That month we had the Gridiron Dinner, which I never will forget because I laughed the entire time. That month was rather slow, nothing too outstanding happened. But then came April, with snow instead of showers, and the colds on campus were many. April was the time to get excited about going home for Easter, and I did just that. Besides vacation, we had the Water Pageant, awfully good, and the Style Show. Toward the end of April, we had so many conferences, I thought they had transferred the UN headquarters to LC. Radio Conference, Community Leadership Conference, and tons of others.

Then came May and the campus was booming with excitement, and work. The first week end in May we had our annual May Day week end, and even Mother Nature wore her best for the occasion. Jeanne Gross was the May Queen, and she looked simply luscious, so did the whole court, as a matter of fact. That same week end we had the hall sings, the big dance on Saturday night, and the pleasure of having parents here with us. After the week end, the book-reports, term papers, nine-weeks' tests and all of those miserable things were due. Sometimes I think school would be a pleasure if we didn't have to do much studying. Alright, so I'm lazy.

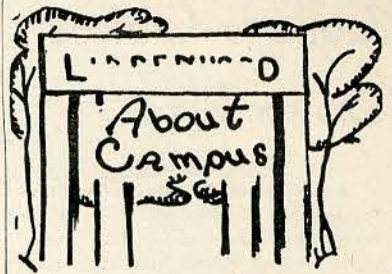
Here we are with one week left, and then another year has come to a close. If only this last week could last forever, I'd be both happy and sad for the rest of my life. Diary, I'm confiding in you, even though I'll lock you with a key, the words I write in you will be known by many girls. It's late now, I suppose I will end this little summary. But, Diary, the best way I know how to choose, is to say, "It was wonderful."

La Vogue
Beauty Shop
Complete Line in
Beauty Service
Denwol Building

ST. CHARLES
YELLOW CAB COMPANY
Special Rates To Down
Town St. Louis
4 Can Ride as Cheap as 1

SORRY, We can't accept time calls to meet Trains or Planes. Cabs will be dispatched IMMEDIATELY upon receipt of call.

Phone: 133



By Nancy Bailey

Really haven't much to chatter "about campus" this issue. The usual last-minute things of the year are in evidence, with much talk about the doom of exams; wanting to get summer addresses but not quite getting around to it; and I wonder if my mortar board will fit—they said I had an awfully small head; that new look in the dorm halls—trunks; the Seniors having no worldly possessions left after will and prophecy day except the shirts on their backs and maybe not even that in some cases; people buying new shorts and life rafts for the boat trip on the Admiral and everyone slightly hating the thought of having to leave their buddies in a few days; talk of many big reunions in the future years at "Podunk City."

I haven't much else to say. I could almost shed a tear at the thought of this being my last column and the end of my college days. I know you all are doing everything but shedding tears at my predicament, but I'll tell you how you can get in my good graces again. Bring me a box of kleenex and a few handkerchiefs graduation day and we'll be set for a beautiful friendship.

All kidding aside—I have gotten a "great big Kick" out of seeing you on campus, knowing you on campus and writing of you "About Campus," and especially when I can hand in my copy about you to "Big Story Clayton" to be proofread.

Be jolly, sane, and as much the characters that you are now. See ya' in Podunk City in 1999 with a big smile on my face. Ok hmm?

Films
Kodaks
One day finishing
Service
AHMANN'S
News Stand

BAND BOX
CLEANERS

We Own and Operate Our
Cleaning Plant

Deliver and Pick Up at
Post Office

Tel. 701 316 N. Main St.

Parents Of Dean In Auto Accident

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Carmichael, parents of Dr. Eunice C. Roberts, dean of the faculty, were injured in an automobile accident on May 8. They were enroute to visit their son when their car turned over in loose gravel near Pittsfield, Ill.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael are hospitalized and both are recuperating. Mr. Carmichael is expected to return to his home in Griggsville, Ill. this week.

COMMENCEMENT

Continued from page 1

Sunday morning, May 29, at 10 o'clock Dr. Raymond I. Lindquist will speak at the Baccalaureate Service to be held on the lawn in front of Sibley. Dr. Lindquist is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Orange, N. J. Lindenwood became acquainted with him when he was principal speaker for Religious Emphasis Week last year.

The President's Tea, honoring the graduating class, will be in the afternoon from 3 to 4:30 o'clock in the Library Club Room.

At 7:15 o'clock on the morning of Commencement, May 30, the President will hold a prayer meeting with the Senior Class of '49. The meeting will be held in the Auditorium.

Following the prayer meeting breakfast will be served on the archery range. The Seniors, their families, and faculty will attend the breakfast.

At 10 a. m. the Commencement program will begin. Robert H. Kazmayer, noted lecturer and news commentator, will give the commencement address. Mr. Kazmayer attended the University of Rochester and Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. He originated and for two years acted as moderator of the Rochester Town Hall of the Air. "Out of the Clouds" is his recent book on this postwar period. Mr. Kazmayer is noted for being one of the youngest men listed in "Who's Who." He enjoys a reputation in England and on the Continent as well as in his own country.

The Lindenwood College Choir, under the direction of Milton Rehg, will sing for both the Baccalaureate Service and Commencement.

Seventy-one students will receive their degrees, diplomas, and certificates on May 30. There are 55 candidates for degrees: Bachelor of Arts, 28; Bachelor of Science, 21; and Bachelor of Music, 6. Twelve girls are candidates for certificates, six for diplomas.

The candidates are:

Bachelor of Music

Forsta Sara Bailey, Nancy Jean Bailey, Betty Lou Bivins, Nancy Caroline Boyd, Mary Elizabeth Brandon, Gaelic Lana Ching, Cornelia M. Darnall, Wadad Kusta Dibu, Jane Foust, Kathryn Jeanne Gross, Marie A. Koch, Mary Lou McNeil, Lois Marie Malone, Suzanne Martin, Gladys Miranda, Mary Frances Morris, Jo Ann O'Flynn, Helen Iris Ray, Miriam Reilly, Jo Ann Sagaser, Mary Dell Sayer, Helen L. Sherwin, Carolyn B. Sloan, Patricia Stull, Rachel C. Weller, Wilma Lou White.

Bachelor of Science

Joan M. Arbogast, Ruth Ann Ball, Frances Belle Bauer, Mary Elizabeth Bishop, Mary Catherine Boss, Jean Babette Bush, Gloria Frances Cluny, Mary Frances Duffy, Joyce L. Garrison, Jean Marie Heye, Frances Claire Jones, Elizabeth Keighley, Martha J. McCorstin, Eloise Macy, Mary Jane Miller, Mary Alice Sanders, Ruth Schaefer, Dolores Thomas, Barbara Jean Wade, Ruth Wilke, Bettie B. Wimberly.

Bachelor Of Arts

Mary Elizabeth DeVries, Louise Gordon, Lucy Anne McCluer, Marjorie Moehlenkamp, Katherine L. Pemberton, Barbara Jean Watkins.

Louise Gordon, Coleman, Texas, Diploma in Organ; Jo Ann Swalley, Baxter Springs, Kans., Diploma in Voice; Jean Helen Eiel, Osage, Ia., Diploma in Piano; Emily Terry, Eldorado, Ark., Diploma in Piano; Elizabeth Rose Gilmer, Winchester, Ky., Certificate in Secretarial Science; Barbara Payne, Hamburg, Ia., Certificate in Secretarial Science. Beverly Jean Pannell, Aurora, Mo., Certificate in Costume Design; Patricia Grove, St. Joseph, Mo., Certificate in Interior Decoration; Margaret Reinhaus, Santa Ana, Calif., Certificate in Elementary Education.

Certificate of Associate in Arts

Betty Jean DeLisle, Portageville, Mo.; Nancy Kathryn Doran, Eagle, Colo.; Sally Fielding, Dallas, Tex.; Jacqueline Lee Fish, Waterloo, Ia.; Joan McCarroll, Ottumwa, Ia.; Eleanor Faith Serks, St. Louis, Mo.; Patricia Underwood, Knox, Pa.

YOU'VE NEVER
TASTED BETTER
ICE CREAM
THAN
THE ST. CHARLES
DAIRY HAS I
Try It Soon!

The Best In

Flowers Always

BUSE'S FLOWER SHOP

Phone: 148

400 Clay

We Telegraph Flowers

Dress Up With Flowers

Parkview Gardens

We Are At Your Service

Two Stores

103 N. Main

1925 W. Randolph

Greenhouse

Opposite

Blanchette Park

PHONE 214

Flowers Telegraphed
Anywhere

THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



Last, but not least in our Campus Hall of Fame is Mary DeVries. Mary hails from Pella, Ia., but when she is married on June 6, she will be living in St. Louis.

In four years here, Mary has done quite well for herself. In her Freshman year she was a member of Delta Phi Delta, the Poetry Society, the choir, and was the author of a poem entitled, "My America," which was published in the Bark.

In her Sophomore year, Mary was vice president of Delta Phi Delta, and became a member of the Future Teachers of America.

Her third year, Mary was vice president of the choir, and now in her Senior year, she is president of Delta Phi Delta. Her radio work this year has been quite successful. Remember "Letters Home"? Now with graduating and getting married, Mary finds that she is busier than all her four years put together. Lots of luck and happiness to you, Mary DeVries, we'll miss you.

Several Foreign Students To Be On Campus Next Year

The four corners of the world will meet again at Lindenwood next year. New scholarship students will come from Germany, Finland, China Guatemala, and Philippines. Also, it will be the first year that two D. P. students will be admitted.

India will be represented by sisters who will be non-scholarship students.

This year's foreign students, who have come from France, Denmark, Lebanon, Bolivia, Honolulu, Philippines, Costa Rica, Korea, China, Havana, Chile and Greece, have made a variety of plans for the summer.

Wadad Dibu is going to New York to attend a Youth Conference and arrange her plans for a year's post-graduate work in education.

Working at an oriental restaurant at Kansas City, Mo., will be Charlie Ok-Yu. Fall will find her in Chicago studying voice and piano.

Occupational therapy will be the graduate work of Margaret Lu, at Western Michigan College. She will work during summer in a children's camp and hospital at Cleveland, Ohio.

Gladys Miranda desires to do

graduate work in English, and hopes to get a scholarship. If not, she will go back home and teach English at a state high school. Perhaps she will marry handsome Miguel Gomes.

"Home sweet home," sings Irma Fernandez. Of course she is sorry to leave Lindenwood, but a secretarial job at an American company is waiting for her at home. There is something else, too—she will probably marry Walter at the beginning of 1950.

"Anyway, I will miss the States, Lindenwood and pie a la mode," sighs Marianne Mohl. Anyway, Marianne, you will enjoy yourself at a children's camp in Connecticut for a month, and while home, you will work for your teacher's certificate.

"California, here I come," is Claudia Quiro's slogan. She will spend the summer with her relatives, and return home in October. She plans to marry an American engineer.

Madeleine Cholmes, and Martine Porteret will return to Paris.

Remy Rodriguez, Anne Marie Vanguilde, and Rosa Tsatsakos will return to Lindenwood in September.



Antiques & Gifts

GAY'S

547 Clay St.

Resting Is More Restful When You Add Coca-Cola



Ask for it either way... both trade-marks mean the same thing.

5¢

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
Coca-Cola Bottling Company of St. Louis

© 1949, The Coca-Cola Company

Thanks To You

At

Lindenwood

For a wonderful season. The Strand Management wishes all of you the best of luck and hopes to continue to merit your good will and patronage.

STRAND

Lindenwood Girls To Travel Near And Far During The Summer

Many Lindenwood girls will be working, vacationing and just plain loafing this summer. Making the rounds of the campus, we hear that Mary Martha Sivalls, better known as "Puddin'," will be leaving for New York as soon as school is out. On June 10 she will sail on the New Amsterdam bound for England. She will visit France, England, Italy and Switzerland. She hopes to save her money so that she will be able to buy some clothes in Paris. Her trip to New York will be just as exciting for "Puddin'" as the rest of her trip since this Midland, Tex. girl has never been to New York. Boy voyage, "Puddin'!"

Betty Joy Haas plans to work as a hotel hostess in Little Rock, Ark., or work in Kansas City in the advertising department of a prominent dress concern.

Peggy Hale will be attending school in Knoxville, Tenn., at the University of Tennessee. Dot Steiner plans to aid Jack with moral support at the University of Alabama during his last quarter there. Ruth Kawahara hopes to be working on the St. Louis playgrounds as a recreational leader this summer. Carol Hachtmeyer and Loma Ostmann can be reached at Twin Lakes just probably sunbathing and fishing.

Betty Jack Littleton will be vacationing in Alaska toasting her toes at the Northern Lights. Mary Ann Mohl plans to be an assistant housemother in an orphanage in Connecticut for two months.

H'm, it all sounds like fun and looks like Lindenwood will be represented in every corner of the globe.

A. A. President



Miss Jody Viertel, this year's secretary and next year's president of the Athletic Association.

Butch Macy Receives Award From New A. A. Pres., Jody Viertel

The new officers and sponsors of the Athletic Association were introduced at the AA banquet held Wednesday evening, May 18. Jody Viertel presented emblems to those

Miss Watts Exhibits Paintings In Newark

Miss Elisabeth Watts, assistant professor in the Art Department, is currently exhibiting two paintings in the Ross Art Galleries in Newark, N. J.

One is "To Be," an oil painting of three children. The other, "Girl in Blue," the study of a head, is done in gouache paint. For this the artist was the model.

who earned them, and gave Butch Macy a blanket award.

Sponsors were announced as follows: Miss Krautheim, sponsor of Terrapin and Tau Sigma; Miss Ross for AA and co-sponsor of Tau Sigma; Miss Ver Kruzen, AA, and Miss Egelhoff, Beta Chi.

The officers elected for next year are: President, Jody Viertel; vice president, Alice Mack; secretary, Diane Lent; treasurer, Laurie Bowman; intramural chairman, Shirley Falls; publicity co-chairmen, Jean McKahan and Clancy Miller.

Dr. Sibley Writes Book On Alexander Pope

Dr. Agnes Sibley, of the English Department, has recently received copies of her first book, "Alexander Pope's Prestige in America, 1725-1835."

In 1946 and '47, on leave of absence from Lindenwood, Dr. Sibley worked at Columbia University finishing her book. It is her Doctor's Dissertation, and was published by the King's Crown Press of Columbia in New York.

Her research work has occupied several years, and was carried on in New York and New England.

The book was written for people who are scholars and specialists in eighteenth century literature.

Dr. Sibley explained that pocket-book editions are not new in American reading habits. She found a record of some 150 American editions of Pope's "Essay On Man" printed in 3 by 5 inch editions. Alexander Pope was much admired in the American colonies, and his poetry was widely read and imitated.

Mary Ann Smith Wins Championship Trophy In Beta Chi Horse Show

For the first time, the annual May Day Horse Show, May 7, was sponsored by Beta Chi, the riding sorority.

Mrs. Jay Delano judged the events of the morning, and Miss Babs Bush was announcer. The Championship Trophy, donated by Beta Chi, was won by Mary Ann Smith, riding Dark Cloud. Dorothy Patrick and Estaline Jones won first honors in the grooming class, with Marilyn Maddux and Marie Koch taking second.

Mary Ann Smith took first in the blue ribbon class, on Dark Cloud; Marilyn Maddux, second, on Helen Peavine; Sharon Olsen, third, on Copper Lad, and Jo Anita Viertel, fourth, on Shannon King.

Estaline Jones showed Barrymore's Black Banner in the fine-harness exhibition class. Rosemary Egelhoff exhibited Sally Skylark in a special five-gaited class.

In the Class VI blue ribbon class, trophy donated by Beta Chi, Estaline Jones won top honors, riding Copper Lad. Jackie Fish took second on Rebecca Barrymore, Genola Jo Bellrose, third, on Shannon King, and Barbara Emery, fourth, on Black Scarlet. Class VII was on exhibition, team of three: Jo Anita Viertel riding Shannon King, Marilyn Maddux, riding Black Scarlet, and Marie Koch, on Helen Peavine.

The show ended with the exciting doughnut race. The girl who wrestled the first doughnut suspended from a string, and on a horse, was Barbara Emery. She was followed by Jo Ann Viertel, Estaline Jones, and Genola Jo Bellrose.

PRE COMMENCEMENT

Continued from Page 1

Barker. The prize offered by the Los Angeles Alumnae Club: Awarded to the student who contributes most to the developing of a Christian atmosphere on the campus: Yu-Yi Lu.

The Lindenwood Evening Club of St. Louis Achievement Prize: Bettie B. Wimberly.

The Freshman Bible Memory Contest:

First Prize: Beverly Stukenbroeker.

Second Prize: Joanne Rhodus.

Prizes are offered by the College in the Department of English for outstanding work in that department:

First Prize: Lorraine Peck.

Second Prize: Margherita Baker.

The Sigma Iota Chi Scholarship: Marcia Fisher.

The Eta Upsilon Gamma Scholarship: Barbara Huefle.

TOPS WITH THE TOP STARS IN HOLLYWOOD AND WITH COLLEGES TOO—

MORE COLLEGE STUDENTS
SMOKE CHESTERFIELD THAN ANY
OTHER CIGARETTE... by latest national survey

"If you want a Milder Cigarette
it's **CHESTERFIELD**
That's why it's My Cigarette"

Anne Baxter

STARRING IN
"YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING"
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX TECHNICOLOR
PRODUCTION



Always Buy **CHESTERFIELD**

The Best Cigarette for YOU to Smoke



The Linden Bark Literary Supplement

LINDEN BARK SUPPLEMENT, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1949

Wild Sky

By Nancy Starzl

THE sun was heavy and warm like a quilt on a cold winter night. Blue-tail flies droned along the ground, flitting hurriedly, aimlessly from nowhere. The oat straw brushed against his ear and he squirmed restlessly to make himself more comfortable. It was just one of those afternoons, but he wasn't going to be able to go swimming, because his mother had told him to help her pod some peas so she could can in the morning. That was woman's work anyway. His dad never had to do anything like that. Mark could hear the combines across the field of ripe grain. His dad had told him that next summer he might be big enough to help. But his mother just made him pod peas. She still thought he was a child.

He brushed his short blunt fingers through his hair. He looked down at his toes and then his eyes followed their upward line to the sky. He watched the cotton clouds chasing the blue winds across the horizon. He could see a monkey riding on an elephant's back. And there right beside it was a little mouse running after some sheep. Mr. Keller's nose was right under them, only it wasn't red as it should have been. He glanced at a tree, shifting his position so he could see better. "I bet," he said to himself, "if I went over there I could shoot that peacock sitting in the tree." The peacock spread his glowing tail and preened his shoulder feathers. "I'll have to go pretty soon. Mom's going to be mad at me. Wonder if that little ant thinks I'm a giant. An elephant would look big to me. So would a lion. I'm getting to be tall though. Next summer I'll be too tall to help Mom."

Picking up a piece of straw he wiggled deeper into the stack and closed his eyes. "Maybe I can just tell her I won't do it. No, then Dad would say I have to. I'll go home in a few minutes, I don't want to, though."

He half opened his eyes and saw the sun spreading over the top of the yellow wheat like buttermilk over the top of a churn full of butter. "Wonder what it would feel like to swim in the buttermilk. Bet the lumps of butter would move out of the way for me. They know I like new butter. If I practiced I could be as good as Tarzan. But I can't practice this afternoon." He sighed. "I hate peas."

His eyelashes made soft blue circles on his tanned skin. His eyes flickered several times, and then

Continued on page 4

Five Winners Named

In Sigma Tau Delta Contest

WINNERS of the five prizes have been named in the annual writing contest sponsored by the Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, in which Jane Hall won the Gold Medal with her story, "The Swing Tree." Second Prize with a Silver Medal goes to Barbara Sutton for her narrative of "Frances," and the Third Prize of a Bronze Medal is awarded to Virginia Townsend for her poems, "Sequel to Longings" and "Don't Look Down."

Rosa Lea Heath won First Honorable Mention with her paper on "The Great Fitzgerald," and Margery Barker Second Honorable Mention with her story "Captured Moments."

Margery Barker's short work of fiction is being published in *Peter Pan* along with Virginia Townsend's poem "Sequel to Longings," and the First Prize story. Other winning pieces are published in this number of *The Linden Bark Literary Supplement*. There was a good response and a number of excellent papers submitted, which, though not prize-winning, the large group of judges thought very commendable.

Silhouettes

By Nancy Gaines

PREMONITION

"Surely, it cannot be so," I said fearfully disbelief tinged my voice. Perhaps in my heart I knew it was so, however, for I dreaded the thought of going to see for myself. I kept shoving the idea rudely into the back of my mind, but finally I could bear it no longer. Hurriedly I grabbed my coat, opened the door and stepped out into the cool air. I walked a short distance, triumph and gladness filling my heart, until I heard a faint sound behind me. "No," I said, "it cannot be." But it was. I stared at what lay before me on the ground, a leaf, brown and withered. A cold breeze laid an unfriendly hand on my cheek. Yes, winter had come.

PARADOX

"He will not come back again," she thought, "never, never again. He is gone, and he will not return." She rose and gazed down the misty street, lit dimly by pale gold street-light. No form could be seen through the gathering cloud of night and fog. The rumble of heavy evening traffic grew loud, as she opened the French doors,—so loud that not even he heard the sudden, sharp noise, as he came up the walk and tapped impatiently at the door. "Nobody home," he muttered, as he turned and retraced his steps.

Nellie Belle

By Mary Ann Smith

Really, I shouldn't talk about her this way; after all, my uncle was very generous to let me have her to ride for an entire summer. He didn't have to do it. However, as I look back on it now, I wonder if maybe I wasn't the one doing him the favor, taking her off his hands like that, and getting such a good price for her, too. Well, the fact remains, I kept my uncle's horse, Nellie Belle, for a summer. She taught me an awful lot, and I'm grateful for it. Happily, the things she taught me will never apply to another horse. I firmly believe (and do sincerely hope) she was the only one of her kind.

Her name was my own choice. As I remember, the only name which, at the time, I thought suitable for a mare was "Dixie." Unfortunately, a cousin of mine had already named his mare Dixie and I refused to give him any grounds whatsoever for thinking that I would stoop so low as to plagiarize any idea of his. Nellie Belle was the only other possibility that occurred to me. Naturally, in familiar conversation she was called Nellie. She's the only horse that could ever leave me absolutely nonplussed. The things she did were, I must say, completely original. She cannot be given credit for thinking them up, because she had no mental capacity whatsoever. Her actions were strictly the result of "jus' doin' what came nat'rally."

Physically she wasn't too unusual looking. She was at least sixteen hands high, of the rawboned variety (out of kindness to her memory I shall not elaborate on this point), sorrel colored with a slightly moth-eaten texture, and possessed of a very docile expression.

She was supposed to have been trained to do an easy, mile-eating fox-trot. Maybe so; far be it from me to call anyone a liar, but I have my doubts. I've never ridden a camel, but I'll wager I've a pretty good idea what it's like, as has anyone else who has been privileged to spend an hour or two on Nellie Belle. She was one of those horses that amble slowly along, crossing and recrossing the road, trying the vegetation first on one side, then on the other. (She ate ragweed with great relish and coldly turned up her nose at the sweet clover.) If there happened to be a friend of mine along on Prince (Prince stayed in the same pasture with Nellie) Nellie would lag behind, pursuing her planetary way until Prince was

Don't Look Down

By Virginia Townsend
(Third Prize—Bronze Medal)

DON'T look down.
Raise your eyes to the tops of trees,
To where the earth and sky
Glow red in the moment
When the sun is lost.
I have looked down,
You need not,
I will tell you.
Men have covered the roots of the tree,
No grass grows there,
Only dull brown stone.
Don't look down.
Gaze upward in no light at all,
To where black sky
Is sketched upon
By penciled lines of blacker trees.
I have looked down,
I will tell you.
Man has marred the black
With flashing, blinding lights
To lure our eyes away
From the beauty of the dark.
Don't look down,
Look up with shaded eyes
To where in foamy sprays
The waterfalls of cloud
Splash in white splendor
On the sky's blue air.
I have looked down,
I will tell you.
Men have built walls,
Pushing out the light,
Leaving only shadows,
Tall and darkly sad.
Don't look down.
Not while we stand here
Alone and waiting still.
Only when you leave me
Then look down.
I cannot tell you
Where the road is rough
When I am left behind.

out of sight. Then, terror-stricken at being all alone in this strange, unfriendly world, she would neigh wildly and start off down the road with the nearest thing to a show of enthusiasm she ever managed to summon up. But as soon as she came within sight of Prince her supply of energy ran out. She had to be propelled forward by violent and frequent kicks from her rider. It took as much effort to ride Nellie as to ride a bicycle. Conversation between the two riders was impossible. She never came close enough unless, by hiding Prince behind a tree and fooling her into thinking he was still far ahead, you could take her by surprise.

Fences couldn't hold her. She didn't even know what they were for. She walked right through them as though they weren't even there. She did the same with people. At first we thought she wanted petting

Continued on page 3

Frances

By Barbara Sutton
(Second Prize—Silver Medal)

FRANCES Ludwig y a w n e d stretched lazily in bed, and arched her back, kitten-like. Through the window, with its worn shade drawn down tight, glimmered countless points of sunlight. The room in the stuffy suffused light, had a mid-morning air to it. Rubbing her eyes, Frances sat up, causing the bed springs to creak protestingly. She looked with mild surprise at the alarm clock on the bedside table.

"Half-past ten," she thought. "Jim's in class now. I should 'uv fixed his breakfast—I guess. Hope he's not angry."

Leaning back on the pillow she gazed with distaste around the room, a habit that had daily been growing more frequent. The room was small and served the newly-moved Ludwigs as both living room and bedroom. A marble-topped dresser opposite the large double bed was loaded down with several of Frances' perfume bottles, a silver-framed picture of their wedding, and a box of powder and lipstick. Two ties, a blue-dotted one and a brown-checked one, were hung over the carved piece beside the mirror. One drawer protruded carelessly from the crowded dresser. A clumsy over-stuffed divan was pushed against the wall to the right of the dresser. On it was the clean laundry—wash cloths, towels, Jim's shirts and underwear, luncheon cloths, and napkins—in stacks. Frances hadn't the time to put them on the shelf in their one already crowded closet.

With a sigh Frances sat up and, shoving her feet into a pair of frivolous pink scuffs, walked to the window and raised the shade midway. With a snap it flew to the top.

"Damn," Frances muttered as she scrambled onto a chair to reach the elusive shade. "Every time—it flies to the top!" Frances was beginning to think that petulant shades came with thirty-dollar-a-month apartments.

Unlocking the bedroom door, she stepped out across the hall and knocked on the bathroom door. From force of habit she looked up at the transom to see if a light was on in the bathroom.

"No light, 's not in use," she thought. She entered and proceeded gingerly to clean the grimy wash-basin, made dirty by the two other families sharing the bathroom. Then she washed her face.

Through the day, Frances busied herself with as much work as can

Continued on page 4

Witzzy And Sappie Sunbathing On A Hot April Afternoon In Missouri

By Shirley Ann Poulson

WITZY and Sappie, two Freshmen from Ayres were sprawled out on a sheet on the clay tennis courts.

Sappie turned to Witzzy, "Hey, roommate, let's have some music on the ole Philco, and when you get it, how about rubbing my back with some more baby oil?"

"Who was your maid this time last year, Stinky?"

Witzzy finally found some sweet sunny music and decided she'd be a sport and spread some goo on Sappie's back.

"O. K.! Now you rub some on my back."

"Egad—you're peeling!"

"Oh, no, I can just see me at the dance next week in a strapless formal,—just one big scale."

"O. K.! Fishie!—I can just picture you and Earl dancing along and he'll look down at you expecting to see a very feminine, milk-white shoulder, but what does he find instead?—A lobster—with scales!"

"Witzzy, do you think I'm getting tan?—I hope!"

"No tan—but you're quite—shall we say—a sunburned pink?"

"You're so discouraging roommate."

"Oh well—you love me."

After a few hours baking, Witzzy and Sappie went to English class looking unpoetically greasy, —but under the oil there was a bright, tomato red skin—that radiated enough heat to fry eggs. And all this came about by only a few hours spent under the unparticular furnace.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|---|
| Frances | Barbara Sutton | 1 |
| Don't Look Down | Virginia Townsend | 1 |
| Wild Sky | Nancy Starzl | 1 |
| Five Winners Named | | 1 |
| Nellie Belle | Mary Ann Smith | 1 |
| Silhouettes | Nancy Gaines | 1 |
| Witzzy and Sappy Sunbathing | Shirley Ann Poulson | 1 |
| The Great Fitzgerald | Rosa Lea Heath | 2 |
| With Tear-Dew | Miriam Reilly | 2 |
| My Highest Moment | Irma Fernandez | 2 |
| Husk | Mel Bemis | 2 |
| A Boy's World | Dotty Vickrey | 2 |
| Food For Thought | Maria T. Zarraga | 2 |
| Ballet De Vapor | Ruth Ann Ball | 2 |
| Mid-Morning Conversations | | 3 |
| The Safe Side | Marilyn Meyer | 3 |
| Which Layer? | Dotty Vickrey | 3 |
| The Lamb | Rema Goddard | 3 |
| Cotton Candy and Shadows | Miriam Reilly | 4 |
| The Vigil | Ruth Geisert | 4 |

The Linden Bark
Literary
Supplement



"Natura et Doctrina"

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

MY HIGHEST MOMENT

The dim oppressive sky seemed to envelop all the city with darkness and melancholy. The grayish buildings, tall, steady and rough, challenging to the fragility of human beings, looked as if they were more dark still. And the smoke rushing out of the pipes of the factories like tormented souls who can bear no longer their prison, running away, searching space, light, life, added still more heaviness to the sight weighting my heart with pain.

Here we can see in all its reality and clearness that we are living in the machine's era, I thought, because I feel as if the machine has conquered man, annulling him almost entirely. Huge buses and trucks, street-cars, and hundreds and hundreds of cars came and went like bodies possessed by the devil, in a whirlwind of sounds and movements, among which man seems only a splinter of anything.

Suddenly I heard a noise, not exactly a noise, not, at least compared with those others that had been enveloping me; it was a whisper, a murmur coming upon my head. I lifted my eyes and I saw a pair of pigeons . . . they were flying down softly as if they were not noticing the world around them. I could not believe what my eyes were seeing. I could not describe that moment when the little birds sweetly and gracefully lay down on a very small square not covered with pavement, where the grass was trying to survive in spite of all. I saw the pigeons, and it was very difficult for me to believe what my eyes were seeing, but only that little fact was enough to make me sure that everywhere, everywhere, beauty could exist.

—Irma Fernandez

A Boy's World

At that moment a tall adorable looking boy kneeled on the open apple green field working on his kite as if it were some new invention. The scene was beautiful with many little children gazing into the blue sky with excited looks on their faces as they approved the height of their superman kites. The sky bubbled over with joy as each new brightly colored kite reached its peak and Mother ran over to give Johnny a loving pat of happiness. Father whistled cheerfully which also made him feel radiantly young once again.

Now the handsomely tall boy stood in his worn blue jeans and denim outgrown jacket with the same dirty face and excited look as that of the little fellows. His hands, large and dirty, were as masterful in their actions as that of a professional. Before releasing his homemade kite, he seemed to pause for a prayer with much pride. He also whistled as he let out the rope gracefully, because his heart was

flying high; for he never wanted to grow up from these wonderful ways.

As the wind blew through his slickly combed hair, he could hear motor scooters and bikes stop to admire his high spirited kite, and then his heart was full of joy, as if it were his first time to walk under the blue sky.

All people have a quality of simplicity in them, no matter what age they may be, and as I stood on the platform, I wanted to run down barefooted and also share his joy in his brilliant, smiling world.

—Dotty Vickrey

HUSK

THE cloak I wear
Was once a red and wrinkled
tissue;

But storms have bleached
And strengthened my cloak.
Firm tan folds
And soft brown down
Encase me.

The storms increase.
The firm tan folds bleach white,
Traced with soft mauve lines.
Whiter and whiter.

And then the winds of the last great
storm
Swirl my cloak away.
Twisting and crumbling
Until wrinkled white tissue
Alone remains.

I did not know the oppression
A cloak could enfold
But now I am free and real.
The storms have ceased.
The suffocating warmth is gone.
Like a thistle tuft
Released from within the livery of
a pod
I drift above
The jagged clod of earth.

—Mel Bemis

With Tear-Dew . . .

WITH tear-dew
She laid

Clusters of weeping violets
On the grave.

"Pretender!"
They cried,
Seeing the sunny dandelions
In her hair,

Spring, the youthful hypocrite,
Mourned dead Winter mockingly.

—Miriam Reilly

"Food For Thought"

The ocean breeze was rocking the yacht where we were spending a hot summer day. But the cool breeze felt good after three hours of pleasant swimming and exercises on the beach.

It was time for lunch and the burning rays of the sun, reflected on the surface of the water, gave a brilliant radiance that shone on the white-cleaned plates which made me hungry. The marine breeze accompanied by that peculiar smell, that unique odor that the salty water has, made the odor of the food that was being cooked smell delicious.

"A-comer!" called the patron of the boat with an imperative voice, which I of course, obeyed immediately.

The sight of the food set on the table was inviting. The wide variety of colors and smells from the different kinds was a stimulus even for the ones that were not hungry. It all smelled so rich, so seasoned, and the colors were so bright, that I thought I would try to eat a little of everything.

In the center of the table was a huge pot with *arroz con pescada* (fish mixed with rice). The golden color of the rice, with the big and rich pieces of fresh fish, and the fresh green peas, all garnished with red pimentos on top, made it pleasant to look at. But not only

Ballet De Vapor

By Ruth Ann Ball

TORMENTORS formed by window chrome, cold blue.
The stage, a pasture, a gray Ozark cliff, all barren land,
Drops of morning mauve,
A set complete.

Force delivers Smoke, a cobalt child.
A *danseur* is born.
Smoke is thrust forth from his Frankenstein mother.
An ephemeral infant, thrown to the earth,
Is caught to the breast of a fallow field to nurse,
Is nurtured,
Grows,
Is the *Premier Danseur*.

In a split he holds, head down,
A dancer's scarf his cover.
He stirs.
Breeze lifts the scarf.
Smoke half rises, draws close the silk, drops, clings to his nurse.
Force sent from his mother pushes him,
Withdraws.
Smoke rises.

The ballet de vapor begins—
A *pas de chat*, a *sur les pointes*.
The dancers come—
A *jete*, another,
Higher and higher.
Wind lifts the dancers.
They grasp for the *danseur's* scarf
—frenzying, spiraling, climbing.

The drops are changed.
The eastern sun reflects amethyst against sapphire in the west.
The cliffs are green.
A new smoke child is born in shell pink robes.
Wind is gone.
Breeze remains.
A ballerina is created.

She rises,
Flutters,
A *jete* to the rock
A *sur les pointes*.
Light comes.
Her vitality wanes.

Black smoke is belched from the factory,
Sees the ballet,
With dirty hands grasps at the fantasy,
Frightens the beauty.

She whirls—an extension, a *pas de chat*,
A stretch.

Her *danseur* appears.
Upward she flies.
He throws her his scarf.
She reaches, leaps, falls;
Jet engulfs her;
She struggles.
Her *danseur* drops down,
Beats at the gases.
They die in the soot.
Darkness obscures the stage.
Wind laughs;
The set is cleared.

was it pleasant, but also appetizing. The rice had a smell of olive oil and the hot fish, almost steaming, as I smelled it, made me anxious to try it.

And there were also other dishes that were inviting too. The olive-green color of the avocado salad, mixed with pineapple, was something refreshing for the hot summer day.

I don't know what was more inviting, the colors of the dessert or the smell of it. It had the smell of many things mixed together and very difficult to describe. The colors were all those of the rainbow, yellow, bright green, red, orange in this mixture of tropical fruits, mixed with cream and all of it frozen. It was delicious!

—Maria T. Zarraga



BOOKS AND WAYS

The Great Fitzgerald

By Rosa Lea Heath
(First Honorable Mention)

"I'm going to give you a present that's as hard as you are and as beautiful and as empty and as easy to see through." This quotation from "The Cut Glass Bowl," one of Fitzgerald's short stories, is an excellent description of his characters of the twenties. He created those hard, beautiful people who existed in the era. Fitzgerald's writing is realistic and graphic, bringing to life the false glitter of the age as well as portraying human emotions and behavior. He succeeded more than any other writer of his day in painting the 1920's in all the reality of its brightness and artificiality. This skyrocketing age is both lovely and tragic. This same paradox is true of the people of it.

The nationwide boom of touring Europe is not felt in any other period as much as in the twenties, and many of Fitzgerald's characters are placed in continental settings. The abundance of money is not overstressed, but that it is a prosperous period is obvious. Life is lived at a rapid pace, usually rather unwisely, and with little moral or ethical responsibility. Fashionable people dart from one city to another and from parties to hotels, trying all the while to be good in a weak sort of way.

Fitzgerald's people are alike in many ways. They never once lose their individuality, but the indelible stamp of the "flapper age" is upon them. They carry with them the excitement and daring common to the times. Indeed their lives can be compared virtually to a business graph representing the meteoric economic rise and then the sudden rapid plunge.

With no further introduction then, I shall proceed to the heart of the paper, in which I want to point out the excellent characterizations and to study the several methods Fitzgerald used in creating these individuals who are exceedingly real.

Jay Gatsby and Dick Diver are not types; they are individuals. Fitzgerald himself says in *The Rich Boy*, "There are no types, no plurals. There is a rich boy, and this is his brother's story." This fact is true of all of Fitzgerald's characters, and it is amazing that one writer could pen life into dozens of men and women, all personalities unto themselves. For this reason every Fitzgerald story is a unique gem containing fresh scenes and characters.

Fitzgerald's characters are extremely worldly, being ruled almost entirely by the physical and material. There are exceptions, of course, like Dick Diver; yet even about him there is an essential weakness that finally grasps him. In any event every character is unsettled, never content or sure. This indecision again is typical of the age.

Any provocative thinking on intense, purposeful subjects is quite rare among the bizarre and motley Fitzgerald personalities. True, Tom Buchanan of *The Great Gatsby* studied the *Rise of the Colored Empires*, and Arditia Farnam in *Offshore Pirate* read constantly, building up her resentment of society, but these indulgences were merely retreats and attempts to satisfy some of the uncertainty of their own

destinies. The great proportion of their time is spent in a continuous circle revolving about themselves and a discreet group of friends, which after all, is quite representative of persons of any time or era.

Fitzgerald does not idealize his characters. There is not one person I can recollect who could be termed a hero or a heroine. They are depicted with the utmost honesty, they have strong characteristics, they have weak characteristics, they are real people.

A deep dissatisfaction disturbs all of the persons of the "Flapper Age." Unhappiness persists in their lives because of their unconsciousness of the prevailing truths. Human weaknesses prevent them from attaining human happiness. Charlie Wales in *Babylon Revisited* failed in his marriage and his early life. He realized though that he "wanted his child, and nothing was much good now, beside that fact." Evelyn Piper, after her unfaithfulness to her husband never again recaptured the beauty and joy of her marriage. The large cutglass bowl became the symbol of her distress, building up her hatred until she destroyed herself with it. The unhappiness of Fitzgerald's characters is so complete that all of his stories end rather pathetically and sometimes tragically. I did have a feeling of comfort and satisfaction, however, with the conclusion of *The Offshore Pirate*. It was not shaded by a despairing note; instead, it brought laughter and light-heartedness.

Fitzgerald uses excellent methods of characterization. At first it is puzzling to the reader how the various personalities are created, because he suddenly finds himself knowing a host of interesting people. I can almost feel the presence of Abe North, Paula Legendre, Marion Peters, and the others. I would not be surprised to see Anson Hunter or Father Schwartz pass me on the street.

Fitzgerald stands out as a superb writer of description, and through this medium he introduces many of his characters. One of the most vivid passages I have ever read is taken from Fitzgerald's *Absolution*.

"The beautiful little boy with eyes like blue stones, and lashes that sprayed open from them like flower petals had finished telling his sin to Father Schwartz—and the square sunshine in which he sat had moved forward half an hour into the room. Rudolph had become less frightened now; once eased of the story a reaction had set in. He knew that as long as he was in the room with this priest God would not stop his heart, so he sighed and sat quietly, waiting for the priest to speak."

In *Tender is the Night* I believe Fitzgerald attains his height in beauty and clarity of description. He captures not only the hard loveliness of his characters, but the unique qualities of their settings. Here he describes the sea coast of southern France.

"The hotel and its bright prayer rug of a beach were one. In the early morning the distant image of Cannes, the pink and cream of the old fortifications, the purple Alps that bounded

Continued on page 3

Mid-Morning Conversations

The Safe Side
By Marilyn Meyer

It was one of those hazy, rainy mornings when all the girls sort of felt their way into Sibley club room for our Community Leadership Class, conducted by Mr. Greer, awaiting to hear what was planned for the next thirty minutes.

Mr. Greer, ambitiously stood up on the last buzz of the bell and started right in talking.

"I think it would be fun to have a discussion on the question of personal attention in the colleges this morning," Mr. Greer joyfully said.

"Oh No, not that," came the uneasy echo from the back row.

"Good gosh!" I said to myself in a silent underbreath tone, "I hope he doesn't call on me to be a chairman." I, with about twenty other girls sat at unease in our chairs until the strain was over and none of us was fortunately elected to be chairman.

"Should personal attention be given in a college?" our chairman started off with.

Everyone was in a deep meditation now. We didn't know what to answer.

"Well, Jane said hesitantly, "I think it is a good idea because I know from experience in our high school that teachers didn't prepare us for college work and personal attention now sure helps."

"Do you think we are getting all the personal attention here that we read about so much?" Sue sarcastically remarked.

"What more do you want?" Jane retorted boldly. "Since I've been here at school and had the advantage of having more personal experiences than I thought I would ever get," responded Jane, "I have found myself to be better equipped for college class work."

Mary echoed to me, "Me too." The chairman hurriedly asked the next point of view, since the time was running short.

"Do you agree that personal attention should be given all four years?"

"Definitely yes," replied Jean.

"Definitely no," retorted Ann.

Oh my! I thought to myself we are now coming to a climax.

Jean started to say "that four years of personal attention will equip us much better and we would have much more advanced knowledge from our professors that we otherwise wouldn't have," when she was rudely interrupted by Ann, who said, "You can't always depend on personal advice."

Ann went on to argue that a person should start at least in her third year of college to think for herself.

"I think almost everyone will agree that four years is too long," Jane sighed.

Just as the talk was becoming interesting, Mr. Greer came around to sum up the discussion, because the time was up.

"Hey Jean!" Ann whispered behind Mr. Greer's back, "I'll meet you outside right after this class to settle it."

"O. K." replied Jean, "but you better think of something worth while saying."

"Oh! I don't know," replied Ann, "I think I'm pretty well on the safe side."

Which Layer?
By Dotty Vickrey

The door of Sherry's room was open and two girls from the other wing walked in. They dropped each book and then fell on the bed.

"Have you been studying your biology?" Sherry asked them.

"Night and day," the first girl answered. "Have you learned a thing after all of these hours of studying?"

The natural reply was in the negative and all three girls looked at each other to see how much they had aged in the last few hours.

"Give me a few questions on the brain while I sit here," Shirley said.

"What is the outer layer of brain called?" Ki Ki asked her.

"It's the dura mater."

"What kind of tissue is the dura mater derived from?" Ki Ki asked.

"The dura mater is derived from bony tissue which is stiff and hard," Shirley explained. "The next layer is called arachnoid and is weblike, containing blood vessels."

"You think so? I'm sure I saw them mentioned in the third layer which is pia mater and near the brain," argued Ki Ki.

Shirley looked at the wall as if to try to see the exact page on which she saw the words.

"It's only natural the blood vessels would be close to the brain and spinal cord," Shirley answered. I can see the page so clearly in my book stating the answer."

"Here it is in my notes," Ki Ki said. "I think I remember our teacher showing the vessels during the lab, don't you Sherry?"

Within these last few seconds Sherry had reached for both her books and notes to see just who was right. As she started to prove her argument, she replied, "My notes say the vessels run through the arachnoid and the book names the pia mater."

"Gosh, I'm more confused than ever," Shirley groaned.

"This will be a question for our lab tomorrow and let's hope we three aren't the only unsure little organisms," Sherry said.

shore Pirate and Ardita, the spoiled flapper, reveal somewhat their natures and personalities.

"Well I'll be a son of a gun!" she said dazedly.

They eyed each other coolly.

"Do you surrender the ship?"

"Is this an outburst of wit?" demanded Ardita.

"Are you an idiot—or just being initiated into some fraternity?"

"I asked you if you surrendered the ship."

"I thought the country was dry," said Ardita disdainfully.

"Have you been drinking finger-nail enamel? You better get off this yacht!"

"What?" The young man's voice expressed incredulity.

"Get off the yacht! You heard me!"

The reader is taken into confidence and learns the facts of a story through the thoughts of the characters themselves. Fitzgerald's excursions into the character's minds are often written as narration, but it is often apparent that this same narration takes place in a person's stream of consciousness. As frequently, however, Fitzgerald does make it absolutely clear who is doing the thinking. In *Crazy Sunday*, Stella is made real to the reader by Joel's thoughts.

"Sometimes he pretended to listen and instead thought how well she was got up—sleek breeches with a matched set of legs in them, an Italian-colored sweater with a little high neck, and a short brown chamois coat. He couldn't decide whether she was an imitation of an English lady or an English lady was an imitation of her."

Fitzgerald uses the characters' beliefs to express his own philosophical leanings, although he wasn't a philosophic writer by any means. He was a story-writer with a delicate sense of human emotions. Nevertheless, he sometimes unexpectedly expressed some beautiful idea or observation that breathes value into his work. There are two sentences written by Fitzgerald that read, "For a long time afterward Anson believed that a protective God sometimes interfered in human affairs. But Dolly Karger, in *The Rich Boy*, "lying awake and staring at the ceiling never again believed in anything at all." To use the words of John O'Hara, "Is there anything wrong or much lacking in that?" Again Fitzgerald concludes *The Freshest Boy* with these words:

"It isn't given to us to know those rare moments when people are wide open and the lightest touch can wither or heal. A moment too late and we can never reach them any more in this world. They will not be cured by our most effacious drugs or slain with our sharpest swords."

The cold, lost people of Fitzgerald's novels and short stories are in constant conflict with themselves, with others, and with fate. In the *Baby Party*, Mr. and Mrs. Andros, spurred by parental jealousies, came to hostilities with their neighbors, the Markeys. Gatsby built a barrier around himself, cherishing a love that was long dead. In his desire to reclaim that attachment, he conflicted with a husband, his friend, and society. Anson Hunter, the rich boy, struggled within himself and delayed marrying the girl he loved because of an egotistic nature. All the rest of his life he vainly sought happiness. Fitzgerald knew the effect that conflict and suspense have upon a reader. He used the two to the greatest advantage, so that he holds the attention of anyone who thrusts a curious nose between the pages of his stories.

I think that the characters are perfect representatives of their age. Fitzgerald, more than any other author, could bring the "roaring twenties" and its people to life. His personality creations are real—their successes and failures rising high and sinking low on the imaginary graph of life. Some emerge from the kaleidoscopic turmoil triumphant, and others are drawn tragically down to destruction.

It takes a little time for the average reader to adjust himself to Fitzgerald's style of writing. When I first began reading *The Great Gatsby*, I became merely confused because the characters darted from one setting to another with little or no transition. Two people would perhaps be chatting, suddenly a party was in progress, and without further warning it was the morning of a following day. However, after attuning myself to this rapidity of motion, I enjoyed every Fitzgerald story immensely, realizing that the spirit of the twenties was caught up even more by these sudden changes.

When Fitzgerald ends a story he simply quits. He has said all, and the rest is supplied by the reader. I like to imagine what finally happened to Dick Diver, and the beauty of that ending would be spoiled if I had been carefully told everything. The author in discussion cannot be termed immortal, neither an intellectual genius. He did not intend it so. He was merely bringing a brazen period with its brazen people to life. He did this to perfection. I can find no fault.

The Lamb

By Rema Goddard

So still he stands with tilted head bowed low;
Tis innocence at its highest peak of tenderness.
Symbol of the Maker mild, my Lord.
His eyes are merely bits of shining gold;
Yet what they see to men will not be known.
His ears are points of gleeful life untamed;
His woolly coat is crisply curled, though God
Has touched him not; from hand of sin is he.
Of yellow hue, no mark of man he asked;
Such slender legs support his supple frame!
His featherweight has borne my wrathful ire.
Those sinless features quench my fiery moods.
Two bits of sunshine light my sullen states.
Had he his way, a life his own to live,
So gaily through the woods and hills he'd leap;
Yet he in cast of glass by man is bound.

Sometimes your coat with layer of dust is hid'n
Forgetfulness on all my part, its cause,
Thou symbol of some greater thoughts passed by!
Though you, not they, still wait with eyes yet bright,
A welcome glow for me yet much unearned.
Were you, my lamb, of wordly path of man,
Those eyes of gold on me would close at once.
For men, behold, your trait of softness lack,
Their eyes, not kind, but cutting stripes of steel.
Yes, man might learn from you great laws of life,
Though sphere of yours in contrast is so small.
Yet in so fit a suit as this, my lamb,
To field of desk, to sun of lamp you're doomed.
For you, no slope, no stream of silver glint.
If hand of man for you a heart could weave,
Not fair! You'd cry, had you a tongue like his.
But maker, man, forgot a heart for you
As other lambs he's made; they too
Unwhole will always be, for man no Maker's he.

Oh, lamb, if I a heart like you could find,
Someone with eyes of gold for me 'twould be?
Oh no, thou shape, you're meant for glass alone;
Too perfect, wise, for human need are you.
No faults, you'd say, for then like weeds they'd
spread;
Engulfed with ill the good would soon become.
A soul bent down which might to heav'n have
grown
Is what your rule, alas, would make of man.
For man though made by God, imperfect still
He is, is better friend than glass or stone.
His thoughts are best though dark their
cover seems.
What needs my lamb to make him whole?
A touch
Of God for breath, a heart to beat, to sing,
A soul for love; yet eyes of gold, remove!

NELLIE BELLE

Continued from Page 1

when she came slowly toward us for no apparent reason. We learned though. We just happened to be standing in the path of her progress and she wasn't one to be bothered by obstacles of any sort. She refused to act as though we even existed. If we didn't get out of her way, she would proceed to walk right through us. She was not one to be influenced by a rope and halter, either. We'd had several experiences with a rope before I felt I'd become wise to her ways. The second day I had her she was tied out with a long rope and immediately wrapped herself up in it instead of concentrating on eating good grass like a normal horse would. She acquired a bad rope burn on one hind pastern from that. Then one night the entire bunch of horses got out of the pasture. After he'd rounded them all up and got them home again, Mr. Miller tied them each up to wait until daylight to fix the fence. He tied Nellie Belle to a supporting post to one of the feed boxes. That was a mistake. Next morning Nellie Belle, rope, feed box, and post had all wandered over to the next hill. And it was a deep-set post, too. Well, I thought I was on to her, so the next time I rode out to the country to visit I took along a halter and the strongest rope available. I picked out the biggest, stoutest fence-post within a quarter of a mile to tie her to. Feeling awful mean, but firmly resolved not to weaken, because after all, she hadn't proved trustworthy, I tied her up quite close. So close I felt she couldn't possibly get into any trouble while the rope and post held, and both seemed immovable. I underestimated Nellie. She managed to pull up, not only the fence

post to which she was tied, but the two adjoining it, to twist the rope around her hind legs and get another rope burn, and to wedge the rope between shoe and hoof so tightly it almost had to be left there. I made her wade through every creek I could find on the way home, fiendishly hoping the water made the burn sting. If it did, she never showed it.

The blacksmith at home refused to shoe her. For one thing, she positively refused to let anyone pick up one of her feet. You practically had to sit around and wait until she stomped at a fly and then, real quick like, grab her foot while it was up in the air. As soon as she found herself standing on three legs she would lie down. We tried everything. The best thing we lit on was to get her in a position so that when she began to topple over she would just end up leaning against the side of the shop. That worked fairly well for awhile; then she kicked the blacksmith and laid him up for three weeks. From then on I had to ride her seventeen miles to the next blacksmith where they could put her in the stocks. She loved it. As soon as she was all trussed up she would go blissfully off to sleep and resented it bitterly when I woke her up to go home. She always classed me along with the horse-flies; a little bigger than ordinary flies and, therefore, somewhat more annoying.

With the end of summer I was faced with the problem of paying twenty dollars to have her trucked home or else sell her. Since I didn't have the twenty dollars there wasn't much choice, and I set out to find a buyer. Three presented themselves. But two of them knew a little something about horses so the field immediately narrowed down to

Continued on page 4

THE GREAT FITZGERALD

Continued from page 2

Italy, were cast across the water and lay quavering in the ripples and rings sent up by sea plants through the clear shallows."

Fitzgerald reveals his characters' personalities by the dialogue and conversation among them. These conversations are realistic and short, many times issuing in staccato spurts and then in long murmured ramblings. People as a rule do talk in this fashion. The opening words exchanged between the Off-

Cotton Candy And Shadows

By Miriam Reilly

LOVE ME?

Come share
My candle light;
And if there be twin flames
Afire in your eyes, 'tis proof
You care.

* * * *

Take care!
Your steps bring death
To heart-shaped violet leaves
That tremble like my heart in fear
Of you.

COTTON CANDY

A stick
All gaily veiled
With pinky clouds of sweet!
Quite like my rainbow dreams
You tear.

WILD SKY

Continued from page 1

closed. Something was tickling him, and he opened his eyes. Oh an old grasshopper. His Dad didn't like them. He caught it in his fingers. "Dad won't mind. He always says they are hard on the crops. I'll help Dad now. Then maybe I won't have to do the peas. Mom just doesn't realize, but then, she's only a girl. They never know, I'm glad I'm not a girl."

Holding the hopper between his thumb and finger, he lifted the wing. "Wonder if I look like a giant to the grasshopper. Bet I do. Wonder if he's scared." Mark pulled the wing off. "It didn't hurt him, he didn't cry. I'd cry if I had a wing and somebody pulled it off." The grasshopper's legs kept jerking. "I'll pull them off. If it doesn't hurt he won't mind. He's only a grasshopper. They're no good. They can't even talk. I'll never let anyone pull my leg off." He sat up straight and looked hard at the hopper. "Mom wouldn't like to have me doing this. She wouldn't understand. Wonder if she wishes she were a boy. Course not. She doesn't even know how nice it is to be a boy. Dad doesn't like hoppers. Neither do I. It's too bad Mom can't be more like Dad. I'd like her better then."

He sat for a minute and then pulled the other leg off and threw the grasshopper across the field. He pulled his knees up and looked at the sky. There was a camel running. "How can he run without moving his legs. I can't. Wish I were a cloud." His sun-specked eyes moved across the sky, and he watched a brown-and-yellow butterfly land on the top of a clump of clover. "Or else I wish I were a butterfly. Then I wouldn't have to do the peas. I'd better go home now. Mom's going to be mad."

He turned on his side, and gazed at the little stream running through the trees at the end of the pasture. "Think I'll go fishing tomorrow, if I get the peas done. Guess I'd better go home and do them. Mom won't ever see that boys shouldn't have to do things like that. If I had a sister I wouldn't have to do them."

He picked himself up and started toward the house, skipping in a careless, little-boy manner. It was shorter through the cornfield so he went that way. "Wonder if there are any lions around here. There are in Africa. I wouldn't be afraid of any old lion. There's one now, next to the rooster. It's a white lion. I thought lions were yellow. He must be a special one."

He started walking between the corn rows. It was like a jungle, it was so dark. The broad corn leaves formed a thatched covering as he walked. The ground was rough, with mounds of earth piled

A MOVING SHADOW

How bright,
The star-seeded night!
How still
The moon-frosted hill!
Yet dark
Cavern-dark fears
Fill my heart.

* * * *

Below
The jagged rocks,
A singing stream enchants
The silved finned
Moon-fish.

* * * *

A gold balloon,
Floating high across the night,
Became the moon.

The nibbling dark
With angry, hungry bites,
That fringed the arc,

With a flippant air,
Spilled a million star crumbs
Everywhere.

around each stalk. It didn't smell very good, kind of sour and dirty, like a puppy before a bath. He liked wheat better than he did corn. He stepped on a clod and lost his balance. When he got up the knees of his levis were covered with dust, and his hands were dirty. "What's that rustling?" He looked up. "Gee, the lion's gone. There's that rustling again. Dad told me once that sometimes clouds come down and touch the ground. I'd better hurry. I don't want to keep Mom waiting."

He started to run, his short legs pumping rapidly. He fell again and cut his arm on the edge of a stiff, pale green corn leaf. It stung and a thin line of blood showed on his arm, but he got up and began to run again. "You can't run very fast through a cornfield. The rustling is running awfully fast. I wish Mom were here." He kept running, looking around with swift little glances to see if it were getting any closer. The corn stalks seemed to hold him, and the ears nodded as if to tell him he might as well give up. It had never been so far through the cornfield before. The buildings should be right ahead, but they weren't. "If I can run a little faster I can keep ahead of it. Hurry, feet. It's close."

He could see the light at the end of the row, and the corner of the machine shed leaning toward the house, but it was dark. He glanced up, but could see only a little blotch of light. He tripped on a broken stalk and fell again. "It'll catch me now." He scrambled to his feet, looking over his shoulder. He couldn't see it, but the rustling was closer than ever. He stumbled forward, breathing in short, quick, grasping breaths. The light didn't seem to be getting any closer. He wiped his fingers across his forehead leaving a track of smoke-grey fingers. His side ached, and he could feel tears running down his face, just a few more steps.

He dashed out into the sunshine and across the yard. Three white hens flurried out of his way, clucking indignantly. The kitchen door was just a little past the garage. He ran up to the screen. The door wouldn't open. "I have to get the door open. It's just stuck a little. Hurry. Hurry."

Mark ran into the kitchen. It smelled warm and sweet with fresh bread on top of the oven. Jars of preserves were lined up along the back of the kitchen table, and a row of glistening, empty jars caught the light from the large window which overlooked the farm.

His mother, in a soft blue house-dress, was sitting at the sink with a white pan in her lap. She looked so sure. "Oh, the lion can't get me now. The kitchen is so safe. Mom wouldn't have been scared. The lion couldn't hurt her. I'm glad I'm home."

The Vigil

By Ruth Geisert

Wiping the raindrops from our icy faces, we plunged into the depot. Weary-eyed and bags in hand, I asked the stationmaster what time the train was due for St. Charles. After much thought and deliberation he informed me that it was due at 1:00 a. m. Glancing at the clock I saw that it was now only 11:00. That meant two hours in this musty little depot. Mary and I put our bags in the corner and flopped on the bench. Is it actually possible to be so tired, hungry and depressed?

I certainly could use some sleep, but the seats are too uncomfortable to try. After a desperate, unsuccessful attempt at comfort I discovered I was thirsty. Sauntering to the water jug the most horrible sight was before my eyes. There were millions of dead flies floating, nonchalantly, on the top of the water. I immediately lost my thirst.

My eyes were getting heavy and the din of the room seemed unbearable. My goal for the night was to get myself situated on that bench, and stay there. I found, after the required amount of wriggling and squirming, that it was not humanly possible to be comfortable in such conditions. Each bench was divided into sections with arm rests about every eighteen inches. Using my coat for a pillow and entwining my gangling legs over the arm rest, I was reasonably comfortable. I just closed my eyes, and was ready to sleep, when the streamliner came blaring by the station. The building vibrated as if it were sitting on a cake of dynamite. I leaped up, absolutely mortified, and tried to catch my breath. Within a second it was gone, and I could relax again.

I assumed my former position and attempted to sleep. Mary had wound herself around the benches with the assistance of a chair, and was resting peacefully. She has

NELLIE BELLE

Continued from page 3

one. He was sorta dumb. After he'd had her about six months he made the remark that he'd sure enter Nellie Belle in the county horse show next summer, and in the five-gaited class, too, mind you, but she couldn't canter. Then he proceeded to show me how well he had taught her to rack, and went cantering off down the road. It was with great glee and a sense of being an up-and-coming business woman that I sent my uncle the check for \$100 which was the price she brought. (Personally, I wouldn't have given a plug nickel for her, and if she'd been my horse and I'd been getting the benefit of her price I'd have not got more than that for her. That's just my luck.) To add to my sense of smug self-satisfaction, Herman is the kind who is always trying to get more than his money's worth, and pride himself on never being taken in. Hence, if he ever did wake up to what had happened (and I think he did) he never admitted it. I had a profound aversion to the poor boy and felt he was being justly punished for all his sins. As time passed though, I began to see that Nellie Belle was being punished for hers, too. Mr. Miller told Herman that if he'd put just a little coal-oil and water on the nits, which are nearly always clinging to the hair of a horse in the summer time, they would come off easily. Herman used full strength coal-oil and lots of it. Consequently, he got rid of the nits, but the hair and some of the hide went along with them. Poor Nellie Belle! She had my sympathy and I was glad to see her sold again.

I wonder whose barn door she's chewing up now.

a stronger fortitude than I do to sleep through all this.

I thought the train would never come.

The attendant shook me saying, "The Wabash is coming!" I could hear the roar of its whistle in the distance.

FRANCIS

Continued from page 1

be found in a small apartment. She put clean shelf paper on all the shelves of the china cupboard, scrubbed the kitchen floor, worn and in need of varnish around the linoleum, vigorously used a suction cup on the old, chipped sink in an effort to unstop it, and trotted the nineteen steps to the first floor, carrying out the accumulation of garbage. She hated those nineteen steps to the first floor, the trip outside around the building, and the final depositing of the garbage in the garbage can. Such trouble for garbage! She hated even more meeting someone on the way out, not only because of the wet garbage in her hands, but also because she didn't particularly enjoy talking to her neighbors. Rounding the building, Frances saw, too late, a woman in a faded print dress bending over and energetically digging up dandelions from between the cracks of the narrow sidewalk. I'll speak and hurry past. Maybe she won't be friendly, I hope.

"Good afternoon."

"Why, hullo there. You're new here, ain't you?" The woman slowly straightened up from her squatting position and smiled toothily at Frances.

Frances took a quick look at her corsetless figure, run-over shoes, and coarse features. "Yes, I am new here." Frances instinctively felt condescending toward this woman and immediately hated herself for the feeling.

"I'm Mis McCarthy. I live next door to you in the red brick flat over there. You must live on second floor here?"

"Yes," Frances eyed the distance to the garbage can and felt the slowly dampening circle on the newspaper covering the garbage.

Mrs. McCarthy rattled on. "This is a wonderful neighborhood. Yuh meet all sort here. I was telling Mike, that's my husband, that you folks 'd be nice to play pinochle with. I like young folks. I saw you all move in and I seen you about the place. I said to myself that we should get acquainted. Your husband's goin' to school, I heard."

"Yes, he's a pre-med. student." Frances shifted the garbage to her other hand. I feel like throwing it in your miserable face, you nosy old—

"Then you must be Mis Ludwig. The Swansons been tellin' me how quiet you two are. Never go out much. Your husband studies an awful lot, don't he?"

With horrified surprise Frances looked at the loquacious Mrs. McCarthy from her frizzle hair to her run-over shoes. The nerve of the woman! Choking back a sudden feeling of anger, Frances grimly said, "Please excuse me. I must hurry, I have dinner on."

"Why, sure honey. You wouldn't want to burn a meal for such a good-lookin' fellow as that husband of—"

Frances hurried past her, shutting her ears to her parting remark. Rushing up the stairs, two at a time, she sank down on the divan and pressing her palms against her temples, closed her eyes. Swallowing hard she managed to conquer the sudden feeling of distaste that had overcome her. Scolding herself for feeling the way she did, she shakily lit a cigarette and in-

haled deeply. Finally, standing up, Frances made herself go to the kitchen and prepare dinner.

"Darling," Frances called as she placed a steaming casserole on the red-checked tablecloth, "hurry and wash up! Dinner's on the table."

Jim, hair tousled and his shirt open at the neck, appeared in the doorway and proudly surveyed the scene—his wife, rosy-cheeked and in a ruffled white apron, and the wholesome-looking table.

"Um—smells good," he said, sitting down to the table. He helped himself liberally to the macaroni-cheese casserole, hot rolls, green peas, and fruit salad. "I saw Mother today; she sent you her love. I told her what a wonderful job you're doing with this apartment, managing things and cooking. This dinner proves that—it's darn good, Fran."

Frances looked up meaning to say something and then changed her mind. She suddenly felt no need to try to explain to him her feeling about Mrs. McCarthy. She was sure of herself now. "Did she say when she is coming over?"

"Huh?—Oh, no, she didn't. She's busy I guess—the garden club."

Frances leaned back and looked at her young husband wolfing down the plain, wholesome food. He's certainly doing it justice, she thought. She looked at his clearly defined features, his tapering surgeon's fingers, his frank gray eyes—all the things she loved about him—and smiled ruefully at the thought of her marrying him, a pre-med. student. I never thought for once I'd be keeping house in a crowded two-room apartment.

Absentmindedly she asked, "How was school today? I thought about you this morn—"

"Well, I'm glad you think about me one time a day, at least," he mocked in an injured tone.

His banter brought her up sharply from her daydream. "Oh, Jim, please—I mean—well, I know I should 'uv gotten your breakfast this morning. I'm sorry I overslept."

"That's all right," his eyes smiled at her. "You looked positively fagged, so I didn't wake you."

Frances smiled prettily. She loved the way he babied her.

Jim pulled her apron string as she stood up to clear the table. "Oh! F'r heavens sakes, Jim Ludwig," she half-snapped.

"You know, you're not at all ugly . . . when you're mad."

Laughing, she pulled him to his feet and plopped a dish towel into his hands. Together they did the dishes. Frances thought no more about the incident. Being with Jim gave her a wonderful feeling of confidence that she couldn't quite explain.

Frances awoke with a start, the alarm still dinning in her ears. Looking over, she saw Jim's blue, pajamaed figure stir slightly. She glanced at the soft bed longingly. No, I'd better get up, or I'll fall asleep for sure, she thought.

She sat up, slipped into a white robe and pattered quietly to the door. Lighting the night latch, she stepped onto the cold linoleum of the hall floor.

"Oh! Oh, good morning, Mr. Swanson." Surprised, Frances greeted the man from the apartment next door.

"Mornin', Mis Ludwig, nice weather we're havin'!"

Frances turned her face from the sight of his fat, hairy arms and his soiled undershirt. She suddenly felt very sick.