

A Royal  
Salute To The  
Harvest Queen

# LINDEN BARK

Beware Of The  
Ghosts  
Halloween Night

VOLUME 30

ST. CHARLES, MO., THURSDAY, OCT. 28, 1948

NUMBER 2

## LINDENWOOD COMMEMORATES 122nd ANNIVERSARY

### Republicans Win Mock Election

The Grand Old Party pulled ahead 66 votes to elect Gov. Thomas E. Dewey for President in the Lindenwood "mock" election last Tuesday. Dewey received 162 votes, Truman 96, Thurmond 5, and Wallace 1 vote.

The polls on main floor Roemer were opened from 8 until 5:30 and a polling clerk, tally clerk, registration clerk, and casting clerk were on hand all day for the light but steady voting.

The results of the election made the front page of St. Louis papers Wednesday. St. Charles papers carried the election story, and carried a political announcement for Dr. Alice Parker.

The halls were arrayed with large posters for the election and Guy Motley buttonholed votes in grand party style all day. Mr. Motley wrote on his registration card:

"Have been a Democrat since John Smith came to Jamestown. Vote straight and often. I don't like Dewey's bedtime stories."

Lindenwood has traditionally held Republican sentiments, and came out in the 1944 mock election 244 for Dewey and 112 for Roosevelt.

Tuesday's election climaxed the political convention held on campus last spring, at which time the students nominated Vandenberg-Stassen, and Truman-Arnold to head each ticket. Senator Robert Taft, of Ohio, and Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, were on hand as keynote speakers for the convention, that drew nationwide attention.

Lindenwood students have had the finest opportunity to see how the political machinery of government operates from convention start to finish. From participation in the convention, to registration and voting, to seeing ballots counted, they even had the experience of beating the brush for registered voters.

The sample ballots were printed in St. Charles, and carried national state, and county tickets (Continued on page 6)

### L. C. Girls Ambitious In Hot Summer Months

"What did you do this past summer?" was a question being asked by your inquiring reporter of everyone she met. These are a few of the unusual jobs that LC girls did in the lazy summer days.

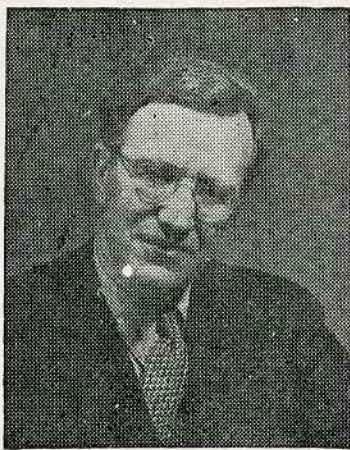
Frances Carpenter after spending most of the summer visiting friends and relatives held the position of nursemaid to an elderly lady for the remaining weeks. Dot Rogers was a nurse's aide at the Decatur Maple County hospital.

Jo Anne Davis acted as desk clerk for the summer at one of the large hotels in Arkansas and in her spare time worked with

### Lindenwood Lass Creates Sensation?

Lindenwood girls always create a sensation but one has created a riot. It all began when a wicker basket belonging to Anna Marie Vangkilde, of Denmark, arrived at the St. Charles station, marked as containing our favorite reptile, the snake. Railroad employees dared each other to lift the lid and take a look but no one did. Finally the basket was delivered to the owner, who was the only person in a sane state of mind over the whole thing a few people on Lindenwood campus were thrown in a panic too when the large basket arrived and had visions of snakes taking over the school. Surprise. The contents were quite normal for a school girl to bring to college.

### Radio Commentator



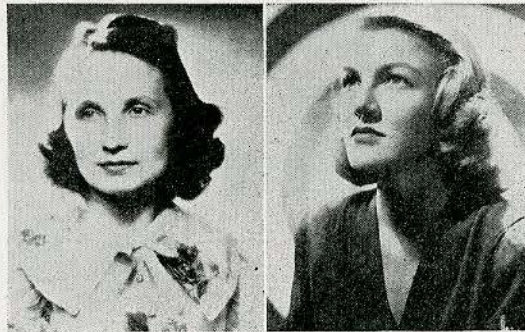
Raymond Swing, noted news analyst and radio commentator, who will speak tomorrow, to the student body and faculty of Lindenwood at 11 o'clock in the auditorium. Swing has just recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe.

the "Miss America" contest and sold and demonstrated tractors. Working also in the Miss America contest for the summer was Miss Pat Klose.

Everything from reporting to scraping type was the job of Betty Joy Haas last summer. The weekly Republican paper for Newton County Missouri, "Miner Mechanic," kept her days well occupied.

In Boise, Idaho, Nancy Bailey spent her summer months as playground supervisor, while Bobbie Jean Smith spent the summer in New York studying the fashions.

### Give Recital



Miss Helen Kettner, left, and Miss Elizabeth Humphrey gave a joint recital on October 21 as one of the highlights of Founders' Day.

### Harvest Court Girls Nominated For Dance

Thirteen members of the Freshman Class have been nominated for the Harvest Court. One of this number will reign over the annual Harvest Ball to be held in the gymnasium on November 6. Johnny Polzin and his orchestra from St. Louis will provide the music. This marks the return of one of the favorite orchestras which played here last year.

Carol Cole from Iola, Kansas, and Doris Webber from Kansas City, Missouri, were elected from Sibley Hall.

Representatives from Butler Hall are Sherill Armijo, Las Vegas, New Mexico, and Lorraine Klockenbrink, Kirkwood, Mo.

Ayres Hall selected Marjorie Cone from Lubbock, Tex., and Mary Murray from Sheldon, Ia.

Irma Fernandez, Potosi, Bolivia, South America, and Arlee Johnson, Chanute, Kans., were the girls chosen from Irwn Hall.

Representing the day students will be Betty Jean Lewis, St. Charles, Mo.

Four members of the court were chosen from Nicolls Hall because of its large number of Freshmen. They are: Jane Casey, Mason City, Ia.; Diane Stephenson, Jefferson City, Mo.; Carol Johnson, Sumner, Ia.; and Lillian Waltner, Mamaroneck, New York.

These girls were chosen exclusively by the Freshmen as representatives of beauty. They will be presented in a style show on Monday night, November 1, in which they will each model a sport outfit, a date dress, and a formal. On the following morning at student assembly the student body will cast their votes for the girl of their choice. Announcement of the winner will not be made until the time for crowning of the queen at the dance.

Elizabeth Humphrey, soprano, and Helen Kettner, composer-pianist, presented a concert in Roemer Auditorium Thursday night, October 21, as a close to the Founders' Day activities.

The program was as follows:

- I
- Two Choral Preludes
- h Bach-Busoni
- In Thee Is Joy
- I Call on Thee, Lord
- Sonata in D Major Scarlatti
- Miss Kettner
- II
- Rendi l'sereno al ciglio
- (from "Sosarme") Handel
- My Heart Ever Faithful
- (from the Pentecost Cantata) Bach
- Miss Humphrey
- III
- Barcarolle, Opus 60 Chopin
- Etude, Opus 25, No. 11 Chopin
- Miss Kettner
- Gavotte (from "Manon")
- Massenet
- Recitative and aria, "One Fine Day" (from Madam Butterfly) Puccini
- Miss Humphrey
- V
- Etude in E Flat Major
- Rachmaninoff
- La Valle des Cloches Ravel
- (Continued on page 4)

### Dr. Roberts Gives Founders' Day Address

Lindenwood's faculty, alumnae, and student body paid tribute to Major and Mrs. George Sibley, and the founding of the college one-hundred twenty-one years ago, at a convocation in Roemer Auditorium last Thursday.

Dr. Eunice C. Roberts, dean of the faculty, gave the annual Founders' Day address. She chose as her subject "There Are Still Frontiers."

"There is still pioneering to be done. There are actually still some geographical frontiers to be pioneered, but the point of view we are taking this morning is concerned with frontiers other than physical and geographical and even more real and important," she said. "There are three such frontiers."

Of the development of a successful world organization, Dr. Roberts stated, "the difficulties are even greater than those encountered by early settlers because they are involved with the relationships of people about which we do not know very much." This frontier, she said, is just as strange and new to us as the founding of a new world was to our forefathers.

"We must have a social and responsible approach to science," she continued. In unleashing the energy of the atom, man has made available a physical force so monstrous and out of proportion to anything we have ever dealt with in the past, as to leave us appalled. We have created a force which it may be we have not yet developed the character, integrity and techniques to control. We must learn how to

Continued on page 4

### Ghost Of Sibley Scares Girls and Promises To Return Halloween

By Peggy Hale—Jo Davis

The night was cold and dreary as we entered Sibley Hall Chapel. The rain beat a steady tattoo on the windows as we huddled close together. Our assignment was to interview the ghost of Mrs. Sibley and trembling violently we had opened the creaking door and entered the dimly lit chapel. At the front door was the organ illuminated by the street light from outside. We were frightfully nervous and jumped at every sound.

Suddenly before our very eyes appeared a small form in a white sheet seated at the organ. We were too frightened to speak so she did with a deep voiced, "Good evening." We couldn't see anything good about it but nodded hello to the ghostly form. Still trembling we decided to proceed with the interview and so asked our first question of the ghostly white mass before us.

Whom would she like to be the next president of the country?

Her reply made us weak. "Major Sibley would be the best one I think, but of course he's just dead tired now." We didn't proceed with this question for fear she would produce him also.

What about the new look?, was our next inquiry. "Well it is rather revealing and indecent but much better than five years ago. I think the dresses are similar to those in my day."

We then inquired as to her views on all the parties we were having. She jumped into the air and we almost broke into a dead run of panic but her squeal of delight stopped us. Fascinated we stared as she clapped her clammy hands together and exclaimed, "Oh they are wonderful. I do so love the parties with all the pretty dresses and such handsome beaus you girls have." Then her face became puzzled and she added "But this dancing is so funny. First the music is slow and he holds you so close, which is indeed shameful; then the music

Continued on page 4

## Election Post-Mortem

Lindenwood Republicans carried the mock presidential election Tuesday by 66 votes. This majority was much smaller than some sources expected, but voting was light. If the Lindenwood election is any indication of the results of the general election November 2, three conclusions may be drawn:

1. A light vote all over the country
2. Republican lead slipping
3. Dewey elected by a small majority.

Below are some figures to think about. The first two columns are results of a recent Gallup Pole the last two columns are figures from the L. C. vote.

	Dewey Per Cent	Truman Per Cent	No. Enrolled	No. Voted
Missouri	40	51	109	67
Illinois	49	40	78	49
Iowa	53	38	38	20
Arkansas	23	55	26	20
Nebraska	53	39	15	7
Indiana	52	40	15	11
Oklahoma	39	52	19	13
Texas	23	61	24	13

It was rather disheartening to discover the lack of interest in the election which was the final climax of the political convention held here last spring. In that convention we picked Vandenberg to run against Truman. Now we pick Dewey to win over Truman. Are we enough of a cross section to consider ourselves a true barometer of public opinion? We were wrong once, but national observers say we picked the winner this time.

## Our Authors

With this edition of the Bark is included the first literary supplement of the year. Lindenwood authors are presented in a wide variety of selections and interesting prose and poetry. We suggest you browse through these outstanding examples of good student writing.

## Calling All Mozarts

Do-re-me-fa-etcetera. The song contest is under way. Do you hear strange music? Those students roaming the campus muttering, desperately, "Something must rhyme," aren't victims of d. t.'s (not at Lindenwood) they're just competing for the fifty dollar prize offered in the song contest for either lyrics or music.

If there's one thing worse in the universe than a woman without a man, then possibly it's a school without a song of its own. Now the point is that we don't have a real honest-to-goodness original school song.

The lyrics must be written first, so all you budding lyricists get busy. Then comes the music. Notre Dame has a song; Cornell has a song, and if as we assert, it's a woman's world, Lindenwood should have one too.

## Quit Gripping

"This food is terrible; they make us study too much; I hate school." You are now elected queen of the grippers for 1948, but this is by no means a position of honor. Use your common sense and abdicate at once.

Think, do you sincerely want the title bestowed on you? Perhaps then you would rather go down in the eyes of people not quite so fortunate as you. There are such people in our world today, those who can't eat for lack of food, those who can't study for lack of books, and those who hardly know what the word "school" means. Yes, and we are the ones who complain because there is too much of the word "plenty."

Something is wrong with us, we're getting our sentences mixed. We gripe in the midst of plenty, and those in poverty sit by and listen. We are a bit confused, but the confusion is not in our grammar, but in common everyday thought.

The bark is louder than the bite, but why bark, we're only disturbing our frowning neighbors.

## They Aim To Please

KCLC, Lindenwood's own radio station is a reality! Months of preparation and work are at last being rewarded by the thrill of having a station that is our very own. However with the arrival of radio on the campus, a problem arises which has been the subject of many controversies between educators and those people working with commercial radio. Should radio be for the purpose of education or entertainment?

KCLC's aim is to combine these two and present programs for entertainment and of educational value. It is hoped that through programs featuring classical music, discussions of current events, and poetry greater interest will be created in these fields.

Strictly for entertainment, such programs as the various record shows, "Dramatically Yours," and "After a Fashion" are offered.

KCLC hopes that its schedule will please faculty and administration, and students.

It is when the holiday is over that we begin to enjoy life.

I should like to spend the whole of my life traveling if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend at home.

I have often thought what a heaven this world could be if only we behave to our fellow men as we do to our dogs.

## GRACIE GREMLIN



I've been lost as a golf ball for two weeks. No one to talk to y'know, but here I am again. Just like most of you, I'm a sports fan, and I'd like to see a lot of you on L. C.'s hockey team. It's fun. Anyway our first game is on Friday the 29th, so let's go all out for it. If you don't have time to practice with the team, then go down and yell like mad for the gals. See ya at the game. Don't forget on the 29th.

## Of All Things

### It Can't Happen Here

A recent survey by a magazine shows that men seem to be going in strongly for toilet preparations and even cosmetics. Men's perfume will probably have unique names, like "Evening at the YMCA" and "Pool Room No. 5." —(From the Battalion.)

First they cut the hems off skirts, then they sewed the pieces back on. This year they're advocating short coiffures. Putting this back next spring should challenge even the hardest Lindenwood lassie.

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

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

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

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

## Former Bark Reporter Returns To Campus As Faculty Member

One of Lindenwood's alumnae returned this year to join the faculty in the English Department. Miss Carolyn Trimble, while a student here in 1943-4 was active on the Bark staff and the Linden Leaves staff. She made her major in business.

After leaving here she took a major in journalism at the Louisiana State University. Upon graduation she worked as a reporter on the Shreveport Times.

## ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Sally Joy

It was election day at Lindenwood last Tuesday and that beaming smile Mr. Colson now wears is an indication the result favored the Republicans. The G. O. P. came through to win on the campus with 162 votes compared to the Democrats 96 votes, while Thurmond gathered 5 votes and Wallace received one.

Following close on the heels of the Mock Democratic and Republican National Conventions held here last spring, the election completed the opportunity for Lindenwood students to see and understand just how the process of electing a President functions in our country. The same button-holding, slogans and posters that will be present in the vicinity of the polls next Tuesday were very much in evidence around the campus.

The polls were located in Roemer and could easily be found. Approaching from the northeast entrance you walked by the poster bearing Dewey's picture and headed toward Warren's poster at the other end of the hall. This of course necessitated passing Republican headquarters where Mr. Colson was busy button-holing all prospective Dewey voters to get in there and cast a ballot. Upon escaping the clutches of Mr. C. you were thrust into the path of Mr. Motley, standby of the Democratic Party, who was busy encouraging all the "BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, GOOD, HONEST OF DEMOCRATIC HUE" to prove to Truman they're behind him.

Just then Dr. Clevenger would pop up to say "Vote! Either Democratic or Republican, but vote!" Naturally you had registered the preceding Friday night at the Political Fair sponsored by the League of Women Voters, so you asked for your ballot, and in the secrecy of the voting booth made that X under the name and symbol of your party. That was all, and you left Roemer passing by the posters once again.

It was a mock election but conducted exactly as the election will be next Tuesday even down to the methods of counting the ballots and registering. Another similarity between our mock election and a real election was in the percentage of voters who cast ballots. There are 95 million eligible voters in the United States, but in the last national election only 45 million voted—just a little over half. There are 500 students on the Lindenwood campus but at last Tuesday's election only 264 voted—again, a little over half. Certainly, college students having so much at stake in the future, should take the initiative in rais-

ing the percentage of ballots cast. Disinterest gives poor government and political bosses an opportunity to mold the future of the United States in a way that rarely benefits you or me. So the next time an election, either real or mock, comes up, remember it's your country, your government, and your election.

Something new has happened at Lindenwood—you know what I mean, stag lines at our dances! This improvement seems to have met with approval from all the gals, too. Especially astounded and delighted are the ones that remember other years when stag lines were unheard of on the Lindenwood campus, and most dates came in boxes marked "Dromedary" on the outside. Don't rush, girls—plenty for all. While we're on the subject of dances, the Freshmen certainly have an array of beauty from which to choose their queen, who will be presented at the Harvest Ball. Pick a cute one, gals.

Once again, Founders' Day has been passed, and we're all feeling awfully proud of Lindenwood. In our hearts, the first girls' school west of the Mississippi is still the first in schools west and east of ole man river. Several week ends ago, I had an opportunity to visit friends at a large university and found conditions there very different from those at Lindenwood. Naturally there are men on the campus, but most of them are married. You find small crowded rooms with at least two girls in them, and ordinary sized rooms have four or five girls in them. Restaurants are crowded, expensive, and serve tasteless food. Classes are overcrowded, and as a result students find themselves unable to get into the course they desire. Classes are in one part of the city, living quarters in another, and restaurants and recreation places in still another. As a result most of the students' time is spent traveling from one section of the city to another—studying becomes almost impossible. Hail Lindenwood, our alma mater! Thank goodness for you!

This week—don't miss the convocation when Raymond Graham Swing will speak. It's bound to be good.—Ask a fellow that's a lot of fun and a good sport out to the barn dance which will be held Friday.—better write to that fellow that's the old standby at home 'cause Thanksgiving's only four weeks away—remember to listen to KCLC every night from 7 till 9.

## LINDEN BARK

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## THE CLUB CORNER

Twenty-seven new members, including two faculty members were initiated into the Press Club at its annual formal initiation. Projects for the coming year were discussed, and it was decided that the November meeting would be a trip through the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. After this refreshments were served.

Tau Sigma, honorary dance fraternity, has selected the new members: Ruth Kawahara, Junior; Bonnie Holt, Freshman; Chris Baird, Freshman; Beverly Monahan, Freshman; Kiki Kotsiapoulous, Freshman; Carolyn Spearman, Sophomore; Jane Pinnes, Freshman; Barbara Bills, Sophomore. Plans were discussed at the meeting for the rest of the year. It was decided a Christmas dance and a Spring dance will be held.

At the last meeting the Commercial Club selected officers for the following year. Also at the same meeting social and business matters were discussed. The next meeting will be November 8, and will be a Gregg Shorthand demonstration.

Pi Alpha Delta had its Annual Frolic on October 14. The members of the classical department were entertained, and students not in the department who had had three years of high school Latin. The foreign students with scholarships were special guests.

## Dr. Roberts Likes Job at Lindenwood

"I like Lindenwood and I am very happy to be here," said Dr. Eunice Roberts, dean of the faculty, in an interview recently. She added that naturally she had some apprehensions about coming to a new school after being at Eastern New Mexico College for the past seven years. She added, "Lindenwood is exceedingly friendly. I have never felt so much at home with a faculty, students, and with a town, too."

"There is not too great a difference in Lindenwood and a co-educational school," Dr. Roberts commented in reply to a question on this matter. She said that she chiefly notices the fact that this as a residence school is "a closer knit family" than schools in which many students live off campus.

Dr. Roberts is very much interested in having more students complete all four years here. "We have a good solid academic standing. I believe we can increase our prestige by emphasizing upper class work." In regard to this, she expressed the belief that the Mid-west is not yet conditioned for four year women's colleges as is the East.

Dr. Roberts is a member of a family of distinguished educators. Before coming to Lindenwood she was Dean of Personnel and head of the Department of Romance Languages at Eastern New Mexico College since 1942. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and holds her A. B., M. A., and Ph. D. degrees from the University of Illinois.

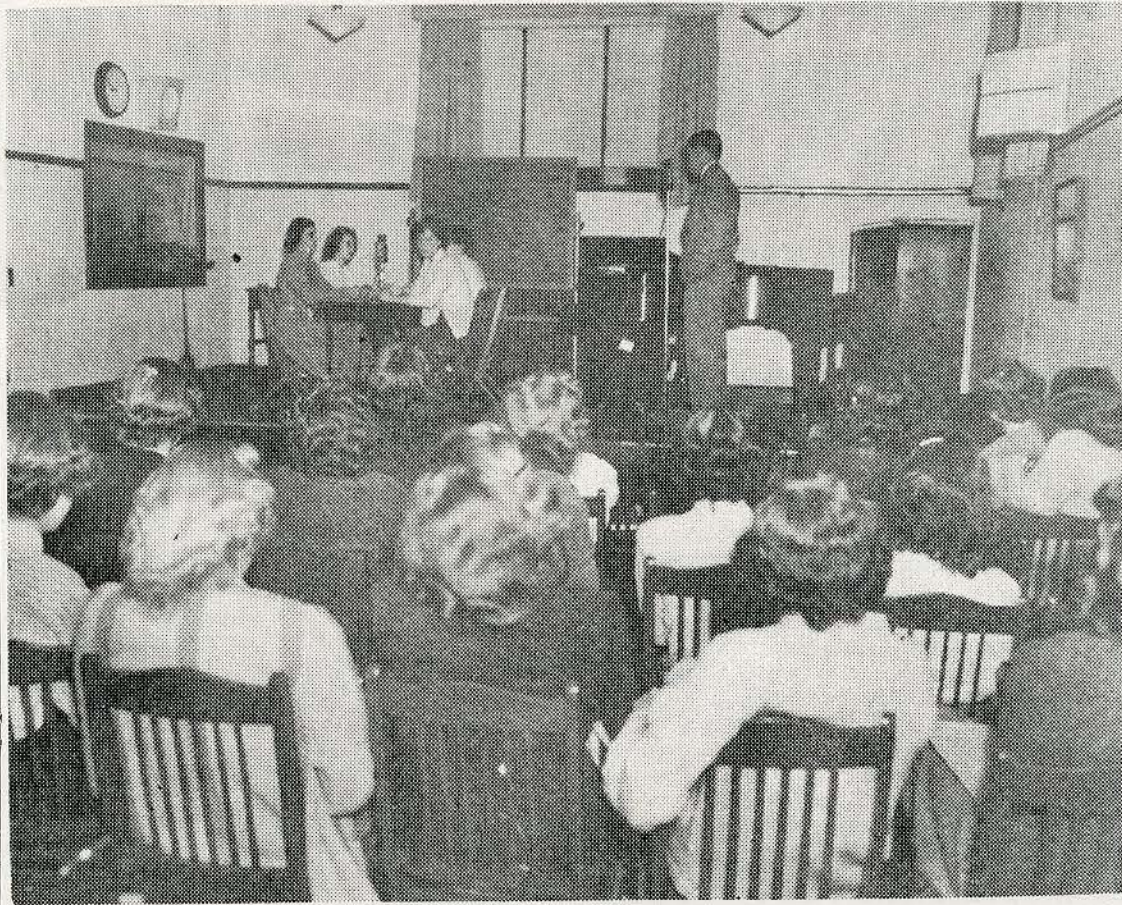
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## Panel Discussion Over K C L C



## Discussion Proves Potent Tool For Democratic Action Over K C L C

Discussion has been made a tool of democracy in a new course "Community Leadership" set up by President Franc L. McCluer. The class will discuss the different viewpoints brought to the campus from such different environments as Honolulu, Long Island, a ranch in western Nebraska and a West Virginia mining town.

Their final test comes when they return to their homes to participate in the duties of citizenship.

Twice each week these two dozen girls hear a short lecture pointing up some community problem, whether of medical service, libraries, schools, conservation and development of resources, recreation or civic responsibility. This merely serves as a certain raiser for a panel discussion in which all, sooner or later, participate. At the teacher's desk is Paul Greer, an editor whose special field is small town and rural living.

Usually four members of the class are brought around a table with a chairman to explore the topic, uncover conflicts of opinion and resolve them. The only general rule of procedure is that no one is to make a speech and that the audience will be invited to participate only after a definite pattern of ideas has been developed by the panel.

Instead of setting off the teacher from the taught, the aim in this classroom is the solution of a problem through co-operative thinking. The discussion is not an attempt to find out what

the majority thinks. Instead the effort is to understand other viewpoints and discover a common ground for action.

One spirited panel discussion has been broadcast over the Lindenwood College radio station, with others to follow. This one was on better use of radio, and developed the thought that improved programs could be obtained through more selective listening and more outspoken criticism. The chairman for this campus broadcast was James Lawrence, news editor of radio station KSD, St. Louis. He made the point that the best time to reach a decision on any problem is not after hearing a speech, but after hearing all sides, and that talk is in vain unless it leads to action.

Fortunately this venture in

"Community Leadership" is not to represent delayed action until all the students return to their homes. This has been assured by Professor Homer Clevenger, who besides teaching history and government at Lindenwood is mayor of the town of St. Charles. Immediately after the first session of the class, he offered to provide a living laboratory, both for study and action in his own community.

The immediate task is one frequently neglected in many places, that of proper non-commercialized recreation. Here in this peaceful town on the banks of the Missouri river the girls from Texas, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, not to mention St. Louis and other communities in Missouri, are finding a way to tackle the problems common to all.

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## Social Calendar

October 29—barn dance  
November 6—Harvest Ball  
November 13—Niccolls and Irwin  
December 11—Christmas dance  
January 15—formal dance  
February 5—informal dance  
February 12—Valentine formal dance  
February 19—informal dance  
February 26—informal dance  
March 5—informal dance  
March 19—St. Patrick formal dance  
April 2—informal dance  
April 9—informal dance  
April 23—Junior-Senior prom  
May 7—May Day formal dance  
Exam week—fun hours

A larger week end recreation program has been planned for the students this year. Formerly there was one dance a month but this year there is a series of eleven informal dances and nine formal dances including the Junior-Senior prom. Thus far informal dances have been given for Butler, Ayres, Sibley and Niccolls halls. Boys from all neighboring colleges and universities are being invited. Miss Leah Mae Williams is the social director and is in charge of all parties and blind dates.

## Swing Your Partner

### at A. A. Hoe-Down

Swing your partner to and fro, and that's exactly what you'll be doing Friday night if you come to the barn dance. My what fun, square dancing with a real honest to goodness caller from St. Louis and a hillbilly band. Now just what could be more exciting?

All you have to do is don your levis or jeans, grab a date and come over to the gym. For you gals who don't find dates, find one of your single pals, (one of you wear a straw hat) and join the crowd. All the faculty is expected to be there too, for this is an all school party sponsored by the A. A.

See you all Friday night without your "Buttons and Bows." By the way, be sure and tell your dates not to wear a tuxedo for this occasion.

## STRAND

Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Oct. 28-29-30

2—Features—2

In Glorious Color!

Robert Paige in

RED STALLION

with Noreen Nash

and

Dennis O'Keefe in

T-MEN

11:30 P. M. Saturday

HALLOWEEN SHOW

Alan Ladd in

THE BLACK CAT

with Bela Lugosi

Basil Rathbone

Sun.-Mon. Oct. 31-Nov. 1

Continuous Sun. from 2

Dennis Morgan in

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS

(in technicolor)

with Jack Carson

Tues.-Wed. Nov. 2-3

Paulette Goddard in

HAZARD

with MacDonald Cary

Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Nov. 4-5-6

Eddie Cantor in

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE

with Joan Davis

Allyn Joslyn

plus Walt Disney's

THREE LITTLE PIGS

Sun.-Mon.-Tues. Nov. 7-8-9

Alan Ladd in

BEYOND GLORY

with Donna Reed

Wed-Thurs. Nov. 10-11

Zachary Scott in

RUTHLESS

with Diana Lynn

## THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

By Dot Steiner

Congratulations to Betty Brandon who received her ring just recently. His name is Jim, he's a perfect doll and we think Betty is too. Here's wishing you the very best.

Question of the week?—Which Junior in Ayres Hall suddenly demoted herself to a Sophomore for purposes known to this columnist?

It's a hard life for a girl, especially when she discovers that a boy prefers a stag party to her company. Eh Brown Fairy?

Nancy Hudson is really having troubles. A certain Mr. Brown refuses to leave and things are getting most difficult. You see Nancy has another date for this week end and at present there are too many men around. Nancy should start her own date bureau.

Sorry to hear that Dottie Vickery's friend—Fig Newton—is passing away. (F. N. is a balloon with sentimental attachments.)

There was a club house sandwich date last Wednesday for Susie Campbell and Sarah Hilliard. What would we do without Dear—John?

Seen On The Beaten Path . . . Larry and Carol breaking some dates . . . Jo Ann Johnson with that lovelight in her eyes—G. B. . . . Joyce and Joie throwing a crash bang party for a pal of mine . . . Wolfgang Bush and her composition, "The Unfinished Hog-Call" . . . Nancy Bailey and her Bill . . . Jenny and Mel with chaperons in class . . . Renie Oaks awfully hungry in Econ . . . Joan, Margi, Clancy and a gang in the tea room . . . Margie Marcellus with an adorable haircut . . . My roommate and her many phone calls . . . Sally going home and quite excited about it . . . me being reprimanded three times in one day . . . Folsta Bailey with lots of food . . . Joco her usual sweet self . . . Ruth B. and her pet dog . . . Ray Bradley with problems concerning Bob . . .

That's all for this week, but Remember Better behave for Gossip we crave.

## Pat McCutcheon, Helen Ray Win Hall Elections

Officers for Irwin Hall and Nicolls Hall have been elected. Helen Ray has been elected president of Irwin Hall. Marilyn Maddux is the Student Council representative, and Billie Whitnell and Muriel Jacobson will act as floor representatives.

In Nicolls the officers are: Pat McCutcheon, president; "Mel" Bemis Student Council representative; Doris Cohen and Joy Hellwig, first floor representatives; Jean Schneide and Marcia Tomlinson, second floor representatives; Sylvia Tuller, third floor representative.

Each Student Council representative automatically becomes the representative from her floor.

## College Life Theme Of First Play Of Year

"Brief Music," a sentimental comedy, by Emmet Lavery, will be the first dramatic presentation by the Speech and Drama Department. This play, the first of the year, will be presented Friday, December 1.

"It is not the rah-rah Hollywood type of play," commented Robert Hume, who will be in charge of production. Brief Music deals with the trials and tribulations of seven young girls in a woman's college. "This should make it of particular interest to Lindenwood student body," he added. Of the play's principal characters one is the

typical glamour girl with dates galore, (lucky girl) also a gal who is all hepped up on sociological problems, and a soap-box orator who feels duty bound to attend all group meetings, and make her presence felt. Naturally, in this play you'll meet the plague of every happy group, the well-known drip.

Tryouts for the all-girl cast are tentatively scheduled for Wednesday, November 4, at the Little Theater in Roemer. All students interested in dramatics are eligible to try out for a part in the seven girl cast.

## GHOST OF SIBLEY SCARES

Continued from page 1

is fast and he throws you out then pulls you back until you bob around like a bug." We didn't attempt to explain that this was modern dancing but just passed on.

By this time we had relaxed a little and were beginning to enjoy our visit with the ghost. We asked how she liked our foreign students. "Why they are lovely young ladies," she exclaimed, "I could just squeeze them to death." We shivered at this remark, and we reached for each other hoping she wouldn't decide to squeeze us to death.

"Is there anything else?" we asked meekly, as our voices echoed and re-echoed in that dim and mystic chapel. "Yes," she said slowly, "I came here tonight because I wanted to help you reporters on the Linden Bark. You all work so hard." We didn't bother to glance at each other and giggle at her mistake but watched her as she stood and slowly drifted towards us. "I also want you to help me," she murmured on. "Last year when I came, the students' treatment of my remains was horrible," she said as she pointed to a white mass beneath a quaking voice and still continued forward slowly.

"This Halloween I'll return to play my favorite hymn, Rock of Ages, on the organ," she added. "If they try to touch me or harm me in any way I'll . . ." By this time she was practically on us, so we didn't wait for the rest but turned and ran for the door. After we had reached the sidewalk we paused and heard one note on the organ—then deathly silence followed. Mrs Sibley had left to return Halloween night. You can see her them, but one ghost a year is enough for us. You'll find Peg and Jo sitting in some brightly lighted room that

night. We never believed in ghosts before, but now—well maybe there aren't any such things and maybe there are. You look toward Sibley Chapel Halloween night as the clock strikes twelve and then see if you believe in them or not. If you should just happen to hear organ music that night also, relax, because it is just a ghost serenade.

## Shakespeare Comments . .

### The Election

"Thy frank election make; thou hast the power to choose."

All's Well That Ends Well— Act III, Scene 3

"Promising is the very air of the time."

Timon of Athens—V, 1

"Henry is youthful and will quickly yield."

1 Henry VI—V, 3

Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not."

3 Henry VI—I, 1

"The rotten diseases of the south."

Troilus and Cressida—V, 1

"For Harry, I see virtue in his looks."

1 Henry IV—II, 4

"Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time . . ."

1 Henry IV—II, 4

"What's to do here, Thomas."

Measure for Measure—I, 2

"Who gives anything to poor Tom."

Lear—III, 4

"Leave us to our free election."

Pericles—II, 4

From The Greyhound

## Dr. McCluer Elected V. P. Of Committee

Dr. Franc L. McCluer was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Missouri Committee when the group met in St. Louis October 7 and 8. He also presided over the UNESCO dinner held at the DeSoto hotel on October 7.

## DR. ROBERTS GIVES

Continued from page 1

handle people as well as we already know how to handle things."

"The whole area of tensions between peoples represents a frontier on which we have scarcely begun to pioneer." Pioneering must be done in areas of prejudices against minorities, in the understanding of people of one part of the world of the people of other parts of the world. In some ways, this may represent the most important frontier of all."

There is, Dr. Roberts said, a striking similarity between all three of the frontiers suggested. "All concerned with the relationships of people. There is no question, that in the immediate future we must develop our ability to handle the relationships of people. For the last few generations we have made almost unbelievable material progress. I can envisage progress along social lines in the next few generations just as striking and exciting as material progress has been."

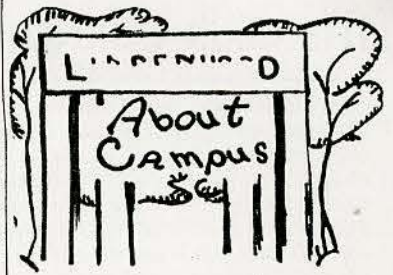
"Any pioneering takes courage and stamina. This pioneering which I have suggested, at mental and social levels will take more courage than any pioneering engaged in by our forefathers in the the settling of this country. It presents a challenge which we must meet."

Miss Jo Ann O'Flynn, president of the Student Body, paid a "Tribute to the Founders."

Dr. Franc L. McCluer presided and introduced the Rev. Dr. James W. Clarke, president of the college's Board of Directors, who delivered the invocation.

The college choir, under the direction of Milton Rehg, sang the anthem, "Send Forth Thy Spirit," by Schuetky.

Thursday morning, the graves of Major and Mrs. Sibley were decorated with sprays of gladiolas on a background of pom-poms and oak leaves, in floral tribute, and expressing the gratitude of the "Lindenwood family."



By Nancy Bailey

It is rather nice and comforting to walk into the tearoom and many other places on the campus and see that many more freshmen are speaking to many more freshmen (with right names included) and upperclassmen. Can't forget the faculty on this either, for they are certainly a group of congenial, educated people. They lean heavily toward being congenial with books and assignments too as the year wears on—ah—that is college though and we really couldn't live without it—could we—?

The enticing lil' white pills the infirmary simply loves to give out, seem to be more popular all the time. Sneeze once and they are yours for the asking. Just don't have to be toted upstairs in this lovely building for a stay.

People seem to be getting used to the long, shrill shrieks of the "mike" in the dining room at the beginning of each speech made—at least we don't see persons diving into glasses of water or wearing earmuffs over the nerve-racking effect.

Thoughts of the biology displays on third Roemer, who will be Harvest Queen, and the boy back home, are fighting for first place in many minds, these crisp autumn days. Just know biological science always wins. But let us not compare the beauties of a slimy plant to the coming Harvest Queen or boy back home—however best not forget the slimy plants either—"E" is a fine looking letter.

Come Fridays and many suitcases are seen flying into taxicabs. Owners too of course and all off to rip-roaring week ends, while sad, wistful faces watch them leave. Everyone's chance comes sooner, or—excluding Christmas and Thanksgiving. Ummm, that last brings fond thoughts that make our mouths water all for the chance of mutilating a home cooked turkey. What do you bet we see a few rings, pins and such, floating around after that vacation too.

Almost thought there was a fire, in a certain room, in a certain dorm one night, not long ago. Poor little wastepaper basket was belching forth clouds of smoke and people were running around like mad. Finally, the owner of the room and basket too, bravely carried it out and remedied the situation.

Will close with best wishes to Mr. Motley and all other followers of that party—guess the elephant too well fed this year.

GIVE RECITAL  
Continued from page 1  
Islamey Balakirew  
Miss Kettner  
VI  
Red Rosey Bush (Appalachian Folk-Song)  
Arr. by Victor Young  
A Ballad of Trees and the Master  
George W. Chadwick  
Comin' Thro' the Rye  
(Old Scottish Melody)  
Arr. by Bainbridge Crist  
The Unforeseen Cyril Scott  
Love Went A-Riding  
Frank Bridge  
Miss Humphrey  
Miss Kettner accompanied  
Miss Humphrey.

## PICK OF THE AIR ON KCLC

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
7:00 p. m.	PICKED PLATTER PARADE	PICKED PLATTER PARADE	PICKED PLATTER PARADE	PICKED PLATTER PARADE	PICKED PLATTER PARADE
7:30 p. m.	PLY'KE AND WIN	OVER THE RAINBOW (Poetry)	Dramatically Yours	Public Service	Lets Talk It Over
7:45 p. m.	PLY'KE AND WIN	Concert Gems	Dramatically Yours	Public Service	Let's Talk It Over
8:00 p. m.	Excursions In Science	Concert Gems	Starry Eyed Over The Stars	Lorraine Peck From Washington	Dream Land (Semi-Classical)
8:15 p. m.	After A Fashion	Chit Chat By Pat	Time Out By Butch and Mack	Chit Chat By Pat	Who's Who On Campus
8:30 p. m.	Top Tune Tips	Top Tune Tips	Top Tune Tips	Radio Recital	Who's Who On Campus
8:45 p. m.	Novelty News	Piano Play Time	Letter Home	Radio Recital	Letter Home

Each Student Council representative automatically becomes the representative from her floor.

## Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

**Blind Dates Are Pertinent Issues On Lindenwood's Campus..  
Barometer Reveals 33 Per Cent Of Students Have Had Blind  
Dates—40 Per Cent Do Not Want Any More.**

Dates is the subject of this week's Bark Barometer of campus opinion. To date or not to date, are blind dates ever handsome, how many times have you been disappointed. The Bark staff has sampled public opinion on this issue of the day and presents its findings as follows:

1. Have you had a blind date this year? 33 per cent have had blind dates and 67 per cent have not.

2. Do you want another and

why? 40 per cent do not and the reasons are: last ones were stoozy, no fun, rather go with people they know. 60 per cent do want more blind dates and the reasons are: for experience, last one was nice, to relieve disappointment in last blind date, and like to meet other fellows.

3. Do you think the system of apportioning the blind dates can be improved? 35 per cent say no, they cannot, and 65 per cent say "yes."

## Washington Semester Reports Back to Lindenwood Campus

Dr. Homer Clevenger, head of Lindenwood Political Science Department, was in Washington, D. C. Oct. 16, to attend a Washington Semester Meeting.

Each of the twelve schools participating in the Washington semester sent one representative, and there were two men present from the American University.

The committee discussed the preparations students should have before being selected to attend the Washington Semester. As the students are required to take two special courses at the American University, the committee discussed what these courses should be. In the afternoon meeting, they decided the type of scholastic record that should accompany each participant of the Washington Semester.

Dr. Clevenger was met at the train early Saturday by Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Miriam Reilly, Betty Jack Littleton, and Lorraine Peck. They had breakfast together at the Harvey House, and made plans to meet for the luncheon given for the Washington Semester students and committeemen. At the luncheon, held on the campus of the American University, one student representative was called on to discuss his project. Miriam Reilly, of Lindenwood, told of her project, and Dr. Gipson called on Lorraine Peck to explain her project of sending transcription of interviews with important people to KCLC, our campus radio station. Dr. Clevenger was very proud of the talks, and claiming no prejudices, he thought that Lindenwood, he thought that Lindenwood there.

As there are seven girls and 16 boys in the Washington Semester, there are many opportunities for our girls to attend various social functions. Doors to many select parties are opened to these students through the influence of the American University. Miriam Reilly has been sporting her Spanish with foreign diplomats like mad, and she loves it.

Dr. Clevenger concluded that the Washington Semester was an "excellent opportunity for girls who would like to absorb the government atmosphere by visiting the various institutions at Washington." Anyone interested in going there first semester next year is invited to talk to him about it anytime.

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## Rev. McCallister Speaks At Vespers

The Rev. Raymond McCallister, pastor of the Webster Groves Christian Church, was Sunday night Vespers speaker. He spoke on the advantage of being valiant in everyday life. Valiancy, according to Rev. McCallister, is something to strive for, but hard to achieve.

## Varied Events Planned For Social Calendar

Many interesting events are in store for all students on the campus from now until the first semester ends. The cultural calendar calls first for Raymond Swing, a news commentator, who will talk October 27. Following is Dr. C. Oscar Johnson, minister of the Third Baptist Church in St. Louis and president of the Baptist World Alliance, who will be here October 28. Speakers slated for Vespers are: October 31, Bishop William Scarlett, Bishop of the Episcopal Church of St. Louis; November 7, W. W. Hall Jr., president of Westminster College. On November 9 at 7 o'clock the Barber of Seville, an opera on a semi-concert form, will be given by the Lucuis Pryor troupe from Council Bluffs Iowa. On November 10, Vera Micheles Dean, who is from the Foreign Policy Association, will lecture. Alexander Kerensky, a Russian statesman, will be here December 2 and to give lectures. On February 17, at 7 there will be a concert by Violinist Edith Scheller and Accompanist Harry Farbman, both of whom are with the St. Louis Symphony.

Social functions slated are: on October 23, an informal date dance. On October 30, a date barn dance; on November 1, a Freshman style show starting at 7 p. m. November 6 will be the date for the all school Harvest Formal, when the Freshman Queen will be crowned. On November 16 there will be an orchestra concert at 7:00 and the Encore Club will give their all school party November 19. The Instrumental Association will present a party on December 4 in Butler Gymnasium; December 10 the dramatics department will present, "Brief Music"; December 11 there will be a formal Christmas dance, and January 15 another formal dance will end the first semester social season.

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## The Metronome

By Mary Frances Morris

The Lindenwood sextet presented a program for the annual Bankers' convention on October 20, at Norwood Hills Country club in St. Louis. They sang "Will You Remember," from "Maytime," by Romberg, "Summertime," by Gershwin, Scott's "Lullaby," and "My Johann," by Tschaiakowsky. Members of the group are Marjorie Moehlenkamp, Beverly Stukenbroeker, Joyce Powell, Enid Reese, Mary DeVries, and Barbara Watkins. Carolyn Furnish is their accompanist.

Miss Marjorie Moehlenkamp, soprano, will present her Junior recital next Tuesday at 4:45 p. m. in Sibley Chapel. She will be accompanied by Carolyn Furnish and assisted by Mary Jo Sweeney, violinist.

Misses Mary DeVries, Marjorie Moehlenkamp, Mary Jo Sweeney, and their accompanists, Carolyn Furnish and Jean Eiel, will present a program for the St. Charles Rotary club next Thursday, during the noon hour.

The first general recital of the year will be given in Sibley Chapel, November 2, at 5 p. m. These recitals require attendance of the music majors and minors, and are open to the public.

On Tuesday evening, November 9, the "Little Opera Company," widely hailed by critics for its outstanding performances, will appear at Lindenwood, in Roemer auditorium. They will present Rossini's comic opera, "The Barber of Seville."

This company of five, stars Carol Jones, mezzo-soprano, and baritone Emile Renan, and offers may innovations to the audience. The libretto is entirely in English; the costumes and scenery are modern.

Wilfred C. Bain, Denton, Texas, writes, "The audience was effusive in its enthusiasm. For the first time a large per cent heard opera and understood it as it should be understood."

All faculty and friends of the college are cordially invited to this convocation.

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For the second consecutive year the Student Council offers two \$50 prizes—one for suitable lyrics; the other, for the music. The same person may enter both lyrics and music, but in separate contests. The important

thing is: both must be original. Here are the rules for the lyrics contest.

The poem should have the equivalent of two verses, having a minimum of four lines.

It must be hymn-like in nature. Each poem should be signed with a pen name, which is written on an envelope, enclosing the author's name.

All entries must be in Box 158 on, or before, November 30.

If no suitable poem is found, the contest will be carried over next year.

When a winner is announced, the lyrics will be made available to all those wishing to enter music. In this way only can Lindenwood have a proud song.

## Prom Committees Vote for Coke



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## LINDENWOOD OLYMPETTES

Come on gang, grab your sticks and shin guards, hockey practice is still going on and we'd like to see more of you out for those wonderful afternoon sessions. Even if you don't play, do come down to the field and cheer the girls on. It takes a little encouragement from you on-lookers to push that ball over the goal.

While we're speaking of sports, don't miss "Time Out With Butch and Mack" every other Wednesday night over KCLC at 8:15. You'll hear sports news and feature stories, local and national and in addition the girl athlete of the week will be announced. It may be you, so be sure and listen.

Wasn't too much enthusiasm last week as far as recreations were concerned. You don't realize the fun you're missing until you get up a group of gals and go for a swim or shoot the ball at the basket. I might mention also that you sports fiends who are interested in riding are welcome down at the stables every Saturday. For only a dollar you can ride for a full hour, and believe me, it's worth while.

That's it for this week kids, but we'll be seeing you on the hockey field, on the tennis courts and anywhere in the Lindenwood sports parade.

## Ayres and Sibley Girls Entertain Kappa Alpha's

Ayres and Sibley halls were hostesses to the Kappa Alpha's from Westminster and Rolla at a dance Saturday night, October 16. A four-piece orchestra provided music for the occasion.

This was the second of several fraternity dances to be given this year.

## Many Alumnae Come For Founders' Day Exercises and Tea

There were many Lindenwood alumnae on campus for Lindenwood's annual Founders' Day this year. The majority of alumnae attending the Founders' Day exercises were from St. Louis County and the surrounding communities. However, an ex-Lindenwood student from Bartlesville, Okla., was on campus. Representatives of classes 60 and 70 years ago were here to revive old memories. Some of last year's class was here, but not as many as in the previous years.

A reception was held in the afternoon at the home of Dr. and Mrs. McCluer. Lindenwood Students, alumnae, faculty and guests were all invited to attend. Miss Hankins, sponsor of the Alumnae Club, poured the punch and members of the Senior Class served.

## Athlete Of The Week



For the first athlete of the week we have chosen Miss Betty Bishop of St. Charles, Mo. Everyone knows Bish as the girl with the friendly smile and the terrific personality.

Versatility is Bish's motto for she is vice president of A. A. Hockey Captain 1947-48, member of the basketball team-guard 1945-46-47-48. She bowled with a commercial team in St. Charles last year. In addition, to being a member of Tau Sigma, Bish was a tennis counselor at a summer camp this past season and has a regular position as a Phys-Ed. instructor at the Sacred Heart Academy in St. Charles.

## Scholarships Given By Member Of Board

Two \$500 scholarships have been given to Lindenwood by Arthur S. Goodall, member of the Board of Directors of Lindenwood, it is announced by Dr. Franc L. McCluer, president. These scholarships will be known as the Nannie S. Goodall Memorial Scholarships, in memory of Mr. Goodall's mother.

These scholarships will be awarded to girls who are felt to be capable of contributing toward the betterment of the student body.

## Varsity Hockey Team Opens Season Friday Against Washington U.

The official hockey season opens with a big game here at Lindenwood next Friday afternoon. It's Lindenwood vs. Washington University and it promises to be a close game. Sparks will be flying from those sticks and cheers will fill the autumn air when L. C. walks away with the winnings. Game time will be announced later.

Probable players for Lindenwood are: Betty Bishop, JoAnn O'Flynn, Jody Viertel, Maxine Davis, Ruth Beutler, Alice Mack, Shirley Falls, Bobbie Wade, Yvonne Williamson, Jackie Fish, Jeane Heye, Diane Lent, Gloria Faye, and Diane Stevenson.

## THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



We, the "Bark staff," nominate Miss Marie Koch, class of '49, for the campus Hall of Fame. Active throughout her college years, Marie has made more posters and been in more plays than you could shake a stick at.

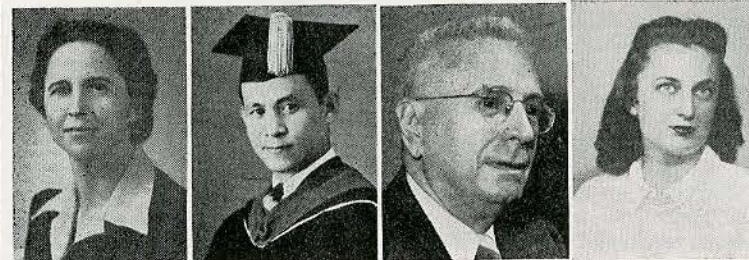
As president of both the Modern Language Club and Alpha Psi Omega, and secretary of Kappa Pi, she is kept busy as an executive. She is also a member of the Riding team, El Circulo Espanol, Athletic Association, the League of Women Voters, and Beta Chi.

Last year Marie was the president of Irwin Hall, Social chairman of Beta Chi, president of Kappa Pi, and a member of Residence Council. As a Freshman, she was a member of the Halloween Court.

## Jo Anna Rhodus' Father Dies

Deepest sympathy is extended by the student body to Jo Anna Rhodus who lost her father, Mr. H. J. Rhodus last week.

## New Faculty Members



From the left: Dr. Louise Hastings, English Dept., Dr. Pedro Rio, visiting professor of Education; Paul Greer, Community Leadership, and Miss Carolyn Trimble, English Dept.

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## Alumni Luncheon To Be Held At Teachers' Meet

Lindenwood will be host to its teacher Alumni at a luncheon during the Missouri State Teachers Convention at Kansas City, November 4. It will be held at 12 o'clock noon in the Trianon Room, Hotel Muehlbach. Dr. Franc L. McCluer will be luncheon speaker at this annual affair, and Guy C. Motley, Secretary of the College will attend.

## REPUBLICANS WIN MOCK

Continued from page 1

for the Democrat, Republican, Socialist, Socialist-Labor, and Progressive party.

Many students were surprised to see Dr. Alice Parker, of Lindenwood English Department, appearing on the Democratic ticket for Representative in State Legislature. They might be more amazed to know that 11 candidates are running for President in the Nov. 2 Election.

President Harry S. Truman of Missouri, Democrat; Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York, Republican; Henry A. Wallace of New York, Progressive; Gov. J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, States' Rights.

Norman Thomas of New York, Socialist; Edward A. Teichert of Pennsylvania, Socialist Labor; Claude A. Watson of California, Prohibition; John C. Scott of New York, Greenback; Gerald L. K. Smith of Michigan, Christian Nationalist Crusade; Farrell Dobbs of New York, Socialist Workers; John Maxwell of Illinois, Vegetarian.

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# The Linden Bark Literary Supplement

LINDEN BARK SUPPLEMENT, THURSDAY, OCT. 28, 1948

## Slap-stick Sleep

By Marilyn Tweedie

FOR the fifteenth time I untangled my cramped extremities from the sheets, grabbed the engulfing blankets from around my head, and took one more invigorating breath of air before counting the rams again. The first thirty thousand sheep had reproduced since the beginning of my insomnia, and their offspring were gaily jumping the fence which was a barrier between my restlessness and sandman's peacefulness.

I had counted the letters in the alphabet until nightmarish gremlins began to pinch off the legs and arms of the symbols and I drowned in a sea of confusion. If only I could have stayed down until morning, but my buoyant mind shot to the surface and again I took another breath of air before wrestling with sleep once more.

Many times had I knitted imaginary sweaters, and each time they resulted in a tight ball of yarn that had to be unwound and knitted again. I had unsuccessfully tried to convert the drips of the water faucet, the belches of the radiator, and the clank of the springs into a restful symphony; but the harmony was nauseating.

How I admired the fellow who wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams. Why did I not receive a summons to that state of sublimity? Suddenly I recalled a magazine article entitled "How to get to sleep," and I began to administer the advice given. Consoling my aching feet, I explained to them that it was far into the wee hours of the morning and they must go to sleep. I soothed my soggy knees with soft syllables until they became satisfyingly numb. I pleaded with my thighs to retire and miserably begged my ribs to relax. I reassured my shoulders that my eyes would watch over them while they slumbered.

Just as I quivered with relaxation, I espied the latest edition of "Luke Loves Louise." I was out of bed like a kangaroo—the only difference being that the bags I had were under my eyes. With anticipation I opened the pages to the introductory lines of the serial, enveloped myself in Luke's arms, and "z-z-z—!"

I slammed the door in the milkman's face today when he bade me good morning.

## The Woman In The Moon

(An October Exploration)

By Helen Strategos

LAST night the Woman in the Moon and I had a woman-to-woman talk. I had often seen her more clearly than the Man in the Moon, her classical profile always having a pleasant expression.

She spoke to me last night, and threw down to me a ladder consisting of stars, and cordially invited me to visit her. The stairway of stars moved like an escalator, from which as I stepped off I landed in a fluff of whipped cream. Looking around, I could see that the moon sure enough was made of an enormous cake of cheese. As far as my eyes could see were bubbling valleys of milk, trees of white ice, and roads of smooth whipped cream. "What a Wonderland for mice!" I said to Madam Moon,

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## War And Peace

Written in imitation of John McCutcheon's "Ballad of Beautiful Words"

by Nancy Gaines, Jane Hall, Janet Ann Neilson, Nancy Starzl, and Virginia Townsend

Lavender, twilight, whispering, home,  
Rustling, murmur, dove,  
Lilac, scarlet, laughter, foam,  
Summer, Samantha, love.

Amulet, azure, shivery, sheen,  
Melody, moon, caress;  
Halcyon, happy, daring, demesne,  
Silvery, flame, finesse.

Emerald, misty, bugle, song,  
Clarion, tree, afraid,  
Heavily, marching, patrol, strong,  
Causality, more, crusade.

Drowsiness, peril, waiting, calm,  
Somber, brooding, gloom,  
Multitude, flippant, shadow,  
psalm,  
Golden, loving, loom.

Symphony, starlight, April, dawn,  
Memory, myth, review,  
Reverie, rhythm, feather, fawn,  
Rendezvous, song, anew.

## Speeditis

By Kathryn Lewellen

THE needle of the speedometer crept in its arc; seventy, seventy-five, eighty, then eighty-five it registered. Peter's mouth smiled; but his eyes, as he glanced at me, were wide with excitement, daring, danger. His hands clenched the wheel. The needle crawled past eighty-seven on to ninety, ninety-two. I was no longer craving excitement; I was scared. My knees quivered and my mouth was grim and set to keep my lips from trembling. My gaze was transfixed by the speedometer. Ninety-eight! The air in the car seemed to be under great pressure, crushing me. I glanced out the window at the blur of green. Occasionally a blob would jump into view and then dissolve—a tree. The car trembled slightly, vibrated with its own momentum. My eyes automatically flew back to that awful needle. One hundred five!

A car appeared in the road ahead of us and grew larger and larger until we were close. Peter took a short breath, and we whizzed into the other lane to pass. I had not noticed until then the other car coming to meet us!

I opened my dry mouth. "P-P-Peter!" my voice quavered. Then we were back in our own lane in front of the slower car, the oncoming car flashing by.

Peter took his foot off the accelerator until we crept along at forty miles per hour. But my pulse still throbbed as violently as the tick of the small clock on the dash. My face, I knew, was pale as the handkerchief with which I mopped the rivulets of perspiration from my brow; and my breath struggled in and out in short jerks.

Peter's eyes were glazed with the past excitement, and his face was flushed, the spots of red standing out plainly on his cheeks. I saw him relax his hands on the wheel, and the blood flowed again through the white knuckles.

The speedometer needle wavered happily on forty. A glance out the window revealed objects that were resuming their natural form and color. My body relaxed, and although I felt rather weak, I again became mistress of my actions; I had left the world of devil dangers.

Peter's teeth gleamed in a wide grin as he said, "Hundred and eight. Some car!"  
"Yeah," I agreed, "Some car!"

## Witch Hunt

By Virginia Townsend

IF the night is dark enough and the weather of the right variety, anyone can indulge in the great sport of witch hunting. The first requirement of the hunter is that he understand the unusual type of trap which will capture a wily witch. The ordinary cage type of trap will be of no use at all as any self-respecting witch can quite simply escape this by turning the cage into something harmless but useful like a rocking chair. Now it must be evident that the trap must be made of a material which will reduce, if not remove completely, the victim's powers of magic. Naturally this material will vary with the environment and nature of the witch. In the case of the ordinary witch, who goes abroad only at night and then only during the third quarter of the moon, a mixture of broom straws, fur from a black cat's right ear, and orange paint, burned and molded into the shape of a horseshoe will serve quite well. This trap must be set in the landing place of the witch and placed exactly where her right foot will first touch the ground.

Then, with the trap set and ready the hunter must prepare

himself to wait for his prey. He may find it necessary to build himself a shelter as the weather which is most beneficial to witches is not at all pleasant for men. This shelter should be water-proof lightning resistant, and have a roof strong enough to withstand the blows of hailstones of the bowling ball variety.

Let us now consider the situation the hunter finds himself in when, through his care and long hours of waiting, he has achieved his purpose and captured a very fine example of black witch. Just what does one do with a witch? The effects of the trap are bound to wear off in the very near future and he will find himself in the possession of a very powerful and revengeful enemy. To avoid this the hunter should put the witch out to graze (subdued witches like nothing so much as grazing) in a field of four leaf clover. Once each day he must cut her rapidly growing hair with a pair of sky-blue scissors.

There is only one certain way of avoiding the trouble caused by a career of witch-hunting and this is simply and inevitably to retire from the profession and join the happy millions who do not believe in witches.

## Murder in the Laboratory

(Chapter Forty Seven)

By Mary Murray

UNTIL my senior year in high school when I took chemistry, the smell of rotten-egg gas was most vile and irritating. I smelled it in Yellowstone; I smelled it in our basement; and to top all this, once every year at school the senior chem class manufactured H<sub>2</sub>S for the pleasure and enjoyment of their poor victims located below on first and second floors, and I was forced to smell it again. (I consider the location of our chem lab on third floor a great architectural blunder, especially when H<sub>2</sub>S, whose density is twice that of air, is being manufactured.—At least I considered it as such before I became a chemistry student!)

The sole objective of my high school career was to live in order to mix that ferric sulfide and hydrochloric acid myself and watch my schoolmates wither. Oh, what morbid satisfaction I would receive from the performance of this deed! I could just picture myself beaming over my test tubes as I madly poured the acid on the salt with fumes gushing everywhere. I gloated over this devastation so much that it almost became an obsession with me.

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,  
May gaze through these faint smokes curling whitely, . . .

The morning of October sixth greeted me joyfully. At eleven o'clock I dashed into the chem lab on this, The-day. With hands shaking and knees trembling, I tried to set up my apparatus as quickly and efficiently as possible. My lab partners were amazed at my sudden exhibition of pep and speed; but I tried not to be distracted by them, for this was a delicate operation which must be performed without interruption. I knew they would not understand. Completely oblivious I became to their presence.

With most careful pains and heartbreaking mishaps I set my generator up ready to charge, sure that I had plenty of highly  
(Continued on page 4)

## THE SHADOW

By Patricia Underwood

THE rubble had been cleared up in part, the rest had just been kicked around until it had either been lost or accepted as a feature of that particular London square. During the later part of the war, bombs had demolished six or seven of the buildings which had stood there; now life went on unconcernedly about the grim holes and piles of dirty brick. On the southwest corner of the square was a pub. Its patrons were workers from the nearby clothing factories. Men stopped in every evening after work at six for a glass of ale before returning to their homes.

The factory whistle blew, and the grubby little man behind the counter of the pub began to set the thick mugs under the tap. He hummed a tuneless song. Soon the men were filing in and shouting for their drinks. They were in a jovial mood, the day of work was completed, and they were out of the clammy air of the night. The air was soon stuffy with noise and smoke. A housewife passing on the street outside heard their laughter and hurried on past the pub and through the wastes of stone. She was wondering how the meat was going to stretch, how she could make her shoes do until the new coupons were issued. Gazing up she started violently at an ugly shadow cast in her path. It was only a silhouette of twisted steel and broken concrete made by a derelict building and a street light.

The woman began to run.

## Meditation

By Mel Bemis

Quiet . . .  
Softly . . .  
Ruffling over and over  
Into the past.  
Past . . .  
Never lost  
Treading on and on.  
Search . . .  
Think . . .  
Rumbling, roaring, dashing  
In, in, IN . . .

—Mel Bemis

## The Linden Bark Literary Supplement



"Natura et Doctrina"

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### AUTUMNAL BEAUTY

I WALKED through the garden yesterday, I felt the cool breath of the barren ground beneath my feet. The dampness seeped through my thin slippers, almost touching my heart.

Summer's echo lingered briefly in the stillness of the yard. The hollyhocks cringed in twisted forms, devoid of grace and beauty. The half sunlight burnished the crisp dryness of their crumpled stalks, outlining their sharp ugliness. I looked away quickly, saddened by their faded loveliness.

Across the pathway of the flower bed a lone spider spun his silver thread. He was the one sign of life in the emptiness. The asters and zinnias on their side of the walk were dry and brown, smelling faintly like a withered corsage. They were waiting patiently, as if they knew what lay ahead.

I shuffled my foot against the hard earth to feel its texture. Nothing stirred at my touch except the crumbs of dirt spilling across my shoe. An autumn breeze curled about my shoulders, brushing softly past my hair. I shivered and turned quickly, hurrying away before winter should also catch me in her fingers.

—Margery Barker.

### FOUR SPADES—DOUBLE—

THREE weeks ago I was a normal person—as normal, anyway as a freshman can be considered. I ate, I studied, and I had made friends who were willing to sign a document proving that I was alive. (That infirmary has some odd rules.) I could even look into a mirror without wincing too much and find traces of the beauty found only in youth. That was three weeks ago. Now, with dark, circled, and glazed eyes, I see in my mirror not a youth but a tired and beaten woman. The blush of youth which once favored my countenance has turned into a fountained cheek. The smile has become a sneer, and with palsied hand I push the graying hair from my furrowed brow.

"There it is! Didn't you hear it? Excuse me for starting so—but you see—Only a bell? Yes, it's only a bell—but there are hundreds of them—millions of them; loud alarms that wake me—jangling to hustle me through meals—clamoring as I go to classes—throbbing while I study—sobbing as I go to sleep—ringing—"

There are twenty-seven turbulent bells ringing during the day. And each bell has a different meaning for Lindenwood's five hundred students and faculty

members. The seven-o'clock bell is, of course, the most important and the most dreaded. Its tolling foretells an 8:00 o'clock class. There are bells five minutes before the hour and five minutes after the hour. The luncheon bell heralds a period of relaxation. The seven-thirty bell, however, relates to the more sobering business of study. There is a lowering of voices, sighings of "I have so-o-o-o much studying to do—this just has to be my last hand of bridge." So far into study hours, "I bid three spades—four spades—double."

—Lorraine Dunn

### HAPPINESS

EVERY man is entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness . . ." And the "pursuit" is about all of happiness that most people ever attain. Perhaps it is because they expect to find it in some distant region, waiting for them to arrive and scoop up in their hands as though it were some tangible substance. Perhaps it is because they expect to find it in something new and spectacular, some phantom of the obscure future.

But to me, happiness does not exist in the great, the startling, or the grandiose. To me, happiness is in little things, lovely things, but perhaps childishly simply things. For I find happiness is lighted candles at Christmas time, with the light making small luminous circles around the wicks like halos around saints' heads. I find happiness is scarlet oak trees shrouded in mist, so that the red leaves falling look like flames seen through smoke. I love to see a sunset sky, wounded by streaks of dying sunlight, and the black filigree of trees etched against the western horizon. I love to watch snow falling, falling, in the pale gold of a streetlight, and to feel the white flakes kissing my cheek with cold caress of winter. I find peace in the soft tintinnabulation of rain upon my roof, and in the plaintive whimpering of a little breeze in the arms of the pine tree. I find happiness in a violin that cries to itself like a lost child, and in thoughts, some sad and wistful, some bright and gay, like drifting autumn leaves blown by quick gusts of reflection. I find contentment in a singing fire, chuckling to itself, and in watching it throw soft, warm light on the faces of those I love.

In the simplicity and quiet grandeur of these things, I pursue my happiness.

—Nancy Gaines

### Famous First Lines

Can you name the Author?

LATE OCTOBER TEXTS

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,

One need not be a chamber to be haunted  
One need not be a house;

Half-way down a by-street of our New England towns, stands a rusty wooden house, with seven acutely-peaked gables,

In the midway at this our mortal life,  
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray  
Gone from the path direct

O Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

The skies they were—ashen and sober  
The leaves they were crisped and sere—

(Turn to page four for answers)

## The Ballad Of Sibley Chapel

By Lolita A. Briggs

'Tis midnight dun on Halloween,  
The hour for Sibley's ghost to walk.

The organ plays a haunting tune,  
And everyone is watching,  
watching.

Yonder from the graveyard dark  
Comes Mrs. Sibley's ghost a-walking

The organ plays a haunting tune,  
And everyone is watching,  
watching.

She wanders to the organ slowly,  
And then she sets the music flowing.

The organ wails a haunting tune,  
And everyone is watching,  
watching.

Her hour is done, 'tis time to go.  
For Halloween draws to a close.  
The organ plays a haunting tune,  
And everyone is watching,  
watching.

### TO MILTON

A Parody on Robert Herrick's

"To Electra"

By Katherine Pemberton

My love I dare not close;  
I dare not douse my light;  
For reading Milton's prose,  
I must complete tonight.

Ah, no, sweet Morpheus' arms  
I'll not embrace 'till dawn;  
For Satan's fiery charms  
Will still my guileless yawn.

## Virginia Woolf Morris



By Mary Frances Morris

HERE is no need to tell me that reading is the result of tastes, or tastes are a result of reading. Neither is there need to say no one can dictate a style; for nothing in the world could make me relinquish my own desires, when it comes to reading.

Through the years, my literary tastes have undergone a partial change. By that I mean: Although I still like excitement and humor, I don't read big-little books or comic magazines; my new enjoyment is P. G. Wodehouse, Agatha Christie mysteries and Mauldin's cartoons. The nursery rhymes have given way to Byron, Wordsworth and Millay and though Grace L. Kill might have been fine eight years ago, Margaret Mitchell will always have my heart.

Oh no, Miss Woolf. I am not above so-called "rubbish reading." In fact I enjoy it.

I must admit, however, that no matter how much I love to delve into the imaginary book world, I become bored with that which is not meaningful. There is always some type of material which is just written—no compulsion, no "cause," no love inspired it. That type of creation finds me impatient and strong as iron against it.

Perhaps Miss Woolf would find me strange. She might like me, too. Whichever it would be, though, would make no difference. I'm here to stay.



## BOOKS AND WAYS

SP EAKING of the unbounded oneness and the silent power of human thought is as platitudinous as the common circulation of prickly tales about the a-bomb by self-styled realists in these latter days. Yet if anyone longs to climb above the Lambert bombers, beyond the Blue with Mr. Gissing, a trial flight might be taken among the new accessions at Butler Library. Take a book of any type from the shelves, of architecture, physics, or philology and some current from this unbounded silence refreshes at a time

when all the sons of God  
Wait in the roofless senate-  
house, whose floor  
Is Chaos,

WHAT HAS wordly elegance, the "new word of the campus this month to do with everlasting truths? Turn the tenuous pages of an ample volume entitled **Novels of High Society from the Victorian Age**, selected with an Introduction by Anthony Powell, and you have a sense of kinship with that remote time, so near to us in numbers of years and yet so far away. The book is one of the Pilot Omnibus Series, printed in the Netherlands on greyish wartime paper, for the Pilot Press of London, and contains **Henrietta Temple** by Benjamin Disraeli, **Guy Livingstone** by G. A. Lawrence and **Moths** by Ouida.

The three novels represent three different interpretations of the glittering forty years after 1837, among what is purported to be "society," but which may be as "true to life" in the Chicago rampant with gunmen and Indians in native headdress. The novelists' pictures deal with too select a group (only a fragment of the actual families) and represent achievement as too easily accomplished by the social climber to be a completely faithful scene Mr. Powell is inclined to believe. Commerce has for generations been infiltrating into hereditary possessors of lands and of town houses and few pedigrees actually reach back to the 1400's; and as for lines reaching back to the Conquest, that, he believes, mere fable. If the Silverfork novelists actually show us the snobbery of a few, we ought, before we ridicule the Victorians, to know our own "slavish adulation of business boss or commissar," we are warned. It is suggested that old-fashioned snobbery was a brake on power-worship. And so in such ways we feel a kinship with that milieu.

Nor are the people and their creators strangers to us. The Earl of Beaconsfield's novel is more than an account of Ferdinand Armine, a man of ancient family, torn between Henrietta Temple and Katherine Grandison. The ways of men are the same even under golden chandeliers and among parlour plush. As coolly as Evelyn Waugh handles the pagan funeral rites of Hollywood does Disraeli recognize the truth that mortals do not altogether disregard material values, that the mundane reckon birth, money, and wit as commodities. He turns the white light on human motives and we forget such lesser flaws as artificial dialogue. Guy Livingstone may represent a small "set" and even though

this neo-Gothic Lifeguards officer is disguised by a moustache "that fell over his lip in a black cascade," he is only another version of the sardonic, hard-hitting hero of fiction and of life. Equipped with an ancient name, a nice bank balance, duelling pistols and Stendhalian determination, he can bring anything to pass; though he also finds himself in love with two girls simultaneously. The supermen of Kipling's barracks and of Hemingway's trenches carry on the tradition. Violence eternally displays itself.

As for Ouida with her herd of dogs and insipid vivaciousness, she should not be too quickly dismissed, since **Moths**, with all its failure to appreciate life as it is, does in the infatuated prig Vere Herbert give us one of the ancestors of all discontented women of modern fiction—and of life. Ouida Rame's own tragic life itself reads like a Silverfork fiction also. Paragons and patronizing prigs, and tragic wives we have ever with us like the poor. One need not turn to Shaw or Galsworthy, or D. H. Lawrence, or Ouida to meet them.

OF THE SEVERAL new biographies, **Frozen Sea: A Study of Franz Kafka** by Charles Neider (Oxford University Press) is an attempt to get at the meaning of meaning in Kafka's novels. Beyond the plot, beyond the scene, and even beyond the philosophical implications themselves, what is Kafka's truth? Neider uses the dream technique of Freud as a possible deliberate core upon which was built inductively the allegorical myths; but he is cautious, calling his "key" an "accidental" one and adding that the idea of a Biblical or mythical or relativity symbolism could as well have been developed. He begins his biography with traditional methods, erecting a basis on biographical and psychological facts, before developing his theory. Kafka's real cabala cannot be discovered until full use is made of his diaries and his **Letter to My Father**; yet his relation to those like Auden, Eliot, and Hulley, who sense the collapse of nerve among men in the Waste Land of our times, is clear. Supernaturalist he is as well as naturalist, although his "key" is yet unfound.

WE ARE MADE conscious of this oneness and dynamism of thought even in the reference books. Oscar J. Kaplan's **Encyclopedia of Vocational Guidance** (Philosophical Library) in two volumes indicates the wide range and unpredictable future of this new applied science. The next decade is described as the threshold of new guidance patterns that, now with the shadow of war's aftermath yet over us, cannot be seen. The **Encyclopedia** likewise is uncommittal about tests and their usefulness, describing them but doing little evaluation of them beyond the principal categories. As long as a science is in a fluid state it lives and lives dynamically as a part of the thought stream.



## Sweet and Lonely

By Mary Bradshaw Cargill

"Com'on, Bobbie, we're ready to start the game."

This was not the first time Suzanne had been distracted from the practicing of her beloved Chopin by noises from the front yard. She wished Barbara would hurry, change to her blue jeans, and get outside to the football game. Just at that moment she hopped through the living room tying the laces of one of her dirty saddle oxfords as she went. The only remaining trace to show that this was the same clean little girl who had run through the room in the opposite direction in the yellow gingham school dress only a few minutes before was the pair of wide yellow bows hanging onto her two long, black braids. Suzanne opened her mouth to ask Barbara if she dared go outside wearing such dirty clothes, but before she could get the first word said it became quite obvious that Barbara did dare. For with a "Hi ya, Sis!" she was gone and had slammed the screen door behind her.

Suzanne tried to get back to her practice, but shouts of "Run, Bobbie," "Good kick, Bobbie" kept interrupting her. Through the window she could see the usual gang of boys: Billy, Junior, Jerry, Tom, and her brother Hank. And there was Barbara playing just as hard and running just as fast as any of the others—much faster than chubby little Billy.

If Barbara would only listen to me, Suzanne said to herself. I try to tell her that she'll never get a boy friend that way. She's using the entirely wrong approach. Boys want girls to be quiet, feminine creatures who can sew, play the piano, and talk intelligently on any subject. They don't like for girls to be so athletic, so energetic. And her clothes! I do believe she'd be happy to wear those blue jeans all the time. I must speak to Mother about Barbara again. She keeps saying that by the time Barbara is seventeen she'll be different, but I know I was never like that when I was twelve.

Suzanne noticed a car stopping out front. Why, it's a bunch of the high school kids in Bud's old jalopy! she said to herself. I'll bet they stopped to ask me to go to the drug store with them. But why do they just sit there and talk to Barbara and the boys? Why don't they honk or yell for me? Why, they're driving off! They just stopped to ask about the football game.

Just then the phone rang. Why doesn't Mother answer it? Suzanne thought. She's much closer to it than I am. She's probably asleep, so maybe I'd better answer it. It might be for me! With that thought she bounded off the piano bench and down the hall to the phone.

"252, Suzanne Carter speaking."  
"Hello, Sue. This is John. Watcha doing?"

"Hello, John! Why, I've just been reading the most interesting novel on the present social conditions in Russia. It's one of the latest books. You must read it when I've finished."

"Uh, yea, I'd like to. I phoned to ask you what our physics assignment is for tomorrow. I had to leave early to go to play practice, so I didn't get the assignment."

In her disappointment Suzanne could hardly remember the assignment. She managed to answer and then said good-bye. As she dragged herself back towards the piano, she kept telling herself that there was still plenty of time. The country club dance wasn't until next Friday night. But almost all the boys already had dates—all except John. Oh,

why had he called about the old physics assignment? She wished he hadn't called at all!

She went back to the piano, but didn't sit down. She wasn't in the mood to play that gay Chopin piece she had been practicing. Instead she just stood there looking out the window.

In a few minutes her brother Hank came through the living room with a fruit jar full of water. Their mother had learned long ago to keep fruit jars of water in the refrigerator on hot afternoons, so that Hank and Barbara and their friends would not get all of her glasses dirty. Suzanne was two years older than Hank, although his unruly blond curls towered slightly above the white band that held back her shining, well-brushed hair. She had just been wondering what Hank thought about his younger sister's unlady-like behavior. She spoke her thoughts aloud.

"Hank, do you really like for Barbara to play football with you and your friends?"

"Un-huh" came from between big gulps of water.

"But I mean hadn't you rather she'd stay home and play dolls or house like other boys' little sisters?"

"Barbara can kick lots farther than Tom, and besides, we have to have an even number so we can play sides."

Hank slowed down but continued to drink as he crossed the room.

"I think if you'd tell Barbara that she looks sweeter in a dress than she does in blue jeans, she wouldn't come straight home and put on her jeans after school every day."

"But she can't play football in a dress, and besides, she looks O. K. in jeans to me."

By this time Hank had reached the door and showed no signs of wanting to continue the conversation. Suzanne turned back to her thoughts and the football game.

Barbara and Jerry were playing catch while they waited for Hank to come back. Barbara missed, and the football went sailing into the flower bed directly under the living room window. As Barbara started after it, Suzanne heard Jerry call,

"Wait, Bobbie, I'll get it for you."

Barbara, surprised by his sudden burst of generosity, stopped. Never before had anyone offered to do her a favor in the game. Usually she had been sent across the street or over the fence for the ball when the boys didn't want to chase it.

Suzanne watch Jerry carefully lift the ball out of the broken stems of the nasturtiums. Instead of throwing it to Barbara and running back to the game, Jerry hesitated.

"Bobbie?"

"Yes?" Barbara asked impatiently.

"Bobbie, you know the birthday party Jane Wells is having Friday afternoon after school? Well, Bobbie, will you walk down there with me?"

At last Jerry looked up.

Suzanne noticed from Barbara's expression that she had lost her concern over the football and was looking at Jerry as if for the first time. She was even blushing a little. Why, is Barbara really growing up? Suzanne thought. Maybe I'd better start taking lessons from her on how to get a date.

Now it was Barbara who hesitated.

"Yes." But this "yes" lacked the force and certainty of her last one. She took the football and ran back to the game.

## Newsreels And Camera Eyes

### A STUDY OF THE TECHNIQUES USED

BY DOS PASSOS

By Janice Verbin

TWO books have introduced me to the American writer John Dos Passos. **Three Soldiers**, written at the close of World War I, sets forth his philosophy that wars are futile and criminal, and **The Big Money**, a more recent novel, deals with our modern social and economic problems. However, it is not Dos Passos' views that draw me to him. It is his unusual and wholly shocking style.

#### The plots of **The Big Money**

and **Three Soldiers** have three different stories going at the same time. But only two, the stories of Charlie Anderson and Margo Dowling, are knit together, and these plots are not woven skillfully. Dos Passos plans as an artistic principle that his characters meet by coincidence, a device which took me quite by surprise. This is especially practiced in **Three Soldiers** when Andrews meets Chrisfield in Paris. It is true that in war men encounter one another unexpectedly, but the incident would have been more credible if the meeting had been developed. Also, in **The Big Money** Charlie Anderson offers a girl (who turns out to be Margo Dowling) a ride to Florida. This is another example of coincidence. Along with these three stories go the histories of Fuselli in **Three Soldiers** and of Mary French in **The Big Money**.

#### Movie Fadeouts

Dos Passos dwells on one character for several chapters, and then he flashes to another. He may return to the first character, or delay by introducing another in the meantime. In **Three Soldiers** Dos Passos leaves Chrisfield and takes up Andrew's story. When these two finally met I had forgotten what had happened to Chrisfield. I think failure to interest the reader is due, in part, to the fact that Dos Passos does not end an adventure vividly. Chrisfield is simply walking with the ranks at the end of the chapter dealing with his story. There is nothing to leave an impression on my mind about him. Life is like that; but should art be?

Not only does Dos Passos abruptly change episodes and have irrelevant chapters, but the solutions leave me up in the air, except in two conclusions. Charlie Anderson dies, and I know that Andrews will be imprisoned as a deserter. However, I have no idea what happens to Fuselli and Chrisfield in **Three Soldiers**, or Margo Dowling and Mary French in **The Big Money**.

#### Romantic Realism In Description

Although Dos Passos' plots are complex and hard to follow, his descriptions of the milieu are most admirable. **Three Soldiers** would have been ruined by a glamorous picture of war and army life. Dos Passos describes a German soldier's unlovely suicide by writing:

Where his face had been was a spongy mass of purple and yellow and red, half of which stuck to the russet leaves when the body rolled over. Large flies with bright green bodies circled about it. In a brown clay-grimed hand was a revolver.

It is very easy to see this sight because each word adds meaning to the scene. In **The Big Money** I find a concrete diction.

To Charlie they looked like a Kuppenheimer ad standing there amid the blue crinkly

cigarette-smoke in their neatly cut dark suits with the bright grey light coming through the window beyond them.

This is just one example of the clear-cut, exact pictures painted by the author. I feel that Dos Passos has chosen his words with a great deal of thoughtfulness.

#### Movie Effects Through Words

Although these enumerated points contribute to Dos Passos' style, he has an originality in technique all his own. Nowhere else in my reading have I ever encountered excerpts from newspapers to which the author devotes irrelevant chapters. At first, I could see no sense to this plan, but the further I read, the more I realized its effectiveness. The stories in **The Big Money** deal with happenings of today, and the "Newsreels" bring closer to me the realization that situations comparable to the ones in the novel do actually take place. It is the author's way of giving some background to the times. After a chapter, which tells of a protest parade in which Mary French takes part, there is this "Newsreel" after it:

#### CHICAGO BARS MEETINGS

For justice bars condemnation Washington Keeps Eyes on Radicals

Dos Passos uses these "Newsreels" many times in a very subtle way to link chapters together. After a chapter about Margo Dowling followed by an irrelevant chapter, Dos Passos devotes a page to "Newsreels" about Detroit, and then begins a chapter in which Charlie Anderson goes to Detroit. Another time, to introduce an irrelevant chapter, he uses a "Newsreel" telling that Rudolph Valentino is dying. He then begins a chapter on the Sheik.

But with a group of collected stories like those found in **The Big Money**, the "Newsreels" are not enough to describe the situations clearly. Likewise the author can not devote enough space to the characters; he must relate their adventures more hastily. So he has devised the "Camera Eye" to give that description and background lacking in the narrative. For example, in the chapter in which Mary French takes part in a protest parade, the author simply tells that the leaders and paraders were clubbed and put into patrol wagons. Then, after a "Newsreel" he writes a "Camera Eye," giving a very vivid description of the scenes of the parade. Dos Passos relates how the protestors have been beaten by forces stronger, richer, and more influential than theirs. These forces are American oppressors who have bought laws and hired the executioner.

There are many other "Camera Eyes" which flash on the screen of our inner eye just as vivid descriptions as these. By having a separate chapter for these, Dos Passos makes a greater impression on my mind. However, the characters do not seem to live in these scenes; and in consequence, the narratives are not as great a part of the characters' lives as a passage would be in the chapter. My greatest objections to the "Camera Eyes" and "Newsreels" are that on first acquaintance with them, I was bewildered as to what they stood for. However, I now realize what great bearing they have on the plots and on the staccato speed of America today as por-

trayed.

**The Big Money** is a cry against our idea that we must devote our lives to materialism. To prove his accusations, Dos Passos writes short biographies between the plots on men who have devoted their lives to gaining power and fame. He writes biographies on such men as Fredrick Winslow Taylor, Thorstein Veblen, Rudolph Valentino, William Randolph Hearst, and Henry Ford, vividly painting the stories of their desire for wealth and fame, and how they obtained their goals.

#### Punctuation Disrespected

Another literary device in **The Big Money**, which influences my opinion that Dos Passos' style is perhaps his most unusual trait is his complete disregard for the conventional forms of writing. In the "Camera Eyes" the author pays little attention to the rules of punctuation, and at times, he leaves out all forms:

throat tightens when the red-stacked steamer churning the faintlyheaving slatecolored swell swerves shaking in a long greenmarbled curve past the red lightship spine stiffens with remembered chill of the off-shore Atlantic

Not only does Dos Passos leave out marks of punctuation, but he also indents lines as in the preceding illustration. This deviation is effective only in lines that are important or shocking. For instance, in the biography of the Wright Brothers, the author indents the lines:

but the fact remains that a couple of young bicycle mechanics from Dayton, Ohio had designed constructed and flown for the first time ever a practical airplane.

The last unusual artistic experiment I met was the running together of words practiced on nearly every page of **The Big Money**. "Warmclammysweet" and "builtupseasonbyseason" are only two. In the biography of Henry Ford at least this is very effective. Dos Passos is satirically depicting Ford's method of speeding up production by describing the program as:

(. . . reach under, adjust washer, screw down bolt, shove in cotterpin, reachunder adjustwasher, screwdown bolt, reachunderadjustscrew-downreachunderadjust . . .)

Why does Dos Passos deliberately ignore the correct forms of writing? I have one explanation. **The Big Money** seeks to expose the faults of our modern social and economic thinking. The novelist is trying to show, in a realistic and dramatic way, how much we are governed by certain rules that we have come to adhere to do so determinedly. The devices accent and are in harmony with the theme of materialistic acquisition. **Three Soldiers** is not written like this because Dos Passos is not trying to bring out the same philosophy. The earlier novel is rather motivated by the belief that wars are futile. Accordingly, **The Big Money** demonstrates a definite change in style from the conventional one used in **Three Soldiers**.

As I reflect on the books more and reread parts of them, my first confusion vanishes and I am drawn back repeatedly to pages that once bewildered. I can see now why Dos Passos is considered by the critics as one of America's most individual writers, if not the most individual. I shall not rest until I have read all of the books

(Continued on page 4)

## OVER THERE

Home Lands Described By Our Students From Abroad

### CEDARS FROM LEBANON

By Wadad Dibou

**L**EBANON—the land of incense—is a very old country; in history it is known as Phoenicia. On my arrival here I was amazed to learn that the name is not familiar at all in the states. On meeting new people I'd say that I came from Lebanon. "But where is that?" came the question. My response "North of Palestine" always seemed to put us at ease.

Here is a somewhat more intimate picture of Lebanon. "North of Palestine" is not all. Mine is a very small country—a strip of land lying along the Mediterranean Sea which is its western boundary. From the North and Northeast it is bounded by Syria. Palestine is its southern boundary. Because of its favorable climate the mountainous part is a summer resort. There are many fertile plains and our main products are oranges, olive oil and grapes. The new agricultural tools are used in the most modern spots and in the other regions the old methods are still in use. In the plain of the Bekaa there are some agricultural experimental stations equipped with modern tools; here scientific research and supervision prevail.

The population of Lebanon is little less than a million, of which half is thinly scattered all over Lebanon and the other half lives in Beirut, the capital. One may wonder as to why there is so much congestion in only one city of the whole Republic. Beirut, besides being the capital and seat of government, is also the main good port as well as the seat of education; moreover it is the industrial center of the country and a business center too. These and other factors attracted people from all over the country to come and live in Beirut. The housing condition has become a problem during and after the last world war.

Lebanon has some ancient ruins and castles which date back to the time of the Greeks and the Romans. I'll name the most important—The Castle and Ruins of Baalbek, the Ruins of Djbeil and Palmyra, and the Crack des Chevaliers which date back to the time of the Crusaders. Among the other places that a visitor must see is the "Cave of the Kadisha," the shrine where our poet, the late Jibran Khalil Jibran, is buried, and the "Holy Cedars." There is reference in the Old Testament to Hiram, the king of Sidon, who as long ago sent forth to King Solomon cedar lumber from Lebanon to be used in building Jehovah's temple. (II Chron. 2:3-16).

Though Lebanon is small, it has its own traditions, customs folk songs and music. I hope you'll come to know Lebanon better from my stay with you. I cannot close without saying that I'm very happy to be here and am enjoying it all. Before I left my home one of the American teachers in my school gave me a farewell gift with a little note. I'll quote part of it. "I hope you find the people in America as friendly to you as I have found the Lebanese to me." I've written to that friend and assured her that her wish and hope is true.

### IN A SUGAR MILL

By Maria Zarraga

I have spent most of my childhood days at a sugar mill that my family has in Las Villas, one of the six provinces of Cuba.

It is a beautiful place surrounded by mountains, where it

is always cool, in summer too on account of the tropical breeze. Our home has a beautiful view, because it is upon a little hill where we can see the twenty surrounding hills and the sea as far as thirty-five miles away. We have at our home a little pool where we swim in summer. It is surrounded by mango, avocado and anacillo trees and it is in a place where we have orange trees, beautiful coconut trees, and palms, and other kinds of tropical fruits.

When we are taking a bath in the pool, I like to eat fresh oranges or anacillos, or play with balls. We go riding but I don't like to ride because when I was a little girl I fell from a horse and almost broke my arm. We also are very fond of baseball games and we too have good players. Or I might go skating or riding a bicycle over our plantation.

There are two seasons in the year in all sugar mills; one is the *zafra*, or the four months when sugar is obtained; and the other, the *tiempo muerto* when this work is finished.

It's very interesting to see the inside of a sugar mill when it is working: very big machines, men working in them, the cars coming full of cane and going empty to be loaded again, and the coal-burning locomotives throwing steam out. If we go to the country we will see men cutting the cane, that surrounds all our houses, and loading the cars ready to go to the mill. The laboratory is very interesting too, where chemists there try to improve the sugar.

There is a great movement; men going and coming, locomotives with many cars, the whistle warning men to be ready to go to work. The only thing that I don't like is the silence after the sugar crop is harvested. Every place is quiet; there is no movement; it seems as if all people are dead. By the end of two months the workers have spent all money, and then for six months all is silent.

But the most beautiful time is at night with all the lights in all the houses and over the plantation. It's a wonderful spectacle.

### GROAN AND TEAR IT

Remy Ja Rodriguez, Sophomore at Lindenwood, gives her first impressions of American speed in the following essay, which was published in *The Evergreen*, official paper printed by the students at the State College of Washington.

A little over six months ago, I was casting my last long look at Manila's verdant shoreline—then a beeline of glittering lights; then a fading silhouette of an island.

That was six months ago. And now, here I am comfortably ensconced in the "Land of the Freedom Train"; more so, in the land of Palouse rolling hills which is teeming with neck-straining six-footers. However, despite my long stay here, I am still at a loss at the rather queer but fascinating life which goes on within the four walls of WSC campus. As a rookie, fresh from the tropical lands, sees it:

First on the agenda is the downright extreme economy on time and element. Time? Everything here is on the move—now you see it; now you don't. Students hurrying, scurrying . . . going going . . . gone! I, too, find myself busy as an eager beaver although my speed rates but a trifle turtle pace. Every time I am on my second gulp of a fine piece of steak, the rest of the girls are already finishing their last lap of ice cream. In a

whip of a second, the plates are gone! Walking home at noon is always a problem: My ever faithful "doggies" have to perform a double-time down beat lest my companions find me a quarter mile behind. Then, hardly had I time to catch my breath when I discover that I had committed an unforgivable sin—five minutes late for that tea party. Or is it a dinner date? Carry on, little feet!

Economy an element? At my first start of classes, I was instructed to go straight down the "Ad building to Ed, building, and report to Prof. Hawk of Psych. Coll hall is past the 'bookie' past the 'Agony hall' past the 'Libe', first building left . . ." In the classroom (safe at last). The instructor called the roll as rapidly as a steam roller; then a sudden pause. A quizzical look overshadowed his face. He raised his left eyebrow; he raised his right. "Miss . . . uh . . . Miss . . . uh" I knew it was coming, I was about to stand and say, "Yes, sir, my name is . . ." when a little voice cautioned me, "Take it easy there, and relax. This isn't Far Eastern U. Just holler Here'.

That is WSC for you. But which is or rather where, or rather what? A good question!

Then one afternoon, a friend and I sauntered to a little shelter, which turned out to be a cage. "Isn't Butch sweet?" she asked. I assented a confident nod, not knowing that "Butch" is a huge feline of a cougar who greeted us with a hungry growl. "Booch (e)", as we call in the Philippines, is a round fluffy confection which is really very sweet.

A report on the Pullman weather: She is a temperamental old girl who cannot be hurried. As yet, my cold is still hanging around—wet and followed by a hundred and one sniffles.

How I like football! It may be a wonderful thing, especially when one has a good close up on those hulking giants. But it is still a puzzle to me: Eleven grown up men running around in tight pants and attempting to push a ball across a white line; then eleven more grown ups trying to step over them. Gosh, I shuddered when I saw them knock heads with each other!

My friends were right when they said that college education polishes one's English. Sure enough. My vogue-abulary is receiving its fair share of increase. The "hello-good morning-how are you" stuff I used to say seemed to vanish into thin air, and replaced by "Hi there—how you doin'-swell kiddo!" However, what I can't get over with is why we say "See ya" for "good bye", and "You betcha" for "you are welcome". Beats me. . .

Well, by now the golden sun is setting over the deep blue Manila Bay, and I must go back to burn the midnight oil.

See ya!

### NEWSREELS

(Cont.) from page 3

written by Dos Passos. That this uniqueness was a serious artistic venture and not a tangent upon which he lost himself in an inartistic uniqueness is indicated by the fact that his technique through his writing career has swung full circle and that now his more recent methods tend toward the conservative approaches.

### FAMOUS FIRST LINES:

(Continued from page 1)

Answers

Coleridge *Christabel*  
Dickinson *One Need Not Be . . .*  
Hawthorne *House of Seven Gables*  
Dante (Cary's translation) *Divine Comedy-Hell*  
Shelley *Ode to the West Wind*  
Poe *Ulalume—A Ballad*

## AMERICANA

### Sunny Sky

By Ruth Ann Ball

**T**HE bus was carrying me southward. A certain undescribable feeling of well being was filling my whole body. I know now that I shall always call these low rolling hills home. The Ozarks have claimed me as theirs and so shall I always be. These mountains, as they are fondly called, do not possess the rugged majestic qualities of the Rockies, where I lived so long. These are low and soft in their beauty, expressing a gentle protectiveness. Being there in the shadow of their calmness imparts a feeling of security. The sky was a warm blue canopy; the hills, blending of brown and purple, the guardians of peace.

The rather rickety bus was climbing into the Boston Mountains to the summit, Mount Gaylor, where we stopped for a rest. Far below us, nestled among the hills, Lake Fort Smith sent forth faint glimpses of evening light. In the valleys the shadows of evening were even now wrapping their tender arms about the inhabitants.

At Dean's Spring I am met by friends who "carry" me the four miles to Rudy. Here taking my bag in hand I walk the remaining mile to the old place. The winding uphill road to the farm leads through deep timber. Now only faint traces of red lay tinted fingers across the sky. The last of these disappear as I come to the top of the hill.

As I obtain the summit I pause for the full moon had suddenly risen a great silver sphere of light silhouetting the simple cottage with its gabled well. Coming down to meet me was Hugh. Together we went to the cottage. There sitting in the fading twilight has Grandmother waiting for Leonard's child to come. Now at last the child, a young woman, came. "So like Leonard!" was her repeated remark, as he studied the girl by the flickering kerosene lamp on the kitchen table.

There were great white buns with cold fried ham for sandwiches and milk still warm for us to drink as we sat on benches in front of the fire place there in the kitchen.

Sinking into the soft feather bed that night, the gentle white light of the moon resting across my bed, I knew again the feeling of having a place to which, for a while, I belonged.

### Newark Nocturne

By Marilyn Hirsch

**N**IGHT tends to hide; and so it does this evening as I walk down the filthy, deserted street. I glance around, and mixed emotions surge within me. My only thought is that it cannot be possible. People cannot call these broken buildings homes. I am ashamed, ashamed for my city.

This is the slum of Newark. Every house has its shattered windows, broken steps, and abandoned yards. The old brownstones are dirty with age and neglect. The atmosphere is one of despair. The dingy facades of the buildings remind me of a sad-faced little boy after an accident, crying out for sympathy but most of all for aid. But there is hope in the slum. Its faint light shines as a beacon to attract the help which will one day come.

The stench of garbage in gutter floats up to my nostrils. I glance down and see large black bugs hurrying about their work. I watch them return time and again to the dirty orange rind and the long-forgotten potato peel; this debris

has become as much a hallmark of the slum as the broken windows and decaying brownstone houses. The aroma of cooking mixed with the vile odor of unclean lavatories taints the air.

The glaring yellow light of the street lamp, shining above the broken glass globe, casts zig-zag shadows on the barren sidewalk below. A dirty alley-cat rubs complacently against the lamppost.

I wait; gradually small tow-headed children in filthy clothes begin to gather in small groups on the block. They complete this picture of despondency.

### MURDER - LABORATORY

(Continued from page 1)

concentrated acid and ferric sulfide before I began. While making the final preparations, I couldn't help laughing as I thought of the warning words of our professor—"Be sure to cover your bottles of gas immediately after filling them so as to make living a little more possible for those below you." Why hadn't previous classes been this considerate of me? One thing was certain—my bottles weren't going to have lids. Before our lab session I carefully hid them. No, not a detail was overlooked—this was to be the perfect crime!

As I lifted my acid-filled beaker with far from steady hands, I heard a knock at the door. My heart thudded. Only a messenger was there, like an accomplice, calling our chem prof out of the room. Now I was at liberty to commit my perfect crime in any fashion I so desired. Once more I lifted my beaker with the same trembling hands and very carefully tilted it over the generator. No one but myself could imagine the tingle I felt as the first drop of acid fell onto the ferric sulfide. Head in a whirl I paused for just a moment to gaze at my handiwork, but I soon came to my senses and hurriedly poured the whole contents into the generator. I could hardly contain myself as I watched the sputtering and spattering taking place in my little apparatus. It wouldn't be long now before everyone on first and second floor would be choking, coughing, and gasping for breath as I had done so often before.

The only possible thing which could happen to ruin my plans now was a fire alarm. And uncannily no sooner had the thought flashed through my mind than every fire bell in the whole school suddenly rang accusingly. At first I thought my ears were playing tricks on me, but when I saw everyone leaving the room, there was nothing left for me to do but to join ranks with them. Outside, with all my "would-have-been victims" so easily escaping a plight they rightfully deserved, my temper was almost uncontrollable. And when I heard the news that school was dismissed for everyone, with the exception of the chemistry students who had messes to clean up in the laboratory, my temper was rampant.

In angry frustration I returned to the intended scene of the crime, where a sudden gush of smoky, stifling H<sub>2</sub>S struck me. Never before could I remember the lining of my nostrils hurting so nor my eyes burning as much as they did now. With every stinging whiff my anger increased. I thought of my lucky schoolmates who had safely escaped.

As I stood cleaning my work bench and fighting off the H<sub>2</sub>S fumes which were licking my face, the fire bells echoed accusingly in the deserted laboratory. "Revenge is never sweet."