

See The Rest
Of You Next
September

LINDEN BARK

Good Bye, And
Good Luck
To The Seniors

VOL. 127

ST. CHARLES, MO. TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1948

NO. 10

Pre-Commencement Honors And Awards Are Announced At Student Convocation

Emily Heine Wins Press Club Prize

Announcement of the Pre-Commencement awards and honors was given at a special chapel last Wednesday in Roemer Auditorium.

The Press Club Award was won by Emily Heine for the best piece of writing by a student in Lindenwood publications during the college year. She was given a prize of \$5 by the Press Club.

The Pi Gamma Mu Award, \$5 worth of books, was presented to Jean Kiralfy. Sherley Park won the Beta Pi Theta Freshman French Prize which was awarded to the Freshman French student for outstanding work during the year.

The Poetry Society Award was also given to Jean Kiralfy. El Circulo Espanol presented its awards of honorary membership for a straight "E" record last year to Jean Gross and Lorraine Peck.

Other awards are:
New Members elected to Alpha Sigma Tau:

Alice Baber, Sandra Chandler, Rosalee Cheney, Jane E. Colahan, Alyce Cross, Caroline L. Fritschel, Margaret Groce, Emily Heine, Betty Jo Hite, Jean Jones, Elizabeth Jean Keighley, Jean Kiralfy, Marianne Metzger, Audrey Mount, Ladeen Ostmann, Loma Ostmann, Lorraine Peck, Genelle Phillips, Lillian Powers, Elinor Elise Rannels, Ruth Schaefer, Patricia Lee Schilb, Patricia Jane Schroeder, Johanna Lee Schwarting, Ernamarie Trefz, Dorothy Walker.

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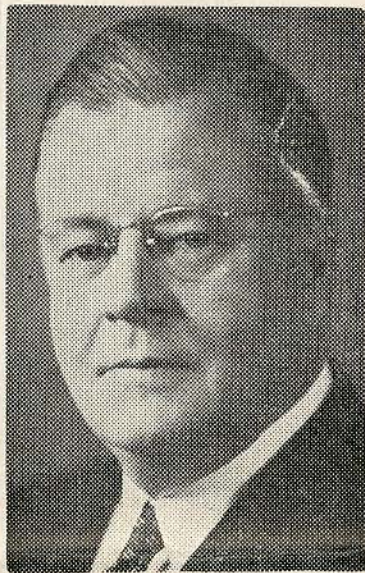
Jobs And Matrimony Loom Large In Plans Of This Years Seniors

There is one question that faces a Senior everywhere she turns, "What are you going to do when you finish school?" This question, during the last few months of school, becomes a new form of greeting. Instead of saying "hello," when a Senior is spotted, people always say "What are you going to do when you finish school?"

The Bark staff, under dire threats, has tried to corner some of the Seniors long enough to discover their post-graduation plans.

Several of the Seniors plan to do graduate study. Jane Morrisey will do graduate work in English, Audrey Mount will study agriculture or industrial relations when she goes to graduate school in the fall, Melva Stalhut and Ladeen Ostmann plan to enter law schools, Et Parker hopes to study zoology at Michigan State, and Coy Payne will teach and do graduate work at the University of

Baccalaureate Speaker



The Rev. Dr. Edmund F. Miller, of Tulsa, Okla., who will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, May 30.

Seniors Pin Juniors At Annual Ceremony

The members of the Junior Class officially became members of the Senior Class at the annual Junior-Senior Pin Day ceremonies last Thursday.

Members of the Senior Class presented the school colors to members of the Junior Class. Following the pinning ceremony, the Seniors sang their class song, "Remember."

Nebraska. Maggie Groce will teach and continue her studies at Ohio

Louise Ritter will attend the University of Missouri this summer and study vocational home economics.

After a six weeks trip in Mexico this fall, Nancy Kern will attend the University of Minnesota. Lois Schatzmann will do graduate work in psychology or sociology at Washington University.

Under the plans labeled "Undecided" we find Nancy Dana, Linda Blakey, Mary Landberg, Rosalie Evans, Willie Viertel, and Carolyn Coons.

Janet Brown hopes to work on a small newspaper.

Betty Littrell will marry and then do social work in St. Louis. Ann Nichols plans a wedding in a year.

Teaching is the career chosen by Johanna Schwarting, Barbara Carroll, Barb dePuy, and Marthella Mayhall.

Lindenwood To Have College Radio Station

Next year students will tune in their own radio station, when the Lindenwood campus station begins operations in the fall. Operating on a commercial basis, the station will be on the air from 7 p. m. until 9:30 p. m., five days a week, and will later add an hour on the air from 7 until 8 a. m. The station will be operated as a student project under the sponsorship of Miss Martha May Boyer of the Lindenwood Radio Department. Talent for the broadcasts will be drawn from the entire campus with the radio classes forming the nucleus.

Station manager has been announced as Miss Pat Stull, of Zeigler, Ill. Pat will be returning to the Lindenwood campus to complete the work for her degree after working for a year on Station WCIL, Carbondale, Ill. Other students comprising the personnel of the radio station will be Gretchen Schnurr, of Otho, Ia., production director; Lorraine Peck, of Troy, Ohio, continuity department; Sally Joy, of Fort Wayne, Ind., news and public relations department; Mary DeVries, of Pella, Ia., music department; Ruth Ann Ball, of Payette, Ida., engineer, and Janice Verbin, of St. Joseph, Mo., sales department.

Auditions will be held next fall for all those interested in working on the station. Talent will also be drawn from St. Louis and other colleges in the area. Programs will consist of panel discussions, drama shows, audience participation shows, news broadcasts, and recorded music.

Construction of the station will begin at once by the Concordia Recording Company of St. Louis. It will be possible for students to tune in the station from any radio on the campus and it will be operated as a wired wireless station. Application has been made to the F.C.C. for the call letters KLC or WLC.

Another addition to the Lindenwood campus next year will be a lake to be constructed near the golf course. The lake will be stocked with fish and may be used for fishing and rowing.

A literary magazine will also be established next year under the direction of Dr. Agnes Sibley of the English Department. It will be published annually in April or May, and contain creative writing done by the students.

June Burba will do secretarial work after a summer vacation. Mag Burton will attend summer school and then either marry or do designing in Kansas City. Lucette Stumberg will spend the summer in the East, but has no plans after that.

Dot Roberts will have a June wedding and after a summer as camp counselor in Texas, Jeane Sebastian will marry George in September.

Seventy-Three Students To Be Graduated At 121st Commencement on May 31

Commencement Speaker



Congressman Walter H. Judd, of Minnesota, who will be the Commencement address in Roemer Auditorium at 10 a. m. May 31. His talk is entitled "Which Direction Toward Peace."

Nine Months In Nine Minutes Or Let's Look At Last Year Again

By Carol Brower

It seems so long since last September, but when this year is over, you'll look back upon it and wonder where all those wonderful days have gone. Maybe right now, just before exams, you're not thinking of anything but the dull moments, but do you remember—

No sooner had we arrived than we entered heartily into the fall festivities. There was the round of street suppers, teas, and receptions—maybe a few too many, but a great lot of fun nevertheless. And on October 23, Founder's Day, Dr. Franc L. McCluer was inaugurated as the fourteenth president of Lindenwood College. A happy day for all of us! Then came the Freshman Harvest Ball with its annual excitement. Connie Kane reigned as Queen, and Jean Peck was the Special Maid of Honor.

The first play of the year, **The Cassilis Engagement**, was the next event of importance on the calendar.

And then came Thanksgiving! Almost five days of glorious vacation, and no sooner had we settled down for the pre-Christmas workout and we were off again for more fun at home. Before we left there were the dorm parties, the Christmas Dance, and the inevitable rush, but most of us made it, to come back to our dear

Alumnae Will Return To Campus May 29

At Lindenwood's 121st annual Commencement on May 31 seventy-three degrees, diplomas, and certificates will be awarded. Thirty-eight Seniors are candidates for bachelor of arts, bachelor of science, and bachelor of music degrees.

Special tribute will be paid during the program to Dr. Alice E. Gipson, who recently announced her retirement as Dean of the College after 24 years at Lindenwood.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Edmund F. Miller of Tulsa, Okla. His topic is "To Get or To Give."

Saturday, May 29, the Lindenwood Alumnae Association will hold its annual dinner in the Ayres dining room at 6 p. m. Mrs. H. K. Stumberg of St. Charles will preside.

Dr. McCluer will lead a prayer service for the Seniors at 7 a. m. Sunday. A breakfast will be held for the students and their parents following the service.

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Alma Mater for five more months, beginning with the always welcome semester exams.

With the holidays and the first semester behind us, we all resolved to put a new foot forward in the line of studies, but we didn't overlook the Romeo Contest, or especially the Popularity Court where Jaene Sebastian was chosen Pop Queen and her first and second Maids of Honor were Jo Ann O'Flynn and Willie Viertel respectively.

May 8 was the May Day when Carolyn Coons was crowned May Queen and Jeanne Gross was her Maid of Honor. In the evening the Senior Class gave a dance in the Gym in honor of the queen. Jo Ann O'Flynn was elected president of the Student Body for the following year. And then came exams! And finally, with a sad farewell, our Senior Class is to leave us.

This year has been packed full of good things—some occasions will linger in our memories longer than others, but it is sure that when we turn back the pages of memories we'll find that this year holds many happy ones.

Ink, Sweat and Tears

We'll cover the typewriters, close the windows, and lock the door down at the Bark office for this is our wind-up issue.

Though we of the Bark staff usually toss verbs and participles around with dexterity, when we reach our final issue and try to express how we've enjoyed working for you this year only two syllable words enter our heads and our fingers slip on the typewriter keys.

When we leave the Journalism Room down in Roemer, we take with us fond memories—pounding typewriters—assignments and deadlines—last minute scoops—trips to the printers—cokes between stories—gray hairs from wondering what the Bark will look like when it comes out—our trip to Columbia—and last, but certainly not least, our association with Mr. Clayton, not only as a teacher, but as an adviser and a friend.

We've tried to keep the Bark up to the standard it has held in previous years and hope that we have done this. We've carried on the traditions of past years—"All Bark and No Bite" column—the Romeo contest—the April Fool issue (Incidentally, we'll let you in on a secret—the Bark staff put out that issue—it wasn't the faculty!)—the Bark Barometer—Gracie Gremlin—Of All Things, and The Campus Hall of Fame.

We hope you've enjoyed it, and now it's goodbye to the staff and from the staff and good luck for smooth sailing next year.

"See You" Seniors

"See you." We've said that half a hundred times a day for the last eight months.

We said it in September when we walked home after the big sing at the White Apron Jamboree. We shouted it across campus as we separated after all-school parties.

We spoke the words more quietly as we left the buses which had brought us back from a game or St. Louis play. We whispered them as we said goodnight after a late bridge or bull session.

We called out "See you" as we left the Tea Room after one of the half dozen trips that were a most necessary part of our daily routine.

The words mingled with "Goodbye" and "Have fun" as we dashed off to catch a train—homeward bound for Thanksgiving, Christmas, or Easter vacation.

And because they are good words, familiar words, and in particular because they carry nothing final with them, we say now to thirty-eight of the nicest girls we have ever known, "Best wishes for luck and happiness always. We'll see you!"

Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

Poll Of Student Body Reveals That Upperclassmen Feel There Are Too Many Clubs; Freshmen Would Like To Be More Active In Organizations.

The Linden Bark's poll for this issue is a continuation of the discussion of extra-curricular activities on campus. The same questions which were asked of the Freshmen and Sophomores were asked of the Juniors and Seniors. Following is a comparison of the results:

1. Do you feel that there are too many extra-curricular activities at Lindenwood? Freshmen—15 per cent Yes, 85 per cent No; Sophomores—52 per cent Yes, 48 per cent No; Juniors and Seniors—92 per cent No; 8 per cent No.

2. How many clubs do you belong to? Freshmen average two; Sophomores, three; Juniors and Seniors, five.

3. Do you think some clubs should be abolished or consolidated? Freshmen—47 per cent Yes, 53 per cent No; Sophomores—61 per cent Yes, 39 per cent No; Juniors and Seniors—100 per cent Yes.

Among suggestions made for improving the club situation were the following:

1. Eliminate state clubs or have them active only for state-day.
2. Combine language clubs, con-

solidate the League of Women Voters and the International Relations Club, bring about a closer union between Athletic Association, Terrapin, and Beta Chi.

3. Reduce the number of meetings and open them to the whole student body.

The next suggestions seem very good when it is noted that although all the Juniors and Seniors polled felt there were too many organizations, many of the Freshmen did not agree.

1. There should be more organizations open to underclassmen—perhaps a club for Freshmen only.

2. A Freshman wrote, "Have try-outs a little later on in the year. Several things I would have liked to join, but didn't realize what the clubs were until too late."

Other writers felt that common sense should be used in choosing activities in order to keep them in proportion to the amount of free time available. "No student should belong to every club," one girl wrote, "but all students should belong to a few and work in the ones they do belong to."

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Linda Blakey, '48
Carol Brower, '51

Nancy Bailey, '49
Alice Baber, '51
Sally Joy, '50

GRACIE GREMLIN



Gals, this year certainly has been a lot of fun, but it won't seem the same come fall without the merry group of girls who rush to the Tea Room, go to classes together, and shout at each other on the campus. Yes, we've all enjoyed this year. And I'll be back the same as ever next year, so have yourselves a grand summer and be good. So long, and don't forget—

From The Office Of The Dean

We are fast coming to the close of another academic year. In closing the year and my term as dean of Lindenwood College, I want to say again how much I have enjoyed working with the students of this college. My best wishes go to you all that during your stay here Lindenwood College has given you the type of training that will enable you to make for yourselves the good life, in the best meaning of that term. Let me again assure you that I can never be indifferent to any girl who is or who has been a student at this college. I hope if the time comes when I can give you any assistance that you will call on me for this, for I shall feel real happiness in helping you in any way possible.

May you all have a very happy summer.

ALICE E. GIPSON

OF ALL THINGS

If we don't stand for something we'll fall for anything.

The average man is plenty proof that a woman can really take a joke.

You don't have to be crazy to take chances, but it helps.

If you want to improve a pinch of salt, drop it on a hunk of steak.

Larry: I just heard the definition of a marriage license.

Harry: Oh yeah? What is it?

Larry: A permit which allows you to hunt only one dear at a time.

About the time we get old enough to be brave enough to be wicked as we want to be, we don't want to be so wicked after all.

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that thorns have roses.

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Janet Brown

We, Florella Sue and Mattie Evelyn, parties of the first part, hereby will and bequeath this battered stream of verbiage loosely referred to as a column, to anyone with gall enough to try it, on the condition that they will promise not to begin writing it before 1 px Wednesday night.

When and if they ever revise the point system, we have a suggestion—give three points just for being a Senior. These last few weeks have really been jam-packed with activities, from the perfect May Day weekend through all the graduation activities. Linden laurels to the Senior Class and all those who helped it through the labors of the past weeks. Have you seen the new Lindenwood pins? To use a well-known slang phrase—they are really "it."

Just wishing dept. Current big event on campus is the new car owned by two Butlerites. A new pastime for all—watching the expressions of L.C. lassies as they stop by to pat lovingly, admire upholstery, and make one big wish.

while discussion groups for the community as a whole. Three—the organizations duplicate themselves—there are several literary or writing clubs, two music clubs, four language clubs and so on ad infinitum.

Suggestions: If it is necessary to provide recognition for students who have achieved an outstanding grade average in some course, make them members of the honorary—but open up the meetings to all students who are interested, whether they qualify or not. Or if this is not feasible, why not consolidate some of the clubs with similar interests and aims. There are literally millions of ways to cure this campus evil, but they must originate with the students, and be enforced by them. What about it, kids? Do you want to have several worthwhile organizations or a mass of scrappy ones composed of disinterested students? Think about it during the weak moments of vacation and put it first on that slate marked "Plans for Next Year."

Well, the time has come to say farewell. Note this week's pic—buckets of tears are in evidence in



The Bark Barometer is again aimed at the overabundance of clubs and organizations on this campus—there are over thirty in a college containing almost five hundred girls—and about three hundred of these girls are eligible for only a few. Ironically enough, after a year devoted to gripes about the organizations—a new one is added. All hail the newest fraternity—one more meeting to attend. There are a few facts about our club system that might be pointed out. One—the honorary organizations, with the exception of one or two, are not open to Freshmen, hence the burden of these must be carried by the upperclasses. Two—non-honoraries, for which Freshmen are eligible, are the only organizations which in some measure provide amusement, entertainment or worth-

every dorm. Some of you, tough in your first year away from home, may laugh and envy us our freedom, but wait, just wait. Senior emotions at this point can perhaps be summed up best in the words of the poet Kahil Gibran: "It is not a garment I cast off this day, but a skin that I tear with my own hands." Well, we've spent a long time in that skin, and sometimes it scratched a little, but on the whole it fit pretty well and now it's time to try on a new one. Let us hope that this new skin, which we slip on so suddenly May 31, will have some of the shape of the old one, some wonderful memories clinging beneath the surface, and a polish over it gained by four years of higher education. Good luck, Seniors, and a happy and profitable vacation to all.

Summer Plans

As one of the lesser poets once said, "Summer comes but once a year." This may seem pure logic to you, or it may seem just a roundabout way of saying, "What do you plan to do about it?" Summer is a wonderful time to get caught up on a lot of things, sleeping, or reading that book you've meaning to read all year, or just plain getting the financial status back to a more stable level.

Seriously, though, summer has its uses, and after you've relaxed for a week or so, you'll find loafing can get just as boring as anything else. Why not get a job? Certainly it's work, but experience is the best teacher (if not the hardest) and it always comes in handy. So don't waste this perfectly good summer. Even if it's not what you had in mind during this last hectic half of the semester, think how a bit of honest work will keep you in shape for L.C. next year.

Alumnae Office Presents Roll Call

"After a series of fifty letters to each graduate of the Class of 1948, we have finally been able to compile the first installment of the activities of this class since graduation from L.C." This statement was made by Janet Brown at the annual Senior Will and Prophecy Day.

The Roll Call of the Class of '48. Linda Blakey Makorovitch, is now committeewoman for the State of Missouri in the summer time, and spends her winters busily entertaining diplomats as the wife of the Russian ambassador to the United States.

We hear that Jeannie Blankenbaker, after several successful seasons at the Met, has just hired two bodyguards to support her while she sings, and two more to hold down the roof.

Janet Brown, after a series of ups and downs in the journalistic world, has finally attained some sort of fame as editor of Detective Stories, True Confessions and Real Life Magazines, Inc.

June Burba, although married, has continued to work as secretary to her husband and operates a beauty shop on the side. June writes that she owes her success to the training as a hair cutter and stylist she received while in Butler Hall.

All graduates of Lindenwood will be glad to hear that Mag Burton, after several years in Paris, has returned to Lindenwood as Madame Burton. She will head the Design Department.

Barbara Carroll, is now busy posing as the leading lady for Bugs Bunny in Walt Disney's latest creation, The Waltz of the Mushrooms, soon to be seen at the Strand Theater.

Carolyn Coons has definitely decided on a career and has achieved fame in the drama field. At present she is alternating between the part of Stella Dallas, and Irma in "My Friend Irma."

Nancy Dana, unable to leave her beloved St. Louis, is now stage manager and star performer at the Grand. Having a certain sentiment for her Alma Mater she offers special rates to Lindenwood Seniors on skip day.

Mary Lou Darst has an exclusive dress salon in Hannibal, specializing in the latest original creations. Business has been so good she is thinking of expanding her establishment to include a branch shoppe in St. Charles. L.C. girls will not be permitted to run charge accounts there.

Barb dePuy's excellent training in art at L.C. plus her job as taster for a soda-water concern have made her a noted surrealist painter.

Ro Evans, has combined her several loves. While organizing a political party among the Iowan farmers she has also specialized in teaching her fine herd of dairy cows to play volleyball. Last year they won the state tournament.

Maggie Groce is now Dr. Groce, noted marine zoologist. She recently discovered a rare specimen of octopus off the coast of California. While there, she also made another discovery—a charming beachcomber. The wedding will take place shortly.

Arline Heckman, her friends will be delighted to hear, has been awarded the newly created post as head of the jazz department at Juilliard School of Music. Congratulations, Arline.

Foor Nancy Kern has led a varied life. We have just received word that after having gathered enough credits to graduate as a music major, she has taken another aptitude test and discovered that she has great ability in mechanics; so she has switched, again, this time to the School of Engineering.

To Mary Lou Landberg, the entire class extends its felicitations and good wishes. She has just an-

nounced her engagement for the seventh time. We know this one will be a success.

Having given away her baby grand piano, B. A. Little has switched to a new field. We find that after several years practice she has at last become the champion women's bowler. Hurrah for B. A.!

Bette Littrell is now Mrs. Porter. Her husband is a society photographer and Bette assists him in getting artistic effects and in arranging drapes on the subjects. Porter photos are said to be the tenth finest in the country.

Marthella Mayhall, now a soda jerk in the Green Miller in Harlan, Ky., keeps up her musical work by blowing on half-empty moonshine bottles for the entertainment and edification of the local miners.

Merlyn Merx is a designer for a large manufacturing concern in New York which puts out athletic equipment. Several of Merle's creations have appeared in Vogue, among them her appealing football suits and baseball knickers for women, and "Clompee shoes, for your leisure hours."

Jane Morrisey, our favorite author is now dwelling in a moonlit cottage writing poetry. She has also published three best sellers—"Murder with a Passion," "The Sin of Fanny Mushbaum," and "Only To End It All."

"Sam" Mount is leading just the kind of life her friends predicted for her. She is campaigning to have her favorite horse, Roan Allen Lee White Busy the third, elected as President of the United States. Sam's slogan is "If Truman Can Do It So Can My Horse."

The Class of '48 will be delighted to hear that Ann Nichols, having moved to Washington, D. C., with her husband, has just been elected chairman of the National Foods Committee. Members of any L.C. club will testify as to her ability to run this committee successfully.

Ladeen Ostmann, after becoming a lawyer soon after her graduation from Lindenwood, is now affiliated with Radcliffe, Cadcliffe, and Peepers, legal concern which specializes in gathering information in divorce cases. Ladeen has become quite adept in the use of telescopes, cameras, and dictographs by now.

Coy Payne after many years of intensive study has moved to Fairbanks, Alaska where she is the only vet in a hundred mile radius. Coy writes that she is specializing in the sensitive digestive tract of Eskimo dogs.

Dittie Ritter is in big business. Using her home economist ability she has worked herself up to being owner of Bermuda's largest resort hotel and restaurant, the El Nutto. She grows all her own food, cotton, and linen supplies, etc., on the 10,000 acres which she owns, along with a flour mill, cotton mill and gin mill. This makes the hotel practically self-sufficient. Her husband, a prominent rancher, is now running for United States Senator.

Et. Parker is a spy in the F. B. I. and at this point is assigned to Bermuda where she is following a Russian count. She is staying at the El Nutto, of which the former L. Ritter is proprietor.

Dottigail Roberts after a busy married life is now manager of the Bloomer Girls Basketball Team—the team is composed entirely of her nine daughters.

Lois Schatzmann has had a chance to exercise her years of psychology—she is now using the correct psychological sales approach while selling Persian rugs in Turkey.

Jane Foust Named To Edit Linden Leaves



Jane Foust, of Owensboro, Ky., has been selected to edit the 1948-49 Linden Leaves, according to an announcement made at Honors Chapel last Wednesday. Frances Claire Jones will be the new advertising editor and Mary Alice Sander will become business manager. The other staff heads and the remainder of the staff will be appointed next fall.

A busy Junior, Jane Foust has been art editor of the '47-'48 Linden Leaves, secretary-treasurer of the Student Council, and active in Kappa Pi, Sigma Tau Delta, Alpha Sigma Tau, Future Teachers of America, League of Women Voters, Press Club, and has maintained her position on the Dean's Honor Roll. She is majoring in art and plans to teach either art or English after her graduation next year.

Casey Jones, of Bloomfield, Ind., and a physical education major, has served on both the advertising and business staffs of the Linden Leaves. She is vice president of the Student Council, and was a member of the Student Council during her Freshman year and of the Residence Council and Student Christian Board during her Sophomore year. She is also active in the Athletic Association, of which she was treasurer '46-'47, Future Teachers of America, Triangle Club, League of Women Voters and a member of the '47-'48 Popularity Court.

Mary Alice Sanders, who has been named as business manager, is a Junior from Perryville, Mo. She is active in the Commercial Club, Athletic Association, Missouri Club, has served on the Residence Council and worked with the Republican Club in the recent political convention.

Mickey Schwarting has become Academic Dean and has inaugurated the new weekend plan—all weekends begin Wednesday and end at 11 a. m. on Monday.

Jeane Sebastian and George are kept busy as the housemom and pop at the Kappa Alpha House at Rolla School of Mines.

Melva Stahlhut has made a small fortune manufacturing a new fertilizer which she sells at special rates to Dr. Dawson's Cultivated Plants class.

Lucette Stumberg, now the champion bronc buster in the state of Texas has just released her secret for taming horses—she first soothes the savage beast with music.

Flash! Another of Willie Viertel's horses has just won the Derby. Willie took over Calumet Farms after her third straight win and is now recognized as the leading horse raiser in the U. S. Her powerful farms are backing Audrey Mount's, "We

24 New Courses Included In Next Year's Curriculum

Twenty-four new courses have been announced for next year by Dr. McCluer. They are as follows: Commercial Art, Sculpture, Lithography, Interior Design, Personnel Problems in Industry, Money, Credit, and Banking, Intermediate Clothing, Aesthetics, History of Philosophy, Recent and Contemporary Philosophies, Theism, Experimental Psychology and Laboratory, Physiological Psychology, Special Problems in Psychology, Systems of Psychology, Abnormal Psychology, Clinical Psychology, Testing and Measuring, Special Research Problems, Business and Industrial Psychology, Social Psychology, Methods of Teaching Commercial Subjects, Field of Social Work, and Debate.

Need A Horse In The White House" campaign.

For its outstanding success as intelligent members of the community, the Wormwood class of '43 has been voted the LFS award—\$1,000 dollars which they are investing in ash trays to be used at L.C.

We wish to thank the Class of '48 for their recent donation. The illustrious alumnae, wishing to do something for their beloved Alma Mater have started a fund for ash trays for the dining room of dear old Wormwood. Their battle cry is—"Three ash trays on Every Table." For their outstanding success as intelligent members of the community, and for their major contributions to the welfare of Lindenwood, the school has presented each member of the class with a small silver statuette of Mrs. Sibley's ghost, to be used as a paperweight. Congratulations, '48.

Besides reading the Senior prophecy, the Seniors made public their last will and testament. Each Senior gave her most treasured possessions, such as old test papers, surplus dates, Monday morning blues, etc., to some underclassman.

At the conclusion of the will, the Seniors retired to begin cramming for final exams, and to hope they would not need the treasured possessions they had bequeathed rather hastily to the underclassmen.

Faculty Make Plans For Busy Vacation

If symptoms of spring fever hit the faculty the students should forgive them, for summertime and vacation are near at hand for everyone.

Miss Rachel Morris is preparing to build a house this summer complete with fireplace for next winter. The blueprints are drawn up, and the pounding will start soon. The finished product will be opened next October, and Miss Morris' lucky students can take an apple and a good book over for the evening.

Miss Elisabeth Watts, of the Art Department, is on the lookout for the ideal spot for painting and artistic creation, preferably a cool and shady one.

Dr. Agnes Sibley's traveling east to see her brother graduate from the medical school at Yale. Dr. Elizabeth Dawson and Miss Grace Albrecht travel in the opposite direction to Boulder, Colo., where they plan to audit courses in the university.

Dr. and Mrs. William W. Parkinson, and Patty are sailing from New York on the S. S. Ernie Pyle on June 23 heading for Paris, London, and Rome. For six weeks Dr. Parkinson will take a course at the University of Zurich, Switzerland, on the educational systems of Europe and problems of postwar reconstruction.

In the first part of the summer, Robert Hume is teaching a course in theater speech at the University of California. Then he is directing a play at the "First Theater of California" in Monterey. Because it is the centennial year of the gold rush all summer plays produced are to be westerns. Mr. Hume will direct "The King and Queen of Gambling" by Owen Davis.

Teachers of the Physical Education Department have strenuous summer plans. While Miss Virginia Krauthem does graduate work at the University of Wisconsin, Miss Dorothy Ross will be attending Lloyd Shaw's Cheyenne Mountain Dance School at Colorado Springs. Then she will counsel at Camp Chickagami in Wisconsin. Miss Marguerite Ver Kruzen plans to cheer Citation and Coaltown in the Belmont Stakes and do a little sailing, bicycling, and mountain climbing.

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THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

By Dot Steiner

Helen Ezell and Sue Finner had a big weekend in Nashville, Tenn., a while back. Both say that the sunshine in Dixie is the best of any section. My only regret is that I didn't go with them.

Everyone is still raving about our beautiful May Queen, Carolyn Coons. The whole court looked simply breathtaking in their pastel gowns and in addition the grace of Janet Kennedy plus the lovely voice of Mary Morris all coincided to cast a truly regal effect.

Congratulations to the president of Sibley Hall, Anne Nichols. A beautiful ring makes the engagement to Allen Wehmeyer official! Much luck and happiness to you, Anne.

Margaret Groce and Jean Gross are two striking lassies with the new baby hair-cut. Musn't fail to mention Audrey Gilbert, Mary Landberg, Darlene Macfarlane, Marty Soldwedel, Pat Stauffer, and Jodie Viertel.

Miss Betty Bivins is having quite a bit of trouble lately. Instead of the usual (lack of men) Betty complains of the overdosage. If there is anyone on campus who would like a bit of male attention this late in the year, please see Betty Bivins in room 302 Sibley Hall.

The Lindenwood style show was a great success, not only here at school, but also over television and at the Sheraton Hotel. Margie Marcellus, and Bonnie McKibbin, came in for first and second places respectively. Congratulations.

A cause for great excitement on campus is the new car owned by Jodie and Willie Viertel. You girls are certainly gifted with a four wheel personality.

I hear that June McDonald is sleeping over some super secret. Don't keep us in suspense too long, old girl, we crave gossip.

After much thought it has been decided that the easiest thing to do would be to bring a Justice of the Peace to Ayres Hall this summer, reason being that there are so many prospective brides. By the way, I heard that B. A. Little has a new one.

Room drawing was last week and the couple voted most unlikely to get along as roomies, is none other than Miss Babs Bush and Miss Roberta Walters. Much luck to you kiddies, say you have a lot of closet space?

You know I find it pretty hard to believe that it's only two weeks away from June 3. Funny thing is I sorta hate to go back to Alabama, I'm actually quite fond of school now. The only hope I have now is that I can say the same thing when finals are over.

Seen On The Beaten Path—

Liz Becker rather burned to a melon crisp . . . Joie Choisser with a banged up arm . . . Dot Goodman vainly looking for the pounds she lost . . . Auditorium sure looked empty today, everyone seemed to be on the stage . . . A new fad has originated today, right now, in this very room, a young lady is getting a crew cut, I'll let you see who it is for yourselves . . . Critz flew in this week to spend a few days with Pat . . . Wilda Montgomery plans to open a furniture

Bark Staff Attends Missouri College Newspaper Meeting

The Missouri College Newspaper Association held its annual convention at Columbia, Mo., on May 7, as a part of the University of Missouri's Journalism Week. Linda Blakey, Sally Joy, Emily Heine, Janet Brown, Carol Brower, and Charles C. Clayton attended the convention.

The Linden Bark was given a second rating among Class "B" newspapers in the state. The Bark placed seven first place entries in the individual writing contest, 28 second place entries, and 23 third place entries. There were 17 college newspapers entered in the contest and over 600 individual entries submitted. The following Lindenwood students received ratings: Sally Joy, Emily Heine, Janet Brown, Nancy Bailey, Linda Blakey, Carol Brower, Rita Baker, Patricia Underwood, Jean Kiralfy, Shirley Payton, Alice Baber, Jennifer Sullivan, and Jane Morrisey.

The awards were made at a luncheon at the Tiger Hotel in Columbia which followed a meeting of the MCNA which was presided over by Janet Brown, president. Elston S. Melton, editor of a Boonville county paper and the author of "Towboat Pilot," spoke at the luncheon on "The Country Editor and Creative Writing." The awards were presented by the assistant head of Journalism, William S. Bickley.

Following the luncheon and a sight-seeing tour headed by Mr. Clayton, the delegates attended the annual Journalism Week banquet which was held in Rollins Gymnasium. The speakers were Inez Robb, International News Service foreign correspondent; Wright Bryan, editor of the Journal, Atlanta, Ga., and Charles Arnold, professor of journalism, University of Pittsburgh.

Miss Wurster Attends Language Convention

Miss Anna Wurster attended a convention of the Modern Language Association the week end of May 1. The convention was invited to attend a radio broadcasting, and Miss Wurster was one of two chosen to judge on a program. For this she received a bedspread as a prize.

store when she returns to Summer . . . Jean Kiralfy getting all the honors . . . Jo Ann Coble claims she is soon to be announcing her engagement, says Jo Ann, "I hid the ring" . . . Betty Jo appears to be in some sort of a fog, ain't love grand? . . . Mary Nell Moore loves to laugh at the wrong time . . . Mary Joan Flournoy was lucky to get her wallet back . . . Saw Betty Keighley shedding a few tears the other day . . . Wonder if Leebey ever got rid of those shoes which she only wore to lunch and back? . . . An address to the golf class, "Wasn't that test a stinker?" . . . Virginia Morrow wishes me to tell her public, "farewell" . . . Marilyn Maddux and I were really sniffing away in Biol. class . . . Well, that winds it up for this season, do hope you all have a pleasant vacation and don't forget to come back next year . . . do hope that through the year in this article, that no one has felt any offense—it really wasn't meant to be too nasty, all in fun you know.

Bye for now,

Your friend (I hope)
The Whisperer

Casey Jones Named As Head Of Student Counseling Program



Casey Jones, a Senior from Bloomfield, Ind., has been appointed Freshman adviser for the 1948-49 school year. She will head the student counselors and plan activities for orientation week. During the year she will serve the Freshmen in an advisory capacity.

Casey, present vice president of the Student Council, has also been appointed advertising manager on the Linden Leaves staff. She has been a member of the Student Christian Association board, a member of the Residence Council, treasurer of the Athletic Association and active in Press Club, Future Teachers of America, Triangle Club, and was elected to the 1948 Popularity Court.

The post of Freshman adviser was created last year after the Freshman Class had expressed their wish for a more active counseling program. was this year's adviser.

Butch Macy Made New President Of Athletic Association

New officers and sponsors were introduced at the Athletic Association banquet held Friday evening, May 19. Butch Macy presented emblems to those who earned them, and Willie Viertel gave the Senior awards.

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

Officers for next year in AA are: President, Butch Macy; vice president, Betty Bishop; secretary, Jody Viertel; treasurer, Suzy Martin, and intramural chairman, Alice Mack. Barbara Sprenkle and Marie Koch were announced as publicity chairmen. Beta Chi has chosen officers for next year, Mary Ann Smith, president; Babs Bush, vice president, and Jean Jones, secretary. Jo Hake is president of Terrapin with Jody Viertel as vice president and Alice Mack as secretary.

100 Students Attend Metropolitan Opera

Lindenwood College was well represented at the annual visit of the Metropolitan Opera to St. Louis on April 29 and 30 and May 1. Approximately 100 girls attended the three performances at the Opera House.

PRE-COMMENC AWARDS Con. Kappa Pi Members and Pledges:

Members: Alice Baber, Sandra Chandler, Jane Foust, Caroline Fritschel, Marie Koch, Dona MacNaughton, Helen Ray, Joyce Shoemaker, Dorothy Walker.

Pledges: Audrey Ballard, Eloise Batts, Genola Bellrose, Nancy Boyd, Jayne Collins, Betty Dearing, Donna Gow, Patricia Grove, Beverly Pannell, Patricia Roberts.

New Members elected to the Poetry Society:

Margherita Baker, Mary Cook, Sally Joy, Jean Kiralfy, Betty Jack Littleton, Dona MacNaughton, Patricia Matusak, Marianne Metzger, Shirley Payton, Jennifer Sullivan, Patricia Underwood.

Officers of the Home Economics Club:

President, Margery Marcellus; vice president, Dolores Thomas; secretary, Barbara Sprenkle; treasurer, Ruth Wilke.

Officers of the Day Students Club:

President, Ruth Schaefer; vice president, Betty Bishop; secretary-treasurer, Jeanne Gross.

Officers of Student Christian Association for 1948-1949:

President, Kay Pemberton; vice president, Delores Thomas; secretary, Mary Lou McNail; treasurer, Barbara Sprenkle.

Beta Pi Theta:

Freshman French Prize—awarded to the Freshman French student for outstanding work: Sherley Park.

Music Letter Winnere: Music letters given to the members of the instrumental association, having each earned 15 points or more by services rendered in behalf of the association (other than work required for orchestra credit).

Audrey Ballard, Jean Eiel, Diane Falkenhainer, Emily Heine, Irma McCormac, Marthella Mayhall, Peggy Miller, Mary Jo Sweeney, Barbara Wade, Dorothy Walker, Corinne Weller.

Students who have received American Red Cross Certificates for completing the Standard Course in First Aid: Janet Anderson, Barbara Carroll, Jacqueline Grey, Martha McCorstin, Eloise Macy, Helen Parks, Donna Tipton, Jo Anita Viertel.

Local basketball officials ratings given by St. Louis Board of Women Officials: Barbara Wade, Mary Elizabeth Bishop, Frances Claire Jones. Intramural rating: Jean Babette Bush.

In volleyball, the St. Louis Board of Women Officials awarded: National officials rating, Willie Viertel; Local rating, Jean Babette Bush.

Rita Baker Wins Sigma Tau Delta Short Story Contest

Marguerite Baker, from Leavenworth, Kan., has been chosen as the winner of first prize, the Gold Medal, in the Sigma Tau Delta literary contest for Freshmen. Her short story, "The Carving," was selected by the faculty and student committee for its excellence of style, plot buildup, and vivid characterization.

The Silver Medal for second prize went to Joan Stewart, from Haiti, Mo., for her play, "Heigh Ho the Marry-O." Shirley Payton of Miami, Okla., was awarded the Bronze Medal as third prize, for "The Bell Jar World," a short story.

Honorable Mentions were given to Jennifer Sullivan of Wichita, Kan., first honorable mention, for "Metamorphosis," a short story, and Patricia Underwood, from Knox, Pa., second honorable mention, whose entry was "Virgie," also a short story.

New Members elected to Alpha Psi Omega:

Folsta Bailey, Carolyn Coons, Marie Koch, Charlotte Nolan.

New Members elected to Delta Phi Delta:

Shirley Adams, Peggy Bivins, Jean Eiel, Shirley Emmons, Mary Jo Flournoy, Carolyn Hughes, Louise Kendrick, Lucy Anne McCluer, Peggy Miller, Jo Ann Swalley, Emily Terry, Barbara Watkins, Anne Margaret Watt.

New Members elected to Mu Phi Epsilon:

Louise Gordon, Lucy Anne McCluer, Irma McCormac, Marthella Mayhall, Mary Jo Sweeney.

Alpha Epsilon Rho (National Radio Society):

Carolyn Coons, president; Nancy Fanshier, vice president; Mary Lou McNail, secretary-treasurer; Sally Joy, Darlene MacFarlane, Charlotte Nathan, Gretchen Schnurr, Constance Schweiger.

New Members elected to Pi Alpha Delta:

Ramona Cooke, Diana George, Irma McCormac, Carolyn Owen, Kathryn Shaddock, Jean Shelton, Patricia Stauffer, Patricia Underwood.

New Members elected to Pi Gamma Mu:

Linda Blakey, June Burba, Rosalee Cheney, Nancy Dana, Nancy Kern, Elizabeth Keighley, Frances Bauer, Bette Earle Littrell, Lois Malone, Audrey Mount, Ladeen Ostmann, Genelle Phillips, Johanna Schwarting, Helen Ray, Mary Alice Sanders.

New Members elected to Der Deutsche Verein:

Patricia Hamlin, Margaret Sarah Lapp, Nancy Neef, Georgia Whitaker.

New Members elected to El Circulo Espanol:

Sarah Adams, Nancy Armitage, Helene Bjorndahl, Joyce Cannon, Mary Cook, Joanne Cox, Jean Du Mond, Diana Falkenhainer, Joyce Holt, Alby Horton, Florence Knowles, Elizabeth Lewis, Betty Littleton, Mary Marlin, Jean Meyerhoff, Jonquill Mitcheltree, Delores Moore, Jean Morony, Virginia Morrow, Carolyn Noelke, Shirley Payton, Mary Schwartz, Joan Seaman, Diana Sherwood, Dorothy Steiner, Mary Williams, Phyllis Williams, Evelyn Zane.

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Carolyn Coons Reigns Over May Fete L. C. Has Mardi Gras Celebration

Climaxing the two-day May festivities, Miss Carolyn Coons of Sioux City, Ia., was crowned Lindenwood's thirtieth May Queen at a coronation service at 8:30 p. m. on May 8. The Queen and her attendants made their way from the front door of Sibley to a flower-decorated platform which had been erected in front of Irwin. The entire celebration carried out the Mardi Gras theme.

First to appear were the Freshman members of the Court, Mary Marlin, El Dorado, Ark., and Barbara Glaswon, Waterloo, Ia. They wore identical dresses of yellow eyelet.

The Sophomore attendants, Beverly Yarbrough, Renwick, Ia., and Jean Polley, Signal Mountain, Tenn., were dressed in gowns of green marquisette made in off-the-shoulder style.

Mary Lu McNail, Zeigler, Ill., and Betty Bivins, Pawhucka, Okla., were chosen by their classmates as Junior representatives on the Court. Miss Bivins' dress was of egg-shell marquisette, Miss McNail's of egg-shell satin brocade.

Next came the two Senior attendants, Barbara Carroll, Independence, Mo., and Maggie Groce, St. Charles. Their off-the-shoulder dresses were of blue marquisette.

The Maid of Honor to the May Queen, Jeanne Gross of St. Charles, wore a strapless dress of embroidered pink organdy.

Flower girls were Florence Butler Clark and Barbara Stiegemeier. The Queen's crown was carried by Tony Gordon.

The Queen was dressed in a white gown made with a tight bodice and a lace skirt over a taffeta petticoat.

She was crowned by her Maid of Honor.

In honor of Her Majesty Mary Morris sang a solo and Janet Kennedy danced. Darlene McFarlane was narrator.

Following the coronation a dance was held. Herman Drake's band played.

The two-day festivities began Friday evening with a street carnival sponsored by the Seniors. Skits presented by each class highlighted the evening's entertainment. The Seniors revealed the secrets of their Skip Day, the Juniors frolicked at a circus, The Sophomores dramatized one of the less-progressive modern dance classes, and the Freshmen showed how they would behave as Seniors.

Saturday afternoon a reception for members of the May Court was held on the lawn in front of Irwin. Members of the sponsoring Sophomore class poured.

Sunday was officially known as Parents' Day. The Rev. Dr. Kenneth A. Neigh, vice president of McCormick Theological Seminary, was the speaker at the morning worship service held in Roemer Auditorium. After dinner in the Ayres dining room, to which all guests were invited, the parents had an opportunity to meet their daughter's teachers at a reception in the Fine Arts Building.

Following this, the guests assembled in front of Sibley to hear the original songs each dormitory had recently written. Moving pictures of the Political Conventions and Dr. McCluer's inauguration were shown later.

Original Creations For Spring Wear Presented In Spring Style Show

Original styles and creations of the year were shown against an attractive background of palms by Lindenwood girls of the clothing classes at the style show on May 12 in Roemer Auditorium.

While a woodwind ensemble played, the girls modeled bedtime apparel, beach and sports wear, blouses and skirts, suits and ensembles. Casuals and evening gowns were shown and finally a bridal party was presented. It included two bridesmaids, Jean Polley and Essilee Playter, a matron of honor, Ann Nichols; flower girl, Patty Parkinson, and the bride, Marie Koch. Sixty-four girls modeled a total of 110 garments in the show. All the clothes shown were either made or designed and made by the girls. Joan Reed, a Sophomore, was moderator for the affair and stagecraft people cooperated with Buse's Flower Shop in stage arrangement and decoration. Music was furnished by a group of girls under the supervision of Dr. Karel.

Climaxing the show was the presentation of a bouquet by Betty Bivins to Madame Lyolene, who directed the show with the assistance of Ann Griffin and Karen R. Lurting.

Members of the fashion industry of St. Louis and friends and parents of the students attended the function.

Friday afternoon fashions were presented by Lindenwood girls on television in St. Louis. Girls taking part in this were: Essilee Playter, Marjorie Marcellus, Margaret Burton, Marie Koch, Ruth Ann Virden, Josephine Wilder, Betty Jean Orr, Beverly Pannell, Jacqueline Morrison, Nancy Boyd, Jean Roesener, Mary Anne Merten, Betty Miller, Joanne Johnson, Jean McKahan, Mary Cargill, Ann Nichols, Jean Polley, Marie Heye, Amelia Siler, Muriel Jacobson, Shirley Hair, and Joanne Sullivan.

A joint fashion show with Stephens College was held in the Club Caprice of Hotel Sheraton Saturday, May 15. Each school was judged separately on their styles. Marjorie Marcellus walked off with first place honors for Lindenwood with her lavender check cotton suit, trimmed in white pique. Second prize went to Bonnie McKibbin for her yellow formal.

Lindenwood Exchange Students



Lindenwood will have six exchange students from abroad next year. They are top row from the left: Claudia Quiros, Costa Rica; Madeline Combes, France; Martine Porteret, France. Lower row: Marianne Mohl, Denmark; Suad Wakim, Lebanon; Irma Esperanza Fernandez, Bolivia.

Tau Chapter Of Alpha Epsilon Rho Formed On Campus

Alpha Epsilon Rho, national honorary radio fraternity, was initiated on the Lindenwood campus on Thursday, May 13. The fraternity, under the direction of the Association for Education by Radio, was represented by Don Clark of the University of Oklahoma, regional vice president of A.E.R., at the ceremonies. Mr. Clark announced that the Lindenwood chapter will be known as the Tau chapter. Students initiated into the new fraternity were Carolyn Coons, Darlene MacFarlane, Mary Lu McNail, Nancy Fanshier, Gretchen Schnurr, Charlotte Nathan, Constance Schweiger, and Sally Joy. Miss Martha May Boyer, of the Lindenwood Speech Department, who will serve as sponsor to the group, also took part in the initiation.

Honorary initiates into the fraternity were the Rev. Elmer Knoernschild of Station KFUD, St. Louis, and Miss Dorothy Blackwell, director of Audio-Visual Education in the St. Louis Public Schools.

Annual Horse Show Held Saturday

Lindenwood's all-day horse show was held Saturday, May 22. There was riding from 10 to 12 in the morning and 2 to 4 in the afternoon. Helen Egelhoff was instructor and Miss Waldrainen from Monticello was judge.

There were eight classes with two in each championship class. Spectators saw the championship class, novice championship, exhibition pair riding, exhibition of a team of three and the costume class which was judged by Mrs. McCluer. A first place was awarded in every class. Trophies were donated by the business men of St. Charles and Beta Chi.

The committee for the show was Babs Bush, Nancy Kern, and Audrey Mount. Announcers in the morning were Nancy Kern and Audrey Mount and in the afternoon, Jackie Fish. Dick Egelhoff led in the show on his pony.

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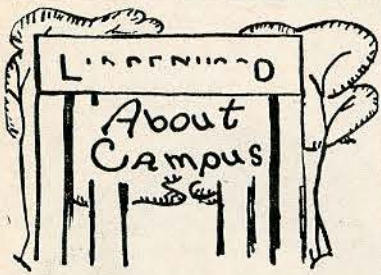
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In order to have even a fairly cheerful column this time a Freshman would have to do the writing. The Juniors and Seniors are at this moment still busy being depressed from Pin Day, while the Sophomores are extremely deflated after finding out exactly how uncultured their general culture tests showed them to be. Not that we have had any report from the Freshmen. We presume, however, that they are saving their loudest lamentations for the eve of the Humanities exam, which, in the past, has been the breaking point of many a lovely person.

Nothing like a good picnic or dinner for revealing the aims, ambitions, abilities, and removing the frustrations, and inhibitions of Lindenwood girls. Music students displayed an amazing aptitude for softball at the Instrumental Association picnic, verse-writers took time out to admire the subtle beauties and inner workings of a tractor at the Poetry Society gathering, and annual staff member Joey Choisser devoured chicken bones much to the amazement of the other guests at the Linden Leaves dinner.

Brevity is much admired in journalism, and by all means we ought to have a model paper since we haven't all year and this is the last issue. Therefore, in one brief sentence let me say the conventional goodbyes and give the conventional good wishes, which, unlike most things in journalism don't grow trite, add "It's been—," and close with the conventional newspaper symbol—

—30—

Yearbook Expected Off Press Soon

The 1948 Linden Leaves will arrive on campus May 29, according to the latest reports from Mid-State Printing Company. Plans for a rapid distribution are being made by Esther Parker, business manager.

In the event that the yearbooks do not arrive on time, students who have ordered copies will be asked to leave their addresses and the books will be mailed to them this summer. However, the staff hopes that they will be here in time for students to exchange autographs, according to custom. For those students who did not order books earlier, there will be a chance to buy any left-over annuals.

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Carolyn Mae Coons
Nancy Jeanne Dana
Margaret Lee Groce
Arline Heckman
Mary Lou Landberg
Bette Earle Littrell
Helen Louise MacCulloch
Jane Barbara Morrissey
Audrey Eloise Mount
Arminta Jane Nichols
Ladeen A. Ostmann
Esther Parker
Coy Elizabeth Payne
Genelle Marie Phillips
Lois Jean Schatzmann
Johanna Lee Schwarting
Patricia Ann Shoot
Virginia Sue Stegall

Candidates for the Bachelor of Science Degree

Virginia June Burba
Barbara Jane Carroll
Mary Lou Darst
Barbara Eileen dePuy
Rosalie Ann Evans
Nancy Hardy Kern
Merlyn Merx
Shirley Ann Nichols
Louise J. Ritter
Dorothy Gail Roberts
Jeane Elizabeth Sebastian
Melva M. Stalhut
Willie Mae Viertel

Candidates for the Bachelor of Music Degree

Norma Jean Blankenbaker
Barbara Ann Little
Marthella Mayhall
Lucette Anne Stumberg

Candidate for the Diploma in Piano

Katherine Pemberton

Candidate for the Diploma in Voice

Mary Elizabeth DeVries

Candidates for the Certificate in Public School Music

Mary Joan Flournoy
Kathryn Lucille Jackson

Candidates for the Certificate in Secretarial Science

Joella Irene Anderson
Virginia June Burba
Maxine Fletcher
Margaret Haddad
Joan Hake
Sally McGeehee
Wanda Beth Park
Shirley Pate
Nylene Vandbergh

Candidates for the Certificate in Home Economics

Helen Zaidée Hartzog
Katherine Maurer
Essilee Playter
Jean Frances Polley

Candidates for the Certificate in Elementary Education

Mary L. Reece
Mary Jeane Rice
Nancy Ann Washington

THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Campus Hall of Fame—Coy Payne, from Council Bluffs, Ia., an outstanding Senior who has accomplished many things at Lindenwood. In academic honors, Coy is secretary of Sigma Tau Delta, is on the Dean's Honor Roll, and in "Who's Who." This ambitious Senior also belongs to the Triangle Club, Poetry Society, Der Deutsche Verein, is secretary of the Missouri Academy of Science, advertising manager of the Linden Leaves and is Social Service chairman of the Student Christian Association.

Candidates for the Certificate in Interior Decoration

Gaelic Lana Ching

Candidates for the Certificate in Costume Design

Dona Fae MacNaughton
Kathryn Jean Richter

Candidate for the Certificate in Speech and Dramatics

Constance Jeannette Schweiger

Candidates for the Certificate of Associate in Arts

Nancy Keith Fanshier
Janet Nell Kennedy
Irma Lea McCormac
Marianne Metzger
Charlotte Jeannine Nolan
Joan Reed
Mary Elizabeth Schwartz
Ernamarie Trefz
Eleanor Louise Walton
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Fifty-Five Students Honored In Citizenship Assembly Program

Fifty-five Lindenwood students who are 21 years of age, or will attain their majority before November 1, took the oath of citizenship at the annual Citizenship Day program sponsored by the League of Women Voters April 13.

H. Roe Bartle of Kansas City delivered the Citizenship Day address. Mr. Bartle, who was introduced by Dr. McCluer, told of the responsibility of women as citizens, not only of the United States, but of the world. He urged that women take an active part in promoting good citizenship in their communities after their formal education, as well as in college.

The citizenship oath was administered by Webster Karrenbrock, magistrate and judge of the Probate Court of St. Charles County.

Dr. Homer Clevenger, sponsor of the League of Women Voters, spoke briefly on the responsibilities of citizenship.

Kappa Pi Exhibits Members' Art Work

The annual Kappa Pi exhibition, which has been hanging in Roemer Hall, represented examples of the art work of students in the fraternity. Still life, abstractions, portraits, and life drawings were included.

A selection of modern original art work, lent by Washington University from its private collection, was on exhibit in the Memorial Arts Building. Valuable works by such contemporary artists as Klee, Picasso Matisse, and Kuniyoshi were studied by the students.

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The Music Box

A class recital with the students of Mr. Rehg participating was held on May 12, in Sibley Chapel. Those students taking part were Elizabeth Bates, Ann Parker, Carolyn Furnish, Joan Stewart, Janet Anderson, Joyce Powell.

Miss Louise Gordon, pianist, presented her Junior recital on May 18 in Sibley Chapel. She was assisted by Irma McCormac, flutist, and Jane Eiel, accompanist.

Students of Allegra Swingen presented a studio recital on May 10. Those participating were Martha Dalton, Barbara Waltner, Phyllis Meyer, Margaret Haddad, Martha Reid, and Betty Wimberly.

A class recital with the students of Gertrude Isidor and Virginia Winham participating was held on Friday, May 14. Those included in the program were Janet Anderson, Mary Katherine Klumpp, Jennifer Sullivan, Susan Crandam, Dorothy Sommer, Marjorie Moehlenkamp and Mary Jo Sweeney.

A student recital was presented by the students of Virginia Winham on Monday, May 17. Those participating in the recital were Janet Anderson, Eve Carpenter, Helen Feden, Shirley Emmons and Peggy Miller.

Men are such handsome creatures with a lot of qualities fine, Like class rings and jeweled frat pins, That I'd like to collect to call mine. They can be football or track stars with jackets or pins by the carts. But do they think they'd part with them? No, bless their little stone hearts.

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SILVER MEDAL

Heigh-ho, The Marry-o

By Joan Stewart
Cast

ALICIA Deborah Bratt
..... Gertrude Lawrence
John Van Gupp... Groucho Marx
Cosette..... Helen Hayes
The scene is the sumptuous royal purple and gold boudoir of Alicia Deborah Bratt. It is late evening and she awaits the arrival of her ardent suitor, John Van Gupp.

Alicia

(pacing dramatically to and fro)

What use are my jewels, my luxurious Park Avenue apartment that costs me a thousand dollars a day? The heart that beats beneath this Paris original is a beggar starving for love; yet it is so drugged by hatred and the desire for revenge that the tender passions can find no place. (tapping herself on the side of the head) My life cannot be beautiful, for my hair is full of cobwebs. I mean, my HEAD is full of cobwebs! (recovering her composure) I know from a year of college psychology that my state of manic depression is bordering on acute melancholia. Unless I can attain my desired end, dementia praecox is sure to ensue and . . .

(At this moment, chimes playing the "Minute Waltz" announce the arrival of John, the suitor.)

Alicia

(facing the audience)

In a moment John will be within this room, seeking the final answer to his question. Cosette, my imported French maid, will show him into the very boudoir!

(Cosette enters, followed by a loping John.)

Cosette

MONsieur Van Gupp. (to John)
Youse can come in now. (She exits.)

Alicia

(turning back to the audience)
They learn fast these days.

John

(embracing Alicia fondly)

Alicia, my love!

Alicia

John, you are here!

John

What? Oh yes, I am here.
(He kisses her.)

Alicia

(coily)

Why have you come?

John

Why, because you sent for me.

Alicia

(as though suddenly remembering)
Oh, that's right! I did, didn't I?
(thinking out loud) Now let me see.
What on EARTH for?

John

To give me your answer, my sweet.

Alicia

Thank you, dear. Now I remember. (brightly) I cannot marry you, John.

John

(stricken)

But why NOT, Alicia?

Alicia

(gesturing wildly with her hands)
Because I'm ruined; I'm warped.

John

(as he forces a down-the-scale laugh)
You don't look too bad, darling.

(confidentially) We can't all be perfect, you know.

Alicia

Don't be facetious. I was attempting to give you a subtle hint at my psychological maladjustment.

John

But I'm willing to overlook your preference for Taft, my dove. Love makes all sorts of allowances, you know.

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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BRONZE MEDAL

The Bell Jar World

By Shirley Payton

ICAN'T stand to lie here any longer. It must be very late. I feel that I've been awake since the beginning of all life. That's silly. If it were true I would be very wise. Then I wouldn't be here, lying in the dark, sleepless with terror. I wouldn't have half a million questions tramping through my head like the relentless tread of a conquering army. I am conquered. Completely. Dominated by the strength of my fear. And what a coward I am to accept it. I must fight back. The lights have been out a long time. How long has it been since the girls next door stopped talking over their dates and went to sleep? These walls are so thin, I shouldn't wonder if they could hear my screaming thoughts as I often hear their ceaseless chattering and giggling. Stupid girls! With no thoughts in their heads. Shallow, unthinking—nothing but pretty faces. Why do I say that? I know it's not true. They do think. They have their minds all arranged neatly. They sleep and I lie awake. They never stop short in a sentence, leaving many things unsaid, while uncontrolled thoughts take hold of their mind, questioning them and humiliating them. I envy them. I lie awake in the quickening silence and count the ticks of the clock and the gentle rhythmic breathing of my roommate. Five ticks—inhale. Five ticks—inhale. I must get up. I must, I am too vulnerable here flat on my back. This bed could sink away to nothing and leave me in space, resting in agony on the sharp points of my questions. I shall think about everything I do. For every move I shall form a word in my mind. Then I shall crowd out all else. Now I push the covers back. They are heavy. They suffocate me. I must take some of them from my bed before I lie back down. My slippers are white and fuzzy and cold. When I put my feet in their snowpile of wool a chill shakes my whole body. I must quickly (and quietly—my roommate still sleeps) get into my blue flannel robe. It has white initials. Two curling S's. They twine about the pocket, almost alive, yet they are nothing and mean less. Sandy Stevens. What is she? What good is a name when life itself is not good. There! Questions! Questions and thinking, always.—Now,

(Cont. on page 6)

First Honorable Mention

First Honorable Mention was won by Jennifer Sullivan for her essay, "Metamorphosis," which appeared in the Linden Bark Supplement of January 27, 1948.

2nd. HONORABLE MENTION

Virgie

By Patricia Underwood

THE dishwasher swirled in greasy whirlpools and slopped on Virgie's apron. Wiping rings of gray scum from her wrists, she turned to thrust the frying pan beneath the stove. It hit the wall with a thudding sound. From the next room a complaining voice shouted, "Virgie, you hurry with them dishes now, and go uptown for me. Take Johnnie with you; he's so underfoot I can't do a thing." Her mother continued to speak, but Virgie sloshed the water down the drain and barely listened to the familiar words. Saturday afternoons were always the same. Virgie usually found herself in the kitchen, gazing into the outside world over a sinkful of dirty dishes. The light pushed its way through the window over two dry geranium plants surrounded by lengths of string, assorted buttons, sticky medicine bottles. With every good intention she had promised herself to throw away those bits of refuse, but, as usual, when she had finished she tugged her apron over her head and ignored them. Gathering her jacket, youngest brother, and shopping money together, Virgie ran down the steps and made her way up the street. The air was sharp and motionless making the smoke from the glass factory hang in heavy columns. In a few minutes the four o'clock whistle would blow; then Virgie's father and the rest of the men from the eight-to-four shift would pour out into the streets.

The factory, surrounded by the small houses, formed one end of town, and the larger homes clustered about the school formed the other. The business section to which Virgie made her way divided the town evenly in two. Virgie often thought that the town was just like the people in it—evenly divided. You had to be somebody before you got anywhere. She waited at the corner for Johnnie, who had stopped to talk with three boys playing with a puppy. I should have been chosen for the lead in the senior class play, but no, Peggy Ben-

(Cont. on page 2)

GOLD MEDAL

The Carving

By Margheitta Baker

DON'T you have a mother and father, Jamie?"
"Ye-es—only they're gone."
"Where'd they go to?"
"To Europe, and places."
"Don't they want you anymore?"
"Sure they do . . . I guess. But Paul and Dorie want me. Jed, have you ever seen Mama's painting of Dorie? It's so real you could almost—well, almost feel it. Haven't you ever felt like that about something?"
"Huh uh. Do you think you'll stay with Paul and Dorie all your life, Jamie?"
"I dunno."
"Hey, Mom, Jamie doesn't even know who he belongs to! Poor Jamie—his mom's gone and left him! He isn't like me, is he, Mother?"
"Hush, boys! Come into the living room with me now. There are some people who want to meet you."

The two boys obediently followed the woman into a big room and submitted to the necessity of formal introductions. With his brown eyes roving over the room and its occupants, Jamie found a seat on a low stool near the bay window and tried to appear interested in the conversation. Rays of sunlight played over the back of his shirt and made him feel warm and good inside. Tiny specks of dust bounded vaguely around in the long streaks of light. He watched a particularly heavy one sinking gradually to the antique table beside him, as it rested for a moment on the polished surface, took one final swirl upward, and flattened gently against the smooth round arms of a miniature wooden carving standing on the table. His eyes opened wide as they took in the beauty of the figurine. It was perfect, it was living, and he wanted it—he wanted to look at it until it became a part of him and his body. Self-consciousness made him move his eyes away and look at the others in the room. Even though they were not staring at him he felt guilty, as though they could see through him and into his thoughts.

"How are your mother and father, Jamie? Are they having fun on their trip?"

"Yes'm. Dorie says they're somewhere around Paris now."

"I suppose you get lots of letters from your parents. Isn't it exciting getting mail from a place as far away as Europe?"

"Yes, only they don't write very many letters."

Letting himself drift from their voices again, Jamie slipped back into the world of the tiny statue, feeling its movement almost as though it were inside himself. He allowed his hand to reach out, his fingers to slide over the dark body. He really should return it in a moment, but he wasn't going to. He put it into his pocket.

"Jamie, aren't you coming into the garden with me?" Jed was getting restless.

Jamie jumped. Now was the only time to put back the carving. But this way it would be his own for a while, until he was satisfied. He said his goodbye's . . .

"I have to go now, Mrs. Davison. I had a very nice time. 'Bye, Jed. See you tomorrow."

"Bye, Jamie."

Half-running along the littered sidewalk, his feet nearly stumbling in their haste, Jamie fingered the carv-

ing in his pocket. Paul would love it too—he could almost see the strong fingers curving around the supple figure. And Dorie would like it, be cause she was like Paul. Jamie couldn't wait to get home, even though he was going to be late to supper again and they might object a little bit.

"Paul . . ." He ran up the front walk.

"Hi, Jamie. Where've you been all this time?"

"At Jed's . . . gosh, I'm hungry."

"We've got something good for supper. Dorie's baked your favorite dessert."

"What is it? Is it a secret?"

"It's a secret, but I'll give you a hint—it looks good, it smells good, and it tastes good. That any help?"

"Not much. C'mon now!"

"Okay. What's the big hurry?"

"That's a secret now. Come on!"

With the tall man close on his heels, Jamie headed for the kitchen. He wanted them to see what he had brought, but food was a stronger force just then. As he ate, his thoughts turned over and over the ways and the best time in which to show them the little statue. After supper, he thought; and then he wondered if they would ask where he had got it. Maybe it would be better to wait until just before bed.

The rest of the evening Jamie played half-heartedly, his tongue constantly at the point of telling about the carving. He wished he could think of some way of explaining how he felt about it. When bedtime came, he climbed the stairs slowly, unable to make a decision.

With the light off in his room, and the shade pulled up to let in what faint starlight there was, Jamie looked again at the tiny statue, but without experiencing the same pleasure he had felt before. A sense of wrong persisted in worrying him—wrong because he had stolen, and because he was ashamed to admit it, even to himself. Why couldn't he tell Paul? Not knowing why, he was becoming more and more miserable in the idea of his loneliness. Big men aren't frightened of the dark, he thought, but he was, and the dark was like a conscience, threatening in its silence. He wanted to talk to Paul, but he was ashamed; he wanted to go to sleep, but it was impossible. Excuses flickered in and out of his head like crooked lantern slides, of no use and to no avail against the creature of his imagination.

He looked at the figurine still resting in the palm of his hand. It was hideous and misshapen in the insufficient light, and had no meaning left for him save that of a strange kinship with the dark void of his room. Paul was downstairs—he and Dorie were there, and they were strong. Jamie slipped from his bed and down the chilled stairs. Reaching the wavering outline of light from the doorway, he stopped, waiting and hoping for the two within to see him.

Seated at a big desk, the young man leaned close over his notebook, studying under the full-moon glare of a battered lamp. The moon was bent out of shape to enclose his stooped form, making grotesque shadows on the wall and across the room on the big-armed chair in which a woman curled, half-asleep behind a novel. She had her own yellow moon hung over her shoulders and reflected on the pages.

(Cont. on page 5)

Sally

By Helaine Bjorndahl, '51

I THINK you should tell Mother what you did," said Shirley earnestly, while she pushed herself back and forth in her little red rocking chair.

Nancy's blond head emerged slowly from the pillow in which she had been crying. "But Shirley, you don't understand," she sobbed. "If I tell her, she'll spank me and make me stay in this old bedroom until dinner. I don't want that to happen," she wailed and threw herself back onto the pillow.

"No—still you told a lie, and so you ought to be spanked. I don't see why you did it," she added in a puzzled voice.

"If I tell you, will you promise not to tell?" Nancy asked, licking a salty tear from her cheek.

"Cross my heart and hope to die," Shirley replied and performed the customary motions.

"Well, Donna brought her old dog to school the day before yesterday. Everyone liked him so well and thought he was so nice. And he was just an old bulldog," Nancy explained indignantly. "I knew everyone would like Sally much better, because she's so white and soft. She looks like a little lamb.

"I don't think she looks like a lamb," Shirley interrupted. "I think she looks like a wire-haired fox terrier, because that's what she is."

"I know that!" Nancy exclaimed in an exasperated voice. "But some people think she looks like a lamb."

"Well, they're dumb." Nancy ignored this remark and continued. "Of course I wanted to take Sally to school the next day, but she was all dirty. So, I told Mother it was the last day we could take our dogs to school, and she washed Sally for me."

"It wasn't the last day, was it?" Shirley demanded.

"No, but I wanted everyone to see how much prettier Sally is than that old dog of Donna's. I don't like Donna very well anyway."

"Did everybody like Sally?" asked Shirley, crossing the pink and white room to sit on the foot of her sister's bed.

"Oh yes! Everybody thought she was beautiful. They liked her much better than Donna's dog. They told me so. Even the third grade teacher asked me to come in her room and show Sally to the older kids," Nancy told her with breathless excitement.

"Were you scared?"

"Sure, wouldn't you be?"

"Uh-huh," Shirley grunted from the middle of a somersault. "But that doesn't make any difference; Mother had a lot of work to do yesterday." Shirley sat up abruptly and stared angrily at her older sister. "She couldn't even make cookies for me because she had to wash Sally."

"Sally was awfully dirty though," Nancy replied weakly. "Mother would of had to wash her pretty soon."

"I had to use graham crackers for my tea party," Shirley pouted.

Nancy disregarded Shirley's problem and began tracing the embroidered flower on the bedspread with her finger. Suddenly her face brightened. "Maybe, if I run away and then get found, Mother would feel so bad that she wouldn't care."

"Maybe you won't get found," Shirley offered. "Maybe you'll starve to death."

"I guess that's not such a good idea," she admitted, dropping to her pillow.

"Of course you could ask somebody for food."

A muffled voice replied, "I'd be

afraid to. They might be kidnapers."

Shirley's tousled brown head appeared between her legs as she began another somersault. "That would be exciting." Immediately after saying that, a horrified expression came into her eyes. "They might kill you," she choked.

Nancy moaned, and Shirley's eyes filled with tears. "Oh don't do that," she pleaded. "Don't run away!" For several minutes the two girls were quiet, each visualizing a horrible death that could befall poor Nancy.

Finally Shirley crawled over to her sister. "You know," she said, "if you don't tell Mother about it, you won't go to Heaven, and then we couldn't play anymore."

Frightened brown eyes peered over the pillow. "I have to go to Heaven, I just have to," Nancy sobbed.

Shirley gazed sadly at her sister. "Then you'd better go down and tell Mother."

"I guess I have to, but I know she'll spank me," Nancy sighed. "You come with me."

"I'll go downstairs with you, but I won't go in the kitchen with you," Shirley replied as she slid off the bed.

As they walked reluctantly down the stairs arm and arm, a warm, tempting odor of baking cookies drifted up to them.

"I guess Mother's baking your cookies today," Nancy muttered unhappily.

"I guess so."

"I suppose I won't get any."

"I suppose you won't."

"Maybe I'd better wait 'till tomorrow," Nancy said, eyeing the kitchen door.

"I think you'd better tell her now," Nancy hesitated, then slowly pushed open the kitchen door.

"Mother—"

Two Poems

By Alice Baber, '50

MOON GLOW

MOON glow
White on the wheat fields.
Pale as snow
And cold as a passing ghost.

Moon spittle—
Venom from the stratosphere.
Hard as a crust
Coating the road and the roadside.

Moon light
Curdled on the treetops
Thick as whey
Clabbered in last night's thunder.

Moon beams
Nails and knuckles of silver.
Then white fingers
Ripping the back of the wheat fields.

NIGHT

Only the ticking of the clock to prove
that time moves,
Eternity! Marked by the hours
it gives.
Only the rattling of a dry tin roof
above me
Proves that the old house still
breathes and lives.

Night is made of sleep for those who
can find it,
But for impatient pain; the other
part.
There's only the patter of mice come
in the darkness
To nibble at the shell around my
heart.

First Snow

By Betty Tom, '51

MY first experience with snow occurred on November 18, 1947. As I got up for breakfast I walked over to my two windows and pulled both shades up, and to my surprise everything was white. Was I dreaming? What is this thing? It finally dawned on me that it was snow. It was something out of a dream to me to see the fluffy, white flakes float down to earth.

As I looked below me and beyond me, I saw the picturesque evergreen shrubs covered with snow, until they were almost hidden from sight. The trees still had many leaves on their limbs which were covered with snow. This weighed the huge branches down, making them hang gracefully to the ground.

I was really excited now, and hurriedly got dressed for breakfast. When I stepped out of the dormitory, I was surprised to find that it was not very cold. I eagerly scooped up a handful of snow and blew it into the air. This was when I found out it was very cold, because my hands were numb and very red. The flakes were still floating down, and soon my hair was sparkling with snow flakes, and my face was fresh from the cold air.

Now I really know what the words "a white Christmas" mean to many people.

VIRGIE, Continued from page 1

son got it. Virgie bit her lip as she was thinking. And yesterday Peggy was elected cheer-leader just because she comes from the right part of town. She and her snobby little clique! "Johnnie, you hurry up now; I haven't got all day to wait for you." She began to walk again and passed the Post Office before the little boy was at her side. "You better wait for me or I'll tell Ma on you," he said. "Virgie, why can't I have a pup like Skippy has? He's an honest-to-goodness cocker, and's got the floppiest ears!"

"We don't have a yard, and Ma doesn't like dogs. Besides, dogs cost money to buy and to feed. Some day, maybe when you're grown up, you can have one." Virgie answered her brother carefully. It was hard for her to keep her thoughts and her speech separated. Yes, Johnnie, said her mind, maybe you'll have a dog; maybe you won't have to work in a factory and have your kids be like you and me—on the outside of everything—maybe. Virgie walked past the Edenburg Motor Company into the A. & P. Quickly she ordered and hurried out with the groceries. In front of the pool room a group of boys from her class in school were lounging idly. "There goes Virgie York and one of her drippy-nosed little brothers," teased a voice. Virgie recognized that voice as belonging to one of Peggy's good friends. One of the boys followed Virgie. "Say, how about going out with me tonight? We could go to Elmo like we did before to that nifty little road house and have a bang-up good time." He smiled at her with his unpleasant, crooked smile. "What do you say?"

"No! No, I—I can't." Virgie grasped Johnnie by the hand and started to run. She didn't want to go out with Pete Ritter again because people said he was the wildest boy in town. Ugh! Virgie shuddered. He's so mean and hard to handle. I can just see the town ruffle its feathers and cluck, "Well, what do you expect?" Yes, what do they expect? None of the nice boys will go

with me because I don't have the clothes, and their families probably would object anyway. No one wants their kids to run around with the daughter of the town drunkard! Virgie choked. Pretending she didn't care usually worked, but now it hurt.

"Here," she said to Johnnie, "take this stuff and tell Ma I'll be home later. Tell her not to fuss at me but just leave the supper dishes in the sink, and I'll do 'em when I get back." Johnnie clutched the grocery bag and trotted down the street. "You'll catch it when you get home," he muttered.

Main Street was already darkening, and the farmers had lined it with their cars for the Saturday night in town. The stores bulged with women, children, and noise. Men stood on the corners and in front of King's Drug Store talking and making excursions to Mac's Bar and Grill. The loud speaker from the furniture store was blasting a popular song. Virgie had seen the same things take place every Saturday night for as long as she could remember, but tonight she paid no attention to the activity. She hastened up the hill to the Methodist Church. It was here that she could get rid of the ugly feeling that she didn't belong. The church sat between two of the prettiest homes in town.

Virgie opened the big door and entered the mustiness of the empty church. The air was black and close as she felt her way down the aisle to the organ, and it wasn't until she had opened the instrument that she switched on the little console light. She had spent a great many hours in the church with the organ ever since the preacher had told her she might play it any time she wished. His wife had helped her to read the notes, and she had learned quickly. Turning the pages of the book left by the church organist, she stopped at "Panis Angelicus." She could use only one foot on the pedals, and her fingers couldn't handle all the notes; but Virgie knew that the music she played was beautiful. She touched the little knob marked Tremulant and the chords quivered heavily on her ear. First softly, then loudly, sometimes with a single wavering note, then with as many as she could

Two Poems

TENSION

By Margherita Baker, '51

EARTH, yellow leaves
In my soul
Mold me
Into pulse-beats,
Stretched taut
Across the hollow of a secret.

IMAGE

By Margherita Baker, '51

Leaves
drifting on the wind-tide
whisper of storms

shadows
murmur strangely
at my window

you have gone
in the passion
of death.

My Atomic Bomb

By Jeannine Johnson, '51

IT'S a bird! It's a plane! It's Superman! No, it's only Topsy charging about the yard. "Who's Topsy?" you say. Well, I shall explain.

Topsy is a six-month-old cocker spaniel with black curly hair, a white nose and vest sprinkled with black polka dots, and ears that drag casually along the ground. Topsy is her christened name, but at times it should have been Puddles.

The favorite pastime of Topsy, alias Puddles, is to dash madly out the door, ears flopping, to find the nearest child at play. Whereupon she zips around and around the distressed infant until the child flees, yelling and screaming, home to mother.

Topsy sits with a gleam in her eye waiting for her prey to return. Ah, but this time the mother returns. Large or small, Topsy can run circles around either, and send them home wondering what in the world the animal is fed on.

I just stand in the door and watch my little black and white tramp come padding home from an eventful day on the street. On her face is a satisfied smile; she knows she has scared several children out of seven years' growth.

I smile too and say to myself, "Here comes Topsy, my atomic bomb."

reach, Virgie played. The music made her feel as if she were sweet and beautiful too. She arranged the stops so that only the softest and deepest sounds reached her ears when she touched the keys; then she closed the music and played her favorite piece. "Deep River" was Virgie's song. Never had she heard it the way she wanted it except in moments such as these when she was alone in the church. When she closed her eyes she almost felt as if someone else were playing it for her. The lowest tones made something in her head feel large, and the highest notes trembled in her eyes so that she saw them. If only I could have taken lessons, Virgie thought, if only I could have taken lessons I could understand how to handle the hard places in the music. "That sort of thing isn't for you; you're too much of a dreamer, Virgie." Her mother's words rang in Virgie's ears, and the music was drowned out. "You can't have lessons; you can't have a new dress; you mind your own business, and take care of the young ones." The sweet tones of the organ were changing. Now they screamed, "You're a dreamer, Virgie York, you're a dreamer, you're a DREAMER!" Virgie was stifled with hot, heavy bands of tears covering her eyes.

The night air felt good on Virgie's face; she ran down the hill to Main Street struggling to breathe. Just disappearing into the movie, a crowd of girls and boys were talking and sharing their jokes. It was Peggy's group. I'll never belong with them, or to anything else that's nice, Virgie told herself. It seemed to her that she wasn't really there as she moved through the crowds of people and past the brightly lit stores. Suddenly she sensed someone at her elbow; someone asked a question. She turned and answered, "Yes, Pete, yes, I'll go with you. Let's have a bang-up good time."

Deus Ex Machina

A STORY

By Nancy Fanshier, '50

July 19, 1946

PERHAPS you would say that I'm bitter; but only rightly so. From what I've seen of it, my life will be the most miserable existence imaginable. You see, I haven't been born yet. I'll have to wait a while—I believe humans would say about a year. But it's much too soon for me.

The day I found out I was to be born, I was ready to burst with joy. So I proceeded to find out just what kind of life I was destined to lead. This is what I discovered:

My mother is a very beautiful young woman, and my father is what the local newspaper calls "one of Hillsford's most up-and-coming young business men." They seem to be a happy couple—no one from the outside could tell that there is no real love between them. But that alone is not what bothers me. You see, I know now that I'll have a beautiful home, all the money I'll ever want, and everything that's essential to what they call happiness. And yet I'll hate it—yes, every minute of it! The other day, as I looked into the lives of my future parents with the sense given the unborn, I found my mother-to-be just leaving a friend's home where she had been to lunch.

"Well, of course I wouldn't know, dahling, but as far as I'm concerned, it's one of the worst scandals ever! And I can tell you now, a few persons are going to hear all about this!"

You see, my mother's name is Mrs. Arthur Johnson III. You can always depend on her to know the name of the latest best-seller, the affairs of the season's newest debutante, and Hillsford's Social Register.

My father, Arthur Johnson III, thinks in terms of dollar signs. He knows just how much everyone in town is making and, I regret to add, associates with them accordingly.

Those are the things I found on my first visit to my future home, and the sight struck me as very depressing. Oh, if they could see how empty and meaningless their lives are!

September 8, 1946

I'm writing this according to the time as they measure it there on earth. They call it "fall" down there now. I can see the leaves of the trees turning beautiful shades of yellow and red. It's still warm, but there's that certain something in the air that tells the world that this is the end of summer.

But my mother and father can't see any of that. My mother's main topic of conversation and thought concerns the latest fall fashions in clothes. This social season is not one of the best, but the Arthur Johnsons give their weekly formal dinner as usual. No one dares refuse one of their much-desired invitations.

I can see my future mother now. She's directing the maids as to where to seat whom and why. She has a new, very expensive dinner gown for the party and she thinks it's lovely. What she can't see is that the golden color of the maple tree on the lawn far exceeds her dress in beauty. Oh, what a life of blindness I am going to lead!

October 26, 1946

The reason I write today is that I have been watching my future father in his oriental-carpeted and mahogany-furnished office. He settles back in his padded swivel chair and glances over the afternoon mail. After opening numerous letters, he lights an English private-blend cigarette and tosses numerous, pleas for

charity into the shiny metal wastebasket.

I had to leave the scene, for the truth is so deeply hidden from him too, that I doubt if he will ever know what is real, or worth living for.

November 28, 1946

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson III are sitting down to their Thanksgiving dinner now. Yes, there are turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the trimmings. But about half of this elaborate meal will be quietly disposed of because, you see, my mother is on a strict diet. After all, if she is to attend the many engagements her private secretary has planned for her, she must be slim and lovely.

Why can't I tell them how wrong they are? No, I know that's impossible. They say I won't be able to speak for almost two years, and after that, other things will prevent my telling them. Perhaps two Thanksgivings from now I won't remember what else I saw today: the Smith family with ten children and their Thanksgiving dinner of gravy and day-old bread. I wonder . . .

December 25, 1946

They say that on earth this day is the most joyous of the whole year. Over again I shall visit my future home to see why it should be so happy.

In the spacious drawing room of the Johnson home, my mother has just presented my father with a three-carat diamond stick-pin. He smiles and seems to be pleased, although he has three others upstairs very similar. Now I see her opening a huge box, but carefully and slowly, so as not to spoil her scarlet fingernails manicured only yesterday. The task completed, she finds a four-thousand-dollar mink coat in the box, labeled by the most exclusive shop in town. She smiles and lays it aside, wondering what she'll do with the other two mink, not to mention the sables and ermines.

But they hurry now. It's time to dress for Mrs. Lovington-Smythe's cocktail party. As they leave the house, stepping carefully through the blanket of white fallen the night before, they completely ignore the beautiful patterns made by that same snow on the fir trees of the estate, nor do they pause to drink in the silence of the icy air. As they annoyedly await the slightly delayed chauffeur, children down the block are playing with their new sleds, laughing gaily and prancing in the snow. But the chauffeur drives up and efficiently opens the door. (My parents would not tolerate inefficient servants.)

I wonder if I'll have a sled in four or five years, or will I be staying indoors with the nurse they have already engaged for me, playing with ten-dollar toys? Merry Christmas!

January 12, 1947

Winter has come. The huge fireplace in the drawing-room is ablaze with fresh pine-logs. Everything is in perfect order for the party. But I've seen too many of these already. Tonight I won't watch them, for they say a heart yet unborn cannot be broken. I'm not so sure they're right. I am helpless. All these long eons of time I have been praying to be born—to live one of those wonderful lives humans talk about. And now my time is growing very short. I have only three more months to spend in the blissful mist of nonexistence before I must go to the earth. I am being prepared for down there. There is a nursery made from one of the six Victorian guest-rooms. It's lovely—all pink and blue, but I hate it with all my heart. They say I can't hate if I'm yet unborn. But I don't know about that—

February 20, 1947

More and more I have been hiding myself here in the mist of oblivion. If only I didn't know what awaits

Parody On "Grace For A Child"

By Beverly Yarbrough, '51
(Written not in irreverence to Her-
rick's poem, but to any student of
beginning modern dance.)

HERE, awkward as a cow, I stand,
Heaving up my either hand,

Every muscle in a cramp,
Until my brow with sweat is damp.
I strive and strive for poise and grace;
In vain, I still fall on my face.

me when finally I am born! Perhaps yes, perhaps then, I could live a life of blissful ignorance as do my parents now. Perhaps then I could fit into the life as a child of these people and would never know the aches of remorse which haunt me now as I watch the clear blue February sky, peopled at night with the sequin stars imbedded in it.

They say there's love on the earth. They say I shall love my parents deeply and sincerely all of my life. How can I help but doubt them? You see, my mother is spending the winter months in a warmer part of the earth, as she always does. She has been well-received into the society of that region and seems to be happy. My father spends a great deal of his time at his club in town, where he is known as one of the best mixers in a party. He, too, appears to be happy, and telephones my mother twice a week, as they agreed before she left that "letters are such a bore."

The house is quiet at home (I must call it that) except for the subdued chatter of the dozen servants keeping everything in order. The nursery upstairs is very dark. But then, it shall always seem dark to me—

March 17, 1947

It's getting warmer on the earth now. The ice is beginning to thaw and the other day one of the ten Smith children down the street saw a robin. The world seems to be ready to burst as soon as spring finally comes. But at home my mother is in a darkened room, very much annoyed with me, for she is missing Mrs. DeWolfe's daughter's debut today and it's one of the best of the season! If I could only tell her! But I'm afraid she would not listen to me; nor would my father, who at this time is summoning several of the best physicians in the country.

Is there no way I can escape? I cannot shed tears yet, but don't worry, I'll have plenty of time for that in the life to come.

April 1, 1947

I had about given up hope today, when I suddenly saw Mrs. Smith and Johnny out picking flowers after the spring rain. I know without anyone telling me that that's what love is. They laughed and sang a little song together—something about spring. I'll never forget it.

My mother is very ill, but I can hardly feel sorry. Somehow, sometime, when their fruitless lives are over, they will see life as it really is and how very blind they were. I cannot help them before that. I know. I can hardly hope for any means of escape myself, and yet, I wonder—

HILLSFORD DAILY HERALD

April 30, 1947

"Our sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson III today. Our hearts go out to Hillsford's leading young couple who lost their child last night at Mercy Hospital. Mrs. Johnson is reported to be recovering today and hopes to return to her full and happy normal life very soon—"

CINQUAINES

By Jane Morrisey, '48

First Meeting

HOW soon
I stopped my talk
Of weather and good books
To find my heart lies deep within
Your eyes!

Gift

A STAR
That dares to shine
Against a sky of blue,
A wave that curls against the sea
Be yours.

The River Realms

By Betty Joy Haas, '51

Characters Martha

Maggie

Scene I. The curtain rises to reveal a small, dingy hotel room. It is a typical dollar-a-week residence on the lower East Side in New York City. The furniture is meager and in bad shape; a high iron bed, a table with a cracked mirror above it, a wicker chair, and a small gas stove comprise the living facilities of this miserable establishment. There are two dirty windows, one at the back of the stage and one on the right side. There is a door to the left which opens as the curtain goes up to admit Maggie and Martha, two scrub women. Martha is the taller of the two; she is about forty-five and has a quiet and reflective attitude that may be observed immediately by the audience. Maggie, on the other hand, is overweight, sloppy, and boisterous; but by way of compensation for her shallow understanding of Martha, it must be said that she is jolly.

MAGGIE. (Taking her mop out of the bucket and turning to address Martha.) I told you about smelling gas and coming in here this morning to find the jet on (points to small gas stove) and the windows all down, didn't I?

MARTHA. (Nods her head) Um-hum.

MAGGIE. Lordy, but that gave me a scare. I seen enough suicides since I been working here to know how they upset my indigestion. I could just see that young fellow that was here, all stretched out dead on the bed.

MARTHA. It does seem funny; the windows all closed, the gas on full blast, and nobody here.

MAGGIE. It wouldn't be so odd if the guy hadn't kept his rent paid up. He looked like he had to starve himself to do it though. Saw him stumble in the other night, but couldn't smell nothin' on his breath; guess he was either hopped up or hungry.

MARTHA. He was hungry.

MAGGIE. What did he do that makes you think the best of 'em?

MARTHA. Just happened to be around one time when he felt like talkin'. By puttin' two and two together, I'd say he lit out of this city, never to come back.

MAGGIE. Martha, you're the funniest one woman, always seem to know so much about everybody. Now what makes you so sure he ain't out sleepin' in the Park scowhere?

MARTHA. Can't be sure, Maggie . . . ay never know. Just got a hunch, that's all.

MAGGIE. Did ya find out his name?

MARTHA. Yes, it was Ferpo—Ferpo Stewart.

MAGGIE. Gcd!

MARTHA. He was as strange as his name, a closed-mouth fellow. I just happen to come in once when he wanted to talk; and did he talk, lik-en's if I wasn't even here.

MAGGIE. Was he the "you remind me of my mother" type? If there is anything I hate, it's one of these boys that always wants to cry on your shoulder.

MARTHA. He was just a boy; a mighty lonely boy.

MAGGIE. That's nothin' new.

MARTHA. He was, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Martha, if I hadn't seen you hard as nails, I'd say you was one of the sentimentalist women I know. Always got a story about someone—You see so much, Martha, that I feel right down naked around you sometimes.

MARTHA. (Smiling) Now don't feel that way. It's just that seeing through people for what they are is about the only interesting pastime that I have in life anymore.

MAGGIE. (Chuckling) I'm sure glad there's plenty to me, if you're gonna be a peerin' through me.

MARTHA. I'm not just a bitter old woman, Maggie, but I seen enough of people an' their stupid lives to know there ain't much to 'em.

MAGGIE. Yeah, I know just what you mean. I 'spect there ain't a woman livin' that has more reason to hate man and their kind than me.

MARTHA. (Sarcastically) You'll have to tell me about it sometime.

MAGGIE. Why, I thought I'd told you all about me an, (catching the coldness of Martha's glance)—oh, Martha, don't be helpin' me to make a bigger ass of myself than I already am. Now go on and tell me about this Ferpo friend of yours.

MARTHA. Friend of mine, you say; maybe you've got something there. Well, he was like so many people in this big jumbled mass of masonry who came here to work. Didn't have any special ambition, just wanted a chance to get in the rat race and hold his own. He might just as well planned a trip to the moon, 'cause he just didn't have the shell it takes to get along here.

MAGGIE. Have you and me got a shell like that, Martha?

MARTHA. (Pausing to stare into space) Not so much a shell, Mag, as a caked surface from living in all this dirt and filth.

MAGGIE. (Indignantly) I never noticed you breakin' your back over that mop!

MARTHA. (Shrugging her shoulders) What's the use?

MAGGIE. There ain't much—no more money than we get. Sometimes I wonder how I happened to end up in a hole like this—(She looks around the room and then at Martha) Wonder more, though, how you happened to. But go on with your story; you got me interested now.

MARTHA. Ferpo came here from a little town in the Ozarks Mountains called Glaxy—A lazy little river town—Sort of a stopping-over place for fishermen who take float trips on the Realms River.

MAGGIE. You mean there really is mountains called the Ozarks! Where are they?

MARTHA. In lower Missouri and upper Arkansas mostly.

MAGGIE. Well, I'll be. Learn somethin' new every day, they say.

MARTHA. His whole life was spent on that river just like his father's before him. Thought he hated it, though. All these city fellows

(Cont. on page 4)

HEIGH-HO (Cont. from page 1)

Alicia
(with a skyward gesture)
I'm incapable of loving anything. My entire being is consumed with hate and a thirst—a deep, deep thirst for vengeance!

John
(as he mixes himself a drink)
Don't you think a bourbon and soda would do the trick?

Alicia
(so wrapped up in her dramatic oration that she fails to hear his witticisms)

It's something you can never understand, John. That's why my answer must be a final, echoing "no." I can never marry you so long as she lives!

John
She WHO?

Alicia
(impatiently)
Lydia, of course.

John
Now you're being absurd! Had you said Margaret or Goldie or even Florence I might feel called upon to explain, but I don't even know a girl named Lydia. (a moment's pause during which John suddenly looks out at the audience) Or DO I?

Alicia
Lydia isn't a girl. She's my step-mother.

John
STEP-mother? Oh, my poor dear. I didn't realize. (He rushes to the other side of the room to comfort her.) What an unhappy childhood you must have had!

Alicia
(hanging her head across his shoulder)
How true, how true! (She sobs deeply.)

John
Why haven't you told me this before? We could have carried the burden together.

Alicia
Because it was too horrible for words. (She suddenly stops her crying and repeats the last of the sentence.) . . . too horrible for words! (She claps her hands on her knees and laughs idiotically.) Oh, John! Aren't I CLEVER? That was almost a pun. (She suddenly stops laughing—to the audience) Or was it? (a reflective pause) No, I suppose it wasn't. (Alicia resumes her sobbing and flings herself into a far corner of the lounge.)

John
(as though a match had just been struck)

I say! I heard an amusing story today. Now how did that go? Oh, yes! There was a truck driver who had motor trouble and was hunting for a place to spend the night when he saw a girl walking down the road. So the truck driver says to the girl . . .

Alicia
(sharply)

John!
I'm sorry, dear. I suppose that wasn't apropos, but the story was so unusually funny.

Alicia
I've already heard it.

John
Oh.
(after an uncomfortable pause)

Alicia
Well, what do we do next?

John
If after giving this play eighteen times you STILL don't know, I'll not tell you!

Alicia
One more remark like that and I'd skip to page twenty-three and throw a book at you if the prop man hadn't forgotten to put it on the table!

(They stand and glare at each other until an impatient voice from off-stage blares at them.)

All right, you two, all right! Back in character!

Environmental Difficulties of a Hibernating Mammal

By Joan Stewart

A LONG with the return of the robins and a rise in temperature, spring always heralds a great improvement in my general disposition and outlook on life. I'm quite sure that to my family this and the end of furnace cleaning are two of the greatest blessings that blow out of the fair season. During the course of my residence in the home of my parents they have learned that from the fall of the first snow until the pale sunshine of mid-March I am a case of suspended animation. I have been told that to the human environment to which one is connected by blood, this can be quite disconcerting. Mother thinks it may be unconscious identification with dead grass and defines my seasonal dullness of personality with such choice adjectives as "lethargic," "indolent," and others which I refuse to recall in print for fear of permanently disfiguring my ego. Personally, I think it would be much nicer just to call me "languid." Then I wouldn't even mind her using SULLENLY as a modifier. This would be infinitely more considerate of my tender emotions, and the liquid beauty of the "I's" in "sullenly languid" is almost poetic.

If one happens to like Aristotle's conception of mind as a flowing liquid, he might give a vivid illustration of my condition by saying that my pipes freeze over. By November, all traces of a psyche have disappeared and nothing remains but the organism.

Green and blue have always been my favorite colors, so it is only natural that my frustration over the absence of them during the winter should cause some alterations in behavior. One of the nicest defenses I've found against the depressing influence of the muted browns and blacks of the outside world is to barricade myself in a bedroom overflowing with potted plants, roll up in an azure cocoon of taffeta comforts, and dream blissfully on of scorching sun and summer tan. I sometimes wonder if I'm not descended from some South-Sea islander. My assumption that this did exist I base on the necessity of his having been there in order for my mother "to have never even thought of doing so many of the things I do."

Had I not been hung on the wrong rung of the ladder of evolution, people would have no reason whatsoever to regard my behavior as peculiar. I'm not quite sure which (party or parties) is to blame, but I'll never completely get over my resentment at not having been born a bear. Ever looking to the future, I've opened a few negotiations of my own along that line. When the time comes for my second earthly appearance, I have requested that it be in this form. I plan to spend my summers plopped horizontally by some slow forest stream. Pleasantly stupified by the intensity of the heat, I'll satisfy my hunger by pawing lazily at any equally stupid fish that chance to wander by. Tucked snugly in bedding of winter snow, I should pass the gloomier months in complete oblivion to the curious proddings of would-be desecrators of the peace of my hollow stump. There was a terrible mistake made somewhere along the way; considering the enormous handicap I'm forced to labor under, I've made remarkable adjustments.

My harassed relatives have found one tiny oasis in the desert of my winter depression. Luckily for the preservation of the annual spurt of good will towards men, it appears during the Yuletide season. I refer to that modern star of Bethlehem, the Christmas tree. If I should ever be called upon to evaluate some of the more spiritual principles of civilization (highly improbable but there's always that chance) I would tumble marriage from its lofty position and place the institution of the evergreen as the most sacred among mortals. For a few brief days in December I am aroused to semi-consciousness of my surroundings, occasionally venture out in near-zero weather, and have even been observed to speak to my brother before breakfast. But on January first my false elation goes to rest in the incinerator alongside its tinsel-covered stimulus, and I return to the more lasting security of a world of potted petunias.

A month and a half after my cousin, Mr. Groundhog, makes his inspection of the state of the union, I stretch my toes in the long-awaited luxury of new grass and convert from an ice-bound chrysalis to a caricature of spring fever.

Alicia
(immediately throwing herself into John's arms again)

Oh, John, darling!

John
Alicia, my sweet!

Alicia
Not that the audience cares by now, dearest, but what is to become of us?

John
It's not too late, Alicia. Have confidence in me and tell me the cause of your hatred. I will think of something.

Alicia
It will be hard, my own, but I will try.

John
Proceed.

Alicia
Let us sit down first. (They are seated on the lounge.) Now to begin. (earnestly) Do you like fish?

John
(somewhat puzzled)
Fish? (after some thought) Why, yes, I suppose I DO.

Alicia
Lovely! (They embrace.) I ADORE fish!

John
ALL fish?

Alicia
ALL fish!

John
(He's puzzled again)
Uh, what does this have to do with your step-mother?

Alicia
(aghast)
What does it have to DO with her? Why everything.

John
Now I understand completely, dear.

Alicia
But I haven't explained, yet.

John
Oh.

Alicia
(drawing him over to whisper in his ear)
SHE doesn't LIKE fish!

John
(Now he's aghast.)
No!

Alicia
YES! But we like fish, don't we, dear?

John
We ADORE fish!

Alicia
Do you know what Lydia did? Tell me quickly, my love.

RIVER REALMS Cont. from page 3

go down there, and I guess from their big talk he thought he was missin' half his life. God, if he only knew. MAGGIE. Yeah, I'd hate to be stuck way off in some hole in the mountains.

MARTHA. He thought his life wasn't complete, hadn't ever had a chance to try himself out—He wasn't a bit aggressive, but he wanted to see what he could do on his own. He thought he was weak, but Lord, the guts that boy had.

MAGGIE. Did it get 'em down because the city didn't welcome him with open arms? Well he's not the first one. Nobody gets the breaks in this town unless you know somebody; and the people I know—well. MARTHA. He got the breaks all right, all bad ones.

MAGGIE. Couldn't he get a job? MARTHA. He didn't know what to do or where to look. Ended up in some wop's greasy spaghetti joint where they razed him to death because he was "green" and decent.

MAGGIE. Have you ever been to that place; what'd you say the name was, Glaxy?

MARTHA. Once, a long time ago. MAGGIE. Honest! Did you know this Ferpo?

MARTHA. No.

MAGGIE. What was a city gal like you doin' back in them mountains?

MARTHA. I took a float trip on the Realms River back in them mountains. Why does that surprise you, Maggie? Did you think I'd spent all my life livin' and workin' in holes like this. Maybe I have, maybe I haven't; but I know this much, the best thing I ever did was to live for a while in those mountains and come to know what life was like on the River Realms.

MAGGIE. I still want to know what you was doin' there.

MARTHA. Maybe that ain't for you to know. Besides, what's that got to do with Ferpo?

MAGGIE. That's what I want to know.

MARTHA. Nothin'.

MAGGIE. Don't go gettin' riled up at me—now go on with what you was sayin'.

MARTHA. Maggie, you've heard of those fellows down town that cure people. They ain't exactly doctors, cause they don't try to help the body—they help people's minds. First they gotta know all about a person's life, and then they try to figure out what makes them act the way they do.

Alicia
When I was a little girl I had a fish that was all my own, but SHE made me kill it.

John
The murderess!

Alicia
But that's not all. She cooked it and made me eat it. WITH TARTAR SAUCE! (with tears in her eyes and a sob in her voice) John—I HATE tartar sauce!

John
My poor abused Alicia!

Alicia
(between the sobs)
What can we DO? I'm so alone, and I want revenge.

John
That's it, sweetheart, that's IT!

Alicia
WHAT'S IT?

John
(triumphantly)
I, John Van Gupp, have the answer!

John
You do not hate your step-mother.

Alicia
(sufficiently shocked)
WHAT?
John
AND—you do not love fish; you

MAGGIE. You mean psyc-an-olusts?

MARTHA. (Pleasantly surprised) That's exactly who I mean. And that's what I've tried to do with Ferpo. There is no other way to explain his actions. He was sick in his mind, and because he'd lost faith in himself, he wanted to kill himself. MAGGIE. That's nothing new in this place.

MARTHA. You're right, but it was something new for him. He'd probably never given dying a thought before, but you saw how close he came to it when you came in and found the gas jet on.

MAGGIE. Well, something must have changed his mind because he sure wasn't in here when I came in. (Eagerly) Maybe the girl next door smelled the gas and got him out before it was too late.

MARTHA. Something got him out all right, but it wasn't a person, it was his conscience. Can't you just see him lying there waitin' to be put to sleep and start thinkin' about his mother. She'd probably never know what happened to him. And he must have thought about the river Realms and the boat he was to own someday—There still was so much to live for—Just realizing the faith that he had, the really deep one that was as solid as the mountains he came from, makes me want to believe in myself again—I can't say for certain, Maggie, but I think he just got up, walked out of here, and started home the best way he knew how.

MAGGIE. Why didn't he turn the gas off before he left?

MARTHA. That's the whole point. It was his simple way of thinkin', because in one way he was dead—a part of him had died so that his faith could live again.

MAGGIE. Ain't that pretty dramatic?

MARTHA. (Nodding her head yes) Heart-breakingly dramatic. But it's life. It's so true to life that it seems unreal. You'd almost have to know Ferpo's simple way of thinkin' and livin' before you could really understand.

MAGGIE. It sounds screwy to me. (Picking up her mop, she starts scrubbing) We'd better get started if we got any designs on leavin'.

MARTHA. Martin would keep us in this sweat-shop all night if we didn't get—(Looks at Martha.) Where do you think you're gettin' off to?

MARTHA. I'm through here, Maggie.

MAGGIE. You mean you're just walkin' out. If that ain't a hell of a way to go—where do you think you're going?

MARTHA. Think I'll go down to the waterfront. The East River is a far cry from the River realms, but I sorta' like to watch the boats in the water.

MAGGIE. I'd die laughing if you saw that Ferpo friend of yours down there!

MARTHA. So would I. (Martha pauses a moment as if to review the wisdom of her decision, then she turns and goes out, pulling the door quietly shut behind her.)

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MAGGIE. I'd die laughing if you saw that Ferpo friend of yours down there!

The Crisis

By Peggy Miller, '51

"... and I can't stand it anymore. Please, Mother, let me come home. I hate this college."

Janie reread the letter she had just written, then crumpled it up in her hands and tossed it into the waste basket. Of course she couldn't send that to Mother. What was the matter with her, anyway?

She walked over to the window and stared moodily out across the rolling hills back of the dorm. What's your trouble, Janie? she asked herself. Here you're in a wonderful girls' school, lots of friends, good courses—what's the matter? She was at a loss for an answer. Janie had never found herself so completely unable to cope with a situation as she was now. She had no confidence in herself anymore. It seemed as though she even had no purpose in life. She couldn't study, she couldn't sleep—she couldn't even eat! What WAS the matter?

All right now, you big baby! Perk up! You're being perfectly silly. There's no reason in this world why you have to act so childish. She tossed her head back resolutely and straightened up from her slumping posture. Her long dark hair, which could be so pretty when it was combed, hung in messy little batches. Her lipstick was half gone, and what little remained was smeary and uneven. But Janie didn't care.

I do so care! she thought defiantly and marched over to the dresser. She felt better after she had put her hair in order and had repaired her make-up in great detail.

Janie sat down at the desk and opened the big history book. She took her pen and underlined in the book the answers to the list of questions her teacher had given her. She forced herself to review yesterday's lesson and tried to memorize some of the dull facts that glared at her so boldly.

Ten minutes later her roommate burst in noisily and, with a skilled hand, tossed her books on the bed across the room. With a start Janie realized that she had been day dreaming again.

"Hi, cellmate!" said Bobbie gaily. "Whatcha' doin'?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Janie and winced at the truth of her statement.

"How about going down town with me, then? I've got a bunch of junk to get."

"Gee, Bobbie, I'd love to, but I simply must get this history done. And I can't do it tonight because of that show rehearsal," and Janie made a wry face at the thought.

"Aw, c'mon, gal! You know you don't have to do that now. You can do it after we come back. We'll only be a minute."

"No, really, I can't, Bob!" said Janie in a final tone. "Get Ann to go. She will."

"Whatsa' matter with you?" said Bobbie plaintively. "You never used to turn me down like this. Just lately—" her voice trailed off, leaving the sting of her words in the air. For they did sting, and it wasn't Bobbie's fault, Janie knew.

Janie didn't say anything. She didn't know what to say. How could Bobbie understand when she didn't even understand herself? Now she was even revealing her unhappiness to her friends. It wasn't fair to burden them with her own worries. She knew she could go to town with Bobbie if she wanted to. Suddenly she laughed. "Okay Bob! You win! If there's one thing I hate, it's for my best friend to be mad at me." Janie jumped up cheerfully from her chair and got her coat from the closet.

"Atta girl," Grinned Bobbie. I hate to see you moping around like this." The two girls went out into the hall laughing. The temporary tenseness was gone.

That night, however, after they were in bed Janie was again possessed with the inevitable insomnia. She turned over on her stomach—then on her side—then on her back. Finally she got up and went over to the window. Her thoughts wandered back to the New Year's eve party again. What a wonderful night that had been! She saw herself again in the mad whirlwind of excitement—dancing, laughing, having such a glorious time. She looked down ruefully at the diamond ring glistening on her left hand. She didn't smile as she used to whenever her attention was drawn to the symbolic jewel. The expression on her face was blank, and her eyes stared unseeingly through the diamond to something beyond—far, far beyond her reach. Unconsciously, she breathed a deep sigh.

"Janie!" Bobbie's voice startled her from her dreams. Bobbie was sitting up in bed. "What are you doing at that window? You'll catch pneumonia if you don't watch out. What's the matter?"

"I just couldn't sleep, so I came over here to watch the moonlight." Janie's voice sounded casual enough, she hoped.

"Janie, come here a minute." And Janie went obediently to her roommate's bed. Bobbie drew her down beside her.

"Honey, tell me what's wrong. You haven't been yourself in a long time. Is it Jimmy?"

Quick tears filled Janie's eyes at sympathy, but she blinked them back hastily. "I—I—of course not!" Her voice choked and she said no more.

"Oh, honey, I know. I've—"

"Oh, Bob, don't!" said Janie pleadingly. She mustn't lose control of herself. After all, she had no business bothering Bobbie with all this. "I'll be all right." She got up and went over to her own bed.

"Okay, hon," said Bobbie understandingly. "Just wondered."

But Janie lay staring up at the ceiling long after her roommate had gone to sleep. Eventually she drifted off into a restless slumber.

The morning dawned clear and warm. Janie opened her eyes but closed them right away. That sun was so bright! She got up presently and went through her daily morning ritual. As Bobbie was still asleep, she started down to breakfast alone. There seemed to be something different about this morning—something special.

She decided to stop by the post office—just in case. Immediately inside the door of the post office she could see her own box, and—oh, was it true?—a letter behind that little glass door! Janie reached the mail box in two excited leaps. She fumbled clumsily at the catch for a minute which seemed an eternity, but, getting the door opened at last, she grabbed eagerly at the letter.

There it was. That old familiar writing that she had missed for so long! Was everything going to be all right at last? Oh, why couldn't she get that envelope opened? She turned the letter over again and—yes, there was the stamp upside down. Their own little signal!

Suddenly her old confidence returned to her—confidence that she could master anything put to her challenge. The whole world was smiling as if it had known all along.

Contrast

By Mary Cook, '51

DEATH'S a
woman
searching,
lonely.

life is
a man,
strong, broad
shouldered,

her mate
has fled;
she fears
the night.

eagle—
bright eyes,
firm mouth
drawn hard.

each time
she claims
a life
as hers

he drives
his price,
will not
bargain;

her soul
hides hope
that he
is found.

turns his
back on
sniffing
mortals.

unbound
her hair;
the cheek
burns red;

leisure
hours he
toys with
offspring;

her eyes
are bright
with old
desire.

gloats as
they run,
frightened
wee mice.

she reaps
not flesh
but love
and warmth.

yet—
fathered
he all
on beds
of hope;

her goal
is him—
her quest
drives on.

in their
birth-pangs
left them
his love.

To The Students To Make Much Of Time

By Marion Bebb, '50

STUDY your class notes while ye
may
'Cause Father Time's a-whizzin'
And even 'fore you know, that day
Will be here for the quizzin,?

The light of your old study lamp,
No brighter is a-glowing
So now upon your cranium stamp
The knowledge which you're
showing.

There'll never be a better age
Than when you're young and
active,
For after turned is youth's sweet page
Of worse times you're a captive.

So do make use of every hour
And do not be so skeptical;
Thus you can build a wondrous tow'r
Of information technical.

Almost unable to contain her excitement, which was rising by the second, Janie dashed over to the dining room and slid into a seat at one of the tables that was already half filled.

"Hi, Janie!"
"Hi, kids!" responded Janie with such a thrill in her voice that it even surprised herself. "Golly, Fly, make haste with that cereal. I'm starved!"

Fishes In The Sea

By Doris Jorgenson, '50

THE white-collared, blue-suited girl with the properly tilted sailor hat followed the waitress to the last booth in the latest thing in drug stores and seated herself opposite another patron, who was definitely blonde and halfway through Number Two on the menu. Now, a few minutes later, the soft, warm eyes facing her and the blonde's bubbling enthusiasm almost compelled her to inquire with some curiosity, "Has he given you any indication?"

Again lowering her orange lip-sticked fork the blonde leaned forward and vibrated, "Oh, honey, if only you had been there you would have known so too. Why, just the things he said and the horrible way he sent Bob away when the dance music started. It's always so difficult for a girl when a man acts so jealous." This last was followed by a completely feminine sigh.

"Yes, isn't it."
"Bob and I are really only just good friends."

"I'm sure; were things all right after that?"

"Oh no. When Bob came back with some glasses and ice and some change Don was sulking outside the door. Men are so childish."

"I hope it wasn't anything serious."

"Well, when we were dancing—they were playing 'Body and Soul' and he kept telling everyone I was THE body and that he was the only soul in the room drunk enough to know it." After a rather weak response she continued, "Anyway, he was constantly wanting me to go out to the car with him where he insisted he could straighten things out in his mind about whether he should stop fighting against love." At this point her voice almost sounded like the soft purring of a lovable kitten.

"He said he had to know if I could ever fall in love with someone as undeserving as him. Imagine him expecting me to decide my whole future life on our third date." The voice had now become high-pitched and the next words were spoken with an air of suppressed anger. "I told him, I said, 'Mr. Don Marten, I came out here to dance and that's what I intend to do.' Don't you think that was the only thing to say?"

"Well, yes, if—"
"After all I couldn't let him think—"

"By the way, is he Don Marten, the son of Mr. Marten, the banker?"

"Yes, that's him. Isn't he precious?" she cooed. "Do you know him?"

"No, but my boss received an invitation the other day to his wedding."

"Oh—he would be weak enough to marry that girl just because his parents wanted him to." A few seconds were taken to glance in a small compact mirror, and then, "Did I tell you how Bob would always cut in—why, I danced almost every dance with him. That poor girl he was with—but what could I do!"

THE CARVING Cont. from page 1

The boy watched the man release himself from the strained position and lean back, surveying the picture of darkness and woman and moonlight. At the sound, his wife looked up. They smiled, and the two moons seemed to meet; then they returned to their different worlds. The lights played quietly in their corners and made the only real sound.

Jamie, his slight body trembling, turned back to his room, sobbing as a man sobs, quietly, within himself.

Freshman Class Adopts French Boy

Raymond Schwoerrer, an 11-year-old French boy, now in France, has been adopted by the Freshman Class through the Foster Parents Plan for War Children. This organization is headed by Mrs. Edna Blue, and headquarters are located in New York City.

Since its inception 11 years ago this organization has cared for more than 52,000 children. It is now operating in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Malta, Italy, and China, and helping children of 14 different nationalities, without regard to race or creed.

Foster parents' Plan does not do mass relief; each child is treated as an individual. "Adoption" is financial, and carries with it no legal obligations. The foster parent merely promises to contribute \$15 monthly towards the child's support, for at least a year. In return, the foster parent receives a photograph and brief history of the child, and correspondence through the Plan office is encouraged.

The young Frenchman adopted by the Lindenwood class was born at Lauwe-Nulhouse, the son of Paul and Georgette Schwoerrer, in 1937.

Prior to the war, his father was an electrician, and provided a modest and happy home for his family.

Raymond was wounded by fragments from shell fire, in September, 1944, while crossing the street. This left him totally blind and cruelly disfigured. He was hospitalized and had 21 plastic surgery operations on his eyes.

Recently, he came into Plan care—he was sent to Switzerland for a time to recuperate from these trying ordeals of surgery, and he is learning how to read and write by the Braille method.

Raymond is very thin and the operations have added to his nervous condition. He is anxious to study and learn—and as he is a clever and gifted boy, he is making good progress. As a pastime he enjoys modelling, and he seems to have an aptitude for it.

Raymond has known the fear, hunger and chaos of life in a wartorn country and now must face the world of darkness. He needs the security that his foster parents can give him—a warm, clean bed at night, proper food, and the comfort and assurance that someone is interested in him.

THE CLUB CORNER

Dr. McKinney spoke to Pi Gamma Mu on May 12 at a meeting in the Library Club Room. Everyone was invited.

Der Deutsche Verein held its spring picnic on the golf course on May 17.

Alpha Sigma Tau will give a tea honoring all Seniors and their guests in the Library Club Rooms on Sunday.

The Encore Club gave a bridge for its members and their guests on May 10 in the Library Club Rooms.

The Triangle Club held a picnic on the 13th of May.

The International Relations Club gave a dinner for its members at the Duquette on May 11.

Entertainment

By Joanne Cox, '51

Now mind you, it's not that I don't like the radio. On the contrary, I am very fond of it until it is turned on. But how in the world can the American people, who allegedly have normal intelligence, consider themselves entertained by the programs that fill (or should I say clutter) the air waves?

Let us look first at the quiz program. This obnoxious half-hour is conducted by a bubbling, feeble-brained, grammar-school graduate called an "emcee" who is just a shade less moronic than his studio audience. With a chuckle and a giggle he begins the program by approaching a poor, befuddled citizen with an extraordinary head of hair and a violin case under his arm and asking him in whose honor the Washington Monument was built. Even though the musician answers "Petrillo!" he doesn't go away unrewarded. He is pensioned for life and is given a ten-years' subscription to *Ladies' Home Journal* and a box of soap flakes. But oh, how he would have been rewarded had he only answered correctly! Among other gifts "too numerous to mention" he would have received a thirteen-months' cruise to Siberia, the 1948 Republican nomination, and the inevitable box of soap flakes. Do you call this entertainment?

Then there are the soap operas. For fifteen-minute intervals all during the day various old crones face life, storms, and each other with a nauseating amount of courage. The heroines of these foul narratives vary from pretzel-benders to girl-Fuller-brust-salesmen. How could such misery come to one small group as comes to the families of these people? If they aren't in trouble, they go out and try to dig up some. For example, not content with looking after her two-headed son who has an acute case of dandruff, taking care of her daughter who thinks she's a goldfish and won't get out of the bathtub, and hiding the egg-money from her epileptic-drunkard husband, the heroine feels that she must stick her nose into someone else's business. Do you call this entertainment?

Last of all let's look at the programs just for the kiddies. Imbeciles who call themselves Uncle Joe or Uncle Harry tell the little brats fiendish stories which either scare them silly or give them sanguineous ideas which their stupid little minds could never think up alone. For instance, they think that if Superman can fly, they can too. So with gleams in their eyes, they climb up to the top of the garage; and, beating their chests, they leap off, ending up flat on their little seats with many a bellow and roar. Do you call this entertainment?

And as if this were not enough, the trashy interludes are cemented together by nasty innovations of the past few years called singing commercials. These melodious little verses promise that you will become a millionaire if you eat a certain cereal every morning or get to heaven if you bathe with a certain soap each night.

Do you call this entertainment? I don't. And as long as I have strength left to reach the knob of the radio, I'll bask in beautiful silence.

The Poetry Society held its annual picnic at the ovens. Guests roasted wieners, fried bacon, and made sandwiches with cheese or tomatoes. The dessert was strawberry shortcake.

Instrumental Association members played softball before eating at their picnic at Blanchette Park. Members of the music faculty and the Parkinsons were guests.

Due to rain the Press Club held its picnic in the Library Club Room. Highlight of the evening was the reading of "Uncle Charlie's Nursery Rimes," a scandal sheet published annually for members of the organization only.

Taking Care Of Children

By Jessie Long, '51

SOME girls might consider an evening spent with a six-months-old baby an extremely uneventful experience, but to others it might be terrifying. After the departure of the parents, the first thing you think of doing is turning on the radio. With the help of the newspaper, you decide to listen to "Mr. District Attorney." The first sound that greets your ears is that of a gun fight. The story sounds exciting. Suddenly realizing that this noisy episode might awaken the baby, you quickly turn the dial to a quiet musical program.

Having turned the radio dial, you decide to call your girl friend on the telephone and receive her opinion of the latest algebra assignment. Completely forgetting about the baby, you chatter on and on. Much to your horror and amazement, you are aware that the telephone is just outside the baby's room. Immediately you inform your friend of the situation, and you decide to do your algebra assignment instead of just talking about it.

While concentrating deeply on a difficult problem, you faintly hear the baby's shrill cry. The thing which you most fear has happened; the baby has awakened. You tiptoe timidly into the room, wondering what you are going to do now. You feel the baby's diaper, but soon discover that isn't the trouble. After patting Baby on the back and humming a little tune, all to no avail, you decide to try a bottle. Visions of the baby's choking run through your mind. As you think of all the terrifying things that could happen, you discover, to your great surprise, that your young charge has fallen asleep. Being almost afraid to move, you finally get Baby back to bed; and with a sigh of great relief, you close the door and pray the baby will not wake up again.

After this experience, you are a bit hesitant when you are asked to take care of another child. But upon learning that this child is six years old, you feel a little better about it. The parents leave, and the child immediately announces that he wishes to listen to his favorite radio program, "The Lone Ranger." You are more than willing to comply with his demands until it is time for him to go to bed. But the minute that you tell him he is going to bed, he remembers he has to learn his spelling words for the next day. Not knowing exactly what to do, you help him with the assignment.

As time passes, you become more firm. The child is finally undressed, has been given his vitamins and drink of water, and is at last in bed.

With a sigh of relief, you sit down to begin your homework. All is quiet, the child is asleep. Out of the silence comes the sharp ring of the telephone. You are sure that the child has been awakened. You pick up the receiver only to find that the party has called the wrong number. As you hold your breath you await the sound of the child's voice. At last, you decide the child is still asleep, and your evening of anxiety continues.

The annual staff celebrated the publication of the Linden Leaves with a dinner at Lake Village Inn Thursday evening. Corsages were presented to Dr. Alice E. Gipson and Miss Betty Isaacs, sponsor of the book.

At Lake Village Inn the same evening were the members of the Home Economics Club.

The Athletic Association's annual picnic was held Friday evening at Blanchette Park.

The Alumnae dinner will be given Saturday instead of Sunday as was previously announced for Commencement details.

BELL JAR WORLD cont. from pg 1

I shall take this blanket and go to the chair by the window to sit. Before I get settled I shall get my cigarettes from my desk. It's an odd feeling, fumbling around in the dark. The round and square coldness of ink bottles—the dull, porous blotter—there, the crinkle of cellophane on the cigarettes. I sit down with the blanket about me, my feet on the radiator, and take the matches from the safety of my pocket. Scratch—the tiny match flares and goes out. Scratch—this time I suspend the glow a moment in the darkness of my square room, then move it in an arc. I inhale deeply, and the tip of my cigarette takes on the distant glow of a coal miner's lamp at the far end of a tunnel. I wonder how it would be to work all day in the black, black mines with only a little lamp. Would I make a good miner? No. I've always said I didn't like the dark. But I've never known the dark. Strange, I can never remember sitting alone in complete blackness. I've always liked bright, warm rooms and long, sunny days. I remember the pink lamp at my bedside when I was little. It made the whole room rosy. I thought there were fireflies in it. It was always lit when I fell asleep.—I've never been so alone. I know nothing about anybody. They know nothing about me. What am I? Who are my friends? We share our food and cigarettes. We help each other with lessons. But what do the others think when all faces are turned away? What are their feelings alone, at night?—I remember the deep leather chair, the encircling glow of the desk lamp in the study; and I remember my father as he would listen to my troubles. But who is to listen now? Oh, God, what can I do—WHY DID I SAY THAT!—Why must I think things like that? There is no god. Dad will be hurt. He will give me that tolerant smile he saves for those who believe in what he calls tribal traditions. No, he will not care—he is dead. He is nothing. He was and is no more. I'll never see him again. Who was he? Why did he live? And why, why did he die? I need him. We always needed each other. I was son and daughter to him, and he was father and mother to me. He told me such wonderful things. He knew an answer to every question. But I never asked him about God. I just knew he didn't believe. Whatever he did was right. I remember one hot summer afternoon when I told him I was going to run away. "Run away where?" he asked.

"Up that ladder to the sky," I cried, pointing to waves of shimmering heat that rose from the ground.—I wish I were that young again.—He laughed and promised to tell me all about the atmosphere. When he told me about air pressure, he took a June bug from the dust. The greenest June bug I've ever seen. Putting it in a bell jar, he pumped

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two.
Everything they say;
Everything they do.

Willie Viertel and Babs Bush passed volley-ball ratings given by the St. Louis board of officials. Miss Viertel also received a National rating.

Terrapin held a party in the lounge of the Gym after the water pageant. Refreshments were served.

the air out, and the bug burst. I saw it. I remember. I was frightened. I cried. He took me in his arms and told me there was nothing to fear but fear itself. He explained everything.—But was he right? Is there no god? I must have something, someone. How can I find this God that my father denied? He must be somewhere. What is the worth of a short futile life if there is nothing more?—It was a golden world that summer day. The sun spotlighted the little dust flurries, and heat from the dry earth burned my bare feet.—My feet are burning now. The radiator is scorching right through the soles of my slippers. The feeling is almost the same as that dust, but it isn't. I'm cold, inside and out. A draft is blowing from the edges of the window. It twines about my neck like the strings of clammy seaweed that wrapped my legs when I swam near the rocks at St. Pierre.—Wonderful summers at St. Pierre! Summers with Dad. Carefree days when the hot shower of the sun beat my body into indolent warmth. I didn't care about God then. I didn't think about God then.—It's too dark in here. I wish I could turn on the light. I won't think. I won't! I shall go back to bed. Maybe now I can sleep. The floor creaks, and I stop a moment. One, two, three—one, two, three. (She still sleeps.) The covers are cold and my muscles tense, drawing away from the icy sheets. Now the bed begins to warm and I grow drowsy.—Dare I sleep? Who will keep care while I sleep?—What is that? I hear a door softly opening. Someone is walking down the hall. Who is it? Why is she, too, awake? I hear the hoarse blurr of the fountain and then again the flop, flop of bedroom slippers. Will she return to sleep? What does she know that I don't? Perhaps she could tell me how to lose my fear. I ran to Dad with every question and every new discovery. Every new thought I had was to please him. His world was to be mine. I eagerly craved at every new idea he held out to me.—I took my new toy, this world of science that was his, and I loved it and learned its lessons well. But they stop short. It tells of death, but what then? It explains life but not this dull ache.—He was proud of me. I know he was. I mustn't betray him in my thoughts, yet they master me. I am my thoughts. And now I am afraid because he is gone. I am nothing. I cringe. This darkness is a huge bell jar covering the world. All else is nothing. Soon I shall burst with the terror of my questions and be no more! Who will weep for me as I wept for a little green June bug on that bright day in another world?—Who is God? Who covers my world with darkness?—

I have slept, but I want to sleep no more. I hate dreams. They frighten and tire me. I shall get up. I sit in the chair near the window again. The minutes creep, but the hour is quickly gone. My roommate stirs in her bed. She sits up. She is rested because today is Sunday and she has slept later than she does on week days. She says good morning to me, and I think she must greet the whole world. She is that kind of girl. She likes bright days too, so she avoids the night by sleeping.—Does she see the pulse pounding in my temples? She will be curious and perhaps startled when I speak because what I'm going to say is unusual. I must form the words carefully before I begin, so they will come easily, then I shall tell her that I believe I'll go to church with her this morning.