

The Time Has Come Bark Staff Insists To Talk Of Men

The Linden Bark staff is eagerly awaiting your entry in the annual Romeo contest. Pictures of your favorite men will be sent to Hollywood to be judged by a Paramount star. Bring your photos to Room 18, the Bark office, before December 11.

Some fickle young ladies will be interested to know that there isn't any limit to the number of Romeos you can enter. Dig out all your old pictures—even those you have turned against the wall for one reason or another—and lend them to the Bark. All pictures will be returned (unless someone on the staff takes a special liking to them).

With each picture submit a paragraph about when and where you met him, describe him as to height, coloring, and his best attributes, where and what he's studying to be at school, and whether or not it is a case of true love. Winners will be selected in the following classes: The most marriageable, the most athletic, the most intellectual, the most kissable, and the Romeo.

The staff is planning several new startling features in connection with the contest. These will be announced at a later date.

Fall Given Play By Dramatics Department

Lindenwood's first play of the year, *The Cassilis Engagement*, was presented Friday, Nov. 14, in Roemer Auditorium under the direction of Mr. Robert Hume and Miss Juliet McCrory.

The cast included: Folsa Bailey as Geoffrey Cassilis, Audry Ballard as Mrs. Borridge, Eve Carpenter as the Rev. Hildebrand Herries, Carolyn Coons as Julia, Countess of Remenham, Dorothy Hall as Ethel Borridge, Letitia Kneen as Adelaide Cassilis, Lynn Lapp as Major Algernon Warrington, Mary Lou McNail as Margaret, Lady Marchmont, Joan Reed as Mrs. Hildebrand Herries, Gretchen Schnurr as Dorset, Joan Stewart as Lady Mabel Venning.

The three-act comedy portrayed the upset of Mrs. Cassilis when her son becomes engaged to a girl in London who Mrs. Cassilis feels is beneath the family. By a great deal of finagling, she manages to bring the enegagment to an end.

Nancy Dana was in charge of lights, and Ann Parker was another back-stage assistant. Those helping with costumes and make-up were: Lolita Briggs, Jean-nine Johnson, Gaelic Ching, Jeanne Gross, Darlene MacFarlane, Jo Ann Gable, Jean Meyerhoff.

Mr. Clayton At Washington Meeting

Charles C. Clayton, sponsor of the Linden Bark, is attending the national Sigma Alpha Chi newspaper conference in Washington, D. C., this week. Mr. Clayton is president of the St. Louis chapter of Sigma Alpha Chi, the national professional journalism fraternity. While in Washington, he will have an interview with President Truman.

The 1947 Harvest Court



Miss Constance Kane, Lindenwood Freshman, of St. Paul, Minn., who resigned over the annual Harvest Ball in Butler Gymnasium on November 1, and the members of her court. The members of the court, all Freshmen, were chosen by the student body. From the left they are: Miss Jean Loo, Honolulu, Hawaii; Miss Jean Hunter, Neosho, Mo; Miss Carolyn Furnish, Kansas City, Mo; Miss Barbara Sprengle, Winchester, Va; Miss Alice Jeter, Jonesboro, Ark.; Miss Jeanne Peck, Anderson, Ind.; Special Maid of Honor; the Queen; Miss Evelyn Zane, Honolulu; Miss Mary Marlin, El Dorado, Ark.; Miss Patricia Perry, Fort Worth, Texas; Miss Suzanne Love, Nevada Mo.; Miss Mary Sivallis, Midland, Texas, and Miss Bobby York, Grays Knob, Ky.

Lindenwood Students Look Forward To Busy Thanksgiving

Turkey and football games are to be the highlights of the Lindenwood girls' Thanksgiving. For many it is the first visit home since coming to L. C. in September. Also high on the list of activities for the vacation is that of seeing the boy friends again. Many plan to return with fraternity pins and diamond rings.

Elaborate plans have been in the making for this holiday since the beginning of school and the only interruption has been the occasion of mid-term exams. However, the exams have done little to dampen the holiday spirit.

Because of extreme distance from home, some of the girls plan to spend the Thanksgiving vacation on campus. The traditional turkey dinner will be served in Ayres dining room on Thanksgiving Day for those girls who remain at school. Other plans for the holiday will be announced later.

From all indications the Thanksgiving holiday will only be a preview of the Christmas festivities which will get under way only two weeks after the end of the November vacation.

Theatre Of The Air Broadcast Heard

"Herman the Honey Bee," second production of the Lindenwood Theater of the Air, was presented last Saturday over Station KFUO, in St. Louis. The script was written by Miss Marianne Metzger, directed by Miss Martha May Boyer, and those included in the cast were Fran Johnson, Darlene MacFarlane, Nancy Fanshier, Charlotte Nathan, Sally Joy, Gretchen Schnurr, Virginia Crawford, Connie Schwager, Ruth Ann Ball, and Louise Ritter.

Members of the Radio Club attended a conference last Saturday at the Statler Hotel in St. Louis. Following a speech by Mr. M. Flemming of Washington, D. C., on "The Use of Radio to Stimulate Reading and Speaking," the group witnessed the broadcasting of the American School of the Air, at Kiel Opera House.

Miss Boyer, club sponsor, will attend a meeting of the Radio Council of Greater St. Louis at which A. D. Willard, Jr., executive vice president, National Association of Broadcasters, will be the principal speaker.

Faculty Gives Concert

The first of the faculty Vesper concerts was held last Sunday evening in Roemer Auditorium. Those participating were Dr. John Thomas, pianist; Miss Gertrude Isidor, violinist, and Virginia Lee Winham, accompanist.

Efficient Students

Lindenwood girls seem to be doing their Christmas shopping earlier this year. Many of our little ones have been seen running hither and yon, to St. Louis and St. Charles, and even Wellston, to pick up that cigarette case or those cuff links for the O.A.O. back home, one of those clever scarfs for mama so it can be borrowed back again, or a plaid sweater for papa, also for future reference. But mostly they go shopping just to look at all the wonderful things that they want so badly. They hope and pray that the dear parents will remember these things, which have been mentioned in all the letters since September.

Lindenwood Plans Gala Pre - Christmas Season

Parties - Caroling Contests - Features

With red and green the predominant shades on campus the Yuletide spirit will be swinging into high gear following the return of students after Thanksgiving vacation. Plans are already being formed concerning activities and amusements for our Christmas season here at Lindenwood.

The Christmas vacation begins officially at 10:00 a. m. on Wednesday, Dec. 17, and will end at 11:00 a. m. on Saturday, Jan. 3. By plane, train and bus the students will make their exodus.

The Senior Class dance will open the Christmas season on December 6, with a swirl of taffeta and mistletoe. On December 10 Tau Sigma will present their annual Christmas program in Roemer Auditorium and Mu Phi Epsilon is planning a choir concert for the entertainment of the entire student body.

Another Christmas activity will be the announcement of the winner of the annual Christmas short story contest. This contest is open to the entire student body and entries should be approximately 1000-1500 words. All entries should be in Dean Gipson's office by December 1 and winners will be announced in the last issue of the Linden Bark before Christmas vacation.

Turkey and all the trimmings will be the main billing for the annual Lindenwood family Christmas dinner on December 15. After Santa unpacks his bag in the dining room the girls will gather in their dormitories for hall parties. Before glowing evergreens and blazing fireplaces, the girls will exchange presents, sing carols, and play bridge.

Adding to the Yuletide spirit will be the traditional Sophomore caroling, and the lighting, each night, of the huge living Christmas tree, located in the center of the campus.

May Sarton Addresses Lindenwood Authors

"Think more, write less, and read, read, read," was the advice given to Lindenwood writers by Miss May Sarton, poet, who spoke in convocation November 6. Miss Sarton was a guest on the campus for several days, during which time she addressed the literature classes and held private interviews with those students interested in writing professionally.

Miss Sarton has written two novels, three volumes of poetry and several short stories. Her newest collection of poetry, "The Lion and the Rose," will be released in February. Born in Belgium, she came to this country as a child and later worked with and directed the Eva LeGalliene Civic Repertoire groups. During the war Miss Sarton worked with the OWI and documentary films.

Home Economics Department Presents Television Program

The third in a series of television programs was broadcast Monday evening. Present in the Home Economics Department, Dr. Parkinson, and Dr. Clevenger's daughter, Ann, took part. Modern kitchen equipment was compared with that used in the "good old days" to make a Thanksgiving dinner.

Dr. Karel, of the Music Department, is in charge of the Lindenwood television programs.

Dr. McCluer Addresses Alumnae At Banquet

Lindenwood College was host to an alumnae banquet held in St. Louis at the Hotel Statler, November 13. Alumnae attending the Missouri State Teacher's Meeting were present.

The principal speaker was Dr. Franc L. McCluer, president of Lindenwood College.

Bark Reporters Take Poll

Another Thanksgiving is here, and around Lindenwood the girls are thinking of the things they are thankful for. At least they should be now, after your ambitious Bark reporters made the rounds of the campus to take this poll. Here are the results:

Jeane Sebastian—"I'm thankful for the board in my bed because it keeps people from sitting on my mattress and getting it lumpy."

Sarah Adams—"Peace, vacation and Bill."

Joanne Sullivan—"Vacation, Chicago, getting up late and D.J."

Marian Hall—"Four days with Bob."

Charlotte Nathan—"Vacation and good old Southern cooked brown turkey."

Anne Knowles—"Peace and quiet."

Jean Callis—"Lindenwood freedom and food, four days of heaven on earth."

Nancy Kern—"I'm glad that the water in our basin hasn't shot up one half a foot this year, that blue lipstick (from the television show) washes off, and that there are such things as bubble gum and fly spray."

Ann Hudson—"Texas, naturally."
Betty Herziger—"My man at M. M. A."

Ruth Weinkauff—"Wuss you phawmacist you."

Shari Hansen—"For no strong winds—I'd blow away."

Joan Sieman—"That Thanksgiving vacation is finally near."

Sandy Chandler—"The Mayfair!!!"

Eddie Freerksen—"Al, Jerry, Al, Dick, Al, Kenny, Al, Joe, Al, Johnny, Al, Steve."

A Prayer For Thanks

BY DR. W. W. PARKINSON

Most gracious God, by whose appointment the seasons come and go, and who maketh the fruits of the earth to minister to the needs of men; we offer thee our thanksgivings. For all thy blessings of creation, for the beauty of the earth and sea and sky, we thank thee. For the joys of peaceful homes, for health, and for the joy of loving, being loved, we thank thee.

Teach us to remember that it is not by bread alone that man doth live; but grant that we may feed on him who is the true bread of life, ever Jesus Christ our Lord

O God, in our bounty may we remember the people of the world less fortunate, keeping in mind our responsibility to them. May our thanksgiving be one of deep humility. In Jesus' name we ask it.

Amen

Congress Faces Important Decision

There is much speculation as to the outcome of the special session of Congress which convened in Washington this week. President Truman has asked that immediate legislation be passed so that we may effectively aid the starving peoples of western Europe. It is a well known fact that the humanitarian aspect of such relief is not all that is being considered. Our nation is beginning to feel that our form of political and economic system must offer some concrete opposition to the dominating power of eastern Europe, and that the best way this can be achieved is to offer food and clothing to nations that might become subjected to this power.

Many of the same questions are arising from the Marshall plan to send aid to western Europe that arose when assistance was given to Greece several months ago. The chief question at the moment is the financing of such a program. Members of Congress are not certain whether their constituents will favor such a program if they are forced to pay increased taxes to support it. The majority of the people think such a program is the right thing, so long as they are in no way obligated.

Two purposes can be accomplished by the emergency aid to Europe—the peoples of these countries can be saved from starvation and the United States can gain a stronger foothold on the continent of Europe. The decision rests with Congress.

It Belongs To You

Too often students think of their council—when they think of it at all—as a remote organization whose main functions is to check chapel seats and discipline wrongdoers. True, the Student Council does enforce the rules of the school; true, also, that its work goes much deeper. It has the responsibility of praising as well as blaming; its members much prefer commending to condemning. school spirit this year. It is sponsoring a contest so that Lindenwood can have a new school song of its very own. Plans have also been made to make an award to the dormitory which has the highest grade average. According to this idea, which is new here, at least in recent years, the plaque or cup given for first place will be passed on from year to year, until one hall wins it three times and is allowed to keep it.

The first dance this year was sponsored by the Student Council. It had charge of the used book sale in September and will hold another at the beginning of the second semester. Along with other organizations, it contributes to the World Student Fund.

The Student Council belongs to each of us. Its members have been chosen by our vote as our representatives, to make known to the administration our ideas and to make decisions on matters that are our concern. Two Freshmen, two Sophomores, one Junior, and one Senior are the spokesmen for their classes. To them we should make our suggestions for the improvement of our council.

Orchids To Mrs. McCluer

A famous columnist is always tossing orchids to some favorite or outstanding person in the world today. We of the Bark and the student body would like to say "orchids to Mrs. McCluer."

Mrs. McCluer has done more than her share to make every girl feel at home. One of the nicest customs that has been established by Mrs. McCluer is the practice of inviting students to eat with the president and her in the dining room.

Another of the things Mrs. McCluer has done that has won approval of all the girls is the receptions held in her home. It is a great deal of work and we believe takes a large amount of courage to allow several hundred girls to roam around your house.

We hope we have made Mrs. McCluer feel as welcome at Lindenwood as she has made us feel here.

LINDEN BARK

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GRACIE GREMLIN



Hey everybody! With the zero hour approaching, in other words mid-term exams, it is more important than ever that all screaming, loud talking, and blaring radios cease during quiet hours. If you wish to receive a big, juicy F, that is your own business, but don't be the cause of another's downfall.

Just stop and think of how nice it will be to pull down a few E's. Observing quiet hours will certainly help make this possible and then when it's time to let loose we can really raise the roof. Just remember, kids, that there is a time and place for everything.

THE CLUB CORNER

Plans for the remainder of the year were made by the Commercial Club at its last meeting. The officers are: President, June Burba; vice president, France Bauer; secretary-treasurer, Wanda Park; recorder, Melva Stalhut.

The League of Women Voters held its annual tea last week in the Library Club Rooms.

Dr. Franc McCluer spoke at the last meeting of the League of Women Voters on the Missouri Constitutional Convention. Dr. McCluer was a delegate to the convention when the new constitution was drafted for the state of Missouri.

The initiation meeting of the Poetry Society was held on Monday, Nov. 3, when poetry of the new members was read. The new members are: Jean Kiralfy, who wrote the prize-winning poem, Margherita Baker, Mary Cook, Betty Jack Littleton, Dona MacNaughton, Pat Matusak, Marianne Metzger, Shirley Payton, Jennifer Sullivan, and Patricia Underwood.

Plans for visiting the St. Louis Globe-Democrat for the December meeting were made by the Press Club last week. Before making a tour of the plant the club will have dinner in St. Louis. Preliminary arrangements have also been made for the Gridiron dinner which will be held in February.

Initiation of new members of the Encore Club was held at the first meeting of the year. Officers elected were: President, Jeanne Gross; vice president, Margaret Burton; secretary-treasurer, Pam Kahre.

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Janet Brown

Cartoonist—Jeanne Richter

"Bzzz! Zoop! Zing! Swat! Drat that animal!" Ah yes, the annual plague of insects has again descended on dear old L. C. The Waspa Lindenwoodis has gone in search of culture and education, invading the classrooms and auditoriums. We extend our congratulations and heartfelt sympathy to the Spartan student who let the wasp sting her in chapel without making an outcry of any sort. And where have all the flies come from? It might be nice if the A.A. would sponsor an intramural for the champion fly-swatter—several halls must have developed experts by now.

(SHOW)

Linden wreaths this week go to the hockey and riding team for their grand performances November 8. Twice, twice in one day L. C. came out on top—with a decisive 3-0 victory over Washington University in hockey and three times as many ribbons in the riding meet as Monticello. A goodly crowd gave frozen cheers for the riding team, but too few Lindenwoodites signed up for the bus to Washington U. How about a grand turnout for the next hockey game with Principia? The bus list will be found outside the P. E. office. This is your chance to see other colleges AND cheer on our hockey team.

(SCHOOL)

We aren't going to say anything about nine-weeks test—that subject has been thoroughly covered in the tea hole, dining room and dorms. All these bags under the eyes aren't entirely due to study, however. Could it be these extra club meetings, assemblies, etc.? We're all for education, but enough of a good thing is sometimes too much. What we need is a chance to sit down somewhere and think in peace—maybe Thanksgiving vacation will provide it—sure hope so.

Maybe this business of saving electricity will have some effect on the blasting radios—they do seem to run day and night. Most of us could watch our lights more carefully, though. It looks

right nice from the outside to see a room all lit up, but the interior is faintly reminiscent of third degree treatment. Helpful Hint—one low light on your desk will conceal the dirt under the bed and stack of papers in the corner—really improves the looks of the room no end.

(SPIRIT)

Spinach, broccoli, cauliflower, spinach, broccoli, cauliflower, spinach, spinach—Popeye had nothing on us. We've certainly had good meat and wonderful desserts, though. An extra linden wreath goes to the person who cooks up that Boston cream pie, or whatever they call that marvelous cake with the gooey filling.

(ATTEND)

Fashion Hints Dept. The thrifty L. C. girl will not buy a new wardrobe this winter. Instead she will devote one Saturday to selecting a colorful and variegated array of scarves which can be used in lieu of blouses, belts, hats, and jewelry. An ingenuity comparative to that of the New England Yankees has been shown by some students in their arrangement of scarves. The Bark will provide a free coke for the first girl with nerve enough to wear a scarf in place of sox.

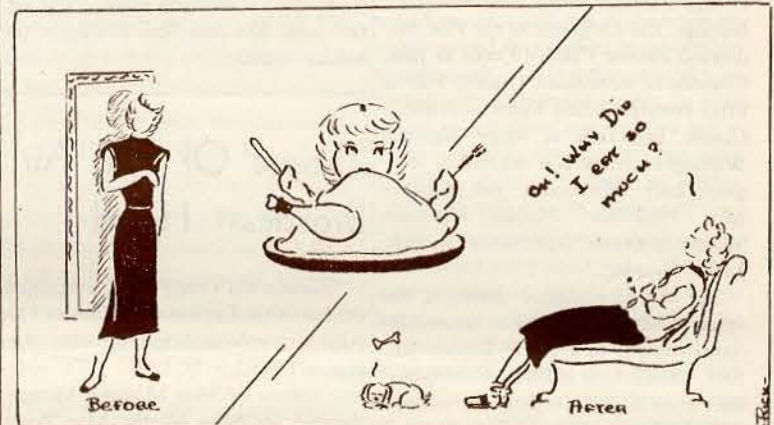
(SPORTS)

This school has more talent! Wasn't the play marvelous! The freshmen displayed plenty of talent at their birthday dinner, too. Freshman officers look like a grand bunch—well-suited to lead L. C.'s largest class during the year.

(EVENTS)

What are you being thankful for this year? Most of us are grateful for our new president and his wife, a revived administration, our faculty, our school and our roommates—not to mention Thanksgiving vacation itself. In the midst of our thanks let's not forget the kids at the Markham Memorial who are thankful for whatever we can give them. Save your pennies this week and try to make this donation one of the largest ever.

Be seeing you—



Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

Lindenwood Students Almost Unanimously in Favor of Sending Aid to Europe—50 Percent Can't Believe in Aid as Insurance For Democracy.

One of the first measures to be taken up at the special session of Congress now convened is a program providing for aid to Europe. There is much difference of opinion about the necessity of such a program providing relief to war-ravaged countries. Various Congressmen on tours of Europe have returned with conflicting opinions on the necessity of such a program. Some say that unless aid is provided immediately, Europe will not be able to survive. Other Congressmen report that Europe is in no danger of immediate starvation and that the only need to send food to Europe is to combat alien economic and political philosophy.

Lindenwood students were asked their opinion of a program providing aid to Europe. The results are as follows:

1. Do you think aid to Europe is essential?

A. With one exception, every student polled believed that a European aid program was necessary.

2. Is aid to Europe safe insurance for democracy?

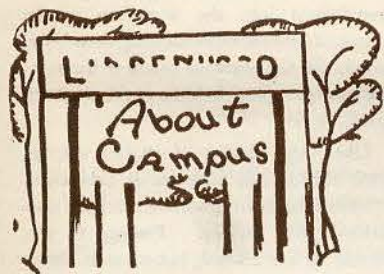
A. Yes—50 per cent. No—46 per cent. Maybe—4 per cent.

3. Are you willing to pay taxes for the next ten years to pay for this plan?

A. Yes—69 per cent. No—31 per cent.

Dr. McCluer Preaches at Church Celebration

Dr. Franc L. McCluer delivered the address at the sesqui-entennial celebration of the First Presbyterian Church of Chillicothe, Ohio, recently. One of the former pastors of the church was the Dr. John L. Roemer, president of Lindenwood College from 1914 to 1940. The present pastor of the church is the Rev. Mr. Harold Weir, a former student of Dr. McCluer at Westminster College.



By Emily Heine

Murmurs are heard which will soon grow into a mighty chorus of the famous and beloved old song, "—More Days Till Vacation." "Back to father and mother," the words go. And, indeed, back to father and mother go most of Lindenwood's students. Have a wheeee of a time, and bring back lots of news.

It's "Back to somebody's brother" for Marianne Metzger. Eleanor Walton and brother George (Bud) will be her guests during the vacation.

Have you ever carried a dozen coke bottles to the tea hole in a metal wastebasket on a cold night, freezing your unmittened fingers in the process; put in six separate and varying orders at two windows and shuffled back and forth between them to collect same; paid the bill with six sets of money and pocketed six sets of change; completed the trek back to the dorm, now with the chilly wastebasket full of equally chilly cokes; and then found that you had neglected to buy the potato chips your roommate ordered or your own candy bar, which was your original purpose in going? Frustrating isn't the word for this common occurrence. How about a club for it—we have one for everything else.

HEARD: Those vocal solos at the Freshman dinner were very good, and Marty Coyle's accordion playing is something we want to hear more of. . . . That the Instrumental Association is planning a big party for this Friday evening. There'll be a dance band, floor show, and refreshments. Come on over to the gym—guaranteed to make you relax and forget that nine weeks exams ever existed.

SEEN: Everyone dressed up in formal for dinner last week—nice idea, don't you think? . . . The first play of the year. The girls who took part are clever, aren't they? And isn't it fine to see so many new students getting a good start in dramatics here?

SMELLED: Those horrible things the Organic Chem classes were cooking the other day. We disagree violently with the author of their text who writes: "Aldehydes are light liquids with pleasant and fruity odors" . . . Some powerful odor which penetrated every corner of Butler and which was finally discovered to be the mange-cure (more politely, a strong shampoo) a certain Junior was using on her hair.

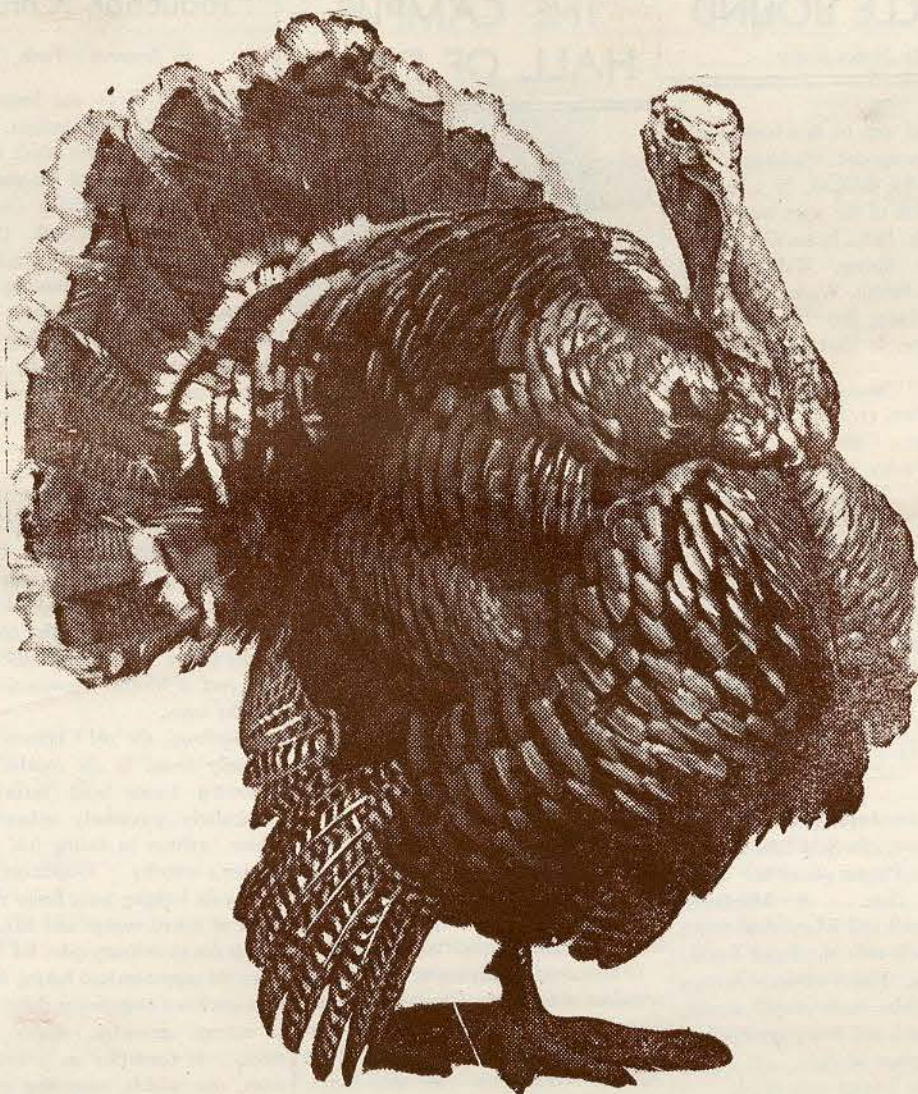
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S.C.A.T. To Sponsor Thanksgiving Gift

Miss Elizabeth Isaacs of the English Department was the speaker at the November Student Christian Association meeting. Her topic was "The Bible as Literature."

At the November 23 Vesper Service, Dr. Gavin Reilly, new head of Markham Memorial, a center for poor families in south St Louis, will tell the student body about his work there. A Thanksgiving offering, which will be used principally to buy coal for the Memorial, will be taken at the close of the service.

The Music Box

A student recital was held Tuesday afternoon in Sibley Chapel. The program included: Organ, Lucette Stumberg; piano, Barbara Ann Little; voice, Eleanor Serkes accompanied by Louise Hendricks, Mary K. Klumpp accompanied by Carol Hughes, and Peggy Jane Bivens accompanied by Marthan Dusch.

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Femininity Is Fashion's Edict For New Styles

By Sally Joy

Well girls, get out that needle and thread for some high powered hem-changing, both longer and shorter. Yes, shorter! For according to Madame Lyolene, Paris fashion designer, many of the girls are wearing ballerina length dresses and skirts around the campus when these should be reserved for evening wear. Skirts for campus wear should come to your mid-calf, and should either be perfectly straight or gathered and full.

**MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS
FOR CHRISTMAS**

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**AHMANN'S
News Stand**

Madame Lyolene, who is visiting the Lindenwood campus for four weeks, says that the styles are definitely following a feminine trend, as the sporty, mannish look becomes outmoded. To emphasize this femininity, hips are being padded so as to give the illusion of a nipped in, and

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Mrs. Helene Lyolene, who has returned to the campus to lecture in the clothing and art departments.

tiny waist. Shoulders have less padding and are more soft and natural. Skirts should be big so as to emphasize tiny bodies, and thin waistlines, and jackets should be hip length, bolero, or a very short length.

Coats, she continued, should not be as long as many she has seen on the campus. They should be approximately 14 inches from the ground, or about to mid-calf, and both fitted and loose. The boxy, tailored type, however, is a thing of the past. For evening wear, dresses should be ankle, ballerina, or full length. Shoes—Paris does not wear flat shoes for evening.

And those are the style trends. We're borrowing from across the blue. Agree? But that's the way they do it in Paris!

STRAND

Thurs-Fri-Sat. Nov. 20-21-22
Johnny Weismuller in
TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS
with Brenda Joyce

Sun-Mon. Nov. 23-24
Continuous Sunday from 2
In Technicolor!
Yvonne de Carlo in
SLAVE GIRL
with George Brent

Tues-Wed. Nov. 25-26
You'll forever, remember Amber!
In gorgeous Color
FOREVER AMBER
with Linda Darnell, Cornell Wilde,
Richard Greene, George Sanders
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Thursday Nov. 27
THANKSGIVING DAY
Continuous from 2:00
Glorious Musical-comedy!
Bill Williams in
A LIKELY STORY
with Barbara Hale

Fri-Sat. Nov. 29-30
2 - Features - 2
Roy Rogers in
BELLS OF SAN ANGELO
with Dale Evans
and
Glenn Ford in
FRAMED
with Janis Carter

Sun-Mon. Nov. 30-Dec. 1
Continuous Sunday from 2:00
In Technicolor!
Esther Williams in
THIS TIME FOR KEEPS
with Jimmy Durante

Tues-Wed. Dec. 2-3
George Raft in
NOCTURNE
with Lynn Bari

THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

By Dot Steiner

The biggest news is the scoop about Ruth Weinkauf and her "engagement." Ruthie claims this isn't for publication, but we think any news is good news.

Thanksgiving holds fine things in store for Marianne Metzger, she's going to receive George's A.T.O. pin. Nice going.

Sally Fielding had a rare week end at Rolla School of Mines, at least she claims she did. I understand Dick had a time himself.

Bertha Chun is gonna have that "new look" before long. She has just received three grass skirts from home. Hubba Hubba!

Sarah Adams and Charolette Nathan off to the University of Missouri for the week end. My, how these Lindenwood girls get around.

Seen on The Beaten Path . . .

Jo Stewart with a new hair-cut . . . Margie Reinhaus with a frat pin, Mor tie's no less . . . Hunnicutt and Tipton taking all the honors in the one o'clock hygiene class . . . Nancy Bailey back with us . . . Theo playing hockey . . . Patti Roberts working on her term paper . . . Ann Hudson playing "Holland Tunnel" . . . Bugs Geary flying home for the week end . . . Jeanne Gross, the Spanish scholar . . . Mary Morris quite engrossed in the teaching profession . . . Corrine Weller back at L. C. and looking 100 per cent better . . . Helen Friedman with the sniffler . . . Freshman officers looking mighty good with their luscious corsages . . . Psch. students loving their exam . . . Congratulations are due the hockey team for that terrific victory over Washington U. . . . Speaking of sports, did you notice how well groomed our gals were at the Riding Meet? . . . Who's the handsome soldier Mary McNail? . . . Jean Meyerhoff attracting lots of attention with her Chicago paper . . . Everyone (myself included) excited about November 26 . . . Pained faces concerning nine weeks exams . . . Humanities . . . Virginia Morrow still posing . . . Mary Marlin representing the Lady In Red . . . Shirley Emmons looking for a quiet place to study . . . Mary Schwartz and Jeanne Richter headed for Des Moines . . . Betty Paterson enjoying a late breakfast . . . Mary Moore being a bit too generous with her chewing gum . . . Janet Brown curious to know who lived after Hamlet . . .

Not too many leaves left on the trees, but there are still enough for me to talk to. They give me the news, you know.

Freshmen Guests Of Juniors At Picnic

The Junior Class was host to the Freshmen at a Hobo Picnic last Friday. Attired in jeans and bright plaid shirts, the girls feasted on hotdogs, potato chips, marshmallows, and cokes, and sang many old and new songs.

The picnic, originally scheduled to be held on the golf course, was held in the Library Club Room because of rain.

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Radio Service

MUSCLE BOUND

By Nancy Bailey

Lindenwood won its first hockey game of the season against Washington University Saturday, Nov. 8, by a score of 3-0. Members of the team were: Jody Viertel, Jackie Fish, Jackie Grey, Alice Mack, Betty Bishop, Willie Viertel, Casey Jones, Bobbie Wade, JoAnn O'Flynn, Lynn Lapp, Jean Heye, Eugenia Theofanopoulos, Jo Hudson, and Shirley Forbes.

Saturday, Nov. 15, Lindenwood played Harris Teachers College here and the following Saturday will play Principia at Principia. All students wishing to attend may ride in a chartered buses for \$1.90.

Members of the Physical Education Department attended an exhibition given by a Danish Gym Team last Thursday. The team was a part of the Missouri State Teachers' Meeting held in St. Louis November 12-14.

The Lindenwood riding team won the meet with Monticello held here November 8. Essilee Playter placed first in the championship class. A Monticello rider won second and Mary Ann Smith and Marie Koch took third and fourth. In the threes, Nancy Dana, Audrey Mount, and Babs Bush placed second. Mary Ann Smith and Rosemary Egelhoff received first place in pairs, and Nancy Kern and Willie Viertel were third.

Student Council To Sponsor Song Contest

"Lindenwood needs a new song!" according to the Student Council of Lindenwood College. An announcement has recently been made of the opening of a contest to select lyrics and music for a new school hymn. This contest is open to any member of the student body during the 1947-1948 school year.

The contest will be divided into two sections—lyrics and music. All lyrics must have been submitted to the judging committee by January 15, after which several of the best will be available for those who wish to write the music. At the end of the school year the student body will vote on the song and prizes will be awarded.

The Student Council, sponsor of the contest, has chosen as judges, Dr. Betz and Dr. Parker. Rules for the contest, together with "helpful hints," have been posted on the bulletin boards.

Hagedorn Book Fair Popular

The Hagedorn Book Shop of St. Louis sponsored a Book Fair in the Library Club Room last Thursday from 2 p. m. until 8 p. m. Books of all types and styles were on exhibit and orders were taken from those desiring books.

THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



If you have been on second Butler this year, chances are you heard people calling loudly and insistently, "Shortie," "O'Flynn," or just plain "O." The owner of all these names—plus one back home in Owensboro, Ky., which she swears she will never tell here—is the Linden Bark's third candidate for the Hall of Fame.

O'Flynn—christian name JoAnn—is president of the Junior Class and of Alpha Sigma Tau. All out for sports, she belongs to Terrapin and is treasurer of the Athletic Association. Her only regret, lab hours interfere with her participation in hockey and basketball.

She is on the editorial staff of Linden Leaves, and a member of Press Club, Triangle Club, and the Instrumental Association. In addition, JoAnn's name appears consistently on the Dean's Honor Roll.

To this versatile and outstanding Junior, the Bark makes its bow!

Production Christmas

By Ernamarie Trefz, '50

CHRISTMAS at our house isn't just a day—it is a production. The day after Thanksgiving our minds turn to the most beloved season of the year: Christmas. On Thanksgiving Day Mother starts thumbing through the yellow batter-smear cookbook which belonged to my grandmother, hunting Christmas delicacies. Our table is never laden with the traditional date pudding or oyster dressing, for the Trefzes are of German descent and enjoy such food as parsley dressing and Kaffeekuchen. I hope I've aroused your curiosity sufficiently to make you wonder what Kaffeekuchen is. This delicacy is a compound of rich butter dough packed with chunks of ruby plums. Ground almonds sauted in butter and finely chopped are generously sprinkled upon the cake. Then brown sugar and cinnamon blanket the entire creation and finally butter is flicked over the top. The first part of Mother's production is ready for the oven.

Gugelhupf, the old Christmas favorite, is easily found in the cookbook. The yellowing leaves bend naturally at a particularly generously splattered page. There, written in fading ink, is Grandmother's standby. Gugelhupf is a large yeast cake bulging with fleshy raisins and slices of spiced orange and citron. The cake is not an ordinary cake, for it is baked in an old copper-stained baking form. The form itself is a magnificent thing—all sorts of strange geometric shapes cover its sides. It resembles an inverted mushroom, one which, according to German legend, shields the elves from rain.

With a great deal of kneading and working the flavor-impregnated mass of dough is finally drawn out to resemble a high rope. Now is the time for stacking away morsels of candied cherries, nuts, and chopped dates which will not be discovered until the cake knife is gently lowered on the creation.

A final expert twist administered by the "chief cook" locks the goodies in a doughy cache. Now the cake form greased to a festive shimmer is entrusted with the gu-

gelhupf. It is now ready to rise to a majestic height, only to be pushed into the oven and baked till it is crispy brown.

This is just the primary preparation, for the "Cookie Bake" is still a thing of the future. About the fifth of December, plans are made for the annual bake. On an appointed day the entire family, Mother, Daddy, Butze, and I gather in the kitchen, apron-clad, ready to begin. Out comes the floursack, pecks of nuts, and dozens of bottles of flavoring with such delectable names as anise, cinnamon, almond, and ginger. Everything is ready for the occasion.

Then within ten minutes the kitchen is transformed into the workshop of the Christmas spirits, nuts cracking, flour being sifted, and the vigorous sound of the mixing spoon scraping the sides of the crockery bowl.

Like magic dozens of cookies emerge. Such old German favorites as *Lebkuchen*, *Pfeffernuesse*, *Spritzgebäckene*, and the traditional press cookies. Perhaps to you "Spritz" is just a word, but to me it means dozens of small butter-yellow cookies which have glaze almonds sprinkled on top. Butze and I love to make Spritz, for after the rich almond flavored dough is thoroughly mixed, the cookie-bake fun begins. Spritz are pressed through a tube which, placed in the hands of an imaginative person, brings forth delightful shapes. Christmas stars and wreaths are crowded on oven-stained cookie sheets.

Anyone can recall with rapidity the fun of pressing out cookie men, dogs, and Christmas trees. Daddy, who unfortunately is devoid of culinary arts, shines in this minor production. His favorite job is sketching the forms and with much jesting, pressing them on the flaky dough. What joy there is in giving raisin eyes to cookie men, sprinkling colored sugar on tiny Christmas trees, and painting neckscarves and collars with a sugary paint. What disappointment when one realizes that this culinary accomplishment cannot be sampled immediately. The chief cook supervises with a firm hand the storing of the cookies in large crockery bowls. Here lie some of the props which will make our Christmas a true production.



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The Flames

By Patricia Underwood, '51

FLAMES leaped sparkling to a velvet-lined sky;
Wild music rang true and sweet.
The wanderers sat silent, not a word, not a sigh
Was heard in the forest retreat.

The gypsies were subject to the spell of the fire;
It laughed and sang all alone.
The violins were driven on higher and higher
Until they were hushed to a moan.

The fire was a ruler; it held the group still—
It waved blazing sceptres of gold,
Brilliantly, passionately, with obstinate will,
Held sway with hypnotic hold.

And then from the midst of the gypsy throng
Sprang a girl in a colorful blur.
She must dance too, her heart held a song,
The fire was challenging her.

Skirts swirled about her; she tossed back her hair,
As she whirled around King Fire.
With royal hate he snapped sparks in the air
Crackling anew in his ire.

Faster she danced, her feet turned to wings—
Her body wove patterns of light.
The dark wide eyes, the bracelets and rings
Flashed by in an effortless flight.

Her tambourine's crash, the fire's crack
Beat time to a savage strain.
Bending, swaying, monarch fire fought back;
He tried to defend his reign.

A rival flame herself, the girl could tell
The fire had lost his throne.
With beauty, in rhythm, she cast her own spell;
Making his power her own.

In triumph she danced, the world she'd defy;
The fire was a smoky curl.
Quivering with life, her proud head held high
Stood a queen, the gypsy girl.

Algebra Room

By Marianne Metzger, '50

A BELL speaks; brown moccasins and saddle shoes
Scuff over a dark and highly polished floor
That has already a score of scratches and heel prints
Marring its gloss.
A pair of shoes rests before each chair, and forty minds
Click to attention as the teacher enters and starts the
Hour's activity.
White dry chalk rasps across a
Slate gray surface;
Erasers, sluggish and heavy with chalk dust,
Squat amid powdery white particles in the trough
Until they are summoned into use.
Pale, hard fluorescent light is reflected in the
Black-framed pictures of those whom men call wise in
This field. Their faces stare from the wall where
They hang in a stately row.
In a corner is a scratched green metal wastebasket,
Already full to choking with crumpled, smudged mistakes.
Sharply and briskly fall words from the lips of the leader.
Sharply and briskly fall words from the lips of those led,
Repeating in unison the steps leading to a solution of the problem.
All is science—all is exact—all is concrete.
Rules are given. They are infallible.
Numbers, letters, symbols.
Outside the sun-swept panes of the window a dry leaf
Falls to the ground,
Unnoticed, except by one dreamer,
Who is out of place in this group of precisely parroting automatons
As they speak the language of numbers.

What Limits?

By Betty Jack Littleton, '51

WHAT is Death but a bridge between Before and After,
And which of these worlds is greater, reaching a rafter
Of the sky and the darkest depths of the sea?
How many lost worlds will return to fail again?
The answer is as simple as the souls of men.
Therein lie the mysteries of the past and of the future.
For like a river, Life has two banks, and the same bridge
Links them together, thus making them one forever.



Jean Kiralfy was the winner of the 1947 Poetry Society contest.

Christmas Eve

By Jean Kiralfy, '50

PRIZE WINNING POEM OF 1947
(See story in news section.)

ONE breath ahead of dreaming,
One breath short of fear,
He lets himself down in the well
Of darkness. He can hear
Mysterious whispers rising;
Tissue and tinsel shine.
In his heart the phrases sing:
Perhaps those things are mine!

One breath ahead of sleeping,
One breath short of song,
He feels his slow way upward.
Oh, may it not be long
Until the sun spills gold dust
All up and down the stair,
With tender love to welcome,
And smooth his rumped hair.

Rain

By Margherita Baker, '51

DAY-RAIN makes me think grey
thoughts,
That sigh through my head like lonely
notes
Languidly grieving
A song.

Night-rain makes me dream soft dreams
That idle in warm smugness inside me.
I rest content in satisfied
Sleep.

Storm shrieks through me, jerking emotion
From flimsy moorings, tossing it skyward
To join hands with Creation.
I laugh.

Impression

By Mary Cook, '51

SOME think the world
Is cold and dead,
For joy and laughter there
Have wed
Each other in a game of scorn,
Using the rose to hide the thorn.

I rather find them quite undone
Who hide the simple
Honest fun
Of wishing on the evening star
In *Wall Street Journal*
Or late *Bazaar*.

They knit their brows and
Voices raise
To shout the woes of
Coming days:
"The prices up, the fashions
Down—
No hope for us in field or town!"

By these two papers I implore
That prices halt, gowns snub the floor.

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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The Sea Has Bounds

By Shirley Payton, '51

FAR and wide, that is the sea,
The turbulent sea,
Green and gray.
Black seaweed, torn from the depths, slashed the rocks.
A long wall of leaden water mounts, curls, folds over,
And is pushed irresistibly back.
The next wave, compelled forward by the centuries, rolls in
And I stand, alone on the harassed shore, infinitely small,
Spellbound by the spirit of the sea.
The roar of the waves fills my ears and becomes a silence.
Fear surges in my heart,
My head whirls.
Then with a thundering boom the waves crash into the rocks and recede,
Leaving me drenched,
And wondering at a God who binds the willful sea.

Philosophy

By Shirley Payton, '51

MY life, I treasure you as I would a fine porcelain cup.
You hold so many lovely memories,
I have but to tip you and they flow out.
Laughter, love,
Heartache, sorrow,
Adoration, scorn.
I enjoy you with all my senses,
I delight in your color and your beauty.
I have held you long with gentle, loving hands.
Yet when I loose you,
You shatter to God knows what.

A Matter Of Choice

By Dona MacNaughton, '50

SHALL I be alone, an old maid?
Or shall I be a poor man's wife?
To be a teacher, unhappy, unpaid,
Or gain a love to last through life?

Will my troubles be mine alone?
Or will I share my life with those
Who otherwise might not have known,
A heart once opened never can close?

Will I live in memory?
Or will I know each tick of time
That would have passed unknown to me,
If I had not found Love sometime?

Enigma

By Jennifer Sullivan, '51

"OH Mother, you will love these sprays."
The girl picked leaves of red,
Bright children of the early fall
That whispered 'neath her tread.

She had forgotten for an hour,
Quite lost in winter's dawn;
Then in a flash it all came back,
"Oh, Mother, you are gone."

"What purpose has God," thought the girl
"Who autumn beauty spreads?
He fills my eyes but robs my heart.
Why is my mother dead?"

The Novels Of Ellen Glasgow

By Irma McCormac, '50

IN the opinion of many critics, the chief possession of Ellen Glasgow as a writer is her characterization. This is undoubtedly true. She subordinates everything, plot, even her famous Virginia settings, in order to give to her readers an accurate and living picture of the people in whom she is so vitally interested. However, in addition to excellent characterization, Miss Glasgow reveals through her characters her conception of life. Regardless what type book it is, whether a social satire such as *The Romantic Comedians* or a tale of human nature in conflict with fate such as *Vein of Iron*, she is able to present her ideas skillfully without moralizing or preaching. In her characters, Ellen Glasgow gives a glowing picture of Virginian society, the old dying aristocracy and the rising Scotch-Irish middle class.

The characters in Miss Glasgow's books are, for the most part, individuals. True, similar character types can be found in all of her books but outside the realm of her writing, the Glasgow character is simply not to be found.

There are two main characters in each book, each one usually representing two widely separated generations; in *The Sheltered Life* there are General Archbald and his granddaughter, Jenny Blair Archbald; in *The Romantic Comedians* the story centers around Judge Honeywell, a sedate old gentleman of sixty, and his young bride, Annabel; the sole exception to this technique of placing old age and youth in the spotlight of the story is found in *Vein of Iron*, where the plot centers quickly around the love story of two young people, Ada Fincastle and Ralph McBride.

It is primarily through these six main characters that Miss Glasgow gives us her philosophy. In the first two books she is able to present an interesting contrast between the way youth looks at life—full of high hopes and dreams, never discouraged—and the viewpoint of man in the December of life—rather worn out always looking back at youth with longing eyes, yet still hoping for that peace which old age wants and should have. In *Vein of Iron*, the author uses an entirely different technique; she picks up the lives of the characters in their youth and traces their development through the years. Miss Glasgow's ideas never change; it is only her method.

Ellen Glasgow is a realist, and thus it follows that her characters are real people, who experience human emotions and difficulties. There is nothing sentimental or idealistic about Mrs. Upchurch's grief for her daughter who strays from the beaten path of virtue. She is expressing what any human mother would in the same circumstances. And in *Vein of Iron*, Miss Glasgow presents a touching picture of youth's rebellion against the wisdom of maturity. She seems convinced that even if Ada and Ralph pay for their few days of stolen happiness with the rest of their lives, it will be better for them to have their pleasure and suffer than to be deprived of it and become bitter. Certainly one of the most human situations in all of Miss Glasgow's books is the struggle of the McBride family in *Vein of Iron* to keep going during the years of the depression in the early nineteen-thirties. An author would have to have a keen knowledge of human nature in order to depict so realistically the battle a man's pride has to fight in order to maintain self-respect in times of degradation.

Miss Glasgow's characters are a combination of both simple and complex. Strange enough, however, it is not the main characters who are governed by complex desires, but rather the major supporting characters. For instance, in *The Sheltered Life*, the principal feminine character, Jenny Blair Archbald, is interested only in being happy and carving out her

own life, while Mrs. Birdsong, the chief supporting character, is torn by two desires—to be herself, or to be the charming, affected woman with whom her husband, fell in love.

Ellen Glasgow portrays her characters in many ways, chiefly by their thoughts and emotions. She uses this type of portrayal particularly well with the elderly men, notably General Archbald and Judge Honeywell, who spend much time reminiscing about their youth, their hopes, loves, and more particularly considering what life itself is. Both having married women they did not love, they look with eager eyes to the charm of youth and young love. Although each one reacts differently to his impulses, both the Judge and the General profess an unshaking faith in a future wherein everything will come out rather more than all right.

The effect of one character on another is also used as a means of portrayal. A particularly interesting example is found in *Vein of Iron* in the effect Toby Waters, the village idiot, has on Ada Fincastle. Even in her childhood when the other children torment poor Toby, Ada feels a kind of revulsion, but even more a sense of pity which at times seems to put her in Toby's place. And yet again, years later, when she is broken-hearted over losing Ralph, the sight of Toby in his wretchedness serves to deaden her pain and make her realize that "life is like that. Life contains no security. Horror waits everywhere to pounce upon happiness."

Physical description is not Miss Glasgow's forte, but in some instances her descriptions of a character's appearance are striking. This one of Mrs. Birdsong I particularly like: "Everything about her was flowing. Her figure curved and melted and curved again in the queenly style of the period; her bronze hair rippled over a head so faultless that its proper setting was allegory; her eyes were so radiant in color that they had been compared by a Victorian poet to bluebirds flying." Beautiful, yes, but Ellen Glasgow's descriptions are not always full of lovely words, as this picture of Toby Waters plainly shows: "His mouth was only a crooked hole in his face; his small dull eyes squinted between inflamed eyelids."

Although Miss Glasgow does not believe in the philosophy of letting things happen by the merest chance, she does make her characters victims of circumstance. This fact is especially noticeable in the way in which the characters' good intentions almost invariably go amiss. In *The Romantic Comedians*, Judge Honeywell's only desire is to make his young bride, Annabel, happy, but, as might be expected, youth and old age can never agree on marriage matters; consequently, Annabel deserts her elderly husband for younger and greener pastures, leaving the old Judge with nothing but his shattered dreams.

Dreams are also the downfall of Jenny Blair Archbald in *The Sheltered Life*. Because of her uncontrollable desire to imagine herself in situations which are utterly unsuitable to her tender years, she is the cause of much unhappiness and even tragedy. Believing herself to be in love with George Birdsong, a man old enough to be her father, she hounds him like a shadow until George, with his natural weakness for women, yields to her girlish charms. This situation, undesirable though it was, might have worn itself out with no one any the wiser; but Miss Glasgow, with her keen sense of right and wrong, sees to it that Mr. Birdsong and Jenny Blair pay for their foolishness, George with suicide and Jenny Blair with a broken heart and a pained conscience.

Some of Miss Glasgow's characters are victims not only of circumstance, but of life itself. The most pitiable example of this is found in *The Sheltered Life* in the case of Aunt Etta, a confirmed hypocon-

driac. Very plain, with no charms that attract the masculine eye, she is the very picture of unhappiness. She has no friends, and is in poor health all the time. "She was the victim of life itself, not of human or social injustice, not of any system invented by man. No system could help her, not all the rights of suffrage piled on one another could improve a mortal lot that had been defeated before it came into the world."

Although Ellen Glasgow governs the fate of her characters very skillfully, it is difficult to determine her attitude toward them. At times she seems to be ridiculing their ideas and customs; this is particularly true of *The Romantic Comedians* and *The Sheltered Life*, which are tales of the dying Virginia aristocracy. In *The Sheltered Life* Miss Glasgow seems very much irritated with the older generation's willingness to sit back and let the world go its own way, and, on the other hand, she wholeheartedly approves of young John Welsh's desire to improve the social order and wipe out poverty as if it were a disease.

In *The Romantic Comedians* Ellen Glasgow is definitely ridiculing customs. In the first place, in the case of Amanda Lightfoot, who after thirty years is still carrying the torch for Judge Honeywell, Miss Glasgow is bemoaning the lack of education given the Virginian gentlewoman. Here is poor Amanda, "beautiful, but dumb," as the saying goes, a gracious and respectable woman, but, in the words of Judge Honeywell, "an object of respect is far from being the partner with whom you would prefer to dance."

Again, in Judge Honeywell's marriage to Annabel, the author is all but laughing at the vanity of the Southern gentleman. Annabel leaves him—and what does he do? He recovers from his passion and lives to love again, an even younger girl this time.

On the other hand, in *Vein of Iron*, a story of the Scotch-Irish middle class, Miss Glasgow seems genuinely sympathetic with the misfortunes and problems of the human race. The way in which she depicts old Mr. Midkiff's first trip to the soup kitchen shows a great understanding of and sympathy for the unwillingness of a proud man to accept charity. She also reveals a keen insight into human nature in her depiction of old John Fincastle's desire to return to his birthplace to die.

In spite of her sympathy for these middle-class folk, Miss Glasgow never depicts their troubles in an idealistic or sentimental manner; she is a realist above all and describes life just as she sees it. She realizes that there are many things in our American social and economic life which need changing, and through her writing is doing her best to make her readers see these situations for what they are.

In my own opinion, Ellen Glasgow's characters are usually quite realistic and human. When I first encountered the characters who represent the last vestiges of the old Virginian aristocracy in *The Sheltered Life* and *The Romantic Comedians*, they seemed a bit on the sentimental side. However, I attribute this feeling to a lack of knowledge on my part of this type of life. It is hard for me to realize that Virginian gentlemen were brought up to be the epitome of courtesy and flattery, while the ladies were shining examples of graciousness, who thrived on the nicely constructed phrases that fell from their lord's lips. Having become better acquainted with these ladies and gentlemen, however, I can honestly say that in their own way they are extremely human, and react very naturally to any situation.

I believe that I enjoyed even more Miss Glasgow's picture of middle-class people as found in *Vein of Iron*. I feel that these are people with whom I would have much in common, even though their background is vastly different from mine. The Fincastle-McBride family are the type of people who would make good next-door

My Debut Into Society

By Alyce Cross, '50

AFTER going for about a week without any mail from home I'd almost given up going to the post office, but having formed the habit I couldn't keep myself away. Tuesday morning at 8:55 found me battling my way to the post office with approximately five hundred other hopefuls. Some fortunate girl had received a letter and was standing in front of my box reading it, but I managed to peer around her and look in my box. At first I thought it was empty, but a second scrutinizing look brought forth a tiny note.

I always look at the postmark of a letter before I open it, but this tiny envelope didn't have a stamp on it. Immediately decided my faculty advisor was being sarcastic, as I had forgotten to go to a former meeting. Imagination is wonderful, but I was letting mine go too far.

Taking the bull by the horns, I opened the envelope and read the note. It was an invitation, but it didn't state what I was invited to. It did, however, give the time, the place, the club which had issued the invitation, and a tiny R.S.V.P. in the lower left-hand corner.

My knowledge of French is nil, but I do know what R.S.V.P. means. Being a conservative creature I looked into my yellow handbook before I definitely decided to accept the invitation. It appeared to be a good thing so I hunted in the etiquette book for the proper form to pattern my acceptance after.

The fatal night found me, arrayed in my finery, walking cheerfully to the appointed place. One of my walking companions was already a member of the club, and she informed me that I was on my way to a reception. I knew we were early, and I immediately thought we might be able to avoid the reception line; but pleasant things only happen in my wildest dreams.

Finally the reception line was formed, and I was telling my name to Dr. Palmer. She smiled, remarked that it was an easy name to remember, and passed me on to the next person. I don't remember her name, but I do remember that shaking hands with her was like shaking out a dust cloth—her hand wasn't dirty, but it was limp. After smiling sweetly to everyone in the line I went on the hunt for a place to sit.

Not until I was settled did I notice that a girl was playing soft music at the piano. The music had a soothing effect on me; I relaxed in my chair until nature would hurl some unforeseen obstacle at me. In this case it happened to be food.

Chairs were at a premium; therefore two of us saved our seats while the other two went to get their refreshments. Then came my turn to stand in line. A girl soon placed a plate in my hands containing an iced coupe and decorated ice cream. I refused the coffee offered me with a polite, "No, thank you." The line kept moving. I obtained my fork, chocolate-covered mint, and napkin; then I went back to my seat.

Soon after the food was finished, and the girls had taken our plates away, my companion whispered, "There's movement on the western front." That was my cue; so I arose, made another trip through the reception line, and left.

neighbors because they are at home in the bourgeois life. In my opinion, the author reaches her high point in characterization in her portrayal of these Scotch-Irish villagers, for when characters are so human that the reader lives their lives along with them, they are no longer characters—but people.

The Stable

By Elsie Rannels, '50

THE air is full of the fragrance of penny-royal and sawdust. Even the smell of coal ashes is discernible as the cinders on the bridle path crunch noisily under the weight of the visitor's feet. One of the horses nickers a friendly greeting to the visitor as he nears the stable. A young girl mounted on a bay mare waves in recognition, then prods her steed forward with a barely audible, clucking sound. The horse's hooves pound heavily along the side of the path, stirring up a swirling cloud of dust. The dust sifts its way into everything—hair, nose, and the mouth of the visitor. He sneezes violently. Startled by the unexpected sound, a tiny black kitten peers cautiously around the corner of the barn door—then with a saucy frisk of his tail scrambles out of sight. Two other kittens sit upon the grain bin just inside the door staring with undisguised curiosity at the creature approaching. Their whiskers twitch and the tips of their tails wiggle nervously as they watch. The step creaks ominously as it is trod upon. The shy kittens scurry hastily behind two overturned feed barrels. Sir Thomas, the grandfather of all alley cats and the ruler of the stable—motheaten, with nicks in his ears and scratches on his nose, refuses to have anything whatsoever to do with the visitor; with an air of extreme haughtiness he strolls past and precedes him into the hallway. Suddenly, with a mighty leap, he lands on the hayloft ladder. He springs powerfully into the loft and swiftly pursues the gray mouse that had been foolish enough to show its whiskers in his presence. Even the horses recognize the sound of the chase, for they twist about impatiently at the sound of each muffled thump. Their bridle bits jangle and the saddles creak like unoled hinges. Pawing and stamping noises are heard from the small boxlike stalls as the eight horses, shuffling restlessly about, eagerly await the attentions and beloved nibbles of sugar that all worthwhile visitors bring them. The visitor opens the heavy wooden doors and speaks to the horses. One by one he scratches their foreheads, tweaks their ears playfully, and rubs their velvety soft noses. They in turn nuzzle his hand affectionately and beg for tidbits. The pungent, unforgettable odor of horse-flesh and new hay emanates from the stalls. The visitor picks up a bit of the alfalfa and holds it in his hands, sniffing its fresh, sweet fragrance. He then closes the massive doors and turns to leave. A sudden gust of air blows against his cap, and the smell of freshly saddle-soaped teases his nostrils as he passes the saddlery room. The pale yellow straw covering the plank runway stirs restlessly.

We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing

By Jeannine Johnson, '51

We thought it was a rock looming out of the water, but when the rock spouted we took five guesses, and the first one was right. It was a whale.

I couldn't scream, I couldn't do anything but grip the side of that little dinghy and pray. All I could think of was seeing that huge mass smashing our little piece of wood to nothing, and plinking a harp on some fluffy cloud. I could hear the angels singing, and I just knew my merry voice would blend with theirs at any time.

The whale sounded beneath the dark waters like a submarine, leaving monstrous churning waves that sent our little box rolling up and down like a bobbin.

It was a full fifteen minutes before we regained our strength and right minds even to say a word. Shaking like leaves, we managed to row to shore, where we gladly walked home to safety.

"Child Of The River"

By Jean Jones, '50

"What a filthy, smoky, unfriendly, hard-to-get-around-in city!" was my first impression of that great metropolis, St. Louis. Was early St. Louis as dirty and offensive as the city of today? Or was it a neat, attractive, inviting village? Perhaps if we probe into the early history of the city, we may be able to see through the outer layer into the heart of it.

In the year 1762, Pierre Laclède Liguist (better known as Laclède) and Antoine Maxent, two leading merchants of New Orleans, obtained permission to carry on fur trade with the Indians of the Mississippi and Missouri river valleys. After they procured the charter, Laclède and Maxent formed the Louisiana Fur Company and made plans for an expedition up the river. Laclède, a tall, educated gentleman, took actual command of the excursion which began in August, 1763. Besides the Laclède family (Laclède contracted a civil marriage with Madame Chouteau, who had one son, Auguste), there was a large company of boatmen, axemen, farmers, woodsmen, and trappers on the flat-bottomed boats. In three months the group landed at the settlement of Ste. Genevieve, but accommodations were so limited that Laclède was forced to seek a new site for his headquarters. At last Laclède found the location he was searching for. L. U. Reavis describes the site in *St. Louis: The Future Great City of the World* as it must have appeared to Laclède and his son: "The slope of the hills on the riverside was covered by a growth of heavy timber, overshadowing an almost evergreen sward, free from undergrowth, which terminated gently in a point on the very margin of the river." On February 15, 1764, a group of thirty men headed by fourteen-year-old Auguste Chouteau arrived at the previously selected spot and cleared the land. Immediately several log structures were erected alongside one main street, La Rue Principale, which was parallel to the river. When Laclède arrived, he predicted that this village of only a few buildings would one day be a great city of the world. He named his trading-post "St. Louis" in honor of Louis XV and of the King's patron saint, Louis IX. The neighboring villages, however, applied to it such names as "Laclède's Village," "Mound City," and "Pain Court," which meant "short of bread."

About the time that Laclède's group was planting the cornerstone of St. Louis, happenings were taking place on the Continent which were to play an important role in the future of the little settlement. In the treaty of Fontainebleau, 1762, Louis XV ceded all of the Territory of Louisiana to Spain; but it was not until about 1770 that the first Spanish Governor arrived. St. Louis prospered and grew under the Spanish regime, but she remained decidedly French in character. Soon, however, these Frenchmen of Spain were forced to declare their allegiance to a third flag. In the treaty of San Ildefonso of 1800, Spain returned the Territory of Louisiana to France; but France was in dire need of money. When Napoleon offered the territory to the United States for \$15,000,000, the nation seized its opportunity and purchased it. In one paragraph Reavis summarizes the early history of St. Louis:

St. Louis was born French, but put under the charge of a stepmother, her cradle was hung up in the forest, her infancy stunted by its unavoidable privations, and her maturity retarded by the terror of the Indian Yell. Her youth was more calm, but still not prosperous. Abandoned by her Castilian guardians, she found herself reclaimed by her old parents, only to be once more repudiated.

While the nations of the world were tossing Louisiana and her villages back and forth, St. Louis was having growing pains; many different factors and events influenced and hindered her growth. First of all, the Indians presented a problem; a band of Missouri Indians made camp on the fields of St. Louis with the hope of se-

curing provisions and protection. Then, in 1780, the Indians, as instruments of the English, attacked the settlement as part of the scheme to grasp territory and to secure control of the Mississippi River. When the different forces of men quit battling over the control of the Father of Waters, the river itself began a fight. In 1785, the Mississippi rose 20 feet above its highest known water mark and covered the many dwellings along its banks. People journeying up the stream were alarmed not only by the raging water, but also by the notorious river pirates. For years they were a great menace and terror; but in 1788, a band of ten boats put a stop to their large-scale operations. Besides river worries, St. Louis was endangered by smallpox; by the year 1801, this disease had reached epidemic stage and had killed many people.

Now that we have seen some of the physical factors that influenced the early history, let us look at the truly revealing side. Just what were these Frenchmen really like? It is to be remembered that the Frenchman, Laclède, founded this settlement for the purpose of carrying on fur trade with the Indians. As the years progressed, the fur commerce advanced, and St. Louis soon became the center of the trading industry. Besides this business, many other occupations were carried on, farming being one of the leading ones. On the outskirts of the trading-post was a large field called "the Commons" which was marked in lots. In this field all of the village's farming was done on a share basis; even the crude implements were used collectively. In addition to the pursuits of agriculture and trading, many men were gunsmiths, stonemasons, blacksmiths and cabinet makers; all such businesses were carried on in individual shops.

But these carefree people did not stick closely to their work; neither did they devote all their time and energy to any one thing. Even though there was a laxness in law and religion, the people clamored for a house of worship. In 1770, the first Catholic Church of St. Louis was blessed. This early edifice was made of logs and was the center of activity. The French settlers were noted for their good manners, courtesies, and fondness for amusements; according to the *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, the ritual of old St. Louis seemed to be "hospitality the rule, religion the observance, and tolerance the practice." Christmas and New Year's were the main season for entertainment; during the holidays many banquets and balls were given. On New Year's Eve a group of young men journeyed from house to house singing a quaint song, "La Guignalie." At each house they collected food and paid their respects to the eldest daughter. Early the following morning everybody, young and old, went to mass. On the sixth day of the New Year, the people prepared a huge banquet, using all the previously collected food, following which they held the governor's ball, thereby opening the social season. As a part of the night's activities, a "bean cake," which contained four beans, was cut; the maidens who received slices containing a bean were crowned queens. Each girl then chose a king who in turn selected a queen to sponsor the next affair. Most of these belles followed the prevailing fashions of New Orleans and Paris for their ball gowns, but they dressed with simplicity for daytime. Since the early French were more interested in amusements than in educational facilities, the tasks of providing schools was left to the church. However, in the late 1700's, a private school for boys was established.

During these years of Spanish rule, the little hamlet grew in number as well as in advancement. After the time of the transfer to the United States, English schools were established, the first newspaper west of the Mississippi was published, and Protestant churches were built. The important thing to note is that St. Louis has become one of the leading cities of America, as its founder predicted. This early child of the river is now a city of culture and beauty with a past as historically interesting as any other city of the country. Yes I did find beauty hidden

The Hodiamont Car

By A. Margaret Dixon, '51

You stand on one of the busy street corners in St. Louis. Behind you there is a brilliantly lighted chain store; above you is a red neon sign; and beside you is a newsstand. Somewhere nearby a paper boy is shouting, "Yankees Win!" All around you there is the rumble of the city, people's feet and people's voices, cars motors and cars' horns, and streetcars. That is what you are interested in right now. You peer down the street and try to read the name on the front of the oncoming car. It is—no, that's not the one you want to take. Behind it you see a bright, shiny new streetcar. It has the word "Hodiamont" lighted on the front. That's your car. You must hurry now. Get out beside the tracks; get out your fare; climb into the car; pay the motorman; and try to find a seat. There at last toward the back you see an empty seat. You sit down in it, arrange your packages, and settle yourself for a long ride.

You begin to look around you. The first things you see are the ads on the walls. A Whitman's Sampler advertisement shows you some delicious-looking chocolates in a colorful box. This is followed by a solemn message from the Brown Monument Company. Next you are advised that Biltrite rubber soles and heels are absolutely the only kind to buy; and then "Chew Peter Paul's Charcoal Gum."

You soon tire of the advertisements, and you find yourself staring out the window, not seeing anything in particular, perhaps thinking of getting home.

Suddenly you are thrown out of your seat as the car comes to a stop. Someone gets off. There is the swish of the door as it opens and the slam as it closes. Next you hear the clang of the machine where the next passenger is dropping his fare. The car starts, and you hear the click of the wheels and the metallic rumble as they roll along.

People never say much as they ride along in a street car. The man in front of you turns and says a few words to the woman beside him. She answers him briefly, and they are again silent.

You turn back to the window. There is a cool breeze brushing across your face. You see a sign flash by: "West End Tavern." On the next corner the car stops across from a drugstore. The blue sign on the front says it is a Rexall store. Inside a few shadowy figures are moving around. In a minute the car starts to move again, and there is nothing but darkness to be seen outside.

It is then that you become conscious of an unpleasant odor. At first you hardly know it's there, but then you realize that the man across the aisle is smoking a cheap cigar. Not that you have anything against cigars, but this is a particularly offensive one.

The car jerks to a stop again. You look at your watch and think that you must be nearing your destination. The seat is beginning to get awfully hard. The car moves forward again into the night. You listen now to catch the names that the motorman is calling.

"Euclid." You don't get off for several blocks yet.

"Kingman." It's not far now. You see a group of lights and think that this must be your destination. No, the motorman calls out, "Union, Union bus." The car stops a few seconds and then is on its way again.

Once more you see the lights of a business district. Surely, this must be where you get off. You begin to gather your packages together. The motorman is calling out the name of the street. You don't understand the first word—some avenue, Wellston. That's it. You stand up. Wait, have you forgotten

beneath the dirt and smoke; a beauty in the sense that Laclède's early village has tried to make itself more attractive by building parks, buildings, and statues; and that the city of St. Louis has a keen civic pride which keeps it up-to-date with the other great cities of the world. Laclède's prediction is coming true

Fire!

By Margherita Baker, '51

A FIELD is burning over there—
Look!"

But the bus does not hear.

A field is burning,
Flaming with red tongues
Lapping at the sap of the earth.
Mist rises crimsonly
From the pyre of a useless thing.

The flames will cease presently.
"Look. The mist chokes on itself"
The field has drunk splendor;
But the taste was too strong
For common clay.

"Look. Will you not slow down?"
The driver does not heed.
The bus will not slacken.

Peace In Late Spring

By Pat Matusak, '50

O, come again with me, love,
With heart that gladly sings;
We'll find the secret grassy glen
Where a gentle brown doe springs

Where gaily leaps a golden stream
Like laughter of a child,
And foreign insects soar and dip
Their wings in air, wine mild.

Where doves in mourning for the dead
Will yet give life its peace;
Then you with heavenly warmth will
cause
All earthly chills to cease

With fond embrace of eyes and hearts,
I'll understand your soul
That plays a silent symphony
Of bells that never toll

In Vain

By Mary Cook, '51

I STAND alone in the night—
My children are gone

And I am lonely.
They joined the midnight express
Called wind,
And now my arms
Are empty.
About me others call
Their young—
The laughter of swirling leaves
Is the only reply.
Now, only the snow will give me
Love,
But his is cold and I seek young
Vivacity.
How fickle youth!
But they too will age
And know the pain of yearning.
Yes, they too will know.

anything? No. Then you hurry toward the door. There is a crowd getting off here. Now you are at the door. You step down and feel the firm ground under your feet again. It is with a little sigh of relief that you step back and watch the Hodiamont streetcar move away into the night.

What We Read

By Barbara Allen, '50

I STEPPED into the smoke-filled room searching for a match. A profusion of books, magazines, shoes, and cigarette butts covered the scant space that could be seen through the murky depths. Providing music to fit the mood, I was humming "Chloe" when I heard a gurgling noise as of a person quietly strangling. Stumbling in the general direction from which the sound issued, I made my way to the largest pile of cigarette butts, and consequently, Jean. From all outward appearances she was in the toils of an epileptic fit. I noticed after a time that she seemed to be waving something in her left hand—a copy of Max Schuman's *Barefoot Boy* with *Cheek*.

"Gotta match?" I queried.
A rather noncommittal "Ugh, ump uh," followed by more waving of the book and "have you ever—?" was the reply that came back in muffled tones.

"Lost as a golf ball," I muttered and backed out hastily.

As I passed Betty's room, I heard a woeful "I'll just never pass that biology test tomorrow. Oooh!"

"Have you started studying already?" I asked incredulously.

"Heavens no! I'm reading *Forever Amber*, and you know you can't do that and study biology." A very studious girl, Betty.

Farther down the hall I knocked on Kay's door. "Just a second," I was told. From the room I heard the sound of furniture being moved, and finally an exhausted Kay appeared. I knew from past experience that she was in the process of reading another of the weird, fantastic tales she is addicted to. "I know, I know," she began defensively, "I'm wasting my time, but honestly A. Merritt simply fascinates me. I mean really, dear."

"One question," I said, getting a grip on myself, "What is the title of this one?"

Rather sheepishly Kay answered, "The Metal Monster." With this she walked back into her room and began tacking furniture in front of her door again.

Later when I was comfortably settled, attempting to study, my door opened explosively and in dashed Pat, pure ecstasy radiating from her. "Barbara, listen to this. It's marvelous, simply marvelous. Where did you get it?"

"It" proved to be *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran, which Pat had borrowed recently. In the next hour I was subjected to several passages and repetitions of passages that she particularly liked. This was all very elevating, but it was not especially helpful or easily applied to my biology test next day. I must admit it was a tremendous strain on my notoriously uneven temper. If it is true that most men lead lives of quiet desperation, then it is equally true of women.

"Scuse me," I grunted, as I laboriously tugged at my typewriter. After three or four attempts, I succeeded in inserting a sheet of paper properly. Everything in order, I typed furiously for several minutes. Slowly my frown disappeared, for in a few well-chosen words I had taken an important step toward uninterrupted evenings of peace and quiet. This is the gist of the letter I wrote:

February 5, 1947

John G. Kidd & Son

Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Gentlemen:

Please send me the book entitled *How to Lose Friends and Antagonize People*. Rush.

Yours very truly,

Barbara Allen

Box 434

Lindenwood College

St. Charles, Mo.

The Problem Parent

By Audrey Gilbert, '51

Julie burst into the room with amazing vitality for eleven o'clock in the morning. "Hi, Cin—gotta cig? I just heard the news that your pater is honoring us with a visit! Aren't ya thrilled!" The last word of her speech climbed up the scale, reached the highest pitch, and ended simultaneously with Julie's flop onto Cindy's bed.

Cindy threw her the pack of cigarettes, aiming them carefully at the top of Julie's blonde head. She inhaled deeply of her own and sent a series of tiny rings of smoke toward the ceiling. "Yes, he's coming," she said with just a touch of "So what" in her voice. How could she tell Julie the situation? Why start a long talk now?

"Holy cupcake, Cindy! Is that all the enthusiasm you can muster at a time like this? When's he coming? Where'll we have him stay. Can I show him the campus? D'ya 'spose he'll take us out for dinner?"

Cindy held up a stiff arm to Julie in a mock gesture to stop the barrage of questions. "Well, it's like this, O Most Inquisitive of Inquisitive Ones. He says he's coming down this week end. I suppose we can get him a bed in the guest house. I'm sure he would be most grateful if you would show him the campus, and if he comes at all he might take us to dinner, and then again he might not. Anything else?" Cindy hoped she didn't sound too down in the dumps. After all, why should Julie suffer through a Dorothy Dix? Wouldn't it be better just to act natural about the whole thing? But Julie was still looking at her with those sharp eyes that never missed a thing. Evidently Cindy had not acted quite well enough. Julie seemed to be guessing a lot of what she knew nothing about.

"Look, Julie, I—I've never said anything about how I feel inside about Dad, but I think I'd better tell you something cause you look to me like you've guessed half the situation already. You see, I have a Problem Parent."

Julie raised an eyebrow, and Cindy made a feeble attempt at a grin. She didn't want to think about her father or the letter she had just received from him. This was the fourth time a letter from him had made her cry. It was silly. Cindy knew it was not the way for a senior at Miss Barton's Academy to behave. She was seventeen years old, and supposedly able to control her emotions. But sometimes she couldn't help crying; especially when her father would promise to come to visit her at school for a week end in one letter, and then, three days later in another one, say he couldn't come. She was beginning to feel that she was receiving letters from a stranger who, for some unknown reason, signed them "Fondly, Your Daddy." The letters were always cool but nice, in a formal sort of way. Sometimes they had money in them, which at first was very, very nice. Recently though, the money had begun to irritate her. To Cindy it seemed to be a sort of bribe. All she had to do was take the money and then she would be happy. The man who sent the money always apologized for something in his letters. Sometimes it would be because he was "Unable to come this week as planned." Whenever there was an apology, there was always money. The whole thing seemed futile to Cindy. It did not seem to be the right way for a father to act. She could not understand why it was that since her parents had been divorced and had put her here at Miss Barton's to finish high school, her father's whole attitude toward her had changed completely.

Julie was still watching Cindy. "Cindy honey" she said softly, "if you'd rather not talk about it now you don't have to, you know—I mean—well, if you feel you'd rather not tell me—"

"Oh, don't be a dud, Julie. What's a roommate for if you can't talk to her and borrow her clothes once in a while?"

"Well, okay then, if you're sure you

want to tell me." Julie shifted her position to a more comfortable one and prepared to listen to what Cindy had to say. Julie felt rather relieved that she had decided to talk things over. She had seen her crying once in a while, and yesterday she noticed that the picture of Cindy's handsome father had been taken off the room bulletin board; but she had hesitated to ask her what the problem was. Somehow she felt it would be better if Cindy offered to do the talking.

Cindy began to clean the room as she told her story to Julie. She bustled about industriously. She didn't want Julie to know how deeply the whole thing was affecting her. "When in an Emotional State, clean the room," was her motto. And for some reason sweeping, dusting, and straightening dresser drawers seemed to help her organize her thoughts. Whenever she had a problem, all she had to do was start tidying, and soon she would end up with a logical conclusion. Then too, Julie was a swell girl, and talking to her might help things a lot. She began her summary of the situation. She told how her father used to be when they lived as a family in Hinsdale, about the math problems he had solved for her, about the tips he had given her concerning boys when she had first started to date, and about the wonderful pride she used to feel when she introduced him to one of her friends.

With a quizzical expression on her face, Julie interrupted Cindy's story. "But, Cin, I don't quite understand what your gripe is. Gosh, your Pop seems to be a real swell guy."

"Wait, Julie, the story isn't over yet," Cindy said as she thoughtfully blew the dust off the night stand. "You see, the whole problem is that Dad has changed so much since then. When I first came here to Miss Barton's, Dad and I wrote each other regularly. Then he began mixing with a new and sophisticated crowd of people in Chicago, and pretty soon—well, you know the rest. His letters came less frequently, he started losing interest in my school work, he started breaking promises. Yes, promises to come out to spend the week ends here. He stopped inviting me down to see him, and now—well, he just doesn't seem like Dad anymore."

The two girls looked blankly at each other for a minute. "Julie was the first to speak. "So that's it in a nutshell, huh?" Julie lighted another cigarette and sighed, "I suppose the best thing to do is—is to—well gee, Cindy, I don't know. It's the easiest thing in the world to listen to people's troubles, if my just listening helps any, but to know how to advise you is the problem."

"Julie, I've already done something about it. I'm not quite sure it was the right thing to do, but, well, something had to be done. I just couldn't stand another of those 'Unable to come' letters again. I've written to Dad telling him I have tentative plans for this week end. I said that since I doubted that he was really planning to come anyway, I was planning to go to the Junior-Senior Hen Party."

"But Cindy! What if he really is planning to come? Maybe he'll realize what his letters have been doing to you."

"Julie, you're a dear, but you're too optimistic." Cindy slammed the bottom drawer of the dresser with firm finality. Here it was, Friday, the afternoon mail was already out so it was impossible to suppose that he would really come this time.

Suddenly, there was an incessant knock at the door. Before Cindy could say "Come in" Pandy entered with a worried look and a telegram. "It's for you, Cindy. I—I hope it's not bad news." Pandy definitely worried, but Julie looked hopelessly surprised.

Cindy began to open the yellow envelope. This, she knew, was the final "Unable to come." Carelessly she glanced across the typed strips.

CYNTHIA DEAR RECEIVED YOUR LETTER WHY SPEND WEEK END WITH THE HENS I UNDERSTAND MORE THAN YOU THINK ARRIVING 4:30 TRAIN LOVE YOUR DAD.

Youth

By Sally Joy, '50

YOUTH—

When, with a restless, rushing madness,
A laugh, a kiss, a song,

We far fling custom and discretion

(Who knows what's right or wrong?)

To snatch those carefree, precious years,
And try our best to hide

From cares and doubts we fear to face,
That we find prophesied.

Willow

By Margherita Baker, '51

THE willow tree plaits my hair
With her fingertips.

She cannot stop;

For I am wind,

And she my will.

I curse her youth and kiss her—

I am old.

And sometimes I torture her with love

The willow cannot run away—

She is my mistress.

On Alarm Clocks

By Jane Foust, '49

HOW I hate the very thought of alarm clocks! In my opinion they are the most upsetting and most disturbing objects every put to daily use. The effect of their explosive ringing when I am asleep is so startling that many times it puts me into an irritated mood. Of course, there are some clocks which have musical or sweet, tinkling alarms, but they should not bear the same name, for they are not at all alarming. In fact, some are very soothing and serve their purpose for only a few very light sleepers.

Although I dislike alarm clocks, I invariably use them. The reason for this is the simple but cold fact that every morning at the early hour of seven I must force myself from beneath the cozy warmth of the covers out into the chill of a dark, dreary room, and the alarm clock is the surest way of making myself do so. It is also the cruelest way.

There are two methods by which the alarm clock has to fulfill its purpose and it is the victim who must choose the method. The first method forces one quickly out of bed. When the alarm sounds, the person who is the object of the intentions must climb out of bed, feel around on the cold floor to find his slippers, find his way with half opened eyes to the clock, and then fumble around until he has found the switch that will stop the maddening noise. Thus he is awake and has gone through the torture of getting up. If the other method is chosen, the victim sacrifices his nerves. He lies in bed and allows the alarm to ring until it has run down. The only disadvantage in this system lies in the fact that the noise is destructive to the nervous system and also that it tortures the leeper to such an extent that sleep is impossible for the next twelve hours.

It must have been a peculiar sort of person who invented the alarm clock. He must have been one of those persons who is practically untouched by what goes on around him and thus untouched by the cruelty of the alarm clock. I wonder whether, when he brought forth his invention, he thought he was doing a good deed to mankind.

"Enjoy Yourself"

By Dona McNaughton, '50

"TO honor and obey,"

That is what they say

To those who have carelessly succumbed.

"Forever hold your peace,"

Or—now you've signed the lease,

Only later to find your love benumbed.

"Take this man," or "take this woman,"

Is it a blessing or a curse,

This "for better or for worse"?

"To love and to cherish"—

It will last or perish,

So take what you may and while you may.

This, the result of a tearful blink

Of an eye that read:

"It's later than you think."

Behind The Eight Ball

By Joan Hake, '50

DURING my junior year in high school I was the subscription manager for our year book, the *Lincolnite*. I had assigned everyone to session rooms for our annual drive. I guess I made a tremendous mistake when I gave the advertising manager, Allen, the largest room. He was terribly peeved because I gave him so much work, so when his advertising campaign rolled around he paid me back double.

I had ten prominent business men to call on for ads—one of these being the owner of the boys' paradise, Brees' Pool Hall. I really think Allen outdid himself playing the part of the devil. I talked, begged, and pleaded for him to assign some boy to take the pool hall. I explained to him that Bree's just wasn't one of my regular haunts, and that I would hate to spoil the boys' fun. Allen wasn't one to back down on his word.

Of course, I was anxious to see what went on in there, and why the boys would want to segregate themselves just for a pool game. My girl friend quickly said she would go in with me, so we timidly set out on our mission. We drove and walked past the entrance several times, building up our courage and trying to regain our natural color, white instead of such an unbecoming shade of red. We were met at the door by none other than Allen. He guided us through the cluttered card tables, gaping boys, and billiard tables, to the little office in the back. Then he said, "Oh, I'm sorry. Mr. Bree must be in the other office." So back we blushingly crept, tripping along the way over the purposely extended feet of our high school friends. All of the time Mr. Bree had been standing behind the candy counter in front, almost bursting his seams laughing at us. He was a little chubby man who apparently enjoyed seeing other people suffer. His laughing made us feel worse than ever. Nevertheless, I firmly stated my business and daringly took a chance by saying, "The *Lincolnite* wants a \$15 ad from you." He stopped laughing, and at that time I wrote out a receipt. He sheepishly dug into his pocket and commented that he liked a good sport. I took the money and we weakly shuffled to the door. On the way out I heard a "Call again" and hee-haws from the boys.

The next year I was again appointed subscription manager and gave Allen the smallest room to collect from. Then it came around to advertising campaign time. Allen sweetly said to me, "Jo, usually Bree's only put in a \$5 ad in our *Lincolnite*, but you did such a good job last year that you can go see him again."

Blue Sunday

By Priscilla Bogue '50

AS a child, I was always a little bitter about the Children's Day programs at our church. I never did quite see why gifts and favors were bestowed on parents on Mothers' Day and Fathers' Day, and yet Children's Day meant headaches for all. I dreaded the week in June when the mothers met with the guidance director and made plans for skits and songs which invariably included me. The main reason for apprehension was the children's leader. She was middleaged and unyielding to meek suggestions made by the mothers who felt it was their duty to volunteer to help with costumes and other details. Also, she had two cross dogs which, I felt sure, brought her fiendish pleasure by scaring everyone.

The year when I was seven years old rehearsals began as usual. By some cruel turn of fate, I was given two parts. I was the announcer for the cradle roll and I had a part in a skit. At the time, I was elated over my selection because I had no thought of stagefright. Also, the prospect of a new white organdy dress was nice.

Rehearsals went well and in a short time it was a pretty Sunday morning and I was standing behind a curtain which hid a fake garden blooming with paper roses made by the senior classes. The curtains parted and I stepped out and began my lines:

"Dear children of the cradle roll,
We welcome you this day.
Come and join our happy—"

I stopped abruptly in the middle of my poem as one of the older ladies called in a shrieking whisper, "Priscilla Jane, you aren't supposed to say that now. We changed it till later on the program." Well, I just stood there in shock. The congregation was smiling and nudging one another. I felt that I must be on fire. (It was probably the first time I ever blushed.) It seems the committee had changed some things in the service and had told everyone but me. I turned wildly to my mother who was the pianist and saw that she was looking very angry. Perhaps a minute had elapsed, but it seemed like hours to me. I stared beseechingly into the congregation. One dear friend smiled and nodded as if he understood. I took on fresh courage, a little too much maybe. I turned and made a sour face at the lady and proceeded with my poem.

The rest of the program was under a strain, somewhat. The mothers were stuffing us into yellow crepe paper dresses for a skit entitled "Seven Days for Worship." It was Tuesday and I had to say a prayer for our little friends across the sea. The choir leader rushed over to repair a tangled curl and somehow she managed to rip a paper ruffle. That ruffle was the body and soul of the dress and since no one had brought sewing equipment, there was nothing to do but pin it. So there I stood in the row of seven little girls with a safety pin reflecting holy light from every window. I said my prayer in a shaky voice. I wasn't scared. I just didn't feel well. In fact, I felt terrible. I was hot and red in spite of the coolness of the morning. One girl remarked that I looked "awful funny." When the skit was over, I got the family to take me right home without waiting to change back into my dress. At two o'clock the doctor came and I was tucked in bed with measles. It was a nice Children's Day, though, regardless of the mishaps of the morning. It was the first time I received presents.