

## Marilyn Mangum To Reign As Lindenwood's 29th May Queen In Colorful Ceremony May 17

## Old South Is Theme Of This Year's Fete

Miss Marilyn Mangum of Greenville, Tenn., will be the 29th May Queen of Lindenwood College. The lovely queen-to-be was elected recently by the Senior Class to preside over the May Fete on May 17. The Maid of Honor, Miss Margaret Groce of St. Charles was selected by the Junior Class.

The two Senior attendants are Miss Louise McGraw and Miss Betty Oak. The members of the Junior Class chose Miss Lucette Stumberg and Miss Mary Lou Landberg. Miss Jeanne Gross and Miss Mary Lee Turner were selected by the Sophomore Class. The Freshman attendants are Miss Hope Wadsworth and Miss Marilyn Mathis.

As yet, not all the plans for the May Day are definite. The theme of this year's May Fete will be the Old South. The entire court will be dressed in white, with the color scheme being carried out in the bouquets.

It is customary for the classes as single groups to enter upon the scene shortly before the queen and her court enter. After the classes are in their appointed places, the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Attendants, respectively, march to the dais. The Maid of Honor then takes her place, where she will crown the queen, who is the last to enter.

The Maypole Dance will be given by members of the Freshman Class. The dance classes and other students interested will dance, carrying out the theme of the Old South.

The May Queen last year was Miss Elizabeth Storey of Estherville, Iowa, and the theme of the Fete was that of an English country fair.

There will be a tea immediately following the ceremony this year, for students and their guests.

## Sun-bathing Addicts Impatient As Winter Refuses To Leave

The absence of sun-bathing this year has been a blow after the wonderful tans Lindenwood students were sporting around last year. The big plans of arriving home on vacation with a golden brown fell through—much to our chagrin! It probably doesn't mean as much to the southern belles but the Yankees learn the magic of power when we nonchalantly tell our pale-faced friends about the exciting springs one spends in Missouri. The dreams didn't materialize this year—but the days are fast growing warmer and

## THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



The Linden Bark proudly introduces as this week's candidate for the Campus Hall of Fame, Margaret McKinney of Baxter Springs, Kan.

Marg has been on the Dean's Honor Roll since she first came to Lindenwood as a Sophomore. A member of "Who's Who in Colleges and Universities," she is president of Sigma Tau Delta and Pi Gamma Mu. Marg is also active in El Circulo Espanol, Future Teachers of America, League of Women Voters, Missouri Sociological Society, Press Club, Kansas Club and is a member of the Linden Leaves Staff.

A history major, much of Marg's time at present is absorbed by her practice teaching work in the St. Charles High School. If she is as well liked by her students as she is by her Lindenwood friends, Marg will be an outstanding success as a teacher.

## Cast Selected For Alphi Psi Play

Rehearsals are underway for the play, "Our Town," by Thornton Wilder, which will be presented May 9. The play, sponsored by Alphi Psi Omega, is being directed by Miss Glo Rose Mitchell of the Speech Department.

contd. on pg. 8

## Story With A Moral

Do you have that tired, run down feeling? Are you a contortionist? Do you put the class in hysterics? Then you must play tennis! The object of the game is to get the ball OVER the net; not to the archery field or on the teacher's nose, so it's obviously the racquet's fault.

A Lindenwood Sophomore, from sad experience, suggests. Look, before you complain. There may be a hole in your racquet. There was in hers.

## Collection Of Spring Clothes To Be Shown

The Lindenwood Fashion Show will be held May 1 at 7:30 in Roemer Auditorium, under the direction of Madame Lyolene and Mrs. Donna Hood.

Various groups of garments will be shown including beach wear, sportswear, shorts, pedal pushers, slacks, cotton dresses, rayons, silks, and spring prints, suits, coats, and coat ensembles, robes, pajamas, and gowns.

Manufacturers from St. Louis and Kansas City, and members of the St. Louis Fashion Groups will be here. Mrs. James Reed (Nelly Don) is also planning to attend the fashion show.

A small reception will be held in the Library Club Rooms for the guests immediately after the reception.

## Oklahoma Club To Commemorate 89er Day With Dinner Program

The Oklahoma civilization has changed from that of a blanketed Indian to cloud-high skyscrapers in one lifetime. This evening the Oklahoma Club at Lindenwood will present a program in the dining room to commemorate the "89er Day" celebration. The program is symbolic of the opening of land in Oklahoma for white settlement.

Each table will represent a town in Oklahoma and the centerpieces stand for what that particular town is noted. Among the miniature centerpieces will be an oil refinery for Bartlesville; a broken arrow to represent the home of a World War II Indian Hero; miniature brooms for the Broom Corn Center at Lindsey; Turner Falls, complete with water and evergreens at Davis; and a capital building for Oklahoma City.

After dinner the club will give a skit, "Oklahoma 1889-1947," and lead the student body in group singing.

The cast for the skit includes:  
L. C. Freshman from Okla.....  
Mary Lou Brite  
Indians....Pat Young and Dolores Pitts  
Bandit.....Maurice Etheridge  
In Parade of People....Dot Drake, Joyce Creamer, Beverly Boylan, and Ruth Jane Parker.

The Oklahoma Club has 28 members this year and the officers are: President, Jean Temple; Vice-president, Martha Jo Crable; Secretary, Dana Vincil; and Treasurer, Mary Lou Brite. The sponsor is Dr. Siegmund Betz.

## Delegates From Seventeen Colleges To Attend Radio Conference Here Friday



Lyle DeMoss, Program Manager of Radio Station WOW Omaha, who will address the evening meeting.

## Peace Problems Are Discussed At Voters League Conference

Two Lindenwood students, Miss Gaelic Ching and Miss Linda Blakey attended the Mid-American College Congress sponsored by the League of Women Voters. Delegates from Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska met at St. Joseph, Mo., on April 11 and 12 to discuss and pass resolutions upon five topics: The control of armaments and preservation of peace, economic and social problems, backward and dependent peoples, human rights and civil liberties, and peaceful settlement of international disputes.

The convention included several meetings of each panel discussion group and a General Assembly of all delegates to pass on the resolutions of each group. At a banquet Friday night H. R. Knickerbocker addressed the delegates on "America's Tomorrow," a discussion of the "two worlds" of Russia and the United States. Following the speech a dance was given for the delegates.

Miss Ching and Miss Blakey were entertained by Mrs. Nelson Hillix, formerly Mary Morton, who was graduated from Lindenwood in 1935. They saw many points of interest in St. Joseph and made a tour through the Swift Packing Co. The resolutions of the College Congress will be presented to the student body here at a later date. Miss Ching expressed the belief that Lindenwood students should attend more conferences—"They are a wonderful thing, for they stimulate the student's interest in world affairs."

## All Alone By The Telephone, Waiting For The Strike To End And The Silence Break

The telephone now stands silent, mute and somber in its seclusion. Bits of dust mar the ebony shimmer, the dial grows dimmer . . .

Ah, remember those good old days, when the familiar ring of the telephone could mean a date for Saturday night; Dad waiting for the car; or simply Aunt Emma and her usual "Now don't tell a soul"? Yes, those were the days!

Pony Express, Western Union, and the carrier pigeon have replaced the Bell system. But there is no system; luncheon

## Lyle DeMoss Heads List Of Speakers

Representatives from seventeen colleges and universities in Missouri and Illinois, and from high schools in this area, will attend Lindenwood's first annual radio conference to be held on campus Friday. The importance of radio in the modern world, and the role of college students in the development of radio, will be the theme of the conference.

The address of welcome will be given by Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Dean of Lindenwood College.

At 2 p. m., a panel discussion, "Careers in Radio" will be held in the Library Club Room. The chairman will be the Rev. Elmer Knoernschild, program director of KFJO, Clayton, Mo., and host to the Lindenwood College programs.

The speakers are: Miss Louise Munsch, director of women's programs, Radio Station WEW, St. Louis; Miss Dorothy Blackwell, assistant director, Department of Audio-Visual Education, St. Louis Public Schools; Mrs. Ellen Brashear, president, St. Louis Radio Council; Karl Hohengarten, music director, Radio Station KWK, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Munsch interviews various known personalities on the women's radio programs, and also teaches at St. Louis University.

Miss Blackwell is the local chairman of the Association for Education of Radio and has held various offices in the national association. Before her present position in the St. Louis Public Schools, Miss Blackwell received her degree from the University of Missouri's Journalism school and was in charge of Public Relations in St. Louis.

Mrs. Ellen Brashear, president of the St. Louis Radio Council, is a graduate of Vassar. She was employed by the Gardner Advertising Agency, wrote scripts for KMOX and initiated the first scripts for "The Land We Live In," one of the original St. Louis radio-dramas. For these scripts, Mrs. Brashear received the Peabody Citation. She is now doing free-lance work.

Mr. Hohengarten, music director of KWK, writes and arranges music for the St. Louis Community Operas. He has previously appeared on dramatic programs with such great actors as Orson Welles and many others. Mr. Hohengarten now has a daily network program.

dates are forgotten, grocery sales are dropping; and tea-table talk is outdated.

Back to Nature, you say? If this is Nature, this desert island of dead dials and haunted phone booths,—give me the modern world of skyscrapers and Bell telephones! Give me that old, familiar phrase, "Your line is busy" . . . "Just give me Harrison 1105, please."

Editor's Note: For further information concerning the telephone strike, refer to the daily newspapers, providing they are not still on strike.



## Vernal Ergophobia

Get out your swimming suits, shorts, or playsuits, grab a blanket, sun oil and dark glasses, because believe it or not, Spring is here!

Between classes the campus is crowded with students who prefer the great outdoors rather than the closeness of their room. The swings, lawn chairs, and other available material handy enough to sit on and soak in a bit of pure, golden sunshine are loaded from sun up to sun down. Then in the coolness of the evening students once again forget their books, themes, tests to study for, and letters to write while they take a walk through the silky green grass admiring the loveliness of springtime.

Tell us, oh professors, that like Thoreau we can learn from nature rather than from books, that we can lie about under the blue sky watching the clouds and birds fly past, and that we can smell the freshness of the season as we lazily dream the long afternoon hours away instead of sitting hunched over piles of books and papers preparing for the usual end of the year mad cramming for finals. Tell us, also, that from nature we can learn the mysteries of this life, the answers to our problems, and the peacefulness of simple living. Spring . . . ah Spring, the time when young and old stretch out and get a new toe hold on life is here once again bringing with it the longing of all to just relax and enjoy—Spring!

## The Telephone Strike

We are now entering our second week without telephone service. The country is disrupted with no other means of communication except carrier pigeon or emergency—have you ever tried to convince an operator your call is an emergency?

Alexander Graham Bell's ingenious invention has long since become indispensable in the average American home or dorm. The 31,600,000 phones represented in this country are more than half the world's total. When workers from east to west started their walkouts, it left the service in 41 states and the District of Columbia crippled, except for the emergency calls that went through. Cities with the dial system are hardly affected, as long as no repair service is needed. Yet the six New England states remained unaffected as they are represented by local unions and the states of Kansas, Colorado, North Dakota, Indiana, and Virginia forbade a walkout by state law.

How long will this last? It better stop soon or there will be a group of pretty lonely college girls stranded here in the city of St. Charles—no way to call a cab so we either rely on our legs or wait and hope some stray taxi will bound up the drive. Seriously though, this must stop, we're losing our men and in another week, who knows they may have completely forgotten about us and married some other girl (one he can contact on foot). So we appeal to the NFW, Bell Telephone Company, or government mediators to do something and save the future of 500 lonely book-driven girls.

## Dr. Clevenger

One of the major tasks of our lives is to establish companionships with others, so that we may become broad-minded and well-balanced individuals.

Dr. Homer Clevenger, of the History and Government Department is a good example of a teacher who has established relationships outside of the teaching profession. Through his understanding of government he has been re-elected Mayor of St. Charles.

It is a commendable thing for a faculty member to be interested enough in the town to take part in its problems, and more than commendable, to serve as its Mayor.

## Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

Majority Of Students Believe Summer Vacation Should Be To Acquire Experience On a Job-- 73% To Work, 10% Will Travel

As the end of school nears, plans are being made for what to do with those three wonderful months of summer vacation. Besides being a time for recuperating from school tasks, vacation can be a time for gaining experience and the learning the ropes in the field which you plan to enter once you possess that much-yearned-for college degree.

Your Bark reporter learned that 73 per cent of the students interviewed answered "yes" when asked whether or not they thought college students should work during vacation. On the other hand 27 per cent of the students interviewed said "no."

Of those students who expect to work several plan to continue their college education throughout the summer. Many girls plan to work in offices, and two students will work on newspapers. A few girls haven't decided what their summer careers will be.

Of those girls who do not believe college students should work 90 per cent are going to loaf while the remaining 10 per cent hope to travel.

It is interesting to note that most of the students who plan to work are upper classmen, and those who do not are mostly freshmen.

## LINDEN BARK

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

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

MEMBER OF MISSOURI COLLEGE NEWS ASSOCIATION

Subscription rate \$1 a year

EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE

Imogene Rindsig '49

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Joyce Heldt, '49

EDITORIAL STAFF

Memory Bland '49  
Margaret Groce '48  
Connie Darnall '49  
Jo Griebing '49  
Janet Brown '48  
Jeanne Gross '49  
Sally Elam '49  
Emily Heine '50

Mary Neubert '49  
Mary Jane Horton '49  
Catherine Jones '49  
Donna Mercer '50  
Lorraine Peck '50  
Jo Aune Smith '49  
Mary Titus '49  
Robertta Court, '50

## GRACIE GREMLIN



Hi Kids, I've got Spring fever again, how about you? Classes are such a bore when it is so warm and fresh out-of-doors. But we only have six weeks more, then we can swim, play tennis, or ride that new horse all day long. Meanwhile I've found a solution that helps to scurry the time along and makes me feel a 100 per cent better. After classes or even before that 8 o'clock, if you can hop out of that soft bed, get out and have a game of tennis, a round of golf or a short canter. It will make you feel like a million, and here is a secret, it will take pounds off of that "Tea Room Figure." Be seeing you out and around.

## From The Office Of The Dean

It is necessary for students who expect to be in the academic procession to come to this office at once for measurements for the caps and gowns. This includes all students getting any certificate or degree at this time. These orders are to be sent out by the end of this week.

Those ordering commencement invitations must do so without fail this week as the list is to be withdrawn at the close of the week.

Students who wish to have assistantships for next year may come to the office at any time and fill out the blank provided here.

Those students taking the Junior English Examination are to be reminded that it is to be held April 28, from 4 to 6 p. m. in room 211.

If there are any questions from students concerning the mid-term grades feel perfectly free to come to me and I shall be glad to talk them over with you.

ALICE E. GIPSON

## Of All Things

"This hydro-carbon series gives you ethylene, butylene, propylene, and" said the chem prof turning to write several symbols and numbers on the board, "what will this give you?"

From the front row "That'll give you Darlene; that's her phone number."

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows all his children are going to the dogs.

Just give me a man  
With a million or two;  
Or one that is handsome  
Would happily do.  
A dashing young fellow  
Is swell any day  
Or one that is famous  
Would suit me O.K.  
But if the man shortage  
Should get any worse;  
Go back to the very  
First line of this verse.

The Highlander

## ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Janet Brown

"The symptoms of the dread disease are a lethargy of mind and body; a glaze of the eyeball; aches and pains in the muscles, making it necessary for the victim to stretch out in the sun in clothing as closely approximating nature as possible in this civilized age; a renewed appreciation of the beauties of nature causing the sufferer to gaze out the window. These symptoms alternate with periods of wild, restless longings for the unknown (or the known, but he's usually too far away), the desire for a revolution either on a grand or private scale, and an inability of the feet to remain in familiar place."

Mattie Evelyn looked up from the Preventive Medicine handbook. "That's what's wrong with me, I'm suffering from spring fever." The only known cure for this disease is a Stop Day. Inasmuch as the infirmary is unable to procure this rare and expensive medicine, Mattie and her fellow-sufferers will be forced to combat the disease alone and unaided.

The question most under discussion now is whether Easter vacation alleviated the intense pain accompanying spring fever or whether it only made matters worse. L. C. lassies looked a little glum when they first returned to campus, but the advent of Missouri's beautiful spring weather (Achoo! Pardon me, this dam-p drizzle seems to have given me a cold) the advent of the gorgeous Lindenwood spring, has cheered everyone up considerably.

Florella & Co. went shopping Saturday. In spite of the lousy array of clothing down town and the inflationary prices they managed to come back with a nice selection of clothing. Have you noticed some of the good-looking new suits and afternoon dresses? A few adorable cottons have appeared on students rebellious enough to brave the drizzle.

The soft ground hasn't discouraged Lindenwood's future big leaguers—they've been down on the softball field batting away almost every afternoon. Poor Florella—she aches in every known and some undiscovered muscles. They've been having trouble finding her a place—she can't catch, she can't pitch, she can't throw the ball more than ten feet, and she very rarely hits it. She thinks perhaps they can use her as a base, if any of these get worn out.

Remember when we queued up for cigarettes—watch the line form when the Tea Room has bubble gum. It's lots of fun to chew—until a bubble pops into your face, hair and eyelashes. Feel for Florella—she had to trim her eyebrows, they got gummed up.

This seems to be L. C.'s year for conventions—there have been six so far and several more on the way—not counting the radio convention to be held here. Conventions invariably leave the delegates with a widened sphere of interest and many valuable new friends.

Mattie has her dress for the Junior-Senior Prom, guaranteed to be the best in years. Just eavesdrop on the committees buzzing with big plans. The underclassmen won't be neglected in May, for the dance May Day night (the 17th) is open to them. So trot out your summer formal and drag a man out of the mire—our spring dances are always the best.

Could the silence in the halls and the large number of students on campus on week-end nights, be due to the phone strike? It certainly has played heck with the dating habits of L. C. students.

## Rec Room Recipes

When relatives come to Lindenwood for the May Day Fete, here is an easy menu for you to prepare in the Rec Room.

### MENU

Stuffed Pork Chops  
Sweet Potato Sections  
Apple Sections  
Cole Slaw  
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter  
Coffee or Milk

### Stuffed Pork Chops

4 double pork chops  
2 cups soft bread crumbs  
3/4 cup chopped celery  
3 tbsp. chopped parsley  
4 tbsp. minced onion  
1/2 tsp. sage  
1/4 tsp. thyme  
1 1/2 tsp. salt  
1/8 tsp. pepper  
1 egg  
1/4 to 1/2 cup boiling water  
3 medium sized sweet potatoes  
2 apples

Have butcher cut a pocket in pork chops.

For stuffing mix bread crumbs, celery, parsley, onion, sage, thyme, salt and pepper and moisten with egg and water. Fill pork chops and fasten with toothpicks. Brown on both sides in frying pan and add potatoes, pared and cut in eighths. Cover, reduce heat, simmer for 50 minutes. Add brown on both sides in frying pan and add potatoes, pared and cut in eighths. Cover, reduce heat, simmer for 50 minutes. Add apples, pared, cored and cut in 1/2 inch slices. Replace cover and cook 10 minutes or until apples are tender. Serves four.

## The Music Box

By Mary Neubert

A Junior Recital will be given this afternoon at 4:45 o'clock in the Sibley Chapel. Lucette Stumberg, pianist, will give the program, assisted by Helen Horvath, soprano, and Louise Ritter, accompanist. The first group of piano solos includes: "Concerto in the Italian Style" by Bach, "Nocturne, D flat minor, Op. 27, No. 2" and "Polonaise, E flat minor, Op. 26, No. 2" by Chopin, "Fountain of Acqua Paola" by Griffes and "The Juggler" by Toch.

The voice selections will include: "Deh viene, non tardar" (Le Nozze di Figaro) by Mozart, "Die Nacht" and "All Soul's Day" by Strauss, "Mi chiamano Mimì" (Bohème) by Puccini, and "The Winds of the South" by Scott.

Lucette will conclude the program with Brahms' "Concerto, B flat major, Op. 83." The orchestral parts will be played on the organ by Arminita Kolmer.

The Lindenwood Choir, under the direction of Milton Rehg, gave an entertaining concert over KFUO, Sunday, April 13. Soloists were Barbara Ann Little, piano; Colleen Johnson, organ; Helen Horvath and Marjorie Moehlenkamp, voice.

Lucette Stumberg, Barbara Watkins, and Helen Horvath gave the program for the Business and Professional Women's Club Wednesday, April 16. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Ebeling, 1066 Jefferson, in St. Charles. Accompanists were Virginia Turner and Louise Ritter.

Colleen Johnson, organist, gave a B. M. Recital April 15 in Sibley Chapel.



"I Fear No More"

John Donne and Death

By Jan Miller, '47

JOHN Donne was a posthumous child of the Renaissance. Born with a remarkable urge to experience, an immense scientific curiosity, and an unwearied interest in the search after knowledge, he belongs by reason of his great imaginative power not to the Jacobean writers of his time but rather to the Elizabethans; for like them, he manifested an extreme interest in all forms of experience. One of these, of course, is his apparent and extraordinary preoccupation with death. However, it must not be construed a morbid curiosity. For death was to him, as was love, even in its lowest and most degraded form, a mystery which every human being had a right to probe—and, indeed, more—for in the case of death, they had also the necessity of probing it. To Donne death was the greatest of all mysteries, with a correspondingly strong magnetic power.

He was an honest man and a whole one. His was a nature that could go half-way on no question or problem which was considered in any way significant. Above all, he felt compelled by a need to know the meaning of self; of discovering in what way that self pieces into a universal pattern, and to what place that self ultimately will go. Donne knew that he, as all men must, should die one day, and much of his thinking centered about death and how he was prepared to meet whatever should come. Imagine then the pain he experienced upon occasion, for honest, rational self-analysis induced in him only dismay and despair for his weaknesses. Alone, depressed, fearful of death, he declares, "I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,

And all my pleasures are like yesterday; I dare not move my dimme eyes any way, Despaire behind, and death before doth cast  
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste  
By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;  
Onely thou art above, and when towards thee  
By thy leave I can looke, I rise again;  
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,  
That not one houre my selfe I can sustain . . ."

Interestingly enough, like many people who are fundamentally good, perhaps even saintly—although Donne would have been entirely amazed at such an idea—he was always and intensely conscious of his own sinfulness. Truly humble, he sensed his need of divine inspiration and aid; and there is never absent even from his most humanly fearful poems a kind of radiant hope in God's mercy.

Like all men, however, his moods ran in cycles, and there were times when he experienced a very real sense of despair. Employing his reason to alleviate to some extent the hopelessness bogging his spirit, he met full force a seeming paradox. Possessing the reason and soul which place him above the dumb animal, yet finding that soul in danger of damnation, he asks, "If lecherous goats, if serpents envious Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I bee?  
Why should intent or reason, borne in mee,  
Make sinnes, else equall, in mee more heinous?  
And mercy being easie, and glorious  
To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee?"

Such a vein, however, his mind did not follow often. Donne was a man of wisdom, and he knew that it was in the intellect that man can err most grievously. He knew well the Bible, and, moreover, he was well read in the literatures of many countries and in the various periods of their histories. He had observed that in all ages, genius of sensitivity and insight

had deemed intellectual pride the sin most hateful to God. Occasionally, he felt that his thinking was tainted with a false pride and he admonished himself, saying, "Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,  
And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne."

As he was an intelligent man and a venerable one, so too was he courageous; and he faced deapair as any other problem with fortitude. A Christian, he was not content to possess a superficial knowledge and understanding of his belief. Rather, he explored the scope of Christianity, thinking and reasoning long and honestly. As his analysis deepened, he became convinced of the justice and love of God and of His fundamental mercy.

Perhaps most characteristic of Donne is an extraordinary faith in God and in His Son, coupled with sincere humility as he contemplates death. Appreciating always his own sinfulness, he yet hopes that God in His infinite mercy will forgive and welcome him. We find this theme eloquently stated in his sermons in which he attempted to infuse into his people the confidence of an ultimate salvation. Listen to the Dean of St. Paul's—

" . . . but I will find out another death, *mortem, raptus*, a death of rapture and of extasy, that death which St. Paul died more than once, the death which St. Gregory speaks of, *divina contemplatio quoddam sepulchrum animae*, the contemplation of God and heaven is a kind of burial and sepulchre and rest of the soul; and in this death of rapture and extasy, in this death of the Contemplation of my interest in my Savior, I shall find myself and all my sins entred, and entombed in his wounds, and like a Lily in Paradise, out of red earth, I shall see my soul rise out of his blade, in a candor, and in an innocence, contracted there, acceptable in the sight of his Father."

Again in the beauty of his poetry, Donne rests his final faith and hope in God.

"I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne  
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;  
Swear by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne  
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;  
And, having done that, thou haste done,  
I feare no more."

Profile Of The City

By Dona McNaughton, '50

THERE'S the steel, the iron, the mortar, the cement—the combination is so hard. It is the outer surface; it is the cast, formed, the outline, sharp. Against the blue of the sky, this combination provides the substantial profile for the city. What is behind this blank, cold surface? Is the seeming stillness of the huge, hard masses so terrifying? Is there reason and logic enough to overcome humble fear?

Suppose we were to melt this sculptured skyline until the molded shapes, the blasted accurateness gave way? After this, what would there be? Let us get at the core of the city, the being behind the profile. We know it has a heart, a central source of life. What is there but—the people? They are the ones whose profiles we should see as we gaze upon the skyline of the city. Without these men we would not have our soaring monuments. These are the men who carry on the races of the world that would be forgotten to us if we hadn't their reminders.

Let us look again at the skyline. Light gleams here and there when the sun catches hold of the hard, shiny steel. It is the same; the profile is not altered by our thoughts. Yes, it is the same, but we are not. We have come down from the great heights of the structures to where the foundation lies. The earth holds the basis also in our lives, good and bad. We look up again and again at the shining towers and we rejoice in the beauty of the sight and then, of life itself.

My Thoughts On Graduation Night

By Jean Boyer, '50

FOR some time I have felt that the country has been run too long by men. The phrase "It's a man's world" grates on my ears. Therefore, I believe that it is time for a change. I have had and will continue to have a driving purpose. I shall run for President. Now please do not scoff at this little whim of mine. I am entirely sincere in my belief that a woman is much better suited to run the United States than a man. In a little international mixup a male president would no doubt call a big conference or hold a tiresome meeting on the subject. Such a waste of time! Now I would merely hop in my helicopter, buzz over to the troublesome country and give the Prime Minister a piece of my mind. After all, he couldn't speak back harshly to a lady, could he? There, the situation would be settled and no time wasted either.

Entertaining the diplomats would be a problem that a woman president is much more capable of doing. A diplomat doesn't want to be entertained in state. I'm sure what his heart craves is solid home comfort with some excitement thrown in. Coney Island would be the perfect place to entertain Prime Minister Attlee. I can think of nothing more enjoyable than seeing him zooming by on a Loop O'Plane saying, "By Jove," and clutching the sides for dear life. When Molotov visits, I could always take him to Chinatown and watch him trying to keep his dignity while juggling a slippery pair of chopsticks. Of course, for excitement I could throw in a few gang wars, strikes, or explosions—something to show how the average American exists.

Not only would I entertain the diplomats, but I would add a little femininity to the White House. Can't you just see ruffled curtains at the windows of the Blue Room and pots of geraniums decorating the Red Room? Visualize a fuchsia welcome mat embroidered in chartreuse to add color.

Besides promoting the general welfare while in office, I would have a little time for pleasure, of course. The First Gentleman and I could dash down to Florida for a short vacation in our new plane, The Revered Calf, or perhaps just stay at home with our feet perched on the railing, sipping mint juleps and smoking big black cigars.

I believe that I am very well qualified to run for the presidency. I can make wonderful Fire Side Chats; I can learn to use a cigarette holder, and I make the best coconut cream pie you ever tasted. Why, I even have my dog. I'm positive Queenie would thrive in the White House, and she could meet such refined companions there! She might even advance so far that I could attend state dinners with her.

On second thought it all might be very tiresome. Why should I worry over a little thing like being president? I suppose I could just marry one and run the country anyway.

The Usual, Miss Blackstone

By Corinne Weller, '49

SARAH Blackstone sighed as she placed her black felt hat on her head and fastened it securely into place with the long black hat-pin. "Another day—" There was no pleasure in her voice at the prospect. Only resignation. "Another day—just like all the other yesterdays and all of the tomorrows." She put on her worn black coat, felt the sleeve of her suit jacket catch on the inner lining of the top-coat, and then pass cautiously on to the opening at the bottom of the sleeve. Miss Blackstone frowned as she forced the other arm through its mate. She wanted just to throw the bundlesome coat around her shoulders, but her school-teacher judgment denied her this pleasure. She opened her purse and looked questioningly into it. The key—what had she done with it? It was there last night when she locked the door. Her fingers searched eagerly. "Ah, there it is." She pulled the key out of the purse and unlocked the door to her home. The sharpness of the morning air cut into her senses. "How fresh the air is!" She inhaled deeply and the air dusted out the cobwebs that had collected in her during the night. She felt better.

"Down five steps, down a brick path to the sidewalk, turn right and walk two blocks, right again for one block, and there's the school." Miss Blackstone knew the way too well. She could even walk it with her eyes closed. She smiled as she remembered the time she had tried doing just that.

"Down five steps, and down a brick path to the sidewalk." How well she knew. Twenty-three years was a long time to use any path. She walked carefully past the place where one of the bricks was missing. "Must get that fixed," she thought. "Might fall someday."

"Turn right, and walk two blocks." Miss Blackstone glanced at her watch. Eight-twenty. Right on the dot. And Miss Blackstone's neighbors were also glancing at their clocks. "Eight-twenty, and there goes Miss Blackstone to school." The neighbors could set their clocks by Miss Blackstone. Twenty-three years of "eight-twentys" was quite a record.

"Turn right and walk two blocks." The streets were almost deserted. Only Jim, the postman, filled the emptiness.

"Mornin." Miss Blackstone. Nice day." He touched his cap respectfully. "Yes, isn't it?" was her reply. One thing about this exchange of greetings—it was usually the same. Twenty-three years of "Yes, isn't its" were repeated each morning. She had often wondered what would happen if the greeting changed. But it hadn't.

Still no people. She knew that behind those closed doors were families rushing to get to work, choking down a quick breakfast, excited calls as children searched for missing text books, hats, or misplaced assignments.

"They need a system," she decided. "Organization, with every minute accounted for." That was her life—dull routine day in day out.

"Right again for one block." Signs of life now. Paul Davis came from his home with the morning paper tucked under his arm.

"Good morning, Miss Blackstone. Beautiful morning." She smiled.

"Nice morning, beautiful morning, beautiful morning—" Suddenly she wished that it would rain. She looked hopefully upward, but the sun glared back at her and blinded her for a minute. "Nice morning—"

"And there's the school—" Dirty gray stone with smeared windows that seemed to her like searching eyes that tore away her clothing and left her standing naked for all to see. Miss Blackstone had tried to erase the illusion before, but it was always there.

She pulled open the heavy door and felt the gentle breeze as it hissed shut behind

her. Slowly she climbed the smooth indented steps to her classroom on the second floor. As she opened her door, a wave of hot, stale air almost smothered her. There was always that musty odor each morning. She walked into the room, threw her keys on the desk, opened a window, and went to the back of the room to hang up her coat. Even this was done mechanically because it was done in the same order every morning. She went to her desk and opened her text book to review the day's work.

Miss Blackstone started when she heard the first locker door slam shut in the corridor. More noises—familiar noises that announced the arrival of the first students. Their voices grew louder as they drew closer to her room, then ceased altogether as the speakers wandered aimlessly in.

"Good morning, Miss Blackstone." She smiled at the sleepy-eyed students before her. A bell rang and classes were underway.

Only bells marked the passage of time. Three literature classes, three lectures, three tests—each class a duplicate of the preceding one. The morning routine was broken by the welcome noon recess. Freedom for an hour.

After lunch she returned to her room. The afternoon held three more classes in English. How she hated the afternoons! The mornings passed rather quickly, but the afternoons—. The new English teacher came in to tell her that there was to be an important faculty meeting in the superintendent's office at four. Miss Blackstone wanted to ask her what the meeting was about, but hesitated. They weren't friends, and besides she was new. Pride kept her from asking. A smile and polite "Thank you" was all that she could master. The new teacher hesitated a minute, started to speak, but apparently thought better of it. She shifted nervously—

"Well, I just thought I'd tell you—" "Thanks again." "You're welcome"

The new teacher took this as her dismissal and left the room.

Miss Blackstone frowned. "I wonder what the holy powers that move want now?" There was no way finding out. Classes were beginning. She would have to wait until four.

More classes, more tests, more lectures. The hours melted together until they formed a continuous stream—the drowsy one-o'clock, the noisy two-o'clock, the restless three-o'clock slipped by, and finally the four-o'clock bell rang. The room emptied quickly as the charging herd of students stormed into the halls. Doors slammed, shouts of "See you at Macy's for a coke," laughter, discussions of plans for the evening seeped in around the edges of her closed door. A heavy weight seemed to have lifted from her shoulders. The meeting, dinner, and then home. Home meant little to Miss Blackstone. It meant loneliness, and the recalling of dreams that had as yet not burned completely out. She hated dreams. They were for fools who couldn't face reality. What was it her professor at the University had said? "Dreams are like a ball of yarn. The strands themselves are useless until the knitter can weave them together with the coldness and bitterness of life." Miss Blackstone winced as she thought of her "garment of dreams." Too many stitches had been dropped to provide much protection for her. She closed the window, picked up her hat and coat, and located her keys.

By the time she reached the superintendent's office, she found the room filled with board members and faculty. She located a chair near the back of the room and waited. The buzz of conversation ceased as Mr. Leslie, the superintendent, entered the room. He assumed command



The Usual Miss Blackstone, contd.

of the group by rapping with a pencil for order.

"And I see that we're all present. That's fine. Let's begin."

Everything was always fine with Mr. Leslie. Miss Blackstone believed that if the world could come to an end, that would be fine too. She didn't know just why she disliked the man so. Perhaps it was because he was so eager about life. He was a fool. She looked with distaste at his bloated figure and smiling pudgy face. Beads of perspiration stood out upon his flushed features. The room was warm. He ran a stubby finger around his wilted shirt collar, loosened his tie and shirt at the neck. A nervous cough interrupted his speech and Miss Blackstone wondered how many of the other suffering men in the room wanted to do the same. His voice droned on.

"And now, we have a problem."

There was a general restlessness among the listeners—the shuffling of feet, movement as people sought more comfortable positions in vain, a few whispers, and the exchanging of knowing smiles.

"As most of you already know," Leslie continued, "Mr. Jefferson, our present head of the English department, is leaving the faculty at the end of the term."

More excited whispering. Miss Blackstone felt the blood drain from her face and return with a rush. "Jefferson leaving! That means we have to elect a new head!" She waited.

Mr. Leslie leaned forward across his desk. His small pig-like eyes narrowed impressively. "I ask you to consider what qualifications accompany such an appointment."

Miss Blackstone brought out her garment of dreams and began knitting furiously.

"He needs experience—"

She added twenty-three stitches. Why did Leslie always use "he"—grammatically it was correct, but still the implied inequality annoyed her.

"He must be dependable—"

She felt like the women who knitted at the guillotine. Clickety-clack went the needles.

"He must be aggressive—"

She paused as she tried to recover the stitch she had dropped.

"He must be up-to-date in his methods. And young enough to stand the responsibility—"

Miss Blackstone assured herself that forty-seven wasn't so old. Clickety-clack.

"And he must be well liked by both the student body and the faculty."

She wasn't sure on this point either. She hadn't made it her policy to make many friends. But then, she hadn't been hostile. Surely—Clickety-clack.

"And now, let's have your nominations."

There were only two people named, Miss Blackstone and the new teacher.

"Surely," she thought, "I'll be elected. My one chance to accomplish something." Clickety-clack.

The two left the room during the voting. It didn't take long. The two came back in and sat down.

"I am happy to report," said the smiling face, "that Miss Thornton has been elected. Congratulations!"

Miss Blackstone caught her breath as she felt the sharp, stabbing pain streak through her body. The room seemed to rock with applause and features became blurred. The only thing that seemed real was Mr. Leslie's face and his voice saying over and over, "Miss Thornton has been elected. Miss Thornton has been elected. Miss Thornton—Miss Thornton—Miss Thornton!" The needles dropped from her numb hands and the ball of yarn rolled crazily about the room. The knitting lay in a crumpled heap on the floor.

She offered her congratulations to the victor and left the room. She remembered vaguely pulling on her worn black coat over her suit—of leaving the building and of feeling the warm sun on her shoulders

"Nice day, Miss Blackstone—beautiful day, Miss Blackstone."

She glanced at her watch and saw that it was time for dinner. She walked quickly to the small restaurant where she always ate and sat down in her customary booth. A waiter wandered over to take her order.

"The usual order, Miss Blackstone?"

"Yes, Jack. The usual."

## Inexpensively Speaking

By Patsie Northcutt, '50

I HAD heard many esteemed wiseacres wax long and eloquent on the subject of having a good time without spending an excessive amount of money. I had heard my wizened, sharp-tongued, but lovable great-uncle despair of the extravagance of modern youth who religiously believe, he maintained, that a good time can be had for a price only, and a large one at that. Also I had heard my usually good-humored father expound heatedly the extravagances of the younger generation. We had lost the knack of enjoying such simple pleasures as a picnic in the woods or an old-fashioned taffy pull, he cried. We were too fast, too thrill-mad, too much bent on having a good time the expensive way, rather than the wholesome way he had employed in his youth. But the crowning blow was delivered by the benign pastor of the Methodist Church, who spent his eloquence lecturing in the crowded stillness of church on an otherwise delightful May morning about "Our Spendthrift Youth." That did it!

With determination obliterating reason within me, I decided to clear the issue once and for all. Rationally but not so calmly plotting my course, I set as my goal the settlement of this age-old controversy. Can a good time be had without spending money? The more I pondered, the more pleased I became with myself. Why, this should be quite simple, I confidently grinned. I merely plan a day of activity that will give immense pleasure but cost little and then carry it through to the letter. Then I shall employ my usual extravagant methods of seeking pleasure. Whichever of the two methods gives the more satisfactory results will, without doubt, settle this silly squabble. Well-satisfied with myself, I decided I must be a rather clever person to devise this little scheme that was so certain to succeed. The world is in real need of people like me, I modestly admitted—women who can meet the challenge and search out the truth. Yes, this was a real cause to which I was about to apply myself. Confidently I set my talents to the task.

After convincing my seventeen-year-old brother Ernest—who, rude boy, protested that he did not wish "to go in quest of the truth"—that he should join me in my venture, I set forth clad in baggy jeans with empty pockets. (The better to spend an inexpensive day.) We headed for the woods, if that is what one would call the patches of mesquite trees and scrub oaks growing in the gulleys on Texas plains. I had previously decided that six o'clock was a delightful time of the morning for a rigorous, inexpensive hike. We parked the car beside the road and, undaunted by the barbed-wire fence confronting us, crawled over. Then occurred the first calamity of the day. For some unknown reason the posterior of my jeans failed to clear one unyielding barb. The resounding rip that followed told its own story. Proceeding a few steps, Ernest ungracefully fell into a prairie-dog hole and I, stepping back to enjoy his predicament, tripped and sat, to my dire discomfort, on a cactus.

Painfully picking ourselves up, we tramped on through the morning mists for a mile or so, stopping occasionally to toss rocks at the backs of signboards which dotted the country. Abruptly we came upon a tall, lean man wearing boots, a large hat, and—a badge. Firmly he led us to one of the sign posts that had been

the target of our rocks and, in a deep, steady voice, read the inscription thereon: "No Trespassing. By Order of Police. Punishable by Fine." We meekly accepted the ticket he silently offered us and wasted little time in returning to the car. Our inexpensive day was off to a grand start. We were already fifteen dollars in the hole.

Well, we decided, a good old-fashioned taffy pull would be a calamity-proof way of having a good time. Returning home, I de-cactused myself while Ernest, with some difficulty, explained the fine to Dad. Then we were off to the grocery store, for taffy requires many ingredients. Hm-m, we pondered, we must have sugar (yes, use that last stamp), pink coloring, two gallons of molasses, two pounds of butter, a box of salt, a dozen eggs, three quarts of milk, and a dozen doughnuts for an appetizer. My, how expensive groceries were these days! There went another five dollars.

The taffy soon came to a boil, and we prepared to pull it. However, it turned out to be less "pully" than we had anticipated. Instead of forming strong cords of delicious candy as we had planned, it drained through our eager fingers into a sticky puddle on the floor. Each of the two succeeding attempts to pull taffy ended in a like disastrous manner. The remainder of the morning we spent on hands and knees scraping and prying the remains of our inexpensive, calamity-proof taffy pull from the kitchen floor. To our dismay, however, when the candy had been cleaned up, the floor still bore pale, greasy spots as evidence of our culinary inability, which we blamed on a faulty recipe. The linoleum-layer conservatively estimated the repair costs at a price that evidently displeased an already irate father. Would we confess, he demanded, what had come over us? What could we possibly be up to? So, my spirit hopelessly deflated, I explained my venture, its impetus, and its ultimate goal. Father was irritated, then tolerantly amused, and finally thoughtful.

"You'd think we oldsters would realize," he said, "that our children are growing up under conditions entirely foreign to our youth. Why should we expect them to employ our rustic pleasures in lives which are so different from what ours used to be? One would almost draw the conclusion that we were anti-progressive."

"You know, Dad," I ventured, reflecting his thoughtful mood, "I don't doubt that we all draw that conclusion about ourselves sooner or later. I think we all wonder whether or not we're narrow-mindedly hindering progress. It's only when we cease to wonder that the real trouble starts."

## The Pursuit Of Nature Or Hark-Hark

By Barbara Lloyd, '50

DAD was a little later than usual that crisp Friday evening in the latter part of October. When he finally did appear, you could barely see Papa for the bundles. He was loaded, and overloaded, with oil cans, boxes of shells, boots, plaid wool shirts, and shotguns. We opened each package with gusto; the men explained and demonstrated the mechanics of the firearms; and we all modeled the boots and shirts. Meanwhile, dinner got cold and Mother fumed.

After we had eaten and the dishes had been washed, Dad and the boys situated themselves, the oil cans, guns, and boots in the center of Mother's shining kitchen and proceeded to polish "with might and main" all over the white porcelain table top. They tied soft rags, saturated with oil, on long strands of twine, and then pulled them back and forth through the barrels of the guns until it seemed as if it would not be necessary to pull the trigger to induce the shell to come racing out the

end. They stained, and restained, the stocks, and then polished them to mirror brilliancy. Unhesitatingly, they helped themselves to all of the available used bacon grease, which had been painstakingly collected in a patriotic spirit. They oiled the boots until the leather was dripping, and then set the gooey things on top of the table for the grease to soak in over night. These elaborate preparations went on between stories of past hunting trips, reminiscences of "that swell blind on Lake Herman," the "big fella that Johnny missed up by Letcher, and so forth, on into the night.

About four the next morning the alarm shattered the peace and quiet of our home. Immediately it was buzzing with activity, and shortly after five we were packed—lunch, dog, and all—into the car and were speeding off for parts unknown. This was indeed to be the hunting trip to top all hunting trips.

The sun was just coming up on our backs as we left the city limits west of town. Its cheery glow through the rising dew cast a reddish gold haze over the rolling wheat fields that ran continuously along the highway. A slight breeze was disturbing the heads of the wheat, and they rippled and flowed, on and on, in hushed contentment. As we passed a farm house here and there, we saw the cocks come strutting out of the barn to stretch their wings and crow defiantly at their alarm clock, the sun. Rusty barked back at them from the car and aroused the farmer's dog, who replied in the same tone.

We left the highway for a rutted, winding path that led to the hunter's paradise. Bouncing along with great expectation, we saw hundreds of multicolored pheasants taking off ahead and settling again in our wake. But this was not the day for pheasants. Today we were after ducks or geese, any hunter's prize. For this reason we welcomed a sudden change in the weather. The sun, that had risen so brightly, became duller, and the blue sky was blanketed with a dull gray fog. The dew began to settle again.

We had no more than expressed our delight at this stroke of luck than Dad slowed down and pulled carefully off to the side of the road, cheerfully announcing that we would walk from here. And so we packed up and struck off across a corn field, much to the disgust of the field mice, and to the delight of Rusty. She gleefully tore after mice, rabbits, and birds until she suddenly tripped over a broken corn stalk and came whimpering back to the crowd. It was then that we decided that our beautiful Irish setter would never make much of a hunting dog.

We tramped for what seemed like hours until, after covering about a quarter of a mile, we came upon a hollow set between two hills. It was overgrown with deep, dense grass and weeds. Just over one of the hills a backwater of the Platte River oozed up into the hollow, making a marsh at the lower end of it. The situation being ideal, we established ourselves at strategic points to dig in, build our blinds, and await our prey. Any human sound was of course forbidden, and so in silence we patiently spent the next two hours listening to the morning sounds. The crickets and locusts chirped back and forth at each other; and the water splashed gently up the hollow through the grasses.

Then we spotted the geese coming down from the north. Eight or ten of them were gliding gracefully along, our malicious plans completely unknown to them. The guns went off one by one, again and again, and three huge birds plummeted earthward. Shouts of joy and congratulations came from all of us. After success such as this, any further serious hunting would be impossible, and so we headed for home—cold, damp, sleepy, hungry, and happy.

## The Serious Type

By Betsy Peaveyhouse, '50

MY dad is a serious, hard-working individual of about sixty years who is nobody's fool. He cannot tolerate people with idle time or impractical thoughts. Even our neighbors have commented on Dad's unlimited supply of nervous energy, and they have many times admonished him to slow down to at least a "trotting gait." Problems of international importance weigh heavily upon his mind, to say nothing of his business and family problems. On the whole my dad is a person of decision and purpose and one that I respect immensely.

One night while Dad was working at his desk in the living room, I came in to ask him some question which has no bearing on this essay. I happened, however, to glance at the papers over which he was concentrating, and I became very curious about the large sheets of printed and illustrated matter which lay before him. Having noticed that I was peering at his work, Dad jerked the papers under the desk top and, behaving as if he were a student caught copying someone's assignment, embarrassedly informed me that the papers were of such importance that only carefully selected people were allowed to delve into their contents. The hint was so evident that I accomplished my previously announced mission and then left the room.

However, the thought of those mysterious papers kept coming to my mind. I just had to know what they were or I would go insane. Each time that I was alone I literally moved every article in the house in order to find the documents, but all was in vain. Then, one Saturday, while making the beds, what should fall from underneath the springs of Daddy's bed but the coveted secret papers? Of course I wasted no time in beginning the task of unraveling their complicated text. Here is how the first page began:

"Greetings, contestants!! *Facts Magazine* wants to take this opportunity to wish each one of you success in completing the picture tests of this contest without mistakes, and hopes that the best man is YOU!!"

"What on earth is Daddy up to?" I thought, but continued with increasing interest to examine the series of boxlike figures which contained odd pictures and peculiar letter combinations. Room was also provided at the bottom of each cube for the answer to each particular figure. So that was it! My practical-minded father was a contest puzzle worker! After having a good, healthy laugh I determined to make him pay for his "important secret."

That night at supper in a wicked manner I exposed my very disconcerted dad. At his expense we all enjoyed the joke. Naturally, I supposed that the matter was settled. Dad would meekly return to his usual life. But I was quite mistaken. Dad's efforts to complete the contest continued with renewed zeal, and before I knew it the whole family was contributing answers to the quiz. Believe me or not, it was I who carried out the last requirement by writing a theme on "The Value of *Facts Magazine*."

If this narrative had ended happily Dad would have won the contest, and the family would have taken a trip to Florida on the prize money. But the actual case was that the government officials ruled the contest illegal because of the breaking of some United States mail laws. As a result, the whole *Facts Magazine* corporation was dissolved. Thus no prize was awarded.

"There will be no more contests for me," Dad says, but after this past revelation of character I doubt the truth of his statement.



## The Road

By Pat Young, '50

THE sun bore down on my head and shoulders with an uncomfortable heaviness as I walked along the steep, winding road. The sharp points of the rocks bit through the thin soles of my tennis shoes, and I could feel my face and arms burning to a dark, unbecoming shade of purple.

When each breath had become a laborious effort, I sank down on a boulder by the side of the road. Kicking off my tennis shoes, I wiggled my toes gratefully as I contemplated the scene which surrounded me.

I had not noticed the beauty of the oldest mountains in the world that morning. I had been too intent upon walking; but now I observed the tall, scarlet rod-like flowers that covered the hill sides, completely dwarfing their smaller, less conspicuous neighbors, the black-eyed susan. These, in turn, hid from the casual eyes the small, purple wild verbenas, which peeped from their hiding places beneath the leaves of the yellow flowers like timid children hiding behind their mother's skirts.

The air was alive with the twittering of birds. Directly over my head a red-winged blackbird was ardently caroling to his lady-love. It was suddenly good just to feel the refreshing breeze blow across my hot, sunburned face and arms.

At that moment I realized that I was not alone. A long black snake was coiled on the shady side of the rock. As I watched him he slowly slithered across one side of it to a spot that the sun had warmed. His skin, which before had been a muddy, dull black, now burst into shining iridescent rainbows as he undulated across the sun-drenched rock. His red and green forked tongue flicked in and out of his mouth as if he were tasting the smells and freshness of the air. He stopped approximately two feet from me, and we stared at each other for perhaps a full minute; I was completely fascinated. He resembled nothing so much as the handle to a beautiful teakwood box that I had once seen in a curio window. I suddenly had an overwhelming desire to touch him. I knew that his skin would be warm, soft, and pliant. I made a small motion with my hand and he was gone; the rock was bare. He might never have been there. With a sigh I turned and started again up the tortuous road; but more slowly than before, for now I was noticing the flowers and small lizards that lay sunning themselves on the warm ground.

At last I was approaching the summit of the hill. I rounded a sharp curve, Beneath me lay the valley like a giant chessboard of green and brown. A faint haze blotted out the horizon and lent the whole scene an air of unreality. A long, snake-like train moved across one corner of the landscape, trailing behind it a black ribbon of smoke which turned grey, then white; then vanished into nothingness. The cry of the whistle sounded faintly in my ears, and the last notes of it were mingled with the sadly sweet grace notes of a meadow lark. I watched until I could no longer see the train; until the valley was shrouded in the last rays of the sun shining through the haze. Then I turned and walked quickly down the road. I did not look back.

## Transit In The City

By Lorraine Windsor, '50

THE city's transit system is much like a giant spider's web, the system's operators like the spider. The buses and streetcar lines stretch out from the heart of the city's business district to the very outskirts of urban life. These lines draw many people into its care, just as the spider's web reaches out and draws into it its prey.

The men that operate these lines are truly servants of the city. They patiently, from early morning to late at night,

guide their vehicles through the congested city streets out to the lonely suburbs. During the rush hours these men usher thousands of people to their appointed place, and at the close of day, home again.

Unappreciative people ask many silly questions and favors of the driver, but stubbornly, they refuse to obey simple instructions and requests. There is, for example, the woman who says, "Would you let me off in the middle of that next block?" It does not bother her that such an act is against the law, would tie up traffic, and be extremely dangerous. The conductor politely tries to explain this situation to the lady, but at the next stop she indignantly steps off muttering unkind words. Then there is always the gentleman who can't wait or waste a few minutes to light up what he thinks is a fragrant cigar. This, too, is against a city ordinance and is very unpleasant to others. The teen-agers add their contributions, too. At three-twenty post meridiem great masses of them push and cram their well laden bodies through the portals of the buses and trolley cars. A kind of chaos quickly spreads throughout the car, elders stare in bewilderment, and what is left of the driver's sanity, abruptly leaves him. Then as quickly as they came, these youths depart, either going to their homes or the favorite hangout, leaving behind them initials, shredded upholstery, discarded papers, and a nervous and astonished group of passengers.

This great web is rarely appreciated until something like a transit strike occurs and throws many people out of a means to reach their destination. It is seldom realized how much planning and how many people are needed to operate such a network efficiently.

## "Look to the Mountain"

By Caroline L. Fritschet, '50

TRAVELING has an added thrill when one sees something entirely foreign to him. I found the truth in this statement last summer when our first post-war vacation revealed the beautiful scenery that Middle Westerners are deprived of. I am referring to my first view of a mountain. Any of you Westerners who puff and sigh at the sight of a climbing road may close your ears in disgust, for I am going to tell you about one "plainsman" who would never have returned to a tableland home had the decision been up to her.

My trip to Colorado brought a most startling realization in the fact that everything I had heard or read about the country materialized into truth before my eyes. No poetic description of hazy blue mountains could have overestimated the actual beauty of these scenes, nor could a Western thriller transfer into black and white print the sensation of looking downward from dizzy heights. Having my expectations enlarged in actual experience was something entirely new to me.

I have heard a range of mountains often described as "a row of grey clouds hovering near the horizon," but you can imagine my astonishment when the clouds that had threatened our driving into a storm suddenly loomed up before my eyes as the Rockies! I could not help thinking that the early pioneers certainly must have had a shock when the flat land of today's Nebraska transformed itself into a vertical barrier of stone.

Our car Merc, faithful servant for many a mile, was my companion in discovering the lack of density in high mountain air. By the time we reached the summit of the Trail Ridge Road, he responded to the climb by vigorously boiling the water in his radiator, while I ran a few yards away

in search of an unusually spectacular scene for my camera to record. I found a surprise, instead, when those quick steps were sufficient exertion to make me rest and catch my breath for a few moments. It was also at this spot, 1,182 feet above sea level, that I experienced the oddity of stepping into a snowdrift with only a pair of summer sandals between my feet and the chilling ground. A White Christmas at home was not half so fascinating as snow in the middle of July. No matter how long a time I had known the climatic or scenic facts about mountainous regions, each new experience was like a personal discovery.

## Meow!

By Katherine L. Young, '50

THERE are many breeds of humans—mongrel and thoroughbred—but probably one of the best-known species is the feline. She, or he, as is true in many instances, is regarded as a very unnecessary evil by most of society. As Ogden Nash has so aptly stated it,

The trouble with a kitten is THAT  
Eventually it becomes a CAT.

On close examination we find that the race of felines has much in common with its so-termed superior, the human race. Both species take great pride in their personal appearance. The redoubtable human spends hours primping before his mirror. The cat, handicapped by a lack of looking glasses at his lower level of vision, must satisfy himself with a sustained daily bath and combing session administered by himself, no less. Cats are born with an indescribable loathing for water except as a beverage. So are humans, but in the rigors of civilization the youthful *homo sapiens* eventually is convinced by parental encouragement—sometimes aided by the application of a hairbrush on strategic portions of the anatomy—that water is a pleasant thing, to be enjoyed and reveled in. That this belief is against all human nature can be best illustrated by the known fact that many humans upon reaching maturity abandon water in any form as a beverage and satisfy their inherent dislike of the liquid by consuming vast quantities of man-made drinks—intoxicating and otherwise.

On the other hand, cats are the way they are, always. They are not credited with the reasoning powers of the human race. Therefore, what apology can man offer for his feline tendencies, since he is credited with reasoning power?

The evolution of the *homo felinus* (man cat to you) is shrouded in mystery. Probably the first time Mrs. Killwolf's husband killed an extra bear or two and provided her with a new fur sarong, the wives in the neighboring caves gave vent to their jealousy by talking about that awful new hairdo their victim had. Or, again, maybe it was the first loser in a love triangle who started the gossip about her more successful opponent.

Regardless of its origin, the feline tendency in the gentler sex has been perpetuated down through the centuries until at present there are certain rules and conventions to be followed by all disciples of flourishing custom. One must never frankly run someone else down. This process should be carried on subtly yet noticeably enough that no doubt will remain as to the identity of the victim. Also, and this is supremely important, the feline convert must always be gracious and seemingly friendly and sincere to her victim—to aid her in securing additional

juicy morsels to relay to her fellows.

Of course, there are remedies for these curses on an otherwise comparatively peaceful society. Social ostracism has been found quite effective, but is recommended only in the most severe cases. There is always the "eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth" cure, but inevitably, this only leads to the formation of a separate clique making a business of scandalizing its enemy organization. Probably the only completely satisfactory cure is to lead a hermit's life.

It seems that the most fruitful soil for the germ of gossip lies in the "friendly" little weekly social gathering where a group of the "girls" get together to visit. A typical gathering is the community Thursday Club. Everyone is welcome to join—except those belonging to the Methodist, Christian, and Baptist churches (they beat us last year in their rummage sales), wives of non-professional men, or—well—Mrs. Johnson. ("You know how her husband drinks.") The gossip clubs are very democratic.

At these pleasant little gatherings, certain stock phrases have come into being. Mrs. Doe remarks to Mrs. Smith, "Have you heard about that Jones girl?" and the slaughter is on. Interspersed throughout the conversation are two other standard phrases: "Did you see—?" and "Did you know that—?" And so, following the usual procedure, the meeting is under way. Reputations rise or fall as these three little questions develop.

## Why I like Lying In The Sun

By Lois McGinnis, '50

ONE reason why I like lying in the sun is that I like those pleasant interrupting sounds around me of small creatures proclaiming their right to take part in today's world.

I now am lying on my back, having transported myself to this soft bed of green grass. I'm beginning to have that drowsy feeling, soaking up the warm rays given out by the sun. My nose sniffs the sweetness of the air, and the perfumed smell of flowers, trees, and grasses is carried to me by soothing breezes. My eyes are taking in the white downy clouds in the clear blue sky and the other masterpieces of nature.

I close my eyes, only opening them when I hear some foreign sound. There, I hear two squirrels chattering excitedly! They must be fighting over a nut. I open my eyes, trying to spot them. I hold my breath lest they hear me, for they are only a few feet away. Suddenly these furry creatures stop chattering, become motionless as if carved in stone, and then scamper up a near-by walnut tree. I have moved involuntarily.

My eyes slowly close again. My mind wanders. Then through the dim haze I open my eyes because of another penetrating sound. Several high-pitched voices are chirping in a surprisingly loud tone from a nest on a high branch of an elm. Four small unfeathered birds, their mouths opened wide, are screaming for food. Father is bringing them worms which are disappearing rapidly down their small throats. They seem greedy—not wanting to take turns. Mother is hovering around watching them to make sure one of her crying young does not become over-anxious in stretching forth for its squirming rood and fall out. I smile at this small but important bit of life, and closing my eyes leave them to themselves.

A curious buzzing sound is carried to my ears. I lie still, well knowing the sound of the pollen-seeking bee. My eyes open fascinatedly, following the spasmodic flight of this small fuzzy creature. It is

hovering over a flower laden with pollen. Then it stops. In a straight, direct line the bee enters the heart of the tulip. Loud humming I hear while the bee is busily disengaging the yellow dust from this flower. The steady humming is soothing to my nerves and is inducing more drowsiness. I close my eyes once again, take a big breath, and allow my mind to rest.

I am asleep.

## Snakaphobia

By Patsy Milroy, '50

MY sister drew me aside confidentially. "I've got something to show you," she whispered. She went outdoors to our terrace, stealthily leading the way. I followed, curiosity prodding me onward. "It's under here," I was told, as she drew a brick from the foundation of the terrace! Taking one look, I uttered a terrified squeak and made a hasty retreat to the safety of the porch steps. It was another snake! "Pete," as she named him, was a starved-looking black bull snake stretched sleepily on a mat of decaying leaves. Jean picked up a stick and prodded "Pete," who wriggled his five-foot form angrily. He raised his ugly head. His beady black eyes regarded Jean intrepidly when she advanced. "He wouldn't hurt a soul," she assured me. "He only eats mice and little things. He isn't even poisonous." "Pete" hissed menacingly. Jean hurriedly replaced the brick. I was not convinced.

My fear of snakes originated on a sunny spring day in the first grade. I had dutifully trotted to school, clutching my crayolas and an apple for the teacher. My teacher, inaptly named Miss Sours, informed us that we were going to have a treat. A nice man from the zoo—maybe it was the circus—had brought a cute little snake—she didn't know what kind—for us to see this afternoon—she didn't know just when. It would be quite exciting, she thought, and showed us pictures of green baby snakes lying in the grass. Confidently we marched to assembly. The principal asked for six husky volunteers to help carry the snake. Suspicion clouded my thoughts. I gazed questioningly at Miss Sours, who beamed cheerfully back. Then the rear door opened and six boys, grasping a thirty-foot water boa, walked down the aisle. A cute little garter snake indeed! Its thick skin was a slimy yellow. The monstrous head moved sluggishly from side to side. The lightning-fast tongue darted constantly. I was terrified. Then the wise man spoke. Gravely he said that this species of serpents got its food by entwining itself in branches and waiting until its victim was underneath. Dropping swiftly, it mustered its powerful strength and crushed the animal to death. The broken remains usually resembled sausage. Sausage! I could hardly wait until I was safe in my home room. Later, fear rose in me again when I encountered the terrible thing enclosed in a canvas bag anchored by the light weight of a chair leg. Coiled inside, it rebelled against confinement, thrashing mightily. I rebelled too. I wanted to go home.

Fortunately, I live in a comparatively snake-free territory, or my trademark would be a timid soul, knocking knees, and a fearful heart.



## A Word About The Sponsor

By Caroline L. Fritschel, '50

IN the whole of America's radio-listening public there is probably not a single person who shudders with such disgust as I do when sponsors underestimate the average human intelligence. Indeed, this could be the only reason for those brainy bits of bedlam which escape so systematically from our radios. If there be any competition between sponsor and public opinion, though, we need only to use our invention of modern living for a few hours to know which team is in the lead.

Morning serials are punctuated every fifteen minutes with "money-back guarantees." Akin to this type of commercial we have the "three easy rules of an exciting contest" that the more patient listeners hear for days on end. The power of suggestion no doubt works wonders in advertising, because for what other reason would we be asked such questions as, "Do you wake up in the morning with your eyes closed?" or "Are you troubled by bunions, disappointment in love, or acid indigestion?" Just a step away from the philosophy of these ads we find the comparison type, which always makes me wonder if, for instance, the announcer is not talking about three different people when he exclaims, "She's engaged. She's lovely! She uses Ponds!"

Another popular method of inviting the use of a certain product seems to be the bandwagon idea—"Everybody's doing it!" Who in the listening public could resist "keeping up with the Joneses"? This might also apply to those marvelous cigarettes and breakfast cereals that have been "laboratory tested in a coast-to-coast survey" to prove their outstanding reliability beyond the consumer's doubt. Yes, it does work!

Then we have that everlasting source of amusement, the sixty-second quickie. "Pepsi-Cola hits the spot; twelve full ones, that's a lot—" or do people really absorb those gay bits of nonsensical rhythm. Apparently so, but I wish I knew the ratio between advertising gains and public annoyance resulting from radio commercials. Praise be to the man who said "I will put bananas in my refrigerator!" At least this is a step in the right direction.

## The Hurricane Strikes!

By Mary Nelle Holcomb, '50

AS I took my solitary walk along the beach, I raised my eyes to the top of the sea wall and decided to scale its side if possible. After an arduous ten minutes of seeking footholds and breaking fingernails, I pulled myself to the top. As I sat in triumph with my legs dangling over the side, I was stirred by a vague sense of alarm at the dingy gray cast which hung over the sky. Looking out over the gulf, I noticed for the first time the increasing undertow; and at last, as I saw the crashing waves which brought great fragments of drift wood catapulting to the beach, my mind screamed with the realization that a hurricane was on its way.

Panic-stricken, I scrambled down the wall and began the flight for safety. I knew by the ominous rustling of the palm leaves that soon it would be too late to reach shelter and the storm would be upon me. I turned down the street to the hotel just as the first drops of water began to pelt the rain-weary city. The first great gust of wind actually shoved me through the door and into my mother's anxious arms. As I shed my dripping jacket and pushed the streaming hair out of my eyes, I was met by the questioning

glances of the hotel guests, whose only alternative was to wait, entrenched within the four walls of this flimsy hotel until the storm had died down.

No matter how many times I experience the heart-rending terror of a hurricane, I shall never cease to be captured by its awe-inspiring grandeur. I spent the next several hours with my nose pressed to the window glass watching, with a horrible fascination, the jagged streaks of lightning which illuminated the spectacle of foliage torn to shreds, and trees bent earthward under the force of the gale.

The next day dawned gray but clear, and I dubiously ventured forth to view the havoc wrought by the frightful onslaught of the night before. The streets were littered with wreckage, and the pitiful glimpse of a little girl clutching at a soggy rag doll imprinted itself upon my brain. The sight which aroused the deepest commiseration in the souls of the bystanders, however, was a once proud merry-go-round with only the bedraggled remnants of its former glory. The horses were turned all awry, and one courageous black stallion bravely lifted his sodden red plumes in a pitiful attempt to recapture his forever-departed dignity.

## Incident In Nature

By Sally Joy, '50

AS I made my way along the well trod path to the boathouse, small white chips of snow drifted leisurely down from above, collided with my hot flushed face, and disappeared as they melted.

I ignored them and quickened my pace as my thoughts were then concerned not with the weather, but with the fate of my boat which had been carelessly left on the stony beach for over a week, during which time a tornado had raged the area.

Several feet ahead a shaft of sunlight penetrated the darkness of the dense growth of trees and as I reached it I paused to look at my watch. As I started to walk on, a pair of gleaming eyes attracted my attention. Kneeling to inspect their origin I discovered they belonged to a redbird evidently wounded or hurt in some manner. Next to it grew a wild rosebush, and I inhaled the sweet, fresh odor of a rose accidentally left over from the summer's blossoming.

Thinking I might be able to help the bird, I picked it up, and as I did so turned it over. Suddenly I was petrified. I could neither drop the bird nor move, for it was merely a shell, a skeleton plus a few feathers, filled with hundreds of crawling, slithering worms, devouring the little they had not already eaten.

With no control over my actions I threw the mass of life and death in some direction, I know not where, and hysterically raced back to the road; stumbling over brown, moist, rotten, tree trunks; slipping on soft, green moss; and all the time seeing nothing but unseeing eyes, and the movements of hundreds of slipping, sliding worms; smelling nothing but the perfume of an out-of-the-season rose.

The snow began falling faster; it remained on the ground now, and by the time I reached the road, leaped into the car, and recovered my logical thinking, the woods, everything in it, was covered with a layer of white, clean snow. All the horrible aspects of the woods, the death, the murderous quality of things the darkness, were hidden from my sight by this magical matter; leaving only the beautiful, the outline of white trees against the sky, white mystical shapes, to be seen.

## Communion

By Vivian Brubaker, '50

PARTAKING of communion is the moment that crowns my week. Though each church has its beliefs about the time and frequency of this ceremony, I think that each person who has ever sincerely experienced the emotion it creates in one has the will and the determination to work to make himself a better person.

Through the week I look forward to Sunday, which for me spells church and communion. Perhaps it's the music of the choir which seems to make that wonderful lifted up and tingling sensation, or it may be the pastoral prayer which gives one the feeling of quiet calmness and humility, but somehow I think it's the sunlight pouring through the stained glass window spreading a magical pattern of many hues on the white covering of the communion table that makes my heart pound and my mind fill with praises of the One whose body and blood are symbolized just underneath the white covering. The prayers of the elders are seldom heard but the white cross centered in the multitude of organ pipes is visible to all. Its whiteness reminds one of purity—purity that can be contagious if one would be exposed to it. Each ray sends out the message, "Ye are the light of the world." If we could capture one of the many rays we could rise to unlimited heights, for it would light the road to a life of faith, love, service for our Maker. We try to find purity within ourselves that would compare to the white of the cross, but reflections of past actions and words of the week flash through our inner mind. How can we erase those blots so that we may have another chance? The elders are trying to show us. They are serving communion. With a promise to ourselves to do better in the week to come, we humbly partake of the holy food. The rays of the cross seem to beckon to us, saying, "I am the way, the truth and the life." The large chandelier, composed of numerous bulbs, illuminates the church and it seems that each light represents a person who has partaken of communion, and who has caught some of the radiance of the cross and is letting the captured sparks of purity shine before others that they too can share the purity and glorify the Father of All.

## My Return To The Land Of Make-believe

By Carleen Jacobson, '50

HAVE you recently visited the place where you played as a small child—a place from which you have been absent for some years? Last summer I visited Knause's Timber. In this woods where I had spent some of the happiest days of my childhood, I felt completely alone and unwanted. I was conscious of the same inadequacy I always felt when meeting a good friend with whom I had quarreled. So eagerly had I awaited the visit, the change made me think that nothing else worthwhile could be left in the world.

Until I reached the age of twelve my best friend and I spent all of our spare time in this woodland paradise. As pre-school children we were not permitted to go alone, for our parents feared snakes, coyotes, and tramps. We were unable to understand this attitude, for fear was an unknown emotion to us. We begged the older boys to take us "down to the Timber" (that phrase promised supreme adventure). When we were old enough to observe the ways of the world, we sneaked down to the Timber by ourselves—down to the realm of make-believe. Here, away from the taunts of the older children, we could be anyone our fancies dictated. Sitting on the shaded banks of a stream with our feet plunged in the cool water my companion and I could be famous sculptresses. Our simple material consisted of the damp grey-blue slate that covered the beds of the smaller streams, and a versatile Boy Scout knife. When we were in a more adventurous mood, we could become successful deep-sea fishermen. The

mud bed of the Big Creek was a haven for catfish. If we were careful not to rile the water, the unsuspecting fish, buried, except for a fin, could occasionally be caught by hand. Needless to say, we were more successful when it came to catching the small frogs that abounded along the banks of the Big Creek. New avenues of adventure opened for us when we became the owners of two ponies. We raced through valleys, up steep rocky mountains, and through deep woods.

When I returned, I found the magic spell had vanished, never to return. The trees were not so tall, the streams were not so deep or clear, nor were there as many frogs. I thought the entire scene had altered. Now I realize I am the one who has changed.

## TIDIE

By Marcia Job, '50

ALL my life I had longed for a dog. Annually I entreated my parents to purchase a lovable hound, and I promised faithfully that I would care for her. My mother disliked canines, but she swallowed her fear, and on my sixteenth birthday I was presented with a cuddly little pup. Her pedigree plainly told that she was a terrier, but I would have loved her just as much if she had been an alley mongrel.

Our first problem was to name her. We pondered for hours over "monikers," and at last we decided on "Empress Teresa" because it seemed so impressive. We placed the new addition to our family at one end of the living room, and we took our stance at the opposite end and began to call, "Here, Empress Teresa! Here, Empress Teresa!" She looked very much bewildered and did not respond. Then, hitting upon a new idea, I shouted, "Here, Tidie!" At once a light spread over her face, and she bounded toward me. From that day forward she was introduced as "Tidie."

Tidie had a morning ritual. At night she was put into the basement, where she had a bed made of the finest blanket we possessed. She was very well contented in her boudoir; but as soon as she heard footsteps, she would bound up the stairs and put her nose to the door. (She did have the coldest nose!) After the portal was opened and she had recognized the "opener," she would race upstairs. There she inspected every room to make sure that the family had arisen. If, by chance, one of us were still in bed, she would leap onto us and "nose around" until we were awakened. Then she would wiggle all over with joy. Many a morning I was abruptly aroused from my slumber by that little demon.

When Tidie's time came and she died, our whole family mourned. Although Mother had professed no love for dogs, she was as sad as I. When Daddy and I remarked about this, she said, "Tidie wasn't only a dog! She was—well, she was just Tidie." I think that expresses the way I felt too. She was not only a dog. She was Tidie!

## Much Ado About Nothing

By Adele Breech, '50

HAVE you ever tried to write about nothing? It is quite a great deal of fun, and it saves much work.

When most people start to write a paper they have to ask themselves, "Now what shall I write about?" Some people work as hard finding something to write about as they do writing the paper; then, when they find the something, they have to be careful to write things that concern that something. If you write about nothing you do not have to find something to write on; nor do you have to be careful to write only about your something, because how can anything be irrelevant to nothing?

It is quite exciting to start writing words on a blank sheet of paper, to see them form sentences, and not have to worry about what they are saying because you already know—they are saying nothing. So many times people writing on something end by saying so little that it is a shame they did not write on nothing to start with.

Nothing has endless advantages to offer to an author. It can be expanded or contracted; it can be bright or dull, it can be humorous or serious; it can say little or much. Does any other subject offer such varied opportunities. Another advantage to writing about nothing is that you do not have to worry about it. You can worry about anything as long as it is something, but who is going to worry about nothing? In addition to this, although anything has a limit to how much can be said about it, nothing has none, therefore you never run out of something to say about nothing.

Webster's Dictionary says that nothing is not anything, nought; that which does not exist." This brings up the question "Can one write about "that which does not exist"?" Though certain persons may argue the point with me, I say one can; and I offer the preceding paragraphs to prove my point.

## LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

"I Feare No More" John Donne and Death.....	Jan Miller, '47	3
Profile of the City.....	Dona McNaughton, '50	3
My Thoughts on Graduation Night.....	Jean Boyer, '50	3
Tidie.....	Marcia Job, '50	6
The Usual, Miss Blackstone.....	Corinne Weller, '49	3
The Pursuit of Nature or Hank Hank.....	Barbara Lloyd, '50	4
The Serious Type.....	Betsy Peaveyhouse, '50	4
The Road.....	Pat Young, '50	5
Transit in the City.....	Lorraine Winsor, '50	5
"Look to the Mountain".....	Caroline L. Fritschel, '50	5
Meow!.....	Katherine L. Young, '50	5
Why I Like Lying in the Sun.....	Lois McGinnis, '50	5
Snakophobia.....	Patsy Milroy, '50	5
A Word About the Sponsor.....	Caroline L. Fritschel, '50	6
The Hurricane Strikes.....	Mary Nelle Holcomb, '50	6
Incident in Nature.....	Sally Joy, '50	6
Communion.....	Vivian Brubaker, '50	6
My Return to the Land of Make Believe.....	Carleen Jacobson, '50	6
Much Ado About Nothing.....	Adele Breech, '50	6
Inexpensively Speaking.....	Patsy Northcutt, '50	4



## THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

By Jo Anne Smith

Wetzler will have another "love poem" soon. He says in his most recent letter, "For you, Jo, anything!"

Why does Marilyn Magnolia Blossom, haunt the mail box? Could it be she's expecting a ring???

What first floor Butler girl is paving the way for her engagement by showing off her friends' rings?

Question of the week—Is Jeane Rice still engaged to Skinner—or not?

Nan Amis, why were you so happy to return to L.C. after Easter vacation?

(because of the 'phone strike, gossip has fallen off.

## Colorful Water Fete Features Holidays And Gay Swimmers

The swimming pool, decorated with palms and accompanied with a torrid atmosphere, was the scene for Terrapin's annual water pageant on April 11.

For the theme of this year's pageant Terrapin took the different holidays of the year.

The audience waited anxiously as the lights went out and the girls made their way silently into the water. With the strains of "In Your Easter Bonnet" the light went on and the girls in appropriate "bonnets," swimming hats with flowers, began the opening number.

The second number was Midnight Merriment with Joan O'Flynn and Joan Hake. Their costumes were those of Broadway; top hats, tails and canes.

Saint Valentine's Day followed with Pat Holden, Natalie Lege, Nancy Fanshier and Beverly Lamphere. One of the highlights of this number was the opening in which the girls dove through two large hearts.

To the tune of "Three Little Fishes" Jean Shelton, Pat Matusak and Betty Brandon performed the next number, Fisherman's Frolic. With "scales" on their swimming suits they did an interesting weave, as a part of their act that was fascinating to watch.

The Irish number came next. In suits covered with shamrocks, Willie Viertel, Jody Viertel and Annette Morehead swam to "An Irish Lullaby."

The Halloween number was executed by Mag Burton, Jeanne Gross, Jeane Sebastian, and Mickey Schwarting. They wore black suits and to give a "witchy" appearance they wore black flappers and black hoods. They swam to the song, "That Old Black Magic."

To the popular song "Jealousy," and with candles in their hands the girls formed different patterns in the water, ending with the formation of the letters L. C.

Miss Ross deserves congratulations for her help in putting on Aqua Holidays, and Charlotte Nolan for the interesting narrations.

## PLATTER JOCKEY

What's the latest, according to our favorite disk jockey or juke box for the past week? We've been hearing a great deal of that catchy tune "I Wonder" by the Four Vagabonds and also Eddie Howard. The Chesterfield Supper Club featured a recording by Van Johnson—it wasn't bad either (that's for the benefit of all you swoon fans). Frankie Laine has two new recordings that are making the First Five regularly—"That's My Desire" and "A Sunday Kind of Love." "Mam'selle" by Art Lund is still one of the best sellers in our music stores.

We hear from Capitol recordings that Bob Hope had a little of his usual Lamour trouble in making "My Favorite Brunette"—both the picture and the record—You'd think he'd become immuned by this time. It's a record many of you will like for your collection if you like the Hope-Lamour combination.

Sammy Kaye has just come out with a good arrangement of "Midnight Masquerade" that's wonderful for dancing and Eddie Howard's "My Adobe Hacienda" is still number 6 among the current best sellers. The new Sinatra recording of "I Believe" is making a hit because of its lightness and cute words. Frankie certainly does it justice in his usual manner.

We won't be seeing or hearing too much from Stan Kenton during the summer months—it seems his doctor has warned he must take a rest or suffer a complete relapse so after the band's tour throughout Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, they will break up for the summer with individual assignments and meet again in August.

No additions or deletions will be made and vocals will still be handled by June Christy and the Pastels. We'll really miss Stan's jive, but we can see how he's worn himself out. Don't forget to listen for "Peg O' My Heart" on the First Five tonight by the Three Harmoncats.

## Students Return To Campus With Tales Of Easter Vacation

Spring vacation has passed, and what a wonderful four days it was! The only trouble is it passed too fast. Now the end of school is nearly here. From all reports, spring vacation was just the thing everyone needed. Approximately 23 girls remained on campus, and they tell us they had a lovely time sleeping, studying, and having refreshments served to them each night.

The girls who went south for Easter were lucky in escaping the freezing weather that most of our friends from the north contacted. The question most prevalent on the campus now is "Will it ever get warm in Missouri?" or "When are we going to be able to sunbathe?"

## LOOK!

what Standard Drug has for MOTHER

Don't Forget Mother's Day

May 11

Choose from our many

Lovely Gifts

We Pack and Ship for you

STANDARD DRUG

## Home Ec. Department Faculty Discussion Group Plans Series Of Panel Subjects

The activities of the Home Economics Department on Lindenwood's campus have been very outstanding this year. They have continued the tradition of sending dyed Easter eggs to Markham Memorial, a settlement house in St. Louis. This year they dyed ten dozen eggs. Miss Dorothy Roberts was the chairman of the committee for this project.

As a joint project of the International Relations Club and the Home Economics Club, boxes of food and clothing were sent to the French War Relief in December. On the suggestion of Madame Lyolene, this project was adopted. Delores Thomas of the Home Economics Club and Joanne Reed of the International Relations Club have been in charge of collections and shipping.

The Meal Planning class has given many beautiful and clever luncheons this semester. Their next activity will be evening dinners, served in the Home Economics Department and also a dinner prepared on the outdoor ovens.

Nancy Kern, Merlyn Merx, Marie Steiert, Delores Thomas, Lois Windrow, Ruth Thompson and Donna Jargo are the class members. These girls plan their menu, purchase the food, make their work plan, prepare the food, and serve it to the faculty guests.

## MUSCLE BOUND

By Jeanne Gross

Lindenwood is well represented in the annual Maryville College horse show. The following girls are participants: Audrey Mount, Nancy Dana, Babette Bush, Willie Viertel, Jody Viertel, Marie Mount, Marie Koch, Judy Hagerty, Nancy Kern, Mary Ann Smith, Essilee Playter, Rosemary Egelhoff, and Marilyn Maddux.

Audrey Mount, Nancy Dana and Babette Bush took third place on Wednesday, April 16.

By a one point victory the Day Students won the final game in the basketball intramurals over Butler by the score of 26-25. At the half the score was 15-13 in favor of Butler. High scorer for the Day Students was Jeanne Gross with 13 points.

Swimming intramurals began Monday, April 21.

Jeane Sebastian, Casey Jones and Miss Ver Krusen will attend the State Women's Athletic Association at Maryville State Teachers College April 25-26.

Jeane Sebastian has been elected state secretary of A.A.

## Faculty Discussion Group Plans Series Of Panel Subjects

The recently organized Faculty Discussion Group will meet every other Tuesday night in the Faculty House. All members of the faculty are invited to attend these meetings.

At each meeting, a member presents a brief paper on some subject within his field. These talks are followed by a spirited discussion by the faculty.

Dr. Jessie Bernard led the first meeting on March 25. Her subject was the "FEPA in New York state." On April 1, Dr. Mary Talbot discussed "War and Peace Among Ants and Men." Dr. Elizabeth Dawson led the April 8 meeting, discussing "Man in The Atomic Age—Comedy or Tragedy?"

The schedule for the remaining months of school includes:

April 22: "How Original is Sin?"—Dr. W. W. Parkinson and Dr. Alice Parker.

May 6: "What Latin Americans Are Thinking"—Dr. Mary Terhune and Dr. L. L. Bernard.

May 20: "Art: Escape or Weapon?"—Miss Elizabeth Watts.

## Around The Campus

By Mory Jane Horton

Forty-one more days till Commencement! Yep, the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" are already echoing through the halls of Roemer. Hip, one, two, three—tassels to the left!

Congratulations to Nancy Kern upon the birth of her colt. The "Brat" as he has been temporarily named will be another "Seabiscuit," according to Nancy. Cigars are being passed out daily. Tally ho!

P. S. Any helpful hints for a new nom de plume may be cast in the box outside Room 105, Ayres.

Pink rosebuds, and plaid streamers appeared on campus April 8. Back to school with Easter bonnets to boot!

Worried, nervous, upset? It's spring, and you need one of those extra, special, seasonal, spring tonics. Try a sunbath, try a game of bridge, or roasting wieners. But just try and study—I dare you!

"All the monkeys aren't in the zoo, every day you see quite a few"—and so we did, from the cobra to the cantalope. (Correction: Antelope.) Yes, it's the life of a Biology student. But oh, those cute Marsupialias!

## It's Not To Early To Think Of Flowers For Mother's Day

### BUSE'S FLOWER SHOP

400 Clay

Phone: 148

« Flowers Telegraphed Anywhere »

## WE REPAIR RADIOS INTO PERFECT CONDITION



## DENNINGS

Records by any orchestra

## THE CLUB CORNER

The Encore Club met on April 15 in the Library Club Rooms. During a brief business session, plans were discussed for an all-school party to be given June 2. The theme of the party will be "Spring Fever."

Members of Kappa Pi, National Honorary Art Fraternity, gave a tea for students and members of the faculty on April in the Library Club Rooms.

Sigma Tau Delta held its regular meeting on Thursday, April 17. Mr. Henry Turk, guest speaker, talked briefly on German Literature.

The Commercial Club held its annual St. Patrick's Day Tea on March 16 in the Library Club Rooms. A lovely centerpiece of white snapdragons and phlox was flanked by green tapers. Ice cream, nuts, mints, coffee, and tea were served. Mariam Metz and Jean Mathis played the piano.

Members of Terrapin were presented in their annual water pageant on April 11, in the Butler pool. The theme of this year's pageant was "Aqua Holidays."

El Circulo Espanol held its regular meeting April 15 in the Sibley Club Rooms.

## Bark Staff To Attend College Newspaper Meet

Members of the Linden Bark Staff will leave for the University of Missouri to attend the Missouri College Newspaper Association convention on May 9.

This is the first convention since the war. Prizes will be given for the best news stories and the best school papers.

There will be a luncheon at noon and exhibitions of newspapers. The Staff will attend the annual Journalism Week banquet that night.

## CLEANING CALLED FOR and DELIVERED TO THE COLLEGE P. O.



## STRAND

Tues-Wed. April 22-23

Randolph Scott, Lynn Bari in  
HOMESWEET HOMICIDE

Thurs-Fri-Sat. April 24-25-26

Walt Disney's  
SONG OF THE SOUTH

With Uncle Remus and animated stories

Sun-Mon. April 27-28

Academy Award Winner  
Olivia DeHavilland in  
THE DARK MIRROR  
with Lew Ayres

Tues-Wed. April 29-30

Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake in  
BLONDIE KNOWS BEST

Thurs-Fri. May 1-2-3

YOU and Robert Montgomery star in  
LADY IN THE LAKE

STATIONERY  
for everyone



AHMANN'S

News Stand



### Radio Conference Speakers



These speakers will report on "Careers in Radio." From left to right: The Rev. Mr. Elmer Knoernschild, program director, KFUD, will be chairman of the conference; Mrs. Ellen Brashear, president of the St. Louis Radio Council; and Miss Louise Munsch, director of women's programs, Radio Station WEW.

Following the panel discussion, the Lindenwood radio production class will give a demonstration, in the radio studios in Fine Arts Building. "The Lost Princess" by Barbara Hencke—previously broadcast—will be given. The cast will include Hazel Clay, Rosemary Dron, Gail Frew, Susie Perry, Mildred Reaves, Jorene Williams, and Louise Ritter, the accompanist. Recordings of "Moses" will be presented. The music for the recordings was written by Dr. Leon Karel, of Lindenwood's Music Department.

Members of the national honorary English fraternity, Sigma Tau Delta, will give a tea in the Sibley Club Room from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Dinner will be served to the guests in Ayres dining room. Following dinner, the Linden Bark staff will present a satire of a radio murder-mystery.

"Radio Looks Ahead" will be the title of Lyle Demoss's speech, in Roemer auditorium at 7 p. m. Mr. DeMoss, program manager of Radio Station WOW, Omaha, Neb., is an able and distinctive radio personality. He is a member of H. V. Kaltenborn's "Twenty Year Club," an organization of radio people who have spent more than twenty years in broadcasting. Dr. Siegmund A. E. Betz, of the Lindenwood English Department, will present Mr. DeMoss.

The Advisory Committee for the radio conference includes Dr. Betz, Miss Betty Isaacs, Miss Juliet McCrory, Dr. Alice Parker, and Miss Martha May Boyer, chairman.

### Junior-Senior Prom To Be Highlight Of Spring Social Season

Juniors! Seniors! Grab up your dream boys and come one, come all to the Junior-Senior Prom on May 3. The evening's festivities will begin with a banquet in Ayres Dining Room. The banquet will be followed with dancing in the Butler "Big Top" Gym.

The Prom will be Lindenwood's social event of the spring. There will be pink lemonade and everything else that goes to make a circus a circus.

Jeane Sebastian, Junior Class president, has appointed several committees for the Prom. The committees and the girls serving are:

Dining room decorations: Mickey Schwarting, Esther Parker, Margy Crawford and Barbara Troth.

Dance decorations: Linda Blakey, Merlyn Merx, Ann Nichols, Margaret Burton and Barbara De Puy.

Refreshment committee: Louise Ritter, Dot Roberts and Nancy Kern.

Dr. and Mrs. Franc McCluer have been invited to be the honor guests of the Junior Class.

### Dr. Garnett Resumes Classes

Dr. Raymond Garnett of the Lindenwood Education Department has resumed his duties after an illness of several weeks.

While Dr. Garnett was ill, Dr. William Parkinson conducted his classes.

CAST SELECTED—con. from page 1—

"Our Town" is one of the successful adaptations of the Chinese style of plays. There is no specific setting. The friendly Stage Manager merely describes the places and things, which he expects the audience to use their imaginations to see upon the stage. There is some amount of pantomime which taxes the ability of the actors.

The play generally outlines the history of a town, Grover's Corners, N. H. During the first act, we arrive at breakfast and are carried through the entire day in the lives of the friendly people of Our Town. The second act concerns the love affair of young George Gibbs and Emily Webb. The third act leads us to the cemetery on the hill where lie many of the town's people, waiting patiently not for judgment—but greater understanding.

The cast is made up of the following girls: Barbara Hencke, Marianne Metzger, Gwynne Rosier, Sally Hamill, Marilyn Mangum, Nancy Fanshier, Beverly Yarrow, Charlotte Nolan, Mary Lou Reece, Joan Stewart, Patricia Stull, Betty Hunt, Nancy Dana, Ruth Ann Ball, Jean Richter, Barbara Lloyd, Mary Lou Brite, Roberta Court, Joerene Williams, Constance Schwieger, and Joyce Smith.

### Molly Freshman Toasts In Sunshine And Dreams Of Vacation Plans

Dear B.J.

Sun bathing at long last! Some of the girls are well on their way to being runners up for some Miami Beach contest already. Take me though, I get the kind of tan that looks like a dilly the first day but all traces of any sun soaking has disappeared by the second. Some people get all the luck, just like this next dance coming up. Do I have a date for this last dream waltz? Nope. The cards are all turned against me. Johnny can't come down because he has too much end of the year studying to do, Walt finally settled down to a job after resting from his army life and can't get away, and golly, there's just no one else who could come this far.

There is one thing though—only five more short weeks of school and then everyone will be home, dances at the club once a week, parties on the beach, and a '46 convertible just waiting at home in the garage for me to get there! Ai yi yi! This summer is going to be pure heaven!

Mom wrote and told me how beautiful it is back home now. All the flowers, trees, birds, sunshine and—just everything is all set for summer. It is beautiful here, too. I had never seen a magnolia tree—or is it a bush—until now. They are about the prettiest thing I have ever

seen outside of the old lilac bush in our back yard where I used to play with my dolls and serve afternoon tea to the kids. Weren't those the peaceful days though? All you had to worry about was whether Mom had ordered chocolate or my favorite cherry nut ice cream to go with the flopperoo of the small cake she helped me bake in my little cake pans! Just think, this Easter I tried it once again—baking a cake, I mean, and it turned out swell. Dad was quite proud of my labors, and, of course, I enjoyed washing all the pots and pans I used, too.

Won't it be awful that last week of school cramming for finals? When I stop to think of all the notes, back chapters, and things I have to review I'm beginning to think that someone ought to get started on it right now. But then again, it still seems pretty far away and anyway I have hard enough time trying to keep up with regular assignments what with the inviting sunshine and lovely campus inviting me to stay outdoors down at the tennis courts or out on the golf course.

Here comes my favorite mystery program so once again I'll sign off. See ya soon.

Love,  
Molly.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED BETTER

## ICE CREAM

THAN THE ST. CHARLES DAIRY HAS!

Try It Soon!

GREETING CARDS make Friendship's Garden bloom!

BE SURE to SEE OUR SELECTION OF MOTHER'S DAY CARDS & GIFT

## TAINTER DRUG STORE

(The Store With The Glass Door)

VISIT OUR BEAUTIFUL NEW BEAUTY SHOP IN THE DENWOL BUILDING

### La Vogue

New Address

## Denwol Building

\$1.00

EARLY AMERICAN Friendship's Garden DUSTING POWDER

A silken-soft dusting powder to enhance your feminine daintiness. Scented with a tantalizing bouquet of Southern blossoms, companion fragrance to Shulton's Old Spice. In a charming box, profusely adorned with birds and flowers.

PAUL J. REINERT REXALL DRUG STORE

DELICIOUS HAMBURGERS! In Fact, All Kinds of EXCELLENT FOOD

## Snack Shack

Variety of Sandwiches  
Twenty-Four Hour Service  
1176 Clay

FOR ALL BOOKS • St. Louis' own book shop

HAGEDORN BOOK SHOP, Inc.  
913 LOCUST • GARFIELD 3921  
• Free Gift Wrapping, Postage and Insurance

Special Rates To Downtown St. Louis

## 4 Can Ride as Cheap as 1

### YELLOW CAB CO.

Prompt and Courteous Service

Phone: 133

Here Comes That

## HUTTON HURRICANE!

Boisterous Betty goes into her two new songs with that hectic Hutton hubbub.

'Poppa, Don't Preach To Me'  
'Rumble, Rumble, Rumble'

with JOE LILLEY and his orchestra  
From the Paramount Picture, "Perils of Pauline"

CAP. 380

## Capitol RECORDS

Sunset and Vine FIRST WITH THE HITS FROM HOLLYWOOD

At Your Dealer