See The Rest Of You Next September

VOLUME 28-27

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NUMBER 13

Pre-Commencement Prizes And Awards Are Announced

Mary Horton Wins Press Prize For Best Student Writing

Pre-commencement honors and awards were announced by Dean Alice Gipson yesterday at a convocation in Roemer Auditorium at 11:30.

Alice Baber won first place in the Poetry Contest. Mary Titus won first honorable mention, and Jo Anne Smith second honorable mention.

The Press Club Award was won by Mary Jane Horton for the best piece of writing by a student in Lindenwood publications during the college year. She was given a prize of \$5.00 by the Press Club.

Virginia Beazley, who was awarded a fellowship for further study in sociology by the University of Washington, was elected to membership on the National Sociological Fraternity, Alpha Kappa Delta, Washington University Chapter.

Other awards are: New members elected to Delta Phi Delta: Louise Gordon, Irma McCormac, Mary Frances Morris, and Mary Ellen Jeane Sebastian Is

Officers for 1947-48: President, Mar | Elected To Head thella Mayhall; vice president, Marjorie Moehlenkamp; treasurer, Mary Frances Morris; secretary, Irma McCormac; publicity director, Sarah Hall.

New members of Pi Alpha Delta: Active members-Jacqueline Brickey, Bobbie Callaway' Jean Halverson, Helen Hartzog, Emily Heine, Louise McGraw, Patricia Tuttle; associate members-Mary Jo Griebeling, Betty Hillenkamp, and Audry

New members elected to Pi Gamma Mu: Earle Deana Bass, Eleanor Hedrick, Marguerite Little, Janice Lowe, Helen Ritter, and Lois Schatzmann.

Espanol: Jean Baker, Sally Barnes, Jean Bagby, Shirley Beers, Adele Breech, Janice Voters and the Home Economics Club. (Cont. on Page 4)

STUDENT PRESIDENT



Jeane Sebastian, who will head the Student Government Association next

Student Council

Jeane Sebastian of Cuba, Mo., has been elected president of the Student Government Association for 1947-1948. The results of the election were revealed at the last student assembly of the year.

Jeane, known to everyone as presiden? of the Junior Class and of the Athletic Association, was first maid of honor on the 1947 Pop Court, and a member of the court the preceding year. She was also president of the Sophomore Class. A Physical Louise MacCulloch, Esther Parker, Louise Education major, Jeane is a Red Cross swimming instructor, a member of Terra-New members elected to El Circulo pin and vice president of Beta Chi. She is also a member of the League of Women

(Cont. on Page 3)

Marilyn Mangum Is Crowned As College's 29th. May Queen

Margaret Groce, on May 17 and reigned

The entire May Fete was presented with the elegance and gracefulness of the Old South theme.

The Sophomore class, attired in formals of pastel shades, formed the Honor Guard

Leading the grand march were the members of the Freshman Class, with the Junior and Senior classes, respectively, following in formal gowns of pastel shades.

The arrival of the Queen's party was then announced. First to approach were the Freshman attendants, Marilyn Mathis and Hope Wadsworth, carrying oldfashioned nosegays of peach-colored flowers. They were followed by the Sophomore attendants, Mimi Turner and Jeanne Gross with bouquets of lavender flowers. The Junior attendants, Lucette Stumberg and Mary Lou Landberg, carried yellow flowers. The Senior attendants, who entered next, were Betty Oak and Louise McGraw, with nosegays of blue flowers. The Maid of Honor followed, carrying a bouquet of pink flowers. The petite flower girls, Sarah Garnett and Dorothy Lee Bernard, were dressed in pink southern dresses, pantaloons, and bonnets. The crown-bearer, Tommy Clevenger, wore a white satin formal tuxedo, and carried the Queen's crown on a white satin pillow. The entire May Court wore gowns of white.

gum, moved gracefully to her throne where she was crowned by her Maid of Honor. Her crown was of white snapdragons and

After the Senior Class had sentimentally sung "Remember," the Lindenwood choir sang several Southern selections, and a solo was sung for the Queen's entertainment by Mary Morris. The members of Tau Principia Meeting Sigma presented a stylized version of a Southern dance in pastel dresses with hooped skirts, and ruffled pantaloons. The members of the Folk Dance classes presented the traditional weaving of the May dresses, each wearing gloves of corresponding colors to their May Pole streamers.

(Cont. on Page 6)

In a sylvan setting on the campus in front of historic Sibley Hall, Lindenwood's 29th May Queen, Marilyn Mangum, received her crown from the Maid of Honor,

over the annual May Fete.

with pink and blue ribbons.

The Queen of the May, Marilyn Mansweet peas.

For almost a whole month the poor, Virginia Beazley has a scholarship to the Travel and Study Head sciences. List Of Faculty Plans For Summer Vacation

Most of the Lindenwood faculty are planning an interesting and profitable summer. Dr. Siegmund Betz plans to vacation in California, while Mr. Henry Turk will teach German at the University of Kansas.

Miss Elizabeth Watts plans to paint in St. Charles. Dr. Alice Parker will be a delegate at the National Conference of University Women which will be held in Toronto, August 11 to 16; she will also icating by television. motor in New England.

Dr. Mary Talbot plans to return to the Biological Institute in Michigan, and Dr. Elizabeth Dawson will return to Iowa City, where she will study and write,

After a visit to her home in Caldwell, Idaho, Dean Gipson will return to the campus to work with Dr. McCluer on plans for next year.

Lindenwood To Graduate Class Of 71 At 120th. Commencement



Sibley Chapter Wins High Honor In Future Teachers Of America

The Future Teachers of America has 76 chapters in colleges throughout the United States. Lindenwood is under the Sibley chapter and has the honor of being the best chapter of 1947. This year's officers are: President, Marguerite Little; vice president, Barbara Troth; secretary, Louise Ritter; treasurer, Janice Lowe.

The officers-elect for next year are President, Louise Ritter; vice president, Rosalie Cheney; secretary, Amelia Plowman; treasurer, Barbara dePuy.

Dr. Ray Garnett is the sponsor,

Lindenwood Sends Three Delegates To

Virginia Beazley, Jan Miller, Marian Pendarvis, and Margaret McKinney represented Lindenwood at The 1947 Public Affairs Conference held at Principia College, Elsah, Ill., on May 9 and 10. The topic of the conference was "College Education in an Atomic Age." The delegates represented the general groups of knowledge-the humanities, the social sciences, and the physical and biological

Dr. Franc McCluer Will Deliver Address To Seniors

Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Academic Dean, will present the degrees, certificates, and diplomas to 71 candidates at Lindenwood's 120th annual commencement on June 2. Dr. Franc L. McCluer will give the commencement address and the Rev. Dr. Richard Paul Graebel will give the Baccalaureate sermon.

Dr. McCluer of Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., is the president-elect of Lindenwood College who will take office this fall.

"The Mystery and Knowledge of Life" is the topic for the baccalaureate address chosen by Dr. Graebel. This is the first time for Dr. Graebel, who is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill., to speak at Lindenwood.

Alumnae Day on Saturday, May 31, will feature events of interest to the Seniors as well as former students. At the Alumnae Dinner which will be held in Ayres Dining Room the Seniors will be formally inducted into the Lindenwood College Alumnae Association. Miss Kathryn Hankins, Alumnae secretary, will give greetings to the class of '47 and the Alumnae. Mrs. A. Jackson Clay, president of the Lindenwood Alumnae Association, will preside. The annual business meeting of the association will be held in the Sibley Club Rooms after dinner, at which time the officers for the coming year will be elected.

Members of Alpha Sigma Tau, honor society of the College of Liberal Arts, will sponsor a tea honoring all Seniors and their guests Sunday afternoon in the Library Club Room.

Another feature of the Commencement Week is the annual Art Exhibit in the Fine arts Building showing the art work done by members of Kappa Pi.

The following students are candidates for degrees, certificates, and diplomas:

Bachelor of Arts

Erle Dean Bass Virginia Elizabeth Beazley Laura Jo-An Brown Rosemary Dron Jacolyn Foreman Lois Elizabeth Hachtmeyer (Cont. on Page 5, Col. 1)

Seniors Peer Into Future With Their Class Will And Prophecy

The Senior Class, using its new "Fu- were found at a compulsory reunion in the turescope" presented a preview of the future when they read their class will and ALLOWED. prophecy in an assembly on May 8. The Futurescope" was set for the year 1967. It revealed a strange world in which people were flying at 1,000 miles an hour, vacationing on Mars, wearing clothes of glass, walking on plastic sidewalks and commun-

But St. Charles had not changed. There were no elevators in Roemer Hall, the swimming pool was still pint-sized, Beta Chi still campaigned for two new stalls, the town remained man-less, and Homer Clevenger was still mayor.

The young, hopeful, the starry-eyed babies that Lindenwood proudly sent out into the hig world twenty years ago-

St. Charles County Jail.

Rosemary Dron and Jo Brown each read part of the Class Will, which began with a short little ditty. All during the performance Maggie Marshall contented herself with cutting Betty Oak's false hair and Ginny Beazley ripped pages out of an

Marg McKinney willed the bit of lore A ape can do anything a man can do and sometimes more," to Amelia Plowman.

Jody Liebermann willed her twinkling toes to Eloise Macey.

Maggie Marshall willed the announcing of "Hustle Bustle Bubble Suds, the best

(Cont. on Page 3)

Jobs And Matrimony Loom Large Pole. The girls were white Tarelton In Plans Of This Year's Seniors

harassed Seniors have been wondering what will happen to them after they have received their degrees. For the information to the student body, the Bark has discovered the plans of the Seniors for making their way in the cold, cruel world.

Deana Bass intends to marry Jack Garrison in August and work in Atlanta, Ga.

Rosemary Dron may go to school in Syracuse or do work in public school radio. Eleanor Hedrick may get married in fall or may do graduate work.

Helen Horvath plans to visit New York this summer and teach next fall.

Janice Lowe is going to summer school and plans to teach primary grades in the

Betty Hunter wants to do recreational work this summer, study music, and go Next fall she may teach primary west. grades.

Betty Hawkins plans to have a good time this summer and go into retail business next fall.

University of Washington.

Lois Hachtmeyer plans to teach history. Freshie Platt wants to work for the government as a claims assistant. Louise McGraw plans to teach history.

Shirley Riedel says she will probably teach, but it all depends on other things. Bonnie Lumpkins is going to go home until she is married.

Ian Miller is getting married.

Marilyn Mangum wants to do summer stock work in Gatlinburg, get married in December, and work on her master's in art.

Marg McKinney plans to do graduate work in American History at Kansas Uni-

Maggie Marshall doesn't know what she is going to do.

Marguerite Little plans to teach history. Betty Oak is hoping for a job in a pharmaceutical laboratory in Chicago.

Jody Liebermann will either work for her father, or do welfare work.

Fare-well To The Seniors

Another year is again drawing to a close and with it many happy memories, ready to be tied in a yellow and white ribbon and labeled Lindenwood. For our Seniors, June 2 marks the end of four years of hard struggle with its good and its bad, like the days we all dragged through finals and those early Saturday mornings all Seniors arose and bravely stumbled to Roemer attempting to test their wits with the other highminded Seniors in the country. And those days of classes and dances, when we strolled around the campus in the moonluight, late dashed to the tea-room when we thought our poor appetites couldn't hold out till breakfast, sun baths on the golf course when we might have cut a few classes because a tan is so important—these have all become a memory now. We who are coming back for another year share the same sentiments that we'll miss each and every one of you in the Senior Class. You have all been so much fun and planned so many good times that everybody enjoyed and especially those first days when we didn't know our way around and you were so friendly and thoughtful-these are our memories. We do sincerely wish you the best of success and happiness in the years to come, and hope you'll come back to see us as soon as possible.

It's Been A Good Year

Only the last wisp of the Year 1947's tail is left. It's time for finals, farewells, and packing. Promises of summer reunions, brides' maid shopping, and roommates again next year.

Gazing into last year's crystal ball, we see our 1947 book of memories. Friendships unforgettable, and knowledge treasured . . . Lindenwood personified.

Goodbye and good luck to you Seniors, and we will see the rest of you next year!

Ink, Sweat And Tears

Summer school? Work? Or wedding plans?-Please, after final exams, packing, and tearful goodbyes-tell us that this is the last week of school and the last issue of the Linden Bark! The Bark staff has had a lot of fun writing and publishing the paper this year. Leaving our Journalism room in Roemer means leaving behind many fond memories-of pounding typewriters-assignments and deadlines -last minute scoops-trips to the printers-wondering if the Bark would be out on time-and last but not least, our associations with each other and with Mr. Clayton, who has been a marvelous teacher, adviser, and friend.

Carrying on many of the Bark's traditions, the staff has continued the "All Bark and No Bite" column, the April Fool issue, the Romeo contest, and Gracie Gremlin. We've also incorporated a few new items-Platter Jockey, Muscle Bound, Around the Campus, and Rec Room Recipes.

We leave behind our year at Lindenwood, for the time has come for us to say farewell. The faculty has been especially swell and has proved to be our friends as well as our teachers. Cooperation has been given by all the students and the administration has helped make this a year everlasting in our memories. The Staff of the Bark wants to thank all of you, and we hope that next year's staff receives as much help as we have.

Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

Lindenwood Students Plan Beautiful Suntans- 78 per cent Of Girls Polled Sunbathe- Remainder Too Busy

right in the middle of finals, but in accordance with our policy here at L.C., the majority of the gals are cutting classes like mad to sunbathe. Sometimes the results are good . . . , sometimes not so good,

It seems that most of the Lindenwood girls are going home with a tan, or die in the attempt. In fact, 78 per cent of the girls here have already started acquiring their tans. The remaining 22 per cent either freckle, burn, or just don't have time to go out to the golf course.

From all appearances, many of the girls have just passed the Indian stage and are use various other lotions.

This may seem like a rather odd time to | now on their way to the South Sea Islander be thinking about sunbathing, when we're look. Forty-four per cent of the student body reports nothing but a glorious suntan as a result of this lazy pastime; 41 per cent sunburn first, later usually turning tan, and 15 per cent freckle.

It is generally agreed that the best remedy for burns caused by the sun, is not to take a sunbath. However, those who do go out and who do burn have various kinds of remedies. Thirty-six per cent of the girls use vinegar; 20 per cent use bath oil; 14 per cent prefer Noxema; 7 per cent use cream (the coffee kind), and 23 per cent

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GRACIE GREMLIN



Well, kids, this is going to be my fond farewell, I've been scolding and prodding you along for nine months now. But it's been a lot of fun for all of us, hasn't it. I'm going to be mighty lonesome here all alone. My, but it will be quiet, the tea room silent, and the dining room as dead as the morning after the night before.

But we all need this long-awaited vacation, so here's wishing you many happy days ahead, see you again in the fall, and Seniors, you come back often.

Love,



By Mary Jane Horton

Hail to "Her Royal Highness"! It was a festive day, beginning with the parade of the royal calvalry and concluding with the Palace Ball. Long live May Day in our book of memories!

"To you, we solemnly bequeath" . . So went the Seniors' Last Will and Testament. Hold your hats, they're still on the loose till June 2!

Picnics-Ah, picnics! Is there anything lovelier than a scorched, sizzling wiener pressed beneath a hard, concrete bun, smeared with antiquated mustard and nondescript relish! That's the life, back to nature with the ants, flies, gophers, and chronic indigestion.

Are you a pipe-smoker? Do you have that well-bred, almost dead look? Refer to the Sophomores and Seniors, they are authorities upon this "Prince Albert' question.

FINALS—this word cannot be avoided any longer. The time has come, we must face the issue. Now where did I hide those last semester Biology notes??? Amoeba - Protozoa - Browning - Whoops, wrong class!

The Lobsters of Lindenwood are on the green, or may be viewed from the infirmary window. Oh, the joys of summer burns, blisters, and freckles! Who has some baby oil?

Thanks!

Students of the clothing classes wish to take this opportunity to publicly thank Buse's Flower Shop for making our annual style show such a success. The stage, the table at the reception, and the many corsages were so beautiful. Our appreciation extends beyond words, but, many thanks to you.



By Janet Brown

boat—the end of the year is here! All year we've looked forward to the moment of temporary freedom, but now that it is here the prospect of spending even a few months away from our friends is depressing to say the least. Mattie and Florella have sworn to write every single day, but somehow it won't be the same.

During these last few weeks Lindenwood has provided us with many memories for the summer. There's been so much Almost every club has had a picnic-the ovens have been in use every night. Some of those organizations whose finances are still intact have blown themselves to dinner usually at the Duquette or at Lake Village Inn. The play day was perfect. For once even the weather operated and everything went smoothly, No doubt a few malcontents were surprised by the enthusiasm other girls showed about Lindenwood-most of them started raving the second they saw those gates and didn't stop until they pulled out at four. The campus was lovely, the food was excellent, music in the dining room, only two people to a room and our privileges-they make other girls' schools seem like prisons. Mattie has a TL for the whole school-one girl said she had never seen so many beautiful girls in one place in her whole life.

Wasn't the play good? The actresses deserve great credit for taking a difficult situation and producing an excellent play. It was worth their long hours. The journalism class had much fun at M.U., but they were sorry to miss the play, back sometime.

Drag out the buckets; caulk your row- | Those dragging feet you thought were ghosts Saturday morning, belonged to a weary bunch of journalists, who hadn't seen a bed for 24 hours. The trip was worth it though-much fun.

> From the sublime to the determinedone public-spirited Sophomore suggested (while deep in the hay wagon on the A.A. hayride) that we leave L.C. a few suggestions for improvements. Suggestions, constructive gripes, can be useful and greatly appreciated, so here we present the first section.

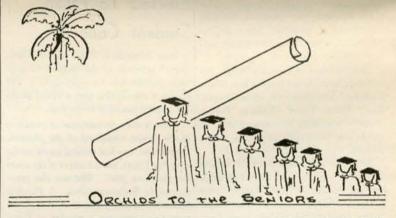
"Why don't we"

Cart away that fool airplane or disguise it with Dr. McCluer's new dahlia bed.

Fix the N in the Lindenwood sign. Make arrangements, if possible, for a coke machine in the dorms.

There are countless other things to do, ome of which we the students will be able to work on next year.

Next fall seems such a long way off. Mattie and Florella are wondering what it will be like without the old, familiar faces under the lindens. Lindenwood won't seem the same without the crazy bunch of morons that we have lived with so long. The Seniors have at long last accomplished their goal—a diploma—but judging from the glum looks, they're not too eager to depart. We'll miss those Freshmen and Sophomores whom we have come to know-most of them off to try their luck at a university. Mattie and Florella were too overcome with grief to finish so good-bye, good luck, and -come



THE CLUB CORNER

Members of the Instrumental Association had a six o'clock dinner at the Duquette on May 16.

The Press Club had its annual picnic on May 5 at Blanchette Park. The food was perfect as well as the weather.

The Poetry Society gave a picnic on New poetry was read aloud.

The League of Women Voters met in Sibley Club Room last week to elect new officers for 1947-48.

The new officers for the Day Student Room are: President, Margaret Groce; vice president, Ladeen Ostman; secretarytreasurer, Merlyn Merx.

From The Office Of The Dean

We are coming to the end of another year and while you will be happy to be at home again, there is always an element of sorrow too in your leaving the College because of the fact that never again, in most cases, will you be with the entire group who have been your associates during the

college year. I know that the Seniors who will be leaving us in a few days are thinking this same thing. To the Seniors I wish to say that the College sends you forth with all its good wishes and hopes that life will have much happiness in store

I hope that all of the students of Lindenwood feel that the year has meant a great deal to you and that Lindenwood has given you much of what you hoped for in your college life. I hope too that I may see many of you here again next year. lieve that the small college can do many things for the student which are impossible in the big universities. There is the opportunity for personal contact with your professors; there is the counselor work and opportunities for individual assistance; here the student has a chance to develop her talents in the direction in which she has ability and receive recognition for it. All of these things are remembered in college life, and I know that you will think of them during the summer days which are coming.

As regards the next week, please watch the bulletin boards carefully for necessary announcements.

May I wish all of you a very happy

ALICE E. GIPSON Dean of the College

Journalism Students Bring Back Honors And Meet Dignitaries

Lindenwood received top-ranking honors at the annual Missouri College Newspapers Association's conference held at the University of Missouri, May 9.

Janet Brown, a Junior, was elected president of the association. At the noon luncheon, individual honors were given to Imogene Rindsig, first for a feature, and two third prizes to Janet Brown for her makeup and a special column.

Imogene Rindsig's "Open the Door Richard" received special merit because of its timely theme and universality. Janet Brown's "All Bark and No Bite" was applauded for its unique style and hidden humor.

Five newspapermen were presented special awards for their outstanding journalistic work by Dr. F. L. Mott, Dean of the School of Journalism, in the University Auditorium that afternoon.

Those honored were: Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the St. Louis Post Dispatch; Hal Boyle, Associated Press correspondent and a 1932 Missouri graduate; William L. Laurence, science editor of the New York Times; F. M. Flynn, general manager of the New York News and a 1924 graduate of Missouri, and George Yates, photographic chief of the Des Moines Register-Tribune.

The San Francisco Chronicle also received the 1947 Missouri Honor. Paul C. Smith, editor of the Chronicle, accepted the award and gave the principal address that afternoon.

An informal reception was held in the college library following the afternoon

The "big story" centered about the thirty-eighth annual Journalism Banquet held at 7 p. m. in Rothwell Gymnasium,

Dean Mott presented a brief survey of the Japanese people and their newspapers. Recently returned from the Civil Information and Education Section, Supreme Command Allied Powers in Japan, Dean Mott has had an opportunity to view "the general and sincere effort of the Japanese to try out our democratic system."

Dr. Mott revealed the essential role the newspaper is playing in the establishment of democracy in Japan. He also listed the major handicaps their newspapers must overcome . . . the shortage of paper, the overflowing staffs, the intricateness of their alphabet, and censorship.

William L. Laurence, science editor of the New York Times, and twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize, gave an authoritative account of "The Atom Today and Tomorrow."

Mr. Laurence was the only newspaperman to witness the first test of the atomic bomb in New Mexico, and the only reporter to accompany the crew that bombed Nagasaki. He also was present at the two explosions at Bikini.

"The atom cloud that enveloped Hiroshima and Nagasaki now envelops the civilized world," said Mr. Laurence. hangs over the common man on the street, over the capitals of all the nations.

"It has been two years since the test in New Mexico, since the time was ann ounced zero. But it is still 'zero' over the civilized world. 'Zero' on the hourglass of history."

Virginia Beazley Wins Sociology Scholarship For Graduate Work

Virginia Beazley, a Senior, has been awarded a research fellowship of \$1,200 for graduate work in sociology at the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. She will study with Dr. G. A. Lundberg.

Virginia, who is completing college in life, abstract art, portraits, and landscapes. three years, is on the Dean's Honor Roll. She is advertising manager of the Linden Leaves, vice president of the Student Missouri Student Sociological Society, and a member of this year's Pop Court.

Freshman Adviser



Nancy Kern, who has been named Freshman Adviser for the Student Government Association.

Bark's Ideal Senior Is Lindenwood Lady

Each year a composite of L.C.'s ideal senior is visualized by the Bark staff, but third; Nancy Kern, fourth. this year it has been a difficult task, because the seniors of this year all seem to have so many excellent qualities. However, here is what we have decided:

Beauty-Jody Shroder Dancing ability-Jody Liebermann Sportsmanship-Ruth Waye Brains-Virginia Beazley Voice—Betty Hunter Personality-Freshie Platt Friendliness-Shirley Riedel Musical ability-Colleen Johnson and

Marthella Mayhall Humor-Betty Hawkins Eyes-Marilyn Mangum Clothes-Marian Pendarvis Charm-Louise McGraw Capability-Margaret McKinney Artistic ability-Bonnie Lumpkins Complexion-Jan Miller Dependability-Deana Bass Hair-Betty Oak Suntan-Maggie Marshall Profile—Betty Hardy Poise-Marie Mount Smile-Jan Lowe Laugh-Rosie Dron Popularity-Jackie Foreman Disposition-Joan Brown Generosity—Eleanor Hedrick

Linden Leaves To Be Delayed In Delivery Until Mid Summer

The Linden Leaves may not be delivered until mid or late summer. The printer's representative visited Lindenwood last week and explained the conditions existing in the printing industry. The problem began with a serious paper shortage, and last fall, the Mid-State Printing Company doubted if any annuals would be printed Former Student Of this year. Now, the lack of personnel makes it impossible for the company to Lindenwood College produce even half of its annuals in time for release before graduation.

Annual Art Exhibit To To Open May 30

Lindenwood's annual Art Exhibit will open May 30 in the studios of the Fine Arts Building. The exhibit consists of work done by the students in the Art Department this year, and includes drawings in charcoal and pastes designs in leather and metal work; printed textiles, and paintings in water color and oil. Among the paintings are studies in still

The pictures will be on display until the commencement exercises are completed.

Miss Alice Davis and Miss Elizabeth Watts are the instructors in the Art De-

Babs Bush Carries Off Championship In Annual Horse Show

Babs Bush carried off the championship honors in the annual Lindenwood Horse Show last Saturday morning. Second place in the championship class went to Rosemary Egelhoff. Nancy Kern won third place and Willie Viertel placed fourth. The judge of the show was Mrs. Jay Delano.

In the Novice Championship, first hon ors went to Carolyn Fritchel. Charlotte Nolan was second, Pat Shoot, third and Lee Boatright, fourth.

Other results were:

Beginners, two gaits-Marilyn Mathis, first; Darlene McFarlane, second; Marcia Job, third; Ann Sherwood, fourth,

Beginners, three gaits-Carolyn Frit chel, first; Charlotte Nolan, second; Gloria Horn, third; Barbara Elsholtz, fourth.

Five gaited class-Rosemary Egelhoff, first; Babs Bush, second; Willie Viertel

Intermediate, three gaits-Pat Shoot, first; Lee Boatright, second; Arminta Harness, third; Elise Rannels, fourth.

Advanced, three gaits-Linda Fee, first; Bonnie Webb, second; Joan Stewart, third; Mary Louise Evans, fourth.

Blue Ribbon, first section-Babs Bush, first; Nancy Kern, second; Nancy Dana, third; Audrey Mount, fourth.

Blue Ribbon, second section—Rosemary Egelhoff, first; Willie Viertel, second; Mary Ann Smith, third; Marie Mount,

Marianne Metzger Is Winner Of Sigma Tau Delta English Prize

Marianne Metzger was awarded first prize in the annual Sigma Tau Delta contest. Elise Rannells received second prize, and third prize went to Lorraine

Joan Hierholzer and Denyse Stigler received first honorable mention, and second honorable mention went to Emily Heine.

Others whose work was commended by the judges are: Patsie Northcutt, Patricia Maxine Young, June McCullough, Jean E. Baker, and Roberta Court.

Judges for the contest were Miss Elizabeth Isaacs, Dr. Alice Parker, and Dr. Siegmund Betz.

Westminister Queen

Mrs. Betty Pacatte Stiegemeier, a former Lindenwood student, reigned as queen of Westminster College last Wednesday night at the Student Council's spring dance. Mrs. Stiegemeier represented the Phi Chi Club, of which her husband is a member. Each of the seven clubs and fraternities on the campus submitted one picture, and from the seven pictures selected, the queen was chosen by Conover Model Agency in New York.

Maggie Groce, a Junior at Lindenwood, served as an attendant to the queen. She was the Delta Tau Delta candidate.

The queen carried a bouquet of red roses, and the maids wore corsages of the same flowers. The music for the evening was provided by Roy McKinley and his Shortie O'Flynn, whose playing is a sin.

Lindenwood Reviewed In Past Tense As Year Concludes

By Cornelia Darnall

From September till May seems like a lifetime, but when it is passed and you look back upon it you wonder where the fleeting days have gone. There seems to never be a dull moment from the time we arrive until the time we leave.

Remember?!!!!!

No sooner had we arrived in September than there was the "White Apron Jamboree" and "Song Feast." On October 24, was Founders' Day, with Dr. Kate Gregg paying tribute to the Sibleys. Then came the Freshman Harvest Ball with its annual excitement. Joan Hierholzer reigned as Queen, and Nancy Fanshier and Joyce Nelson were first and second mails of honor.

The Fall Play, "Tish," was the next event of importance on the calendar.

Thanksgiving rolled around with a four day vacation, and no sooner were we settled down again until December the 17 was here and we were off for our longplanned vacation. Before we left there were dorm parties, the Christmas Pall, and the announcement of the Freshman iterary contest winner, Marianne

The holidays were gone and before we knew it we were back taking mid-semester finals. Lizbeth Scott of Paramount Pictures chose the 1947 Romeo. Jan Miller was crowned queen of the Popularity Court at the St. Pat's Dance. First and second maids were Jeane Sebastian and Jody Shroder.

May 17 was the Annual May Fete and Horse Show. Marilyn Mangum was crowned the May Queen and Margaret Groce was her Maid of Honor. The theme of the day was the "Old South." And in the evening a Cotton Ball was given by the Senior Class. Jeane Sebastian was elected president of the Student Body for the following year. Exams started on the 23, and Commencement will be held on June 2.

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

SENIOR WILL, cont. from pg. 1

soap of all" to Pat Stull.

Lois Hachtmeyer gave her historic dates, to one who needs them, Liz Bates.

Rosemary "Juliet" Dron gave her Shakespearian Art to Gracie Faucette, who likes a romantic part.

Betty Hunter, Senior president, left her well-known walk to Barbara Lehman, who has no room to talk.

Jan Lowe suggested:

"Fo' a dolla You can ride to Rolla

So Crawford take a tip Jan Lowe has made the trip

Freshie Platt to little Gail Frew gave her ophistication, had by few.

Burnice Ross left her gift of goldbricking a semester, to Mirian Neef who

needs a long siesta. Marguerite Little left her love of St. Charles High to Melba Stalhut who in '48 will also sigh:

"I'm seeing blues and reds Bless their little pointed heads."

Eleanor Hedrick gave the library cards to Bibi Smith to bury in the college grave-

Louise McGraw to Janet Brown would hand, a miniature portrait of Custer's Last Stand.

Betty Hawkins left her voice so soft and ow to Nancy Dana who likes to blow.

Penny Pendarvis leaves her letter writing skill to Mary Louise Evans-Lombe, to write to Bill.

Sue Stegall willed the St. Louis Cardinals to Linda Blakey who loves Marty Marion so.

Virginia "Gussie" Beazley, who's off to snag a master's left a cure to Ginny Frank to avoid such disasters.

Bonnie Lumpkins bequeathed her calmness to Charlotte Nolan who's always

Jackie Foreman left to Mary Del Sayer, the only living chem heir, what's left of TNT. And to add a little prayer, may she never go up in the air.

Deana Bass is sorry that she won't be

To welcome the Freshmen who come next So she wills her back-slapping good cheer

To Nora Strength, who might be here. Helen Horvath, Double double, boil and

ubble, to Jo Hudson gave picture trouble From Prancer Mangum goes the loot to these girls whom, we hope, will follow suit. Mary Jo Callaway

Jo Sagasar

Jo-An Wetzler

From Marie Mount, to Audrey Mount, goes the will to mount and to dismount. Sibley chapel will never groan the same, for Colleen has left her place of fame to the whole of the Freshman Class, so if the press will please come forth, we'll avoid the clatter of the mass.

Betty Hardy gave her big blue eyes to Joey Choisser to register surprise. Jody Shroder left her unknown appeal

to sweet and innocent Taffy Deal. Jo Brown willed her psychology of men,

which has allure, to Betty Hunt who could use it, we're sure. Shirley Reidel gave her childish prattle

to Martha J. Mathis, who likes to rattle. Here comes the bride, Jan Miller, With a broom at her side

She left all dreams Of being a teacher To Marg Einspahr Who's got a preacher

Betty Oak to Nancy Kern willed her hair, cause on her head it's rather rare.

From muscle-bound Waye go these beautiful skates to Dorothy Finck to use on dates.

So, we the class of forty-seven Left these pennies-eleven On the bill that we do owe To Mister Motley, so He'll remember our skippee And what's left of yippee. To the Junior Class, poor souls, We leave three aspirin.

Advertising Class Attends Ad Exhibit And Visits Agency

Members of the Retail Advertising class attended the Third Annual Exhibit of St. Louis Advertising on May 13. That evening was designated as "College Night," and the exhibit, held in the Gold Room of Hotel Jefferson, displayed outstanding advertising created in St. Louis during the

Miss Jane Williams, advertising instructor, took the class through D'Arcy Advertising Agency Tuesday afternoon, Miss Williams was awarded the Erma Proetz prize for outstanding advertising in St. Louis this year.

Annual Staff Celebrates Going To Press With Dinner

Members of the Linden Leaves staff put away their typewriters Monday night, May 19, to celebrate the publication of this year's annual. Miss Helen Horvath, editor, presided over the banquet held at Pat Shoot gave her fountain of youth to Lake Village Inn.

Famous Bark Staff Archeologist Reveals History Of Final Exams

By Memory Bland

As May 23 draws closer and closer, life looks darker and darker. Again arises the question that has caused dissension between students and teachers for many moons, "Why have final examinations?" Way back in 1945, Betty Gilpin, famous historian of the Bark staff, traced the answer to this disturbing issue historically.

It seems that on June 1, 10,000,001 B. C., Hairy Mary, a Freshman in the College of Hard Rocks, Stone Age University, said to her professor, "Uggle." Translated, according to Miss Gilpin, this means, "Finals are unnecessary; I hate, loathe, and abominate them; I didn't pay any attention when you demonstrated modern flint chipping, and I couldn't pass the course in the first place." Words failed the professor. Shocked and provoked by this radical statement, he picked up a granite crowbar and chastized Hairy Mary severely. Hairy Mary did not take this lying down. Final examinations became the major issue of the day. The controversy died down only after Hairy Mary, the instigator, was squelched by an editorial hewn on a two-ton boulder.

Later, in 2000 B. C., the necessity of examinations was again questioned. This time by Tut Tut, son of an Egyptian truck farmer. This isn't generally known because the Egyptians were careful to keep it hushed up, but Tut Tut tried to bring the evils of final exams to the notice of the public by scaling the highest pyramid and screaming in hieroglyphics, "Down with finals. They are a rank waste of papyrus." Unfortunately, the pyramid was so high that nobody heard him, and the lad died a few days later of laryngitis. Once more final examinations triumphed.

Julius Segar, the famous Roman Legionnaire, was next to champion the crusade against finals. His resounding battle cry, "Hie! Haee! Hoe!" inspired thousands of dissatisfied students of Et Cetera College. However one of his followers mistook Julius for a professor and stabbed him with a Parker 51 fountain pen. Julius' last words were "Oh, you brute." Without a leader the students disbanded. Once more final exams triumphed.

In short, there always have been finals and probably always will be. History unfortunately, continues to repeat itself.

PRE-COMMENCEMET PRIZES
(Cont. from Page 1)

Bryan, Margaret Dunavant, Suzanne Ellis, Evelyn Freerksen, Jeanne Gross, Marjorie Gustafson, D. Sherry Hansen, Gloria Horn, Virginia Holcomb, Lois McGinnis, Annette Morehead, Charlotte Nolan, Patsie Northcutt, Lorraine Peck, Lillian Powers, Patricia Schilb, Denyse Stigler, Jean Temple, Bonnie Webb, and Patricia Young.

Officers for 1947-1948: President, Miriam Reilly; vice president, Joan Reed; secretary-treasurer, Marie Koch.

New members elected to Kappi Pi: Pledges—Alice Baber, Sandra Chandler, Diana DeRusha, Caroline Fritchell, Mary Jo Griebeling, Mary Nelle Holcomb, Amelia Hooks, Joan Hierholzer, Dona Mac-Naughton, Marilyn Mathis, Arminta Nichols, Helen Ray, Patsy Salyer, Sue Stegall, Dorothy Walker, Lorraine Windsor, Sally Young, and Joyce Shoemaker.

New members elected to the Triangl Club: Janet Brown, Joyce Creamer, Jo Ann O'Flynn, Mary Trimble, Willie Viertel, Dana Vincil, Margaret Einspahr, Jane Merrill, Jane Morrissey, Esther Parker, Melva Stalhut, Barbara Wenner, Nancy Ames, Amelia Plowman, Marjorie Crawford, Bobbie Callaway, and Betty Oak.

Officers: President, Jackie Foreman; vice president, Eleanor Hedrick; secretary, Jodie Shroder; treasurer, Arminta Harness. OfficersS of the Sibley Chapter of F.T.A.—1947-1948: President, Louise Ritter; vice president, Rosalie Cheney; secretary, Amelia Plowman; treasurer, Barbara

New members elected to the Poetry Society: Alice Baber, Hazel Clay, Carol Clayton, Roberta Court, Joyce Creamer, Genevieve Elliott, Emily Heine, Barbara Hencke, Nancy Kern, Janice Lowe, Marilyn Maddux, Jan Miller, Coy Elizabeth Payne, Lorraine Peck, Elise Rannells, Gwen Rosier, Jo Anne Smith, Mary Ann Smith, Mary Tituss Mary Louise Walsmith, Beverly Yarbrough, and Sally Young.

PRE-COMMENCMENT AWARDS
(Cont. from Page 1)

Pi Gamma Mu Award—(\$5.00 worth of books)—

Prize Winner: Rosalie Cheney.
Honorable Mention: Nancy Kern.
Students who have received the Standard First Aid Certificates: Suzanne Bernard, Betty Bishop, Maurice Etheridge, Sue Hunnicutt, Frances Johnson, Ruth Parker, Joan Schneeberger, Barbara Wade,

and Ruth Wave.

Students who are Certified Water Safety Instructors: Jeane Sebastian Joan O'Flynn, Barbara Wade, Frances Johnson, Lee Boatright, Margaret Burton, Elizabeth Becker, Betty Brandon, Willie Viertel, Patricia Young, Amelia Plowman, Jody Viertel, and Mary Jane Horton.

Official Ratings awarded by the St. Louis Board of Women Officials: Basketball ratings—Ruth Waye, Mary Ruth Platt, Betty Bishop, Barbara Wade, and Frances Jones; volleyball ratings—Jeane Sebastian, Willie Viertel, and Ruth Waye.

Gregg Shorthand Expert Award awarded to students passing 140 words per minute test: Frances Bauer, and Mary Jo Callaway.

The Biology prize of \$25.00 is awarded annually to an honor student enrolled in the course in General Biology, who has excelled in the following ways: 1. The maintenance of a high grade average throughout the year. 2. The demonstration of a keen interest in Biology. 3. A willingness and desire to perform activities not required in the general course work.

The prize this year has been awarded to Beverly Cochran.

Special Merit Awards—conferred by the National Education Associations Janice Lowe, Marguerite Little, and Burnice Ross.

JOBS AND MATRIMONY

(Cont. from Page 1)

Marian Pendarvis is going to Katheryn Gibbs secretarial school.

Marie Mount plans to train her colt this summer and go to graduate school next fall.

Burnice Ross will either loaf or do counseling work this summer and work in a nursery next winter.

Betty Hardy is going to spend the summer at home and do social work in Colorado next fall.

Jody Shroder hasn't the faintest idea of what she is going to do.

Colleen Johnson will study music in graduate school.

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Janet Brown Chosen Editor In Chief Of Linden Leaves In 1948



Janet Brown, who will be editor of the 1947-48 Linden Leaves.

Janet Brown has been selected as editor-in-chief of the 1947-48 Linden Leaves staff, succeeding Helen Horvath. Janet, literary editor for this year's annual, is one of the most active members of the Junior Class. She is a member of the Poetry Society, secretary-treasurer of the Student Council, member of the Bark staff, League of Women Voters, Tau Sigma, Triangle Club, Future Teachers of America Club, and was elected to this year, s Popularity Court.

Coy Payne will serve as advertising manager next year, succeeding Virginia Beazley. Coy is a member of the Bark staff, German Club, Triangle Club, League of Women Voters, Poetry Society, International Relations, and is secretary of the Missouri Academy of Science.

Esther Parker will succeed Margaret Marshall as business manager for the annual. Esther is a member of the Poetry Society, Linden Leaves staff, German Club, League of Women Voters, Encore Club, and Day Students Club.

Jane Morrissey will succeed Janet Brown as literary editor on the Linden Leaves. Jane Foust has been appointed art editor and Audrey Mount will be organization manager for the staff.

End Of School Year Brings Tears And Thrills To Molly Freshman

Dear B.J

My heart is breaking, honestly it is! Everything is so topsy-turvy at the end of the year-first you are happy to be going home, then sad about leaving your new friends, happy about starting to pack, and sad, so very sad, about the finals that are here. Now that the end of this perfect year is in sight I catch myself thinking back over the many experiences I have had at Lindenwood, such as that first day when I didn't know the difference between Ayres and Butler and went tripping gaily to the Butler Gym for my lunch, or the first time we went to St. Louis only to get caught in a violent rainstorm. Since then many thrill-Ing things have happened—the glorious dances, the rollicking street suppers, the varied club meetings, and the interesting conferences have all been high lights of

May Day and the "Cotton Ball" after it were by far the most impressive things I have ever been lucky ehough to take part in. Seeing all the girls in their beautiful pastel formals—some of them with luscious tans to add intrigue—and all the guests including men on campus was really delightful. I think that something like that adds more enthusiasm and fun to a college year than anything else. I can hardly wait until next year and the big May Day celebration we will have then!

SOPHOMORES GIVE PICNIC

A large bonfire on the golf course was the center of the Senior-Sophomore Picnic May 7. The crowd gathered at 5:30 p. m. to roast wieners. Corn-cob pipes were given as favors and sundaes served for dessert.

100 Students Thrilled By Metropolitan Opera

Lindenwood was well represented at the five performances of the Metropolitan Opera in St. Louis last week. Over 100 girls attended this season.

The opening night presentation, "Lohengrin," was undoubtedly the most popular of the scheduled programs, among the Lindenwood girls. "Aida" was presented the following night, May 15; "Boris Godunoff" on May 16; "Madame Butterfly" at a matinee May 17, and "Faust" closed the season on Saturday evening, May 17.

The performances were held in the Convention Hall of Kiel Auditorium,

Exam week yipe! Those horrible things are headed this way again, aren't they? "Semper paratus"—or "In God We Trust" will be my motto this week. First semester exams went pretty smoothly even though they did have me quaking in my boots and chewing my nails, so maybe these last ones won't remain more than a trifling nightmare to remind me in my later life that I did learn something at Lindenwood. When I think of biology and humanities—nope, I won't think of them just now.

Room drawing was the other day so we scampered all over campus to find a suitable abode for two upperclassmen (at any rate, sophomores!). After many choices with cries of "This room is taken" in our ears we did locate an ideal room. If you don't believe me, just come back next year to see us settled in our prize suite and we'll have another of the old-time sessions. We will furnish the cokes and cigarettes—the first night only, that is.

This last letter must end as did all the rest. However, echoes of this year will always return and remind me of the wonderful year, the wonderful gals, and the wonderful life here at Lindenwood. From now on just call me a Sophomore, and smile when you say it! Will see you all nest yexr.

Love,

Molly

Intramural Plaque And Blanket Award At A. A. Banquet

The annual A. A. banquet was held in the dining room last night. Points gathered through the year or previous years will entitle the person to receive A. A. awards. All points towards A. A. awards were completed by May 16.

500 points a letter L 750 points school emblems 1,000 points class numerals 2,000 points a sweater

A yellow blanket with a ro inch white L will be presented to the outstanding Senior judged on the basis of service to A. A. and sportsmanship. She must not necessarily be outstanding in ability in





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Commencement Plays "Our Town" by Psi Cast Wins Audience

By Imogene Rindsig

Psi Cast of the national honorary dramatic fraternity, Alpha Psi Omega, presented Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize play, "Our Town," on May 9 in Roemer Auditorium. It was directed by Miss Glo Rose Mitchell.

'Our Town" was an experimental play done in the Chinese tradition with the use of much pantomime, and the stage manager described and narrated the story in relation to situations, times, and events. The curtain opened on a stage set with only a few chairs, and two tables. Two Assistant Stage Managers each brought out a white trellis and these were placed on opposite sides of the stage, representing the back doors of the Gibbs and Webb homes in Grover's Corners, New Hampshire. The whole play was done with a minimum of properties, and members of the cast showed a remarkable proficiency in their use of difficult, though clear cut, pan-

Barbara Hencke, the Stage Manager; Beverly Yarbrough as George Gibbs, and Joan Stewart as Emily Webb interpreted their roles in an understanding manner and made the play thoroughly enjoyable. Touches of comedy were supplied by Nancy Dana as Simon Stimson, and Ruth Ann Ball as Mrs. Soams. One of the unusual features of the play was that it was not limited to the stage, but carried right into the audience.

Others to whom "Our Town" owed much of its success were Elizabeth Becker, Billie Farley, Ernamarie Trefz, Mary Flournoy, Helen Horvath, Helen McElhoes, Eleanor Walton, Elizabeth Bates, and Betty Hunter, who were choir members. Assistant Managers were Constance Schweiger and Roberta Court; Student Director, Dorothy Cox; Light Crew, Beverly Missley, Patricia Arnold, Mary Lou McNail, and Barbara Lloyd; and Make-up, Grace

Many members of the audience had tears in their eyes during the last scene, and all agreed that it was "the best play of the year."

COMMENCEMENT STORY (Cont. from page 1)

Betty Hardy Betty Lou Hawkins Eleanor Anne Hedrick Helen Elizabeth Horvath Margaret Ann Kendall Margaret Kinkade Jo Ann Liebermann Julia Marguerite Little Keltah Cofer Long Elizabeth Louise McGraw Margaret McKinney Marilyn Patton Mangum Margaret Ruth Marshall Janet Miller Marie Christine Mount Betty Belle Oak Marian Louise Pendarvis Mary Ruth Platt Joanne Louise Shroder Mary Medora Swilley

Bachelor of Science Betty L. Hunter Janice Gwynne Lowe Bonnie Gene Lumpkins Anna Louise Lynn Shirley A. Riedel Burnice May Ross Ruth Wave

Bachelor of Music D. Colleen Johnson

Certificate of Associate in Arts Beverley Ellen Brunelle Marjorie Ruth Crawford Joyce Yvonne Creamer Dorothy Jean Drake Janet Errington Barbara Gene Hencke Mary Jane Horton Donna Jean Jargo Mary Carolyn Mertz

THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

By Catherine Jones

Jo Wetzler, one of the most discussed young women in the Linden Bark, has asked us to announce that her poet IS NOT her "one and only." Furthermore, that she has Ed AND a Plymouth convertible,

Nan Amis says this double-dating in a one-seated coupe is becoming just a little uncomfortable!

The Bark wishes to report that things are still going smoothly between Joyce Smith and Don; as of the past two years. That interest of Mary Nelle Holcomb's is still going strong with a certain Narb, we understand.

Betty Herziger still receives her Wednesday letter from Fred.

L.C. welcomes Shirley Williams back after an illness of several weeks.

We're all wondering about Gwen and Gene; come on, give, will ya'?

Seems as if things are going quite well between M. L. Evans-Lombe and a certain lieutenant from Western.

These last few nerve-wracking weeks of school find many happy females counting the days until they again see those disgusting simple-minded males (but what would we do without them).

MU where they're sure not to miss much of the male population-not with the ratio as it stands down there.

Say, by the way, what do you think of that tan Hirst gets with no trouble at all while the rest of us slave away and pray

Shirley R., we hear, (and there isn't much we don't hear) doesn't want to leave the halls of old LC-it's not because our Jittle Montana has suddenly become studious, but it might be caused by that Ford we see breezing up the drive pretty reg-

Sibley and and 3rd have taken on the aspects of a reducing salon with bodies stretched prone as far as the eye can seeto the count of 1-2, 3-4 strange things happen. One of these days you're going to see a group of awfully skinny girls.

Nancy Ames is a pretty excited girl right now. Dick is back from overseas and we certainly don't blame her, what a hunk of man

Mary Louise Neubert Amelia Plowman Imogene Rindsig Carolyn Baber Sloan Jean Hope Temple Patricia Hope Tuttle Arlyn Joyce Verploeg Shirlee Margaret Wagner Certificate in Speech and Dramatics Carolyn Coons Rosemary Dron Gail Kingsley Frew Mary Lou McNail Gwendolyn J. Rosier Patricia Louise Stull Joerene Williams

Certificate in Costume Dexsign Margaret M. Burton Nell H. Province

Bobbie Louise Callaway Jean Inglis Helen Ray Certificate in Elementary Education Darlean Carney Marjorie E. Fodness

Certificate in Interior Decoration

Certificate in Secretarial Science Frances Belle Bauer Shirley Irene Griffiths Janet Marian Lednick Janice Overaker Patsy Jean Stickler Certificate in Public School Music Mary Elizabeth DeVries Diploma in Piano

Louise Gordon

Girls From Five Schools Visit Campus For Lindenwood's Play Day

Ninety-five guests were present for Lindenwood's Play Day, May 10, from Maryville, Fontbonne, Washington, Monticello and Webster.

Archery, golf, and tennis were played in the morning and after lunch there was softball and riding. After a hard day of competing, the teams being composed of girls from every school, the athletes were served refreshments.

Although Play Day ended at 4 p. m., many of the visitors stayed later either visiting on campus or taking a dip in the swimming pool.

Points were added up to determine what teams would win, place or show. The yellow team won with 22 points, the green 18, and the blue and red tied for third with 11 points.

Miss Betty Haemerle, a midwest golfer who has participated in many amateur tournaments and who had competed with Patty Berg, played six holes of golf Saturday and finished with a score of 24.

MUSCLE BOUND

By Jeanne Gross

The badminton intramurals have come to a close with Ruth Waye winning the singles against Joan Schneeberger (11-9) Dorothy Hirst and Jo Magee plan to go (11-7). The doubles in badminton was won by Joan O'Flynn and Bobby Wade. They played Jean Willbrand and Jean Heye in the finals, Two out of three games were played.

> Table tennis intramurals came to a close with Marjorie Moehlenkamp winning the singles, and the doubles won by Marian Metz and Eloise Macy. Betty Bishop and Merlyn Merx lost to Marian and Eloise in the finals.

> The first game of the softball intramurals was played May 12 with the Day Students winning with the score of 6-0 over Ayres. Beverly Bacon pitched for Ayres, and Ruth Waye pitched for the Day Students.

Points for the A. A. plaque are mounting up with Butler four points ahead of the Day Students. Butler has 28, and the Day Students have 24. It really is going to be a close battle between these two. The plaque will be presented to the winner at the annual A. A. banquet on

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THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



The final issue of the Linden Bark brings to the Campus Hall of Fame Miss Betty Hardy. She has been at Lindenwood for two years, completing her college education here.

She is president of Ayres Hall, treasurer of the Texas Club, treasurer of the Senior Class, and secretary-treasurer of the Residence Council. She belongs to League of Women Voters, Beta Chi, Commercial Club, Choir, and the Student Christian Association.

Representing Texarkana, Tex., Betty is a slim, tall girl with dark hair cut in bangs and a pleasing southern smile.

Psychology Class Makes Two Field Trips

The Psychology classes made two interesting field trips last week. One to the St. Louis City Sanitarium and one to Emmaus, the mental hospital outside of St. Charles. About fifty students made

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Camp Counseling will be Popular Occupation for Lindenwood Students

Instead of traveling, working, or going to summer school, many of the Lindenwood students will be acting as camp counselors or guides this summer in different states.

The girls who will be camping this summer are: Ruth Waye, who will have land sports at Bura Oaks, Mukwonago, Wis. Jeane Sebastian, Nora Strength, Bobbie Wade and Jo Ann O'Flynn will all be together at Camp Fern, Marshall, Tex., doing some work on the water front and camperaft. Jean Temple will be assistantdirector at Camp Fire Camp, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Katherine Young will help the campers in handcraft and swimming at Camp Hantesa, Boone, Ia. Rusty Rushford will do her summer camping at Swope Park, Kansas City, Mo. Maurice Etheridge will help her counselees with nature at Chickagomi at Winter, Wis.

JEAN SEBASTIAN,

(Cont. from Page 1)

Nancy Hardy Kern, a Senior, of Waterloo, Ill., has been appointed Freshman Adviser for the coming year. She will be chairman of orientation week activities and will serve the Freshman Class in an advisory capacity during the year.

Nancy, a member of the Pop Court, was the Junior representative on the Student Council this year. She was president of Beta Chi and secretary of A. A. Appearing regularly on the Dean's honor roll, Nancy is also a member of the Student Christian Association, Poetry Society, riding team, League of Women Voters, Encore Club, El Circulo Espanol, and Alpha Sigma Tau.

The Student Council is revising the counseling program for next year. Student counselors, chosen from the three upper classes, were addressed by a Freshman panel on counseling problems. Plans are being made to have the counselors write incoming students as a welcoming gesture.

Tues-Wed.

May 20-21

James Dunn - Mona Freeman in THAT BRENNAN GIRL

Thurs-Fri-Sat.

May 22-23-24

In Trucolor Monte Hale in OUT CALIFORNIA WAY and

Don Ameche - Claudette Colbert in GUEST WIFE Extra Added Fun 4 MGM Cartoon's

Sun-Mon.

May 25-26

Teresa Wright - Robert Mitchum in PURSUED

May 27-28 Bruce Cabot - Constance Bennett in

WILD BILL HICKOK RIDES and Ann Sheridan - Robert Cummings in

KING'S ROW

May 29-30-31 Thurs-Fri-Sat Wallace Beery - Edward Arnold in

THE MIGHTY McGURK

Sun-Mon.

June 1-2

Burgess Meredith in THE STORY OF G. I. JOE

DENNINGS

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Continued from pg. 8 of Supplement MY LOVELY JENNY

in his head

"You know you're sort of sweet," she said.

"Hey, wait a minute," he thought wildly. "This is my line."

"Your big trouble is that everything's come too easy for you. You've had your own way too much," she continued.

Phil sputtered inside but no sounds To his great astonishment and even greater disgust, he sat calmly and listened to her as she went on at great length to tell him how to improve himself

"It's a woman's world," she concluded, "and the sooner you men find that out, the sooner everything will be all right."

That did it! Phil resisted a sudden strong impulse to slap her face and ardently wished that he were back in the fourth grade and could defy convention in that manner.

He was still seething when he bid her goodnight, thanked her for the lovely evening. He walked home devoutly hoping that he would never have to see her again.

'Did you have a nice time at the party?" asked Shorty solicitously, splitting his face into its sweetest smirk.

"Hell," said Mr. Osborn distinctly. He sat down at his desk and pulled out his calculus book. Until that moment calculus had been the joy of his life. He loved the neat figures, the definite, unvarying answers of the science. Tonight, though, Worry had entered his world. It didn't take him long to find out that Worry can complicate a number of things, including mathematics. With a growl he shoved the book aside, and stared out the window.

A week passed during which Phil found Worry a constant and most unwelcome companion. All was well in his relations with his brothers. No one so much as mentioned girls in his presence. No one offered to get him a date for the week end. By the following Tuesday he was almost himself again and looking forward to a whole semester of peaceful Saturday evenings, uncomplicated by women. That evening Shorty had the unpleasant task of reminding him of the Pan-Hel formal dance on Saturday evening, which he, as Phi Sig president, would be expected to attend. And not alone, Shorty warned. He reminded Phil that campus tradition required the frat president to escort houses' candidate for Pan-Hel Queen. Then he delivered the final crushing blow.

"And knowing how you feel about women, we decided to elect our queen without worrying you. You'll be happy to know that we chose, by unanimous vote, on the first ballot, Jenny Alton."

Some of the spirit was gone out of Phil, or maybe he had guessed that it was coming. Or maybe he really wanted to see Jenny again. At any rate he didn't do anything very drastic in an effort to avoid going. The formal announcement of the frat's choosing Jenny had already reached her before Phil was informed of the whole plan. He didn't have a chance. One against so many brothers—the odds were

The dance itself was wonderful. Jenny had never looked prettier and all the fellows had turned out. They really made the place ring when she was crowned -for queen she was, and the most beautiful one in years, the oldtimers said,

More than one person commented upon the attractive couple Phil and Jenny made but none dared mention such a thing to the two. As far as Phil's brothers and Jenny's sisters could tell, there had been no lessening of either's hearty dislike for the other.

And even Jerry and the most optimistic Phi-Sigs thought the situation was getting steadily worse. Some of the Pi Alphas reporte dthat Jenny's remarks about Mr. Osborn were less and less pleasant. They began to believe that Phil really was a woman-hater, that even the ideal woman couldn't please him. In the days that followed the Phi Sig house might as well have been in complete mourning for all the life and gaiety thereabouts. One Thurs-

sion Phil came in from class and quietly mentioned to Shorty that he was going home for the week end.

'That's a good idea," Shorty agreed, "I think you ought to get away from campus life for awhile."

He had read a full page of tomorrow's Sosh lesson before Phil spoke another word.

Then in a matter-of-fact way Phil continued, "I'm going to take Jenny with me."

"That's nice" Shorty commented. It was not often that his powers of concentration were so great and Phil waited for the words to register. He had counted to thirty-nine slowly before Shorty crossed his legs, arms, and eyes simultaneously (his supreme expression of astonishment). "Ho-oly cow!" Shorty exclaimed elegantly, "I'm going to take Jenny with me. I'm going to take Jenny with me. GOING TO TAKE JENNY WITH ME! Will you listen to the guy?" he demanded of the plain blue wall and red Western State pennant above his desk.

"Oh, it's nothing important,' Phil hastened to add. "She told me the other night how much she loved to fish and I decided that that was one thing she just wouldn't have a chance to be superior about. I thought it would be doing her a favor to teach her young that no one can be perfect."

'So you're going to sacrifice yourself and your week end to prove to Jenny that she can't possibly be good at everything.' Shorty said.

We're leaving right after "Uh huh. our last class Saturday morning and I'm going to make her eat her words.'

Shorty, as he watched them get ready to leave, noticed Jenny's lips move in earnest conversation and wondered which one would be eating words. The little contact he had had with Jenny showed him that she was a woman who didn't take anything from anybody.

Sunday morning early found Phil and Jenny on their way to the lake. "It's going to be a perfect day for fishing," Phil commented, squinting at the first faint light rays in the east.

"It looks like rain," Jenny said They drove on in silence.

Another argument arose as soon as they were out in the rowboat setting their lines. "My Dad says that plug you're using is no good," Jenny informed him.

'Yeah, well you just tell him it's the kind that won the lake championship for number of fish caught last July 4. wouldn't have anything to do with that dead cricket you're using. Fish like bright colors.'

An hour later his faith in the color consciousness of fish was considerably shaken. Jenny's "dead cricket" had been quite successful, quite that is. She had landed six beauties, beside which his catch of two seemed insignificant. He was ready to call it a day, but out of sudden politeness stayed on. Honestly, to himself he had to admit that Jenny was not really a better fisherman than he. But something was the matter with him today. Never before had a girl's presence disturbed him. However, he might just as well face the fact that Jenny was like no girl he had ever known before. He couldn't stop watching her; she was lovely. When he bent over his tackle, his hands shook so that he could hardly bait the hook. "You're in bad shape, brother." He tried to kid himself out of it. He had seen these symptoms in his brothers. They could mean only one thing-he was beginning to care

It was a relief to get away from the quiet peace of the lake. Back in the car he could keep his mind occupied with driving he hoped. Jenny was quiet and it was o unlike her not to have something to say, that he was tempted to ask her if something was the matter. He would almost rather she would gloat over her victory-that way at least he knew what she was thinking about. Morose and puzzled, he turned the car into the family driveway.

"Dinner as soon as we change clothes," he reported, after a conference with his mother. "I'm starved, how about you?"

Jenny smiled, and her smile had every-Phil's heart did an involuntary thing.

Lindenwood Fashions



The annual style show, "Lindenwood Fashions," was presented by the clothing classes of Lindenwood on May 1. Pictured above are Betty Casey and Jo Choisser in the dresses which they designed and modeled.

as he went upstairs for a shower.

During the meal he watched her. She'd be a mighty attractive girl to the right fel-I wonder what sort of man she wants, he mused. It was the first time he had even thought of her as a wife for someone and the thought amazed him.

The thoughts came back to him as they were driving back to school that evening. In fact they went a step farther. I wonder if I could ever be the type she'd care for. Phil had never lacked courage, but he did now. He thought for a mile or so, and then a plan, a solution to everything occurred to him. He stopped the car.

"What's the matter?" Jenny as ked. Phil fidgeted.

"I think my left front tire's a little low," he said and hopped out quickly.

And Jenny, because she was Jenny, got out, too. She looked up laughing. "Why Phil" . . . and then she looked up straight nto his eyes and saw the wistful, and pleading, and almost humble expression in them. It was gone in an instant and he was smiling, too.

"Oh Jenny, Jenny, how could I have been so wrong about you," he said. (If she laughs now, he thought, but she didn't.) His kiss was eager, unashamed. Then with his arm still around her, he fumbled with the safety catch of his pin "Will you?" he said and gestured feebly. This is horrible, he thought. I should make it light. She would expect me to say something clever like, "Well, babe, let's make it you and me, whatd'ya say?") The pinning was a solemn moment, calling for another kiss. Then, and only then, did Phil feel like himself again. He felt equal to almost anything, even the jokes of his brothers . . .

himself. He walked into the living room Lindenwood students and their guests. day at the very greatest period of depres- bounce. She was certainly polite enough and for a moment thought that the absence

when his parents were around. That's of his pin, conspicuous as it was, would a great big point in her favor, he thought pass unnoticed because it was so completely unexpected. Then came Shorty, his eyes wide with surprise. "What've you got to say for yourself, old man?" he

> "It's a woman's world!" said Phil and bit his fingernails.

NOTICE: An additional "First Honorable Mention" in the Sigma Tau Delta literary contest was awarded to Joan Hierholzer for her story, "The I. D ", which appears on the insert page of this supplement.

MAY DAY, cont, from pg. 1

Processional music was provided by Armina Kolmer on the Sibley organ.

A reception for the Queen and her court was held on the lawn near the Faculty

Barbara Hencke was the narrator. The choir was under the direction of Mr. Rehg. The May Day program was under the direction of Miss Ross.

The May Day festivities were concluded with a formal dance, The Cotton Ball, in the Butler Gymnasium, Decorations carried out the theme of the Old South, with a mural of the cotton fields painted by Joan Hierholzer and Sally Young covering the entire back of the Gym. Cotton bolls adorned the lights around the Gym.

on the lawn between Roemer Hall and the Quonset huts. Herb Mahler's orchestra He stood outside the house and braced furnished the music for the evening to the

The Music Box

By Mary Neubert

The Lindenwood Choir, under the direction of Milton Rehg, furnished all the music for the morning service at the Webster Groves Presbyterian Church last Sunday. The Rev. Dr. Harry T. Scherer, a member of the Board of Directors, is the minister of the church.

During the service the choir sang the choral responses, the anthem, "By the Waters of Babylon" by Neidlinger; and two offertories, "Let Thy Mercies Come Unto Us, O Lord" by K. K. Davis and "When Thou Comest" by Rossini. Marjorie Moehlenkamp was the soloist.

Sibley Chapel has been the scene of many recitals this year but they are all over for another year. The last two were Junior Recitals given this month. Colleen Johnson, pianist, gave her recital May 13. She was assisted by Mary Jo Sweeney, violinist, and Patricia Babcock, cellist. Colleen, whose home is in Caldwell, Kan., will receive her Bachelor of Music Degree this June.

The last recital was given last Tuesday by Norma Jean Blankenbaker, soprano. Mary Ellen Stewart was her accompanist and she was assisted by an instrumental ensemble directed by Leon Karel, Norma Jean's home is in Kirkwood, Mo.

Brides

Among our summer brides is of course, Intermission refreshments were served Jan Miller. She plans to live in Delaware and that sounds pretty nice to us Missourians. We hear Lee is another bride-elect . . . oh, well, they say it's great to lead a single life but I have my doubts when June rolls around.

SUPPLEMENT

FIRST PRIZE-GOLD MEDAL

LINDEN

"Jail Entrance"

By Marianne Metzger

THE

PERCIVAL J. Mullingford III stood wistfully on the corner of Pine and Lincoln Streets listening to the joyful shouts coming from the direction of the vacant lot where an assorted group of young boys ran, shouted, and leaped in an energetic baseball game. "A homer Johnny did it again!" A shout went up, and the freckle-faced, sturdy eleven-yearold topic of conversation grinned happily through the dirt on his face. Percival blinked his eyes very fast behind the lenses of his glasses, hoping, hoping, hoping-

"Hey, Percy!" His heart fluttered. Perhaps, at last, they would ask him to join them! He had been in the neighborhood only a month, his parents having moved from a near by city in July. Mrs. Nimson, who lived next door, had made her son, Johnny, call on Percival, but could not make him accept the little city boy as an equal. Used to the quiet pursuits of a city apartment, Percival was hardly equipped for the rough and tumble life led by the boys in this small town,

He now advanced timorously to the circle of grinning boys. "Look at Percy-Short-Pants!" one of them cried tauntingly. Percival shrank back and tried to pull his navy blue short trousers farther down over his knobby knees. He stood uncertainly, looking from one face to another,

'Wanta play some ball?" Johnny asked. He and the others smirked knowingly. Teasing this city dodo was fun! No matter what they asked him to do, he always tried it and, of course, failed miserably.

Percival's heart swelled, "Gee! Gee, sure I'd like to!"

"Okay. Batter up!" A heavy wooden stick which threw him off balance momentarily was thrust into his hands. As he tottered a snicker was heard. Proudly he straightened his meager shoulders and stepped up to the home plate. The first hall was fast. Percival struck at it furiously, fanning the air for yards around.

"Percy, Percy, have some mercy!" chanted the pitcher. Percival blinked back the tears and made no answer. The second ball came over. He swung again, putting all his strength into the blow. He missed again, but the momentum carried him around in a complete circle, and he fell Amid laughter he got up and brushed the dust from his clothes, trying to smile, to be a good sport.

"I guess-I guess I'm not very good at baseball," he said, "but if you'd only give n e another chance, and let me-

'Let you what?" Johnny asked. Percival made a great effort: "I'd like to

be a real member of your gang, and go places with you and-

"You? Don't be silly. You cant' do anything. We take only he men in this gang. Isn't that right, fellows?"
"Sure!" was the chorus.

"And now, Percy-Short-Pants," Johnny

said,"you'd better run along home to your mother. Tonight," he added cruelly, 'our gang is going out sign-snitching. No, you can't go, little boy. You're probably afraid of the dark, too!"

Frankly sobbing, Percival ran for home, At the front door, he wiped his eyes, tried to look as if nothing had happened, and went upstairs, passing his mother's room on the way to his own.

"Is that you, Percival?" asked a thin voice from within. He stopped and entered the room that was papered in pink and white. A woman with faded blonde hair, wearing a fimy blue negligee, lay on the untidy bed surrounded by magazines.

The boy stood awkwardly, scuffing one shoe against the other, "Mother, why did I have to be named Percival?"

The woman's powder-caked face frowned. "I've told you before that it's because Percival is your father's name and your granufather's name. Heaven knows, I don't like it either."

"Percy rhymes with 'mercy' and I get the carpet, where dull red roses crawled chair. "I just had a bad dream. That's charge of repairs and maintenance. After the laughter and banter. It was made all teased." His eyes traced the design in

languidly over a sea of streaked blue. His mother snapped that he was just imagining things. "Well, why won't Dad teach me how to play baseball, and why do I have to wear these old short pants-"

"Trousers, Percival."

"That's what I said. And why-" "Oh, my goodness, Percival, what's the

matter with you? Now be a good boy and run along to practice your piano lesson. No, don't. I have a terrific head-

Percival shuffled out the door. "I'll go for a walk or something." He remembered that Johnny had said only sissies called their mothers "Mother." "Goodbye, Mom."

"Shut the door softly when you go out, Percival, and please call me Mother.'

Percival ran out the front door and down the red brick sidewalk, careful to avoid the vacant lot where the baseball game was still in progress. Thoughtfully he kicked at a stick. Why wasn't he like the others? Sighing, he gave up thinking about the unpleasantness and tried to enjoy the soft air of the August afternoon.

Five blocks later he came to the Mayortown business district. He passed a few straggling grocery stores, the jail, and began looking at the displays. Suddenly he retraced his steps to the jail.

The Mayortown jail was a two-story brick building, looking like an ordinary house, except that the windows in the back part were barred. In the front half lived the sheriff and his wife, and their guests received the more private rooms. Grass grew spiritlessly on the front lawn, and a little fir tree surrounded by a wire screen was on each side of the stone walk leading up to the front porch. To the left, halfway back, was another entrance with a small walk leading to it. To the left of this walk was a black iron rail fence.

Fascinated, Percival let his eyes bounce off each rail. They stopped. Swinging freely with the slight breeze, suspended from the top rail of the fence section nearest him was a flat board, painted black and white. It stated its business simply, with an artistic forefinger to point the way, "Jail Entrance." He stood in silence, gazing at it.

"Pretty, ain't it?" Percival was startled by Johnny's voice. He turned guilt-"Ball game broke up," Johnny stated. He, too, stared at the sign "Gee, I'd give anything to have that in my collection!"

"Oh," Percival kicked at a blade of grass, "it's only an old board."

Johnny sighed, "Yeah." want that sign more'n any other one in town, and it's about the only one I can't have if I put my mind to it. I ain't afraid, you understand," he said quickly, "but I figure a fellow should respect the law."

"If-" Percival swallowed, "If I got that sign for you, could I be in your gang?" "You get it? If we're scared-I mean

if we can't get it, how could you?" "Well, just supposing I could? Then

"Sure. All the fellows would be in favor of any guy who could get that sign, but it takes more than you've got, I'll bet,' Johnny turned and walked away. Percival kept his eyes on the sign. Entrance" it taunted, swinging back and forth. "Jail Entrance."

That night he tossed and squirmed in his bed, dreaming of a giant gold and silver "Jail Entrance" sign that would sprout legs and run away every time he tried to catch it. "How can I do it?" he moaned over and over again. Drawing on his store of accumulated knowledge and experiences from ten years' existence brought

The next morning at breakfast his father, a large man with only a trace of gray in his smooth dark hair, scolded Percival: "What was all that noise coming from your room last night?"

all," Percival J. Mullingford II looked at his son in scorn. Why did his son have to be such a skinny weakling? Other men had healthy, ornery, robust chidren, but his had to be small, scared-looking, and be-spectacled. As with many strong men, he was impatient with and contemptuous of individuals who were physically weak.

"What are you going to do today?" Percival's father asked.

His son replied slowly. "I think I'll stay in my room and read."

"You read too much. Get out and play with the other boys. It'll do you

"But, Dad, you won't teach me how to piay baseball, and I can't learn by myself." Percival watched his father butter a piece of toast and cram it into his mouth.

"The other boys will be glad to help you learn, Percival. When you've finished breakfast, I want you to spend the whole morning out-of-doors. Do you hear?" He added another sentence, but this was drowned in a swallow of coffee,

An hour later Percival was pacing up and down in front of the jail. whizzed up and down the street, and people walked by in droves. He would never be able to walk off with that sign in broad daylight, and getting it at night was out of the question. His parents would never let him out alone.

He saw Johnny coming down the street and tried to act as if he were merely passing by. "Hey, Percy! Mapping out your campaign?" Johnny laughed. Percival shrugged his shoulders, smiling weakly.

"Well, good luck," Johnny said patron "You'll certainly need it!"

Percival's mouth was determined. "I'm going to get that sign," he stated. Johnny laughed again and walked on down the

Percival stared in despair at "Jail En-He never, never would have trance." enough courage to steal it. Therefore, he would never get to be in Johnny's gang, unless-his eyes lighted and he laughed out loud. He could buy it! Then his conscience and the gang would both be satisfied. But how did one go about buying a sign that said "Jail Entrance"? Perhaps the sheriff would know. He

started up the front walk, but gulped at the forbidding appearance of the blankly staring windows with shades drawn tight against dingy lace curtains. He backed up. This was rather an informal call, so maybe he should go to the side entrance. He turned left and went up the narrow walk with scrubby flowers lining it. He came to the steps. Here, too, the shades were drawn, and the windows were barred. As he started up the steps he noticed a sign that said: "Visiting Day Thursday Only-No visitors permitted on premises at any other time-Violators will be prosecuted for trespassing! Sylvester Hackenmaker, Jailer,"

Someone moved behind one of the shades and an eye peered out at him. Gee whiz! He was on the premises! And it was Monday! A minute later, Percival was leaning against a lamp post, panting, two blocks away.

"I've got to go back," he told himself Maybe he could try the front sternly. door. After all, there must be some legal way to see a sheriff. It took Percival twenty minutes to walk back to the jail. Dragging his courage behind him, he went up to the front door and rang the bell. For several long moments there was complete silence, then a woman with her hair tied up in a scarf, obviously cleaning house, opened the door.

Percival's knees were shaking, but he said,"If a person wanted to buy that sign," he pointed to it, "how would I-I mean he-go about doing it?"

Mrs. Hackenmaker looked at him distrustfully. She knew that a gang of boys had been stealling signs all over Mayortown, but this was certainly a new approach. She informed him curtly that she doubted if it were possible, but he the courthouse about it. They were in LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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peering around to see that no gangs of the more obvious by the deserted air of the small boys were in ambush, set to charge Club. Most of the swimmers had gone, the jail and carry off the sign lawlessly, she slammed the door.

The courthouse! The county judges!

Percival began thinking in exclamation points. The situation was steadily getting out of control. Walking the two blocks to the courthouse, he argued with himself passionately. He couldn't do it. . . but he must, but he couldn't-

"Well, I'll just walk in and look around," he decided. Pushing open the heavy door, he found himself in a dimly lit marble hall, with doors breaking its smooth expanse at regular intervals. Not a soul stirred, and Percival's footsteps echoed.

After climbing a flight of stairs, he discovered that he had been in the basement. Here life flowed through the corridors. He walked about, looking at the names of the doors. Then he saw a closed door with County Court printed on it.

Percival walked up and down in front of it three times, once daring to touch the knob as he went by. Three men who were conversing in the hall watched him and smiled. Confused, Percival turned, and started to walk through an open door that said "County Clark,"

(Cont. on Page 3)

With Halo Askew

By Marianne Metzger

Angela McReynolds, sitting on the Country Club pier in a pose that exhibited the best possible view of her shapely, white legs, felt the damp, intimate heat of the July afternoon slide up and down the length of her body—from carefully combed brunette coiffure to polished red toenails -and felt like a cat whose fur is being stroked. The austerity of her lips, which were naturally a little thin and pressed together, had been hidden under an even layer of brilliant lipstick that matched exactly the shade of polish on her toenails. In fact, the redness was so applied that it cunningly made the contours of her lips full, and the whole effect was one of invitation. Ice green eyes, black hair that looked as if it would leave a smudge on her cheek, and milk white skin completed the picture, which was on display for an admiring group of young men.

As usual, Sandy Crooks, who was nobody in particular, Jack Hannigan, whose father owned a factory, Joe Allenby, whose great-grandfather was the first settler in Lawrence Park, and Martin Ilgrim, who could play the piano, paid court to the daughter of the richest man in the city. But it isn't because of her money that we like her," Jack had once told his busy father. "She's such a sweet girl," father nodded. He had seen Angela walking down the street in Lawrence Park one day, but it had not been because of her sweetness that he had looked twice.

Before Angela's arrival, they had been joking and flirting with the sandy-haired Ewing sisters, now sitting neglected and aloof farther along the pier. Now regal might ask one of the county judges over at in their lonely splendor, the sisters glanced wistfully now and then in the direction of Larry Parks called asking her to go out, she

leaving only a few who sported and frolicked in the tepid water.

Trying not to look as if they were staring, Maxine and Ernestine Ewing gazed earnestly into the water of the lake below them, where a fat woman laboriously heaved herself along toward the float. They watched her intently, as if this remarkable sight would never be again revealed to their dazzled eyes.

"It's her money they're after!" hissed Maxine, as she stared at the fat woman's movements, and tried to convince herself that Angela's only attractive feature was wealth. To strengthen her statement she added, "They know that she'll inherit a fortune when her father dies, and he's been seriously ill for months."

Ernestine sighed. "Men cluster around Angela all the time. We have to be fair, Maxine. You know very well that Angela has always been very nice to usletting us work on her committees when our club gives a party, or something like

Maxine sighed. "The fact that she's nice makes it all the more revolting. We haven't any reason to hate her. Come on. Let's go." Gathering up pillows, bottles of lotion, movie magazines, and sunglasses, the sisters walked proudly past the gay little group surrounding a girl in a glowing red bathing suit.

Out on the float, Mrs. Bertha Johnson lay gasping for breath. It had been a long, hard pull, and her extra poundage hadn't made the going any easier. It was awfully nice of Mr. McReynolds to insist that she come out to the Country Club on his share whenever she liked. Not that she did it very often, because most of the smartly dressed people who frequented the place were so far out of her class. She felt uncomfortable.

Anyway, she couldn't ask for a better job as housekeeper anywhere, and poor Mr. McReynolds was always so grateful when she did anything special for him, such as making his favorite kind of pie or something like that. He should marry again, but he had been a widower so long that he'd probably give up the notion.

He was all wrapped up in his daughter. and no one else interested him. Johnson relaxed and closed her eyes, letting the gentle, rolling motion of the float drug her senses. It's too bad, she thought, that Angela didn't have time to write home more often when she was away at college, but the poor girl had to study so hard. The teachers picked on her too, because with all her studying, she didn't make very good marks. Well, she was at home for good now, and her poor father was so happy about it. A year later might not have been soon enough, because his health was failing so fast that the end might come at

And Angela was so sweet, she thought. Last night she was going to sit up with her father, but her nerves were so on edge as a result of his illness that when young

(Cont. on Page 6)

Prize Winning Entries In Sigma Tau Delta Contest

The Chase

SECOND PRIZE-SILVER MEDAL

By Elise Rannells

THE sun was just beginning to sink behind the hill in the east pasture. Ki stirred in his bed of tow sacks and stretched lazily. He yawned widely as he flexed every muscle of his body, then lifted his paw and pushed against the screen door. The door opened slightly, and he butted it vigorously with his head. As it swung open he bounded outside just in time to escape having the door slam upon his tail. He looked back at it to be sure that no hairs had got caught in the crack. No, everything was safe—he was getting to be quite an expert. He could remember the time he was learning to let himself out of the house-he had spent many agonizing moments sitting in front of the door trying to summon the courage to open it himself. Yes, and many were the times that the treacherous thing had slammed on his tail, making him howl so loudly that the master looked scornfully at him and called him "sissy." He didn't care if he was a sissy -he could still feel the bruised spot on the tip of his tail

Ki stood on the sidewalk and gazed thoughtfully about the landscape. Gad, but he enjoyed this time of day-it gave a fellow such a good-to-be-alive feeling. He sniffed the twilight air, savoring its clean earthy odor as a cook would a pot of choice stew. The warm breeze blew through the silky ruffles on his chest and tail. The master had just finished brushing his coat until it shone-rather a fruitless task to be sure, since it wouldn't stay next more than fifteen minutes after he was let outside. Still, if the master took such pride in his lengthy pedigree it was only natural that he should want his dog to be a model of beauty as well. Ki lifted his regal, lemon-freckled muzzle high into the air as he daintily picked his way over the lawn to his favorite spot beneath the small Chinese elm. He lay down very carefully, for he was proud of his appearance. After all, every dog didn't have creamy white hair with lemon ticking and three inch rufflles. True, some of the beautiful waves were a trifle ragged, but that could be expected with all the cockle burrs around the place.

He rubbed his chin back and forth over the green grass. The tickling was delightful-he inched his whole body over the grass-ah, such ecstasy- Ki shut his eyes in sleepy satisfaction. It was a boring life, but there were worse things than boredom.

As he closed his eyes he missed seeing two long ears extend from the side of the house. The ears were mottled brown, and one of them dropped coquettishly over two saucy brown eyes. Loppy, the cottontail, had come to get his evening snack and he wanted to make sure that the coast was clear. He gazed at the dozing dog and then hopped warily over to the garden. He didn't want that pesky dog to see him then or he wouldn't be able to sample that choice Chinese cabbage, or the luscious new carrots. Time passed, and gradually Loppy began to feel uncomfortably full. He had only eaten a small portion of the cabbage, and the young beans, cucumbers, and beets were merely relishes. He didn't particularly care for the cucumbers-he liked radishes much better, but there weren't any then. Loppy hopped slowly around Ki and sat down on the grass not more than a hundred feet away from him Loppy's uncomfortable feeling was temporary, for he was a veteran of the garden patch—one could see that by the buckshotsinged yellow streak running across his back. Yes, Loppy had led an exciting the dog might get disgusted and quit; life-it was a good thing that humans were such rotten shots, though.

Loppy bounced up and down, but Ki didn't notice. He bounced still farther down and pondered. What was wrong only smiled indulgently. They raced with that lazy dog? Didn't he know that around the pasture and through the front hers as it nestled amidst the voluminous it felt wonderful. She hummed the mel-steps forward, one step back—circle.

it was time for their daily chase? If he didn't hurry the sun would be completely down. But the cottontail was a man of action-if the dog wouldn't respond, he'd make him! He took a deep breath and ran full speed past the setter's nose. Ki's nose twitched nervously-what was that that just whizzed by? He opened one eye, but couldn't see anything except grass-nothing in that. He halfway closed his eye, just to make sure that something funny didn't happen while he was asleep. Hoppy's ears rose stealthily from an especially large clump of grass. Well, what was the slothful hound doing? He stared at the dog and clicked his chisel-like teeth with annoyance. All right, if he wanted coaxing he would try a little more effective strategy. Loppy bounded slowly across the yard and paused. Then even more slowly he hopped across the grass in front of Ki's nose. The nose wiggled experimentally, but nothing happened. Loppy shook his whiskers scornfully-what a detective! He turned around and waltzed over the grass, digging his back toenails in the earth. As he passed the dog he let his hind legs flop, and small particles of dirt sprayed over Ki's head. That did the trick! Ki bounded to his feet and let out a surprised yelp, then tore after the rabbit with all the speed he could muster. Loppy chuckled derisively as he loped across the pasture. If that dog didn't eat so much maybe he would run a better race -he would never catch up at that rate. Loppy circled around and followed the dog for awhile, but then the ignorant dog was too busy smelling to use his eyes Then a spark of true malice shone in the rabbit's eye. Without more ado, he changed his course and headed for the cockle burr patch. Now, he'd have a little fun! He had to slow down and rest for a bit before the dog got near enough to make the chase interesting, but he always did like a little snooze after dinner.

Ki yiped with pleasure when he again caught sight of the cottontail, and he ran after it with a new burst of speed. Any minute now he would be able to get that enticing little ball of fur between his teeth. But it wasn't fur that tickled his nose now. He yelped in pain, and stopped in his tracks. Why, that dirty, stinking little -he had been maneuvered right in the middle of the burr patch. The horrid, pricking little things were clinging to his newly brushed coat, and one even nestled behind his ear-painful, but he could bear it. He could practically hear the master's angry voice scolding him for being so careless, but after all it wasn't his fault, it was the pesky rabbit's.

All thoughts of rabbit hunting had vanished from his mind by this time, and he was only concerned with getting out of that abominably torturous place. Loppy sat under one of the largest plants and smirked. He had never seen anything so funny! Anyone with hair that long deserved to have cockle burrs in it. posed that he had pulled a dirty trick, but the-why, the dog was finding his way out of the patch! Well, what do you know! He had more sense than Loppy had given him credit for having.

Ki limped out of the patch, sat downand studied the situation. He could hear his friends barking, and he knew that they were playing around in his back yard. Well, right now he was having more fun chasing that rabbit than he would have wrestling with the others-but where was the plagued bunny hiding himself? Loppy just sat and smiled, but he was afraid that therefore he sneaked from under his bush to the outside. Then, as noisily as he could, he shot past the perplexed dog. Ki stiffened-why, the impudence of the

yard-Loppy a full thirty feet in front of the panting dog. Ki's three friends, George, the English bull dog, Pete, the German shepherd, and Uno, the cute little Irish setter, eagerly watched the performance. Finally, they could stand it no longer, and they scurried after Ki and the

Ki looked back with indignation. Why couldn't they go away and let him alone? This was his rabbit, and he didn't want anyone else to chase it. He snarled at Pete, but Pete paid no attention to him. Loppy looked back at his pursuers-now, this was real competition! He couldn't go at this pace much longer though. Perhaps he had better go somewhere and take a breather. He could see that his special friend, Ki, was looking a little worn out, and that wouldn't do. There was still a lot of time for a good run. He turned quickly to the left and ran into the tile that lay beneath the road. The dogs followed him, but they were too large to enter the title. This infuriated George, who growled and snarled fiercely at the calm little animal inside. Loppy wrinkled his whiskers with amusement. The pug-nosed chunk of mutton couldn't even give a fellow a decent run-all he was good for was

The dogs jostled each other back and forth in their eagerness to see through the tile, and a fight seemed inevitable. Loppy finally tired of the wrangling outside, for a dog fight didn't interest a self-respecting rabbit in the least. He slipped up to the opposite end of the tile and poked his head out. Now if he would just make it a few feet away without having them spot him . . . ah, he did it! He turned toward them and squeaked. Ki pricked up his ears and stared at the rabbit. Was that the same one he had been chasing? Yes, it had to be Loppy. "I'll chase that thing to its hole yet," Ki thought to himself as he lunged after it. "You think so. the same one he had been chasing? Yes, it had to be Loppy. "I'll chase that thing to its hole yet," Ki thought to himself as he lunged after it. "You think so, huh?" was Loppy's attitude as he flounced

his cotton tail in front of the dog. Ki and Pete ran furiously, but Loppy kept just out of their reach. Ki didn't like the way that Pete was panting, more from excitement than fear, and the way saliva dripped from his mouth. His eyes protruded, and they turned an uglier yellowish-green color as he made several desperate lunges at the rabbit. Ki snarled warningly. After all, that was his rabbit, and he didn't want anyone else to catch him. Pete snapped at him viciously, and Ki swerved in surprise. Well, of all the nerve! If that dog thought that he was going to get that rabbit he was crazvhe would show them that he, Ki, was a good hunter too, and that no rabbit would show him up!

"Now this is something more like it," thought Loppy as he whirled and circled through the pasture. Once Pete's front foot brushed his tail, and he quickly applied more speed. He didn't like the looks of that big bruiser. He wasn't at Time after time he circled the pasture, but the dogs were still behind. Perhaps he had eaten too much-he was getting too tired to go at that pace much longer. He headed for the fence and hunted for an

cont, on pg. 6

The Dance

By Elise Rannells

Marj smiled sweetly at her partner Al was really most good-looking His shiny black hair waved gently over his forehead; his dark eyes peered at her from beneath tangled lashes as he smiled shyly and the scratchy feel of the tweed rubbing her and turned a semi-cartwheel, but the dog thing! He ki-yied frantically as he tried bare arm. She was a little uncertaindidn't see his acrobatics. Loppy sat to overtake the speeding rabbit, but Loppy she had known Al for years, yet she had the feel. His cheek rubbed against hers

folds of her white net formal dress. yielded it to him, and faintly, oh so faintly, returned the pressure.

"I wish the music would start," she said to Al. "I hear that the orchestra is very good. We have never had this particular one before-I hope it's as good as the last

"Oh, I know it will be. You know, we had the best one when I was over in Japan. Fellows in my barracks made it up. A little Japanese boy played the drums for us-he was really good, and had never had a lesson."

She looked around the dance floor, Maybe he was like the negroes-they say that the rhythm is born in them. Johnny said a little Korean played some sort of flute for them." She hurried on. "How did you like the Japanese? Are they as bad as most of the magazine articles say they are?"

"Oh, I don't know. The little Nip kids were kind of cute. Every time we'd go to town they'd follow us around like flies, and beg for cho-ko-la-ta and cig-a-ret! That's the way they asked for candy and cigarettes. They just gobbled the candy, but they sold the cigarettes. That was quite a racket."

Marj smiled, and looked impatiently toward the orchestra. "Yes, I suppose it was," she commented automatically.

"Ladies and gentlemen," boomed a voice over the loudspeaker. "For the first number of the evening we are going to play 'Stardust'-featuring our trumpet soloist, Tommy McNair!" The couples squealed with delight—girls fluttered their eyelashes, and the men took deep breaths, knowing that the crusade had begun.

"Oh, I love it," Marj muttered in pleas ure. Al's arms slipped into hers, and they glided into the first steps of the dance. Marj's head nestled comfortably near Al's shoulder-he was much taller than she had thought. She was glad that she had worn high heels. She smiled with pleasure as her nose brushed against his collar-she caught the odor of cigarette smoke and

Al looked down upon Marj's auburn hair. It was a curious thing-he had never paid much attention to her when they were home, but she was really rather pretty. Not nearly so snobbish as he had thought. He liked the way his gardenias nestled in her hair. Their perfume was a little heady, but nice. He wondered why it was that fellows always sent girls gardenias-most of the girls were wearing them. Still, several of the girls were wearing orchids. They were lovely things-the fellows who sent them must have been wealthy. He had heard that most of the girls who came to Briarwood College were wealthy, and he believed it.

He propelled Marj over to the side of the dance floor. She smiled. "It is a little crowded out here, isn't it?" she

"Yeah. I hate to be in such a turmoil -being bumped from all sides. Do you have these dances often?"

"Oh, about once a month. I'm so glad you could come up this time, Al."

I'm glad I could, too. I was pretty surprised when Johnny asked me if I wanted to come. Say, your brother seems to be getting along pretty well with your friend." Marj peered around, and Al nudged her cheek in the opposite direction. "Over there," he said.

"Oh, yes," Marj laughed-withdrawing "That shows how popular I am with my big brother—he ditches me quick for my beautiful friends."

"Ditches you, nothing!" Al murmured as he rubbed his chin against Marj's hair. His arm tightened about her waist, drawing her closer to him. Marj gasped to herself. Why, she had always thought that Al was painfully shy! There wasn't anything shy about that embrace! If only slipped his arm through hers. She loved he wouldn't take two steps forward and one step back. Still, he was very smooth, and he was probably doing it just to get never really known him. His hand sought and, she was ashamed to confess it-but

She ody of "Stardust" - Al bent his head close to her mouth. "Sing it," he said.

Marj demurred, but he insisted. right, I will, but you'll be sorry." She crooned the words softly.

"Why, that's beautiful," he exclaimed. "I didn't know you could sing like that." He whirled her quickly and joined in the

It's funny, Mari thought, how people who can't sing love to. It's awfully sweet of him to want to hum with me though. Al's monotone kept time with the music, and he whirled her around and aroundtwo steps forward, one step back. Suddenly Al held her tightly-too tightly. Gently she tried to make him loosen his hold, but he didn't notice her efforts. His cheek pressed firmly against hers. She could feel the drops of perspiration on his clean-shaven cheek. It was entirely too warm on the dance floor. Why didn't someone open a window? Her head swam slightly. She stopped singing, but Al crooned on, nuzzling his cheek against hers. Two steps forward, one step back, and

Marj peered over his shoulder at the other dancers. Girls and boys gazed into each others' eyes dreamily. bingblast of the trumpet filled the crowded gymnasium. Balloons on the chandelier swayed-at last someone had opened the doors! She watched one of the balloons bump against the light bulb and cling there. Her breath stopped short, waiting for the inevitable pop. The balloon cracked noisily, and as it popped she looked up to see one of her friends watching. The girl smiled dazzlingly, but the smile lost its brilliance and became set. "Poor Sally isn't having such a good time either, Marj commented to herself. "I can't wonder. The boy she's with is much too young for her. It's a crying shame. I was lucky to have my brother and his friends come up-Oh, please let's not go in another circle!"

"When do you get to come home again?" Al asked softly.

"Oh, I don't know. There's no legal holiday until Easter, and that's a long way

"I should say it is! Can't you come home some week end? You're not too far, you know. They've built a new bowling alley at home. Do you bowl?"

"No, I've never bowled. They do have a class here, but I don't take it. Do you like to bowl?"

Al bumped into a dancing couple, and nodded apologetically. "I'm crazy about it! I'll teach you when you come home, You'll like it. I heard that they're going to open up the Country Club for dances once a week, too. Won't that be swell! We can do a lot of things now that the old town isn't quite so dead!"

"Yes, I suppose we can. The place needs some livening up."

"We'll make it hum," Al laughed as he pressed her nearer to him. Marj stiffened imperceptibly, and braced herself for the coming circle. As she gazed absently over his shoulder, one of the boys her brother brought with him danced by. He and his date seemed to be having a marvelous time. Marj smiled vaguely. Perhaps she shouldn't have paired Betty and Doug off-she had always been a little crazy about Doug, even if he didn't know that she existed.

"Yes, it's a wonderful dance," she agreed in answer to one of Al's comments. To herself she added, "If that music doesn't stop pretty soon, I'll scream." The music did stop, and he led her to the side. lines. Marj felt faint, and she laughed giddily. Oh, here came Doug and Betty! Doug leaned over to speak to her just as the music began again. Al pulled her toward him and they danced onto the floor. Mari saw Doug and Betty glide in an opposite direction. After all, it didn't matter -nothing mattered.

Two steps forward, one step back. Two

Once Upon A Fantasy

THIRD PRIZE—BRONZE MEDAL A PLAY

By Lorraine Peck

STAGE ideas for "Once Upon a Fantasy".

When stage revolves-from reality to dream or vice-versa—use some musical scheme to denote change.

Despite frequent changes of scene, few stage properties will be necessary. In reality sequences, footlights are used. elaborate furnishings are required. dream sequences, only spotlight is used, and it is focused on those people or objects that are necessary for that part of the play's action. When a person exits in dream sequences, he merely steps out of spotlight and then can go off stage. When a certain object is no longer required, spotlight is taken off it, as dream portion of stage is otherwise in complete darkness.

It would be advisable to have antagonizer (as far as Joe is concerned) in reality sequences portray a degrading or different characterization in dream sequences.

REALITY (Enters before curtain from left of stage and stops center.) Well? DREAM: (Enters before curtain from right of stage.) He's all right. I've given him a consolation dream this time to make him believe he has irresistible powers.

Poor Joe-guess I'd better REALITY. rescue him.

DREAM: Oh, you spoil all the fun. REALITY: The trouble is you shouldn't make so much of it.

DREAM. (Going off stage at left.) See you around, Reality. Maybe some day you'll be one of my customers.

REALITY: Only in a nightmare, broth-(Lowers voice.) And now to rescue Joe! (Curtain opens. Joe is behind cheaply dressed girl-spotlight on both. Reality stands with arms akimbo and back to audience. Girl drops handkerchief.) JOE: (Clears throat.) Pardon me, but you've dropped something.

GIRL: Yeah, my divorce proceedings.

(Laughs raucously.)

(Feebly chuckling.) No. mean, here's your handkerchief. GIRL: You mean my man trap?

Man trap? GIRL: Sure, a rat trap catches rats, a

mouse trap, mice. I catch men. JOE: Well, I'm married.

GIRL: What difference does that make?

(Walks up to Joe.) IOE: None, when you mention it like

(Starts to embrace her .--) that. GIRL: (Eludes Joe.) And here I thought you were such a timid, gentle kind.

JOE: I am really, I mean-GIRL: (Interrupts Joe.) Don't underrate yourself, big boy. Anyone as good-

looking as you are ought to be able to get any girl. JOE: Oh, really, I'm not good-looking.

GIRL: Sugar, if I were a producer, I'd give you a contract in motion pictures. JOE: (Visibly pleased.) Thanks, I always thought I wasn't too bad-just passing as

far as handsomeness goes. Thanks. GIRL: That's O.K. (Stops before old building-spotlight on it.) Too bad we thinking about my wife.

can't talk longer. JOE: Do you have to go now?

GIRL: I'm afraid so, but why don't you come in-for a while? (Mounts steps pauses on threshold.) Well? (Joe begans hesitantly mounting steps. Reality walks up and taps him on the shoulder. Joe turns and spotlight on girl and building goes off.)

REALITY: Pardon me, this is as far-as this goes.

JOE: Who are you? You can't say anything about this.

REALITY: Who's saying anything about anything? I'm merely here to return you. JOE: Return me?

REALITY: Wake up, Joe Parker. You're still wandering around in that illusional fog of vice Dream put you into.

JOE: At least let me say goodby to the

REALITY: What girl? I don't see anyone.

JOE: The one (turns to look at girl and says weakly) who was there.

REALITY: See? No one there. was all a dream. Why don't you stay in my realm for a while? I wouldn't have to come and rescue you all the time. JOE: (Meekly) I'll try.

REALITY: That's what they all say. I don't know what that fellow has, but he must put Mickey Finns into his hallucinations. Come on, Joe. Back you go. IOE: Where?

REALITY: Believe it or not, my deluded friend, you are in your office at this time with that usual stupid blank expression on your "handsome" face. I don't know how you got there safely, but you've been doing so many amazing things here lately that nothing would surprise me. Anyway, just promise me that you don't start wandering after a lacy handkerchief while you're shaving. (Joe and Reality walk towards door.)

REALITY: Here we are, Joe. Over you go, and stay there just a little longer this time, won't you?

JOE: Stay where? REALITY: In reality, you dome-headed dreamer. Who'd you think I was-Superman in civilian clothes?

JOE: Oh, you're Reality. REALITY: My God, how'd you ever guess it?

JOE: And the other one who brought me here is Dream?

REALITY: Any minute I expect an offer of a job from the Encyclopedia Brittannica.

Well, thanks. (Opens door and stage revolves. Trill of music. Joe enters office. Stage lights are on.)

EVERYONE: Where have you been? JOE: Am I late?

MAN: Late? Do you realize that you should have been here half an hour ago? Look at that work piled on your desk. JOE: Is all of that mine?

MAN: I'll say. Boss-man has certainly given you all the dirty work to do today. And for a measly forty-five a week. Joe, why do you take it?

WOMAN. Yeah, Joe, why don't you ask for a raise? Dempsey's been working you harder than anyone else, and you don't do a thing about it.

JOE: But a raise! I might get fired. MAN: Don't you have any gumption, Joe? Listen, I'm an American, and so I have just as many rights as the old man has, The only thing he has on his side is a bank account. Look, Joe, we've been talking this over, and we've all decided that we deserve salary increases.

JOE: How are you going to get them? MAN: That's easy. We're going to join one of the unions and go out on strike. JOE: A union? A strike? But my income would be stopped.

MAN; All right, so you wouldn't have second helpings or desserts for a while. But think of the long run.

JOE: You think of the long run.

WOMAN: Look, Joe, I'm a woman, and I know that Mary would be in favor of this. She wants you to get ahead. And besides, she wants better things than your income can buy now.

JOE: I guess you've got a point there. MAN: Sure we have. Now here's our plan, Joe. We've more or less organized this union deal, and we pledged you in on it. When Dempsey comes storming in here and gives you the devil for being late, stick by your rights, and tell him you're underpaid, so why should you get here in time to keep the janitor company, or something like that. Boss-man will blow his top and fire you.

JOE: Fire me?

MAN: Calm yourself. When he fires you, we'll all quit and go on strike. Say we're all loyal to you and support your idea of a wage increase. We've got it all had broken open his bank and changed the worked out.

JOE. But why should I be the one to be fired?

MAN: Because you're the only one who gets here so late every day, and you're the hardest worked and lowest paid. Come on, Joe, say you'll cooperate. We've got it all worked out.

JOE: I don't know. (Walks to desk in center of stage and sits down.) What will Mary say?

WOMAN: Like I told you, Joe, she'll understand and be for it. JOE: Not Mary.

MAN: Women are all alike, Joe. Can you afford the things she wants? You need a new car and carpeting for the house, don't you?

JOE: Yes, we do need quite a few things. MAN: O.K. O.K. Here's your chance to get them. Oh, come on, Joe. JOE: You're sure this will work?

MAN: Would we be in on it if we thought it had any chance of failing? JOE: And you won't back down from

striking if I'm fired? MAN: We're one hundred per cent behind you.

WOMAN: Hurry up and agree, Joe. Dempsey's coming now.

JOE: Well-all right.

EVERYONE: Hurrah! Joe, we knew you'd do it.

DEMPSEY: (Enters from left of stage and approaches Joe's desk.) My, my, Mr. Parker has finally decided to come to work.

JOE: Yes, sir, I mean-

DEMPSEY: (Interrupting Joe.) You mean that if you stopped daydreaming you might be able to do a little more work, and I might be able to be a little more lenient with you.

JOE: That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Mr. Dempsey. About my salary-

DEMPSEY: (Interrupting Joe.) I have something to say first along that line, Joe Parker. If you can't get to work on time and stop day-dreaming, I'm going to cut your wages. Do you understand—cut your wages?

JOE: Yes, sir.

DEMPSEY: Now what were you going to say? (Everyone looks at Joe expec-

Cont. pg. 4

"JAIL ENTRANCE"

cont. from pg. 1

"What are you doing, Sonny?" one of the men asked. Looking for a marriage license?" They all laughed. All, that is, except the frightened Percival. He felt trapped.

"I'm looking for," he tried to make the words as small as possible, "one of thecounty court judges." He was amazed at his boldness.

"Well, you're talking to one of them right now," said the small man pleasantly. Hastily, and stammering a little, Percival spilled out his request, and encouraged by the man's kindly face, even told him the reason for it.

The judge considered. It was definitely an odd proposal, but the little fellow was certainly appealing, and he could remember that once when he was small he had longed to belong to "the gang." The other two judges would think he was crazy, but-

"All three of us judges have to agree on a decision, Son, so you come back this afternoon before four o'clock and make your plea before the court. You'll have to pay for having a new sign made if you get the old one, and I'll try to see that you do get it."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Percival. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" He ran down the hall feeling as though he were filled with helium.

That afternoon following lunch, Percival slipped quietly to his room and closed the door. He took a copy of Tom Sawyer from the bookshelf over his bed and flipped the pages. Between pages seventy-nine and eighty he found a five-dollar bill and drew it out carefully. It represented his entire capital. Only the week before he pennies, nickels, and dimes into a bill. time when the gang usually congregated in and the door closed softly behind him.

That ought to be enough, he thought, to the vacant lot. He walked joyfully down took the whole five, it would be worth it Johnny was the first to see him. to belong to Johnny's gang, and perhaps, Percy-Short-Pants come to call!" in time, the fellows would even call him "Butch."

At three o'clock he left the house, trying to attract as little attention as possible, and succeeded beautifully. He thought that his parents might not be quite as enthusiastic about the deal he was trying to make as he. Outside the door that said 'County Court" he felt a few misgivings, but remembering how kind the judge had been, and that this would make him a member of the gang, he boldly opened the door and walked in.

In a surprisingly short time he reappeared, and from the look of joy on his face one would think a rich uncle had just bestowed a million dollars upon him, but Percival had something infinitely more precious than a mere fortune. He now owned "Jail Entrance." Evidently the judges had been happy about giving it to him, too, for they had smiled many times during the proceedings.

He had handed over his five dollars, and coincidentally that was just how much the sign painter was going to charge for making a new "Jail Entrance." As soon as it was done, Percival had only to walk up to the fence, detach the sign, and it was all over. He was in the gang.

Whistling happily he walked briskly homeward in the bright sunlight. Passing the vacant lot, he saw that the gang. soon to be his gang, was engrossed in another baseball game. Sauntering over to the players, he watched casually for a few moments and then spoke to Johnny. "Oh, by the way, I'll have that little article for you inside of three days." He turned and started to leave.

"Just a minute," Johnny said curiously. "How can you be so positive about getting It's in such a public place."

"I have a plan," said Percival, trying to look very mysterious, "and I'm not afraid to carry it out." Johnny's face grew a little red at the latter half of that remark.

"Aw," he said. "Aw, I don't believe you can do it at all."

"You'll see," said Percival, smiled again, and left.

The next two days were an agony of waiting. He kept his superior air when around any of the gang members, but he secretly wondered if that sign painter was ever going to get the new "Jail Entrance" finished. When the new sign appeared he could tell the fellows that he had pulled such a slick job that the police gave up right awaay and got a new sign. Percival spent two of the happiest days of his life, in spite of the waiting, picturing Johnny's face as he, called Percy-Short-Pants, handed him the coveted sign.

Wednesday evening the long-awaited summons came. Luckily Percival's parents were at a movie. He had stayed at home purposely in case the judge should call. At seven-thirty the telephone rang, and with much nervous expectation Percival answered.

"Hello, Percival? This is Judge Clem-We'll have the new sign up tomorrow morning, so you can stop by the sheriff's office for the old one then."

"Well," said Percival, who had thought over his speech carefully, "couldn't you leave it on the fence and let me get it from there? I want to steal it."

"What?" "The gang won't let me in if they think I just bought it."

The judge laughed. "Just don't make a practice of this. All right, Percival, it'll be on the fence, and I'll tell the sheriff not to see you."

"Gee, thanks ever so much," Percival rejoiced. He would take Johnny and the gang along for witnesses, and while they watched and all the world walked and rode by, he would steal "Jail Entrance."

That night he was so excited that he got little sleep, and waited impatiently for dawn. After what seemed to him like hours of waiting, the sun rose, throwing pink light through the windows of his

After hours more it was ten o'clock, the

buy a new sign for the jail. Even if it the street to join them. When he arrived, other boys laughed at his wit.

Percival tried not to notice. After all, this state of affairs was not to last long. He was casual. "I just dropped by to see if any of you would like to go downtown with me. I'm going to steal the 'Jail Entrance' sign."

As he spoke there was a roar of laughter. "I don't think so, Percy-Short-Pants," Johnny said. "You see, I decided that if a little weakling like you was going to try to get that sign, we could, too. Last night we went to the jail and got it. Simpie, wasn't it?"

"Yes,"Percival agreed, "very-simple." Feeling as though there was a big lump of lead where his heart should be, he turned away. However, there were no tears to hide this time. He felt all dried up inside, and if he had been run through a wringer, not one tear could have been squeezed from him.

The sun was not as bright as it had been earlier that morning, nor the trees as green. Curiously, the birds didn't even seem to sing, as Percival walked home alone. He closed the front door behind him, and one expected to see a wreath draped in black ribbon on it.

He walked up the polished stairs, mounting each step carefully, trailing his hand over the dark wood of the railing. At the head of the stairs he kept his eyes on the carpet, tracing with them the intricate design as it led him to the door of his room. Inside, he observed things with a fixed stare—the shelf of favorite books, a halfcomplete jig-saw puzzle on the same table, a framed print of "The Blue Boy," and a long, slender box containing a new, unused baseball bat, neglected in a corner.

Percival sank onto the bed. He could not think about or see one other thing to keep the memory of Johnny's voice from his mind. It came back again and again, Simple, wasn't it? Simple, wasn't it?"

"Oh, gee whiz, God," Percival said, 'couldn't You please have worked it some other way?" He threw himself face down and pulled the pillow over his head, shutting out all sound, except the persistent echo of "Simple, wasn't it?"

That evening the Nimson heir had a caller. Johnny opened the door and there stood Judge Clemens, who said, "Johnny, would you have enough nerve to appear before the County Court?" He looked very stern.

Johnny gulped unhappily. He had heard that the local authorities knew who had been the ringleader in stealing "Jail Entrance," and was frankly very worried. He started to invent a bold answer, but ended by saying, "No, I wouldn't," in a

Judge Clemens smiled. "Then come for a walk around the block with me, Johnny, and I'll tell you about a boy who

When they were once again on the Nimson porch, the man concluded by saying, I could threaten to tell the sheriff who stole his sign unless you invite Percival into your gang, but I've told you what he did and how much courage it must have taken for a shy little fellow like him, and you can make your own decision. Any since the sign is rightfully his, you'd better give it to him."

A few minutes later Mrs. Mullingford opened her front door after hearing an insistent ring, and saw Johnny, "Jail Entrance" under his arm, and determination in every freckle, standing there. Percival in?" he asked.

"Well, he's in his room, but I don't believe you'd better-" Johnny had already started up the stairs. He trailed his fingers on the railing, and followed the intricate pattern of the carpet to Percival's

Without knocking, Johnny entered the unlighted room where Percival was lying numbly on the bed, staring at the ceiling, a large tear making slow progress down his che ek.

"Hey, Butch!" Johnny said. "That's no way for a member of my gang to act!"

Honorable Mention Entries In Sigma Tau Delta Contests

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION He Who Laughs First

By Denyse Stigler

WHEN the bell sounded for economics class, Ginny felt the palms of her hands grow moist; but she continued walking as quickly as possible through the crowded hall of Jefferson High School. Reaching the girls' lounge, she found the room empty as everyone else was hurrying to class. She removed her coat for the first time that morning and moved across the room to the full-lengthe mirror. Yes, Ginny thought as she gaz at herself, this is the day. She had dressed with such care this morning. Her mother had said that it was entirely too early for spring clothes, especially for a white eyeletembroidery dress.

"Ginny," she had said at the breakfast table, "how can you be so childish? Here it is only February, and you want to wear a white dress to school. I don't know what has come over you lately. You moon around like a lost kitten. Now go take skirt."

But Ginny had slipped out of the house with the dress still on. Mothers sometimes don't understand, and this was such a time. Now she opened the cosmetics case which had lain in her locker during her morning classes. Inside lay the red high-heeled sling pumps, the dangling earrings with the blue sets, and a shiny box of mascara-all of which she had placed in the case the night before. Quickly removing her dirty saddle shoes and plaid anklets, she put on the pumps. They belonged to her married sister and were a bit large, but to Ginny they were gorgeous. The earrings hurt her ears and the mascara made her eyes smart, but such things were merely trifles to the girl.

Again Ginny went to the mirror, and what she saw sent a shiver of delight down her spine. The dress was perfect. Ginny could remember the day last summer when her dad had told her that she had a beautiful throat. In fact, she had been wearing this very dress. Maybe it was a little tight and short and out-of-season, but it displayed her only feature that had ever been complimented. As she was standing there, Gloria burst into the room. "I thought the sophomore costume party was next week," she exclaimed when she saw

"It is, silly," answered Ginny.

"Then what's this, a dress rehearsal? Say, where did you get those shoes. Let me try them on."

"Sorry, Glo, but I'm late for Econ already. See ya later."

'Wait a minute! You aren't going like that, are you?"

"What's wrong with this?"

"What's wrong with it! Why you look like some clown! And aren't you cold? Mr. Kent will dislocate one of his gorgeous eyebrows if you come into class that way."

At the mention of Mr. Kent's name, Ginny colored slightly; but she didn't lose any of the cool assurance which the mirror he rose to his feet and came toward her. had given her.

"Don't be vulgar, Gloria. Anyone can see that I look at least three years older in this dress. See ya."

Ginny left the lounge and the girl with unsteady steps because of the shoes, but with glowing eyes and a confident heart. Mr. Kent. Just the name held magic for Ginny. She could remember clearly the day back in September when he had walked into Econ class for the first time. The girls had whispered and tittered, and some had even given a few feeble whistles at this new young teacher who looked so unlike the average professor. The boys had snarled," pretty boy" and "baby face," but Ginny knew it was only because they were jealous. Fifteen-year-old boys just don't have any poise or manners or frelaterie (French was so expressive, Ginny thought) when compared to twenty-sixyear-old men. All year the girls in the DEMPSEY: You'd better be.

selves in perfume until all the windows had to be raised, or the class would stifle; pretending not to understand the lesson in order that they could stay after class for special help; or else trying to be another Quiz Kid. Anything to gain his attention. Only Ginny had remained aloof. But inside she was not indifferent. Every day she hoped that he would notice her' or smile at her, or even just remember that her last name was Crane, not Paine.

Last Sunday in church the pastor had taken as his text, "God helps those who helps themselves." All week Ginny had thought about the sermon and how it applied to her case. Yesterday she had decided that it was time to act.

Out in the silent hall now, Ginny looked at her watch. Economics class had been in session for fifteen minutes. It was time to make her entrance. Ginny trembled when she thought of how Mr. Kent would gaze at her with newly opened eyes. that dress off and put on a sweater and He would realize how blind he had been all year. Often when Ginny had seen him talking with the home economics teacher, she had wondered how he could bear teaching in this dumpy old school with a group of half-dead professors. After they were married, Clayton (she adored his first name) would go into some exciting profession, such as that of a test pilot. Joey had said that he was going to be a test pilot some day. Ginny laughed when she thought of how happy she had been when Joey first asked her for a date. All the girls had thought that it was super that the president of the class had condescended to invite her to the first dance of the school year. Joey was sweet, Ginny admitted, but he was so young. Even though she and Clayton would soon be

engaged, Ginny decided that she would always be friends with Joey. Unless, of course, it made Clayton jealous. Ginny was at the door of the classroom now. From inside she could hear the sound of Mr. Kent's voice. What was he saying? Something about corporations. It reminded Ginny that she hadn't read her lesson for today. Giving her hair a final pat, Ginny turned the knob of

the door and walked in. Mr. Kent was standing at the side of the room raising a window. At the sound of the door closing, he turned. Now, Ginny thought, now see me, Clayton. See me and love She was looking at him intently with the glow of her young love blazing in her eyes. He looked at her, and he— laughed. The laughter was not soft and kindly, but loud and coarse. He is laughing at me, Ginny thought. Oh Mr, Kent, she begged him wordlessly, please see me as I want you to. Can't you see how I feel? But he was unable to see anything, for tears of mirth were streaming down his cheeks. Ginny turned to the class. They were laughing too. Everyone was JOE: On second thought, don't remind laughing at her-except Joey. He sat She felt his hand on her arm leading her five dollars last night that she wouldn't Cigar boy is in reality Dempsey.) dress up like this and come into Econ class.

Ginny saw that Mr. Kent was no longer laughing. But suddenly the situation became funny to her. She laughed. Ginny looked at Mr. Kent. Why, he was old. Clayton was old and rather stupid looking! She looked at Joey. He grinned and said, "Hi, beautiful,"

concerned. I guess I'll have to pay off.

Huh, Ginny?"

ONCE UPON A FANTASY (Cont. from page 3)

JOE: Nothing, Mr. Dempsey. I'll be on time tomorrow.

class had acted sickening. Saturating them- hat goes for the rest of you. If this de- again." It seems to me that you prom- am. Fair lady, could I have some food? on a certain long past day?

partment doesn't produce more, everyone's salary will be cut. (Walks off left of stage.)

(Belligerently.) What could I IOE: After all, none of you volunteered to quit.

MAN: Don't squirm out of it. It was the perfect set-up and you know it. Only, as usual, you didn't have enough nerve. (Walks off right of stage.)

WOMAN: Yeah, your great-grandfather must have been Benedict Arnold. (Leaves by left of stage.)

JOE: (Alone now.) Why should I be a guinea pig?

DREAM: (Entering from left of stage.) Exactly what I say, Joe. Just follow me and you'll forget all that's happened.

JOE: No, I can't go with you. I promised Mr. Dempsey.

DREAM: Oh, ye gods, the last time it was that meddling mediator, Reality. Now it's Mr. Dempsey. Come on, Joe, snap out of it.

JOE: I shouldn't go with you, you

DREAM: So what! This is just a way of getting drunk sans the alcohol, Hurry up. (Joe arises from desk and follows Dream to door. Stage turns, accompanied by trill of music. Spotlight on Joe's secretary, and mahogany desk.)

SECRETARY: Good morning, Mr.

JOE: Mr Parker?

DREAM: Can't you remember a thing? Whenever you go with me, you become whatever you want to be_ This time, (Dream walks you're sales executive off right of stage.)

JOE: Of course. Good morning, Miss-SECRETARY: (Interrupting Joe.) Here is your schedule for today, Mr. Parker. You have two engagements for one o'clock. IOE: What are they?

SECRETARY: One was to play golf with Mr. Hobart.

JOE: Mr. Hobart?

SECRETARY: The one who has all that surplus steel.

JOE: Oh, yes, yes, of course. The surplus steel.

SECRETARY: The other one with Mr. Henley, who wanted to show you his plans for a new type of construction.

JOE: Yes, Mr. Henley and new type of construction.

SECRETARY: Anyway, since both appointments conflict, I thought you might take Mr. Henley with you to the club as I've heard he's quite a golf enthusiast. In that way, you all could exchange ideas, and this new type of construction might make Mr. Hobart more willing to give you another shipment of steel.

JOE: A fine idea, and just what I was going to suggest myself. Some day, I'll have to give you a bonus or something, Miss, er-remind me to do it.

SECRETARY: Yes, of course, Mr.

That way it will come as a complete me. there on the third row and looked at her surprist to you. A complete surprise. as she had looked at Mr. Kent. Slowly And will you please send my cigar boy in

SECRETARY: All right, Mr. Parker. back to her seat. Through her bewilder- (Secretary moves out of spotlight and goes ment, she could hear his voice saying, off stage. Cigar boy steps into spotlight, "Isn't Ginny a scream, kids? I bet her holding a silver tray with a cigar on it.

JOE: That's fine. My favorite brand. But you know women where money is You may go now, boy. Only next time, enter more quietly.

DEMPSEY: Yes, sir.

JOE: Haven't you forgotten something? DEMPSEY: Oh, of course, sir. (Salutes Joe before leaving spotlight and going off stage. Joe relaxes in his chair and blows smoke rings, idly trying to put his finger through one of them. Reality enters from left of stage and stands behind Joe.) REALITY: My, aren't we agile today? (Joe jumps up from chair and spotlight is on only Joe and Reality.)
JOE: You again.

ised to stay on my side for a change. JOE: But why can't I stay here just a little while longer?

REALITY: Because, believe it or not, you have idled away the morning at work, and it's time for lunch. Not even that desultory demon, Dream, can stop time. Come on, Joe, I'll transport you to the drugstore for a sandwich and please, please, I beg of you, think of me a little more often! (Joe and Reality walk to door, stage revolves. Trill of music, and Joe is in a crowded drugstore. He sits down at table in center of stage.)

WAITRESS: Honestly, I'm so tired. I don't see how I can go on much longer. Last night, I never got in till way late. My feller and me have been goin' together for two years now, and like I always say, he oughta ask me any day. Ya know, men-JOE: (Interrupting Waitress)— If you don't mind, I'll just take a baked ham sandwich and a cup of tea.

WAITRESS: Just a minute. As I was sayin', men are all alike.

JOE: Look, will you please bring me my order? Half of my lunch period is gone. WAITRESS: Well, for goodness' sake! Can't a body even be pleasant? Nowadays, with all them snippy clerks them Post guys draw cartoons about, I'd think a person'd appreciate a little friendliness. JOE: Look, I do appreciate your friendliness, your pleasantness, but I also appreciate my food. May I please have my

WAITRESS: O.K. Just a minute, and I'll get it for ya. (Yelling.) One baked pig, sliced, on rye and a cupa Englishman's java.

order?

Would you mind changing that I'd rather have my sandwich on order? I can't eat rye bread. My white.

WAITRESS: (Interrupting Joe) Well, why didn't you say so to begin with? IOE: I didn't mention a thing about rye bread, and your menus distinctly say that

sandwiches on rye must be so specified. WAITRESS: Don't think them big words are going to confuse me. I know you-you're one of those big executives that just wanta boss peoples' lives. Well. you won't get away with it on me. I'll see what I can do about your order. (Exit right.)

JOE: Oh, me, all I ask for is a lunch and I get an elegy in a drugstore.

DREAM: (Enters from left and stands by Joe.) If you'll come with me, I'll see that you get a ham sandwich.

JOE: I want one that I can eat, you know

DREAM: As they always say, what's food for thought is food for the stomach. Come on, Joe, she'll never bring your sand wich. Anyway, it's your lunch houryou can do whatever you like.

JOE: That's right, it is my lunch hour. DREAM: Sure. Come on. (Joe and Dream walk to door. Trill of music as stage revolves. Joe and Waitress-now a bobby-soxer—are in spotlight.)

WAITRESS: Oh, Joey! (Swoons.) JOE: Oh, my, what have I done? DREAM: Nothing, but you're Jozy Parker, the movie star, or have you forgotten? Dream goes offstage.)

JOE: Movie star? WAITRESS: Oh, I dreamt that I had seen Joey Parker.

JOE: Oh, it was no futile dream, for I am he, now a mere man who waits but for a gesture from you to, to-

WAITRESS: To what, Joey? Or should foolishness. I call you Mr. Parker?

JOE: To help you to your feet, of course. (Helps Waitress up.) And may I say that anyone who has your grace and charm must call me-Joey? (Bows and kisses

WAITRESS: (Holds hand to cheek.) Oh, Joey, I'll never forget this. I'll do anything for you, anything you ask.

JOE: Anything?

WAITRESS: Yes, yes, anything. REALITY: That's right. Only I JOE: Ah, how mundane of me to men-

WAITRESS: Immediately. I know exactly what you like for lunch. You see, I've read every article that has ever been written about you, and now to think that I've met you-and you kissed my hand. JOE: How loyal of you, my dear. But the food?

WAITRESS: Of course. (Claps hands and procession of people carrying huge platters of white bread, ham, lettuce, fruit, and tea steps into spotlight. At last gigantic sandwich and great cup of tea are set before Joe. Procession steps out of spotlight and goes off stage.)

JOE: Beautiful, simply beautiful.

WAITRESS: Nothing is too beautiful for you, Joey. (Puts hand up to cheek again.)

JOE: How noble of you to say so. But I must rest. May I have a little privacy? Believe me, though you are gone, I will still see you before me. (Bows and kisses Waitress' other hand.)

WAITRESS: Oh, Joey! (Steps out of spotlight.)

IOE: Now to eat!

WAITRESS: (Rushing back into spotlight, just as Joe is about to take his first bite.) If you want anything, Joey, just -just call me.

JOE: Yes, yes, I will. (Waitress steps out of spotlight and leaves stage. Reality steps into spotlight behind Joe and taps him on shoulder as Joe is again about to take his first bite.)

JOE: Yes, yes, I will. (Jumps up and Oh, my goodness. It's you turns.) again. REALITY: It's a cinch it isn't the good

humor man. JOE: This time I'm going to at least eat

my sandwich. What sandwich? REALITY:

The one (turns to place sandwich IOE: was)—that's there.

REALITY: The one that was there is more truthful. You're as gullible as the farm girl in the traveling salesman stories. Well, come on -back you go. Incidentally, it might interest you to know that you are back at the office. How you manage to day-dream and dodge traffic at the same time, I'll never know, (Reality and Joe walk to door. Stage revolves as trill of music is played and Joe enters his office.) JOE: Hello, everybody. (Sits down at desk in center of stage.) Tra-la-la. Say, isn't anyone going to talk to me?

MAN: Huh! (Leaves stage at left.) WOMAN: Excuse me (Begins to leave stage by right exit) Too bad you didn't live during the Revolutionary War-the British would have loved you (Exits.) IOE: What friends I have!

DEMPSEY: (Enters from left) Where's everyone? Parker, you're on time for a change Here, take these reports and see what you can do with them.

JOE: Yes, sir, right away.

DEMPSEY: All we need is a little intelligence in this department, and the whole company might be able to progress. Parker, do you ever have any ideas, or is your thick head still impermeable to thought? JOE: Impermeable?

DEMPSEY: Yes, impermeable—things can't pass-oh, good Lord, I don't have time to be a dictionary yet. Here, try to struggle through these, and see that they're done by tonight. (Exits left of stage.) IOE: Hell's bell! Hell's-

DREAM: (Enters right of stage and interrupts Joe) Bells!

JOE: Go away! I don't have time for

DREAM: Foolishness! Dreaming? Parker, think of Aristotle and Plato and Welles,

JOE: Welles?

DREAM: Orson.

JOE: Oh! Well, they didn't have reports to get out by five-thirty.

DREAM: On the contrary. reports merely symbolize your ties to materialism. They loosened those ties just as you can forget these reports. Why, Joe, will it matter to your grandchildren if you, And think I should be the one to say, "You tion this, but I must, erring mortal that I their grandfather, got his reports finished

Wide Variety In These Stories By Student Authors

JOE: I guess not.

DREAM: Certainly not. If you keep doubting my intentions, Joe, I won't be able to help you anymore.

JOE: Don't do that!

DREAM: All right, stop arguing, and come with me.

JOE: Well-

DREAM: I'm waiting, Joe, and my patience isn't too lasting.

JOE: Well, all right. But just this once. (Dream and Joe go through door. Trill of music as stage revolves. Joe steps into spotlight, and so does Reporter.)

REPORTER: Ah! Professor Parkerosky! May I have an interview with you?

JOE: Interview? Professor? DREAM: Oh, my aching illusions! You've just discovered a way of neutralizing the atom bomb, idiot. (Dream exits.)

JOE: Of course, I shall gladly grant you an expedient interview. First of all, I was born in Germany, and so it was quite logical that I should attend-

REPORTER: (Interrupting Joe.) Yeah! Yeah! We have all that stuff in our

JOE: Morgue? But that's a receptacle for organisms-

REPORTER: (Interrupting Joe.) It means something else to us, Doc.

JOE: Oh, of course, you literary fellows are so different. I remember one time when one member of your staff wrote and article about the activities of Entamoeba histolytica.

REPORTER: But the name, Doc, the

JOE: Why, the name was Entamoeba histolytica.

REPORTER: The name of the element you just discovered to neutralize the atom bomb.

JOE: Oh, that. Why, I really hadn't named it anything as yet. It's just a what-you-may-call-it.

REPORTER: (Interrupting Joe.) Awatimacallut! It's certainly an odd name, but after all, it's your baby. Thank you, Professor.

JOE: Thank me? But what for? (Spotlight turns on several other scrmabling reporters who are frantically phoning editors and chanting "Awatimacallut!") But that isn't the name of my new element. I really haven't classified it as yet. (Reporters walk out of spotlight and go off stage.) I think I may term it-where is everyone? Oh, dear, these literary people. REALITY: (Steps in spotlight.) Well well, this one really tops them all. manage to get into the damdest places.

JOE: Am I glad to see you. REALITY: Well, that's a nice variation to the usual theme. Of course, you're in for some trouble in my world.

JOE: Oh, my, what happened? REALITY: You managed, with no effort whatsoever, not to get those reports

JOE: In that case, maybe I had better stay here.

And keep Awatimacallut company? No, its time to return. I'm taking you to the grocery store, where you are supposed to buy a pound of butter for

JOE: I had forgotten all about that. REALITY: So I had presumed. All right, Joe, over you go, and try not to let that persuasive pedagogue lead you astray.)Joe and Reality walk to door. Trill of music accompanied by stage's turning. Joe enters a grocery store and walks up to counter along right side, center, of stage.) GROCER: May I help you?

JOE: I'd like a pound of butter. GROCER: (In stage whisper.) Did

anyone send you? JOE: My wife.

GROCER: Maybe that's the new password now. He said he'd change it. O.K. (Reaches behind counter.) Here it is, Bud. That will be eighty-five cents. JOE: Eighty-five cents!

GROCER: Yep, and no red points. JOE: I should think not. Why, that's

JOE: Well, eighty-five cents! That's where all of my salary goes. Why, eightyfive cents here and eighty-five cents there

GROCER: (Interrupting Joe.) Adds up to a dollar-seventy. I know, I know. Look, do you or don't you want this butter?

JOE: Eighty-five cents! That's-that's inflation.

GROCER: Look, if you don't buy it, someone else will. Take it or leave it. (Grocer goes to wait on another customer. Dream enters from left and approaches

DREAM: I agree with you.

JOE: Go right ahead. I'm ignoring

DREAM: Now, Joe, we've had some good times together. You can't let trivial incidents upset you.

JOE: Such as not completing my work at the office?

DREAM: Oh, that. Haven't you forgotten that yet?

JOE: I may forget it, but Mr. Dempsey certainly won't.

DREAM: All the more reason why you should come with me. Be happy while you can, Joe. After all, who has brought you into all of this sorrow? Not I-I've taken you away from it.

JOE: Yes, that's right.

DREAM: O.K. Let's go, Joe. This time I've really got a good one. You're going to be Senator Parker, and you've just found a way to stabilize prices and

stop inflation. Got it? JOE: (Hesitantly.) Yes.

DREAM: Well? JOE; Let's go.

DREAM: All right. (Joe and Dream walk to door. Musical trill as stage turns. Dream goes off stage and only Joe and Woman are in spotlight.)

WOMAN: Oh, Senator Parker, we knew you could do it.

JOE: Ahem! Yes, it was hard, you understand. It was hard in that it wasn't

WOMAN: Oh, Senator, you say the wittiest things.

JOE: Yes, yes, quite true, of course. Now what can I do for you?

WOMAN: Well, first of all, I represent the women's clubs of America, and we would like to know what gave you the idea. JOE: The vision, Madame, the vision of the army of housewives, clad in their uniforms of apron and dust cap, bearing mops and brooms to affront the enemy of uncleanliness. The image of my mother, standing over the stove, cooking delicious dinners for a hungry group of boys-I was the youngest in that group-coming home from football practice and gulping down that—that banquet without any appreciaation whatsoever of the time and work spent by that gentle little lady. And so it was that I worked and worked to gain this high office in my bounteous land, promising myself again and again that I would show my gratitude by comprising this act, for this act is my gift to you, to the women

WOMAN: Senator Parker, I knew you were such a home-loving man, with such stirring memories of your childhood and your mother.

of America, and-to my mother.

JOE: Sometimes I am afraid that I admit too much tenderness into my political life. But remember, Madame, whatever my opponent says in the coming election again and again and again I say that I am at heart a family man. Give me but a fireside, and I am content.

WOMAN: You'll certainly get my vote, Senator Parker. And I'll see that you get my husband's too. Now don't go way, Senator, I'll be right back. We women want to give you a present to show how much we favor you. And then you can tell me all about your bill. JOE: My bill?

WOMAN: Now, now, Senator, don't be modest. I expect you to tell me all about it when I return.

GROCER: It may be outrageous, but, IOE: Oh, yes, my bill, Certainly, hen-pecked that you could get a job modelat least it's butter, Bub. Take it or certainly. (Woman steps out of spot ing as the egg shell in a Bon Ami ad.

light and goes off stage. Reality steps into JOE: That's most insulting, sir. spotlight.)

REALITY: You should see yourself. You look about as blank as Diogenes did JOE: No! This time I refuse to listen when he couldn't find an honest man.

JOE: What did he do? REALITY: Went home and soaked his feet. Only in your case, I'd advise soaking your head. Come on, Joe, you can't argue this time. Not even my imaginative enemy could think up a bill that towards right exit.) would stop inflation and stabilize prices. Nor can he dream up a way of telling your DREAM: Well, I don't like to boast, wife, diplomatically, that you did not get the butter. Goodby, Joe. Yours is the one face I hope I don't see anymore today. (Reality and Joe walk to door, trill of music as stage turns, and Joe enters living room of his home.)

JOE: Mary, Mary, where are you, dear? (Mary enters from right.)

MARY; You forgot the butter, JOE: (Kisses Mary.) How are you, Mary? Tired?

MARY: You forgot the butter.

JOE: Did I ever have a hard day at the office. Do you know what Dempsey told

MARY: You forgot the butter.

JOE: He said to me-yes, I did. Honestly, Mary, I went to the grocery, but I just wouldn't pay that much for anything. MARY: Don't alibi, Joe. You probably were in one of those trances of yours and forgot all about it. I should have known better than to have asked you to bring something home from the store. Here I wash and scrub and cook, and then you won't even do a simple favor in re-

JOE: Mary, I swear that I went to the grocery, but the butter was eighty-five cents a pound. That's inflation!

MARY: It is not. It's eighty-four. See, you just as much admitted you forgot

JOE: Ye gods! Eighty-four is just as What difference does bad as eighty-five. that make? It's still inflation.

MARY: What am I supposed to do about it? Pitch a tent on the White House lawn? And if I don't have butter, then who yelps about it? Who, I ask you? You, that's who. My mother told me you weren't understanding. (Begins to

JOE: Let's not bring your family in on this again, Mary.

MARY: See? Now you don't like my family.

JOE: I didn't say that. I only said-MARY: I never thought that my hus-

band would treat me like this. JOE: All right, Mary, I'm sorry.

forgot the butter. I didn't stop at the grocery. I adore your family. I love you. Only, please, stop crying. MARY: And I've worked so hard to-

day, just for you! JOE: O.K. I realize that. Let'slet's go out to eat Mary.

MARY: (Abruptly stops crying.) To the new restaurant downtown?

JOE: Yes, to the new one. MARY: Oh, Joe, I'll be ready in just a few minutes. (Dashes off by left exit. Joe sits down in armchair in center of stage and begins reading a newspaper. Dream enters from right and stands behind chair,

looking over Joe's shoulders.) DREAM: Huh! Sudden Scarcity won in the third after all.

JOE: (Jumping up.) Why do you have to creep up like that?

DREAM: That's part of my nature-surprising people by appearing when they'd lease expect me. By the way, friend, you really lost that domestic rebuttle. Don't look now, but your battle scars are showing.

JOE: What do you mean?

DREAM: That crying routine was as carefully rehearsed as the lines of a first nighter.

JOE: Is that so?

DREAM: Afraid it is. You're so

DREAM: But it's most truthful, sir. Come on, you need a change of atmosphere.

to you.

DREAM: Have it your way, but I was going to give you my super deluxe special. Of course, I probably won't ever offer it to you again. Oh, well, you can't say I haven't tried. (Begins to walk

JOE: Wait! Is it really a good one? so I'll just call it stupendously wonderful and let it go at that.

JOE: Would it take long? DREAM: No longer than a woman needs to put on her lipstick.

JOE: Well, I could hurry. All right, but this definitely is the last time.

DREAM: Now you're cooking with atomic energy. I was rather worried about you for a while, Joe. (Joe and Dream walk to door, and as stage turns, there is a trill of music. Joe and Dream step into spotlight, which they share with a huge, cluttered desk.)

JOE: I thought this dream was going to be different?

DREAM: It is. Just sit down at that desk and press the button. (Dream steps out of spotlight and goes off stage. Joe presses button, and opening strains of "Missouri Waltz" are heard. Young man holding briefcase steps into spotlight immediately.)

YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir, Mr. President. JOE: Mr. President of the White House? YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir, that's right. Yes, sir.

JOE: This is really something. right, what should I do for today?

YOUNG MAN: Just pass these bills, "Democratic" and puts them before Joe, who begins signing them with x's.)

JOE: There, that's finished. How about those bills in that box? (Indicates box labeled "Republican.")

YOUNG MAN: Oh, those are the opposition's, sir. Here's your coat for them. (Hands Joe coat with pockets filled with

JOE: That's right. I can't pass them very well, can I? (Takes bills and stuffs now what?

YOUNG MAN: The Nineteenth Amendment is ready to be repealed, sir. JOE: By all means, it should be. Young

YOUNG MAN: No, sir.

JOE: I thought you were hired to say,

YOUNG MAN: In that case then, yes,

JOE: That's fine, young man. One of these days I'll have to dismiss one of my cabinet members and put you in his place. YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir.

IOE: Well, about the Nineteenth Amendment. It definitely should be repealed. It's time that men triumphed over wives and mothers-in-law. Are you married, young man?

YOUNG MAN: I'm engaged, sir.

JOE: Then think what this will mean to you. I'll incorporate that into my slogan for the coming election. Take care of that, will you? Make up something about Parker for-for-well, you think up something. And you might think up a bill for granting men greater freedoms, prohibiting them from buying groceries, taking women out to dinner. You know what I mean. YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir.

JOE: Oh, by the way-ahem, who will be the author of these bills-as far as the public is concerned?

YOUNG MAN: Oh, you, of course, sir. JOE: That's right, young man. And you'll be rewarded for this. And now you may go. I have some serious business to attend to.

YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir. (Steps out of spotlight and goes off stage.)

JOE: I wonder what his name is. It seems to have slipped my mind. (Picks up fishing rod and stands up.) And now for a little relaxation. That's what a President needs-relaxation.

MARY: (From backstage.) Joe! Are you ready?

REALITY: (Steps into spotlight.) Put that rod down. That voice you hear is as real as I am. (Reality and Joe quickly walk to door. Stage turns. Trill of music accompanies this. Joe steps into his living room again.)

MARY: (Enters from left.) Well, it's a good thing you're not asleep.

JOE: Yes, sir, I mean-

MARY: (Interrupting Joe.) Well, I'm sir. (Takes out bills from box labeled ready. Here are your hat and coat. Put them on and let's go.

> JOE: Yes, dear. (Joe puts on hat and MARY: Well, you haven't said any-

thing about how I look. JOE: Yes, dear, I mean, you look very

nice. Lovely. MARY: Oh, Joe, how sweet of you to say so. (Mary and Joe start walking off

stage.) MARY: Now about that butter, Joe. them into already bulging pockets.) And JOE: Yes, dear. (Exit left. Reality enters through door, followed soon by Dream. They stand watching the de-

parting couple.) REALITY: Poor guy. (Lights cigarette.) man, do you realize what this will do for DREAM: He asked for it. (Goes through motions of lighting and smoking an imaginary cigarette.)

REALITY: (Looks at Dream's action.) You ought to try one of mine-better

flavor. DREAM: (Looks at Reality.) Maybe, but mine have no ashes. (Dream and Reality look at each other, shrug their shoulders, and follow the departing couple as curtain falls.)

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

My Lovely Jenny

By Emily Heine

PHILIP Alan Osburn hummed a cocky little tune as he knotted the maroon necktie, hand-painted in an elaborate and colorful flying-fish design. With a few strokes of the brush he shaped his brown hair into short, close waves. That finished, he winked at his reflection in the mirror, grinning the lopsided, little-boy grin that was known to every coed at Western State College.

"Pretty pleased with yourself, aren't you?" Shorty Robinson gazed at his tall roommate in mock disgust, "Say, that gal must be some looker to rate your best tie. Don't tell me you finally got a date with your ideal woman!" Then, menaced by the brush in Phil's right hand, he made a hasty exit.

Chuckling, Shorty walked down the hall. Imagine old woman-hater Osborn eager for a date! In a constant parade of blind dates he had had that fall, Phil had

broken more of the college girls' hearts than any other man-about-campus in history. Yet, as far as Shorty knew, not one of the girls had caused the slightest rise in Phil's blood pressure. The most flattering comment he had heard Phil make about a girl was that she was a "cute kid" and many times his opinions were less complimentary. Not that he discussed women very often. On the contrary, his voice was seldom heard in the eternal bull sessions centering on that all-important topic. Earlier in the year, when their new president had rejected the three girls offered by the frat brothers in as many evenings, Jerry MacBride had said to him rather indignantly, "Say, just what do you want anyhow?'

Phil's answer came back quickly, as if he had practiced it. "I want a redhead who likes hunting, fishing, and flying, and has lots of money to spend on me.' Jerry had looked quite bewildered. He

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The Way Of The Young

By Emily Heine

The gray of summer twilight shaded the farm-house kitchen, softening the harsh lines of the large, bare room. A gas lamp hanging above the oil-cloth-covered table had not yet been lighted, although only the last bright beams of the prairie sun shone through the thin curtain at the west window. It was the moment when Barbara liked to relax and think about the magic and unreal things that seemed believable to her only then. She sat very still for a time, until the feeling passed as it always did. Then, with a little half sigh, she unhitched her jean-clad legs from the rungs of her straight chair and rose to light the lamps.

Sitting down once more, she picked up the latest edition of Sears-Roebuck's huge catalog. It had been in the mail-box that morning, but not until now had she been able to snatch a few minutes to look through it.

She hurried past the pages of cream separators, garden seeds, and home furnish-Right after the advertisements for children's shoes she found what she was looking for-the section of Junior Miss dresses. Oh how beautiful they all were! Here was a flowered jersey that would be wonderful for Sunday. Carrie would say it was too grownup for a fifteen-year-old. But, my goodness, she couldn't go around in cotton pinafores the rest of her life, On the next page was a mint-green dress with a little white trim that looked as if it would never be limp or faded no matter how many times it was washed. Carrie would like that one. She always looked for clothes that would wear well and last a long time,

So absorbed was Barbara that she didn't even glance up as Carrie came in. If she had, she might have noticed how exhausted Carrie looked. Fatigue showed in every line of her tall, angular body. She was a plain woman, the type whose air of command is evident no matter how tired she may be. The skin of her face, tanned and leathery from years of work out-of-doors, was deeply creased with hundreds of tiny sun wrinkles, particularly around her gray eyes. She pulled her iron-gray hair straight back into an uncompromising knot. Standing in the doorway she gazed fondly at her niece. Barbara was an appealing child in spite of the outlandish clothes she wore. Blue denim shirts and jeans were all right for riding or field work but Barbara lived in them. Strange how any girl who wore such things could spend so much time looking at fashion magazines. Lately, though, she had noticed that Barbara wore dresses more often, particularly in the evening. She seemed very anxious to look her best when they made their twice weekly trips to town. Her mother would be so proud of her if she could see her now. She was growing up fast, and looked more like Julie every day.

Suddenly conscious of Carrie's presence, Barbara turned. "Come and see the new dresses in the catalog," she said.

"Humph, it's pretty enough," Carrie replied, as Barbara pointed to the flowered jersey. I guess you do need some Sunday clothes. We'll see what we can do when your father sells his wheat."

When he sells the wheat. When he sells the wheat. That's all I ever hear anymore. I'll certainly be glad when the stuff's gone!" Barbara exclaimed.

"No gladder than I'll be," Carrie sighed. As she spoke, she was deftly lifting loaves of freshly baked bread from the range oven. "Thank the Lord the threshing will be finished tomorrow! I'd hate to feed that crew much longer." The six loaves neatly arranged on clean trays she straightened up slowly. "You'd better be getting to bed pretty soon. You'll have to get up real early again tomorrow."

Barbara did not argue the point. She was always too tired at the end of a long summer day to stay up very late. Besides, she needed the extra few minutes for her new beauty routine, but Carrie did | the lunch out about ten, I guess," he told not know that.

After Barbara had gone, Carrie sat for

ing it. Then she picked up the catalog-'wish book" they had called it in her day. It would always be that to her; it would always contain the nice things she wanted and would probably never have. children came first, and the things Henry, her brother, needed for the farm. If only the wheat yield was high and they could make a good profit. Only after the wheat was sold and the cash safely on hand could they dare to make out their order from the catalog. She would like new curtains for the parlor, she thought, and Barbara should have the new dress she wanted, summer the wheat had not been good and only a small amount of money had come in. Then Bill's operation for appendicitis had taken a large, unexpected sum. Bill-things never seemed to go well for At eighteen he was so old in some ways, so very little boyish in others. He had not liked school. How glad he had been to finish last May! Barbara and he were as different as brother and sister could be. Bill wanted nothing more than to be a farmer all his life. He undoubtedly would be one. And that was as it should The Prescotts had always been

farmers, as far back as Carrie had ever heard. Barbara, she hoped, would get away. The life was too harsh, too filled run over to the garden and bring me a with the monotony of work for her. The never ending, never varying routine had finally killed Barbara's mother and Barbara was as proud and stubborn as her mother had been. Carrie wondered what was taking Henry and Bill so long. They had left as soon as supper was over to work on the threshing machine. It was so old that it required constant attention to keep it in working condition. Well, she would just sit and wait for them a little longer.

Barbara placed her own small lamp on the dresser and stared at her face in the mirror. The image was not a good one for the mirror was full of imperfections and she gazed at it with dissatisfaction. "Why do you have to go and get freckled every summer, old face!" she cried. It was a good joke between her and Face. She minded the freckles a little, but not nearly as much as she would have hated wearing a sun bonnet all the time to keep the little brown dots from popping out. She did mind the burn that reddened only the very tip of her nose each year. It was this trouble that was the cause of her disgust just now. There was nothing suggested by the beauty magazine to help it, whereas she knew that all her freckles would disappear after only one application of Winham's Freckle Vanishing Cream. She brushed her hair, chanting the strokesninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, and one for good measure. Oh, yes, the exercises. One-two-threefour. Up-down-touch the floor. said the words to herself as she went through the motions with great zeal. After twenty times she stopped and regarded her slim hips critically. Trim figures come from exercising, her magazine had said. The article warned against the evils of unsightly bulges and excess flesh. Well, she certainly didn't want to grow up to look like Pearl Thompson. Pearl couldn't be much past twenty-five, but she was immense. No man had ever taken her to the weekly dances in Franklinville. The very thought of Pearl made her go through the whole routine ten more times, Then, hearing Anna's step on the stairs, she blew out the lamp and climbed, breathless, into bed.

Although the sun was just coming up when Carrie woke her the next morning, the day seemed already warm and uncomfortable to Barbara. She wasted little time getting dressed. It took only a few minutes to scramble into a shirt and slacks and braid her sunstreaked blonde hair.

Bill and her father were just finishing their breakfasts when she came in. "Today'll be a scorcher. Not a bit of wind blowing," Henry said. "You can bring Rosemary.

"I'll be there," Barbara grinned. "How a long time at the table, staring at the faded funny Dad looks without a hat," she pattern of the oilcloth without really see. thought, "His face is so sunburned up and lay down. Life was such a bore!

to where the hat comes and then perfectly white on into his hairline."

Bill pushed back his chair and followed his father out onto the porch. He never had much to say. Big and dark he was and slow and deliberate in all things, even eating. Barbara had always thought that one reason he stayed so thin was because he couldn't eat as much as the rest of the family in the same length of time.

"I haven't gotten out to the chickens yet this morning," Carrie called from the pantry. "But before you do that, you'd better fill the water jugs. The men will be here at six-thirty this morning."

Barbara got out the two earthenware jugs, pumped water until it was cold and she was tired, filled them and set them by the gate so the men could pick them up as they drove by. Then she took a pail of mash and another of cracked corn and walked to the chicken-yard. She hated chickens, hated everything about them. Even as a child, she had not enjoyed gathering eggs. Ths morning, though, she took a savage pleasure in unseating the hens as she reached into the nests. The birds began to squawk and flutter so violently that Carrie came to the back door.

"I ought to know better than to let you in that chicken house," she said crossly, 'but why a girl your age can't handle a bunch of silly birds is beyond me. Now

Feeling a little foolish as she always did

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THE CHASE Cont. from pg. 2

opening, but he couldn't find one. Oops, there came those dogs! He'd have to hurry it up a little. He didn't know what was the matter with his old friend, Ki. He had never before held out so long. He wished that they wouldn't come so fast-it gave a rabbit a funny feeling to have a dog practically on his neck. On his neck-why, that dog nearly got him then! He wished that they wouldn't play so roughly-it worried him. Where was a hole in that fence? He frantically searched, but Ki crashed behind him and snapped ferociously. Loppy doubled over and ran under the dog-why, he almost lost a chunk of his tail that time! Could it be that Ki wasn't playing with him any more? Fear gripped Loppy as he felt the hot breath of the excited dog behind him. He had never thought that he would have to be running for his life-his life! Loppy twisted and turned and jumped frantically against the fence, but he couldn't get rid of those dogs! Pete's mouth gaped, and his teeth shone formidably. Loppy had never seen anything so terrible! He stopped and gazed as if hypnotized as the red cavern came closer and closer. The spell was broken as Ki lunged against Pete and leaped. Loppy twisted and tried to double back, but it was no use. His body sank, and he panted with exhaustion.

Ki's teeth sank into the soft flesh of Loppy's belly, and he could feel the bones crush as he gave the little animal a vicious shake. Loppy's last agonizing squeal was stifled as blood gushed toward his mouth. He writhed, and lay quietly in the dog's mouth.

Ki immediately turned his back on Pete and ran as hard as he could to the back door. He slipped in behind the clematis trellis and lay down with his kill. That had been an extremely queer feeling-first he chased the rabbit, and now here it was beside him. But it didn't move! Ki had never felt a dead rabbit-it was warm, and furry, and sticky with a mixture of blood and his own saliva. Ki didn't like the feeling. Was this the same little animal fit of her most dazzling smile. "I don't that he had chased every day for the past several months? He nudged it again and again, but it didn't respond. Somehow, Ki felt that he had done a very foolish thing the rabbit wouldn't move, he hated the smell of it, and he couldn't abide the strong taste of fur and blood in his mouth. He kicked the carcass out of the way and walked slowly over to the Chinese elm

WITH HALO ASKEW

cont, from pg. 1

felt that it would be better that way. She said she just couldn't bear to see her father suffer.

Mr. McReynolds might be dying that very minute, thought the fat woman, but Angela was so sickly that she should get all the fresh air and sunshine she could. She couldn't help much at home anyway. wouldn't be here myself, groaned Mrs. Johnson, as she turned over, but the nurse said I needed relaxation after staying up all night with the poor man. I'd better go back now. I might be needed,

Sliding off into the water like a fat walrus, Mrs. Johnson started the tiresome trip toward shore.

Sandy Crooks lay flat on his stomach, gazing lazily at the water below him, and thinking how lucky he was to be there at all. His months in the service seemed as if they had passed in a dream. War had not touched this sleepy little city at all, and he was glad. There was enough suffering in the world without having it in Lawrence Park, too. While in Italy he had dreamed of afternoons at the Country Club like this, with Angela smiling down at him. She had written letters quite regularly, and though he didn't dare hope. maybe there was just one chance for him. Anyway, he was the only man she had written to in the service. That was something to be thankful for. If only I could just have her all to myself, he thought. If only those other dopes would leave. I know that she can't enjoy listening to their endless talk. Sandy signed and turned over on his back, every freckle on his face pensive.

"I feel so tired this morning," Angela said in her clear, light voice. She poked Sandy in the ribs with her foot and smiled. 'Well, you don't look very sympathetic,'

Jack Hannigan's blue eyes had been half closed, but they were awake instantly. "I'll be glad to loan you my shoulder to rest on," he offered. "Poor little kid. Did you stay up all night with your father

Angela shrugged her shoulders prettily. There was no one else. I didn't mind.' Jack gazed at her admiringly. The little nurse in white, the dutiful daughter at her father's side. When he had had the leg wound in Tunisia, he had dreamed of Angela in the role of a nurse, and now she was really playing the part. If only she could have been with me then, he thought. The pain and the heat would have melted away. Well, he had had her letters, and they were so sweet-so sweet. She didn't want anyone to know that she had written to him, because it would seem like favoritism and she wasn't ready to settle down yet. She wouldn't date anyone now, because she was making up her mind. Maybe it will be me, he mused. Maybe it will be

"Well, Jack, what do you think of it?" asked Angela.

"Hmmmm? Sorry ,Angel. I wasn't listening."

"Well, that's a fine way to treat me," she said. "I'm being complimented on my new bathing suit, and you haven't said word." The bathing suit was beautiful in its brevity. In the appropriate place was a white outline of a big heart. Fashioned in gleaming red lastex, the suit defied the law of gravity.

"It and you are beautiful, Angel, and you know it."

"Of course, darling," she laughed. "I just wanted the opinion to be unanimous." She permitted him to view her face fully for several seconds and gave him the benehave a heart," she confessed winningly, "so I had to buy one."

"You're joking, Angel," said a short young man with blonde curly hair. Joe Allenby was frankly dazzled by Angela's beauty. Just because he was younger than the others didn't mean that she was out of his reach. Why during the war, they had had many good times together. It was awfully nice of her to go with him,

war. He had always cursed his luck at having weak eyes, until Angela had noticed him. Twenty wasn't so much younger than twenty-one, and she had promised to make up her mind soon.

Angela sighed deeply, and closed her eyes. Carelessly she hummed a tune, her favorite. It was "My Angel, Angela," and had been written especially for her. Sandy, Jack and Joe instantly sat up and demanded that she sing the words, but she stopped suddenly. "It's hardly right," she said softly, "when my poor fatherher voice broke, and along with it the hearts of those around her. They couldn't stand to have her hurt.

Only Martin Ilgrim remained on his back, staring at the sky. He had written the song for a contest the preceding spring. It was a much publicized affair, and Angela had given him the idea of writing one for her. It had clicked immediately, had won the contest, and Angela's picture was in all the papers as the girl who inspired the prize-winning song. Something had happened after that, and she didn't seem to like him so well, but perhaps he was just imagining things. There was no hurry. They were both young.

All four of the men stirred restlessly. Only Angela was motionless. Just then another young man arrived who resembled Angela very much in appearance. He was tall, with white skin and black hair. With conscious grace he walked up the pier toward the little group, his red satin bathing trunks reflecting the sun's rays.

Sandy Crooks looked displeased, and turned his head the other way. The others did the same, with the exception of "Won't you join us, Larry?" Angela. she asked. Larry Parks looked at her briefly, then walked on.

"I never did like being part of a crowd." He dived into the water and swam toward

"Don't pay any attention to him, Angel," Sandy said. "He's a good-fornothing gambler anyway. Don't have anything to do with him."

"If he's like that, then I certainly wouldn't have anything to do with him," Angela said. "But I just can't believe evil of anyone. Are you sure?"

"He's right, Angel," said Jack. "Parks is just plain rotten.

Angela stood up and began stuffing dark curls into her red bathing cap.

"Where are you going, Angel?" asked

"Just out to the float and back. I feel wfully hot." She declined four offers to accompany her, and walked to the nearest diving board. Without a moment's hesitation, she executed a smooth jack-knife, scarcely making a ripple in the placid waters of the lake. When her head reappeared, she began swimming with long, strong strokes to the float.

Larry nodded to her languidly as she pulled herself up and sat beside him. Thought I told you not to follow me around," he drawled.

"I'm not!" she exploded. very funny to me that you can have forgotten about last night already. I left a dying father to go out with you when you called.

"You called me first, remember?" Larry laughed. "But don't worry, I'll never give away any of your little secrets. But we've got to break this off right now . . . My wife will be coming soon. It's going to be bad enough when I have to tell my father, without your adding complications.

"You don't love her," Angela stormed. "You don't love me, either," he smiled. But you're wrong about my wife. I care a lot for her, whatever my past reputation for women has been. I'm going to make her happy."

"You were drunk when you married her."

"Maybe."

Suddenly Angela slipped into the water and swam as fast as she could to the pier, where she told four listeners how the wicked Larry Parks had tried to date her.

Late that afternoon, Angela drove up to the imposing house on Rockwood Lane, and stopped the convertible in a cloud of too, and he appreciated it. He had been dust. Lazily she swung out of the car, lonely, with so many of the men his age at picked up her beach bag, and walked through the ornate doorway into the cool hall of the McReynolds residence.

Passing straight through from front to back, she came to the large modern kitchen, where she found Mrs. Johnson sitting on a small white stool, weeping. "He'll die soon. I know he will. I know he will." The fat face dripped tears and emotion.

Angela ran toward her father's room, stopping along the way to throw her damp beach bag onto a chair in the dining room, and to light a cigarette. She started up the circular staircase to her room.

A white-uniformed nurse nearly knocked her down, as she came quickly from the room at the head of the stairs. "Where's the doctor?" she asked. Her "You poor child, I-I face softened. don't like to be the one to have to be the one to tell you, but your father died just a moment ago!"

Angela looked at her steadily for a moment, then put her hands over her eyes, and entered her father's room, carefully depositing the cigarette in an ash tray. By the time the nurse got to the head of the stairs, Angela was kneeling by her father's bedside. Tears coming into her eyes, the little nurse ran to the kitchen and told Mrs. Johnson about the touching scene.

"It'll kill the poor little thing, sure," wailed Mrs. Johnson. "I'd better go up

"No," the nurse said. "Leave her alone with him" Then she sat down, and they cried quietly together.

When she could no longer see the nurse's round silhouette against the muddy yellow wallpaper on the wall facing her, Angela quickly got to her feet, and after staring at the gray hair, sunken eyes, and paper-thin skin drawn tightly over prominent cheekbones-all that had gone to make up her parent's features she went to her own

Lying on her bed, she remained motionless for several moments, neither thinking, nor caring to think, watching butterflies of light play with the dust particles in the air. The pink satin bedspread was smooth to her fingertips. She stared at the ceiling.

Faintly in the distance below, she heard the back door slam. Rising, she went to the window and saw the white figure move across the back lawn like the distracted flapping of a sheet in the wind, going to spread the news of Mr. McReynold's death.

Angela went to the giant closet with glass door, threw them open, and carefully drew out an expensive black dress she had bought only the week before. Holding it up against herself, she backed away from the closet, and turned to face her mirrored reflection on the other wall. The glass monstrosity, bound by an ornate gold frame, revealed every feature from top

After a careful scrutiny of the person in the mirror, Angela threw the dress on her bed. It would do. And she looked very well in black. I'll wear no rouge, she thought; pale cheeks will make a startling effect.

THE WAY OF THE YOUNG

Cont. from pg. 6

after a battle with the chickens, Barbara turned off at the path to the garden. It had been pretty in the spring, but now everything was so dry and brown and tangled with weeds that it was not an appealing sight. The tomato vines in particular looked bad. "We'll never have enough to can," Barbara thought. "I'ts been so long since we've had any rain that it's a wonder everything isn't gone.'

She repeated the thought aloud to Carrie a few minutes later. "Well, let's She laughed aloud as she remembered how hope it doesn't rain today. Your dad's afraid it will before they can get the last of the wheat taken care of. If those bundles got wet now they'd be ruined,"

"How's the wheat going?" Barbara asked. She wanted to know before she took the lunch out to her father. If it she thought about it, remembering with was good, she would make some comment. If not, she had long since learned that it was safest to keep still.

section, but then it always is. It's the porth quarter your father's worried about and they won't get into it till afternoon. I'm afraid they won't finish today like they planned. Pete and his boy sent word they wouldn't be over. Seems both of em got the summer flu or something."

Barbara pushed back a damp lock of hair from her forehead. "I believe this is the worst day we've had yet."

Carrie nodded. "It's so sultry it's all you can do to get a decent breath," she said.

The temperature mounted as the sun climbed higher in the sky. By ten o'clock when Barbara went to take the lunches, the shining steel of the gate seemed to blur in little waves before her eyes. She took a shortcut through a corn field, grateful for any shade the tall stalks could offer her. All too soon she was out on the rough, dusty ground of the stubble field. At the far end she could see the machine at work. The straw stacks grew slowly as she watched. Everything seemed covered over with the yellow straw dust. to look at it made her back prickle. Sh: remembered just how rough and unpleasant the straw felt when it got under the collar of her shirt and worked down inside. The roar of the machine was tremendous. As she came closer she could hear her father shouting to the men above its clatter.

Jim and Tom, sixteen-year-old twin sons of Big Andy McFarland, the Prescotts' neighbor to the west, were first to s coming. With a whoop they flung down the forks, with which they had been pitching bundles onto the conveyor belt, and ran over to her. Barbara smiled as she saw them. They had more energy than any boys she had ever known and were undoubtedly the hungriest humans in the country. Both were redheads with round blue eyes and a general air of innocence. They were born clowns, afraid of no one on earth save their father. They had good cause to be afraid of him-most of the neighbors were, too. Barbara had never heard him called by any other name than Big Andy. He was a huge man, six feet four inches tall, the type of person who commands respect by sheer physical bulk. Now he, too, was stopping work. The older men were slower to come for the food, and after they had eaten the thick cold pork sandwiches, most of them lay quietly in whatever shade they could find. Barbara noticed that Bill seemed already exhausted Only the twins were in their usual high spirits.

'Going to the fair wth us next week, are you, huh?" Jim wanted to know.

'Now why would I be wanting to do that?" Barbara asked She fluttered her eyelashes, a trick that the boys did not seem to notice, although she had practiced it for weeks.

"We'll stop by for you right after chores on Wednesday night," Tom said. Turning abruptly, he slapped his twin on the back and tore off toward the teams. Jim followed him at top speed.

"Crazy with the heat," their father commented briefly. Barbara, watching them, could not see how anyone could lift a foot unnecessarily in this weather.

The twins bothered her a little at times. She had always taken their friendship for granted. They had known each other ever since their country school days and now that all three were in high school she rode to town in their ancient car every morning for classes. Suddenly this summer she had felt differently toward them. They seemed like such little boys with their unending pranks. Still, it would be fun to go to the fair with them. "I'll bet I'd see a lot more of the side shows than if I went with Bill or the folks," she thought. the twins had proved the man "with the skin of an elephant" to be a fake at the fair last summer. Only the sudden appearance of Big Andy had saved the boys from the sideshow barker's wrath.

She was glad it was almost fair time again. As she set out across the field. pleasure all its excitements. It was a 4-H Fair and of course, there were exhibits from all the clubs in the county. The Ruth, who helped Barbara with the po-

had made, cakes, cookies and bread they had baked, and sample jars of their best canned fruits and vegetables. For the boys, there were always cattle and horse shows and judging contests. On the third and last night a King and Queen were crowned to reign over 4-H Land for another year. Oh, it was a wonderful time! This year it would be especially nice for Carrie had promised that she could go to one of the dances. Not that she hadn't before but it would be different this time. She was going to stay with one of the girls in town instead of going home with Carrie and Pete, at nine-before any of the fun started. She sighed happily in anticipation.

The sigh turned into a little gasp of horror as she glanced down and realized that she had almost stepped on a big black snake. With a quick sidestep she began to run. Snakes had always terrified her. She ran a hundred yards or so with the stiff stubble crunching under her shoes before she dared stop. She looked back to see if any of the men had noticed her flight. Thank goodness they all seemed very busy. She had been teased so much about little things. What would the boys say if they heard about this?

As she turned into the cornfield she crossed her fingers in a childish gesture of protection against any more scares. At least this summer there were no grasshoppers on the plants, stripping every green leaf. She remembered how many there had been when she was a little girl. The horrible sounds they made as they shredded the dry plants came again to her ears. For three summers the yield had been cut in half by the pests. She squinted professionally at the tall stalks. They were beginning to burn a little. A few more days like this one and they would probably be hurt. The ground was dry between the rows-too dry. The soil lay in great clods that crumbled to a powder as she kicked them. It was this thing that discouraged her about farm life. A rain was needed to save the corn, yet if the unthreshed shocks of wheat got wet now they would be ruined. Her father had been watching the sky anxiously for several days and she, too, glanced up at it "Well, Dad needn't woroccasionally. "There's not a cloud ry," she thought. in the sky." She almost wished there were-anything to hide the sun for just a few minutes, and give the sweltering humans a chance to rest.

What a relief to get out of the sun and into the kitchen hot though it was from the cooking going on there! Before Barbara's sun-blinded eyes, Carrie seemed to sway and her face to be covered with little yellow and red and blue dots. For just a moment the room rocked around her and then everything was all right again.

No sooner had the men been fed once than it was time to prepare the next meal. The dinner at noon had to be huge, for in spite of the heat, the men were famished when they came in from the field,

In the mighty oven of the range, beef was roasting, and on the pantry ledge there was a row of apple pies-enough for two pieces all around. Barbara began immediately to peel potatoes. The job would have to be done sooner or later and she might just as well get started now. It took such a lot of them to feed that crew

The sound of a car on the recently graveled road came to Barbara's ears. it was turning in at their lane. She could tell by the dull bumper scrape as it grazed the gate post. Barbara chuckled, Mina had never yet, to her knowledge, rounded the narrow corner successfully. women are here," she called. would be glad to see them, she knew. Mina was Big Andy's wife and as capable a worker as he was. With her came her young daughter-in-law, Ruth, and Kate Johnson from the next farm south. These three would greatly east Carrie's responsibilities, besides bringing the latest news gossip, that she took such a joy in hearing.

Conversation flourished between Carrie and Mina although they were at opposite ends of the house and had to talk at the top of their voices to make themselves heard. The yield's pretty high in the south girls brought the dresses and aprons they tatoes, didn't have as much to say. She

The Life And Writings Of Jane Austen

By Margy Crawford, '48

SUCH of us as wished to learn never wanted the means. We were always encouraged to read, and had all the masters that were necessary. Those who chose to be idle certainly might." (1) Though taken from Elizabeth's speech to Lady Catherine in Pride and Prejudice this might well express Jane Austen's own manner of education.

George Austen, Jane's father, had once been a Fellow of St. John's College but at the time of Jane's birth he was the rector of two parishes in Hampshire, England. He was a great scholar and prepared two of his sons for the university and directed the studies of his daughters. grandfather was, at one time, a Fellow of All Souls and later held the college living of Harpsden near Henly-on-Thames. brother of Miss Austen's maternal grand father was Dr. Theophilus Leigh, who held the Mastership of Balliol College for over ffity years and was considered the greatest university wit of his day. From her mother Jane Austen probably inherited her lively imagination and her refreshing humor; her epigrammatic expressions may have been the result of cultivation, or they may have been a natural gift. This literary background partially explains Jane Austen's success as one of the greatest English novelists. (2)

Miss Austen spent the first twenty-five years of her life in the parsonage of Steventon. It was here that the foundations of her fame were laid. Her home was pleas ant and prosperous, with an agreeable variety of society. The social circle was small, yet made up of persons of good taste and cultivated minds, ranging from the members of Parliament, or a large landed proprietor, to the young curate, or young midshipman of equally good family. The influence of these associations may traced in her writings.

Jane was deeply attached to her brothers; but her fondest love was given to her sister, Cassandra, about three years her senior. Although the difference in their ages was slight, she always referred to this sister as to one wiser and better than herself. Cassandra was of sterner mold than Jane; she was colder, calmer, more prudent. and well-judging. It was said in the fam-

seemed very shy and quiet to be living taking any chances. Charlie Weaver with the boisterous McFarlands. Carrie had often remarked to Barbara that she didn't see how the girl fitted in with the rest of the family at all.

The time flew by and the men were in from the field. In contrast to the women, they talked hardly at all. They concentrated on shoveling in huge mouthfuls of food. Barbara was kept busy running back and forth refilling dishes, pouring coffee or lemonade, and then finally clearing the table and bringing in the pie.

She was glad to see the men go. Cooking for threshers was over for another yearover all except the dishwashing. It was hard to go back into the steaming kitchen, and, even with five working, the job took a long time. The twins promised to mare her the walk across the fields. She was very grateful to them for she had been dreading going out into the furnace of the outdoors again.

When she went out to feed the chickens late in the afternoon she was amazed at the change in the sky. It almost seemed as if her wish of the morning would come true. There were a few scattered patches of gray clouds forming. The air seemed heavier, almost oppressive, as if in anticipation of a coming storm.

The twins had just ridden into the vard as she was coming back to the house, 'Your pa thinks we're in for it now," Jim called out, "We won't be stopping for much this afternoon, 'cept the old threshing machine. It's acting smart again. I'm afraid it'll break down before we get finished."

"Is Dad looking for it to rain before chore time?" Barbara asked him.

it may hold off until evening, but he isn't roofed kitchen, she drifted off to sleep.

ily that Cassandra had the merit of having her temper always under command, but that Jane had the happiness of a temper that never required to be commanded. (3) The attachment existing between Jane and Cassandra was never interrupted until they were separated by death. Sisterly love probably suggested the loving pair of sisters found in two of her novels, Sense and Sensibility and Pride and Prejudice.

Miss Austen's life was a circumscribed one. Her interests were those of the family and of the household of which she was a part. Her writing was not her work, it was rather her reaction. She was not impelled by the desire of fame, of money, or of reform. With an eye single to the delights of authorship, she projected her characters into the destiny that events in their careers made inevitable. Gifted with creative power, she delineated what she saw with exact fidelity. She did not take her writing very seriously. It was no career of solemn and solitary self-dedication. Neat, elegant and sociable, she spent most of her day sitting in the drawing-room of the parsonage which was her home, sewing and gossiping. From time to time she would begin to laugh and then, stepping across to the writing table, she would scribble a few lines on a sheet of paper. But if visitors called she slipped the pages under the blotter; when the pages had accumulated into a story, she let it lie for years in a drawer unread. When at last it did emerge to the public gaze, she refused slightest degree to modify the conventional order of her life to suit with the character of a professional authoress, As for the applause of posterity, she seemed never to have given it a moment's thought. It was no part of her sensible philosophy to worry about admiration that she would not live to enjoy. (4)

It is her own life that Jane Austen has drawn in her novels. Not even approaching autobiography outside a few isolated characters and events, but very precisely re-creating-with infinite wit, tenderness, and humor-the dear humanity she knew and loved so well, not seeking wide fields, more adventurous drama, or more varied characters, than any ordinary country parish would provide. The pleasures, the reoccupations, the problems of her heroi nes were no less Jane's own; she wrote for Cont. on pg . 8

went home to get his boys and another team," he answered.

The boys role away and Barbara watched the storm gathering from the porch. It never ceased to amaze her how a storm could come up suddenly, but they did so frequently on the prairie. She was glad she was not out in the field working against time. Her father had thought they would finish by eight in the evening. As the time passed, she watched first the clock and then the storm. Her feeling of relief was tremendous when she could call at last to Cirrie, "They're driving into the yard!" Only Henry and Bill came to the house; the others had things at home to take care of before the rain began,

The two men sank down into the come up for the afternoon lunch and so kitchen chairs, too exhausted to even look at food. It would have been hard for Barbara to say she was tired, considering how little she had done compared with the others. She crept off to bed very quietly. How thankful her father must be that the wheat was good and all of it safe in the grain bins of the barn. So many crops had failed for him in the last few years. It had made him seem old long before he should have been. Farming should be for the young, she decided. Bill's going to be a good farmer; he can take all of its triumphs and heartaches in his stride I won't be like he is, but I'll always love the land. Carrie's wrong to think that I should go away. The thoughts were becoming too large for her-she was too tired, tired, tired.

Through the window she saw the flash of lightning-a different sort than the heat lightning that had come now and again during the hot July nights. And to the "He says he can't tell. He's hoping first hesitant patter of rain on the tinTHE LIFE WRITINGS, JANE AUSTIN

cont. from pg. 7

nothing she did not know, experience nothing of which she has not written; it is perfect union between the author and her books by which her genius achieved artis tic beauty and truth (5)

Miss Austen's natural range was bounded by the limitations imposed by circumstances. No author, except a fantasist, can make anything living of worlds of which he is not personally experienced. The world of Jane Austen's experience was a very small one. She was a woman in an age when women were forbidden by convention from moving in any society xcept that in which they were born; and the class she was born in, that of the smaller English gentry, was one most enslaved to convention; but she kept to it. Her stories all take place in England, all in one class. Further, she is one of the few women novelists who have accepted the limitations of their sex. She never describes a scene in which no woman is present. (6) Her heroes are shown to us, fragmentarily, and with character and motives in part unexplained, as they appeared to the girls with whom they came in contact. Here as elsewhere she is true almost uniformly to a rule of literary art, she excludes from her books all aspects of life that cannot pass through the crucible of her imagination. So that every inch of her book is vital.

Jané Austen's realistic English drawingrooms are the theatres where human inconsistency plays out its eternal folly. She rarely ever takes you from the drawingroom and describes her scenes in relation to the people present and not the furnishings.

All of her books turn on personal relationships, between friends, between parents and children, between men and women in love; however, her character range is very large. She painted on such anarrow canvas that people do not always realize this. In all her books she never repeats a single character and out of her small parsonage house Jane Austen's gay wand conjured innumerable troops of unique individuals. One of her particular merits was her impartiality. She never idealizes and her most virtuous characters have their faults, showing these faults as integral to their natures. This impartiality gives her characters volume. They are not brilliantly drawn silhouettes, but solid, three-dimensional figures, who can be looked at from several sides. (7)

Essential human nature—this was always Miss Austen's preoccupation. Her characters are universal types-Lydia Bennet is the type of all flirts, Lady Middleton is the type of all bores, Mrs Jennings is the type of all vulgarians, and Marianne Dashwood is the type of all undisciplined romantics. When Mr. Darcy says, "I have been selfish all my life in practice not principle,"(8) he confesses the weakness of high-minded dominating males in every age and climate.

Jane Austen was careful to choose themes with satirical implications. She lived through the French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars, but no shadow of their storm is permitted to confuse the firm but it had to be liveb. (12) bright clarity of her vision. There are no adventures in her books, no abstract ideas, on romantic reveries, no death scenes. Her outlook expresses itself as much in general structure as in detail. Her stories are not just strings of incident and character knit together by a plot for the sake of convenience. Each is built around a theme; and this theme illustrates some aspect of her view of life.

Sense and Sensibility satirizes that romantic philosophy which was sweeping the world in the early nineteenth century. Romanticism, referring to all its judgments as it did to guidance of the instinctive movements of heart and imagination, was profoundly alien to Jane Austen (9) Elinor Dashwood guides her conduct by reason; Marianne, by the impulses of her enthusiastic nature.

Pride and Prejudice deals with more per-

misled by the immediate agreeability of the one and the haughty formality of the other, into liking Wickham and disliking Darcy. The action describes how further knowledge teaches her to reverse these opinions.

Jane Austen was a comedian. first literary impulse was humorous; and to the end of her life humor was an integral part of her creative process. As her imagination started to function a smile began to spread itself across her features and the smile is the signature on the finished work It is the angle of her satiric vision, the light of her wit that gives its peculiar glitter to her picture of the world. Every word of Jane Austen's curt rhythm, every neat antithesis betrays she is not speaking with a straight face. She puts herself in a position in which the humorous aspects of her subjects stand out most obviously, so that by only setting out the facts of their unemphasized sobriety she can make them amusing.

Even when Jane Austen is not out primarily to make us laugh she never wholly leaves the realm of comedy and however intractable her material may seem to be, she manages to tinge it with a comic tone.

Her irony is the very substance of her style. It never obtrudes itself and some times it only glints out in a turn of phrase, but it is never absent for very long. Mrs Bennet "was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she The business fancied herself nervous. of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news".(10) Mrs. Jennings "had only two daughters, both of whom she lived to see respectably married, and now, therefore, had nothing to do but to marry all the rest of the world". (11)

Like nearly all great comedians Jane Austen satirizes and takes a moral, realistic view. She thought people lived only to be good, and it was the first duty of everyone to be sincere, unselfish and disinterested; but the very seriousness with which she held this conviction made her think it imperative to see life realistically. Good notions were to be acted upon; therefore one could only be sure they were good if they had passed the test of common sense and experience. She despised all ideals, however soul-stirring, if they did not make for the benefit and happiness of mankind. She reserved some of her most mischievous mockery for extravagant maternal affections and sentimental rhapsodising over nature. Love itself, though she understood its workings admirably, did not rouse her enthusiasm unless it was justified by reason, and disciplined by self-control. She had little sympathy for romantic imprudence or credulous good nature and was impatient with people with hearts of gold and heads of wood. Though not a slave to worldly considerations she thought it a mistake to overlook them entirely. was wrong to marry for money, but it was silly to marry without it. Nor should one lightly break with convention Only fools imagined they could live happily in the world without paying attention to what its inhabitants thought. Further, her realism made her think it foolish to worry about evils one could not prevent.

Miss Austen rarely pholosophizes on occasion she proved herself proficient in that field. Presenting philosophy through her characters rather than as the author she achieved her point. However once in a while she added comments as Jane Austen, the author. Such instances are as follows:

Life was clearly an imperfect affair at best;

But while the imagination of other people will carry them away to form wrong judgments of our conduct, and to decide on it by slight appearances, one's happiness must be in some measure always at the mercy of chance. (13)

The power of doing anything with quickness is always much prized by the possessor, and often without any attention to the imperfection of the performance (14)

Youthful romance, unless she could sonal questions. It exhibits the folly of laugh at it, was not within Jane Austen's trusting to first impressions uncorrected by province. The nature of her talent made

directly. She surveyed her creatures with too much irony for her to identify herself with them sufficiently to voice their unthinking gushes of feeling. Generally she is artful in avoiding the use of them. She traces brilliantly the effect of emotion the way it heats a situation, modifies characters, but she expresses it only by implication.

Many conflicting ideas are presented in Miss Austen's books through conversation between the characters themselves. Many times these represent the problems of that day and age. Their discussions exemplify the moral and pholosophical beliefs of the people.

The wise and virtuous woman-at least in fiction—is too often unattractive, and it is surely a thankless task put upon Elinor Dashwood, for example. She is forever covering up her sister's thoughtless selfishness, performing unpleasant tasks her mother had dismissed, and restraining both from hasty judgments or impetuous deeds. By the reader she is sympathized with, pitied for her sufferings, and admired for her self control; but she is always in the right. This makes it difficult for her to be liked as she was obviously intended to be.

For while recognizing and revealing its charm, every quality in Jane Austen's nature was against sensibility as a practical guide to conduct. She stands firmly for sense and is always on Elinor's sideplacing Marianne and Mrs. Dashwood at an earner age before women had begun to think or act for themselves.

Like the father of the English novel, Jane Austen composed a straightforward love story, inspired by generous affection tor individual human beings and passionate hatred of all meanness and hypocrisy, concluding with wedding bells. Her combination of inherited respect for style, and keen critical judgment of artistry, along with natural humor and wit, gave life to her characters and immortality to her

FOOTNOTES

1 Jane Austen, Pride and Prejudice,

2 Josiphine Woodbury Haermans Life of Jane Austen, p 12

3 Ibid, p 12

Lord David Cecil, Jane Austen, p 6

5 R Brimley Johnson, Jane Austen,

6 Lord David Cecil, op cit, p 13

Lord David Cecil, p 29 Pride and Prejudice, p 306

9 Lord David Cecil, p 28

10 Pride and Prejudice, p 3 x

11 Sense and Sensibility, p 30 12 Lord David Cecil, p 33

13 Sense and Sensibility, p 208

14 Pride and Prejudice, p 39 BIBLIOGRAPHY

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MY LOVLY JENNY, cont. from pg. 5

had apparently been expecting something serious and thoughtful from Phil, anything but that flippant answer.

Right then some of the fellows had vowed that they would get him a date with that very girl if they had to visit every sorority house and meet every coed on campus (horribly unpleasant task) to do it. Three weeks passed during which Phil's date book read like a Hollywood scout's list of the most beautiful girls at Western. All during the time, of course, he endured unending teasing about his Ideal Woman.

Then only last evening Jerry MacBride had called Shorty and three of the other fellows into his room after dinner, anp carefully shut and locked the door. "Broth-

for-and if I didn't think Phil deserved her, I'd snap her up myself in a minute."

"Well, tell us all about her," Ray Littell demanded.

"She's gorgeous." Jerry licked his lips ever so slightly before going on. "She's about five five, with naturally curly red hair, brown eyes, and the cutest little dimple you ever saw.'

'Well, what's the matter with her?" Ozzie Stevens, the natural-born pessimist (there's one in every crowd) asked. "You can't make me believe that everything is all worked out so Phil gets to meet her tomorrow night."

Jerry looked a little hurt. "Well, now that you mention it, there is one little thing. She doesn't want to go out with Phil.

"What?" The four spoke in chorus, surprise and dishelief making their expressions as identical as carbon copies.

Finally Shorty managed to say, "But, why not?"

"To put it very briefly," Jerry replied, 'she thinks he's a heel-a conceited heel at that. But-she wanted, or rather her sorority insisted that she invite someone to their open house tomorrow evening and she finally said she'd take Phil."

Four boys breathed identical sighs of relief. "Well, after she's had one look at him, she'll never be the same again," Larry Martin said.

"I hope everything works out all right tomorrow evening. If he likes her, our worries are over. She's the athletic type -won a medal for shooting, spends her summers fishing, plays tennis, is wild about airplanes . . .

'The Lord deliver me from a superwoman," said Shorty piously. "I think little Philip's going to get more than he bargained for."

Phil had accepted the news that he had a blind date for the sorority open houses with the resigned air of a martyr sacrificing himself for his brothers. He seemed only a little cheered by the news that she was a redhead, so Shorty decided to save the story of her athletic abilities for a more favorable time. Instead he tried a new

"The only thing is . . ." he began, "she doesn't want to go out with you. I mean it wasn't her idea."

Phil looked a little startled. Then recovering himself, he managed to say, with just the right touch of indifference, "Why

Shorty told him.

"That's interesting," Phil replied thoughtfully and returned to his calculus

He had not mentioned the matter again and Shorty began to fear that he wasn't going. Then, he had come into the room on Saturday evening to find Phil in the midst of an unusually long and splashy shower. Phil's best suit was lying on the bed with a clean white shirt and the neck-Shorty tiptoed away to inform Jerry and the others of this new development.

They decided to let well-enough alone and not urge any special attentions for the evening. The hour of departure arrived and Shorty took his stand by the front door to make sure that his roommate got underway. "Her name's Jenny Alton," Everyman's Library, 1931 Shorty whispered. "Be good!" Phil left as scheduled, wearing an expres sion I'm-just-a-lamb-being-led-to-the-slaugh-

Phil walked into the large parlor of the sorority house, greeted his hostesses and paid his respects to the housemother. So far everything was fine. He even managed a little laugh at the fellows who thought they were trapping him for sure this time. For a moment he felt a little sorry for Jenny. The poor child probably wasn't very experienced. He was almost sorry she had to go with him. While his thoughts drifted on in this vein, he paid little attention to the crowd around him.

Jenny did not come over to him immediately, although she knew the instant he walked into the room. She stood a little apart from the group of hostesses, frankly staring at this big man on campus, whom no girl had yet been able to conquer. At ers," he said dramatically, "I've found the last, feeling that someone was watching mature observation. Elizabeth Bennet is her unable to express impulsive emotion girl. She 's just what we've been looking him, he glanced around nervously-

straight into the unwavering eyes of his date for the evening. Now it was he So was every other that was staring. male in the room. She was undoubtedly the most striking girl present.

As Phil watched her a crowd of impressions revolved in his mind. Her eyes as green as a cat's at a distance, light brown when he looked into them. glow of her skin. The unexpected lights that her green dress brought out in her coppery hair. Her full lower lip.

Someone rushed to introduce them. 'How do you do, Phil," she said, and still there was no trace of the dimple Jerry had told him about. Jenny was being cool.

"I'll bet he's never met a girl that didn't fall in love with him on sight," she was thinking.

Phil realized a little late that he did not seem to have himself very well in hand. The fellows have certainly found the woman I asked for," he admitted to himself a little ruefully, fervently praying that his heart would stop doing flip-flops.

Jenny was gazing at the dancers in the back parlor with a look of longing that would have been perfectly obvious to a man far less sensitive to women's wishes than Phil. "Ignore it. It'll go away," he told his heart, and suggested that they join the people at the bridge tables. He was proud of his bridge playing. He enjoyed all card games and it seemed that chance was unusually good to him. A reckless, high bidder, he never seemed to go down. "Lucky at cards . . ." one of the fellows at the house had muttered suggestively one evening after losing a thousand matches to him in a poker game.

The cards were dealt. Phil, watching, noticed that Jenny arranged her cards in a brisk, professional manner. A point in her favor. The dealer passed and Jenny spoke out clearly, without hesitation.

"Two hearts."

Phil frowned slightly. He did not like to have girls take the initiative in bidding, especially before he had had a chance to figure out their individual styles. He considered his hand, a good one. "Three considered his hand, a good one. clubs," he said.

Back came the answer, again quickly,

"Four diamonds," he suggested.

"Four hearts," she replied and for the first time he noticed the dimple coming out. The diamonds had seemed to please her. She must have a hand full of hearts to stick to them so, he thought.

He considered his four small hearts, his

singleton spade, "Five hearts."
"Six hearts," she returned and Phil jumped. Here's where Miss Jenny gets shown. He decided he would like to see it happen. Not often did he feel that violently about a girl.

Johnny Carwright led his ace of spades rules or no rules-and Phil laid down his hand and settled back to watch the slaughter. Johnny's move had effectively cleared the board to trump, the ace of clubs, and the ace of diamonds. Johnny led another spade and Phil caught his breath as Jenny threw off a club instead of trumping. Betty Bartlett put on a ten, her highest card, and Jenny took the trick neatly with her jack. Jenny took the next trick, and the next, and the next with such speed and sureness that it made Phil's head hurt.

"That was beautiful playing," he said with sincerity, although it was more to see how she would react than because he wished to pay her a compliment.

"Thank you," she said calmly, without breaking the swift rhythm of her deal.

As the evening wore on he found he had met his equal in bidding. The sky was the limit as far as Jenny was concerned. Never had Phil seen so many slams bid and made, never so many successful finesses or so much perfect sluffing. He hated to almit it, but the girl was a bridge expert.

He developed a sudden and ever increasing need to build himself up to her, a chance to use a little of the old Osborn Jenny was willing to leave the party but not, it developed, particularly interested in hearing him talk. She had conventional ideas of her own which left Phil with his mouth open and not a word

cont. on pg. 6 of BARK

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

"The I. D."

By Joan Hierholzer

T CRUMPLED into bed without doing any more than scrubbing my face and hands and rolling my hair on the sprung bobbie pins that I shook from my discarded 'Fatal Apple' nail-polish box. As I switched off the light on my creamcolored radio, the blue checked gingham ruffles on my dresser flicked out too. The huge gold and blue sorority emblem that shined its "Y E" a second ago also faded Wiggling my into black nothingness. chilly body between the blue cotton comforter and the cold white sheets, I could hear the hollywood mattress on the bed whisper and sigh. Sorretimes I think that bed is my best pal. The time when I sink my head into my pillow is always the time to think of everything that has been happening, or to plan in daydreams what I would like to have happen. Right then I was in an awfully bad spot because I had found out some news that was interfering with my daydreams. I am certainly confused as to what I should do about it.

That afternoon, after sixteen girls had sprung from Carolyn's Buick to go into Y E meeting, half of them flocked towards our scared pledges to collect the assignments they had given the pledges to fulfill during the week, and the other half of us grabbed cokes and lay dormant on the living room floor where meeting was to be held—to gossip. The topic of discussion was, naturally, boys. Since I was the next girl to receive a boy's bracelet, we talked about why it could and couldn't happen.

"Surely you know that Jack calls Mary Ann every night and talks for an hour," Carolyn said. "I think she's crumby, and she couldn't have gotten into Y E even if she'd wanted to, so I don't see why she acts so snooty to us. You should have seen the nasty face she made today when Eissey told her about your havin' a date with Jack tonight."

"Yeah!" screeched Bissie. She made nasty face to show me how Mary Ann had taken the blow. "She said it wouldn't do you any good anyhow, but I told her that if she didn't watch out, she'd be taken down a peg or two when you'd be blushin' around with an "I. D.," identification bracelet that is, engraved with her favorite fella's name."

"Aw, she's not in love with Jack, not reely! She jus' thinks so, so's she can be the one he makes all his touchdowns for. But his first one at the Monday night game was all for you. You know that, 'cause he even ast' ya' to wait for him after the game."

I knew that was just because he always did that for the girl he had his next date with, but to hear my best friends say things like that made me glow inside like the fireflies do on a dark night in the summer. bissie flopped her shiny, curly head into my cross-legged lap and propped her feet on an en.pty potato-chip box.

Looking up at me with her sincere brown eyes, she advised, "Honey, I know how much you like Jack. You can tell it 'cause you always light up when someone says anything about him. But don't let him hurt you like he hurts all his other crushes. You know how he likes to be 'hero worshiped,' and when he hears one girl's praise long enough to be sure of her, he'll just grab another."

'Yeah, and they're all willin' too,' Carolyn broke in.

"Just come tell me if he breaks your heart, and I'll give you sympathy anyway —even if your Ma does say that she told ya' so."

That's just like sweet Bissie, I thought. We both had boy trouble with our mothers, and Jack was the one boy Mother was bitterly opposed to. It was just tonight before I left for my date with him that she told me not to get serious with anyone, because high school was the place to have fun with all the boys, and not just one. It crushed me when my Dad interfered too with his horrible remark that Jack was too fast for his daughter. He was glad, well, proud of me too-that I was two weeks lacking sixteen and had never been kissed. But I have to grow up sometime. I still think it was the night we had that date that I grew up in one minute-or maybe one second. They kept telling me there wasn't anything wrong in a kiss, but when it came to a boy with Jack's wild frivolity, it was just the principle of the thing that I was too naive for him to be my first,

It was about ten minutes after I had answered the doorbell and let Jack in the house that I ran into the bathroom for my second wind-second look-or second try to gain my self-confidence. to the mirror in the bathroom because it makes my face look more tan when I wear that pale blue 'Sloppy Joe' sweater. Jack's face is so brown from being outside so much, and we would look so good together if we both had something in coommon in our physical appearances. So I patted my nose with more "Morocco Brown" powder, spilling it all over the bowl-my mother's pet peeve. But I didn't have time to clean it up now. I could hear nothing in the living room, and I just knew that Mother and Daddy weren't being very good company to Jack. They are too sincere to put on those sweet acts like some people can do.

"What made your family so cool tonight?" Jack inquired after we had started for Betty's ranch, where we were going with several other couples for a picnic and dancing party.

"It's 'cause they don't know what to say to football stars," I teased him,

He laughed. I love to hear him laugh, so I added, "Your brightness dazzled them. Where did you get that orange satin shirt?"

"Do ya' like it?"

"Sure, I love it." And I almost said "Just like I love you." But I caught my breath and didn't say anything.

That whole evening by the victrola, and then by the bright fire in the open hearth was a date out of this world. When someone threw me popcorn, I thought it was little white stars shooting around the room and when Jack would swing me out in his newest jitterbug step, I felt like I was on a roller-coaster ride with the wind whipping in my mouth and eyes. He kept saying little things all night long like, "You have a cute nose," and "Where'd ya' get those blue eyes?" But I kept remembering Bissie's words about my being hurt by him. But honestly, he soundeed so sincere about it.

"Come here a minute," I heard a voice whisper in my ear. My feet followed this voice into the parlor, out of the parlor, into the night, and into Jack's car. How I had ever let myself get this far away from the crowd was beyond my remotest imagination. But I can understand now —I was looking for that kiss. Now isn't that silly? But it wasn't to me—not then.

"You love me, don't you?"

How could I answer that? That was easy enough, "What will you give me if I love you?" I laughed.

"This."

Jack's kiss was the closest I've ever been to knowing what an atomic explosion is. It was as if Walt Disney was drawing us like musical notes from Harry James' trumpet, and making us dance on billowing flames of fire.

"You'll wear this for me, won't you?"

Jack sounded so pleading, and how could

I refuse him when I felt so wonderful
about him?

"Jack, I'll wear your bracelet, and every time someone asks me who the most perfect boy in the whole world is, I'll tell them it's my football star."

We must have sat there longer than half an hour. Jack told me we had only been there that long because he knew I might take back some of the sweet things I had told him. He loved it; he told me he did, and after all, wasn't I his newest inspi-

I fairly floated into the back bedroom where my mother was waiting up for me. I always talk to my mother when I come home after a date; she's so much fun to talk to-or should I say argue with over Jack? Tonight, my home looked like a rosy palace, and Mother's angry face upon hearing the news of the evening didn't even change the rosy hue. But when I kissed her good night, I wrapped my braceleted arm, with the "I D," around her shoulders and held it up before my face so I could see his name. But it wasn't his name. It was Mary Ann's. I dreaming, I thought? Surely I was living in a crazy nightmare, and I'd wake up any minute to go to school, But Mother's kind voice sent me to bed.

"If you're going to keep Jack's bracelet, my dear, you will forfeit some of your other friendships. Let me help you if I can."

But I was too embarrassed to say anything. I'll never tell anyone that Jack gave Mary Ann's bracelet by mistake, and I'll just pretend that nothing ever happened. As I looked out the window at the stars, they weren't as bright as they had been on previous nights, nor was the football star as full of splendor as I had once seen him. Perhaps this is all a part of growing up, I thought, and I cried myself to sleep.