



LINDEN BARK



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NUMBER 4

Christmas Spirit Is In Air As Plans Start For Pre-Holiday Activities

Christmas Story Contest Is Announced

"Should I take my old blue or my new white formal home, or both?" Yes, the girls of Lindenwood have begun planning their wardrobe for Christmas vacation. The Christmas vacation will officially begin after classes on December 17 and will end at 11 a. m. on January 3. The classes missed before 11 a. m. on January 3 will be made up on Saturday morning, January 4.

The Christmas season opened with an announcement of the annual Christmas story contest, one of the interesting events of the pre-holiday season.

The contest, which is open to all students, closes at 8 a. m. Monday, Dec. 2. The entries must be of no more than 2000 words.

Substantial prizes, depending upon the quality of the stories entered, will be awarded to the winners. Dr. Sigmund Betz, Miss Martha Boyer and Miss Jane Marker will be the judges.

The winning stories will be published in the Christmas issue of the Linden Bark. Last year's prize-winning story continued on page 2

It's new! It's Fun!

We promise
It will be
Delicious and tantalizing!

The Bark proudly announces
a new feature
"Rec Room Recipes!"
Page 7

Dr. Parkinson Speaks Of His Experiences As A Navy Chaplain

Dr. William Parkinson, who is the head of our Bible Department, spoke at Vesper services Sunday evening, Nov. 10. Dr. Parkinson chose as his topic for the evening, "Reactions of a Navy Chaplain."

He discussed briefly his preliminary training along with five thousand other chaplains. One point which was of special interest was the requirements to become a chaplain. The applicant must have four years of college, and he must also have some graduate work. In addition, he must be able to withstand the rigorous conditions to which every service man is subjected.

Dr. Parkinson was appointed as chaplain in the district of San Francisco.

THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



The Linden Bark presents Miss Margaret Marshall, of Fairfield, Ill., as its fourth nominee for the Hall of Fame. "Maggie" is a Senior and is among the nine Lindenwood Seniors who have been chosen in the 1946-47 edition of "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities." She is president of El Circulo Espanol, and business manager of the Linden Leaves for 1946-47. She is a member of Alpha Sigma Tau; Pi Gamma Mu; Tau Sigma; the Home Economics Club; the International Relations Club; Commercial Club, and the Encore Club.

Extra Special! Contest Awaits Your Romeo

Once a year L. C. gals are given the opportunity to flaunt their men before the whole school. That time is now! Realizing that every girl thinks her man is the most handsome, the most wonderful, etc., the Bark staff offers the Romeo Contest as a chance to prove it.

The only requirement for entry in this contest is that he be a man. So dig out all the pictures of your heart-throbs—past, present or future—and after Thanksgiving vacation bring them by the Bark office or turn them in to any member of the staff. With each picture enclose a paragraph describing that handsome brute, telling when and where you met him, whether or not he's in the service, something about his future plans and whether or not it's true love. If you happen to have a good-looking brother, enter his picture too. You can make more friends that way.

The pictures will be sent to Hollywood where a Paramount star will choose the 1947 Romeo, the most marriageable, the most intellectual, the most athletic, and the most kissable.

After vacation is the time to get your entries in. You may enter as many as you wish but try to limit your selections to at least a dozen. A dozen per girl, that is.

O.K. Kids, let's show 'em!

Exodus Will Begin Next Wednesday For Four-Day Thanksgiving Holiday

She Flew From Flu

Among the brave students who received flu shots last week there was one who wasn't quite sure. She walked into the infirmary, paid her 50 cents and took her place in line, radiating poise and confidence.

But when Mrs. Hall began to fill her syringe, the girl rose, said she had changed her mind and left the infirmary. She has not been back since.

Student Gov't Conference Proves LC Progressive

Lindenwood is progressive when compared with other small colleges in the Midwest.

Louise McGraw, president of the student body, supports this viewpoint, pointing out that many colleges have much stricter attitudes toward the activities of their students. She also discovered that Lindenwood is one of the few schools which support student activities completely with school funds.

Miss McGraw, with Deana Bass, vice-president of the student body, attended a Student Government conference at Grinnell College, Grinnell Iowa, last week end. Lindenwood was one of twenty colleges from Missouri, South Dakota, Michigan, Iowa was one of twenty colleges from Missouri, South Dakota, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Ohio represented at this conference, the first of its kind in this section of the country.

Delegates to the conference were divided into four discussion groups—student-faculty relations, special projects—continued on page 7

Classes Will Be Resumed On December 2

For the first time since Pearl Harbor Lindenwood will have a four-day Thanksgiving holiday this year. The homeward exodus will begin after classes on Wednesday, Nov. 27. Classes will be resumed at 8 a. m. on Monday, Dec. 2.

A survey by the Linden Bark reveals that approximately three-fourths of the students are planning to spend Thanksgiving with their families at home. The four-day holiday will afford time to travel comfortably and to enjoy the traditional Thanksgiving dinner and football game at home.

Students who live too far away to make the trip home will either spend the holiday with roommates at their homes or on the campus. For those who remain at Lindenwood, a full program, including a turkey dinner with all the trimmings is planned. There will be a theater party Thanksgiving afternoon and bridge and bingo gatherings will help pass the time. The Student Personnel Office plans a hayride, if the weather permits.

Students are reminded by Dr. Alice E. Gipson, academic dean, to be sure to return in time for the 8 o'clock bell on December 2. The right to take examinations with the other students is forfeited for late arrival after the holiday.

Thanksgiving Theme For Next Radio Show

"The Children's Thanksgiving Story" will be the next radio script to be presented over KFUD, November 23. The story will be scheduled at the usual time, 11:30.

There Will Be Changes Made Predicts Dr. Clevenger In Election Post Mortem

There will be few violent changes as a direct result of this election.

This is the opinion of Dr. Homer Clevenger, mayor of St. Charles and professor of history at Lindenwood College. Dr. Clevenger pointed out that both parties will be too interested in the 1948 elections to alienate any large groups of votes. The Republicans will be wary of producing any changes previously suggested by President Truman that might reflect glory upon the Democrats, and the President may likewise be expected to oppose some of the major issues of the Republican party that would be too highly favored.

Part of the Republican platform for this election was the reduction of government expenditures and income taxes. "A cut in expenditures might affect these government agencies:—Aid to Farmers, United States Employment Service, Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Appropriations for Direct Relief—which have been part of the New Deal. President Truman might well be expected to veto any lowering of the budget which would affect these or other New Deal agencies," Dr. Clevenger explained.

One of the trends illustrated by this

election is toward better control of labor, he pointed out. Several states, Nebraska, South Dakota and Arizona, passed amendments forbidding a closed shop. A bill has been introduced in Congress to enact a similar federal law. We might expect a weakening of the National Labor Relations Boards, with several other restrictions placed upon labor. It is thought that President Truman will not oppose bills suppressing labor.

According to Dr. Clevenger, the election of a Republican Congress will have little effect on foreign affairs. He feels that there is little danger the Midwest isolationist group in the Republican party will gain control and limit our United Nations participation. "Reduction of expenditures might cut appropriations for the Army and Navy and thereby weaken our position at a time when power politics seemed to be the most effective weapon in international affairs," he said.

Dr. Clevenger predicted that there would be greater unanimity within the Democratic party; he felt that it was unlikely that the Southern Democrats would side with the Republicans, for they will be looking forward to 1948 elections when a Republican president might take away their patronage.

Linden Bark Reporter Finds Out What Lindenwood Girls Are Thankful For

Here it is the middle of November and Thanksgiving just around the corner. This year everyone is thankful first for four wonderful days of vacation, the first in five long years, and second—well, second choices vary. These are a few of the results.

Joyce Creamer—"A chance to catch up on sleep."

Joan Hake—"Vacation, period."

Armenta Harness—"That I get to go home."

Jackie Foreman—"That the plumbing in Ayres has improved."

Mary Titus—"Bob."

Dorry Thomas—"Pretty letters, lovely week ends, and sweet suite-

mates."

Donna Mercer—"That mid-semester exams are over."

Sally Elam—"That I can't remember poetry because this 'dettin' in and 'dettin' out, datta dop!"

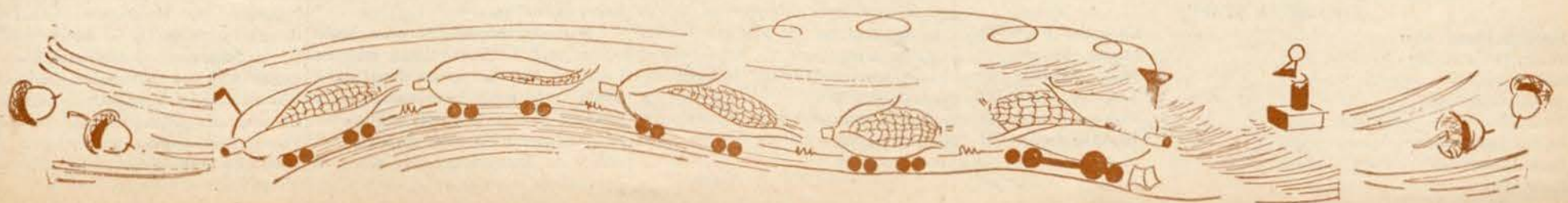
Janet Brown—"That Miss Pottorf is a heavy sleeper."

Joan Kirchoff—"Home and my go lump, no bump heavenly cloud" (her bed).

Maurice Etheridge—"That our radiator stopped banging every morning."

Janie Horton—"To be away from my room-mate for four days."

Mr. Clayton—"That the Bark is out!"



Thanksgiving, 1946

Thanksgiving-1946 shall be a day of peace and plenty. Although we complain of shortages, strikes, and soaring prices, actually we possess more than any other nation on earth.

Thanksgiving should be a day of prayer and gratitude: Gratitude for our great abundance of food and clothing; gratitude for our universal religious freedom and educational opportunities; gratitude for being Americans.

Our ancestors landed on Plymouth Rock more than three centuries ago. They faced starvation and death; yet, they did not retreat. Instead they triumphed.

We must not forget their struggle, nor their triumph. Far too often, we, Americans exaggerate our problems and belittle our blessings.

We must remember "Of all the holidays observed in this country, there is none so distinctively American as Thanksgiving."

Let us keep it American!

Don't Be A Wallflower

Do you feel unwanted and out of things? Do you hermitize in your room while all your friends are off to this or that meeting? Take yourself in hand, spread a big smile on your face and join in with the merry throng who are keeping active by participating in the various campus organizations. It is time you discovered for yourself that such things just don't come to you on a silver platter, but you have to put yourself out to make yourself known and wanted. One way is to go to all the "open to all students" clubs and before you know it you will become as enthusiastic as the rest of the gang in trying to create new and more interesting things to do.

Another thing you could do to put yourself in the "known" group is to be seen out playing tennis, golf, or any of the other sports. Develop some talent that may help your hall to win the plaque. This does not take any great skill, because you will find that most of the other girls may not know even as much as you do about that particular activity. Naturally there will be some people that are better than you, but to keep feeling sorry for yourself does not help you any. Just remember that for every one better than you there are just as many like you or even not as good. Keep your chin up, remember to smile, and—CHARGE!

Election Post-Mortem

In every fight there is a victor and a loser. For the past several elections there has been a contest between human values and material values. The highest purposes spring in the hearts of human beings at the hour of the greatest needs.

When humanity was facing privations, when American homes were being sold to satisfy mortgages, and when jobs were unheard of, human values were given recognition, and hope was restored to many millions.

Just as this emergency was beginning to disappear, the great war was on the horizon, and again humanity was challenged to recognize human values in the greatest hour of need in our nation's lifetime.

This emergency brought to the hearts of men of all walks of life a feeling of realization that all men are created equal and all men have the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We have now emerged victoriously from the war and selfishness apparently springs into the hearts of men. Thus, the conflict between human values and material values is waging. The little peevishness influenced a large number of votes in the recent election. Seemingly material values were victorious. If this is a mistake it will be only for a period. The American people may err in their judgment for a time, but they are quick to correct their mistakes when they are right.

Dress A Doll For Christmas

This year, as in the past, Lindenwood girls will dress dolls to be presented to the children of Markham Memorial on Christmas morning. Here is our chance to make some little child happy and excited when she opens her stocking on that ever important morning.—Now this is what to do! The next time you are shopping spare a minute to drop into the toy department or even the Dime Store, and select some pretty little doll with sparkling eyes and curly hair. She may either be the kind that stands and is always alert, or the soft, sweet baby doll that loves to be cuddled.

When evening comes and you find her among your shopping parcels immediately you decide she needs a new outfit; but that will be a job since you are so far from Mother's scrap bag. But just look around, there is the ribbon left from trimming your bulletin board, and that odd wool bobby sox that came back in the wash will make a darling little snow cap, and don't forget the soft flannel that was left over from your new shirt. Why soon she'll look like the doll that you used to find under your Christmas tree.

Dressing a doll at Christmas time is an old tradition at Lindenwood . . . one that is a pleasure and satisfaction to uphold. Remember, give a doll.

LINDEN BARK

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A Prayer For Thanksgiving



by W. W. Parkinson

ALMIGHTY God, creator of the universe and sustainer of the laws of seed and soil; unto thee we give thanks because of the abundant spiritual and material blessings thou hast given us. Thou hast given us the soil; thou hast given us the seed with life; thou hast given us wisdom to seek scientific knowledge with which to cultivate; thou hast crowned our labors with an abundant harvest of food and fiber. Guide thou us, we pray, in this our thanksgiving for harvest, for land, and for liberty; and lead this nation to acknowledge its dependence upon thee for food, for faith, and for freedom. Keep us ever aware of others who are less fortunate materially and spiritually. In recognition of God's goodness and our dependence upon him we renew our allegiance to him at this time of gratitude and thanksgiving. In the name of the sower of good seed in the soil of all mankind, Jesus Christ, we pray. Amen.

Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion

Campus Poll Reveals Biggest Upset Of The Year As Frank Sinatra Loses Out To Bing Crosby—Inner Sanctum Is Favorite Radio Program

This week we have asked the charmin' chicks of the campus just who's who in their hearts, so here's what we found out. The results are amazing, so hold on to your hats, girls, 'cause here we go!

1. "What is your favorite orchestra?"

Hold your breaths, gals, while I count it up! Guess who . . . none other than that tall, good-looking fellow from the good old state of Texas, Tex Beneke. Followers up were T. Dorsey, Harry James, Elliott Lawrence, Stan Kenton, and Eddy Howard.

2. Well, before we could recover from the screams and cheers for Tex Beneke, we asked "Who is your favorite radio comedian?" Bob Hope won by an outstanding margin.

3. What is your favorite radio program? was the third question and what d'ya know? The spine-tingling "Inner Sanctum" was first. The Lux

Radio Theatre, Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade, and the Falstaff Hour came in behind.

4. The fourth question should have probably been asked first, but it's soooooo important, that we put it last. The question is . . . "Does Frankie still give you the thrill he used to?" The answer was a vehement NO! Bing Crosby ranked first as the favorite campus crooner. He was trailed by Jan Sabloa, Pierre Valjean, Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, The King Cole Trio, Dinah Shore, and Andy Russell. So . . . this week's poll brought about amazing changes of favorites with the L. C. girls.

Gals, have you heard the latest record, "The Christmas Song"? The King Cole Trio introduced it first, and now Les Brown has out a simply SUPER recording of it. It seems as if this, and "I Love You For Sentimental Reasons" rank first with the bobby-soxers on this campus!

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Next week will close our mid semester term. At that time students are at liberty to go to their teachers to find out the grade of work they are doing in their various courses.

Students need to be reminded that there is no cut system here at Lindenwood. You are held responsible for every unexcused absence. This is clearly stated in your handbook, but it becomes necessary from time to time to remind you of this rule.

I'm sure I speak for the administration and faculty in praising the fine spirit on campus this year, as well as the appreciation the girls are showing for the advantages we have here at Lindenwood that other colleges and universities lack.

I wish everyone a happy Thanksgiving and I hope you thoroughly enjoy your vacation.

—ALICE E. GIPSON

Christmas Spirit In Air

continued from page 1

was "Felipito's Holiday Story" by Miriam Reilly, who was then a Freshman.

Committees are being named in all the residence halls for the annual Christmas parties, which are a Lindenwood tradition. Santa is expected to arrive at the dormitories shortly before the students leave for vacation.

The Student Christian Association plans to give toys to the children at Markham Memorial in St. Louis again this year.

The Lindenwood chapter of the Red Cross recently prepared 35 Christmas boxes for sailors.

Christmas shopping is once again under way. Santa Claus may be found in the St. Louis department stores. It must be remembered a shortage of some products still exists, as in the case of the three girls who left orders for men with Santa Claus at Stix several days ago.

FALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Janet Brown

Mattie Evelyn and Florella Sue were deeply involved with Sargon II and the development of the Egyptian civilization when we dropped, or rather climbed, in to see them—they live on fourth Butler. Like most Lindenwood students they were perfectly willing to ignore the ancients for a while and talk about things in general and stop day in particular. Just then there was a gobble from beneath the bed, and an extremely plump turkey stuck his head out inquiringly.

Mattie Evelyn laughed. It seemed that the roommates and Mrs. Sibley had patched up their feud—Mrs. Sibley said that they now knew how to behave themselves in St. Louis—and so Mrs. Sibley had brought them this turkey. She caught it herself one morning while the turkey was taking its 5 o'clock stroll back and forth in front of Roemer. Yesterday the roommates took Mrs. Sibley to Union Station; she is leaving on an extended tour of the Midwest with the Major to find a president—a progressive one. The turkey is getting fat on wasps.

That certainly was a good hockey game Friday. Lots of girls turned out, too. Everyone froze to the ground except the players, of course. They had to cheer to keep warm—don't we have good leaders this year?

Florella Sue pushed the bags out of her eyes—E. Lit. has been bothering her—and started talking about the Instrumental Party Friday night. Wasn't the swing band smooth? She thinks they are as good as any paid orchestra we've had out here. Why couldn't they play for a dance sometime? And the show—she laughs every time she thinks of those black faces. There are so many talented girls at Lindenwood—they can sing, dance, play different instruments and be amusing. Where else could you find five hundred girls so clever?

Mattie Evelyn wanted to know what we thought of Vespers Sunday night. She felt that it was one of the most wide-awake talks so far. One of the things she feels we lack here at Lindenwood is outreach. We become so tied up with ourselves and our own little world, that we forget there are other people and other problems. Often an approaching test looms so large that we feel it is the be all and end all of existence and lose our sense of values. After all, we are not (as they so frequently remind us) children, and the time will come when we have to leave our sheltered existence here and face larger, world-wide problems. Why can't we have more talks like that?

Ayres Hall is certainly in there singing. Those were the cutest songs! Especially that one about the refrigerator. Several of the halls have had clever songs this year. It's about time, too, Mrs. Sibley is so sick of the old ones night after night in the dining room that she almost left her bread pudding the last time they started. Both Mattie and Florella were delighted with the additional chapel cuts. They don't intend to cut any more because you miss so much if you do, but it's nice to know that you can if you want to. Last time Mattie Evelyn cut she missed an announcement about a meeting and got into all sorts of trouble.

Florella left the room for a minute to beg some crackers from the girls across the hall. Every light is blazing and although it is 3 p.m. it looks like 10, and sounds like it, too. Mattie groaned and looked at the clock. "Last night I dreamed that Shakespeare landed in America with an I.Q. of 120 in 1607, hit a Sumerian in the mandibular ramus with an Oediponium, fainted, was revived by Tish with an isotonic solution of polysaccharids, diatonic chords and comma splices, gave a speech on Helen Keller and announced a stop day. I give up."

Contributions Of Verse From The Poetry Society

Impressions

by Emily Heine, '50

THESE things I felt as I listened to a symphony orchestra for the first time—
This is what it meant to me then
And what it has continued to mean.

The harsh fifths as the strings are tuned
Background the flute's dancing scale.
Louder the sound grows as the brasses join in
Stopping at the conductor's entrance.
There is a burst of applause for him
And then silence and tense expectancy,
Every eye watching his right hand
As he raises his baton.
It remains poised for an instant and then comes down.
On its tip the first note rides
Sounded deep and firm by the basses
As they begin the principal theme.
The phrase is pitch-black
And quickly tossed from section to section.
The violins, as the wind, tear it to pieces.
It is shrieked hysterically by the trumpet.
The orchestra sings passionately
Or lashes itself to frantic excitement
Until exhausted it falls to deeper levels.
Then comes a promise of peace and a hope for better things.
The horns swell out in majesty and hang there golden,
While the hovering strings echo the phrase.
But the good cannot last—evil is brewing.
An oboe snarls out a prophecy in its wild fantastic music,
And from afar a trombone replies.
Drums and brasses combine in a prelude to the inevitable end.
Mutterings are heard from the muted horns
And then tired of their song they throw it to the strings.
It disappears into the shadows
And only the double-bass remains with one last note
Like a throbbing pulse that will not be still.

Poems Dedicated To
T. S. Eliotby Coy Elizabeth Payue, '48
ON A KNIFE

I STABBED you, dear, as there you
stood.
You knew I would, you knew I would,
Your life and mine will never blend;
Your poems and mine will never mend.
While I have life I'll storm and cuss,
Fly if you will, hippopotamus!
I stabbed you, dear; and how I relish it.
You're dead now—poet T. S. Eliot.

ON A CHICKEN

In imitation of T. S. Eliot
by Coy Elizabeth Payne, '48

BLOODY stubs fly through the air,
Flopping here and hitting there.
People dodge as they go by.
Little chick, why did you die?
You were so sweet—so blithely young
But other men before you hung.
What is this need of feeding men?
Why, oh why, and when, oh when?
Gleeps! Gleeps! Gleeps! Gleeps!

Bedtime

by Barbara Heucke '49

LITTLE pink pajamas
Scrambling into bed—
Little pillow sinking
'Neath a curly head.

Little eyes are closing—
Off to the land of nod.
Little soul is reaching
Out for the hand of God.

The Song of the Eager
BeaverWritten for the last week in May
by Gwen Rosier, '49

EARLY to rise,
An eight o'clock class.
We Lindenwood gals
Are eager to pass.

Now up in our chairs,
The prof has come in—
Our pencils and pens
Are set to begin.

Yes, we never tire
Of this daily routine.
We love it, you know—
(Just one week to go!)

My Queen

by Nancy Kern, '48

A HEAD flung high
As I enter the stall,
Tender nuzzle of lips,
Joyful snuffle from nostrils pink
Against my fingertips.
Calm, deep eyes hold a glint of hope,
Playful straining against the rope,
Each muscle tensed for some new sight
Where do we ride tonight?

Hey, Ba-Ba-Ree-Ba

by Carol Clayton, '49

NOW, mellow basses sound mournful tones,
Saxophones wail, and clarinets scream,
Trumpet notes blare, and drums make a boom—
The orchestra lackadaisically tunes.
Hey, Ba-Ba-Ree-Ba.

Swiftly the leader raises his hand;
His foot starts to tap the beat of the rhythm;
Suddenly hecats swing, at the sign,
Into their primitive boogie chant.
Hey, Ba-Ba-Ree-Ba.

Couples begin to jump and to sway.
The rhythm in throbbing drums makes a beat,
Stirring and syncopated and mad,
Which animates dancers wriggling in step.
Hey, Ba-Ba-Ree-Ba.

The tempo increases, wilder than wild,
It soars in a whirlwind, barbarous pace.
Louder and faster, colorful forms
Flash in a savage, sensuous dance.
Hey, Ba-Ba-Ree-Ba.

The riotous music comes to a halt.
Dancers arrest a leap in the air;
Swirling, they fall to earth in a heap.
And, breathless, they wait for more low-down jive.
Hey, Ba-Ba-Ree-Ba.

The Pheasant

by Beverly Kay Yarbrough, '50

THE pheasant
Raised his regal head
Above the stubble of the field.
Tense, he stood, poised for flight.
Suddenly, he soared aloft,
Flaunting his colored plumage to the world.
A calculating eye took aim.
A steady hand squeezed a trigger—
The proud head fell limp.
The bird pitched suddenly and violently to the earth.
And took its place among decaying leaves in Autumn's past.

The annual Lindenwood poetry contest, held under the auspices of the Poetry Society, has this year called forth a large variety of verse. The **Linden Bark** is happy to print a selection of poems from among the entries.

POETRY CONTEST PRIZE POEM

Give Me the Purple-
Shadowed Moon

by Alice Baber, '50

GIVE me the purple-shadowed moon
And let a grey mist rise;
The fire has been a bit too bright
For unprotected eyes.

Then let the name of silence rule
In this and all the other spheres;
The noise of shrieking violins
Can deafen unaccustomed ears.

HONORABLE MENTION

Packing

by Mary Titus, '49

SHE filled her trunk with useless
things.
She folded fifteen fragrant springs
Into her bags—a bright starched fall,
A soft white winter; she took them all.
She left her shoes and hat behind
To take what loveliness she could find.
She bought a filmy dream to fold
Into her purse; she paid in gold.
The money she had when she was gone
Was only a copper disc of sun.
She fled with her wealth, and from afar
We watched her seeking a dream-bright
star.

Spring

by Hazel Clay, '49

INHALE the spring
Upon the thirst-quenched green!
Pluck a Blaze Rose
Climbing about the trellis,
And pin it to your bodice.
Dance on damp grass;
Feel the coolness between your toes!

The Hour Is Late

by Jan Miller, '48

I

THE hour is late.
It is the hour when self-fulfillment crystallizes,
seems possible.
I do not feel alone, for the house sighs with many
people, many lives . . . the milestones of birth
and death . . . the smaller, scarcely perceptible
signposts which swell to a total sum of significance;
so much living.
And yet, how much more poignantly alone may be one
among many!
Still I am not; for I love and Love's synonym is sharing.
In sharp relief what we have had together emerges to
be recognized, to be remembered, to be cherished.

Companionship and laughter.
Nonsense and sharpened reason.
Understanding and awakened awareness.
Friendship and great love.
Tenderness.
Warmth.
Excitement.
Oneness.

I love you.

Do you know?
Do you share?

II

How shall I love; or is it how can I love?
Is one permitted to say—In this way I love, with these
words, in this manner—
fashioning one's love, one's life as the artist his
oils, the sculptor his clay.
Or is love rather to be something depthless and dark,
unknown, terrifying with an element of desperation
and fear because he is so needed, so integral;
because in losing him I might lose myself.
Should love be torment and pathos?
Or is temperance also here the better part?
Am I still able to use will to decide?
Or have my footsteps marked already the pathway which
provides no return?
You, who are beloved, help me.
Understand and follow.

HONORABLE MENTION

The Candy Eskimo

by Jo Anne Smith, '50

I DREAMT I was an Eskimo
With a peppermint head and a gum-drop toe.
I lived in a house so funny and white,
With ice-cube curtains and a lemon porch light.
For food I had some polar-bear steaks,
But after one my tonsils ached.
I had no relish or Worcestershire cheese;
So I dreamed up a special called "Blubber-Nut Freeze."
My bed was a mattress of cabbage and rice,
With a trap for a pillow in case I heard mice.
I lived in this land, and traveled by kite
Over mountains of frosting and sugar-plum lights.
I was happy and frosty all the time I was there,
And if I hadn't wakened I wouldn't have cared!

My Bed Is The Sea

by Mary Louise Walsmith, '49

THE sea is like a cool bed,
Tinted with green and blue.
It washes gently on the shore,
It froths and bubbles and sinks anew.

The tide is a mother covering her child;
The wave breaks for the kiss good-night.
The gentle shifting of the sand
Is the lullaby sung till the coming of light.

The moon shines down on the jeweled sea,
Casting a path of silver and gold.
The stars are the guardian angels
Who have watched over sleepers of old.

The Jewel Case

by Joyce Cramer, '49

THE dark velvet lining of a jewel case
Is slowly descending to hide its rare stones.
Diamond-like stars pierce the filagree lace
Of whispering trees which emit soft tones.
The sapphire dew in the jade-green grass
Brings murmurs from lovers as they pass.
Night covers all, the world is at rest;
Beauties are hidden, yet mankind lives on
Until the jewel case opens to reveal
The gleaming treasures found in the dawn.

Senses

by Hazel Clay, '49

PALE, pale moon—
Unveil the blue mist,
That crowds out your glory,
For things not moon-kissed.

Calm, calm wind—
Cradle the trees;
Move back my hair
With your fingers of breeze.

Deep, deep scent—
Sweeten my soul;
My head is bent
For Him to console.

Autumn Thoughts

by Marilyn Maddox, '50

THE leaves
Slip down to earth
Like teardrops of a child,
And like slow tears, they disappear in
Silence.

I saw
In one short breath
A flaming miracle;
I hold a blazing tree within
My heart.

Kismet

by Nancy Kern, '48

TORN from the branch
By a ruthless hand,
The leaf soars,
Hesitates, and reluctantly slips by
Its anchored companions.
Plucks frantically at their fingers,
Vainly hoping to share again
Their moment of security.
Then suddenly in surrender,
Whirls down to the hard arms
Of the greedy earth
And is crumpled underfoot.

The Linden Bark Literary Supplement

"The Meek Shall Inherit"

by Marianne Metzger, '50

THE October afternoon was warm and sunny, and trees along Jacobs Avenue stood motionless, occasionally letting fall a brightly-colored leaf. Specks of light and shadow danced merrily together on the sidewalk, and everywhere was the odor of burning leaves.

However, the beauties of this particular Friday afternoon were lost upon two tall, slender, teen-age girls as they walked along, absorbed in conversation. The brunette was frankly envious because her friend had been voted the Most Popular Girl in a school newspaper survey. "Honestly, Jodie," she said to the blonde, "aren't you the least bit excited?"

"Oh, I guess so, Liz," was the laconic reply. Jodie sighed deeply, and her blue eyes were clouded with thoughts. Even her snub nose had seemed to lose its usual pertness. She was dejection.

"For Pete's sake!" Liz exclaimed. "What's the matter with you?" "Myrna Joyce was voted the Most Beautiful!" Jodie proclaimed bitterly, and her expression indicated just which abode in after life she wished Miss Joyce. Liz understood the look. Jodie's particular heart-throb, Lee Davis, had been observed paying marked attention to the aforesaid beauty for several days.

"Have you written to Pam Peyton about it?" Liz asked. She knew that Jodie made a practice of writing to that famous lovelorn columnist to ask advice on critical situations. Her friend admitted that she had.

"But the answer hasn't come yet," Jodie continued, "and after Sunday it will be too late!" She shook her blonde head sadly, reflecting on the bitterness of life in general. If only Sam Peyton's answer would come! So far the popular columnist had solved Jodie's every problem—what to do when that awful Pearson boy wanted to kiss her good night, what to do when the dreamy Jeff Jones didn't—this crisis, however, dwarfed all others by comparison.

"Well, if you ask me," Liz stated, "I think that if Lee is so crazy about the kind of woman Myrna is, you should make yourself into that type, only in a larger dose. Be just like she is, only more so."

Jodie thought that over for a moment. Myrna was the girl who could do anything. In addition to the beauty the newspaper poll had acknowledged she possessed, she had brains, and was the most thoroughly independent girl in King City. Boys respected her as an equal because she could talk learnedly on mechanics and physics and pitch a good game of baseball. They hovered around her because of her alleged indifference to the opposite sex, which did not keep her from dating regularly.

Jodie mentally compared her own slender form with Myrna's husky pleasing one and looked more despondent than ever. She compared her capacities. Jodie could not throw a ball ten feet without straining her shoulder and a mechanism more complicated than an egg beater was to her an unfathomable mystery. As far as indifference to boys was concerned—well, she couldn't claim that virtue either.

Jodie and Liz walked the remaining distance to the former's home in silence. Liz declined an invitation to enter. "I have to take care of my little brother until Mom gets back from her bridge club meeting. Aren't little boys simply poisonous?"

Jodie agreed, but, thinking of Lee, added, "But, gee, when they grow up!"

Liz wished Jodie luck on Sunday and walked on down the street. Jodie went up the walk to the door of a little white house with blue shutters at the windows. Once inside, she made for the kitchen, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

"I thought the smell of a freshly

baked cake would bring you back here," her mother said with a smile. Mrs. Trevis was a small woman with delicate features and slightly graying blonde hair. "How was school today?"

"Simply poisonous. I was voted the most popular girl in school." Mrs. Trevis looked puzzled, then asked her daughter if the former remark had anything to do with the conduct of one Lee Davis, Jr. Jodie admitted that it had had plenty to do with it, and continued, telling Mrs. Trevis all the details concerning Lee's unfaithfulness, and Myrna's general resourcefulness. She concluded: "My only chance is that I have a date with Lee Sunday. He's going to teach me how to drive." Her mother indicated that this statement, too, puzzled her. "He made this date before his infatuation began Wednesday. My only chance is to prove that I'm every bit as intelligent and everything as Myrna is."

Mrs. Trevis listened sympathetically until the end of the speech, then offered Jodie a piece of cake and a glass of milk as a partial solace. Jodie was shocked.

"Mother, a woman in love has no appetite!" she said passionately. "It's absolutely awful to offer me plain old food. I'm in love!" Looking at the heavy wedge of brown and white, she added, "But it definitely would be unfair to my body to starve it." Thoughtfully, she cut another piece of cake, put it on the plate with the first, took the glass of milk her mother had poured, and went into her room.

Dr. James A. Trevis was feeling at peace with the world as he drove home from his office that evening. He noted with pleasure as he drove, the beauty of the avenue, the invigorating temperature of the air, and as he turned into the driveway of his home, the appearance of the Trevis' well-kept lawn and house.

In the kitchen he found his wife sitting at the table set for three, staring into space. She answered all his pleasant inquiries about her day in monosyllables, absently drumming her fingers on the table.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" he inquired goodnaturedly. "Jim, our little daughter is having love trouble, and I don't know how to help her." Mrs. Trevis sighed deeply and continued the drumming.

"Oh, is that all?" He began to laugh.

"Jim, this is serious. Her whole life may be warped if this doesn't turn out right. Jodie may develop an inferiority complex!"

"Her?" Dr. Trevis indulged in a loud snort of derision, followed by a burst of laughter.

His wife silenced him with a threatening look as she dcor to Jodie's room opened slowly. He managed to pull the corners of his mouth down. After greeting her father, Jodie immediately asked her mother when dinner would be ready. At this Dr. Trevis grinned openly. "Well, it hasn't affected her appetite!" He began to laugh once more. Jodie was puzzled. Mrs. Trevis assumed an expression calculated to throw fear into the heart of her husband. Meekly he subsided and took his place at the table.

When the evening meal was nearly over, Jodie neatly wormed her way into the conversation. She told her father animatedly that seventy-five per cent of the girls in her class could drive automobiles, and that fifty per cent of the seventy-five had been driving for a year. He thanked her for those statistics. She remarked that the weather was fine for driving. Dr. Trevis agreed. She described in detail the exceptional intelligence all the seventy-five per cent had displayed where the mechanics of an automobile were concerned, based on enthusiastic

testimony of their fathers. She described in detail every new automobile in King City, its history, cost, and easy maneuverability.

"What do you want?" her father said.

"I have to learn how to drive!" Jodie was equally direct. "Before Sunday! I definitely must learn before Sunday!"

"Jodie, the idea of your learning to drive is ridiculous!" He laughed two times to strengthen the statement. "At six you were the terror of the neighborhood when let loose on your tricycle. At the age of ten you ran over Mrs. Smith's pet cat with your red scooter, and at fifteen you mowed pedestrians down with your bicycle. Need I say more?"

Mrs. Trevis began to see the light. She informed her husband that the daughters of all her friends were learning how to drive, and that it was considered a necessary accomplishment by the King City Safety Club. Dr. Trevis looked from wife to daughter. He felt like a fly in molasses.

"Look," he said to his wife, "I'm very glad that seventy-five per cent of Jodie's friends can drive, I'm very glad that the daughters of all your friends drive, but I still will not jeopardize public safety by teaching Jodie. She is too giddy and feather-headed."

Mrs. Trevis caught her husband's eye. She formed the word "love" noiselessly and pointed to Jodie, who was listlessly picking at her first piece of dessert.

"She's in love with an automobile?" he asked loudly.

His wife signaled "Ssssssh!" and "I'll tell you later!" Jodie appeared to have forgotten the existence of both parents. Dr. Trevis suddenly felt weary. No longer could he fight off the demands of two determined females.

He said resignedly, "All right, Jodie. I will teach you what you want to know. Tomorrow afternoon at five. Be at my office then." For this speech he was instantly rewarded by a strangling hug from Jodie and an adoring look from his wife. He rebuffed their advances, but secretly felt exceptionally well pleased with himself.

He was recalled from his trance-like state of pleasure by his daughter's voice demanding, "Mom, can't I please have another piece of cake?"

The next day promptly at five, Jodie and her father were driving through the King City business section. Dr. Trevis was still a little puzzled about the whole affair, even after his wife's patient explanation. Women are complex creatures, he thought. To think that Jodie would go to all this trouble to learn how to drive when her boy

friend was going to teach her the next day. As far as he could tell it had something to do with women's mechanical intellect, Myrna Joyce, and Love. He looked at Jodie out of the corner of his eye. She was watching intently every move he made. He smiled to himself.

Ten minutes later they had passed the highway patrol station and were parked on a country road two miles outside the city limits. Remembering his daughter's previous experience with anything on wheels, Dr. Trevis had thought it wisest to start the lesson in a sparsely populated area. If she hit a cow amends might be made to the irate owner, but a pedestrian was a different thing entirely.

Dr. Trevis explained in five minutes how to start an automobile. He described the gadgets on the dashboard in detail, telling Jodie the function of each. He told her where to put her feet, and what would happen if she did. At last, a little out of breath, he said, "Now you do it."

Jodie changed places with him and placed her hands on the steering wheel. She turned things and shifted this and stepped on that. The machine did not move. "Darling," her father said, "your foot is on the brake." She flashed him a winning smile and changed her footwork. The automobile jumped forward like an epileptic race horse.

"Not so fast!" her father entreated. The automobile waltzed down the road. "You're doing fine," he encouraged. Jodie's face was a study in concentration as she endeavored to follow all instructions to the letter. He watched her expression.

"Dad, could I ask a question?"

"Certainly."

"How do you stop?"

"Don't worry about that now, Jodie. Wait until you can drive in a straight line down the road without hopping." "But, Dad, I think you ought to tell me now. There's a car coming at the right of the intersection just ahead, and I don't think it's going to stop!"

"Oh my heavens!" Dr. Trevis screamed when he saw the approaching calamity. Pushing Jodie against the door, he grabbed the steering wheel and slammed on the brake. The other car stopped, too, its owner swearing profusely.

"Why doncha look where yer a-goin?" snarled the man behind the wheel. Dr. Trevis muttered apologies and weakly wiped perspiration from his brow.

"All right, Jodie," he said shakily, "let's try it again. No, wait a minute. I'd better teach you how to stop." He explained it and again said, "Now you do it."

"But how, Dad?" How can I stop when we aren't moving?" Jodie's father told her to stop saying such silly things and to start the car. They rode on in silence.

Ten minutes later Jodie had two chickens and a garter snake to her credit. Both the gloss of the car and Dr. Trevis' patience were being affected by the dust that swirled about them. Dr. Trevis reflected dryly that Jodie should put three notches in a fender to keep score. Fifteen minutes later, after a skirmish with a right turn, Jodie had complied with his mental request. Three dents were in the right front fender.

But all in all, Dr. Trevis thought, it wasn't too bad for the first lesson. Frankly, he had expected worse results. "Stop the car, Jodie," he said, and was pleased to note with how few bumps and jolts she accomplished this feat. He told his daughter that she was doing splendidly. Jodie beamed from head to toe, hardly noticing that her bracelet came unfastened and slid into her lap. Absently she put it on the seat at her left and told her father that she was hungry. He replied that it was too bad, but he didn't see a hamburger stand in sight.

"Maybe I have something with me," Jodie said. She dug into the pocket of her skirt and drew out a paper bag filled with chocolates and offered one to her father. He declined until a penetrating odor reached his nostrils. He grabbed a piece and sniffed it. "Jodie! What is in these things?"

"Kentucky bourbon," she said innocently. "Aren't they good? The girls in our gang are all crazy about them."

"I can understand that!" He snatched the bag from her hand. "Jodie, I absolutely forbid you ever to eat one of these again! The odor alone could intoxicate a horse."

"But, Dad!" Jodie pleaded. Seeing that she could not recover the chocolates from his grasp, she contented herself by trying to look starved. Her father appeared not to notice.

"Start the car," said Dr. Trevis. To soften the blow of her chocolateless state, he told her benignly that when they reached the highway she could continue driving until they reached the city limits.

"Gee!" She was ecstatic. Dr. Trevis sniffed a chocolate and popped it into his mouth. "Hmmm!" He took another and another. By the time they reached the highway he had eaten them all and thrown the bag away.

Jodie turned the corner onto the highway. When she was hungry she couldn't keep her mind on the business at hand, so the automobile skittered blithely down the road, weaving from right to left. "Be careful!" her father roared. The highway patrol station was on the next hill. They swerved again. Dr. Trevis, his patience at an end, commanded Jodie to stop the car. He changed places with her.

They approached the top of the hill. "My bracelet!" Jodie exclaimed, remembering that she had left it on the car seat. She put her arm around her father suddenly, trying to feel for the trinket. Unfortunately, Dr. Trevis was extremely ticklish in the ribs. He doubled up with laughter, and lost control of the car. It wobbled up the driveway to the patrol station, narrowly missed a uniformed man standing in front of it, and crashed into the rear of a patrol car parked there.

The man was very peevish. When he saw that the girl was not hurt and the man had nothing but a bloody nose and a bad temper, he spoke: "All right. Climb out and come inside." He was attracted by a familiar odor. "Drunk, too, eh?" Dr. Trevis tried to protest, but was overruled. "This isn't going to go so easy with you," the man said.

Mrs. Trevis waited dinner until continued on page 6

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Elegy on Trixie

by Jeane Turner, '49

TRIXIE was the dearest little dog that ever lived. I say "was," because yesterday I received a letter from my brother Dick telling me that Trixie had died. She was poisoned and had convulsions all night before she died in the morning. When I read the letter I could hardly believe that when I went home Christmas Trixie would not greet me with her joyful little squeaks and wipe her feet all over my skirt.

Trixie's history has been full of so many calamities I had begun to think she was immortal. Just about everything happened to her that could happen to a dog.

We used to call her our "doorstep baby," because she came to us from out of nowhere when she was only a bundle of energy about as big as your fist. She was the cutest little puppy that ever chewed a slipper, toze up a model airplane, or put muddy tracks all over a bed. When she decided to go on a rampage nothing within reach was safe from her needle-sharp teeth, not even our ankles. We never had to worry about Trixie's biting visitors, however; she bit only her close friends. Playfully, of course.

Perhaps I should explain what kind of dog Trixie was. Well—we called her a fox terrier, but of course we had no record of her pedigree. This was quite unnecessary anyway. She was pretty enough without it, and it certainly would not have increased our love for her. She was white with black spots, and had a sharp black nose with some brown on it, and a tiny brown spot over each eye. We never cut her tail off, and I believe she would never have looked complete without it. As I have said, Trixie was a little dog, weighing only about thirteen pounds—a nice, convenient size. Trixie was a smart dog who was always trying to learn more. She spent a great deal of her time at the high school I attended—sometimes in one class and sometimes in another. She got in by jumping through the window of the principal's office sometimes. I am sorry I was not able to bring her on to college with me so that she could complete her education.

Twice Trixie even went to church. The second time she stood up with a family who were joining the church. I think she considered herself a Methodist after that, and, like many other people, never attended after the Sunday she joined.

When Dick first saw Trixie four or five years ago, he adopted her. From then on, whenever she was naughty, she was "Dick's dog." Otherwise she was "ours." Whenever he could get away with it Dick kept her in his room at night and let her sleep in his bed. This was what she liked best. Usually, though, she had to stay outside at night, or, in the winter, in the basement. When she stayed outside she barked all night, which may be the reason she was poisoned.

The first of Trixie's calamities occurred soon after she came to us. She had distemper, and we had to take her to the veterinarian in Ranger, ten miles away. She recovered from that with no after-effects, but was poisoned with strychnine soon after. She had such hard convulsions that we thought she would surely die. We followed the veterinarian's advice, however, and kept her quiet in a dark place. She was all right the next morning. The only trace the poison left was a rhythmic twitch in the left side of her face which she had until she died. Because this made her left ear wag and her left eye wink, she looked quite flirtatious.

Trixie had puppies twice—ten in all. To my knowledge only one is now living. The first litter we think was part bird dog—the puppies were pretty odd-looking creatures. The second litter, born on Thanksgiving Day, was nice-looking, but we didn't have their pedigrees either.

After she got a little older Trixie

was run over by a truck. The truck had turned into the driveway just as she was crossing it. When the driver saw her he slammed on his brakes while her front legs were under the wheels. The wheels skidded and tore the skin from her front legs until the bones and tendons were exposed. Fortunately no bones were broken. We rushed her again to the veterinarian in Ranger, but even he didn't have any hope of her living this time. He sewed the skin back on her legs, however, and sprinkled them with sulphamamide. Before long she was as good as new again with only a few faint scars remaining to remind us of the experience.

Last winter we took Trixie with us in the car when we went to see a football game at Cisco, ten miles away. During the game we let Trixie run around, and everyone petted her. When the game was over we drove all over town looking for her, but couldn't find her. When Mother told a policeman about her, he promised to notify us if he found her. Finally we had to go home and leave her somewhere in Cisco.

A few days later our football boys went over to scrimmage Cisco and saw Trixie, pretty well known by now. The whole team chased her, but she was too fast for them. The next day Daddy and Dick drove all over the town looking for her, and told the Cisco football coach about her. Sure enough, the day after that, the coach called Mother and told her that Trixie was at the high school but would not let anybody catch her. Mother got Dick out of school, and they drove over to get her. Once more we had Trixie back with us, looking a little thinner, but otherwise none the worse for her six days away.

Just last summer I began to notice that Trixie was not quite as frisky as she used to be. Although she was still as cute and lovable as ever, she was getting middle-aged and a little fat. Perhaps it is best that she died when she did. Now I will always remember her at her best—young and full of energy.

Now Trixie has gone back into the nowhere from whence she came. Still, I like to think that if there is a Valhalla for good dogs, she will occupy a high position.

Twilightide

by Janice Lowe, '47

WE strolled
Down the tranquil lane,
My love and I.
The black elms
Against the pale, gray sky
Seemed
To form a Gothic temple
And bring
The beauty of holiness
To our thoughts.
In solemn quiet
We hurried
Out from the spell
Cast
By the black columns
And
The lighter filigree.

A child's cry of
"Tag"
Beat on our ears
Only to scramble inside
And break
Our
Moment of mysticism.
Delight ran ahead
And scattered.
The soft moss
Of Happiness
Before us as we frolicked,
Like the children,
Out onto the busy, bustling boulevard.

Comparison

by Hazel Clay, '49

CORN—black, white, yellow, red—
Standing side by side in a field;
Like the world's races.
Above the soil they lie divided;
But, grappling in the dark, their roots
intermingle.

My First Basketball Game

by Ruth Schaefer, '49

BASKETBALL is a thrilling sport. Besides involving physical ability, it is a test of one's sportsmanship.

I distinctly remember the night I was called upon for the first time to take part in a "real" game. Our coach had invited a team from one of the neighboring schools, Wentzville. It was the first game of the season. Happiness and excitement filled the air.

All that day I could think of nothing but basketball. My studies seemed dull. Would four o'clock ever come? At the first "buzz" of the bell which marked the end of the afternoon class session I dashed to my home-room, dropped my books in the desk, and scurried out to the bus. I did not notice the rattle of the motor nor even the jolts from a springless seat. Every minute seemed like an hour. Yet sooner than I dared hope the bus stopped at our gate. I could smell steak frying as I stepped into the house. There was Mother waiting with a delicious dinner. My stomach seemed hollow and very empty, but I could not eat. I was not hungry. I guess it was nervousness. After dinner we washed the dishes hastily. Dad enjoyed his evening smoke, and we were off to school again.

Just at seven-thirty I bounded down the steps leading to the girls' shower room. Most of the girls were already dressed and waiting. Everyone tried to help me. One tugged at my legs, trying to take off my street shoes and put on my tennis shoes. Another jerked off my dress and slipped on my shirt. What a mad scramble it was! I have never gotten dressed so fast in my life. The noise was deafening. Everyone tried to talk at once. To anyone listening we probably sounded like chattering monkeys.

Suddenly the door opened. There stood the coach and the referee. "Two minutes," whispered the latter. His voice echoed in the large shower room. We were all sitting quietly now waiting for the coach to say something. I glanced around. There was Betty idly tightening her shoe laces. Her mouth was drawn in anticipation. Margie sat propped up in the corner with her hands clasped over her plump stomach. She was gazing thoughtfully into space. Jean, who sat next to me, moved nervously. I looked at my feet. They seemed so unrelated to my body that I wondered if I would ever be able to move them. I could hear the roar of the crowd. The coach paced slowly back and forth over the cold cement floor. One hand was sunk far into his coat pocket and the other feverishly carried the score-book. Why doesn't he say something? I felt extremely nervous. At last he said, "Girls, this is your test. Wentzville is tough, plenty tough. Let's see you take them over tonight. Verona, watch that pushing. Margie, use your head and don't get excited. Ruth, if you don't score the first time, shoot again. Let's play and play hard. That's all."

There was a squeaking of rubber soles on the floor as we jumped to our feet. I felt better. The suspense was gone. As we filed through the narrow doorway into the gym the coach patted each one of us on the back. The roar of the crowd beat like thunder on my brain. We tried a few practice shots, and those two long minutes were over. The whistle blew. Margie, our captain, gave the referee the "all ready" signal. With a lump in my throat I stepped into the center circle. We passed the ball to and fro several times, and in less than a minute I had scored two points. Wild cheers arose from our pep squad. My heart was throbbing. My fingers trembled. I stood still. The ball was tossed to the other side of the court. Almost before I grasped what was going on Wentzville too had scored two points. Must I step into that circle again? Unconsciously I did, and tossed the ball straight into the opposing guard's hands. In vain I tried to regain

it. Already it was being carried down the court. I was frantically gasping for breath. "Watch those passes," screamed someone in the bleachers. I felt terrible. What could I do? I had to fight on. Our guards were excited too. Being over-anxious, one of them played out of position and Wentzville scored two more points. The whistle blew, and a quarter was over.

Panting like dogs, we squatted on the floor in a circle with the captain in the center giving orders. I had made mistakes—great mistakes—but there was no time to worry about them now. I must listen closely to the new plays we were to make. All too quickly the rest period was over. Up we bobbed one by one, assuming our correct positions on the floor.

"Wentzville's ball," shouted the referee. Everyone moved like lightning. Our guards closely watched the opposing forwards and moved with them inch by inch. A long shot was taken. The ball zoomed over the basket. Would our guards get it? Down came the ball. Verona, running like a little deer, slipped under the basket, grabbed it and made a wonderful pass to our half of the court. "Pass it, Ruth," screamed Jean, who was under the goal with not a single guard near. A quick overhand throw safely landed the ball in her hands. In turn she tossed it and scored two more points for us. The whistle blew. Half of the game was over. The score was tied. Oh, how the crowd cheered!

Everyone was dripping with perspiration. We slipped on our warm-up jackets and tramped down to the locker room, where the coach gave us a few instructions. "Ruth," he exclaimed, "you seem terribly excited. I think I will let you rest for a while and let Janet play in your place." A queer feeling came over me. I was rather glad, though I was somewhat disappointed. I really wanted to play. "Buzz" sounded the warning signal. Quick as a flash we were on our feet, scampering up the steps and all ready to go again. This time I occupied a seat with the substitutes. I did not mind, though. I was just as excited sitting there as I would have been had I been playing.

The game advanced. There were two minutes left to play. The score was tied at eight and eight. Everyone was screaming. Janet had almost fouled out. I saw the coach coming toward me. Would I have to play at this critical time? Approaching me, he whispered, "You take Janet's place. Do the best you can." My feet were cold. My whole body seemed tense. I jumped up with a start, reported to the timekeeper and began playing. The whistle blew loudly. What could be the matter? Everyone seemed to be looking at me. What had I done? I had forgotten to report to the referee and a technical foul was counted against me. Sighs came from our cheering section. Wentzville scored a point. They were one point ahead. There was one minute left to play. Could we regain this point? I received the ball at the center circle and passed it carefully on to Jean. Accidentally she dropped it. An opposing guard quickly grabbed it and passed it down the court. There they passed it back and forth. It seemed as though our guards could do nothing. People were stamping on the gym floor and screaming so loudly that we could hardly hear the whistle blow at the end of the game. It was all over now. We lost by one point. I felt as though I were to blame for it all. I felt like weeping, but that would not do. I had to be a good sport. Heartily I joined the rest in giving a yell for Wentzville and hoped for better luck the next time.

Success

by Barbara Hencke, '49

IRENE opened the door of the three-room flat, hung up her coat, and sprawled on the couch. Her aching feet felt like two twin bundles of pain, and her voice, had there been

anyone to talk to, would have sounded like a combination of a foghorn and a duck call. Rehearsals for the Senior Play had been late this evening, and that third period speech class just wouldn't learn to breathe correctly.

"Now, Irene," she thought, "you can relax and take off that bitter, sarcastic look on your face." Funny, sometimes, how much she felt like Irene in "Idiot's Delight," with a false front and a past about which no one knew.

Too exhausted to fix any supper, she undressed and pulled out the cumbersome roll-away bed. Now to write in her diary and get some well-earned sleep. It was an old habit of hers, that diary. For years, she had written her acts, her thoughts, and her dreams in this old notebook and now her life lay before her—"an open book." (She laughed to herself at the pun.)

JUNE 2, 1924—At last I've made it! Graduation tonight was as perfect as I'd dreamed it would be. Mrs. Harris (my dramatics teacher) said today that she was making plans for me to go into summer stock next month. Oh, if only I could! I haven't told Mother yet—I'm afraid she won't be so pleased, nor will Aunt Elsie. They've just got to let me do it though. It's what I've worked and planned on for ages. Mother thinks it's silly—my wanting to go on the stage—and Aunt Elsie thinks it's scandalous. Oh, if Daddy were only here!

Oh, yes, she remembered that night. What was the name of that boy she had a date with? My, how in love she had thought she was. She laughed again at the thought of it and flipped through the pages.

AUGUST 10, 1924—Well, I guess it's no use. Mother gave an emphatic "no" to my idea of summer stock. When I protested and said I was going to do it anyway, she had a stroke. She's been in bed ever since and says she can't get up, though Dr. Dobbs insists there's really nothing wrong with her. I'm planning now on entering the University here in September. Maybe when mother feels better, I'll bring it up again. Yes, that's what I'll do!

SEPTEMBER 21, 1925—Here I go on my sophomore year. Classes started today, and I've decided on a major in Speech with a minor in Education (Aunt Elsie insisted on that). Picked up a copy of the New York Times today. Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted* opened last week. Why can't I get over that damn stage-struckness. I couldn't leave mother now—she isn't able to walk. (I wonder why she won't go see Dr. Dobbs.)

FEBRUARY 14, 1926—Met the most wonderful boy at the Kappa Valentine Ball tonight. He's Jim Martin (a Phi Delt).

FEBRUARY 21, 1926—Had my first date with Jim Martin tonight. He's a pre-med student and we got along beautifully. He's asked me to dinner at the Phi Delt House next Sunday . . .

How well she could visualize that Sunday at the Phi Delt House. From then on she had been known as "Jim's girl." Irene turned more yellowed pages, dog-eared from many readings.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1926—Began my junior year of college today. Can't believe it! Looks like my career (that's a joke) is shot. I've about decided to get my teaching certificate in Speech. Don't know how much longer Daddy's pension will last, and I can go to school. It stops when Mother dies, and the doctor says that she can't last much longer. Somehow, I don't feel as bad about it as I should.

OCTOBER 24, 1926—This has been the most perfect night of my life. Jim gave me a ring!!!! It's just too wonderful to think that he and I are engaged. Of course, we don't know when we'll be married—he's not sure when he'll have the continued on page 6

THE CLUB CORNER

The Poetry Society held its initiation of new members on November 6 in the Library Club Rooms. Twenty new members were accepted and their poems were read aloud. Each of the new members was presented with a white chrysanthemum and fern. Plans were made to write a lot of poetry for constructive criticism. The winner of the contest was Alice Baber, and honorable mention was given to Jo Anne Smith, and Mary Titus.

Theta Xi, the French honorary sorority, met on November 4. They made plans for a Christmas party, to which all the French students will be invited. French games were played after the meeting. Miss Wurster attended the Modern Language Organization of the state of Missouri, in Kansas City, on November 8. A luncheon was held in the Continental Hotel, with a discussion afterwards.

Miss Rosemary C. Allen was the first guest speaker of the year, at the Student Christian Association meeting, November 11, in the Library Club Rooms.

Sigma Tau Delta held its meeting of November 7 in the Library Club Rooms. Seventeen new members were initiated. Miss Isaacs gave an interesting talk on Chinese poetry. Refreshments of apple pie a-la-mode closed the meeting.

Pi Alpha Delta, the classical sorority, met with Miss Hankins on November 7, in the Library Club Rooms. Guests on the music program were Pat Babcock, cellist; Carol Lee Kane, soloist; and Elizabeth Bates, pianist. Refreshments of apple pie a-la-mode, candy and tea put everyone into a dreamy mood.

Attends Radio Meeting

Miss Martha Boyer, of the Speech Department, attended the national speech conference held at Stephens College on October 28, 29, and 30. The keynote of the conference was centered around radio careers for women, and the college woman's task of improving the commercial radio.

First Student Music Recital Of The Year Given In Sibley Chapel

Flute, voice, organ, and piano selections were included in the first student's recital of the year in Sibley Chapel on November 12. The program opened with a flute solo, Chaminade's "Concertino," by Irma McCormac, accompanied by Mary Ellen Stewart. Next, Barbara Watkins sang "Che faro senz a Euridice" by Gluck, and "Pleading" by Kramer. Barbara was accompanied by Louise Gordon. Lucette Stumberg, organist, played Mendelssohn's "Sonata No. 2." Jean Blankenbaker sang "Like a Shepherd God Doth Guide Us" by Bach and "Little Lamb" by Amy Worth. She was accompanied at the piano by Mary Ellen Stewart. Colleen Johnson, pianist, concluded the program with Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau."

An inspiring vesper concert was given Sunday, Nov. 17, by Miss Allegra Swingen, Pianist, and Miss Pearl Walker, Soprano. Miss Walker, accompanied by Paul Friess, sang "Art Thou Troubled" by Handel; "Erstarrung" by Schubert; "Serenade" by Poldewski; "O, Do Not Grieve for Me" by Rachmaninoff; "The Donkey" by Hageman; "The Trout" by Carl Engel, and "Pace, Pace" (La Forza del Destino) by Verdi. Miss Swingen played "Impromptu, G Major, Op. 90, No. 3" and "Impromptu, F Minor, Op. 142, No. 4" by Schubert; Chopin's "Scherzo, C Sharp Minor, Op. 39" and "Les Funerailles" by Liszt.

The Lindenwood Orchestra, under the direction of Fletcher McMurry, presented an entertaining concert on November 20, in Roemer Auditorium.

Rec Room Recipes

by Mary Titus

Those cute rec rooms in the dorms were put there for a purpose. So let's all have fun, bring down the radio, get out the kitchen utensils needed, and don a pretty apron. Here you can entertain and show your domestic skill to the man of the hour as well as your friends.

The Linden Bark is proud to present this new feature to you. We would like to thank the Home Economics Department for helping us find these delicious recipes:

Menu

Hamburgers Baked Beans
Relish Potato Chips
Fruit Salad with Marshmallows
Milk or Coffee

Hamburgers

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
Three-fourths teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

Mix ground beef with salt and pepper. Form into six patties, about 3 inches in diameter. Melt butter in skillet, and pan fry the patties slowly for 10 to 15 minutes, turning several times as they cook. Place on buttered toasted buns.

Fruit Salad with Marshmallows

2 seedless oranges
2 well-ripened bananas
1/2 lb. seedless or seeded grapes
One-fourth lb. marshmallows

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Student Gov't Conference

continued from page 1

ects of the Student Council, how to include more students in activities, and student government and social activities. Miss McGraw participated in the panel discussion on how to include more students in activities. Both of Lindenwood's delegates seemed to feel that, with a few minor exceptions, Lindenwood had managed to solve its problems much more successfully than the other schools.

The delegates voted to make the conference an annual affair to be called

5 tablespoons mayonnaise
Lettuce

Peel and dice oranges and bananas; add well-washed grapes, quartered marshmallows, and mayonnaise, and mix lightly. Cover and chill for an hour. When ready to serve heap lightly on lettuce leaves on individual salad plates. 5 servings.

Hockey Team Is Chosen, Team Will Play Game With Maryville Nov. 23

The members of the hockey team have been announced. They are: Jean Gross, Bev Cochran, Martha Finck, Betty Bishop, Jackie Gray, Willie Viertel, Joanne O'Flynn, Suzanne Bernard, Frances Johnson, Jean Heye, Bobbie Wade, Ruth Wayne, Jo Hudson, Nora Strength, and Jody Viertel.

They lost their first game to Harris 5 to 4. Saturday they played Principia at Principia, and November 23 they will play Maryville here.

The Midwestern Student Government Conference. During the year Grinnell will serve as mailing headquarters, and will supply the participating colleges with news of advances made in other schools, but the conference is to be held at a different place each year.

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Helen Horvath Attends Associated Press Meet

For the first time since 1942, the Associated Collegiate Press held a convention of editors and business managers of college newspapers and yearbooks. Lindenwood's representative for the conference was Helen Horvath, editor of the Linden Leaves. The 22nd annual convention was held at Chicago on October 24, 25 and 26. An exhibit of many yearbooks and newspapers from colleges all over the United States was one of the features of the conference. Basil Walters, executive editor of the Chicago Daily News, and Howard Blakeslee of the Associated Press were the two important speakers.

'Tish' Proves Gay Comedy

by Catherine Jones

The Speech Department presented a diverting play, "Tish," to the student body last Friday night. Gwen Rosier played the lead of Tish, a middle-aged spinster, who was always getting herself and those about her, in some predicament. Lizzie, played by Keltah Long, and Aggie, who was played by Mary Lou Brite, were Tish's two companions who didn't help matters much themselves.

Among the laughs and troubles in the play was the point which interests Lindenwood most, romance. Despite the fact that the Mexican Girl (Marjorie Everston) had injured her foot, it was becoming to her part in the play. The Speech Department spent a great deal of time on this play, and the comments of approval from those attending prove that this time was well spent.

The cast of characters:
 TishGwen Rosier
 LizzieKeltah Long
 AggieMary Lou Brite
 EllenNancy Fanshier
 Mexican girlMarjorie Everston
 LutherGail Frew
 CallieCharlotte Nolan
 CharlieJean Richter
 BettinaPatricia Stull
 LemPatricia Brown
 WesleyRoberta Court
 Denby GrimesLouvelle Selzer
 Dorice GaylordMarianne Metzger

The following girls and their committees contributed a great deal toward making the play a success:

Stage Crew chairman, Marian Begg; properties chairman, Beverly Nissley; publicity chairman, Mary Lou Cunningham; costumes chairman, Lucia Whitcomb; lights chairman, Nancy Dana; make-up chairman, Marilyn Mangum.

Ruth Ann Ball was student director, and she did an excellent job toward making the play a success. Pat Arnold was stage manager.

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GRACIE GREMLIN



Greetings Gals! Hockey is here! Since September the hockey fans have been practicing like mad to make a good showing this year in the way of brawn. I visited them last week and, boy, does it look like fun. The next home game will be with Maryville College on the 23rd of November. So get your vocal chords in shape, and I'll see you at the game.

115 Alumnae Attend Dinner In K. C. Nov. 7

Approximately 115 alumnae and teachers who were attending the Missouri State Teachers Convention enjoyed a Lindenwood dinner November 7 in Kansas City at the Muehlbach Hotel. Guy C. Motley, secretary of the college, complete with his usual wit and friendliness, presided at this dinner. Dr. Layton Mauze, the pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, gave the address, "Christian Education in Our Community."

A picture of you is an ideal Christmas present. Have it taken now!

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THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

by Sally Elam

Carol Lee Kane has us wondering about those trips to Northwestern, we know they have a pretty campus up there but it's not that good come on, Carol, tell us what gives!

Correction: It's not Clarence—says Jeanne Sebastian . . . WE apologize, Jeanne, how could we forget William, Jim and Jack!

Keltah Long will have to go into another trance Beth's man is still in Italy.

Irwin girls don't seem to be worried about the dating situation—the balcony at Vespers Sunday nite was proof of that.

We're sure glad to see Mary Jo Crable back on her feet again—Wanna go for another ride?

Mid, Fran, Helen, and Dana are all excited about this week end at Vincennes—have fun, kids, but even though exams are over there's always another week!

Ruth Weinkauff pulled the prize boner last week . . . Told her man he was an uncle so he went home to find out instead of coming up here.

'Mark Twain' Theme Of First Speech Recital

"Mark Twain" will be the theme of the first speech recital to be given tomorrow at 5 o'clock in the Little Theater.

Mary Lou Cunningham will present, "How I Edited the Agricultural Paper"; Gwen Rosier will give a cutting from "Innocents Abroad," and Pat Stull will give the story of "How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed the Fence."

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BRAUFMAN'S

Molly Freshman's Thoughts Turn To Thanksgiving Day And Turkey

Dear B. J.

What are you thankful for this year? It won't take me long to tell you what I am giving thanks for. It is mainly that pretty soon I will be homeward bound to partake in the traditional turkey and cranberry sauce! Be at the station at a quarter to 9 and hold your arms open for a bundle of charms. Me, that is! These last few days are going to be sheer torture—I can feel that ole' choo choo rocking already, and when it pulls into that hometown station I shall be jumping with uncontrollable joy. My only advice to you is: BE PREPARED! 'Nuf said.

We have been having more wonderful parties on week ends lately. Of course, the one I thought was the best was the Freshman Halloween party. The special event for that evening, besides the hilarious customs worn by the gang, was the style show put on by the beauty queen and her court. The mixer sponsored by the Instrumental Association was also a big success. Then, to top it all off, the big-hearted Seniors are putting on another of those lush all-school formal dances just before Christmas. Oh, happy day!

Lindenwood Lassies Are Thrilled By T. Dorsey

The crowning glory of a thrilling evening spent in seeing and hearing Tommy Dorsey, the sentimental gentleman, was when many of the Lindenwood girls managed to get a close-up view of him, plus obtaining his autograph. Three county buses were hired by the college to take an enthusiastic group in to Kiel Auditorium.

Sarah Bernhardt was on campus too—only, in the person of one of our talented students! The play, "Tish," was presented by some of the girls, and did it ever go over big. Gee—if I only had some talent! The main character who was Tish, natch, was really a scream. Honestly, I have never laughed so much in all my life.

Don't you envy me though? I don't think I better tell you why you should or you will fall over in a dead faint! (Smelling salts have gone out of style!) I actually touched Tommy Dorsey, and also have his autograph! Three bus loads of Lindenwood girls went to St. Louis to hear him play at the Kiel Auditorium. I have heard about, read about, and seen pictures of screeching females tearing after a celebrity, but I never thought I would ever be a participant in such folly. However, it was fun—even if I did ruin a perfectly good pair of nylons in the mad rush. The program was extra-super-sensational. Man!! Those vocalists he has—whoop dee doo! If you will be very good, I will let you see his autograph; then we can sit and listen to my Dorsey albums and drool awhile!

Please don't think that I am trying to tear away, but I think I shall go start packing for my vacation!

Love,
Molly

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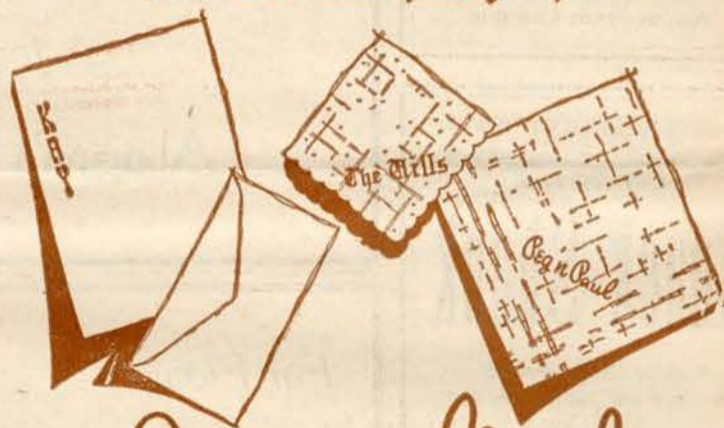
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