

VIEW OF NEW SIBLEY CLUB ROOM



One of the several conversational groupings in the recently redecorated Sibley Club room, which is now open to the students and their campus guests every Sunday from 1 to 10:30 p. m.

Press Club Lampoons Campus Bigwigs In Evening Of Fun At Third Annual Gridiron Dinner

Mid sips of Lindenwood champagne (ginger-ale) the program of the Third Annual Gridiron Dinner of the Press Club was given last Wednesday night in the dining room.

It is the tradition of all Gridiron Dinners that one toast and one toast only be given, so while we held our glasses high the Roastmaster, Caroline Gillette, proposed a toast to Lindenwood, our Almer Mater. From pundits to punsters, from faculty to students, from Seniors to Freshmen no one escaped the heat of the gridiron as the Press Club presented the first program over television at Lindenwood. A loud bang off stage announced that the sets were ready. The "March of Slime" had begun. Announcer Jane McLean began the program with a reminder that "Slime slides on!"

First on the program was a skit entitled "Union Suits for Co-eds." It revealed Lindenwood on strike with his honor Mayor Homer Clevenger leading the pickets. Pleas were made to the girls by the Dean, Dr. Florence Schaper, Dr. Gage, and Uncle Guy Motley. But still the strikers persisted until Homer, Harry and Guy reached a decision. Then loud shouts of the well-known Victory "Yippee" were heard as the happy threesome settled their differences. Members of the cast included Louise McGraw as Dr. Gage, Jo Griebing as Mr. Motley, Mary Lee Nathan as Dr. Clevenger, Penny Pendarvis as the Dean, and Meg Brinkman as Dr. Schaper.

After a short commercial by Margaret Marshall the second skit was presented. This time we found ourselves "Down Homer's Alley" with the Linden Bark's famous reporter, Finnigan and his girl Friday interviewing celebrities on the possibility of an air taxi service for Lindenwood. First on the list came Senator Clayton who was definitely for the air age but against the air service for L. C. From there the reporters went to the home of Homer Clever, the mayor of

Sibley Club Room Offers Impressive Modern Use of Decorating Techniques

The Sibley Club Room has had a face lifting. But that isn't all that has been done to it this year. Lamert's decorators were called in during the summer to redecorate the room formerly used as the Y. M. C. A. parlor in Sibley Hall.

This modern room provides ample space for about 50 people at a tea, club meeting, or just a Sunday afternoon get-together. A piano and radio-phonograph combination furnish entertainment for the girls and their guests. These have been painted a pale green—just a shade darker than the pastel walls. The dusty rose of the ceiling makes the room seem larger than ever. This dusty rose and green color scheme is carried throughout the entire decorations.

The California furniture is in a variety of stripes, prints, and solid colors. The rust and green colors provide a striking contrast with the

Lenore Jones Named Pat Queen at Rolla

Miss Lenore Jones, Lindenwood Freshman, of Rolla, Mo., has been chosen St. Pat's Queen by the Miners of the Missouri School of Mines, in Rolla. She was the candidate of the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

Lenore will be crowned at a costume ball to be held March 15. Other activities over which she will preside will be the knighting ceremony at which all the seniors will be knighted and a formal dance on March 16.

St. Pat is the patron saint of engineering. This is the first time the ceremony has been held since 1942.

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Mary Elizabeth Stoery Chosen To Reign In Regal Splendor As Lindenwood's May Queen

Music Department Announces Schedule Of Spring Recitals

Many students will be receiving diplomas or certificates this June, so now is the time when recitals are scheduled to start.

On March 12, a diploma recital will be given by Lucette Stumberg, pianist, and Margaret Bomer, organist. Dorothy Gilliam, soprano, accompanied by Marjorie Akins, and Marthella Mayhall, pianist, will present a recital on March 19.

On March 26, Arline Heckman, pianist, assisted by Carol Lee Kane, soprano, will give her Junior recital. Another Junior recital will be given on April 2 by Jean Lohr, organist, assisted by Margaret Kendall, violinist.

On April 9, Norma Jean Blankenbaker, soprano, accompanied by Jane Blood, and Barbara Little, pianist, will present a diploma recital. On April 30, Colleen Johnson, organist, will give her Junior recital, assisted by Mary Lou Proctor, violinist.

On May 7, a recital will be given by Margot Coombs, violinist, accompanied by Betty Meredith, and assisted by Margaret Kinkade, soprano. Harriette Hudson, pianist, will give her Senior recital in Roemer Auditorium on May 14. On May 21, a Senior recital will be given by Helen Joan Stahl, organist, in Sibley Chapel.

Lenten Season Opens On Campus

Last Wednesday was Ash Wednesday and began the Lenten Season. Special services will be conducted by Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage and Dr. Silas Evans on two Sundays and by the Student Christian Association each Friday.

We Hate To Bring Up Unpleasant Subjects But It's Housecleaning Time

by Louise Ritter

Spring!
The season when a young girl's thoughts turn heavily to what she's been thinking about doing all year—housecleaning!! You've all heard it said at sometime or other that for the utmost efficiency you are supposed to do your cleaning the year round to eliminate that hurried feeling in spring—but that's what the books say. Have they ever tried it?

Maybe your roommate is one of those hearty characters who insist upon eating cheese and crackers, cokes, popcorn, and innumerable things in the room and the crumbs land under the bed, along with countless molecules of dust that manage to float in the window along with the balmy spring breezes.

So you think to yourself, this has got to stop. This room is going to be more orderly for the rest of the year. You're fired with ambition and five hours later, just about the time everything is in its own little nook, and

Mary Swilley Chosen By Junior Class As Queen's Maid of Honor

Miss Mary Elizabeth Stoery of Estherville, Iowa, will be the 28th May Queen of Lindenwood College. The beautiful queen-to-be was elected at the Senior meeting last Thursday to preside over the May Fete this coming May 18. The Maid of Honor, Miss Mary Medora Swilley, was selected by the junior class.

The two Senior attendants are Miss Marie Szilagyi and Miss Montelle Moore. The members of the Junior class chose Miss Edirle Dean Bass and Miss Bonnie Lumpkins as their representatives for the May Court. Miss Betty Joy Burch and Miss Barbara Carroll were selected by the Sophomore class. The Freshman attendants are Miss Beverly Bacon and Miss Anne Bush.

As yet, not all the plans for the May Day are definite. The following information was received from an interview with Miss Mary Elizabeth McCoy. The theme of the May Fete is that of an English country fair. The Sophomores will lead the procession and form the Line of March. The Freshmen will be the next class to march before the Queen. The Juniors will follow, and the Seniors will conclude the individual classes.

After the classes as single groups are in their appointed places, the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Attendants, respectively, will march to the dais. The Maid of Honor will be the next to take her place, where she will crown the queen, who is the last to enter.

The Maypole Dance will be done by members of the Freshman Class to the music of Wallingford's "Country Gardens." The dance classes and other students interested in dance will dance to old English Country

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every corner of the room is spotless, in breezes your roommate and a couple friends. "Say, how about a game of bridge. We brought some cokes and potato chips along." "O. K., deal me in. But give me some good cards. I'm tired of always going set." Good resolutions about the clean room are promptly forgotten—potato chips litter the floor along with the empty coke bottles, ash trays and a few stray ashes. As you get a little weary, you try to ascertain the cause. Could it be overwork?

It must be overwork—and for what good cause? Just look at the room. It's already in the same bad condition it was before you practically disabled yourself cleaning it. Oh, well, you guess you can stand the mess if your roommate can. So without any pangs of conscience you keep on playing bridge—far into the night, and decide that spring is a wonderful season even if it was supposed to have been made for housecleaning.

Banish the Cobwebs

Spring housecleaning! It seems unbelievable that one word can make such gruesome thoughts loom in our minds. The word carries with it far from pleasant connotation—piles of rugs to be beaten, mirrors to be washed, floors to be waxed, furniture to be polished, curtains to be laundered, cobwebs to brush away, light fixtures to be cleaned, to mention only a few of the items of major importance.

But thoughts of a shining, spic-and-span room when the job is done is compensation enough. Then there will be no cobwebs beckoning filmy fingers, and no misgivings on your part when unexpected company drops in. So hop to it, gals, and get the job done. Really, it's not so bad!

Why We Are Here

There is, if we stop to think straight about it, a direct relationship between our days at Lindenwood and world peace. This relationship is based upon acceptance of this idea of the importance of the individual in world affairs. To be sure, one individual cannot affect the course of world affairs, but unite one individual with thousands of others who think as he or she does, and their influence can make itself articulate.

What are the objectives of a college education in addition to acquiring the skill to make a living? They are to make us intelligent citizens, to develop leadership, to make us receptive to new ideas and to awaken in us the importance of the conservation of human resources.

These objectives, which are vital to the functioning of a virile democracy in America, also are important for America's role in international affairs. Obviously we cannot have one code for domestic behavior and another for international behavior. We cannot say in good faith at the UNO meeting that we are interested in the fate of the peoples of China or Iran, if we ignore racial oppression at home. We cannot act in good faith in the rehabilitation of other nations so long as we permit slums, delinquency and substandards of living at home.

Democracy in national and international affairs differs not one iota from democracy on the campus. Its basis is the individual, and it is here at Lindenwood that we can learn the lessons of democracy which will make us better citizens of the United States of America and of the United Nations of the World.

Inflation Is Here

Does your allowance seem smaller? Can't you seem to think where all your money has gone? Do you want to know why these things are happening to you? Inflation is here and is coming in even greater quantities. As the days go on we are finding things much more expensive and our money just doesn't seem to go as far.

The OPA is trying desperately to curb inflation and they are having some success but with savings from the war, increased wages, and the general lack of things which weren't produced during the war the people are spending now that they have a chance.

None of us want this inflation to continue so it is only through an individual campaign can we hope to bring this monster to an end.

Fun Nights Are Fun

Just about the time that the social activities at Lindenwood come to a standstill, you can always count on the Student Activities Committee to come through with a new idea for entertainment. Every weekend that some other social event isn't taking place, this committee sponsors some sort of party.

The last of these, at which each of the dormitories presented a skit on subjects close to each Lindenwood girl's heart, will be remembered as one of the best parties of the year. The treasure hunts were certainly a boost to our morale, too. And girls are still talking about the hay ride, which was cold but exciting.

These "Fun Nites" were certainly correctly named for that is exactly what they are—nights of fun. We all owe a vote of thanks to the Student Activities Committee for their wonderful work in keeping us entertained.

Beginning of Lent

Each year around this time people start discussing Lent and their sacrifices during this period. Some give up everything from extra goody sundae to their nice comfortable beds on a Sunday morning. But haven't we as individuals forgot the real meaning of sacrifice? We are giving up some of the materialistic and insignificant things of life so as to have the added energy time, and substance for the more worthwhile things in life. This should not be a negative method, but a positive approach. There is more to the spirit-of Lent than the physical sacrifice. We must consider the denying ourselves the easy life—the petty life of gossip, selfishness, intolerance, etc. It is comparatively easy to refuse ourselves candy, cigarettes, and hamburgers; it's not quite so easy to make ourselves live the Christian life—considering others and considering God.

This year when the need for unselfishness and co-operation is of greatest demand, let us start the world movement in our personal thoughts and actions.

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Hi, kids. Aren't the basketball games thrilling? You know, our yelling ability would be greatly improved if you all would come out for the pep sessions which our cheer leaders try so hard to hold. If you don't come out for the meetings then how do you expect to know the yells on the nights when we play? Think it over and the next time a pep session is called I'd like to see lots of gals there.

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

The first low marks of this new semester were in the Dean's office on March 4. If your counselor sees you in regard to these low marks, I strongly advise you to go directly to your professors and they will be glad to show you your weak points and tell you how they can be brought up. There is plenty of chance to make up low grades this time of the year. These grades do not go home—only the midsemester grades. These grades offer the student a convenient check-up.

I'm sure that you will agree that a creditable number of students had their names on the honor roll after the first semester. Many missed by a few points. Many more students will be successful in achieving this acknowledgment by the end of the year. Grades, however, aren't everything. There is a great deal to be learned through training and knowledge. This is what you should look for as a vital interest in college. Training plus knowledge is exceptionally fine combined with grades. I anticipate comparatively few low grades this semester. The students realize that Lindenwood College stands for a satisfactory scholastic record as well as for conduct.

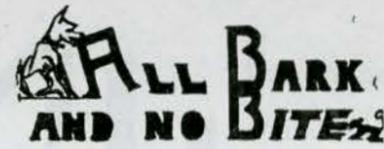
DR. ALICE E. GIPSON

Lindenwood Girls Attend College Club Benefit At American Theatre

At 1:30 in the morning a few days ago, thirty-six tired and bedraggled Lindenwood girls crawled sleepily into their beds after an eventful trip to the American. "The Late George Apply" was the play and the occasion was the Annual Benefit of the College Club St. Louis, but the bus broke down before it left St. Louis causing an hour's delay.

Unaware of their pending misfortune the girls enjoyed watching the students and the alumni of the colleges of the St. Louis vicinity almost as well as they enjoyed the play.

The administration including Dr. and Mrs. Gage, Dr. Gipson, Dr. Schaper, Miss Cook and Mr. Motley occupied the box with the large, yellow and white Lindenwood pennant across it.



By Jane McLean

That deadly enemy of college girl and professional woman alike has come again to plague us and make our lives more miserable and yet more enjoyable, too. It's commonly called spring fever; yet that isn't too apt a title. Because this year, for instance, it came before even the Weather Bureau's official spring starting date., March 1. And it certainly isn't a fever. It's more or less a beautiful, relaxing lethargy when everything seems wonderful, especially out of doors; when it's hard to stay in your dorm or in the library or in the classroom studying; when sitting in a swing or bicycling or hiking or playing baseball is much more fun than reading about who did what, when and how and why; when the sky is blue and the flowers are beginning to bloom and the mornings are not quite so nippy and getting up for breakfast isn't half so hard as it was a month ago.

No, one can hardly call that kind of "disease" spring fever; but for lack of a better title, that title will go down through the ages. Whatever it's called, no one will ever escape it; no one that is, until some stupendous scientific mind thinks of a way to have the change of seasons happen completely in the space of about five min-

utes. And that won't happen for centuries, if ever, so we can all go on enjoying this pleasant annual assault of nature, for who is there to say that we don't enjoy it?

Have you ever been up in a plane just leisurely cruising about for three or four days in the spring? No? Well, neither have I, but it's fun to imagine what the earth would look like. On one side would be a farm—not necessarily a big one—but a farm with its checkerboard of fields, painted in soft, rich green. On the other side would be an orchard. For a while, there wouldn't be any color, just the bare trees of winter; then, overnight it would spring into a fairyland of color. (That's a pun, son; a pun, that is.) Up ahead there, see it, is a small wooded spot, dotted generously with the gay reds and whites of dogwood and redbud.

One can't see Lindenwood's campus from the air, because we're not in the air o see it. But from the ground, from the view we get, there is a no more beautiful spot. Get ready for the beauty parade because it's coming soon and it's coming fast. You can't miss it, but be sure to enjoy it. It's the best time of every year.

NUFF SAID!

Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion

Students Offer Variety of Suggestions For Improving Vesper Programs—Sixty-Four Per Cent Favor Voluntary Attendance

The poll taken by your roving Linden Bark reporters this week concerned the Sunday evening vesper programs. Strange as it may seem, 100 per cent of the girls quizzed answered a definite "yes" when asked, "Do you think the Sunday vesper programs could be improved?"

But, knowing that if there is something wrong, it is helpful to know what to do to correct the situation. The answers to the second question, "What changes would you suggest?" brought a variety of responses. Six suggestions were made by the cross-section

of the student body who were questioned. The suggestions are: Have more variety, have shorter speeches, have fewer vesper programs, have more things of world interest, have the programs more religious, and have more off-campus guest speakers.

"Do you think vespers should be compulsory?", the third question, caused some controversy. Twenty-five per cent agreed that vespers should be compulsory, but 64 per cent were in favor of more freedom, and non-compulsory attendance. Eleven per cent thought that compulsory attendance once a month was in order.

Sonnet.

By Jean Tilden

I could not sing a song of praise,
As some may do, of stars that fill the sky.
I could not paint a dawn in dusty haze
With red and gold that would enchant the eye.
With motions smooth, with grace so fair and sure,
I could not glide in movements that would tell
My fancy felt for spring in green demure,
Though feel it in my heart I could full well.
A note that would express my love so true
I could not find in strings upon a harp.
And lyric words upon a sheet quite new
My quill with ease would never find to chart.
But though for me each is a hopeless task,
I would perform—if only you would ask.

Romeo Judge Drools Over Entries In Lindenwood Contest

Have you just about lost patience wondering if your "one and only" is The Romeo of 1946? Take courage then, because by the next issue of the Linden Bark we hope to have Romeo's picture back and on the front page of the Bark.

Miss Yvonne De Carlo, Universal Pictures star, is probably reluctantly packing all the drool-worthy pictures at this very minute, and getting them ready to be returned to your anxious Linden Bark staff. Just as soon as the prize-winning pictures are received, we'll give you a chance to see all the pictures which were entered in the contest. They will be on display on the main floor in Roemer Hall.

OF ALL THINGS

Short-Short Fairy Tale

This is about a beautiful girl named Little Red Riding Hood, who was taking a basket of food to her grandmother. On the way she met a wolf.

"I am on the way to my grandmother's," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Don't you think you need an escort, you might get lost in the woods."

"Don't be silly, my portable radar set is infallible, and in case of emergency I can always use my walkie-talkie, and I also brought along a pocket flame-thrower in case I'm met by any wolves."

And so the wolf went home and took up solitaire, and Little Red Riding Hood lived scientifically ever after.

Princess Darling In Upsidedown Land.

by Dale Lange

ONCE upon a time, the King of the land of Slavania saw a beautiful doll in a toy-maker's window. He could not resist buying such a beautiful doll for his daughter, Princess Mary Lou. So he paid the toy-maker well, tucked the beautiful doll under his arm, and took her home to Princess Mary Lou.

That evening, at dinner, the King put the beautiful doll in the Princess' chair at the table. When the Princess saw the beautiful doll she picked her up and hugged her very hard. The doll had long blond curls, and eyes which were as blue as the summer skies. Her clothes were neat and starched. Her cheeks were pink and shiny, and two lovely white teeth shone between her lovely red lips.

The Princess smiled very happily. "Oh, Father," she said, "she's beautiful! She is a—darling! I think I shall call her 'Princess Darling.'"

The King was very much pleased to see how happy his daughter was; he smiled and said, "That is a very good name for your lovely new doll."

Princess Mary Lou loved her new doll so much that she took the doll everywhere she went. She took Princess Darling out into the garden with her to see all the lovely flowers and hear the songs of the birds. She even took Princess Darling to the table with her at meal time, and pretended to feed her. And at night, when Princess Mary Lou's nurse tucked her into bed, she tucked Princess Darling in beside her.

One day Princess Mary Lou came and took Princess Darling in her arms. "Dear Princess Darling," she said, "I don't want to leave you, but Mother and Father are taking me to the country, and Mother says I can't take you with me because you'll get all dirty. Of course, I'm disappointed at not being able to take you, but I don't want you to get soiled." So Princess Mary Lou put Princess Darling on her very, very high bed, saying, "Don't be too lonely, for I won't be gone long." Throwing a kiss to Princess Darling she left the room to join her mother and father.

Princess Darling sighed and sat very still on the very, very high bed, but soon she became restless, for when Princess Mary Lou was there there was always something to do. She became so restless that she stood up on the very, very high bed and began looking around the room. Suddenly, in one corner of the puffy arm chair, she saw a little yellow dog with brown ears.

Princess Darling crept close to the edge of the very, very high bed and said, "Hello, Yellow Dog."

"Oh," said the Yellow Dog, "how-do-you-do, Princess Darling?"

Princess Darling jumped happily. "How did you know my name? And what is your name?" she asked.

The little yellow dog slid off the puffy arm chair excitedly and ran to the edge of the very, very high bed. "Please, Princess Darling," he said, "don't jump so close to the edge of the bed. It is very, very high, you know, and your head is not made of straw and cloth as mine is."

"Thank you, very much," said Princess Darling, stepping away from the edge of the bed.

The little yellow dog sat back and looked at her. "My name is 'Poo,' and all of us toys in the nursery know about you."

"How-do-you-do," said Princess Darling curtseying politely. Then she stepped closer to the edge of the bed again. "Poo," she said, "will you—could you take me to the nursery and introduce me to all your friends? I am so very lonely today."

"Of course," said Poo. "Slide carefully off the edge of the bed, and I will take you with me."

Carefully Princess Darling crept to the edge of the very, very high bed. Slowly she slid off the edge, but even stretched out her full length she could not reach the floor.

"Let go. You're not very far from the floor," said Poo helpfully.

Princess Darling let go and felt herself fall, and fall, and fall. She hit the ground with a thump and felt things whirling all around her. She heard Poo saying, "Are you all right, Princess Darling? Are you all right?"

Finally she was able to open her bright blue eyes and look about her. To her amazement she found herself in a very strange land. Everything was upside down. The trees spread their ugly, scrawny, grey roots up to a grey sky. The flowers stuck their lovely heads into the ground and only showed ugly grey roots. Even the small blades of grass were turned root-side up.

"Oh!" cried Princess Darling. "What an ugly place. Where are we, Poo?"

Poo shook his brown ears. "I'm sure I don't know," he said. "I've never been here before either."

They walked for a little while and finally came to a grey road winding up a grey hill. Poo led the way slowly up the hill.

Suddenly Princess Darling stopped Poo. There was a clown doll coming down the grey road toward them, and, believe it or not, he was walking on his hands!

When he was directly in front of Princess Darling and Poo he stood on one hand and raised his pointed hat with his other hand.

"Good afternoon," said the clown doll. "What may I do for you?"

"Good afternoon," said Princess Darling, curtseying. "I am Princess Darling, and this is my very good friend, Poo. We'd like to know where we are."

"I am called 'Ojo' and I'm very pleased to meet you," said the clown doll. "You now have the misfortune of being in the Upside-down land."

Princess Darling and Poo looked around at the ugly land.

"Why is everything upside down?" asked Poo.

"Well, you see, it's like this," said Ojo. "The Queen of this land is a very ugly, wicked witch. A long time ago she enchanted the Happy Prince of this land and captured his palace. Because she is so ugly she hates beauty of any kind; so she changed all the beauty into ugliness. She changed the handsome Happy Prince into an ugly dragon who guards the palace gate, and only when he sees beauty does he forget to be fierce. She changed his lovely palace into an ugly grey castle, and turned every lovely, gay, or bright thing upside down."

"What a horrible thing to do!" cried Princess Darling. "Please tell us how we can leave this awful place."

Peggy's Ambition

by Mary Lois Walsmith

My sister Peggy is almost my exact opposite. She is small, dark, and very cute. When she was little she was always in the center of every conversation.

Mother has always been interested in knowing what the two of us were planning for our careers. Even at pre-school age, we were looking over different possibilities for life-long occupations.

One night while Peggy was lying on her bed reading a detective book, she was called into Mother's bedroom. Mother told Peggy that she must put down the book and go to bed.

After she was tucked in, the big brown eyes of my eight-year-old sister looked up at Mother. She said in all seriousness, "Mama, I know what I want to be when I grow up. I want to be a clue."

"Of course," said Ojo. "Just follow this road over the hill and into the light and you will come to my land, the 'Land of all New Toys.'"

"Oh, that sounds beautiful," said Princess Darling. "If the Land of All New Toys is your land, why are you here?" she asked, bending over to get a better look at him.

"It is a sad, sad story," said Ojo, looking very sad. "Our dear King, the Great White Bear, has laughed so hard at my brothers and me he has split open his sides in three places. He is in great agony, and our greatest doctors are afraid all of his stuffing will fall out. They have sewed him up three times with the strongest and richest of threads in the world, but none of them have worked. The doctors say there is only one other thing to try."

"What is that?" asked Poo excitedly. "Three strands of the very white hair of the wicked Queen of the Upsidedown Land. As I am one of the main causes of our dear King's agony, I have offered my services."

"Oh," said Princess Darling, her blue eyes quite wide, "won't that be dangerous, passing the dragon and all?"

"Yes," said Ojo thoughtfully, "but I shall think of something."

Princess Darling turned to Poo and said, "Poo, our return to our home is not half so important as Ojo's getting the three strands of hair for his dear King. Let's go along with him to help him in any way we can." No sooner had she said this than she was turned upside down, and she too stood on her hands.

As Princess Darling blinked in amazement Ojo explained, "All the enemies of the Queen are turned upside down to make it harder for them to do any harm to her."

"All right," said Poo, "I don't know what I can do, but I'll come along too." And no sooner had he said this than he

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The Most Unforgettable Cat I Ever Met.

by Carolyn Mertz

The first time I saw her, she was just a ball of brown silk fluff with a long plume of a tail and a tiny white patch under her chin. Her eyes were the innocent baby blue of all young cats, and she gazed up at me inquiringly. It was love at first sight.

Dandy, short for Dandelion, was a queer name to give her. Why name a brown kitten for a yellow flower? When I first decided to get a cat, a friend of ours offered us one of her cat's kittens. Since the mother was a yellow Persian named Sunny I assumed the kittens would be yellow too. But fate crossed me up and they were brown. I had named mine Dandelion ahead of time, so Dandy she was in spite of the family's protests. My cousin called her "Lilac," saying the name suited her just as well. Dad called her "Blossom," and Mother maintained an amused silence.

Cats have definite personalities, and Dandy was no exception. She loved to climb into my bed and snuggle down under the covers, an act promptly discouraged by Mother. However, Dandy learned to open the basement door and when all was quiet would sneak back upstairs and curl up beside me.

Another hobby of hers was playing with the goldfish. She would climb up on the table and watch them for hours. Every so often she would stick in a paw and give a passing fish a friendly pat. At first this terrified the poor fish and they would flee to the other end of the bowl, blowing great bubbles of dismay. After awhile they grew quite tolerant of her, and would seem to tease her by swimming close to her playful paw and then flashing away.

Other constant sources of amusement for her were the potted plants and the drapes by the window. Some of the plants on the lower shelf had long leaves which streamed to the floor. She loved to play with these leaves and chew on the ends. When Mother caught her at this forbidden pleasure she would streak up the drapes and hang there until Mother would fetch a chair and pluck her off, making rude comments under her breath about cats in general.

Dandy seemed to have a sixth sense of time and would demand to be let out every evening at four. Then she would run to the curb and sit there until I came in sight. Except when she was burdened with the task of caring for her children, she never failed to meet me after school.

Dandy was not promiscuous, as most cats are, and her love life maintained an even keel. Her one affection was a shabby, scarred, old black and white tomcat called simply, "Tom." Except for one other cat in her life, she was as true as Penelope. The exception was a gorgeous golden Persian of stately mien. Only once did she slip out of line, and only once was there a golden kitten among a long line of black and white ones.

She was a devoted mother, and loved her kittens passionately. However, she was not the doting mother who spoils her children. She was tolerant, but it was well not to try her patience too far. Many times I saw her box an offending ear, or nip a naughty child where he would be impressed most. Often she stepped between two combatants and admonished them in her gentle voice, which became stern if her protests were not heeded.

One of the sweetest things about her was the period of mourning she went through after her children were gone. She would wander despondently through the house calling in a forlorn little voice to kittens who never answered. After a week or two she would be reconciled to her loss and become the happy cat she normally was.

Her death was quick, and I hope

merciful. She was struck by a careless motorist who didn't see her lithe body crossing the road. We buried her under the big lilac bush in the back yard in a small wooden box. We made cement head and foot stones with just her name and the dates of her birth and death. And there she lies to this day.

Cats have come and cats have gone. I've met cats from every walk of life, alley cats and high-bred Persians, but Dandy is still the most unforgettable cat I've ever met.

The Need For Love.

by Ann Klingner

College students, especially college girls, especially college girls in a girls' school, have a great capacity for loving. In an average university or co-educational school, this immense void can be at least partially filled by the inter-mingling of the two sexes. On the other hand, the girls in a school only for girls are obliged to exhaust their affections by going into ecstasies at the sound of Frankie's voice, heaving great, contented sighs when Gregory Peck kisses his leading lady, writing letters (home or elsewhere), and indulging in the almost jealous loving of some stuffed animal or doll.

The toys range from Raggedy Ann's and small cats to turtles and teddy bears. When you visit in another room, it is an unheard-of offense if you fail to comment on the "darling dog," or exclaim, "Where did you get that adorable creature!" All sizes, shapes, and positions are in evidence—big, medium, and little; thin, average, and fat; sitting, squatting, standing, or dangling. Green freshmen, established sophomores, aloof juniors, and dignified seniors—all are victims of the necessity of lavishing their love on an inanimate something.

A Raggedy-Ann doll with bright orange hair, a cotton print dress, and red-and-white striped stockings may lie in state on one bed, while the adornment on another may be nothing more than a simple yellow yarn dog. But each is equally precious to the heart of its owner. The tattered teddy-bear enfolded in the arms of the big chair in one room is, perhaps, dearer to his mistress, by virtue of his years, than is the brand-new white angora cat curled gracefully on a pillow in another room.

No college girl can fool herself into believing that a huge stuffed turtle wearing a tiny green hat can successfully and completely fill her need for loving, but he will suffice until something a little less stuffy comes along. And at least the stuffed turtle is consistent in his love.

Ode To An Alarm Clock.

"Get up—it's late," a sound rings clear just at the stroke of dawn. You blink your eyes and stretch your legs And wake up with a yawn. You hug the blankets tighter, And gaze around the room; You see your 'electric rooster' And you wish you had a broom. You think of the day before you— Of last nite's work undone, Then your half-shut eyes catch sight of The blinding rays of sun. Your weary mind has one lone thought: To hush the piercing night; But, all in vain, your sleepy hands Can't find the little thing. And so your thoughts drift back to sleep, And loudly as you can, You shout a challenge at the clock: "Ring on my little man!"

—B.J.G.

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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Greater Love Hath No Man

by Harriette Hudson

Turning into the Rue Liberte from the Rue Millet you will see it—a dingy little shop, the third door on the right, that is flanked by two large buildings which successfully hide it from the penetrating rays of the sun. It was once the studio-home of Valere and Cleante Beaumont, and on its dirty walls were once hung pictures of a beautiful face crowned with flowing black hair. For a few sous Francois, the aged janitor, will show you the old palettes and empty paint tubes and perhaps tell you the story, which goes something like this—

From the sunny hills of Le Visage, Valere and Cleante had journeyed to Paris. They came from the verdant fields of their fathers into the great metropolis with their youthful philosophy and their art. Having been accustomed to life without luxuries, without ease, without charm of any kind, they came, with little money but great expectations, to Paris, which beckoned with its lights, its gaiety, and its fancies. To them it was a fairyland of never-ceasing delights, and the dim studio on the Rue Liberte was a palace of contentment.

Here with their second-hand palettes and half-used tubes of paint they would reproduce the dreams of their hearts in fantastic paintings of blue, gold, and crimson. Strange dreams they were—of fancies which haunt only the imagination of genius, and of love like a flame searching their very souls. Though it was in their natures to love, they knew nothing of its complications. But with a poet's soul they sensed its deep passions—pain, joy, peace, excitement.

These two were twins. On Valere, the older and stronger, rested the responsibility of selling their paintings and of providing enough food for the table, for Cleante was as irresponsible as a child.

Every Tuesday Rose Freneau came to this little back studio to sit for the great portrait. Rose was a charming girl whose beauty would cast an almost speechless spell on the onlooker. By a freak of fate she had been born on the streets of Paris, and no one seemed to know her lineage. Madame Freneau, who keeps the wine shop across the street, had found her one morning in a little wicker basket just outside the door. Thus she became Madame's ward and at an early age began waiting on Madame's customers. Rose was a shy, quiet girl with no formal education, no money, no expectations. Her sphere of life was encompassed by the four walls of the quaint wine shop.

The clientele of this little shop was composed of artists, models, and dreamers, who sipped their wines and dreamed their dreams. Soon after arriving in Paris the struggling artists, Valere and Cleante, were added to the list. Young Rose's vivid beauty cast its spell, as it was wont to do, upon these two. In time she became the center about which circled their hopes, fears, desires—yes, and even their very life.

Madame was hesitant at first about Rose's becoming a model; but as it would add more sous to her increasing purse, she yielded to the request of Valere and Cleante. So it was that each Tuesday Rose, humming a blithe tune, would enter the little studio to sit for the great portrait. And each brother, taking her by the hand, would lead her back into the shop.

It was here in this musty, unkempt studio, away from worldly affairs, that a strange game of love began. About its triangular board moved three principal players—two the pursuers and one the pursued. First one pursuer would move about the board, only to be met halfway. Then the seeming victor, venturing forth to claim his prize, would meet defeat and would return to skirt the triangle once more. The pursued watched, first enraptured, then bewildered, and ultimately confused. So the universal game of love continued from day to day until Des-

tiny intervened and made the last move upon the great board.

For three months the game went on. Tomorrow it would be ended and the board folded and put away forever. For two there would be new life, love, joy, contentment, age-old dreams to be realized at last; for one there would be only the dull anguish of defeat and the mountains of memory, diminishing only with time. Tomorrow Rose and Cleante would be married.

Outside, the strains of music, gay voices, and carriage wheels, forever rolling over the cobble-stone streets, reverberated through the fire-lit studio only to pass unheard by the solitary figure sitting before the open fireplace. Valere stirred restlessly as his mind slowly reviewed the past. . . he saw two boys roaming the hillsides, two youths enduring the years of toil and privation, two artists venturing forth to gain the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. He recalled briefly the past months, for the pangs of defeat were almost unbearably poignant. But there was no malice, no envy, no blame.

The log was smouldering and the embers slowly sinking like the mind that is about to explore the mystic land of dreams. Valere arose, as if in a stupor, and taking the unfinished portrait of the enchanting girl he placed it tenderly, almost reverently, upon the charred log. Oh, that he might crumble into a heap as easily as the image did, so utterly wretched was he!

Suddenly the door opened, revealing a creature whose clothes were torn, with tousled hair, a haggard expression on his face, and eyes alight with fear. In his hand he held a blood-stained knife.

"What has happened, Cleante?" questioned Valere as he tried to comprehend the meaning of the spectacle before him.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" moaned Cleante as Valere led him to the empty chair before the hearth.

Taking the blood-stained knife from him and laying it out of sight, Valere began to comfort his stricken brother.

"I have killed Jacques! Yes, I have killed the wretch!—at Madame Freneau's. I had been out—came in—saw him watching Rose over his glass. He tried to kiss her, my Rose! She struck him—he leaped and struck her—my soul, my Rose! And then I killed him—sank the knife deep into his wine-soaked heart. Mon Dieu! He struck her! The dirty—"

exclaimed Cleante in an emotional outburst.

"Be still, mon frere. Do not talk," said Valere, his mind searching frantically for an escape—for Cleante.

"Did anyone know it was you?" he asked.

"I don't—don't know."

"Did you see anyone there?"

"Only Rose and Jacques were there."

"Did Rose know it was you?"

"I—I suppose so."

"We are very much alike; are you not sure she would know you?"

"I don't know."

"Did you talk to her when you came back in or after this happened?"

"No—no."

"You must go to Rose, Cleante. Tell her it was I who killed Jacques. She must never know the truth. It is you she loves, so it is for her. We cannot think of ourselves."

A handclasp, a last word, an embrace, and Valere passed from the dim studio on the Rue Liberte, down the cobble-stone street, around the corner, and into the black of night.

Eleventh Summer.

by Sara Wilkey

The summer I was eleven years old my mother was very ill, and as acting mistress of our household I fell heir to many varied duties. Although some of the responsibilities seemed more important than they were, the one which made the greatest impression upon me was the management and tending of my mother's flower garden.

I can remember very well the morning I learned that this spot I loved was

to be in my keeping for the summer. I had come downstairs ready for my breakfast at seven. Even at that age seven was an early hour for me to arrive at the breakfast table. School had been out for the summer only two weeks and during that period I had been allowed to play and ride my bicycle as hard and as long as I wished.

That morning when I sat down at the breakfast table I was feeling rather dismal because my day's plans had to be so drastically changed. I had planned to spend the day exploring in a field behind my best friend's house but any hopes for this were washed away by the pouring sheets of rain that had been coming down since 6:33 a. m. (according to my father, whose continual adherence to the exact time somehow never ceases to amaze me).

The rain was more in the mood of a winter day rain than one in early June, and the severity of it was accentuated by the fact that the day before the tanners had removed all the old guttering from the house in preparation for replacing it with new. From the window over the breakfast table I could see our back yard. Everywhere there was a depression in the yard a puddle of water or a gully had begun to form. When my father left for the office around eight o'clock, I put on galoshes and an old poncho of my brother's and went outside to open and close the garage door for him. Running back to the house, I stepped on the corner of the poncho and fell face flat on the ground in a big puddle of water. This being just too much to bear alone, I cleaned the excess mud from my person—I am sure that I was careful to leave enough to make my battle scars impressive—and burst into my mother's room.

I found her drinking her morning coffee and studying her flower catalogues. After I had received the maximum of sympathy and comfort that the psychology books allow a mother to bestow on a child, she tactfully changed the subject—psychology books also suggest this—and told me that this summer I might take charge of the flower garden if I wanted to do so. (It is appropriate to say here that for once I reacted as the psychologists said I should and with the change of subject my world became bright again.)

For the next few days I went to Mother's room every morning after breakfast to study the flower catalogues and magazines with her. Early in the spring she had planted seed in her winter box and soon a few of the seedlings would be ready to transplant. These seeds would produce snapdragons with mouths I could press open and close, marigolds which later I would cut and place in the brass bowl on the mantel, zinnias of many colors, and something new that Mother had tried because I had requested it. It was an annual called salpiglossis. It was one of great gardening disappointments, for despite my tender transplanting and watering the fine healthy plants that developed, my salpiglossis never bloomed.

At the time I started my gardening adventures the spring flowers were nearly all gone. First, there had been the blooms of the tiny crocus plants that grow along the front walk and the sweet-smelling dutch hyacinth and the tiny grape ones. Then the daffodils, or narcissus as some affect to call them, bloomed. Daffodils are a specialty of Mother's. Although she now has over seventy-five varieties, I do not know how many she had then. The forsythia bushes around the house had bloomed with the daffodils and before these were gone the iris had begun to bloom. All of these spring flowers grew on a bank at the side of our house.

Farther back on the slope behind the spring flowers, was our rock garden. Ever so many tiny mosses and trailers grew over the rocks there. Scattered in among these rocks and plants were phlox, pinks (or dianthus), forget-me-nots, a baby-breath bush, veronica, painted daisies, azaleas, and hardy asters. It the back of this plot was a

bleeding heart, a butterfly bush, fox gloves and columbine. I always had a particular fondness for the lilies. I remember that the delicate calla lilies did not bloom that year, but we had regal and tiger lilies in abundance. Behind all this and around our back yard grew the rose bushes, the gladiolas, and the many kinds of fall blooming chrysanthemums.

In the garden I pulled many a weed that summer, as I had summers before and have many summers since. But never has it been the glamorous play that it was then. Every morning I would put on a black hat (my mother had saved it for years because of sentimental reasons but let me wear it for my gardening as a special compensation) and go out to the garden to cut flowers for the house. My special delight was rose cutting and I felt I had mastered this art. I knew just where the rose stems should be cut and that it must be done with a knife to achieve a clean-cut slanting edge that permitted the rose to soak up all the water it needed during its 24-hour curative stage in the ice box. I would take the flowers into the house and replace the dead ones of previous mornings with fresh ones. Often I would go into the garden again to play at pulling weeds and think of myself as one of the women in a broad brimmed garden hat on the cover of "Better Homes and Gardens" magazine.

Now I look back with amusement at my summer of gardening. At the time, however, it was quite serious business to me. I know that the pleasure the garden afforded me that summer was great. Maybe I am still somewhat disillusioned about the things I accomplished those months. I know that it was quite a shock to me even a few months ago when Mother referred to the summer when she was sick and her garden got so very badly run down.

On the Public Conveyance Operator.

by Suzanne Pfeifer

In a city as large as St. Louis it is necessary to maintain a large fleet of buses and streetcars and an even larger force of bus drivers and streetcar conductors to man them. A child of the city spends the major part of his life weaving and staggering from one end to the other of the former until his feet are as sure as the mountain goat's, at the same time becoming, of a necessity ("Take your elbow out of my face!"), intimately acquainted with the latter (R. I. P.).

I was introduced to patient, understanding Joe at the age of six. In those days, when I ran a block to catch the "Delor" and had forgotten my five cents, Joe graciously put it on the cuff until such time as I should remember my debt to society and the bus company, and pay up. Joe returned my library card when I lost it on the bus; Joe knew everybody. No doubt Joe would have blown my nose for me had it needed it, and it probably did. Today our bus line has been extended to three times its original length; the bus runs past our house. And Joe still makes his regular trips with the Delor, a monument to kind and understanding drivers.

Joe wasn't the only driver on the line, of course. There was Johnny, a red-headed boy, whose girl occasionally rode back and forth with him. There was the mustached driver from New York who was planning a trip to his home state after working eleven years for the bus company. There were the many, many young drivers who began their careers on the Delor line and were quickly moved to fill vacancies elsewhere, and many others who came and went, and some who stayed.

It is on the longer bus routes that one may find drivers who have a touch of the tourist guide in them ("...And on your right, we have the Old Federal Building..."). Some drivers spend their time haranguing obnoxious passengers, making of themselves the

worst of two evils. One may take special note of those who embarrass nearly to death women passengers with shopper's passes trying to board the bus after four o'clock; the amount of vehemence in the lady's reply usually reveals how long she has been waiting, perhaps in the cold. There is the kind of driver who pulls away when you are near enough to the bus to touch it, and there is the kind of driver who merely shuts the door in your face, or on your foot—on your new hat. There are the sociable drivers who delve into the depths of modern politics with gentlemen commuters. And the classic example ("Neither rain, nor snow, nor gloom of night...") of all drivers—a description of one seems to refer to all—is the patient, solemn driver who ignores the performances of drunks and lunatics who may come his way, steadfastly carrying out his duties and gallantly upholding the honor of the public servant.

I rode one day with a tall, lanky, spirited kid who had a hank of blondish hair hanging in his face, and a walrus mustache one might expect to find on an Australian or a Yank back from the Pacific. Down the track he went, perched on his little seat, one foot on the accelerator, one swinging free, tearing down the track like the dickens! "How are you, honey?" he asked all the little girls, and bigger ones, who boarded his vehicle. "Have more darn fun with those kids; more fun with those darn kids!"

On the whole, St. Louis drivers—even mean ones have their better moments—are friendly human people whom everyone comes to know during the course of his life in the city. Much more could be said of them, pro and con, but a great deal must be left for your own personal experience.

Every Morning At Six.

by Jo Anne Smith

Every morning at six the atmosphere around Rosewood Drive echoes with a hoot owl, three alley cats, and a Great Dane who lives a house and two lots in back of me. This reception committee is in honor of Homer, the milkman.

Because there isn't much to Homer I have always had a sympathetic interest in him. Besides having adenoid trouble and hair that is just the color of hair, he has a tendency to drop things—things like bottles of milk and jars of cheese.

I was first introduced to Homer through two gallons of milk and a broken bottle of coffee cream. By accident he was under the impression that our house was the one that sheltered two grandmothers, a set of twins and four other grown-ups. Our heavily pencilled notes which were left in the coffee cream bottles proved to be useless, and our front porch continued to look like a small creamery.

Gathering that Homer either had a one-track mind or no brains at all, I a one-track mind or no brains at all, I met him at the door one morning at the unearthly hour of six, and explained that our family consisted of only three people, ten goldfish and a turtle. He left, after countless apologies, and only brought us one gallon of milk the next day.

The second meeting came six weeks later when we added cottage cheese to our long standing order of two quarts of milk and a pint of coffee cream.

It was a rainy morning and no one had to chain you to stay in bed. About six-ten Homer pulled up in the driveway, tripped over a wire, and fell out of the milk truck. While the countless bottles of milk and cheese spilled out after him, the man across the street (who looks like a dragon) yelled at poor Homer and wanted to know whether or not he had any bones in his knobby fingers.

By this time the three alley cats and Gunga Din, the Great Dane, had appeared upon the scene. I was on

(continued on page five)

The Characterization and Description of Sinclair Lewis In Four of His Books.

by Helen Lant

SINCLAIR Lewis, with his cynical outlook on American life, gave to the reading public a representation of those principles considered wrong by him and in need of correction. This he did in an interesting and colorful fashion.

His characters are drawn to represent a class rather than an individual. Babbitt, for instance, portrays the average small businessman in search of money, position, and adventure. Dodsworth is a picture of a newly-rich American aristocrat.

Lewis shows his characters groping their way through petty lives, gnawing of their meager world. Invariably they are flustered, uncertain of their own desires.

I consider Babbitt one of the more interesting, living characters. The physical description of him accurately shows his personality: "His large head was pink, his brown hair thin and dry. His face was babyish in slumber, despite his wrinkles and the red spectacle-dents on the slopes of his nose. He was not fat but he was exceedingly well-fed; his cheeks were pads, and the unroughened hand which lay helpless upon the khaki-colored blanket was slightly puffy." Babbitt lived to make money, though not always by respectable means. He admired bigness in all things because he wished to be considered big himself before all men. The ownership of a water-cooler in his office gave him an intense satisfaction. "And it was the very best of water-coolers, up-to-date, scientific, and right-thinking. It had cost a great deal of money (in itself a virtue)." By his own peculiar philosophy he thought employers should have unions to combat labor unions. He was a snob to lesser lights and a bootlicker to the more important men.

Lewis' characters are quite often middle-aged, though Carol Kennicott in *Main Street* and Arrowsmith in the book of the same name are in their twenties. He rarely brings children into his books and when he does, they are of comparatively minor importance.

He deals equally with men and women, though he does seem to understand his masculine characters more completely. They appear more real, more vibrant.

He is interested mainly in Americans and their approach to life but in *Dodsworth* introduces several characters from England, France and Germany. His localities vary from the very small town of Gopher Prairie to Zenith, a prosperous city. In *Dodsworth* he allows his characters to travel over Europe and writes convincingly of the places they visit.

Quite often Lewis will characterize a person of minor importance in the plot to show the different types of Americans. In *Main Street* a speaker at one of the town meetings is brought in to poke fun at the type of speakers a small town is interested in. "Mr. Blaussner reared up like an elephant with a camel's neck—red faced, red eyed, heavy fisted, slightly belching—a born leader, divinely intended to be a congressman but deflected to the more lucrative honors of real estate. He smiled on his warm personal friends and fellow boosters, and boomed...."

At times Lewis will portray a character with a mere phrase. "...her only near relative was a vanilla-flavored sister..." Again in *Arrowsmith* Lady Fairlamb is clearly visible in a few words. "She was a slight, nervous insignificant...."

It can not be said that Sinclair Lewis handles his characters sympathetically. Instead he holds them in the light of direct ridicule. He seems to derive a pious glee in pointing out their discrepancies, their appalling standardization.

Lewis brings out his characters by use of expressive descriptions rather than by dialogue. Perhaps this can

best be shown by his word picture of Mrs. Mudge, a minor character in *Babbitt*: "In the flesh, Mrs. Opal Emerson Mudge fell somewhat short of a prophetic aspect. She was pony-built and plump, with the face of a haughty Pekinese, a button of a nose, and arms so short that, despite her most indignant endeavors, she could not clasp her hands in front of her as she sat on the platform waiting. Her frock of taffeta and green velvet, with three strings of glass beads, and large folding eye-glasses dangling from a black ribbon, was a triumph." The physical picture of Mrs. Mudge is clear, and even more the reader has a very good idea of the type Mrs. Mudge is from the implications of the comparisons.

Mr. Lewis also has the power of writing excellent similes. This one is outstanding: "She came out of her hysteria like a sparrow shaking off raindrops." His approach is fresh and invigorating.

Another of Mr. Lewis' accomplishments is his facility in use of novel metaphors. In the following example the reader feels the image of chillness: "If she were an angel, the girl at whom Sam was pointing, she was an angel of ice; slim, shining, ash-blonde, her self-possessed voice very cool as she parried the complimentary teasing of half a dozen admirers; a crystal candle-stick of a girl among black-and-white lumps of males."

Interspersed in all his writings is an abundance of images. It is hard to select one as a composite of these tasty morsels for the literary gourmand. A sample of an image appealing to the sense of smell could be this one: "The smell of London is a foggy smell, a sooty smell, a coalfire smell, yet to certain wanderers it is more exhilarating, more suggestive of greatness and of stirring life, than springtime hillsides or the chill sweetness of autumnal nights; and that unmistakable smell, which men long for in rotting perfumes along the Orinoco, in the grassy reek of South Chicago, in the hot odor of dusty earth among locust-buzzing Alberta wheatfields, that luring breath of the dark giant among cities, reaches halfway to Southampton to greet the traveler."

Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of Lewis' writings is his powerful vocabulary. Besides having a thorough command of the English language, he also sprinkles slang effectively through his books. In addition to this, he uses a great variety of hyphenated words, as may be noticed in the above quotation.

It is indeed unfortunate that at times Sinclair Lewis slips on the ice of conventional sentence structure. He leaves you hanging in mid-air at times. Sometimes he even runs through a list of phrases or clauses not adequately put together: "He held reasonable and lengthy degrees, but he was a rich man, eccentric, and neither toiled in laboratories nor had a decent office and a home and a lacy wife." Still, his fragmentary sentences are often quite effective. They put over his point in a more logical, more gripping way and are not at all hard to follow: "A fly-buzzing saloon with a brilliant gold and enamel whiskey sign across the front. Other saloons down the street. From them a stink of stale beer, and thick voices bellowing German or tolling out dirty songs—vice gone feeble and unenterprising and dull—the delicacy of a mining-camp minus its vigor."

It naturally follows that Lewis' paragraphs are sometimes incomplete too. Occasionally they may consist of a single sentence:

"After them trailed an odor of rotting."

"Martin did not feel superior to humanity."

Mr. Lewis has successfully portrayed his characters as living people whether or not his means are always creditable.

Lewis' vocabulary has affected our own. The terms "Babbitt" and "Main Street" have come to have a special meaning in our language. In fact his use of "Main Street" has given it a derogatory implication. Lewis also used the new term of **realtor** for Babbitt. This term had been previously used by Mr. Charles N. Chadbourne. When he had heard of Lewis' use of **realtor** he gave vent to the idea that ironic Mr. Lewis could do no better.

When *Babbitt* was published in London, there was attached a glossary of some 115 American terms such as **bellhop, booster, burg, dingus, get-away, hootch, loungelizard, once over, room-mate, tinhorn, and wisenheimer**. This glossary was made by an Englishman, Montgomery Belgion, a one-time resident of New York. Unfortunately he did make a few errors in his interpretations of these words.

That Sinclair Lewis looks at the world with a curled lip cannot be denied, but he does it so honestly and cleverly that you can forgive him and enjoy the bitter tang of his raking sarcasm. He passionately abhors the inhabitants of small towns. Perhaps that is making too strong a statement. It could be that he pities them with a steel heart, and hopes through his rancorous probing to awaken them to a better life. That he has accomplished something is evident from the furor he has created among the different professions that he scoffed at. In this respect he caused the American public to examine itself and find room for improvement. A cruel awakening is sometimes a more activated awakening.

Pet Peeves of a Movie Fan.

by Pat Elliott

The scene is a semi-dark theater about thirty minutes after the feature has started. Van Johnson is passionately telling Margaret O'Brien that he loves her. I am straining every muscle to catch Van's tender words of endearment when a mountainous foot mutilates my dainty size-eight shoe. Yelling in pain, I feebly rise to my one good foot while Gertie the Lady Wrestler trudges by knocking off hats with her petite body. This polite man-o-war is on her way to the very middle of the row. Of course, it was necessary for her to plow through half the row instead of sitting on the vacant end seat. Everyone in our row loves her dearly.

Having missed a good five minutes of the show, I sit back and try to pick up the fragments of the story. At last I understand—this is the first dramatic scene of the movie. The house is silent. Crash! Crackle! Squeak! I jump three feet out of my seat only to find that the dirty little urchin on my left has started eating a candy bar and rattling his bag of popcorn. All of the people in front of me turn around shushing me! That is not only infuriating, but also disgusting. Never let it be said that I rattle papers and chew with my mouth open in a theater. That wretched little boy will certainly be quiet now! If he makes more noise, I will just turn him over my knee even if he is a stranger.

There has been a steady murmur behind me for quite a while, but now it has been raised to normal conversational tones. For the life of me, I cannot understand why people converse in the show. If the movie is boring them, the exit is very near. Now they are reading to their children the letter on the screen. Why can't people be more considerate of the other movie goers? I can certainly promise one thing. If I ever have a child, he absolutely will not see the inside of a theater until he graduates from the first grade! Now that little monster is breathing down my neck. In my sweetest voice I say, "Madam, would you mind removing your child from my neck?" She is so furious that she jumps up, knocks my hat off, and much to my pleasure drags her

crying little beast away with her.

This picture is so interesting. I just wish I could understand it. The last time I saw anything, Van had just said—no, that was the time before the last. I know for sure that I will have to see this movie again to understand it. Wait! If these girls in front of me will talk just a little louder, I shall know exactly what is to come. I never enjoy hearing the coming events of a movie, but not to know what has preceded is worse. I am going to give up and leave this theatre for good.

Now you see why I no longer enjoy a movie. I hope that a brilliant movie magnate will devise a neat little plan to rid this world of the pests that infest theaters. He could seat everyone two seats apart. No, that would make less money for him. If we could get rid of the talkers, eaters, plowing women, annoying children, and the hundreds of other people who invade and ruin movies, I would consider that a miracle had been worked. Maybe manners would improve the situation I don't know. But, until the miracle day arrives, I think I shall quit going to public theatres. I hope the miracle is performed quickly so that I can again become an ardent fan.

(Every Morning At Six continued)

the verge of calling to Homer, but I changed my mind when I saw how quickly he had recovered. After he had placed the wrong order upon our porch he drove away in his little truck, whistling, "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise."

Our last meeting was on the day after he had received a notice from the draft-board. It was again at the unearthly hour of six and this time it was over the monthly milk bill.

Due to his strange method of calculation, which no one in his right mind can understand, he had us paying the bills for three other families as well as our own. Why? We all had the same last name.

I often wonder if he thought that my father had been christened with a half dozen first names or if he assumed that we three families were all cousins and that it didn't really matter who paid the bill. However, I managed not to quibble too long, for I remembered that he was going away and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. I scarcely dared to think what it would be like not to be awakened at six every morning.

The new milkman who now speeds up and down Rosewood Drive is certainly a contrast to Homer. He is six feet two, his name is Sampson, and he's actually intelligent! He has brought us the wrong order only twice and he has broken only four bottles.

But then I must give him time. He's still new!

On Policemen.

by Reathel House

Every day policemen are seen going about their work as if they were not doing one of the most important jobs in the history of civilization. They are important to us because they insure us a life of complete justice and safety. We have peace in our neighborhood, we do not have our treasures stolen, we have fewer lives lost from traffic accidents, we do not live in fear because criminals may be loose, and we can receive help at any time because we have a good police system in the United States.

Now, there are all types of policemen—all ones, short ones, fat ones, thin ones, cross ones, pleasant ones, homely ones, handsome ones, even ones with large noses. All of them have different kinds of work to do. The one you see when you are out driving on a Sunday afternoon is the motor cycle "cop." He is usually short, fat middle-aged, and rather snarly. He will follow you with sirens screaming until you finally pull over to the side of the road. Then he says in a very condescending, sarcastic manner, "What's the matter? Is your wife having a baby, or is your mother sick?"

Symphonic Band Presents Annual Spring Concert

The Lindenwood Symphonic Band presented their annual spring concert February 26 in Roemer Auditorium. Miss Marthella Mayhall, piano student of Dr. John Thomas, was guest soloist.

Mr. Noble Vance, Supervisor of Music in St. Charles Public School System, and several members of the St. Charles Municipal Band were present for the concert.

Mr. F. G. McMurry directed the following program:

Orpheus Overture J. Offenbach
Dance Suite.....W. A. Mozart
Fugue in G. Minor.....J. S. BACH
Fantasie.....W. A. Mozart
Symphony in E Minor (from "New World").....A. Dvorak
Finale: Allegro con fuoco
(continued on page six)

Then when you go to the police station or the court house to get your ticket "fixed," you meet another type. He is the one who sits behind the desk takes calls, and tells you that you can't see the Chief. He is a tall, broad, handsome man, but it is his duty to keep the public out of the office.

Another type is the one you see on every corner in the cities. He directs traffic with his tin whistle and his arms. His favorite way to annoy pedestrians is to stand there letting the automobiles pass when it is very, very cold and the wind whips around the corners and cuts like sharp, penetrating needles. Some of his assets are height and strength. With one, he can be seen, and with the other he can handle the people who become a little difficult.

Squad cars are unmistakable. They are large, imposing, black automobiles with POLICE painted on the back and sides in large, white letters. They are equipped with a two-way radio and two members of the force and must be able to start and stop at any time. The men have alert eyes and ears and very nasalized, grating voices. Their duties are to catch criminals, and send and receive calls from the station. When they aren't busy they cruise around and whistle at all the good-looking females they may happen to see.

One of the most dramatized divisions of the police department is the detective branch. Most people think the plain clothes men go around with plaid jackets and hunting caps, carrying magnifying glasses. This is not so. They wear just what everyone else does. Their duty is to discover who committed a certain crime, and the chief method is keeping their identity secret for awhile, then flipping open their coats and dazzling everyone with the beautiful pin.

In every department store you enter you see men wandering aimlessly around as if they had nothing in the world to do. Don't let them fool you. They are usually tall, in the early thirties, thin, dark, and have a small mustache. If you notice one of them looking at you in an odd way, and if you aren't a shapely young lady with a pretty face, you'd better start worrying a little. He probably saw you pick up that nice little lapel pin in the jewelry department. The best thing to do is to put it back quietly and leave before he says anything. His job, of course, is to turn in all thieves and pick-pockets.

Then there is a person in a hotel who does every sort of police job there is. He detects, he catches criminals, he gets free food. His official title is house detective, but it's only a name. He is a very busy man, so don't gossip with him when you see him doing nothing.

These are some of the types of policemen. I hope you now know which ones are dangerous and which are not. You don't have to run from all of them, no matter what you've done.

(Princess Darling continued)

found himself standing on his tiny front paws.

Over the grey hills and into the grey valleys the three toys went and it wasn't until the grey day turned into pitch black night that they came upon the grey castle of the wicked Queen.

The grey castle looked very frightening in the black night. There was not a light showing. Around the grey castle was a deep, dark moat and across the moat was a rickety old bridge. Standing at the gate of the grey castle was the fierce dragon wide awake, though the rest of the castle seemed to be asleep.

Ojo spoke very quietly, "I have a plan. As soon as one steps on the bridge one is turned right side up again because the wicked Queen felt that surely no one would come this far, and even if they did the dragon would prevent them from entering the castle. As Princess Darling is the only beautiful one of us, she will approach the dragon first, and I am sure when he sees her all he will be able to do is sigh. Then you and I, Poo, will pass him and go cut the ropes that hold the bridge up, almost to the last thread. Then if anyone tries to follow us as we leave, the ropes will break and they will fall into the moat."

"That sounds like a very sound plan," said Poo, shaking slightly at the thought of entering that dark castle. "Are you afraid, Princess Darling?" he asked.

"A little," she replied truthfully, "but I will do it."

Slowly she started across the rickety bridge, across the deep, dark moat with Poo and Ojo close at her heels. And the minute they got one hand on the bridge they turned right side up, much to their relief, you can be sure. But when the dragon saw Princess Darling, instead of going into a fury he only sighed and blinked his big green eyes.

"Good," cried Ojo. "Come, Poo, we have work to do."

Quickly they cut through the ropes that held up the bridge until they were down to the last thread. Then Ojo took Princess Darling by the hand, and while the fierce dragon only sighed, they opened the rusty gate and walked into the musty, dusty castle. It was so quiet they could hear the tick, tock, tick, tock of the old grandfather clock in the big hall.

"Humph," said Poo, "everyone must be asleep!"

"Shhhh!" said Ojo as they crossed the big hall to the steps. "You stay here at the foot of the steps, Poo, and warn us if anyone starts to come up."

"A-a-all right," said Poo shakily, and he sat back and watched Princess Darling and Ojo creep up the musty, dusty stairs. Quietly they crossed the hall, and quietly they opened the musty, dusty door to the wicked Queen's room, and quietly they closed the musty, dusty door behind them.

There in her musty, dusty bed lay the wicked Queen, snoring loudly. Her long white hair lay in tangles over the pillow.

Quietly Ojo walked over to the musty, dusty bed, and ever so gently he plucked one of the white hairs from her head and tucked it into a little white bag he had in his pocket. Then ever so gently again he plucked another white hair from her head. The wicked Queen snorted but did not stir. Then ever so gently again he plucked the third hair from her head. This time the Queen shrieked and sat up in bed calling, "My glasses! Where are my glasses?" and threw her huge legs over the side of the bed, almost hitting Ojo. Before the wicked Queen could find her glasses, however, Ojo and Princess Darling were out of the room and half-way down the stairs.

They ran as fast as they could to the gate with Poo, barking excitedly, running in front of them. They could hear the wicked Queen screaming after them, "Stop them! Stop them!"

They raced at top speed across the rickety bridge, and even under their light weight they could feel the bridge

give. Once across the bridge they again were turned upside down, and, as they could not run in that position, they turned and watched the wicked Queen.

Just as she got to the middle of the rickety bridge the ropes broke, and the rickety old bridge and the wicked Queen plunged into the deep, dark moat with a large crash. Both Queen and bridge went down to the bottom of the moat and were never seen again.

No sooner did the wicked Queen fall into the deep, dark moat than Poo, Princess Darling, and Ojo turned right side up again. And the palace became light and sparkling clean, and the dragon turned into the Happy Prince, and all the trees and flowers turned right side up and bloomed in all their loveliness.

The Happy Prince called across the deep blue moat and said, "When my new bridge is built I will come to the Land of All New Toys and visit you."

So over the green hills and into the green valleys went the three toys until at last they came to the Land of All New Toys. All along the way they heard that the King was much worse, and when they arrived at the Great White Palace they saw millions of new toys standing in front of it.

Ojo, Princess Darling, and Poo pushed their way through the crowd, up the white marble steps to the palace, across the white marble hall, and into the King's room.

There the poor King lay with three doll doctors standing by his bed rubbing their white cotton beards. When the three doll doctors saw Ojo they were overcome with joy.

"Have you the three hairs?" asked the first doll doctor. Ojo nodded.

"He has been very much worried about you," said the second doll doctor.

"We are glad you are safe, Ojo," said the third doll doctor.

Then the doll doctors hurried everyone out of the room and went to work with the three hairs sewing up the Great White Bear.

Ojo, Princess Darling, and Poo went out into the white marble hall and sat on a white marble bench, and waited, and waited, and waited.

Suddenly the door of the King's room burst open, and there stood the Great White Bear himself, smiling and well.

"Ojo, my boy," boomed the King, "thank you so very much! You have saved my life. And, you, young Princess Darling, and your friend Poo shall have anything you want, be it big or be it small! But first we shall have a celebration!"

The Great White Bear stepped out onto his white marble balcony. A shout of joy and relief swept through the millions of toys.

The Great White Bear raised his hands for silence. "Dear friends," he boomed, "I proclaim three days of holiday during which no one is to be caught doing anything but singing, dancing, laughing, eating, or sleeping a little! And we shall honor my very dear friend, Ojo, who saved my life!"

Another cheer went up, and another. Then the crowd began to move away and make preparations for the holidays. A swift rider on a swift white horse was sent to the castle of the Happy Prince with a special invitation for him and his subjects. Immediately the Happy Prince made ready and left for the Land of All New Toys.

Soon the streets were filled with laughing people and gay banners. And no one was found doing anything but singing, and dancing, laughing and eating, or sleeping a little bit. Everyone, that is, but Princess Darling, who knew she must not delay longer in the Land of All New Toys.

So she went to the King and said, "Dear King, you have promised Poo and me anything we desire. We desire only to return to our dear mistress, much as we love your lovely land."

The good King nodded, "That is a very unselfish wish. I would be more than glad to help you, if I could, but I am afraid I can't." Poor Princess

Linden Bark Sends Reporter To Cover Winston Churchill's Speech At Westminster College

by Sue Berry

Dr. Franc McCluer, president of Westminster College in Fulton, Mo., affectionately known as "Bullet" by the students there, had been wondering whom to invite for the annual lecture at the college sponsored by the John Findley Green lecture memorial established there in 1936.

"Why don't you ask Winston Churchill?" one of his friends asked him. Dr. McCluer toyed with the idea for many weeks. "Why not?" he wondered. Consequently, an invitation was sent by him to President Harry S. Truman who in turn invited Mr. Churchill to give the lecture at Fulton. The President explained Mr. Churchill had been trying to decide whether to come to the United States or go to North Africa for a vacation. The President told Mr. Churchill that he would go to Fulton with him and introduce him there if he might accept the invitation.

These two men of international importance arrived in Fulton on March 5, 1946, at 12:43 o'clock.

The presidential party, preceded by cars filled with selective service men of the FBI, was greeted by 25,000 cheering spectators who had lined Fulton's streets for hours awaiting the famous guests. Uproarious cheers were raised as the crowd sighted the well known face of the former prime minister holding his cigar and that of the President as he waved over the heads of the secret service men in the black, shining limousine.

Warm spring weather, gay uniforms of the bands, and the arresting colors of the banners strung across the city's streets all helped make the day one of great festivity.

Missouri state guards, state highway patrolmen, and city police from Kansas City and St. Louis guarded the roads and guided traffic.

Within twenty minutes, the presidential group had covered the two and a half mile drive from Fulton's city limits to the campus of Westminster. The court house square, the shopping

Darling looked very sad.

Then the Happy Prince stepped forward. "I too am indebted to you," he said, "and I believe I can help you. If you will let me." He then took a small ring from his finger and gave it to Princess Darling, saying, "Gather Poo in your arms, close your eyes, and wish to be back in your mistress's bedroom, and you shall be there."

Princess Darling clapped her hands and picked Poo up in her arms. "There is only one thing more. Could Ojo go with us?" she asked.

The good King laughed. "You get yourself and Poo back, and I'll see what I can do about sending Ojo to you," he said.

Princess Darling kissed the Great White Bear and the Happy Prince, and closing her eyes, she wished to return to Princess Mary Lou's room.

There was a great whirring in her head, and when she opened her eyes there she was sitting on the very, very high bed with Poo and Princess Mary Lou.

"Princess Darling, are you all right? You had such a nasty fall. After this I shall remember to put you clear in the very middle of the bed so you can't fall off," said Princess Mary Lou. "I have to go to dinner now, but I believe I'll leave you here to rest, with Poo to watch over you," she said.

"You'll never guess what Father bought me while we were in the country. This," she said, producing Ojo from behind her and placing him beside Princess Darling. "His name is 'Ojo' and he's all for you."

Princess Mary Lou stood up, threw a kiss to Poo, Ojo, and Princess Darling, and left the three friends together in the middle of the very, very high bed.

district, and part of the residential area was included in the route taken.

On the campus, they were entertained at luncheon in the home of Dr. and Mrs. McCluer. The President's favorite meal of ham was served to them there.

Outside the college president's home the crowd, then allowed to go on the campus, thronged the sidewalks and street to view the dignitaries when they left the home for the gymnasium in the processional at 3:30 o'clock.

Westminster alumni and honored guests marched to the gymnasium to the organ music of "How Firm A Foundation."

Miss Rachel Hinman, former Lindenwood student and now teacher of organ at William Woods College, provided the music.

The spectacle was one of solemnity and inspiration with the men in their dark robes, some banded with purple, some with deep red, some with brilliant scarlet. Mr. Churchill wore a bright red robe with dark rose sleeves. His cap was a black velvet tam, a British honorary emblem of some type. Mr. Truman wore a black robe banded with purple velvet. Movie cameras on the south end of the auditorium hummed as the alumni were seated before the rostrum, and the English dignitary with his aides, and the President marched onto the stage.

For the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King," the radio men stationed at the east side of the gym, stopped the announcing preliminary to the broadcast. Three nation-wide hook-ups were represented along with St. Louis and Kansas City radio stations. The press was represented by British, Canadian, French, and Swiss correspondents who were seated at the sides of the stage. During the entire lecture, Western Union boys were scurrying to and fro with messages to be relayed to all parts of the world.

Rev. William B. Lampe, moderator of the Presbyterian church of the U. S. A., read the invocation, which was followed by the reading of the John Findley Green Foundation text by President McCluer. Presentation of the President was made by Governor Donnelly of Missouri.

It seemed as if all the sunlight streaming through the gymnasium's windows was focused on the speakers at the rostrum. When the President rose to introduce Mr. Churchill, the applause by the audience was instantaneous and prolonged and thrilling to hear.

With a very brief introduction by the President, Mr. Churchill was introduced to the spectators. Meanwhile, thousands sat on the groups outside the building listening to the speech via the public address system.

Mr. Churchill's speech, "Sinews of Peace," was a warning of the Russian bid for power. He urged British and American continued alliance in peace toward the greater age of tomorrow. The dynamics of his Ciceronian delivery was reflected in the rapt attention of the people present. As he said, "I am only what you see here," for he is no longer a political personage, but a short, pudgy, sympathetic, elderly gentleman with experience that has mellowed the callousness of the younger statesman.

Citation of honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws by Mr. Neal S. Wood and Mr. John Raeburn Green to Mr. Truman and Mr. Churchill respectively was impressive. Each man thanked the college and "fellow" faculty members for the honors conferred upon them.

The recessional solo was sung by Mr. John A. Frederick, an alumnus of Westminster College. The procession then left the gymnasium for a roast beef buffet supper, Mr. Churchill's favorite menu, at the McCluer home.

Again the throng awaited the exit from the home for the final ride through Fulton to Jefferson City. Eyes of the detectives who guarded the presidential car covered every action of the assemblage. The temptation of looking at such noteworthies was not strong enough incentive to divert their attention. What protection afforded by the bullet-proof car and such alert men!

So the line of cars moved slowly down Westminster's southern drive, followed the entrance route back out to Jefferson City. The President waved to his people, and his guest raised his hand in the sign of victory.

The sun by this time had hid behind the gray clouds. It was not long after the departure of the President and Mr. Churchill that the sky broke with torrents of rain.

(Symphonic Band—continued)
Piano Concerto in A Minor.....Grieg
Marthella Mayhall, pianist
Chorale "Ein' Feste Burg ist unser Gott".....J. S. Bach

Several musicians who are not enrolled for Symphonic Band this semester assisted on the concert. They were Jeanie Blankenbaker, horn; Miss Lillian Werndle, first violin; Arminta Jane Nichols, second violin; and Jean Wilson, second violin.

Other members who played in this concert are as follows: First violin—Margot Coombs (concertmistress), Teddy Proctor, Janice Lowe. Second violin: Lovie Treadway, Mrs. F. S. McMurry, Marijean Hanna, and Mary Titus. Viola: Ruth Titus and Margot Coombs (doubling). Cello: Merryly Ryan and Mary Artman. First flute—Marjorie Elster and Billie McDonald. Second flute: Dorothy Trenchard and Arlyn Verploeg, (doubling piccolo).

Clarinets: Jane Schatzman, Wilma White, Jance Beard, Corrinne Weller, Marian Bahn, Janet Lednick, Shirley Riedel, Lois Schatzman, Carol Cathcart, and Margaret Einspahr.

Alto sax: Miss Grace Albrecht; tenor sax: Miss Margot Ver Kruzen; Oboe: Keltah Long. Bassoon: Audrey Romann.

Horns: Barbara Wade, Shirley Records, Joan O'Flynn, Louise Gordon, Marian Bahn and Pat Tuttle.

Marimba: Helen Stahl; Marie Isbell, Genevieve Elliott, and Miss Schaefer made up the percussion section. Bass: Betty Meredith; soubaphone, Louise McGraw, and piano: Marjorie Aikins. Lucette Stumberg assisted on second piano for the concerto.

Solitude.

by Ann Rode

They say I am alone.
There is no one close,
I have no friend.
"Pity? she doesn't want it."

"Alone again?" they call,
A snicker playing subtly on their lips.
I smile, for they do not know,
I am not alone.

I wonder if they know the company
of the stars
Or the friendship of the moon?
Can they know the closeness of a breeze
Upon a dew-wet cheek?

Their time is spent in splendor
Of bright lights and loud noise.
They've never known the beauty
Of the sun upon a tree,
Or the moon upon the grass.

I want to cry—
"Compare our friends.
For you:
The blare of untrue light.
For me:
Bliss of faithful dusk.

Oh mine are deep and lasting,
Yours will soon leave:
Who is now alone?
If it be me, always call me lonely—
Solitude is my friend.



Miss Lenore Jones, who has been elected St. Pat's Queen by the Missouri Miners.

THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

There comes a time when inventory must be taken... How many more Bills has Kilbury? (Two on campus now.)

Some of those familiar faces we miss from year to year were back on campus recently... Mary Williams, Mary Lou Rutledge, and Kay Barngrover.

Just in case the word hasn't spread—Ginny's Quinn is coming next week. Wonder what the answer will be when he pops the question?

Speaking of questions... A. G. popped THE one in Sarah Latshaw's ear, and she threw a big fat "yes" right back at him.

Does anyone have a hammock around? Peggy King wants to learn how to sleep in one—the housing shortage, you know. Cook books will be appreciated also.

At Gridiron Dinner the hidden talent of Margaret Marshall were finally revealed... the Great Impersonator!

Deana Bass gets lots of mail... letters and letters every day, but alas from the wrong Jack!

Betty Hunter, Shirley Riedel, and Edie Mullins are becoming authorities on basketball rules. Was the game really the highlight of the evening, girls?

In case Betty Bond is interested the marching band is always open for new drum majorettes. Betty uses a cane for variation instead of a baton!

Mabel Salfen is worried. Why? Bill says her pancakes do not look like pancakes... She says that after this he will eat scrambled eggs for breakfast!

I wouldn't think of mentioning Rita Mae Allen's name, but she is the girl who knows eight boys who are dying to come to the next dance. (Apply in person.)

CLEANING CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED TO THE COLLEGE P. O.



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Anna Louise Strong Says United States and Russia Lead World

"The United States and Russia emerged from the war the most powerful countries on earth," stated Anna Louise Strong, world-famed journalist and authority on Russia, when she spoke to the student body at a convocation on February 21.

Having spent much of her time in the Soviet Republic since 1921, Mrs. Strong presented a detailed account of Russia at war and the post-war outlook of that nation.

Mrs. Strong offered proof that Russia suffered far more than Germany. It has been estimated that 20 to 25,000,000 Russians have been killed or permanently disfigured. Of the 88,000,000 people living in German occupied territory, 25,000,000 are now homeless. Schools for 15,000,000 children have been ruined. Although she offered no statistics on German losses, this woman reported that eighty times as many Russian families lost loved ones throughout the fighting as did American families.

The predominant result of war in the Soviet Union was the horror that accompanied it. However, from devastation, fear, and misery, the Russians have gained a new conception of life. Full right do these people have in loving and respecting their nation as a whole. This fact, above all, was responsible for a German defeat. In addition to the unbending patriotism that prevails everywhere there is a reawakening in the historical past of this nation.

Previously what occurred before the Revolution of 1917 was prohibitive for study. Now students are encouraged to delve into the past in search of Russian contributions to the world. The efficiency of the gigantic Russian war machine has stimulated a pride in the socialistic system of government. Socialism is a modified system of capitalism. The national government controlled only big business; co-operatives owned small business. The unanimity of action resulting from partial governmental control was a second important factor in the defeat of the enemy. There is the mistaken belief that the Russians have attempted to infuse socialism into other parts of the world. This is true in the Balkan countries, but the Soviet Republic has refrained from such further action for fear of incurring the enmity of the United States and Britain.

Lindenwood Triumphs Over Harris

Lindenwood's basketball team defeated Harris Teacher's College by a score of 41 to 24 on March 1. The victory was supported by the cheering section and the cheer leaders in their yellow and white pep clothes. Prof. MacMurray and the marching band were there to add to the excitement of the occasion.

HALL OF FAME



We proudly present our candidate for the Hall of Fame, Pat Latherow of West Frankfort, Ill.

Pat, a Senior this year, is a home economics major and is president of the Home Economics Club. She is secretary-treasurer of the Residence Council and secretary of the Triangle Club. She is also a member of the Athletic Association, the Press Club and the Linden Bark Staff. She was a member of the Popularity Courts of 1945 and 1946.

When Pat isn't busy with studies, clubs, knitting, or bridge you will find her in the gym practicing for one of the many sports in which she participates. In the summer Pat is director of sports at Beaverbrook Camp, which from all reports is one of the best camps ever.

Pat isn't sure what she will do when she graduates in June but whatever it is we wish her the best of luck.

Pat Latherow, we salute you.

115 Students Listed On The Dean's Honor Roll For High Scholarship

One hundred and fifteen students have been named on the Dean's Honor Roll for the first semester, it is announced by Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Academic Dean.

To be named to the honor roll a student must have an S average for the semester.

The following students are on the honor list for the first semester:

Freshmen

Akins, Marjorie Louella; Artman, Mary Lou; Bush, Miriam; Campbell, Virginia; Clark, Constance C.; Clayton, Carol Roma; Cole, Betty Ann; Crawford, Marjorie; Creamer, Joyce Yvonne; Davidson, Elizabeth; Drake, Dorothy Jean; Einspahr, Margaret Ann; Elster, Marjory Jean; Errington, Janet; Feller, Marguerite; Griebeling, Mary Josephine; Hanna, Margaret Jean; Harness, Arminta Jane; Henke, Barbara Gene; Klein, Elizabeth Anne; Klotsbach, Katherine; McBride, Barbara Jean; Mattar, Louise Sada; Mattox, Mary K.; Maxey, Bonnie; Merrill, Jane Lois; Millay, Barbara Lee; Mochlenkamp, Marjorie; Morrissey, Jane Barbara; Odom, Beverly; O'Flynn, Jo Ann; Olson, Dorothy; Overaker, Janice; Pardee, Juanita; Perry, Betty Sue; Pfeifer, Suzanne; Plowman, Amelia; Reilly, Miriam; Rick, Irma Lou; Rogerson, Betty Jo; Schaefer, Ruth Louise; Sessions, Frances; Steiert, Marie; Stewart, Grace; Straus, Fannie Gunst; Stumberg, Lucette; Trimble, Mary; Turner, Jeanne; Tuttle, Patricia; Vincil, Dorothy Dana; Ward, Bertha Florence; West, Dolores Jean; Wilkey, Sarah; Willner, Rita; Withington, Helen E.; Wood, Marjorie.

Sophomores

Ashland, Marcia Jean; Beazley, Virginia Elizabeth; Bebb, Katherine F.; Blankenbaker, Norma Jean; Blood, Jane Alan; Bohrer, Joan Louise; Brown, Janet Paisley; Ellis, Sybil; Ganssle, Margaret Ann; Kelly, Marcia; Kern, Nancy; Kerr, Louise; Lant, Helen; Little, Barbara; Meredith, Betty; Merx, Merlyn; Miller, Janet; Neuman, Catherine; Oliver, Marjorie; Parker, Esther Mae; Ritter, Louise; Rotty, Helen; Swanson, Joanna; Tilden, Jean; Williams, Winifred.

Juniors

Foreman, Jacolyn; Hachtmeyer, Lois; Hedrick, Eleanor Ann; Horvath, Helen; Johnson, Colleen; Kendall, Peg-

gy; Kinkade, Margaret; Long, Keltah; Lowe, Janice; McGraw, Louise; McKinney, Margaret; Mangum, Marilyn; Murphy, Mary Elizabeth; Pendarvis, Marian; Swilley, Mary Medora; Szilagyi, Marie; Whitford, Jacqueline; Willbrand, Gail.

Seniors

Gillette, Caroline Levy; Head, Genee; Hudson, Harriette; King, Peggy; McLean, Jane Taylor; Meyer, Ruthe Corrinne; Moehlenkamp, Virginia; Moody, Betty; Murphy, Eileen; Nathan, Mary Lee; Parker, Mary Ann; Paulson, Jean; Salfen, Mabel W. Tabor, Betty; Ullery, Betty; Wagner, Marian G.

Freshmen Attend Ice Capades In St. Louis

The Freshman class as a body went to the Arena in St. Louis to see the Ice Capades, an extravaganza on ice, Friday March 6. This activity constitutes the annual Freshman night in St. Louis.

'Romeo and Juliet' Wins Praise In Presentation In Roemer Auditorium

Ooohs and ahhs sounded throughout Roemer Auditorium on the evening of February 15. Romeo and Juliet was presented by the National Classic Theater of New York.

Each year, under the direction of Clare Tree Major, this organization sends out a group to present the classics to colleges and universities over the nation. Under all of those "ooohs," we find Romeo, played by Stewart G. Lang, Jr.; Juliet by Alga Balish; Juliet's mother by Sally Harvey, and the Friar by John Allen Stanley.

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Fortunes of War Bring Battle-Scarred Plane To Resting Place on Campus

by Carolyn Gillette

It was a bright February morning and your reporter with her nose to the ground was sniffing for anything that wasn't stale. Suddenly two foreign and amazing creations were seen near the Health Center.... a plane and a MAN! These two seemed in deep conference. AH!... a scoop. After eavesdropping a while I was not only enlightened, but crushed.

The man involved was an ex-pilot, who it seems had been trained in this very BT13. The conversation ran along this line:

"Well, it certainly has been a long time no see!"

"You're not kidding. The last time I saw you I was a 'hot rock' cadet. Boy, what I haven't been through since then."

"You and I both. During my career, I trained packs of dodos.... and I might add several great aces."

At this point the plane lowered his voice so as to keep the almost sacred names of the aces for the gods alone. The veteran just looked in amazement and oohed and aaahed.

"How's life treating you these days?"

"Awful!" exclaimed the BT13. "Positively horrible!!!" By this time the plane was so hepped up that he nearly pulled free from his stakes. "Look at these stupid things holding me fast."

The plane paused a moment as if in meditation, then continued slowly and sadly:

"Well do I remember the days when I could feel my wings cutting through the air... and, not this soot-filled air. I used to be free and helpful. What am I now? A shell! Men used to climb into me so as to prepare for great tasks from which many did not return. They spoke of serious things: freedom, happiness, and living. Now there are hundreds of chattering females climbing over me and asking stupid questions. Some say I am to be used in demonstrations, others that I am for decorative purposes only.... believe me it cuts to the quick to be a has-been!"

"You're perfectly right," murmurs the veteran. "But you may be able to act as a reminder of the things all the boys with the serious talk were fighting for."

THE CLUB CORNER

The Lindenwood College chapter of the Future Teachers of America met in the Library Club Rooms last Thursday at 5 o'clock. Dr. Alice Gipson was guest speaker.

March 5 will find the Indiana Club diligently ewing mittens for the Red Cross. At their last meeting, the Red Cross was discussed and cokes and doughnuts were served.

At their last meeting, the German Club initiated the Sibley Club Rooms and five girls: Joe Ann Meurer, Marjory Elster, Mary Tremble, Dot Gillium and Colleen Johnson. After initiation, cokes were served and a German game was played; Mary Trenble was the victor.

In case you were wondering why the girls rated red carnations February 27, that is the way the El Circulo Espanol Club reconciled their new members after initiation.

The Poetry Society has planned a tea to be held March 7. Each member is to bring one friend and one faculty member.

Kay Blankenship Chosen 'Girl On The Locker Door'

Kay Blankenship was recently chosen "The Girl on the Locker Door" by the cadets of the Merchant Marine Cadet School in Pass Christian, Miss. Kay, a Freshman from Kansas City, Mo., was entered in the pin-up contest by Cadet-Midshipman Donald Anderson, also of Kansas City. "The Girl on the Locker Door" is best known to Lindenwood as a member of the K. C. Six.

Red Cross To Sponsor "Come And Sew Party"

Come and sew! The Red Cross Chapter of Lindenwood College is sponsoring a "Come and Sew" party in the Sibley Club Rooms Thursday, March 14, at 5 o'clock. Sewing machines will be moved in for the occasion so that everyone who has not already sewed mittens for the Red Cross will have an opportunity at that time. Refreshments will be served.

(May Queen continued)

Dances. A modern version of a country dance, "Follow Me Down Carlow," will be presented by Tau Sigma. The recessional will follow.

Miss McCoy says there is still a great need of volunteers for dances. The Freshmen are to give their names to a member of their counsel. Upper classmen should see Miss McCoy or a student member of the May Day Committee: Jean Lohr, Ruth Titus, Mary Seip, or Marie Szilagyi.

Molly Freshman Finds Gridiron Dinner Antidote For Tired Spring Feeling

Dear Diary,

The wind whistles and the leafless trees bend and bow and Lindenwood goes on with its yearly routine of studies with a few intermissions now and then. One of these intermissions came the night of the Press Club Gridiron dinner, where the faculty received the ridicule instead of the students for a change. Not exactly ridicule but we did have a lot of fun imagining what they would be doing if they lived in our world of make-believe.

Making the mittens for the Red Cross was a lot of fun... just sew a seam and bind and they're finished. Even I can do that much sewing.

Spring is nearly here and the nearer it gets the more anxious I get. Have heard numerous rumors about the possibilities of a Spring Vacation but am disregarding all of them until we get word from the office. But I do think a Spring Vacation is in order. Could have so much fun forgetting Lindenwood for a few days. Would make going to class five days a week seem necessary and I wouldn't mind it so terribly much. So we wait and see what happens and all the time our fingers will be crossed, hoping and yet afraid to hope.

The basketball games have been swell. The intermural games were wonderful and a fight to the finish.

(Sibley Club Room continued)

bamboo. The furniture is arranged in "conversational groups." According to Miss Cook the corner group made up of sectional furniture is the favorite of the girls, but the window seat will also be a popular place. This is cushioned with green and surrounded by the heavy plaid drapes. The colors again carry out the scheme with the green valance above the gay colors.

In addition to the usual comfortable chairs and tables the new club rooms are supplied with several bridge tables, and a tea wagon that will prove invaluable for serving punch, cokes, or tea.

Many table lamps and several floor lamps provide for most of the lighting, although over-head lights are there, too.

The floor is of black and red asphalt tile laid in a diagonal pattern. Since there is only one rug in the entire room plenty space is provided for all of the hep cats.

Even the pictures are in perfect harmony with the rest of the room. There are three large modernistic flower prints by M. F. Hager and the parrot shown above is by Stark Davis. Finishing touches are added by pieces of mexican pottery.

The club rooms were formally initiated at open house shortly before the Christmas vacation began, and now will be open every Sunday from 1:00 until 10:30. The entrance is not through Sibley as it used to be, but through the outside entrance on the southwest of the building.

The Freshmen of Nicolls finally topped Butler in a very good game. The Butler-Sibley game was a fight too. Butler winning by one point in the last few minutes of the game.

Grades came out at last and believe it or not yours truly is on the dean's private little honor roll. Guess I'm not as dumb as everyone is inclined to think.

"Romeo and Juliet" was quite a hit especially Romeo. He was a dream man. No wonder Juliet fell hook, line, and sinker for him. Given a chance all the L. C. Lassies would probably do so too. As it was we merely fell out of the balcony trying to get a better look at him.

Lent began a few days ago. Have decided to give up studying and staying up late. Also getting up early and going to the library. Now I wonder, just how long I will stick to those. Probably until my teachers begin to call on me in class. Then I'll get out my little books again, burn the midnight oil, and get up early to go to the library.

Now I've got to go. The bell just rang and I've got to go to class. Not that I want to you understand but I've just got to.

With my love,
Molly Freshman

(Gridiron Dinner continued)

a romantic touch, and with the aid of radar every girl had a date almost every day. Yes, "everything is up to date at Lindenwood." Members of the "Trio" were Keltah Long, Ginny Moerschel, Rita Mae Allen and Corrine Weller.

Looking to the skies "The Man in the Moon" was trying to decide what was to become of the nosey people on earth who had let their scientists become smarter than their statesmen and were in danger of being so greedy over the atomic bomb that they would destroy themselves and possibly the other planets too. So before that happened it was decided to do away with the earth. Members of this skit were Rita Finch, Nancy Dana, and Shirley Reidell.

Then the most famous of all newspapers, the Linden Bark, presented its "Inquiring Reporter." While Pansy the eager reporter was giving the latest round-up of the news of the world, our scooper reporter was interrupting with the latest gossip of the campus. Pansy was played by Louise Ritter and the scooper by Marian Pendarvis.

Then the trillsome trio returned to sing "The Seniors' Lament." In this the seniors were thinking about that important day in June when they will receive the skin and can say "I have my A. B."

In fairness to the faculty, its members were given a chance to stand up for their rights. Being called on without previous notice Dr. Gage, Dr. Talbot, and Mr. Turk gave their rebuttal.

Officers of the Press Club are Caroline Gillette, president; Merryl Ryan, vice-president; Gail Willbrand, secretary. Carol Clayton and Barbara Millay were in charge of production. Music was by Donna Lawshe.

Dr. Gage Returns From Education Meeting In Texas

Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage, president of Lindenwood College, has just returned from Temple, Texas, where he attended a regional conference of the Association of American Colleges. Because hotel accommodations were available in Temple, the conference was held there, even though there is no college there. Dr. Gage was entertained at Mary Hardin-Baylor College while in Texas. At a half-day session of the conference, Dr. Gage addressed the assembly.

On February 14, Dr. Gage spoke to the Rotary Club at Belleville Ill. February 22, he attended the inauguration of Dr. Arthur Compton as Chancellor of Washington University. On the 23rd, Dr. and Mrs. Gage met Dr. and Mrs. Compton and Howard

Dr. Gable Tells Students Of Mysteries Of Radar And Atomic Energy

"Radar, Black Light, and Atomic Energy" generated from the stage of Roemer Auditorium Sunday, February 24. For two full hours every eye in the room was fixed upon Dr. Luther Gable, who aided in the discovery of the black light.

The scientist believes the proper control of atomic energy will completely revolutionize our present mode of life and predicts a future in which work can be done so rapidly and economically, we can devote much more of our time to developing our cultural interests.

Dr. Gable, an army veteran, expects to be called back to government service soon to assist in further research on the atom bomb. Meanwhile, he will continue his lecture tour, unveiling some of the mystery that shrouds the words, "Radar, Black Light, and Atomic Energy."

Lowry, president of Wooster College. Dr. Gage and Dr. and Mrs. Compton are alumni of Wooster College.

Dr. Gage has just completed making a survey of two colleges which are applying for accrediting in the North Central Association of Colleges. Dr. Gage is chairman of this committee. Last Saturday Dr. Gage attended the inauguration of President McEwan of Blackburn College.

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