

Lindenwood To Graduate Class Of Ninety At 119th Annual Commencement June 3

Dr. James W. Clarke Of St. Louis To Give Commencement Address

The 119th annual Lindenwood commencement will be held on Monday, June 3. The Rev. James W. Clarke will give the Commencement address and Dr. Charles L. Wishart will give the Baccalaureate sermon, Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage, president of Lindenwood, has announced.

Dr. Wishart has chosen "Shadows and Reality" as the topic for the sermon and will use as his text I. Cor. 13:12. Dr. Charles Wishart is president emeritus of the College of Wooster in Wooster, Ohio, which is Dr. Gage's alma mater.

Dr. Clarke, who is pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, has visited Lindenwood several times and spoken at Vesper services. Dr. Clarke, who was born in Glasgow, Scotland, came to North America in 1910. He spent most of his succeeding years in Canada, but came to the United States as professor of Homiletics in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago in 1941.

There are 90 candidates for degrees, certificates, and diplomas. Twenty-six girls expect to receive a Bachelor of Arts degree, 21 are expecting a Bachelor of Science degree, and there are three girls who are candidates for a Bachelor of Music degree. In addition to these girls there are 18 candidates for an Associate of Arts degree, and 24 candidates for certificates and diplomas.

Alumnae Day on Saturday, June 1, will be a day of festivities for the former graduates of Lindenwood. Miss Kathryn Hankins, Alumnae secretary, reports that plans are being made now to make this day equal its pre-war standards.

Mrs. Enid Clay, president of the Lindenwood Alumnae Association, will preside at the annual alumnae dinner. At this time the Seniors will be inducted into the Alumnae Association and at the close of the dinner officers will be elected for the following year.

Among the other commencement plans are the Senior party for the faculty on Friday, May 10, and the Senior Assembly on Thursday, May 16. Everyone is looking forward to the commencement play, "The Barretts," which will be presented by Alpha Psi Omega on Friday, May 17.

Lindenwood Students Travel Far And Wide To Attend Variety of Conferences

The rainclouds of April shed a deluge of conferences and conventions over the St. Louis area. Friday, April 12, 1946, 21 of Lindenwood's talented young women chose a "smile as their umbrella" when they represented the Lindenwood Chapter of the American Red Cross in a program at the Jefferson Barracks Veteran's Hospital Station. The comedy and charm of the performance were well received by a capacity crowd of approximately 350 patients.

The program was under the student direction of Rita Finch and faculty

Commencement Speaker



Dr. James W. Clarke, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, who will give the commencement address.

Five Colleges Send Representatives To Lindenwood's Play Day

Play Day on April 27 was a day of fun for the A. A. members on campus. Girls from five schools were here to participate in the sports program: Monticello, Harris Teachers, Fontbonne, Washington University, and Maryville. The play day was not organized for competition between the schools. The girls were divided into four, teams red, yellow, blue and green, and there were students from all the colleges represented on each team.

In the morning there was tennis, archery, and golf. Luncheon was served at noon in Ayres dining room and in the afternoon softball and riding were the events. The red team came out first when the points were totalled at 3 p. m. Refreshments were served in the Gym Lounge and the girls were free to dance, swim, play bridge, ping-pong or volleyball.

Representatives From Two Colleges On Campus

Lindenwood was honored with two guests last week. Mrs. Sarah Singer Works, dean of students at Texas Wesleyan College at Fort Worth, Tex., and Dr. C. L. Furrow of Knox College.

supervision of Prof. Richard Orr. At the close of the program Miss Katherine Remey, Red Cross Director at the hospital, invited the girls to the Canteen for refreshments. When the group returned to the campus, they assembled in the Sibley Club Room for the taking of pictures and a social hour.

Those who participated were: Kay Blankenship, Carol Cathcart, Carol Clayton, Jean and June Fowler, Rita Finch, Shirley Griffiths, Athena Hassakis, Mary Jane Horton Betty
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Full Program Planned For 28th May Fete

Miss Elizabeth Renee Stoery will be crowned Lindenwood's twenty-eighth Queen of the May by her maid of honor, Miss Mary Swilley, on Saturday, May 18, at 2:30 p. m. Miss Stoery, a resident of Estherville, Ia., is a Senior. She is a member of the League of Women Voters, is active in the International Relations Club, belongs to the Athletic Association, and is also affiliated with the Commercial Club.

May Day will start with a horse show in the morning. The May Fete will begin with the overture, "Shepherd's Hay," which will set the theme chosen by the Senior Class—English country fair. The Sophomores will form the line of march. After the classes have marched to their respective places, the court will enter.

The Freshman attendants, Miss Beverly Bacon and Miss Anne Bush, will wear gowns of green. The Sophomores, Miss Betty Joy Burch and Miss Barbara Carroll, will be dressed in aqua. Miss Erle Dean Bass and Miss Bonnie Lumpkins, the Junior attendants, will appear in blue. Yellow dresses will be worn by the Senior attendants, Miss Montelle Moore and Miss Marie Szilagyi.

The maid of honor, Miss Mary Medora Swilley, will wear a pink gown. Miss Elizabeth Stoery, the queen, will be attired in the traditional white gown.

The entire court will enter to organ music and will be announced by Miss Martha Hardin.

The traditional Maypole Dance will start the program. The Freshmen who participate in this dance will be costumed in pink and blue flowered peasant dresses. Following this number there will be a group of English country dances portrayed by dance groups dressed in light flowered peasant dresses. Tau Sigma will conclude the program by doing a stylized country dance entitled "Follow Me Down to Carlow."

Physical Education Confab Attended By Delegates

The annual convention of the National Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation was opened officially on Tuesday, April 9, in St. Louis.

On Tuesday a group of Lindenwood students attended the convention. Some of the girls went to the dance section, where they participated in a demonstration lesson in modern, square, and social dance, while the others attended the "camping and outing" meeting. In the evening those interested in dance attended a dance demonstration put on by several out of state colleges, and Normandy High School at Beaumont High School; the rest attended a national meeting of the A.F.C.W.

Between meetings the girls had chance to observe some of the exhibits sponsored by the various sporting goods houses, publishers of material on Physical Education, and also one put out by the Army and Navy on physical therapy and reconditioning.

All during the week Lindenwood students (who after Tuesday were all
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Dr. Gage Will Retire As Lindenwood's President After Commencement In June

Retires



Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage, who will retire as Lindenwood's president this June.

Juniors Get College Colors From Seniors In Campus Ceremonies

The Senior Class presented the Junior Class with the Lindenwood colors at an impressive ceremony in Roemer Auditorium last Thursday. The program began with the pinning of the Juniors was called up to the stage to be pinned by a Senior.

Miss Jean Lohr, president of the Senior Class, spoke on "Re-examining Our Goals." The ceremony continued by the presentation of the Senior Class song "Remember" to the Junior Class. The Juniors showed their acceptance of the song by singing the song as an echo to the group that will soon be leaving college.

Five Lindenwood Students Attend Home Ec Meet

The State Home Economics Club Convention was held in Jefferson City, Mo., April 13. Miss Genevieve Howe, Pat Latherow, Montelle Moore, Joan Elson, and Louise Ritter represented Lindenwood at the all-day meeting.

Original Styles For College Wear Feature Campus Fashion Show

by Carol Clayton

The Lindenwood campus became style conscious on April 24, when the clothing classes presented "Lindenwood Fashions" in Roemer auditorium. Under the direction of Mme. Lyolene and Miss Donalee Wehrle, the show was acclaimed by all who attended as the most successful that has been seen here.

Forty-five girls of the clothing classes modelled 100 ensembles. Martha Jane Hardin was the commentator; Barbara Little furnished background music. The program was divided into six groups: Robes, beach-wear, cottons, suits and coat ensembles, afternoon dresses, and evening dresses. In the robe section, those modelled

Eleventh President In College's History, He Has Served Five Years

Dr. Harry M. Gage, president of Lindenwood College for the last five and one-half years, will retire in June following the college commencement ceremonies.

Upon retirement, Dr. Gage will have completed 44 years of service in four colleges. He served three years as a teacher, eight years as a dean, and thirty-three years as a college president. He became president of Lindenwood in March, 1941, following the death of Dr. John L. Roemer.

A graduate of Wooster College and holder of a degree from Columbia University, Dr. Gage also holds honorary degrees from Parsons College, Illinois College, and Emporia College. Dr. Gage was a founder and is a past president of the Association of American Colleges and a former president of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

"Nothing," was Dr. Gage's reply when asked what he intended to do upon retirement. He explained he will be a consultant to Harding College, Searcy Ark., the National College of Education, Evanston, Ill., and will continue as consultant to the College of Emporia, Kan. He will also do some college inspection survey work for the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage plan to live in Cedar Rapids, Ia., where they resided for 22 years while Dr. Gage was president of Coe College and where two of their daughters are now living. Dr. Gage is a member of the Board of Trustees of Coe College.

The Board of Directors of Lindenwood is now interviewing candidates to choose Dr. Gage's successor.

Seniors To Be Entertained At Luncheon At M. A. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Gage will give a luncheon in honor of the Senior Class on Saturday, May 25, at the Missouri Athletic Club. Dr. and Mrs. Gage have invited several members of the faculty and the administration.

by Mary Titus and Sue Stegall were outstanding. Mary wore a lemon yellow negligee with ample dolman sleeves; Sue's choice was a pink quilted satin robe with the new back fullness. Kay Klotzbach was a charming picture in a striped beach-robe made of pillow ticking which was gathered onto red ribbons at the neck and sleeves. Eyelet was a popular material in the group of cottons. Louise Boyer trimmed her powder blue cotton dress with deep V's of inserted eyelet; Mary Lou Artman modelled a fetching blue and white eyelet peasant dress.

Meg Brinkman created a stir when she appeared in a lime green coolie suit. A stand-up collar, diagonal
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Hail and Farewell

Goodbye, President Gage. It's hard to say Goodbye to you. You have been with us at Lindenwood for as long, and longer, than any of us have been here, and for us, you are the embodiment of the ideals for which Lindenwood stands. You have brought vividly to us the highest ideals and goals of human life, and you have made us search for them endlessly until we have found them and have incorporated them into our ways of daily life.

You have helped us over the rougher spots of our lives here—never pushing, never pulling—but always there to help us find our own ways with wise words and heart-warming phrases. You have given us here at Lindenwood the inspiration that will help to carry us through our various paths of future work. You have made us feel as though we really "belong" here at Lindenwood by your constant and sincere references to the Lindenwood family, and by bringing us into it by throwing much of the weight for the success of this family onto our shoulders. You have taught us to bear our responsibilities with a smile and with courage to face any problems.

Yes, it's goodbye to you in effect, President Gage, but for as long as we remember Lindenwood—and that is forever—we will remember you. To those of us who have been lucky enough to be "your girls," you will be in our hearts for the rest of our lives.

We give you our grateful thanks for helping to shape our destinies into a beautiful mold where they could have become ugly and warped. We thank you and we wish you the best of all good luck wherever you may be and in whatever you may do.

Goodbye, President Gage. We are proud to be able to say that we have known you.

Summer Jobs

Almost before we realize it, the long-awaited summer vacation will be here. Now that the war's over, there is a tendency to go home, relax and forget there is still work to be done. It would be nice to spend the summer playing tennis, swimming, loafing in comfort, but many places are demanding skilled workers. Who knows, maybe you could actually apply some of the knowledge you've acquired during the year.

Jobs can be fun. You may be pleasantly surprised to "land" a job that is interesting and one which will provide practical experience that will be valuable after you graduate. To yield to the idea of a lazy, comfortable summer is tempting, but next fall you'll return to campus refreshed from having done new things, met new people, and gained new experience and a more well-rounded personality.

Security For Security Council

After six weeks in the United States, the members of the Security Council have decided that the Americans, though ferocious in mannerisms, are really quite harmless so they have dismissed their bodyguards.

It is hard for us to realize the way we appear to foreigners. Our manners is brisk, we move swiftly, and our humor is different from that of other countries. Since New Yorkers are even more hardboiled than we in the Middlewest, we must realize that the foreigners actually must have their anxious moments. Our life is built through a series of fast moving events. We see motion pictures about the never ceasing fight of the FBI against crime, we are always fighting a losing battle against time, and we are always rushing around trying to get somewhere.

But after six weeks in the United States the Security Council members have learned to take us in their stride and this is a definite point for us. The other nations are learning about our traditions and customs and in doing so are learning to appreciate our form of government.

In having all the other countries of the world congregated here, we too are learning things. All this will lead to a better world for the good of the world.

Science and Peace

It can be easily accepted that we have made great progress in science. It was the part that science played that enabled peace to be restored.

But have we peace? Actual peace does not consist of the cessation of hostilities... it is the actual living together harmoniously of individuals. This does not exist today. We have made great progress in our technology, but morally and spiritually we are still in the middle ages. We as individuals must realize our responsibility for each and every person in the world.

All must have at least the minimum of the essentials of life. This may be achieved by our seeing that other peoples have the opportunity to live. This involves a certain degree of unselfishness on our part. But if we are to have peace we must leave our selfish way of life and help others find the key to a happy existence not only socially, but morally. By giving people the wherewithal to live as a higher animal... a human being, we assure not only peace for ourselves, but for the world.

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Hi, kids. Whew, it's hot. This Missouri weather is getting me down. Which reminds me, there's a shortage of coal now so go easy on the hot water. I know how you all like those bathtubs filled to the top, but is it really necessary? Think it over. And the next time you take a bath, go easy on the hot water.



by Jane McLean

Up at 6:30 o'clock to catch the bus leaving Ayres Station at 7 sharp for Pere Marquette State Park in Illinois. Those were the blues that were being sung early Saturday morning, April 27, as 26 science students and 2 faculty members sleepily boarded the chartered bus, loaded with Gray's handbooks of botany, notebooks, pencils, cameras, vasculums—even a plant press put in an appearance.

While on the first lap of the trip, to Alton, some brxver—and wider-awake souls sang, others tried to continue their interrupted sleep, others just sat, waiting for breakfast. That seemed to be the main item in everyone's mind—when and where to eat.

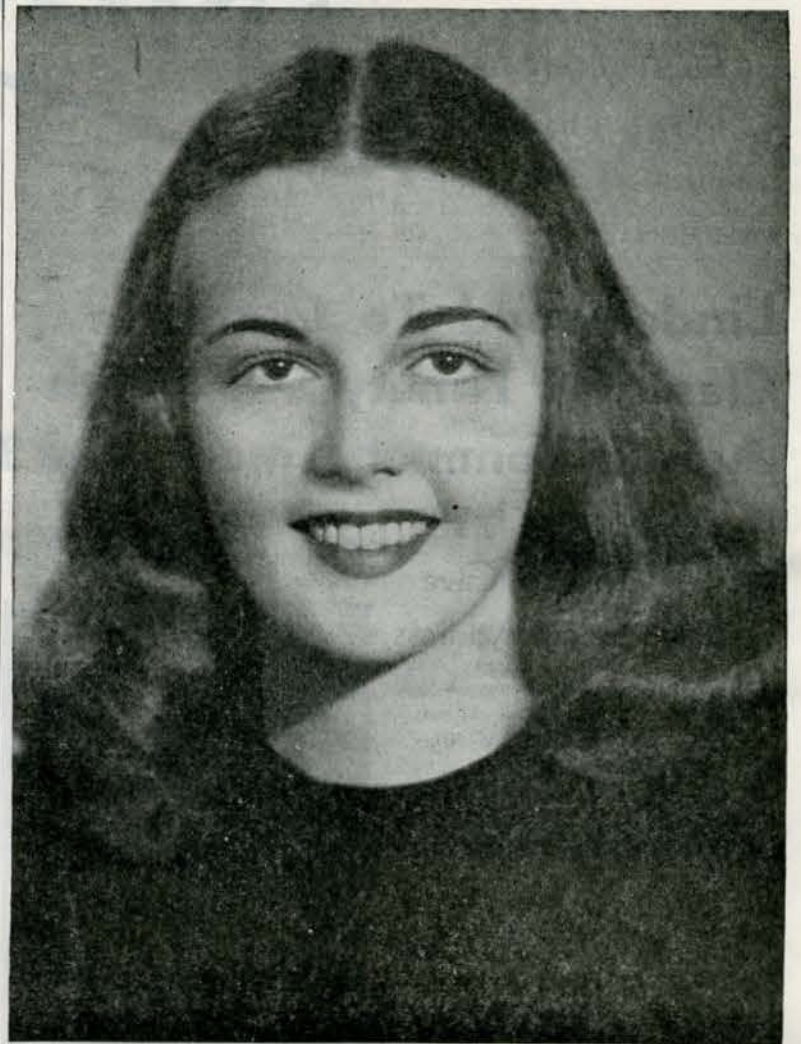
In Alton, 28 jean-clad people piled out of the bus in search of places to find pancakes, waffles, and coffee. Seven of them went into a little restaurant where they encountered—of all people—a newspaper reporter who was getting her coffee in the same place. After being questioned about whether "Are you girls from some institution?" and "Where are you going?" she said that the inhabitants of Alton often wondered where groups were going when they saw them in town, so she would put an article in the paper to ease their worried minds.

On to the park, which is situated in a beautiful location on the Illinois bluffs overlooking the Illinois river. There, the group split into two sections—those who were going with Dr. Marion Dawson to see plants, and those who were going with Dr. Mary Talbot to see animals. Thus went the morning—a beautiful April morning. It couldn't have been a more wonderful outing—everything was just right for visiting the park.

In the afternoon, Dr. Dawson informed the members of her taxonomy class they would go to Tucker's Hollow, and anyone else who would like to come along was welcome. Only a few ventured forth. The others seemed to have big plans—concerning an excursion trip on the river—which Dr. Talbot, as barker for the field trip, pointed out was a farce, rowing in the river, horseback riding, or just sitting on the long slope before the lodge sunning and playing bridge.

Hollows are usually indentations in the surface of the earth (that definition

Miss Elizabeth Storey, 1946 May Queen



Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion Sixty Per Cent of Student Body Has Started Sunbathing; One-Third Are Afflicted With Freckled and 25 Per Cent Suffer From Sunburn.

Six Students Receive Nutrition Certificates

Standard Red Cross certificates in nutrition will be given to the following girls who have successfully completed the required work: Margaret Brinkman, Jackie Foreman, Ann Hardin, Carolyn Hempleman, Nancy Papin, Betty Runge.

is not Webster's), but this hollow—Tucker's Hollow—was not an indentation, but it was up, Up, UP. The climb to the hollow was amazing, but beautiful. When the time came to start back, the natural thing to do would be to start walking down; but the trail had different ideas, and kept on going up—clear on back to the lodge.

There was dinner in Alton, with the party still in blue jeans and looking a little dusty and wind-blown. The staid citizens looked a trifle askance as we all trooped into the hotel and ordered dinner, but after a day at Pere Marquette, no one paid any attention to them.

When Lindenwood was reached, everyone fell into bed, but not before agreeing "that a wonderful time was had by all."

Those who went on the trip were: Doctors Dawson and Talbot, Margaret Groce, Dot Roberts, Janet Brown, Keltah Long, June Schatzmann, Marion Pendarvis, Jody Schroder, Mickie Seip, Liz Murphey, Betty Hardy, Helen Horvath, Katherine Bebb, Patsy Smith, Jan Miller, Pat Jenkins, Mary Walker, Miriam Neff, Jo Bohrer, Jane Morrisey, Jackie Whitford, Gail Willbrand, Wilma White, Coy Payne, Frances Sessions, Louise Kerr, and Jane McLean.

The girls on third Sibley are almost ready to contribute for extension phones for Joyce Smith, Margy Crawford, and Dolores Thomas.

Doesn't Melva Stalhut ever do anything but read? She checks all of the latest novels out of the library almost the day they arrive—a dozen at a time.

In the Spring a young woman's fancies turn to thoughts of sun tans. And most Lindenwood girls do more than think about getting tan; they actually try to do something about it.

According to the poll taken this week 59 per cent of the girls have had the time to start on their campaign toward a beautiful tan; some with success and some without. Forty-one per cent of the girls have not had time to begin their tanning but even these girls are planning to do so as soon as possible. They hope to have the luck of the 50 per cent that are tanning rather than the others.

When the gals were asked the last question of the week, "How does the sun affect you?" some answered for this year's experiences and some for last. More girls freckle than anything else, but this 33.3 per cent aren't as bad off as the 25 per cent who get sunburns (poor kids).

But all of the girls don't have this kind of luck with their efforts. Twenty-five per cent tan slowly, and there are a few lucky girls (16.6 per cent to be exact) who tan easily. If you want hints on how to do it, just find one of these rare persons and ask them for their secret.

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

You are reminded that the exams will begin Thursday afternoon, May 23, for the Seniors and for all other students Friday, May 24, at 8 a. m.

Any preparations you can make several weeks before will be very advantageous to you when the time of examinations comes. Remember these are only written reviews of the work you have been over the last semester.

It is desirable for you to go over the work that you have completed this semester in a leisurely way rather than leave all of your reviewing for one afternoon or night.

Your professors will be glad to indicate to you what you should study for these final tests.

DR. ALICE E. GIPSON

THE NOVELS OF THOMAS HARDY

by Esther Parker

THOMAS Hardy wrote about the things he knew—the time in which he lived and the country where he lived. As a child he was frail physically, and so he was not sent to school until he was older. Instead he roamed the heath which he loved and in which he saw a rare beauty, and he delighted in taking long walks, all the time being very observant of nature in all aspects. His powers of observation are well reflected in his nature descriptions in many of his novels. All through his childhood this observant boy was storing up impressions for his later novels. He patterned all his characters after people he had seen and heard of in his past life. At fifteen he taught Sunday School where he met the vicar, the dairymaids, and farmers, all of which later appeared in his books. He made maps for the settings of his stories and even worked out the time and date of every event that would occur.

Because of his interest in the clergy (he could recite Bible quotations and played at preaching sermons) it was thought that Hardy might become a parson. But this field called for a university education, and Thomas Hardy was not strong enough physically nor did he have the money to go to the university. When a young man he went to London to become the apprentice of John Hicks, architect. Even now he found time to read.

Hardy's real love was poetry, though, and his one goal was literary success. But, as his poetry was not accepted, he was forced to turn to novels instead, not because he wanted to write them, but because he was determined to become a published author. The manuscripts from most of his early novels were returned, but many were accepted for publication in serial form upon his dismantling and revising the original stories so as not to offend the general magazine-reading public. Later when he began to be acclaimed a great writer his books were published in their original forms.

In the *Return of the Native* the original ending did not call for marriage between Thomasin and Venn, who was to have kept his isolated character to the end and disappeared mysteriously from the heath. Serial publication made necessary the change. At the time *Return of the Native* came out it wasn't recognized as Hardy's most nearly perfect piece of work. Criticisms were many to which he was very sensitive. It was said: "Inferior to anything he had written"; "What a horrid book"; and "Eustacia is a libel on noble womankind."

The settings of *Jude the Obscure* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, though important, are not of the all-important significance that Egdon Heath is for *Return of the Native*. *Jude* shifts from town to town, each town having characteristics suitable to the events which occur and recur there (Christminster was a "city of light"). The scene of *Tess* also shifts for various moods to be created. Tess's acquaintance with Angel Clare is set at Talbothays, the delightful and peaceful dairy farm, in contrast to the months of hard field labor which she spends at Flintcomb-Ash where living is cold, meager, and miserable. However the setting is the main factor in *Return of the Native* and it fits superbly the theme of the story. Against Egdon Heath, deep, impassive and unrelenting, with a strange beauty, and a somber, yet vibrant mood, the characters strive in vain to control their own destinies over which the heath has such vital influence. As Hardy described it:

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly; neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man,

slighted and enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony.... solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair.

All through Hardy's novels there is some beautiful description and figures of speech. From *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*:

...with upturned face (he) made observations on the stars, whose cold pulses were beating amid the black hollows above, in serene dissociation from these two wisps of human life.

The Froom waters were clear as the pure River of Life shown to the Evangelist, rapid as the shadow of a cloud, with pebbly shallows that prattled to the sky all day long.

...and now, (the river) exhausted, aged, and attenuated, lay serpentine along through the midst of its former spoils.

The night came in, and took up its place there, unconcerned and indifferent; the night which had already swallowed up his happiness, and was now digesting it listlessly; and was ready to swallow up the happiness of a thousand other people with as little disturbance or change of mien.

From *Return of the Native*:

It was as if the night sang dirges with clenched teeth.

...the heath showed its first faint signs of awakening from winter trance. The awakening was almost feline in its stealthiness.

Hardy had a great insight into human nature; he understood man's conflicts and his weaknesses. The *Return of the Native* contains two of Hardy's greatest characters namely Eustacia and Clym. Clym in some respects resembled Hardy.

If any one knew the heath well it was Clym. He was permeated with its scenes, with its substance, and with its odors. He might be said to be its product. His eyes had first opened thereon; with its appearance all the first images of his memory were mingled; his estimate of life had been colored by it; his toys had been the flint knives and arrow-heads which he found there, wondering why stones should "grow" to such odd shapes; his flowers, the purple bells and yellow furze; his animal kingdom, the snakes and croppers; his society, its human hauntings. Take all the varying hates felt by Eustacia Vye towards the heath, and translate them into loves, and you have the heart of Clym.

Perhaps, too, Hardy shared Clym's attitude and purpose in life.

Yeobright loved his kind. He had a conviction that the want of most men was knowledge of a sort which brings wisdom rather than affluence. In striving at high thinking he still cleaved to plain living—nay, meagre living in many respects, and brotherliness with clowns. "I want to do some worthy thing before I die. As a schoolmaster to the poor and ignorant, I think to do it," said Clym.

Eustacia Vye was indeed the raw material of a divinity. Her rebellion against her isolation on Egdon Heath, her wilfulness and independence of character, her selfishness, unbridled passions, and her unconventionality, along with her charm and beauty, make her a fitting partner for Clym; but ironically, she hated what he loved—the heath. She longed for the

life in Paris—the "music, poetry, passion, war, and all the beating and pulsing that is going on in the great arteries of the world," and she thought she saw her way to these things when she married Clym. When her marriage did not turn out as she expected, she "laid the fault upon the shoulders of some indistinct, colossal Prince of the World, who had framed her situation and ruled her lot." Eustacia did not have the gift of content that Clym had.

Other characters in the book are equally alive, particularly Mrs. Yeobright and Wildeve, who "altogether was one in whom no man would have seen anything to admire, and in whom no woman would have seen anything to dislike."

In *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* are found all the Wessex superstitions and peasant folklore, descriptions of nature, humor and pathos, and, something not found in Hardy's previous novels, moral indignation at social injustice. Never in all his books was humanity expressed so movingly. Hardy had observed the ruins of his own ancestors and realized that families fall into decline and go "down, down, down," a thought which he used in *Tess*.

Tess is a figure of tragic strength. She is steadfast, loyal, self-effacing, brave, with none of the vanity, or deceitfulness so often found in Hardy's heroines, with a fortitude in the face of adversity and a self-sacrificing devotion to others that make her the finest woman in all the Wessex novels. In her love for Clare, Hardy says, "there was hardly a touch of earth."

Angel Clare and Alec are also distinctly characterized and offer perhaps a similarity to Yeobright and Wildeve. The dairymaids and farmers are truthfully and colorfully sketched after people Hardy had known in his youth. Tess's story is a plea against social hypocrisy, a plea for charity, and for larger tolerance. "Anyhow," said Hardy, "I have put in it the best of me."

Jude the Obscure is almost *Tess* turned around. In *Jude* there are Arabella and Sue, instead of Alec and Clare, showing the same contrast between character. Jude's failure to tell Sue of his marriage to Arabella corresponds to Tess's similar failure to speak of her past to Angel Clare. Jude also was a character of genuine nobility—obscure and weak, but yet of high ideals, courage, and affectionate loyalty. Sue's words express Hardy's own judgment of Jude's simple and direct character. "You are Joseph the dreamer of dreams, dear Jude. And sometimes you are St. Stephen who, while they were stoning him, could see Heaven opened." Sue on the other hand is the most complex woman Hardy ever drew. "So sensitive that the very wind seemed to blow on her with a touch of difference." At times she was like Eustacia, but usually very much the opposite, as when Jude tells her, "You, Sue, are such a phantasmal, bodiless creature, one who has so little animal passion in you!" Philliston saw in her love for Jude "an extraordinary affinity, or sympathy, which somehow took away all flavor of grossness."

The character of Arabella's son is vividly portrayed in *Jude*. He is a sad, intellectual child, very reflective and moody. "Little Father Time is what they always called me.... because I look so aged, they say." "He was Age masquerading as Juvenility; and doing it so badly that his real self showed through the crevices."

Jude the Obscure told of the tragedy of unfulfilled aims and presented the shattered ideals of its characters. It is Hardy's most sustained effort; his bitterest piece of fiction, the one in which he was most seriously in earnest. *Jude* was criticized so vehemently, though, that Hardy turned his back on novel writing and spent

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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—poetry.
the rest of his life on his first interest

Hardy was criticized for the persistence with which he stuck to the marriage theme, attacking it bitterly at times. In *Jude Sue* is made to "feel more than ever how hopelessly vulgar an institution legal marriage is." She said, "But if it (marriage) is only a sordid contract, based on material convenience in householding, rating, and taxing, and the inheritance of land and money by children, making it necessary that the male parent should be known...." then she did not want it. In *Return of the Native* Fairway says, "When folks are just married 'tis as well to look glad o't, since looking sorry won't unjoin 'em." Critics condemned Hardy ignoring the fact that "The love of Jude and Sue with all its error and its agony, most nearly approaches the ideal love, and this is the one love that we are allowed to see persisting into years of married life."

Hardy often permits women and love to be the obstacles in the way of his characters' ambitions. Jude was about to set out for Christminster and its universities when he met Arabella. "Strange that his first aspiration—towards academical proficiency—had been checked by a woman, and that his second aspiration—towards apostleship—had also been checked by a woman." Clym, who wanted to teach the poor and ignorant, and Clare, who wanted to be a master agriculturist, were also checked by women. Hardy had observed in women their rich emotional natures, but their instability of purpose and weakness of will. In his portraits he decided to be more truthful, if less flattering to women than some other writers had been in the past. A good deal of his philosophy about women enters into his novels.

Once let a maiden admit the possibility of her being stricken with love for someone at a certain hour and place, and the thing is as good as done. (*Return of the Native*)

There was no concealing from herself the fact that she loved Angel Clare, perhaps all the more passionately from knowing that the others had also lost their hearts to him. There is a contagion in this sentiment, especially among women. (*Tess*)

She saw that he had singled her out from the three, as a woman is singled out in such cases, for no reasoned purpose of further acquaintance, but in commonplace obedience to conjunctive orders from headquarters, unconsciously received by unfortunate men when the last intention of their lives is to be occupied with the feminine. (*Jude*)

Clym says to Eustacia:

You are just like all women. They are ever content to build their lives on any incidental position that offers itself; while men would fain make a glove to suit them. (*Return of the Native*)

She appeared essentially large-

minded and generous on reflection, despite a previous exercise of those narrow womanly humors on impulse that were necessary to give her sex. (*Jude*)
When a woman once dislikes another she is merciless.
The gentlest women are not such fools as to show every card. (*Return of the Native*)

There is a touch of Victorianism in Hardy's writings as evidenced by his chapter headings in *Return of the Native* ("Humanity Appears Upon the Scene, Hand in Hand with Trouble"; "She Goes Out to Battle Against Depression") and also, from the same book: "The young lady—for youth had revealed its presence in her bouyant bound up the bank—walked along...."; "and so we see our Eustacia...."; while Hardy refers to Tess as "our heroine" and makes use of melodramatic questions such as "Whose was this mighty personality? A milkmaid's."

From Hardy's well-read youth he draws upon his historical knowledge to round out his characters or to establish more firmly an atmosphere or setting. For instance, he mentions the Old Roman Road both in *Return of the Native* and in *Tess*. He has Tess descended from the ancient D'Urberville family with a burial vault at Kings-Bere. In *Return of the Native* the finding of skeleton bones when a barrow is opened up adds to the interest. Often there is reference to famous personages in past history as these excerpts from *R. N.* show.

A tract of country unaltered from that sinister condition which made Caesar anxious every year to get clear of its glooms before the autumnal equinox....

Her (Eustacia's) high gods were William the Conqueror, Stafford, and Napoleon Bonaparte... Had she been a mother she would have christened her boys such names as Saul or Sisera in preference to Jacob or David, neither of whom she admired. At school she had used to side with the Philistines in several battles, and had wondered if Pontius Pilate were as handsome as he was frank and fair.

Hardy also brings up the old customs, legends and folk lore of Wessex tradition. In *Tess* we get a picture of the "club-walking," or dancing on the green, and in *R. N.* the yearly custom of mumming. The superstitions of the time are brought in, as when Susan Nunsuch makes a wax image of Eustacia and throws it in the fire after sticking pins through it to drive away Eustacia's evil influence.

Then, in *Tess*, Hardy chooses Stonehenge, the ancient heathen temple of the sun, for that beautiful and pathetic scene where Tess and Angel Clare take refuge, and where she is delivered into the hands of her captors as the first rays of the sun slant through the huge columns of stone in that place of ancient sacrifice. Here, even more artistically than in Hardy's other novels, runs the poetic harmony of man and nature.

There are frequent intrusions of

Hardy's knowledge of poets, writers, and painters in his works. Many references are found to quotations or incidents from the Bible—either specific names or indirect statements.

Tess really wished to walk uprightly; to seek out whatsoever things were true and honest, and of good report....

(Eustacia to Wildeve)....and thought I would get a little excitement by calling you up and triumphing over you as the Witch of Endor called up Samuel.

(Jude) Yes, Christminster shall be my Alma Mater and I'll be her beloved son, in whom she shall be well pleased.

Philosophy and comments on life in general, of which he seemed to have had a pretty good taste, are brought in at all points in Hardy's novels.

(the flooded lane) would have been no hindrance on a week-day.... but on this day of vanity, this Sun's-day, when flesh went forth to coquet with flesh while hypocritically affecting business with spiritual things.... the pool was an awkward impediment. (Tess) Pleasure not known beforehand is half wasted; to anticipate it is to double it. (R. N.)

The only way to look queenly without realms or hearts to queen it over is to look as if you had lost them. (R. N.)

Love is the dimest thing where the lover is quite honest. (R. N.) To be conscious that the end of the dream is approaching, and yet has not absolutely come, is one of the most wearisome as well as the most curious stages along the course between the beginning of a passion and its end. (R. N.)

Eustacia....arriving at that stage of enlightenment which feels that nothing is worth while.... (R. N.) To have lost is less disturbing than to wonder if we may possibly have won. (R. N.)

(Clym) The more I see of life the more do I perceive that there is nothing particularly great in its greatest walks, and therefore nothing particularly small in mine of furze-cutting. (R. N.)

To be yearning for the difficult, to be weary of that offered; to care for the remote, to dislike the near; it was Wildeve's nature always. This is the true mark of the man of sentiment. (R. N.)

A well-proportioned mind is one which shows no particular bias; one of which we may safely say that it will never cause its owner to be confined as a madman, tortured as a heretic, or crucified as a blasphemer.... Its usual blessings are happiness and mediocrity. (R. N.)

Through Thomas Hardy's novels runs the theme of his constant philosophy—the unpredictability of fate, his belief that human beings are victims of circumstance and have no control over their destinies. Many have called Hardy pessimistic because of his bitter tirades against nature and life. And it might well seem so, for chance had kept Jude from the university, chance had introduced Pustacia to Clym and kept him from gaining his desire, and chance had intercepted Tess along her road to right-doing. These characters, though, kept their courage and integrity to the end. From *Jude* comes "...the scorn of Nature for man's finer emotions and her lack of interest in his aspirations." After the shocking incident of the death of the children, Sue exclaims bitterly, "I said it was Nature's intention.... that he should be joyful in what instincts she afforded us—instincts which civilization had taken upon itself to thwart.... and now Fate has given us this stab in the back for being such fools as to take Nature at her word." When the pressure of events became unbearable, Sue and Jude felt that they must finally conform. "All the ancient wrath of the Power above us has been vented upon us, His poor creatures,

and we must submit. There is no choice. We must. It is no use fighting against God!" "It is only against man and senseless circumstance," said Jude."

In *Tess* Hardy tells us that "In the ill-judged execution of the well-judged plan of things, the call seldom produces the comer, the man to love rarely coincides with the hour for loving"; and in the *Return of the Native* how true is the case when Eustacia resolves no longer to attempt to meet Clym walking on the heath: "But Providence is nothing if not coquettish; and no sooner had Eustacia formed this resolve than the opportunity came which, while sought, had been entirely withheld." Again, in *Tess* is found the unconcern of nature for man's happiness. "The night came in, and took up its place there, unconcerned and indifferent; the night which had already swallowed up his happiness, and was now digesting in listlessly, and was ready to swallow up the happiness of a thousand other people with as little disturbance or change of mien."

Even with these statements, perhaps Hardy is not pessimistic. For he shows in his novels the great perseverance of man, his fortitude for bearing even great sorrows and yet going on. Hardy was melancholy, thoughtful, often depressed because he saw so much pain and anguish in the world but could not solve the riddle of why they were there. Hardy's great theme was Man, and he had a sympathy and understanding of man and his weaknesses.

St. John Ervine expressed to Hardy what many thought: "We have learned from you that the proud heart can subdue the hardest fate. In all that you have written you have shown the spirit of man persisting through defeat." So, from these standpoints I prefer to think that Thomas Hardy at bottom was not a pessimist but an optimist who was ready to give "a full look at the Worst," but no matter how bad it seemed, was still ready to exclaim: "Let me enjoy the earth no less!" Hardy is considered one of the great spiritual leaders of the modern world.

A Talk With My Father.

by Janet Errington

It was my first job, and I had started it with all the enthusiasm possible for a high school sophomore earning her first real salary. My work was interesting and my fellow employees were friendly, but my immediate superior, an elderly woman named Miss Bradley, had disliked me from my very first day. She had given me the most unpleasant tasks in the office, snapped at me whenever I made a mistake, and completely terrified me by threatening to tell the head of the floor that I was inefficient. After a week of this I decided that I couldn't stand it any more, and that night I came home determined to resign the following day. My father was settled comfortably in his chair as I came in. I curled up on the davenport and began my explanation.

"Dad, I've decided to quit my job. My boss, Miss Bradley, is simply awful to me; I know she hates me, and I just can't stand it any more." I looked at my father pitifully, expecting him to smile sympathetically and agree that I should leave my unhappy position. Instead, his expression was one of anger.

"So you're just going to give up. Things are a little hard and you just can't take it." Could this be my father speaking? I couldn't believe he could be so cruel and unfeeling. His face softened, however, as he continued.

"I may sound harsh, dear, but I'm trying to do what's best for you. You've led a rather sheltered life, and now for the first time you're finding out that things aren't always easy. But believe me, you'll never conquer anything by running away from it. Do you want to give this Miss Bradley the satisfaction of knowing that she's

beaten you?"

"I don't care what Miss Bradley thinks. I'll probably never see her again," I reasoned.

"No, but you'll always see yourself, and it won't be pleasant seeing yourself as a coward who ran away from something because you were afraid of it. Don't ever be afraid of anything, dear. You're young, and you have your whole life ahead of you; Miss Bradley resents you for it because her life is behind her and all she has left is her job."

As my father spoke I thought of Miss Bradley—a white-haired woman with tired eyes and deep lines across her forehead. She had told me once that she had begun working when she was thirteen; she must be almost sixty now, and all she had at the end of that time was the position of supervisor of a small department. I suddenly felt terribly sorry for her, and I wondered how I could have been afraid of such a pitiful creature.

"Of course, if you still want to quit I can't stop you, but..." my father was saying.

"No, Dad, I don't think I will quit after all," I replied, with a rather embarrassed smile.

Just then Mother called that dinner was ready. Dad gallantly offered me his arm, which I graciously accepted, and as we walked into the dining-room I knew that I would never be afraid of Miss Bradley again.

Distractions While Studying.

by Nora Strength

At this particular moment the title of this paragraph seems very appropriate. Noise interrupts concentration. My roommate's pen scratches across her stationery. Shutting out the irritation, I start out anew, but she asks me to listen to her letter (you have to humor these roommates). I give her my approval and begin again. About that time some fiend barges into my boudoir and pleads, "Somebody give me a weed." Three more lines are written by the time the heat goes on. The radiator pops and the pipes clank. Once again I gather the raveled edges, but it's no use. A piercing bell shatters all continuity of thought. The house-phone rings itself off the wall before it is answered. "Sibley second. Yes, I'll tell her. Betty," she yells (this is supposed to be quiet hour), telephone downstairs." Five minutes later, an elated girl rushes in to tell me that Bill is coming on Saturday. There is a monotonous clicking of a typewriter in the next room. It gets on my nerves. (I surely hope that girl gets her English.)

Another interruption: the gang is going to the tea room for food—I quit!

Little Black Kitten.

by Janet Brown

Little black kitten
With your bib so white,
Little black kitten,
Can you see at night?

Little black kitten
With your big green eyes,
Little black kitten,
Are you very wise?

Little black kitten
With your long twitchy tail,
Little black kitten,
How big is a whale?

Little black kitten,
With your soft little paws,
Little black kitten,
How sharp are your claws?

Little black kitten,
You are such a dear,
Little black kitten,
Always stay right here.

A Literary Criticism of *Der Schimmelreiter*, By Theodor Storm; *Frau Sorge*, By Hermann Sudermann; and *John Uhl*, By Gustav Frenssen

by Helen Horvath

In comparing the three novels, *Frau Sorge*, *Jorn Uhl*, and *Der Schimmelreiter*, I find that *Frau Sorge* could easily be the title of all of them. I say this because there is such a distinct, almost strange parallel among the three. The same spirit of sorrow, pathos, and humbleness hovers consistently over all three heroes, Paul Meyhofer, *Jorn Uhl*, and Hauke Haien. Fate hangs over the boys from the day of their birth, often prearranging their lives as far in advance as twenty-five years. What causes this aura of depression and shapes the destinies of the young men? There are a number of reasons. Since the love for a place changed the course of the young men's lives, it is important first to learn the setting of each story.

North Friesland, lying on the North Sea, is the background for *Der Schimmelreiter*. Hauke Haien, whose favorite pastime is to stroll along the dike at the end of the day, observing the sea gulls and the roaring waves, lives in a small seaside community together with his father. After staring at the dike for a long while, he would make a line in the air with his hand to indicate a dike with a greater slope. Out of the clay which he scooped up from the shore, Hauke made miniature dike models. In the winter he walked farther out on the sea than ever, and in the spring he would watch the corpses float down the water after the ruinous floods. This persistent observation of the waterfront instilled in the dreamer a love so great that an ambition was created in his mind—some day, he would become the *dikegrave*; then he could set into motion his wonderful plan for a new and much superior dike.

A similar situation is found in the life of Paul Meyhofer in *Frau Sorge*. The theme, *Frau Sorge*, introduces itself on the day of Paul's birth. "Die Sorge hat an seiner Wiege gestanden." (Sorrow stood beside his cradle.) Due to the father's negligence, a small sum of money and a tiny house are all that remain of the Meyhofer family's resources, and they are ordered to evacuate the "white house" immediately. Memory of the beautiful home in which they had once lived was impressed strongly in young Paul's mind. He sat for hours beside his mother while she told him stories of their life in the house on the hill—of the sun dial, the green terraces, and of the glass balls on top of the gate posts. Finally, no longer able to contain his curiosity, one afternoon after school, Paul, despite the knowledge that he was forbidden to do so, set out over the moors to get a first-hand glimpse of the enticing "white house." One obstacle lay in the way, a deep water-filled trench over which he could not possibly jump; so, discouraged and cold, he could do nothing but look over at the house and then slowly return home.

Soon after, *Frau Elsbeth* told her youngest son that he was at last to pay a visit to the Douglasses who lived in the "white house." There he met little Elsbeth Douglas, his mother's namesake, who made a tour with Paul all over the grounds. The sun dial in the garden was the first great disappointment in his life, for he could see in it nothing to stir his excitement. He had expected much more. Here again the gray shadow of *Frau Sorge* made an appearance. "Die graue Frau war über ihren Weg gehuscht und hatte den Augenblick der Freude verdorben." (The gray figure crossed the path of Paul and *Frau Elsbeth*, and spoiled the brief moment of happiness.) The figure heralded the severe quarrel that arose between Paul's mother and father over the visit.

The likeness between Paul and *Jorn Uhl* is so evident that, at first, it seems as though two different versions of the

same book are merely being presented.

On the day of a great fete at the *Uhl* farm, *Jorn's* father, in order to gain more of a bravado air, announces that his son, *Jorn*, will some day be the *Landvogt*, a high official position. *Jorn*, young as he is, takes up this ideal and makes it his ambition, but meanwhile, he is content to explore his own surroundings—the *Heidewald*, *Ringelshorn*, a small hill just above the town, the moors, and *Goldsoot Spring*, the favorite trysting place of the children. Often, he was to be found tagging on the heels of the hired helper, *Fiete Krey*, or underfoot in the kitchen of *Wietev Penn*, the housekeeper. In this manner, *Jorn Uhl* spent his youth, cultivating a deep affection for his home, unaware of the sinister prediction, "So tanzen die Kinder miteinander, bis die erwachsene Jugend heraufkommt und sie allmählich verdrängt." (So the children danced together, until they reached maturity, and all was lost.)

If *Hauke*, *Paul*, and *Jorn* had not had the urge to make something of themselves, all three would have remained average, run-of-the-mill peasants when they became adults. Fortunately, a "Liebe zu den Büchern" (a love of books) was part of each boy's mental makeup.

Hauke, for instance, upon finding an old Dutch copy of *Euclid* in the attic, mastered enough Dutch language (his tongue was Danish) to translate the work.

Paul, on the other hand, was rather backward when it came to mathematics and science. Being a frail child, and having the air of a dreamer, he found few friends seeking his companionship at school. Because he lacked ability in grasping the three "R's," and also because of the fact that his two older brothers far outshone him in school, *Paul* was soon removed from classes and given duties at home. Forgotten was *Paul's* burning desire to become a great musician.

Quite differently was *Jorn Uhl* treated in acquiring an education. His father, although of an irresponsible nature, still held the brightly burning torch for *Jorn*: He should be the *Landvogt* in years to come! In order to further this idea, he allowed *Jorn* to have special tutoring under the village minister. When the boy became of age, he made arrangements to attend the Latin school, where boys are prepared for study at a university. Because his father dismissed *Fiete Krey*, the man who did the work at the *Uhl* farm, the arrangements for further study for *Jorn* were never fulfilled. *Jorn* returned home to assist in the chores. Leaving school did not sever his interest in learning, however, for he pored over astronomy books by the hour in the evenings when work was done.

As they grew older, the three men realized that the perpetual hunt for knowledge was one of the lights shining through their troubled lives.

The parents of *Hauke*, *Paul*, and *Jorn* were most certainly a disturbing influence in their children's lives.

Tede Haien encouraged his son's learning so long as it did not win the youth's mind away from the common peasant tasks that were, after all, the life of the Haiens. Unable to weed out the intense concentration that *Hauke* placed on *Euclid* and studies of the dike, *Tede Haien* sent his son to cart earth with other peasants at the sea. He reached the climax of his exasperation when an eccentric old woman came to him and complained that his son, *Hauke*, had strangled her only companion, a white Angora cat. Upon *Hauke's* return from wandering along the water, *Tede* expelled the youth from their home. This episode led to *Hauke's* employment as the assistant to the ruling *dikegrave*.

In *Frau Sorge*, *Paul's* parents offer an interesting contrast. The key to

Max Meyhofer's character is aptly stated in the motif, "Ich will lieber im Grossen zu Grunde gehen, als im Kleinen gewinnen." (I'd rather fail in great attempts, than succeed in little ones.) He is a tempestuous, blustering over-ambitious man. He rages over every new misfortune, which, more often than not, is due to his own carelessness; and the aftermath is repentance for his wickedness. Despising his "slow" son, as he thought Paul to be, Mr. Meyhofer had a cruel desire to tease the boy on every occasion possible. He would trick Paul into coming close to him, and then would proceed to whip the poor little tyke. Paul could expect no defense from his mother, for she, too, feared her husband so much that she would never make a stand against him.

Being a bully of the worst sort was not the only characteristic of Max Meyhofer, for upon returning from one of his numerous business trips, he would complain unjustly for days about the way the farm had functioned in his absence. This scorn, of course, was all heaped on Paul's shoulders because he had assumed the responsibility. The man seemed to overlook the various inventions he brought home from time to time that were to lessen the work, but somehow or another, always fizzled out before accomplishing their aim. Using Mr. Douglas' name under false pretense also blackened his character. Frau Elsbeth, Paul's mother, constantly cowered under her husband's unpredictable actions. Realizing a quality of fineness in Paul, setting him apart from her other children, Frau Elsbeth lived her life for this son, declaring again and again her love and affection for him. Without him, her life would have been worthless. Seeing the poor lot that had befallen his mother in life, Paul, in a small measure, endeavored to transfer onto his own shoulders some of the worries that depressed Frau Elsbeth so heavily.

Another major disillusionment struck Paul on the day of his mother's funeral, for a picnic was held afterward according to the amazingly selfish wishes of his father. Mr. Meyhofer behaved in a manner true to form on this occasion because he was not one to share honors, not even with a dead wife.

Klaus Uhl, father of Jorn, might also be said to have a motif—"Es gibt nicht wenige solche Menschen, die gegen Fremde freundlich sind auf der Strasse und in Wirtshause, aber gegen die Ihren sind sie Teufel." (There are few such people who are so friendly to strangers on the street and in the taverns, but are like the very devil to their loved ones.)

Our first introduction to him occurs at the time of his wife's death—a death which might easily have been avoided, had it not been for his feverish desire to entertain his guests, rather than heed the warnings of the nurse attending his wife. It is in the village tavern that he hears of the simultaneous birth of his daughter and death of his wife. As Jorn and his sister grew older, they noticed a definite coolness towards them on the part of the other children, for even children have a poor opinion of a drunkard, and that was the reputation of Klaus Uhl. Fortunately, the two smallest children, Jorn and Elsbeth, were saved from his influence by the care and devotion of Wieten Penn. Perhaps it is wrong to believe that we must all repent our sins in some way or another, but I feel that this idea is particularly true in Klaus Uhl's situation. His last years were darkened by feeble-mindedness, the result of a struggle with Jorn over a plowshare.

There may be many instances in which children have to pay for the character of their parents: at any rate, Hauke, Jorn, and Paul are excellent examples of this misfortune.

At the age when most young men really begin to enjoy life—going to college, taking an interest in numerous girl friends, and engaging in football and hockey battles, Hauke, Paul, and Jorn were kept busy at their own home,

assuming responsibilities that even an older, more mature man would have found difficult. As if this were not enough, the young men faced unrelenting opposition at every move.

Hauke's expulsion from home sent him to the dikegrave, who hired the youth after learning of his excellence in figuring accounts. So impressed was he with the inexperienced boy, that he placed two other of his employees under Hauke's supervision. This move was an unfortunate one, because one of the fellows was Old Peter, a lazy, uncouth worker, much happier under a lazy foreman, and therefore, ready to sabotage any enterprise of industrious Hauke. Upon the death of the old dikegrave, Elka, the wife of Hauke Haien, went before the board in charge of selecting a new official and pleaded for the appointment for her capable husband. Rather hesitant at first about presenting the office to such a young man, the board finally consented, and Hauke at last reached his childhood ambition—he was the dikegrave! But here again at one of the crucial points of his career, instead of finding satisfaction and cooperation from his fellowmen, he finds only stubborn mistrust when his improved, modern policies are introduced. Undaunted, Hauke carries his plan before the board of land owners, "Ich will dass das grosse Vorland, das unserer Hofstatt gegenüber beginnt und dann nach Westen ausgeht, zu einem festen Koogee eingedeicht werde: die hohen Fluten haben fast ein Menschenalter uns in Ruh gelassen; wenn aber eine von den schlimmen wiederkommt, und den Anwachs stört, so kann mit einem Mal die ganze Herrlichkeit zu Ende sein; nur der alte Schlendrian hat das bis heute so lassen können." (I'd like to build a dike that would begin at the large foreland which lies across from our town and stretches westward. The large floods have left us in peace for almost a generation, but if a very bad one should come along and disturb the old structures, all our possessions might be wiped out. Only our haphazard way of doing things has allowed us to overlook this danger up to now.) To his surprise the plan is accepted and the Hauke-Haien-Koog (dike) is the result.

This period in Hauke's life also brought the gray nag which symbolizes **Der Schimmelreiter**. One day on the road to the village, Hauke was confronted by a gypsy leading a broken-down gray horse. Finding that the peddler wanted only a few dollars for his charge, Hauke bought the starving animal, but paid little attention to the wicked laughter of the gypsy—a laugh which foreshadowed the tragic future when Hauke would ride to his death on his new purchase.

In **Frau Sorge** Paul's life is one of complexity. "Ich habe immer an so vielerlei zu denken, und wenn ich einmal recht froh sein will, kommt mir sicher etwas in die Quere." (I always have so many things to think about, and just when I think I have a free moment, something turns up to destroy that leisure.)

By the time he is in his early twenties, Paul has long since taken over the entire management of the Meyhofer farm, not without persecution from his father and his two good-for-nothing brothers, Max and Gottfried, who have not a qualm of conscience in taking advantage of Paul, who has to make sacrifice upon sacrifice for them. When they were little, Paul ran needless errands to prove his admiration for them; while they were at the university, all possible money had to be sent to keep them from embarrassment or need; the most disgusting incident occurred at the time when Paul, who had been saving money for a much-needed suit, was forced to send all of it to Gottfried because he had been in a scrape and needed money to squeeze out of the predicament. But later, when the two older sons had graduated and were fairly prosperous, they did not consider for one minute lending Paul the money for an over-due mortgage.

All three men, Herr Meyhofer, Gottfried, and Max did an excellent job of causing endless trouble for Paul, and turning him into a plodding, taciturn introvert.

The gray figure of Frau Sorge is really symbolic of this story. She is pictured as constantly guiding and shaping every turning point in Paul's career. A minor symbol is an engine called "Elack Susi." This machine, more than anything else, represents the crude opposition of Paul's father to him; for "Elack Susi" was one of old Meyhofer's failures. More than once Paul tried to bring life into the peat-breaking machine, but it just stood, proof of Paul's helplessness in the face of opposition.

Again, the strong similarity between the lives of Paul and Jorn Uhl is apparent. All hope of gaining a name for himself was abandoned after his return from school to take charge of the Uhl. Later, when he was older, part of his philosophy was, "Das Beste in der Welt ist die Arbeit." (The best thing in the world is work.) But while he was young, he almost despaired and faced suicide rather than carry on under the brunt of too many burdens. Here is the same old problem: Father and two elder brothers standing in the way of all honest efforts of the younger son of the house. The sons followed rapidly in the footsteps of their father, soon becoming as well known drunkards as their parent. The irresponsibility of the father placed the care of Elsbeth, the youngest, on Jorn—and Jorn had cause to worry about his sister, for she was a wild, yet affectionate, miss who unfortunately fell in love with a man of the same caliber as her father. Just when the young girl needed most guidance, Jorn was called upon to serve his compulsory training in the Army—training which allowed him to volunteer to take arms in a German-French war shortly after.

On his return from the war, Jorn again attempted to set the Uhl in some order, only to face the elopement of his sister and her voyage to America; the accident between his father and himself; the return of his parasitic brothers, and the suicide of one of them. Misfortunes and sorrows, one after the other, turned Jorn into a quiet, hardworking man with the insight of a sage.

The symbol here is that even through all the darkness, Jorn was still able to seek an understanding of God. He sought no ideal because no one had been able to give him a real conception of belief as he thought it to be. In all confusion, Jorn said, "Was der in der Kirche predigt, kann ein verständiger Mensch nicht für richtig halten. Was der alte Schneider sagt; 'Der sagt: Für andere sorgen, in Gottes Namen.' Das hat Sinn. Wieten sagt: 'Für sich selber sorgen, im eigenen Namen.' Das hat auch Sinn." (A decent man cannot really hold that which the minister preaches to be true. The old tailor says, 'Look out for others, in God's name.' That is sensible. Wieten says, 'Look out for one's self, in one's own name.' That is also sensible.) He finally concluded that work, being good, being thrifty and wise—these seemed better than the tydings of the preacher.

The small amount of contentment and happiness that Hauke, Paul, and Jorn eked out of life was due in no small measure to the happiness that marriage and children brought.

Hauke, for example, was much too shy to even broach the subject of Elka's and his affection. So in much the same manner that she pleaded for the position of dikegrave for him, she again took matters into her own hands, and proposed to him. After their marriage, Elka proved to be a quiet, faithful, understanding wife to whom Hauke could turn when all others stood against him. Many years passed before a child was born to them, and this happiness was overshadowed by the knowledge that Wieten, the little daughter, would always possess a childish mind. Her short life was

a dream world in which her only companions were a dog and a pewit gull.

Paul refrained from marrying because of his lowly station. It was on that long-ago visit of Paul and his mother to the "white house" that Paul and Elsbeth first met. Few visits were exchanged between the two, since Elsbeth was sent away to a higher school, and Paul had the idea that he was too low in comparison to Elsbeth's wealth and position. On their infrequent visits Paul constantly reminded her of the fact that he was no prince, but a stodgy, uninteresting farm boy. Elsbeth tried in vain to suppress his attitude, and insisted upon sharing her many books with him. Although admitting to himself that there could never be a union between the two of them, he nevertheless experienced many uncertain moments when he believed her cousin to be her betrothed.

Paul never did marry, although the reader is led to believe that some day there would be a wedding for Elsbeth and Paul.

In **Jorn Uhl**, the most touching sequence of the story occurs during the brief happiness of Jorn and Lena Tarn. When Jorn returned from the war, he discovered that his housekeeper's new helper was an attractive, high-spirited young girl. At first an antagonistic attitude arose between them, but that eventually melted, and realizing an affection for each other, they married. When a son was born to them, Jorn was proud of the fact that his young wife was so sturdy that a very few days after the birth, despite the protests of Wieten Penn, she arose and went about her duties. Pride? It was false pride, for it cost him the life of his gay companion.

A deep, sympathetic love was that which he and Elsbeth Junker shared. These two parallel Paul and Elsbeth so much because both couples had been friends from childhood, and both men regarded the girls as being too fine for them. Both pair discover the love they share even though it has remained hidden all through their association with each other.

After all the striving and straining of each man to bring his life and his surroundings out of promiscuity, the payment was often too dear.

Hauke Haien, seeing his wife and child drown in a flood, chose his own death (by riding into the sea upon his horse) rather than face life without his helpmate.

Paul Meyhofer, just out of the throes of crop ruin because of an insect plague, has to fire his own barns to save the house of Elsbeth Douglas.

For Jorn Uhl, much unhappiness clears as if by magic. The sister, Elsbeth, who had gone to America years before, returns on the eve of his wedding to Lisbeth Junker. All the sorrows left their mark, of course, but Jorn at least received a few crumbs of happiness.

Again it is ironical to note that the hero who achieved the aim for which he had set out eventually lost all his possessions and loved ones, despite the success of his life. On the other hand, the two men who remained obscure did succeed in winning, perhaps in just a small measure, some sense of peace and love.

The Metropolitan World Reawakens.

by Carol Clayton

Sharp shadows of skyscrapers introduce the new day as the sun moves majestically heavenward. The false quiet of the night gives way to the rude morning sound of the milkman's jangling bottles. All the powerful, deep-throated vibrations of the city reawaken. Factories hum; trucks rumble to market; sleepy drivers grind reluctant gears. In polyphonic contrast, the birds chirp cheerily as they flit from tree to tree; pigeons pace the sidewalk, calling in mournful tones.

The Important Entrance of Marcia Daly.

by Betty Pacatte

The public performance of the senior class' spring play was being presented Friday night. This was the night when the best of the local talent in the senior class of Hadley High School was in its glory. These senior students were demonstrating to the "show me," small-town, Missourian audience just what the "younger generation" could do.

Backstage, in the big high school auditorium, there was confusion. People roamed about restlessly in the dim, electrified atmosphere. You could smell flowers, cold cream, and perspiration. In one corner sat a young girl dressed as a bride, in a white brocaded satin wedding gown. A long thin veil was folded neatly in her lap. Outwardly she was cool and calm, almost serene. Upon closer observation, though, you could see that she was trying hard to concentrate on the words that were flowing out through the backdrop.

In truth, Marcia Daly was filled with a nervous tension so great that she could hardly keep her mind on the lines being spoken on the stage. She consistently kept thinking that in a few moments the entrance scene, in which she must make her approach down a curved staircase onto the stage, would begin. She was reviewing in her mind the previous events of the evening; and she was hoping frantically that the bad luck she had been having would not continue when she went "on stage" in a few seconds.

First of all, she recalled how the hurrying teacher who had made her up had spread the rosy, youthful foundation cream a little too low on the sweetheart neckline of the borrowed gown. A big smudge of orange make up on the shining white satin made a careless, greasy appearance. This, of course had to be removed at once in order that Marcia could make the immaculately neat and beautiful appearance which a glamorous leading lady is supposed to have.

As Marcia and the teacher hurried across the backstage toward a can of naphtha to be used for removing the spot of make up, Marcia gathered her long train upward over her arm. Evidently she gathered up too much, for a long, low whistle was heard coming from the young man who portrayed her gentle lover in the production.

Marcia swiftly glanced down; then with a little squeal of embarrassment, she stopped. There, in plain sight, was a long, slender leg revealed above a white suede high-heeled pump, revealed above the very supporters which held the smooth, clinging chiffon hose in place. The leg was her own! "Indeed!" she reprimanded the young man as she immediately dropped her train and scurried on. In her haste, however, she forgot her long skirt. The train was turned over on the wrong side, and by the time she arrived at her destination, the teacher with the naphtha-soaked rag, her skirt also needed cleaning.

As she thought these things over she was startled to hear her mother in the play say from the stage, "It will be such a lovely wedding, Nana," to Marcia's schoolmate-grandmother.

Hurry, Marcia! Hurry! Just three or four more speeches and you're on. Now, with these thoughts, she grabbed her veil in one hand and the train of the skirt in the other, jumped up, and literally ran up the old wooden steps to the small platform backstage where she had only to pause and get herself arranged before starting down the curved staircase.

Several students were there to help her put on her veil, straighten her dress, and give her last-minute help so that her entrance would be graceful, beautiful, all that the entrance of a radiant young girl in a wedding gown should be.

As her helpers fussed sweetly over her slender figure in those last few sec-

And The Angels of the Lord.

by Marie Mount

onds, Marcia's frightened stare roved over the rough, unfinished banister, over her mother who was leaning on the easy chair where Marcia's fictitious Grandmother Nana was sitting, and caught the blazing footlights which she could see at the side of the stage. As she stood quietly in a trance-like pose, staring intently at the brilliant lights, her mind raced frantically.

Amid the smell of make up and naptha, Marcia was shakily taking a step forward and gripping the rough banister.

As she came into the view of the critical audience she paused, as she had been taught by the director, so that the first glance at her loveliness would be prolonged.

She kept on pausing, however, for she felt the train of her gown caught and held steadily by something back of her. It was caught on one of the old back steps that led upward to the platform she was now on! Leaning forcefully, she strained forward. Suddenly, her grip on the banister turned to a futile clutch as she fell downward to her knees on the steps; she was then amid folds of brocaded satin and net.

A huge roar came from the audience. Mrs. Peri Winkle smiled smugly as she said, "What a pity!" Marcia's enemies and the little kiddies laughed loudly, smartly. Sympathy showed in the eyes and came from the lips of Marcia's classmates and friends who did not mind that she had ruined the play. But in the eyes of the director in the wings there was outrage.

Marcia sat limply for a second. She was in a bowl of egg whites. No, she was a monkey in the zoo. Look at the people staring and laughing through the banister-bars at her.

Since "the show must go on" she got up, untangled herself from the white mass, and adjusted her dress and veil.

Again she started unsteadily down the stairs, which were now miles and miles of bumps and curves. Hastily approaching the corner, she turned to hurry around it, only to pull her veil, which had caught on a splinter that was in the banister, right off her head. Another catastrophe!

Finally the end came. She turned her ankle at the bottom, but immediately regained her balance.

With a forced smile to cover her disgust, she sighed, "Well, here's the finished product! Mrs. Adams says it's her latest creation. Like it, Mother?"

To top it all, her mother shouted the wrong line in response. It was, "Oh my! Catch me, Nana. I think I'm going to faint."

"Marcia! Marcia! Wake up; quit day-dreaming. There's your cue."

Marcia jerked back to reality. "Oh, gee! I was thinking I'd already ruined the scene."

With a dimpled smile at her classmate helpers, in an attitude of complete relaxation and of complete control over herself and the entire situation, Marcia proudly raised her head and took a smooth step forward.

"That must be Marcia now," her mother whispered to Nana.

Watching her descend in her confident, pleasant manner, the audience immediately became hushed. Everyone admiringly marveled at the graceful, impressive entrance made by the radiant young girl in the wedding gown, who smiled as she said, "Well, here's the finished product. Like it, Mother? Mrs. Adams says it's her latest creation," and whose mother replied, "You look lovely, dear. Everything is lovely!"

And it was.

Primavera.

by Doris Edmiston

I can feel spring in the air.
I see it everywhere.
But I can sense the new birth.
Best in the smell of sweet earth.

"I'm easier now, boy. You take after your Daddy—and that ain't a bad thing, y'know."

"Yes, sir. I know."

"Jeb, you mustn't talk. Save your strength." Ellen's voice was raspy and her bony fingers twitched the covers.

"Oh, Ellie, stop fidgeting around me," he growled peevishly.

She sniffed with an air of being persecuted and shrugged her scrawny shoulders. As she moved away from the bed, her mouth drew down tautly and her pale blue eyes narrowed. Ellen muttered something about not even dying decently.

The waiting silence magnified the old man's light, irregular breathing so that it commanded one's attention almost hypnotically. Since Jeb was unconscious, Terry suggested, "Mr. Cullom has fallen asleep now and probably will not awaken for some time, so you might just as well rest a while."

"Oh, no!" Ellen cried.

"But I'll stay here with him and call you the minute there is any change."

She seemed harassed, searching about in her mind for some excuse to stay. "There's no telling how long you are going to have to be here, so it would be best if Wellington served your dinner downstairs now. Besides, I'm used to watching at sick-beds."

"No, Miss Cullom, you must be tired. You really should try to relax for a little while, and I had better stay here..." he demurred.

She had started briskly for the bell-pull, and now she turned to gaze at him, her hand on the silken cord.

"Well, then," she hesitated, "I'll have trays sent up and we'll both stay."

After the trays had been removed, an oppressive quiet pervaded the room; Terry leaned back in his chair responding to the lethargic influence of the atmosphere, but his mind did not yield.

Ellen's avid attentiveness was tinged with a hint of glee which Terry found most perplexing. But then, she had always seemed a trifle strange to him even when he was a boy. He remembered how she used to sweep into church each Sunday with her parents and how fervently she applied her amen to the prayers and sang the hymns in a lusty soprano. His mother said she was a handsome young woman, but Terry and the other little boys in Miss Ellen's Sunday School class would have more readily approved of her had she not been so stiff and uncompromising about their wiggling when the minister offered up the prayer. Terry thought it was peculiar that she still wore those coquettish little curls when they were so grey and thin.

Miss Ellen had taken the Sunday School class and become quite active in church affairs when that young minister just out of seminary had come after the sudden death of old Reverend Lee.

"She must have been in love with him," Terry reflected. He recalled that his mother's Circle group had whispered and raised many a canny eyebrow about the business. There was some talk that Ellen Cullom wouldn't speak to her brother when he, as one of the trustees of the church, decided to send the call to another man instead of keeping young Mr. Thomas.

The dull light shadowed Ellen's eyes and brought into relief the sagging lines of her face. She had been a dashing woman once, with rustling skirts and plunging plumes. Terry remembered how she loved fine horses and how she had to be content with driving them because Jeb Cullom considered it improper for a lady to ride—even side-saddle. It had been a source of great excitement and speculation for Terry and his cohorts when Miss Ellen's span had been frightened by the one-forty from Kansas City. A flashily dressed man stopping at the hotel had leaped from the curb and effected the rescue in a most spectacular manner. The strange gentleman

thus obtained the gratitude of the Culloms and consequently entree to the mansion. He was a frequent visitor there until suddenly one morning the station master noticed him catching the early train for St. Louis.

Miss Ellen told Lucy Morehead—in the strictest confidence, of course—"You know how Jeb is, just like a watchdog. Well... I guess he noticed how attentive Gerald—I mean Mr. Lakesby—here she had blushed and coyly cleared her throat—"was being and well—you know... Of course, Jeb may be fooled yet!" At this point, Miss Ellen fluttered her fan complacently and would say no more.

Mr. Smith down at the barbershop had it on good authority, however, that Mr. Lakesby's departure had been precipitated by other conditions. "Yep, that's what they said. Seems as how that slicker had done some shady dealing over in Cloverton. Some sort of stocks or somethin' Guess Jeb Cullom got wind of it."

Anyway, Miss Cullom must have had faith in her insinuations. She reveled in smug mystery for some months until finally the glow faded and was supplanted by increasing bitterness toward her brother.

For years Ellen had kept the town gossips supplied with material by her bursts of defiance of her brother. Vitriolic as they might be, they were ineffectual, and Jeb appeared to receive them with an infuriating calm even when she publicly hinted at the nature of his own escapades. Terry wondered if Ellen Cullom wasn't, after all, a rebel without the courage to rebel.

The old man's breathing was becoming more spasmodic. Terry glanced hastily at his patient as the next breath was particularly long in coming. He rather hoped that it would not come. Jeb was going to die, and it would be far better to sink off than to go back into the convulsions again. This time there wouldn't be much a doctor could do.

Again the rich paisley silk over Cullom's chest lay motionless. Terry leaned forward and reached for his stethoscope. Ellen crossed the room with the haste of a vengeful Harpie and clutched at his arm. The expression on her face startled Terry. Devoid of attempt at concealment, hatred gleamed patently on her pinched features.

"Is he dying now?"

Terry glared at her and did not answer. A fitful tremor coursed through Jeb's old body and he struggled to open his eyes. It required a hideous effort and did much to destroy the effects of Terry's ministrations.

The wildly luminous gaze fixed upon Ellen, and with frightful clarity he said, "If I wasn't so tired, I'd stay... just to... spite you!"

"Oh! You—"

But Ellen forgot what she had started to say, for the pain seized her brother and flung him about as a cat teases a mouse. As each successive wave would tear him, Jeb writhed and tossed. Ellen surveyed his agony hungrily.

"Yes... it's coming now..." she whispered. She was tense with anticipation.

"He suffers so..." she murmured, fascinated. Then she shrieked, "But of course! He's got to! You know what Granny Sneed used to say. She said that the death struggle was really the Lord and the devil's angels fighting for possession of the soul!"

Terry was glad that Jeb couldn't hear anymore. Although he still thrashed about with pain, his battle was completely his own now and he was alone in the Valley. His awareness of the external world around him was gone; he had only the immediate prison of his body to fight off.

"Look at them pull and tug! I wonder why the Lord even bothers—you never did give that new baptismal font to the church. It would have looked so nice up there with Mama's and Papa's names carved on it, too," she muttered ruefully.

Respiration was almost imperceptible now, and the heart beat was merely a flutter. Terry noticed that Jeb Cullom was whispering—so faintly that only meaningless phrases and snatches were audible.

"That's right! Plead and pray if you can! Only it's too late! You can't rule the Lord or scare away Satan like you could us folks here on earth!" Ellen was hysterical with release of the caustic frustration which had corroded her soul for years. Her sobs were raucous and explosive. "The devil take you!"

Then Jeb Cullom seemed to sink away in a silent rush and was dead.

"It's over," she mumbled.

She seemed to be crumbling inside as she stared vacantly at the bed. Then Ellen straightened, smoothed the dark stuff of her dress, and fingered the cameo at her throat. "Well, I expect I'd better start..."

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Cullom?"

"Thank you, no. The relatives will help me, and I will notify them now. Also the preacher."

Withdrawn and proud again, Ellen moved downstairs, a grey, desiccated wraith. Her hand shook only slightly as she picked up the phone...

"Hello? Reverend Clarke? This is Miss Ellen Cullom. Oh, Reverend, my brother has just died. Yes... yes... of course we shall miss him. He was a good man... thank you... But he was suffering—and we know he's happy now... yes, that's most kind of you, and thank you very much."

Ellen Cullom's dry eyes did not meet Terry's gaze as he took his leave. As he unlocked the car door, he noticed that the rain had stopped and the clouds were breaking. They made dusty smudges on the star-bestrewn blackness. Something about the dark dignity of the night recalled what Jeb Cullom had been saying just before he died. Terry's preoccupation with his work and Ellen's tormented confessional had made Jeb's words mere tangled jargon, but now suddenly they became invested with meaning. What was it he had whispered...? "The Lord is my shepherd... green pastures... still waters... I will fear no evil..." Jeb's last words had been uttered distinctly, calmly, and in quiet assurance:

"And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

What Is A College Girl?

by Carolyn Mertz

A college girl is the female of genus homo, composed of 65% oxygen, 18% carbon, 10% hydrogen, 3% nitrogen, 1.5% calcium, 1% phosphorus, .35% potassium, .25% sulfur, .15% sodium, .15% chlorine, .05% magnesium, .004% iron, .003% manganese, .00004% iodine. The outer surface of the skull known as the face is usually covered by a fine powder made from magnesium silicate, zinc oxide, precipitated chalk, and rice powder. The lips are coated by a substance made of aniline dye, wax, and fat. Usually worn on the upper part of the body is a knitted blouse called a sweater; just below this is a separate outer garment covering the body from the waistline to the knee. This outer covering is a skirt. The college girl's feet are covered by stockings with short legs and shoes wearing marks suggestive of a saddle. The cortex of the large mass of nerve tissue known as the brain is occupied with three major problems. These problems are as follows: the male of the species, the covering of the body and its appearance, and the sum of information conserved by civilization. The college girl is enrolled as an attentive and systematic observer in a society of scholars incorporated for study and instruction.

From this collection of facts we derive the term "college girl."

Corporal: "The first time you contradict me, I'm going to kiss you."
Girl: "You are not!"

STUDENTS TRAVEL - - continued

Hunter, Carol Lee Kane, Dona Jean Lawshe, Barbara Millay, Emma Lee Morgan, Pat Palmer, Teddy Proctor, Gwen Rosier, Lois Ross, Helen Joan Stahl, Shirley Strane, and Lucette Stumberg. With the entertainers were Mary Ruth Platt, Lucy Bancroft, Miss Pottorf, and Miss Helen Ely of the St. Charles Chapter of the Red Cross.

The interval of April 9 to 13 found the road to St. Louis well traveled by those students who attended in the National Physical Education Convention, held by the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation. Lectures, demonstrations, and exhibits comprised the four day program. The delegates from the Lindenwood Physical Education Department were Carolyn Hempleman, Jeane Sebastian, and Peggy Vilbig.

The delegates representing the Campus Recreation Program, Student Activities Committee were: Mary Lois Walsmith, Jean Beagle, and Jean Smith. Others representing various sections of physical education were: Margaret Einspahr, Pat Tuttle, Helen Joan Stahl, Marion Bahn, Jane Beard, June Schatzman, Jo Ann O'Flynn, Willie Viertel, Betty Runge, Barbara Wade, Janet Brown, Carol Clayton, Frances Jones, Shirley Records, Frances Johnson, Rosalie Evans, Ann Hardin, Nancy Papin, Ruth Wayne, and Betty Bishop.

Saturday, April 13, was also a busy day for four of Lindenwood's future homemakers. Those attending the conference of the Home Economics Clubs of Missouri Colleges at Jefferson City were: the association's state president, Montelle Moore, Pat Latherow, president of the Lindenwood Home Economics Club, 1945-1946, Louise Ritter, president of the Lindenwood Home Economics Club, 1946-1947, and Joan Elson, who presented a paper on the program.

The annual luncheon meeting of the Better Business Bureau of St. Louis was held at the Hotel Jefferson April 24. At this meeting the problems facing the consumer were discussed. The following were the delegates from the Department of Economics: Nancy Ames, Betty Hoffman, and Marie Mount.

The final conference on the April agenda was the Eighth Annual Public Affairs Conference at Principia College, Elsau, Ill., April 26-27. Representatives from 26 mid-western colleges participated in the panel discussions. The delegates from Lindenwood were: Louis McGraw of the History and Political Science Department, and Mabel Salfen of the Economics and Sociology Department.

Betty Jean Loerke, Former Student, Dies

Miss Betty Jean Loerke of Ottumwa, Ia., a student at Lindenwood College from 1943 to 1945, died at the University Hospital in Iowa City, Ia., on April 15, while enrolled as a student at the University of Iowa. The cause of death was said to be an undetermined blood disease.

While at Lindenwood, Miss Loerke was an active member of Alpha Psi Omega, the dramatic fraternity. She was also a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, Tau Sigma, Sigma Tau Delta, and other campus organizations.

Ensembles Modeled by Clothing Classes In "Lindenwood Fashions" Show



Made and designed by students of the clothing classes here at Lindenwood College are these attractive formals which were modeled by their creators at the annual style show held Wednesday, April 24, in Roemer Auditorium. At the left, Miss Audrey Romann of Granite City, Ill., who used heavy brocade drapery material to fashion her exquisite evening gown. Her escort is Hubert Ritter of St. Charles.

Center photo shows Miss Carolyn Mertz of Marion, Ill., modeling a white jersey dinner dress which she accented with gold accessories. At the right, Miss Nell Province of Paducah, Ky., promenades in a black sheer formal. Cascading flares embellished in black sequins add a novel touch. Her escort is Vernon Gray of St. Louis.

THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

by Ruth Titus

Congratulations to June Schatzman on becoming the godmother of ten little chickens. The eggs she has been watching carefully for the last few weeks finally hatched.

Why is it that moustaches fascinate Moonshine?

Looks like Nancy McGraw and Frances Sessions are going to be lonely girls from now on. Bob and Jimmy got discharged at Lambert last week.

If you're around Butler second and hear a funny conversation it's just Miriam Busch standing in for big-brother Dave. Seems he made quite a hit with Jeanne Blades over Easter. "Gee, Jean! Gee, Dave!"

Seems like Dave Hoffman is faithful in his thrice-weekly visits to Anne Mitchell. Have you ever tried coming over from Alton on the "Dinky"?

Mary Artman's Dave made the trip up from Memphis last weekend where he is stationed to get a good look at that pretty ring. You're a lucky girl, Mary. Congratulations!

A certain girl in Butler was the recipient of a gorgeous wrist watch for her birthday last week. Sure is pretty, Gail.

It probably would be interesting to find out why Jan Miller is busily promoting sales of the new book, *Sub-Rosa*.

For dates, the girl to see at the moment is Julie Paul. She has so many that difficulties may arise in the next few weeks. Maybe she could do something for Sue Perry and Lois Meyer who had a little trouble last week.

If any of you future brides need any help with your pottery pattern, see Peg King. She knows all the answers.

Ginny Frank will have an easy time getting shoes if the shoe-salesman situation remains stable.

What is the strange attraction Nancy Papin has for guitars?

Montelle was really beaming Saturday night at the Junior-Senior Prom because Wells was lucky enough to get here for the big occasion.

Doris Miller's Johnny is on his way home from France. Of course, he lives in New York, but they're both going to be in Wichita in June for King's wedding.

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Keltah Long Elected President of Missouri Academy of Science

Keltah Long, a first semester Senior from Elizabethtown, Ky., was elected chairman of the College Science Club Section of the Missouri Academy of Science at its recent meeting at Lindenwood. Keltah, who is a Chemistry major, has been active on the campus, two or her more important accomplishments this year being Junior Representative to the Student Council and an active member of Triangle

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Club. The other officers elected are Jeannine Doyle from Harris Teachers College in St. Louis and Fred Springer from Missouri School of Mines in Rolla, Mo.

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College Professor Puts Political Theories Into Practice As Mayor

Seldom does a man who has devoted the better part of his life to the study of government and governmental processes get the chance to put his ideas into practice, but here at Lindenwood is the exception to the rule.

His Honor, Mayor Homer Clevenger of the History Department, was elected Mayor of St. Charles in April of 1945.

Mayor Clevenger says being mayor is a lot of fun, but there are problems too. In an interview, he explained one of the most vexing problems has been the control of stray dogs. His reason for this is that the job of Dog Catcher has always been low on the social ladder so no one will take it.

During this past year as mayor, Dr. Clevenger has made several interesting observations about government. One of these is that the councilmen may disagree violently in the councilroom but when a vote is taken and the decision found they all act in the true spirit of democracy and harbor no resentment.

Another interesting observation is that St. Charles, even though it has the mayor-council type of government is run more like the commission type since there are five committees, the Committee on Streets and Sewers, the Committee on Accounts, the Committee on Ordinances and Printing, the Committee on City Property, and the Committee on Electric Lights, all of which are appointed by the mayor. The chairman of each acts as an executive for his committee and in that way relieves the mayor, who can devote only part time to the work.

When asked if City Government actually works out as taught in the class room, his honor replied, "Technically, yes, but you actually find very little written about the art of government which would encompass the subject of the human equation when a group of men work together. Personalities bring up unseen problems and any change in the personnel results in a difference in the relationship."

Junior - Senior Prom Features Social Season

For the first time since the beginning of the war, the Juniors and Seniors had their annual prom last Saturday night.

Dinner was served in the dining room at 8 p. m. The menu follows:

Head Lettuce and Tomato Salad	
1000 Island Dressing	
Baked Ham	
Sweet Potatoes with Marshmallows	
English Peas	
Dinner Rolls	
Preserves	Butter
Apple Pie a la Mode	Milk
Coffee	

The tables in the dining room were decorated with bouquets of spring flowers and the guests were seated in groups of four couples.

After dinner there was dancing in the Gym until 1 a. m. The Gym was decorated as a spring garden. The bandstand was backed by a curtain of silver and on either side there were columns with vines growing up them. In the center there was a large circle of lights with a cluster of multi-colored balloons. At the back of the Gym was a white picket fence covered with flowers and vines. Behind the fence were chairs for the girls, their dates, the faculty and the administration.

Cokes were served in the Library Club Rooms and the Sibley Club Rooms, which were open for those attending the dance. Just outside the Gym there were tables and chairs to carry out the idea of a spring garden party.

Herb Mahler and his orchestra furnished the music for the festivity.

Decorations were in charge of Marilyn Mangum and her committee which consisted of Joyce dePuy, Betty Ullery, Marge Kinkade, and Edith Mullins.

Mickey Seip was chairman of the committee on place cards and flowers. Working with her were Gail Willbrand and Louise McGraw.

Officers of the Junior Class are Deana Bass, president; Ann Rode, vice president, and Jody Schroder, secretary-treasurer.

Citizenship Day To Be Observed On Campus

National Citizenship Recognition Day, as proclaimed by President Truman, will be observed at Lindenwood College on May 19. All Lindenwood students who became 21 this year will be formally received into their new status by having the oath of allegiance administered to them by Dr. Homer Clevenger. The address will be given by Dr. Franc L. McCluer, president of Westminster College.

HALL OF FAME



Presenting our candidate for the Hall of Fame: Miss Ruth Titus of Great Bend, Kan.

Ruth, a Senior, is a home economics major. She is prominent in the activities of the Senior class and is a member of the Bark Staff, Press Club, Home Economics Club, Linden Leaves Staff, Orchestra and International Relations Club.

Come June, and Ruth will march up to receive her diploma. She is planning to do graduate work at the University of Kansas next year. Wherever she goes, though, we are sure Ruth will be a success.

Symphonic Band Gives Concert On Campus

Lindenwood's Symphonic Band gave a "pop" concert on the campus in front of Sibley Hall last Sunday at 3 p. m. The program featured a novelty number, "In a Persian Market," an intermezzo-scene. It characterized the approach of the camel drivers, the cry of beggars, the entrance of the beautiful princess in the beginning of the number. At the end, the themes of the princess and camel-drivers are heard as they depart and the marketplace becomes deserted.

"Orpheus Overture" by Offenbach, and "Rustic Dance" with the marimba with band were also highlights of the afternoon's program.

The band was under the direction of Prof. F. G. MacMurray.

day and tomorrow. The three classes—Senior, Junior, Sophomore—will be called in that order. According to the date on which she registered, each girl will be given her choice of a room.

TRY US—

PICTURES

TO BE PROUD OF

KIDERLEN'S

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Molly Freshman Boasts of Suntan And Studies For Examinations

Dear Diary,

The heat is killing me. Am about ready to dry up and blow away and when we start taking finals in a couple of weeks, that will be the end. How can anyone expect us to study when the weather is so warm.

My tan is still coming along. Just passed the Indian stage and am now on my way to the South Sea Islander look.

The Seniors have been so busy these past few weeks. First came the day when the Seniors gave the Juniors the school colors and the Senior class song, "Remember." Then Carnival practice which is really on the way. Fortune-tellers, quick-sketch artists, and all the trimmings of a carnival.

Then on the following Saturday night the Juniors gave the Seniors a Prom. Everyone was so happy. All but the Freshmen and Sophomores who couldn't go to the big affair. From all reports, though it was a huge success.

The exam schedule looks gruesome. And of course I'm not through until the very last day. Just call me lucky. Can't imagine being home for three whole months, but I guess it will seem true enough after I get there.

Daylight saving time may save a lot of time but it certainly is confusing. Went to lunch an hour early last Sunday, then the next morning I went to class an hour late. Very confusing, too confusing for a poor Freshman to figure out.

Am so sleepy. Would love to just sleep and sleep, but I don't think the faculty would care for the idea, especially when they have all assigned tests for this week. Just one more month to go and then I'll be able to sleep for three months.

Picnics are in season now. All the clubs have been having them. Eat and eat until I almost pop and do I love it. And that reminds me, there's food waiting for me. Bye now.

With my love,
Molly Freshman

Lindenwood Is Asked To Enlist In Food Conservation Program

"Millions of our fellow men around the world face death from starvation. Anything and every thing that can be done to help in sharing the world's plenty will, we are confident, be eagerly done by Red Cross College Unit members and all other students on your campus. The national organization is proud to be able to enlist your cooperation."

The preceding statement is a quotation from a letter to Miss Peggy King, chairman of the Lindenwood College Unit of the American Red Cross, from Miss Margaret Hargrove, the National Director of the American Red Cross College Units.

All colleges and universities in the country are asked to cooperate in the food-conservation program now under way.

Faculty Member Married

Prof. Ricardo Hermann Henriquez Julio W. of the Spanish Department was married recently to Miss Janet Rindfleisch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rindfleisch of Beloit, Wis. Prof. Julio is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Henriquez Julio of Barranquilla, Colombia.

STRAND THEATRE

St. Charles, Mo.

Tues-Wed. May 7-8

Eddie Bracken-Veronica Lake
in **HOLD THAT BLONDE**

Thurs-Fri-Sat. May 9-10-11

Jack Haley in
SING YOUR WAY HOME

and
Carole Landis-William Gargan in
BEHIND GREEN LIGHTS

Sun-Mon., May 12-13

Gene Tierney-Vincent Price
in **DRAGONWYCK**

Tues-Wed. May 14-15

Charles Boyer-Lauren Bacall
in **CONFIDENTIAL AGENT**

Thurs-Fri-Sat. May 16-17-18

In Beautiful Technicolor
Cornel Wilde-Anita Louise in
**THE BANDIT OF
SHERWOOD FOREST**

Sun-Mon. May 19-20

Dick Powell in
CORNERED

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