

## Pre-Commencement Prizes And Awards Announced At Student Convocation

### Jane McLean Wins Press Prize For Best Student Writing

Dr. Alice E. Gipson, academic dean, announced the pre-commencement prizes and awards at a special assembly on Wednesday, May 22. Jane McLean was announced the winner of the annual Press Club Contest for the best writing in a student publication for a year.

Miss Jan Miller was announced president of the Student Christian Association for 1946-47. The new members of the various honorary societies were also announced.

Other awards were as follows:

New Members elected to **Alpha Sigma Tau**: Marcia Ashland, Virginia E. Beazley, Katherine Bebb, Jane Blood, Joan Bohrer, Janet Frown, Nancy Kern, Margaret McKinney, Margaret Marshall, Betty Meredith, Janet Miller, Esther Parker, Coy Payne, Joanne Swanson, Marian Wagner.

New Members elected to **Alpha Psi Omega**: Rita Finch, Barbara Hencke, Dale Lange, Marilyn Mangum, Evelyn Sanders, Joanna Swanson.

New Members elected to **Delta Phi Delta**: Marjorie Akins, Mary Boyd, Mary Elizabeth DeVries, Marjorie Elster, Sarah Hall, Margaret Hanna, Barbara Little, Marjorie Moehlenkamp, Mary Lou Proctor, Ruth Shaeffer, Lucette Stumberg.

New Members of **Pi Alpha Delta**: **Active Members**—Beverly Adcock, Vonda Jones, Ann Klingner, Jane Merrill, Joyce Raglin, Irma Rick, Charlotte Rupe, Frances Sessions, Florence Ward. **Associate Member**—Marilyn Mangum.

New Members elected to **Pi Gamma Mu**: Virginia Beazley, Lois  
Continued on page 3

#### STUDENT PRESIDENT



Elizabeth Louise McGraw, who has been elected president of the Student Government Association for the 1946-47 college year. Her home is in Sturgis, Ky.

### Students And Faculty Give Reception For Gages

Lindenwood's faculty and students paid tribute to Dr. and Mrs. Harry Morehouse Gage and expressed their best wishes for the future at a reception given last Friday night in the Fine Arts Building.

### Miss Foster's Brother Dies

Lindenwood students and faculty extend their sincere sympathy to Miss Arabelle Foster, dietitian, whose brother, Morris Foster, died suddenly in Tupelo, Miss., on May 11. Mr. Foster was the father of Miss Helen Foster, a former Lindenwood student.

### Louise McGraw Is New Student Government Head

Miss Louise McGraw, Junior from Sturgis, Ky., has been elected president of the Student Government Association for next year.

Louise said she just couldn't believe it, when told of the election. She is active in many organizations on campus. She is president of Sigma Tau Delta and Future Teachers of America and is secretary of the League of Women Voters. She is a member of the Poetry Society, Pi Gamma Mu, International Relations Club, Press Club, Instrumental Association and Alpha Sigma Tau. She was also a member of the staff of the Linden Leaves.

### Kay Blankenship Wins Championship At College Horse Show

The College Horse Show was held this year at the Lindenwood Stables at 9:30 o'clock the morning of the May Fete. Miss Miriam Neff judged the show which was divided into nine groups.

The first section, Advanced Equitation, was won by Jean Sebastian, with the second place going to Jane Waters, third to Bonnie Maxey, and fourth to Babs Bush. Janet Errington won the Beginners' Equitation; Mary Bovaird placed second; Dorothy Hirst, third, and Armita Harness, fourth. Carolyn Hempelman, Margaret Hanna, and Kay Blankenship were the winners in the team of three exhibition.

The Intermediate Equitation was divided into two sections. Marble Ayers, Barbara McBride, Mary McGinnis, and Jean Inglis won the first section in that order and the second section was won by Peggy Vilbig, Pat Poling, Patsy Smith, and Joyce Raglin. The Blue Ribbon Class was made up of the riding team. Kay Blankenship won first place in this class with Meg Brinkman in second place, Carolyn Hempelman in third place and Margaret Hanna in fourth. In the Beginners' Equitation of Two Gaits Jeanie Blankenbaker took first place; Betty Bland, second; Katherine Klotzbach, third; and Marjorie Mercier, fourth.

Among the Advanced Pairs of Exhibition Riders Carolyn Hempelman and Nancy Dana were considered the best, Meg Brinkman and Willie Viertel were next and then Margaret Hanna and Kay Blankenship. The title of the Novice Championship went to Marbie Ayers. Janet Errington won second place, Barbara McBride won third, and Mary Bovaird won fourth. Kay Blankenship was the champion  
Continued on page 6

### Helen Horvath Named To Edit Linden Leaves

Helen Horvath of St. Charles, Mo., was announced as the editor-in-chief of the 1947 Linden Leaves in the pre-commencement recognition day. It was also announced the position of business manager will be held by Margaret Marshall of Fairfield, Ill., and that Virginia Beazley of Salina, Kan., will be the advertising manager.

### Ninety-Three Students To Be Graduated At 119th Commencement On June 3

#### RETIREES



Dr. Kate L. Gregg, who will retire after twenty-two years on the college faculty.

### Dr. Kate L. Gregg To Retire After 23 Years On Lindenwood Campus

Dr. Kate L. Gregg is retiring this year from the faculty of Lindenwood College. Twenty-two years ago, Dr. Gregg arrived at Lindenwood after having taught at Elmira College in New York. In looking forward to her retirement, Dr. Gregg says there isn't much leisure in prospect, because since the announcement of her plan to retire many new jobs have been offered her.

Next fall, instead of meeting the eager faces of Lindenwood Freshmen in English Composition classes, Dr. Gregg will face the voters of St. Charles in a six weeks campaign as Democratic candidate for representative for the Missouri General Assembly. The rest of the time, Dr. Gregg will devote to carrying on history research, and art study with Miss Elizabeth Watts.

In an interview with Dr. Gregg, she told reporters that Lindenwood girls through the years, have been the nicest girls in the world to work with. "The relationship between teacher and student is a very happy one here." Dr. Gregg, in retiring says, "I would like to belong to myself for a few years—do a few things I've had in mind to do for a long time—write a few books and paint some pictures. Incidentally, I would like to represent St. Charles County in the Missouri Assembly."

A reception was held on May 16 for the faculty members who are leaving this year. The honored guests were Miss Mary Gordon, Miss Janet Coulson, Mrs. Eva Douglas, and Dr. Gregg.

### Alumnae Return To Campus For Annual Dinner On Saturday

Ninety-three candidates will receive degrees, certificates and diplomas at Lindenwood's 119th annual commencement on June 3. The Rev. Dr. James W. Clarke will give the commencement address and Dr. Charles L. Wishart will give the Baccalaureate sermon.

Dr. Wishart has chosen "Shadows and Reality" as the topic for the sermon. Dr. 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 has spoken at Vesper services. The subject of his address will be "The Great Adventure."

There are 93 candidates for degrees, certificates, and diplomas. Twenty-three girls will receive a Bachelor of Science Degree, 24 a Bachelor of Arts Degree, and three girls will receive a Bachelor of Music Degree. Two Seniors will also receive certificates. In addition there are 18 candidates for an Associate of Arts Certificate and 24 candidates for certificates and diplomas.

Alumnae Day on Saturday, June 1, will feature events of interest to both former students and Seniors. The annual Alumnae Dinner will be held in Ayres Dining Room. At this time the Seniors will be formally inducted into the Alumnae Association of Lindenwood College. Dr. Florence W. Schaper, who is both an alumna and a faculty member, will speak. Mrs. A. Jackson Clay, president of the Lindenwood Alumnae Association, will preside at the dinner. After the dinner, the annual meeting of the association will be held in Sibley Club Rooms. Officers for the coming year will be elected.

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

#### Candidates for the Bachelor of Music Degree

Harriette Louise Hudson  
Elizabeth Jean Lohr  
Helen Joan Stahl

#### Candidates for the Bachelor of Science Degree

Rita Mae Allen  
\*Mary Margaret Brinkman  
Continued on page 3

### Careers And Matrimony Attract Eye Of This Year's Senior Class

After four long years of studying and having fun, the Seniors are getting ready to go out into the cold, cold world. When asked what they are going to do after graduation, most of them replied, "Sleep." Pressed for further knowledge they gave varied answers, as follows:

Betty Clark will get married June 15 and will teach in South Dakota next fall while Jim goes to school.

Jean Lohr will supervise music in the grade school and Junior High in Woodriver, Ill.

Ruthie Meyer is getting married in June.

Carolyn Hempelman is going to travel this summer and will do physical therapy work at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis next year.

Caroline Gillette is going to rest and cook good meals for George this summer. Next fall she will either do personnel work or go to graduate school.

June Schatzman is going to medical school, preferably at Washington University.

Joan Emons and Harley are planning a wedding for early fall.

Ruth Titus will either work or do graduate work at Kansas State.

Mary Lee Nathan is going to spend the summer in North Carolina and after that her plans are uncertain.

Betty Kilbury has no plans other than having a lot of fun.

Virginia Rozyski is getting married in August.

Betty Ullery is going to rest and paint this summer and will either teach or go into commercial art next fall.

Ann Hardin is planning to travel this summer and will probably coach swimming next year.

Meg Brinkman is going to work a year and then go to Paris to work.

Bettye Moody says she will probably end up working for her father.

Louise Eberspacher is going to play around this summer and will work for her sister's father-in-law next fall.

Merryl Ryan plans to loaf until August and then start work for the Equitable Life Assurance Society.  
Continued on page 3

### Elizabeth Renee Stoery Reigns Over Colorful Fete As 28th May Queen

On May 18 Nature considerably cleared the skies to make possible the crowning of Lindenwood's twenty-eighth May Queen, Elizabeth Renee Stoery, by the Maid of Honor, Medora Swilley.

The entire May Fete was presented with the natural grace of an Old English country fair. The Sophomores, lish country fair. The Sophomores, attired in gay peasant costumes, formed the processional aisle with yellow ribbons. The "village" entertainers in

colorful array led the grand march and were followed by the Freshmen in afternoon dresses. The Juniors and Seniors, dressed in trailing formal gowns, then marched onto the green.

A blaring fanfare announced the arrival of the queen's party. First to approach were the Freshman attendants, Beverly Bacon and Anne Bush, attired in aqua blue gowns. They were followed by the Sophomore attendants, Betty Joy Burch and Barbara  
Continued on page 6

## Goodbye and Good Luck

The time has come to say good-bye and good luck to the Seniors of 1946, and to say thanks for having been part of Lindenwood. Senior classes come and go, year after year. Yet, you, like the other classes who have gone before, have made a special place for yourselves on the campus. It won't be the same without you coming out of the Tea Room, walking to classes, shouting to each other across campus. You'll leave an empty space that could be filled only by your laughter, voices, and leadership. But we know that you will be finding your place in the world, and that we must fill the void with the laughter, voices, and leadership of others. Even though you're gone, remember "that you all belong to Lindenwood, and Lindenwood belongs to you."

## Take A Bow

We have had our copy of the "Linden Leaves" for several days now, and those of us who have taken time out from our studying have found what a wonderful book it is.

The best thing about it is that it will grow more and more valuable to us as the years go by and we have been away from our friends and from Lindenwood. Think of the fun we will have in a few years paging through the old annual laughing at the crazy clothes we wore "back in the good old days" and feeling a little sad that those wonderful, carefree days are over. When the "Linden Leaves" staff chose their theme for this year they kept in mind the fact that the annual is chiefly a book for memories and produced an annual that is a take off on the ole family album.

We want to extend our thanks to the editors of "Linden Leaves" for their hard work and for giving us a yearbook that we will always cherish. We congratulate Caroline Gillette and all her staff for making it a truly successful annual.

## Beauty and the Beast

Why do college girls like to play at Beauty and the Beast? On an all-women's college campus, after five days of studied disorder the Beauty emerges arrogantly proclaiming she will be attractive only when the surroundings warrant it, and when it pleases her. Week-end transformation is probably the most startling of all college phenomena. The Monday frumps in pigtailed are unrecognizable as fashion plates on Sunday. Guests on campus are unaware that these chic, well-groomed beauties are the same weird creatures that they have seen during the week.

College girls dress the way they do partly because it saves time. The morning procedure is to leap into whatever garment is handy at the moment and rush into the dining room two seconds before the deadline. Unfortunately, the original costume is seldom amended, but worn throughout the day.

There is always the comforting thought that it could be much worse. A conspicuous and picturesque costume is an academic tradition. University students in the Middle Ages carried books and cheese on their backs in the hoods of long, black capes. Let us be grateful, at least, that college girls can be pretty girls—when they want to be.

## It's Been A Good Year

Now that the 1946 college year is drawing to a close each of us cannot help but think of the pleasant memories that we shall always cherish. This year has been an outstanding one in our lives. Friendships both with the faculty and the students will leave their imprint with us. Activities in which we have participated have added numerous rich experiences to our lives.

Knowledge gained through the year has given us new power to cope wisely and justly with problems that are ever present. The value of living in close contact with individuals from various sections of the country has not only broadened our experiences but made them more pleasant. Some of the Lindenwood family will not be returning next year, but for many of us 1947 will afford another opportunity to collect treasured memories.

## Ink, Sweat and Tears

Mid tears, final exams and final farewells the Staff of the Linden Bark wants to add its fond farewell to all the others.

We have had lots of fun putting out a paper for you this year and we hope you have enjoyed it. Working under the handicap of a small staff we have created many lasting memories—of beating our brains out against the typewriters, trying to get our stuff in on time for publication, pinning up the dummy on Saturdays, wondering when the Bark will make it out, trips to the printers, the April Fool issue, and lastly of our working days with Mr. Clayton, our teacher and advisor, friend and an all around good fellow.

And now the time has come for us to say farewell, we'll never forget this year at Lindenwood, the faculty has been swell and have proved to be our friends as well as our teachers. The students have given their cooperation and the administration has helped make this a year that will be everlasting in our memories. The Staff of the Bark thanks each and every one of you and we hope that next year's Staff receives as much help as we have.

## LINDEN BARK

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

Subscription rate, \$1 a year

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

Member Missouri College Newspaper Association

EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE

Helen Rotty '48

Louise Ritter '48

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Merryl Ryan '46

EDITORIAL STAFF

Carolyn Gillette '46

Ruth Titus '46

Mary Jane Miller '48

Patricia Latherow '46

Jeanne Larner '48

Donna Lawshe '49

Jane McLean '46

Barbara Millay '49

Mary Jo Griebeling '49

Genee Head '46

Carol Clayton '49

## Gracie Gremlin



Hi kids. Guess this is the last time I will be able to greet you this year. Hope you have enjoyed listening to me as much as I have enjoyed being the campus gremlin. I know I've been a bit bossy at times but just overlook that. My heart is always with you and you know that you are my pride and joy.

Will see the rest of you next year but to the Seniors I must say farewell. It's been nice knowing you, and do come back to see us.

## FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Students who expect to be in the Academic Procession will receive notices in their boxes of the forming of the line of march on Sunday and Monday. You are asked to read these and follow the instructions carefully.

All students before Baccalaureate Sunday will receive the Commencement Booklets. You are asked to bring these to every occasion that you attend as it is impossible to give the students more than the one booklet.

We have come almost to the end of another year. A great number of you are to be congratulated on the work that you have done. I regret that many of you are not planning to return, but you have the best wishes of Lindenwood wherever you go. To the Senior Class I want to give my special congratulations and tell you that Lindenwood will always be prepared to assist you in any way possible.

My best wishes to you all for a happy summer and my hopes that I may see many of you next fall when college resumes again.

DR. ALICE E. GIPSON

## Dr. McCluer Speaks At Citizenship Program

National Citizenship Recognition Day, as proclaimed by President Truman, was observed at Lindenwood College on Sunday, May 19. Dr. Franc L. McCluer, president of Westminster College, gave the address. Sixty-seven Lindenwood students who became 21 this year were formally received into their new status by having the oath of allegiance administered to them by Dr. Homer Clevenger.

## Lindenwood Girls Attend Metropolitan Opera

One hundred eighty Lindenwood girls attended performances of the New York Metropolitan Opera in St. Louis last week. The week's program included performances of "Carmen," "Tannhauser," and "Rigoletto." The entire Metropolitan cast, orchestra, and scenery came to St. Louis for the first time in 37 years.

## ALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Jane McLean

Now comes the time—as it does every year, and every year, a little quicker—that we must say goodbye to Lindenwood, some of you for just the summer, some of us forever.

We all know, from the day we first enter upon our lives here, that someday we will have to say "Goodbye," but until that time is actually here, not one of us realizes the real sensation it causes. We will say, and have said, "Goodbye" to friends who will not be returning, and that is hard. But not one of us here has actually had to say "Goodbye, our lives here are finished, to live on only in memory."

For the Seniors, for the ones who are graduating after having worked and played through four years of Lindenwood, the realization has not yet actually reached us that we will be among those not returning in the fall. It will not be until September that we actually know we are on our own—in September when everyone else is getting ready to return to college and we cannot go.

Four years ago, we came to Lindenwood. Sometimes it has been hard going, sometimes very easy, but always fun. No matter what may have happened during the time we have lived here, we will look back and without fail, be able to say that our years at Lindenwood were the happiest of our lives—not too much to worry about, always friends whom we could count upon and trust, and always

something to keep us busy.

We had our Halloween Court, our May Day attendants and our May Day queen, our class picnics and parties, our Skip Day, many other things that will make up a great part of our memories. But no matter what, the bigger part of those memories will be of the friends which we found at Lindenwood. Some of them will not be here to graduate with us, or even to see us graduate. But those girls with whom we started and who really should be here, will be going across the platform, receiving degrees in spirit, even if not in flesh.

It's hard to say "Goodbye" to people and to places one loves—and has loved for so long. The feeling cannot be put into words in the mind or on paper. They are intangible feelings that are recognized but cannot be expressed.

In less than two weeks, we, the Seniors, will say "Goodbye." As we go through the Lindenwood pillars for the last time as active members of the "Lindenwood Family," our thoughts will whirl giddily around the many things we have seen and done in four years. They will continue to act in kaleidoscope fashion for a while, until finally they settle down into a treasured, beautiful set of memories which we shall jealously guard forever.

And so it is over. Goodbye, and good luck, and a very happy future for every one of you.

## Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion

### Lindenwood Students Plan Busy Summer -- 75 Per Cent of Girls Polled Have Vacation Jobs -- Remainder Plan Summer Trips.

Right in the middle of finals may seem like a terrible time to talk about summer jobs. All you want to think about is getting your exams finished before they finish you, and then RESTING.

But it seems as if most of the Lindenwood girls are going to be working this summer. In fact 75 per cent of the girls either have jobs or are planning on finding one some place.

The gals' jobs vary all the way from camp counseling to working in a factory. About 15 per cent of the girls interviewed plan to work on a newspaper and even more than that have jobs working at camps. Clerical jobs

are also high on the list of desired jobs and several of the girls have already made arrangements to start work shortly after they get home.

Since the war is over those girls that are not working are planning on really enjoying themselves. Some will go on vacation trips with their families and some will go on trips alone or with their friends.

Then there are the girls that will stay at home helping their parents, resting, and still finding time to have fun.

Regardless of what your vacation plans are we hope that you will enjoy yourself.

## Seniors Are Busy As Commencement Nears

As commencement nears the Senior Class is finding itself busy.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage entertained the class at an open house and tea yesterday.

Friday night the Seniors will entertain the faculty with a Vacation Time Party. There will be a floor show with a skit and a Community Sing. Betty Clark is in charge of the preparations for the party.

The Seniors will entertain their sister class, the Sophomores, at a wiener roast at the ovens on May 20.

On May 16 at 11 a. m. the Class Will and Prophecy will be read.

## Home Economics Students Entertain The Faculty

Members of the Meal Planning class entertained the head residents of the dormitories at a buffet luncheon on May 9. Hostesses were Catherine Neumann and Ann Nichols.

On May 14, the class entertained Dr. Ray Garnett, Dr. Homer Clevenger, Dr. L. L. Bernard, Mr. Henry Turk, Dr. Silas Evans and Mr. Richard Orr. Hostesses were Helen Rotty and Betty Pacatte.

## ECHOES FROM THE GYMNASIUM

On Wednesday evening, April 10, the Athletic Association had a call meeting in order to elect the secretary of the state W.A.A. as Lindenwood will be the secretary school next year. The nominees were Jody Lieberman, Willie Viertal, and Jean Sebastian. Jean Sebastian was elected. The A.A. also decided to give an award to the outstanding senior in the organization on the basis of her leadership, sportsmanship, and contribution. An extra intermural sport has been added to the list! Bridge! It's just for fun, no points given, and no practice hours required!

The volley ball and basketball letters were given out in Student Chapel on Tuesday, April 9, by Nancy Papin. The basketball letters were awarded to those girls who participated in three-fourths of the practices and inter-scholastic games. They are: Peggy Vilbig, Rosalie Evans, Donna Baughman, Casey Jones, Jane McLean, Bobbie Wade, Ruth Waye, JoAnn O'Flynn, Nancy Papin, Carolyn Hempelman, and "Silky" Roseberry.

## Linden Bark Wins First Class Rating

The Linden Bark, under the supervision of the Department of Journalism, has won a first class rating for 1946, according to a report just received from the Associated Collegiate Press. This is the second consecutive year the Linden Bark has received a first class rating, which means excellent. The points in judging were awarded on news value and sources, news writing and editing, headlines, typography, makeup, department pages, and special features.

The judges said, "The Linden Bark is an attractive paper, lively, and well-managed. Your variety of topics for editorials is good."

The purpose of this agency is not to create interschool rivalry but to aid the staffs of the various newspapers.

## 93 Students To Graduate

continued from page 1

Earnestine Brown  
Elizabeth Ann Clark  
Nelle Frances Eastwood  
Louise Irene Eberspacher  
Joan Claire Elson  
Joan Emons  
Ann Peyton Hardin  
Carolyn Hempelman  
Peggy King  
Patricia Latherow  
Virginia M. Moerschel  
Bettye Moody  
Montelle E. Moore  
Emma Lee Morgan  
Mary Lee Nathan  
Nancy Brown Papin  
Virginia G. Rozyskie  
Elizabeth Jane Runge  
Merryl Keith Ryan  
Mabel W. Salfen  
Ruth Louise Titus

### Candidates for the Bachelor of Arts Degree

Joyce Ann DePuy  
Elizabeth Franke  
Caroline L. Gillette  
Elaine S. Gray  
Mary Gene Head  
Mary-Celeste Hesser  
Elizabeth Marie Kilbury  
Jeanne McDonald  
Novie Jane McGrede  
Jane Taylor McLean  
Ruthe Corinne Meyer  
Virginia Lee Moehlenkamp  
Edith Ann Mullins  
\*Mary Elizabeth Murphey  
Fayette Eileen Murphy  
Mary Ann Parker  
Jean Paulson  
Marye Louise Peterson  
\*Anna Mary Rector  
Marilyn Robison  
June L. Schatzmann  
Mary Lynn Seip  
Elizabeth Renee Stoery  
Marie Anna Szilagyi  
Mary Elizabeth Tabor  
Betty Marie Ullery  
Marian Goellner Wagner  
Dorothy Ann Wood

\*Degree requirements to be completed in Summer School, 1946.

### Candidates for the Certificate of Associate in Arts

Marcia J. Ashland  
Suzanne Berry  
Jane Alan Blood  
Joan Louise Bohrer  
Mary Dean Boschert  
Nancy Jeanne Dana  
Martha Ann Gibson  
Patricia Ann Jenkins  
Marcia Lee Kelly  
Mary Lou Landberg  
Helen Loraine Lant  
Lois Katherine Meyer  
Miriam L. Neff  
Cyrilka B. Roseberry  
Dorothy Lee Satterfield  
Patricia Smith  
Mary Jane Walker  
Margaret Y. Whitmer

### Candidates for the Certificate in Business

Betty Marie Allcock  
Anna F. Barnes  
Kathleen Finck  
Charlotte Fisher

## Many Novel Features Win Praise In 1946 Linden Leaves Just Off The Press

The 1946 Linden Leaves has arrived on campus.

This year's annual speaks for itself. There are many new and delightful additions. The oblong, padded cover emphasizes the theme of memories at Lindenwood. Twelve pages of snapshots give the book the definite student touch.

The division pages of the annual are diecuts which appear as old gold

frames, through which show abstracts depicting the sections to follow.

The student layout is done with more emphasis on the individual. The 1946 Linden Leaves presents six types of layouts on the organization section thus affording variety and beauty to the book.

This year's annual is thirty-eight pages larger than last year's which affords a more complete picture of the campus activities.

## Prizes And Awards

continued from page 1

Hachtmeyer, Helen Horvath, Peggy King, Jo Ann Liebermann, Louise McGraw, Margaret Marshall, Mary Lee Nathan, Marian Pendarvis.

New Members elected to **Kappa Pi**: Joyce dePuy, Sybil Ellis, Marilyn Mangum, Edith Ann Mullins, Betty Ullery. Pledges: Miriam Bush, Doris Fay, Jane Faust, Marie Koch, Barbara Maxey, Ann Mitchell, Mary Ellen Priest, Irma Lou Riek.

New Members elected to **Der Deutsche Verein**: Marjorie Elster, Joann Meurer, Colleen Johnson, Dorothy Gilliam, Mary Trimble.

New Members elected to **El Circulo Espanol**: Jacqueline Brickey, Virginia Campbell, Marge Crawford, Joyce Creamer, Janet Errington, Mary Louise Evans-Lombe, Jane Foust, Virginia Frank, Talitha Grote, Dorothy Hirst, Kathryn Horslund, Mary Jane Horton, Betty Hunt, Martha Jeanne Mathis, Louise Mattar, Bonnie Maxey, Margaret McKinney, Betty Sue Perry, Marilyn Weir, Joerene Williams, Mary Lou Williamson, Jessie Wilson.

New members elected to the **Poetry Society**: Sue Berry, Ann Bodenhamer, Joan Breckenridge, Virginia Campbell, Bonny Clark, Mildred Davis, Mary Elizabeth DeVries, Doris Fay, Linda Fee, Jacolyn Foreman, Louise Galloway, Carolyn Glenn, Carolyn Hammond, Marjean Hanna, Carolyn Hempelman, Mary Jane Horton, Ann Klingner, Mary Jane McGinnis, Jane Morrisey, Mary Neubert, Suzanne Pfeifer, Genelle Phillips, Teddy Proctor, Ann Rode, Virginia Steinke, Shirley Strane, Jean Tilden, Corinne Weller, Winifred Williams.

President, College Student Association—Louise McGraw.

Editors of Linden Leaves for 1946-1947: Editor-in-chief, Helen Hor-

Edwena A. Froelich  
Janet Roseberry Gezel  
Jane Griffiths  
Doris Elaine Miller  
Bettye Moody  
Betty J. Swisher

### Candidate for the Certificate in Speech and Dramatics

June Florence Gordon

### Candidate for the Certificate in Physical Education

Rosalie Ann Evans

### Candidate for the Diploma in Organ

Margaret R. Romer

### Candidates for the Diploma in Piano

Arline Heckman  
Marthella Blevins Mayhall

### Candidate for the Diploma in Violin

Margot Lavon Coombs

### Candidates for the Diploma in Voice

Norma Jean Blankenbaker  
Dorothy Gilliam

### Candidate for the Certificate in Public School Music

Mary Ann Million

### Candidate for the Certificate in Costume Design

Virginia Sue Stegall

### Candidates for the Certificate in Interior Decoration

Edith Ann Mullins  
Barbara Jeanne Wright

### Candidate for the Certificate in Commercial and Industrial Design

Jean Kathryn Telden

vath; Business Manager, Margaret Marshall; Advertising Manager, Virginia E. Beazley.

Sigma Tau Delta Prizes: Honorable Mention—Suzanne Pfeifer, Carol Clayton, Frances Claire Jones. Third Prize—Carol Lee Cathcart. Second Prize—Genevieve Willett. First Prize—Carolyn Glenn.

Beta Pi Theta—Freshman French Prize—awarded to the Freshman French student who has attained the highest standing for the year: Betty Ann Cole.

Poetry Contest Winner: Honorable Mention—Virginia Campbell, Suzanne Pfeifer. Prize Winner—Jane Morrisey.

Officers for Cabinet of Student Christian Association 1946-1947: President—Jan Miller; Vice-President—Virginia E. Beazley; Secretary—Joan Bohrer; Treasurer—Catherine Moore.

Letters to be awarded to members of the **Instrumental Association** for extra work in the organization beyond requirements: Marian Bahn, Jean Beagle, Jane Beard, Margot Coombs, Margaret Einspahr, Marjorie Elster, Marie Isbell, Keltah Long, Janice Lowe, Billye McDonald Louise McGraw, Betty Meredith, Jo Ann O'Flynn, Teddy Proctor, Audrey Romann, Shirley Riedel, Merryl Ryan, June Schatzmann, Lois Schatzmann, Helen Joan Stahl, Ruth Titus, Dorothy Trenchard, Patricia Tuttle, Arlyn Joyce Verploeg, Barbara Wade, Wilma White, Barbara Wright, Joan Bohrer, Marthella Mayhall, Mary Swilley.

Award to the Senior who has done the most for the Athletic Association: Carolyn Hempelman.

Press Club Award—for the best piece of writing by students in Lindenwood publications during the college year: Honorable Mention—Carolyn Gillette. Prize Winner—Jane McLean.

Students who have received the American Red Cross First Aid Certificate: Eleanor Brown, Rosalie Evans, Marjorie Everston, Marguerite Feller, Sarah Latshaw, Miriam Schaertel, Willie Viertel.

Students who have successfully passed or renewed the Red Cross Instructor's Course: Mary Artman, Margaret Burton, Patricia Evans, Louise Kerr, Ann Hardin, Edith Ann Mullins, Jo Ann O'Flynn, Jeane Sebastian, Willie Viertel, Gail Willbrand.

Honors to students: Jo Ann Lieberman, elected to membership in the National Sociology Honor Fraternity, Alpha Kappa Delta, Beta of Missouri Chapter. Dolores Boomer, State Vice-President of the Missouri Students' Sociological Society. Betty Hunter, President of the Lindenwood College unit of the Missouri Students' Sociological Society. Joan Bohrer, Secretary of the Lindenwood College unit of the Missouri Students' Sociological Society. Jan Miller, Vice-President of the Lindenwood College unit of the Missouri Students' Sociological Society.

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

Nelly Don Awards for Completed

## THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

Since all of Butler's news seems to be connected with time, I might start out by saying that after six long years Rup and Pat are finally engaged—Congratulations!

After 21 months Ben finally arrived for a visit with Genee. She certainly was a happy gal last week end.

And our best wishes and heartiest congratulations to Moody. After four tries at the Junior-Senior English Test, SHE PASSED!!!

Dot Gilliam received a Sigma Nu pin from Dane after a month. You're a fast worker, Gilliam.

"Squeaky" showed up a couple of week ends ago with a Pi Kappa Alpha pin for Betty Hunt. It really looks like those third floor girls in Butler are keeping the male situation well in hand.

The old Tea Room is really buzzin' now that the annuals are here. Here's a big "thank you" from the entire student body to the annual staff for turning out such a nice yearbook.

## Sophomores Entertained By Senior Class

The Seniors entertained their sister class, the Sophomores, at a picnic in the Library Club Rooms May 20. The picnic had been planned for the ovens but weather conditions prevented so jeans were worn to the Club Rooms and everyone pretended they were eating out in the rough. Hot dogs, pickles, potato chips, cookies, cokes and ice cream bars were served.

Dresses: **First Year Class**—First Place, Nell Province; Second Place, Caroline Mertz; Third Place, Margaret Burton; Fourth Place, Audrey Romann. First Honorable Mention, Louise Boyer; Second Honorable Mention, Nancy Kern; Third Honorable Mention, Mary Titus. **Advanced Class**—First Place, Betty Pacatte; Second Place, Helen Rotty. First Honorable Mention, Mary Margaret Brinkman; Second Honorable Mention, Helen Rotty.

Nelly Don Awards for Costume Design: **First Year Class**—(Sketches and Toiles) First Place, Ellen Marie Rose; Second Place, Evelyn Willoughby; Third Place, Katherine Klotsbach. Honorable Mention—Mary Lou Artman. **Special Prize on Sketches**—Helen Krasner. Honorable Mention—Bonnie Maxey, Evelyn Willoughby, Mary Jo Griebeling, Irma Lou Riek. **Advanced Class**—(Sketches and Toiles) First Place, Mary Margaret Brinkman; Second Place, Betty Pacatte; Third Place, Sue Stegall. Honorable Mention—Mary Margzret Brinkman.

## Careers and Matrimony

Continued from page 1

Dorothy Ann Wood has no plans except to just play around.

Joyce dePuy is going to loaf this summer and will teach in Mount Pleasant, Mich., next fall.

Marilyn Robison is planning to take life easy this summer and will work in St. Louis next fall.

Liz Stoery plans to work at Marshall Field's in Chicago.

Jane McGrede is going to play around this summer and will work in the fall.

Montelle Moore is getting married June 8.

Rita Mae Allen is going to loaf this summer and will teach in Woodriver, Ill., this fall.

Frances Eastwood hasn't decided on her future yet but she plans to loaf this summer.

Ernestine Brown is going to Colorado State for the summer term and will go to U. C. L. A. next fall to work for her M. A.

Peggy King is getting married June 21.

Harriet Hudson plans to go to New

## Research, Travel Headline Faculty Plans For Vacation

Faculty plans for the summer include graduate work as well as travel.

In connection with scholarships awarded by the college, five faculty members will continue work in special fields. Mr. Henry Turk will do research work on "The Influence of German Romanticism on Spanish Literature" under the supervision of Dr. Oaf of the Washington University Romance Language Department. He will receive a master's degree in Spanish from Washington University on the basis of practical work in Latin America and courses taken at the University of Mexico.

Mr. Turk taught English in a private school and was in business in Latin America for three years. Before coming to Lindenwood he was head of the German Department and associated with the Spanish Department of the College of William and Mary. The past two summers he has attended the summer session, specializing in courses of Spanish and Mexican literature, and the Instituto de la Leagua Espanola of the University of Mexico. This summer's work is a phase of doctorate work started at the University of Chicago.

Mr. G. F. MacMurray's summer plans, subject to change, include advanced work at the University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla., in Band and Orchestra Arranging and Advanced Music Theory and Composition.

Special advanced work in Costume Design at Washington University will occupy Miss Donalee Wehrle. Mr. Robert Orr and Miss Davis have indefinite plans concerning their graduate work this summer.

Dean Gipson will travel to her home in Idaho for a reunion and visit, returning to the campus where she plans to spend the remainder of the summer.

Dr. Talbot and Miss Lillian Werndle plan to do work in biological stations, Miss Werndle at the Atlantic seacoast station of Duke University after a proposed trip to Texas.

York to study this summer and will teach next year.

Eileen Murphy is getting married June 15 and will live anywhere from Dallas to California.

Virginia Moerschel is going to work at the Social Security Office in St. Charles this summer. She will do graduate work at Washington University next fall.

Mickey Seip is getting married in July.

Jane Taylor McLean is planning to travel this summer and next winter she will work in St. Louis in the journalistic field.

Mary Ann Parker is going to do graduate work at Illinois University.

Pat Latherow is going to work in the field of Home Economics until she and Rup get married.

Joan Elson is going to loaf all summer and will work in St. Louis next fall.

Elaine Gray is getting married August 30.

Betty Runge is going to be a physical education teacher or a recreation director.

Virginia Moehlenkamp is going to be a laboratory chemist.

Betty Tabor is going to work in St. Louis in the field of chemistry next fall.

Emma Lee Morgan plans to teach next fall.

Liz Murphey is going to Arkansas University for the summer and will get married August 17, just one year since their engagement.

Jean Paulson is going to get married immediately after commencement in the Fine Arts Building.

Mary Celeste Hirsch Hesser is going to teach in Texas while her husband goes to school there.

Genee Head will work on her own newspaper in New Mexico.

## Rebel.

by Jeanne Larner

Pulling his coat tighter around him, the Boy braced himself for the icy night wind that would hit him as he ambled around the corner into Western Street. Only four more blocks and he'd be home; home to face another questioning—home to face more ridicule and disbelief from his "loving parents—home to his Dad! What was that phrase he had read in the last Post? Did it go—"A Dad in need is a Dad indeed?" Ha! His Dad must not be a Dad indeed then! His Dad who questioned every minute he spent away from home and waited up for him like a girl's mother. A Dad should be a companion; someone to talk to—not a solemn, foreign man who acted like a maiden aunt.

Only two more houses. He dreaded opening the door to see his mother's hurt smile, and his father's solemn gravity. As he climbed the steps he could feel the hurt pang of dread creep up from his stomach to his chest. He opened the front door. His Mother's nervous smile greeted him. His Father strode solemnly in from the study and beckoned him in. The Boy and his Mother went into the study with the Father who shut the door.

"It's two A. M.," stated the Father in a monotone. "You're getting later every time. You were high point man tonight, Son, but after all—the game was over at half past ten."

The Boy stared glumly at his feet. The whole team had gone to the Dic Doc and celebrated the final victory. Hadn't they deserved a celebration for a hard won game? His Dad should realize this. Why should he have to tell him? The Mother sat nervously quiet.

"Must we go through this every time there is a ball game?" demanded the Father. "Where did you go?"

"To the Dic Doc."  
"Were you there all of the time?"  
"Sure!" The Boy was past being hurt at this disbelief. He was nervous and wrought up.

"What did you do?" asked the Father.

The Boy started to blurt out something, but a sob escaped. He started for the door. The Father wheeled around and caught him roughly by the arm.

"Answer me!"  
The Boy burst into an uncontrollable, quick sobbing like that of a small girl; he struggled to be freed.

"Oh—let him alone," came the Mother who was by now softly crying. The man reluctantly released his grasp as the Boy stumbled off and made his way to his room.

He was frantic—furious at himself for his unasked for tears. His adolescent need for a "friend father" welled up inside and panically found expression in thoughts of hate—he hated home and namby pamby parents. He'd run away!

He repressed his now slower sobs, grabbed his billfold and buttoned his coat that he hadn't as yet discarded. Then he paused to listen. All was silent except for the muffled sound of voices from the opposite end of the hall. Suddenly a train whistle pierced the cold night air from the near-by hump like a call. That was where he would go—to the hump and catch a freight. It didn't matter where it went—anywhere. The Boy unlatched the screen and eased himself down to the flower bed below. A gale of icy wind swept over him which left him with an overwhelming feeling of being alone and small. He defied it by breaking into a dead run down the street and through the fields—faster—faster until the blood ran hot through his forehead and his chest felt strong and unafraid with the confidence of growing into a man.

The Boy slowed up to a walk as he reached the great lights of the hump. He crossed the hump bridge and made his way down to the loaded freight cars. Voices approached. He slunk into the shadow of a car.

"Did you hear something, O'Rear?"

## Regret.

by Ann Bodenhamer

When I was seven they told me  
The sea was in that conch-shell  
That we had used to prop back  
The kitchen door.  
And, true enough, when my childish ears  
Were fast against the shell  
I heard the sea, roaring, unconquered,  
A mystery.  
Now, at seventeen, they tell me  
Air compression brings about  
The noise I heard inside.....  
No sea.

When I was seven they told me  
Dew was but the angel's tears  
And many summer mornings  
I felt depressed that Heaven's seraphs should be  
So saddened.  
Now, at seventeen, they tell me  
Those tiny drops of water are formed  
When warmer air is moisture-full and must  
Give them up.....  
No tears.

When I was seven they told me many things.....  
That fairies paint the forests in the fall  
And dryads  
Build the mushroom beds.....  
Now, at seventeen, science rears its ugly head  
And shatters seven's dreams with careful and precise  
Explanation; its excuse  
That man should better understand  
The elements which surround him,  
That he should not live in hazy ignorance.....

Seven loses, and seventeen wins.....  
But please,  
May I have my haze for just a moment longer?

## Dr. Bernard Attends Meeting In Arkansas

Dr. Jessie Bernard of the Sociology department of Lindenwood attended a meeting at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark., May 8, 9, and 10.

The meeting was a conference on "Courtship and Marriage." Dr. Bernard spoke on "Maturity in Courtship" at one of the meetings and conducted discussions and questionings on "Combining Marriage and College" and "Budget Problems of Going to School on \$90 a Month."

came one of the voices.

"Watch it; someone's behind that car," was the reply. The Boy felt suddenly hot and sick. He couldn't run—he just slouched further back and cowered.

"Who's there?" came the first voice.  
"Come on out; I'm an officer." The two officers watched the shadow come slowly into the light.

"It's a kid, O'Rear!" astonished the second voice. "On out into the lights, Boy. Let's have a look at you."

The Boy crept into the glaring hump lights. Dried tear ruts lined his grimy cheeks. He looked bewildered and sleepy. A faint smile crossed the older officer's face.

"Is your name Robertson?" he asked.

"How—how did you know?"

"Never you mind, Son. Come on back to the guard house with me," and then turning to the other officer, "You take the beat awhile; I'll be back."  
"Boy," said the officer as they walked, "your Dad is a fine man. In fact, if I remember correctly, he has more stamina and guts than any man I've ever known."

"My Dad? Guts?" blurted out the Boy. "It may be awful to say, Mister, but I think my Dad's a straight lacer."

"Let's go in here," said the officer as he led the way into the musty guard house.

The wrinkled old officer eased himself down into a chair and gazed intently at the young boy who looked so lost and out of place. His intent blue eyes seemed to look right through the boy as he said, "You are your father, all over again."

"Did you know my Dad very well?"

"Went through reform school with him."

## Seniors Are Entertained At St. Louis Luncheon

Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Gage entertained the Senior Class at a luncheon last Saturday at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis. Other guests included the heads of the educational departments of the college, the administration, and those teachers who have spent their last year at Lindenwood.

## Here Is Composite Of L. C.'s Ideal Senior

Close your eyes and see if you can imagine one Senior with all these qualifications. With the best features from a number of the Seniors, one girl would really be terrific. See for yourself.

Caroline Levy Gillette's brains  
Emma Lee Morgan's voice  
Meg Brinkman's clothes  
Jean Emons' optimism  
Liz Storey's complexion  
Jean Lohr's piano virtuosity  
Jane McLean's capability  
Peggy King's friendliness  
Harriet Hudson's Southern accent  
Pat Latherow's sportsmanship  
Ann Hardin's figure  
Marilyn Robinson's sultan  
Joyce dePuy's charm  
Mary Ann Parker's dependability  
Bettye Moody's generosity  
Carolyn Hempelman's dancing ability  
Ruth Titus' culinary ability  
Ginny Rozyskie's eyes  
Mimi Szilagy's profile  
Betty Kilbury's hair  
Genee Head's hands  
Rita Mae Allen's humor  
Eileen Murphy's artistic ability

The Boy stared—then looked unbelievably at the "liar." The old officer added, "Your Dad was a fine young chap. He just got into the wrong crowd; he didn't realize what he was doing when, in a drunken brawl, he killed a fellow football player after a game. They were good kids. Just celebrated too—way too much. Don't ever forget this, Son. Your Dad is the best Dad in the world."  
"The best Dad in the world—" mumbled the Boy in a faraway stare.

## A Soldier Returns.

by Sara Wilkey

When Jimmy Stevens came home from three years in the South Pacific, the people in our town looked hard for any changes that might have taken place in him, but outwardly Jimmy seemed the same except for his sun tan and added weight. Oh, everyone thought he looked fine and after a week or two it was generally agreed in the social circles of the women's clubs and Baynham's drug store that Jimmy was the "same old Jimmy"—always teasing and joking.

But I noticed something different. Perhaps it was because I, oftener than most other people, had seen Jimmy serious. It was not that he was scatterbrained and wild like some boys of his generation. Theirs was a studied happy-go-lucky pose for the most part, but Jimmy's was as natural as skirts and sweaters are together. His was natural in that he realized the importance of serious moments also. I always thought that Jimmy's manner lay in the fact that he worked on the theory of letting serious moments be serious, but preventing needless moments from taking this trend.

Perhaps I noticed the difference in Jimmy because of the many times I had stood by the basketball court in Harmon's alley and watched him play. He was serious about basketball, for he knew that four other men, his coach, and the fans depended on him. I can still remember the feet that seemed to follow the ball that his hands so deftly and firmly coaxed into a dribble, which I and my ten years thought as beautiful a dribble as I ever wanted to see. This dribbling was quite different from the times when his feet could no longer be restrained and seemed not to proceed one at a time as they should but both at the same time or not at all. When this happened, Jimmy usually went sprawling downward from his great height in a most unusual and strange manner. Sometimes when I would stand long enough at the side of the court, Jimmy would look at me and say, "Well, all right." and I would take my place under the goal and chase the balls that came through the net or rebounded. It was then that I was happy. So you see, that is the Jimmy I knew and understood best.

The Jimmy the town remembered most was the crazy guy who laughed and dribbled and shot the high school team's way to the state tournament. They remembered the Jimmy who laughed at them and with them, and then made them care not which it was. They remembered when his father died during his senior year in high school and how Jimmy had suddenly been forced to become a man. He seemed to do it and do it well. The evidence was the success of the store his father left him. But still Jimmy maintained quite a usually the "laughing, don't-care" attitude for most people. He appeared little different.

Now Jimmy is home. People say that they can not see any change in him. They say they have looked, but I do not believe they really have. They do not want Jimmy to change, for they liked him the way he was. So they go on only pretending to look. For how can they remember the boy who dribbled the ball down the court with such ease and not see a difference? It is there in so many ways. It is in his walk. It is a surer tread, a more determined walk—one with a purpose.

There are other things in Jimmy's walk that I cannot tell you about, for I myself do not understand them. Perhaps someday I will have the wisdom to comprehend such things. I know that I shall remember the walk well enough for it is something that once perceived is not easy to forget. But until I understand its more intimate details better, this much will do—it tells me clearly enough that Jimmy is now so serious inside that he would like to be so on the outside for a change. I wish the town would realize this and

## On Sleeping In An Upper Berth.

by Joyce Garrison

As I stood among the jostling crowds in front of track twenty-six, I looked anxiously around, and my eyes rested upon a huge red and white poster. It read, "Enjoy overnight freedom from today's business pressure, amid the modern beauty and restful atmosphere of one of the New York Central's most famous trains, The Knickerbocker. Relax at night in the privacy of your own completely equipped, air-conditioned berth where a deep-mattressed bed fairly floats you off to sleep." I gave an almost cooing sigh as I picked up my lumbering suitcase, and gently coaxed the two little things which were supposedly holding me up down the platform.

Already the lights were dimmed in car 638, and the berths made up. The dark green curtains hung loosely, and as I brushed by them, stumbling after the porter, they made a swishing sound. People spoke in muted voices and made silent motions. Suddenly the train gave a lurch forward, and I lost my balance and went crashing against the curtains of lower six. The person inside yelped a brief statement of what he was thinking, but I staggered on without taking time for apologies.

The porter led me to the end berth and hoisted up my suitcase. I stood staring at this shelf-like box in which I was going to sleep. He brought the ladder, and I looked cautiously at the clubcar Casanovas who suddenly took great interest in my plight. Then I grasped the sides of the ladder and timidly began my upgrade, dreading every movement that I was about to make. Each step seemed a mile apart, but having successfully climbed the halfway mark I began to feel more at ease. At this point, however, the train took a notion to slow down. I began reeling around while the force of gravity kept pulling me down. The train stopped abruptly, and I came crashing down in the porter's arms amid the applause and whistles of my fellow travelers. Embarrassed and disgusted, I began again. This time I reached the top, and quickly swung myself inside before anything else could happen. The porter buttoned the curtains, and I began to feel more comfortable in my newly found privacy.

The first inconvenience which I soon discovered was the inexplicable fact that every time the train slowed down and came to a standstill the lights would go completely out. I groped around in the darkness as I struggled to undress. I was about to put on my pajamas when I heard a scratching sound against my curtain. The conductor wanted his ticket. I grabbed my robe and fumbled for my purse. After dumping everything out I finally found my ticket which made me, as well as the conductor, very happy. In this process I had mislaid everything so I sat in the darkness for several minutes waiting for the train to start.

After an hour of such confusion I had discovered a way to keep my suitcase from falling on my already sore feet. I settled down for a good night's rest. The train rumbled on, and its rhythmic motion was about to put me to sleep when it began to slow down again. I had the queer sensation that I was continually falling through endless space. It made me very dizzy, and after a few sensations like that I knew my stomach could no longer stand such treatment. I propped up my pillow and sat up the rest of the night, shivering with cold.

I think the moral of this experience is very obvious—don't ever buy an upper berth if you expect to sleep on a train.

quit making him be "the same old Jimmy." I think the guy would like to relax for a while and be serious.

## Seniors Bequeath Their Treasures To Underclassmen In Class Will

The Senior Class presented its will and prophecy in an assembly on May 16. As the funeral march played and the will was read the members of the Senior Class entered dressed in their shrouds and carrying their tombstones marked R.I.P. (Rest In Peace). The late Seniors marched up the steps and behind the curtain into the next world.

The treasures bequeathed by the Seniors are as follows:

I, Rita Mae Allen, will my kindergarten stories to Flo Jones, with the hope that she will do as well by them as I tried to do.

I, Meg Brinkman, will the great "Custer's Last Stand" to Mac McGraw. I hope that she will keep it in the manner to which it is accustomed.

I, Earnestine Brown, will my over-abundant supply of good will to Lindenwood in general, with which to dispense as they deem necessary.

I, Betty Clark, will my date bureau with Webster Groves to Maggie Marshall.

I, Joyce dePuy, will my freckles to Rosemary Williamson.

I, Nelle Frances Eastwood, will my cool, calm air to one who certainly doesn't need a cool, calm air—Jackie Foreman.

I, Louise Eberspacher, will my wonderful ability to dance the can-can to Barb dePuy.

I, Joan Elson, will my unflinching ability to sleep through my 8 o'clock classes to Sarah Latshaw.

I, Joan Emons, will all of my "personal" love letters from "Our Man" to Eloise Sawyer.

I, Caroline Gillette, will picture schedules and broken appointments to anyone who hasn't had any glossy trouble, especially to you, poor, unaware editor of the 1947 Linden Leaves.

I, Elaine Gray, will my working hours at the nursery school to Jackie Whitford with no regrets.

I, Ann Hardin, will my extraordinary singing ability to Joan Breckenridge.

I, Genee Head, will my curly hair to Rosie Dron.

I, Carolyn Hempelman, will my great dramatic ability and all the applause to go with it to Joan O'Flynn.

I, Mary Celeste Hesser, will my knowledge of left-handed scissors and right-handed husbands to anyone who is in a similar predicament.

I, Harriet Hudson, will my Patrice Munsel-ish operatic voice to Coleen Johnson.

I, Betty Kilbury, will all my telephone calls, notes on the bulletin board, and tea room dates—in fact, I will Bill Gage to Nancy Dana.

I, Peggy King, will my ability to stay on Scarlett to Kay Blankenship.

I, Marge Kinkade, will my talent for getting "interesting" blind dates and my interest in athletics to anyone who wants them—please take them quickly.

We, Pat Latherow and Bettye Moody, will our Boogie Woogie talent to Doris Miller and any partner she finds that can keep up.

I, Jean Lohr, will Mr. Friess to Margaret Bomer.

I, Jane McGrede, will my fascinating drawl to Miss Margo VerKruzen.

I, Ruthe Meyer, will my "goofing-off" privileges to Jean Tilden for her very own.

I, Virginia Moehlenkamp, will my ability to misplace engagement rings conveniently to Gail Frew.

I, Virginia Moerschel, will my photographic equipment and my shutter-snapping piece on the annual to Luke Bancroft.

I, Montelle Moore, will my cooking uniforms to Miss Kaufman with the hope that she will feel as at home in them as I do after all these years.

I, Emma Lee Morgan, will my torch songs to Dodie Swilley.

I, Edie Mullins, will a '46 Plymouth to Betty Hunter and Shirley Reidel, and hope they will make good use of it next year.

I, Liz Murphey, will to my roommate and fellow-botanist, Jody Schroder, the right to pick all the flowers on the campus that she wants.

I, Eileen Murphy, will my ability to get mail from my men to Anne Lynn, who will have to work hard to get as much from Carl as I do from Bob.

I, Mary Lee Nathan, will my picture, "Sunset in Hawaii" to Freshie, and my white formal to Deana Bass.

I, Nancy Papin, will my bridge hands with "The Girls" to Ann Rode—who can play Jacoby forever.

I, Mary Ann Parker, will my worries on the current European situations to Jan Miller.

I, Jean Paulson, will my talkativeness to Lucette Stumberg.

I, Marilyn Robison, will my vitamin pills to Carolyn Coons.

I, Virginia Rozyskie, will my ability to keep a straight face in council meetings to Casey Jones.

I, Merryl Ryan, will my set of absence cards to Nora "Tex" Strength.

I, June Schatzmann, will all my bandages to Marilyn Mangum so that she can carry on in order that Betty Oak may be kept well bandaged next year.

I, Mabel Salfen, will my ability to wash, iron, cook, keep house, and go to school to Helen Horvath.

I, Mickey Seip, will to Betty Hardy my ability to keep Ayres Hall like a morgue.

## HALL OF FAME



The Linden Bark has chosen Miss Carolyn Hempelman of Des Moines, Ia., as its last candidate of the Hall of Fame during the school year, 1945-46, and is proud to present her as one of the outstanding girls on campus.

Hemp, the name by which everyone knows her, is president of the Athletic Association, and has been voted the Senior who has aided most in the furthering of interest in athletics during her years at Lindenwood. For this honor, an award has been made to her. She is the representative on the Student Council for the Senior Class, a post which she also held as a Sophomore.

During her Sophomore and Junior years, she was president of Tau Sigma. Last year, she was a Sibley representative on the Residence Council. Her other activities include Triangle Club, Encore Club, Terrapin, and the riding team, in which category she has won a number of ribbons. Hemp was a member of the Popularity Court of 1946.

The Hall of Fame is proud to open its doors to this outstanding Senior, and, along with saying "We shall miss you," goes "All the luck which you so honestly deserve."

I, Helen Joan Stahl, will my Bach solos on the marimba to Marie Isbell, but she's got to find her own marimba.

I, Liz Stoery, will the memory of my agonizing hours of practice on the violin to second Butler en masse.

I, Marie Szilagyi, will my ability to get people to Tau Sigma practices.

I, Betty Tabor, will my title as Professor Tabor in the chemistry lab to Keltah Long.

I, Ruth Titus, will my ability to make what I bid to Mary Louise Cunningham, who bids on ten as high card.

I, Betty Ullery, will to Sue Stegall the thirty-one pounds that I so diligently lost.

I, Marian Wagner, will my ability to keep my Pond's complexion, even though eating my own cooking, to Betty Pacatte.

I, Dot Wood, will to anyone who wants to put on weight my passion for milk shakes.

I, Jane McLean, will my journalistic inclinations to Louise Ritter.

The prophecy of the Seniors ten

## Alpha Psi Omega Presents "The Barretts" As Commencement Play

by Jane McLean

Against a richly elegant victorian background and to a very appreciative and delighted audience, Alpha Psi Omega presented "The Barretts" by Marjorie Carleton as its commencement play of 1946 on Friday, May 17, in Roemer Auditorium.

Directed by Miss Mary McKenzie Gordeon, the members of Alpha Psi and their supporting players did an excellent job in getting across the rather pathetic story of Edward Moulton-Barrett, his daughter Elizabeth, and, of Robert Browning.

The actors who portrayed the above mentioned parts did very well in getting across the complex and difficult characterizations of the three lives that were intertwined and so full of hidden cross currents of depth and emotion.

"The Barretts" is the story of the Barrett family and the lives of the children under their domineering and tyrannical father. It is the story of the gradual realization by his children of the fact that their lives are not their own, but are their father's, to manipulate and twist to suit his will; and of their ultimate defeat of this dominance under the impetus given them by Elizabeth, who disobeyed his order and married Robert Browning.

Barbara Hencke was perfectly chosen to play the part of Barrett. Dale Lange was sympathetically and beautifully cast as Elizabeth, and playing opposite her was Rita Finch, who brought Robert Browning back to life for a short period of time.

The other members of the cast were: Henrietta Barrett, Joanna Swanson, who deserves special recognition for her portrayal of a young girl caught up in the swirl of her father's demands and intolerance; Milly, Mary Jo Griebeling; George Barrett, Marie Szilagyi; Octavius Barrett, Gwynne Rosier; John Kenyon, Genevieve Willett; Arabell Barrett, Rosemary Dron; Wilson, Marilyn Mangum; Captain Surtees Cook, Polly Ganssle; and Miss Mitford, Pat Elliott.

The stage crew was: Mary Lois Walsmith, stage manager; Carolyn Hempelman, lights; Jacqueline Brickley and Joyce Raglin, properties.

The members of Alpha Psi Omega are: Joanna Swanson, Barbara Hencke, Dale Lange, Marilyn Mangum, Marquerite Finch, and Evelyn Sanders.

## Lindenwood Chapter of Red Cross Reviews Its Activities of the Year

The Lindenwood chapter of the Red Cross has been very active this year. Under the direction of Peggy King, chairman; Jean Sebastian, secretary; Harriette Hudson, treasurer; and Miss Donalee Wehrle, sponsor, the organization with the support of the student body has participated in the various national and local drives.

In October the Red Cross drive for gift packages which were to go to men on board ships for Christmas Day was answered 100 per cent. Following this drive was the War Chest Fund to which the students subscribed \$2,246.31. Our goal had been set at \$2000. The work of the chapter for November was the purchase and collection of Bingo prizes which were sent to Jefferson Barracks. Each hall responded with 100 per cent donations. During the flu epidemic before Christmas many Lindenwood nurses' aides volunteered to relieve the shortage of workers. Our Red Cross chapter set two objectives for March: the Mile of Dimes and their Come and Sew parties. Seventy-nine dollars was collected for the infantile paralysis fund, and 480 pairs of mittens were made at the parties. Not long ago, a number of representatives from the chapter attended a national meeting of colleges from the area of greater St. Louis held at Fontbonne. Here the year's work of each school was reported. The most recent contribution of the chapter in the recreational field was the entertainment presented for the veterans at Jefferson Barracks hospital. At present the Red Cross is stressing a food conservation program.

This brief resume of Lindenwood's efforts in the Red Cross points out that to a very great extent the chapter and the student body have been very cooperative in furthering the work of that national organization.

next year were elected.

Following the initiation of new members, the Press Club held its annual picnic last Thursday. Besides good food, congenial company, and lots of fun, the program was highlighted by the super private edition of the Club's annual newspaper.

The German Club will meet Wednesday at 6:30 o'clock in the Sibley Club Rooms.

The Future Teachers of America met Thursday, April 25, in the Library Club Rooms. Following an interesting sound-movie, the officers for

years hence was presented in a skit depicting a newspaper office where the notables of the day (Lindenwood alumnae) were giving the editor the facts of their great achievements. The achievements of the girls ranged from winning Pulitzer prize in journalism to being given the title of America's number one mother.

### THE CLUB CORNER

The Encore Club met in the Library Club Room on May 7 at 6:45 p. m.

Seniors, who are members of the Home Economics Club, were honored at a dinner given by the club at the Duquette on May 15.

The Commercial Club went to Forest Park Highlands on May 17.

Members of the Triangle Club had a picnic on May 8.

Kappa Pi, honorary art fraternity, held a meeting in the Library Club Room on May 13 at 5 p. m.

Pi Alpha Delta met in the Library Club Room on May 14 at 5 p. m.

On May 16 the members of the Poetry Society held their meeting in the Library Club Room.

The League of Women Voters had a picnic at the ovens on May 15, for members.

The Indiana Club will have a picnic Wednesday at the ovens.

Members of the Triangle Club will have a picnic at the ovens Wednesday afternoon.

The German Club will meet Wednesday at 6:30 o'clock in the Sibley Club Rooms.

The Future Teachers of America met Thursday, April 25, in the Library Club Rooms. Following an interesting sound-movie, the officers for

## STRAND THEATRE

St. Charles, Mo.

Tues-Wed. May 28-29

Geraldine Fitzgerald - Sidney Greenstreet in **THREE STRANGERS**

Thurs-Fri-Sat. May 30-31-June 1

Robert Walker-June Alleson in **THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE**

Sun-Mon. June 2-3

George Brent-Dorothy McGuire in **THE SPECIAL STAIRCASE**

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT

SHAPPE'S WEET HOP

1507 Clay Phone 1214

CLASSICAL & POPULAR RECORDS—SHEET MUSIC CARDS GIFTS

ST. CHARLES MUSIC HOUSE

230 N. Main

For Prompt Taxicab Service . . .

PHONE NO. 2



ST. CHARLES CAB CO.

HEADQUARTERS: HOTEL ST. CHARLES

LET'S RIDE THE BUS

BUSES PASS LINDENWOOD CAMPUS FIVE AFTER AND TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO THE HOUR.

CITIES SERVICE BUS CO.

## It's Been A Busy And Exciting Year With Many Happy Memories

by Helen Rotty

September 1945 was nine months ago. It may be hard to believe but it has been that long since we came to Lindenwood. To some of us one occasion will stand out, and to others a different event will remain in our memories above all of the others, but whatever our preferences we will all agree that this year at Lindenwood has had many happy memories.

It didn't take the Lindenwood girls long to get into the swing of things with parties and mixers and theater parties almost before we had unpacked. Soon, however, we had settled down to classes with teas, picnics, and class meetings. On October 24, we celebrated Founder's Day and Dr. A. M. Schwitalla of St. Louis University gave the address.

The Freshmen sponsored a Halloween Party for the whole school and presented their Halloween Court. Carol Clayton was crowned queen by her Maid of Honor Ann Mitchell. Beverly Bacon was the second Maid of Honor. Thanksgiving included an address by Mr. J. L. Bracken, a theatre party and an "Open House" in the new Sibley Club Room.

Before we went home for Christmas Vacation, the Instrumental Association gave an All-School Mixer, and the Fall Play "And Came the Spring" was presented. Then, of course, there was the Annual Lindenwood Family

Christmas Dinner and the Christmas Parties in the Residence Halls.

The holidays came and went before we knew it and we were busy studying for finals, taking time out for a sleigh ride that turned out to be a hay ride because of the inconsiderate weather. We celebrated Valentine's Day with an array of parties including an all-school formal dance.

Joan Emons was elected Popularity Queen and her attendants were Mary Medora Swilley and Caroline Gillette. The Press Club Annual Gridiron Dinner was another gala occasion for Ayres Dining Hall.

The Regional College Science Meeting was held shortly before Easter Vacation began and right after the holidays, the clothing classes presented a never-to-be-forgotten fashion show.

The Commencement Play was May 17 and the annual Spring Horse Show and May Fete was May 18. "Liz" Stoery was crowned queen; Dottie Swilley was Maid of Honor. Exams started May 24 and June 3 will bring all of our memories for this year at Lindenwood to a close.

There were many interesting speakers and campus guests this year, including Madame Pandit, the Chinese Theater, H. R. Knickerbocker, Stell Anderson, a stage company which produced "Romeo and Juliet," Anna Louise Strong, and Dr. Nejlá Izzaddin.

## Carolyn Glenn Wins Sigma Tau Delta Prize With Short Story

Carolyn Glenn is the winner of the annual Sigma Tau Delta creative writing contest for Freshmen. She submitted a short story, "They That Dwell in the House." The determining factors in the judges' decision were the author's insight into human nature, her sensitive analysis of character, and the story's vivid, realistic details.

The second prize was awarded to Genevieve Lee Willet for her entry, "April." This essay showed a profound understanding of adolescent psychology and was unique because of the author's freshness and originality in the handling of an old theme.

Carol Lee Cathcart was given the third prize for the lively humor and facility with words she employed in her essay, "It's a Scream."

Those who received honorable mention are: Suzanne Pfeifer, who wrote "The Star Over Bethlehem Shines"; Carol Clayton for her book review, "Beach Red"; Frances Claire Jones for her delightful short story, "A Puppy's Christmas."

Some of the other entries which in the opinion of the judges are worthy of publication appear in this issue. The judges were a committee of faculty and Sigma Tau Delta members.

## Lindenwood Students At Foreign Policy Meet

The universities and colleges of the St. Louis area were hosts to the Missouri Intercollegiate Conference on Foreign Policy at Washington University in St. Louis May 9-12.

Charles Bunn, special assistant to the Undersecretary of State, addressed the session on Friday and Saturday and conducted informal talks with the attending students. The principal theme of the discussion was the establishment of an American foreign policy and the responsibility of the United States in the abolishment of international strife.

Colleges represented included: St. Louis University, Principia, Harris Teachers College, Lindenwood, Monticello, Webster College, Concordia Theological Seminary, Eden Theological Seminary and Washington University.

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

**Pechtern**  
Cleaning Company

**Yellow Cab**

Phone 133

## Molly Freshman Discovers That Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow As Year Ends

Dear Diary,

This has been a year that will never be forgotten. Aw, go on and leave. Soon I'll be in tears if you don't. Just doesn't seem possible that this year is over and we are parting. Shakespeare said that parting was such sweet sorrow, but I disagree with him.

The last two weeks of school have been simply packed with activities. Started off with the Student Council Street Supper and the Senior Carnival. The Carnival was a scream. Imagine Emma Lee Morgan as a torch singer. The Can-Can dancers were so funny.

Then came a series of picnics at the ovens. Roughing it with jeans on. Cooking our own hot dogs. Just like home.

Packing has been fun, but just where did I get all the stuff that is hanging out of my trunk. Had to sit on the suitcases to get them closed and now the trunk won't even begin to close. Woe is me. Guess I shouldn't have made so many trips to the city. But goodness, I just had to have all the stuff. There's my Lindenwood Dog a baby doll, Teddy Bear, Elephant, and Giraffe; there are pillows for chairs and the floor; bedspreads; curtains;

At last the time has come for us to drapes; rugs; waste baskets; pictures from the bulletin board; a sign from the pickets at the Gridiron Dinner; one of the hearts from the Valentine dance; a Bugs Bunny poster from the Bunny Hop; dried up flowers from all the dances, my birthday, and Easter; and just millions of other little (and big) things that I have collected this year. Won't Mom be surprised?

If we only didn't have to take exams everything would be rosy, but there's evil in everything good, I suppose, so I'll struggle through exams along with the rest of the gals.

Got the room I wanted for next year. Went to the drawing expecting it to be gone but it wasn't so I grabbed it quick. Should have even more fun next year than this if that is possible.

Well, diary dear, the time has come for us to part, so I'll just say so long and it's been loads of fun. Hope you won't ever forget me, and I'm sure you'll stay in my memory forever. Have fun this summer and I'll see you around next year, when I'm a privileged character known as a sophomore.

With my love and best wishes.  
Molly Freshman  
(almost Sophomore)

## Dr. Gage Speaks At Mother's Day Service

Mother's Day at Lindenwood was climaxed by the Sunday evening vesper services. A large basket of red and white carnations lent the traditional floral atmosphere. The choir presented a choral tribute to Mothers.

Dr. Gage's address was his last vesper service. The theme of his talk was the problem of parenthood. His vivid exposition of the misunderstood father was both humorous and manifest. The student body was deeply inspired by the sincerity and simplicity of his tribute to Mothers.

## Senior Class Entertains Faculty At Informal Party

The faculty of Lindenwood College was entertained by the Senior Class at an informal party in Butler Gym on Friday, May 10. The theme of the party was Vacation Time, and the decorations and setting were designed to carry out this scheme.

Entertainment by the Seniors, in the form of a mock-wedding skit, and several single numbers, was given before the refreshments of cake, strawberries, whipped cream, and coffee were served. Table games formed the recreation of the evening.

## 28th May Queen

Continued from page 1

bara Carroll in pale green, and the Junior attendants, Erle Deane Bass and Bonnie Lampkins, in soft pink. Then came the Senior attendants, Montelle Moore and Marie Szilagyi, in yellow and the Maid of Honor, Mary Swilley, in blue. The petite flower girls, Eileen Manning and Dorothy Lee Bernard, charming in green frocks, were accompanied by Tommy Clevenger, the crown bearer.

As the trumpets rang with increased vigor, the Queen of the May, Elizabeth Stoery, gowned in the traditional white, moved gracefully to her sylvan throne where she was crowned by her Maid of Honor.

After the Senior Class had sentimentally sung "Remember," the "villagers" entertained the queen with their dancing. The Freshmen, in alternately pink and blue dresses, led the festivities by weaving a maypole, accompanied by the choir singing "Country Gardens."

The Country Dance Group in riotously colorful costumes performed three authentic English dances—"Shepherd's Dance," "British Grenadiers," and "Gathering Peascods"—which were played by the Symphonic Band.

While the choir sang "Follow Me

## Horse Show

continued from page 1

of all winning the Championship Section. Second place in this group went to Carolyn Hempelman, with Babs Bush and Marble Ayers placing third and fourth respectively. Mrs. Helen Egelhoff is the riding instructor at Lindenwood.

Down to Carlow," Tau Sigma danced a stylized version of a country dance. The girls wore aqua, white, or yellow leotards under gauzy, hand-painted white skirts.

Processional music was provided by Louise Ritter playing "Postlude" by Faulkes on the Sibley organ; recessional music was "Shepherd's Hey" by Grainger played by the Symphonic Band.

A reception for the queen was held at 4 o'clock in Sibley club room.

Martha Hardin was the narrator. The band was under the direction of Mr. Fletcher MacMurry, and the choir was directed by Miss Doris Gieseiman. Miss Mary Elizabeth McCoy was in charge of the dances.

**BAND BOX CLEANERS**  
CALL AND DELIVERY

SERVICE AT THE COLLEGE POST OFFICE

Phone 701 316 N. Main Str.

Your St. Charles  
**DRUG STORES**  
Welcome YOU  
REXALL DRUG STORE  
SERVICE DRUG  
TAINTER DRUG  
STANDARD DRUG  
AT YOUR SERVICE  
Our interest is to serve you Better

LET US KEEP

YOUR RADIO OR PHONOGRAPH WORKING THIS YEAR

**DENNING RADIO CO.**

TRY US—  
**PICTURES**

TO BE PROUD OF

**KIDERLEN'S**

568 Madison Street  
Phone 1204

THANKS FOR YOUR PATRONAGE THE PAST YEAR AND THE MANY PLEASANT ASSOCIATIONS

TO THE SENIORS—  
CONGRATULATIONS AND MUCH SUCCESS

TO THOSE OF YOU RETURNING NEXT YEAR—  
WE PLEDGE OUR UTMOST EFFORT TO BETTER SERVE YOU

TO ALL OF YOU—  
A MOST PLEASANT AND ENJOYABLE VACATION

400 Clay St. **BUSE FLOWER SHOP** Phone 148

**RYTEX PRINTED STATIONERY**  
50 Sheets, 50 Envelopes - Printed with your name  
\$1.00

Now On Sale At

**Ahmann's Newsstand**

A Sincere "Thank You" and  
A Happy Vacation To All



**PARKVIEW GARDENS**

1925 Randolph

Opposite Blanchette Park

PHONE 214

Flowers For All Occasions

# Prize-Winning Entries In Annual Sigma Tau Delta Contest

## FIRST PRIZE

### They That Dwell In The House.

by Carolyn H. Glenn

THE old lady transferred her cane from her crippled right hand to her left and caught at the rosebush to pull herself up the last step. "Hee!" she said on a long drawn sigh. She walked across the porch, propped her cane inside the recess made for the door, and entered the dim hallway. A mixture of odors reached her nostrils—from the room to her right—her sister's room—came all the stagnant odors which seem always to accumulate in the rooms of the very old; from the hall in which she stood came the heady, sickening fragrance of tuberose; from the back of the house arose the tantalizing smell of frying ham. All these odors she sensed without being actually aware of them. She entered the room to her right, where her sister sat silently in the low rocker that was to the entire family "Mama's chair."

"Hi, Minnie-Minx," she said. Minnie looked up. "Oh, it's you," she said.

Mary dragged a heavy chair about four inches closer to the low rocker. "Well, Minnie, what have you been doing all day?" Mary knew that her sister had not been more than fifty paces from the door of her room for over four months.

"Oh, I helped Amanda in the kitchen and worked around in the flower garden a little," Minnie said.

"Now, Minnie, you're telling me a whopper. You know you haven't been in any flower garden."

"Oh, yes, Mary. I weeded my nasturtiums and trained the sweet peas. And Mr. Atwood came out and helped me with the roses." Minnie's husband, Mr. Atwood, had been dead for nearly two years.

In the silence that followed, Mary fished an intricate crochet piece from the depths of her over-packed knitting bag, and began to work on it swiftly and precisely. "Poor Minnie," she thought. "Her mind is just falling to pieces."

Rising slowly from her low chair, Minnie crossed the room to the bureau, where she began to rummage through a stuffed drawer. Mary looked up from her work and was just about to speak when Minnie said, "I've pretty near got this dress done for the little girl." She held in her hand a much-mended baby apron, a spool of coarse black thread, and a large darning needle. Resuming her seat, Minnie began tediously to rip off one of the patches.

"You remember Tommy Bates?" Mary asked.

"Tommy Bates?"

"Yes. He used to live across the street from us in Crider."

"I never lived in Crider," Minnie said.

"Oh, yes, you did, Minnie. Don't you remember we lived there when Jackie was a little baby. Tommy and Luly Bates lived right across the street in that big yellow brick house."

Minnie's face clouded as she apparently made an effort to remember. Finally she said, "No ma'am. I never lived in Crider."

Al, Minnie's grandson, bounded into the hall, letting the screen door slam behind him. He looked at the two old ladies sitting in the suffocatingly odorous room. "Hi, Mama. Hello, Aunt Mary."

"Jackie," Minnie said, calling her grandson by his father's name, "I wish you wouldn't let the door bang like that. Your father is asleep in the back bedroom."

"Dad's at the office," Al said, throwing his tennis racket in the general direction of a chair. He went toward the kitchen shouting, "Mother!"

A car stopped in front of the house. Presently Jack Atwood, middle-aged and only moderately successful, entered his mother's room. "Hello,

Aunt Mary," he said. "What have you girls been doing today?"

"Oh," Minnie said, "we've just been doing around here in the house. Jackie just came home. . . Mr. Atwood, I wish you would go out to the well and draw some water before supper time."

"I will," Jack said. "Let me change my clothes first." He went toward his own room.

From force of habit, Mary looked at the long-stopped clock on the mantel. Its hands had been fixed for years at 8:17. "Hee! It is getting along toward night," she said. "I guess I better go get my little vittles cooked." "You be coming back tomorrow?" Minnie asked anxiously.

"Yes. I'll be here tomorrow afternoon if nothing breaks nor bends. . . Take care of yourself."

Minnie did not even look up as Mary left. Tediously she began to sew the patch back on the baby apron, rocking gently as she sewed.

Minnie apparently did not notice Amanda Atwood, her daughter-in-law, standing in the doorway. Amanda stood silently for a moment watching the old lady rock and sew. Peering into the dirty, crowded room, her face was clouded by a distasteful frown. As she sniffed the air, her frown deepened. Amanda made a slight sound in her throat. Minnie turned from her work toward the younger woman.

"Why, hello. . . Amanda? It is Amanda, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mama, it's Amanda. What do you want me to bring you for supper tonight?"

"Bring me for supper! Pshaw! I'll go to the table like I always do."

"We're having fried ham and some nice potatoes and a pretty jello salad, Mama. Don't you want me to bring you some of that?"

"No, ma'am. You aren't going to bring me anything. I'll be down in the kitchen in a minute to help you."

Amanda shrugged her shoulder, and turned back into the hall, walking slowly as if hesitant to leave. After about five steps, she turned suddenly, back-tracked swiftly, and re-entered her mother-in-law's room. Her lips were drawn into a tight line and in her eyes was an expression of determination. "Mama," she said. "I'm going to have Wilmuth give your room a good cleaning tomorrow. We'll see if we can get rid of some of this trash you've got stuck around here."

Minnie's eyes became large and troubled. Fear played at the edges of her voice as she said, "Oh, no, ma'am. I'll get it cleaned up before long. There's not much to do. You know I clean it up every week."

"Mama, you know this room hasn't been cleaned for weeks! It smells musty-dirty! I'm going to have Wilmuth do it tomorrow. Aunt Mary will be down here and you all can sit in the guest room."

The frightened expression did not leave Minnie's face. "Maybe you can sit out on the front porch if it's a nice day," Amanda bribed.

"No, ma'am," Minnie said stubbornly. "My room's nice and clean."

Her determination wavering, Amanda replied disgustedly, "Wilmuth will clean the room tomorrow. Now I'll go fix your tray." Amanda's heels clicked sharply on the polished floor as she returned to the kitchen.

Minnie sat alone again in the darkening room. Although her windows were closed, she sensed a slight breeze. Rising slowly, she hobbled to the door and closed it. "It's getting dark," she said to no one at all. "I'd better light the lamp." She went to the fireplace and fumbled at the objects on the mantel, groping as if she could not see them. "I wonder where the matches can be now," she said to herself, and then more loudly, "Mr. Atwood! Will you, please, sir, bring

## Nostalgia.

by Doris Edmiston

In October I can smell Christmas in the air. When I hear the Christmas bell, Although the trees are bare I think of Spring.

Nature shines in the sun's whims, But Summer cannot last. Then Autumn sings her colored hymns. The year is too soon past. As is everything.

me some matches? I want to light the lamp."

Al entered his grandmother's room carrying her supper tray. "It's getting dark in here, Mama. Why don't you turn on the light."

"I want to, but I can't find any matches. Did your father give you some to bring me?"

"Matches? What do you want with matches? You're turning into a pyromaniac maybe? At that, some of this junk could stand burning up."

Minnie was puzzled. "I want a match to light the lamp."

Al put the tray upon a small table and crossed to the floor lamp by the window. His voice lost some of its callousness as he said, "You don't need a match, Mama. . . Come here. Look. . . See, you just turn this little switch. See?"

The shadows disintegrated before the power of light. Minnie looked about, amazement in her eyes. "Why, thank you, Jackie. I didn't know you could light the lamp that way."

"Well, you know now," Al said.

"Yes. . . I know. . . now."

"Here's your supper. Better eat it while it's hot."

"Oh, yes. . . My supper. Amanda should have called me. I meant to go to the table."

"Well," Al said, impatience fringing his voice, "it's here now. You might as well eat it."

"Oh, yes. . . I'll eat it. Thank you, Jackie. Tell your father not to worry about bringing the matches."

"Yes'm. I'll be back after your dishes." He sighed with relief and went back to the dining room.

Minnie's evening was occupied by her endless work on the baby apron. Jack came in and talked to his mother for about five minutes, but exhausted her meager conversational store and left. At nine o'clock, Minnie got indressed to go to bed. She turned down her bed, removing the long, daytime bolster and substituting a thin pillow. Tottering to the floor lamp, she removed the shade cautiously with both hands, and blew fiercely on the glowing bulb. She blew until her eyes looked as if they might bulge from their sockets. It was thus that Amanda found her mother-in-law when she came to tell the old lady good-night. She paused a moment in the door, staring at the shadowy-frail old lady puffing furiously at the incandescent bulb. "What on earth are you doing, Mama?" Amanda asked as she advanced into the room.

"I'm trying to blow out this lamp. . . but I can't. See if you can."

"You run and hop into bed," Amanda said in the tone one would use in addressing a child, "and I'll put the light out then."

"Yes. . . I'll get in bed."

Amanda followed Minnie to the bed and helped her in. As the younger woman tucked the covers under Minnie's chin, she said, "Don't forget. The room's going to be cleaned tomorrow."

Minnie shivered almost imperceptibly and pulled the covers closer around herself. "I'll clean it up," she said.

Amanda crossed quickly to the lamp, snapping it off. She raised a window, and started toward the door. She stopped when Minnie said the window let a draught blow on her.

"I don't see how there could possibly

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Kitten. . . . .	Jane Blood	7
Grace for a Lindenwood Girl. . . . .	Virginia Steinke	9
Poem. . . . .	Jean Tilden	9
Nostalgia. . . . .	Doris Edmiston	7
Her Hair. . . . .	Louise Kerr	11

The following manuscripts in this issue are entries in the Sigma Tau Delta literary contest for freshmen.

They That Dwell in the House (first prize) . . . . .	Carolyn H. Glenn	7
April (second prize) . . . . .	Genevieve Lee Willett	8
It's a Scream (third prize) . . . . .	Carol Lee Cathcart	8
The Star Over Bethlehem Shines (honorable mention) . . . . .	Suzanne Pfeifer	9
Beach Red (honorable mention) . . . . .	Carol Clayton	9
A Puppy's Christmas (honorable mention) . . . . .	Frances Claire Jones	10
Parfum and Malted Milk . . . . .	Virginia Campbell	11
And Then There Are Readers . . . . .	Gwendolyn Rozier	11
Grandpa's Story . . . . .	Mary Elizabeth DeVries	10
Return Engagement . . . . .	Corinne Weller	12
Where Does the Light Go When You Turn It Off? . . . . .	Jo Anne Smith	11

be a draught on you, Mama. The window's clear on the other side of the room," Amanda said, but she turned, closed the window and left quickly. She was half way down the hall when her mother-in-law's voice came to her again. Impatience in each movement, she re-entered the musty, dirty room. Her voice was disarmingly sweet; in the darkness Minnie could not see the flashing of Amanda's eyes.

"What is it, Mama?"

"About the room. . . cleaning it. . . I don't care if you clean it tomorrow."

"That's fine, Mama," Amanda replied, triumph in her words. "I knew you wouldn't want a dirty room."

Leaving the door, she walked a few steps into the room. "I think I'll move the furniture a little," she said. "I can put the dresser. . . No. . . Oh, well! That can wait till in the morning."

"In the morning," Minnie said.

When Amanda came in to bring Minnie's breakfast tray, the old lady was already sitting up in bed. Her tired old eyes had lost some of their dimness and seemed almost to sparkle. When Amanda asked the reason for Minnie's excitement, the old lady giggled nervously, "Oh, I just feel good. I think I'll go uptown. . . and get the groceries myself today. It's such a pretty day. . . Isn't it?"

"Going uptown! Why, Mama! You'll do no such thing! You know you aren't strong enough to walk a block—much less uptown! Now, eat your breakfast. We've got a lot to do today. I've decided—here, put the tray on this pillow—let's see—oh, yes. . . I was going to say that I've decided that while we're cleaning your room, I'll just have Gus paint the

woodwork and you can just stay in the guest room a couple of nights. And then you'll have a nice, fresh room. Won't you like that?"

Minnie looked at her daughter-in-law blankly. "Clean the room? Are you going to clean my room? You don't need to. I keep it tidy myself, you know."

"Oh, Mama, I told you about it yesterday! Now, I'm busy—Wilmuth's already here. Eat your breakfast and I'll come back for your tray in a little while."

Amanda hurried from the room, and Minnie obediently began to raise spoonfuls of cereal to her mouth. On her face there was still a troubled, puzzled expression.

Amanda was busy all day. Gus and Wilmuth cleaned the room expertly and swiftly, but Amanda could not refrain from overseeing their work. "Of course, Gus and Wilmuth are the best help anybody could ask for," she

said to Jack at noon, "but you know how colored people are these days. . . particularly the younger ones. Of course, Gus and Wilmuth aren't young, but—oh, I better fix Mama's tray. She wanted to come to the table again today. . . Poor old thing! I sure am glad to get her room cleaned. It is such a—a-blemish on the house!"

The woodwork was painted and left to dry. Afraid that someone would go into the room and touch the wet paint, Amanda rolled a rug in front of the door.

Minnie stayed passively in the guest room while Amanda had the room cleaned. At times she seemed to forget that she was not in her own room.

On the second night that she was in the guest room, Minnie woke up early. "I better get up," she said to herself. "I've got to start breakfast." She inched her way tediously out of bed and walked to the dresser. Taking the frilly shade from the dressing table lamp, she stared dully at the bulb.

"Oh, pshaw! I don't have a match," she whispered. Looking about the room, recognition filled her eyes. "Why this isn't my room. . . my room. . . the matches are in there. Mr. Atwood must have left them. I guess I'll just go after some."

Minnie walked carefully to her own room, cautiously avoiding furniture only dimly perceived in the half-light. At the door of her room she did not notice the rug blocking the opening. Stumbling, she fell, knocking a broom over. The broom handle struck Minnie's delicate temple. She lay still.

Amanda carried Minnie's breakfast tray to the guest room. Seeing the bed empty, she set the tray on the floor and ran quickly, as if fore-warned, to Minnie's room. There she found the old lady as she had fallen with the broom handle still resting against her head. Blood oozed from a cut on the temple. Stooping, Amanda listened instantly to her mother-in-law's heart. Her face grew white and her knees trembled so that she could hardly rise. "Jack!" she called. "Jack! Come quickly. . . It's Mama!"

## Kitten.

by Jane Blood

Greyish kitten  
Soft and furry,  
Warm and curling  
Mass of purring;  
Soft and fluffy  
Bushy tail;  
A rumped ruff  
Beneath his chin;  
Tufted foot pads  
Gently pressing  
As I hold a ball of velvet in my hand.

# The Linden Bark Literary Supplement

## SECOND PRIZE

April.

by Genevieve Lee Willett

Lacy clouds floated effortlessly through the soft sky as swallows swished in and out among them. Families of robins walked sedately about on the fresh grass, and redbud trees melted into view like dips of raspberry sherbet.

To the normal citizen of Pawnee this was just an ordinary day in the spring. He arose at the same hour, ate the same type of toast and coffee for breakfast, and went about his daily work in the same manner that he had during all the other mornings of the year. Men lingered as they opened their stores to discuss the prospects of the local baseball team. As they wiped their lines for the weekly wash, wives carefully scanned the peaceful sky to see if there was any possibility of a sudden cloudburst's ruining their first picnic of the year.

To Kathy, however, it was a most amazing morning. It was April, and she was sixteen! She knelt a moment by the window and breathed deeply before she dressed. "It's wonderful to be alive," she thought. "The rain made everything smell so good. Oh, isn't this just a perfect Saturday?"

She sprang lightly to her feet and slid out of her nightie. As she struggled with the middle button on the back of her pinafore, a mirror halted her endeavors. Carefully she analyzed her pointed face—the lips that needed to be built out ever so delicately, the straight nose that asserted itself, and the variable grey eyes that drooped at the corners. She experimented with her eyes by opening them widely, but concluded that she looked prettier a little sleepy than startled silly. An ugly bump on her temple required a moment of intense scrutiny before she squeezed it. Contemplating a change of style for her coarse auburn hair, she wondered whether she should attempt sophistication or remain the way her mother preferred her, "sweet and girlish." Perhaps Kenneth admired more adult women. His ideal would be her pattern, for she loved him completely and hopelessly.

Slowly Kathy submerged herself into the rumpled quilts on her bed and closed her eyes the better to facilitate dreams and memories. In an exaggerated manner she endured again the rapture and anguish of the few occasions when she had been alone with Ken.

The first time she had realized her yearning for him was before a Spanish class last December. He had entered the room with his dark hair mussed and an impish smile on his lips. As he seated himself in the seat in front of hers, he placed his hand beneath her chin.

"Is it cold?" he asked laughingly and looked directly into her eyes.

"Why, his eyes are gold," she thought, "like a tiger's." Trying to control the iciness tingling all over her whether from the chilliness of his hand or the excitement of his contact, she squealed aloud, "Oh, don't! You are cold."

When the instructor asked for attention, Ken turned around, and Kathy focused her thoughts on his back.

"How broad his shoulders are?" she considered as she mentally compared them with the other boys' shoulders. "And his ears are so neat the way they fit his head."

In the following weeks Kathy learned to know each little crease in the back of his neck. She discovered his opinions concerning everything from his favorite color, red, to his definite ideas about the strike situation. His past love life was thoroughly investigated, and Kathy was encouraged concerning his future love life when she discovered that he had never dated a girl longer than a month. Kathy loved Kenneth's lanky brown fingers turning the pages of his book, his size twelve and

a half shoes sprawling in the aisle, and his voice drawing around her name. Happiness became a new marvel to her.

The New Year's Dance had been rototingly stupid and stupendous for Kathy. It was the custom of the sorority hostess to let the girls ask their dates, and a senior girl beat Kathy to Kenneth. Kathy asked Dale, who was nice enough if a little boring, and sallied onto the crowded dance floor. She forgot all her troubles when Kenneth cut in.

"Aren't you a little cool?" he asked, smiling at her bare shoulders.

"No, warm as toast," she whispered, floating away in a private heaven.

"I suppose you know that you're beautiful, especially with those things in your hair that make your eyes look like violets."

"Why, Kenneth," she murmured teasingly and studied intently his hand-made tie. "Could this be his notorious line?" she wondered excitedly.

"It's true, and besides that you smell good. Kind of like a..."

But Kathy never knew what fragrance drifted from her for Dale loomed over Kenneth's shoulder like a wretched ogre to reclaim her. She suffered through eons of dances watching Ken sweeping along with his date, for apparently he was stuck with her. Just before twelve o'clock, however, a brave boy cut in, and Ken was free again. Contrary to her hopes, he lounged over to the punch bowl and stuffed himself with the innocent-looking grape punch and cookies, which he ate with one bite.

A whistle pierced the gayety, and a wild New Year prevailed. Once she looked up to catch Ken directing a swirl of confetti toward her. She blew her horn at him. Then suddenly she was avoiding Dale's feet to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and the dance was over.

Except for Spanish class she hadn't seen Kenneth often after that until Marian's party last Friday night. She had gone late, and as she crossed the porch, she jumped to see him loling on the railing.

"Hi, there, Kath," he said, pulling himself to his feet.

"Hi," answered Kathy. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, just counting the stars. A thousand four hundred and thirty-eight so far."

"Mars is pretty tonight," said Kathy, striving to appear intelligent. "Yeah, and out in Wyoming she's really red."

"Wyoming? That's where you go during the summer?" she asked, contemplating this new aspect of his character.

"Leaving June first, and I can't wait. I'm going out on my motorcycle."

"Your motorcycle? Golly, that will be fun!"

"Have you ever ridden one?" he asked.

"Well, no, but it looks like fun," Kathy stammered.

"I'll come by some night and take you for a ride on mine."

"OK. That would be swell," she uttered sweetly, trying not to bubble over into wild laughter.

The insistent ringing of the hall telephone interrupted her reverie and disappointed her, for it was a wrong number. Down in the warm kitchen Kathy realized that her family had gone to their various duties and left her alone. A large kettle of starch was bubbling on the stove, and she could hear the thumpety-bump of the washing machine on the back porch. Ignoring the breakfast dishes stacked in the sink, she poured herself some Rice Krispies. Kathy ate slowly and deliberately.

The steaming kitchen had changed in her mind into a quaint French restaurant. The empty coke bottle in the center of the table transferred it-

self into a candle which shed soft light on her features. Kathy became a charming lady with mystery in her eyes, and Kenneth, who had changed into a Prince Charming with questionable intentions, was fondling her hand.

"No, Ken, my darling," whispered Kathy, "I just couldn't. You know I love you, but there are things I must never forget."

Her mother peered around the door. "Whatever are you doing, Kathy," she asked wonderingly. "Bring me my black slippers, dear. I can't come in in these filthy things." She wiped her hands on her damp apron. "Oh, yes, Kathy, after you finish the dishes, I'd like for you to run down to the Famous and get those things on my list. It's there on the left-hand side of my dresser," she called.

As Kathy strolled down Eighth Street, she pinched herself just to be assured that she wasn't in some wonderland, for the world was so beautiful. Suddenly she caught her breath! She heard the unmistakable put-put of a motorcycle. Could it be Kenneth? Pulling her stomach in and changing her easy gait to what she hoped was a mature walk, Kathy closed her eyes and wished silently, "I hope he waves and smiles. He might even pick me up and take me for a ride. No, he wouldn't do that, but I do hope he smiles."

The motorcycle zipped by, but proved to be driven by a stranger.

Kathy consoled herself by imagining that the tall Kenneth was matching his long strides with her short ones. She swung her arms as she pretended she was holding his hand. Gazing passionately up into the trees, she murmured, "Kenneth, my wild Geronimo, I love you. Hold me close, dear, and don't ever let me escape you."

She stumbled awkwardly over the cracked sidewalk and realized that she was approaching the main street of the small city.

After accumulating the numerous articles for her mother, Kathy made her way toward Brownie's, the high school hang-out. A large white motorcycle dominated the parking space in front of the drug store. A brilliant striped case covered the soft seat, and the initials, K. L., were painted on the side of the motor.

Reverently Kathy ran her fingers over its cold handle bars before she ambled casually into the store. Near the counter lounged a self-assured boy with wavy black hair and ears that fit his head neatly. He was finishing a double coke and preparing to leave. He turned to a minute blonde girl beside him.

"Want to ride around a bit?" he asked her.

"Sure thing," she accepted.

The small blonde girl and towering brunette boy passed by a stricken little red-head as they departed, but they had no way of discerning her agony. The world grew dim to Kathy.

"He never goes with girls," she thought unreasonably. "He's always alone. Oh, Kenneth, that blonde creature doesn't like you. She's nuts about Jim Gordon 'cause I heard her say so. My hair would blow back just as pretty as hers does, and I'd love it so much more. Oh, Kenneth!"

The motorcycle whipped around a corner and evaded her view. A group of horses filled up the street with dust, and someone in the next block had a "stuck horn" that was blasting the quiet.

"Want something?" the soda jerk asked carelessly.

"An aspirin and a short coke, please," Kathy replied, hoping no one would notice that her knees shook or that she dropped her money three times before she succeeded in placing it carefully in the boy's hand. Her eyes burned around the rims and her head spun with the word, "Why?"

"Why did Ken take that other girl? Why didn't he speak to me as he left? Why can't I laugh it off?" she

wondered.

High above the cour house an oriole had returned for the summer months. It was spring, and the world was at its loveliest. Life, however, can be incredibly miserable; even if it's April, and you are sixteen.

## THIRD PRIZE It's A Scream.

by Carol Lee Cathcart

The day was like a tepid bath(1)—one to be approached with eagerness and left with an illusive sense of contented well-being. The sky was blue as only Missouri heavens can be, and the atmosphere had a keen freshness comparable to an ice cube run lightly over a feverish face.(2) A bee, idly humming back and forth, furnished the only disquieting element.(3) Yet, sitting in the swing surrounded by all of this beauty, I was quite oblivious to it. My mood of despair was so deep that, in comparison, it made the slough which Christian crossed(4) appear to be a mere mud puddle. The very radiance of the scene was to me an insult not to be considered lightly. I had murder in my mind and in my heart. If I must of necessity write a story and if it must of necessity be about something which I personally knew, then what could I do but create a suggestive situation? Murder stories have always intrigued me; why not compose one? But, I unhappily replies have always intrigued me; why not compose one? But, I unhappily rejoined, you have never seen or committed a murder!

I arose impatiently from the creaking green swing(5) and struck out across the lawn toward town. To get away from the thoughts forming rapidly in my mind, I must walk. Somewhere, anywhere,(6) just to relieve the feeling of frustration winding up inside of me like a taut spring.

"Hi!" I looked up. Coming toward me down the walk was a girl, to me a strange girl, her only familiarity being that she too had paid money to come to school. I didn't know her; I didn't care to know her.(7) "Hello," I grumbled. Why had I bothered to answer? I sneered at myself derisively. Oh, to get that old campus feeling of one big family. That's the trouble, I felt like shouting; even strangers feel compelled to smile and speak. Suddenly the impersonality of a city(8) seemed the most desirable thing I could wish for.

The grass was beginning to thrust its first green stalks toward the sky with the same investigating touch that is used by the first bather of the year when he tests the water with one inquiring big toe. An early robin with a like touch of inquisitiveness hopped across the grey and white cement particles that formed my path. Somehow, the whole pleasant spring scene made me tighten up inside even as I looked at it. Robins and spring in February were not logical; they gave me a confused feeling as though spring were here, when in reality winter still lingered. A climate such as this either made one love it for its fickleness or hate it for its very changeableness. I hated it.(9)

I finally arrived at the gates marking the end of the campus grounds and the beginning of a somewhat larger prison known as a college town. Thoughts of my roommate were now whirling in my feverish brain. Since my composition could be about a character, why not write about her? She certainly would come under that classification, but then, no more so than all of the other girls on campus, I decided. What if she did chew gum, tell jokes, never go to bed at night because she was doing her washing, and never do her share to keep the room clean?(10) Probably other girls had habits just as bad—although I could not visualize them.

"Hi yah, Babe!" My head snapped up and my eyes hardened as they per-

ceived the truck driver leering at me from the seat of a huge van.(11) A feeling of such intense hatred welled up inside me that some spark of it must have shown in my face, for the driver hauled his head back inside the window and shrugged his shoulders. With a feeling of blackness closing in upon me like a tent, I watched the truck disappear. What was there about this town that made every man look at every girl as though she were a potential "pick-up" and a specimen upon a table?(12)

Perceiving that some blocks had passed while I was concerned with my black reverie, I finally glanced up and beheld a house almost directly in my path. The domicile, perching stolidly upon a rolling hill, presented a determined facade, as though it had clung there through the years by sheer tenacity. A woman who also exhibited a resolute countenance was busily scrubbing the stone steps leading out to the walk I was following. I looked at her, envying her the purposeful job that required no struggling over theme, tense, or wording. As I came up beside her, the brush she held in her hand slipped, sloshing filthy water over my shoes and white wool anklets. She scrambled clumsily to her large feet, stammered some kind of a confused apology, and endeavored at the same time to smear at my hose with another damp, dirty cloth. I pushed her aside and dashed on, my mind a seething inferno against the stupid creature. The anklets felt sticky and unpleasant, and some small part of me knew that I'd never again be clean(13) and calm.

I strode through the center of town and past the perpetual street loafers lounging against begrimed and begrimed taverns.(14) I heard various suggestive chuckles, and one drunkard had the audacity to sidle up, holding forth a bottle as he intoned, "Would you care to have a sip, honey?" A rage of blind fury came over me. I struck the bottle from his scaly, cracked hand, and it fell onto the cement, where the brownish, yellow contents foamed forth. I paused only a second and then broke into a run. Where my destination lay I knew not; to put the contamination and shouted curses behind me was my only desire. My wet anklets slop-slopped up and down in my shoes, and finally one of my stretched loafers flew off.(15) After a few hours, or maybe it was only a few minutes, I slowed down and between gasps for air looked around. I was standing on the massive iron monster spanning the river that ran through the town. The golden sun was beating down upon the water, giving it a sparkling, sequined appearance; and a crane flew low, dragging its feet and making tiny, inconsequential ripples upon the sequins. This beauty I failed entirely to appreciate. I looked instead at the mud and silt floating on the top and the whirling pool just a little to the left of where I was standing. The water was deep, and I knew suddenly that its depths would hold great peace for him who dared to take it.(16)

"Lookin' for sumun, girlie?" I whirled about and beheld such a child as I had never seen before. He was fat to the point of obscenity, and his face held a pasty, sly look. Out of the corner of his mouth hung a cigarette butt undoubtedly borrowed from the gutter. Whether this apparition was eight or eighteen,(17) I had no way of knowing, for his eyes held a sly slinkiness that seemed ageless in their knowledge. Something in me snapped. Could I not pause even here without this smut accosting me? Every atom of hate I'd stored and confined for hours now centered upon this one vile object. I walked calmly over to where he stood; and, extending both arms stiffly, I shoved. Since I caught him by surprise,(18) his fat body fell, plummeting faster and faster through the air until it hit the water with a



# Variety of Prose and Verse By Student Authors

dull splash.(19) And then I heard the scream drifting back up.(20)

- 1 If I didn't have to fool with this short story, I could be enjoying the above-mentioned bath right now.
- 2 This is an excellent way to get frost-bite and the chills.
- 3 Missouri's bees never give up; they even buzz about in deepest winter.
- 4 I read the whole book, too!
- 5 Has it ever occurred to you that between twelve and twelve-thirty after a dance at the college, there is always a lamentable lack of swings, creaking or otherwise? Something undoubtedly should be done about this.
- 6 I'm always open-minded concerning walks after dances, too.
- 7 Obviously this is a good example of the philosophy of an anti-socialistic person.
- 8 My home-town has all of six hundred people in it, and it is so impersonal that sometimes I even sneak in at night without the neighbors realizing it—until I turn on my light to get ready for bed.
- 9 Boy—was I in a bad humor that day!
- 10 My roommate wrote this paragraph for me. I couldn't think of anything to say. **She** must really have a "pill" for a "roomie." Hey—wait a minute—
- 11 Had the driver been perched on the seat of a huge convertible, my reaction would have been very different; but, after all, you have to draw a line **somewhere**.
- 12 I don't know what it is in St. Charles that makes the drivers all so eager, but it certainly is boring when you go home and people riding by in cars don't pay any attention to you, isn't it?
- 13 This isn't as stupid as it sounds; I **knew** I'd never find time to get those anklets laundered before they wore out.
- 14 The men lounging against the taverns are the more cautious souls; some who feel venturesome lean against the sanctuaries labeled "JUSTICE OF THE PEACE — WALK IN."
- 15 You can certainly tell this was written after shoe rationing went off, can't you?
- 16 Don't let this passage fool you. All the time that I was reflecting upon these destructive thoughts, I knew I was a beautiful swimmer.
- 17 You know—I wondered this same thing about the last blind date I had for a dance out here!
- 18 After all—to what male would it ever occur (in St. Charles) that a Lindenwood girl might shove him? To them it's unthinkable.
- 19 What makes me so mad is that they don't even put desks to write on in these cells.
- 20 It just occurred to me; this isn't a term paper and it shouldn't be footnoted, should it?

## A Grace For A Lindenwood Girl.

by Virginia Steinke

Here I ravenously hungry stand,  
Holding knife and fork in hand,  
Empty though my stomach be  
Here I wait complacently;  
For your grace we humbly call,  
On bread pudding and us all.

## Poem.

by Jean Tilden

The March wind flapped my open-coat,  
The raindrops fell upon my face.  
Against the shadows of the night,  
The streetlight tried a branch to trace.

A car went splashing, rumbling by  
And faded into misty haze.  
A steeple tower quite dim and dark  
Sent out its call for evening praise.

I did not feel the wind or rain,  
Nor hear the churchbell's chime.  
The shadows were unknown to me,  
For in your hand—was mine.

## HONORABLE MENTION

### The Star Over Bethlehem Shines.

by Suzanne Pfeifer

Jean turned restlessly over in his shell hole, the one the Japs had made expressly for him, but with a different idea as to the time of occupation. It was Christmas Day—back in the States. Here in the South Pacific it was early evening, and the night lay yet ahead.

The sea, blue and placid beyond the silhouettes of tangled vines to the right of him, was lush with red and gold and translucent blue touched by the rich green hand of the forest. Between the palm trees, where the sky shone through, twinkled a few reluctant stars. The night was not right for them. The night was hot.

John thought about home these days. He remembered what people said in magazines about what the soldier thought of home. Perhaps they were right. The corner drug-store and the things that meant America were very important to him, but... perhaps Mary Ann's picture, and the letter tucked into his jacket were a little more real to him at the moment. A few memories of home were... more vivid...

Church bells were ringing from radio and neighborhood alike when John came down the steps at 9:30 (the gifts, the kids, the noise; no sleeping after 9:00 that morning) to join the fun. He flopped on the arm of the sofa, watching the goings-on. Jo, his bobby-sox sister, soon came in from the kitchen, with flushed cheeks, a mischievous grin, and a heaping tray of cookies. The natural dive for the cookies revealed a package underneath the largest; Jo could hardly have giggled more....

He looked down, but it was too dark to see the wrist watch on his arm. He couldn't make out the luminous dial for the mud. "How swell it was of her to work all summer," he mumbled....

On the porch of a summer evening Mary Ann looked up into his face and searched it closely for a sign of humor. Finding none, she answered, "Yes." They were married in November, last November, and now December had come again, going on the second year....

The lieutenant yelled a command and John crawled reluctantly from his hole. A bullet whistled overhead.

A gun cracked in a jungle tree, and John pitched over the trunk of a vine on an island the name of which was scratched from his letters....

Somewhere in America, a child was born on Christmas Day, and his name was John—John Lehman, Jr.

In Italy, in a town at the foot of a mountain, a Frenchman crouched against a garden wall, resting. Sleepily he fingered a chain hung 'round his neck, and toyed with the German medal on it, pulling it into the moonlight to see it better. A little madonna sparkled in the dark.... Christmas Eve....

Jean had been a shipyard worker in occupied-France. He had worked in the shipyards of the Boche until his hands shook with the vibrations of his riveting machine and he could hear its rat-tat-tat when it was silent. Sometimes the allied planes came over, secluded in deep clouds or sleek and silver against the blue sky, to break the endless grind. The loud BARROOM of the deadly bombs was a relief from the tat-tat-tat of his gun. His mother and father were dead.... Jean might have been any Frenchman, except that he was younger than some.... and a little older than others.

One evening when the fog hung thick and the whistles seemed far off, an air raid, by chance, caught him off guard. The squeal of a close bomb expanded into an explosion and threw

him to the ground, spraying glass and wood over his head. A scream followed the noise so closely that the two sounds seemed but one. Jean buried his face in his arms, his dark hair falling over the sleeve of his jacket, and when the debris stopped falling, he looked up....

There, twenty feet from him, was a little girl, pinned beneath the body of a dead woman. Her face, her hands, her dress were all covered with blood, and she was crying softly, "Ma mere, ma mere."

Struggling to his feet, he picked her up gently, and carried the little girl home with him. He deposited her with the large family of the woman upstairs, and arranged for her keep while he was at work.

She died in a few weeks of a combination of cold and starvation and who knows what else. And Jean spent the next few months, sometimes, most of the time, for that matter, going out long after dark at the risk of his life.

Eventually his efforts were rewarded, and there appeared at his door a member of the Underground. Some months later, he took part in the first of his assignments....

The night, though the stars were shining, seemed cold and impersonal. It was as if the tiny pin-points of light in the sky were only electric bulbs inside a great glass dome filled with night air... the only sound the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the German guard on patrol and the slap-slap-slap of the ocean waves lapping against the shore. It was extremely quiet; the lull before the storm, or so it seemed to Jean, crouching beside a protecting shrub.

At ten o'clock the tramping stopped forever. Jean advanced to meet the Commandos.

On the other side of the estuary the guns, German guns, began firing before the British were able to land. Now, the warning flashed across the river mouth and bullets began to whistle past Jean's ears.

When he saw the Boche behind the Maquis captain and leaped toward them with a warning, he felt a stinging sensation as a bullet snapped by, and an impact between his shoulders.

He fell, unconscious, at the edge of the ditch in which he had taken refuge. Gentle hands reached up and drew him back to cover.

He woke up on the way to England, which soon led him to Italy, where he fought the Germans from a different direction, but fought them, just the same....

Ten o'clock, Christmas Eve in Italy, so far from France. From the pillars of the small romanque cathedral across the street of the town they were passing through, one of Jean's comrades called to him. Placing the little medal, a souvenir from the neck of a dying Boche, and instigator of these dreams, back in his pocket, he sighed, got to his feet, and followed the others up the mountain side into the darkness.

In Russia, Yaroslav Duobrovsky was in the front lines, listening to the whistling shells that seemingly shuttled back and forth overhead. Yara and his men had been advancing. It was their job to place the sniping before the armed, armored, and vengeful army reached the spot. It was time, even now, to go out across the lines again to take their toll of German lives.

Christmas Eve, and time to set out to kill a few more of the enemy. Christmas Eve, and time to murder, kill, and slaughter the Nazis in any possible way. And yet, the sooner it was done, the sooner he could return again to his family and children, to the merry Christmases of the old days, with the dances, and vodka, and foolishness, that he remembered so well.

He pulled on his heavy boots, and started off with two of his men. Later a shot rang out.

The man lay dead at his feet. Kurt Ritter was not glad, not proud to have

killed another Communist. This was Christmas Eve, a night of peace for the rest of the world. Perhaps Kurt was not a Christian, not what his parents had taught him to be, but at least the shell... at least the shell. He still remembered the old things, with, perhaps, a twinge of regret.

It was cold. He set his rifle aside for a moment; beat his arms against himself; cursed at the clouds of vapor that appeared before him when he breathed.

There had been plenty of food then at Grandma Ritter's table, before the war, before Hitler's rise to power; perhaps they had not been the right kind of people to deserve to share in the great benefits of the new republic to any great extent. Goose and veal, beef and sausages; potatoes and turnips and kohlrabi and kraut; celery and olives, and cranberries and cranberry sauce, and gooseberry jelly, and peach and plum pies, and... and a million other things he couldn't even remember had graced their table long ago.

He stooped over the body of the dead man, brushing the light blowing snow from the features.

"Just a man," he thought. "Nothing more... And for that I had to kill him... What a crime to be human, to be just a man!"

The cold grew sharper as the night dragged on to a close. Overhead a star winked out as the sky in the East grew lighter.

And in Holland? In Holland a small boy ran along the dike in the dark, a brindle kitten that had wandered off in the night clutched tightly to his breast. A German guard, seeing only the fleeing figure, out of doors long after curfew, leveled his gun, took aim, and fired. The boy dropped over the ledge of the dike into the sea. Only the mournful cry of a brindle kitten, left friendless in the blackness of the night, gave evidence that he had been there at all. A brindle kitten crying frightenedly at the moon, crying for a friend on Christmas Eve....

Hans Ritter strode quickly to the dike. Discovering his mistake, he scooped the tiny cat into his arms, snuggling her into the warmth of his coat. It was such a little kitten!

"And where is Kurt tonight?" On the steppes in the snow with a corpse at his feet. "Tonight of all nights. Perhaps in Russia, or so I heard... But that was long ago, so long ago..."

On a plain in Palestine a shepherd softly played his pipes, and his brother, Judah, hummed the mournful tune....

"You seem sad tonight, Naphtali. What heavy thoughts have bowed your head so low?"

Naphtali did not reply at once. It was cold on the hilltop; the shepherd drew his cloak more closely to him. A star shone in the sky; a great star among many lesser ones, all plainly seen in the clear blue sky of a frigid night. A light winked on somewhere in the city to the East over the plain. There was the click of stone against hoof as a tiny kid, off in the darkness, snuggled closer to its mother.

Naphtali paused suddenly in his playing, and murmured to his brother, "It is the birthday of Him whom the Gentiles call Lord." Again he was silent for a moment. A few notes came from his shepherd's pipes.

"The wise men of the city say there is a mad man in power over part of the earth, and that many of our race are dead because of him."

He fingered his pipes, carefully picking out a makeshift melody. A weird refrain wended its way up to the star. It seemed so close; the night was so clear.

"They say there are people in Amayreeka..." Naphtali mispronounced the word, giving it the accent of his language, "...and some of our race too, who are at war with the Mad one.

They say there are many nations of the world at war with the nation of the Mad One."

Judah had been lying on his back, gazing at the star and listening silently as his brother spoke. Finally he reached up and laid his hand on the arm of his brother. Naphtali broke off, his newest sentence incomplete. Judah spoke.

"I have it from my grandfather, who had it from his great-grandfather, and so on back for many hundreds of years and many generations, that it was just such a night as this when an angel of gold and brilliance appeared to the shepherds on this very hill. He told them of a Child born in the city yonder, Bethlehem of Judea, and they left the herds and with some wise men from the East found the Child in a stable manger, and worshipped Him. My grandfather told me, who had it from his great-grandfather, back for countless generations and many hundred years."

For a while they occupied their thoughts with this bit of tale. A frightened bleat sent Judah into the night. He returned, a shivering kid beneath his arm, and again taking his place beside Naphtali, wrapped his cape around himself and the little animal.

At midnight the star seemed to glow, clear and palpitating, winking far in the blue stratosphere, the vastness of the dark night sky... It shone over all the earth... tonight, of all nights... on all people.

Picking up his pipes, Naphtali resumed again his now unbroken melody and Judah softly hummed the mournful tune....

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

## HONORABLE MENTION

### Beach Red.

by Carol Clayton

When the reader first opens Peter Bowman's short novel, **Beach Red**, the typography seems to indicate to him that it is written in free verse, but Mr. Bowman maintains that **Beach Red** is prose and should be read as such. The uneven lines and paragraphs printed as stanzas of poetry were designed by the author to represent the rigid timing by which a military maneuver is governed. The action describes the last sixty minutes of a soldier's life in a Pacific island invasion. The account of each minute occupies two pages; the right hand pages are numbered consecutively in large, red numerals from one through sixty.

As the clock slowly begins to tick, the reader, guided by an Army infantryman, commences his battle tour on a transport and proceeds to a waiting landing barge; the minutes fairly rush past when the boat reaches the hell that is the beach. Here the Beach Red of the military plan is soon red with the blood of hundreds of Americans who swarm from the sea onto the palm-studded sand. The tour continues inland, right up to enemy lines, where the soldier breathes his last as the sixtieth minute ends.

Mr. Bowman paints a powerful and frightening picture of fighting in the scorchingly hot, humid, insect-infested jungle. His vivid portrayal gives one a distinct feeling of discomfort; one can imagine the creeping animals and the Japs in the underbrush, and sense the extreme tension in the air.

Each action of the unnamed soldier is intense; the suspense is stifling. Even in the few minutes he can spare for philosophical reflection, confusion bursts about him. Yet he does find time for serious thinking. The reader is taken into his mind and shown his thoughts about the war and its relation

Continued on next page

to the world afterwards.

What is he fighting for? He claims: "Nobody stands up and strikes an attitude and says, 'This is what I'm fighting for...' It's like paying a license or filing an income tax return... It's law, it's government, it's a duty of citizenship."

His terrible bitterness is evident in the short, simple sentences which end the description of every minute: "So much of your past lies ahead of you"; or "Weather prediction: Light tanks followed by Infantry. Probably scattered Japs"; or "Life's a luxury. You can't afford luxuries on Army pay."

Mr. Bowman makes extensive use of figures of speech which contribute greatly to the vividness of his account. In his opening paragraph the scene is set by this metaphor:

"Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light  
the glimmering haze squatting on its moist grey haunches and  
guarding the waters with a battleship  
resting across its knees,  
searching in diminishing circles until it  
challenges its own eyes?"

#### HONORABLE MENTION

### A Puppy's Christmas.

by Frances Claire Jones

He made a terrific noise for so small a puppy.

His yelps disturbed the cat asleep on the back porch. With back arched for battle, she opened her mouth to hiss, but the ominous sound died in her throat. She almost sneered—there was no battle here, not even sport, just a poor bedraggled puppy.

The cat, curled up in a grey ball of fur, went back to sleep.

But the puppy once more commanded attention, this time by a pitiful whining that brought Isabelle, the cat, up on all fours, startled into awareness.

Perhaps Isabelle had better teach this young intruder a lesson. Her age and position had given her the right, she felt, and besides this was the first time in ten years that her afternoon siesta had been disturbed.

"Whatever on earth is the matter with you?" Isabelle asked, walking down from the porch and sitting on her haunches to inspect the urchin.

"I'm hungry and lost." The last faint whimpers died in the puppy's throat. The austerity of Isabelle overwhelmed him a little.

"Haven't you any home?"

"No, my mother and father left me to follow a circus. They must have forgotten that I was left. They never came back."

"What do they call you?" Isabelle's maternal instincts, even for so lowly an enemy as a dog's son, were aroused, and she had all she could do to keep from directing him to her bowl of milk on the other side of the porch.

"My father called me Jerry, but Mother said it was too common a name for one of our family. She called me Jeremiah."

"Pooh. One name's as good as another. I'll call you Jerry. Mine is Isabelle."

"Well, I'm still hungry, Isabelle, and I'm shivering from cold here."

"There's no place I can take you that you won't be seen. My mistress doesn't encourage my associating with dogs. The last one I had here tore up the flower bed and then hid under the porch where he stayed for days, making horrible noises both day and night."

Here Isabelle stopped and inspected her new friend. Her first selfish inclination was to send him on his way, but seeing his poor little black nose begin to wriggle with grief and hunger, she gave one last thought to her delicious bowl of milk and said, "There's a bowl of milk over there. You may have it. And when you've finished we'll try to think of some way to get you out of the cold."

When she saw Jerry bound up to the porch shaking the snowflakes from his fur in his mad scurry to reach the

milk, her heart melted entirely and she walked majestically behind and watched him lapping up the milk with his flying pink tongue.

Finished and gasping for breath, Jerry turned grateful eyes on his benefactor. "Oh, Isabelle, that was so good. I was so hungry."

"What I'll do with you now, Heaven only knows. It's snowing and cold and my mistress will be calling me in a moment."

"Could I stay here on the porch where it's warm? I promise not to bark or make a bit of noise."

"I told you she disliked dogs. A dirty white puppy wouldn't change her mind a bit."

Jerry's small nose began to wriggle threateningly. "What am I to do?"

Just then a feminine voice broke in upon their privacy, calling, "Isabelle, Isabelle, come at once; you'll catch your death of cold."

Jerry's stubby tail went down between his legs. This was the end. Where would he ever again find such a friend as Isabelle?

"Now, Jerry, my mistress is calling me. You can see for yourself I must go. Oh, dear, why did you ever come here of all places?"

"I'll get under the porch. You come out after it stops snowing."

"Isabelle—Isabelle!" The voice continued to call, becoming hoarse from the cold and repeated cries.

Isabelle could not imagine a worse situation. Her little friend could perish in the cold—and the day before Christmas, too.

"Well, get under the porch, then. I'll try to get out and bring you a bone, although I warn you that if you make a sound I'll not vouch for your safety."

Jerry crept silently under the porch and wriggled about, trying to find a soft place among the debris of lawnmowers, old boxes, hoses, spades, and oh happy fortune, an old carriage robe, miraculously dry. Now his happiness knew no bounds. He turned round and round, cuddled down, and dozed contentedly.

Isabelle in the meantime had reached the front door where her mistress, shivering with cold, was waiting, scolding hoarsely.

The cat could scarcely eat her hot supper, thinking of poor Jerry shivering and lonely under the porch. She pushed aside the biggest pieces of liver with her tongue and when her mistress was not looking she carried them to the back door where she hid them behind a box.

When she felt a respectable time had elapsed after dinner for her courteously to leave the house, she would take the meat to Jerry.

In the meantime she curled up on the rug at her mistress' feet and thought of the puppy and the prospect of his lonely Christmas.

"I'm an old cat," she said to herself. "No one in all my experience has affected me this way. It must be the holiday spirit."

When after while Isabelle dozed too, in her feline dreams she saw Jerry hungry and afraid, wandering from house to house, turned away time and again.

She awoke with a start. Her mistress had a visitor, the father of the brat Edward who pulled Isabelle's tail and rubbed her fur the wrong way. Disdainfully she turned her head, when—what was this Edward's father was saying?... "Mary, there's nothing else to do with the boy. I have to go to the hospital with his mother and with Christmas tomorrow I can't bear to leave him with the maid. He'd be heartsick if he didn't have a tree... it's bad enough to be away from him."

"I'll not have a tree cluttering up my parlor, barbarous practice. That boy would unnerve me for months to come. He can stay with the hired girl, I say, and not come cluttering up my household."

"But, Mary, have you no imagination? Can't you see how intolerable Christmas would be for him without a tree and some one of his family to share it with him? You'll really be happier,

Mary. You must get lonesome here with no one but that lazy cat to keep you company."

"Lazy, indeed!" Isabelle's fur bristled. Of all horrors, on top of the worry of Jerry to have this impossible child disturbing her peace.

Isabelle's mistress was shaking her head. Her mouth was set in a straight line the cat knew so well. It meant to Isabelle... no play today.

"Please, Mary, just this one favor. Let's get a tree and trim it. I'll bring over his presents to hang on it. You'll love it, really."

Edward's father was carried away with enthusiasm. In his great excitement he reached down and stroked Isabelle's fur, something he had never been tempted to do before. This last gesture turned the heart of stone.

"Well, mind I don't approve of it but after all it is the only thing you can do. You're sure?"

"Positive, and you'll never regret it. I'm so grateful, Mary!"

Now Isabelle would have that horrid boy to worry her too. Well, she must get the liver to Jerry. This was as good a time as any.

She rose and stretched languidly—no use being too eager to get out. As her mistress was preoccupied, the first scratch of Isabelle's brought Mistress Mary to open the door. Isabelle picked up the liver from behind the box and went straight to the opening under the porch.

"Jerry, here's your supper!! Where are you?"

The poor puppy left so long alone and not daring to make a sound, had wandered far under the porch, but when he heard Isabelle's voice his heart leapt with joy and he gave one gleeful yelp.

"Oh, you idiot! She heard you!"

Jerry couldn't answer for his mouth was crammed with delicious liver. Isabelle's mistress had indeed heard and came rushing down the stairs to the cat, her mouth open in astonishment.

"Isabelle, what are you doing? Where is that dog? Isabelle, how could you?"

Jerry's surprise brought him out in the open just in time to see Mistress Mary carrying away his only friend. Not knowing what to do he wandered out in the snow. Oh, he did hope Isabelle wouldn't be scolded. It was all his fault!

Presently Mistress Mary came out again, this time carrying a broom. Jerry knew this instrument of torture of old. He gave one last pitiful bark, turned tail and fled, sending the snowflakes flying in all directions. His little paws sank deeper and deeper into the snow until he was all but buried in it.

By now the house, Mistress Mary and her broom were lost from view. Oh, unhappy puppy, what would become of him? He went out into the road where the streets had been cleared and sat down to ponder his fate.

Tears so dimmed his eyes that he could not see that Isabelle had come flying through the snow after him. Panting for breath, she began scolding him the moment she could speak.

"Foolish dog, making all that racket. Now what are you going to do?"

"I was just so glad to see you, Isabelle, and the liver was so good. Oh, I am sorry."

"It'll do you no good now. If my mistress hadn't gone to buy a Christmas tree, I wouldn't be here now. But I have an idea. While she's gone, I may be able to hide you under the porch again, but mind you never make another sound."

"Oh, I promise, I do promise on my puppy honor."

"Come along then."

Isabelle had Jerry hidden again by the time her mistress returned with packages galore. With her was young Edward, who immediately pounced on the cat and squeezed her to his fat little stomach. "Hello, I say. I'm going to be here for Christmas. Goody, oh, goody, goody!"

As though Isabelle didn't know it.

After Edward had been sent into another room, Isabelle watched Mistress Mary and the father trim the tree and hang the wonderful gifts on its tinsel branches. Isabelle had her eye on a bright red rubber ball. She had hopes of hiding it from its young owner.

As the last bright ornament was hung and the lights began making dancing shadows on the ceiling, Isabelle's thoughts turned to Jerry who could never see any of this splendor.

"We're all ready, Mary," Edward's father said. "I think we'll have Christmas now so that I can see how happy the boy is going to be."

But upon opening the doors to admit the beaming Edward, they found there was no Edward, not a sign of him.

Isabelle's anxiety rose to its highest pitch. Suppose that little demon had tempted Jerry from under the porch! It would be the end of her little charge.

Edward, becoming bored and weary of waiting, had put on his coat and red mittens and gone out the door into the snow. In passing Jerry's hiding place, he had been whistling lustily, but Jerry was not to be tempted. His bright eyes shone in his furry face—a boy, how wonderful. Surely he would befriend him. But he remembered his promise and buried his face in his forepaws to keep temptation at least out of sight.

Edward wandered down to the pond, picking his way carefully in the snow. In the middle of the pond he saw the sled he had left last week. With a cry of delight he ran to reclaim it, only to find that the ice was not strong enough to hold him. With a shudder he felt, too late, the ice breaking under him.

Only Jerry's acute ears heard his cries. With a horrible feeling of breaking a promise, he leapt out of hiding and dashed to the edge of the pond. There he could see Edward's mittened hands clinging to the edge of the ice.

What could he do?

"Daddy, Daddy!" Edward called. The terror in his voice filled Jerry's puppy heart with a gallant heroism.

Mistress Mary could beat him with the broom, Isabelle could scold—he still must bark for help. From the moment he turned, he set up such a noisy yelping and barking that by the time he reached the house the doors had been thrown open and all voices raised in protest.

"Get the broom."

"Stop that racket."

"Oh, where is Edward?"

Isabelle divined the reason for this uproar—someone was in trouble. Jerry ran up to the door and bounded back toward the pond, his noisy barking deadening the sound of Edward's faint cries. With a sense of relief at learning the reason for Jerry's breach of promise, she scratched at her mistress's legs and ran after Jerry. In a moment, Mistress Mary started after Isabelle, Edward's father in close pursuit. At the pond they came upon the boy now almost drowned. His father had him out in no time. Everyone but Isabelle forgot Jerry in their relief at finding Edward and getting him out in time.

Jerry trotted unseen into the house and waited by the door while the entire household was busy drying Edward and warming him before the fire. When he was redressed and dosed with hot ginger tea, his eyes caught sight of Jerry.

"Oh, the darling puppy saved me. Did you get him for me, Daddy?"

All eyes turned on Jerry whose tail immediately began a frantic thumping on the floor.

"How did that beast get in here?" Mistress Mary asked, reaching for the broom.

"Mary, he saved little Edward's life and the boy loves him—and look—so does Isabelle."

For Isabelle, fearing Jerry would be turned out in the cold again, ran to his side and leaned against him, comforting his poor puppy heart.

Isabelle's mistress, overcome by this demonstration, forgot the broom, the little boy, everyone, and her hard old heart took in this scene with mixed emotions.

"Upon my word, I believe she does."

Jerry wagged his tail and went from one to the other, licking their outstretched hands.

"And now for Christmas!" said Edward's father. And in they went to see what Santa Claus had left in their absence.

Contented and asleep Mistress Mary held little Edward on her lap—and little Edward held Jerry.

Isabelle looked upon them with joy. She could never believe it—a dog on her mistress' lap.

Jerry opened his eyes and catching Isabelle's glance he gave her a sly wink and settled down to puppy dreams of that bright red rubber ball.

And Isabelle dreamed of it too....

### Grandpa's Story

by Mary Elizabeth De Vries

"Grandpa, Grandpa, tell us a story!" cried the two little girls as they scrambled up on the old town crier's lap. The elderly gentleman gave them both an affectionate squeeze and inquired, "What kind of a story shall it be this time, cherubs?"

"Oh, tell us about Tulip Time, Grandpa. Tell us about Tulip Time." The old man's eyes crinkled with pleasure as he looked back over his many happy and adventurous experiences as town crier. He lit his long Dutch pipe and began the story.

Once upon a time there was a fairy princess by the name of Jana Vander Keift who lived in the little town of Pella. Now she was a beautiful maiden with a fine lyric soprano voice, but this princess was very unhappy because she loved a fairy prince whom she had never seen. But one day Stephen Dodd came to visit in Pella, and they met and Jana knew that Stephen was the fairy prince she had dreamed of. He was really an important newspaper reporter from New York who had come to cover the big Tulip Time celebration for his newspaper. As he stepped off the train, the festivities of the evening were at their height. At one end of the freshly scrubbed cobbled streets a group of Dutch "jongens" and "meisjts" were engaged in a merry Dutch dance. Their wooden shoes clomped in time to the music of the Dutch street singers led by the lusty voice of Tudor Kempkes, the finest tenor in town.

Dodd wandered down the street, glancing at the store windows filled with Dutch antiques—old fire arms, Dutch shoes, purses, china—each with its own story to relate. In the distance he could hear me ringing my bell as I called out the news of the evening. The program was about to begin, and I saw Dodd hurry over to the large park square and find a suitable place in which to stand. After a speech by the governor, the mayor, the burgo-meister, and several other important town men, the actual program began.

"We are honored to have with us our song-bird, Miss Jana Vander Keift, and she will sing two selections, 'Jesu Titania' and 'Der Kock,' announced the master of ceremonies. Then stepped forth the most beautiful fairy princess Stephen Dodd had ever dreamed of. Her sky-blue eyes twinkled mischievously as she waited for the beginning notes of her selection. Her golden hair was braided tightly around her well-shaped head in coronet fashion, and a stiffly starched Dutch bonnet sat jauntily back of the thick braid. As Jana sang, all her sweetness and purity were revealed in her beautiful soprano voice. Stephen fell in love with this beautiful fairy princess, and he was determined to meet her.

At the time he did not realize how easy this meeting was going to be. But to go on with my story—After the program as Dodd was scouting for a place in which to sleep, he spied a

small Dutch bungalow with a sign on the front lawn reading: Tourist Rooms. The fairy prince rang the funny old Dutch cowbell, and presently the door was opened by a white-haired elderly gentleman of about seventy-five.

"Goeden evendag, I'm Meister Vander Keift. Did you wish a room for the night?"

"Yes, I'm Stephen Dodd of the **New York Times**, and I'm here covering the festival for our paper."

"You are welcome in our home. The rooms aren't large, but we wanted to do something to help." Klass Vander Keift led Dodd down a long, low corridor and into a small chamber furnished with antique Dutch furniture. "As I said the room isn't too large, but it's the best we have to offer. I hope you rest comfortably. Breakfast is at 7:30." With this last piece of news Mr. Vander Keift closed the door, and Stephen was alone in the room. Sleep came easily as our fairy prince was exhausted from his long train trip to Pella.

The night passed all too quickly; soon the first rays of morning were visible in the eastern sky. Dodd lay in bed drinking in all the beauty of the morning sunlight. In fact, it was such a beautiful morning that our fairy prince decided to take a walk in the garden he had passed last night. It was here in the bright spring sunlight that he again met his fairy princess, Jana. She was more beautiful than Stephen had remembered her. The glimmering early morning sun turned her hair to shimmering gold, and she made an attractive picture in her brightly colored Vriesland costume with its large, spotless white apron. The many colors in her full skirt blended perfectly with the pink, yellow, and red tulips she was gathering.

"Goeden morgen, Meister Dodd. I do hope you had an enjoyable rest."

"Yes, I found the bed more than soft. Can't I hold that basket for you?" Jana willingly handed him the large basket now filled with multi-colored tulips and they slowly meandered back to the house.

Each day the fairy prince and princess would go out in the garden and pick fresh tulips, and as I took my morning walk I would see them laughing and talking together. Then one day I was startled to find the fairy princess in the garden alone crying as though her heart would break. I went over and sat down beside her and asked what all the tears were for. She told me her fairy prince had gone back to New York. I said well that that wasn't anything to cry about, but she replied that she had told him she could never marry him because she felt that she must stay with her father since he was alone in the world. And now she had lost him forever.

Well, your old Grandpop decided right then that it was his duty as town crier to look after the happiness of his townsmen; so he trotted over to have a talk with Jana's father. After I had explained to him how much Jana loved her fairy prince, Stephen, he realized that he was standing in the way of Jana's happiness. As I left him, I had a feeling that everything would come out all right, and I was right. The very next Saturday night Jana sang at the weekly band concert, and I noticed that her face fairly sparkled with happiness. I knew something must be up. And sure enough, after her solo Jana ran backstage where her fairy prince was waiting. In a few weeks they were married, and they lived happily ever after.

"Oh, Grandpa, that was a beautiful story. Tell us another!"

"No, children, that's all for this time. Jump down, and I'll see you again the next time you come." The two little girls willingly obeyed their Grandfather and ran laughing out of the house. The old man sat quietly puffing his pipe and reviewing the story he had just related to the children. Yes, it was truly a beautiful story. Grandpop always liked to make things come out right for the children.

## Parfum and Malted Milk.

by Virginia Campbell

Helen had been in her place behind the counter at The Parisienne an hour when Cheryl Adams made her entrance. The dark loveliness of Cheryl, who seemed a part of the atmosphere of expensive odors and imported gowns, placed the finishing touch on the exquisite candy-box room. The walls were covered with vertical stripes in shell-pink and white. Helen felt they should be very delicate peppermint. The arrogant little sofa and chairs were clothed in lime-green satin, pulled tightly over their curves and fastened to their slender white legs. Helen watched Cheryl enter, gift-wrapped in a bright green suit set off by a white ascot tie and black hair carelessly lovely. The beautiful model walked slowly but with definite purpose to a door marked in silver letters, "Mr. Alexander Bateman, Manager."

Mr. Bateman, spoken of in Cheryl's deep-throated voice as "Andy the Great," was both young and attractive. He was commonly known about The Parisienne as "that darling new fella," and many a customer missed taxis by joining the clerks in staring after his blonde comeliness as he walked through the shop.

Helen stood behind the plastic counter, wishing she might hear the conversation, if any, going on behind the glass door of Mr. B.'s "sanctum sanctorum."

Unfortunately for Helen's curiosity, but luckily for her Christmas bonus, a customer, whose lashes and arms dripped with mascara and silver fox respectively, appeared at that juncture. She proceeded to sell to this lady of uncertain age a jar of "the very newest" powder foundation called "Noon-Day Glory" and a bottle of "Liquid Moonlight, to stir the senses and beguile the heart." Helen hoped the lady would not have a planetary conflict and go up in smoke.

The morning was well advanced when Cheryl graced her first "Parisienne" gown of the day and emerged to confront the patrons who spread their ample selves over the lime-green satin of the chairs. She artfully created for them the illusion that they would look similarly exotic in the gown which draped her perfect, diet-achieved figure. Cheryl's hair was drawn back now in a sleek, black chignon, and she wore a clinging white dress with long sleeves and a discreet slit in the skirt.

Helen patted her own brown head and wondered how she would look in a similar "coiffure."

"I simply must stop drinking those malts for lunch."

She stooped to straighten a rayon seam and looked speculatively at the silver-letter door. He really was better groomed than Jim.

At twelve o'clock Helen watched Cheryl leave in her green suit.

"Meeting Mr. Bateman in the lobby," thought Helen, who ran across the street to the drugstore for her own stereotyped lunch. She remembered Cheryl in the white dress and ordered orange juice.

The rush came on about two. Helen made on her hand many lipstick marks of "the exciting new shade, Scarlet Oak," and thrust multitudinous bottles of "parfum" under the ecstatic noses of young ladies, trustful of the magic words in the magazines.

At five minutes of five Cheryl Adams approached Helen's counter. She was dressed in what is known in the better circles as a cocktail dress, her black hair topped by a hat of yellow roses. Quickly she bought a tiny jewel-bottle of a perfume called "Subtle Witchery" (not too subtle, though), of which Helen always said to her customers "Now if you really want to win him —." Helen stuck to "April Showers" herself, but she knew "Subtle Witchery" was a good scent. She could feel the hard brightness of the model's eyes. What she would never have guessed was that Cheryl's eyes were dry only because she was unable to cry. She would never have imagined that Mr.

Alexander Bateman had just told his beautiful pursuer that his wife was getting wise and —.

Helen finally satisfied her last customer and walked quickly from the shop. She stopped when she reached the drugstore.

"I believe I'll just stop in here and have that malt I missed. Jim and I are going out to dinner tonight and we may not eat till seven." She thought of Mr. Bateman and of Jim, her husband, and laughed and hurried home.

## And Then There Are Readers.

by Gwendolyn Rozier

Each day of your life you read a magazine, a text book, a newspaper, or a novel. You can't escape the fact that you have to read to get along in this highly organized old world. Maybe you've never given the manner in which you read any thought, but stop a minute now and try to decide just what type of reader you are. Are you a lip-reader, a silent concentrator, a muncher, an off-the-shoulder model, or an oral reader? Now these titles may all sound foreign to you, so let me explain each.

The lip-reader is the soul who has a hang-over from grade school. No doubt in order to get him to sound all the vowels, consonants, diphthongs, and other such sounds one must master at the delicate age of seven or eight, the teacher had him sound the words to himself as he silently read along. At seven or eight it was very profitable but at fifty or sixty it resembles the hill-billy trying to catch up with the modern world. Also if one is not careful to avoid reading in public places, as many are not, he may be regarded as a bit on the simple side; and cautious mothers will gather their children up and whisk them to a distant corner. You see, there is a very distinct resemblance between lip-reading and the mildest stage of manic-depressive psychosis.

The silent concentrator appears very harmless, but one never can tell. Often this type will sit for hours devouring the printed page with his ears hearing nothing, becoming oblivious to all that is around him. A mountain could erupt, the gas stove could explode, the house could burn or his wife could shoot his mother in front of his feet, but he would have no inkling of any stir of life about him. This is the fellow who upon finishing the book, saps it shut with finality, utters a sigh of completion, and when asked what the story was about will grope vainly for a few moments and then with a shrug of the shoulders say, "Oh, I don't know—but it was really very good."

A muncher is a common species to us all. This is the fellow who started all those jokes about eating in bed and the gruesome aspects of it. He can finish off a five-pound box of sweet tidbits without even knowing it, the hand and arm constantly shuttling back and forth from the box to the mouth. Generally the messier the food the happier he is. Crackers that crumble, cheese that smells vaguely of last week's garbage, chocolate-covered cherries that squirt of thin, sticky juice when bit into, or a piece of crumbly cake that sticks to the sheets and blankets are all his dishes to go with his literature.

But of all the obnoxious types of readers I believe that the off-the-shoulder one is the most repulsive. You can meet him anywhere, at any time, but you all recognize him at a moment's notice. On the streetcar or subway, as you stand with one hand gripping the strap and the other clutching the morning edition of the "Daily," by shifting your eyes a slight degree to the right or left, you will see an eager face intently focused on the comic strip or on a resume of the baseball scores. If you turn the page too quickly you can expect a withering look from the reader. This type is never shy or even very tactful or subtle in his methods. If he were a

run-down tramp or a common bum it would be different. But, no! Always as your eyes run appraisingly up and down him, you realize to your consternation that he is much better attired than you are. Evidently this fellow has put his pennies into clothes instead of a daily two-cent paper.

Almost on the same low level as the off-the-shoulder model is the oral reader. In some cases the off-the-shoulder character works himself into this place also. In fact the off-the-shoulder reader, the concentrator, and the lip-reader can all be combined into one; add a vocal quality, and the oral reader is produced. He is a nasty fellow to meet up with and often leads strong men to tears and hysteria. "Have you read this article on home gardening?" you ask your guest who raises a square foot of mint in his back yard for his mint juleps, but boasts a garden. You yourself despise gardens and anything related to them, but anything to be a gallant host. "Oh well," you think to yourself, it's something to keep him occupied with while I concentrate on the stock-market page." All too eagerly our guest snatches at the paper; you should begin to suspect something, but you don't. You have just settled back with a contented sigh and begun to concentrate when you hear your guest's repulsive bass voice boom, "How to Garden and What Fertilizer to Use." You rattle your paper noisily to let your guest know politely that you are trying to concentrate. But, alas, all is in vain. Once he gets started, nothing can hold him back, and before you have another chance to look at one more figure on the page your beloved guest has read four columns of do's and don'ts for the rural gardener. And as you settle back and attempt the stock page again all that runs through your mind is, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?"

Another variation of this fellow is the reader who sneaks up behind you and without warning begins to quote an adjoining article that has nothing to do with what you are reading. He is the lowest form that can be found and should be shot on hearing.

What kind of reader are you? Well, don't tell me or I might not be responsible for my actions. Which one am I? Oh, didn't I tell you?—I can't read.

## Her Hair.

by Louise Kerr

If, as all shampoo ads vow, a girl's crowning glory really is her hair, then one of man's greatest shortcomings is his apparent lack of appreciation. When she has spent literally hours priming her hair for a heavy date, he merely states that she looks "sharp" and considers it enough said. Perhaps if I took Joe Jones on a personally conducted tour through several dormitory rooms about eleven p. m. he, representing the masculine world at large, might better respect woman's eternal task.

Joe admits that he's often wondered how Gertie Green got her hair to curl just faintly on the ends. Now's his chance to find out. While we watch, she divides her hair into four parts, and rolls each on a curler. Although the whole process takes only a few seconds, she must be given credit for sleeping on chunks of metal the whole night through. Joe's eyes have now reached the saucer stage as he contemplates this barbaric practice existing in the twentieth century.

Our next stop is Betty Brown's room down on second floor. Her feather-cut, or baby-bob as some know it, is truly a thing to envy. Joe's wonderment increases a hundred fold, however, as he watches her dampen a tiny section of hair, laboriously wind it around her finger, and finally anchor it painfully with a bobby-pin. A mirror is practically a must in this operation as each pin curl has to be in its exact place or the whole effect is ruined. The time involved in this

procedure is rewarded by a comfortable night free from lumps, but Joe's arms ache just from watching her.

As we enter Peggy Pink's room, a knotted sock hits Joe squarely between the eyes. I think he's beginning to wonder if she's about to do the mending or her hair, for she is at the dresser tossing sock after sock out on the bed. Finally she begins winding huge clumps of hair on the socks and tying the sock ends together. Looking more like Raggedy Ann than a college freshman, she is all ready for bed in a few minutes. This is a practical method for those who are too tired to notice the hard bumps that poke unceasingly all night, and for those who wash their socks often enough to have an excess of clean ones each night for this purpose.

By now, Joe is wondering why we just don't go to a beauty parlor. Naturally he doesn't realize the expense or the time involved. In the present emergency it requires a lot of future planning to secure an appointment with our favorite operator at a time convenient for us both, but it has been known to work in a few instances.

As Joe says good-night at the foot of the stairs, I think I see a new light of respect in his eyes as he looks down on my shining pompadour. "I never noticed before how pretty your hair is, Sue. It's really sharp!"

## Where Does The Light Go.

by Jo Anne Smith

Once upon a time, somebody wrote a formal essay and called it a term paper. Ever since that time, I've had to write "something," and transform it into a term paper (with cheese) by the end of each semester. Now, I'm really quite modest, but I simply can't refrain from letting everyone know that this is the third year I've gone crazy. I'm a firm believer in the proverb, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Result? I'm crazier than ever.

The thing that I've always liked about writing a term paper is that there are but two alternatives. You can write it, or you can shoot yourself—with a water pistol. Nine out of ten people shoot themselves, but that's silly. Why not do it the easy way? Go crazy, and then write thirty pages; nothing to it. The professor will contact you shortly, with results guaranteed. I know.

Now the first step in creating this masterpiece is to find out what you want to write about. Most professors are lenient when it comes to choosing a topic, and you are usually free to write on anything from "How to Tune a Piano," to "What Every Embalmer Must Know."

However, if this is your first experience in writing a cheese paper, it is best to stick to a simple topic like, "Where Does the Light Go When You Turn it Off?" Do you like that? Fine. Then we are ready to enter the library.

Once through the creaky door you wander over to the **Reader's Guide** and proceed to look up reference material listed under the chosen subject. For a solid hour you take down such senseless terms as Vol. 60, see page 1; *ibid.*, *op.cit.*, see page 4., Sec.9, left hand corner top of page—*op.cit.*, *ibid.* At the end of the hour you find that you have become glassy eyed, as well as a pencil swallower, and that your feet have learned the latest rumba steps—all in one hour and this is only March! By April, without any doubt, you will be able to chin yourself on the chandeliers, write with your toes, and take the pencil sharpener apart.

Five o'clock finds you tripping out of the library with reference books hanging on your ears, in your pockets, and spilling out of your arms. But let's pretend that the books have managed to drag you across the campus and up to your room, which is on the third floor.

After three weeks of intensive read-  
Continued on next page.

## Return Engagement.

by Corinne Weller

It promised to be a tiring trip—but no matter—it was well worth the effort. Fifty years was a long time—a life time. Miss Prinkley frowned at her reflection in the mirror. Those fifty years had left their trace. She winced a little as she traced the markings of those years across her pale cheek. It had been a long time. Yes, she was old—but for today she would be young again. For a few brief hours she would try to recapture those happy college days at Weslyn; she would relive all those beloved memories that had almost become stagnant pools through the years.

She smiled with pleasure as she discovered the faint tinge that was slowly creeping into her cheeks.

"Old indeed!" she chided. "You're never any older than you think."

It was then that the daring idea swept through her mind. For a moment she was thoughtful—

"I wonder if I dare—" Then with a determined air she marched to her closet, jerked open the door, and plunged into the inky blackness. After a few minutes of frantic searching she returned, winded but victorious. Clutched tightly in her grasp was a hat box. She went to her bed, and with shaking fingers removed the contents. Her spring hat that she had never worn! Until now she hadn't had the nerve to wear it, but today was different. She held her breath as she placed the hat on her soft, silvery hair.

"There now." It was with some satisfaction that she gazed at her reflection. Quickly she made a final check to make sure that she had everything, and then she walked briskly from her room, out into the fresh air of early morning, and down to the bus stop.

The trip to the school was uneventful and much too long. Anxiously Miss Prinkley watched for familiar landmarks that would assure her that she was on the right road. Occasionally she saw little familiar sights, but then she couldn't be sure—it had been such a long time. For the first time she felt a little uneasy about her trip. She knew that the school would be changed. That was to be expected. But was she right in coming? Should she try to stir up old memories—memories that might hurt? Well, it was too late now. She couldn't go back—not even if she wanted to.

"Weslyn College—all out." Miss Prinkley drew a sharp breath. She had arrived. She wasn't sure that her knees would support her as she walked up the aisle of the bus. Once she was outside of the bus she felt better. With relief she noticed that the entrance hadn't changed. For a few minutes she stood before the stone archway. The engraving was still legible—"Weslyn College for Women—Established 1937." She passed through the gate and up the long avenue of trees that stretched before her. For a minute she thought that she could hear the crisp rustle of the new taffeta dress she had worn the first time she had taken this walk. She also remembered the prayer she had said at the time.

"Please, God, let me find happiness here." She repeated the prayer now. Already she could see signs of a great change. On her right she saw a new building, and just above the familiar tree line she saw the tops of other buildings sharply etched against the blue sky.

At a distance she heard the insistent ringing of a bell. At first she couldn't imagine what it was for—but she wasn't long in finding out. So far she hadn't met any students, but now the grounds were swarming with them. The bell meant that one class was over—another ready to begin. She chuckled to herself as she remembered how she had been a servant to that bell, just as these children were. Oh! Oh! That was a slip. She hadn't intended to refer to these earnest scholars as children. They were young ladies. She must remember that.

Now where should she go first. To the president's office. With this definite objective in mind, her next problem was to locate it.

Timidly she made her way to a group of girls standing near by.

"Pardon me, but could you tell me where I might find the president's office?"

The young ladies were most helpful. One girl even offered to take her other destination. Miss Prinkley readily agreed to this offer. It all seemed so confusing—all the new buildings, new faces, new surroundings. Yes it was what she had expected—but still she was frightened.

"And that's Warner Hall there," her self-appointed guide informed her, "and Hillcrest, the library, and Freeman," the girl continued. "You passed the Fine Arts Building on the way up."

It was easy to detect the pride in the girl's voice as she pointed out the various buildings on the campus. Miss Prinkley was able to absorb some of that pride, and it made her warm inside.

Before she knew it, Miss Prinkley was standing inside the president's office. The interview was short, but friendly. The president made her feel most welcome. They talked about how the school had changed through the years. Together they discussed the present and the future of the college. At the close of the conversation the president had invited her to lunch, and had found another guide to show her the grounds. How beautiful the grounds were!

The highlight of the tour was saved until the very last. Again, after fifty years, Abigail Prinkley found herself standing before the steps which led to Hershey Hall. Hershey seemed like an old friend, even though it had changed. It was here that she had lived and worked for two delirious years. True, the old tin roof had been replaced, a new porch added, and various other changes made, but still the hall was not so different.

She made her way carefully up the old, worn steps and into the hall. Here, again, the other changes faced her. Before Miss Prinkley had become fully accustomed to these changes, a voice spoke—

"May I help you?"

Miss Prinkley was startled for a moment.

"Yes, please." Instinctively she knew that the voice belonged to the House Mother.

"I'm Abigail Prinkley. Many years ago—fifty to be exact—I lived in Hershey Hall. I thought I'd like to visit the school again. I hope you don't mind the intrusion." She seemed almost apologetic in her manner.

"Intrusion? Heavens no! It's nice to have you with us again. Would you like to see the hall? Of course you would; that's why you're here. I'll have one of the girls show you around. Janet—"

It was quite obvious that Janet wasn't too overwhelmed at the prospects of playing nursemaid to an old sentimental fool. Miss Prinkley didn't blame her. The girl probably had a million things better to do, but then it wouldn't take long.

The tour started on the main floor. The only thing that hadn't changed much was the parlor. It was still furnished in the same old antiques as before. As Miss Prinkley paused to rest she noticed that the furniture was still beautiful, but just as uncomfortable as ever. Then suddenly she remembered John. She hadn't thought of him in years. John had been her first and only real beau. It had been in this very same room that he had proposed to her. It had been a sacred moment—one she would always remember. She could still see his stricken face when she had refused; saw also the mischievous faces of her friends who were hanging over the banister watching the whole proceedings. She could hear their giggles and their scampering feet as she came up the stairs. Afterwards she wondered what had happened to John. Perhaps she

should have married him. Perhaps—but there she went again.

The restlessness of Janet aroused Miss Prinkley from her reverie. Together they moved to new springs of memory.

"We used to eat our meals in this room," Miss Prinkley pointed out. "The kitchen was over here, and—"

Janet wasn't listening.

"Shall we go upstairs now?"

Janet nodded unconcernedly. "I guess so," her manner implied.

"She's probably thinking of the latest story in True Confession," thought Miss Prinkley.

By the time the two had reached the top of the stairs Miss Prinkley's cheeks were highly colored and her breath was coming in short gasps.

"Must be getting old," she said to Janet, but only the walls seemed to hear her confession.

Janet managed to break her sphinx-like attitude long enough to inform Miss Prinkley that they were now in the infirmary wing. "Infirmary wing" rang a bell in Miss Prinkley's mind.

"I see that this wing has kept its old name through all these years. We called it that when we had our siege of scarlet fever here at school."

Miss Prinkley didn't tell of the sleepless, exhausting nights she had spent doing what she could for the patients; or of the time that one of the patients had taken a turn for the worse. The poor girl seemed to know that death was near, but managed to smile and whisper—

"Abby, get your Bible, and please hurry."

Miss Prinkley had run from that room. She could hear her own hysterical calls for a doctor to help, but there was no help. The hall had been as quiet as a tomb, except for her wild calls. She had run blindly to her room, grabbed her Bible, and raced back to the dying girl. Over and over she had read the Twenty-Third Psalm while the girl's low voice murmured a halting accompaniment. Then the girl stopped, the prayer ended with only Miss Prinkley's voice speaking the beloved lines. How she had strained to find one spark of life, strained to catch one faint breath. But it was no use. The girl was dead. Miss Prinkley was now trying to remember what had happened after that, but she couldn't. She remembered vaguely of covering the still flushed face of the girl, of blowing out the gas light, and of closing the door behind her on silence and on death. That was all she could remember, and more than she wanted to.

"Janet, I'm sure I can get around by myself now. I'm sure there are other things you have to do, so why don't you just go do them."

Janet made no attempt to conceal her relief. She mumbled her pleasure at having met Miss Prinkley and raced down the steps as though she were in fear of being called back.

Miss Prinkley felt better after Janet had gone. Somehow she felt freer—happier. Just one more stop—back to her old room. Then she'd be through for another fifty years.

"Let's see now—down this hall, last door on the left. Uh-huh—that should be it over there."

Miss Prinkley was amused to see a group of girls sprawled out in the middle of the floor, some draped over convenient chairs, or any other place where there seemed to be room. In the center of the gathering were four girls playing bridge. As she drew closer, Miss Prinkley caught bits of a heated argument that seemed to be in progress.

"Your bid was five spades—"

"And you're down two—"

"Just one."

"Two. And you were doubled—"

Miss Prinkley hoped that they wouldn't mind the interruption. She paused a minute, and then—

"Excuse me, I hate to bother you, but could you tell me if the girls who occupy this room are in?"

Hostilities ceased long enough for the girls to scramble to their feet and to make a few embarrassed attempts

to make themselves more presentable. "Why, yes, I believe they are. Just a minute and I'll see."

The spokesman went immediately to the room, knocked and entered. While the girl was gone the others tried to carry on a conversation. Miss Prinkley smiled to herself as the conversation drifted into a discussion of the weather. Funny how many times the weather had come to the rescue when originality in the line of conversation was at a low ebb. Miss Prinkley was well aware of the efforts of these girls to cover up the too audible sounds that issued from behind the closed door to the room she was waiting to enter. The moving of furniture, the slamming of doors, the running of feet, the hoarse whispered commands all added to the suspense.

Finally all was quiet and the door opened. This time two girls came from the room. The newcomer must be the occupant of the room. The girl spoke first.

"You're our visitor? Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, my dear. I won't be here long." Miss Prinkley then proceeded to tell the girl who she was and why she was there. "—and I hope that I haven't put you to too much trouble."

"No trouble at all—we're really glad to have you." The girl wasn't too convincing.

"My name is Mary," the girl continued, "and this is one of my roommates—Jody. The other one has a class this hour. It's too bad she isn't here. Did you say that this was your old room?"

"Fifty years ago. Strange that your name should be Mary, too. My old roommate's name was Mary. You certainly have the old room fixed up," said Miss Prinkley, as she glanced around the neat room. This was the homecoming she had been waiting for.

"Tell us about the school when you were here," this came from Jody.

"Well, if you're sure that I'm not keeping you from your work—"

"Oh, no," from both of them this time. Their eagerness was overwhelming.

"When I went to school here fifty years ago things were quite different. There was just the one building where we and the faculty lived and worked."

Such a thing seemed incredible to these girls. Bit by bit the story was unravelled. There had been few of the modern conveniences—no hot water, spasmodic heat, smoky gas lights. The girls laughed at the tales about the good times that had been spent in this room; of how Miss Prinkley and her roommate used to suspend small buckets of milk from the hot ceiling pipes to heat when hot chocolate was desired. They enjoyed the dances and the taffy-pulls, but they howled when she told them how the boys from the town used to come out and serenade the girls and of the time that the dean had thrown water on the songsters. As Miss Prinkley told her story she seemed to be reliving those happy years. She was just telling them how she used to get up at 4:00 in the morning to practice on the only piano the school had. The bell rang for lunch. How quickly time had passed! The girls seemed reluctant to break up.

"Eat lunch and come back," they pleaded. Miss Prinkley promised. Together they went to lunch. As they passed through Hershey Chapel, Miss Prinkley pointed out her old chapel seat, told them of the time she graduated, and how her old beau had had to sit in the window in order to see.

Lunch was a welcome break. Until then Miss Prinkley hadn't realized just how tired and how hungry she was. After lunch she visited with the president for a few minutes and thanked him for his kindness; then she was once more taken in tow by the two roommates and ushered back to the room.

This time others joined the party and sat at Miss Prinkley's feet as she

told them more of the days and fun at Weslyn.

The afternoon passed quickly. All too soon Miss Prinkley realized that it was time for her to leave. Reluctantly, Mary and Jody returned her goodbyes—and all of them promised to write. As Miss Prinkley slowly descended the steps she paused at the landing and called back to Mary and Jody, who were watching her departure.

"Be sure and take care of my old room."

"That's a promise," they called back.

Miss Prinkley hurried down the steps and outdoors into the warm afternoon sun. Quickly she made her way back down the long avenue of trees to the entrance. She couldn't look back.

"Why didn't that bus come?" Then suddenly there was the same bus she had arrived on. She boarded it and found a seat.

Not until the school was out of sight did she dare to think back over the day. As she dried her tears, she smiled as she remembered her old prayer, God had been kind. She had found happiness.

## Where Does The Light Go?

(Continued from preceding page)

ing, you are ready to write the first draft. From my own experiences in writing term papers I advise you to make sure that you have everything you could possibly need, before flopping into the armless two by four chair, to write. Besides replacing the desk lamp with a new bulb, and giving fresh ink to the fountain pen, check for smelling salts, popcorn, Alka-Seltzer, Kleenex, tooth picks, and Carter's Little Liver Pills, for that "tired-run-down-feeling," which you will most likely get between the hours of two and four A. M.

At one A. M. you glance at the alarm clock (that doesn't ring), and decide to go to bed. But before you do let's settle that one experiment which Professor IsEThere gives in his book, "I'm Begging to See the Light."

Eight minutes have now elapsed, and you are still leaping around the room, because you stuck your finger into the wrong socket. Anyway, you are positive that his experiment is correct, and you can now be certain that life has a spark to it.

April has finally come, bringing May flowers, and the day on which you put the last mark on those thirty pages, bind them in a folder, and toss them into Room 607080. But before that final toss, check to see that you haven't made a half dozen copies of one note card, and that your footnotes aren't upside down.

Yours with love,  
and writers' cramp!

## Home Economics Club Attends Field Day On Vocational Guidance

"What Business Expects from the Home Economist" was the theme of a college Field Day which 11 members of the Home Economics Club attended on March 29 in St. Louis. The Field Day was sponsored by Home Economics in Business of St. Louis, an organization which is associated with the National Home Economics Association. After registration in the auditorium of Union Electric Company, a practical demonstration of an interview was conducted by Esther Lee Bride, Vocational Guidance Chairman. Among those assisting her was Joan Elson, Lindenwood Senior.

Box lunches were served at Laclede Gas Company, after which the delegates returned to Union Electric Company for the afternoon program. Dr. Cylvia Sorkin of Washington University School of Business and Finance gave the opening speech. Her subject was "What Business Expects of the Home Economist."