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# LINDEN BARK

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Volume 24—No. 10

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, April 24, 1945

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## VOCATIONAL CONFERENCE GIVES STUDENTS VIEWS ON CAREERS

### Speakers Suggest Many Opportunities Open To Women

The Vocation Conference which lasted from April 5 until April 19, has given many new ideas and views to girls on the campus who were undecided as to their life work. After the splendid speeches given during these two weeks, Lindenwood lassies have a broader outlook and seem to have a better idea which is the best field to follow.

Miss Margaret Hickey, Principal of Miss Hickey's Training School for Secretaries, was the first speaker in the scheduled conference. The theme of her talk was "Tomorrow is Too Late."

In the field of psychology, Dr. Fred McKinney, Psychologist of Student Health Center, University of Missouri, spoke to us, also Mrs. Martha Weber Spencer Personnel Manager, Barnes Hospital; Mrs. Purney J. Chairman of Volunteers, Barnes Hospital; and Miss Helen Harkness, St. Charles, Missouri, who checked her desk and laid out why you never see me up on campus on days like this."

On the wall above her desk were prints of King, her five-gaited dappled grey, and plaques of fine horses' heads. On the other side of the square room a group of girls bent over the wood stove rubbing their hands together and shaking the dampness from their hair.

I plopped down on the couch beside the desk and surveyed the blackboard set into the opposite wall.

"What—no horses assigned? Why, aren't we going to ride today, Miss Young?"

"Why, sure. But you'll have to ride for yourself—or at least with

### TO SING HERE



Miss Jean Browning, Contralto, will give a recital in Roemer Auditorium, Sunday evening, April 29th, at the regular Vesper convocation. Miss Browning, a St. Louisan, stands at the threshold of a larger career. She is a basic musician having acquired advanced knowledge of piano technique while still a high school student. After several years preparation in vocal study, she won a Fellowship to Juilliard School of Music. She has appeared as soloist at the Bach Festival in St. Louis, with the St. Louis Symphony under the direction of Vladimir Golchmann, and in the summer of 1943 and 1944 was a member of the chautauqua, New York summer opera.

Miss Browning is a member of Mu Phi Epsilon, National Music Sorority, a member of Stage Door Canteen organization and soloist in one of the largest churches in New York City.

## Lindenwood Joins With Nation In Mourning President's Death

By Babs Wexner

When I came back to the dorm after my 4:00 o'clock class, Thursday, April 12, one of my friends approached me and said, "Have you heard President Roosevelt died?" My first reaction was that of disbelief and I answered her question with another—"Are you kidding?" She then took me into one of the rooms and I heard with my own ears the announcements on the radio. When the realization finally hit me, I felt as though I had lost a very dear and personal friend.

I imagine my reaction was much like that of many other girls on the campus Thursday afternoon. As we girls were huddled about the radio—quietly awaiting all news—lumps were in our throats and every now and then we'd find tears on our cheeks.

Friday morning—Chapel—wasn't the same. The hub bub of giddy voices streaming into the auditorium was absent this

morning. Reverence and quiet thoughtfulness reigned. The presidents of the four classes, the student president, Dr. Finger, Dr. Clevenger, and Mr. Motley were seated on the platform. Slowly Mr. Motley came forward and proposed sending a wire of condolence to the Roosevelt family and also a wire of congratulation to President Truman. Dr. Clevenger gave an inspiring speech urging us to give President Truman our full support. The audience bowed its head in prayer for our late President. Without a word being spoken and eyes cast down, everyone slipped quietly out of chapel.

In 1937 with the aid of my father, I wrote the President to wish him a happy birthday and to tell him how proud I was that my birthday fell on the same date as his. Not too long after I had sent the letter, I received an answer thanking me and it was signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

(Continued on page 5)

## Final Decisions Made At Mock San Francisco Security Conference

Members of the various delegations at the model San Francisco Conference, held last weekend in St. Louis at Washington University, upheld the veto power of the Big Five. It was decided in the last session on Sunday evening, that the Big Three, (Russia, United States and Great Britain) had to agree on a proposal, plus the vote of either China or France. This allowed a four-fifths majority rather than a unanimous decision as proposed in Dumbarton Oaks.

The students also proposed a new preamble to the charter, which incorporated the Atlantic Charter and the four freedoms of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Treaties should be revised and approved by the Security Council agreed the group.

A system of trusteeship was developed with control under the supervision of the international organization. This system includes all mandate islands, strategic bases as designated by the Chiefs-of-Staff of the Big Five, and colonies, as acquired in this world war.

The group decided that no nation could withdraw from the organization, but if they did not conform with the charter, they should be treated as an aggressor nation.

Sub-divisions of the Economic and Social Council were clearly defined, as the definitions of "aggressor" and "dispute" were also stated.

Due to the lack of time, these sessions were not discussed fully on the floor. Many of the problems settled and revisions made, were done in the committee and delegation meetings. The model conference did acquaint the representatives with some of the problems that the real San Francisco Conference will have to settle.

## Red Cross Board Meets to Make Plans And Hear Reports

The Red Cross Board met on April 10 in Dr. Finger's office. Reports of the various committees were given and a tentative slate of officer candidates for next year was selected. Plans for the nurse's aids capping ceremony were discussed and the date set at May 27.

The following girls are candidates to become nurse's aids: Leone Flaniken, Shirley Sagness, Marjorie Jean Oliver, Harriet Ann Blair, Jane Patricia Evans, Joann Settle, Barbara Park, Alice Hirshman, Joan Eison, Sally Matthews, Elizabeth Kirk, Coy Payne, Marjorie Cashman, Betty Jo McIlvaine, Nancy Owens, Nancy Dana, Irva Smith, June Locke, and Dot Sandmann. These girls must complete 45 hours of work at the hospital before they can be capped. Peggy King and Sally Thomas have already been capped.

Beta Pi Theta, honorary French fraternity, had Marion Pendarvis speak on "The Easter Customs of France" at its meeting April 2.

## MANY ACTIVITIES PLANNED FOR LINDENWOOD'S COMMENCEMENT

### SPEAKER



Dr. Virgil Melvin Hancher, President of the University of Iowa, will give the commencement day address the morning of June 4 at Lindenwood College.

## Senior Hall To Be Converted To Health Center This Summer

Next year the Lindenwood Health Center will move its residence to what is now Senior Hall. The space now occupied in Sibley will be made into rooms for the students. Architects are being called in to remodel both Senior Hall and Sibley's second floor.

The principle reason for this move is to isolate the Health Center so as to check the spreading of any contagious diseases. The girls also will find it quiet and restful.

For three years this change has been planned, but until now the plans have not been definite.

## Luncheon For Seniors To Be Given By College At M. A. C. May 26

Commencement activities on Lindenwood's campus will begin June 2, with the observance of Alumnae Day. The commencement day address will be given by Dr. Virgil Melvin Hancher, president of the University of Iowa, the morning of June 4. Preceding the final events, will be the annual Senior luncheon on May 26, and the presentation of the Senior play by Alpha Psi Omega on Friday, May 18.

Dr. Hancher, a graduate of University of Iowa, has been its president since 1941. As a student, he gained recognition in oratory and debate. After receiving his B. A. degree, he was awarded a Rhodes scholarship and attended Oxford University.

After returning from Oxford, he practiced law in Iowa and Illinois. His professional specialty was business and its related subjects. He has been awarded the honorary degree of doctor of laws by Grinnell college, St. Ambrose college, and Northwestern University. The L.H. D. given by Cornell College and doctor of letters by Beloit College.

An open house will be given by the faculty at the Gables in the afternoon from 2:30 until 6:00 o'clock on Alumnae Day. A dinner will follow the open house in Ayres Dining Room.

The Senior class will then be inducted into the Lindenwood Alumnae Association in a ceremony conducted by the President, Miss Pearl Lucille Lambers of St. Charles. An after dinner speaker is to be chosen from the alumnae group.

Following the dinner, an elec-

(Continued on page 5)

## Lindenwood Becoming Collector's Paradise for War Souvenirs

by Phyllis Maxwell

"You went away and left me.  
You sailed across the sea.  
I would have forgiven you,  
If You hadn't sent something to me.  
Some lace, some silk, some gold,  
An embroidered coverlet for my bed.  
But you double-crossed me, darling.  
You sent me a dead Jap's head!"

Travel may be broadening but as far as the stay at homes here at Lindenwood are concerned, it is also profitable. Genee Head just received a beeeee utiful handmade jacket from India. Jeanne McDonald has just been decorated long distance with an Iron Cross from Germany. Barbara Parks found in her mailbox, marked China, an exquisite

little dragon pin. Babs Wexner is so proud of her French handkerchief that she doesn't use it for functional purposes.

Jo Lee Horton is thinking of opening her own curio shop. Nothing to sell mind you, but you come and look. She keeps getting boxes and boxes just full of dishes, wooden shoes, handkerchiefs, bracelets, dolls, and even German helmets. For a slight charge of twenty-five cents she will be glad to give a personally conducted tour through her trophy room.

The above attempt at poetry is dedicated to E. J. Daneman, the perplexed, if not proud, owner of a Japanese skull. In case we should have trouble with the electricity B. J. can always equip her polished skull with a candle and put up her hair as usual. Who says that Japs can't be useful?



## Now He Belongs to the Ages

Perhaps the greatest leader of our times has died. April 12 will undoubtedly be a historical day to remember. The pilot of our ship of fate brought us within sight of our goal, but entrusted the final stage of our journey to his successor, Harry S. Truman. The tragedy of Franklin D. Roosevelt's death will long live within our hearts. The destiny of our future has been hampered, so the determination of our facilities to gain peaceful living is certain. As a living monument to our beloved F. D. R., we will strive for a greater United States, and a peaceful world organization.

## The Fighting Seventh Is Coming

With Victory in Europe on the horizon, let's not forget that the war is only half over with the elimination of Germany. The third branch of the Axis is still waiting for us in Japan, so on May 14 our government is again calling on all citizens to buy a share in America to help this nation continue to be "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

In this, our Seventh War Loan Drive, the government is asking for \$7,000,000,000. This is the largest quota yet asked for, the reason being that the war in Japan has just begun. It must be backed up, paid for, and fought for by a free people, intent on clearing the Pacific of hate—forever.

There are many other weighty reasons for supporting the Seventh War Loan. The sick, wounded, and disabled are going to require medical care; a new air force is being created for use in the South Pacific; and lastly the war in Japan may take years which will require great amounts of supplies.

So let's all buy as many war bonds as possible, encourage our friends and neighbors to buy bonds, and lastly, why not give up those extra cokes and buy war stamps with the extra money. Buying bonds will save lives and bring our men back home sooner, so come on Lindenwood, let's show our G. I. Joe's that we're really behind them and aren't just pretending to be.

## Use Your Vocational Knowledge

Now that the Vocational Conference has ended, we have time to gather all of the information we learned.

In the opening speech Miss Margaret Hickey emphasized that no woman can be adequate in her chosen work outside the home unless she can also face a kitchen stove and dishes without turning back.

Miss Hickey gave us an enthusiastic beginning, and throughout the two weeks conference we had an opportunity to help decide on the right vocation for us.

There are many ways in the road with pro's and con's for each way, but try to benefit by our new knowledge and go the right way for you.

## We Shall Not Falter

The world may be sure we will prosecute the war . . . with all the vigor we possess to a successful conclusion."

This is the assurance of courageous leadership and national unity that President Harry S. Truman gave to the world in his first public statement after taking office. This is the assurance that this country will not falter or turn aside from the goals of victory and peace toward which it is advancing.

Even though one of the most powerful and persuasive voices which spoke and planned for peace is now silent, our united nation will take an active part in the most vital step toward international unity and world peace—the San Francisco Peace Conference. Beginning tomorrow, the peace-loving states of the world will meet in San Francisco to draw up in a written constitution their plans and principles of cooperation in the maintenance of international peace and security. This constitution promises to be the greatest document in history, even greater than the Magna Carta or our own Constitution, for this document will be the declaration of rights for all men, not just one nation alone.

Will the principles of Dumbarton Oaks be accepted? What will be the principles governing disarmament and the regulation of armaments? What will be the voting procedure in the Security Council? What will be the economic and social regulations? Will all peace-loving states obtain sovereign equality? These are but a few of the many questions to be answered when the nations meet in parley at San Francisco. At the termination of this conference, the world should have before it a document which will insure international unity and world peace.

The war is not over. But our momentum is carrying us forward, and efforts are being redoubled in preparation for that time when the momentum is spent and present plans have been completed. We will be prepared, after San Francisco, to enforce international law, world cooperation, and peace among men.

# LINDEN BARK

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EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE  
Merryl Ryan, '46

ADVERTISING MANAGER  
JEANNE McDONALD '46

EDITORIAL STAFF

Marian Clark, '47  
Joan Elson, '46  
Betty Gilpin, '47  
Genee Head, '46  
Babs Wexner, '47

Ruth Tittis, '46  
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## GRACIE GREMLIN



Gracie isn't feeling like her usual funny little self today. No she feels very humble, determined because she realizes the difficult task ahead of her as an American citizen. She knows that our new Commander-in-Chief has big shoes to fill—too big for him alone—but not too big for the American people; and she's going to do her utmost to help make that dream of international unity a reality. How about you?

## BARK BAROMETER OF CAMPUS OPINION

Girls Are Evenly Divided On Question of a Lasting Peace.

Girls of Lindenwood campus are evenly divided over the question, "Do you think there is any hope for a lasting peace?" Even among the more optimistic half there is some doubt about the value of the present peace plans. Several girls expressed doubt that the San Francisco Conference and Dumbarton Oaks would have any lasting effect on the years after the war. However 50 per cent of the Lindenwood students feel that eventually a plan will be worked out that will insure peace to the world.

Seventy-five per cent of the Lindenwood campus believe that Italy and Argentina should be admitted to the peace conferences. Both countries have recently been seeking admittance, but are being opposed by Russia.

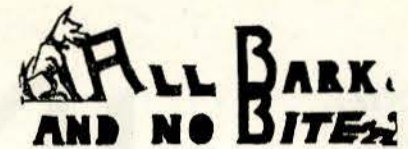
Sixty-two per cent feel that Russia should have three votes in the peace conference. The United States has relinquished its three votes, but Russia still feels that it should have that number.

This Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion is taken by the various staff members. We endeavor to question a new percentage of students each time.

## Lindenwood Choral Group Sings Over Station KFUD Sunday

The Lindenwood Choral group directed by Miss Doris Gieselman sang a group of six numbers on KFUD, Sunday, April 22. Approximately 50 girls took part in the program. The selections they sang were: "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" by Bach; "On Wings of Faith" by Mozart; "Blessed Jesu, Fount of Mercy" by Dvorak; "Twenty-Third Psalm" by Thornton; "Holy Lord God" by Cain; and "Hallelujah, Amen" by Handel.

On April 29, a group will sing again at the morning service of the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis.



by Jane McLean

Guess everyone knows by this time that exam schedules were posted last week. Seeing them up in their usual place brings the end of the year just that much closer. Even though everyone is always anxious to get home in the spring, it's not so very easy to say "Goodbye" to all the friends one has made during the year or years that she has been at Lindenwood. Some of them won't be back, and it is to them that the farewell comes hardest. But no one can ever take the memories away—nor the friendships; these continue to live on.

Plans for May Day are progressing at a great rate. Tau Sigma is busily working out its program to be presented in tribute to the new queen, and the Sophomore class is preparing a Garland Dance, a new addition to the ceremony this year.

Next week we'll have the first of May—then everybody will be either out on the golf course or on Ayres roof, taking legal sunbaths. If the weather stays in this rather undecided state, though, no one is going to be able to go home with a tan to make the neighbors jealous.

A number of juniors and seniors are looking mighty haggard lately, the after effects of that Junior-Senior English exam. You always thought you knew how to spell, then you get into an exam like that where it makes a lot of difference, and every word on the page looks wrong. The psychological effect, I suppose.

The announcement of a spring

formal same as quite a pleasant surprise to everyone. After that, there will be a few more dates on campus, which will be nice. But with the looks of it here recently, the girls don't seem to be doing too badly. Kind of seems as if Senior Hall has sort of a monopoly on the date situation, though—both Marge and Dona with two of them at once, Monne running up to Carbondale practically every weekend, Carol with Paul, and Heimrod with Erick and Les and Dick. Tootie's brother seemed to make a hit with a number of girls from third Sib-ley, too.

About seventeen or eighteen girls accompanied, hardly chaperoned, by Doctors Dawson and Talbot made a journey up to Pere Marquette State Park in Grafton, Illinois, last weekend. A continual buzz was heard, but it wasn't about the beautiful scenery or the interesting specimens—but the continual repetition of words being spelled over and over again. That's the way some of the girls prepared for the English exam that was mentioned before. But a little change of scenery is good for one, if she knows that a trial is coming up. At least that's what I tried to tell myself as I missed the word "indispensable"—or is it "ib"—no, it "ab"—for the sixth time.

The Seventh War Loan Drive is to begin shortly. It would be a good idea to start saving a little now, so that we can show President Truman, as well as the man on the fighting fronts that we are behind them all the way.

—'Nuff said—

## Entrees For Annual Press Club Contest Now Being Accepted

Entrees are now being accepted for the annual Press Club contest which will close May 10. Any member of the Linden Leaves and Linden Bark staffs or anyone who has contributed to a student publication is eligible to enter.

This year's judges will be Dr. Kate Gregg, Dr. Alice Parker, Charles C. Clayton, and Miss Agnes Sibley. Winners of last year's contest were Emelyne Gumm, first prize for her "All Bark and No Bite" column, and Mary Anne Nesbit, honorable mention for her feature story.

The \$5.00 award prize for the best student publication will be awarded at commencement.

## El Circulo Espanol Holds Annual Pan-American Program

El Circulo Espanol held its annual Pan-American Day meeting on Wednesday, April 11, in the Library Club Room. With rugs rolled back and chairs and tables pushed to the side, the Club Room was a stage on which the program, M. Ced by Celeste Salvo, took place. Mary Kay Pruet began the evening with a summary of the interAmerican movement, after which Marie Szilagyi, Maridee Hill, and Carolyn Hempelman, dressed in outfits that had come from Mexico, did a Mexican dance to the song, Las Champinetas.

A trio of professional Mexican entertainers, the Thungeo Sisters and Pedra Carlos, from St. Louis, then gave a program of songs, played and sung. Among them were the popular El Rio Rancho Grande, La Cucharacha, Amor, South of the Border, and La Golondrina.

Hildegard Stanze is president of the club and Dr. Mary Terhune is the sponsor.

## OF ALL THINGS

Individual groups who are interested in a particular field of creative writing. Mr. Peterson got those who are interested in the field of short story and try to send their efforts now publishers. "They can't do any more than turn you down," he comforted, "and a few rejection papers never hurt anyone." He also pointed out that radio script writing, industrial magazines and newspapers, and regular daily newspaper work are all open fields for the young journalist. The most important thing, he said, is getting a star. "You will advance on there, according to your ability."

In a lecture to the English class, Mr. Peterson spoke on

The wealthy plantation owner, examining a prospective GI son-in-law asked: "Would you love my daughters just as much if she were poor?"

"Yes, of course, sir."  
"You've said enough, get out—we don't want any fools in this family."

### Dull Date

Here we sit  
Hand in hand—  
Her's in her's  
Mine in mine.

It used to be that a vegetarian was a fellow who looked for the pork in a can of pork and beans. Now it could be anybody.

### Editors Blues

We grit our teeth—we bite our nails;  
We tear our hair—it never falls.

Three line stories—are handed in  
In journalism—that's a sin.

"Not enough copy!"—the printers say;  
So get your stories—don't delay!"

Well, the paper's out—and we are through,  
But we hope this issue pleases you.

—Christian College Microphone



## THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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## THE STABLE AND RING

By June Yvonne Fields

The wind howled around the corner of the dorm, scattering white flurries across the campus. I pulled my scarf tight around my neck, pushed outside, and went squashing over the white softness, my head bent low.

A paved drive, slippery where the snow had been crunched down by the trucks, led to the hill sloping down to the stable, a low building hunched behind the white-fenced riding ring. It was a struggle to plod down that hill, leaning forward to fight the wind and picking my way across the icy ruts.

Beyond the stable was a fenced-in pasture where Herefords hunched together in red blotches.

I stamped the snow off my shoes on the frozen brown mat by the door and pushed in, stepping over the circle of water just inside.

"Whew. Coming down that hill is a major battle."

The instructor, young, pink-cheeked Missourian, turned from her desk and laughed. "That's why you never see me up on campus on days like this."

On the wall above her desk were prints of King, her five-gaited dappled grey, and plaques of fine horses' heads. On the other side of the square room a group of girls bent over the wood stove, rubbing their hands together and shaking the dampness from their hair.

I plopped down on the couch beside the desk and surveyed the blackboard set into the opposite wall.

"What—no horses assigned? Why, aren't we going to ride today, Miss Young?"

"Why, sure. But you'll have to ride by yourself—or at least without an instructor. No, I'll tell you what. We'll have a round table discussion today on any thing you want to know about horses. That'll be a good review for you. O. K.?"

We all heartily agreed, and in our enthusiasm soon forgot the hill and the whinnying wind. Against the crackling of the stove, Miss Young answered our many eager questions.

"Miss Young, what is a Weymouth?"

"Jean, suppose you tell us."

With a deep frown, Jean spread her hands and delved into the back room and brought back a bridle for us to study. As she opened the door from the lecture room, we could hear the horses moving in their stalls and smell the dirty straw and horse flesh. Under a knowing eye we unstrapped and strapped the double-reined bridle, learning the name of each part.

"Say, it's almost time for the five-minute bell. We'd better run."

I struggled into my coat again and tied my scarf over my throat. As someone opened the door a cold blast of wind surged in, ruffling through the papers on the desk and blowing back the prints on the wall.

I held back a moment, reluctant to leave the chatter of girls and

the smell of burning wood and oiled leather, then stepped out into a world of whiteness, my head bent against the wind.

I popped out the door, skipped down the steps of the dorm, swung over the rail along the sidewalk and trotted down to the edge of the hill that sloped off from behind the campus buildings. Just below, sleeping under the new spring sun, were the stable and riding ring. Beyond them was a pasture where Herefords munched the new grass and lay in the shade of budding trees.

I could hear the bumpety-bump of the wheelbarrow coming from inside the stable. Bob was cleaning the stalls.

King, five-gaited dappel grey, stuck his nose up to one of the windows and nickered. I stopped to scratch his head before going into the lecture room.

"Hello, isn't it a grand day for riding?"

"Wonderful for a change. How about taking Susan Dare?"

"Swell."

I stepped out to the little hall where a ramp ran down between the stalls. It was mull of the smell of sweating horses, clean straw, and damp leather. Bob stuck his pitchfork into the soggy mess piled high in the wheelbarrow and grinned up. "Mornin', Miss June."

"Good morning, Bob. How about Susan?"

I scampered down the ramp to the double doors at the open end and waited for my horse.

"Here you are, Miss June, and she really feels in fine spirits this mornin'."

"Thanks, Bob."

I led Susan up to the ring, her hooves clopping on the cinders. Inside the white fence, the class was adjusting stirrups and mounting. The irons slid down the stirrup leathers with a smart slap and buckles clicked with a sharp finality. My own stirrups set and the reins thrown to the off-side, I laboriously lifted my left leg, grabbed the back of the saddle, and, with a heave and a grunt, swung up.

Miss Young, neat in light blue tailored judpurs, strode out to the center of the ring.

"Ready to trot?—Trot on."

Susan backed her ears, passed another horse circling wide, and trotted on. For the next half hour, I divided my time between checking diagonals and gazing out over the fresh green fields and golf course. But every moment, the sharp, clear words flung from the center of the ring were beating through my mind in time to a fast trot. "Heels down, toes in, elbows to your sides, up in your saddles, not too much puppy-dog." Then suddenly, "Prepare to canter—canter your horses."

"Easy, baby, head in—now. That's a girl, good Susie."

And so around the ring, hair flying, choking on dust, losing my balance on the turns, checking leads and diagonals, and—loving it.

In on time we were dismounting. Susan turned to nudge me with her nose while I ran the stirrups up and gathered up the reins. I stopped to scratch the

hard knot between her ears and run my hand up and down her nose. Then we filed out and waited in line for Bob to take our horses inside.

The dust was just settling in the ring as I went back up the hill. The shadow of a dove flitted across the hoof-printed cinders, dipped at the crest of the hill, and disappeared down the drive. It was such a beautiful day.

GOING ON SIXTEEN  
By Gwyned Filling

Emy Lou stood in front of her mirror looking appraisingly at herself. Emy Lou was attired in her new two-piece bathing suit. Her mother had liked the terribly childish blue one, but Emy had begged and begged for this simply divine red one. It was the latest thing out; there was no denying that. Emy Lou smoothed her hands over her slim hips, swung around on her toes, and gazed over her shoulder into the mirror. The vision she saw reflected there evidently pleased her. She smiled coquettishly, looked up from between half closed eyes and said, "Why, I'll just love to." She stood there dreaming, her mind miles away.

Breaking through her reverie came a girl's shrill giggle from just beneath the window. That giggle brought Emy Lou abruptly back to grim realities. She dropped down beside the window, her feet beneath her in Hindu prayer position, and peered out into the brilliant summer sunshine. When her eyes became adjusted to the glare of the sun, she could distinguish Agnes Miller, Chuck Morris, and her own brother, Ted. Chuck was Ted's best friend and Emy Lou's secret love. She had loved him ever since he had played tennis with her, the day after school closed, a whole week ago. However, Chuck paid no attention to her as an equal, but still thought of her as Ted's kid sister and a good sport. But gee, she wasn't a child any more. Why after all he was only seventeen, and she was going on sixteen. Well, she'd be sixteen in four and a half months, so she could almost say that she was sixteen.

The other day Chuck had sat and talked to her until Ted had come home. That had been a good beginning she had thought, but now—now he was mooning over Agnes. Ted "had it bad" for Agnes, anyone could see that; yet Agnes was making a play for Chuck, and it looked as though she was making quite a bit of headway, too.

Agnes was pretty in a China doll way, with clear ivory skin and big blue eyes. She had a way of ogling up at boys from beneath her thick lashes, and then coyly flashing a grin that made Emy Lou's hopes sink. "He'll probably fall, hook, line and sinker for her. Isn't that just my luck?? Darnit anyway. And that Country Club dance only a week away. If Chuck asks that Ol' Agnes Miller, I'll just die. I'll just die."

Slowly Emy Lou arose, kicking every thing in her way and dropping down before her dressing table. Her lower lip quivered and her pretty brown eyes grew damp. With a deep sigh of utter defeat Emy Lou began to squirm out of her bathing suit. Half-heartedly she began to pull on a pair of faded blue jeans. Reaching into a dresser drawer she grabbed a plaid shirt and a red bandana. These with argyle socks and dirty saddle shoes completed her attire.

She clomped down the stairs dejectedly, sliding her feet down each step slowly, and resting for a moment in thought on each step. As she neared the living room she heard the murmur of voices in a steady drone, broken only by the clatter of china. She changed her course and made her exit by way of the back door. This

change of route forced her to pass the little group under the elm tree. She glanced at them as she passed, Agnes sitting demurely in a huge lawn chair, her dainty dimity dress spread picturesquely around her; Chuck and Ted sprawled at her feet. Agnes noticed Emy Lou slip by, but gave no sign, while the boys were much too interested in Agnes to take any notice of Emy Lou.

Emy Lou scuffed off across the tennis court, kicking the loose gravel into little mounds with the toes of her disreputable saddles. Upon reaching the obscurity of the other side she flopped down in the shade and lay there on her tummy, her head in her hands, deep in thought. Her eyes fastened upon the activities of a small ant trudging wearily homeward with a piece of cracker six times his size. She began to mumble to herself, "Gee, why does that ol' drip of an Agnes get all the men? She can't do anything, not one earthly thing. She can't swim or play tennis or anything. She can't do a thing but sit there and look pretty, and have the boys fall all over her. I'll bet if she got out in the sun she'd turn red-r'n a boiled lobster. Boys are so dumb."

Although she tried desperately not to, her eyes kept roaming back to the cozy threesome under the tree. With great difficulty, involving a sudden jerk of her head she tore her eyes away from the laughing group. Suddenly her courage gave way, and an avalanche of tears rolled down her face. She bit her lips and stubbornly rubbed her slightly grimy hands across her cheeks, wiping off the tears that were managing to escape from beneath her tightly closed lids. Inside she was all choked up, but she managed a smile. Then like a flash, through her mind ran the thought that if Agnes could get all the dates that she wanted by being a sweet, girlish clinging-vine, she, Emy Lou, could too—even if it killed her.

She scrambled to her feet and bounced across the tennis court. Halfway across she remembered her new decision, and began to stroll languidly toward the house, taking care to swing her hips with each step.

Reaching her room Emy Lou made a flying dive for her closet. She stood there contemplating her wardrobe. Suddenly she pulled out a pink dotted swiss with tiny black velvet ribbons at the edge of the sweetheart neckline. Evidently satisfied, Emy Lou smiled, the twinkle came back into her eyes. She laid the dress carefully on the bed and hummed as she went to take a shower. The icy sting of the shower stimulated her and she scrubbed her tanned body until a faint pink began to show through. Jumping out of the shower she dried herself furiously. "Now, let's see. Oh, yes, some of the bath powder I got for my birthday." She fairly smothered herself with the overly sweet powder. Slipping into her new spectator pumps, and sliding the frilly dress over her head, she began to hum. After brushing her hair until it shined, powdering her shiny little nose, she unexpertly applied lipstick. Now—now she was certain that she could compete with Agnes or even Hedy Lamarr maybe. She wasn't quite sure about Hedy Lamarr, but about Agnes she had never a doubt.

She picked up her purse and began singing, "It's Love, Love, Love." Gracefully she descended the stairs, peering into the mirror at the bottom of the steps to study the effect. Mrs. Wyatt watched this descent with a little smile playing about her lips. Upon reaching the floor Emy Lou gave herself a satisfied wink and turned to her mother. "Mother," she oozed, trying to be sophisticated and nonchalant, "I'm going to walk down to Meyer's for a chocolate malt."

"Well, Emy Lou for goodness sake, what's come over you all of a sudden?" queried Mrs. Wyatt. "Not that I mind. I'm glad, really, that you've at last decided to act like a little lady instead of a tomboy."

Emy Lou said nothing, but graciously gave her mother a smile. Strolling into the drug store, Emy Lou sat down on one of the stools in front of the counter. The soda-jerk, Walter, came slowly over to take her order. As he neared her he took one good look and gulped. "Wh-wh-why, Emy Lou. What's happened to you?" His voice ascended to a mere squeak.

Emy Lou answered in a thoroughly disgusted tone, "Oh, nothing, goon. My goodness, has something got to be wrong just because I change clothes once in a while? My goodness."

"Oh, no, Emy Lou, you look colossal, simply colossal."

"Well, gee, thanks, Walter.—Let's see, I'll have a double chocolate malt."

"Coming up."

Emy Lou heard the sudden burst of conversation as Agnes, Ted, and Chuck came in behind her. She knew they hadn't noticed her so she took out her compact and applied a fresh coat of lipstick. Agnes noticed her and whispered to the two boys. Who is that creature over there?"

The two boys looked at her and with one accord exclaimed, "Emy Lou!"

Emy Lou swung around on her stool and in a very bored manner said, "Hello, kids" and swung around again to sip her malt. Why didn't Chuck come over to her, just once? Emy Lou watched them in the mirror as they steered Agnes to a booth. She could tell Chuck was watching her, but if he was interested or not she couldn't decide. Slowly she sipped her malt, swinging one foot in time to the music of the juke-box. Walter couldn't keep his eyes from her and he moved closer. "Say, Emy Lou, how about a date sometime? How about it, huh, Emy Lou?"

Emy Lou pondered a moment, then looked up slowly, just as she practised, smiled sweetly and said, "Well, Walter, I'll see. Maybe next week, I'll let you know later."

"Gee, Emy Lou, that's swell—elegant, really swell—elegant."

Emy Lou smiled again, "How much, Walter?"

Walter leaned back on the counter, dishcloth in hand, mooning at Emy Lou like a sick calf, "That one was on the house."

"Gee,—well, thanks, Walter." Emy Lou slid off the stool, Good bye, Walter. I'll be seeing you later. Walter began mopping up the counter with a faraway look in his eyes.

Over in a booth Chuck gulped, "Egad, what can she see in him? Gosh, he's an A-1 drip. Say, Ted, what's she all dolled up for? Is she going to a party? Golly, she she going to a party Golly, she looked so different, not like Emy Lou at all." He looked mystified and scratched his head. Women sure were funny creatures, that was a fact.

As his mind came back to Agnes she was saying, "Which one of you two is going to take me to the Country Club dance?"

If only Emy Lou had heard that. But Emy Lou was strolling leisurely down Elm Avenue toward home. "That wasn't so bad, not bad at all. Maybe that's what I needed to wake him up: He looked at me. He looked at me," sang Emy Lou as she walked along toward home.

Reaching home Emy Lou sank into the hammock and began dreaming. Deep in a reverie, she was unaware of Chuck and Ted slipping up toward her, until they startled her with a loud, "Boo!"

"Gosh, you scared me out of my skin, almost."

Chuck seemed interested at



## Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

last, he kept looking at her with a queer expression on his face. He broke the silence by asking, "Emy Lou, why in the heck are you all dressed up for?"

Emy Lou was indignant, "Why, Chuck Morris, can't a girl dress up if she wants to? You make me awful sick, just awful sick."

Chuck shrugged his shoulders, "Well, all I can say is that you look awful different."

Emy Lou sat upright like a bolt, "Do I, Chuck, really?"

"Yeah," broke in Ted, "awful darn silly."

"You ain't a 'kiddin'. Why don't you go change into jeans or something? Then come on out and play a game of tennis with us."

Emy Lou was crestfallen. She got up slowly and walked toward the house. All her effort was wasted, absolutely wasted. Not looking where she was going she stumbled over a croquet hook and her feet, unaccustomed to their high heels, went out from beneath her. She fell with a "ka-piunk". Behind her she could hear the loud guffaws of the two boys. "Why don't you have convulsions, you old drips? I hate you, I hate you." With that Emy Lou got up and went blindly into the house.

At lunch the next day Ted asked her, "Hey, dope, how'd you like to ride over to Brown's farm and go swimming tomorrow with Agnes, Chuck, and me? Not that we want you particularly, but moth—"

"Now, Ted," broke in his mother. "Yes Emy Lou, I thought you all would like to ride your bikes out there and then go swimming I'll fix you a nice lunch. How would you like that?"

Emy Lou was exuberant. "Boy, would I?" she screamed. "Golly gee, I'd just love to go. Oh boy." Visions of herself in her new two-piece bathing suit floated through her mind. She was so excited that she even ate her hated asparagus without a word.

The next afternoon when Chuck and Agnes came by, Emy Lou was ready and waiting. Her long hair was braided into two pigtails and tied with white ribbons. Her tanned skin looked twice as tan in contrast to her blue shorts and white shirt. Agnes looked spotless in her yellow playsuit with the matching gathered skirt.

They all started out together but by the time they had gone two miles Emy Lou and Chuck were racing down the hill while Agnes and Ted tagged along behind. Agnes had begun to wilt; she was tired yet determined to keep on. When Chuck and Emy Lou reached the creek, they flopped in the cool shade, exhausted but laughing. In a few minutes along come Ted and Agnes. Agnes was tired, her hair wind-blown, and her beautiful make-up smeared and dusty. Very irritably she snapped, "I wish I'd never come way out here. I wish we'd go swimming in the pool; that's much better anyway."

"Aw, for Pete's sake, Agnes, you didn't have to come if you didn't want to, did you?" That remark from Chuck sent Emy Lou's hopes soaring. Chuck, anxious to get in, said, "O. K. kids, I'll race you. Last one in's a Nigger baby."

"Oh yeah, who says you're going to win?" queried Emy Lou. She slipped into the dilapidated bath-house and emerged in her new suit. Chuck was half-way to the water but he stopped and stared, literally stared. Emy Lou ran to the edge and stood poised for a dive. Her lithe body made a smooth, clean dive and cut the water with hardly a ripple. The water was cool and inviting. She swam out farther, Chuck right behind her. It seemed ages before Agnes appeared. Her white skin looked even more deathly in her

white suit. Chuck took one look at her and swam after Emy Lou.

As they rode slowly back to town that evening, Chuck and Emy Lou up ahead, Ted and Agnes behind, Chuck looked over at the glowing Emy and whispered, "You know, twerp, you're a darn sweet girl."

Emy Lou smiled, but not as she'd planned. It was a sweet, wholesome smile. As she looked at Chuck, her heart in her eyes, he rode closer and stammered, "Say, ah—, ah, Emy Lou, how would you like to ah, —. Well, would you let me take you to the Country Club dance next week?"

Emy Lou smiled, "Why Chuck, I sure would like it."

Chuck began to whistle and Emy Lou to hum. Her heart was beating a mile a minute and she felt nice and warm all over, but all she said was, "Come on Chuck, I'll race you to the next hill."

### THACKERAY'S IDEAS OF GENTILITY

By Margaret Ann Kendall

In the two hundred years which have passed since William Makepeace Thackeray put his ideas of gentility into story form and called those stories *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes*, the basic principles of gentility have not changed. Ladies and gentlemen of the eighteenth century and those of the twentieth century possess the same characteristics—generosity, unselfishness, consideration for others, honesty, and respect for others.

Snobbery was just as absurd in the eighteenth century English society as it is in the twentieth century Lindenwood society. Everywhere Thackeray went he was conscious of snobbery in the social groups.

A constitutional indolence and an ironical view of life made Thackeray a humorist and disqualified him from being a prophet like Carlyle.

In order to obtain material for his description of club snobs, Thackeray got permission to examine the complaint books of several clubs. At any rate, he was speaking on a familiar subject, and the vivacity of his sketches naturally suggested identification with particular individuals. This practice was against his artistic principles. Colonel Newcome was a mixture of Thackeray's Indian relatives, Major Smyth (coeditor of Thackeray's newspaper), and Thackeray's stepfather. Amelia Sedley represented Thackeray's own wife, his mother, and a Mrs. Brookfield.

When accused of sharing the vanities which he satirized, Thackeray would playfully admit that the charge was not altogether groundless. It was characteristic of his humor that he saw more strongly than anyone else the bad side of the society which held out to him the strongest temptations and emphasized, possibly too much, its "mean ad-overdone. Perhaps, too, he recognized the bad traits of immoral women and combined them to make the character Rebecca Sharp. Thackeray had observed women closely enough to know that many such women are exceedingly clever. Becky Sharp was very clever. The gentle characteristics of his mother and his wife attracted his attention to such a degree that he tried to create his ideal woman in Amelia Sedley, but could not resist the temptation to make her attentions to her son seem foolishly overdone. Perhaps, too, he remembered that his wife had gone insane, and so he made Amelia impractical and not very intelligent.

In his portrayal of middle-class English society, Thackeray created both gentle and immoral characters. However, he did not place any of the gentle characters in

the nobility because he felt that nobles who inherited their titles were snobs, interested in titles and not in true character.

While making his survey of club complaint books, Thackeray verified his belief that the same characteristics of gentility apply to both classes of society. Gentility is characterized by a vast number of qualities which cannot be bought at any price or be acquired by treachery. They must be developed slowly and steadily throughout one's entire life, beginning when one is very young. Parents usually teach their children the little things which, when combined and put into practice, make a gentle person.

Gentility as Thackeray sees it is characterized by generosity and unselfishness. Both extremes, the very generous and the very selfish, are represented in the cast of feminine characters in *Vanity Fair*. Amelia Sedley, the most generous and unselfish woman, gave her own jewelry and ribbons to Rebecca because Becky had none when the two girls left Chiswick Mall. Years later, after Rebecca Sharp had separated from her husband and was earning her living by immoral acts, Amelia took her into her own home, and again gave her jewelry, ribbons, dresses, and hats.

After old Mr. Sedley lost his fortune, his friends, and his health, Amelia supported him with the small pension which she received after her husband's death. She sold her own clothes to have money to buy suits for her small son. In contrast, Rebecca Sharp hid money from her husband, so that she might always have the money to buy clothes. The only clothes she ever made for her son was one suit, which she worked on only when she was entertaining guests. This suit was never finished.

Both Colonel Newcome and William Dobbin were generous with their money and their affections. The Colonel gave half his income to his son. Dobbin gave gifts to his own family and to Amelia's family. As the godfather of little George Osborne, he gave clothing, money, books, and toys to the little boy, and paid for George's earlier education.

Faithfulness is an outstanding factor in the pattern of gentility. Although Amelia was a fond, foolish mother, she was a loving, faithful one who tried to do everything she could to help her son. In love she was so faithful that, for several years after her husband's death, she refused to marry. However, her husband had never been as faithful as that to her. He, fascinated by Becky Sharp's charm, tried to get Becky to run away with him. Becky Sharp did not love George Osborn; neither did she love her husband and her son. After her son's birth, she hated the sight of him and never went near him, except when she wanted to impress someone with her motherly kindness.

Blind love played a role in Colonel Newcome's life. After a long absence from his son, he was so affected by his son's companionship that he didn't even know Clive had any faults, and when anyone suggested that he was not perfect, the Colonel took Clive's part, as every faithful father would do.

True gentility shows a consideration for the feelings and needs of other people. The only character who showed much consideration for others was William Dobbin. After considering the necessities lacking in Amelia's home, he bought food and fuel, as well as lace, shawls, and books. One weakness in Amelia's character was in her consideration for others. Although she did consider the family needs, she did not consider them as important

as her son's childish desires. If Georgy wanted a new book, Mr. and Mrs. Sedley had to do without the proper food in order to pay for the book.

A well known quality of any lady or gentleman is honesty. Thackeray's examples of dishonesty are much more attractive than those of honesty. Becky Sharp bought food, wine, clothes, and jewels, never intending to pay for them. She took the money needed to pay the grocery bill and the rent, and put it away where no one else could find it.

Sir Pitt Crawley, a dirty, vulgar miser, schemed against the poor to try to get every penny from them, whether the money was or was not rightfully his.

Gentle people respect the religion of others whether or not it follows their own beliefs. Pitt Crawley, Jr. was a religious man, but insisted that everyone worship just as he did. Becky Sharp had no real faith. She went to church because it was a fashionable thing to do. Briefly, she was a hypocrite.

Among the characters who have not been presented as gentle people, gambling and excessive drinking were carried on. Amelia Sedley, William Dobbin, and Colonel Newcome were not guilty of either gambling or drinking in excess. Sir Pitt drank as often and as much as he pleased. The occupation of Rawdon and Rebecca Crawley was operating a gambling house. George Osborne, Amelia's husband, lost much money at cards. Clive Newcome, while still very young, threw a glass of champagne at his cousin during a drunken rage, but it was not Clive's habit to drink too much.

In England, titles govern the treatment of individuals very much, they are disregarded by the gentility who judge others by their characters. Clive Newcome chose his companion, not because he was of the nobility—he was a poor deformed artist—but because he was a real gentleman. Becky Sharp was attracted by titles and used all her power to attract the nobility, so that she might mingle in high society. Although ranked by birth above the common people, Sir Pitt Crawley was the most abominable character which Thackeray created in either *Vanity Fair* or *The Newcomes*. He probably had been educated at the aristocratic schools of England, but had not been taught the importance of being a true gentleman.

When the good and bad qualities are totaled, Amelia Sedley, a middle-class English woman, ranks first among the gentlewomen in the two books. William Dobbin and Colonel Newcome, although their personalities are quite different, may both be placed in the rank of gentility. All three characters belonged to the middle-class. Pitt Crawley, Jr., of the nobility, possessed several gentle traits, but his father, Sir Pitt, had none at all.

To Thackeray, the really valuable element of life was the simple and tender affections of life which do not flourish in the world. With these affections in mind, he created Amelia Sedley and Colonel Newcome from the members of his family who were the most gentle. No doubt, Thackeray felt that he was attacking snobbery in such a way that his readers would benefit by the mistakes of the characters he had created.

### THE ANSWER

By Peggy Murray

The coolness of fluorescent lighting touched the silver, gray and black of the sophisticated furniture, mirrors, placed at scientific random, reflected the hard and indifferent angles of modernistic corners.

Somewhere, some time, life had

passed from this room to the common people who scurried back and forth on the street. Here, high above the roar of every-day living in a huge city, was a dead room—a cool, hard, luxurious mausoleum.

Two steps led up to a sliding French door which opened upon a small garden. I walked through it. Around the edges of this bit of artificial nature was a waist-high wall. Turning to look back into the dimness of the living room, I wondered what type of person could have conceived such a negation of life.

Then I saw my hostess coming towards me. She was a poised, self-confident creature. Her head held high, she drifted towards me, and I noticed that the whole room was decorated in tones that flattered its mistress.

She was not beautiful; but her black hair and translucent skin were the most striking I had ever seen. The chrome and deep grays of the furniture were made for her.

A husky voice murmured, "Patricia?"

I acknowledge the question with a slight nod. What could I possibly say to her? How could I, a naive youngster, talk to this woman who seemed to know everything?

"Cigarette?"

"Yes, thanks." I took one from the proffered case.

She moved towards a lounge chair in the corner of the garden, and I chose one near her. Even the clipped bushes, the precise hedges, seemed to grow only to enhance this woman.

She inhaled a deep breath and directed a smile towards me. "Why am I honored with a visit, my dear? Is there something I can do for you?"

I overlooked the first question and answered the second. "Yes, there is." I said it bluntly, for I knew that if I didn't, she would somehow talk around me until I left without getting what I had come for.

"I want to know why you have paid for my schooling, year after year. I want to know who my father and mother were. I want to know who you are." I had said all three brief sentences that kept running over and over a little refrain. "But she must have troubled me during these years of boarding schools."

There was a deep vacuum of silence. She watched me. There was no softness in her face or in the hard lines of the garden and room beyond.

I wanted to get up and run—to leap from my chair and dash through that cold, over-sophisticated room. I wanted to get to the safety of those throngs of people that were many stories below me. Instead, I waited for her to answer me.

The whiteness of her face had turned even whiter. My mind kept running over and over a little refrain, "But she must have known, someday, that I would find out these facts from her."

She began speaking in a low monotone. She told me that my father had died before I was born; that he had left her the money to provide for me. She had sent me to the best schools she could find. She hesitated, then said, "I am your mother."

She had stated a fact, unemotionally. I knew then that I could be as cruel and hard as she could be. I moved out of the chair, through the French doors, out through those callous silvers and grays.

My curiosity was satisfied.

### Miss Miller Elected to Sociological Group

Miss Mary Miller has been elected to associate membership in Beta chapter of Alpha Kappa Delta, national honorary sociological fraternity. t



## THE MUSIC BOX

by Dorothy Schaeffer

A vesper concert was given by Phi Theta Chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon on Sunday evening, April 8th, in Roemer Auditorium. Harriette Hudson opened the program with **Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue** by J. S. Bach. This is one of Bach's larger works for the clavichord. It is written in a majestic style with a long and impulsive fantasia. This composition gets its name from the chromatic nature of the fantasia as well as of the fugue-subject. The fugue which is the highest form of contrapuntal art, was perfected by Bach.

**Air on the G String**, played by Doris Jones, violinist, was written by the 17th century composer Lully, and arranged by the famous American violinist Albert Spalding. The entire number is played on the G string. When Kreisler published the Aubade Provencale, he signed Couperin's name to it. It was written while he was very young. Thinking that it would sell better, he used the better-known composer's name. When people investigated and found that it not original, he had to confess that it was his own work, written in the style of the 18th century composer. **Chanson Arabe** was written by the Romantic Russian Clazounoff, who belongs to the Tchaikowsky school. This composition indicates an Oriental influence. It is arranged by Kochanski, who was an eminent Polish composer.

Another piano group was played by Colleen Johnson. The first number was the first movement of **Sonata Eroica**, one of four piano sonatas written by Edward MacDowell, depicting the coming of Arthur in the Arthur legend. MacDowell strove for originality and individuality. In fact, he was so afraid he would be influenced by other composers, that he seldom listened to their music. He is well known for his colorful, smaller numbers, among which "Sea Pieces" and "Woodland Sketches" deserve special mention. The **Bagatelles** are very short, but have a strong rhythmic element. It is obvious from his works that Tcherepnine is interested in Oriental scales and intricate rhythms. He shows a certain amount of humor for which the contemporary Russian composers are known.

Betty Roark concluded the concert with a vocal group. **Gretchen am Spinnrade** is a "composed-throughout" art song, which means that the music expresses the sentiment of the words. Schubert was most famous for his art songs. The story in this song deal with the love of Faust for Gretchen, a poor peasant girl. The running accompaniment is supposed to portray the sound of the spinning wheel. Only once during the entire number does this accompaniment stop—when Gretchen pricks her finger while thinking of her lover instead of keeping her mind on her work. Charmant Oiseau is a concert piece taken from the opera Pearl of Brazil by Felicien David, a French composer of the 19th century. His operas are now unfamiliar, but they had some popularity during his lifetime because of the exoticism which resulted from his choice of Oriental subjects and musical idioms. **The Russian Nightingale** was written by Alabieff who predicted the Russian Nationalist Glinka. This composition shows a Slavic quality yet it is in the typical florid style appreciated by the Italians. It is heard in the opera Barber of Seville where it is taught as a vocal exercise in the singing lesson.

Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, gave a tea in the Library Club rooms, Thursday, April 19.

## Twenty-Seventh Annual May Day To Be Held on May 19

Lindenwood's 27th annual May Day will be climaxed with the crowning of Miss Jacqueline Schwab on May 19. The theme will be "Spring Holiday". The court will be held in front of Irwin Hall, with the procession coming from Sibley.

Preceding the Court, the Sophomores will carry the traditional garlands. Before the Queen enters they will do a "garland dance". After the coronation Tau Sigma, the Choir, and the Orchestra will give a program in honor of the Queen.

This year two Maypoles will be wound instead of the usual one. The Freshman dancers will wear pastel formals, carrying out the Spring Holiday theme.

## Room Drawing Held Apr 10; Two Hundred Fifty Girls Choose

Approximately 250 girls chose their rooms for 1945-46 in the room drawing held April 10. The room drawing was held, as usual, by classes. The Seniors had first choice, then Juniors, and Sophomores. Within the classes, the girls who had been the first to deposit their twenty dollars, had the first opportunity to pick out their room for next year.

The announcement that Senior Hall is to be converted into a Health Center next year came as a shock to all girls who had planned to live there. For several years the change had been contemplated, but the decision to make the change next year was decided only a month ago. Next year the Seniors will be scattered all over campus.

## President's Death

(Continued from page 1)

I shall never forget the day I received that letter and the world will never forget this great man. I shall always cherish this letter as will the world cherish his memory and the excellent deeds he has done. He died—a man beloved by all—Republicans and Democrats alike, rich man and poor man, young and old.

As we at Lindenwood mourned his death, we shall glorify his memory by supporting his successor and our new President—Harry S. Truman.

## Sixty-Eight Students Donate Blood

Sixty-eight Lindenwood students donated blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank, when the Mobile Unit was in St. Charles, Friday, April 6.

To West Virginia University came the honor recently of receiving the first American Legion Post charter to be granted to a college or university, when it was announced that Mountaineer Post No. 147 had been established here.

## Vocational Conference

(Continued from page 1)

ments. Thirdly, the psychologists may work: (1.) in a clinic such as (a.) mental hygiene clinics and (b.) child guidance clinic, and analyst of problems. Fourth a psychologist may work with psychiatric cases in a hospital. Here a Ph. D. degree is to be preferred. Closely allied work needing psychological learning includes occupational therapy and case work.

Mr. Charles E. Duke, representative of Chicago and Southern Air Lines, gave the qualifications to become an air line hostess and he said if these couldn't be met there were a lot of office jobs open to young girls.

Miss Helen Manley, National President American Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, spoke on "Organization and Development of Rhythmic Program in the Grades". She also gave a talk entitled "Women Wanted". Here Miss Manley stressed the field of education. Dr. Charles A. Lee, Professor of Education and Director of Field Service, Washington University, also spoke on "Teaching as a Profession."

Jean McDonald, Mary Ann Parker, Hildegarde Stanze, and Frances Watlington presented a panel discussion on "Vocational Opportunities for Women in the United States Foreign Service".

In the field of Sociology, Miss Ruth E. Duerr, Municipal Child Guidance Clinic, St. Louis, spoke to a group of girls on "Psychiatric Social Work with Children." Mrs. Marjorie Davis, Case Work Supervisor, Red Cross and Mrs. Mary Jane Hasdey, case aide, spoke on Case Work.

Mrs. Claire Cari-Cari, Staff member of KMOX spoke on the subject—"Women in Radio". Mrs. Cari-Cari said that behind a microphone isn't the only job in radio; there are many other opportunities in this field.

Miss Eloise Buck, representative of Kathryn Gibbs School spoke on "Professional Attitudes in your First Job."

Opportunities in Home Economics were presented by Mrs. Thelma Lison, Home Economist—The Gardner Advertising Agency, and Mrs. Elmer Ordelheide.

The Conference was a complete success. The ideas and opportunities are now before us, our blind fold is off and we're able to see our individual paths with clearer vision.

## Miss Karen Rugaard Participates in State Dietetics Workshop

Miss Karen Rugaard, of the Home Economics department, was one of the participants at a workshop held in St. Louis Saturday, April 20 and 21 at a State Dietetics Association meeting. Miss Rugaard also acted as a hostess at the tea given by the association in Scruggs Tea Room for college girls throughout the state who are interested in dietetics as a profession.

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## War To Be Declared On Campus When Gals Hit the Books

Warning! To all students of Lindenwood College, large or small, freshman or senior,—the Ides of May are approaching! To coin a kindergarten teacher's favorite phrase, "don your thinking caps, kiddies." The war between the organized forces of students and exams will soon ensue, announces five-star General Gibson.

The Senior suicide troops will meet the foe on May 24, 25, and 26. The Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors—the Senior's strong allies—will begin operations on Roemer battleground Friday May 25. So that the armies may get organized and plan their strategy, there will not be classes on Thursday afternoon, May 24.

During the battle, the clash of arms and the wails of the down-trodden will be apparent; but with a few books behind us, the foe will soon be vanquished and the May battle will be victoriously won.

## Commencement

(Continued from page 1)

tion of officers will be held in the Library Club Rooms.

The play, to be chosen later, will be given on May 18, by Alpha Psi Omega. The annual luncheon, at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis, will be given Saturday, May 26.

## Orchestra Gives Spring Concert

The Lindenwood orchestra under the direction of F. G. McMurry gave their spring concert in Roemer Auditorium Wednesday evening, April 11th. **Pique Dame Overture**, the opening number, was written by Von Suppe a composer of Belgian descent who was also a theatrical music writer and conductor. He is well-known for his **Poet and Peasant Overture**. **Concerto Number Three** by W. S. Mozart was played by Doris Jones, violinist. Mozart and his successors have used the term concerto for a work which may be described as one for solo instrument and orchestra. The concerto usually consists of three movements, the first movement usually fast, the second slow, and the third again quick. Mozart wrote a large number of concertos for violin, piano and other instruments. This concerto is strictly classical in style and follows the traditional sonata allegro form in this first movement.

**Mon Coeur S'Ouvre a Ta Voix** by Saint-Saens was sung by Emma Lee Morgan. This aria from the grand opera **Samson and Dalila** is the great love scene in Dalila's boudoir where she pretends to love Samson and begs him to return her affection.

**Clarinet Polka**, a Russian folk song arranged by D. Bennett, was played by June Schatzmann, Shirley Riedel, Wilma White, and Jean Roberts.

The last movement of Mendelssohn's piano **Concerto Opus 25** was played by Katherine Pemberton. This movement is in classical sonata form having a main theme, a secondary theme, a development, and reiteration of the main theme. This is a rollicking number, the orchestra playing an important part in the answering riffs, as well as having important counter-melodies.

The orchestra concluded the program with American Fantasia by Karl Grossman. This is a medley of American songs including such well known ones as Oh Susanna, Dixie, Yankee Doodle, Ewanee River and ending with America.

BUY WAR BONDS !

## SIDELINES FROM THE SADDLE SET

The riding meet with Maryville College that was planned for April 14, was called off because of an unpredictable and over ample supply of liquid sunshine.

May 3, 4 and 5 hold a triple order of appeal to all Stable Stardusters—The big attraction is the St. Louis Spring Horse Show which will be held at the Missouri Stable Arena on Oakland. There will be a special section for Lindenwood students and all tickets can be purchased from Miss Helen Young. Reserved seats are \$1.71.

If you're undecided as to which date would be best for an all out campaign to pull for your favorite pighails on ponies, here's the line-up:

Thursday night, May 3, the Lindenwood lassies will take part in—the singles (riders to be under 19 years of age)—Jean Sims and Mary Szilagy. (2.) College girls singles for St. Louis and St. Louis county—Nancy Papin, Meg Brinkman, Sally Thomas. (3.) Three gaited amateur to ride—Jean Sims. (4.) Open five gaited Nancy Papin

Friday night, May 4, (1.) College girls singles—Jean Sims, Nancy Papin, Sally Thomas, Jo Emons. (2.) Three gaited children's horse—Jean Sims. (3.) Five gaited amateur to ride—Nancy Papin and Meg Brinkman. (4.) Riders between the ages of 13 to 19—Jo Emons.

Saturday night, May 5, (1.) Five gaited stake—Jean Sims and Nancy Papin. (2.) Three gaited stake—Jean Sims. (3.) Three gaited children's horse (under 19)—Jo Emons.

Decide which of the three nights you prefer to help Lindenwood pull in all the blue ribbons—Then go down to the stables and get your tickets from Miss Young. By the way, you will have a 1 o'clock permission. Soooo—see you there.

## STRAND

St. Charles, Mo.

Wed., Thurs., Apr. 25, 26

(in technicolor)

Ronald Colman in

"KISMIT"

with Marlene Dietrich

Fri. Sat., Apr. 27, 28

2—FEATURES—2

Charles Laughton in

"THE SUSPECT"

with Ella Raines

and

"SING NEIGHBOR, SING"

with Ruth Terry and

Brad Taylor

Sun. Mon., Apr. 29, 30

"A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN"

with Dorothy McGuire

Joan Blondell and

James Dunn

Tue. Wed., May 1, 2

Laird Cregar in

"HANGOVER SQUARE"

with Linda Darnell

George Sanders

Thurs. Fri., May 3, 4

2—FEATURES—2

Ann Baxter in

"SUNDAY DINNER"

with John Hodiak

Charles Winninger

and

"FIGHTING LADY"

The U. S. Navy

Sat., May 5

"THOROUGHBREDS"

with Roger Pryor



## THE CLUB CORNER

Next year's Y. W. C. A. officers are: Eileen Murphy, President; Joan Emons, Vice-President; Jane Moore, Secretary; Mary Elizabeth Murphey, Treasurer. The officers were elected at the meeting April 4. Miss Mary Jo Shepherd, a former Lindenwood woman, was guest speaker at the same meeting.

Eileen Murphy is an active student in extra-curricular activities and honorary fraternities. She has been a leader in several such as Sigma Tau Delta, Alpha Sigma Tau, Kappa Pi, Pi Gamma Mu, and Y. W. cabinet this year. Miss Murphy will be a senior next year.

Joan Emons, a next year senior, is in Sigma Tau Delta, Tau Sigma, Riding Club, and was in the Popularity Court this year.

Jane Moore will be a sophomore next year. Her main interest and leadership was given to being President of Nicolls Hall this year.

Mary Elizabeth Murphey also will be a senior next year. She is a member of Triangle, Future Teachers of America, International Relations Club, Texas Club, Athletic Association, and League of Women Voters.

Beta Pi Theta will present "The Pearls of the Crown" by Sacha Guitry at Lindenwood May 7th in Roemer Auditorium. It is a French film given in three languages—French, English, and Italian. The film takes place in England, France, Italy, Abyssinia, Persia, China and on the high seas.

In a letter from Paris, Sacha Guitry explains how he conceived the idea for his photoplay, "The Pearls of the Crown."

"I knew one of the greatest joys of my life the day I learned the origin of the four pear-shaped pearls which decorate the royal crown of England. It seemed to me I had discovered a treasure—a story of a thousand and one nights.

"These four pearls were originally part of a necklace of seven, which Pope Clement VII gave to Catherine de Medici. She gave them to Mary Stuart; and when the Queen of Scots died, four of the pearls fell into the hands of Elizabeth. Centuries later Queen Victoria herself fastened them to the royal crown."

The movie will be open to the entire student body.

## Registrar's Father Dies

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. R. C. Colson, registrar, on the death of his father, Mr. John Robert Colson, of Catlin City, Missouri.

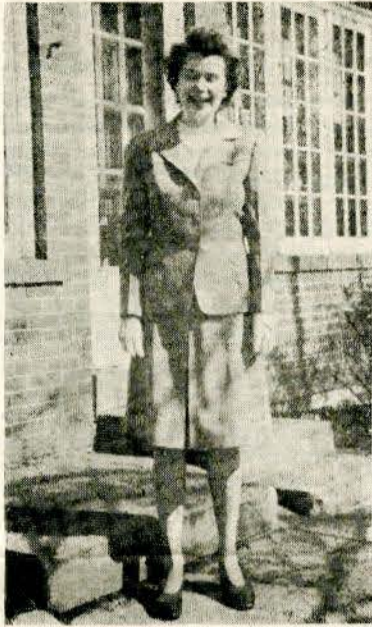
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## HALL OF FAME



Any time you hear little notes of some piece of music floating around, you can probably blame them on Dot Schaeffer. Dot is a music major and any time of the day she can be found busily practicing her scales and whatnot.

This resident of Senior Hall has been extremely active all through her college life. This year she is president of Delta Phi Delta, president of Mu Phi Epsilon, on the annual board, vice-president of Press Club, a member of the orchestra, and on the Bark staff, a member of the Red Cross unit, a member of Commercial Club, Future Teachers of America, Sigma Tau Delta, and on the Dean's List.

Dot is one of the hardest workers on campus and we are especially proud to have her as our candidate for the Hall of Fame.

Pi Alpha Delta, honorary classical fraternity, gave a tea last Friday afternoon, April 29, in the Library Club room. Members and friends were invited and the administration attended as special guests.

Refreshments were served. Officers are Virginia Blackner, President; Mary Swilley, Vice-President; Mary Reeves, Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Hankins is sponsor.

## Miss Staggs Attends Home Ec Meeting

Miss Fern Staggs, head of the Home Economics department, attended the Executive Council meeting of the Missouri Home Economics Association held in Columbia, April 21.

Two new members, Marjorie Warner and Louise Magraw, were taken into the Poetry Society at the last meeting April 1. A panel discussion was given by Jane Blood and Kelta Long on the life of William Blake.

## THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

It seems Irwin was in quite a turmoil the other night. B. J. got a most unexpected call from Dick and he's in the states! This time she wasn't kidding.

The Ouija board is at work again. Say, Sonny, just who is Annie Brown?

Ask the girls in Nicolls about their homecoming party!

Dee Hill is a popular gal with a certain lobbyist from Washington U. The San Francisco conference is proving its value in many ways.

Say Donalce, in spite of the man shortage, it's not so convenient having two of them here at the same time, is it?

Tell us Alice, what do you do when your man comes home from overseas and you're confined within the walls.

Sonja, do you always come home from dances with black eyes?

V

## SLICK TRICKS FOR SMOOTH CHICKS

"April showers bring May flowers"—and we Lindy's well know what that ole saying means. No matter how pretty ole Sol is beating down, take no chances—if it's April—carry an umbrella. That's the surest fashion tip this season.

Ring out the old and bring in the new etc. etc. Hot off the wires from the C. O. in fashion land:

(1.) If you've got the kind of hair you'd love to take the scissors to every time the weather gets warm. Stop, Hold, Don't Put the scissors down and open the April issue of your favorite fashion magazine. Idea? Certainly. Brush your coiffure up and make a bun on top, or put your hair in plaits and cross them atop your cerebellum—like Mary Ann Wood and Dee Hill. Then shut your eyes and place a flower here and there—presto your cutting days are over.

(2.) Remember those ballet slippers you wore when you Mom made you take ballet dancing. Oh, so comfy and nice, it's time to dig them out. Ballet slippers have become the vogue for the summer shoe to wear at play. Jenny Herd has beat us to the draw. Soooo take a look at her summer morels and see if you don't think they more than suit the purpose.

Keep up with the fashions—and get set for your postwar project (he's in the service) 'cause it can't be too much longer now. Until the May flowers appear—I'm damply yours, BABS.

## Molly, Seeing the Exams Posted, Realizes It's Almost Time

Dear Diary,

Hello, don't leave. It's just Molly again wondering how you've been these past weeks.

Have you heard about the escapades in Nicolls? Well, it seems the third floor girls decided the floors would be very pretty if flooded, so flooded they were. More fun. More excitement.

Isn't the news about the All-School dance thrilling. At last, just as I get ready to leave L. C. I'll probably meet a dream man. But that's life. What's Life? A magazine. Oh, so you've heard that one too?

The Seventh War Loan drive is coming up and once again our country is asking its people to buy a share of the future to bring our boys home soon. V-E Day is near but we still have a great portion of the Axis left, namely Japan and it's going to take lots of supplies to finish this war. So I'm going all out for America in the seventh and I hope that my comrades do the same thing.

Looks as though it's time to start thinking about exams

again—what with the exam schedule already posted on the Dean's Bulletin Board. Lucky me, I can leave Tuesday night. Home again, but I'll miss Lindenwood and all the friends I've made here in the last nine months.

At last our term papers are in. No more note cards. No more bibliographies, outlines, first drafts, second drafts. At last I can do away with "Carlotta" (our sample outline). What a relief. I can understand now why so few people go to college. The others have been warned against the menace of term papers.

Can hardly wait until May day. We've been practicing for just weeks on our Maypole dance. Do hope it's a success and that I don't get all mixed up, but you never can tell, sometimes I just can't remember which way I'm supposed to go. But we will have to wait and see how everything goes.

I really must go now. Don't want to be late for class. So, bye for now, and I'll be seeing you soon.

With my most ardent love,  
Molly Freshman

## Once Upon A Time, When A Housemother Met Ouija Board

The room was filled with the gloom of semi-darkness. One shaded desk lamp gave feeble light. Around the room were shadowed figures and tiny burning polka dots of cigarettes. In the center of the room two figures sat huddled, muttering weird incantations. The shadowy background figures moved and spoke.

"Ask it when the war will be over."

"Ask it whom I am going to marry."

"How many children will I have?"

"Is John coming to see me next week?"

The huddled center figure began their chant. "Ouija, when will the war be over? Tell us, Ouija, the month, the day, and the hour." There was only the sound of heavy breathing, and the sound of wood pushed across wood.

"What did it say? Is it going to be soon?"

"I said, that the war would be over on April 23, but it won't give the hour."

"Do you really believe what it says?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't. You're just

pushing it where you want it to go."

"Don't be silly goose. You've got no imagination. It could be true. It could be true."

The snap of a light switch and the room was bright. A stern, straight figure stood in the doorway. The housemother. A chorus of voices chanted feebly. "Hello, Miss Whitner."

"It is after 12. What ever are you girls doing up at this hour?"

"We've just been asking the Ouija board questions. It said the war would be over real soon."

"Hmmm, that is interesting."

"Would you like to try it?"

"Well, I don't know. It is all rather silly. It couldn't possibly know. My nephew has just gone overseas. I would like to know where he is. Do you think . . . ?"

"Sure".

"Hey, somebody switch out the light. We've got to get in the mood."

All, once more, was darkness, muted sounds, and the low monotonous chant to the Ouija board. The clock struck 2, and struck unnoticed.

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