

## Residence Halls Elect Council Representatives

A council of representatives from the residence hall were elected by the students Tuesday, Jan. 20, to act as a legislative arm of the student council in order to make student government function more effectively.

Miss Ruth Dayton of Ottumwa, Iowa, was elected president of the group at a meeting on Monday, Feb. 3. Laurabelle Parkinson was elected secretary.

Each floor of the various dormitories chose their representatives who will act with the house presidents in direct contact with the student body. Each representative may call a meeting of her floor and is in direct communication with the student council.

Any suggestions by the students for improvement of the student government will be welcomed.

The representatives are:

### Sibley Hall—

House President, Marion Wettstone

1st floor, Harriet Dillman

2nd floor, Betty Jane Runge and Betty Lillibridge

3rd floor, Charlotte Bagley, Jean James, and Ruth Dayton.

### Butler Hall—

House President, Margaret Cannon

1st floor, Mary James

2nd floor, Rita Stiefel and Betty Carleton

3rd floor, Shirley Roper and Ann Held

### Niccolls Hall—

House President, Dorothy Lyden

1st floor, Becky Bennett and Wilda Fisher

2nd floor, Louise Mallory, Irene Stinson, Elizabeth Crosseman.

3rd floor, Betty Gierse, Marilo Lotts, Beverly Westcott.

### Irwin Hall—

House President, Mildred Tanke

1st floor, Maxine Tanke and Betty Meyers

2nd floor, Mimi Hanna and Peggy Kimbrough

3rd floor, Betty Burnham and Frances Phipps.

### Ayres Hall—

House President, Laurabelle Parkinson

1st floor, Catherine Claasen

2nd floor, Jean Tobias and Ann Taylor

3rd floor, Nancy Fugate and Ada Louise Parkinson.

### Senior Hall—

House President, Evelyn Bradley.

### Eastlick Hall—

House President, Jean Osborne.

## Dean Gipson to Attend Convention

Dean Gipson plans to leave for Atlantic City to attend the National Association of Deans' convention the latter part of this week. She probably will visit Endicott College where Eleanor Tupper, former head of Lindenwood's history department, and her husband are now located.

## HALL OF FAME



Staff Photo

We nominate for the Hall of Fame—Evelyn Bradley because:

As a freshman she was a member of the International Relations Club, and a member of the Athletic Association.

As a sophomore she was vice-president of the Athletic Association, and vice-president of the International Relations Club.

As a junior she retained her office as vice-president of the Athletic Club.

Now as a senior Evelyn is in the Social Service of the Y.W.C.A., a member of the League of Women Voters, on the Organization Staff of the Linden Leaves, President of the Athletic Association, and a member of the Senior Class Council.

She is tall, dark, and striking-looking. She comes from Salem, Ky.

## Staff Hard at Work On Linden Leaves

Mary Jean Du Hadway reports that the Linden Leaves is progressing very well. The staff has been working hard on the organization of the annual and, for the first time, are going to mount the pictures of the freshmen, sophomores, and juniors, themselves with the help of the engraver.

## Exams Were Not As Bad As Expected---Here's Why.

The Student Council found a new way of making exam week bearable. They served tea and cookies to the students every afternoon in the library club rooms. Faculty members as well as students jammed the club rooms every afternoon to dance, play cards, and eat. Considering the fun had at the Student Council teas and the food served in the dorms at night, exams weren't half bad.

## CAMPUS LIFE BACK TO NORMAL AS SECOND SEMESTER OPENS

Seven New Students Enroll  
Including Belgian Girl Exiled  
From Her Home—Three  
Seniors Graduate

## League of Women Voters to Meet at Lindenwood

The state convention of the League of Women Voters is to be held at Lindenwood College, March 28-29. Each college in Missouri has been invited to send delegates to the convention. The theme will be "Organization of Leagues." Present plans include the following speakers: Mrs. George Gellhorn, a national officer of the League; Mrs. Virgil Loeb, and Mrs. Paul Weaver who is in charge of organizing Leagues in Missouri.

Lindenwood has an active League of Women Voters club of which Dr. Bernard is the sponsor and Mary Jo Shepherd the president. The chairman of the convention committee is Jane Henss.

## Six Students At Aid To Britain Meeting

Six girls, Evelyn Bradley, Jane Henss, Ann Gardner, Carol Robinson, Marjorie Bernard, and Jackie Morrison, represented the International Relations Club at the Aid-for-Britain mass meeting in St. Louis, Friday evening, Jan. 31. This mass meeting was sponsored by the Defend America by Aiding the Allies committee and its purpose was to support the Lease-Lend Bill which is before Congress now. The speakers, all authorities on the subject, were enthusiastically received by the large audience, as their speeches were informative and interesting.

Dr. Kate Gregg of the English department spoke to the students in Friday chapel on George Sibley's life and the founding and history of Lindenwood.

With the rigors of registration past, and the week of semester exams a confused, hectic memory of nightly cramming sessions, afternoon teas, and loss of sleep and appetite, Lindenwood moves into the second semester of the school year, seniors turn into the home stretch, and freshmen heave relieved sighs.

With renewed strength and vigor, students turn hopefully and determinedly to second semester classes, knowing that the worst is over. Teachers arise from a maze of wrong answers to confront their students with new assignments. Life is normal once more.

The second semester finds several new students enrolled at Lindenwood. Two of them, Gloria Omohundro, a sophomore from Elsberry; and Louise Olson, a junior from Joplin, have returned to Lindenwood after a semester's absence.

Freshmen welcome four new members to their midst, Dorothy Lowe from Sioux City, Ia.; Elsie Meletio from Dallas, Tex.; Audrey Evers from Milwaukee, Wis.; and Eleanor Latal from St. Louis.

Another freshman student who has enrolled but has not yet arrived is Gabrielle Eisner, a refugee from Belgium. Exiled from her home a year ago because of the war, Gabrielle has been attending public schools in Great Nec, New York. Lindenwood is eager for the chance to offer a place in our country to this girl who has been exiled from her native land.

The Linden Bark pays tribute to Lindenwood mid-term graduates. They are: Raquel Canino, Mary Kern, and Martha Jane Reubelt Scott.

Raquel has gone with her father to visit friends in Mexico City. She plans to come back to Lindenwood in March, before returning to her home in Puerto Rico.

Mary Kern has returned to her home in Little Rock, Arkansas, where she plans to take life easy for a while.

Martha Jane has gone to Norman, Okla., where her husband is attending Oklahoma University.

## Economics Exhibit

A new exhibit is showing itself proudly to all passers-by on first floor Roemer. It was planned by the economics department and set up by Gerry Rasdal with the help of Marilyn Patterson. Its purpose is to show how many ways economics affects our every-day living. One of the interesting items is a newspaper with all articles that have economics as their basis marked in red.



# LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1941

## Valentines

February 14th draws near. Feminine hearts beat with anticipation; "Will he, or won't he?" Masculine hearts beat with perplexity; "Should I, or shouldn't I?"

This valentine dilemma is not a 20th century fad, nor an American institution. It had its beginning the 14th of February, 270 A. D., when Valentine, a saint and martyr, was put to death in Rome for his faith. The custom of sending love tokens on St. Valentine's day is of considerable antiquity, and it was believed birds began to mate on this day.

Valentine's day was observed particularly in England, and mention of it is found as early as Chaucer. On the eve of St. Valentine's day young people of both sexes would meet. Their names were put in a box and drawn out in pairs. Those names drawn together had to exchange presents and be each others valentine throughout the ensuing year. Later only the gentlemen gave gifts.

Watch your cuts—you will need them when Spring fever hits the campus.

## The Call To Home

The call to arms and the call to able-bodied men and the call to charity—all these are as familiar as rice and old shoes and weddings.

Now we offer—the Call to American Homes! We mean the Family Life Conference to be held March 15 and 16. For Lindenwood this conference is new. The faculty and administration have been working hard and have it planned carefully. The purpose of the conference is to instruct and educate the students through round table discussions and open forums on family life.

In these chaotic times the American home is the bulwark of the nation, and, through security and contentment in the home, national unity can be achieved. Lindenwood hopes to advance this objective through the Family conference. And so we issue the Call to American Homes!

March will be a busy month at Lindenwood. The Family Life Conference comes on the 15th and 16th, and the League of Women Voters Convention on the 28th and 29th.

## A Chapel For Lindenwood

Lindenwood has one of the prettiest and most modern campuses in the country. The only thing lacking is a chapel which would fit in and match the beauty of the rest of the buildings.

The architect's plan which was put on the bulletin board will visualize for every student the beauty and grace it will add to our campus. The need for a chapel is also apparent. It is hardly fitting that an auditorium which is used for every day chapel exercises, skits, dance recitals, plays, and concerts, should also be used for religious services.

Though the chapel will not be attainable for some time to come every student should get behind the plan and boost, so that some day a new chapel will grace our campus, enhancing its beauty and satisfying the need for which it was built.

## Roads Or Ruts

A new semester lies ahead. Each woman on the campus may utilize it as she wishes. She may go forward in inquisitive learning, or she may relax into ineffectual drifting. It is within her power to make what she will of the next eighteen weeks—to live a well-organized pattern, or to flounder haphazardly.

It is your choice too. Are you making these months meaningful and dynamic? Are you definitely gaining from what you are studying? Are you vitally interested in what you are doing? Or do you have only hazy ideas of what you have learned? Has your interest in activities waned? Have you lost part of your "punch"? **It is your choice.**

## ALL BARK and NO BITE

By  
COTTON CANNON

This is the first time since "All Bark and No Bite" came into existence that it has had the privilege of announcing a wedding. It seems that our old pal, Sandy, discarded the title Margaret Sandoe to become Mrs. Wm. Westray, two years ago come spring. She withdrew last week and is now at home in her newly-furnished apartment in St. Louis. Congratulations and much happiness to you Sandy Westray . . .

Somebody once said that when you sneeze you are closer to death than at any other time: we don't know how much truth there is in this statement, but we venture to say that there won't be any complaints from anyone on this campus if we substitute "take finals" for sneeze. By the time this goes to press, all concerned will have come through unscratched . . . we hope! So this seems a fitting and appropriate time for—

THINGS WE WILL NEVER FORGET ABOUT FINAL WEEK: The gang around the big middle table in the tea-house after each final . . . Betty Lillibridge, who had to change her seat in Eng. Lit. because her legs were too short to touch the floor and she couldn't concentrate with that feeling of dangling in air . . . (She's not the only one who was up in the air about finals) . . . The two snow men on the grass island out in front of Butler who grew dirtier day by day with each passing blob of soot . . . Miss Culbertson taking movies of Dr. Schaper conversing with said snowmen . . . the fun at the informal teas in the Lib. Club Room . . . Ruth North and Mary Riggs, who studied so hard that spontaneous combustion made their room a blazing inferno . . . (ok, ok, caught their curtains on fire then) . . . Betty Proctor swishing down the hall looking behind things for the fire hose . . . After the commotion had died down, Jean Frawley still standing there holding a glass of water . . . Bobbie Schuler barking at dogs on the way to town . . . Barbara Tennant taking four finals in a row and then crawling out of the last one sucking a lemon . . . Mary Pemberton, who decided to build up her resistance for finals by eating meat . . . bridge . . . "Have you started studying yet?" . . . followed by some more bridge . . . Betty Carlton, who couldn't get her mind on her books because of Pete being here last week . . . Jacky Morrison, who was the cause of the execution department running out of blue books . . . People who still don't have the ink off of their right hand . . . Doris Nahigian getting herself back in the mood for intellectual things after her wonderful week-end at home (He came all the way from California to see her) . . . Phillips in "Arise my Love" who expressed our sentiments exactly when he said—"I'm not happy!!!" . . . Frances Phipps, who decided to end it all and ate two lighted cigarettes . . . The upperclassmen crawling under their seats in the balcony when Dean Gipson said in chapel—"Don't worry about the semester reviews, Freshmen: Just look at all these upperclassmen who have always come through all right" . . . Funn'e bunnies in the Tea-House on gloomy Monday who said, "Let's all cut class today!" . . . The brain trust who said as she picked up her fountain

## From the Office of the Dean

I am pleased with the way students completed registration and have begun the new semester.

Students must watch cuts because many grades have been lowered and credits lost through over-cutting this last semester.

Students who have scholarships are urged to adjust their new schedule of work.

—Alice E. Gipson.

pen and pounced on a blue book—"I feel wonderful after my fourteen hours sleep last night, and why should I have studied when we've already had all this material in class?" . . . Mary Dillon, who was just visitin' and had time to play when everyone else was taking you know what . . . The wonderful school spirit that boomed out in chapel the day we all went to town on "Alma Mater" on the march-out . . . FINALS being every other word in anybody's conversation . . . Having to take time to write this column with two down and four to go . . .

## Jitterbug Finals to Be Held Saturday

Jitterbugging has come to the half-way mark. Two contests are over and there are two contests to be held. One will be held Saturday, February 8, and the final will be held Saturday, February 15. First place winners of each week were: Billie Jean Freeland and Mary Aldridge, January 18, and Pat Echols and Frances Shudde, January 25. Runners-up in the first contest were: second, Peggy Kimbrough and Patria Junell; third, Jean Martin and Florence Barry.

Other contestants were Rosemary Edminster and Dorothy Lyden, Betty Cobb and Sue Adkins, and Pat Echols and Carol Bindley.

In the second contest—second, Martha Laney and Carrie Lee Laney; third place, Nell Morson and Mary Lou McClain. Other contestants on January 25 were Shirley Gardner and Jane Mobley, Mary Dalton and Gwen Smith, Peggy Davidson and Ann Held, Sue Adkins and Betty Cobb, Billie Jean Freeland and Mary Aldridge.

## Lindenwood Students Gives Musical Program

A program by Lindenwood students was given at a luncheon in the home of Mrs. H. W. Willcockson, of Webster Groves, last Friday.

Janice Martin played "Caprice in Old Style," by Alec Templeton.

Polly Gray, accompanied at the piano by Evelyn Wahlgren, sang "The Jewel Song" (Faust) and "The Star," by Rogers.

Genevieve Kniese played on the cello "Aricoso," by J. S. Bach, "Gavotte No. II," by Max Steindel, and "Lullaby," by MacFadyen. The accompaniment was by Evelyn Wahlgren.

Phyllis Drake gave the reading, "The First Dress Suit."

Evelyn Wahlgren played the piano solo "Prelude and Fugue in E Minor," by Mendelssohn.

Dorothy Rhea, accompanied at the piano by Nelle Motley, sang "To the Children," by Rachmanihoff, and "Oh Happy Wind," by Yale Smith.



## Linden Bark Literary Supplement

### OF YOUNG HEARTS

By Sylvia Wright, '43

The day broke with a splash of sunshine. Birds' songs filled the air with merriment, and the flowers covered with the early morning dew were a lovely sight, freshly opened from their night's sleep.

A ray of sunshine squeezed through a venetian blind and danced across Margery Freeman's face as the girl tossed in her bed. She slowly opened her eyes and squinted from the bright light; a happy smile broke over her young face, but then—

Oh dear, it was such a nice dream, just heavenly. Tom looked like a Greek god in his tuxedo. If only dreams could come true. Here it was, the day of the senior prom, and she was sans date. Could it be that Tom just didn't care any more? Margery glanced at the clock and jumped out of bed when she saw it was almost time to be starting for school.

"Careen, can I wear your blue dress today? You know, the one with the frilly collar. Gee, thanks. Darn! Where is my blue hair ribbon? Gloria Jean, did you take my blue ribbon? Well, you can just trot right to your room and get it. Where is my hair brush? Mother always has Cook clean it at the most inopportune times." Margery continued her chattering while dressing for school. She applied her make-up with precision. After a careful once-over with the hand-mirror, looking at herself from all angles to see that everything was intact, she stuffed down a bite of breakfast and was ready to make her departure.

"Margery, don't you think you might want to take your books with you today? Do I always have to remind you? Turn around, young lady. Did Careen tell you that you might wear her dress? Must you always wear her new clothes before she does? Don't forget to put something on your head. Daddy can't take you to school today, and the sun's too hot to have your head uncovered." This was Mrs. Freeman's usual morning counsel.

"Oh, Mother, I can't put anything on my head, 'cause it will muss my curls. Besides, I'll be late for school looking for my hat." Margery scampered off, while her mother was scolding her for not keeping things where she could find them.

Margery arrived at school just in time for the last bell. As she went down the aisle to her seat, she passed Tom Ellis' desk and gave him one of her sweetest smiles.

"Hi, Marge," Tom responded. "Almost late for school, weren't you?"

Margery had no time for answering, as classes were being called out.

In history class, two girls on the back row were deep in conversation.

"I wonder if I can be excused next hour to go to the beauty parlor. Say, I saw the cutest hair style in the *Vogue* this week."

"A real sophisticated hair style is what I want. John likes grown-up girls."

"What are you wearing tonight?"

"Mother bought me a new formal when she was out of town last week. Is it sleek! My cousin who is visiting from New York said I could pass for twenty in it any time. Gee, my nails look horrible. I hope I can do something with them for tonight."

"Say, do you know whether Margery is going tonight? She never would say definitely whether she had a date or not. You know, George asked her last week."

"I heard Tom say he was going to ask her. I wonder what's up."

"Will you girls on the back row please refrain from idle talk in this class?" The professor gave them a significant look and continued his lecture.

Margery had a study hour after history class. When she saw Tom in the library, she decided this would be a nice time to look up Thackeray in the references for her English paper. Fate was with her, as the boy next to Tom left the library as Margery entered, and the seat next to Tom was the only vacant one.

"Studying hard, Tom?" Margery asked, for the lack of something better to say. "I don't see why the teachers have to pile all this work on us the last few weeks of school. With practising for graduation, learning my speech, trying to finish term papers and such, I'm going in circles."

"Yea, this chemistry work is getting me down, too. Did you work your problem for tomorrow?" Tom pushed the book toward Margery.

"Yes, I have. Would you like to see it?"

"Say, Marge, how's about going for a coke—"

Before Tom could end his question, the study hall teacher poked her head in the library door.

"Tom Ellis, you've been chattering quite enough this period. Please leave the library and allow someone else to come in."

Tom left without finishing his invitation to Margery. Oh heck, she thought. Why did that teacher have to butt in at a time like this? I'll bet he was going to ask me to get a coke with him at recess. He might even have asked me for a date.

At recess time a teacher asked Margery to transfer some grades into a book. This work kept her from seeing Tom, who was at the store across from school. He was engaged in a conversation with some of his chums.

"No, I'm not taking a date tonight. Eleanor said Marge has a date with George. Wish he hadn't gone out of town this morning, so I could ask him if it were so. I was going to ask Marge this period, but I see she's not here."

Oh unkind fate!

Margery was glad when the school day was over. She was tired of hearing her friends speak of the prom and what they were wearing. She was tired of evading the question of her going to the party.

After dinner that night, Margery got into some slacks and went out on the sun porch. Her mother came in and mentioned something about the prom.

"Mother, I really don't mind not going to the dance tonight. After all, I've been to the others we've had, and they're all alike. Besides, I can save my new formal for the dance Jean's giving," said Margery, shielding her unhappy face with the book she was scanning.

"Of course you can, Margery. Now you won't have to ponder for days over which dress you're going to wear. I think it will be lovely, so feminine—light and gay. It makes your eyes sparkle and the colors show up in your cheeks." After this reply, Margery's mother went to the other end of the house, as she knew Margery would prefer her not being around to see her unhappy.

Gee, Mother's right, she thought. That dress does look nice on me. I wanted so to have Tom see me in it. I look so tall and really grown up. Oh, why didn't he ask me to go? Everyone will ask why I

wasn't there. What will I say? I just can't bear the thought of the humiliation. I'll have to face it, though. A headache—a toothache—a sprained ankle. Oh, they all sound horribly false. I'll just say I didn't want to go. That's it: I didn't want to go, I didn't want to go, I don't want to go, I don't want to go, I don't care, I don't care, I don't care. Margery sat up straight in her chair, held the book she was reading in a firm grasp, and tried to interest herself in the love problems of *Romeo and Juliet*.

But try as she might, Margery just couldn't concentrate on the book; she had too many problems of her own to think about. She rested her head on the back of her chair, closed her eyes, and fancied herself going to the prom with Tom. Margery had heard all about the coming event from her Junior friends. She could picture the school, the bright lights of the gym casting a welcoming glow. The flickering stars and the gay moon would be shining down upon the cars parked all over the campus. Some of the boys would have their "home-made jobs," while others would have convertibles or family cars.

And then, as she and Tom would enter the Hawaiian Blue Room (the gym was to be decorated in imitation of this famous place) Margery would hear the girls whispering. "There's Margery and Tom." "Margery got to come after all." "Well, if it isn't Margery and Tom." "I guess she did have a date." Tom would take her to a table and would ask her to dance when the music changed. There would be a Nickelodeon hidden behind the palm trees. She and Tom would put on the *lais given* out by the girls in Hawaiian dress. During the dance, Tom would tell her how lovely she looked, and she'd answer that he was such a chatterer, but she'd consent to telling him he looked rather nifty himself in his new tux. Tom would whirl her around the dance floor, past the tables with the blue cloths covered with silver stars and moons, past the palm trees with the dangling coconuts, past the miniature beach and shimmering sea. As she and Tom would dance by, those sitting at tables would remark how nice this couple looked together.

A sharp ring from the telephone made Margery jump and brought her back to her dejected situation. Wonder who could be calling now, she thought. Aunt Laura's away, so it can't be she. Oh, well, let someone else answer the 'phone. Why should I worry? There's no one to be calling me.

Gloria Jean, Margery's younger sister, answered the 'phone. Tom's voice came booming through the receiver.

"Is this you, Marge? Oh, it's you, Jeannie. Is Marge in? You say she went out? Do you know where she went, what time? Will you tell her to call me if she gets in soon? Thanks. Bye."

Gloria Jean went back to her room, where she was engaged in applying red nail polish sneaked from Margery's room. Oh, there's plenty of time to tell Marge, she thought. I'll have to get this polish off before I can tell her, anyway. I hope I can get this red stuff off my fingers. I don't see how Marge gets it on without getting it on her hands. Wonder if Marge heard the 'phone ring. Bet Tom'll never get me any caramels any more if he finds out Marge wasn't really out when he called. Oh well, I bet it wasn't important.

Mrs. Freeman had gone across the street to see a neighbor for a few

minutes; otherwise Gloria Jean would never have answered the 'phone. She seldom got a message straight; and when she did, she usually didn't remember to give the message to the person for whom it was intended. But in this case, her actions could not be blamed on innocence.

Under ordinary circumstances, Margery would have asked who was on the phone; but this time, she didn't bother to inquire. Again, fate was playing tricks on her. She closed the book that was lying open in her lap and went to the magazine rack in search of a style book with the latest fashions. I'll show that Tom, she thought in an angry mood; I'll get lots of new clothes and then he'll have to notice me. Maybe then he'll be sorry for not asking me to the prom. She found the magazine and went back to her seat once more.

About eight-thirty, she heard a car pull up in the driveway. Her heart skipped a few beats, but then she settled down in the chair again. As if anyone would be coming for me, she thought.

Mrs. Freeman, who had just returned from across the street, answered the door and let someone in. Margery heard a boy's voice. Tom's voice. Then she really became excited. I must be calm and poised. I musn't let him think I'm too anxious. Oh, I just know he wants to take me to the dance! I hope I can find everything to wear. Where are my shoes? As the thoughts raced through Margery's mind, Mrs. Freeman called her to the parlor.

"Well, hello, Tom. Fancy seeing you here. Mother said you wanted to see me."

"Frankly, I've been sitting home waiting for you to 'phone me, but decided you might have gotten in and didn't get the message I gave."

"Why, I like that, Tom Ellis! Your 'phoning me is a joke. I've been sitting here all night, and no one gave me any message. Besides, the 'phone didn't—. Wait a minute. I did hear the telephone. I think Gloria Jean—. Why, that little —"

"Say, hold on, Marge. You don't have any time for arguing now. But why in Heaven's name didn't you say before that you didn't have a date? You know I wanted to take you. Eleanor told me you were going with George; and when I saw him tonight with Jean, I knew there was something screwy in Denmark. Can you hop into some clothes in a hurry? You're coming with me to the dance."

Margery was too excited to remember to be calm and collected. She rushed to her room and did a mad job of dressing. After a quick inspection, she went out to meet Tom. The pleased look on his face when he saw her was enough encouragement for Margery. Tom grabbed her hand and rushed her out the door, her dress floating like a cloud of foam behind her, and her trembling laughter making cheerful music to her mother's ears.

### THE WIND

By Rebecca Rath, '43

Wind wanders through the trees,  
Touching lightly red brown leaves,  
Twisting slightly those it frees.

Wind smashes at the limbs,  
Snatching madly in its whims,  
Dashing gladly—now it skims.

Wind presses through the trees,  
Blowing steadily red brown leaves,  
Never ceasing as it cleaves.

Wind blowing day and night,  
Always growing in its might,  
It is useless, this to fight.



## Wide Variety in These Selections of Prose and Verse

### WHITHER EL DORADO

By Elaine Janet Anderson, '43

"105th Street, please," she said as she stepped toward the exit of the bus. Outside, it was raining slightly. Apparently the little shower had taken her quite by surprise, or the prospect of rain had not prompted her to carry along an umbrella. She almost looked as though she didn't own an umbrella.

There were several other passengers left seated in the bus—a young woman, a little boy, and a gentleman. As the bus crossed the 104th Street intersection the small child picked up his violin case and bounced out of his seat. He hesitated for a moment before advancing to the exit, casting apprehensive glances at the poorly groomed old woman standing beside the collapsible doors, then resolutely took a few strides down the aisle. He again fixed his eyes upon the woman.

Miss Prissy instinctively turned her head around and looked for a moment at the child as if she had felt that she was being examined closely. An indescribable weakness suddenly came over the small boy as their eyes met. Simultaneously each chanced to stare indifferently at the dark reflecting window glass, then about at the remaining passengers.

The young woman in the corner who had since become disinterested in her magazine looked at Miss Prissy half scornfully, then reassuringly at the child. The typical suburbanite who occupied the opposite seat was too engrossed in his evening paper to be conscious of other things.

Miss Prissy adjusted the bundle under her arm and pulled the low-crowned felt hat over her eyes a little more before stepping down into the rainy street.

She was entirely unacquainted with this neighborhood; nevertheless she proceeded with more than ordinary optimism down the dimly lighted street. Vivid recollections ran through her mind. Intermittently she would say to herself, "I'm going to see little Diana. I'm really going to see her. Wouldn't it be just like her to say, 'Dear old Prissy! If it weren't for you a dozen times—'"

Life hadn't been real since she had left the Robinsons. No one had ever cared if she lived or died.

It was raining a little heavier now. The little boy was hurrying along a few yards ahead of Miss Prissy, now and then turning around quickly to see if he was still being followed. Could it be that this woman was trying to kidnap him? He was afraid to run, afraid that she would run too.

As Miss Prissy approached the corner lamplight she pulled a piece of wrinkled paper from her pocket. First she looked at the scribbles on the paper, then up at the street number. Just two more blocks! Two more blocks and she would be there. She had a lot to tell Diana. So much had happened in twelve years.

Something of a smile enlightened the heavy lines of her face for a second. Diana had always needed a lot of looking after, she thought. Now she was married—and probably hadn't changed a bit.

She resumed her naturally sad expression. She was thinking how disappointed Diana would be if she knew what a miserable life she had led these last years: from nurse to chamber maid, from chamber maid to housekeeper. She wouldn't tell

her that now she was doing house work three days a week. It would grieve her too much.

A short distance in front of her a little child fell flat on his face. The violin shot across the slippery pavement. Why, it was that little fellow on the bus. She hadn't noticed him walking along in front of her. "Poor kid," she said and reached down to help him to his feet.

"Don't touch me! Don't you dare touch me—" Her hand on his shoulder had given him a feeling he would never forget. He retrieved the violin case and scurried off.

The houses along the street were becoming more and more pretentious-looking. Miss Prissy was beginning to feel somewhat strange and out of place. Diana must live in one of these, she thought. She would certainly be in a position to hire her. Friends were wonderful, she thought. Why had she waited all these years to come back anyway?

Miss Prissy was relieved to find Diana's house no less attractive from the outside than the others on the block. The porch was dimly lighted. But it looked cozy inside, she thought.

Miss Prissy slowly raised her arm up to the bell. She suddenly became more conscious of her clothes, of herself in general. The terrified look on the child's face flashed through her mind. She looked down at the newspaper-wrapped bundle. Why had she come right from work anyway? Maybe it would be better to go around the back or to the side door.

A warm beam of light was streaming out from what looked to be the dining-room window. Miss Prissy set her possessions on the wet cement and leaned over toward the window. She would take just a peek inside to see if she could see Diana. Then she would ring the bell.

There she was, Diana! But that little boy! That boy on the bus.

The child caught a glimpse of Miss Prissy's face pressed against the window, and let out a little scream.

Miss Prissy instantaneously sprang back from the window. She was sure Diana hadn't seen her. When the door opened, Miss Prissy was safely hidden between the shadows of the porch. She wanted to hide. She felt shamed, humiliated.

"What do you want?"

Miss Prissy looked up into a young woman's face that looked quite familiar.

"I—I—. Have you any old clothes?" she answered.

### AT THE WINTER GARDEN

By Jerry Sandall, '43

Cautiously and with some misgiving I stepped out onto the ice-skating rink to join the gay crowd of skaters already whirling around. My first few steps proved to me that my debut on ice was not going to be very successful. The two thin, sharp-edged blades refused to support me, and my ankles wobbled in and out until I thought that every bone was going to snap in two. Feeling like a young colt just learning to walk, I began to skate, stiff-kneed and awkward, half sliding and half stumbling. My arms flailed the air in my desperate attempt to maintain my equilibrium. Precariously I struggled along the edge of the rink, until my ankles were aching with unaccustomed exertion, and my legs were dull, heavy, life-

less weights. Finally I made my way to the long wooden bench on the far side of the rink, and fell gratefully upon it, content merely to rest my weary legs, and to watch the efforts of more experienced skaters.

Skating past me were many couples, arm-in-arm, moving synchronously and harmoniously to the fast rhythm of popular pieces blaring from the loudspeaker in one corner. Others, heedless of the music, were dexterously darting, dodging, and weaving among the skaters, miraculously evading them all. Dark forms, with bodies bent forward at an alarming angle, streaked past me, skating with precise and vigorous strokes, their arms working furiously to speed them along. At one end of the rink I watched a group of small boys playing a game of tag and envied their reckless spirit and self-assurance. In the center of the rink the figure skaters were leaping and twirling and twisting about, their bright skating costumes becoming a blur of color as they spun around, their silver skates flashing through the air, reflecting fragments of light from their polished blades.

Suddenly the harsh, yellow light dimmed into a soft, shadowy blue. The blaring of popular music softened into the strains of a waltz, and instantly all movement slowed down. The dim, blue lights merged the figures into an endless chain gyrating around on the dully gleaming, bluish-white ice, which was smooth and polished except for occasional smudges churned up by the sharp-edged skates. The skaters bent and swayed in rhythmic grace to the flowing strains of an old waltz tune.

### THESE SO-CALLED "HATS"

By Mary Elizabeth Blackhurst, '44

Mr. Webster has said that a hat is a covering for the head, having crown, sides, and brim for men, and of various distinctive shapes for women. According to this definition the so-called "hats" of today really are not hats at all; for Webster stated that a hat is a covering for the head. Then let us investigate. Have you seen these doughnut hats? They are made up mostly of hole. How can they protect when they do not even cover? Then there are those hats that cover approximately one-half of one side of a small person's head. How much protective power do these queer creations possess? A sunbonnet can rightfully be called a hat; for it meets the requirement of being large enough to cover the head. It seems, however, that when a milliner finally creates a satisfactory headdress he can not rest until he ruins it by carrying some part of it to extremes. For example, the wide brims are often much wider than necessary, and become more a nuisance than a help. Certainly, these towering, skyscraper feather hats are horrible. Have you ever been forced to stand in a ticket line directly behind a woman who was wearing one of these hats? Every time she moved one way you had to move the other or else be tickled in the face. Who wants to be tickled in the face anyway? Few people, I am sure. Yet women insist upon wearing these grotesque structures.

There are very few really good uses for hats. I have heard it said that such apparel is sometimes worn to protect one's reputation for beauty. For instance, if one's hair did not appear as flattering as

its owner might wish, a hat (a real dictionary-definition hat) would then fulfill the need of covering the hair. Then there are those persons who find that hats with veils also aid in saving one's reputation for beauty; for when one discovers that her face is blemished, she may wear a hat with a veil to cover her blemished face. Of course we know that many so-called "hats" are used only for ornaments.

In my opinion, however, hats are foolish and unnecessary objects and anyone who buys one is practically throwing away his money. People buy them simply to be like everyone else. If the hat is not in the way of the owner it is probably in the way of someone else. I once read an article concerning a theater which had a posted sign reading as follows:

"All ladies under 40 please remove hats"

Needless to say, the hat problem there was sufficiently solved. However, not all situations can be taken care of so easily. Everyone would be better off, I think, if there were no such things as hats.

### LETTUCE DAY

By Emelyne Gumm, '44

Have you ever donned a ten-gallon hat, a pair of cowboy boots, and a belt with a holster and gun? If you have not, my friend, I am afraid you have never really "lived."

Every year the inhabitants of the Arkansas Valley in Colorado forget that this is the twentieth century. They forget about Hitler, and the New Deal, and all the rest of the weighty problems of man. For one day they turn back the pages of time to the days of the cowboy and the "wild and woolly" West.

By nine o'clock in the morning the streets of Buena Vista are lined with cars and people. Little children perch periously upon the tops of automobiles. Camera fiends stand with cameras ready to be brought into immediate action. Lettuce Day has arrived at last, and this one promises to be even bigger and better than the last.

First comes the parade. All the cowboys are in full regalia. Each rides his favorite horse, and even the animals seem to realize that this is their chance to strut and prance. The saddles are heavy with silver ornaments. The shine of the horses' coats rivals that of the boots. Manes are neatly curried or braided. The proud owners almost think more of their "horseflesh" than they do of themselves.

After the cowboys come the floats, then the dudes. Such elaborate costumes one has never before beheld! They would easily make the mouth of a poor pioneer cowpuncher water. For some unknown reason red is even redder when it is the color of a satin shirt. Orange and purple are bright to the point of hurting one's eyes. Nevertheless, the sun-tanned dude is in his seventh heaven while dressed in his spotless white Stetson and unscuffed boots. After all, not everyone gets to ride in an honest-to-goodness cowboy parade, much less a genuine rodeo.

The rodeo is open to dudes and ranchers alike. By two o'clock the grandstand is bursting with people. Horns are honking, in the corral the cattle bawl, and back in the grandstand the children help by letting the chocolate covering of their ice cream melt and dribble on the nearby seats. From the judges' stand a great voice booms out the classifi-



## Short Stories and Essays by Lindenwood Authors

cations and names of the riders. A hush blankets the crowd until the horses have begun the mad dash around the ring. Then the stillness bursts like a bubble and everyone is yelling and stretching to see the outcome of the race.

As the day wears on, your eyes stray from the excitement on the field and gradually shift to the beauty surrounding you. Behind you loom the College Peaks, safeguarding you from the outside world for the present. Since autumn has almost arrived, the aspens show hints of color other than green as they quiver and shimmer in the sun. There is beauty even in the people around you. Though each face is scarlet from over-exertion, and tiny pin-like streams of perspiration wind their way over the almost mud-like, dusty skins, the sparkle of the eyes and the upward, happy curve of the mouths are enough to bring beauty to any object. As some stubborn body tries to defy the law of gravity and stick to the lurching back of a bucking bronco, you might see a prominent Eastern banker clutch wildly at the arm of a rustic prospector. Social distinction does not exist on this day—every man is everyone's brother and equal; all are there for the same cause, a rollicking good time.

The last event, milking the wild cows, ends as the sun is sinking and cars are turning towards home. In a few hours tons of dirt will have been scrubbed from grimy skins, and tired bodies will relax for a good night's rest. As weary little feet drag toward the bed, most little boy minds are thinking, "Gee, I wish every day was like Lettuce Day. I'm sure gonna be a cowboy when I grow up!"

## THAT'S MY BROTHER

By Patricia Potter, '44

I am suddenly aroused from my delightful slumbers to find a wet washrag thrown across my face and the sunlight glaring into my eyes. As I remind myself that it is morning, and that I have been sleeping on the side porch, I gradually note that there are a lot of queer-looking "brats" leering down at me and grinning at one another. Out of the blur of faces, one seems familiar.—Ah, yes! my brother and the neighborhood "slugs." Muttering, "Can't a lady have any privacy in her own boudoir?" and shuddering inwardly at the thought of the way I must look in my curlers, I reach for my bathrobe and blindly dash upstairs to dress.

A few minutes later, coming down to breakfast, I hear a cheery voice call out, "Oh, Sis, a package came for you. It's just a pair of pants, though. You got a card from Dave, too. Boy, oh boy!" A chorus of laughs greets this last statement. I don't need to use my imagination to realize that my mail has been thoroughly gone over. I give up arguments and content myself with a muffled swear word.

I next determine to get my piano practising done, but no sooner do I start than I hear the blare of the phonograph in the next room playing Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing." What am I to do?

I give up the attempt and retire to my room to write letters, only to find that that dear soul, my brother, has taken everything out of the drawers and strewn it around the room in revenge for my tampering with his precious box of "Y Camp" medals, tin soldiers, and other

worthless tripe. And I thought he had forgotten . . .

The afternoon passes quietly because the mob has gone to the neighborhood cinema. But promptly at five-thirty, the dear boy comes tramping through the kitchen with very muddy shoes, demanding roughly, "Fur gosh sakes, when's dinner gonna be ready?" and in the same breath, "Gee, was that Flash Gordon serial ever swell! That dame's sure good-lookin'!"

Dinner over, I am about to retire to my bedroom when the sound of the doorbell announces the arrival of my latest heart interest, a certain Bob X—. I invite him to come into the living room. Mother and Dad, after exchanging greetings with him, tactfully slip out into the library. But not my brother!

There he sits, calmly reading the "Bat Man" and other comic magazines, a collection which I had referred to only a day or so ago as "that lurid, trashy literature that they feed young people nowadays." Bob makes some references to the comic magazine, and the problem child pipes up with, "Oh, Sis thinks anybody who reads comic magazines is sure ignorant." Unfortunately, Bob loves comic magazines, and by the look on his face, I can see that he is simply crushed at this news. I start to explain but realize the futility of it all and try to start a new conversation. All attempts to bring things back to normal fail. The discourse lags painfully. The evening is simply ruined. I have fallen notches and notches in Bob's estimation. Finally we both give up the effort, and my friend makes a lame departure.

Looking back, I realize that this has been an unusually hard day. Really, my little chum does have his good moments when he is positively agreeable. But even on his bad days, it's nice to have him around if only to relieve the monotony and to give me practice in learning to "take it on the chin."

## SENIOR PICNIC

By Peggy Lindsay, '43

Leslie, with an angry glance over her shoulder at Jim, grabbed Tom's hand, laughed gaily, and said loudly, "Come on. Let's walk up to the top of the hill."

"All right, Les. Just a minute."

"Well, hurry up. I want to show you something."

"What is it, kid?"

"There is a moon tonight, you know."

"Sure I have to see the moon."

"Why, of course you want to see it. Besides I won't go unless you go with me. There's no one else here I'd go with." Another quick glance at Jim.

At the top of the hill, Leslie stopped suddenly, exclaiming, "Oh dear, my shoe has come untied. Would you mind tying it for me, Tom? I'm too lazy to do it for myself."

From where they stood on the hill she knew they were in full view of anyone who happened to be looking, and, after all, it would give Jim Selman something to think about when he saw Thomas Harland on his knees to her.

"Thanks, Tom. Don't you suppose we'd better go back in a few minutes? I'm cold up here."

"O.K. I'm willing. I'm hungry, anyhow."

Leslie and Tom went down the hill, Leslie laughing and talking constantly. When they were back with the rest of the group, she smiled bewitchingly at Tom and

said, "Tom, why don't you cut two sticks for us to roast marshmallows on?"

As soon as he had left, Elsa came over where Leslie was standing, "Les, what's the matter with you and Jim? Why are you ignoring him? Has something happened?"

"Well, how would you like it if the boy you had gone with for four years took another girl to the show? And how would you like it if he had the nerve to ask you to ride with him to a picnic after that?"

"Oh Les, you silly goose. Didn't you know that Jim bet Letty a trip to the show that the Yanks would win the World Series? That's how it happened."

"Are you telling me the truth, Elsa?"

"Of course I am. If I were you I'd make up to Jim right away—that is, if you can."

"But Elsa, what can I do? He should know why I flirted with Tom. He should know I was mad because he took Letty to the show. I can't do anything. He should explain to me."

"You listen to me, Leslie Cameron! Jim's already forgotten about that show, and he never would understand why you had to flirt with Tom, anyway. Ssh—here comes Tom now."

"Here's the sticks, Les. If you'll tell me where the marshmallows are, I'll get some."

"Thanks, Tom, but I don't think I want any, after all."

"Come over here with me, Tom. I'll roast some with you," Elsa said.

"Gee, that's swell!"

Leslie stood with her back against a tree, trying to think what she could say to Jim. Suddenly she walked over to the car where he was sitting on the running-board eating a sandwich.

"Jim, can I borrow your knife, please? I want to peel this apple."

"Forgot mine. Tom has one."

Leslie turned around, the tears in her eyes threatening to run over. She looked respairingly at Elsa who was absorbed with the marshmallows; however, Elsa saw her look, and shouted to Jim, "Hey, you lazy person, why don't you help Les open some of those jars?"

Jim growled something in reply but walked grudgingly over and started roughly pulling the top off the olive jar. Leslie quickly swallowed the lump in her throat, and wiped away a stray tear. Maybe Jim wasn't mad any more.

"Jim?"

"Yeah?"

"Jim, I have something to tell you."

"This jar is opened now. Got any more?"

"No, Jim."

"O.K. Hey, Bob, how about a nice, juicy olive? Right this way."

Leslie got to her feet then and started talking to Thelma, who was standing near with Melville. She talked rapidly, and her hurried chatter was senseless.

Elsa, managing to get away from Tom, walked over to Leslie and whispered angrily, "Well, why don't you try to get him back, at least?"

"But Elsa, it's not my place to apologize and explain, and I'm not going to do it."

"Oh nuts; if you don't talk to him, I am."

"No, Elsa. Please don't. You don't see what I mean."

"Don't you like Jim any more, Les?"

"Of course I do—only I don't intend to chase him down just because he's stubborn enough to get

mad about such a silly little thing."

"Oh, don't be a nincompoop, darling. Jim! Come here quick! Les has something to tell you! 'Bye, Les."

"Well, Les?"

"Jim, I do have something to tell you."

"And I have something to give you."

Leslie gasped when she saw the little trinket in her hand. The locket she had given him when she was a freshman! Somehow she stumbled to her feet, and through an angry mist of tears she managed to say, "Jim Blake, don't you ever dare say a word to me again! Don't you ever dare, do you hear? You conceited—conceited—! Oh, I despise you. The least you could have done was to explain to me why you took Letty to the show. You—" She couldn't finish; instead she turned suddenly and ran. A light began to break on Jim's face—so that was why she had flirted with Tom. She was jealous. He smiled.

Leslie found herself on the dark road which led to town. She had walked one or two miles when a car stopped by her, and a voice said, "Taxi, lady?" Leslie did not look at Jim; she was ashamed of the tears running down her face.

"Need a handkerchief, Les?"

"No."

"Here's a nice big one."

"Leave me alone."

"Les, dear, I'm sorry."

"Go away."

"Les, please listen."

"No."

"Wait just a minute. Don't go."

"What is it?"

He opened the door quickly, grabbed her hand and yanked her into the car, shaking her hard until she started sobbing; then he smiled at her, and Les smiled back while she was crying.

## FATHER

By Betty Ann Lillibridge, '43

Silence prevailed at the supper table. Father had sat sternly back on his chair for five minutes staring at seven-year-old me, while I sat back helplessly on my chair—staring at that awful-looking fried egg on my plate.

"Eat it," Father said.

"I—I can't," I sniveled, and then burst into tears.

Father then pushed back his chair, a gesture which meant (I knew only too well) that he was going to get his razor-strap. Many times before when I had stubbornly refused to eat my carrots, creamed tomatoes, or egg yolks, he had gone for that strap and come back to the table, but always to find me well-started on those distasteful foods!

It was different this time when he returned. Instead of finding me dissecting that yolk with each bite I had decided to take, he found me up from the table, pulling up the long cotton stockings which many a seven-year-old child rolls to her ankles at the first signs of spring.

"What are you doing?" Father asked as he gazed upon this strange action.

"I'm—I'm pulling 'em up," I managed to say, "so the spanking—it won't hurt so bad."

My stockings rolled up, I looked at Father. He, too, looked at me. Without any further comment, he left the room, put back his strap, and then picked up the evening paper in the living room where he read for the next half hour.

I'm in college now, but Father hasn't changed a bit. To be sure,



he doesn't sit at the table staring at me even though I don't eat my egg yolks when I come home, but he still possesses that certain quality.

Two weeks before I left for home last Christmas, Father wrote me that my uncle would meet me in Omaha and would bring me on home. How disappointed I was that Father himself couldn't be there at the station to see me get off the train—the big thrill of every girl her first time home from college! I realized that Father would be busy—patients always made appointments right up until the very day before Christmas—but why, why couldn't he come to meet me just this first one time—appointments or no appointments?

As the Wabash was pulling into Omaha promptly at eight-thirty on the Tuesday morning before Christmas, Kate, who was looking from the train window with me descried her father out on the platform. "Dad's there!" she screamed. "I see him!"

"How wonderful!" I exclaimed. "Do you see my uncle?"

But Uncle Carl was nowhere to be seen. In a few moments, all we girls were out on the platform, looking fervently for mothers, fathers, sisters, uncles, among that huge crowd.

Suddenly, someone grabbed me from behind, and I turned and cried, "Uncle Carl!" I threw my arms around his neck, and as I looked over his shoulder, whom should I spy but Mother, Grandmother, and my aunt.

"Hello!" I screamed, almost exhausted at this royal reception,—and then, my voice fairly screeched, "Father!" He had lagged behind the crowd to surprise me.

It was on our way home that I remarked to Mother, "Wasn't it swell of Dad to cancel his appointments today?"

"Why, dear," she answered, "all the time he was writing you that your uncle would come after you, he was making his secretary keep this Tuesday free for him."

I turned to look at Father. He kept his eyes on the road, but I could see that they were gleaming.

### BERRY MOTH

By Barbara Bickle, '43

Jim Coping strode along the vineyard exulting in the plump, blue grapes. He had the happiness that a man feels when he surveys a job he can honestly say he has done well.

"They'll be ready to pick by day after to-morrow," he observed to the dog beside him, "the best crop I've seen in years."

But as he went farther along the rows he noticed something which sent cold chills through him. Oh, but it couldn't be, it just couldn't—not now, not so late. Some grapes had fallen to the ground and as he picked them up he saw what he dreader—a small puncture—it meant berry moth!

In his despair he remembered the work which had gone into this crop. It had begun in the fall, nearly a year before. He had trimmed each vine. Fifteen hundred rows of grapes and one hundred and fifty vines in each row—yes, the work had added up. And it had been hand labor too. No machine will do such work. Each straggly end had to be hacked off and cleared away. Michigan is cold in November. Jim's hands had been stiff and the wind had whipped his nose to a gleaming red. There wasn't even much pleasure in a cigarette when one's fingers were icy. But in spite of weather the fall's work had been done and the vineyard was ready

for a long cold winter. And Jim and Jean spent a long, hopeful winter.

Then it had all begun again the next spring. First all those rows of vines had been plowed. The sand had blown up into Jim's face and mouth with every gust of wind. It wasn't the cleanest nor the most enjoyable job in the world, but Jim liked it—dirt and all.

Each night he and Jean had planned how to spend this year's grape money. Of course, the most important part was to pay the bills which had been piling up for so long. The farm was his so there was no rent to pay, but there were taxes. Then too, the days when food, clothing, and shelter had all come from the farm had disappeared long before Jim's time. The house was in need of major repairs; he needed at least one new horse. Of course, not everything would be perfect with one good crop, but it would help make things a lot easier.

In summer there had been all those rows of grapes to plow again and again. For several days then, he had sprayed, sprayed for every grape disease ever known to man—or even guessed at by man. It took hours of scrubbing each night to remove the blue stain the spray left. Every square inch of the grapes had to be covered. When he had gone against the wind the spray had come flying back into his face till it had seemed he was to be stained with the color forever. Sometimes he had wondered if four years of college had made him any better able to manipulate a spray gun.

"You see, the main trouble," he had explained to an inquisitive and interested city visitor, "is a neighbor farmer who doesn't spray. Berry moth may crawl from one vineyard to another. Four years of college and twenty years of experience haven't taught me how to prevent that. In spite of these days of spraying if Jackson, for instance, should decide not to spray his grapes it might mean that all this work of mine would be of no use; then again it might make no difference. Or if the weather should be bad, dry rot might set in. You can say all you want about so-called professional gamblers—the farmer takes the worst chance—he's betting against the forces on Nature!"

Later in the summer had come the long, tedious job of hand-hoeing all those rows. Weeds had to be knocked out; so did the "suckers" which bear no fruit but grow at the base of the vine, sucking nourishment from the fruiting branches. This had taken many days in the hot sun. A vineyard affords no shade, and, if the job is to be finished on time, there is little time for rest under nearby trees.

Jack Leonard, owner of the one big store the town nearby boasted, had been grand. "Sure, Jim, I know how it is. And I've known you long enough to know you'll try to pay me as soon as you can. It's not your fault when it all goes wrong. Maybe it'll all be O. K. this year."

Yes, maybe it would have been. But Jackson hadn't sprayed that year. Maybe he felt his vineyard too far gone to even attempt to save it. Anyway, whatever his reason, he hadn't sprayed.

Jim continued to work, still hoping. Two years before he had won most of a battle against frost. Now he'd try again.

Well, he'd lost. That was easy to see. The worst part was that he hadn't known until so late.

"Just a week ago I was so happy and hopeful."

"But why didn't you know before this?" asked another inquisitive friend from the city.

"Well, you see after the larva hatches, it enters a grape, eats the

inside of that one and goes on to another—but goes through the spot of skin which is touching another grape. Then, when they begin to ripen, they fall off."

A few days later Jean waited anxiously for Jim. He drove slowly into the yard and, with sinking heart, Jean saw the truck still loaded with the blue grapes.

"First time in twenty years—turned me down," he said simply. "Jack said he'd gladly let the store bill ride for another year." Suddenly he broke, "But, O God, Jean, we can't go on like this forever!"

### FIXED NIGHT

By Margaret Barton, '41

I strolled beneath a paper sky,  
A paper cover almost black  
With inky blueness, inky dye  
That God had stained the heavenly track.

A smooth round blob of creamy paint,  
A moon, that shone from one fixed spot,  
So pure of shadow, free from taint  
Of wrinkled clouds that streak and blot.

The pasted stars, their steady ray  
Devoid of any twinkling light,  
A spattered, scattered milky way,  
An arch dividing night from night.

I strolled beneath this paper sky,  
You strolled beside me, warmly near;  
The only throb of life that I  
Could feel, was on your lips, my dear.

### "POSSIBLE!" SAID SHE

By Betty Ann Lillibridge, '43

Have you ever watched your roommate review for a history exam and still try to catch every word of the Lux Radio Theatre? If you haven't, do try it sometime. First, if she's of the true collegiate type at all, she'll have to reach over that pile of stacked books, those fumbled notes, that strung-out manicuring set,—and incidentally, those horrible old prune seeds, too—on her desk, so that she can tune in Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray just loud enough to be heard, and yet, just soft enough not to interfere with "dear" Alexander the Great.... Ah, she should be settled by now.... On her face, there'll be written contentment—self-satisfied with her own cleverness of accomplishing two things at one time. "Impossible," says Dean Gipson; "Possible!" says your roommate.

The Macedonians and Claudette will both begin action at once, and then, at this moment, it is your cue to glance up and see which of the two is going to win. But, so far, everything appears to be running smoothly. There sits your pal—her elbows propped up on her desk, her head supported by her palms, and her eyes fixed on the open book before her. This picture lasts for only a minute, however. Unconsciously, her head jerks up and she stares at the radio. She leans forward and turns the little radio knob up. Her mind, you can tell, has jumped to the present from some twenty-three hundred years ago. All of a sudden, she'll catch herself listening to the play, and at once, she'll turn her head back to the neglected book. You watch her eyes. They aren't moving across the page at all. Two or three minutes pass, and you notice she's still on page two, although she hasn't looked up once.

"I'll bet Claudette marries Fred," you mumble.

"I bet she does, too," speaks up your roommate.

### PLOWING

By Carol Robinson, '43

Plowing all day long,  
Up and down and down and up,  
The rows must be straight,  
Can't be crooked, must be straight.  
Sun scorching, broiling,  
Hands and face caked with dust,  
Horses hot, dripping greenish foam,  
Stop for a drink, water boiling,  
Shirt plastered with sweat,  
Overalls heavy with dirt,  
Up and down and down and up,  
Rows can't be crooked, must be straight,  
Aching back, burning eyes,  
Hours dragging slowly, slowly,  
Parching, cracking, drying lips,  
Hands and legs cramped and weary,  
Horses plodding, onward, onward,  
Dulling brain, staring eyes,  
Up and down and down and up,  
Rows can't be crooked, must be straight,  
Plowing all day long.

### SHOP TALK

By Peggy Lindsay, '43

"Ah wants to look at yo' ten cent socks."  
"What color please?"  
"Ah don' know—jus' any colah, ah reckon."  
"What size do you wear?"  
"Ma' am?"  
"I said, what size do you wear?"  
"Oh! Ah reckons about a nine."  
(Holy horrors! A nine on that foot!)

"All right. Now then, here's a pretty pair of red ones. Do you like them?"  
"No'm, ah don' like the tops of 'em."  
"Well, here's a striped pair. How do you like them?"  
"Them's too big."

"I think you'll like this pair of blue ones. They're just the right size."  
"Yas'm, ah sho does like 'em but I can't use thet colah."  
And so on and on far into the afternoon.

If you've ever worked in a dry-goods store you already know what's been going on. If you haven't had the experience, you don't know what you've missed—that is, providing you have patience, strong feet, and a pretty good sense of humor. If you don't have at least one of these qualities, I should advise you never to work in a dry-goods store.

Oh yes, you must have a good imagination, for you will hear calls for some most peculiar articles that you never knew existed—that is, if you live in the South—because in that case it is absolutely necessary to have an understanding of the negro vocabulary. If you don't, you'll never know what's going on. For instance:

"Do yo' have any p'e-q?" (pique)  
"Do yo' all have any Simple-City Patterns?" (Simplicity)  
"Is yo' all got any hair rakes?" (just combs)  
"Ah wants a pael." (parasol)  
"Ah needs some Dolly Dimple Beautifier." (Cold cream will serve the purpose.)

And so forth. These are not exceptions—rather, they are the rule. If you have fallen arches, backache, headache, — or what not — you've got to smile if it kills you, or else.

How do I know? From experience. Saturday after Saturday I've been doing it. Not that I don't like it. I do. In fact, I wouldn't take anything in the world for it. My daddy is my boss, you see, and he says it's good for me. Maybe it is. I don't know. Anyhow, it is amusing, as well as broadening to one's idiomatic knowledge, although trying to one's patience.



## THE NEBRASKAN

By Jean Swarr, '44

Marie Sandoz. The name has an Oriental flavor. It belongs to a delightful person, a Nebraskan writer who is famous (or infamous) for her much-discussed "reality" books.

She is cryptic, charming, and shocking all at once. At first meeting she seems unattractive, with her thin, homely face topped by flaming red hair. Her emaciated body and face show the sharp, hard lines of early privation, and her hands are red and calloused with man's work. But when Marie Sandoz speaks, only her sparkling blue eyes and husky, humorous voice are prominent.

I met Miss Sandoz at a book store in Omaha where she was autographing copies of her latest book, *Capital City*. Interviewing her for my high school paper, I forgot my job to listen fascinatedly to her amused repartee with reporters. Her *Slogum House*, *Old Jules*, and *Capitol City* are the books which have caused so much comment and controversy in recent years. Although the writer smilingly refuted all inferences by the reporters that her books are the products of an unhealthy, inhibited mind, the truth of the matter probably will never be known. Miss Sandoz spoke of her writing in these words: "I write what I sense with my mind and see with my eyes, nothing more." That was the extent of her remarks for publication.

But later when I happened to be alone with her, I repeated her statement and looked dubiously at the book, *Capital City*, supposedly an expose of the "vice and graft" in Nebraska's capital, Lincoln. She laughed appreciatively, and said: "Here's a tip, youngster. As a novelist you must build your story upon facts you know to be true, but you must also weave charming, interesting, or shocking fiction so skillfully with fact that the reader isn't aware of the difference.

"And don't ever lose your curiosity about life, no matter what happens to you. Don't grow old mentally. Your youthful inquisitiveness is the most valuable possession you have."

Just then an inquisitive fat woman asked Miss Sandoz how she had ever survived her childhood living in poverty with "that horrible old man" ("Old Jules," her father) out on the Nebraska prairie. The blue eyes grew dark, the lovely voice was sharp as she answered the woman shortly, almost angrily: "My private life is my own business, madam—the details are not for your ears!"

She turned to me, smiling again, half-apologetic, murmured something like, "My awful temper!" and rose to leave.

I said good-by, and watched her go. Her thin back was straight, her head held proudly. I am positive she will always be an individual in her own right, a person worth knowing, sure of herself and her work.

## FIRST LOVE

By Mary Frances Zuercher, '44

Love—a feeling of strong personal attachment. Strong liking, fondness.

They met on August 21, the night of the country club dance. Do you remember? Barlie introduced them after much persuasion from both sides, and from that moment on it was "John and Thelma" to the rest of the crowd. No one could tease them about their "love"—they were so serious about it all. At parties, on picnics, no matter where they were, John and Thelma were making plans for a beautiful future. It was

a "forever and ever" kind of love. They would sit, holding hands, with eyes for no one else. Marty used to dance by them singing "Heaven! I'm in heaven!" at the top of his lungs, and they would glance coldly at him, trying very hard to cover up their embarrassment at being made so conspicuous. Not even the "life of the party" could distract their attention from one another. They never missed a chance to be together, despite the fact that her mother had insisted upon their "dating" only on week-end nights. He would hurry home from school for the car in order that he might get over in her neighborhood before she had walked all the way home.

Their opinions blended perfectly; everything he did was the right thing as far as she was concerned. Even when he was wrong—and he so often was—she stayed by him. Their complete disregard for anyone else was becoming rather a bore to their friends. His personality was enveloping hers—a bad thing to happen, for he was possessive and demanding, and spoiled almost beyond endurance. His disposition toward her was sweet enough, but the rest of the crowd was always subject to his fits of petty anger. She began to apologize for his hateful actions and to be embarrassed for the manner in which he treated his friends.

When she finally discovered his true nature—how unobservant she had been—she began to lose her love for him. Other interests caught her attention, and she had little time for him. He stormed and ranted about her changing attitude; this only made the situation more clear to her. Summer came, and they went on their respective vacations. During this time she made up her mind to put an end to her increasing unhappiness. They met on August 21, just three years to the day after their first meeting, and she told him that she would no longer put up with him and his tantrums. He pleaded vainly; she stood firmly by her decision. Supposedly broken-hearted, he left her—three years of happiness lay shattered at his feet.

She vowed to remain "footloose and fancy-free"—no more "love" for years and years. How inconsistent youth is! Within a week she knew she had found "true love"! And he, who swore she would always be the only girl for him, no matter whether she loved him or not, found a new "love" within the month.

## INVITATION

By Elaine Janet Anderson, '43

I  
Pray follow me this summer night,  
The air blows cool, your feet step  
light;

Awake, my child, from sweet repose,  
This dream of night surpasses those.

II  
The silver moon has reached its  
height,

Come to your window seat tonight;  
Hear the echo of the cricket,  
He has left his lonely thicket.

III  
The dazzling sun you saw today,  
Now just returns a softer ray;  
Gentler shadows than the day  
Intermingle into grey.

IV  
Your window seat is but a hollow,  
A stuffy shelter o'er your head;  
If you will promise me to follow,  
You will have the stars instead.

V  
Pray follow me this summer night,  
The air blows cool, your step is  
light;

The grass is wet, but do you care?  
When evening nymphs play with  
you there.

## THE FURNISHINGS

By Dores Johnson, '44

Some people wrestle with ideas until they have chewed all the meat off them and are gnawing on the bone. Others—those with the broken fingernails and grimy hands—work with things. But I prefer to study people. Comparing them with certain objects in my home has always been a fascinating game for me. Perhaps one of the best places to do this is in the bus station at Wichita. Should you like to come with me on a short trip to this station? Perhaps we shall see something interesting. Let us sit close to the door so that we can see all who come in.

Sitting next to us are a man and a woman, apparently husband and wife since they are not talking to each other. The man looks as if he were quite a dominant character, and there is something which makes him appear sharp and cruel. He is very tall and thin. His nose is long, with a large wart on the left side of it. He somehow reminds me of the carving knife (to be used only when company comes) which Mother keeps in the bureau. As for the woman, she is so nondescript that she looks like something which fell behind the piano and has never been missed.

A child runs into the room, and from the moment he enters till he leaves he is never still. He runs in two directions—physically and vocally. He is like the faucet in our downstairs bathroom. It refuses to be turned off, no matter how often the plumber has repaired it. The water is running continually.

And that old man coming in now—what does he make me think of? I believe I could say he reminds me of my grandmother's rocking-chair which sits next to the fire in the living room. Though old, that chair is still sturdy and able to withstand any strain. The old man is like that. He looks as if he had tied tin cans to dogs' tails when he was seven, attended charivaries at twenty-seven, and at seventy-seven entered potato-sack races.

But I believe we had better leave now. I just heard that plain little woman sitting near us murmur to her husband, "Doesn't that red-haired girl sitting next to the door remind you of our red plush overstuffed chair?"

## A WOMAN'S SONG OF WAR

By Geraldine Rasdal, '41

Our country calls, "Give me your men!"

And we are weeping once again,  
Since first our land began to grow,  
We've watched our strong and  
valiant go.

To playing fife and beating drum,  
They bade the British soldiers,  
"Come!"

**YELLOW  
CAB**

Phone 133

In 1812 we watched our men  
Go fight the British once again.  
In "sixty-five" to free the slave,  
Preserve one flag, long may it  
wave!

The Spanish then had to give way  
To Dewey in Manila Bay.  
The famous "crosses, row on row,"  
To "end all wars," the "Last Great  
Show."

And now again there comes a call;  
This one most horrible of all,  
Today it is the call for mine—  
I'll drink no toast! Bring me no  
wine;

I'll crash no glass against a wall.  
I see no joy in Hitler's fall.  
My country, freedom, all my right  
To live, I want with all my might,  
But give my children yet unborn,  
To have them from my dreaming  
torn?

No! No! I cannot help but say  
That price is not for me to pay.  
I pray God, stay a little while,  
Give me a chance to reconcile  
Myself to interrupted life,  
To calm somewhat the inward strife,  
Be with him but a little part  
Of time to hold within my heart,  
To cherish when he's gone to kill  
Another's lover, let me fill  
My mind with memories of days  
Before war's horrors changed his  
ways.

If his plane crashes, I'll not weep;  
I'll have those memories to keep.  
And if, at war's end, he comes back  
A stranger, then I shall not lack  
In understanding. Hear my plea!  
I beg You, save this much for me.

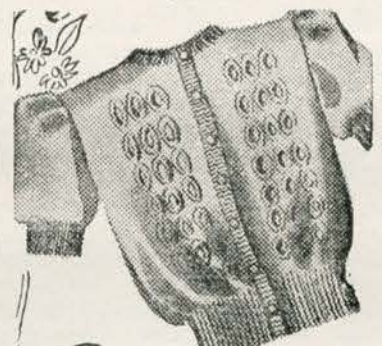
Art Students Visit  
St. Louis Art Museum

Students in the art department went to the St. Louis Art Museum last Saturday, to study the special exhibits being shown. The students were accompanied by Dr. Alice Linnemann and her assistant Miss Rasmussen.

Dr. Parker Gives  
Lecture

Dr. Alice Parker of the English department gave a lecture over Station WTMV, Sunday evening, Feb. 9. Her subject was Greece and her experiences and impressions of the country during her visit there.

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## Faculty Members to Speak at Family Life Conference

Plans for the Family Life conference to be held on the Lindenwood campus March 15th and 16th are progressing. Members of the Lindenwood College faculty who will participate in the program are: Professors Jessie Bernard, Lois Manning Burkitt, Elizabeth Dawson, Marion Dawson, Rachel Morris, Fern E. Staggs, Ada Tucker, and Frances Whitehead. The program will also include Dr. Paul Popenoe, Director, Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles, Cal.; Rev. A. H. Scheller, S. J., director of the School of Social Service, St. Louis University; Rev. Sidney E. Sweet, Dean, Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis; Rabbi F. M. Isserman, Temple Israel, St. Louis; Dr. P. E. Kubitschek, Child Guidance Clinic, St. Louis; Dr. T. F. Lentz, Jr., associate professor of education, Washington University, St. Louis; Mrs. W. V. Weir, active in Consumer Federation work and League of Women Voters; Mrs. George Gellhorn, civic leader and popular speaker with youth.

One of the interesting features of the Family Life Conference will be the exhibits displayed on the first floor of Roemer Hall. This will be made possible by the cooperation of various agencies such as the American Home Economics Association, The National Conference on Family Relations, The Family Welfare Association of America, The National Kindergarten Association, The Child Study Association of America, The American Social Hygiene Association, and the Children's and Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor.

## The Club Corner

By  
CAROL ROBINSON

Mr. Spittler of the St. Louis Dictaphone Company showed two movies to the Commercial Club, Wednesday, Feb. 5. Their subject was new office equipment.

Alpha Mu Mu, honorary musical society for underclassmen, held a musical Professor Quizz program conducted by Miss Isidor and Miss Gieselman at their last meeting, Monday, Feb. 3.

Delta Phi Delta, public school music honorary society, initiated six girls Tuesday, Jan. 21. The new members are: Lois Anderson, Mary Emma Kanady, Dalcyce Stewart, Beatrice Ford, Pat Silkwood, Lucille Quernheim. The club discussed getting pins for all members.

Two Lindenwood students, Mary Helen St. Clair and Margaret Barton, had items published in the Winter issue of **The Rectangle**, quarterly publication of Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity. Margaret's contribution was a poem, "Fixed Night," Mary Helen's was "Puppy Sketchlets." Any Lindenwood student may submit manuscripts to this publication.

The Encore Club elected Martha Laney president and Harriet Thistlewood secretary-treasurer of their '40-'41 organization. This "Come-Again" club has sixty-four members. To be a member one must have had a relative formerly attending Lin-

## THESE CHURCH LEADERS WILL SPEAK AT FAMILY LIFE CONFERENCE



The place of religion in contemporary American family life will be discussed by these representatives of three great religious faiths. From the left they are: Dean Sidney E. Sweet of Christ Church Cathedral; Rev. A. H. Sheller, S. J., director of the School of Social Science of St. Louis University; and Rabbi Ferdinand M. Isserman of Temple Israel.

## College Calendar

**Tuesday, February 11**  
5:00 p. m.—STUDENT RECITAL (Sibley Chapel)

6:30 p. m.—El Circulo Espanol (Club Room)

**Wednesday, February 12**  
4:30 p. m.—LITTLE THEATRE  
6:30 p. m.—Class Meetings

**Thursday, February 13**  
11:00 a. m.—SPEECH RECITAL (Roemer Auditorium)

5:00 p. m.—Athletic Association (Club Room)  
8:00 p. m.—St. Charles Cooperative Concert

**Friday, February 14**  
6:30 p. m.—FORMAL DINNER DANCE — Freshman Class, Sponsor

**Saturday, February 15**  
SPORTS, BASKETBALL, SKATING, and DANCING ALL DAY

**Sunday, February 16**  
6:30 p. m.—VESPERS. Rev. Ralph Evans, Kirkwood Presbyterian Church, Kirkwood, Mo. (Auditorium)  
7:15 p. m.—RADIO BROADCAST. Forum Discussion, Miss Elizabeth Dawson, Sponsor. Station WTMV.

**Monday, February 17**  
5:00 p. m.—League of Women Voters (Club Room)  
8:00 p. m.—FRANCIS E. JONES, Violinist (Auditorium)

**Tuesday, February 18**  
5:00 p. m.—STUDENT MUSIC RECITAL (Sibley Chapel)  
6:30 p. m.—Delta Phi Delta (Club Room)

**Wednesday, February 19**  
5:00 p. m.—Home Economics Club (Club Room)  
6:45 p. m.—Y. W. C. A.

**Thursday, February 20**  
11:00 a. m.—SPEECH RECITAL (Roemer Auditorium)  
5:00 p. m.—International Relations Club (Club Room)  
6:30 p. m.—Alpha Sigma Tau (Club Room)

**Friday, February 21**  
LINDENWOOD REVUE — Sophomore Class

**Saturday, February 22**  
SPORTS, BASKETBALL, SKATING and DANCING ALL DAY

**Sunday, February 23**  
6:30 p. m.—VESPERS. Student Program (Auditorium)

7:15 p. m.—RADIO BROADCAST. Forum Discussion, Miss Ada Tucker, Sponsor. Station WTMV.

**Monday, February 24**  
SPIRITUAL EMPHASIS WEEK—Dr. George Sweazy, Tyler Place Presbyterian Church St. Louis.

11:30 a. m.—Daily Chapels and Open Forum Discussions.

5:00 p. m.—Beta Pi Theta (Club Room)  
6:30 p. m.—Pi Alpha Delta (Club Room)

**Tuesday, February 25**  
5:00 p. m.—A Cappella Choir, Webster Groves High School, Esther Replogle, Director (Auditorium)

## Faculty Member Writes Article on Ibsen

An article written by Miss Elizabeth Dawson of the English department was published in the February issue of the College English magazine. The title of the article is "Ibsen and the Greek Tragedians."

The Faculty and Administration presented Mrs. Zempel with a Lindenwood College crest before her departure. The crest, the Sibley coat of arms, was done in blue, red, gold, silver, and black. It was on vellum paper and in a narrow black frame. Peggy Cassell was the artist.

Though You're Miles  
Away  
On Valentine's Day  
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## Students Give Original Play Over The Air

"Air Raid at Tea Time," a one-act play written by Sara Jefferson, was broadcast Sunday evening, Feb. 2, over station WTMV. The cast included Helen Dondanville as Lucetta, Sara Jefferson as Lady Wentmore, Shirley Gardiner as Flossie Fairish, Margaret Cannon as Lucy Graystone, and Doris Nahigian as Lady Graystone. Prof. John Stine of the speech department directed the program.

## Typing Champions

The 66-words-per-minute minimum required of all typing students on the typewriting test in June has been reached at the end of one semester. Martha Ann England and Betty Daniel have typed over 65 words per minute. Nine girls have also reached the speed of 55 words per minute. They are: Marian Berkman, Ella Bishop, Joyce Burge, Dorothy Couch, Betty Daniel, Billie Jean Freeland, Martha Ann England, Peggy Kimbrough, and Mary Lou McClain.

## Strand

St. Charles, Mo.

**Tuesday Feb. 11**  
BARGAIN DAY  
Virginia Dale, Lillian Dale, and Eddie Quillan in  
"DANCING ON A DIME"

**Wed.-Thurs. Feb. 12-13**  
"LI'L ABNER"  
with Granville Owen and Edgar Kennedy  
Stooge Comedy & Disney Cartoon

**Fri.-Sat. Feb. 14-15**  
2 — FEATURES — 2  
"LET'S MAKE MUSIC"  
with Bob Crosby & Orchestra  
— and —  
"TRAIL of the VIGILANTES"  
with Franchot Tone

**Sun.-Mon. Feb. 16-17**  
Continuous Sun. from 2:00  
"FLIGHT COMMAND"  
with Robert Taylor  
Ruth Hussey

**Tuesday Feb. 19**  
John Howard in  
"LONE RANGER  
RIDES AGAIN"