

## Mary Jo Shepard Is New President of League of Women Voters

Miss Mary Jo Shepard of Evansville, Ind., president of the Lindenwood League of Women Voters, was elected president of the Missouri State College League of Women Voters at the convention held on the campus March 28-29. Miss Shepard succeeds Miss Ronnie Baumgartner of the University of Missouri, and will preside at the next convention to be held at Columbia, Mo. The University of Missouri will act as hostess with Stephens and Christian Colleges assisting.

Formation of new chapters and better organization of present clubs were stressed in talks by state leaders and in round-table discussions. Mrs. Ralph Fuchs of University City, Mo., in her address gave several qualifications of a citizen functioning in a democracy; Mrs. Virgil Loeb of St. Louis talked on the value of league training for leadership and discussed the short ballot and merit system for Missouri; Mrs. George Gellhorn related her interesting experiences at the time of the League's beginning and the effort of the women of Missouri to gain suffrage; Mrs. Paul Weaver of Stephens College offered suggestions toward more interesting and active league meetings; and Miss Jeanne Blythe of St. Louis and Mrs. Roland Read also of St. Louis added topics or problems that might be taken up at meetings.

Other officers selected are Mary Jo Smith of Missouri University, vice-president; Joan Miller of Christian College, secretary-treasurer; Betty Sear of Stephens College, second vice-president who will aid Mrs. Weaver, the state sponsor.

## Lindenwood Student Gets Recognition For Her Essay

Bette Hurwich, a former Lindenwood student, has received recognition for an essay, "Weary Alien," written in her freshman English class.

In 1937 the essay won the national essay contest sponsored by the "Atlantic Monthly." It has now been included in "Nelson's College Caravan," a college textbook, in the section entitled "Essays on Economics and Ethics," where it appears not as an example of student writing, but as a serious contribution, beside the work of distinguished professional writers.

Lindenwood can well be proud of the recognition which has come to one of its students.

## Choir Gives Easter Cantata at Vespers

An Easter Cantata was presented by the choir last Sunday evening, at the Easter Vesper Service. The speaker was Rev. W. D. McDowell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Ferguson, Mo.

## Pat Echols Reigns As Maid at Military Ball At Kemper

Pat Echols, freshman from Houston, Texas, reigned as a maid of honor at Kemper Military Ball last Saturday night, at Boonville, Mo. She was one of 15 girls whose



PAT ECHOLS

pictures survived the first elimination by Earl Carroll of Hollywood.

The ball was a gala affair and was well-attended by Lindenwood girls. Everyone was dressed in their best—the cadets in their bright uniforms and shiny buttons and the girls in their gay chiffons, organdies, and taffetas. Pat wore a white organdy gown with a tight-fitted bodice. Her escort was Robert Paul, a Kemper cadet from Mexico, Mo.

The following girls are also attending the Military Ball: Betty Couch, Frances Cruse, Jerry Ellyson, Marrita Estes, Ellen Gallagher, Doree Johnson, Marilo Lotts, Nell Morrison, Jane Mobley, Barbara Snider, Gloria Stinson, Dorothy Susong, her first group; Prelude and Fugue inhibited by the botany, zoology, try exhibit.

## Large Cast Gives Delightful Performance of 'The Piper'

By Rebecca Rath

Taken again to a land of enchantment by the sweet pipings of a wonderful boy-man, the audience enthusiastically received "The Piper," a fantasy, directed by Miss Octavia Frees and charmingly presented by a large cast on Friday, March 28.

In an old English setting, the 13th century town of Hamelin, the tragic lot of troubadour wanderers, the materialism of townfolk, and the idealism of a radiant dreamer were woven among the antics of spell-bound children playing "chase-the-tail" inside the hollow hill or fastening wings to their shoes into a delightful presentation.

Rosemary Edminster was a superb Piper. Handling a difficult

## EASTER VACATION STARTS AT NOON THURSDAY

### Students Begin Scramble to Get Reservations For Four-Day Holiday — Some Girls Will Remain On the Campus

## Sophomore Prom To Be Given On April 19

Sophomores will swing and sway to the music of Charles Eby who has a top-rating orchestra at the Sophomore Prom, Saturday night, April 19. Every sophomore has made big plans for this "night of all nights" but if the Man of the Moment can't make it, the Date Committee, headed by Margaret Fischer and composed of Lois Selby, Rena Eberspacher, and Frances Shudde will do their best to get dates for them.

The gym will be transformed into a fairyland under the skillful direction of Bette Tatum, chairman of the Decoration Committee, and Jean Frawley, Betty Carleton, Harriet Thistlewood, Betty Shoen, Betty Myers, and Dot Norris.

The matter of refreshments will be taken care of by the refreshment committee, Carol Robinson, Dorothy Berger, Elaine Anderson, Pat Lord, and Sylvia Wright.

The Freshman Prom is scheduled for the following Saturday night, April 26th, and the Freshmen are looking forward to their big night with the same eager anticipation. Bette Cobb has charge of the decorations.

## Dr. Gage to Give Commencement Address

Dr. Gage will deliver the commencement address at the Southeast Missouri State Teachers College at Cape Girardeau, Mo., on May 19. The subject of his address has not been announced.

The robins have come back to Lindenwood, the grass is turning green, the spring rains have started, and thoughts of Spring vacation are uppermost in the students' minds to the exclusion of term papers, tests, and textbooks.

Thursday noon the great exodus will begin. Students have started storming Mr. Motley's office for train tickets, berth reservations, and baggage checks in a mad scramble to get off on time. Trains, busses, and airplanes will be mobbed with students eager to return to fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and boy friends to snatch a few days of fun before returning to the campus on April 14.

Preparation for Easter vacation was begun early as students visited St. Louis stores to buy the latest spring creations to startle the natives and bowl over friends.

For those who live too far away to make the journey home there will be fun on the campus with trips to the big city to add a little variety.

But to all the students, faculty, and administration, whether going or remaining, the Bark wishes a very happy Easter vacation!

## Triangle Club Puts Mysteries of Science On Dress Parade

The Science Show, sponsored by the Triangle Club, proved to be a great success. Students and faculty swarmed to the third floor of Roemer Hall on Thursday afternoon, April 3, to see the displays exhibited by the botany, zoology, physics, chemistry, mathematics, bacteriology, and physiology departments. Tea and cookies were served in the Rainbow Room of the chemistry exhibit.

Flower arrangements for a children's party, Easter breakfast, or bride's table were displayed by the botany department on first floor Roemer. In the greenhouse Dr. Dawson exhibited her experiment in plants in nutrient solution without soil.

Highlights of the other exhibits were the cow's stomach and actual beating heart of a chicken embryo in the zoology lab; the cosmetic display and the finding of Vitamin A in oils in the chemistry department; the black light demonstration and the color blindness exhibit in the physics department; the wave forms and mathematic books for the layman in the mathematics department; and the distribution of bacteria and antiseptics and disinfectants in the bacteriology and physiology department.

(Continued on page 7, col. 3)

# LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1941

## Easter's Challenge

What does Easter mean to you? Do you immediately think of your new Easter clothes and the wonderful chance to display them? Or do you think of the Easter bunny and colored eggs and little yellow chicks?

If the above is the case, you have missed the true significance of perhaps the loveliest and most important day of all the year. Easter with its wonderful message and beautiful traditions may be the most inspirational of all holidays. But the trouble is the real meaning of the day is too often lost in the rush to parade new clothes and set the style for neighbors.

This year let's be different—let's really take Easter seriously and soak up some of the inspiration and make it a challenge to us for better living!

## We Thank You

The members of the Journalism Class wish to thank the faculty and administration for their April Fool issue of the Linden Bark.

Though the journalism class seems to be getting credit for the paper, we wish to thank those who were responsible. We, speaking for the student body, really got a kick out of the paper, and now that we find the faculty has a sense of humor, we want to see it again.

This is a challenge. How's about it Profs? Can't you give us a Chapel program equal to your April Fool Bark?

## Our Authors

About once a month the Linden Bark is pleased to print a literary supplement composed of essays, short stories, and poetry written by members of the English composition classes.

Far from being merely a filler or an excuse to put out an eight-page paper, the literary supplement sheet is an excellent sample of the kind of literary work Lindenwood students are doing. In it appear the best of the essays, themes, and poems selected by the teachers themselves. Surely if there is unusual talent among Lindenwood students, it is worthy of recognition, and should be encouraged. By printing this sheet we hope these ends will be attained.

Aside from the purpose of giving recognition where recognition is due, we hope the printing of the literary supplement will be an added inducement to students to work their hardest on their compositions so they will have the satisfaction of seeing their own handiwork in print. If it means the budding of great genius on our campus, we will be more than satisfied.

Watch your vacation cuts—you may need them later!

## Spring Housecleaning

Every year at about this time housewives begin to get that restless gleam in their eye that bespeaks housecleaning. Though roommates cannot exactly be classed as housewives they too may show signs of this early spring malady. They start to become annoyed with such trifles as the junk drawer you've had piled just as full all year round but happened to leave open this once. They may even look suspiciously under your bed and in the corners. This is the time to beware. Roommate has reached that point of inner glow when she will take matters into her own hands at any minute. She has a mental picture of where she will put all your most prized possessions and objects that must be spread handily around for immediate use and enjoyment—into the trash barrel. With two or three righteous sweeps of her broom she can destroy a whole year's carefully built up and pleasantly disordered confusion. The most horrible part is—there is no cure, though perhaps there is a solution. Take her down the hall and tell how much more so poor Pansy Lee's room needs it, and how the poor girl's in the infirmary and won't be out for ages. If you talk effectively and know your roommates weakness for the weak and unfortunate, you may succeed in getting her so tired and fed up with the unwholesome look of spic and span cleanliness that she will come back and drop with a delighted sigh on your bed on top of the orderly array of books, papers, shoes, (socks, coats, and golf clubs.

## ALL BARK and NO BITE



by  
COTTON CANNON

This last week brought two things worthy of note; the charming Westminster lads who sang so prettily and the science exhibit. What we are trying to find out is who was the lil freshie who chirped at dinner—"Oooh, those must be all the boys that are going to make this a coed school!" . . . The other event of the week, the science exhibit, was both instructive and entertaining, but it seems to us somebody on third missed a golden opportunity when they didn't capture Becky Rath, put her in a glass case and label her eRATHipuss erectiPUSS."

We'd like to seize this opportunity to thank the person who so ably edited this column last week . . . nice work, Miss Cook.

During these hurried days before Easter, we find . . . the Public Welfare class, just returned from a visit to the poor farm, practically on relief . . . tis said they don't even have enough chairs in there and some of them have to sit on the floor . . . Joyce Works wondering and wondering if they really do have hamburger joints in Japan . . . the girls in Nicolls being more than generous with their lipstick . . . Vera Jean Douthat dashing away over the week-end to sing at Mary Jean DuHadway's sister's wedding . . . Kitty Traylor getting bored with it all and setting her room on fire at three am. . . watch out, she has her eye on Roemer now . . . Jean Martin cultivating her interest in Westminster College (and how!) . . . Rena Eberspacher the proud possessor of three fraternity pins . . . (she only wears two at once . . . who's the poor guy that can't rate??) . . . Louise Olson and Grace Quebbeman getting tied into bathtubs on April fool (tchtch . . . should be more careful) . . . Adelaide Ratliff celebrating her birthday . . . Dorothy Sorgenfrei refusing to go to the city where her pals were throwing a birthday party for her Saturday . . . was she or was she not staying home to get a phone call? . . . Wilda Fischer going steady with one Ray Graybill (you know which one he was girls) ever since the Westminster concert . . .

Nosing through the exchange of papers from other schools we find that the Pup Tent from Roswell Military Academy offers the following definition of perpetual motion: A cow drinking a pail of milk . . . We're sorry that edition arrived so late, as that would have made a corking good exhibit for the Science Shindig last Thursday . . .

Talking about famous last words, which we weren't, these are the ones we hear round and abouts . . . "I'm on my way to the Dean's office" . . . "Would you rather have your test on Wednesday or Friday" . . . "I'm waiting for Dr. Schaper" . . . Be sure and wake me up in the morning I have an eight o'clock" . . . Peggy Price's "I wish today was Friday" . . . "I'll quit smoking tomorrow—thit is, after I finish this pack" . . . Queb's "D'd I or didn't I get ushers for Vespers?" . . . I gave it up for Lent" . . . Jane Mobley's "Ah-men!" . . . Blumeyer's "Have some chewing gum?" . . . Mr. Motley's "Keep your powder dry." . . . (What about waterproof make-up?) . . . Oh horrors! The deadline

## From the Office of the Dean

I wish to announce the Junior English examination is scheduled for Monday, April 21. As one of the questions will have to do with spelling words, all students who are going to take the examinations are urged to sign for the examination and get a list of spelling words before leaving for spring vacation.

Last week I attended the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in Chicago. The important topic was how colleges and schools may be called to aid in defense. Many of the young men in colleges will be called into the draft, it was conceded. Young women will be called upon to help in local communities by coordination themselves with local projects and working out plans that will be helpful. Representatives from the Army and the Navy talked to the association and took a definite stand that young people in the colleges will be of vital importance in our plans for defense.

I wish to take this opportunity to wish all of you a happy Easter vacation.

—Alice E. Gipson.

## College Calendar

Tuesday, April 8

5 p. m.—League of Women Voters. (Club Room).

—Edna B. Leiber, Executive Director Community Music Schools Foundation. Memorial Arts Building.

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

Wednesday, April 9

11:45 a. m.—Lenten Service. Dr. Lloyd B. Harmon. Roemer Auditorium.

6:45 p. m.—Class Meeting Night.

Thursday, April 10

12 Noon—Spring Recess Begins.

Sunday, April 13

Easter.

7:45 p. m.—Radio Broadcast, Prof. Rath, sponsor. WTMV.

Monday, April 14

12 Noon—Spring Recess Ends.

Wednesday, April 16

11:55 a. m.—Pi Gamma Mu chapel.

4 p. m.—Alpha Psi Omega, Room 4, Roemer Hall.

5 p. m.—Athletic Association. Club Room.

6:45 p. m.—Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, April 17

4 p. m.—Camp Counselors. Irwin Recreation Room.

5 p. m.—International Relations Club. Club Room.

7:30 p. m.—Mu Phi Epsilon. Club Room.

Friday, April 18

11:30 a. m.—Review of the Hayes-Evans play, "Twelfth Night." Samuel Pearce. Roemer Auditorium.

6 p. m.—Senior Party for the Faculty. Club Room.

Saturday, April 19

Sopsomore Prom. Butler Gym.

Sunday, April 20

6:30 p. m.—Concert. Miss Jessica Dragonette. Roemer Auditorium.

7:15 p. m.—Radio Broadcast. Mr. John Stine, sponsor. WTMV.

Monday, April 21

4 p. m.—Junior English Examination. Room 211 Roemer Hall.

5 p. m.—Commerical Club. Club Room.

for the Bark is TOMORROW!!!!

Oops, we almost forgot . . . Happy Easter everybody.

# THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## "SWEET COZ"

By Barbara Taylor, '44

"Barbara, this is your cousin from Denver, who has come to live with Grandma and Grandpa."

How calmly my mother introduced this new, unpredictable playmate, who was to have such an important influence on my childhood and adolescence; as we stood eyeing each other with mutual disgust, it was I who diffidently spoke.

"How old're you?"

Succinctly, "Five."

There began the contest which lasted until we graduated from high school; the purposes of the game seemed to be to see which one could invent more devilment, and I admit that she won.

Ten minutes after we met we had dragged the garden hose out into the barren vacant lot, puddled some exceptionally sticky, black mud, and plastered our faces, arms, and even hair in an attempt to appear negroid. When Mother and Grandma discovered us, they swooped down, picked us up, mud and all, and carried us unceremoniously to the bathroom. As we sat there facing each other, our hair well soaped into Hottentots' peaks, patting with our heads the bits of grass floating aimlessly in the muddy water, we burst out laughing. That episode must have given Mother a foreboding of days to come. I had always been a model child till then.

Until we were eight years old our experiences, though varied, were rather tame. I had two older brothers, who kept us interested in things legitimate until they were too grown-up to play with us. Under their supervision we built miniature towns with real concrete streets, pasteboard houses, and rock gardens, and ran them on a financial basis with milk bottle caps as currency. Bill also helped us construct a tree house which we considered our own personal property. Once when my older brother, Bill, was attempting to climb up, we decided that he was unwelcome. With mutual understanding, we both gave him a big shove. As we watched him go sprawling downward, a poignant fear clutched at our hearts, but to our relief he lit calmly on his feet and emitted a muffled, "Damn!" with womanish intuition we knew he was all right; a man's not hurt if he can still swear.

Although my brothers helped us with many projects, there was one which was entirely our own. By dint of much labor and perseverance we dug a large square hole six feet deep. From bank to bank we laid two-by-fours, boards, old blankets, anything! This we covered over with dirt, and lo! we had a cave.

There lived in our town Carl Toney, a boy whose father and mother were divorced, and who knew surprisingly interesting things about smoking and drinking. Irene and I were enchanted with Carl. One day he sauntered (if one can saunter on all fours through a tunnel) into our cave. He pulled from his pocket a magic package of "fags," and offered them to us. Slowly our mouths dropped open. Such an idea had not entered our heads, though it was strange that we had not thought of it before. But here was a crisis; our prestige was endangered! We couldn't let a boy beat us in anything. We accepted the cigarettes and started to smoke. The world took on a new aspect; I never knew it to have so much personality before. But after the

sixth puff I noticed something odd. The dirt walls of the cave were strangely blurred, and when I closed my eyes I felt as if I had whirled around and around. The floor underneath me began to behave like the keel of a boat, and I was stricken with seasickness. Choking, I crawled blindly out of the cave and ran for Mother. She asked what was wrong, and under the great stress of the moment I brought forth this answer:

"I—I was at Perry's and they fed me raw chicken and peanuts."

Mother managed to keep a straight face, but I have never ascertained how.

However, as we grew older we became slightly more sensible. We became intimate friends with four other girls, Carol Hanes, Gretchen Oto, Mary Ann Schwartz, and Ardis Cane. All of these girls had the same concept of life as we did; they wanted to have fun. I remember one Saturday night we all congregated at Mary Ann's. There were several cases of measles in town at that time, and we, brilliant prank-players that we were, procured some red candles, lit them, and let the scarlet wax dip on our faces to give the effect of measles. It was exaggerated but we were well pleased, and set out for town. If one has ever lived in a small Middle-Western town, he knows that on Saturday nights farmers and townspeople throng the street, making their last-minute purchases for Sunday. We trooped through the crowded streets, enjoying to the utmost the startled stares bent upon us. We passed the largest bank. Now, this bank is a big stone building, with two large deep-ledged windows in front. Here was a temptation not to be resisted. With one accord we ran to the windows, hoisted ourselves up, and made ourselves comfortable on the ledge. While we were laughing gaily at the incredulous stares of the passer-by, the leader of the local W. C. T. U. approached us and reminded us that we were freshmen in high school now and it was time for us to grow up. Somewhat crushed, and muttering imprecations against the "old fogies of this dump," we retired. Two weeks later the officials of the bank had embedded in the stone ledges of the windows, spikes which prevent anyone from sitting there—monuments to our escapade.

One day, while reading *As You Like It* for an English assignment, Irene was amused with this line, "I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry." We laughed over it at first, and yet, the phrase fastened itself in our minds; it became our credo. We will be merry, and enjoy life. We will be happy, Irene and I.

## WHAT IS ART?

By Annamae Ruhman, '42

"Art begins when one person with the object of joining another or others to himself in one and the same feeling, expresses that feeling by certain external indications," writes Tolstoy. Art must, as it were, infect the being and feelings of one whom it touches.

Art is the expression of an emotion which must react upon man. However, no matter what the motive or emotion of the painter may be, no two observers will be likewise affected. The emotions aroused by a work of art may be helpful to some and harmful to others. For example, let us say that two individuals are viewing a peaceful landscape. One may

become filled with resentment and hate because of the turbulence of his mind, while the other individual may become imbued with repose and solitude.

Art is either the expression of the life which the artist himself has led or of the larger life and thought around him—Henry DeWitt Parker explains this latter thought as "the moral temperature of the age." In an artist's work the unconscious play of the impulse of self-expression is constantly evident. Frequently, an artist expresses in his work his innermost desires; on the other hand, one often sees in a great work of art a mere "fragment of one great confession."

Perhaps to the general public a specific artist's work may seem completely unrelated to his mode of living; however, this is not the case, for the artist is merely expressing his desires and reflecting his thoughts. "The artist is driven on to creation, in the face of every sacrifice," writes Parker. George Inness is an excellent example of a man who, when his emotions were adequately excited, would rush to his canvas and transform a spring scene into one of snow.

The artist when expressing his deepest emotions will refer to incidents of his childhood, the source or object of which he has forgotten. Problems and conflicts which an artist wishes to portray are often created through symbolism. As an example, let us use Giorgione's *The Tempest* which expresses a mood or strain in Giorgione's life.

Consequently, one easily sees that the artist and the spectator by means of sympathetic imagination become a part of lives and situations which are not their own.

The basic fundamental upon which art is based is the expression of beauty. Beauty, not only in all its splendor, but also in homeliness and depression. Only that which has character is beautiful. August Rodin states that "character is the essential truth of any natural object, whether ugly or beautiful; it is even what one might call a double truth, for it is inner truth translated by the outer truth, the feelings, the ideas, expressed by gestures and actions of a human being, by the tones of a sky, by the lines of a horizon. And as it is solely the power of character which makes for beauty in art, it often happens that the uglier a being is in nature, the more beautiful it becomes in art." A portrait painter can easily eliminate the beauty of character and strength by making the features of his subject delicate and refined. If, in the portrait *Mother* by Whistler, the artist had dressed his subject in luxurious clothes the feeling of sturdiness and simplicity of character would be lost to the observer. There is nothing ugly in art except that which is without character. When the artist softens pain and makes nature more beautiful by adding roses to the sunrise, he creates ugliness because he lies. Art is realism. Beauty lies in character and character lies in truth; thus the artist must present nature as it is.

Art must be logical, Henry Poore states that "the processes of logic invariably give intellectual pleasure. Logic and art are each the expression of unity in the balanced and fitting association of the different parts of a subject. Art selects her material, logic directs their form, for logic is the science of the laws of thought expressed through natural elements." However, nature does not become art, until it gives pleasure to the mind that receives it.

Logic is not only an important fac-

tor in supplying intellectual enjoyment, but it is important to the time and manner of expression. Almost all of mankind has developed a variety of forms for self-expression: music, drama, literature, poetry, the dance, painting, carving, building. Each has its form and its content and its relationship to other expressions of that time. For example, the music, the literature, the costume, the painting, and the furnishings of Eighteenth-Century France are all varying manifestations of the one pattern of French aristocratic life.

Art must create intellectual pleasure as well as social pleasure. Art must be created through reflexions, although the subject matter arises by means of the emotions. Reflexions create quality! "The beauty 'sense' in large degree, then, is the intelligence at work upon conclusions which give intellectual pleasure," states Henry Poore.

Because of the fact that man is living in a dynamic society his ideas are constantly changing. Therefore, one finds that art itself is in a constant state of change. In his book *The Conception of Art*, Henry Poore states that "no sooner have we made our plunge into the thought wave of one approaching sea than another is beheld." For this reason, one finds many trends and eras in the world of art.

No one could have been more correct than Henry Poore when he said that "the artist has always held the mirror up to nature; the difference in the art of the world has been a difference in mirrors, nature serving each with her unchangeable pose."

Artistic expression, and the beautiful things that result from such efforts, are a joy and a comfort to both the rich and the poor. It is a thing which makes us rise above the sordid realities and monotonies of every day life. Without art this world would be a harsh environment; human imagination requires food and expression.

As Edmund Gosse says in closing his last book of poems:

"New arts, new raptures, new desires  
Will stir the new-born souls of men;  
New fingers smite new fashioned lyres—  
And O, may I be listening then.  
Shall I reject the green and rose  
Of opals with their shifting flame,  
Because the classic diamond glows  
With luster that is still the same.  
Change is the pulse of life on earth,  
The artist dies, but Art lives on,  
New rhapsodies are ripe for birth  
When every rhapsodist seems gone."

## A CORNER

The tall ivory modernistic lamp on the desk gave a soft, luminous glow to that corner of the room. Resting lightly on a crystal ash tray was a cigarette, its smoke drifting leisurely upward and under the lampshade, where it slowly diffused. A pair of black-handled scissors with blades slightly parted lay on the white, ink-splotted blotter. Near these snippers, a picture of a giant tulip, a few strips of paper still clinging to its edges, gaudily splashed its scarlet hue against the light background. Sarah, I knew, had been working on her botany notebook and would soon return.

## Wide Variety In These Selections by Lindenwood Students

### TEA AND CRUMPETS vs. COKES AND HAMBURGERS

By Betty Anne Fooks, '44

During and after our stay in England my mother often commented on the fact that English people are able to live, and some of them even to thrive, on their food. I marveled at this phenomenon with her, but we were careful to make our remarks only when my English father and my very English relatives were unable to hear us. To an ordinary American who believes that six to eight glasses of water a day and a certain modicum of fresh fruits and vegetables are necessary for the maintenance of a healthy body, the usual English diet seems almost suicidal.

I believe some of the first Englishmen must have tasted water and decided that it would poison the system of any good Britisher. In fact, in England, a glass of water is about the most difficult thing to get. You run the risk of being considered very odd if you ask for a glass of water in an English restaurant.

Milk is another liquid the Britishers do not use as a beverage. Even English babies drink little else but tea. I shall never forget the difficulty I had trying to get a glass of milk in a London restaurant. I politely requested some milk to drink with my dinner and ignored the look of consternation on the waiter's face. He went to fetch the milk but returned in five or ten minutes and without any milk. I endeavored to be kind and patient. He timidly asked if I would like the milk warm or cold. I told him that I always drank milk cold and then waited another five minutes. He reappeared without the milk and inquired as to whether I should like it in a cup or a glass. At this I gave up and told him I would rather have a cup of tea.

Fresh fruit and vegetables seem to the Britisher an unheard-of luxury. One never sees a bowl of fruit on the table, and vegetable salads, as we know them, do not exist. Their salad is called mayonnaise and usually consists of a bit of boiled beet, a bit of boiled egg, and a bit of boiled potato. Sometimes a radish or a small piece of boiled carrot or cauliflower is added. All this is topped by a fairly passable type of dressing.

All the goodness is cooked out of the English food. Everything tastes the same, and it all tastes pretty uninteresting.

It was very difficult for me to be politely enthusiastic about the strange specialties my relatives took delight in serving. I must confess, I couldn't even be polite about vegetable marrow, and I had an unusually hard time eating my portion of Yorkshire pudding.

The desserts are the oddest. They seem to run to gooseberry tarts and blancmange. Gooseberry tarts are all right, I suppose, but one has to be fond of gooseberries; and blancmange is a spongy bit of nothing at all with usually, of sort of pinkish coloring.

What the English meals lack in quality they certainly make up in quantity. Instead of being fed three times a day, one is fed seven times a day.

The Englishman is awakened about seven by having a cup of tea placed quietly on his bedside table. He breakfasts about nine, sometimes from a sideboard laden with all sorts of interesting dishes including eggs, poached, scrambled, and boiled chops and bacon and that

special delicacy, kidneys. Breakfast is always a four or five-course affair. The most astounding breakfast I had while over there included herring. In the middle of the forenoon a cup of coffee or some bouillon is forthcoming, and luncheon is served at twelve-thirty. I don't want you to think of luncheon as merely a sandwich and a glass of milk. The English luncheon is a several-course meal and always includes some type of fish before the meat course.

At four-thirty every afternoon England has tea. This is really such a lovely custom that I can understand the way the English feel about their afternoon tea. In contrast to our sweet little tea cookies they serve substantial slices of plain bread and butter with their pots and pots of very good tea. They also consume millions of cucumber sandwiches and interesting little cakes.

Dinner is served at eight-thirty. This meal has about seven or eight courses. At the end there is always a plate of cheese and biscuits. Again at ten another cup of tea is necessary before retiring. This continuous eating is not conducive to healthfulness or lissomeness.

Though I sound very anti-English-ways-of-nutrition, I found many English eating customs that I really liked. Breakfast in bed and having tea in the garden appealed to me. I liked English toast and marmalade, and the fish course that was included in every meal especially delighted me. I always enjoyed finishing dinner with a bit of cheese and biscuit.

The English miss a great deal by thinking hamburgers and "hot dogs" are "rather awful." "Cokes" and "sodas," so necessary for an American's refreshment are completely unfamiliar beverages to an English person.

I consider my experiences at English tables well worth the accompanying deprivations, even though there were times while I was in England when I would have given anything for a "coke" and a hamburger (those unheard-of atrocities).

### THREE SKETCHES

By Jennie Mildred McRae, '44

### PIRATE SPECIALS

Four girlish figures were sitting at the chromium-trimmed table; four pairs of saddle oxfords were twisted around the legs of four chairs; four hair ribbons were bobbing, as the soda jerker worked energetically over four mysterious dishes of ice cream. When he had finished, a young girl wearing a stiff, white dress, briskly carried the ice cream quadruplets to the chromium-trimmed table. Immediately four sets of teeth flashed from behind four pairs of crimson lips. The Pirate Specials were actually there, just waiting to be devoured! What is it that makes this dish so delectable? Why, only streams of marshmallow and chocolate trickling over three smooth mounds of revel and chocolate ice cream, and topped by a dab of whipped cream. All of this, sprinkled with chopped nuts, capped with a scarlet cherry, and braced by three cookies in an upright position, brings a sparkling light to youthful eyes. Within ten minutes only a few streaks of chocolate on the rims of four comports are all that remain of the frozen masterpieces; but the gleaming surface of the table reflects four contented faces.

### MEXICAN EPISODE

By Barbara Hill, '44

One hot July day when I was enjoying the careless happiness of a seven-year-old, my father came home with the amazing announcement that the family was going to Europe, and I was going to Mexico to live for the year. Daddy had a native friend there, and I was to visit with him and his family while my family was gone. The germ of misgiving entered my mind the moment I heard the fateful proclamation, and as the days of preparation drew to a close I was emphatically against the proceedings. My tardy appeals were, however, utterly disregarded—off I went—to become a Mexican schoolgirl.

Even to a traveler who sincerely wishes to be impressed with the country, some of the bad features stand out like a sharp slap in the face. But to a child who prays to return home the bad features not only outweigh the good points; they eclipse them. I arrived in Monterrey on a rainy afternoon. I was soon to discover that rain in Monterrey is a very familiar occurrence; from May until November it pours down at least once a day. My host, with the charm and grace of most native Mexicans, did his best to arouse some signs of interest in me. He pointed out various landmarks in the famous city, but between the rain and my own tears that first day in Monterrey was valueless from a sightseer's point of view.

It was decided that the best thing to do was to send me to school as soon as possible; and so, arrangements were made for me to attend the *escuela* with the other *ninas* in the family. Accordingly, I gave up all thoughts of my own bright dresses, and allowed myself to be fitted into the somberest, most unattractive blue dress that I have ever seen. The one redeeming feature, the clean white collar, was so stiff and starched that it held my neck as if in a vise.

The next morning we put on our uncomfortable attire and, at seven-thirty, we four girls left the house and started for the school. In Mexican cities the boys and girls are segregated, so in my class, which would correspond to the second grade in American schools, there were fourteen or fifteen small girls. We were to study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and Mexican history. Never before or after have I been so forced into oblivion as I was that very first day, for I neither spoke, wrote, nor understood one word of Spanish I did my best to pay attention to the lessons, but I could not distinguish even between the spelling and arithmetic classes. The teacher, struggling to orientate me as quickly as possible, gave me a hasty lesson in Spanish, explaining the very rudiments of the language. These few instructions I strove so hard to learn that I succeeded in having them garbled even beyond the recognition of the teacher. That first day in school was a trial not only to me, but to every person concerned with the second grade.

From August until December was a succession of trials and errors, of mistakes and corrections and mistakes again, with the result that I knew little about the second grade work. After the winter vacation, however, came the highly interesting study of Mexican history, which took the form of numerous trips and excursions to various places in and

around Monterrey. We took small trips to Mamulique Pass, Saddle Mountains, and Horestail Falls, but our really historical trips began with the Palacio de Obispado. After winding up the rockiest, bumpiest, most steeply graded road in Monterrey we finally reached the summit, and the Bishop's Palace. This building dated back to the time of the Conquistadores, and was, for several centuries, the living quarters of the Bishop of Monterrey and also his church. At one time all the devout of the city made a pilgrimage to the church by climbing up the three hundred odd stone steps on their knees, but the church was defiled and stripped during the revolution and all that now is left is the living quarters. The Wishing Well, which all natives believe will grant any wish, still stands in the courtyard.

Another favorite place of the history class was in the city itself, the Governor's Palace. Monterrey is the capitol of the State of Nuevo Leon. This palace is a huge square building, built around a forlorn patio, and is old, dark, and thoroughly forbidding, yet is one of the most important public buildings in Mexico. The state chambers were furnished in ornate rust-and-green velvet draperies and upholsteries, which dated back to the time of Maximilian and Carlotta. This palace was our delight, for here were placed three of the rifles used to execute Maximilian, and with the fervor of youngsters we relived every exciting moment of that misguided tyrant's life and downfall every time we saw the guns. Equally historic, but not quite so stimulating to imaginations, was the antique printing press, the first one used in North America.

Schooling is quite thorough in Mexico, so that we spent the better part of the spring and summer on our history lessons. Then, just as I was about to be promoted to the next class, having fulfilled all of the requirements necessary for such an exalted happening, my visit was over—it was time for me to go back home. If my cries at going to Mexico were loud, my wails at leaving were thunderous. For I was a Mexican schoolgirl! now.

### WISH

By Jeanie Swarr, '44

"Do you believe in Fairies?"

—Peter Pan.

I want to believe in fairies. I always have wanted to. If I ever reach the point when I can say to myself, with no insidious doubts or adult cynicism, "I do believe in fairies!" I shall be content at last. When I was small and the world of fairies and pixies was much nearer to me, I sat very still in the garden, my eyes shut tight, and wished desperately for a fairy to come from behind those roses. My questioning, doubtful mind whispered in a nasty little voice, "You're grown-up now—you know very well there aren't any fairies, just as there isn't any real Santa Claus." Furiously, I have tried for years to shut out that horrid voice, to convey myself to a more naive and blissful state in which fairies play all night in the moonlight in my garden, and pixies grant my dearest wishes in return for a good deed. Away with realities! Let me live a more exciting, satisfying life filled with fairies and magic, pixies and elves who live under toadstools. Impractical?—perhaps. Nonsensical?—yes. But wouldn't it be fun?

## Prose and Verse Written by Lindenwood Authors

### ONE SPORT ABHORRED

—SWIMMING

By Catherine Compton, '44

"Wouldn't you like to go for a swim?"

"Frankly, no," I reply.

"What! don't you like to swim?"

"Can't say that I do," I patiently explain.

"Why?"

"I dunno; just don't like to swim."

"Oh, come now, I can't believe that there is actually anyone in the world who doesn't like to swim. Go with me just once, and I guarantee you'll love it!"

"But I can't swim," I protest. This last bit of information I toss at her triumphantly, certain that now I can continue with the thrilling, chilling, new mystery story by Dan Vine, *The Case of the Curdling Cream*.

"I'll teach you how!" my friend chirps up. "The breast stroke is positively marvelous for reducing your hips." She regards my physique disdainfully and adds, "That's how I keep my figger in trim."

I prick up my ears but hold my own. My weak excuse is, "But I have some practising to do."

My chum squelches me with a glance and pulls me from the house.

In the crowded dressing room I struggle into my suit, mumbling in the meantime about wrecking my hair because I haven't a cap. She tells me not to be such a sissy as she pushes her gleaming curls under her vacuumed, airproof, waterproof, fireproof cap. When this task is complete, I am pushed rudely into the stinging shower which drenches me completely. My friend hops daintily through, emerging with one or two drops of water on her suit. Together we go towards the pool, she hopping and skipping like a young gazelle, I hesitating and reluctant.

Once at the pool, my companion leaps from my side, making a perfect quadruple somersault into the water. I timidly stick my big toe into the damp contents of the pool to test its temperature. My chum calls to me loudly from the middle of the pool to make that famous double-bladed jack-knife dive of mine, knowing very well that I have never dived before. I am the center of everyone's interest. I turn ninety-nine shades of red and slide clumsily into the icy-green depths before a snickering audience.

As soon as I am in the water, I am thoroughly ducked by my playful chum, and afterwards, when she is joined by a party of friends whose swimming ability equals her own, I am left alone, completely ignored, to drip and shiver on the sidelines while they indulge in water tag and relay races. I sit for what seems hours, hoping that the participants will soon become exhausted so that my friends will suggest we start home. The players, however, become more energetic, the games increasingly difficult. Finally in desperation I plead with my chum. I am ignored. I wait five, ten, fifteen minutes—one hour, two hours. At last when daylight is fading, my friend remembers me, and we start towards the dressing room. She is tired, but not too tired to talk. On the way home she chatters noisily about the afternoon's fun.

"Now didn't you have a perfectly

wonderful time?" she questions, and before I have time to give vent to the anger within me, she continues:

"I told you you would! We'll have to go more often."

I put another crumple in my ear trying to get the water out and think regretfully of my mystery book, the fireside, and an apple. "What could be more perfect than warmth, food, and a good book?" I ask myself. "What's worse than a swimming enthusiast?" Silently I count on my fingers the number of acceptable excuses I can give next time I am asked, "Wouldn't you like to go for a swim?"

### VISIONS OF DELIGHT

By Marilyn McCurdy, '44

Along about four o'clock in the afternoon, I get a little homesick. Even if the day has gone particularly well and I have felt not the slightest trace of longing for the old home town until that time, I can always expect it then. For that is the hour at which, when I was going to high school, I felt prone to have a snack of something to eat. Not just anything, either; rather, that certain something that is the delight of old and young the country over. You've guessed it—a hamburger.

Of course, if you come from the Tri-Cities, or any of the surrounding territory, you do not want to go to just any one of the numerous lunch wagons thereabouts. Indeed, if it is at all possible, you would go to no other than Otto Hansen's. For I am quite certain, along with some 150,000 other residents of the Tri-Cities, that a hamburger is really not a hamburger unless it comes from Otto's. There is just that certain something—well, let me explain.

To begin with, there is definitely an air about Otto's. True enough, it used to be a tavern near the railroad tracks where a lonely trucker might stop to exchange a few words with some one over a cup of coffee or a beer. But fame and glory have changed all that, and Otto's is now a red-leather-chaired, nickelodeoned, glorified hamburger shop. He serves other sandwiches and delectables, to be sure, but the "piece de resistance" is his hamburger.

It comes on a plate, and unlike hamburgers in most places of this sort, nothing comes with it but the bun. (That is, no cole slaw, French fries, or other added attractions.) But when it is an "Otto's 'burger," certainly nothing else is needed. Personally, I like "everything" on mine, onions being one of my favorite vegetables. (I believe that is the botanical classification of onions.) To open the "golden-fried" bun and smell the deliciousness of good beef fried in butter is one of Nature's greatest delights. I eat it as quickly as I can—that is up until the last bite. I always have quite a time with that last bite, for I want to keep it until such a moment as I shall savour it to the utmost. I have the feeling that I should like to put it in my pocket and take it home with me. At last I manage to eat it, and then run out; for diet permits me only one at a time, and the temptation might become too great.

Though it is still early morning, I already have that faintly nostalgic feeling at the thought of my favorite dish—not fish, but a hamburger.

### BEHIND THE ROSES

By Dores Johnson, '44

A block south of our home there is a small tan cottage with a dark brown roof. Nothing is outstanding about this house. Even the roses twining up the trellis on the porch are reminiscent of those seen on porches of the surrounding houses. But if you look behind the roses, you will see an elderly lady, comfortably seated in the swing, knitting or just watching the neighbors. If you venture to speak, she will immediately ask you "in for a spell" and will not permit you to leave before paying a visit to her cookie jar. As you become better acquainted with her you will notice that her conversation is punctuated with the name "Cole."

I remember my grandfather, Colan Johnson, as a tall, lean man, nearing seventy but keeping still his erect, soldiery figure. His eyes were keen blue under bushy eyebrows, his forehead was high with white hair growing far back; his nose was a trifle long; and under his thick mustache his lips were sensitive. Breeding and nervous energy were expressed in every line of him. However, to my grandmother, Cole always remained a dashing young man with a teasing eye and a deep, contagious chuckle.

He used to tell me things he remembered about Strathroy, Canada, where he was born in 1861—"I don't suppose that is why the Civil War broke out the same year." He could not recall much, however, because his parents left Canada when he was eight, bringing him and his two brothers and two sisters to northern Kansas. After this tiring trip his father and brothers apparently decided that they needed a long rest. Therefore, they retired from all strenuous work and let Cole support the family. About the only energy his brothers expended was in playing for the village square dances. Even there Cole worked the hardest. He "called" the dances.

It was at one of these social gatherings that he first saw the vivacious Rebecca Jane Nichols. After dancing with her a few times, he decided that "anyone who could follow his poor leading should be able to follow him for life," and within a short time they were married. He did not have much to offer his young wife with which to start a home—just some old dry goods boxes and a "fine pair of borrowed horses." However, Rebecca Jane's brave spirits were not daunted, and soon she had converted the unfurnished shack into a home.

The years passed quickly, and soon a son, Roy, was learning from his energetic father how to break horses and how to care for and love them as Cole did. Meanwhile, Rebecca was teaching Roy's younger sister, Ruby, to cook. In the evenings Cole would often take one child on each knee and sing to them an old Irish song—which he sang to his grandchildren a generation later:

"Mush a rink a turanaugh,

A turin turin addi;

Mush a rink a turanaugh,

A turin turin addi."

Soon, however, calamities began to come in rapid succession. In 1901 a heavy drouth fell over all northern Kansas, destroying the corn crop upon the returns of which Cole and Rebecca Jane had placed their hopes for a new home. That same year a cyclone struck and completely ruined their house. It was then that the family decided to move to

the southern part of the state. In January, when the snow lay deep on the ground, in a covered wagon they made the long trek to Eldorado, Kansas. The first year they were in their new home, a prairie fire swept in from the north, devouring all their possessions. Not despairing, Cole began once again to make a home for his family. This time he bought a furniture store in the small town of Caldwell, and, when the children were prepared, he was able to send Roy to college and Ruby to a high school "in town."

Within eight years Roy and Ruby were both married, and soon there were four grandchildren to whom Cole could sing his song and Rebecca could give her cookies. Then suddenly Cole's fine health, which had withstood so many hardships (and honey on peas), broke down. Almost before the family had time to realize he was ill, he died.

And he fell in whirlwind, he went down

As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,

Goes down with a great shout upon the hills

And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

So if ever you go to Caldwell, visit the little tan cottage just east of the Catholic Church, and speak of Cole to the lady behind the rose vines. I am sure Rebecca Jane will give you some delicious oatmeal cookies.

### COWBOY MOVIES

By Marjorie Jones, '44

Cowboy movies provide a convenient form of entertainment when you are tired and sleepy. Most "Westerns" follow a general standard plot. You can drop off to sleep during a picture of this type, and when you awaken, you can easily follow the plot because you know what probably would precede any given incident. For instance, suppose your mind wanders to the lessons for tomorrow about the time the hero of the cinema sits down at the bar of the local saloon to "have a drink with some of the boys." Perhaps you wake up in time to see someone in a black mask putting dynamite under a bridge. You then may logically assume that the four-thirty stagecoach will be along in a few minutes. The coach will contain the payroll of the "Bar None" ranch, and, usually, the heroine.

The next scene of the show is usually rather vague. First you see the stagecoach approaching the bridge; next, the bandits hiding in the bushes; and finally, the hero dashing to the rescue. This procedure evidently delights the scenarists; they repeat it several times.

The stagecoach horses always run away before they get to the bridge. The hero then proceeds to stop them. His method of doing so is too well known to bear repeating. He offers to take the place of the regular driver, who has probably been shot from ambush.

The bandits re-enter the scene by using the time-honored method known as "Meeting Them at the Pass." Also, no Western is considered complete without at least one fist fight on the edge of a cliff.

In spite of the triteness of most cowboy movies, I like to see one occasionally. It brings back memories of my childhood, when I sat on the edge of my seat, wondering what would happen next. I have a sentimental feeling toward Westerns—but they do bore me!

## VITALITY PLUS LEAVES ME MINUS

By Yaticria Potter, '44

Until a few years ago, I had always considered myself a pretty normal, healthy person. I could play a fairly good game of tennis and was quite proud of my crawl stroke in a swimming pool.

That was before I had met any of those too, too hearty individuals who hold physical prowess above all else in life. I admit that my experiences with them have made me a trifle bitter on the subject, but I still say, "Beware of anyone who walks with an athletic spring and has that 'oh-what-a-glorious-day-to-go-harpooning' look in his eye."

A few years ago I met a whole raft of these creature while I was on a vacation at the lakes. They had evidently looked me over and decided that I looked right enough, because one night they all descended upon our cottage and dragged me off for a midnight ride in the sailboat. That ride was wonderful, even if the boat did leak and the sail fall down, nearly causing a catastrophe. But I was too much thrilled with these exciting new experiences to notice such trifles. "Ah, back to nature!" I thought, and readily agreed to the proposal that we have a picnic on Blueberry Point the following evening.

It seemed to me that I had no sooner dropped off to sleep that night than I was aroused by a loud banging on the screen door. Although it was only four o'clock in the morning, my new friends had come to wake me. The idea of last night had been that we rise at this ghastly hour, fling off the bedclothes, and dash down to the beach to revel in a glorious swim. Now that the morning had come, the idea seemed far less appealing. The air was damp and chilly. The water looked gray. I thought I would just splash a bit of water over myself, but somehow when I reached the dock, I got tangled up with an anchor and rope that were lying there, and before I knew it, I was spluttering in the icy water. I spent the day recovering from a severe chill.

That night I gamely packed my food and left for Blueberry Point, where we spent the evening sitting around a discouraged-looking campfire, and, between bites of sandwiches and sand, found time to admire the moon.

Feeling rather depressed all the next day, I confess I didn't wholeheartedly respond to the plan of going "bullhead fishing." This, it seemed, was really the sport! No one had truly lived until he had had this unique experience. We took our trusty poles down to a rickety bridge in a near-by swamp, where we cast our lines into the water. Talking was absolutely prohibited. There I sat in that dismal spot, fighting off gnats and watching all sorts of queer animals scramble around in the slimy water. The sad part of it was that not even one insignificant bullhead gave me a second glance. They seemed to be conspiring against me. I could hear them splashing around and muttering to each other.

I cannot truthfully say that I enjoyed the rest of my stay. Everywhere I went, I found those people waiting to pounce on me with an "Aw, c'mon, let's race to the pavilion," an edifice which, in the language of the swimmer, is located at a point about one mile down the beach. In vain did I suggest a quiet hand of poker or a game of badminton. I was met with incredulous looks that plainly suggested that I was "being a softie."

Yes, the comforts of home looked

pretty good to me when I returned. I might add that I spent a good five days trying to get the smell of fish out of my hair and attempting to restore my faded glamour, which had received such a blow at the hands of these "children of Mother Nature."

## THE THRESHERS

By La Wanda Foulston, '44

The wind blew my hair as I stood watching old Charlie toss wheat into the threshing machine. Charlie was an odd old man, with an awkward way of nodding his half-curly head when he spoke. We all call him Friday, as he came to work for us on Friday. He has a superiority complex, but he does his share of the work.

Friday saw me as I walked forward to give him a jug of water. The hot afternoons always make the men thirsty, and especially Friday. He reached for the jug, and handed me his pitchfork.

"It's a great day today, and I'm gettin' lots done," he shouted as he removed the pitchfork from my hands. "Do you want to know how this machine works? I can sure tell you."

"I think I already know, Friday," I replied as he looked at me somewhat disappointedly. "You pitch the wheat into the threshing machine, and it is separated into two groups. One is the wheat grain, and the other is a straw stack."

Old Charlie smiled as he returned to work, knowing I had cut his conversation short. He can talk longer on one subject than any other person I know.

There was Bud working from the left of the machine. He let out an ape yell when he saw me. Bud's tall with broad shoulders, and has unusually large muscles for his sixteen years. He says he's getting tough for football.

Mr. Mason, the middle-aged, heavy-set man that runs the farm, always seems to work next to Ben Crow. Ben's the man standing at the right of the machine trying to decide which bundle to pitch up next. It must be his thin body that makes him slow, as he often doesn't get enough to eat. When he works for us he eats a hearty noon meal, but leaves all the food at home to his large family.

I walked back to the car, and sat on the fender. I could see the perspiration on the men's foreheads as they happily tossed up their last bundles. These men made a magnificent picture against the brilliant sunset.

The threshing machine soon stopped, and the day's work was finished.

## PERSONALITY PESTER

By Kathryn Claassen, '44

"Know yourself!" "Test your personality." "Introvert or Extrovert?" From some page of every magazine leap these impertinently personal commands and questions, luring the innocent reader on to a realization of what a complete failure he is making of his life. And are the results of these personality quizzes helpful? No! The egotist lies gracefully to himself and the quiz, his answer rate is high, the author applauds him vigorously, and his self-approval goes up still another notch. On the other hand, the victim of an inferiority complex takes the same test and is so meticulously honest and sometimes unjust with himself that his answers add up to a slap in the face and a chuckling of the judges over his sad case. There goes his self-confidence again.

Maybe I am wrong. Maybe other

people enjoy discovering themselves, but personally, since I have to live with myself for the rest of my life I would rather drift along on the illusion that I am a number-one human being. But how am I going to keep myself from myself? I leaf furtively through a new magazine in the vain hope that I will find my continued story without being trapped into a half hour of wrestling with the complexities of my personality. I am invariably foiled. "If you don't like the questionnaires, ignore them," you say. Ah, but my friend, I am as curious as any one, and what is any one more curious about than himself and his future? Not that my curiosity involves a wish to utilize a knowledge of the brighter and darker spots of my character. On the contrary, I have already said that I would prefer not to plumb my own depths. It is the same brand of curiosity that caused me, as a child, to read horriying murder mysteries when I knew only too well that I would spend the following nights in torture—hearing a burglar with every creak of a floor board and feeling invisible hands grasping at me from the darkness under my bed. So there I am irresistibly drawn by my curiosity into a self-awakening which I neither appreciate nor profit by. I am told that I do not know the meaning of the word common sense simply because I show a liking for the color red. I reprimand myself mentally for not checking the dead blue color and winning myself a brilliant future as a career woman. "Ah, well," I say to myself, "marriage is a comfortable thing, and it will be nice having children around." Then comes the blow. After working my way through the intricacies of another self-analysis, I am told—in a manner that threatens drastic results if the advice is violated—exactly the type of man I should marry. All well and good, except that the man I intend to marry fails utterly to comply with the specified qualifications. Now I love Gordon, and no verbal ratings of a stranger—even a stranger backed by a Ph. D.—are going to keep me from marrying him. Yet, try as I may to suppress it, the doubt planted in my brain by the admonishings persists, and the beauty of my future is marred. I make a firm resolution to resist the temptings of any more self-analysis quizzes. What? You say this one tells whether or not you will be a good mother. I wonder.

## TEMPERAMENTAL LAMP

Although its outward appearance is not unusual, the lamp between our beds is unique in its actions. During its calmer moments, one notes only a slender stand tapering from a hexagonal base and topped by a fluted apricot-colored shade, whose encircling ribbon has V's chipped from its ends. The first peculiarity of this lamp is its lack of a switch; twisting the globe is the sole means of turning it on. This is a minor detail when it is compared to the lamp's temperamental character. When the girl in the next room slams her door, the light blinks out. Someone in the room above us drops a volume, perhaps Webster's handbook, and the noise of consonants and vowels rolling from its pages, throws our room into total darkness. My roommate and I count slowly to ten, but by that time someone else is jitterbugging in the hall and inspiring our lamp to keep perfect time with its flashes of light. At this we decide to "hide it under a bushel" and go to bed.

## MY LOVE AND I

By Emelyne Gumm, '44

There is a little shaded path that skips merrily along for almost a mile until it is rudely interrupted by a crude roughly-made plank gate. I find it hard to restrain myself from skipping along with the lane, and even as my disciplined feet carry me sedately on my way my elated heart dances and sings, bursting with the glad knowledge of what awaits us on the other side of the gate.

Certainly you have been parted from your love, and though just for a night the thrill at meeting again is no less than after a separation awaits inbS

of months. Each morning mine awaits me, his brown eyes sparkling with expectation. I never take time enough to open the gate properly; instead I vault over it and throw my arms around his smooth, warm neck. I would take no amount of money for my early-morning rides with my love, up the shaded lane to the foothills and through the scrubby pines.

As you have probably guessed "my love" is a horse, Pet, whose friendship and companionship are priceless to me during my vacation at our ranch. Pet is only a pinto pony, but he is more understanding and gives to me more comfort than many of my friends who are human beings. When you love an animal, feed him, and take care of him, there is no end to the affection that will grow to bind you together. That animal will come to mean more to you than any other possession; thus I fell towards a horse.

Pet is my best and most enjoyable means of transportation. Our favorite morning jog is to the chili cliffs. These huge, ghostly-looking rocks stand forth from the side of Mount Princeton, looking like evil, jagged teeth from a distance. Winding around the trail amidst them one sees they are only great pieces of friendly granite, a refuge for animals of all sorts. Pet and I especially enjoy this trip because we always stop at the dude ranch at the foot of the cliffs. While at Wright's Lodge we visit our friends—the cowboys and horses with whom we have become acquainted at different parades and rodeos. The little pinto and I have been in the valley three months of each year for the last five years, and we have fierce arguments with our friends as to whether we are dude; or not. These arguments always give us a chance to show off—the ulterior motive of almost all of our rides. We canter and dance; step high and prance. Both pony and rider beam under the comments made. This might surprise you, because the cowboys never really praise us; instead they will tease and plague us, their way of letting us know they like us. Cowboys are funny people in that to their friends they are never so polite as to acquaintances, but they are loyal to a friend.

Pet and I take the short cut home. After leaving our pals at the corral we always stop for a coke and a short visit with a few of the visiting dudes on the ranch. By that time the sun has climbed to its position directly above our heads, and without the help of a watch we know that the time for another of our favorite daily pastimes—eating—has arrived. So my love and I start off for home on a slow trot with the rosy, warm feeling of those who are blessed with friendship and content.

## The Club Corner

By Jean Martin

The League of Women Voters held their last meeting Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock in the Library Club Rooms. The purpose of the meeting was to hear a resume of the year's business, a report on the convention, and to elect the officers for next year.

The Y.W.C.A. had an all-school sing in Ayres parlor at 6:30 o'clock Wednesday evening. All types of songs were sung around the fire in the fireplace. It was the first in a series of such events which will be sponsored by the organization.

Beta Pi Theta, the honorary French fraternity, met last Thursday at 6:30 p. m. in the Y.W.C.A. Club rooms. Dr. Terhune spoke to the meeting in French. At meetings earlier in the year the club had two other members of the faculty as speakers, Mr. Rath and Dr. Evers.

Der Deutsche Verein met in the library club rooms on Thursday, March 24. Two pledges, Jean Holde-man and Helen Meyers, were initiated. Miss Alice Parker, who traveled in Germany in 1930, gave an illustrated talk about her trip, and Miss Pauline Gray sang two selections in German.

Sigma Tau Delta entertained with a tea, Thursday, March 27 in the Library Club Rooms.

Last Thursday, the Science Department presented its Science Show. The display, was comprised of the wonders of nature plus the wonders of a laboratory.

At the meeting March 27, of Delta Phi Delta, the members decided to go to St. Louis, April 21 and hear the opera "Mignon." The members are buying pins. New members will be initiated April 15.

At the Mu Phi Epsilon meeting March 20, the members discussed the plans for increasing their Scholarship Fund. They also made plans for the Mu Phi Epsilon program to be held in Chapel on May 15.

Pi Alpha Delta met March 24. Miss Wurster spoke on "What it Meant to be in Rome During Holy Week." Refreshments were served.

Miss Gordon of the speech department read a review of the play *Life With Father* by Clarence Day at the last meeting of Alpha Sigma Tau, the liberal arts honor society, March 25 in the library clubrooms. Donations were made to the School of the Ozarks scholarship fund.

# YELLOW CAB

Phone 133

## Dr. Betz Presents Gastronomic Quiz In Literature

Attention all ye hungry students, Dr. S. E. Betz presents a pop quiz guaranteed to whet your appetites and make you forget 'bout diets and such. Dr. Betz apologizes. He says, "This is what comes of trying to teach English Literature before lunch."

Give yourself 10 points for each question you answer correctly—if you make 100 report to Dr. Betz to have all your grades raised. All these questions are related, more or less and in their own way, to English literature.

1. What famous fourteenth-century restaurateur sponsored a story-telling contest in order to get more business?

2. Who is the thirstiest man on record in English literature?

3. Who is the most famous eater in English literature?

4. What famous essayist wasn't at all sheepish about making suggestions for the proper cooking of little

pigs?

5. What is a beefeater?

6. Who wrote a narrative called, "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal?"

7. Who planned a surprise mid-night spread including "... candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;

With jellies soother than the creamy cur, And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon?"

8. What play soon to be presented in St. Louis begins with the line "If music be the food of love, play on?"

9. Whose diet went from bad to worse as follows:

"The milk drawn from the mountain goat Was changed for water from the moat?"

10. What Shakespearian hero accused his mother of being too economical about food?

Answers on page 8.

## HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Hall of Fame, Ruth Faucett because:

Ruth is president of Alpha Sigma Tau, which she joined last year. She is assistant editor of the Linden Leaves, and she has held the office of secretary-treasurer of the Triangle Club for three years.

Ruth is a member of the League of Women Voters, was secretary-treasurer of the Nebraska Club for two years and is now its president.

Ruth, a senior, is from Falls City, Nebraska. She is liked by all on the campus for her quiet, charming ways.

## Our Sincere Condolences

The Lindenwood student body and faculty wish to extend their sincere condolences to Marilyn Patterson whose mother died last Tuesday.

### EASTER

### GREETINGS

To the Girls of  
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## PARKVIEW GARDENS

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## Large Cast Presents "The Piper"

(Continued from page 1)

head of the villagers, and small Roy Westerfeld as the crippled boy added humor and atmosphere in well-acted roles.

The fine supporting cast included: Patricia Giese, Sue Beck, Martha Laney, Rosalie Reising, Mary Morrison, La Wanda Foulson, Marillyn Applebaum, Le'Kathrin Ozbirn, Mary Blackhurst, Mary Sue Tallman, Marilyn McCurdy, James Filling, Joann Filling, Eunice May Braufman, Ivan Wolf, Lois Deisenroth, Mary Alice Bruns, Gaynel Goodrich, Patsy Prinster, Barbara Blessing, Joan Blessing, George Graff, Edgar Wolff, and Robert Johnson.

The stage settings were effective and original. A black back-drop or curtain was used throughout and practically the only stage properties were pairs of stairs arranged suggestively to fit each scene. The scenery coupled with unusual lighting effects and medieval costuming helped give the production its touch of the fantastic and unreal.

## ODE TO AN ALARM CLOCK

"Get up—it's late," a sound rings clear

Just at the stroke of dawn.

You blink your eyes and stretch your legs

And wake up with a yawn.

You hug the blankets tighter,

And gaze around the room;

You see your 'electric rooster'

And you wish you had a broom.

You think of the day before you—

—Of last nite's work undone,

Then your half-shut eyes catch sight of

The blinding rays of sun.

Your weary mind has one lone thought:

To hush the piercing thing;

But, all in vain, your sleepy hands Can't find the little thing.

And so your thoughts drift back to sleep,

And loudly as you can,

You shout a challenge at the clock: "Ring on my little man!"

—B. J. G.

## A CAT'S WANTS

By Geraldine Ellyson, '44

Oh, for a great big bowl of milk,

Oh, for fur as smooth as silk,

Oh, for a mouse for me to chew,

Oh, give me a leg to brush up to.

## Four Seniors Give Their Diploma Recitals

Esther Farrill, organist and Janice Martin, pianist, gave their diploma recitals in Sibley Chapel, April 1.

Miss Farrill opened the program with Prelude and Fugue in D minor by J. S. Bach, then played Allegro con brio of Sonata No. 4 by Mendelssohn. Her second group was made up of "Fantasie" by Th. Bu-beck, an impressionistic number "Legend" by Robert Bedell and Toccata in C by Percy Fletcher, all of which proved her to be an excellent, conscientious organist.

Miss Martin played French Suite No. 2 in C minor by J. S. Bach; "Ballade" in G minor, Op. 118, No. 3 (an unusual piece, both as to composition an interpretation) and "Caprice in the Old Style" by Alec Templeton. Her second group was made up of the last two movements (Andante and Preoto Molto Allegro e vivoce) of Concerto in G major, Op. 25 by Mendelssohn. She played the first movement of this concert earlier in the year with the college orchestra. The orchestral parts in this case were played by Esther Farrill, on the organ. Miss Martin is a very competent musician.

Two senior pianists played their diploma recital in Sibley Chapel, March 25. Miss Geraldine Wachter played Prelude and Fugue in B flat major (W. T. C. Vol. I, No. XXI) by J. S. Bach and Allegro Molto e con brio of Sonata in E flat major, Op. 7 by Beethoven in her first group. Her second group was made up of two Chopin Etudes, E flat minor, Op. 10, No. 6 and A minor, Op. 25, No. 4, as well as two impressionistic numbers, "The Pines" by H. Alexander Matthews and Prelude (from Suite Bergamasque) by Debussy.

Miss McCarthy showed the possibilities of her excellent technique in her first group; Prelude and Fugue in E flat minor (W. T. C. Vol. I, No. VIII) by J. S. Bach and two Chopin Etudes (C sharp minor, Op. 10, No. 4 and C minor, Op. 10, No. 12, on Revolutionary). Her second group was made of "Improvisation" by MacDowell and Allegro con brio of Concerto in C major, Op. 15 by Beethoven. The orchestral parts of the concerto were played on the organ by Nelle Motley.

Phyllis Drake read for her certificate recital on April 3 George Kelly's "Craig's Wife." Wearing a red chiffon dress trimmed in gold sequins, and white flowers, Phyllis gave her own interpretation of the novel, ably portraying the characters.

## WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS!!

"Everything Happens To Me"

Tommy Dorsey

"Because Of You"

Larry Clinton

"Wise Old Owl"

Teddy Powell

"Watcha Know Joe"

Tommy Dorsey

"Spring Will Be So Sad"

Glenn Miller

Shadows In the Night"

Freddy Martin

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## Home Economic Girls Present Colorful Pre-View of Spring Styles

The Home Economics style show presenting the members of Miss Tucker's beginning clothing class, was given last Thursday, in the Library Club Rooms. The ensembles made by the girls gave a colorful Marjorie Vanderlippe was the com- pre-view of what to wear this spring. mentator.

Ann Apperson wore a one-piece red-and-white screenprint afternoon dress. The top was shirred into a Boldini neckline with two clips. Her accessories were black gabardine and patent shoes with small grill over the instep and purse to match. The straw-edged hat repeats the gabardine. Madge Mullally chose a green and white silk print with full skirt and tight bodice; Barbara Schlinkert chose a red and white palm beach print. The patriotic theme was completed by her navy blue accessories.

Emma Lou Schultz wore a turquoise dress with small white polka dots having a basque top which was accented by the fullness of the skirt. Mary Oxley modeled a purple rayon print with black and white predominating. The dress was plain—the jacket coming just below the top of the fitted, high-waisted skirt. Margaret Barngrover wore a cool rayon with an oriental motif as its print. The shirred neckline, sleeves fitted snugly over the elbow, and a fitted waistline add charm to a classic afternoon frock. She chose vermilion accessories to complete her ensemble. This vivid color, worn by Mary Jo Jones, was gathered at the hips to emphasize the long torso effect. She chose as her accessories a black turban, shoes, and bag.

Betty Bauer wore a charcoal blue rayon print with a kick-pleat in front and back. There were camouflaged pockets just below the waistline at the side seams. Large pearl buttons added charm and freshness. To complete her ensemble she chose a black straw trimmed with a multi-colored ribbon which harmonized with the shoes and purse. The gloves matched the red in her dress. Dorothy Moss wore a one-piece dress of grey-blue and white spun rayon which was accented by a novel necklace—three strands of red leather beads. She completed the outfit with blue-and-white spectator pumps, navy hat and bag, and white gloves.

Virginia Mackey wore a dusty rose poplin with matching striped panel, the vertical stripes adding height to the wearer. White gloves, hat, and bag added a crisp note to the ensemble. Marilyn Dixon modeled a spun rayon polka dot dress with background of rain-washed blue; Margaret Jean Hayes wore a princess-style polka dot in cinnamon and white spun rayon. Audrey Pope chose a red, white, and blue flowered print with the red predominating. Made in one piece, the dress is gathered at the waist by a narrow grasgrain ribbon.

Nancy Fugate wore a silk dress of dusty rose with small ball buttons

and unstitched pleats; Betty Lou Kramer modeled a new version of the shirtwaist made of spun rayon sharkskin trimmed with rows of stitching on the collar, cuffs, and belt; Marjory Bluhm modeled a low-waisted dress of navy blue crepe. The waist and skirt were gathered in the front, and trimmed with silver buttons to the waist. Colleen Combs wore honey beige crepe featuring gathers in front and back panels with invisible pockets at each side of the front panel. Black patent was repeated in her belt, shoes, and bag. Elaine Shadford wore a flowered print afternoon dress of rayon jersey. Her skirt was of eight gores and was dropped from the waist by a pointed yoke to match the yoke of the tailored blouse; Jean Tobias wore a rayon jersey dress of two tones of blue. The skirt features unpressed pleats in front with a plain back. Small gold shell buttons with white pearls accented with plain blouse. She chose navy accessories an white gloves. The white was repeated on the band of her hat.

A beige flannel softly-tailored suit worn by Sallie Van Buren had a long jacket and hand-stitched yoke that suggests the sloping shoulder trend of 1941. White blouse and gloves add a dash of brightness, in contrast to brown bag, shoes, and cartwheel hat. Mary Ellen Baldock modeled a navy blue tailored suit patterned after the mannish styles popularized by eastern college girls. The left buttoned over the right, contrary to the usual fashion for women; the back flaps left over right also. Another mannish note was the shoulder seam coming far out to the edge. Her hat, bag, and shoes were also of navy, contrasted by a stark white blouse and gloves. Druzella Hanshaw chose herringbone in an unusual shade of brown—Missouri clay—for her tailored suit, which was made from the same pattern as the navy blue suit shown before. Her accessories comply with one of spring's new dictates—the monochromatic color scheme, all matching the suit.

A white eyelet pique yoke was the outstanding feature of Dorothy Reesman's dress of rayon crepe figured with tiny white hearts. Light blue jacket, lined with the dress material and a belt of the same blue contrasting with the rose. White and dark blue accents are repeated in her hat, calfskin bag, and pumps. Margery Druif chose a brown and white tailored print dress with a suit of dragonfly blue wool herringbone was selected by Nellie Rose Sleppy. The jacket was the new tomboy style—loose-fitting but not boxy. Collar, pockets, and front were outlined with a double row of machine stitching, with bone

## Delegates Report An International Relations Meeting

By Doris Jean Banta

More than 250 delegates and most of them boys. Well, Kay Anderson and I had a most interesting time at the Mississippi Valley International Relations Clubs Conference at Central Missouri State Teachers College at Warrensburg, Friday and Saturday, March 28 and 29.

The conference was excellently planned, and we enjoyed all of it, but the round table discussions held by the student delegates were the best part of the program. There were three held at the same time, each for three different meetings. One on "Our Neighbors to the South," one on "Powers and Policies in the Orient," and one on plain "Democracy."

Each group was led by a chairman and a panel. Discussions were started by papers written and read by students. Kay was on the "Democracy" panel so we started there. I got so excited in an argument at the first meeting I was nicknamed "Fireater." After that I let Kay do the talking. The discussions were lively—nobody hesitated to give his opinion. Two German refugee students who spoke added interesting viewpoints.

After two sessions on democracy we decided to visit the round table

buttons of matching color.

Barbara Wayne wore a semi-fitted powder blue tweed coat with double-breasted front. The dress beneath was a classic shirtwaist, suggestive of spring with its detachable white organdie collar and cuffs; Shirley Schraub's spring ensemble was in tones of blue. A light print dress worn under a dark blue fitted coat of gabardine which was fastened with military frogs Blue quills add dash to the navy felt hat. Her wedge pumps, purse, and gloves repeat the blue theme.

Gwen Smith wore a tropical print of white on earth brown. The navy grosgrain ribbon on her hat was repeated on the binding of the pump opening. Navy gloves and navy calf bag reflected the blue.

Jackie McCamey wore a firecracker red rayon print. The white figure, a naval emblem, reflected the patriotic influence th's spring. Her heavy white necklace and gloves brought out the white of the print. Navy hat, shoes, and bag practically completed the color scheme. Jo Anne Holley wore a muted green dress of cruissine silk. A pattern of bow knots was printed in white on the material, and was accented by bows on her white wedge pumps. She carried white doeskin gloves, and bag. A white turban bound her hair.

## Answers To Bark Quiz

1. Harry Bailey, host of the Tabard Inn, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, suggested that the pilgrims going to Canterbury have a contest, with a free dinner as the prize.

2. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*; who exclaims:

"Water, water everywhere,  
And not a drop to drink."

3. Falstaff. See Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part I, passim*.

4. Naturally—Charles Lamb.

5. One of the guards in the Tower of London.

6. Daniel Dafoe (not to be confused with Dr. Dafoe).

7. Porphyro, for Madeline, in Keat's *Eve of St. Agnes*.

8. Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*.

9. The Prisoner of Chillon and his brothers were put on reducing rations in the dungeon.

10. Hamlet, who says:  
"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

on Pan-American relationships where we heard plans for a League between the Americas discussed.

In addition to the round tables, we had several speakers. A Greek spoke to us on "Mediterranean Politics and the War," a German on "The Present International Situation," and an American on "Inter-American Relations of Tomorrow."

Then, of course, there were business meetings conducted by Miss Amy Heminway Jones of the Carnegie Endowment. She is a charming woman from New York—and she talks that way. In spite of Fontbonne's "St. Louis Next" buttons, the conference decided to hold next year's meeting in Minnesota. (That should be a grand trip for a couple of Lindenwood girls.) Other business consisted of election of next year's officers, and of discussions of club programs and projects.

Friday night there was a dance with signed-up-for blind dates, but we won't go into that.

The food—well, if I may say so, I like Lindenwood's.

The ride back on the Eagle (St. Charles' product) was swell.

## STRAND

Wed.-Thurs. Apr. 9-10  
"DULCY"  
with Ann Sothern

Sun.-Mon. Apr. 13-14  
"NICE GIRL"  
with Deanna Durbin

Wed.-Thurs. Apr. 16-17  
"HONEYMOON For THREE"  
with George Brent  
Ann Sheridan

Fri.-Sat. Apr. 18-19  
"YOU'RE THE ONE"  
with Orin Tucker  
and His Orchestra  
Bonnie Baker

Sun.-Mon. Apr. 20-21  
"PHILADELPHIA STORY"  
with James Stewart  
Cary Grant  
Ktheryn Hepburn

Tue.-Wed.-Thur. Apr. 22-23-24  
"ANDY HARDY'S  
PRIVATE SECRETARY"  
with Mickey Rooney  
and Hardy Family Characters

Fri.-Sat. Apr. 25-26  
"BUCK PRIVATES"  
with Bud Abbot  
and Lou Costello

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