

Lindenwood
Authors In
This Issue

LINDEN BARK

Hail To
Lindenwood's
New Queen

Vol. 20—No. 14

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, May 13, 1941

\$1.00 A Year

Martha Weber Reigns As Queen of May

Ruth Dayton Is Elected To Head Student Council

Ruth Dayton of Ottumna, Iowa, was chosen by the student body to head the student government association next year in an election held last Tuesday.

Three girls of the junior class nominated by Dr. Gipson, Dr. Schaper, and Mr. Motley, were presented in chapel the previous Tuesday. They were Jane Henss of Newton, Iowa; Carol Davenport of Dubuque, Iowa, and Miss Dayton.

Martha Weber, this year's president, read a list of desirable characteristics the president should possess. Among these were a firm belief in student government, integrity of character, a good scholastic rating, the ability to express herself, and a pleasing appearance.

Many Events Are Planned For Commencement Week

Dr. John W. MacIvor, president of Lindenwood College Board of Directors, is scheduled to give the commencement address June 9 and Dr. Robert Little, of the First Presbyterian Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, will give the Baccalaureate sermon, Sunday, June 8.

President Gage is planning a luncheon, Saturday, May 31, at the Missouri Athletic Club, for the Senior Class.

Alpha Psi Omega members are to have the leads in the commencement play, "Our Town", by Thomas Wilder, which will be given the Saturday before graduation.

Lindenwood Girls Learn About Camping

Fourteen Lindenwood girls attended the St. Louis Camp Counselors at Sherwood Forest Camp, May 2 to 4. Those attending the camp had completed the camp counselors training course offered by Mr. Wyman, the St. Louis Playground director. They were Mart Kay Kohlbry, Corrine Baker, Juanita Kleckner, Rita Stiefel, Donna Jean Miller, Jean James, Bable Buhner, Jane Finley, Lorraine Allen, Owanna Post, Betty Jane Runge, Barbara Saley, Genevieve Sherman, and Margaret Ann Meineche.

The program consisted of lectures and demonstrations on counseling techniques.

The camp is located forty miles from St. Charles on a government reservation and has an outdoor swimming pool, an archery, golf course, and extensive nature trails.

QUEEN OF THE MAY



MISS MARTHA WEBER

May Day Has Been Tradition at Lindenwood For More Than Half Century

May Day is a tradition on Lindenwood campus that goes back well over sixty years. At first the May Day ceremonies were patterned after those in England. The celebration was simple at first, but grew in beauty and form as years went by.

This year the Sophomores are carrying an evergreen chain. Once, years ago the sophomores carried an oak leaf garland. It was the custom then for the girls to order bolts and bolts of filmy material and have dressmakers make all the formal alike. The dresses would be identical but each class had its own pastel color which blended with the others. Dr. Linnemann says the most beautiful ceremony she remembers was one year when the girls wore colonial dresses and carried colonial bouquets. Small ring bearers and flower girls were also in those earlier May Days. Mimmie Stumbert and Bob Bruere filled those positions one year.

The crowning of the May Queen was always held in front of Sibley till the pageants were added to the ceremonies, then the natural bowl on the golf course was used.

The May Day ceremonies held in

Lindenwood's centennial year were unusual in that a special pageant was given depicting the College's history. Mrs. Sibley was portrayed riding a horse, a stage coach was built, and numerous properties were constructed for the festival.

Lindenwood Wins Second Place In Sports Day Meet

Lindenwood's team came back from Warrensburg with second place honors in the Sports Day meet. Individual places were: Archery, first; swimming, first; dock tennis, tie for first; table tennis, tie for first; golf, third; badminton, tie for third; and duck pin bowling, no place.

Kay Anderson, sophomore, has been elected president of the Missouri State Women's Recreation Association for the next year.

Lindenwood will sponsor next year's Sports Day. The event will not necessarily be held on this campus, but Lindenwood has been chosen to sponsor it wherever it is held.

Coronation Climaxes Colorful May Day Program

May Day has come and gone for another year. Saturday, in the glow of the beautiful late afternoon sun, Martha Weber was crowned queen of the May with petite Ruth Shartel in soft pink as her Maid of Honor Martha in flowing white was a stately, lovely queen.

A large audience was seated under the huge trees in front of Sibley. Sophomores held the evergreen chain along the middle aisle to make a pathway for the queen and her court. The queen's court, a symphony of blue, was composed of Mary Jean DuHadway and Helen Dondanville, seniors; Harriet Dillman and Jean Moore, juniors; Rebecca Rath and Lois Selby, sophomores; Rosemary Edminster and Florence Barry, freshmen.

The school orchestra under the direction of Miss Isidor played the processional and recessional and accompanied the classes as they sang their class song. A group of the freshmen presented a colorful Maypole dance.

Following this ceremony the queen and her party led the way to the Sibley Parlors where a lovely reception was held.

Class Day exercises were held Saturday morning on the Sibley porch. The juniors and seniors sang their class songs. Margaret Barton read the Class History; Mary Jean DuHadway, the Class Will; and Gerry Rasdal the Class Prophecy.

Miss Ada Tucker, Dr. Dawson, and Dr. Schaper extended their greetings to the students, their guests and the juniors and seniors. The presentation of ribbons followed.

For the first time in the history of Lindenwood a Queen's Dinner was held. Saturday evening about 600 students, faculty, and guests gathered in the dining hall for the dinner. There was a short program with Jackie Morrison as toastmistress. Marilyn Applebaum and Betty Lillibridge wearing dance caps for their part as court jesters harmonized on several original songs about the Queen and her court and Dr. (Daffodil) Dawson.

Dorothy Bailey, soprano, sang a few selections accompanied on the piano by Dixie Dean Burnham.

Under a sky of heavenly blue gauze, the Queen, her court, and all her loyal citizenry danced and romped to the music of Dick Radford and his orchestra Saturday night. An organist with the orchestra furnished Spanish music for the tango, rumba, and congo.

As the dance ended and the Queen and her court retired for another year, the general consensus of opinion was that the dance was "a perfect end for a perfect day."

LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1941

Student Government Works

Another year of school is rapidly drawing to a close, a year which should go down as history-making in the annals of Lindenwood College. For the first time in the school's history a student council was elected by the student body to develop good citizenship on our campus, and to be responsible for the conduct of the students in college.

As we see it the year's trial has been a successful one in upholding the highest standard of honor and integrity in all matters of personal conduct, in strengthening cordial relationships between faculty and students, and in promoting individual and community responsibility. The students have responded magnificently to their responsibilities, and the faculty and administration have been patient and understanding in aiding the council to discharge its many duties.

To the group of delegates who pioneered the movement and to our late president, Dr. John L. Roemer, whose advice and judgment was instrumental in bringing about student government we give a rousing vote of thanks for giving us students the chance to develop responsibility and to prove that a democratic form of government is still the best of them all.

To The Seniors

On the tenth of June our seniors will step across the stage to receive their diplomas—passports to the outside world and tokens of four years' memories. They won't soon forget the campus freshness in spring, the buzz in the tearoom, Dr. Dawson, chapel at noon, long sweaters and saddle shoes, or the nine o'clock rush at the postoffice. And we won't forget them—their encouragement, their May Queen, their song, their poise and graciousness. Our school is an accumulation of graduation classes whose presence and achievements have formed Lindenwood. We congratulate the senior class in its contributions, its inspiration, and its graduation.

Congratulations

Every girl enrolled at Lindenwood speaks in this paragraph to express their admiration for the girls who brought us honors from the Maryville Horse Show and the girls who brought us honors from Sports Day. We are proud of these girls who left with Lindenwood in their hearts and came back victorious. Now, we, your classmates, wish to extend to every member of the Horse Show and the Sports Day teams, our heartiest congratulations. We're proud you belong to us.

Our Own Apology For Idlers

Have you looked up from your books lately and noticed a tiny sparrow on your windowsill? Perhaps it has a bit of string or wisp of straw in its beak. Or have you noticed the deep purple of the violets peeking from the grass along the walk to the Cupboard? Or have you been too absorbed in contemplating how to begin that Lit. paper due Friday or debating whether to study Spanish next or Civ.?

As Stevenson says in his "Apology for Idlers", idling once in awhile is most stimulating and also educational. Shake out those cobwebs of Aristotle, clean out all thoughts of chemistry formulas for the time being at least—relax, loll in the sun, take notice of the beauties of nature, make a new friend—learn how to make a clover chain, get a good suntan, learn how to tell an oriole from a wren—stimulate and be stimulated.

This is real living—quote Stevenson. Spring is the season to do it and L. C. is just the spot.

Vacations Ahead

Only a few more days till vacation—then we can chalp up nine more months to our education—and experience. Back we'll sail to the family table, and that home-cooked food we've talked of all year. It will be great to be home again, to sleep till noon, play all afternoon, dance, or gripe because we aren't dancing all night, go without meals and stuff between meals, buy new clothes, fight with little brother, and get the whole family off schedule and in an uproar. Yes, it will be fun.

No more 6:45 bells, 8 o'clock classes, fighting through the 9 o'clock rush to see an empty P. O. box, sleepy 3 o'clock classes, singing in the dining room, walks to the Strand, nightly visits to the "Cupboard", rings in the bathtubs, no L. C., quiet after 11 and "quiet pleases" in the halls.

Don't you think you'll sorta miss it—we will.

ALL BARK and NO BITE

By
COTTON CANNON

Four more weekends — then Bingo! The freshmen stuff stuff helter-skelter into trunks and zip home to mama: the sophomores do the packing job with a little more system and talk longingly of next year: the juniors decide to hang around til after graduation, just so they can see what they are in for next year (they hope): and the seniors (bless their highnesses) swim swiftly away in a flood of tears to swap the diploma for a wedding ring or a job just as quickly as possible. And then it's all over—and we have to rely on the grapevine or the mailman to tell us what's happening to who instead of just sitting in the tea room to keep up on the latest.

Its really amazing some of the things we have been hearing recently. Take the case of Professor Stine for instance. We have it from a very good source that he was observed one morning carefully raking through the contents of the trash basket opposite the post office. A passer-by, consumed with interest, paused in the do-ordie rush to the post office to ask the trouble. "I just got a little mixed up," he confided, "and put my letter in the trash can instead of the mail box on the opposite side of the hall." And then they try to tell us that students do crazy thing in the spring-time.

MEMOS FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A CAMPUS SNOOP. The golden tanned intellectuals running around here aren't the only ones taking daily advantage of the sun's rays . . . Lily, the chicken, cozily snoozing in her coop, is often seen out tanning her feathers . . . Put your orders in now for Sue Adkins' forthcoming book to be published real soon . . . entitled "The Life and Loves of a Bus Driver." . . . And speaking of sports day, Margaret Barngrover got a bit over-athletic when she booted the back window out of the bus . . . couldn't be athlete's foot, could it? . . . Beck Rath and Carol (sling those clubs) Davenport were pretty cute too, playing football in the bus aisle so the kids couldn't sleep . . . We feel that Mr. Motley should be publicly congratulated. . . He's an expert now at tying that bow tie. . . Kay Salyer's birthday party served as an alarm clock for the entire three floors of Butler. It began with a bang at 6:45 a. m. . . . Everybody was real happy to have Miss Kathleen Scot, who was on our faculty last year, as an all-day guest on campus recently . . . that should happen oftener . . . Beth Douglas is sadly in need of someone to take her phone messages for her and get 'em straight . . . she dressed for her date and waited and waited . . . but it was the wrong night . . . Betty McKendry doesn't seem to be sadly in need of anything . . . not with five men here all the same weekend . . . Virginia Rose is doing ok too, sporting two pins . . . Let this be a warning to you all . . . don't dare say CHECK to anyone on the swimming team; there is some mystery behind it all, but it arouses in them thoughts of murder . . . Come clean, girls! . . . The diamonds are sparkling in Butler again . . . the latest star to twinkle is the one Bro Martin slipped on Mary Sawyer's finger

Dame Fashion In Review

By Sloppy Sal

Your reporter has just finished reading "Fashion Is Spinach" by E. Hawes and decided that she doesn't believe it, Fashion is lovely; fashion is exciting; in fact it's fine. What would we do on a college campus with out lovely soft sweaters, wooly skirts, and clumpy shoes to make life interesting? Take for example those cute seersucker suits like the one Bette McKendry has that looks real pert with a pastel sweater underneath, and those casual wear-with-anything little coconut straw hats with colorful bands, or those white dickers with individual touches of eyelet embroidery. Maybe dirndl skirts did go out with the depression but yours truly is willing to bet that the college gals still think they're mighty cute. Some of them are even stitching them up with their own little fingers in everything from checks to stripes.

But speaking of spring, and we have been for some time you know, Marge Vanderlippe has a smart looking natural-colored gaberdine suit that's tailored to perfection. And I'm almost tempted to say that the saddle shoe is fading from the campus picture. Have you ever seen so many unusual looking play shoes—all colored up too. Don't you like those white numbers that are flat almost to the ground with the uppers laced to the soles and the heels laced straight up the back? It started in Irwin but they're getting more popular every day.

Another clever angle on the full-skirted peasant-type dress is one worn by Jean Mobly made completely of those colorful blue or red bandana handkerchiefs. The skirt incorporates four hankies gathered onto a fitted top and big puffy sleeves, while an extra hankie serves as a versatile headgear to complete the outfit.

about a week ago . . . Mary's sparkling too . . . And while we're thinking about astronomy, there were stars in Jeanie Swarr's eyes while she was dancing with Jim at the Stars over Veishea dance at Ames last week end . . . 'Tis said that the day students were really bowling each other over at their recent bowling party . . . Swell time had by all . . . a dietician in a school cafeteria . . . Zat ees goood, Rock . . . Get a delicious eyeful sometime of that new convertible that Judy Moore and Bake are swishing around in . . . Army news: Betty Myers marched off to Camp Robinson last weekend to see Russell . . . Mary Louise Pierson got to see her soldier boy for just an hour when he was going through St. Louis . . . There were a lot of smiles on campus last weekend, but the biggest of all was radiated by Queen Martha Weber, because Tom was able to come down for the big event . . . Evelyn Wahlgren was the cause of her companions having a few heart attacks in the city one day . . . Along came a man and (wow) there was our Evelyn giving him a great big friendly hug . . . Don't get excited girls, it was her uncle . . . It was too! (And we have proof for that statement.)

We want to take time out right here and now to offer everybody's heartiest congratulations and hand shakes to good ole' Ruthie Dayton, who will be inauguated as President of the Student Body just as soon as next year rolls around.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BEAUTIFUL LADY IN BLUE

By Mary Morrison, '44

"It's eight forty-five, Betty. When did you say Jack was coming?"

"Why the boys said they'd pick us up before eight-thirty, so Ginger can be there to receive her guests. When do you think Bill will get here, Dorothy?"

"If he left home at eight, he ought to be here by nine. It's just an hour's drive. Oh, Betty! This is the most perfect weekend of my life!" Dorothy crossed the room to take another look at herself in the big mirror. Yes, she was pretty that night in her new formal. "Beautiful Lady in Blue" was what Bill would probably croon when he first saw her. She hoped so anyway.

"Oh me! If Jack doesn't get here soon, I'll scream! Phil's probably holding up the works. I bet Ginger is throwing fits! After all, it is her party. I imagine she would like to be there on time," Betty said as she fidgeted about the room.

"Who's Phil? Gee! I'm going to have a hard time remembering the names and faces of all these kids. I'm scared to death!"

"Don't you know Phil? You mean to tell me that you haven't heard of him in your village? Why Phil's danced there several times."

"You mean with those crazy tap revues someone is always forcing on us? And by the way, we're large enough to be a first-class city," Dorothy responded.

"Well anyway, Phil's an excellent dancer. Oh-tra-la-la," sang Betty as she danced around the room by herself. "And is he ever good-looking!"

"You mean to tell me Ginger is going with that egocentric, that—that conceited half-wit that tap dances!"

"Listen here. Phil's no half-wit, and just because he's a good dancer and happens to know it, is no sign he's not nice. I'm going upstairs to get my coat. If Jack comes, tell him I'll be right down," Betty told her chum.

Dorothy wandered aimlessly around the big living-room. First to the radio, then the piano, back to the radio, then the big chair. She wished Bill would hurry. And what could Ginger be thinking of by going with Phil! Why no one at home liked him. Of course no one knew him, but none of them liked him anyway.

The doorbell rang. Dorothy rose from her chair with a start. She raced for the door, knowing it was Bill.

"Oh! hello. Won't you come in? I thought maybe you'd had an accident."

"Thanks. We did—more or less. A flat tire." The voice was not Bill's, and upon closer observation the boy was not Bill. So then, this was Jack! Dorothy had heard so much about him, but she had never met him.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Betty will be here in a minute."

Now she could understand why Betty had raved so much about him. He was very good-looking, and quite nice. His smile just made your heart skip a couple of beats. And he was so light on his feet. His voice was full of music when he spoke. Yes, Dorothy liked Jack at first sight.

Betty came downstairs and, seeing them talking together, said, "Oh, I see you two need no introduction. Where's Jack?"

"Jack?" whispered Dorothy. Why this was Jack. Or if it wasn't, who was he?

"Jack told me to drop by for you. He wasn't quite ready. This way

Ginger won't be quite so late," the boy answered.

"Well, Phil, maybe you and Ginger had better go on. I'll wait here with Dorothy until Bill comes," Betty said.

"Are—you—Phil?" Dorothy asked.

"Well, that's what my folks named me." He smiled as he spoke—that nice smile.

Again the doorbell rang. Phil went to answer it.

"I'm—I'm flabbergasted! Why that can't be—"

"But it is." Betty finished the sentence for her as Phil ushered Bill into the room. Bill looked at Dorothy for a minute and softly began whistling. His tune was "Beautiful Lady in Blue." But Dorothy wasn't looking at Bill.

GRAMPS

By Margaret Barngrover, '44

I can't appreciate enough my good fortune in having Grandpa alive, since grandfathers just aren't the most plentiful creatures on the earth. Of course, it may not be for long because his heart is bad; there's no getting around it. But even after he's gone I know I'd never forget him in a million years. His genuine, low-pitched chuckle; his way of retelling experiences grown dusty with the years; his heartfelt sympathies over the grievances of his numerous friends; and, oh yes, those little white lies that just pop, peek-a-boo, into his colloquy. All these are written in my memory as if with indelible ink.

He is the type of elderly gentleman whose faded clothes and unkempt appearance invite mothers to say to their sons, "Now look there, Johnny, if you don't wash behind your ears, and mind your mother, you'll grow up to look exactly like that old man!" Oh, but don't misjudge him because of his appearance. Goodness, if a man his age hasn't a right to be comfortable, I don't know who has!

Gramps is in the grocery business, and when I was smaller I constantly pestered him for penny candy. Foolishly he gave me all I wanted, and my father scolded me when I had no appetite for dinner. Gramps was told not to give me any more. We soon remedied that, though, and every day after groceries were delivered, I found slyly hidden under the piano scarf all the candy I could eat.

At checkers, I don't believe Grandpa has an equal. He used to spend hours teaching me the fundamentals of the game. On almost any Sunday afternoon an old man and a little girl huddled over a checkerboard, oblivious to everything but their game. "My dear child," he would remonstrate, "hasn't Grandpa told you again and again not to move from that corner? Anyone with an ounce of horse-sense could see my king jumpin' over all three of your men. Don't you listen to what I tell you? You're no partner for the likes of me. I should say I've had enough for one day." I thought for a while that he was really angry with me on these occasions, but when I'd see him next he'd whisper, "Well, little Margy, the next game we have I'll show you a play that can't be beat!"

Some girls proudly point to their grandfathers as gentlemen of means. Mine isn't prosperous, one could hardly call him successful, but nobody ever had a kinder, sweeter, more lovable Gramps than I.

RETREAT

By Joy Ann Crudup, '43

There is a soft moon-glow about the camp

but the deep hatred hangs heavy in their hearts,

and the painted deer-skin tents stand quietly by the campfire, and the saddened Indian braves sit alone

to bear the pain till the night drops down to guard them all,

while the scent of yellow pines falls gloomily about them and the words of the treaties fall on the hush.

Suddenly their bodies stand erect,

start dancing with a fierceness that would defy the world, if need be.

Thrice the drums are pounded with long, loud beats, for their hearts are aching

with the misery of burning pain. They suddenly remember

that they must leave their home, their deep, green pine forest, and that they nevermore will be there.

When the wild blue bells bloom in May

and grass around them lies on the earth—then they will have to go.

They will follow the Mother River. They will seek for all that they once loved

in a new, strange land, and never shall they find it there.

For always they will think of passing time

and the darkness pushing downward from the heavens,

and then the cry of war: "This land is mine."

KATE THE BELL WITCH

By Beatrice Ford, '44

Whenever I have misplaced things and cannot find them I always remark, "Kate took them." At home everyone understands what I am talking about, but since I have been at school, no one knows what I mean. Consequently, I am obliged to tell them the story of Kate the Bell Witch. To fully understand about Kate, one must use a great deal of imagination, for I have a suspicion that the legend has expanded with the years. We at home have practically grown up with this myth, and so it is hard for us to understand the incredulous attitude of others.

The story originated during the time of the Civil War. Kate was the daughter of Captain Bell, a very wealthy plantation owner who lived in Clarksville, Tennessee. In the family there were four children—two older boys and two girls. Kate was the youngest, and as she grew older it was evident that she was going to be a very handsome woman. As she was her father's favorite child, he often boasted of her beauty and charm, and declared that only the finest man could marry her.

Every year the Bells gave a ball for their daughters. They invited many friends to this ball, and most of the guests spent the night, for they lived too far away to go home after the ball. Among the guests one particular year there was a handsome young "Yankee" who was visiting in the community. When he met the charming Kate, he made a solemn promise to himself to marry her. That night they danced many dances together and discovered that each one loved the other.

This young man, whose name was Richard Stewart, was very persistent. Therefore, he spent many hours at the Bell home during his visit in Clarksville. Very soon word came that the States were at war. Naturally Richard had to go home to fight for the North, but he wanted to marry Kate first. When Captain Bell heard of this, he flatly refused to let his daughter marry a "Damn Yankee," and told her he would rather see her dead first. Both Kate and Richard were heart-broken but there was nothing Richard could say to make Kate disobey her father's commands.

Soon after this, Kate killed herself. Beside her body the family found a note saying that she had followed her father's orders, but she would make him regret having said those words. A few weeks after the funeral Captain Bell was sitting before the log fireplace when suddenly his shoe-lace slowly untied. He thought this was just a coincidence, but later when he was eating a bunch of grapes and one by one the grapes disappeared, he knew that Kate was keeping her promise. As long as the Captain lived, he was plagued by his possessions disappearing.

This story has been handed down from generation to generation with people blaming Kate the Bell Witch for things that were lost or misplaced. Consequently, it has become a habit with me, as with others who live near Clarksville, to say, "Kate took it," when anything disappears.

MY DOG

By Marjorie Jones, '44

I once had a dog who refused to stay at home except at mealtime. He was a "dog of the world" and all of the young pups were awed by his poise and dignity. Rex never walked on the sidewalk; he preferred the middle of the street, and assumed that drivers of cars would get out of his way. They did. Everyone in town knew Rex, but many did not know that his full name was Rex Jones.

At mealtime Rex would stroll leisurely over to sniff at the food offered him. He then invariably snorted in indignation and walked away haughtily. Later, when he thought no one saw him, he would return and eat his dinner.

Rex seemed rather cynical. Watching young dogs at play, he was obviously disgusted with their flightiness. He was often cheerful, but seldom enthusiastic. He reserved the use of his ponderous bark for special occasions. He evidently disapproved of the way we had brought him up, but agreed to make the best of it, with no hard feelings. This attitude made him seem rather smug.

The dog who now owns me is an irresistible little fluff of bouncing vitality. She is just the opposite of Rex, though of the same breed. Topsy is vivacious and tries to persuade the other dogs to play "tag" with her. She has the extreme curiosity often attributed to those of her sex. Topsy hates restraint of any kind. Refusing to be contented when alone, she will sit quietly for hours in the lap of someone she loves. Her taste in food is varied; she eats anything from lettuce to carboard with relish.

The names I gave my dogs happened to fit them very well. Rex really was kingly, while Topsy closely resembled her counterpart in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

AUNT KITTY

By Betty Beard, '44

A few years before the Civil War my great-grandfather bought from the slave block in New Orleans a family of six pure-blooded Negroes to be his house servants. In this family was a little shining black girl whom my great-grandmother named Kitty. Kitty grew up in the family plantation house as a nursery maid and is known to my mother's and my generation as Aunt Kitty. Last June she celebrated her one hundred and seventh birthday.

Aunt Kitty is a small, frail old woman whose snow-white hair is in sharp contrast with her black, dried, and wrinkled skin. Covering just the back of this white wool is a typical red bandana which is as much a part of her out-of-date make-up as her high, boned collars. She has high cheek bones; a broad, bridgeless nose; and tiny, black, flashing eyes that still can dance with savage fire. These eyes have seen a lot in her life but they are still not too weary to allow Aunt Kitty to do fine needlework or read the Bible as she sits on the back porch watching the shadows descend upon the cotton fields.

The years tell an interesting story in Aunt Kitty's hands—too large for her small body and showing lines of character and hard work. The backs are shriveled and horny with prominent metacarpal bones, the knuckles are enlarged but limber, and the palms are smooth from several years of inactivity. Looking at these hands you can imagine that they must have cared for babies and old people because they are gentle, and that they must also have scrubbed floors or helped pick cotton when the plantation was short of laborers, because they are calloused. When she sews, Aunt Kitty's hands show no signs of age. They are steady and move quickly, forming firm, invisible stitches.

Sometimes as she whiles away the sleepy afternoons with crocheting or quilting, I can hear her singing long-forgotten spirituals to herself in her soft, childish voice. At times this soothing Negro voice shows Aunt Kitty's age. She tells us stories of her youth, and as she remembers her family and friends who have been dead for many years a tired look steals across her face and her voice trembles and cracks.

Aunt Kitty is a God-fearing old Negro. This, I imagine, is one reason for some of her peculiar gestures and habits. She is a Catholic, but, living in a Protestant household and not knowing much of any one Christian faith, has been influenced by all that she sees or hears. With each clap of thunder or crack of lightning she makes the sign of the cross and chants, "Oh, no, Mon Dieu, no."

Peculiarities in speech more than anything else show the influence of the Bible and three generations of our family on this black native African. She speaks French very badly, quotes the Bible for hours at a time, speaks the language of the other Negroes on the plantation, and confuses modern expressions with those that were in vogue when she was young. If someone does anything that displeases Aunt Kitty her favorite rebuke is "The Devil'll getcha if thou art not good."

Although Aunt Kitty's skin is black, she is as much a part of the family as my grandmother or I. She was freed with the rest of the slaves after the Civil War, but she

refuses to leave or take money. She was very much devoted to my grandparents, and being thoroughly convinced that the rest of the family are still children, she considers it her duty to stay and take care of them. She often tells my mother that had it not been for her care and knowledge of children I should never have grown up. That too is an old saying dear to us all, because she used to say the same thing to my grandmother about my mother.

I have not seen this lovable old darky for two years, but she often writes, calling me her baby and telling me that I should thank our heavenly Father for such a good, sweet mother. I know she loves me dearly, but she heartily disapproves of college for me because I have to go away and leave my mother alone. She believes that I should be taught at home by some stern tutor or spend my days learning to do hard work. She cannot understand why what was good enough for my grandparents is not good enough for me. I dislike disagreeing with dear Aunt Kitty so I let her believe that she is right and pretend that I am appreciative of her advice and reprimands.

A TYPICAL KANSAS HARVESTER

By Dorothy Moss, '42

The first impression of a Kansas harvester is a big, clumsy man in the inevitable blue overalls. He wears shoes about twice the size of his feet, and his hat is old and dirty. He may be chewing on anything from tobacco to a weed. Such a queer individual immediately draws our attention and interest. Examining him a little closer, we find his overalls have been recently washed, and the dingy look is from use, not dirt. His shoes are quite large, it is true; however, they are thick-soled and comfortable looking.

One may, after studying this man, pity the white-collar man with his too-small shoes. The harvester's hat carries a certain grace with its age and filth. It isn't a hat which has to be handled with care, but one that can be thrown down anywhere and is ready to be used at anytime. It is a hat one could become attached to as to an old family dog.

As the harvester glances up, startling blue eyes lazily scan those about him. The deep wrinkles around his eyes, the turned up lines at the edges of his mouth show he is always ready to laugh. His mouth is full, turned up at the corners, and never quite shut; it looks slightly as if it would speak if the time ever came; but it never does. Perhaps these lips slouch apart to let out the ever-ready snicker.

The lack of strong character in his face is contradicted in his body. His shoulders are broad and well developed; his hands are large, and the tough, brown skin shows the usefulness of his powerful hands. Those hands are dirty and uncared for. One does not seem to see this, but there is the great strength and power in every movement of the fingers. Suddenly the huge hand takes a weed out of the slouching mouth, and the blue eyes look fully at us. Realizing he is being watched, he blushes a fiery red over his dirty brown face. The gangling legs turn this powerful but bashful human and carry him from our vision. Into the far distance one sees the awkward figure slowly plodding his way through the dirt in the opposite direction from us. Many feel sorry for him; I envy him.

BUGOLOGY

By Jennie Mildred McRae, '44

My experience with the subject of biology (better known as "bugology" in old P. H. S.) made me feel as if I were a hunter stalking his prey. Since my collection of insects was due at the end of the first six weeks of school, this new spirit of the chase was soon terminated, but even now I still have a peculiar desire to clutch frantically at a grasshopper when it bobs past me.

During the first few days of school my classes in biology passed smoothly, until the instructor informed us students of the colossal task awaiting us—capturing and mounting fifty insects! At this announcement various disconcerted expressions passed over most of the female faces in that room. I must confess that I was somewhat dubious at the thought of really catching those "creepy, crawling things." Since we needed butterfly nets to pursue these nymphs of nature, the next day we all brought needles and thread and cheesecloth to class and made our cone-like instruments. These we attached to slightly out-of-shape coat hangers atop long poles. With our weapons, we were to sally forth from our fortress of knowledge to wage war upon the insect kingdom.

Since Prescott High School was once an agricultural school, it is located on the outskirts of the town and from it the woods and fields are easily accessible. Armed not only with our newly made nets but also with fruit jars containing cotton saturated with chloroform, we biologists joyously trooped out of school one bright September morning on our first field trip. It was not the idea of bug-hunting which made us so happy, but the thought of leaving school for a few hours. This excursion was highly successful for most of my classmates, but somehow I had not quite developed the technique for snaring poor, innocent little wasps and bees. Many of the new entomologists returned laden with trophies of the hunt, but I came back with only three tiny grasshoppers. That first field trip did add to my knowledge, however, for I discovered that grasshoppers have wings! From that day it became my ambition to have in my collection a grasshopper with coral wings.

For weeks all my thoughts were centered upon the insect world. Bees cheerfully buzzed through my reveries; grasshoppers jumped from corner to corner in my brain. While eating a meal, I would sometimes jump suddenly from my chair and dash madly from the house. What had happened? I had spied a prize butterfly sailing past the window.

Finally in self-defense my mother and brother joined in the search for insects and also enlisted the help of our maid and our yard man. At any hour of the day one of us could be seen flitting around the corner of the house in hot pursuit of a butterfly or stealthily approaching a bee perched coquettishly upon a flower. One disturbing incident which occurred during the siege of insect land was the escape of my most precious pink and gray moth into the wide expanse of our kitchen. I had thought the creature was dead, but it suddenly revived when I opened the jar, and gaining its freedom, flew to the ceiling. My brother then climbed upon a chair and created a small tornado by frenziedly waving the net about the

room. By some strange coincidence the moth and net met one another, and once again I possessed this pink and gray treasure.

Another occurrence added to the discomfiture of my family when I began stretching my little pets with straight pins. As my room is my castle, I kept all of my biological material there. On the day that I opened the chloroform jars, a peculiar odor emanated from the portals of my room and drifted into the hall and through the house. Mother came to my room with a slightly wrinkled nose and demanded of me the origin of this strange scent. I timidly admitted that I had opened my bottles and jars and that the dead bugs and chloroform really did not combine to make a gardenia-like smell. At this, Mother resigned herself to her fate, for the next six weeks and ignored all stray wings, legs, antennae, and odors floating around the house.

The six weeks over, I triumphantly placed my collection of insects in my instructor's hands. This accumulation of fifty innocent victims, including the pink and gray moth, was complete with the exception of a coral-winged grasshopper. Because of this missing specimen, I fear that I shall always jump at the sight of a grasshopper, until I ultimately capture this much-desired hurdler of the insect family.

MY ONION PLANTING

By La Wanda Foulston, '44

It is spring again. As usual every spring, I dig little holes in the ground and plant onion bulbs. The ground is not just ordinary dirt, but it has real life in it. At least I think so.

My onion garden is always planted behind the garage. It is the tradition I made as a small child. So there I am sitting on the ground using my hands as spades to dig holes for my bulbs when I feel something slide through my fingers. My heart seems to stand still as I draw my hand slowly from the hole. I laugh when I see it is only a slim little angle worm. I had thought it was a spider.

The earth is moist and cool. I pick up one of my small egg-shaped bulbs which has one small root sprouting, and as I place it in the ground a huge bumble bee buzzes around my head. Since I'm afraid of bees, and have been ever since my brother was stung on the top of the head when a baby, I run toward the house with my hands filled with black dirt. I soon stop running as I realize how childish I am acting. "You shouldn't be afraid of a little bee," my conscience says in a quivering voice.

Returning to my little garden, I find the bee is no longer there. As I continue my planting, the wind begins to blow, and I can feel the light warm breeze against my face. It makes my nose itch. Forgetting about my dirty hands, I rub my nose.

Even if I do get a bit dirty I am enjoying the spring. After I place the last onion bulb in the ground, I am standing back to admire my morning's work, when Bud calls to me.

"Come on in to breakfast, dirty facc," he teases.

Ever Stop to Think?

The student gets the paper,
The school gets the fame
The printer gets the money,
But the staff gets the blame!

Interesting Prose and Verse by Lindenwood Authors

I'M NOT A GLAMOUR GIRL

By Margaret Kramer, '44

The two sounds were simultaneous. S-s-s-s-s-st! That was a run zipping down my stocking. B-r-r-r-ring! That was the doorbell. And then, "Good evening, Mrs. Kramer." That was Jack, and again I wasn't ready on time. I really don't know what happens. I always start in plenty of time, but people and things interrupt me. I can't find my lipstick, my girdle's not dry, the dogs come in and scamper gaily over the bed (and the clothes I've laid out so neatly on it)—it's always something, and that night it was a run in my only pair of two-thread hose. Well, I had to borrow some of Mother's, even if they were three shades too dark for my dress. Finally I got them on, and without even a glance in the mirror, grabbed my hat and coat and went in to greet Jack.

I could tell by the way he asked, "Where would you like to go?" that Jack had already made up his mind, and in due time we were settled in Sallio's Theatre viewing "Comrade X." (I'd seen it the night before, but I wouldn't have told Jack that and disappointed him for anything.) For two hours I sighed over Clark Gable's technique while Jack probably did the same over Hedy Lamarr's. (She may be beautiful, but according to the fan magazines she can't hold a husband, or maybe he can't hold her.)

After the show we met the gang at Hild's Hamburger Heaven, and Jack proceeded to go into conversation about Miss Lamarr. "Say, she's got everything, poise, personality, looks—man, what eyes—and she's—she's glamorous!" he finished triumphantly. Now Jack's a pretty big part of my social life, and my resolve began right there. I was going to be glamorous. It's a wonder no one noticed that I ordered a hamburger minus onions.

The next day I spent an hour and half of my weekly allowance getting books from the library and magazines from Kelley's stand on the topic, "How to be Glamorous." I soon found out that glamour is composed of a lot more than gorgeous clothes, a new permanent, and the latest shade of lipstick. To be glamorous one must be poised, beautiful inside as well as outside, well-groomed, and well-dressed. In addition, one needs a few things like perfect cleanliness and posture, make-up miracles, and eight hours of sleep every night. I knew then why Mother was always saying, "Stand up straight, dear," "Darling, that's a very awkward position," and, "Will you ever learn that floors aren't made to sit on?"

I had a date with Jack that night, and all I had time for were the make-up miracles, so, sacrificing the rest of my allowance to the cause, I bought mascara, eye shadow, a purple lipstick, and a deformed pair of scissors called an eyelash curler. It took me three hours to get ready for the dance. My black velvet formal minus the jacket and plus a rhinestone clip looked slinky enough, and the new make-up did wonders for me. (Mother didn't think so.) I wore some sandals with four-inch heels that I'd bought a year before because they were so pretty and had never worn because they hurt my feet.

For once I was ready early, and finally Jack arrived. I made what I thought was a dramatic entrance, and Jack yelped, "My gosh, what's happened to you?" Taking this as

a compliment, I teetered on my heels in a little circle and asked graciously, "Well, don't you think I'm glamorous?" Jack sank into the divan with a groan and muttered, "Go wash your face."

It took a lot of coaxing to get me to go to that dance. I had to wash my face because the tears made little mascara rivers down my cheeks. But I had a very good time. Anyway, I guess I won't be a glamour girl. I guess I'll just be me.

THE FIRE

By Patricia Potter, '44

I was awakened by Mother's shaking my shoulder and whispering softly, "Dear, your father and I are leaving for a while. The old church is on fire. Don't worry. We'll be back soon." Drowsily muttering something unintelligible, I turned back to the wall and was almost asleep again when suddenly my numbed brain grasped what I had heard and, shaking myself out of a stupor, I sat up in bed. "A fire," she had said and here I was—missing the excitement.

As I thrust my feet into ice-cold slippers and hastily put on my warmest coat, I noticed that the bright illuminated hands of the clock on the bureau pointed to three forty-five. I rushed to the front door and down the stone steps to the sidewalks. As I walked briskly down the block, the night closed around me with depressing gloom: the air was damp and chilly; the sky looked like a deep purple tapestry on which a few stars glistened like tear drops overhead; only in the west was the scheme of color broken by a queer, unnatural glow of crimson slowly spreading upward over the dark void.

Rounding the corner, I was startled by the picture that confronted me. A crowd of people with sleep-stained faces had formed a semi-circle and were watching, bewitched, the blazing inferno of a once familiar brick building. The flames were creeping higher each minute toward the roof, throwing out their fangs with lightning speed, like a cobra advancing on its prey. Firemen with smoke-blackened faces shouted hoarsely to one another and tried desperately to stop the progress of the flames. But uselessly. The jagged triangles of light gradually rose until they reached the roof, where they greedily closed in around the bell tower. Then, as the last spurt of orange leapt into the air and the slow smacking noise died away, the huge bell, torn from its resting place, hurtled through the air to land with a frightful clang on the hard ground. Under the steady stream of water from the hose as it played on the debris, the last sparks sputtered and died away, leaving a charred, twisted skeleton outlined against the night.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING

By Dixie Dene Burnham, '44

Poems have been written, songs have been composed, and novels have been created about the loveliness of spring; but to me spring holds no loveliness—only a terror. The terror of the wasps. Everywhere I go they accompany me. I can never escape them. Their haunting melody follows me.

In the morning when I awaken, I can easily tell what the weather is, for wasps swarm viciously about my screen. With the sight of a

single wasp I am out of bed and over to the window, shutting it with a bang. I'm free for a moment from these horrible intruders.

Even though the bright sunshine and chirping first robins are inviting me outside, the thought of the wasps casts a cloud over what would otherwise be a perfect day.

How others can nonchalantly pass through the door and down the steps and mingle freely and carelessly among these crawling creatures amazes me. To me a trip across the porch is almost like running the gauntlet. I have all I can do to walk at a normal pace and not run down the steps to safety.

Even in the seclusion of my room, I cannot escape these pests. Somehow or other they manage to get inside and with a buzz and a thump, a friendly wasp is too friendly. Oh! for the ingenuity of an inventor, or the fearlessness of a Spartan to combat this springtime menace!

"SEA-FEVER"

By Maurita Estes, '43

"Sea-Fever," a nature lyric, is one of the best-known poems of John Masefield. The mood created is one of restlessness—the author's restlessness for a life on the seas again. The call of the sea to him is "a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied." This longing for the "vagrant gipsy life" is "sea-fever." Fond recollections of various images: "a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking"; "a windy day with the white clouds flying"; and "a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover" express his love of the water. John Masefield's restless gipsy nature and love of adventure are revealed in his poem "Sea-Fever."

The lyric is written in a musical, rhythmical style in the four-lined stanzas rimed in couplets. Such a rime plan gives a definite lyrical tone. An illustration of the flowing style of the poem is the first stanza:

"I must go down to the seas again,
to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and
a star to steer her by;

And the wheel's kick and the wind's
song and the white sail's
shaking,

And a gray mist on the sea's face,
and a gray dawn breaking."

Repetition is a special feature of the style, and lends emphasis to the mood which John Masefield tries to create. Each stanza is molded after the one above, beginning with the phrase, "I must go down to the seas again," and concluded by "and all I ask . . ." The form of the third line in the first stanza is repeated in the second line of the third stanza: "To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife."

It may be said that the use of contrast forms a pattern for the poem. In the first stanza, the author is longing for the sea, thinking of the early mornings—"a tall ship and a star to steer her by" and "a gray dawn breaking." In the second stanza, a bright, windy day on the sea, and the "flung spray and the blown spume," are brought to the mind of the reader. But in the last stanza, he is recalling the quiet calm of the evening, a merry yarn, and "quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over."

The images created in the poem are vivid, and bring about the revelation of the author's restless personality.

TO BE, OR NOT TO

BE—GLAMOROUS

By Catherine Compton, '44

With Queen Glamour ruling over our country today, we have little choice but to conform to her every whim. As she dictates, so shall it be, and we adopt unanimously her freakish fads and fancies. Yesterday eyebrows were scanty lines; today they are so thick that special combs and brushes are used delicately to keep them from achieving the effect of forest conservation. Yesterday the girl with curly eyelashes was "just lucky"; today the girl with curly lashes is one who has the sense to use a kurlash, stay out of the rain, and avoid crying. There also was a time when plumpness was considered desirable; today the word "plump" strikes as much fear into a woman's heart as "Black Plague" did in the Middle Ages. Consumptive loveliness is considered desirable now, and hipbones are regarded as most attractive when they are as prominent as the Rocky Mountains. Women's faces today are pasty white and hollow-cheeked, not because of anemia, but because rouge is "out" this year.

I myself, being the conventional type (hardly daring to be otherwise), have pursued, though vainly, this elusive glamour. I have read and re-read articles in every magazine on the subject. I have tried cold cream, vanishing cream, cleansing cream, strawberry cream, cucumber cream, orange, lemon, and lime creams, and though I have had the pleasing aroma of an orchard about me, my skin has looked no more like peaches and cream, as guaranteed, than lumpy oatmeal.

My weight is a subject better ignored. Diets I have also tried in vain—buttermilk diets, banana and milk diets, fruit juice diets, vegetable juice diets, candy-in-between-meal diets, and avoid-eating-every-other-day diets. Do I lose? Never a pound, for it was quite some time before I realized that dieting foods are not eaten to counteract the fattening ones, but are eaten instead of fat-producing foods. Therefore, I shall continue to gain in weight until the recipes for chocolate pie, and other tempting sweets, are lost, or until there is such a thing as a chocolate pie diet.

What! you still persist in asking me if I want to be glamorous? Well, ye—say, does that sign really say "Chocolate Pie 5c"?

POEMS

By Jeane Kenitz, '43

Poetry should be
Delicately molded
Tender, loving, caressing,
Each word, each idea,
Downy, feathery, bubbly
And blown quickly away.

Poetry should be
Bold and strong,
Harsh as life, powerful,
Tugging, tugging,
Ever twisting at heart and soul
Tearing, breaking,
Bending, pulling,
And—building.

Rain, rain, rain,
Beat, beat, beat,
Beat on my mind and soul
Drip, drip, drip
Until nothing is left
Only the rain.

Rain, rain, rain,
Drip on my body
Until nothing is left,
Nothing is left.

DRILLING A WELL

By Marguerite Wolfe, '44

My father had just drilled a dry hole and very hopefully started out on another well. They were praying that this well would not be dry too. It is very expensive to drill and bring in a dry hole. This next one had to be a good well.

There were about eight men out on the rig one night when they were on about the fifth night of sinking the bit into the ground through the layers of rocks and slate. The men were taking it rather easy, not expecting much to happen that night, when Father told them to draw the bit up and test the water to see if it contained any oil. When the bit was drawn, in about half an hour, the results were pure salt water. Another dry hole, we thought. Can you imagine the disappointment of it all?

One of Father's best friends that worked for him still had a little hope for the well if the bit could be sunk a little lower. They all went to work again. The next time the bit was drawn there was the oil, treading along in the water. The joy of that one time will live with me always.

The well was flowing about eight hundred barrels a day now, and we were all at the height of our joy, when one night some unknown accident set the well on fire. There it was, a glowing mass of flame! Our hopes and joys were crushed. We thought we had lost the well. Our efforts to save it seemed futile. But when the fire was at last under control and the last flame disappeared, we found only a little of the apparatus destroyed. It could still pump and we could see the rich, black oil still flowing.

"ACH, I JUST KNEW"

By Betty Ann Lillibridge, '43

It never failed. Every time my parents and I would drive up on the farm, a little figure with a flour-covered apron and blue felt house-slippers on, would trot out to the edge of the big porch, throw her hands up, and bring them down to a clasp, exclaiming, "Ach, I just knew you would come!" That was Grandmother—her small blue eyes beaming under the mass of white piled high on her head. Her every movement told us we were welcome. With her small slippers flapping, she would shuffle down the walk to meet us, grabbing all three of us at the same time and kissing us. "We're having fried chicken," she would whisper, as if letting us in on a big secret, and then her face would glisten when we'd say, "Mm. I can taste it already."

Escorting us into the house, she would excitedly tell us how all her chickens were, how much the cream and eggs had brought in that week, and how much further she was this week on her Flower-garden quilt. She would also manage to ask Mother about her canning. Dad about his hunting trip, and me about my studies,—all in the course of a few minutes.

When we'd enter the familiar old house, the big kitchen range, the open cupboards, the cookie jar, and even just the pantry door itself seemed to tell us, "Ach, I just knew you would come!"

IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR

By Kathryn Claassen, '44

Unable to relax because of her fearful expectations, she sat stiffly erect so that her back did not touch the leather back of the dentist's

**Lindenwood Life As Recorded
In A Freshman's Diary**

The Linden Bark wishes to print an excerpt from a Niccolls Hall diary entitled *My Memoris*. It was written by A. Freshman.

Thursday, May 1—

Lindenwood definitely won the horse show, and I have two wishes . . . to ride a horse like Gerry Rasdal or Paddy Price and to wear one of those beauuuuootiful formal riding habits. (Sir Donald certainly looks different when Paddy gets on him. What's she got that I haven't got?)

Monday, May 5—

I'm hoarse. Too much yelling and open air on the way home from Warrensburg, but how did we know Barngrover would turn out to be such an Amazon? The waltz crawl was simply divine. I'm gonna save my red ribbon.

Tuesday, May 6—

I flunked a botany makeup test!

Wednesday, May 7—

Kappa Pi put on a good show in

chair. She could hear the dentist whistling cheerfully, if not harmoniously, in the next room; but the sound only served to madden her. "All well and good that he should whistle. He wasn't going to have his teeth drilled!" To divert herself she let her eyes wander idly over the contents of the room. Scrubbed and shining cabinets lined the walls, and through the glass door of one peeped rows of false teeth, absurd but grotesque. Other cabinets were pocketed with numerous little drawers, and one, left open, displayed tweezers and a syringe, the sight of which snapped her mind back to the advent of pain. But soon, passing from cabinets to the wall, her interest centered on a series of cartoons, intended to amuse the patient. Her mouth moved in a dry smile, but that vestige of humor soon vanished from her face as, looking up, she noticed the crane-like drill suspended above her head. The metal tip of the drill glistened in the sunlight that flowed through the window and shone upon the girl sitting in the black and white dentist chair. She sat clasping the arms of the chair so tightly that the knuckles of her hands stood out white and sharp. The dentist was coming.

PITTER-PATTER

By Bernice Clark, '43

Rain. It was a steady, soft, and quiet rain except for the occasional pitter-pat on the face of the window. Have you ever sat by a window on such an afternoon just before dusk? Then maybe you've had the same feeling that I did. I received a feeling of contentment and relaxation which edged on to sleep or maybe it was just day dreams. As I sat there in the growing darkness I had for company wonderful music. And this music was the tripping of the rain. It seemed to play just what I wanted; of course, it was just in my mind for one can mold that tip-tap into almost any tune he wishes. The mirrored sidewalks and roofs and even the pearl-studded trees helped me in my dreams, which appeared and then faded away like smoke or blended into some fantastic air castle. As I looked away from the window my eyes fell on a book which I picked up and opened but did not even attempt to read. While I was still enveloped in my thoughts, suddenly someone opened a window letting the cool, clean air rush in, waking me and taking my dreams with it.

the Arts Building tonight. Marg Vanderlippe was in somewhat of a flurry. No one recognized anyone else. Funny what a change formals make.

Thursday, May 8—

Boy, is my face red. (and that's not all). I'm almost as sunburned as Dorothy McCoy.

Friday, May 9—

The mosquitos were so bad at May Day practice I'm going to dig up a bottle of Citronella. We are supposed to pray that it doesn't rain, Dr. Dawson said so.

Saturday, May 10—

It didn't rain.

Virginia Morsey, former Lindenwood student, has been chosen as editor of the Washington University Law Quarterly. This is the highest honor a law student can win, and she is the first girl to be honored at Washington. Miss Morsey lives in Miami, Okla.

Collegiate Follies

We've heard that a certain J. M. stays up all night to figure out what becomes of the sun when it goes down. Just between you and us, don't you think it would dawn on her?

Suggestion:

If you can't laugh at these jokes, just put them in the stove and hear the fire roar.

—MacMurray College Greetings

In closing an anonymous poet of the Florence State Teachers College in Alabama, has given a little forethought to spring.

"To fall in love with someone
Is more than it is worth
Because it hurts so awfully bad
To come back down to earth!"

Now from a quip from the Augustana Observer:

Little poodle
Asleep on a log
Forest fire
Hot dog.

Closing that!

"Absence makes the marks grow rounder."—Mac M. C. Greetings.

Ain't it the truth!

Freshman: "Ain't done my lesson—couldn't."

Sophomore: "Didn't get my lesson because I forgot my book."

Junior: "I determined to do that lesson, but I had special company last night."

Senior: "A preponderance of intellectual anfractuosity, causing a superabundance of incapacitation prevented nocturnal mental exertion."

Why Doc!

Dr. Talbot: Anyone wishing to get a microscopic view of a worm may see me after class."

Do you belong?

Most girls are Girl Scouts till they are sixteen, then they become Boy Scouts.

—MacM. C. Greetings

Similar

The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chewing cow
They seemed to resemble each other somehow;
Just what is the difference I think you'll allow
It's the thoughtful expression on

the face of the cow.
(Resemblance to any person living on Lindenwood campus is purely intentional.)

Who's crazy?

On a recent visit to our local insane asylum one of our knowledge-seeking seniors noticed in one of the cells a man whose only garment was a hat. Rather perturbed (and you?) she inquired, "My poor man, that's no way to be sitting around! Why don't you put some clothes on?"

"Because," replied the inmate sadly, "nobody ever comes to see me."

"But," said the student, "why do you wear a hat?"

"Well," said the man, shrugging his shoulders, "somebody might come."

Always live so that you wouldn't be afraid to sell the family parrot to the town gossip.—Christian Coll. Microphone.

Here is a code for the hair ribbons, girls; read, and take heed:

White ribbon—Going steady.

Blue—Kiss me

Yellow—Looking for a boy

Pink—In Love

Green—Flirting

Red—Dangerous

Left Side—In Love

Right—Going steady

Top—Open for a date

None at all—Confirmed old maid

Both sides—Desperate for date.

—Paseo Press

Doris: Why are hens immortal?
Ruth: I dunno,—why?
Doris: Because their sons never set!!!

And there's the student who gets the Mark of Zorro on all his papers.
—Paseo Press

Daffy-nitions

Adult—One who has stopped growing except around the middle.

Faith—What it takes to eat raspberry jam at a picnic without looking to see if the seeds move.

Dimple—A bump inside out.

Snow—Rain all popped out white.

Wakefulness—yes all the time coming unbuttoned.

Brain—Tattle-tale gray matter.

Afterthoughts

Have you noticed the queer smell in the library? That's the dead silence that's kept there. (Oh, yea!)

Then, of course, there is the fellow who planned to go to college where there were no girls—a place kinda like Notta Dame.

Confidential-like

A little bear sleeps in his bearskin
All cozy and warm I suppose—

I tried sleeping in my little bearskin

And golly—I almost froze.

Passion-nut

Dearest,

I'd climb the highest mountain for you.

I'd swim the deepest ocean for you.

I'd fight the wildest beast for you.

Sincerely,

Jack.

P. S.—I'll see you at the Soph. Prom Saturday night if it doesn't snow.

(Editor's Note: It snowed).

What would you say?

What did the mother cat say to the little cat that was out in the rain?

"Come in out of the drizzle—puss."

What did one coffee pot say to the other coffee pot?

"Don't be a drip. Perk up."

What did one tire say to the other one?

"Psst."

Lindenwood Riders Win Honors At Maryville Horse Show

College night at the Maryville horse show turned out to be a night of excitement and success for the team of eight girls who rode for Lindenwood. Led by Gerry Rasdal, who won the individual high point trophy, the girls who were Paddy Price, Louise Olson, Margret Chapman, Lois Watters, Barbara Burnette, and Florence Barry managed to capture the championship for the evening. With Mac Murray College close behind, a potato race, the last event of the show was the balancing factor between win or lose. However, a team of four, Margaret Chapman, Paddy Price, Gerry Rasdal, and Jeanette Lee managed to spear their potatoes and make Lindenwood the high-scoring school of the evening.

Other classes in which our girls took ribbons were the novice pairs with Gerry Rasdal and Margaret Chapman taking the blue ribbon and trophy. In novice singles Gerry took her second blue ribbon of the evening while Margaret took third and Florence Barry sixth. In the advanced pairs teamed with Jeanette Lee, Gerry Rasdal again took first while Florence Barry took fifth in a beginners' singles. With Misses Rasdal, Price, Lee, and Chapman in a team of four abreast Lindenwood again rode to the front ranks to capture the second place ribbon for the class. In the advanced singles, the last horsemanship class in which Lindenwood participated, Gerry Rasdal and Paddy Price took first and second respectively. Besides a total of thirteen ribbons and seven trophies, Lindenwood has in its possession the championship trophy which it can keep for a year. It is not awarded permanently until it is won four times in succession. Added to all these honors is an individual high point trophy won by Gerry Rasdal.

Former Student Gets Graduate Scholarship

Miss Myrl Nadeane Snyder, former Lindenwood student, has been awarded a two-hundred dollar scholarship for graduate work at Washington University. She will receive her A. B. degree in June.

The scholarship is a Van Blarcom award to be used for graduate work in the field of English.

While at Lindenwood Miss Snyder was a member of Beta Pi Theta, Alpha Sigma Tau, Sigma Tau Delta, Pi Alpha Delta, the Poetry Society, and the Choir. During the first semester of this year she became a member of the Washington Chapter of Eta Sigma Phi, national classical organization.

Miss Snyder is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Snyder of St. Charles.

Chemistry Department Brews This Week's Linden Bark Quiz

This week we present a collaboration by the chemistry department concocted by Miss Lear and Miss Bailey. All of you probably have a hunch about H₂O, but are you enough of a chemist to answer these questions? Choose any ten that interest you and give yourself 100 of you answer them right, 90 if you get nine, and so on.

1. Why is the word "bauxite" of more interest in the last two years?
2. What kind of mines does the steel industry need besides iron ore mines?
3. How can snowflakes be fossilized?
4. What has a small British plant recently made out of seaweed?
5. How is golf affected by the high price of mercury?
6. Are sugar and saccharine the same substance?
7. What precious gem is pure carbon, the element in coal?
8. What crystals had to be changed when the radio stations recently changed frequencies?
9. Who were La Tofagna and La Spara?
10. What is a drunkometer?
11. How does the police research laboratory determine whether a suspect has recently fired a gun?
12. What is aqua regia?
13. Why has the element beryllium recently become more important?

HALL OF FAME



We nominate Ruth Dayton, the new student government president, for the Hall of Fame because:

In her sophomore year she became treasurer of the Athletic Association, president of the Iowa Club, secretary-treasurer of the orchestra and a member of the sophomore council.

This year, as a junior, Ruth is a member of Beta Pi Theta, national French society, and Alpha Sigma Tau, honorary liberal arts society. She is president of the orchestra, treasurer of the Athletic Association, and president of the residents council.

Recently Ruth was chosen by a student vote as second maid of honor to the popularity queen.

Ruthie of "H" is known around campus for her infectious laugh, her cheery "hi gal", and her friendly grin.

Miss Gordon Gives Recital

Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon presented Shakespeare's "As You Like It" Sunday evening, May 4, to the vespers audience. Her interpretations of the various characters, especially Orlando, Rosalind, and the old servant, was well received. Miss Gordon wore a rose chiffon gown with loose, full pleats in the front and carrier a colonial hand bouquet.

Dr. Linnemann To Be Honored This Week

An Alice Linnemann Day is to be held May 14th in honor of Dr. Alice Linnemann alumna and professor at Lindenwood, in recognition of her loyal service.

Dr. Linnemann was graduated from Lindenwood in 1890, and has been a member of the faculty since 1901. She has also studied at the Chicago Art Institute, People's University, University of Missouri, University of California, Columbia University, Applied Art School, Chicago, New York School of Fine and Applied Arts (Parsons); and has received instruction in design and oil painting from Kathryn Cherry, Florence Ver Steeg, Nicolai Ckovsky, Paula Fenske, Frank Nuderscher, and Dorothy Quest.

Much might be said of her work as a student and teacher and her affiliation with the art societies of the country, but the greatest part of her work will not appear in catalogues and the work of the art room. During many of the trying periods of the college history she has proven herself one of the most loyal supporters of the college and the various administrations with which she has been associated.

Two Music Students Give Recitals

Dixie Smith, soprano, will give her diploma recital this afternoon in Sibley Chapel. She will be accompanied by Janice Martin, and the pianist will be Frances Shudde.

Marjorie Jane Ecker, pianist, presented her senior recital last Friday night in Roemer Auditorium. She was assisted by John Lammers, violinist and Dorothy Isbell, cellist.

Invitations Are Out For Junior-Senior Prom Next Saturday

Invitations are out and arrangements are almost completed for that heralded event . . . the Junior-Senior Prom next Saturday night. "The dance will begin with a dinner at 8:30 in the Regency Room of the Chase Hotel in St. Louis," Miss Betty Merrill, chairman, said. Dancing to the tune of the current Chase Club band will begin directly after the dinner and will continue on into the wee hours of the morning.

"Et tu, Herr Hitler?"

That Caesar was a mighty man,
But few will dare contest;
He crossed the Rubicon in style,
His tactics were the best.

That Brutus was his truest friend,
Is one accepted fact.
Dear Brutus gave his eager aid,
It wasn't thought an act.

When Brutus turned upon his friend
In Caesar's greatest need,
Is written by historians
As breach of friendship's creed

When Caesar, overcome with shock,
Displayed his great dismay,
He saw the traitor Brutus, and
He asked: "Et tu, Brute?"

In modern days we have a man
Whose feats are mighty, too;
But they are all destructive acts
That long the world will rue.

He claims to be a "loyal friend"
Of Italy's premier;
Their axis signed to share their gains,
Has thrown the world in fear.

Will he, too, turn upon his "friend"
And stab him from behind,
And have his place in history
As author of that crime?

Will Mussolini look alarmed
At one he thought so true
And history repeat itself
In: "Et, Herr Hitler, tu?"

B. J. G.

STRAND

Wed.-Thurs. May 14-15
"POT O' GOLD"
with James Stewart
Paulette Goddard
Horace Heidt & Band

Fri.-Sat. May 16-17
"SIS HOPKINS"
with Judy Canova
Bob Crosby

Sun.-Mon. May 18-19
with Bing Crosby
Bob Hope

Tuesday May 20
BARGAIN DAY
"FREE AND EASY"
with Ruth Hussey

Wed.-Thurs. May 21-22
"THE DEVIL & MISS MONES"
with Jean Arthur

Fri.-Sat. May 23-24
with Wallace Beery
Lionel Barrymore

Sun.-Mon. May 25-26
"THAT NIGHT IN RIO"
with Alice Faye
Don Ameche

Tues.-Wed.-Thurs. May 27-28-29
"PENNY SERENADE"
with Cary Grant
Irene Dunne

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Three stacks packed full of fiction—the best sellers and good books of former years, literature from all lands and from all ages, books on any subject you would possibly want from how to be good mother to learning how to swim, shelves of the current magazines, daily newspapers from many other cities—this is our library. Don't those rows and rows of bright colored bindings look tempting? And some of the titles of the books just beg you to read them. Wouldn't you love to have the time to read all those that you've been dying to read ever since you came to Lindenwood?

We all have our favorite authors and wouldn't miss reading their latest effort for anything. Dean Gipson likes P. G. Wodehouse, Phillip Oppenheim, or any good book "Whodunit." Other faithful readers of Oppenheim are Miss Elizabeth Dawson, Dr. Talbot, Dr. Evers, and Evelyn Bradley. Ellery Queen fans are Miss Stookey and Mrs. Gardener. Jackie Morrison's reading habits are well known to all library-goers for she spends a great part of her time there. If she's not reading the Chicago Tribune, she's reading the New Yorker, if she's not reading the New Yorker, she's reading the latest P. G. Wodehouse, if she's not reading Wodehouse, she's reading any of the thousands of other books in the library, for she reads them all—well, almost.

"Gone with the Wind" with its 1100 odd pages will be a best-read book for many years to come. This year Jane Finley, Shirley Gardner, Jean Lois Shank, and Roselise Hartmann have lived excitingly through the pages with Scarlett and Rhett in Margaret Mitchell's great story of the South.

And so it goes—books may come and books may go, but students and faculty will read on forever.

Speech Students Give Recital

Four students of the Speech department gave a recital in the Little Theatre, April 30. Betty Lillibridge reading "Financial Structure" by Ellis Parker Butler; Sue Beck, "The Lady and The Fox", by Arthur Kober; and Mar Morrison, "The Littlest Rebel" by Edward Peple. Rosalie Reising gave "The Balcony Scene from Romeo and Juliet" (in the manner of Octavus Roy Cohen), by C. M. Lindsay and "Mr. and Mrs. Barrister".

Bernice Clark presented a reading of "What Every Woman Knows", by J. M. Barrie, in Roemer Auditorium May 8. Bernice wore a light blue dress and carried a colonial bouquet. Her ushers were Shirley Gardner, Margaret Stroup, Adelaide Carraker, Jean Tobias.

Lindenwood Delegates Attend Conference at Principia

"We went, we listened, we learned." This was the summary of the Public Affairs Conference at Principia College given on May 2nd and 3rd by Ruth Haines, Betty Merrill, Ruthe Shartel, and Carol Robinson. The whole tone of the conference was serious as the delegates met to discuss a thought-provoking topic, "National Preparedness." But in the moments between round-table discussions and speeches by informed men, the delegates found time to enjoy the beauty of the Principia campus, to make many new friends, and to take part in the fun and recreation planned by the hosts.

The Principia campus is famous for its beauty—it is located on the bluffs of the Mississippi river. The buildings are one story of brick with tiled roofs, giving the campus the appearance of a quaint old English village. The dorms are large, two-story, and rambling buildings with lots of little balconies and winding stairs leading up to them. The flowering shrubs and trees along the paths did their bit in making the Principia campus a lovely sight.

The first speaker, Neville Butler, British Minister to the United States, speaking in a crisp British accent, and looking just as you've always pictured British diplomats—tiny mustache and all, told the delegates preparedness consists of, not only material things, but of mental preparedness as well. He said England expects to take the offensive in 1942 when they have sufficient munitions for themselves and the other already conquered countries of Europe who may be willing to help on England's side.

Dr. Brook Emeny, director of the Foreign Affairs Council of Cleveland, spoke Friday evening on National Preparedness. He told the delegates the only course for the United States to take is to try to beat Germany at its own game, even if it meant paying a great amount of money to buy the South American dollars appropriated for propaganda, espionage, and sabotage.

Dr. William Y. Elliot, professor of government at Harvard, spoke on "The Defense of the United States: Total, Not Totalitarian".

Photographers covered the conference—and in a big way. Nothing happened without the photographer getting a picture of it. Ruth Shartel and Ruth Haines were snapped as they were drinking punch at the Friday afternoon reception and the contents of Carol Robinson's bag were dumped out and photographed.

Tickets For Boat Trip To Be On Sale This Week

Tickets for the boat trip on May 20, will be on sale today and will be sold throughout the week. Tickets will be \$2, and will pay for the transportation both ways, fare on the boat, and lunch.

Buses will be here at school early Tuesday morning to take all the girls to the boat. The entire day will be spent on the river and everyone will arrive back on campus for dinner Tuesday night.

Each girl is urged to buy her ticket as soon as possible in order to avoid a rush on the last day or two.

Martha Weber Wins Another National French Prize

Martha Weber, who won the national French essay contest sponsored by Beta Pi Theta, national French honorary fraternity, has also won the annual Scholarship prize for 1941. This makes two of the three national prizes awarded each year by the fraternity. Theta Pi is the Lindenwood chapter of the fraternity.

Sophomores To Be Hosts to Senior Class

The Sophomore class will honor the seniors with a scavenger hunt and picnic, Monday night, May 19.

Each senior will be invited to the picnic by two sophomores, who will be her escorts for the evening.

After the scavenger hunt and picnic, there will be a bon fire and entertainment.

Lindenwood Joins In Defense Stamp Drive

Mr. Motley declared a two-hour holiday last Thursday so every student, every faculty member, every member of the administration, and every helper on campus could buy one or more defense stamps. "It is necessary for us to help save our way of life," says Mr. Motley, and by buying defense stamps we may do our bit.

Answers to Bark Quiz

1. Bauxite is the aluminum ore best adapted to its extraction. Aluminum is much in demand for alloys to be used in airplanes and war equipment.

2. The steel industry needs coal to furnish fuel for its furnaces.

3. The snowflake is picked up from black velvet on a toothpick and laid in a cooled drop of transparent plastic, which soon hardens. The mold preserves every detail of the flake.

4. A small British factory perfected a method for making a noninflammable textile fiber out of seaweed.

5. Mercury compounds are used in controlling two grass diseases, known as brown patch and dollar spot.

6. Sugar is a carbohydrate, a fuel food from natural sources. Saccharine is a synthetic derivative of coal tar and has no food value.

7. The diamond is purest carbon.

8. Small crystals of Brazilian quartz, cut to an exact size, control the frequency of the waves sent out by a radio station.

9. La Tofanga and La Spara were two Italian women of the 17th century, who compounded arsenic acid solutions in small vials marked with the image of a saint. Some 600 persons, including two popes were thus removed.

10. A drunkometer is a device in police laboratories for measuring the carbon dioxide in the breath of an individual suspected of having drunk alcohol.

11. When a person has recently fired a gun, small particles of nitrate from the powder embed themselves in the skin of the hand. If the hand is immersed in warm paraffin, the nitrate is absorbed in the paraffin and can be proven by chemical test.

12. Aqua Regia means queen of waters and is a mixture of strong nitric and hydrochloric acids capable of dissolving gold and other noble metals.

Beryllium, the lightest of all metals, is being used in alloys for airplanes in the place of aluminum and in copper alloys for coiled springs of the highest tensile strength known to metallurgy.

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