

# LINDEN BARK

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Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, April 11, 1933

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## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, April 11:

5:00 p. m.—Organ Recital, Sibley Chapel.

6:30 p. m.—Debate.

## Posture Week Conducted by A. A.

The Physical Education Department sponsored a Posture Drive last week, the purpose of which was to inspire everyone to improve her walking, standing and sitting posture and to encourage everyone to wear the proper dress and shoes for daily wear around the campus.

Posters were displayed on the bulletin boards and everyone, students and faculty, who had the proper posture, correct walking, and correct dress, was entitled to wear three ribbons—blue, orange and purple, denoting the above points.

The drive was opened with a posture skit in chapel on Tuesday. The entertainment consisted of acting out the "Ode to Posture." Helen Everett read the parts while Harriette Anne Gray, Dorothy Hope Miller, Mildred Keegan and Bessie Roddie acted. These girls were selected to take part because of their good posture. The following types of poor posture were presented for correction:—elevated shoulders, hollow backs, too stiff muscles, too relaxed muscles, slumps and slouches. Then the correct grace and poise for use in business, sport, and school were demonstrated.

Posture Week ended on Friday evening with an informal sports dance in the gymnasium.

## Freshmen-Juniors Win Swimming Meet

Accompanied by the shouts of their classmates, the freshman-junior swimming team defeated the sophomore-senior representatives in the swimming meet Monday afternoon, April 3. The rain-coated mob, crowded around the edge of the pool, cheered enthusiastically for the contestants in a closely matched battle.

Individual honors were won by Barbara Everham, Flora Mae Rimmerman, and Helen Lightholder, who tied for first place in the entire meet. Harriette Anne Gray won second place, and Betty Hoover, third.

The meet started with a big splash when the freshman-junior team won the four-length free style relay. Following events were: side stroke exhibition for form, won by the sophomore-senior team; four-length free style race, winner, Barbara Everham; two-length racing back stroke race won by Betty Hoover; breast stroke exhibition for form, first place, Marjetta Newton; crawl exhibition for form, first place, Barbara Everham; breast stroke race won by Helen Lightholder; back stroke exhibition for form, winner, Margaret Ringer; two-length free style race won by Flora Mae Rimmerman. Betty Hoover

## Alumna of 1893 Makes Gift To College

Mrs. Roemer has received a letter from one of Lindenwood's alumnae of 1893, who has certainly not forgotten her "Alma Mater" in all these years. She is Bertha Goebel Barber (Mrs. C. W. Barber) of Wyoming, Illinois.

In her letter, Mrs. Barber says: "I have ordered to be sent to your address from the Earl Ferris Nursery, Hampton, Iowa, five Hybrid Perpetual Roses, three plants of Climbing Ramblers, and a Colorado Blue Spruce. From the Inter State Nurseries at Hamburg, Iowa, I have ordered seven bulbs of Regal lilies, which will bloom this summer." Mrs. Barber said that she sends these plants as a "remembrance" for her Alma Mater, and explains that in her own mind she thought a very pretty and suitable place to plant the flowers would be near the Tea Room and the Bungalow (The Gables).

Besides sending the lovely plants for the campus, Mrs. Barber wrote an especially interesting letter to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, in which she told that she was so glad to read in the Bulletin that Mrs. Mary Easton Sibley's birthday was January 24, 1800, which "fell" on a Friday, for "Friday's Child is loving and giving." Mrs. Barber writes that she possesses an "Almanac" from 1800 to 1900, and one from 1900 to 2000. She says that in looking through the Almanac, she found that 1800 was a very eventful year. On September 30 the treaty of peace between the United States and France was signed; in the same year vaccination was introduced by Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse of Massachusetts; the Federal Government was removed from Philadelphia to Washington; the U. S. Bank was established.

## A Musical And Reading Program At Y. W. C. A.

A very entertaining program, presented by the Y.W.C.A. in the Sibley parlors Wednesday evening, April 5, was enjoyed by all who attended. Instead of the usual speaker, a musical and reading program was given; a violin solo by Margaret Love, a piano selection by Helen Luhrs, and a reading by Florence Wilson, afforded much enjoyment to the students.

er and Barbara Everham tied the first place in diving, both doing a jack-knife as their optional dive. Either standing or running front dives and a back dive were required of all diving contestants.

Providing much amusement for the spectators, a novelty relay finished the meet. Freshmen and juniors were proved the more capable of swimming with feet tied, hands tied, carrying an egg balanced in a spoon, and swimming in reverse, with feet forward.

Officials of the meet were: referee, Miss Reichert; clerk of the courses, Madeline John; scorekeeper, Dorothy Miller; judges, Miss Reichert, Bessie Roddie, and Peggy McKeel.

## Behind The Scenes In League Baseball

George Sisler tells us what the players are and do.

In introducing George Sisler, former first baseman for the St. Louis "Browns", to the Lindenwood audience, which included interested St. Charles guests as well as the students, Thursday, March 30, Dr. Roemer quoted what Walter Johnson said of Sisler, that "he was the most graceful hitter that the game of baseball ever had." Dr. Roemer added that in forty-one consecutive games Mr. Sisler never failed to hit the ball for at least one base.

Sisler graduated from University of Michigan to join the St. Louis Browns. The first pitcher whom he faced was Jim Scott of the Chicago White Sox, and he was able to get a hit immediately. He was surprised, as he supposed that big league pitchers threw balls so fast that one could hardly see them, much less hit them. This goes to show that major league baseball has a glamour about it that is not true.

It seems that the stories about baseball players being superstitious are true, for Mr. Sisler gave several examples, one being about Ken Williams, home run hitter, who after having three home runs in one game, ever after that ate prunes and cream for breakfast, for that was what he had eaten on the day of his spectacular success.

Everyone has wondered what the players talk about to the pitcher, and Mr. Sisler said that this talking was often carried on to steady him if he suddenly got a little bit "off throw." He told of one incident when an opposing team had three men on base and a hit would have caused the other team to lose the game. As there was only one more batter to come up to the plate and the weather was threatening, the catcher talked to the pitcher until the rain came and thus kept his team from defeat.

One can meet almost any sort of man in baseball; some are educated, some are not, but according to Mr. Sisler, about seventy-five percent of the players are real men. There are a number of peculiar men in baseball. "Dizzy" Dean is one of them. On one trip to New York which was Dean's first time in the city a man was sent with him by the manager to show him around. Dean, on the other hand, decided to do the city alone, and the body guard "saw everyone in New York except Dean."

To play baseball one needs poise in hitting and pitching. Branch Rickey once termed poise as "Being able to concentrate on the thing one is about to do." In professional baseball the opposing team talks to the pitchers and batters at all crucial times, and many times the crowd is hostile. The players are taught not to hear discouraging remarks, but to hear the encouraging things said by their teammates.

Before each game the weaknesses of

## Rev. J. C. Inglis in Vespers

Distinction Above the Crowd Necessary for the Individual

"The moral person today doesn't wish to be lost in the crowd, but instead wishes to be recognized in some way", said Rev. J. C. Inglis, at Vespers services, Sunday night, April 2. "The average individual wants to distinguish himself so that his name will never be erased by the crowd. It is not good for men or women to lose their personality, for under pressure of numbers, trials, and temptations, it is a hard problem not to do this. In 'The Boy and the Angel' (Browning), the boy thinks he is in some way pleasing God, and that in God's hearing, every one's voice has a distinctive tone. Man and woman should recognize this truth if they are to contribute properly to society, and must sense his or her individual work. Therefore, we turn to Jesus, for we must feel that we have a certain work to do and try to do it. When Jesus spoke and said: Ye are the salt of worth while. Jesus appealed to people of all classes and rendered services to everybody. This attitude is needed today more than ever before.

"The individual needs something to keep him from being submerged in the crowd. Cultivating a hardy character is difficult to do. Modern industry tends to make the individual shrivel up, in modern politics the man is only a cog in a wheel, and we vote in the same manner. It seems that self assertion is becoming more and more stamped out, and there is an urgent need of something to protect personality and character from this mass. The answer is the Christian Religion, which is a gospel of persons instead of percentages. This applies not only to America but to all the world. The church also must not lose its uniqueness. True Christians are preserving elements in society, but if they lose, they will have to forfeit their personality.

The opposing players are gone over. One trip around the circuit is all one player needs before his weaknesses are known, and unless he corrects them he cannot stay in major league baseball. On the trains there is singing and card playing. The players are allowed to sleep as long as they want to in the morning. Mr. Sisler said it was a lazy life, and one should get out of it into some other business sooner or later.

Some facts or opinions about baseball which came out in the open forum afterward were that hitters often will not go to movies or read newspapers because they fear their eyes will be affected. Mr. Sisler did not favor night baseball because it slows up the game, for it is very hard to judge distances and to see the ball at night. Something was said about the "throwing" of baseball games. Mr. Sisler thinks that as the players play so naturally, any irregularities are evident and the penalty is too great for players to try to be unfair in their game.

# Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1933.

### Linden Bark.

"The trees that have it in their pent-up buds  
To darken nature and be summer woods—  
Let them think twice before they use their powers  
To blot out and drink up and sweep away  
Those flowery waters and these watery flowers  
From snow that melted only yesterday."

Robert Frost.

### Jefferson's Secret of Success—Industry

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), third president of United States, whose anniversary occurs next Thursday, was born on April 13, 1743, at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia. He went to William and Mary College at Williamsburg, and remained a very able student throughout his life, being qualified to associate with many scholars both American and foreign. Jefferson was an expert violinist, a good singer and dancer, proficient in outdoor sports, and an excellent horseman. Thoroughbred horses were always to him a necessary luxury. He never used tobacco, never played cards, never gambled, and was never party to a personal quarrel.

Soon after he left college, he entered Wythe's law office and was admitted to the bar in 1767. To his early collecting zeal Virginia owes the preservation of a large part of her early statutes and of such of her Colonial reports as still survive. He left the law practice with a poor opinion of lawyers—"whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour." Industry and scholarship were the secrets of his success. Because he wished to reform certain law abuses, he turned to politics in 1774.

His public life was begun as a justice of peace. Then he became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1769. He entered the Continental Congress in 1775. He was a dominant character yet it is said he never made a speech. He hated debate and believed that man was never convinced by argument but only by reflection, through reading or non-provocative conversation. Because of his quiet, frank, prompt decisive manner he was a valuable member on committees.

In 1779 he became Governor of Virginia, after which term he refused to be renominated and was again sent to the senate. From 1784 to 1789 he was the foreign minister to France where he won many trade concessions and proved himself a valuable representative of the United States.

He was not an atheist but a sincere deist. He was deeply reverent and considered religion a personal issue not to be discussed. Today he would be a Unitarian or a member of an ethical cultural society.

When he returned to America, George Washington made him Secretary of State to the new Federal Government. Because of his inability to "get along" with Hamilton he repeatedly attempted to resign but not until December 31, 1793, was he allowed to do so. He became vice-president to John Adams in 1796, and was twice elected president in 1800 and again in 1804.

Complex as was his life in interests and incidents, it can be summed up in a single word: freedom—freedom in creed, government, thought and hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man.

He died on July 4, 1826, the 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. On his tomb is the epitaph: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statue of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia."

Without a doubt he was one of the greatest men of all times and might be a good example for all to follow. In his life was nothing but straight-forward, above-board conduct which is much admired in all men. He was truly a great man and a great American.

### Baseball and All Its Advantages

Baseball is the great American national game. With apologies to Scott, "Show me the man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, 'I'll bet I could make a much better pitcher than that fellow.'"

Baseball has the undeniable ability to inflate one's ego to the point that one would wonder at the heights man is able to achieve. Practically every man, woman, or child watching a baseball game is filled with admiration for the players, but at the same time they are sure of their own ability as a player to outdo the masters of the game at any speed. After particularly inspiring games, Father comes home and pitches balls to his young son with all intents and purposes of making a professional player of him. Mother generally sits on the porch making caustic remarks, helpful and otherwise (mostly otherwise) to help the game along. Sonny eventually becomes so tired with all the technique that is sought to be drilled into his head that he goes off to play real "Ball" with the bunch. Mother and Father are confident that their son will be a master of the game.

Father declares that he never would have been able to keep his youthful figure had it not been for the fact that he has always kept up his baseball practice. He tells glowing tales of the days on the home town team and proves that he is still in good practice by pitching a marvelous ball. Never mind the fact that it is at least two feet off aim.

Football has never been able to do this for the American public. In the first place, the game is entirely too brutal. And then again, who wants to

## Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Terhune, Miss Blackwell, Mrs. Le Master and Mrs. Wenger attended the brilliant concert given by Lily Pons last Wednesday night.

### Kappa Pi Enjoys Art Trip

Members of Kappa Pi, art fraternity, enjoyed an interesting morning in the city on Saturday, April 8. The principal object of the trip was to visit the points of art interest. They visited the Church of St. Michael and St. George, the Jewel Box at Forest Park, the Jefferson Memorial, the New Cathedral, Second Presbyterian Church, St. Xavier's Church, Christ Church Cathedral, Noonan and Kocian Galleries, the paintings by St. Louis artists at the Mayfair Hotel, Old Court House, and the Old Cathedral. In the middle of this day of much taxi journeying up and down the streets of St. Louis, the girls enjoyed a lovely luncheon at the Park Plaza Hotel.

The party was conducted by Dr. Linnenman who was assisted by the officers, Melba Garrett, president; Arametha McFadden, vice-president; and Geraldine Hamblin, secretary-treasurer. Others in the party who are members or pledges of Kappa Pi, were Anita Crites, Louise Alwell, Elaine Slothower, Constance Venable, Verl Schamberg, Louise Snyder, and Isabel Orr.

Delta Phi Delta met April 4, Tuesday, at 5 o'clock in the Irwin Theory Room. Most of the hour was spent practicing on harmonicas. Plans for the spring dinner were discussed.

freeze to death watching a game of ball of any kind? That is where baseball has a decided advantage. It comes in the summer time when no one need suffer from effects of the weather, unless it might be a sun stroke and you're just as liable to get a sun stroke walking along the side walk as at a baseball game. So why not have it at the game to add to the excitement.

Then there is always the item of food. At a baseball game, one can consume great quantities of pop and any number of hot dogs and eskimo pies. They always taste much better at a game than any place else.

There is no doubt of the fact that baseball has many advantages over every other sport of the day. It is not only helpful to a certain group of men as a means of livelihood, but it is of indisputed worth to several other groups or individuals, even providing the hatworkers with employment, since spectators are so often prone to tear up a perfectly good straw hat in a moment of extreme excitement.

Then the fact occurs, too, that people are given an opportunity to work off all their excess pep and enthusiasm at the game instead of saving it and giving vent to it at a moment when it might not be so advantageous and when they might be looked upon as a little queer.

It is easy to see how baseball got the "moniker" of America's National Game. Long may it live.

### The True Meaning of Easter

"He is Risen". These are the words which the angel announced to the women coming to the sepulchre. What did it mean? It simply meant that His words, "and in three days I shall rebuild it", were carried out to the fullest extent, and that now in a glorified state Our Lord would appear to us, after having atoned for our sins by dying upon the Cross. Shouldn't it then be one of the happiest days of the year, the Resurrection of Our Lord?

But how often does this fact come to us that Easter is the day on which we should rejoice in our redemption? How many other ideas does Easter call to our mind? When we were children Easter held the idea of the Bunny Rabbit coming to lay the colored eggs. Days ahead the nests were accurately made in every corner of the garden, and eagerly watched over until Easter morning when wide-eyed we hunted for the eggs, after finding the baskets in the nests filled with candy rabbits and eggs. But can't we remember the one Easter morning when a real bunny rabbit greeted us on the doorstep?

When we have reached High School, Easter was looked to ahead, as a time when Mother made us wear a new outfit, in which we felt quite self-conscious. It meant a few days of vacation which were spent in taking glorious hikes and many games of tennis. But most of all it reminded us that in a month or so summer vacation would begin, what a grand feeling.

By the time we attend College, Easter holds a world for dreams for us. Beautiful new frocks, a formal, darling hats and shoes in the spring shades! some heavenly parties and dances; a few days of relaxation, and a time to meet old friends. But first of all comes the thought of Our Lord that he on this day nineteen hundred years ago rose glorious and immortal, as the Redeemer of Mankind.

Let everyone of us look ahead to this Easter with an entirely different attitude from past years, not as just vacation time with loads of parties, but as an Easter in which we should glorify Our Lord, who rose as the Redeemer of man on this day.

### Sigma Tau Delta Discusses Bernard Shaw

At the meeting of Sigma Tau Delta, National English fraternity, April 5, in the college club room the life and works of Bernard Shaw were discussed. Winifred Diehl read clippings from various papers and magazines on the recent visit of Mr. Shaw to the United States which causes one to recall that he said he saw only rocks and Americans on the Pacific coast. Ruth Cooper reviewed a biography of this seventy-eight-year old playwright.

Ella McAdow, the president, called on different ones present for a report on the plays they had seen or read. Miss Parker led the discussion in telling of the plays that she had seen dramatized in this country and abroad. Miss Dawson also told of seeing Shaw's latest play, "Too True to Be Good", at the Mauvern Festival. Chocolate cake and whipped cream and tea were served.

### Tea Given for Art Society

Dr. Alice Linnenman honored the members and pledges of Kappa Pi, national art fraternity, with a tea in the college club room, Thursday afternoon, April 5.

Dr. Roemer, Dr. Schaper, Miss Cook, Mrs. Belding, Miss Waye, Verl Schaumburg, Anita Crites, Geraldine Hamblin, Isabelle Orr, Melba Garrett, Elaine Slothower, Louise Snyder, Louise Alewel, and Constance Venable were among those present. Various fields of art were discussed and delightful refreshments of brick ice cream, angel food cake, tea cakes, mints and nuts were served.

Read the Linden Bark.

LINDENWOOD POETS IN  
COLLEGE VERSE

By Theo Frances Hull

In the March number of COLLEGE VERSE the Lindenwood chapter is ably represented by Margaret Jean Wilhoit and Julia Ferguson.

Margaret Jean's contribution is a dramatic monologue, "A Washer-woman Upon Death." Those who heard her read this monologue at a meeting of the Poetry Society last spring felt that it should bring the recognition that was accorded it this month. Margaret Jean was a valuable member of the Club while she was a student at Lindenwood. The recipient of last year's Senior Fellowship, she is now doing graduate work at the University of Illinois.

Julia Ferguson wrote an able criticism of the January number of *College Verse*. Catherine Marsh, a former Lindenwood student, had a sonnet in that issue. Julia said of it, ".....The poem by Catherine Marsh contains lovely bits of imagery." Julia herself is a poet as well as a critic. Her poems have unusual impressions and are not simply imagery. Her latest cycle was read and approved at the last meeting of the Poetry Club on the campus.

Lindenwood feels honored that three members of the Lindenwood chapter have had their work published. They represent not only the best work of the local chapter but also show that they are among the superior contributions from all of the clubs. The members give their manuscripts to the student editor who sends the best poems from her group to National Headquarters, and from all of those contributed the ones for publication in COLLEGE VERSE are selected by the editor, Miss Edna Lou Walton.

The College Poetry Society is a national organization having chapters in most of the larger colleges and universities. It has for its objectives the creation and appreciation of poetry. Among the well-known poets who sponsor the society are Margery Mansfield, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert Frost, Harriet Monroe, John G. Neihardt, and Carl Sandburg.

## CASTLE BY MOONLIGHT

By Nancy Culbertson

A hand unknown by peasant's tale  
Did slow unfold a dark blue veil  
That seemed to stop all men's tra-  
vail,

And wrapped in sweet repose  
All tenants of the earth and air.  
The misty veils disclosed a fair  
And saffron moon to share  
That path that upward goes;  
The way winds rugged and is deep  
Between two jagged walls, and steep  
It ventures up the rise.

Then denser is the larch and fir,  
The heath and fern, yet not a stir  
Comes from the mountain wise;  
And on its granite top is coiled  
A castle, like a crown despoiled.

The castle in the pale moonlight  
Seems but a spectral thing of night;  
Its shafted oriels shimmer white  
Like monstrous eyes that gaze  
Forever at the plain below;  
And on the shattered arches flow  
Strange shadows pale that pause to  
glow

And frame a buttress' maze;  
The turrets in fantastic pride  
With ivy and moss covered side  
Seem wreathed in ivory;  
The finely sculptured archways  
proud

Lie broken, and the green vines  
shroud  
A crumbling balcony:  
When silver tips the imagery  
There lies the castle's mystery.

## THE FLYING CARPET

A Book Review

By Lois Gene Sheetz

Mr. Richard Halliburton appeared recently in St. Louis, acting in the capacity of press agent and "barker" for the famous and remarkable person, Richard Halliburton, globe-trotter and magician extraordinary, who can pull a volcano from one pocket, or a Taj Mahal from his cap, and can swim the Panama Canal in the batting of an eye. And from all that can be learned, Mr. Halliburton, by merely signing his name, proved most successful in causing people to buy a large number of his books.

Perhaps it is unfair to attempt an ordinary criticism of a Halliburton book. It is evident that Richard Halliburton does not aim at the production of any gem of mental and literary opulence: he has a good story to tell and he tells it. He brings adventure into colorless lives and satisfies the suppressed desires of a good many of us, and that is his entire contribution to life. Nevertheless, any author who receives two dollars and a half for each copy of his book, and who sells the number of copies each year that he does, deserves serious attention. He lays himself open to criticism.

*The Flying Carpet*, the subject of this review, is the latest offering of Richard Halliburton. In it, we find Mr. Halliburton with his friend Maye Stephens sailing through the world in a gold and red biplane. They visit Oimbustoo, Sidi-Belabbes, the Matterhorn, Venice, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Bagdad, Mt. Everest, Singapore, Borneo and Manila, to mention only the memorable stops. They live with the Foreign Legion, hobnob with princes and princesses, swim the Grand Canal in Venice, and consort with Dyak head-hunters. Never was a round-the-world cruise more romantic and exciting.

From the educational standpoint, *The Flying Carpet* is eminently satisfactory. Undoubtedly it will be on the required reading list for high school seniors next year. The city of Petra with its wonderfully carved mausoleum is described in detail, and good pictures of Mt. Everest and Jerusalem are given. Also the route of the conquering Alexander is traced.

The maps in the front and back of the book are high lights. Don't fail to read them. Halliburton humor was never more clever than in devising these maps.

Particularly interesting to me were the people Halliburton and Stephens met. Somehow they ring true. The astonishing Panee Sylvia of Seraivak and the history of her country fascinated me beyond measure. And no less remarkable were her subjects—a half-million headhunters!

We must realize that Richard Halliburton is no longer a baby. He has become a man. He has lost a great deal of that youthful gait and eagerness that made *The Royal Road to Romance* the delightful thing that it is. He is a different person from the man that wrote *The Glorious Adventure* and *New Worlds to Conquer*. Final proof of his "growing up" lies in the fact that he was in jail only twice during his last trip. But fortunately, in place of that boyish naivete has come a certain praise and maturity that is even more charming.

Unfortunately, his style, always somewhat reminiscent of that of a college freshman, remains its own scintillating, overwhelming self. But, as Mr. Halliburton himself declares, he is determined to get his money's worth out of the expensive college education he received.

Some evening, if you are bored,

read *The Flying Carpet*. You will find no profound philosophy expounded and will meet with no comrad-like description, but you will be amused and enthralled. And you will probably resolve to make a round-the-world trip yourself—next year.

## MY GRANDMOTHER

By Carol George

I think I shall never again experience that queer sinking feeling that came to me when I read the words, "Your grandmother passed away at midnight." I suppose the chief reason why I cannot quite comprehend that she is gone is that I have never had any contact with Death. That grim personage has always been in the background. Of course, I have always known that some day he would present himself but I had never thought of his stalking into our midst unannounced.

Until I was twelve, she was merely Grandmother, my mother's mother, nothing more or less. Then, suddenly she turned into a distinct personage. The change came when my mother became seriously ill. A small child has no conception of what a Mother means. I was just beginning to realize that, when she left us. Grandmother came and took me away to her big home. She let me do unheard of things, such as wind the little black walnut jewel box and listen to it chime off its songs, and play the old German music box which had never been played before except on Christmas morning. She even let me slide down the front bannister, while before, my sliding had been strictly limited to the back stairway. But in those long weeks, I couldn't forget my mother. Though very young, I could notice a certain tension in the atmosphere. Grandmother would wait for the postman each morning; then as she finished reading the letter which was sure to come, she would fold and replace it in the envelope unconsciously, as she shook her head slowly. When I would ask how Mother was, she would hesitate only a moment, then, with a smile which never lighted her blue eyes, say that it would not be long before I would be home again and Mother would be well. I tried to believe it but, somehow, the words didn't sound true. The same thing happened each day until one morning I thought I could hear it no longer. I begged her to tell me the truth. After a few minutes, Grandmother told me God might call Mother any time. That minute a certain comradeship started between us. As we clung to each other, crying, we were not a seventy-five-year-old woman and a twelve-year-old child; we were two people praying that God wouldn't take her oldest child and my mother from us.

Weeks and months passed. Grandmother and I became close friends. She was almost like a mother, but still there was that longing for my own dear mother. At the end of the year suddenly the doctors wrote that she was showing every sign of complete recovery, how happy we were! In six weeks I went home. Although I could hardly wait until I saw Mother, I truly disliked leaving the sweet old lady who had been more than kind to the little girl.

And now she has left us. I still cannot realize that I shall never see her again. Yet, underneath this feeling, is the realization that it is really true. Death came to her peacefully with no warning. Her heart failed as she was sleeping. She did not dread its coming. After all, Death is tragic only to those who are left behind mourning the loss of their loved ones.

## LIGHTS

Julia Ferguson

Car lights,  
Hard, blue, steel points;  
Galaxies of earth lights,  
Racing with each other and the  
night.

High white plane lights,  
Man-made constellations;  
Rivaling the Pleades;  
Humming proudly, solitary.

Pale mist signal shafts  
Flashing anxiously and restless,  
Guardians of the night planes—  
Worried.

Soft, new moonlight,  
Ancient, opalescent moonlight,  
Coral clay the wind has molded  
Into horned moon form.

## THE HORROR RIDE

By Evelyn Brown

The darkness floated around us—it was like dirty, heavy smoke billowing out of a large, red-hot oven. The stifling heat rushed by us in waves, ever increasing as we rambled on in our mad ride. The small car rattled over an eruption in the tracks and then swooped down with a racking, swaying motion; then we stopped. To the left, on a scaffold, dangled a long, disjointed skeleton with eyes that glowed like white embers. This gruesome spectacle was illuminated in the dense, misty blackness only by the strange hazy glow that the glaring eyes emitted. The arms and legs moved slightly with a stealthy rustling sound. Then we heard a hissing and snapping to our right. As soon as our eyes could penetrate the thick gloom, a bright red flame became visible—it came from a deeply dug pit. Red smoke curled leisurely out of the hole, and during the intervals when the red clouds were not belching forth, a snake with a flat-headed head swayed to and fro in the abyss, his forked tongue darting out with the rapidity of a machine-worked needle. A jerking movement, and we were off again on our unknown journey. Our eyes were becoming accustomed to the gloom and not far ahead we could see a bright shaft of light. The running of our motor became more smooth, and we reached brightness—doors crashed open and we were swung around a dizzy curve into the refreshing water.

ROOM AS SEEN BY  
A FURNITURE DEALER

By June D. Goethe

"Well, I may concede four dollars." The furniture dealer swayed on his heels, his hands in his pockets, as he surveyed the musty and well-worn articles. The faded carpet demanded that the table, chairs, and bureau stand in just those places or else reveal thread-bare patches. Sunshine only ventured in dusty veins through stained-glass windows.

The bent, tired figure in a nearby rocker remembered the mark of wealth which had one time accompanied that colored glass. Pride blinded his vision, and the sharp comments of the dealer voiced a very different sentiment.

"Give you three and a half for the mahogany cabinet. That's charity." A sweeping glance at the plush sofa whose nap was creased in the most popular spots, at the erect old clock whose weary pendulum had long ago sought rest. The speaker bit the end of his cigar.

The rocker tilted as its occupant sank back. Two arms dropped dejectedly. There was only a wince from the stooped form.

## GRAY AND GLORY

By Eleanor Hibbard

I had to hurry, yet I just couldn't. My feet slipped backward on the rolling, shaley ground. Behind me ran a tiny avalanche of gray clods, ending in a cloud of dust at the bottom of the steep slope. I stopped for a minute, bracing myself against the wind which whirled around the hills, and kept throwing clouds of gray dust into my eyes. Again I struggled up, my knees getting weaker, my throat stinging more with each gasp of cold wind that went down, and my scarf flying around in an attempt to blind me at each step. In the final struggle I used my hands also and reached the top of the long hill. I immediately sat down on the hard ground, as standing would have been impossible, and looked. I knew the strong wind blowing all day and the sky clearing in the afternoon would promise something. And it did. Rolling clouds, coming up from behind black, black mountains, were all flame red. Smaller clouds flying along the horizon were bright orange, and far above everything faded to pale pink. The wind blew about me unheeded, and my scarf became lodged in a neighboring sagebrush, adding its bit of orange to the scene. Slowly the flaming colors turned to a deep velvet red, then into a wine, and faded into black. The flying orange clouds became pink and lavender. Then only a pale pink flush, which soon turned to pale yellow, white, and gray, lighted the west. Black billowing clouds came up over black mountains—streaks of gray fled over the horizon, and a dull gray was overhead.

I came to with a start and shiver. A bleak wind was blowing around me, and I quickly dislocated my scarf from the bush. Starting down the slippery hill, I slid into the gathering darkness below.

## SUMMER PLAYGROUND

By Helen Thomas

The front lawn sloped almost half a block down to the sidewalk; and then came the parking, level, green, and shaded. Next to the street where there should have been a curb, the parking dropped sheer for nearly two feet, forming the "bank". Below, white clover grew out into the gravel because the street was wide and little used. When the sun heated the sidewalk until it hurt bare feet, and scorched the grass in the yard until it turned brown and harsh, the tall hackberry trees kept the grass cool and green down at the "bank". Here we played most of the time, but I cannot remember any games. Sometimes we spent long hours out in the street searching in the yellow gravel for pretty stones that we hoarded in tin cans after washing and polishing them carefully. Sometimes we drew pictures on the sidewalk with a strange collection of clumsy stones, pieces of brick, and scraps of chalk, precious for the different colored marks they would make. When the clover bloomed, we made chains a block long, tying the stem of each flower under the chin of the next. We lay on the ground pulling stems of blue grass and biting off the tender white ends of the blades. We chased swarms of yellow butterflies and tiny blue moths, carefully avoiding bumblebees. In the fall we chewed the tasteless purple blackberries that dropped from above and had to be hunted in the grass. A little later we went along the sidewalk crushing the dried berries under our heels to hear them crack. By that time school had started and we didn't play down at the "bank" any more.

## THOUGHTS ON OUR LIBRARY

By Ruth Cooper

Our library is, to many students, one of the favorite spots on the campus. The popularity is due to various causes. Perhaps the appeal to one girl is in the splendor and beauty of the architecture alone; to another the selection of books and magazines means most. The quiet is enjoyed by many, in contrast to the noise of the dormitory; others like the congeniality of studying with friends in a companionable way. As for myself, I like to add still another reason to this list. In line with the others, it may seem slight and even silly to anyone else, but it is very real to me.

Throughout my four high school years I chummed with one girl. We were typical chums, always together, liking and doing the same things. She, however, was an artist; I was not, though a very interested spectator. One of her cover designs which was fascinating to me pictured a princess of the Middle Ages dressed in long flowing robes and a veil falling from peaked cap, and seated in a great vaulted hall, brightened by long windows. Strangely enough, the lady was weaving at a loom, while a page watched, close by. The ceiling beams and arches, over which my chum worked so long, resemble, in my mind, those of our library. In fact, that whole hall was very similar to our reading room. Often, then, when I first walk into the library and look around, I can see that Moyen lady at her loom, against the background of the library walls and high ceiling. Of course, I think of my friend, how much she would enjoy the building, and how she would smile at my remembrance of her design. So, in a rather indirect way she becomes connected with the library, adding to my pleasure in hours spent there.

Last Christmas I told my chum about the idea which comes to me so often. She laughed, so did my family. But, try as I may to push out the notion, it is still one of the many reasons for my love of our library.

## POEM

By Elizabeth Ann Combs

Always  
Past bric-a-brac in the corner  
Over tea-things on a table  
Past red books on a shelf,  
To your face  
My eyes will go.  
If your smile is onesided,  
I'll wait.  
Or if your eyes frown  
I'll pause  
Until there's a twinkle  
That skips to me.

## THE LADY NEXT DOOR

By Betty Sterling

Looking out of the kitchen window I could see the thin little form of the lady next door, hanging out her huge Monday wash. There is something about this dear old woman which puzzles me a great deal, although she is about seventy years old, everytime I see her she is scrubbing the steps, or doing some other kind of hard labor. The other day I met her coming home from the grocery store. Knotty knuckles bulged on her slim, blue-veined hands from the weight of the heavy basket she was carrying. A wan smile spread over her tiny oval-shaped face when she nodded a brief greeting to me. As I turned and watched her pathetic figure trudge on down the street, looking like a little bent twig swathed in her brown knit shawl, I wondered just what thoughts might be going on behind that sweet, but drawn, pale face.

## MY FEUDAL CASTLE

By Mary Louise Wood

I climbed the wobbly ladder to the topmost bent of the hay loft. There, I became lord of my feudal castle—a castle built among great mounds of new-mown, clover-scented hay. I took a magazine from a wooden box, my treasure chest, which was well hidden from sight in a corner, and threw myself into a comfortable hollow to read. The door at the back of the barn being open, a cool breeze puffed in upon me, drying the damp strands of hair about my face. What luxuries my palace afforded me; for well I knew that all the ordinary inhabitants of the region were sweltering from the heat of the scorching sun.

A snow-white pigeon flew into the dove cote fastened high up on the wall. For several minutes I heard a low, soft cooing, and then the pigeon's mate, a shy, pearly-grey little creature, appeared on the perch before the opening. She hesitated a moment, looking back anxiously, and fluttered away to get a drink from the horse trough near the pump house.

Our black cat landed with a muffled thud as she clambered over the edge from the bent below. Following close behind came her two fat, roly-poly kittens. Hidden by the hay, I watched their antics unobserved. They tumbled about to their heart's content while their mother lazily watched them out of one eye from where she had stretched herself for a nap. A sudden clucking from some unseen place brought the fun to a stop and sent the frightened kittens out of sight. That familiar sound aroused my curiosity, and so, hunting about, I found half-covered by hay one of mother's hens (the rascal) and fifteen large brown eggs. Every year she had hidden her nest away, causing us a great deal of anxiety as to her whereabouts until she emerged with her fluffy yellow brood. Well, this year her hiding place was no longer a secret. Mother would be glad to know that. As I viewed this scene Mrs. Rooster strutted about in a very distracted and agitated manner. She might just as well have cooled her feathers, for I had no intention of harming her most prized possessions.

From the door I surveyed my vast domain—green oceans of swaying corn, fields of ripening wheat, soybeans, clover, and pastures in which black and white Holstein cows were grazing. Yes, I should be satisfied: my estate was more than prospering. Replacing my magazine and burying the box again, I unwound the rope from where it was coiled on the hay in the shape of an old-fashioned thatched bee hive, and shinnied down to the barn floor as well as even my brother could have done.

## "LISTEN, MRS. MIGINNIS"

By Camilla Haskins

"Well, when I read that item, Mrs. Miginnis, I just knew that was another of Bee's big ideas, so I walked right over to Henley's and up and asked Mary what it was all about. Mary's worked there for nearly twenty years; so she told me. Of course this is very private and I said I wouldn't tell it, but I know you'd never breathe a word of it, Mrs. Miginnis.

"You see Bee's in a poetry class or club up there at the University. She's been writing some awfully good pieces, her mother says, and some of them even get printed. But her last piece wasn't so good. Her teacher said she needed fresh material, inspiration. Now don't that sound funny? You'd think a girl as smart as Bee

could write without inspiration, as they call it. But seems as if she just couldn't. So Bee went home worrying over it and then she got this idea and quick as scat she up and carried it out.

"You see she thought if she come home real sudden and in a different way, maybe on the trip she'd get an idea and get to see her folks too. Now listen, without even a bag Bee went out on the street and started hailing cars. She finally got one, a milk wagon, Mrs. Miginnis. One of those big ones that runs between here and the city. But the terrible part was that it was in the evening, in all that dust, in a milk truck without even an extra blouse.

"And Bee thinks it's quite all right and went down to the newspaper office to see the girls and they put it in the daily. She says she's going back on the train tomorrow but Mary says she ain't (that very confidentially to me). She knows she's going back the same way. Now, Mrs. Miginnis, I ask you, what do you suppose college is doing to our young folks? Inspiration—and for a smart girl like that Beatrice Henley!"

## LADY

By Eleanor Mac Kenzie

I used to wonder whether my hand would find real flesh if I should very suddenly touch her—she seemed to be so much of another age. She was a fragile old lady with a bow of black ribbon at her throat and crisp dresses that rustled as dresses used to rustle down the hallways of old southern mansions. About her there was always the elusive scent of lavender as if she herself had been lovingly sprinkled with the petals and laid away with the family linens and great-grandmother's wedding dress, and had only stepped out for a moment to see how the world was getting on.

## SEEN FROM A TOWER

By Dorothy DuQuoin

Rain tumbled monotonously, making a haze over the world below me. The water slid from the bank above which was the garden, to the bank where the house stood, and on down another hill to the street. From my position in the tower, very private and dry—almost stranded—a dripping landscape confronted me. Mellow golden butter-and-eggs drooped a bit wearily under their burden of rain drops. A myrtle vine, spreading luxuriously over the slope of the bank, glistened in the moisture. Tiger lilies swayed heavily. Great trees, their trunks overpowering in diameter, bowed in solemn dignity, their round tops slanting. None of the glorious birds of early morning—the brilliant red bird, his dainty, cinnamon-tinted mate, nor the demanding jay, usually a splash of color in the dew—were about. I felt positive my pet squirrel would wait until the world regained its normality to come for his daily meal, eaten from my hand. I was safe and lazy in my tower, and suddenly moved, inspired as I had never been before to write a poem! I pecked away inexpertly on a typewriter, telling of universal dampness and an unsteady horse's hoofs clambering down the hill. The only renown that poem received was a snort from those who discovered it. Little did I care. It had been necessary that I vent my feelings somehow, as I always had to do after a stay at Grandmother's, where emotions had their birth and connections became anchored.

Read the Linden Bark.