

LINDEN BARK

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Jane Bagnell Crowned Lindenwood's Queen of May

News from the Dean's Office

Part of this week Dr. Gipson is spending in Minneapolis at the National Meeting of the American Association of University Women.

Material for the Commencement programs is being gathered and goes to the printer's office this week.

All students interested in service scholarships may fill in the blanks which can be obtained in the Dean's Office.

Oratory Recital

Much Enjoyed

At the oratory recital held May 4 in 11:00 o'clock chapel Mary Jo Davis read Babbette Hughes' "Please Do Not Pick the Flowers." This number is a delightful story of the love of Jack and Mary Anne, who have been sweethearts for sometime, but since Jack has been away at school he thinks he has fallen in love with another girl and Mary Anne also has found someone new. Mrs. Downey, a friendly talkative person, was picking flowers in the park despite the signs—Please Do Not Pick the Flowers. Jack was waiting for his sweetheart and Mrs. Downey could not help but talk to him. Of course, there was a quarrel and a reconciliation. Mary Jo Davis gave us a delightful portrayal of the three characters, particularly of that of Mrs. Downey.

Virginia Sodemann read "Betty Entertains the Encyclopedia Salesman" by Penelope Dickerson. Betty is a small girl of few years who mistakes the Encyclopedia Salesman for the man who sold them a new radio. Of course like most children she told him all of the family secrets before her mother came to greet the man, and was much surprised to see him leaving in a hurry when her mother appeared. Virginia gave a delightful interpretation of a little girl.

Anna-Marie Balsiger read G. B. Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband." This piece is a very humorous and fast moving comedy scene. The young man, Henry, a poet, has fallen in love with another man's wife and has written many poems to her. Her sister-in-law has found the poems and shown them to her husband, who will probably make a big fuss about it. When Henry promises Aurora he will deny having written the poems for her, everything seems to be all right, but when the husband is indignant because the poems have not been written for her, everything seems all wrong. After much commotion the thing is settled with the poems to be published for Aurora by her husband under the title "How He Lied To Her Husband." This clever number was truly well done.

Rev. J. C. Inglis In Sunday Vespers

Rev. John C. Inglis spoke at the Vesper service, Sunday, May 7. He took as the theme of his sermon The Art of Letting Go, from the story of Lot's wife turning to a pillar of salt because she turned to look back at the city she was leaving. Rev. Mr. Inglis said:

"We are filled with the idea of looking back. It is for this reason that the story stands for us today, a tremendous lesson. Lot's wife's attitude of living in the past is typical of each of us. She wanted to live back there and did not dare to go forward into the future. The art of letting go is one of the biggest factors in our life today. We become firmly rooted in the idealism of the past, so that when a change is offered we hesitate—and decisions then are often futile. We retrace our decisions of yesterday trying to work out new causes for our movements. Today, perhaps as never before, the ability of looking forward calls us into a realm where we must burn the bridges as we go without looking behind. We must have an eye not only for opportunities but for setting aside unsettled questions.

"Life is not a successive lot of compartments. The great thing is to take the rich experience of yesterday and fill our lives today. Religion is the light which looks ahead and guards our steps. It establishes faith and hope in the mind and gives it strength to move. The consciousness of God controls us in our backward look, in which the things of the past are brought up into our minds. We are each destined to move forward. If we start something new, we feel there must always be a retreat, or mental reservation, into the past. So when we make this move, let us move forward in a new era of our lives."

Foreign Missions Executive Speaks To Y. W. C. A.

Dr. James Detweiler, regional secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, spoke to the Y.W.C.A. assembly Wednesday evening, May 10. Dr. Detweiler was in Japan for several years and knows the conditions there extremely well.

He presented a most informal address to his audience, and by that method, succeeded in rousing in them the spark of introspection and earnest spiritual contemplation, which is most appreciated in one's life at this time.

At present, his headquarters are in St. Louis, though he is to leave shortly for Chicago to make his residence there. He is a leader and speaker in demand for Young People's Conference.

Junior Music Recital

Frances McPherson and Kathryn Eggen Give Program.

The Junior music recital given in Roemer Auditorium, Tuesday, May 9, at four forty-five P. M. was received with immense applause by the large audience. Kathryn Eggen, violinist, was attired in white with a three-quarter length coat; Frances McPherson, pianist, wore a becoming tan dress trimmed with brown; and Thelma Harpe, accompanist, wore a turquoise chiffon dress.

The first part of the program consisted of two numbers by Kathryn Eggen, accompanied by Thelma Harpe; "Sonata, D Minor" by Veracini was followed by the delightful "Gavotte" of Bach-Kreisler. Frances McPherson played as her first piano selection, "Prelude and Fugue, F Minor" by Bach, continuing with a lively number, "Capriccio", by Brahms. This part of the program was concluded with a forceful selection by Frances McPherson, "Sonata, B Flat Minor", by Chopin.

Kathryn Eggen and Thelma Harpe continued with a fascinating number, "Andantino", by Martini-Kreisler; and "Pickaninnies", a delightful selection by Burleigh. The soft melodious strains of the "Lullaby for a Modern Baby" by Delius were pleasing. "Fantasie Appassionata" by Vieuxtemps concluded the violin selections of the program.

Two etudes, "Etude No. 15, F Major" and "Etude No. 7, C Major", were exquisitely played by Frances McPherson, followed by the slow, expressive number, "The Girl With the Flaxen Hair," by Debussy. A delightful vivacious selection, "Allegro Appassionata", by Saint-Saens concluded the program, which was presented beautifully by the students.

Mr. Motley Announces New Enrollment Reward

All ye, whose purses are thin and scarce of filling for the lovely leather, here is your chance. Mr. Motley announces that he will, through the school, give away absolutely free all of twenty dollars to every girl who actually gets some other girl to join our happy family next year. Get out and sell your friends on the good points of Lindenwood and absolutely insist that they sign on the dotted line. The advantage of all this will be that when you have sold one person on the idea and have rightfully claimed your reward, then you will gain power and pep and will be able to continue on the strength of your past success and so increase your monetary assets. Here's the way to make your summer enjoyable and profitable. Let's all get out to keep Mr. Motley busy the summer long.

Annual May Fete Witnessed by Large Crowd.

The annual May Fete proved to be one of the most beautiful in Lindenwood's history. Owing to the changeable and disagreeable weather that preceded the ceremony until noon, the occasion was all the more to be celebrated, for at three o'clock, when the two pages, Shirley Haas and Elizabeth Wheeler, dressed in black and white suits, heralded the coming of



JANE BAGNELL, May Queen

the Queen, the sun was at its best behavior and the stage of natural setting in front of Sibley was a sight of beauty. Immediately following the pages were the four graceful flower girls, Lois Gene Sheetz, Evelyn Polski, Jane Tobin, and Grace Ritter, members of the Junior class, who prepared the path for the May Queen by scattering rose petals from Sibley steps to the throne. The readers of the libretto, were Gretchen Hunker and Anna Marie Balsier, both attractively attired in yellow. The scepter bearer, little Lucette Stumberg and the crown bearer, Martha Jane Hardin, immediately preceded the Queen's attendants in the line of march.

The May Queen and her court presented a majestic picture, exemplifying all the charm and loveliness that are conducive to such superior ranks.

Sarah Louise Greer, president of the junior class, and Katherine Erwin, secretary of the class, were chosen as the representative junior attendants. They wore peach and blue sheer frocks, which were most becoming, and carried delicate bouquets of pink roses and blue larkspur. Elizabeth England and Martha Duffy,

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1933.

Linden Bark:

"Happy are men when they have learned to prize
The sure unvarnished virtue of their friends,
The unchanged kindness of a well-known face."
Christopher Morley, "To An Old Friend"

Mayday at Lindenwood

All Lindenwood paused the afternoon of May the fifth to pay homage to the Queen of May and her attendants. The Queen, Jane Bagnell, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bagnell of Elk Hill Farm, Nelson, Missouri. She is a true representative of the type of girl who comes to Lindenwood, and the sweetness and dignity of her manner and bearing are befitting a queen. Besides her personal charm she has become known on the campus for her executive ability. She has been the president of Y. W. C. A., League of Women Voters, and the Missouri Club. Other organizations of which she is a member are Pi Gamma Mu, the Social Science Club, the Home Ec. Club, and the Student Council. She was a Junior attendant at the court of 1931-'32, which was preparation for her position as this year's queen.

Margaret Ringer, of Pauls Valley, Oklahoma, a delightful brunette maid of honor, is also active on campus. She is the newly-elected president of Y. W. C. A., and she is a member of Pi Alpha Delta, Beta Pi Theta, Sigma Tau Delta, and Triangle.

The senior attendants, Elizabeth England and Martha Duffy, are valued members of their class. Elizabeth's home is in Kirkwood, Missouri, and Martha lives in Trenton, Missouri. Other activities in which Elizabeth is interested are the Triangle Club, League of Women Voters and International Relations Club. She is president of the Home Ec. Club, and served as maid of honor at last year's May Day festivities.

The junior attendants, Sarah Louise Greer, of Denison, Texas, and Katherine Erwin of Newport, Arkansas, represented their class very well. Sarah Louise is president of her class, chairman of the poetry Society, editor of the Linden Bark, and a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, and Sigma Tau Delta.

Katherine Erwin is secretary of her class, treasurer of League of Women Voters, and a member of the Home Ec. Club, Triangle, and International Relations Club.

Even the elements gathered to do her honor. The beauty of the Queen was in no manner outdone by the beauty of the day, her day of days. Never was there a more perfect afternoon than the day of the May Fete. The mere fact the morning had looked gloomy and depressing did not discourage the Juniors and Seniors. With the first rays of the sun they were anxious to have their May Fete out of doors, in front of Sibley as it rightly should be. And when the royal party marched down the petal-strewn way the sun came out to shine upon our Queen of love and beauty.

Every participant in the affair felt it her responsibility to do her best in her particular dance. Because of this there was perfect harmony in movement and rhythm in every dance. Certainly this was due to the fine training of the dancers by their respective teachers and most of all to the inspiration and splendid instruction given by Miss Stookey.

The cooperation of the members of the various classes who assisted in any way in the performance deserves especial commendation. The work of the orchestra, the sextette, and the violinists showed at its finest. Truly the success of the May Fete was due to a combination of the efforts of these talented upperclassmen.

But what added to the beauty and grandeur of the occasion was the loveliness of our gracious Queen and her royal party. Never has there been a May Fete so perfect in detail. Long may the spirit of the Court of the Class of '33 rule the land of Lindenwood.

Lindenwood Linguists Gain Honors

The Lindenwood girls are expected to say more than "Yes" in every language; indeed, their renown as linguists is widespread. The recent honor that came with Erna Karsten winning the scholarship to the summer school session of the Pennsylvania State College awarded by Beta Pi Theta, National French fraternity of which Erna is a member, reminds us of the previous honors that former French students have received. Upper classmen will remember Dorothy Winter and Margaret Jean Wilhoit were the recipients of awards and rings made by Beta Pi Theta in recognition of their work.

The Spanish students have accomplished wonders that the world knows or hears not of. In their "El Circulo Espanol" they learn Spanish songs and read Spanish plays. Lillian Nitcher, the President of the club, has studied in Wisconsin State Summer School as well as at Lindenwood. The German organization, has mysteries that are not mysteries at all to those who speak and understand German, but to passers-by,—well, it's just plain Greek in German dialect.

When speaking of the linguists, the English students can not be neglected, for who has won more recognition than they? Their talents have been proclaimed by the Poetry Society, by Sigma Tau Delta, national English fraternity, and many of their essays, sketches, and poems have been published

(Continued from page 1, Col. 4)

senior attendants, were in very lovely spring frocks of pink and blue lace. Their bouquets blended beautifully with their ensembles.

Next in the procession was Margaret Ringer, maid of honor, also of the junior class, who was very beautifully attired in orchid organdy. She carried a most effective bouquet of Tallsman roses.

After the court had assembled the Queen slowly made her triumphal entrance. She was gowned in white chiffon made on the Grecian lines with tiny puffed sleeves. The simplicity and delicacy of her dress was very appealing, and her bouquet of cream roses and lilies of the valley was appropriately selected and added to the beauty of her costume. The climax of the ceremony was reached when Jane Bagnell was crowned by the maid of honor as Queen of Lindenwood's court of love and beauty for the ensuing year.

The Garland Dance at the Coronation of the May Queen was danced by Seniors only. They waltzed to a position directly in front of their Queen, each couple forming an arch with their garlands as the remaining couple waltzed under the beautifully formed archway. Mary Ethel Burke, Annette Chapman, Dorris Elliott, Lillian Webb, Evelyn Knippenberg, Alice Rowland, Eutha Olds, Margaret Hoover, Arametha McFadden, Louise Warner, Erna Karsten, Margaret Ethel Moore, Melba Garrett, Maurine McClure, Harriette Gannaway, Mary Chowning, Agnes Kister and Helen Atwill presented this dance.

Those included in the colorful circle of the May pole dance were Maxine Namur, Kathryn Leibrock, Mildred Reed, Thelma Harpe, Elizabeth Vance, Lillian Nitcher, Maurine Davidson,

Virginia Keck, Agnes Bachman, Florence Schneider, Isabelle Wood, Marie Blaske, Evelyn Brougher, Ruth Giese, Eleanor Kriekhaus and Martha McCormick. The May Pole dance is presented every year as one of the most picturesque features of the festival.

The Country Gardens Dance, which was very colorful and graceful, was presented by members of the Junior class: Elizabeth Brown, Marion Carlson, Lucille Chappel, Mary Cowan, Helen Furst, Marietta Hansen, Betty Hart, Georgia Lee Hoffman, Isabci Orr, Madeline John, Emeline Lovelle, Alda Schierding, Martha Pearl, courtseyed for her majesty, the queen. In this colorful group were Theo carried colored parasols which they frisked about as they turned and courtseyed for her majesty, the queen.

In this colorful group were Theo Frances Hull, Marietta Newton, Jane Tobin, Alice Kube, Jacqueline McCullough, Evelyn Polski, Mary Ellen Springer, Rachel Snider, Lois Gene Sheetz, Helen Bloodworth, Grace Ritter, Nancy Watson, Margaret Blough, Betty Fair, and Ella McAdow.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, May 16—Organ Recital in Sibley Chapel at 4:45 by Audrey McAnulty.

Wednesday, May 17—Dance Recital by Tau Sigma in Roemer Auditorium at 7:30 p. m.

Thursday, May 18—Oratory Recital at 11.

Friday, May 19—Graduating Recital for B. M. Degree in Roemer Auditorium at 8:00 by Thelma Harpe.

Sunday, May 21—Vespers, Rev. A. J. Gearheard.

Monday, May 22—Alumnae and St. Louis College Club Luncheon at Lindenwood.

in the Rectangle, the monthly publication of Sigma Tau Delta. Several poems written by Lindenwood girls have been published in the anthologies of College Verse.

Language is recognized by all as the most useful tool, the most necessary asset, civilization possesses today. As well as being a tool, in the right hands it can be very beautiful and inspiring. On it depends three-fourths of the communication of the world today, and by it are three-fourths of all that is worthwhile preserved. So let "Ever Onward" be your motto, linguists, and strive all the harder to become efficient. Your field is not crowded, and that should mean a great deal in this day and age in which every field seems to be over-run with workers

Thoughts of a Senior Viewing the May Fete

I feel so awkward in this sort of dress. When one is used to wearing sport clothes it seems queer to be decked out in ruffles. Why don't we start? The sun is broiling my back and my hair will get sunburned if we don't get out of this glare. I suppose we're waiting on the Royal Party—the joys of being beautiful would be that to-day one would not have to get out and trip the light fantastic. But to endure the stare of a scrutinising audience, I believe I'd just as soon attempt to dance. We're starting now. Such a crowd of people! This is the last time that I will ever be in anything in this school, my last May Fete at Lindenwood. Time goes fast. I don't think we'll ever get down to the throne. I hadn't realized it was such a distance from Sibley Hall.

The Royal Party is approaching. They do look lovely. Every girl seems just the right one for her position of honor. Our Queen is crowned now and we must pay her homage. She smiled so graciously on us all, as if to say that she was happy because we were happy with her.

The dances begin. Things that at practices had seemed silly now seem lovely. Everyone is doing her best. Queer, but everyone looks both sad and happy. I guess that they're feeling what I'm feeling. Looking around the group I'm seeing girls I've been with constantly for four years and soon we'll leave perhaps to meet in some far distance year with a "hello. What are you doing now? And do you ever hear from so-and-so." Is four years to go with nothing more than this? They all look so grown up now. We were such kids in the fall of 1929. Now we're grown young women going out to face the world with the equipment of education and culture we have acquired in Lindenwood. Everything is so lovely on this campus. I want to look at it carefully so that when I'm tired and old I can think of the beauty of Lindenwood and so sleep soundly with visions of white pillared buildings banked by lovely spirea bushes.

It's time to march out. The Queen goes first. We follow after. There is the queerest catch in my throat. It's all gone now. Everyone is laughing and having such a grand time. I want to get home and take off this dress.

At dinner time I pass the grounds where the May Fete had been. Everything is cleared away and put out of sight, except the pale pink rose petals on the grass. How quickly we put away the tangible evidences of beauty. Only the dream of a lovely afternoon lives in our minds.

Sigma Tau Delta Freshman Medal Contest

Editor's Note: This year the contributions to the Sigma Tau Delta Freshman Medal Contest were so numerous, so rich, so varied, and so excellent that the judges had difficulty in making the awards. In order to keep within the space limits of the Supplement the editor has been obliged to publish only selected portions of the best entries. Several of the contributions omitted here will appear in the Linden Leaves; others in later issues of the Bark.

(Gold Medal)

BLUE ROSES

(From Clematis's Stories)
By Julia Ferguson

Etchel had no idea of where to look for Blue Roses. The weather was hot and lazy, and it would have been much more pleasant to have stayed in the cool caves at the Clematis than to go on this Quest, as Rene called it. She had said he might bring back violets if he just couldn't find the Roses, but that, of course, would be very Ungallant and spoil the story. So he was going to try as hard as he could.

First of all he must go and ask Whip the humming bird, for advice. Whip lived in a low nest in the old cherry stump that was easy to climb. Mrs. Whip was busy with the family now, who were just growing their clothes; so she sent Whip and Etchel out on the limb of the stump to talk. Etchel explained things to Whip, who flashed around nervously all the time—he can't sit still, you know, and he talks very fast.

"Blue Roses!" said Whip between flashes. "Never heard of them."

"But haven't you even heard of a Dragon who might be guarding some?" asked Etchel, a little disappointed.

"No dragons around here", Whip whirred busily. "Not since I've been here."

"Or anything that looks like one?"

And then Whip had a Thought. Once when he had been over in the Lilac Hedge after special food for Mrs. Whip, he had seen a Terrible Thing way down on the ground right in the middle of the Hedge. There must have been a secret passageway through it somewhere, but Whip hadn't stayed to find out. And he hadn't gone back since.

Since Whip could remember nothing more, Etchel set out for the Lilac Hedge to find what there was to be found. He didn't even know what the Thing looked like except that it was long and terrible. On the way over he decided to stop at the Locust and get a new sword.

Nada, the flycatcher, was in the top branches and, as usual she swooped down on Etchel thinking he was a bug. Her swoops bothered him a little—he wasn't afraid—but she should learn some day to look twice before she opened her beak that way. It wasn't pleasant to look down anyone's throat. She gladly broke off a thorn for Etchel when she recognized him and found out what he had come for. But of course she wanted to know why he needed a new sword and where he was going. He only told her that he was going on a Quest—Nada was such a gossip. He knew, though, that she would follow him and find out all about it and tell everyone anyway. She always did.

From the Locust it was only a short two days' journey to the east end of the Lilac Hedge. He stayed all night in the zinia patch because their leaves

made the best protection from the rain. Etchel did hate rain so. Especially big splashes of it. One drop of that kind drenched him from head to foot if it hit him right, and sometimes he had been knocked clear over by one.

But it didn't rain and the next day was hot as ever. He was afraid he would get over to the Hedge just at dark that day and have to sleep at the edge of it. That would be a dangerous thing to do, but there wasn't enough moon to explore by that night, so he could do nothing else. Luckily he found a whole family of fairies living very close to the Hedge and they said he might stay all night with them.

Pers was the father's name and Pika was the mother. The children were in bed when Etchel got there, but Pika said there were five of them—three boys and two girls—and they were all beautiful. Etchel said he was sure they were. They had a nice homey sort of cave with a fireplace on one side. Everything was clean and orderly. Pika's hair was turning gray with worry about the children. Pers said, but she looked very happy to Etchel. He would have liked to be one of her sons.

After the general conversation was over, Etchel asked Pers if there were any Blue Roses or Dragons around herfe. Pers hadn't heard of any, but there was a Monster in the middle of the Hedge. He never came out and no one but the birds had ever seen him, but they could hear him through the ground crawling and digging at night. He had never hurt anyone that they knew of.

That night it did rain, and Etchel was glad that he had a real cave to stay in. It rained hard all night long and when morning came it was still pouring. Everything was muggy and dripping. This was a bad day to begin exploring, but Etchel hated to waste a whole day so he started out. Pers had wanted to go with him but Etchel said it was his Quest and it wouldn't be proper to accept help. Pers told him where the entrance to the secret passage was. He and Pika used it when they went into the Hedge after a particular kind of herb for the children's medicine.

It was dark inside, he said. You couldn't see the sky, and the ground was hard with old leaves from all the season's past. Etchel thanked Pers and Pika in the morning and went off toward the passage entrance.

In the Hedge everything was dark and wet. The trunks of the Lilac plants were soaked black and the leaves on the ground sank as he stepped on them and sprang up when he moved on, as though he were walking on bedsprings. Muddy water seeped up in oozes and bubbles between the cracks of the leaves. Everything smelled hot.

Etchel walked on and on with his eyes open for any signs of the Monster. Suddenly he heard a rustle through the ground. He stopped. Over there to his left was a yellow-headed cut-worm wiggling toward him. Cut-worms always look fierce but Etchel had met them before and knew that they were cowards. He drew his sword and asked the thing who he was.

"I am one of the King's Guard," he said majestically raising his front end off the ground to make a brave impression. "Who are you?"

"I'm Etchel, and I would like to know who your king is," he said.

"He is King of the Hedge," said the cut-worm, "and he doesn't like

strangers."

Etchel thought for a while. Surely here was the Monster he was looking for; but if he was going to have a whole army of cut-worms, he would have to be careful about killing him. So being very cautious, he said.

"I am his friend. I have something very important to ask him."

The cut-worm came down from his heights and stared hard at Etchel for a minute. Then he humped away without a word.

Etchel walked on. He came to a place that was a little lighter where the leaves were thinner. The passage was much wider than before too. He stopped and looked around him. There were tangles of Lilac stems on all sides and above him like a bird cage. Then without any warning there was a loud rumble-grinding and a huge head appeared in front of him, staring with curious eyes. It was a funny looking, bald head but the face didn't look at all fierce. Etchel decided to be brave.

"Would you mind telling me who the Hedge King is and where I might find him?"

The head looked a little annoyed—only a very little really—and it said.

"I am the Hedge King. At least no one has notified me of another election. What have you come here for? Don't you know you will catch your death of cold here in all this wet?"

"I have come here on a Quest," Etchel said in his most important voice. The head sounded just like Rene telling him not to catch cold. He was old enough to take care of himself.

"What kind of a Quest?" Now the head was getting interested and some of the rest of the Hedge King seemed to be wriggling forward into the little clearing. The head pushed on in and then followed what looked like a row of huge doughnuts glued together. They squeezed and stretched as the Thing moved and made a grating noise like sand on a tin plate. Etchel was too fascinated to answer the question.

"What kind of a Quest?" the Hedge King asked again when his doughnuts were all arranged and still.

"A Quest for Blue Roses," Etchel said.

"Why did you come here?"

Now that was hard to explain. You couldn't very well tell the Monster you had come to kill him. That might not be so easy to do, Etchel pondered. Would you have to kill each doughnut or just one? Anyway it wouldn't be very pleasant. So he turned tactful and said,

"I had heard of the Hedge King's wisdom and I thought he might be able to help me find them."

"Ah!" said the Hedge King graciously. "They tell me I am very good at helping people. What could I do for you?"

"You don't happen to have seen any Blue Roses around here?" Etchel asked again.

The Monster thought for a long time. Sometimes when it rained a lot there was a funny kind of flower that grew over night all up and down the stem of a Lilac plant along the path away. If he remembered right they were very blue, but he hadn't seen any for years. They were a nuisance because they blocked the passage. Maybe there were some there now.

"Let's do go see!" cried Etchel excitedly.

The Hedge King thought this was great sport too, and was getting a

little excited himself. So the two of them decided to look for these funny rain flowers. They were back where the King had come from and he would have to turn around. Since that would take quite a while, he told Etchel to start on. Etchel had no thought of fear now. The King was rather nice to help him so much. But going back it seemed as though he passed miles and miles of the doughnuts, squeaking and writhing as though they needed oiling. He was glad he had given up the thought of trying to kill the Thing.

After a long time the King was all turned around and ready to go. They walked along together talking about things in general for a distance, and then they began to smell something. It was like all this smell of wetness and old leaves put together with a little cottage cheese and a geranium blossom. The Hedge King frowned in deep thought; then the idea came to him.

"That is their smell," he exclaimed. "Whose smell?" Etchel said. He had almost forgotten what they had come for, he was so interested in the King.

"The rain flowers—your Blue Roses!"

"Where are they?" Etchel cried. "Over there. See them?" The Hedge King pointed.

And sure enough there was a perfect mass of powder blue things that looked almost like real red roses. Etchel ran over to them and began to pick. They were very tender and crumbled easily like lumps of brown sugar. He decided to bring a box of some kind to carry them in.

"Take all you want," said the King behind him.

Then Etchel remembered where he was and said, anxious to be polite, "You're quite sure you won't miss them?"

"Not at all; Not at all! They're only in the way around here anyway," the King said pleasantly. "And do be sure to come and see me again. Life here in the Hedge is so dull until something like this happens."

"Thank you, Hedge King. And I'm sure Rene will appreciate your help too. It has been very kind of you."

"You're always welcome," said the King trying to make a royal bow, but his doughnuts got in the way. "Give my regards to Rene."

Rene would have a special Tea for him when he got home, Etchel thought to himself, and then she would marry him. He had found the Blue Roses.

(Silver Medal)

SONNET

By Nancy Culbertson

The swallow has one nest and so have I;
Though he may roam far off to catch his youth,
And see the new sun blaze upon the high
Rife wind in his soul, sweeping out the truth
From the cool, musty leaves of a forest; though he may try
To dive from the wild brass of sun joy, sooth,
Into those dim, pale pools of thought that lie
Too far from fragile wings in human ruth;
And though he cross the misty vast of sea,
And know the waves dash ceaseless on the shore;
Though he may think he knows the

free
Untrammelled lure of trackless
ways—the more
He longs to rest those aching wings
and sigh
For the maternal nest,—the more
do I.

RIVER OF CHING MIEN

By Nancy Culbertson

The lucent moon,
Hung in a mesh of mist,
Looks down at me.....
In the sun dusk.
My face looks like ten thousand
Tiny fishes
Swimming swiftly to the sea.
I plash past tufts of lotus lilies blue.
And lili by lili
The smiling willow trees
Shake down the shining dew.

(Bronze Medal)

ETCHINGS

By Evelyn Brown

Winter Woods

Here where the hermit thrush wove
into song
The sunny dreams of day and far
away
A hill-brook's flute made golden
twilight gay,
The snow's white peace drifts silent
aisles along.
The evergreens in cool blue hollows
throng,
Lighting their candles green as
fades the day,
And dark against the silver hills'
array
The pines like guardsmen stand,
defiant, strong.

The beauty of spring has vanished
far,
The summer's laughter, autumn's
charm and glow
That made their tinted hills a brave
delight;
But here with samite clad the dark
woods are
Made beautiful by magic of the
snow,
The starry splendor of the coming
night.

WHITE WOODS

Now through the silent valley the
soft snow falls
In silver lines; the descending sky
has lain
Upon the stumbling traces of
tumbled walls
Whose stones have sought the quiet
earth again.
Strange and remote, the woods, in
this late light,
Stand fragile and tall, as delicately
white
As the brief forest on the frosted
pane.

BOUQUETS

I want to step from mountain to
mountain,
And gather a tall pine tree here
and there,
And snap off a group of yellow
aspens—
To lay them in the hollow of my
arm;
But I stand in the dust beside the
canyon road
With a bunch of goldenrod and
asters in my hand.

(Honorable Mention)

FARM SKETCHES

By Margaret Conger

Milking Time

The evening coolness settled in the
draws. One by one, the cows wond-

ered slowly across the pasture toward
the barn. All except one, whose calf
bawled ceaselessly for her. She
grazed close to the barn-yard. Hav-
ing her just across the fence didn't
keep the young calf from being
hungry. He probably wished his
mother wouldn't look at him so lov-
ingly. He wanted something to eat.

The other cows gathered near the
gate that opened into the barn-yard.
When David opened it, they filed
slowly through. Awkwardly, they
stepped over the barn-door sill. The
fresh straw sprinkled on the floor of
each stall glistened like polished
brass. Even the cows did not vary
the color scheme of white and yellow.
David's whistling kept time to the
rhythmic swish, swish of the milk as
it went into the pail. White foam
formed and covered the rich yellow
milk when it was poured into the
large milk cans.

The calf had stopped bawling.
David's whistling grew softer as he
carried the milk cans to the milk
house. The white-washed walls of
the dairy turned gray when the sun
went down. The last cow humped
slowly out of sight into the darkness,
and all was quiet.

Summer Morning

David looked at the land with the
pride of ownership. It isn't easy for
a young man to own a farm of his
own—especially when he has to earn
all the money himself. He knew that
he would never allow anyone else the
pleasure of plowing his fields—not
while he could do it himself. As he
jogged along on the plow seat, he
watched carefully to see that no
sprout of young corn would be up-
rooted. The horses pulling the plow
were sleek with grooming. David de-
cided he must be old-fashioned to
want to use horses instead of a
tractor. But the horses seemed to
be enjoying it as much as he was.
David looked up at the sun and de-
cided it was almost noon. This field
was far from the house. That meant
she would bring the lunch out and
they would have a picnic together.
That would be fun. She was always
thinking of something like that.
David guided the horses into the cool
grove and waited.

Winter Afternoon

The cold wind howled around the
barn while David pitched hay on the
sheep shed floor. Mustn't let the
sheep get chilled. He mustn't get
chilled either, or he wouldn't be able
to do his work. That would be ter-
rible—not to be able to work. He'd
never sit idle if he could keep from
it. He fastened the door carefully as
he went into the dairy. Cows don't
like sheep. Sheep are dirty, and
David always kept the dairy clean.
The cows had come in for the night
and were waiting to be milked. They
were all chewing contentedly, except
Daisy. She was looking better
though. Cows always looked so sor-
rowful when they were sick. He
hoped she would be better soon. In
the chicken-house, David gathered all
the eggs carefully and then started
down the snowy path to the house.
He smiled as he watched the smoke
blow southward from the chimney.
The fire was still going. He had fix-
ed it before he left for the barn.

Moonlight Night

Saturday night was here again.
David always looked forward to it.
Nothing like a good dance to pep a
fellow up. The car was beginning to
rattle more than he liked for a car to,
but then cars weren't important.
There were so many things he need-

ed for the farm. He didn't look at
the car anyway. He liked to look at
the dewy pastures glistening in the
moonlight. David sniffed the air
laden with the odor of June roses.
He thought they smelled sweeter at
night. Perhaps the fragrance was
distilled by seeping out between the
soft closed petals. He always thought
of things like that on moonlight
nights. Maybe it was the moon. No,
he didn't like to think the moon had
any power over him. He ran his own
mind. The car could take him where
he wanted to go, even if it did rattle
some. David whistled as he walked
up the steps to her house.

(Honorable Mention)

WYOMING

By Kathryn Fox

PRAIRIE

Immense blue sky, cloudless, still.
Stretches over the parching prairie,
Which fades away serenely into sky.
Here are no trees,
But sagebrush, scraggly and heavy-
scented,
Silvery green against the brighter
leaves of mesquite.
Indian paint brush makes red
splashes here and there.
Purple and yellow cactus flowers
are pale.
The sparse grass is coarse, brown-
ish, dry.
Stern granite boulders sit aloof.
Standing alone in that vastness
I dream.
Once buffalo roamed here with the
Indian for enemy.
Now they are dead.
The burning sky no longer looks
upon wild emptiness.
Now fences outline squares upon
the waste,
All that is saved from that old life
Are prairie-dogs and rattle-snakes.
But while there are those who
dream,
The wildness of the prairie will
remain.

CHANT FOR A MOUNTAIN BROOK

Silvery mountain brook,
You do not sing unheeded.
Splashing over boulders,
Foaming over boulders,
You cool the air for wild things.
Trickling over gravel,
Murmuring over gravel,
You made a song for wild things.
At twilight, in warm dusk,
At dawn, in cool dimness,
Wild things come to drink.
With your foam,
With your song,
With your deep pools,
You make beauty for wild things.
You glide between the mountains,
In beauty of your own making.

WYOMING WINTER

From the mountains comes the
snow,
White polished bits of clouds.
Drifting, always drifting.
It warms and softens frozen earth,
Covering the brown of grass which
knew the summer sun,
Covering the stalks of flowers
which were bright—
Yellow, purple, crimson, green—
Covering the holes of wild things,
Covering the topmost silver
branches of the sagebrush,
Covering the scarred granite of the
boulders,
Till only pines remain,
Their green branches yearning up-
wards,
Washed and sparkling in the winter
snow.

(Honorable Mention)

RAINSTORM

By Eleanor Huff

Yes, we got caught in the rain!
We had had lunch together in a gay,
intimate little room of low lights,
and then had gone out into the swift
grayness, losing all thought of time
or place or weather in the wonder
of our own fantasies. We should
have suspected, but the fullness of
our comradeship held no room for any-
thing but ourselves, and so we wand-
ered in contented oblivion.

The fine courage of her revealed
itself in the carriage of her shoulders
—broad shoulders they are, and un-
usual on a girl-body. The charm of
her moved in her hands—tugged at
her mouth—played in her eyes. The
grace of her was in her foot-steps,
and I tried to match mine to them.
So we walked, heads up, and talked,
settling all the questions of our
universe.

And then it came! The down-pour
that would have done credit to the
days of Noah—and we, unaccountable
creatures, faced about and laughed
into each other's faces for the unex-
pected joy of it! Her eyes reflected
the warm shine of the drops that so
teasingly pelted us; somewhere in-
side me there grew an understanding
of the gloriousness of living. There
in the rain we knew—each quite sure
of the other.

RAIN

By Ellen Jane Phillips

A silken gray scarf settled loosely
over the world. You could see tiny
puffs of its folds fluttering in and
about black trees, winding slowly
around dull-red chimneys and white
front door steps, and shimmering
close to the ground at the distant
horizon. As it floated, quiveringly, in
the wind, a warp thread of silk caught
hesitantly on the sharp point of a
weather vane, and tore. The rippling
ceased, and tiny round pieces of gray
water dropped slowly down the limp
sides of the open sky.

MISFIT

By Betty Reed

It grew exceedingly difficult for
him to remember that a verb must
agree with its subject in number,
gender, and person. While his pointer
slid slowly across the illustrated
sentences on the blackboard his eyes
swerved towards the window beyond.
Occasionally he would straighten
jerkily, blink, and with a torrent of
renewed force drill the everlasting
sentences. He must remember that,
after all, they had to be taught gram-
mar, even though the sun shone on
the construction camp two blocks dis-
tant. Building—that was real, alive.
From his third floor window he could
see the dust-coated pile of bricks,
hear the crane creak as it swung
around to scoop out clay. As he
watched, his attention centered upon
the khaki-shirted fellow with a roll
of blueprints sticking out from his
pockets, walking the ledge of an ex-
cavation. If he could only wear
khakis or even his sweater, but a coat
and tie and staying indoors were
abominable when it was practically
summer. Look at the boss, though,
waving his arms, and cussing. Those
dumb truck drivers; they're spoiling
his foundation! Now, why couldn't
they—but a preposition takes the
objective case.

Read the Linden Bark.