

Audrey Mount Elected To Head Christian Association

Jane Morrissey Is Named Vice President

Audrey Mount, a Junior, from Park Ridge, Ill., is the new president of Student Christian Association. The other officers are: Vice-president, Jane Morrissey; secretary, Joyce Heldt, and treasurer, Emily Heine. The officers were elected by the student body on March 5.

Miss Mount is a member of the Linden Leaves staff, Press Club, Beta Chi and the Riding Team, International Relations, Missouri Sociological Society and the League of Women Voters.

From Joliet, Ill., Jane Morrissey, '48, is president of the Poetry Society, secretary of the League of Women Voters, a member of the Student Christian cabinet, the Choir, Illinois Club, Missouri Sociological Society and Choral Ensemble.

Joyce Heldt, '49, of Evansville, Ind., is a member of Student Council, Der Deutsche Verein and Press Club, and is the advertising manager of the Linden Bark.

Emily Heine, Freshman from Hooper, Neb., is a member of the League of Women Voters, International Relations Club, Athletic Association, Press Club, Poetry Society and Instrumental Association.

Dr. Gage Given Honorary Degree At Ceremony At Waynesburg College

Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage, retired president of Lindenwood, was awarded the honorary degree of doctor of laws at the midwinter convocation exercises at Waynesburg College Waynesburg, Pa., on February 24.

Dr. Gage is a native of Franklin, Ohio, attended Wooster College, the University of Chicago and Columbia University. He holds honorary degrees from Coe College, Illinois College, Parsons College and College of Emporia. He was successively a teacher, dean and president of Huron College, S. D.; president of Coe College at Cedar Rapids, Ia., and president of Lindenwood College from 1941 until his retirement last spring. He has been identified with the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, was secretary

Weather Man Gets Signals Mixed And Discourages Housecleaning

By Mary Jo Griebeling

This ought to be adequate warning! Just wait until I encounter the unwelcome optimist who mentioned spring with its accompanying housecleaning and all that rot! Truthfully, I was seriously thinking that the moment had come when I might condition myself to a little elbow grease. That was approximately one week ago. Look at me now, still wallowing and floundering in this mid-winter filth and squalor. I have about reached the limit of my endurance. I am actually about to "crack up." I was the one person who simply bubbled enthusiasm at the mere mention of winter and all that season connotes.

You'll pardon me if I don't present a detailed picture of the typical snowbound scene. Everyone becomes a little morbid after a week of sub-zero weather without cessation. During the past months most us "Yankees" have secretly been wishing

Flower Show Maid



Nancy Fanshier, Freshman, will be Maid to the Queen of the St. Louis Flower Show.

Nancy Franshier Candidate For Flower Queen

Nancy Fanshier has been elected Maid to the Queen of the St. Louis Flower Show. The contest in which the Queen will be chosen by stylists from several St. Louis stores, will be held March 18-23 in Kiel Auditorium. She will be crowned Friday night, March 23.

Eight names were suggested by biology teachers, and voted on by members of the biology and cultivated class.

Nancy, who is from Lake Bluff, Ill., is a Freshman at Lindenwood and is majoring in Speech and Dramatics.

Other candidates were Bonnie Webb, Beverly Yarborough, Sandra Chandler, Virginia Holcomb, Janice Bryan, Mary Brandon and Delores Pitts.

of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and has held membership and offices in various educational and religious groups.

Campus Bigwigs Land In Jail

The President of the Student Council spent part of a recent Monday evening in jail! She was accompanied by the Vice-President, Miss Deana Bass, the president of the Senior Class, Miss Betty Hunter, and the Freshman Class president, Miss Roberta Walters. The group was returning from the play, "The Magnificent Yankee," when their over-eager cab driver sped through a red light and was promptly arrested by an alert police officer. The girls were the "guests" of the police until someone arrived to bail out their driver.

Tau Sigma Dance Recital Wins Approval Of Student Body

While it snowed outside, the "Little Match Girl" dreamed her last dreams on the stage of Roemer Auditorium on February 28, when Tau Sigma gave its annual dance recital.

The program was divided into three parts: The Little Match Girl, The Dance Group from Normandy High School and the Oklahoma Parody.

The Little Match Girl was divided into three parts. Carol Clayton, who portrayed the role, interpreted the dying girl's last moments on earth, dressed in a shabby black dress with a drab-colored shawl around her shoulders. As the Match Girl succumbed to the bitter cold, she had a dream of a Birthday Delight in which Hazel Clay was the Mother, Jody Liebermann the Father, Patricia Stull the Brother, and the Guests were Jodie Shroder, Beverly Yarborough, Juanita Pardee, Maurice Etheridge and the Birthday Girl Lucette Stumberg.

The second dream was the Birthday Dinner in which Marilyn Mangum was the princess and the waiters Janet Kennedy, Eddie Freerksen and Barbara Bender. Up to Heaven was the third scene which was filled with "angels" dressed in soft white costumes sprinkled with silver. Angel Mother was portrayed by Juanita Pardee, and the angels were Hazel Clay, Jodie Shroder, Patricia Stull, Beverly Yarborough, Lucette Stumberg and Jody Liebermann.

Part two of the recital was given by Normandy High School students. It was excellently done.

Part three was different from the rest of the program. It was the Oklahoma Parody. The first number was "O, What a Beautiful Morning," which was danced by Eddie Freerksen and Beverly Yarborough. "Out of My Dream" followed with Juanita Pardee Janet Kennedy and Jodie Shroder dancing. Miss Shroder delighted the audience with her comical dancing in that number.

"Anything Goes" was the finale in which all the members of Tau Sigma took part.

The program was not over an hour long and the audience was delighted at the professional quality of the recital.

Room Drawings To Be Held Sometime In May

Room drawing for the year 1947-48 will be held in Mr. Motley's office in May. The drawing will be in classes—Seniors first, Juniors next, and then Sophomores. The girls who deposit their \$20 early will have the first preference; girls who wish to retain the same room for next year may do so, but no girl may draw for more than one room, as this would give her a suite or a duplex.

Jan Miller Is Crowned 1947 Lindenwood Popularity Queen

Popularity Queen



Jan Miller, crowned Pop Queen at the St. Pat dance March 15.

Lindenwood Students Are Witnesses In Local Murder Mystery

Two Lindenwood Seniors were surprised to find themselves as witnesses in the murder of Mrs. Estella Wehmeier Warner, owner of the St. Charles Pharmacy, on February 26. Margaret McKinney and Marguerite Little were believed to be the last people to have seen Mrs. Warner alive. According to the sheriff, the last shoppers to have seen Mrs. Warner had left the store at 1:30. Miss McKinney and Miss Little had been in the store at 1:50, leaving at about 1:55. They reported their news to Mayor Clevenger, who informed the sheriff.

Miss McKinney and Miss Little were interviewed by Sheriff Plackmeyer of St. Charles county, the city police and the state troopers. They had visited the store after they finished an hour of practice teaching in the St. Charles High School. Neither noticed anything suspicious in the actions of Mrs. Warner as she waited on them, or in the neighborhood of the store. They were able to aid the police in establishing more definitely the time of the attack on Mrs. Warner.

Cultivated Plants Class Displayed Spring Flowers

The Cultivated Plants class gave its annual plant and flower show in the main corridor of Roemer Auditorium March 13 and 14. The displays were held Thursday afternoon and Friday morning, and arrangements of spring flowers were shown.

Seniors Go AWOL And Paint St. Louis Pale Pink On Skip Day

Lindenwood Seniors took their traditional skip day on March 7. Some time during the dim hours of dawn they took their overnight bags and crept out of the halls to the bus waiting at the entrance gates. The class had breakfast en masse at Hotel Coronado and composed a telegram for the school, which they sent collect to Guy C. Motley. Mr. Motley retaliated with an even longer telegram to the Seniors collect.

After breakfast the class shopped or attended movies. Since they were on their own, most of them spent the night at Hotel

Court Is Presented At Dinner

Lindenwood's 1947 Popularity Queen is Jan Miller!

Jan was crowned at the St. Pat's dance, sponsored by the Residence Council last Saturday night. Her First Special Maid was Jeanne Sebastian and the Second Special Maid was Jody Shroder. Other members of her court were Deana Bass, Virginia Beazley, Janet Brown, Virginia Frank, Helen Horvath, Betty Hunter, Nancy Kern, Jody Lieberman, Freshie Platt and Louise McGraw.

Jan, who lives in Indianapolis, Ind., is president of the Student Christian Association, and is active in several organizations, including Alpha Sigma Tau, Sigma Tau Delta and Pi Alpha Delta.

Wednesday evening at dinner, the court, entering to the tune of "Where or When," was presented to the student body. Deana Bass in chartreuse taffeta and Virginia Beazley in gray taffeta led the procession.

They were followed by Janet Brown in a white plaid taffeta dress and Virginia Frank in a long-sleeved black crepe dress.

Helen Horvath in pink net and Betty Hunter, wearing a yellow and black taffeta formal, were next in line.

Nancy Kern, wearing red and white jersey, and Jody Lieberman in aqua crepe entered next.

They were followed by Jan Miller, who wore black taffeta, and Freshie Platt in a white net formal.

Louise McGraw in beige chiffon lace and Jeanne Sebastian in white jersey were followed by Jody Shroder in a white dinner gown.

The dinner was sponsored by the "Linden Leaves," and the election had taken place at a Student Assembly, but the returns were not made known until last Wednesday evening. The Mistress of Ceremonies was Carol Clayton of the editorial staff of "Linden Leaves." Entertainment for the dinner was furnished by Mary Stewart, who played a piano solo, "Deep Purple," and Evelyn Freerksen, who presented two marimba solos, "Easter Parade" and "Till the End of Time," accompanied by Elizabeth Bates.

At the dance Saturday, Jeanne Sebastian and Nancy Kern were unable to be present. The nine maids entered from the east end of the Gym, which was decorated in the theme of St. Patrick's Day, each carrying a small nosegay of green carnations. Jody Shroder, as a Special Maid entered next, carrying a bouquet of multi-colored spring flowers. The queen followed, wearing a white dress and carrying a lovely bouquet of green carnations. She received her crown from Miss Shroder.

Statler, returning at various times Saturday. A picture of the class appeared in the Globe-Democrat Saturday morning. The class has assured the school that they conducted themselves in a manner befitting a Lindenwood lady—on the one free day in four years.

Forewarned by destruction in previous years, the powers-that-be delegated a guard for each Senior's room. These guards had nothing to do, for with the A. A. rally at dinner that night, most students were too busy or excited to grease door knobs or short sheet beds.

St. Pat

In Ireland, the land of faery lore and of the eerie, many legends, traditions and stories inspired by this background have been developed from earliest times.

The greatest of St. Patrick's miracles was that of driving the venomous reptiles out of Ireland, and rendering the Irish soil, for ever after, so obnoxious to the serpent race that they instantaneously die on touching it. Many believe St. Patrick accomplished this feat by beating a drum, which he struck with such fervor that he knocked a hole in it, thereby endangering the success the miracle. But an angel appearing mended the drum; and the patched instrument was long exhibited as a holy relic.

Thus the anniversary of St. Patrick is celebrated as Ireland's national holiday with "The Wearing of the Green." This color is significant of undying gratitude to his memory. St. Patrick was born in Scotland in 372 and supposedly died at the age of 121.

St. Patrick did his missionary work in Ireland; and today the shamrock, well-known trefoil plant and Irish national emblem, is almost universally worn in hats all over Ireland on St. Patrick's day. The popular notion is that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish, he used this plant, bearing three leaves on one stem, as a symbol or an illustration of the great mystery.

Democratic Creed

"I deeply believe in the capacity of democracy to surmount any trials that may lie ahead, provided only that we practice it in our daily lives."

The above quotation is from David E. Lilienthal's affirmation of democratic faith addressed to a Senate committee considering his qualifications as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. It is a stirring exposition of American principles. The complete text of Lilienthal's statement is too long to be reprinted here, but it has been said that it should be studied by students "even as Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is studied."

Many of us, unfortunately, are living in the time of Lincoln, or even earlier. Our "book knowledge" may get us by in school, but what then? We should sincerely endeavor to find out what is going on in the world at present. Lilienthal's creed is an excellent one, and should be read by every alert college student.

On Our Honor

The problem of college cheating has been a topic of many editorials, features, and polls recently. The result of Lindenwood's census emphasizes that there is cheating in smaller colleges, as well as in the larger universities.

We must face facts. The college students of today judge dishonesty in a flippant and irresponsible way. But cheating is not a joking matter. Cheating leads to the destruction of an individual's morals and a school's scholastic standards. This must not happen to Lindenwood!

We must do more than preach against cheating; we must do something about it! Only through the students' willingness and cooperation can cheating be put down. It is up to you and me!

Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion

Only 30 Per Cent of L. C. Students Cheat; 75 Per Cent Favor Establishment of an Honor System Here

Cheating has become a nationwide problem in American colleges and universities. LIFE Magazine took a poll of cheating at the University of Texas, and found that most of the students there cheat. In the February 17 issue of LIFE, details of cheating were shown. The men hide notes in their watches, on their cuffs, or on their shoes. The girls hide their notes in their stockings, or in some place that the instructor would fail to think of.

Often students get to exams early, get a seat by the window, and when the tests are issued they throw the questions out the window to a friend; the friend takes the questions to the library and answers them. During this time the student is doodling in

class. When the time for the duration of the test is over, he hands in his blank test, goes out, gets the test with the correct answers, and runs back to his teacher saying he handed in the wrong book. The student makes an S on his exam.

The statement has been made by the *Ranger*, the University newspaper, "At last cheating is democratic."

Lindenwood College is above average. We found that about 70 per cent of the girls here had never cheated, and that 30 per cent had cheated.

50 per cent had seen girls cheating, and 50 per cent had not seen any girls cheating.

75 per cent of the girls want to establish the honor system, and 25 per cent do not think it would be wise.

LINDEN BARK

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Rec Room Recipes

By Mary Titus

A substantial breakfast is needed every day. Frequently, we college students rush off to our morning classes without taking time for breakfast. This is a dangerous practice which, if continued for any length of time, will be a serious nutritional and health hazard. Adequate food for the day is almost impossible to secure in only two meals. If a person wants to study and do her college work efficiently she must have sufficient food to carry on the morning's activities in a satisfactory way.

If you get up too late for breakfast in the dining room, this menu below is for your own fun in the kitchen. We guarantee a wonderful time by all—and, full tummes!

Menu
Tomato Juice
Bacon
Pancakes
Maple Syrup
Milk or Coffee
Fried Bacon

Place bacon in a cold frying pan over low heat. Cook slowly to desired crispness, turning frequently. Pour off fat as it accumulates. Drain on absorbent paper.

Pancakes
2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs, separated
2 cups milk
1 tablespoon melted shortening

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Beat egg yolks and add milk and shortening. Beat in flour mixture with rotary beater. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Drop by spoonfuls on hot griddle. When full of bubbles turn to brown other side. Makes 24.



By Mary Jane Horton

They stole the show! Yes, it seems as if Mayor Clevenger and the local police force stole the show, as well as our Press Club sponsor, Charles C. Clayton. Out of the Gridiron and into the fire, wheelbarrow and all! Three cheers for the faculty's sportsmanship and high spirits... "We're from Roemer, we're from Roemer..."

LOST—STRAYED—OR STOLEN: One Mind! Mind above matter, it does not matter. But, why does everything come in bunches—Tau Sigma, Gridiron Dinner and worse yet, spring fever! I doubt that even Dr. Canty has a pretty pastel pill for this ailment!

Paging all Sophomores... our day of reckoning is approaching! Bring out your dunce cap and primer, prepare for your vigil. The Sophomore tests are near!

Dorothy Dix may give advice to "Miss Puzzled" or "Forsaken," but I have discovered an all-purpose formula for the frustrated female:

"Ladies to this advice give heed—
In controlling men;
If at first you don't succeed,
Why, cry, cry, again."

Methinks me saw snow, but NO that cannot be! What is to become of that long forecasted spring. The weatherman is never wrong, methinks it must be hallucinations... Now where did I put those earmuffs!

THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

By Cornelia Darnall

Kay Blankenship received a Sigma Nu, pin last week from the University of Kansas. From all reports her week end was



by Janet Brown

"Cough, cough, sniff, drip," the most heard noise on campus as Lindenwood students go down under an epidemic of "colds and respiratory diseases," quote Personnel Office and St. Louis papers. They carried Florella off to the president's home, where she is now living in luxury usually reserved for more influential members of the Lindenwood family. Mattie, equipped with a bottle of tasty cough medicine, has managed to hang on. For a while most Lindenwoodites smirked as we read reports of epidemics in Mizou and Washington U.; we had had the flu shots. The disease which has so cruelly stricken many students is not the flu, merely a respiratory ailment. Anyway, the worst is about over.

Is there ever a peaceful week on this campus? These last two have been exciting, to put it mildly. First the murder, four blocks north of Lindenwood College, "a well-known girl's school"—to quote the radio announcers—and then the dramatic arrest of four well-known members of the student body—the Student Council President and Vice-president, president of the Senior and Freshman classes. According to reports, they spent two hours in the Ninth District jail, being entertained by plainclothes men and policemen. Their offense was relatively harmless, the driver of their cab had sped gaily through a traffic light and had been caught by an alert policeman, and the girls had to wait until someone came to bail him out. My! My!

Are you a griper? Too many L. C. lassies sit around griping about the lack of school spirit, without realizing that they are the ones who need to show said spirit. If you don't attend the basketball games, who will? If you don't show up for meetings of SCA, League of Women Voters, etc., who will? This is our school, we chose to come here, and it is us, no more, no less, who make it what it is. If you're one of those malcontents who complain; do something about it. Offer suggestions to the Student Council or leaders of the various organizations. Volunteer for committee work—someone has to do it and it's good experience. Above all, show a little more interest in the athletic activities. Lindenwood has good basketball and riding teams,

"out of this world."

Jan Miller seems to have turned to thoughts of home, or at least she has been going home quite often. We know she's glad to see momma and papa, but there is another main attraction, too.

Nancy Buford was pinned to a Sigma Chi last week, at the University of Arkansas.

Mary Dell Sayer has gone all out for courses in math. Could it be she is planning to "engage" in that type of work?

Who is this man Lorraine Peck is starry eyed about? She says pink clouds were made for her to float on. Who are we to doubt her word?

The president's home seems to be the place to be right now! It's rumored they are having some good bridge games down there. Hmm—maybe the flu isn't so bad after all.

Jo Griebeling no sooner twills Carl goodbye than to have Glenn on the trail again. Incidentally, we hear Glenn has a brother.

Saw one of our cute little Freshmen, Barbara Allen, with a good-looking fellow last week end. Could he be from home?

June 19, huh, Ruth Weinkauff? The date, we hear, has been set for Ruth's and Russ's wedding—what year, though?

You can't call Nan Amis "C.K." any more, no sir—for details, see Nan.

but they need moral support. It's your job to give it to them.

Mattie pricked up her ears at the Student Meeting Tuesday. NSO sounds interesting, doesn't it? Too few college students realize their responsibilities or their power as potential voters. This is our chance to express our ideas in the politics of our nation. What do you think about affiliating with the IUS? What is your opinion on non-segregation of race, creed, and sex? The problems and aims of the NSO concern you. Mattie intends to do some digging and discussing and try to find out more about it. Should Lindenwood join? As a student she has to make the decision. Watch for more information on this subject at the Student Meeting each Tuesday.

Like all good upperclassmen Mattie is attending chapel, Vespers and convos regularly, not that she didn't before. Surprisingly enough, she finds the speakers interesting, as a rule, and enjoys the choir at Vespers. Amazing what a little attendance will do, isn't it?

Pages have been written on Missouri weather and nothing could quite express Mattie's and Florella's opinions of it. You certainly can't get bored and it is always an ice-breaker. Mattie, a native Missourian, sort-of, goes into ecstasies over Lindenwood snow scenes. Florella, from any other state—according to comment heard on campus they all have better weather than Missouri—blames her cold on our slush. Tough.

The Press Club anticipated some clever remarks in the faculty rebuttal after the Gridiron Dinner, but they were the most surprised group when a judge, a mayor (our own Homer) and two policemen showed up to cart Mr. Clayton out in a wheelbarrow. Didn't he look sweet? Donations for his bail may be placed in the box outside the newspaper office. Why doesn't the faculty put on a skit burlesquing the students? We have our own peculiarities, which they have undoubtedly noticed and discussed occasionally.

The Linden laurels this week go to Dr. Betz for his new and original creation, "Here's to Roemer." Hope to hear it in the dining room every Friday night.

Gracie Gremlin



Congratulations gals—the attention and sincere applause in chapel has improved greatly. This is the sort of thing appreciated and remembered by all speakers whether they are members of the Lindenwood faculty, students or visitors. If the audience is unnecessarily restless and noisy, it's difficult for the speaker to give his message and also for others to hear. Maybe the address isn't of interest to you yourself but it is to some one else. So, let's keep it up!

The Will To Live

By Beverly Odom, '49

THE rain was pelting down on the sidewalk in rhythm with the click of the girl's high-heeled shoes—pit, pat, pit, pat, pat. As she looked down, the tiny drops seemed to run away from her, as though they would be crushed beneath her feet, as one might crush a tiny insect. It was a weird feeling and she tried to dismiss it.

Climbing the stairs that led to her luxurious apartment with the thick carpets and expensive furniture, she recalled the nights when she had returned from the cheap restaurant, reeking still of the smell of stale dishwater and cheap food. The way she had trudged up the dark, rickety stairs to the drab, stuffy apartment caused her to wince with a degree of pain and a feeling of shame. She recalled too, the face of her grandmother lying on a hard, iron bed where she had lain for five long years unable to leave it because of an affliction which had left her entire right side paralyzed. Yet her grandmother had never uttered a word of remorse or bitterness. She was always cheerful, speaking all the time of the future, when she would again be well.

These thoughts brought to mind many things—unimportant things—the old-fashioned wardrobe with the long mirror which had been sold the time that she was without work; and the greasy, dirt-infested Indian blanket that covered the glass frame of the door leading to the hallway. She remembered the feeling of the worn and threadbare couch where she had slept for so many years; and the mouldy smell that came from the aged, cracked walls; and the continuous whining and groaning of the phonograph next door, that had lulled her to sleep on countless nights.

But now she was successful! She had attained what she had so long striven for. Yet was she receiving everything that life had to offer? Was going to cocktail parties given by producers, smiling at aged men with shining bald heads and glasses who reeked with the stench of barrooms and cigars, was this her ultimate purpose? Did bowing to dowdy women with diamonds clasped around their wrinkled, sagging throats, their corpulence swallowed in price-less furs, help her to find what was basic and real? Was being seen at the right places with the right people, with her name leering at her from every billboard as Carol Martin, the star of Broadway—was this what she wanted? She wondered.

With a rather pained expression she suddenly remembered her grandmother who was still lying in her hard old bed in the midst of squalor somewhere in the poverty-stricken part of this great city. She remembered the night she had crept out of the smutty place, leaving her grandmother alone in the dark, cold room, closing the door on things past, things which she thought she hated with every fibre of her being, looking ahead to make her hopes and dreams come to be realities. She had not wanted that life. The love and understanding of her grandmother were not enough—so she had left. And she had never returned!

Since then she had received many letters from her grandmother pleading with her to return; trying to warn her of the grave mistake she was making by bringing herself to be a slave to the evils that can come with success. But Carol had ignored all her pleas, telling herself that if she went back she would again be caught in the clutches of her past life. She had burned the letters, somewhat apathetically, at the same time casting her conscience into the flames.

Now as she opened the door, the room looked strange and unfamiliar, shrouded in darkness. She had the feeling that something sinister lurked within its depths. She quickly snapped the switch and flooded the room with warm light, which reassured her. It was just her nerves, she told herself—the effects of a hard and trying day.

As she made her way through the living room she stopped suddenly. Her attention became fixed upon a bit of paper fluttering to the floor from the telephone stand. What was it about that piece of paper that so arrested her gaze? It was only a telephone message, probably from the office. She stooped to pick it up, yet some unknown force held her back. She had the feeling

that the whole course of her existence dwelt upon the words she would find there.

She picked up the paper—almost defiantly—trying to assure herself that her mind was wandering—that her imagination was playing her tricks. Yet what the message revealed to her was to remain carved forever on the walls of her memory. It read: "Grandmother critically ill. She has but a few hours."

Only these few, simple words but their effect was enough to make her feel faint, grasping a table to steady herself. Her grandmother, about to die! But it was preposterous, yet in her heart she knew it was true and she knew too that she had caused it. It was as though she had stood by and purposely watched her grandmother die from the grief and sorrow which she herself had brought about through her false pride and selfishness. And she had not lifted a finger to save her.

Through her mind raced thoughts of how she could redeem herself for the great wrong which she had committed. How could she compensate for all the misery which she had brought about through her own selfishness and desire for material wealth? She had been foolish enough to think that she had found happiness, had found what she had looked for in material wealth; and had stopped at nothing to achieve it. She realized, all too suddenly, that life was composed of more than money, fame, and admiration from others. She realized, too, that it was all she had and in substance it was nothing. For she had no friends. She had only the love of her grandmother, and now even that was gone. Now that it was too late for her to have what she knew she wanted. She was someone that no one cared for; someone that no one loved; someone that no one knew. She was alone! The stark realization of this fact caused a reaction of nerve. It was as if some will opposed to her own will had become conqueror, and she had succumbed to it. The fear of being left alone had been stored in the depths of her mind and had slowly eaten its way to the surface.

She realized that she must act quickly. She was racing against time; racing to save a life that was doomed, racing to save her own soul from being burned in the fire of her own conscience. She knew that if she arrived too late, she could never right herself in her grandmother's eyes. If there were only time to tell her that she had been wrong, and that she had realized her mistake. Unless she did this, she could never again face the world or herself.

She rushed out of the apartment and all the way to the old house, repeating, "I must get there in time, I must, I must!"

As she came to the old, familiar faded street a feeling of dread came over her. As she started up the old rickety stairs with the streaked, partially varnished steps it increased. She went faster, faster, faster. As she neared the old apartment she saw, hanging on the old creaking glass-paneled door, the black wreath that was the symbol of death, of a death ending a life of pain, misery, and suffering.

Carol stared for long moments at the black wreath on the door, then turned away from the old, decrepit house that had once been her home, and trudged down the street, her feet like metal weights pulling her ever downward, downward into further degradation. She turned at the next corner and started walking briskly, as though in a hurry—But to where?

A Soldier Returns

A STORY

By Dolores Thomas, '49

THE years I spent growing up in the white house on the hill seemed only days until I revived my memories. The memories flashed through my mind in rapid succession as the scenery flashed by my train window. My little boy days were vague, but I remembered Corkie, my dog. Good old Corkie, I wonder if he missed me after I left. I could remember as if it were yesterday, the dimple-faced girl who used to laugh at me when we danced or played tennis, the girl whose spirited letters had reinforced my lagging spirits more than once "over there." Mom and Dad at the door when I left; if I shut my eyes I could almost see them. Then my mind stopped with a jerk, I didn't want to think about the things that were only too clear. Those memories forced their way in, to take me unaware.

The scenes outside my window begin to look familiar now, the creek outside of town where the Scouts used to camp in summer, the old mill, shut down now, but just as fascinating as ever. Now the train slows, comes to a grinding stop, steam hissing out all around. All off for Midville. I must get off. There is old Sam, the telegraph operator, not changed much, his hair a little whiter. Now down Main Street three blocks and I would see them all again. Faster, faster, don't look around, not yet. If I stop, I may be hours in getting home. Home, the word stands for life itself. There it is, I see it, just as it always looked. I can't believe it could be the same. The hedge needs trimming just as it always does. Shall I knock or shall I just walk in. Corkie, barking and whining, greets me, overjoyed. Then Mother, too surprised to speak, comes to me. Dad, home early, looks at me, grins, and shakes my hand. If I didn't know him so well, I'd think he is proud of me. My family, I love them. But I haven't seen her yet, where is she? The folks back away a little. She comes from her chair in the corner, shyly, but smilingly. My, she has grown up. My girl, my family, my dog, this is home. This is my dream come true. All these things I will probably take for granted in a little while, but I shall remember as long as I live my day of home coming.

Little Baldy

By Margaret Ann Einspahr, '49

PETE shifted and crawled deeper in his bag to escape the early morning chill. He lay there watching the stars disappear. "Almost mornin'," he thought "almost time t' start gittin' ready t' go t' tha rodeo. Wish I knew jest how much ridin' I'm gonna have t' do t' git me the little pony, but I'll git him. I jest have a feelin I will."

He heard the crackle of a fire and looked toward the chuckwagon where Cook was bending over it. A few ghost-like shadows disappeared into the greyness as the tender went down to the staking ground. A horse whinnied and a low voice quieted it. A distant shuffle of feet reached him and he knew that the herd was on its way to morning water.

At the sound he quickly slid out of his bag, sloshed a few handfuls of cold water in his face, and was ready for the eventful day that lay ahead of him.

Soon the first rays of sun came over the table-rock in the east. A cloud of dust

The Hidden Life of a Monument

By Marguerite Little, '47

YOU can believe it or not, but to me monuments live. Most people do not think so, but then most people have never seen a monument in its lively stage. The calm picture it makes as it stands in silent beauty depicts nothing of its former life. Few know about the complexity of the metamorphosis through which a piece of stone must go before it can become a finished product. It is really a harrowing experience, and yet, an interesting one.

When the crude stone first comes to the workshop of a monument plant, it is usually just a slab of granite with no particular shape or size. So, the first step is to make it the

was moving up from the water-hole as he walked toward the fire. The old cook hobbled a little faster in order to have his flapjacks and coffee ready for the fellows that were already dashing around him, kidding him about his cooking, and good-naturedly joshing each other. Pete grabbed a fistful of pancakes and got an expertly placed swat with the spatula in return.

"Come on, Cook, hurry it up," he laughed back. "Don't cha want me t' win that little pinto t'day? Yah tryin' t' keep me from gittin' in there t' ride fer 'im?"

"None o' your smart talk, yah young pup! I'll take mah time 'bout when yah git fed. An' no wisecrackin' 'bout mah speed. When you're mah age you'll not be any faster 'an I am. 'N what're yah in sech a hurry t' git in t' town fer? Yah know yah can't never win that horse. It'll take more, then ridin' t' win 'im. It'll take luck—luck, an' lots o' it!"

"That's what you think, Cook. Tonight when we're a comin' back 'ere, you'll see that little pony a dancin' right along side o' Old Joe. Me an' that little baldy's goin' t' go places. Say, did yah hear that, Cook? Little Baldy—that's what I'll name 'im. Hey you guys!" he called in almost childish delight to the others gathered about, "I jest named my new pony Little Baldy."

A few of the fellows sauntered up for their flapjacks and gave Pet a sympathetic half-grin. They all knew that his heart was set on that little pinto that was being given to the best breaker that afternoon at the rodeo. He had been waiting for this day ever since he'd seen the first rodeo poster. He wanted that pony. He had made up his mind to get it or break his neck trying.

The men clustered around the fire began to disperse and saddle up their horses and Cook cleared his equipment. Soon the horsemen swung up into their saddles and started out across the desert miles that lay between them and Lonesome Creek.

The monotonous buzzing in the arena typified the perpetual heat and crowds of the usual rodeo. The stadium was a blaze of color. Not even the dudes in their fancy attire could out-do the gayness of the Indians' garb. The wizened old braves sat solemnly on the lower rows while their squaws stood patiently by their side—not paying the slightest attention to the roving hordes of dark-haired little ragamuffins. Above them the curious tourists were craning this way and that pointing out to their spick and span prodigies a real live Indian. The vendors were milling in and out among the throngs lustily crying out what they had to offer. The cowboys were perched on the rails waiting for the main event to begin. The heat was dry and pressing. Its waves shimmered up from the middle of the ring. A whistle blast interrupted the steady hum. Attention was focused on the gangly, rough looking man who had entered the enclosure.

"Ladies and gentlemen," barked the ringmaster in his most polished manner, "at this time we will have the greatest, the most thrilling, the most dangerous event in the rodeo. We are about to have the broncbusting contest in which the rider who can stay on his bronco for one half a minute will be given the handsome little pinto which you see over by the main gate."

Every head turned as one toward the sleek little animal that stood by the rails and then back again to the announcer. One head was still turned toward the animal. Pete watched every flick of Little Baldy's

correct size. The piece of stone begins its transformation on the rubbing bed, a round, revolving bed of carborundum. The rotation of the carborundum under the granite wears it down to the proper size. Any special ornamentation, such as round corners on the top or axed sides, must be chiseled in by hand, a highly specialized and delicate job.

When the stone itself has been made the desired shape, the design and lettering may be added. A rubber fabric, especially made for this purpose, is glued on the surface of the monument. The lettering and design are transferred onto this by carbon paper. From the shapes which are to be cut into the stone, the rubber is cut by hand and removed. The next important development in the monument's life comes after its trip to the sandblasting room. The room is airtight and contains the sandblast machine in which coarse sand is forced through a hose by compressed air. The sand is sprayed on the monument. It bounces off the rubber surface and wears down the unprotected stone. When the desired depth is reached, the stone is returned to the main workshop and the rubber is entirely removed.

Now the monument is ready for the finishing touches. It is taken to the polishing bed. Here it is laid on its side and an especially prepared mixture is rubbed on the surface of the stone by a large wheel suspended like an arm that can be moved in any direction. This mixture is washed off and the monument is dried.

This is the end of a monument's active life. No one who sees it now will ever know how active its youth was.

UPON A BASHFUL MAIDEN: HER EYES

(A parody on Herrick's "Upon Mistress Susanna Southwell: Her Feet")

By Joyce Creamer, '49

HER lowered eyes
Like suns did rise
Slowly up and then,
She blushed and breathing heavy sighs,
Did let them fall again.

ears and tail. His eyes caressed what he knew would be his within a few minutes. He glanced down at his card—the number "3" was printed in a bold black line. The ringmaster's voice broke through his dreams. He was introducing the riders.

"—and our last rider is Pete Sand in chute number three who is from the Triple Y Ranch."

Pete's face lit up as he doffed his hat and waved it confidently to his worried buddies. The announcements were over and the first chute swung open. The crowd cheered and moved to the edge of their seats. An old hand came flying out on a big black stallion. He lost his seat, hit the dust with a thud, and scrambled for the safety of the railing. There was a thunderous applause—mainly in relief at his successful escape from flying hoofs. Another chute opened and another pair sprang forth. Again the audience cheered the rider on. Again the rider scrambled to safety.

The next chute opened and a lanky young cowboy astride a powerful mottled stallion shot out into the ring. The bronco went up and dismounted. The roar of the throng dropped—but, no, the rider had stuck. The praises of the spellbound watchers thundered. The mount went up and came down stiff-legged. Still he couldn't loosen his rider. He danced, jumped, reared, and bucked. The audience was tense—there were only a few seconds left to go. The gun barked and the stallion flew up in one last attempt for freedom.

The silence was overwhelming. Every eye was on the inert figure that lay in the dust. Some of the rail-perchers dashed out to help the doctor, who had been the first to reach the body. They gently rolled him over. One of them picked up the tag to shade the expressionless face. Against the white background was the number "3" in a bold black line. The doctor rose from the ground.

"Dead."

Over by the main gate Cook untied Little Baldy and haltingly led him over to be tied by the masterless Old Joe.

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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Interesting Prose And Verse By Student Authors

Development of the Atomic Bomb

By Arminta Harness, '49

BEHIND the attainment of atomic power, developed by man as an implement of war and expected to be tamed for peaceful use within the next generation, lies a story of secret research unparalleled in excitement and drama. Atomic research is, perhaps, the first scientific activity in history to be completed through international cooperation. Men and women from all parts of the world played their parts in the development of atomic energy and very few of them were aware that an atomic bomb would ever emerge.

William Roentgen, famous German scientist who discovered X rays in 1895, could not have dreamed of it; nor could have Henry Becquerel, Frenchman who noticed the effect of uranium (1) ore, pitchblende, on a photographic plate in a darkroom about 1900. World famous Polish scientist Marie Curie saw inside the spontaneous disintegrating of the radium atom in 1903, but even she did not foresee harnessing of atomic energy. Sir Joseph J. Thomson, Englishman, and Ernest Rutherford, New Zealander, who gave us the electron (2) and the proton (3), thought that controlled atomic energy would be too expensive to be practical. Others in this field of nuclear physics include Niels Bohr, a Dane; Erwin Schrödinger, an Austrian; George Hevesy, a Hungarian; Peter Kapitza and D. Skobelzyn, Russians; Chandrasekhara Raman, an Indian; Carl D. Anderson, son of a Swedish immigrant, and several Japanese and German scientists.

Perhaps the greatest single contributor to the actual opening of the field of atomic bombs was Enrico Fermi, an Italian scientist, who was compelled to leave Fascist Italy in 1938. He saw that the neutron, discovered by Englishman Chadwick, was the key necessary to release the limitless energy from the atom. "He reasoned that the fission (4) of the uranium atom is caused by a neutron (5) which could be slowed down by such bodies as paraffin, heavy water (6), or graphite. During this fission of the uranium atom, other neutrons would be thrown out of the uranium nucleus (7) and these in turn, would disrupt neighboring uranium atoms, thus producing a chain reaction." (8) In this way, a pound of uranium would produce the same explosive effect as 20,000 tons of T.N.T.

In January, 1939, Fermi tested his hypothesis with a microscopic quantity of pure uranium-235, and its experimental confirmation was announced in February. There was immediate interest in the possible military use of the large amount of energy released in fission. "At that time, American-born nuclear physicists were so unaccustomed to the idea of using their science for military purposes that they hardly realized what needed to be done; consequently, the early efforts both at restricting publication and at getting government support were stimulated largely by a small group of foreign born physicists, L. Szilard, E. Wigner, E. Teller, V. F. Weisskopf and E. Fermi." (9)

In the spring of 1939, the group mentioned above enlisted Niels Bohr's cooperation in an attempt to stop publication of further data by voluntary agreement. Although leading American and British physicists agreed, it was not until April, 1940, that the Reference Committee was set up in the National Research Council to control the publication of atomic data.

The first contact by this group with the United States government to get its interest and support of research in nuclear physics was made by Pegram of Columbia in March, 1939. Pegram telephoned the Navy Department and arranged for a conference between representatives of the Navy Department and Fermi. The only outcome of this conference was that the Navy expressed interest and asked to be kept informed. The next attempt to interest the government was made by Szilard Wigner in July, 1939. They conferred with Albert Einstein; he in turn discussed the problem with Alexander Sachs of New York. In the fall, Sachs, supported by a letter from Einstein, explained to the late President Roosevelt the desirability of encouraging work in this field. Einstein's letter started with the sentence, "Some recent work by E. Fermi

and L. Szilard, which has been communicated to me in manuscript, leads me to expect that the element uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future." Dr. Einstein continued, "This new phenomenon would also lead to the construction of bombs—extremely powerful bombs. A single bomb of this type, carried by boat and exploded in a port, might very well destroy the whole port, together with some of the surrounding territory." (10)

Following this conference, the President appointed a committee, known as the Advisory Committee on Uranium. This was the only committee on uranium that had official status up to the time of the organization of the National Defense Research Committee in June, 1940.

When atom-smashing experiments vanished from the headlines about the middle of 1940 it meant that a "security blackout" guarded all further developments. At that time there were numerous clues concerning astonishing discoveries in the field of atom-smashing, but the development of an atom bomb depended upon the correct interpretation and combination of them. From the time of the first discovery, by British scientist Lord Rutherford in 1919, that one element could be artificially transmuted into another, many facts had been added, but they were jumbled like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. The most important of these facts are: 1. Elements of precisely the same chemical behavior were found to have different atomic weights. 2. Dr. H. C. Urey of Columbia University won a Nobel Prize for the production of one of these isotopes. (11) 3. "The parent element of the radium family, uranium, whose normal weight was 238, turned out to be mixed with an exceedingly interesting isotope of lighter weight, 235. 4. Experimenters trained their atom-smasher upon U-235 and were amazed to get back more energy than they put in, although on a very small scale." 5. Several U-235 atoms were sometimes observed to blow up in quick succession, as if the explosion of one atom shattered another in turn. 6. Scientists, wondering if a similar chain reaction could be produced, worked on despite their fears of destroying the whole world. 7. Dr. Karl Compton, distinguished American physicist, conservatively predicted that atom power would be harnessed within fifty years. 8. Dr. A. O. Nier, young scientist of the University of Minnesota, even produced microscopic quantities of U-235 with a laboratory-sized instrument called a mass spectrograph. (12)

And that was about the last that the public heard about atomic power until the terrific blasts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki told the world that the expected work of fifty years had been accomplished in five—a miracle of scientific teamwork with United States Army and British collaboration.

Now for the secrets of the in-between years: The little mass spectrograph used by Dr. Nier deserves further attention because it applied in miniature one of the four principal ways to make U-235. "By heating the bromide salt of normal uranium, Nier impelled its vapor through a semicircular tube, first through an electric and then through a magnetic path. Accelerated by the electric field, the different isotopes were then deflected according to their weight by the magnetic field. Just at the spot where the U-235 would strike, a collector drew it off." (13)

Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence, inventor of the original cyclotron (14), directed the installation of the biggest magnet in the world (15) into a piece of apparatus resembling a mass spectrograph in principle, and christened it the calutron, after the university. This too was used to make U-235 and results were so promising that construction was begun on a giant pilot plant at the Clinton Engineer Works at Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

American and British experts, constantly comparing notes, in the desperate race against time, took no chances that the U-235 program would fail or come too late. So, just as if U-235 had never been heard of, we simultaneously embarked upon a search for another atomic bomb explosive. This program called for the artificial creation of two new chemical elements, produced by a chain

reaction which would precede another chain reaction in the bomb itself.

On paper, the reaction looks easy. "Suppose that a neutron, either produced artificially or just straying in space, collides with an atom of normal uranium, U-238; after momentary creation of an isotope, U-239, which promptly vanishes, the next product is a short-lived synthetic element named neptunium. Its creation has been accompanied by emission of a negative electron of beta ray. Another electron shoots from neptunium and turns into a second fairly stable element now known as plutonium." (16) This was the atomic-bomb explosive sought after—now if it would only work.

Toward the end of 1942, a ball-shaped mass of graphite blocks rose on a squash court beneath an athletic stand of the University of Chicago. This sphere, containing six tons of precious uranium metal, was supported by a wooden framework. The blocks were embedded in a lattice pattern (17), which had proved more favorable than mixing uranium with carbon at random. As a safety precaution, strips of cadmium or of boron steel, both absorbers of neutrons, were inserted through slots, by hand or by remote electric motor control. This was to check the hoped for reaction. They were kept in place during construction of the pile and as it took shape, one of these control strips was removed from time to time so that the radiation meters could show whether the pile was in action.

When the sphere was only three-fourths completed, the meters signaled a history-making message. On December 2, 1942, the first self-sustaining chain reaction had taken place. On that day, the exultant experimenters held down the energy output to half a watt. Later they ran the pile up to 200 watts, the limit at which its penetrating radiations would not endanger persons in the university's building and on the sidewalks.

At the end of 1942, the amount of pure plutonium salts in this country amounted to about five hundred micrograms—less than enough to make the head of a pin! Workers in the field of micro-chemistry took this small amount of plutonium and reported its chemical properties as completely and accurately as if they had worked on pounds of it. This information was needed for the process of separating plutonium for other ingredients and products of the chain reaction in the pile.

Although the University of Chicago experiment was successful, there was a catch. "At an estimate so rough as to give away no valuable secrets, it would take the experimental pile at the University of Chicago no less than 70,000 years to produce enough plutonium for a single bomb." (18) A plant totaling an output of 500,000 to 150,000,000 kilowatts would be needed to turn out a couple of pounds of plutonium daily, in contrast to the 200-watt capacity of the Chicago pile.

In one of the most sensational moves of all time, President Roosevelt and his top military advisors decided that mass-production plants costing fortunes apiece, would rise at once to produce our new atomic explosives. No time could be spared for pilot plants of intermediate capacity. "We would go in one breath-taking leap from a mere pinhead of production to making atomic bombs." (19)

Mutual agreement between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill led to the selection of America, far from danger of bombing, for the location of these mass production plants. More calutrons than the University of California ever dreamed of were assembled in a great factory at the Clinton Engineer Works to make U-235. To speed matters, each calutron had been made to do the work of several by equipping it to produce a series of multiple beams instead of a single one. A thermal-diffusion plant fed enriched U-235 to the Clinton Calutrons which produced a gain in total output. These banks of calutrons were in full operation by the winter of 1944-45, producing U-235 of sufficient purity for use in atomic bombs. Although research started later than with other methods of making U-235, it was the first plant to yield large amounts of it.

Simultaneously, the experimental pile for producing plutonium at the University of

Chicago had given rise to giant counterparts at the Hanford Engineer Works on the Columbia River in the state of Washington. This river, conveniently close at hand, provided the large volume of pure, cold water required to cool the immense graphite-uranium piles. The manufacturing process differed in several ways from the Chicago process. Permanent carbon piles, which did not have to be dismantled after use, were found best for mass production. Pure uranium rods, instead of lumps, were passed through cylindrical channels. This insertion and removing of rods was done by remote control, for no one can approach the dangerous radiation from the piles. (20) Workers were protected from this radiation from each pile by thick walls of concrete or other protective means, while special precautions assured that neither waste water nor stack gases would contaminate the river or air.

Plutonium-bearing slugs of uranium, on their way to the separation plant, still showed intense radioactivity. To obtain a solution of plutonium, free of all impurities, the slugs were passed through a canyon, heavily walled with concrete and almost completely underground. Here they were dissolved or precipitated, all by remote control from above ground.

Learning how to cast uranium slugs was one of the most difficult problems encountered in making atomic bombs. The failure of a single can might have caused an entire operating unit to be shut down. The most efficient way to cool these slugs would have been to let the water flow in direct contact with the radioactive metal in which the heat was being produced. Since uranium would react chemically with water, this seemed out of the question. A direct contact between the two would put a dangerous amount of radioactive material into solution and probably even disintegrate the uranium slugs. A jacket or sheath had to be found that would protect uranium from water corrosion, keep fission products out of the water, transmit heat from the uranium to the water, and not absorb too many neutrons. Cans of thin aluminum were chosen early as the most likely solution but other ideas continued to be explored. Even up to a few weeks before it was time to load the slugs into a pile there was no certainty that any of the processes under development would be satisfactory. A final, minor but important, change in this canning process was adopted in October 1944, and up to the time of a formal military report in July, 1940, there have been no canning failures. Success of this last operation has exceeded all expectations. The first pile began operating in September, 1944, and all three piles—widely separated for safety—were working by the summer of 1945.

Perhaps no spot farther from the beaten trail could be found than the site of Los Alamos, in New Mexico from Santa Fe. One of the finest physical laboratories in the world was secretly set up here. Accessible only by a winding mountain road, it was to be the birthplace of the first atomic bomb "Nobody knew how to make one but here they had ideas."

One of the perplexing problems was how to detonate the bomb. It was finally decided that to prevent it from going off prematurely in a harmless fizzle, the bomb would be constructed in such a way that its various parts would assemble themselves at the moment when the explosion was desired. This rapid assembling was done by shooting one part as a projectile from a gun against a target which is the second part of the bomb. Weight of the projectile, its speed and the caliber of the gun did not have to differ far from the range of standard ordnance practice. New problems were introduced by the fact that it was necessary to have sudden and perfect contact between projectile and target. This was but one of the many "impossible" details in the construction of the bomb that baffled and amazed our enemies.

Because of the nature of the chain reaction, it was not possible to build a small scale atomic bomb. "No explosion occurs at all until the material reaches the critical size. Thus it was necessary to design a full size bomb from theoretical studies." (21) This problem was further complicated by the speed with which everything had to be done.

By the end of June, 1945, the laboratory

was ready to test the first atomic bomb. This was a tense and dramatic moment for every one working in the laboratory at Los Alamos, for they had developed a weapon that was potentially destructive beyond the wildest nightmares of the imagination. But they were unafraid of the outcome for they knew that this was not a weapon created by the devilish inspiration of some warped genius but by the arduous labor of thousands of normal men and women working for the safety of their country.

Final assembly of the atomic bomb was begun on the night of July 13, 1945, in an old ranch house. Before the assembly started, a receipt for the vital mechanism of the bomb was signed by Brigadier General Thomas J. Farrell, deputy to Major General Leslie R. Groves, in charge of the Atomic Bomb project. Assembly was under the cool-headed supervision of Dr. R. J. Bacher, on leave from Cornell University. He directed teams of men who had specialized in producing the various parts. Quietly these scientists took over their particular jobs, and with a clearheadedness that the fitting together of these parts called for, they soon completed the work.

On Saturday, July 14, the bomb was elevated to the top of the tower. Then all day and the next, the apparatus necessary to set off the explosion was rigged to the tower while the instruments necessary to measure the reaction of the bomb were prepared.

The detonation was scheduled for the early morning of July 16. Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer was in charge of the final drama; Dr. K. T. Brainbridge of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was in charge of the actual detonation.

The time was set for 5:30 A. M. The tension in the control room during those last few minutes was almost unbearable. At last, the robot detonating mechanisms had taken over. From that point on, the great complicated mass of intricate mechanism was in operation without human control.

A blinding flash. The whole range lit up in bold relief. For an instant no sound was heard, for light travels faster than sound. "Then came a tremendous roar, with a tornado burst of wind. This heavy pressure wave knocked down two men standing outside the control center." (22) The tower had vanished in vapor. This was the atomic bomb. No matter what happened now, all knew the impossible scientific job had been done.

Completing their measurements on the scene, and gathering up their instruments, the scientists wasted no time in putting their great achievement to practical use—the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which helped bring to a speedy conclusion the greatest war in history.

Was it worth \$2,000,000,000 to drop these two bombs on Japan? It was a bargain, for it saved the lives of at least one million American soldiers by making the invasion of Japan unnecessary. But it has done far more than that. It has clinched man's mastery over the atom's giant power, for untold good or evil as he may choose to use it.

Science has given to the world a great power—to be used for the destruction or betterment of our civilization. The scientist is looking hopefully forward with confidence and courage to the day envisioned by the prophet Isaiah—

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

FOOTNOTES

1. Uranium is a metallic element—the parent of the radium series.
2. An electron is a particle with a negative electric charge moving in an orbit outside the atom nucleus.
3. A proton is one of the principal kinds of particles in the atom core. It carries a positive electric charge.
4. Fission is the splitting or disruption of an atom core, forming two or more other elements.
5. A neutron is a particle in the atom's core carrying no electric charge. It is useful for smashing other atom cores.

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6. Heavy water is water that contains a double-weight isotope of hydrogen.
7. The nucleus is the core of an atom, which is destructible by a bombardment of neutrons.
8. Bernard Jaffe, "How the Bomb Came to Be," *The New Republic*, (September 17, 1945), p. 344.
9. Henry D. Smyth, *Atomic Energy for Military Purposes*, (Princeton, 1945), p. 45.
10. Raymond Swing, "Einstein on the Atomic Bomb," *The Atlantic Monthly*, (November, 1945), p. 43.
11. Isotopes are types of an element distinguishable from each other only by differences in atomic weight.
12. A mass spectrograph is an instrument used for separating isotopes, or almost identical substances.
13. Alden P. Armagnac, "What's Behind Atomic Power?" *Popular Science*, (October, 1945), p. 71.
14. A cyclotron is the apparatus used to bombard atomic targets with particles accelerated in a spiral path.
15. This magnet was intensified for a huge incomplected cyclotron at the University of California.
16. Armagnac, *op. cit.*, pp. 72-73.
17. In this lattice pattern, the blocks occupied points corresponding to the corners of a cube.
18. Armagnac, *op. cit.*, p. 210.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 214.
20. The raw material uranium is not dangerously radioactive. Neither is plutonium, unless it gets into the body, where its rays and chemically poisonous character make it one of the most deadly substances known. But the real trouble comes from some thirty other elements, including radioactive xenon and iodine, released when the uranium atom is split.
21. David Dietz, *Atomic Energy in the Coming Era*, (New York, 1945), p. 148.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 154.

CHRONOLOGY SHEET

- 1895—Discovery of X rays by German scientist, William Roentgen.
- c. 1900—Frenchman, Henry Becquerel, noticed the effect of uranium ore on a photographic plate in a darkroom.
- c. 1903—Marie Curie saw inside the spontaneous disintegrating of the radium atom.
- c. 1906—Sir Joseph J. Thomson gave us the electron.
- c. 1908—Earnest Rutherford gave us the proton.
- 1919—Lord Rutherford discovered that one element could be artificially transmuted into another.
- 1938—Enrico Fermi was compelled to leave Fascist Italy.
- January, 1938—Fermi tested his hypothesis.
- February, 1939—Results of Fermi's experiments were made public.
- Spring, 1939—A group of scientists enlisted the aid of Niels Bohr.
- March, 1939—Pegram made contact with the Navy Department.
- July, 1939—Szilard and Wigner conferred with A. Einstein.
- August 2, 1939—Einstein wrote a letter to President Roosevelt.
- April, 1940—Reference Committee was set up to control publication.
- June, 1940—National Defense Research Committee set up.
- 1940—University of Chicago work began.
- 1942—Clinton Engineer Works at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, became the pilot plant.
- 1942—Hanford, Washington, plant was constructed.
- 1942—University of Chicago experiment established as a success.
- December 2, 1942—First self-sustaining chain reaction.
- 1942—Laboratory at Los Alamos in New Mexico set up.
- September, 1944—First pile began operating at Hanford Engineer Works.
- October, 1944—Final change made in casing process of U-235.
- Winter, 1944—Clinton plant went into large scale production.
- Winter, 1944—Banks of calutrons at Clinton Engineer Works were in full operation.
- Summer, 1945—All three piles were in full operation.
- June, 1945—Laboratory in New Mexico was ready to test the first atomic bomb.
- July 13, 1945—Assembly of the atomic bomb was begun.
- July 14, 1945—The bomb was elevated

My Experience In Operating A Switchboard

By Dana Vincil, '49

I WALKED into homeroom, the first day of my last semester in high school, feeling very happy. As I passed the teacher's desk she handed me a note, which read, "Please report to the office immediately." "Oh! OH!" I thought. "What have I done now?" I hurried to the office with a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. There I was greeted by the registrar, who inquired if I had a study hall during fourth hour. As I nodded my head, she said, "Would you like to work on the switchboard that hour?" My spirits soared, and I heaved a sigh of relief. When she explained the job, I decided to take it. I was told to report for work the same day.

The switchboard was located in a recess in the wall between the main office and the senior class director's office. It controlled the house phones, found in every room in the building, which were used to call students to the office or other parts of the building.

I reported at the specified time and was met by a student, who was to teach me to operate the switchboard. I took one look at it and gasped. It was a maze of wires, plugs, holes, and lights and I was sure I could never operate such a complicated apparatus. Rosemary, the student, laughed, explaining that it was really quite simple and began to demonstrate the process. The board is a series of holes, numbered according to the rooms in the building, with lights above them. Along the front are pairs of plugs and switches. When the receiver of one of the house phones is lifted, a bell rings and a light goes on over one of the holes. One of the plugs is placed in the hole and the switch is pulled back. The operator asks for the number and places the plug in the proper hole. "See, it's very simple," said Rosemary, as she left me looking very bewildered.

No sooner had she gone than the bell rang. My knees turned to water as I weakly grabbed a plug and stuck it into the hole. Nothing happened. Fortunately, Rosemary heard the bell and came rushing to my aid. She straightened out the call and explained the process once more. I then took several calls without catastrophe, and Rosemary again returned to the office. Then a horrible thing occurred. Two calls came in at the same time. I grabbed the plugs with both hands and quieted the incessant ringing. In the process I mixed up both calls, and the ringing began again. Finally I collected my wits and straightened everything out. I then collapsed with relief.

One of my first calls came from the principal, who is a tall, stern character. Upon answering his ring, I was filled with fear, but promptly resolved to do it right this time, whereupon I impressed him with my stupidity by mixing everything up. After several days the task actually became simple, and I found I could study between calls. I now had a co-worker, Joan, who relieved me while I went to lunch. Being one of those people who are unconsciously very funny, she kept me laughing constantly.

As the switchboard was next to the main office, people passing by often stopped to

talk. There was usually a group of our friends around the switchboard until the office complained. Occasionally one of us was expected to do some filing in the office. At these times, very conveniently, we had "an awful lot of homework to do" or "several tests to study for." We were allowed thirty minutes for lunch, but as the period lasted an hour and a half, we each took forty-five. Neither of these things were appreciated by "The Boss" in the main office.

One of my friends had Spanish fourth hour, and I offered to call her out of class. I mentioned this jokingly to the teacher, who, knowing me, believed me. One day it really was necessary to call my friend to the office. The teacher recognized my voice and refused to let her leave class. After much talking, I convinced her I was telling the truth.

One day I returned from lunch to find "The Boss" talking very seriously to Joan. She dismissed her and turned to me. It seems that our work (and play) had been displeasing her. So we were politely fired. I wasn't sorry. Although I liked the job, it took up time I needed for study.

For the rest of the year, I spent my study hours in the library, annoying the librarian. For some reason, I had forgotten (if I ever knew) how to study quietly and created quite a disturbance. Though she managed to put up with me for six weeks, I'm sure she was very relieved to see me graduate.

to the top of the tower.

July 16, 1945—Detonation of the bomb.

August 6, 1945—First atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

August 9, 1945—Second atomic bomb dropped on Nagasaki.

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Her reverie was interrupted by her mother's cheery greeting, "Hello, Julie. Nice time at school today?"

"Yes, Mother, we had a wonderful time in geometry. Two of the most fascinating theorems about triangle and angles. Oh yes, Jay Smith is coming over at five; he wants me to help him with his geometry."

"Jay Smith Isn't he the son of Jay Earl Smith, the banker?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"My goodness, Julie, it's quarter to five already, and you haven't even changed your clothes."

"Change my clothes? Why? What's wrong with this skirt and sweater? I'm not going any place."

"No, dear, but you're having a guest, and I want you to look fresh and clean."

"But, Mother, Jay's not coming to see me. All he wants is to find out how tomorrow's geometry problems are worked."

"Just the same, Julie, change those clothes. Your face is dirty, too."

Promptly at five the doorbell rang. Julie, dressed in a fresh cotton dress, answered the door.

"Julie, problem eight stumped me—you know, the one about the sum of the angles in a triangle."

"All you need do is state theorem fourteen to prove that problem," explained Julie.

"Well, why couldn't I have figured that out? It's so simple when you show me how. Thanks a lot, Julie. I'll have to be going. Mom said we were going to eat early tonight."

"Be seeing you, Jay."

"Bye, Julie, don't study too hard."

"Oh dear," thought Julie wistfully as she watched Jay walk out of her yard, "I do wish Jay could have come to see me rather than to get his precious geometry. I hate geometry! There's nothing about me to attract Jay. Oh, I'm reasonably attractive, but looks don't count. With Jay it takes personality, pep, and puns. No boy who is the 'life of the party' could stand a dull person like me. All you ever do, Julie Monroe, is work geometry problems!"

"Miss Monroe, I'd like to speak to you after class. Please stay when the bell rings."

"Yes, Miss Henderson, I'll stay," Julie replied, wondering what the mathematics teacher would have to say to her.

When the bell rang, and the rest of the students left, Julie went up to Miss Henderson's desk, "You wanted to speak to me, Miss Henderson?"

"Yes, Julie, to be frank, you have been doing very poor work this last two weeks. Your 'E' average has dropped to 'M.' Has anything been bothering you lately that I could help straighten out?"

"I have not been doing good work because I recently have taken up several extracurricular activities; I just can't find time to do my work."

Putting her arm around Julie, Miss Henderson confided, "Julie, keep on with your outside activities. They have a richer value in the long run. Of course, I'll miss having you as my star pupil, but you were such a complete bookworm that it does me good to see you behaving like a normal girl."

"Thanks, Miss Henderson. I'll try not to neglect my geometry entirely in the future."

Once out in the corridor, Julie hurried to the gymnasium to practice basketball. While rounding a corner she bumped into Jay.

"Pardon me, Julie! Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Basketball practice. You know our team is going to play the girls from Central High tomorrow. It's bound to be a good game because we both have beaten National High."

"Oh, the team'll win if you make as many baskets as you did last Thursday. What's happened to you lately? You've become our star player."

"Well, I've been practicing a lot after school."

"Julie, would you please help me with the first geometry problem?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, but I haven't had time to study it yet. Maybe I'll get a chance to do it before tomorrow. It's just tough if I don't. That basketball game is the most important thing on my schedule tomorrow."

"Something's come over you! You sound just like me. I'll make a deal with you, Julie. If you make the most points, I'll take you to the Orpheum tomorrow

enjoy doing his lessons."

night, and then we'll work on that geometry together."

"It's a deal," Julie said as she caught hold of the door for support.

The Touch of a Leaf

By Elise Ronnels, '50

A DRIED leaf blew against my face and clung by its gripping, clawlike edges.

The sun had gone down, and I could hardly see the leaf's skeletal form as I removed it from my face. Twilight hung gloomily over the out-of-doors—pinkish-gray streaks of light filtered through the naked trees. A sudden unexplainable illness possessed me as I stared searchingly at the frail remnant. The leaf seemed to grip my very soul, as well as my hand. It felt crisp to the touch—cold and dead. The lifeless veins wound through the pale brown covering—a complicated network of highways. The edge of the leaf curled in places, its drab, dark brown blending into the paler color of the leaf's center. It crushed easily between my fingertips, changing to a crisp, dustlike mass that flew from my outstretched palm with the gust of autumn breeze. The cold air stung my nostrils, and I shuddered under the impact.

What was it that filled me with such repugnance? Why did the feel of a dried leaf instill such dread in me? As I gazed about me at the swaying trees, the darkening shadows, and the utter desolateness of the world, I imagined myself as I had been seven years ago—lost in the woods. A friend and I had gone exploring, and we chose to explore the large woods located a half mile from my home. We had both been forbidden to enter the woods unless an older person was with us, for our parents feared hunters and tramps. Because it was a forbidden pleasure it seemed all the sweeter. For several hours we roamed through the small forest—hunting nuts, old bird nests, buckeyes, and fall flowering plants. Our feet wandered aimlessly over the leaf-carpeted hills, and we swung happily on the grotesque, ropelike grapevines that hung in loops from the trees' uppermost branches and dangled in our path. Splinters scratched our hands as we grasped the thickest ones and swung mightily across the ravine and back. Little did we know or care about the danger in our play. The breeze swept our faces with its fresh coolness, and we shouted spiritedly. The sun had sunk behind the farthest tree before we noticed how long we had stayed. "We'd better hurry home," Pat said, "I think we'd better go that way." She pointed in a direction that seemed altogether wrong to me.

"No," I contradicted. "I'm sure we should go that way. Don't you remember that path we crossed a few minutes ago?" The path would indeed have led us out of the woods if we had been able to find it, but time had elapsed since we saw it—not just a few minutes. We started confidently in the direction I chose, but it did not seem to get us anyplace. For some reason the huge white oak we stood under seemed vastly familiar. My unspoken fears were voiced when Pat asked if we had not passed the tree twice before. Its serpentlike arms seemed to reach to the sky's ceiling—it was impossible to mistake its regal size.

"Do you think we're lost?" queried Pat in a frightened voice.

"Of course not!" I protested with far more assurance than I felt. "This woods is too small to be lost in. That's probably the way out over there." I started staunchly in a direction that seemed to lead us only farther into the forest. Brambles pricked our legs; weeds tripped our feet; branches scratched our faces. The sky grew darker—only a grayish glow, streaked here and there with dull coral and gold, illumined the sky. Birds flew overhead—mere shadows winging their way to the night protection of the trees and shrubs. We could hear the lonesome flapping of their wings as they glided over us. How we would have liked to know that we were heading toward home and a night's rest. Our stomachs were hungry, and we knew supper was on the table. Perhaps there was steak and apple pie! I tried to put the comforts of home out of my mind as I attempted to cheer Pat. She trembled with fear, and whimpered softly. Still onward we pressed through the dark woods—I held Pat's hand, and we stumbled through the unseen underbrush together. Vainly I

continued on next page

The Writings of Charlotte and Emily Bronte

By Mary Jane Horton, '49

THE greatness of Charlotte and Emily Bronte is undying in English literature. Behind them, they leave two noble and distinctive novels, *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*, as an unforgettable monument to their glorious genius.

"It has been said that whereas Emily imagined and created, Charlotte merely observed and reproduced." 1.

Emily began writing poetry in 1836, in this way releasing her powerful emotions. Love and death prevailed throughout her poems, which always dealt with the origin and power of evil and goodness.

"To know the strength, the passion, and vehemence of her spirit, we must carry in our minds the accent of Emily Bronte's poems." 2.

Charlotte and Emily, with their younger sister, Anne, jointly published a volume of poetry. Being modest, they assumed the names of Currier, Ellis, and Acton Bell. In the first year of its publication, only two copies were sold. Charlotte, herself, admitted that, "Emily's were the only poems therein of real merit." 3. Indeed her poems are great, sometimes considered beyond the realm of greatness.

Emily began her *Wuthering Heights* before Charlotte started her *Jane Eyre*; however, Charlotte's novel was published in 1847, a few months before her sister's.

As Professor A. A. Jacks has stated, *Wuthering Heights* bears the same relation to *Jane Eyre* that Webster bears to Shakespeare." 4. Charlotte possessed talent; Emily was pure genius.

Wuthering Heights is almost as incredible as its author. The novel is built upon the framework of melodrama. Yet, out of this, Emily has molded a living thing. Heathcliff is the essence of Emily, herself.

"The immature but very real powers revealed in *Wuthering Heights* were scarcely recognized; its import and nature were misunderstood; the identity of its author was misrepresented; it was said that this was an earlier cruder attempt, of the same pen which had produced *Jane Eyre*." 5.

Since Charlotte had pledged secrecy to her sisters of their authorship, she published a statement in her third edition of *Jane Eyre*, discrediting all claims to the authorship of *Wuthering Heights*: "an honor is awarded where it is not merited; and consequently, denied where it is justly due." 6.

Yes, the error was impetuous, but characteristic of the public, for few could interpret and digest the impalpability of Emily's writings.

Wuthering Heights is truly, "a tale of usurpation, revenge, and a devilish preternatural passion that tamer beings can scarcely recognize as love." 7. "Jane Eyre is milk and water to Catherine Earnshaw, and Rochester is a stage-puppet beside Heathcliff." 8. Still, not even Emily's perfect style can exalt Charlotte's vivid descriptions.

Charlotte's style was alone in its class; her singular choice of words, and regard for the simple truth of expression were unique. *Jane Eyre* is a realistic novel; authentically based on experience, revealing Charlotte Bronte's remarkable power of observation. "She once told her sister that she was wrong—even morally wrong—in making her heroine beautiful as a matter of course." 9. There are few novels that stand alone as *Jane Eyre*. It discloses no evident descent, nor influence by its predecessors momentous of that age. Charlotte broke the unwritten laws of literature, destroying the previous traditions. Despite the appalling shock it bestowed upon the early Victorians, Charlotte Bronte has given the world of literature unforgettable characters.

Since Charlotte possesses many imperfections—her lapses from reality; her sometimes fallible style; her inability to realize the real significance of beauty, as Emily did; and her frequent trend toward melodrama—Emily is commonly praised at her sister's expense.

Jane Eyre and *Wuthering Heights* are great novels, each in its own class. According to the critics, "Jane Eyre is a book only less wonderful than *Wuthering Heights*;" 10. according to the average reader, *Jane Eyre* exceeds *Wuthering Heights* in its more hu-

man emotions.

Footnotes

1. Charlotte Bronte: *Jane Eyre* (London and Toronto, New York, 1933), p. vii.
2. Emily Bronte: *Wuthering Heights* (London, New York, 1912), p. xi.
3. Virginia Moore: *The Life and Eager Death of Emily Bronte* (London, 1936) p. 313.
4. *British Authors of the Nineteenth Century* (New York, 193) p. 316.
5. *Wuthering Heights*, p. xviii.
6. *Jane Eyre* (third edition, 1848).
7. *British Authors*.
8. *Jane Eyre*.
9. Mrs. Gaskell: *Life of Charlotte Bronte* (New York), p. 211.
10. *Jane Eyre*.

The Touch of a Leaf

continued from preceding page

summoned my courage and tried to joke with her, wanting above all else to make her laugh. Being funny was a sorry proposition when roots grabbed out and twisted about our ankles with their rough tentacles, vines entangled our legs and brushed our faces with their sticky tendrils, and dead leaves sifted against our faces and down our necks. Pat smiled wanly, but the cheerfulness was short-lived. We went tumbling headlong into a small ravine—our shoes slipped down the muddy sides and we landed in a cushiony mountain of damp leaves. Overhead a screech owl whirred its eerie hunting call. We huddled together as the weird strains faded and disappeared altogether, taking with them their fuzzy, keen-eyed maker.

Still we wandered aimlessly through the woods. At intervals we shouted for help, but none came. Just as we were about to give up entirely, we saw a light coming through the spectral trees. Fear gripped us, but we waited until the light came closer. Its piercing rays swept our faces, and we were momentarily blinded. Then I recognized the bearer of the lantern—a wizened old bachelor who lived about two miles from home. As soon as Pat recognized him she started to laugh and tell him what happened. Suddenly I was speechless—I sat down on the cold ground and cried bitterly.

A dead leaf brushed against my face, and I shuddered—even as I shuddered seven years later.

The Foundation

By Dana Vincil, '49

TO the children in my neighborhood "the foundation" is the most popular place to play. This concrete foundation, constructed for a house that was never built, stands on the lot nest-door to my house. It is large enough for an eight-room house and is divided into four rooms. The front half is made up of three rooms; the back half is one large room which is dug out three or four feet below the surface of the earth. The walls are two or three feet high and six or eight inches thick.

The rooms inside are overgrown with trees, vines, and weeds, though when I first saw it the foundation was quite bare. Every year we cut down the locust trees, which, like the tree that grows in Brooklyn, always grow back up within a year. When the foliage turns green in the spring, the rooms are as impenetrable as the jungles of darkest Africa. Also in the spring the trees are covered with creamy white blossoms, whose lovely perfume permeates the air all around. In the fall, masses of white clematis blanket the walls. These blossoms add greatly to the ugly surroundings, tall brown weeds filled with many bugs. Poison ivy grows in obscure places, which we never discovered, though we broke out with it every spring. This foundation is a perfect hiding place for rabbits, stray cats, turtles, snakes, lizards, and various types of insects.

This foundation has stood for twenty-five years as the perfect playground for the neighborhood children. In the most vivid memories of my childhood this foundation is foremost. Most of my play time after I was eight years old was spent in it or on it.

It has represented everything from a king's palace to the "dog house." At times its rooms were houses in which we lived with our families of dolls. It was once a large ocean liner on which my friends and I were wealthy passengers. It has been Robinson Crusoe's desert island, Tom Sawyer's cave in which he was lost, or the river on which

he sailed his craft. It has been the setting for *Under the Lilacs*, *Little Women*, *Little Men*, and many other stories of children.

Most of the time we played in a more tomboyish way. To walk its walls was an amusing pastime, and to jump across the openings for windows an acrobatic accomplishment. We often played tag on its walls, and invariably one of us fell in. We were always covered with scratches and bruises from these games.

As I grew too old for fanciful play, I turned to the foundation for Girl Scouting. We used to pitch a tent and cook our Saturday meals there. I learned many essentials of woodcraft in this foundation. Its piles of brush were a constant source of fire wood.

There were two yearly rituals connected with the foundation and the lot around it. The first was the burning of the leaves and brush every fall. The second was the burning of all the neighborhood Christmas trees. All of the "kids" and some of the grownups in the neighborhood attended these rituals.

Since I have grown too old for this play, I enjoy watching other children play on the foundation as I did. Even now I sometimes I forget my dignity and play with them.

Not long ago I was shocked to hear that a house was being built on the foundation. I had thought of it as something that would always stand, as a sort of monument to childhood. I recalled the good times there, now a thing of the past. Perhaps the foundation is symbolic of my childhood. As it is a foundation on which a house is being built, my childish pastimes there are the foundation on which my adult life is being built.

The Things I Did

By Jean Baker, '50

AS I stood in line I tried to decide what sort of p.e. I should enroll in. As an athlete I was a failure except as a swimmer. It would be stupid to sign up for swimming, because I should try to broaden my field of accomplishment. Anyway, I spend my summers in the water, and eighteen extra weeks would be too much. I could hardly wait until June when I would be back at Tapwingo feeling like a dog that had been lost and found its way home. Last summer I had ridden a surf board for the first time. As used to the water as I was, surf boards had always frightened me, and if Dick and his friends had not goaded me, I would never have done it. I had paid no attention to their directions and instructions for guiding the board and shifting my weight and riding waves, because I did not dream that I would stand up. All they asked was that I ride it, and I planned to lie down and hug the board.

The motor started and my craft picked up speed. The board jogged along hitting waves crosswise and the spray was cool and refreshing after the sun on the dock. The water was clear and pale green there in the middle of the lake, and I wondered how people could be afraid of it. I understood for a moment why the old captain in *Green Dolphin Street* preferred to drown when his ship sank rather than go ashore and spend his remaining time on the solid, unromantic earth. Scarcely conscious that I was doing it, I changed to a squatting position, grasped the guide rope more tightly and slowly pulled myself upright on the board. The boys in the boat applauded and I released my grip with one hand and waved gaily in an attempt at bravado. I was not as frightened as I had expected to be, but the terror of falling from the board was still there. I had never been afraid of drowning, so the thought of going under water did not disturb me. The boat was pulling me swiftly and I was certain the water would sting when I hit the surface. The boys were turning corners broadly so that I had no sharp turns to manipulate. I remembered enough of their instructions to know that I should press with my right foot as I turned left and vice versa. It was not hard to learn how much pressure to exert and I felt a new sense of power over the water.

Perhaps I slackened the rope too much; there are so many things that can happen. I realized that the surf board was tipping, and as I fell I remember wondering what would happen next. I was not frightened, just curious. The impact of my weight upon the water did not sting at all. When I came to the surface I swam toward the waiting boat and Dick started to help me in.

To the complete consternation of my friends I declined, climbed onto the board, and signaled them to start the motor.

"What, oh yes, of course. I'm sorry I'm blocking the door." I came out of my reverie to notice there were only three girls ahead of me in line. It was time I made a decision. Almost any class would do. I had a serious case of what my high school Civics teacher called "Spectatoritis." I enjoyed watching games, football especially. I didn't care for basketball—not at its face value, anyway. Our annual invitational tournaments had been the high point of high school. We worked on them for weeks ahead—making posters, planning decorations, finding lodgings for visiting teams. The week itself was gloriously hectic! We held the tournament during the first part of February. Come to think of it, the games had started last night. I wished I could be there for the finals. The gym would be packed and would resound with the shouts, cheers, and insults of the crowd. It would be a mass of red and blue and yellow satin, and the floor would be littered with bottles and wrappers.—

"Next, please."

Not Heard On Radio But Seen By Eye Corn - - On The Cob

Here is some corn! Not the kind heard on radio programs but honest-to-goodness corn on the cob that was grown on the college farm. It was found lying on Mr. Motley's desk, two huge, healthy-looking ears of corn and three scrawny ones. What is the significance of this corn?

The two large ears are the product of land that had previously been planted with red clover and then limed, while the small ears had no proper reference to rebuilding the soil. The clover belongs to the legume type family. Legume should have a place in every rotation planting because of its deep fleshy root system and capacity for appropriating free nitrogen from the air in the soil by means of bacteria on the roots. These deep roots penetrate the sub-soil and transfer valuable plant food to the surface soil which is liberated when they decay. Growing of legumes improves the soil, especially before grain crops are planted.

The corn on Mr. Motley's desk is not the result of an experiment, but it does prove the theory of the legume and rotation planting. The practice of rotation planting with legumes has a direct effect on human and animal welfare by invigorating the poor soil in order to receive the best possible plant growth.

Muscle Bound

By Jeanne Gross

Lindenwood met Maryville on February 28 in a fast basketball game. The victory was decidedly Maryville's but the girls from Lindenwood played their best. The score at the end of the game was Maryville 48, Lindenwood 18. High pointers in the game were Bobbie Wade and Butch Macy, who tied with six points each.

The girls who played were Martha Corstin, Bobbie Wade, Ruth Waye, Donna Tipton, Butch Macy, Casey Jones, Nora Strength, Betty Bishop, Betty Brandon and Jo Ann O'Flynn.

After Maryville defeated Lindenwood, the team played one of their best games of the season on Saturday morning, March 8, on campus with Harris Teachers College. The score was Lindenwood 29, Harris 23. Casey Jones was high-point girl with 14 points. The following girls took part in the game: Casey Jones, Virginia Frank, Butch Macy, Martha McCorstin, Bobby Wade, Donna Tipton, Ruth Waye, Jo Ann O'Flynn, Nora Strength, Lois Windrow, Betty Bishop and Beverly Yarborough.

Basketball intramurals began March 10. Irwin and Nicolls tied in the opening game of the intramurals with the score of 10-10. These two halls will have to have another game to decide the victory. Sibley and Ayres played March 11. The Day Students and Butler each got byes.

Friskie and Family

By Mary Jo Sweeney, '50

During the course of breakfast in our home, my parents and I were startled out of our chairs by the sounds of an apparent landslide on the roof, accompanied by the rustle of dried leaves and an occasional tinny thud. We ran out the door and through the barrage of acorns just in time to see a reddish-brown tail dip a salute as it disappeared over the top of the roof.

"Well, I'll be—a squirrel!" ejaculated Daddy.

It was not until the next day, however, that I was rewarded with a glimpse of the whole squirrel. While I was eating lunch, I noticed him hanging on the tree trunk which was close to the kitchen window. Having apparently satisfied himself concerning our actions, he gave a twitch with his tail, then scampered down and away.

Until snowfall Friskie busied himself with the task of filling his winter bins in the woodpecker's old holes with quantities of nuts. Friskie must have been a very close observer of human nature, especially during the war years, for the amount of acorns that he hoarded far exceeded the amount that one squirrel could consume during the winter. During the fall I twice saw Friskie digress from his habitual nut-gathering to inspect the bird of my badminton set. The feathers of the bird seemed to have a special fascination for him. On one of these times they must have tickled Friskie, for he suddenly gave the bird a terrific wallop.

My interest in the squirrel lagged until spring came. As I recall, it was the day that Mother had finally convinced Daddy that the unsightly old tree stump should be removed. While I was unconsciously letting my eyes wander over the object of their discussion, I suddenly noticed several objects moving about in the sunshine which shone on the black bark.

"Mom, we have lots of squirrels in the stump!" I yelled. "Look, they're all over the top. Do you think they could be baby squirrels?"

From the day that I noticed the new squirrels, I took an avid interest in the tree. To me, watching the five initiates in the world of wonder was quite engrossing. Once I saw one of the reddish balls of fluff scamper toward the ground. Just before he would have felt terra firma for the first time in his life, another squirrel blocked his way. Of course, it was Papa Friskie. Undoubtedly he didn't want his little darling to catch pneumonia on the damp ground. Papa Friskie proved himself adept as instructor in the manual art of nut-cracking. I had supposed that all squirrels knew how to crack nuts until I saw Friskie sitting on a limb surrounded by all the little squirrels. Professor Friskie took a nut out of his cheek and held it in his paws. Then he chatteringly began cracking the shell, presumably explaining each strategem. It was during Friskie's instruction on limb-to-limb climbing that I noticed one of the young squirrels was far more courageous than the rest. I thought it odd that this classroom of squirrels had such a human element. There was one art in Friskie's curriculum which he did not teach his children. That was the trick of sharpening his teeth on the dry bones which Bowser left on the surface of the yard. It appeared that Friskie thought only adult squirrels were capable of that feat.

Mama Squirrel was not only the chief assistant in the course, "Dodging Humans," but she was head instructor in the very fine art of "Dodging Woodpeckers." These dive bombers' habit of machine-gunning the poor squirrels while going to their work on the hole just above that of the squirrels' seemed as irrepressible as the human habit of reading the daily newspaper on the way to the office. To counteract these aerial attacks, it seemed to me that one squirrel acted as a lookout. Whenever an attack seemed imminent, he would chatter loudly, thus warning the others. At first the other young squirrels paid no attention to the warning, but Mama Squirrel soon taught them that ducking inside a nearby hole was the only way of escaping the attack. The fact that the old stump was filled with holes greatly facilitated matters.

After strolling home from school one particularly sunny spring day, I decided to see what my young friends were learning. They undoubtedly had finished all their lessons for all I found was the empty old stump with a solitary woodpecker disinterestedly tapping away on the top.

THE CLUB CORNER

Beverly Odom, Amelia Plowman, Mary Neubert, Miriam Reilly, Jan Miller, Dana Vincil and Margaret Einspahr were initiated into Sigma Tau Delta on Monday, Feb. 24. Dr. Terhune was the speaker. Refreshments were served.

Monday the Press Club visited Station KMOX in St. Louis, touring the news room and broadcasting studios. Later they visited the police station and were shown the bertillion room, the detective room and the show-up room. Much to the dismay of some members, the group also visited the morgue.

Beverly Nissley was elected vice-president of the Army Brats at a meeting February 21 in the Sibley Club Room. She succeeds Marge Murphy, who left at the semester. The club made plans for the next meeting, when a bridge party with refreshments will take place.

Twenty-three new members were initiated into Alpha Sigma Tau at a meeting on March 4. The new members are: Jo Ann O'Flynn, Lois Hachtmeyer, Jean Turner, Marjorie Crawford, Jane Morrissey, Betty Sue Perry, Dorothy Drake, Amelia Plowman, Carol Clayton, Fannie F. Straus, Barbara Hencke, Eleanor Hedrick, Margaret Einspahr, Jane Merrill, Miriam Reilly, Jane Faust, Janice Lowe, Juanita Pardee, Mary Trimble, Dana Vincil, Janet Errington, Joyce Craemer and Marguerite Little. Dr. Alice Parker reviewed several of C. S. Lewis's books. Refreshments were served.

Pi Gamma Mu held an Open House on February 12 at 5 p. m. Mary Morris sang and Elizabeth Bates played several numbers. Refreshments were served.

Scope Of Music Is Unlimited, Declares Dr. Jacob Kwalwasser

"The beauty of music is that the scope is unlimited," stated Dr. Jacob Kwalwasser in an interview at the Fine Arts Building recently.

Dr. Kwalwasser, who is a member of the faculty at the Julliard School of Music in New York City, was a campus guest March 3-4. While here, he gave a number of lectures in connection with music and art.

Emphasizing the psychology of music, he showed how it can be used in industries to increase production as well as improve the state of mind of the employer and workers.

Surprising as it may seem, Dr. Kwalwasser pointed out the growing use of music in many of our mental hospitals. "It not only relieves the monotony of the instruments used," he said, "but also gives the patients a stimulating occupation."

When asked his opinion of such songs as "Open the Door, Richard," Dr. Kwalwasser replied, "It is the play of our imagination that makes songs. I do not believe they are caused from frustration but from a positive thing—the desire to create something novel and clever which gives the composer a feeling of well-being."

Dr. Kwalwasser described Lindenwood as "a dream castle where the students and faculty are extremely kind and friendly."

Sophomores Will Take General Culture Tests

The Sophomore General Culture Tests will be given March 18 and 20. The tests will be held Tuesday at 8 a. m. and Thursday at 1 p. m. The room numbers are posted on the first floor of Roemer Hall.

These tests serve as a guide to the student and the college in determining the general scholastic standing, although the scores are not recorded.

THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Campus Hall of Fame Janet Brown, prominent girl around campus who seems to have her finger in every pie that is cooking. This year in addition to maintaining her place on the Dean's Honor Roll, Janet is a member of the two honorary societies, Alpha Sigma Tau and Sigma Tau Delta.

She is secretary-treasurer of Student Council, literary editor of Linden Leaves and member of Linden Bark Staff, Tau Sigma, Triangle Club, Athletic Association, Future Teachers of America, Press Club and League of Women Voters.

But the above honors do not claim all of her spare time. Janet is a popular mixer among all the gals, and a special favorite with the Butler Gals.

Hat Hints For Easter Promenade

By Mary Titus

A lift to the spirit and a satisfaction to the soul is a spring hat. Women and their millinery creations! Well, what shall they be this spring?

The theme tends to follow the "back interest." Decorations adorn the back of hats in the form of streamers, bows, flower sprays, ribbons and veiling. Flowers of every sort are used lavishly. Pink seems to be a favorite color, combined with contrasting ribbons and veiling; while lacy straw braids form a background for flower arrangements posed under and over the brims.

Among the spring silhouettes are the shepherdess bonnet, with a wide or medium brim, bretons and mushroom shapes, brightened with contrasting straw or velvet facings. Small, head-fitting shapes seem destined for importance, and others that share their popularity are new types of sailors, elliptical contours, and draped and untrimmed hats with or without brims.

Olga Balish Presents Inside View of Herself And of 'MacBeth'

Seats that haven't been used for some time in Roemer Auditorium were occupied on February 24, when Macbeth was presented by the National Classic Theater.

The play began at 7 o'clock with Macbeth and Lady Macbeth plotting to kill the king so that Macbeth would be king, and ended two and a half hours later when both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth had died, Lady Macbeth from poison, Macbeth by the sword of McDuff.

Miss Olga Balish, who portrayed Lady Macbeth, is from Bridgeport, Conn. She is five feet five inches tall, has black hair and possesses brown eyes that can portray hatred and fear in Macbeth to innocent and faithful love in Romeo and Juliet, in which Miss Balish played Juliet last year at Lindenwood.

Miss Balish has studied at the National Academy of Dramatic Arts and the Children's Theater for two years. She also was in summer stock.

Costumes are very important to her. If she feels that her costume for her role is as it should be she can more easily slip into the character that she is portraying. When she feels that her costume is not what it should be she is self-conscious.

When Miss Balish was asked by a student if she had dropped something on the stage she was surprised for she did not lose or drop anything. "But," said the student, "all the girls in the audience were looking toward the floss and whispering." "Maybe my slip was showing," she said smilingly.

Before a group can go on the road they study for only a month on the Shakespearian play that they are to give. Macbeth has been on the road since October; this group is also giving The Merchant of Venice, which they alternate with Macbeth.

Macbeth was played by Herbert Voland, a big, blond man who portrayed very well the weak character of Macbeth. McDuff was played by John Beebe, Malcolm by Douglas Read, Fleance by Janice Mattson, King Duncan by Lewis Fuller, Ross by Tom Elrod, Banquo by Bonar Stuart, Lennox by Robert Paine, Portier by Forbes Francis, Doctor by Lorne Stewart, Waiting Gentlewoman by Barbara Willock and Seyton by Scott Hughes.

Dr. Parkinson Recovers From Influenza Attack

Dr. William Parkinson of the Bible Department spent February 28 to March 4 in the St. Joseph Hospital in St. Charles recuperating from influenza. Dean Alice Gipson conducted Dr. Parkinson's classes while he was absent.

OF ALL THINGS

EARLY BIRD

A gal I can't quite understand
Is one who's gay at dawn.
Some day I think I'll stifle HER,
Instead of just a yawn.
Christian College Microphone

Pupil: You said the composition I wrote was both good and original, yet you gave me zero.

Dr. Betz: Well, the part that was original was no good and the part that was good was not original.

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree,
"For," said he, "It's enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle D.D."

A modern girl is one who can meet the
wolf at the door and come out with a fur
coat.

The Patriot

First moron: "What did you do to your forehead?"

Second moron: "I bit myself."

First moron: "You couldn't reach it."

Second moron: "I stood on a chair."

"I'm going to live within my income this year even if I have to borrow money to do it."

Mark Twain

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in WHITE TIE AND TAILS

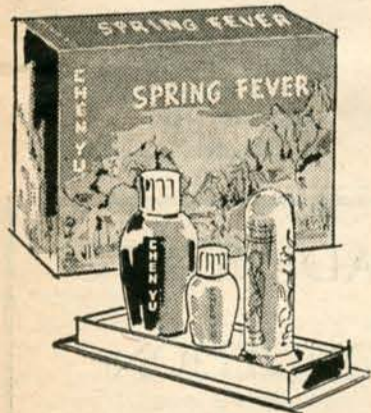
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International Union Outlines Objectives

On November 17, 1939, there were 157 Czechoslovak students massacred by the Nazis.

Two years later student representatives of fourteen fighting nations met in London to proclaim November 17 as International Students Day. From this grew the International Union of Students.

The history of the organization was related by Miss Louise McGraw, observer at the regional conference at Washington University, and Miss Nancy Kern, Lindenwood delegate to the conference. Miss Kern and Miss McGraw gave their report to the student body at a student meeting on March 4.

In 1946 the International Preparatory Committee was organized to pave the way for a meeting of representatives from democratic student organizations in every country to be held at Prague, Czechoslovakia, in 1946. American students attended these meetings and arranged to send fifteen delegates from American student organizations and from ten strategically located colleges.

American delegates, recognizing the need of our students for a National Student Organization, made plans for a meeting to be held in Chicago last December. This Chicago meeting elected a committee to draw up a plan for the constitution of the NSO. The United States was divided into regions and regional chairmen were appointed. Lindenwood, located in the Missouri-Kansas region, sent delegates to the regional meeting held at Washington University, February 22. The decisions of this regional group will be reported to Chicago headquarters by the regional chairman, Miss Patricia Groom of Maryville College.

A tentative plan for the structure of the NSO is: Individual colleges will send delegates to the regional meetings, the regional meetings will elect representatives to attend the national conferences. Also represented will be leading student organizations: Student Federalists, National Catholic Youth Council, Youthbuilders, etc. It has not yet been decided whether the NSO will be an active member of the International Union of Students. Most representatives feel that it would be better for the American organization to affiliate with the IUS in some activities but to avoid entanglements with European politics, which at present play an important part in the IUS.

Some of the aims of the NSO at present are: To become a national student organization; to promote national and international student friendships; to secure equal educational rights for all people, regardless of race, creed or sex; to secure a system of government and private aid for needy students; to encourage student and faculty cooperation on student problems and extend democratic student-controlled governments and free student presses of censorship; to foster student cultural activities, and to eliminate the commercialization of inter-collegiate sports.

The NSO will endeavor to work out student exchange systems, work for adequate medical, dental and hospital facilities for students, establish a student employment center and function generally as a national clearing-house for student problems.

Jeane Sebastian Is Maid Of Honor At St. Pat's Ball In Rolla, Mo.

The St. Patrick's Day celebration at Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo., was again represented by a Lindenwood student. Jeane Sebastian, Junior Class president, was



Jeane Sebastian, president of Junior Class, who was an attendant at the annual St. Pat's Ball at Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.

chosen as an attendant to the Queen to reign March 13 through the 16.

The St. Patrick's Queen is chosen by the board and her Maids of Honor by the fraternities and independents. Jeane was picked by the Kappa Alpha and was at the fraternity's open-house Thursday night, in the parade on one of the floats Friday afternoon, and reigned with the Queen at her coronation that night at the masquerade ball. Saturday was the big formal and climax of the whole week-end with Alvin Ray and Bob Strong supplying the musical background.

Jeane didn't travel down to Rolla alone. Her roommate, Nancy Kern, went too and they both had a marvelous time.

Religious Emphasis Week On Campus

Religious Emphasis Week was observed at Lindenwood last week. The Rev. Dr. Robert L. Tucker, who is the minister of the First Methodist Church at New Haven, Conn., spoke at Vespers on Sunday night. He also conducted student conferences Thursday.

Dean Sidney E. Sweet of Christ Church Cathedral in St. Louis spoke at Convocation Thursday.

The subject, "Why Faith Today," was used as the theme of Religious Emphasis Week by the student committee. Members of this committee are: Chairman, Coy Payne, Jan Miller, Nancy Kern, Susie Perry, Barbara Lloyd and Roberta Court.

'The Imaginary Invalid' Presented By Successful Cast And Direction

Moliere's riotous comedy, "The Imaginary Invalid," was presented by the Speech and Dramatics Department March 14, under the direction of Miss Glo Rose Mitchell.

The cast included: Argan, Marie Koch; Toinette, Dorothy Cox; Purgon, Judy Haggerty; Angelique, Mary Ellen Stewart; Monsignor Fleurant, Constance Schweiger; Belive, Mary Lou Brite; Bonnefoi, Gloria Horn; Cleante, Betty Hunt; Diafoirus, Lovelle Selzer; Thomas, Roberta Court; Louisan, Charlotte Nolan, and Beralde, Carl Frew.

Other students who helped in the production were Marianne Metzger, student director; Beverly Nissley, stage manager; Mary Schwartz, Jean Richter, Lois McGinnis and Shirley Pate, stage crew; Patricia Stull, make-up; Nancy Dana, lights; Ruth Ann Ball and Grace D. Faucette, costumes, and Joerene Williams, publicity.

This play was the last of Moliere's works and the one which is best known. Moliere played the part of Argan at the time of its first production and because he was a sick man his physical appearance enhanced the realism of the performance. Disregarding the advice of friends he appeared in the fourth performance of the play in a critical condition. He was seized with convulsions and died four hours later. It is interesting to note that because he was a player the priests denied him extreme unction. It was only the intercession of the King that allowed him to be buried with simple ceremony from which the solemn service was omitted.

The stage crew worked hard and created a lovely stage set. The costumes were replicas of the beautiful 17th century style. Among the high lights of the rehearsals was the fact that Thomas could never seem to point his toe right when making his low bow, but then the sweeping bows and curtsies of those days were quite different from modern behavior. Cliente insisted on becoming mixed up in his sword and Argan could never find his cane at the time he needed it to strike.

Press Club Taken To Police Station, But It Was All In Fun

"Calling all cars, calling all cars, Press Club mysteriously eludes St. Louis police, last seen entering City Morgue, that is all."

From mike to crime—these were the travels of the Lindenwood Press Club on March 10.

Beginning the evening at the radio station, KMOX, the Press Club attended a performance of "The Land We Live In."

Next the "Bark sleuths" toured the police station. Pistols, cells, the "Black Maria," old "John Law" was the gangleader here.

Making a fast getaway through a side exit, the ladies of the press dodged the police, and bravely entered the Morgue.

Molly Freshman Imagines Spring And Dreams Of St. Pat's Dance

Dear B.J.

Spring is here, but why did it have to leave the winter with me? Here I am flaunting the well-known cold germs to my contemporaries. No need to worry though—they also are carrying them around! It is wonderful to wake up in the morning and see the sun and hear the birds. I even can imagine that I am home for the summer and it is about time to get up and take a morning dip—that is if I imagine real hard with my eyes closed. But when the alarm goes off and my roommate dashes madly to the sink, I soon recall where I am and speed off to my 8 o'clock. Such are the dreams that keep my chin up and my brain diligently soaking in the knowledge.

It seems to me that not too long ago I was raving about a dance we had here. My, my! Here goes again! This time, however, it was a St. Patrick's dance where they crowned the Popularity Queen. This time I took a chance on a blind date—or should I say some poor unsuspecting soul took a chance on me! It was swell of my roommate's fellow to bring along an extra, anyway.

The past few weeks have been mighty busy ones. The teachers are all planning little tests, papers to hand in, reports to

give and what not. Besides spending every available hour in the library I also have been going to lectures given by outside lecturers, going to club teas, and of course my own little teas in the Tea Room. Several of us went in to St. Louis to see the "Magnificent Yankee" at the American Theatre. It was presented to an audience of college students from the various colleges around here.

My equilibrium was jolted last week. Here I have been ambling along on my meager allowance and up pops the specialty of the week, an annual for four bucks and also a must which was the new Humanities book, I'm telling you I can't even afford an all day sucker any more! Therefore the little trips to the Tea Room result in just an afternoon gab session over a glass of water and instead of taking a cab downtown I have at last found the principal use of my legs. I actually think that someone keeps piling up dirt on the St. Charles hills to make the climb that much higher and the decline a treacherous experience. Have you ever tried walking down from the Strand Theatre to Ahmann's in heels? If you have, you know exactly how I feel.

Farewell, Ophelia, thou needst not be false to any man! Ah, Shakespeare!

Love,
Molly

Linden Leaves Staff Launches Campaign For Annual Subscriptions

The 1947 Linden Leaves Sale was held March 4 and 6 in Roemer Hall. At this time, every student had the opportunity to pay the remaining \$4 balance for her annual.

The annual will come out the latter part of May. Margaret Marshall, business editor, has announced that the staff has planned something new in the way of a cover. This cover has never been used before by the Linden Leaves and promises to be an attractive one.

Just like old biology days, the smell of formaldehyde and an itchy feeling.

Take the Press Club's advice, don't run through those stop signs—Lindenwood hospitality is absent at both the morgue and police station. Pope can keep his murder-mysteries, the Press Club will stick to a peaceful transcribed bedtime story.



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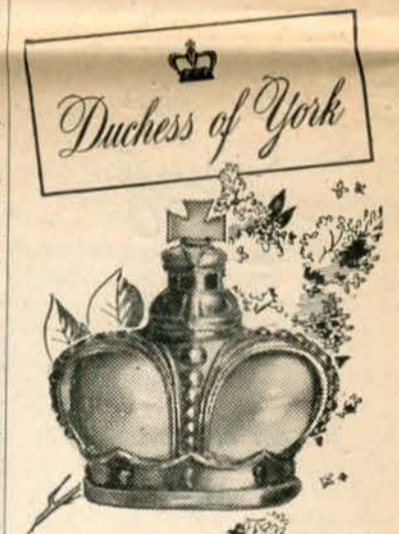
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Lindenwood To Be Host For Radio Conference

Lindenwood will be host of the one-day radio conference to be held here April 25. All the colleges in this district—Fontbonne, Harris, MacMurray, Maryville, Monticello, Principia, St. Louis University, Webster and Washington University—will send representatives.

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