

Lindenwood Red Cross Chapter Completes Full Program Of Work For First Semester

College Participates In Victory Clothing And March of Dimes Drives

"The Lindenwood Red Cross Chapter is completing an active and full-programmed semester," it is reported by Peggy King, chairman of the Red Cross Chapter at Lindenwood.

This past semester classes in Water Safety have been offered in cooperation with swimming classes. Edith Mullins was in charge of the classes. The Camp and Hospital Council, with Ruth Meyer in charge, has made scrap-books for the disabled veterans of World War II. Nurses Aides worked faithfully throughout the flu epidemic on campus. The Red Cross Drives have been very successful this year. These drives have included getting bingo prizes for the boys at Jefferson Barracks, Christmas packages for boys on board ship on Christmas Day, and the War Fund Drive—over the top!

The new Red Cross monthly pamphlet, "Campus Cues," is now being distributed each month to the dormitories. This pamphlet tells of the Red Cross activities of schools and universities in the mid-western area of the United States.

Most of the classes in nutrition, nurses aides, sewing, motor corps, and home nursing have been discontinued since peace was declared. First Aid is offered on campus and is taught by Miss Ver Krusen. Girls completing courses in Water Safety and First Aid will receive their Red Cross certificates as soon as the course is finished.

Plans for the second semester are definite. However, plans for a Red Cross Party on February 21 are being discussed. Water Safety and the Camp and Hospital Council will continue to function. Inquiries are being made at the hospitals in this area to see if they can use some nurses aides to write letters for the patients. Plans are still in the making. There will probably be more drives throughout the year. The annual bean supper will be given late in the spring.

The officers of the Lindenwood Red Cross Chapter are: Peggy King, chairman; Elizabeth Murphy, vice-chairman; Jean Sebastian, secretary; Harriet Hudson, treasurer.

Lindenwood is participating in the

Hollywood Star To Select Lindenwood's Romeo of the Year

Hear ye! Hear ye!
The Romeo contest is officially open! All pictures which you plan to enter in the Romeo Contest of 1946 should be brought to the Journalism Office, Room 18, in Roemer Hall before February 1. The pictures will be judged by a movie star whose identity will be announced later.

They will be judged in the following classifications: Most marriageable, most intelligent, most athletic, most kissable, and the Lindenwood Romeo for the year 1946. Each winner will receive a personally autographed picture of the movie star who will judge the contest.

To be eligible for the contest, the picture must have the following information attached: Your name, the name of the man, where you met him, and whether it's true love or just a passing fancy. The number of entries per girl is unlimited, so call Mr. Ordelheide for a truck if necessary.

Remember: What - Romeo Contest; when - before February 1; where - Journalism Office, Room 18; number of entries - unlimited.

Miss Jane Marker Is New Assistant In Student Personnel Office

The new assistant to Dr. Florence Schaper in the Student Guidance and Personnel Office is Miss Jane Marker, of Evanston, Ill. Prior to her arrival at Lindenwood, Miss Marker did public relations work for the Navy in Chicago and held a temporary position at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. Last summer she was supervisor of land sports at Camp Sky Lake, Sautee, Ga.

Miss Marker will teach several classes in the Physical Education Department, including Social Dancing.

annual Mile of Dimes campaign. The dimes which are collected will go to the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation to finance research in trying to stamp out infantile paralysis in the United States.

Army Nurse, Veteran of European Campaigns, Now At Lindenwood

Everyone who has gone to the Health Center has noticed the tall blond nurse who is a recent addition to the staff. She is First Lieut. Miss Ernestine Hageman of 212 N. Benton St., St. Charles.

Now on terminal leave, Miss Hageman was an Army nurse before coming to Lindenwood. She volunteered in February, 1942 and served at Fort Benning, Ga., before being sent overseas. She landed in England then went through the campaigns in Africa, Italy, and France. While overseas she found time to visit places of interest in Germany and Switzerland.

Lieut. Hageman was affiliated with the Washington University unit whose chief nurse, Major Lucille Spalding of St. Louis, is a Lindenwood alumna.

Patients unit caring for about 66,000 the including English, American, French, Arabs, Italians, Russians and Germans.

Miss Hageman is glad to be home and to be a civilian again but wouldn't have missed it for the world. Her work was very interesting and she reports G. I.'s are the best patients one could wish for.

A model of cool efficiency, Miss Hageman has been and will continue to be a competent addition to the staff at the Health Center.

HALL OF FAME



We present:
Eileen Murphy our candidate for the Hall of Fame. Eileen hails from Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Eileen is president of the Student Christian Association and is the art editor of the 1946 **Linden Leaves**. She enters into many other activities on campus, among which are: Alpha Sigma Tau, Kappa Pi, Pi Gamma Mu, Sigma Tau Delta, F. T. A., International Relations Club, League of Women Voters and the Press Club. She was also a Lindenwood representative in **Who's Who** for 1945-46.

Her main interest lies in the field of art, and until Bob presented her with a diamond, she was planning to teach this subject.

Knowing Eileen is interesting and invigorating. Take a minute off and talk to her. We're sure there won't be any doubt in your mind that she does qualify for the Hall of Fame.

Press Club's Third Gridiron Dinner Feb. 27

Everyone from world politicians to campus pundits will be put on the gridiron at the Press Club's third annual "Gridiron Dinner." The plans for the dinner have already been made, and the skits were begun before Christmas. The dinner will be held in Ayres Dining Room for the faculty, Press Club, and student body. The skits, written, directed, and enacted by the members of the Press Club, will be presented during the dinner hour, February 27.

The committees appointed are:
Production: Carolyn Gillette; Jacqueline Whitford, and Carol Clayton.

Literary-skits: Keltah Long, Mary Ann Parker, Marie Szilagyi, Jean McDonald, Doris Miller, Jane McLean, Helen Horvath, Kathryn Moerslund, Jane Blood, and Virginia Moerschel.

Refreshments and Recreations: Merryl Ryan, Rita Mae Allen, Mary Louise Peterson, Louise Ritter, and Janet Brown.

Ernst Wolff, Tenor, Gives Recital; Is Campus Guest

Ernst Wolff, tenor, was presented in an assembly program in Roemer Auditorium on January 14. Mr. Wolff, who was his own accompanist, was also a campus guest for two days, during which he talked to music students in conferences held in the Fine Arts Building.

Student Body Begins Burning Midnight Oil As Zero Hour For Final Examinations Nears

Dr. Gage Returns From Meeting of American Association of Colleges

Dr. Harry M. Gage, Lindenwood's president, returned last week after attending meetings of educators in Cleveland. Dr. Gage is chairman of the advisory committee which is set-up to advise and help colleges become accredited institutions. At the present time, the committee is working with six colleges scattered throughout the country from West Virginia to Kansas.

On January 8, Dr. Gage attended a meeting of the Presbyterian College Union. Dr. Gage has been secretary of this organization since 1917. That night he attended a dinner meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian of colleges. Dr. Gage is a member of the executive committee of the organization of 450 church related colleges. This organization met on January 9.

The annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges was held January 10-11. Dr. Gage is chairman of the Association's Commission on preparation of college teachers in graduate schools. Thursday afternoon, Dr. Gage gave his report to the Association.

In the near future, Dr. Gage will examine two colleges which are applying for accrediting in the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The two schools are The St. Paul Seminary and the National College of Education in Evanston, Ill. Dr. Gage will spend two or three days at each college.

Dr. Homer Clevenger Has Article In History Magazine

Dr. Homer Clevenger of the History Department had an article published in the November issue of the *Journal of Southern History*. The title was "Teaching Techniques of the Farmer's Alliance: An Experiment in Adult Education."

Previously Dr. Clevenger had read this article before a meeting of the Greater St. Louis Historical Society.

Four New Courses Are Announced For The Second Semester

The zero hour is 8 o'clock on Monday morning, Jan. 28.

This marks the beginning of the first semester examinations, which will continue through the week, ending at 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon. The schedule of exams has been posted on the bulletin board across from the Dean's office. Many a sigh was heard as some students discovered that "just one Friday exam" would stand in the way of their getting a few days at home between semesters.

Plans for relaxation and entertainment during the coming week are being made by the Residence Council. The tentative schedule is as follows: **Snacks:** Monday—variety of cheeses, crackers, tea, and coffee; Tuesday—popcorn, apples, and cokes; Wednesday—sandwiches, coffee, and tea; **Thursday**—soup and potato chips; **Games:** Monday—bridge and cards; Tuesday—singing; Wednesday—bingo; Thursday—students' choice. Friday night a Community Sing, with games, will be held in the Gym.

Registration for second semester classes began January 14 and ends today. Classes for the new semester will begin Monday, Feb. 4.

Dean Gipson has announced that the following courses, which were not on the program of first semester classes, have been introduced for the second semester:

Food Preparation and Selection, Introduction to Sociology, Post-war Peace Problems, Anthropology, and Comparative Economic Systems.

Four students will have completed the work for their degrees at the end of the first semester. They will receive their diplomas with the other members of the Senior Class in June. They are: Marye Lee Peterson, Elizabeth Franke, Jeanne McDonald, and Marian Wagner.

Mr. Motley's office reports that literally hundreds of second semester applications have been received, but only five or six new students will be admitted.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT)

Christmas Travel Rugged, Report Of Footsore Linden Bark Reporter

By Genee Head

Is this trip really necessary? Why of course our trip home for Christmas was necessary, but need all the other millions of people be traveling at the same time?

There are various means of travel and the farther west you go the slower they get. Finally the last hundred miles to the coast is covered by that modern vehicle known as feet. But to get back to St. Louis where we are in the Middle West and travel is comparatively easy, that is if you call the Wabash easy traveling.

The most modern and convenient of all means of travel is the air-plane, but just try to get a seat on one of them

and if you do get a seat then just watch the ceiling drop. And there you are sitting on your suitcases down by the flight line, watching the birds walk around.

Another problem of traveling is luggage. The heavier they are the more fun your trip will be. Of course there is one advantage to having numerous heavy bags. If you look depressed enough and shed a few tears maybe some good-looking soldier will offer to carry them, but that brings up the problem of being sure that there are some good-looking men around and how are you going to make sure of that?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT)

No Overcrowding Here

Undoubtedly, all of us, at one time or another, have had wild but beautiful visions in which Lindenwood's campus was taken over by men. Our alma mater had turned coeducational.

Before we petition our administration to make the above-mentioned change, let us pause to think of the advantage a women's college, such as Lindenwood, has over one which will soon be filled with returning veterans.

We will be exempt from the confusion and crowded conditions to which universities will be subject. Through no fault of the schools themselves, these coeducational colleges will be lacking in classrooms, instructors, and housing facilities. The difficulties multiply as the number of returning men increases. Already, many universities have been forced to turn away all out-of-state applications for enrollment. A housing shortage is facing the nation, and with some married veterans returning to school with their families, this problem is extremely acute in college towns.

While Lindenwood shares the usual problems with other colleges and universities, the "return of ex-servicemen" is one which we will **not** have to face.

New Start Toward World Peace

As we look from our cozy spot on the Lindenwood campus toward the world which is greatly troubled with revolts, civil wars, strikes, famines, and housing shortages, we begin to look to the United Nations for relief from all the strife of post-war years. Before V-J Day everyone was anxiously looking forward to the day when the world would again be seen through rose-colored glasses. Now that the war is over and the post-war days are here we find that they aren't as rosy as expected, that they contain troubles and many of them.

From out of this gloomy picture we see rising hope in the future of the United Nations Organization. Already the Assembly is having its first meeting. Its president has been chosen and the six members to sit in the Security Council have been elected. Belgium is honored with having the first president of the Assembly while Egypt, Mexico, Brazil, Australia, Netherlands, and Poland will send members to sit with the five permanent members in the Security Council. As this first meeting is being held here at Lindenwood as well as the rest of the world are looking forward to the day when there will no longer be hunger in the masses, fear of wars and oppression, the day when peace won't be just a word but reality.

Calling All Romeos

Maybe he's just "the boy next door," or maybe he's the man of your fondest dreams—whatever he is, he may be the Lindenwood Romeo of 1946. Now's a good time to do a little housecleaning and searching through closets, dresser drawers, and desks for any long forgotten pictures of "the" men. Or if you're a one-man girl, bring him in. Surely you can spare him for the duration of the contest.

Stack up those pictures and bring them to the Journalism Office. After the contest, the whole school will get a chance to drool when all the entries go on display in Roemer Hall. So, don't forget the deadline—February 1.

Exams Ahead!

The 28th of this month will bring those dreaded things called exams. However, they really aren't as horrible as we lead ourselves to believe. Rather than worrying about them through the next week, relax and face them as if they were merely daily assignments. (spending more time on them though, of course).

When you "burn the midnight oil," lose valuable sleep, and become nervous and upset, you're not helping your exam grades. Remember this and pursue a method of study which will help you the most. Good luck!

The epic of reconversion was attained this week when the girdle industry revealed its all-encircling plans.

In fact, the new two-way stretch job, the boys who produce them claim, will make a mole hill out of a mountain.

And just as soon as the Government lifted restrictions on deliveries, a baby hippo arrived at the Memphis Zoo.

LINDEN BARK

Published every other Tuesday of the school year under the supervision of the Department of Journalism

Subscription rate, \$1 a year

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

Member Missouri College Newspaper Association

EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE
Jacqueline Harvey '48

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Merryl Ryan '46

EDITORIAL STAFF

Doris Weinkauff '48
Louise Ritter '48
Genee Head '46
Ruth Titus '46
Rita Finch '48
Winifred Williams '48
Sheila Shannon '49
Corinne Weller '49
Patricia Latherow '46
Jeanne Lorner '48

Jeanne McDonald '46
Jane McLean '46
Carol Clayton '49
Barbara Millay '49
Martha Jean Mathis '49
Carrie Hammond '49
Mary Jo Griebeling '49
Constance Clark '49
Jean Lohrman '49
Joyce Kramer '49

Gracie Gremlin



Hi, kids! Started burning that old midnight oil yet? The time is coming and it's mighty close at hand, so if you haven't started yet then you had better do so at once. Not that I advise staying up all night, but it won't do any harm to do a little studying for the exams. Gracie will be in there pitching with you. If you get stuck on a question then just look to me, and maybe the answer will come to you. See you after the exams. Good luck!

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Final examinations next week! Good luck to you all! Let's all start the new semester in the best of spirits.

Barn Dance Features The Shindig of The Athletic Association

Swing your corner like swinging on a gate! No, no, you've got it wrong again! These were the echoes from the Gym on January 11 at the Athletic Association Barn Dance, which we might add was a howling success.

Poor Tootie Bartlett, our long suffering alumna, was weary from calling at the end of the evening, as were the participants of the square dancing, but oh, what fun. What bruised shins! Orchids to Carolyn Hempelman and her many committees for a gala party!

Badminton and pingpong intermural are in full swing now, and we are once more waiting breathlessly for the final outcome....those points do made a difference.

Lest we forget, just before going home to a wonderful Christmas, Tau Sigma put on an inspiring performance in the spirit of the Yuletide!

"Get the basket," "Ok, quit tripping me!" More echoes! Yes, basketball practice has started, too. Never a dull moment in the Gym.

Come on over kids.....you'll have fun! !!!

Semester Exams!

Sad Suzie
Extreme concern
Midnight oil
Effort
Sleepless nights
Tonics for what ails you
Eager seniors
Right answers
Eventual passing
Xasperation
Anxiety
Manic depressive psychosis
Smoldering brains

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Jane McLean

(Dedicated to Mar—ge, and what's your name—Kinkaide)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I wandered weak and weary studying for finals! They have reared their ugly heads again. "Will someone tell that blasted cat to quit stomping on the floor...we're not crazy, but we will be!" The seuer of the hypotense versus H2SO4 yields thiamin, add two cups of ribo flavin; beat to a fluffy foam of red silk crepe, and bake in a pre-heated soliquoly. When you reach the impasse, add a few well seasoned chloroplasts, and cut into homboids with a well-sharpened scalpel. Embelliser with two schizophrenics, and serve upon a piping hot camptometec! This is the stuff that dreams are made of, or this dream is that stuff, or shifted dreams made this off—what do we mean?

Kid, do you know that our grades—E, S, M, I, F spelled backwards spell FIMSE (pronounced FLUNK!)?

In view of the dire situation at hand (as obviously illustrated by the preceding paragraphs) we the "by-lined" wish to present, after due consideration, our carefully planned survey of the essential equipment necessary for surviving "la scmana que visue" (pronounced "la scuennana que vicae").

1. lemon drops
2. notes (taken in class, collected from one's friends, or hand me downs!)
3. paper, pen, pencil, and ink
4. lemon drops
5. strong electric light bulbs (the better to see your bridge hands by!)
6. books
7. cigarettes
8. lemon drops
9. friends (for trotting after cakes!)
10. radio (we mustn't neglect Sinatra!)
11. alarm clock

12. shoes
13. lemon drops
14. aspirin, for those of you who are practical
15. And lest we forget, sleep (and lemon drops)

Seriously though, you shouldn't take this lollygagging to heart unless you precipitate the subterfuge. After all, girls, consider the phialascope because your final examinations will termigate the octopus. Even so, as Oedepes Complex said "Stearic acid vacillates in garde-de corps."

Remember, FILSE. (lemon drops). We firmly believe that poetry is balm to a troubled soul so to leave your soul in balmy bliss, we offer this thought:

Poem

One January Monday
Neath the cold, gray light of dawn
We oped our mouths to stifle
An enigmatic yawn.

We hadn't been to bed that night
We knew we wouldn't be
Ta-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta,
Ta-ta, ta-ta, ta-tee.

It must have been all right tho'
We floundered thru our tests
Charged onward to the Tea Room
To be happy with the rest!

We choked on cigarettes and cokes
And wrung our hands in woe
Because in ten more minutes
Back to a test we'd go.

And so we brung you to the close
Of this our little verse.

We hope you fare as we hope to as soon
as our exams are over and we have
had a week end to recuperate and a
bright new semester in which to look
forward for better or for worse!

NUFF SAID!

Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion Lindenwood Lassies Resort to Variety of Nightwear To Defy Winter's Blasts--Half of Students Wear Bed Socks

Two Speakers Urge International Promise To Jews Be Respected

Dr. Carl H. Voss and Dr. Robert E. Romig of New York spoke on Palestine in Roemer auditorium January 10, 1946. They are both protestant ministers, and represented the Christian Palestine Committee which met for three days in St. Louis. They talked in the absence of Lady Wingate and United States Senator Meade of New York who were each, in succession, scheduled for convocation.

The essence of the speech centered around justice toward the Jewish people. An international promise has been repeatedly made, and in turn ignored, to the Jews. Six American delegates and six British delegates are discussing this in their St. Louis meeting as well as the following problems:

1. How many Jews were killed in Europe?
2. How many Jews are left Europe?
3. How many of these remaining Jews want to go to Palestine?
4. How many Jews could be absorbed in Palestine?
5. How would the Jews and Arabs get along?

The speakers pointed out the acquisition of Palestine by the British in 1924; the League of Nations termed it as a mandate. But the British closed Palestine's doors to the Jews Palestine being the Jewish "homeland." At present there are approximately 1,250,000 Jews left in Europe, of which,

A poll of L. C. lassies on their slumber togs indicates that variety is not lacking when it comes time to shove lessons aside and catch up on that beauty sleep. When quizzed, girls said that they cling to the old standby—just plain pajamas. Anyway, that's what 78 per cent answered. Sixteen per cent are a little more quaint and have adopted grandma's style—flannelette nightgowns. Six per cent are original and don flannelette "shorty" pajamas.

Bed socks are rapidly becoming popular, especially on these extremely cold nights. Fifty per cent agree that bed socks are just the thing to keep your feet from becoming like icicles. And to keep their ears warm, 6 per cent choose nightcaps. Forty-four per cent do not wear either bed socks or nightcaps.

Some girls prefer to borrow their night-wear. Thirty per cent have confiscated their brothers', 24 per cent their fathers', and 7 per cent have raided grandpa's closet. Thirty-nine per cent don't borrow.

90 per cent expressed the desire to go to Palestine when polled. It has been computed that Palestine can absorb as many as 4,000,000,000 people. Why aren't the homeless Jews allowed to return to Palestine? This was the question left with the Lindenwood girls.

In the Cards

Now in this fierce atomic age,
Hist'ry may turn its final page,
If Man, the creature who began it,
Should blast himself right off the planet!

Analysis and Interpretation of "Song" from Love's Labor's Lost

By Joan Bohrer

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his
nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's
saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

This song of Shakespeare's has to me much more sense appeal and imagery than many of the others. Almost each word calls up some visual image of winter, some wintry smell or sound. When I was little I didn't like the poem because the "greasy Joan" seemed a direct reflection on me. And how I resented it! It seemed Shakespeare could apply the adjective "greasy" to just any Joan, and I felt he must have thought Joan to be a common name for any housewife of the peasant type! There's nothing wrong with that, but since Joan is my name, I couldn't quite accept it! I've gotten over my grudge against Shakespeare for that phrase now, for I can see the beauty of the poem and I realize I was interpreting the adjective wrongly. That little incident makes the poem more interesting to me as I study it now.

Sometimes I see the scene of the poem in a cottage—that is what the first line calls to mind. I think of the icicles dripping in long silvery needles from some thatched roof, against a cottage wall. But later in the poem I visualize the "hall" in the interior as far too large for my cottage. I can see Dick, his nose and ears red from the cold, and eyes crying with the wind, blowing and chafing his hands to warm them from the long exposure. His hands are knotty and red, rough and chapped, with veins purplish-blue the way mine look when I forget my gloves. Dick would have big hands, too, hard from his outdoor work all year. Long thick fingers, big hairy knuckles—those are characteristics of the Ozark farmers' hands I've noticed, hands of the men that come to my town on winter Saturdays and stand talking on corners, blowing their hands and stamping their feet. That is how I picture Dick.

In the next line Tom is bringing logs into the hall. That line is especially rich for me. That's where my hall completely outgrows the proportions of the cottage. I see a huge fireplace, hung 'round with scrubbed pots and kettles gleaming in the firelight. There is a smell of burning wood, evergreens, sharp pungent cooking odors, tantalizing after the work in the snow chopping up the logs. The logs in the fireplace crackle and spit sparks, the steam hisses from the pot, Tom yells for help with the logs. There is clatter of dishes, jesting and laughter of rough goodwill. The log is to me a symbol of Christmas preparations, for I always recall the song, "Deck the halls with boughs of holly..." and the following lines about the huge Yule log, jollity, gay clothes, singing and dancing. I know that logs are necessary all winter, not just at Christmas time, but this seems a special holiday log, and special holiday bustle.

"Milk comes frozen home in pail." Even when it thaws out, I can taste its icy coldness. No longer is it warm from milking, but swung along solid in the pail, as the milker hurries home. The "pail" is an interesting sidelight to us with our milk bottles, unless we are country bred, with cows in our

back yard. I can see this milk in icy flakes, carried in a battered pail.

The blood is nipped till chill bumps come, fingers numb, then tingle when they warm again. The sky is grey with hint of more snow, and "ways be foul" suggests slushy lanes, boots stamped to shake off snow, violent brushing to get the snow off coats and caps. Only the stars are warm enough to twinkle, if the night is clear as well as cold. The owl makes the only cheerful sound in the stillness of snowy nights. I wonder how he can be so unconcerned when he perches on a bare branch and stares at the snow.

Inside it is warm and cosy, though. Joan spoons the stew in the pot to cool it so that it is not too burning hot to eat. She's not greasy-dirty to me any more, but ruddy and hot from cooking over that fire, her skirts spattered with stew. Can't you smell those savory smells from her stew, and the fresh hot chunks of bread ready on the table, with the cold milk, ale, and meat or cheese. The fare isn't delicate, but it's big, hearty and filling, hot and fresh.

Outside again, the wind is blowing songs around the cottage corners and in the branches of trees. If the door were not securely barred it would fly open under the wind's pressure. It makes the inside more snug to have the wind so fierce outside.

Perhaps the hygiene wasn't so good in Elizabethan winters. Marian's nose is raw from colds and sniffing, as well as from the wind. There is much coughing in church, drowning out the parson. The churches weren't too well heated then, I imagine—just drafty affairs where the congregation shivered even though well-bundled. I remember a friend of mine who lived in China telling me about the icy schools and churches, where he, and everyone else, wore fur-lined boots, heavy cotton-quilted robes, and fur-lined coats. Though I don't really know, I imagine the Elizabethan churches to have been cold like that, and coughs and colds more

than common.

The birds in the snow could well brood. That expression shows Shakespeare's wonderful choice of words to express a situation. The birds have problems in their minds—food, and shelter from the cold. You couldn't expect them to sing in the winter; they can't be carefree when they're quiet and intent on finding food.

The poem is a good balance between cold and heat, indoors and outdoors. One line takes us outside in the cold, while the next warms us again by the fire. The roasted crabapples warm us this time. Along with them I always think of chestnuts pushed along the hearth toward the coals, popping open warm and meaty. In that line I can see the people gather round the fire after supper, eating apples and chestnuts, drinking ale, with good companions about them talking, roasting themselves at the fire, gossiping, singing folk songs and perhaps the early English madrigals. That reminds me of another song, too—

"Oh a song by the fire, pass the pipe,
pass the bowl;
Oh, a song by the fire, with a skoal,
with a skoal;

Oh, here by the fire we defy frost
and storm—

Aha! we are warm, and we have our
heart's desire,
For here we're good fellows, and the
beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip, in the praise
of good fellowship..."

After the singing is quieted and the group is comfortably full and warm, some old-timer will begin to tell a story in slow, halting words, while he studies the fire and thinks, and each in the group has time to relive the story. All this is called up by the one single line. Shakespeare has a tremendous power in each simple phrase that is packed and pregnant with the ideas and feeling of winter. He ends the beautiful poem with the refrain of the first stanza. It is unbelievable that so much could be contained in a sixteen-line poem.

The Rise of the Short Story

By Marian Pendarvis

The story-writer is the lineal descendant of the story-teller. Before the earliest tale was committed to tablet or papyrus, the spinner of yarns was recounting the deeds of gods and heroes, celebrating the glories of ancestors, and inciting warriors to valor. The tales of incident and action appealed strongly to men in whose lives reflection was not yet a force; fantasy had none of the sober limits of fact and wonder-stories united the unknown with the known.

Loose and free and of slow growth, the epic poem was for centuries the dominant story form. It took the wealth of material in which the ancient world abounded and strung the scattered stories upon a strand of personality. From prehistoric times down to the years when the printed page spread the tale open before every eye, the resident or traveling story-teller was almost the only purveyor of fiction. Sometimes he dealt in prose form; sometimes he chanted the sonorous lines of long heroic poems, linking for a succession of days the several parts of his story. In later centuries, his story often took the "continued-ballad" form, and, in feudal Europe, the troubadours, troubadors, and jongleurs enlivened court and camp with accounts of some favorite hero's exploits. These, in form, are primitive when compared with the developed modern short-story; not until the spoken story was set down in writing, polished, revised, and printed, did we get the forms to which we are able to trace our present artistic product.

With here and there a notable exception, the tales written previous to the nineteenth century lack the qualities which constitute the chief merits of the modern short-story. Beginning with the Egyptian papyrus stories, ranging from 4000 to 1000 B. C., down through the Hebrew, Greek, Oriental, and Roman tales of from 1000 B. C. to 500 A. D., we observe the same general characteristics. The same is true of the tales of the Dark Ages, between the decline of the classical era and the dawn of the Renaissance; and after that, the stories of the Renaissance period, and the modern tale prior to Poe. The modern short-story is allied to all of these by ancestry, in that they are preeminently simple, direct, and generally devised solely to tell a story.

The short-story of today draws also directly from the sacred writings of the Orient. The rich color and mystical beliefs of the East permeate these more-or-less religious tales and invest them with an original charm. The Bible contains some of the purest specimens of art to be found anywhere, whether ancient or modern.

Among the forebears of the short-story we must not fail to name also the drama. Primitive men, in common with children and adults who live much in their feelings, naturally dramatize, or act out, their thoughts and emotions. The drama must always act out a story and through thousands of years (the drama is almost as old as the tale), the growth of dramatic art has contributed tremendously to the vividness, the intensity, the compressed power, the ingenuity of plot, and the emotional appeal of prose fiction both long and short.

It is asserting too much when one says the novel is the father of the short-story; it is true, however, that the short-story and the novel meet at more points than any other two forms of narration. For this very reason the novel has more strongly influenced the modern short-story than has any other literary type, not excepting the drama. While the short-story is by far the older, the novel came into its own long before the short-story was recognized as a distinct species.

Doubtless, in greater or less degree all of the older literary forms have contributed to the short-story; but doubtless, too, those already referred to have come more full-handed than any and all the others. The essay exhibits a few points in common with the short-story while the lyric has made its gift of direct personal appeal; all poetry has set up standards of lofty thought and deep feeling, while history, for its share, has given accuracy.

In 1819 Washington Irving published "Rip van Winkle"—generally, but not universally, admitted to be a short-story rather than a tale. In 1832 Poe published "Metzengerstein," and in 1842, writing on Hawthorne, he appliedly claimed for the short-story the right to be regarded as a distinct species. Though more or less perfect short-stories had been produced at intervals for many centuries, Poe's keen criticism incited many to follow Irving, Hawthorne, and the critic himself, thus originating a distinctive type of American short-story. In France, Merimee, Nodier, and Balzac were rendering much the same service for the French short-story, though on somewhat different lines. Except for some stories coming out of Germany, the modern short-story developed later elsewhere on the continent and in England then in France and America, so that the honor of perfecting the present "genre" must be accorded to America, France and Germany—in the order named, if we consider the importance of the work produced and the clear working-theories evolved.

It seems to me that because I have discussed the rise of the short-story it would be appropriate to try to define this form of writing. Various attempts have been made to define the short-story as a distinct form of narrative, much as a sonnet may be characterized as a verse form conspicuously different from the ballad and the ode. But though everyone knows in a general way what a short-story is, no single definition as yet devised has proved sufficiently precise to win universal acceptance. Nevertheless, it is known that in the short-story of the first rank, power, skill, and invention combine to produce, with few materials, an effect similar in definiteness and intensity to that which lies within reach of the masters of fiction alone. It deals, as a rule, with an episode rather than a complete movement of experience; with a situation rather than a series of events, and with a single character rather than with a group. It must be condensed without sacrifice of shading or atmosphere; it must move swiftly to its climax without any appearance of haste; it must omit the great mass of details and yet leave nothing essential unsaid. It is not a study for a longer tale, nor is it a long story abbreviated. It is a work of art which has its own laws, its special qualities, its individual sources of charm; it must stand complete in itself.

Narrow as are its limits and exacting as are its requirements, the short-story is able to show, through the thoughts and reflections of its writer, all of the numberless aspects and experiences of life. It affords, too, ample opportunity for subtle and penetrating analysis; for effectiveness in bringing a series of actions into clear light in a sudden and brief crisis, and telling a complete story by suggestion; for the touch of humor concentrated on a person or an incident and for the touch of tragedy resting on an experience or a character.

The short-story needs no apologist. It has won for itself an honorable and honored place among literary forms and, what is more valuable, in the public heart. Evidently it has come to stay, and to stay in a class by itself.

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Poetry

The Tyrant I.....by Doris Edmiston
The Tyrant II.....by Doris Edmiston
A Prayer.....by Doris Edmiston
Bedtime Story.....by Jean Tilden
Evening.....by Polly Ganssle
Spenserian Sonnet.....by Sue Berry
Temper!.....by Marie Szilagyi

Prose

Sleep?.....by Lenore Jones
The Lamp.....by Suzanne Pfeifer
Knit Two, Purl Two.....by Carolyn H. Glenn
Analysis and Interpretation of
"Song from Love's Labor's Lost.....by Joan Bohrer
The Rise of the Short Story.....by Marian Pendarvis
Granddad.....by Betty Ann Meredith
And Hide the Key.....by Betty Ann Meredith
Buying a New Dress.....by Janet Errington
Just Teasing.....by Polly Ganssle
Jack.....by Jean Tilden
Friday Night.....by Jean Tilden
And I Shall be First.....by Jane Blood
The Lindenwood Girl.....by Marie Szilagyi
From Miss Sallie.....by Sue Berry
How to Sleep on a Bus.....by Mary Trimble
Autumn Nightfall.....by Mildred Davis
Birmingham Rollers.....by Mildred Davis
Press Boss.....by Coy Elizabeth Payne
A Gothic Tale.....by Coy Elizabeth Payne
Millinery Madness.....by Louise Kerr

Wide Variety of Prose and Verse by Lindenwood Authors

From Miss Sallie

By Sue Berry

After reading *King's Row*, I came to the conclusion that the characters in the book were portrayed with marvelously great perfection. I felt I must write to Mr. Bellaman to tell him that I thought so. I believed also that there were many untold reasons behind the writing of the book. I did write to him, and was elated when I received his reply.

I had asked him where he was born, the location of his hometown, if it resembled *King's Row*, if he had known people like Pariss, Drake, and Randy, what his purpose was in writing the story. He answered with vague, evasive statements. I didn't think too much about it at the time, however, because I knew he was giving me, a person he knew not at all, quite a sufficient reply, and that, naturally, more important things demanded his time.

For a while then, I forgot the book and its author, which didn't mean that I wasn't still anxious and interested to know more about both. There wasn't much I could do about securing information though.

In September then it was time for me to come to Lindenwood. I knew the town of Fulton was not far from St. Charles, and that I would be able to secure facts about the book—and Mr. Bellaman—which I had always wanted to know. I knew too that Mr. Bellaman's fourth grade teacher, Miss Sallie Coons, (she is Miss Sallie in the book) lived in Fulton, that she had been a close friend of his, and that she enjoys nothing more than an opportunity to "tell all about Henry." She isn't a gossip about it, however. On the contrary, she feels that she knows him well enough to set people right about his purpose in writing the book.

You see, that is where difficulties arise; the criticism of the book, Mr. Bellaman's purpose in writing it, and bitter enemies he has made by writing it. Because I wanted to know more about these things, I visited Miss Sallie, and we did a fair job of getting down to facts.

I asked first just why Mr. Belleman showed such admiration and respect for her (Miss Sallie) in his book while the other characters were treated with a certain amount of contempt. And I wasn't hesitant about asking Miss Sallie because she is the type of person who isn't hesitant with replies. After I had asked her that one question, it was unnecessary for me to ask others. She told me all I wanted to know. All I had to do was to listen and remember.

These then are the facts Miss Sallie holds to be the truth about him because she has known him all her life, and most important, she has understood him; lack of understanding being the factor that led to most of his unhappiness.

Henry as a boy respected Miss Sallie because she liked and respected him. Their friendship was a mutual one. Instead of going out during school's recess periods, Henry stayed in the schoolhouse to talk to her. He had no desire to play with other children because they humiliated him with reminders of his being born on the "wrong side of the tracks." Henry was too sensitive a child to be able to throw off sarcasm.

There was gossip in the town too; gossip found in any small town. Henry was aware of it, conscious that much of it was about him. Not only the humiliation of being born on the wrong side of town bothered him (you had to be born on *King's Row* to amount to anything), but continual chidings from classmates, in childish cutting ways, that he was an illegitimate child. They talked about his grandmother, how she rode in her carriage selling vegetables from door to door. No, the Bellamans weren't the type of family with which one wanted to be associated. But Henry adored his grand-

mother; he wanted to protect her from what they said. There was nothing then that he could do.

Before he was twenty, Henry left Fulton. He had spent most of his boyhood there, learning only to loathe it. During following years, he gave music lessons throughout the country. Since childhood, he had possessed remarkable talent in music, especially work with the piano. When he had collected enough money from a few months' teaching, he himself took lessons. The climb was slow, but when he reached the top, it was the top. (He was head of the Julian School of Music, and for a time, head of Vassar's music department.)

Now he began his writing career. Writing to him was relaxation. It was easy; he did it rapidly. Upon completion of three novels, he decided to write a story about the people he had known during his lifetime. This is what I wanted Miss Sallie to tell me: Did Mr. Bellaman deliberately try to harm the people in Fulton by telling the truth about them, or was the entire story imaginative only?

And the answer: Mr. Bellaman did not write in an attempt to hurt anyone, but early humiliation he had experienced in Fulton exposed itself in his writing. That was only natural; it would have been the same with anyone. Pent-up emotions which he had felt so long were still in his subconscious mind; through writing he was able, to an extent, to free himself of them. His books do show a morbid, sadist attitude. In writing *King's Row* he gave Fulton a slap in the face.

Whether or not it satisfied him, no one knows, but it shocked Fulton's people. Those whom he had directly accused were furious and indignant. They wrote him letters which Miss Sallie described as "not repeatable." Again they reminded him of his illegitimate birth, his former social standing in the town. It was like throwing pins at a rock. Fulton meant nothing to him then; he hated it as he had, but its people could no longer hurt him. He answered by saying that he believed they were more broad-minded than they had presented themselves to be through their letters. They had no answer.

In defending himself from their attacks he said he definitely had no particular town or group of people in mind when he wrote the book. All psychological reasons show that he did, however—that he did it subconsciously only.

I understand him now. The statements he made in his letter to me are clearer; "There is no *King's Row*; the human spirit of any town carries the title," "You can find a Pariss, a Drake, and a Randy in any town; the idea is to recognize them," "I wrote *King's Row* to show that life is both good and bad, and that the friendships of two boys can be strong enough to stand against it." He was defending himself not solely from the people of Fulton but from everyone.

When I left Miss Sallie's home said, "I wish Henry could meet you—I know he would encourage you to write."

I felt strangely like Mr. Boswell on the trail of Samuel Johnson, on a very small, small scale of course. I was a bit ashamed, yet I knew all I had wanted to know about him. I am glad now that I did it.

Buying A New Dress

By Janet Errington

The first thing to do before buying a new dress is to decide just what color and what style you are looking for, because unless you know exactly what you want you are apt to wind up with almost anything. The next thing to be considered is the price you want to pay. Of course, if you happen to be one of those fortunate souls who have an unlimited supply of money you

Evening

By Polly Ganssle

My lady fair who beckons me with peace and humble beauty,
Oh, lovely maiden with your sunset crown of clouds
And shawl of purple mists,
Call me once again into the melting sun
Away from mankind's boisterous ways,
And let me roam again with you on twilight pastures.
Let me hear your gentle voice of mourning doves and thrushes,
And let me smell your sweet perfumes of woodbine mixed with dew.
Call me, call me once again, I plead with you,
And wipe away the troubles of the passing day
While we roam together.

And others who may see me cross the hill
Will think me strange to wander on alone.
They cannot understand I walk not by myself
But arm and arm with you—and immortality.

Spenserian Sonnet

By Sue Berry

Your face was all the springs I've ever known.
Against your cheeks an April breeze had played.
With lips as red as blushing berries grown,
You sang a song sweet as the robins made,
Soft dust of stars fell in your eyes and stayed.
The soft warm feel when your strong hand held mine,
And that our love should live this way, I prayed.
Yours was a body formed in lovely line,
In knowing you, I knew love pure and fine.
God's sun had kissed your hair and left gold there:
Amazed at you, I worshipped at your shrine.
Your lips, your eyes, your arms I did not share,
Until sly Winter fondled your fair face.
Oh, giddy Spring stays with us such short space!

won't have to bother with that detail, but believe me, you are in the definite minority.

Now, suppose you have decided that you want a simple green wool dress for about fifteen dollars. You go downtown to your favorite department store and hurry directly to the dress department. Don't even pause to look in the jewelry, cosmetics, hat, or shoe department, because if you do you will never get what you came for.

After you have reached the dress section you sit around for a few hours until finally a clerk takes pity on you and strolls up with a "Can I help you?"

"Why,—a—yes," you stammer. I'd like to see a plain green wool dress—nothing too dressy, you understand, just a—"

"What color green did you have in mind, dearie: Kelly, lime, aqua turquoise—?"

"Just green, if you don't mind. Not too dark or bright; just a plain green."

The clerk gives you a withering look, directs you vaguely to a dressing room and disappears. Presently she returns with an armful of dresses, including one bright green chiffon atrocity with purple satin sleeves. (It may not fit that description exactly, but rest assured, it will be equally as atrocious.) This, she proceeds to explain, is the very latest thing; in fact, Lana Turner wore it in her last picture. Ignoring your protests that you don't want anything Lana Turner has worn, she pulls it over your head and then launches into her sales talk.

"Chee, honey, youse look just like a movie star. That color really does something for youse."

"But—"

"And that style! It's simply perfect for your kind of figure. And believe it or not, it's only forty dollars. Imagine!"

Two hours and several hundred words later you feel rather weak, and you even begin to believe that you do look like Lana Turner. You have no sooner stammered "Well,—maybe—" than your forty dollars is snatched away, the dress is wrapped up, and the package is handed to you by the beaming salesgirl.

"Youse certainly have made a wise choice, dearie. Youse'll never regret it."

You murmur a bewildered "Thank youse," and quietly go home.

Birmingham Rollers

By Mildred Davis

When I first began raising pigeons I hoped that I could sell squabs for eating purposes. I soon realized, however, that fancy pigeons were more to my liking. Over a period of two years I gradually culled my stock until I had a small loft of about twenty Birmingham Rollers. These gave me great pleasure, although they brought in very little money and certainly no profit.

The roller is a highly specialized variety of pigeon, bred for its unusual aerial performance. It is a small, fullbreasted bird with a round, sometimes crested head and it frequently has feathers, or muffs on its feet. It flies with a small flock, or kit, of from twelve to twenty and is noted for its acrobatic tendencies. When released for a flight the kit of rollers circles until it reaches a height of from two hundred to five hundred feet. Then, as if at a given signal, every bird begins a long series of backward somersaults. When a good roller performs, the effect is that of a large doughnut spinning toward the earth at a great speed. Occasionally one is unable to recover from its spin and crashes to the ground. This action is called a "roll-down" and is often fatal. The bird itself is also called a roll-down.

When a roller shows signs of becoming a roll-down it is best to confine it for breeding purposes. As the trait is not usually inherited, many fine performers are the offspring of roll-down parents.

Scientists are disagreed as to the cause of the roller's antics. Some hold that it is a form of epilepsy, while others believe that the bird capers thus for its own amusement. I feel that the latter belief is true because the young fledgling, when it first discovers its acrobatic abilities, rolls and cavorts with abandon and with very little regard for personal safety or for perfection in form until taken in hand by its elders and given lessons in timing and general procedure. If the young pigeon can adjust itself to the accepted routine it becomes one of the kit. If not, it is ostracized by general consent.

One of the most inspiring sights I know of is that of a well-trained kit of Birmingham rollers circling high in the sky and exhibiting spectacular glides and spins with amazing precision. Such a show gives to the spectator the feeling that he, too, could take wing

Granddad

By Betty Ann Meredith

As I look back into the mist of my early childhood, the figure of my Granddad stands out like a bright star in a dark sky. He made such an impression on me because he always took a great interest in my brother, Bill, and me. While the rest of the family would send us to the dining room table to draw with crayons or out in the yard to catch lightning bugs, Granddad would call us to a far corner of the room to tell us stories of Tall Jim, the bad man. Bill and I would cringe at the very name, Tall Jim, and we would shriek hysterically when Granddad, imitating Jim's meanness, protruded his lower plate of false teeth, letting it dangle to his chin. How he ever kept from dropping it has long since been a puzzle to me.

Granddad was of medium height and very heavy-set. As far back as I can remember, he had white hair parted in the middle. He had a strange way of holding his head forward and keeping his knees stiff when he walked.

He started to work for the railroad when he was only eleven years old, and he worked up to chief dispatcher. Bill and I looked forward to going to Granddad's office almost as much as we anticipated seeing a circus. We enjoyed pecking at the typewriter and hanging out the window to watch the trains come in. The most fascinating attractions, however, were the ear-phones and the instrument by which he sent code. I think that Granddad looked forward to our visits, too. He delighted in telling us stories of the railroad.

Regularity dominated Granddad's life. Almost any of his days could be used as a pattern for every other day. He arose at four in the morning. His breakfast consisted of either many stacks of hot cakes or two eggs with bacon and toast, and he had to have at least three cups of coffee. When Bill and I spent the night with Grandmother and Granddad, we didn't quite make it to breakfast at four in the morning but we did eagerly await his return at four in the evening. We were eager to see Granddad, and also, to get our forks into chicken and dumplings. (Grandmother is a wonderful cook.) Granddad teased us playfully, especially at meals, and as children always will, we fell for his tricks every time. Somehow, he always got his hands on the dumpling bowl first, and he literally stacked the whole bowlful in his plate. When Bill and I were practically in tears, he reluctantly put most of the dumplings back into the bowl. Then, when we had our plates full, he would invariably say, "Look at the cow in the middle of the street!" While we craned our necks out the window, he hid our plates under the table. I remember one time when he did this that the dog happened to be under the table, and he gulped down my meal when it was placed before his very nose. Grandmother was not too happy with Granddad's playfulness that time.

In the evening we always played pinochle, Granddad's favorite pastime. Granddad and I versus Grandmother and Bill made two strongly competitive teams.

Granddad had many friends because of his loving way and his generous nature. He gave to the poor and to all the many yearly drives. He flung many a dollar bill to us children when a few pennies for candy would have delighted us. He enjoyed giving, though, and he enjoyed his everyday pattern, too, as that was the way he wanted to live. As Christopher Morley said in his "In Memoriam—Francis Barton Gummere," I too say about Granddad, "I think it must have been a happy life, for he gave so much happiness to others."

and fly with the rollers.

A Gothic Tale

By Coy Elizabeth Payne

The embers in the massive fireplace gave a lurid glow to the room. Heavy shadows closed in from the high ceiling and distant corners, smothering the light. Near the center of the room was a table, on which was a large, muddy box, covered with blood-red stains. Outside the November wind tore through the trees, cracking the branches against the heavy shutters of the manor house.

Murdock, lord of the manor, crossed the floor to the table, and looked down with contempt on the box.

"Hgh—from a tenant, a serf who failed to send enough supplies to the manor house. I had him severely punished. The case must be a warning to other sluggards. But how bitterly the man cursed! Something foolish about fingers—five fingers. And too, 'twas said he died this morning, Ah, well one less fool to deal with."

Questioningly the lord loosened the cord on the box, and lifted the lid. His face turned ashen and contorted with horror as he saw the thing in the bottom. It was flat and heavy, chewed off across one end; and it had five fingers.

Murdock clapped the lid back in place, and turned toward the door. From behind him came a slow, steady sound as if something were scratching on wood. As he stopped the sound became louder. It seemed to be coming through the side of the box. The man jerked the box from the table and threw it into the fire. The flames lighted the shadows as they curved around the wood, destroyed it, and settled back into embers. In the center of the embers was a black form. It rose unsteadily on its five finger tips, and poised its ugly body in the air. Hesitatingly it moved from the fireplace. In the red lighted path of the fire, it moved over the hearth, and across the room toward the man.

He turned to the door. It was closed. Helpless, he fell.

The fire died, and the room was white with flashes of lightning through the swinging shutters. In the morning a house servant entered the study. Outlined in the pale light of her candle was the body of the lord, dead, his hands clutched around his throat. Through the mound of ashes were tracks that crossed the floor toward the body of Lord Murdock.

Under a black, stormy sky, a peasant was buried that day. Within the coffin his hands were crossed peacefully on his breast. One of them was burnt black.

Temper!

By Marie Szilagyi

The wind is angry again!
She shakes the trees
Until their leaves rattle!
She charges across the fields
Like a cavalry brigade
With lances low!
She is scolding in the bushes!
When will she learn to
Control her temper!!

Bedtime Story

By Jean Tilden

I see by the glow of the fire
And the light of the lamp on your
book,
A star that is lit in your eyes
As you tell what the Knave of
Hearts took.

A little head nods at your side,
But you smile and continue to read,
For the one in your lap is awake
And thinks not of bed—indeed!

The light of the fire dies away,
Your voice now starts to grow lower,
A little voice is heard to request,
"Please, Mother, read just one
more!"

The Lindenwood Girl

By Marie Szilagyi

The typical Lindenwood girl is truly a peculiar character! She is, in fact, a paradox.

Let us take her dress as an example. On campus she spends half an hour each morning neatly arranging herself in disorder. She leaves her saddle-shoes dirty, she carefully smooths out her father's shirt, which hangs practically to her knees; she combs her hair, spending at least ten minutes in achieving a careless, windblown look. On days when she doesn't wish to appear casual (ah-hem, shall we say "sporty") she turns the hands of the clock back to the little girl stage, and we see her gaily skipping about the campus dressed demurely in a pastel sweater and skirt, a white peter-pan collar framing her innocent (?) face. Her hair is in pig-tails.

But, when she goes to St. Louis we see an entirely different picture. The blase sophisticate calmly steps into the cab. Her black dress is chic; her fur coat shines in the sunlight; her hair is coiffed in the latest fashion a-la-Harper's Bazaar. Strange creatures, these college women!

Her conversation is even funnier. The privacy (this word is not intended to be synonymous with peace and quiet, you understand) of the dormitory, she affectionately calls her room-mates and friends such inspiring names as "gopher," "beetle-brain," and "pot-face." For at least fifteen minutes she can carry on a fluent, senseless conversation which runs something like this:

"I think the pink ones are nicer, but the ducks might hide under the bathtub, so John will have to eat left-overs for dinner."

On the other hand she often talks into the late hours of the night about race-problems, religion psychology, and philosophy. You might hear her discussing **Black Boy** with her suite-mate, or you might hear her asking a friend down the hall for information on the latest developments at the San Francisco Conference.

Taking everything into consideration, however, these college women are pretty fine people. They have a sound intelligence (believe it or not!), a healthy optimism, and a sense of humor.

The Tyrant I

By Doris Edmiston

Who has not borne a tyrant's rule?
Cheeks flushed in sleep and groping
hands
Can make the hardest one a fool:
Toothless smiles can mold strong
bands.

The Tyrant II

By Doris Edmiston

Soft the reddish cowlick lies
And silky.
He wears a bib beneath his chin
All milky.

Large blue eyes are on my face,
Wondering.
Tiny hands wave to and fro,
Blundering.

Until they clasp upon my finger
Tightly,
Showing who our king is here,
Rightly.

A Prayer

By Doris Edmiston

Not for silver nor for gold,
Not for youth when I grow old,
Not for love from many men,
Not for glory through my pen,
Do I ask, oh, Lord.

I want to write as fly the birds,
Lift from my mind bright winging
words,
Inspired from holy words divine,
These words a heritage of mine.
This I ask, oh, Lord.

Press Boy

By Coy Elizabeth Payne

Seven times each day a toughened, sunburnt, greasy hand reached over my shoulder and tested my mike. That was the extent of my contact with the boss of the presses during the period that I was still "that new one." But he had something to say to all the other mikers as he checked the mikes once each hour.

"Florence, are you still gabbin'. God! You been running high speed since morning."

"Ginger, you haven't done a thing all day! 'D boy friend keep you out all night?"

"Get up, Standish. Let someone that knows how play with that thing."

"Hey, you're cock-eyed! Whadja try to do, bust the thing?"

Laughing, quibbling, kidding, he made the rounds. Everyone seemed to like Lloyd Haegmann.

Lloyd had the general height and build of Will Rogers, and the same white hair, too, with a deep suntan setting it off. I first began to notice him because of his clean shirts. He wore a clean blue one, well starched and ironed, every day, and his trousers usually were clean and showed a crease. This neatness somehow set him above the other supervisors in my mind. His pockets always bulged with cigarettes, press knives, notebooks, and electrodes. He walked in unnaturally large steps with a limp and a stoop to his shoulders. Occasionally he gave a peculiar hitch to his shoulders.

Lloyd would show up just as we started a good potluck dinner. He'd sit on the edge of the table dipping baked beans out of a fruit jar lid with the cake knife. Finally some apple-polisher started bringing an extra plate each time, and Lloyd quit eating with us so often.

One day he dropped a suggestion in the "Suggestion Box."

"Since the girls working on water testing are bored with their job, why not put goldfish in the water, so as to keep them interested."

Another time he asked my supervisor for the loan of a husky girl who could run a punch press for a few weeks. I had never known that I could be considered husky, but I was chosen.

The machine was black, greasy, and four times as large as I. The people around me worked with a steady rhythm, kicking the foot release, watching the heavy hammer and press fall into place on the block and then lift again, putting in new material, and again kicking the foot release. On their hands were guards made like fingerless gloves, and connected with the foot release. Each time the release was tripped, the workers' hands were jerked from the path of the hammer.

Lloyd stood there laughing as I looked around, and gathered the significance of the steady rhythm and the guards.

"Go ahead, kid. Start working. You can work up a pretty good speed in four or six weeks. The regular worker cut off a finger this morning when the guard broke. He'll be back in six weeks. Don't cut off one of your fingers before that, babe!"

I could feel his laughter when I stopped every few minutes to check my safety guards.

Lloyd wrote out my orders for me one time when he had to be elsewhere. When I saw them I understood why his subordinates had passed him, and he remained only a press boss. This was the note I received:

These has been bit on Flating die. do not mix with them that hasen't been hit on Flating die.

I found, perhaps, another reason when he stopped to talk after loosening up a bit with the bottle Shorty had behind his press.

"I hear you're pretty religious!"

"Who told you that?"

"Your pal upstairs! What are you doing here? There's a church around

the corner."

"I'm earning money for college."

—Silent laughter—

"Yeah, you'll be married to that big, long blankety blank on the end press, before you ever get out of here."

"Think so?"

"Enjoy that car ride last night?"

"I wasn't with Buck last night or any other night."

"Uh-huh! How often does he run out of gas?"

"Listen, Mr. Haegmann! Lil' was right about the religion. I am going to college, and to study Bible, too. You might as well forget Buck."

"Yeah. Look, I give a lot to charity. I give more than any other damn fool in this city, but I'm not giving a thing to feather the pocket of any damned hypocrite of a preacher."

"And where would charity be without the church?"

"Listen, kid! They've tried every line already—and I just don't fall for that stuff."—Laughter! "Better step it up or you'll never hit the quota. I'll give Buck your love and tell him you want him to pick you up about nine so it'll be dark."

I screamed, "Lloyd, don't you dare!" after his laughing back.

That was an error! He did it.

When I met Lloyd again at Christmas time, the first thing he wanted to know was if I'd converted Buck yet.

I stayed with those presses a year, and I'll go back next summer. I rather like Will Rogers' counterpart.

And Hide The Key

By Betty Ann Meredith

Some day when the sun is shining invitingly and your plans are dull, I suggest a brisk hike to cheer you. If you have an appointment in the middle afternoon or a big dance scheduled, then that isn't the day for a hike. But choose a day when you can think of nothing exciting to do, because you can't enjoy a hike if you have to rush back home.

Next, lock your worries in your closet and hide the key. You must start out with a free mind and a light heart. Give yourself over completely to the joys of the countryside—the trees, the flowers, the birds, the grass, the sunshine, and the fresh, invigorating air. I can think of nothing that could refresh your soul more or give you a happier outlook on life than this.

Not only should you make your mental self comfortable, but also your physical self, especially your feet. Put on those old "comfies" that Mother almost gave to the rummage sale, and a plaid shirt. Don't forget those blue jeans that you begged from your brother because all the other girls had a pair. If it's chilly, you'll have to wear a bandana, but it would add to the feeling of freedom if your hair were blowing in the wind.

Now that you are dressed appropriately for the occasion, go out into the kitchen and whip up a lunch. Take plenty of sandwiches (peanut butter or something that won't spoil easily), potato chips, apples, hard-boiled eggs, and quart thermos of lemonade. Hunt up that old Girl Scout knapsack, put your lunch in it, and strap it to your back. Now you're all set.

When I strike out for a hike, I think it's more fun not to have a certain destination in mind. Maybe you don't feel this way, but try it sometime. Head for the nearest forest and, by-the-way, slow down! You have all day and you're not trying to be the champion of the walking racers. Amble slowly so that you can notice those different trees that your Biology teacher pointed out to you on the field trip. If it's fall, you'll notice the bright colors of the trees; if it's spring, you'll see the budding and flowering trees. If you have a quick eye, you may see a squirrel or a rabbit. If you're allergic to poison ivy, you'd better watch out for that, too. When you get hungry, sit down and eat. When the sun sinks to the west, you'll have to turn back toward home—back to the confinements of the civilized world.

Friday Night

By Jean Tilden

Dear Diary,

"—and what's more, he said he'd bring an extra fella! Oh, I'm so excited I don't know what to do!" Betsy bounced up and down on her bed.

"Betsy, do you mean that I I mean, me—I mean, we—" Betsy shook her head viloently. "Oh gosh!" Something was jumping around inside of me. I practically became as hysterical as Betsy. Imagine me with a date! Well, what if it was a blind one, it was a date! I was wild. We both were. We breezed through classes all day today, and held our breath every time we passed the bulletin board for fear Betsy's name would be tacked up on a note bearing some such message as, "Can't find another fellow. Ted." No such note appeared.

After supper we raced back to the dorm. Honestly, you never saw such a mad house as Betsy and I created in our room. Flo came in, followed by Janie, to tell us to be good and have a high time.

I got frantically hot and tried to open the window. No go. It wasn't locked. I tried again. "YIPE!"

"Good heavens!" chorused about six different people flying in from all directions. "What on earth is the matter?"

By this time I was sitting on the floor. "Oh, I've been scarred for life! Look at this cruel burn. Oh, it's all red! Nasty ol' radiator."

Sue popped in bringing her gold clip that positively made my blue dress. "For Pete's sake, what gives?" she asked, making her way through the confusion.

"You brought the clip. Oh, you doll! I'll love you until my dying day—which may be sooner than I think!" I got up and in front of Betsy at the mirror. "Should I wear it here? Or over here?" This was indeed a weighty problem and several voiced their opinions, all of course being different. It finally settled on my left shoulder, and the search was on for my watch.

"Pardon me," said Betsy, coming out of my closet with a black pump in her hand, "but is this shoe in your closet mine?"

"Now how on earth could that have happened?" I inquired innocently, knowing full well that I had worn it last, but that it hadn't occurred to me to put it back. "Has anyone uncovered my watch yet?" I said, turning around to find Jane flying through my top dresser drawer, and Sue scanning my desk.

"So sorry, no soap," they replied, throwing their hands up in the air.

Betsy with a tube in hand and lipstick on the right half of her top lip, volunteered, "Oh, are you looking for your watch?"

"Stupid question."

"I have it on. I didn't realize you'd want it." She laid down the lipstick and unfastened the watch. She offered it to me dangling it by the band.

"Good night! Look at the time. They'll be here any minute!" Upon this statement, we both began to fly around, smearing lipstick and having to put it on again, putting on the wrong shoes and changing again, hunting frantically for an earring and at last discovering it in a coat pocket.

The phone rang. Silence reigned and we breathlessly waited. A voice boomed out, "Betsy Collins has callers downstairs."

"Oh gee, it's them! Where's my compact? Betsy, is my hat on straight?"

But Betsy was already halfway down the hall.

Yes, diary, we had a heavenly time!

The next morning you will wake with a glorious feeling that only a good night's sleep can give you, and a refreshed mind, that only a hike in the country can give you. And when you unlock your closet door, I bet you that those worries will have disappeared.

Millinery Madness

By Louise Kerr

"Good afternoon, miss, may I help you?"

"Well, you see—that is, I was just looking around."

(Golly, it certainly got hot in here all of a sudden. Why didn't I meet the kids like I'd planned instead of coming up here to look around? I knew the moment I stepped in the elevator, it would be the same old story. Why doesn't that saleswoman stop looking as if she were going to pounce on me any moment!)

"We have a new shipment of the latest creations by Pierre—of COURSE, you know of Pierre, THE fashion designer of Fifth Avenue."

"Oh yes, ma'am, but his things usually don't come in my size."

(I've just got to get out of here before it's too late! Oops, here she comes with several hats on each arm.)

"Now you come right along with me. I have JUST the hat for you, dear. The moment I saw you, I thought of this little number."

(Here I am again, face to face with the all-revealing mirror!)

"Yes, it is a darling hat."

(She could at least give me time to take off my trench coat and comb my hair.)

"But it isn't exactly what I had in mind."

(Of course, I really don't have anything in mind, but I can't tell her that now.)

"Well, we can't expect to like the first one, can we? I'll be back in a moment. I have several more just your type."

(Why does this always have to happen to me? It would be different if I really liked to wear hats; but all my hats are just collecting dust on the shelf. It's just that they're so pretty, and in the spring I can't resist them. Maybe if I hurry I can get away before she comes back. I wonder how far it is to the elevator? Well, it's worth a try anyway. Oh darn, here she comes. Looks as if I'm sunk.)

"Here we are. Was that mirror too high for you? For a minute I thought you'd left."

"Oh, no, I was just looking around at some of these hats on the models."

"These are exquisite. How do you like this tulle and feather one? It just suits your classic features, you know—beautiful over your wide brow—"

(I've always known my hair line was too low—why do I let her tell me that?)

"It is rather nice—but it isn't the type I wanted."

(I'd sure like to say what I really think about it. Thank goodness she's left me alone for a few minutes again. The woman that sat in front of me in the movies last night had a hat just like that atrocity over on the next table. She kept it on all through the picture and the feather made the screen look like a stereopticon slide. What's this, a white lace beanie? It doesn't look much like the other hats, but it's awfully sweet. I wonder which is the front. Hm—doesn't even seem to have a size tag. Well, of course it wouldn't, it's the doilie that belongs under the ash tray. I guess I must be a little nervous. Oh, oh, here she comes again!)

"I'm afraid that's all we have right now, miss. Are you sure you don't want to try on some of these others I've brought out?"

"No, thank you, I think maybe I like the first one I tried on, you know, the navy straw sailor—"

"Oh, yes, I liked that one on you better than the rest, too; but it's a woman's privilege to change her mind—Would you like to take it with you?"

"No, thank you, just send it to 286 Concord Avenue. I'd like to charge it, please. I don't have to wait for

the slip, do I? I'm in rather a hurry."

"That's all right, dear. I'll send it out in the morning. I know you'll be happy with it!"

(I wish I were as sure of that as she is! I've just got to get out of here. Why doesn't that elevator come? Heaven only knows how I'll tell Mom and Dad that I've done it again. I guess maybe I'd better do it tonight at supper. They're always in a better mood at the table. At last!)

"Going down, please."

(What on earth is poking me in the back? A HATBOX, of all all things! If I ever hear or see the word hat again before next spring, I'll go mad!)

"Main floor, bargain hats to your left. Everybody out!"

Sleep?

By Lenore Jones

What? You can't go to sleep? Now stop that tossing and turning and listen to me—a master at the art of going to sleep at any time or place—for a few minutes.

First, what is sleep? All authorities say that sleep is a period when the powers of the mind and body are inactive. It is the **only** medicine for weariness. To sleep well, that is, to feel rested and fresh when you wake from a normal night's sleep, you must be completely relaxed. Although relaxing sounds quite simple, tenseness is the dominant cause of insomnia. Perhaps something very important, unexpected, or exciting has happened during the course of the day. If at times like this you sometimes find sleep almost impossible, then it's time to relax and think. Think about some of the pleasantest things you can remember.

"That velvet dress the girl opposite me had on at dinner was the softest blue I have ever seen. Velvet has such a rich, beautiful texture. How nice it would be to take a stroll around the campus on an autumn night like this. Full moon lighting up the universe, soft breeze blowing in my face, and the smell of leaves burning in the near-by lawn would give me a feeling of utter contentment. Won't I feel good the night after exams, or better still the night before Christmas vacation begins? The soft notes coming from the radio downstairs seem to float from the heavens."

As you lie there in that blissful half awake, half asleep time before you finally drift into oblivion, think—think—think—

There, what did I tell you? She's sound asleep. Won't she hesitate before crawling out of that nice comfortable bed for an eight o'clock class in the morning?

Autumn Nightfall

By Mildred Davis

The leaves fall from the elms and maples like gold and crimson scraps from a woman's work basket, and they make a pattern on the worn sod like the patchwork quilt tucked around a drowsy child. Outside the dusk moves across the sky as the gloom gathers behind the family circle in the parlor. The cold and distant stars sparkle from among the thin clouds while the warm firelight illumines the friendly faces assembled before the hearth. The wind draws its sighing bow across a sparse-leaved fiddle in accompaniment to the whirling arabesques below. Within the home a man coaxes his strings to give voice to one last evening tune. As a cloud strays across the face of the moon, plunging the outside world into obscurity, the lamps of the house are lowered. One by one, the stars recede behind their somber draperies, and the bedside candles are snuffed out. Nature subdues her varied songs until the only sound is the sighing of the wind in the tree tops.

And I Shall Be First

By Jane Blood

"We are gathered here tonight to witness the commencement, the beginning of a new life...."

Thank goodness the time has come at last. Twelve years I've waited for the minute when I should be out from under the thumb of this horrible small town. Twelve long years of being unable to express myself, to be myself, to live as I want to live all because I don't dare step outside the limits imposed by the people in this place. I always have my reputation to keep up, and I can't possibly let the family down. How wonderful it will be to go to college where people will appreciate my better powers which have lain dormant in this town. Sororities, dances, invitations—how can anyone expect a normal, ambitious girl to live in a town where she can't do anything but sit and drink cokes? I admit we have some awfully pretty homes, but the people who live in them ask for such negative qualities in the young people.

"Assembled in this room are...."

A typical bunch of people. There sit the Wallaces, narrow-minded as a revival preacher. Old Mr. Wallace cuts all the naughty pictures out of magazines before his "little" daughter gets hold of them. Imagine a twenty-year-old girl being protected from the indecency of modern advertisements! And then Mrs. Wallace is a religious fanatic; she never misses a meeting at church, even though it's just the janitor meeting the plumber. And Miss McCurdy—as gossipy as the Wallaces are narrow. Why, she knows everything in this town from how many red points Mrs. Walsh spent on her three big steaks to how many of Dr. Morrow's patients are expected to die. She even knew what I was to get for graduation long before I did. She told me too that Ellen's brother would be home this week, and sure enough, there he sits with the rest of the Gibsons. I wonder how they all feel tonight. All Ellen's brothers and sisters were valedictorians in their classes, but Mr. Stucky told me last week that I was first in our class. It's a good thing too, 'cause I just knew I had more A's than she. And she must copy—every day in Latin we'd go over the translation together, and then she would recite almost exactly what I had written in my book. Now she can see the results of not getting her lessons herself. Her whole family will probably hold it against me all my life, but can I help it if I'm any smarter than she is? I wonder if the teachers know how she gets her grades.

"The faculty and the student body have selected as the most outstanding girl in the class of 194—, Miss Ellen Gibson."

At least her family can be happy that she got that honor. But no wonder she got it, she's been elected to so many offices. I think the person who does all the hard work but doesn't get any glory for it should have as much credit. But no! Everybody seems to fall for Ellen's smile and her easy way, but I can see through them. She smiles and laughs just so she can get into clubs. Now me, I don't smile unless I really mean it. And she's spent so much time at parties and club meetings that her lessons have slipped. Wait until she goes to college, though, and she'll find out what it means not to have learned everything thoroughly in high school. She won't have her family's high and mighty reputation to back her up, and the kids will take her for what she everything thoroughly in high school. She won't have her family's high and mighty reputation to back her up, and the kids will take her for what she really is. Social prestige isn't everything.

"Upon consideration of the scholastic records during the past four years...."

Ah, now's the time. For once I know I have it over Ellen. I'll bet she's just as jealous as she can be right now. We've been nip and tuck

all our lives, but this time I've stepped out ahead. Gee, but it will be fun after the ceremony when all the people will congratulate me. Miss McCurdy will gush all over me, and poor Ellen will be left out in the cold. The people around here don't praise those who only rate second in the running. She's had plenty of glory all the way through high school, but now the whole town will know the truth about which of us is smarter.

"...unusual situation. In first place are Jean Garrett and Ellen Goncis with an average of...."

What under the sun! Mr. Stucky said I was first!

"...and since it is customary to deal with ties in alphabetical order, Miss Garrett, will you please step forward to receive your honors?"

A tie? We're both first? It can't be! But he said I was first. Sure I am, but only 'cause Pop's name begins with "Ga" instead of "Gi." All that work I've done these last four years, all the parties I've missed, and all the clubs I didn't join because I wanted to study. And all I have to show for it is half of first place—phooey to the business anyhow!

Just Teasing

By Polly Ganssle

Ann flushed a little more rosily with each teasing statement made by her older sister Catherine. And Ann had thought that after thirteen years of these joking gibes she had at last become completely accustomed to them. They no longer made her flare with fighting resentment, ready to claw or scratch this taunting person who laughed all the harder at her anger. She knew now, and she had known for many years, that Cathy, although thoroughly enjoying this display of temper, would never meaningfully hurt her "Baby Sister's" feelings. But tonight everything was different. Ann could not accept this teasing calmly. Cathy couldn't seem to understand how much it had meant to be old enough to be included in the invitation to the St. John's Military Academy Christmas dance. Maybe Cathy just took for granted this chance to go to the military dance, and it didn't mean much to her. But to Ann it meant that she had at last attained the goal of being completely "grown up." She was old enough to go to a dance with her mother, father, and sister! At least five hours before, it had meant that. But now that it was over and Cathy was making joking remarks, Ann began to wonder.

"How bashful you were this evening, Sis," Cathy had said. "Why, you hardly spoke a word to poor James all night. And, Mother, did you notice how solemn and scared they both looked when they danced together? They were so cute, each one staring in a different direction."

Of course she had only been teasing. Mother and Daddy had both laughed. But it had hurt, because Ann had felt so self confident.

As the clock struck one, the two girls, holding their skirts so that they wouldn't trip on them, sedately mounted the stairs. Cathy had taught Ann how to walk in a formal before they had left for the dance. "At least I look grown up now," thought Ann.

Cathy bubbled with chatter while the two undressed. But Ann was sullenly quiet. She wondered if other people had thought that she was "just a baby" dancing stupidly around the ball room. After Cathy had finished setting her hair and winding the clock, Ann switched off the lamp, and the two climbed into the fresh sheets of their double bed. In Ann's ears still echoed Cathy's words—"Those two looked so cute and scared dancing together, each one staring in a different direction." The two large tears which had been held back so long escaped unseen in the seclusion of the dark room and rolled down her cheek into her hair. She had tried hard to seem

older and sophisticated. Why couldn't she be beautiful and grown up as Cathy had always been? Would she ever be mature enough to be classified as a young lady, too?

Cathy, rising on one elbow, leaned down to give her younger sister the usual good night kiss and whispered into her ear. "Darling, you really looked so pretty and sweet tonight. I hope you didn't mind my little razzing. It's such fun to be able to go places together as 'the two Miss Harleys,' isn't it?"

Oh, yes, Cathy, it definitely is!

Knit Two, Purl Two

By Carolyn H. Glenn

Do you ever see yarn before your eyes? Do you have callouses on your fingers? Do you hear strange voices saying, "Knit two, purl two"? If these symptoms describe your condition, you must live in Nicolls, home of the Nitty-Witty Knitters.

Knitting started innocently enough early in the school year when some ambitious and industrious soul decided she needed a new sweater and that she would knit it herself. That was her fatal mistake. If she really felt that she must knit, she should have knitted in the solitude of her closet. Had this simple precaution been taken, the knitting epidemic would never have spread like wildfire over the freshman dorm.

After the girl with the sweater made her appearance, those who could knit were fired by an ambition to knit socks. Those who could not knit felt that life could not go on if they, too, did not learn the womanly art of knitting.

Knitting at Nicolls has now assumed the proportions of a major epidemic. A club called The Nitty-Witty Knitters has been formed. Girls find odd balls of yarn in the drinking fountains, under the radiators, in their jewelry boxes, and any number of other untoward places. The halls are blocked by yarn strung gracefully from door to door in the manner of spider webs.

What will be the solution of this dilemma? Will freshmen turn in socks, sweaters, and headbands instead of assignments? If you can think of an answer to this problem, please write it on the head of an old knitting needle and give it to Miss Holt.

The Lamp

By Suzanne Pfeifer

In a corner of our attic, which is like all other attics except that it's newer than most and the junk there has collected in the last ten years instead of fifty, is an old lamp, a chandelier—Mother has a name for it. It's a hanging lamp.

My mother is not a collector of antiques, but she keeps an eye on the shops for odds and ends of interest that may appear, coming home with descriptions of canisters, commodes, and porringers of another decade. One day it was the lamp.

It is impossible to understand the real appearance of the thing from a description. It has three rings an inch or two wide of gold brass, one above the other, to which Mother added a circle of glass prisms. Brass chains converging at the top hold the weight and give the thing its name. Diligent search through other shops and holes (how dark and disorderly they are!) produced a milk-glass shade and a base to match. A can of metal polish returned the whole to brightness.

It is a picture; a reminder of those days when children peeked through heavy draped doorways on week days into closed and darkened parlors. I can imagine it over my grandmother's dining-room table instead of the electric lamp that hangs there now.

The lamp is still in the attic. Once in a while Mother moves it while working upstairs. Some day, I am sure, it will hang in our house. Daddy and I haven't said a thing. We'll wait and see.

How To Sleep On A Bus

By Mary Trimble

If we were to look through the windows of a crowded bus speeding through the night, we would find two distinct classes of people—the sleepers and the non-sleepers. The non-sleepers are those seasoned travelers who, through years of experience, have become reconciled to their fate. The sleepers differ from the non-sleepers, not by the results obtained, but by the extreme contortions of body and facial expression.

If one is to be lost in a sound sleep while riding in a public vehicle, he must follow carefully these simple rules which have been laid down by the one man who has accomplished this feat—a man completely void of all five senses.

The first rule is to obtain, by any unscrupulous method known to man, two full seats. Occasionally this creates a problem, but determination, with the aid of any pointed object, such as a hat pin, will overcome this obstacle.

Having obtained the full seat, our weary fellow is ready to settle down for a nice quiet nap. The partition between the seats throws no damper on his spirit.

"I beg your pardon? Oh, yes, ma'am, I'd be glad to hold your child." This continues, but after the third question, our friend is completely numb to the voice of his neighbor. This time he is definitely on his way to dreamland.

Suddenly the bus is filled with the delightful aroma of soot, smoke, and the remains of a box lunch. Still our passenger is undaunted and settles down once more.

His eyes roll back and his mouth drops open, displaying the even rows of store-bought teeth. This opening proves an interesting plaything for the youngster draped across the back of the seat, who immediately proceeds to drop two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle into it. These are chewed thoroughly and swallowed by our sleeping beauty.

The sense of sight has not been mentioned, but even the most inexperienced of us can close his eyes with only a minimum amount of effort.

The compiler of these simple rules guarantees their result to be satisfactory; however, when confronted with the blunt question—"Did you sleep?" he meekly murmurs, "No."

Jack

By Jean Tilden

From the moment that I saw him, I knew he was my friend. Oh, how his friendly greeting helped me as I timorously climbed up to the second floor. He was there at the top of the stairs bending over his drafting table. He had looked up from the smooth, even, black lines that his ruling pen had been tracing along the edge of his triangle to smile at me. I timidly approached him.

"Looking for someone?" he said quite casually, and his left eye winked at me. He was short, only about five feet five or six, and straightened up quite erect—quite a contrast from the round-shouldered many who spend their lives over a drafting board. His hair was dark with just a tinge of gray around the edges. But I did not notice that at first. What I saw first was that grin under the little moustache, and the lively animation in those beady black eyes which seemed to flit from one thing to another like a fly on a table newly spread.

Linden Leaves Staff Pushes Preparation Of 1946 Annual

In an interview with the editor of the Linden Leaves today, the following report was given:

"The Staff of the Linden Leaves has been kept in top speed trying to rush a copy off to the engraver so that the book may be out early. To date, we have been ahead of schedule and we have high hopes of distributing the annuals to the student body by the first of May! But it is impossible to have the Linden Leaves early if each and every student does not co-operate by calling for her proofs immediately and seeing that they are returned to the photographers at once.

"It is with pride that the Staff announces that this year's book has many new additions and improvements which will afford a more complete picture of the happenings at Lindenwood College during 1945-1946."

So come on, girls, let's co-operate! Get those proofs, and get them in to the photographers. The Staff has worked hard to give us a good book, now it's our turn to help them!

Two Members Added To Lindenwood Faculty

There have been two additions to the Lindenwood faculty in recent months: Miss Clarene Boyd in the physical education department, and John A. Holscher in the music department.

Miss Boyd is the new horseback riding instructor. She was graduated from Stephens College in Columbia, Mo. Before coming to Lindenwood, Miss Boyd worked as secretary to an advertising manager in Omaha, Neb.

Mr. Holscher, who is teaching piano at Lindenwood, attended the University of Missouri and the Chris Tiansen Choral School, and studied with Paul Freiss. He has taught piano privately for fourteen years, and is at present director of the Kirkwood Choral Club and director of the choir of the Brentwood Congregational church, both of which are in St. Louis.

Add—Definitions

Smallest book in the world: The current edition of Who's Who in Germany.

It was an effort, but after several tries I managed to get out that I was the new draftsman and wished to see the manager.

"Are you a draftsMAN or a draftsLADY?" he wanted to know, and soon the whole office force had joined in on the discussion. At once I was at home and felt a part of this office force which only a moment before had seemed to me hard, and cold—and professional!

As so many might, he did not merely point his pen in the general direction of a door and say, "The boss is in there!" No, indeed! His was a warm and friendly, "Come on, I'll show you where to go." He then ushered me into the office of the chief executive. But rather than merely leaving me at this point trembling in my boots, he introduced me and had me off to a good start before he winked again and stole out of the room.

THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

By Jeanne McDonald

Merryl Ryan still favors the medical profession—this time he is a major stationed at Scott Field. From all the rumors circulating he must be quite hubba hubba!

How about the roses, Marye Lou Peterson got from Joe? Also it is his wings she is wearing.

Betty Hunter seems to be walking around on clouds now that she knows Ken is coming back to Scott. Watch for further developments.

Lee Hill—a sailor from Lambert—has finally worked his way around to Sibley. Now comes the question, who's next?

Betty Clark's fella came not long ago. There's to be a wedding sometime this summer, we hear.

Shirley Riedel had quite a time coming back Xmas. She was on a train packed with Navy men—all officers! Tough break! Even after a stroke of luck like that she still prefers a PFC.

Joanne Brown shouldn't be so hurt if her date can't seem to remember her name. Or maybe she should just change it to Suzette and save time and worry.

Jane McGrede's Mike sent her a flock of hard-to-get items the most important being NYLONS!

Sarah Latshaw's date stood her up for want of a new suit. That's a new one!

Having two fraternity pins each from a guy named Bill has complicated things for Margot Coombs. Anyone having any suggestions should contact her immediately if not sooner.

Marge Akins has given her men new names now in order not to become too confused. Henceforth, they shall be known as Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., etc., etc.

In case anyone notices a bonfire down Irwin way the 31st of January don't get excited. On the contrary, feel a little envious for it will be Ibbie Franke burning the mortal remains of her higher education. R. I. P.

Seeing as how this is all, let me add, don't think it hasn't been.

OF ALL THINGS

The way some men's shoulder blades stick out of their suits you'd think they had forgotten to take the hanger out.

She said she didn't want to see his face again, so he got up and turned out the light.

The bachelor is the guy who fell in love at first sight; then took another look.

Our daughter's boy friends have a lot of shortcomings, but is it their long stayings that we object to most.

WHAT CAN YOU SPARE THAT THEY CAN WEAR



VICTORY CLOTHING COLLECTION

Chinese Theatre Presents Pearl Buck Drama Of Modern China

Lindenwood College presented The Chinese Theater January 15 at 7 p. m. in Roemer Auditorium. "The First Wife" by Pearl Buck was presented in two acts.

The story of the play involved a young Chinese man who had just returned from America with ambition and enthusiasm for a new China. With his newly acquired knowledge he found it impossible to remain at his tradition and custom-bound home. The play was given to show how the younger generation of China is beginning to become educated and more broad-minded and refuses to cling to the past culture.

Juniors' Song Title Party Is Over But Melody Lingers On

Song titles provided the theme of the party last Friday the Juniors gave in the Gym for the Freshman Class. The girls arrived in costumes denoting titles.

The first prize, which went to the most original, was won by Elizabeth Smith, Jane Dick, Ann Mitchell, Peggy Vilbig, Mary Vilbig, Georganna Steckenrider and Patricia Elliot, who came as the "Seven Dwarves."

Carol Lee Cathcart and Gwendolyn Rosier, who came as "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top," won the prize for the most comical.

The best all around prize was to Jody Schroder, who came as "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall."

The program for the evening was: Miss Werndle played a violin solo while Betty Meredith accompanied her first on the piano and then with the bass.

Margaret Kinkaid sang, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," and "It Might As Well Be Spring."

Betty Bishop and Virginia Griewing jittersbugged.

Mr. McMurry and Mr. Turk sang "Sheik of Araby" and also an excerpt from "The Pinafore."

BAND BOX CLEANERS

CALL AND DELIVERY SERVICE AT THE COLLEGE POST OFFICE

Phone 701 316 N. Main Str.

THE CLUB CORNER

The December meeting of the Indiana Club was held in the Library Club Room where the atmosphere of the Christmas spirit predominated in the setting and festivities.

Dr. Kate Gregg, in her charming manner, delighted the group with a reading, in harmony with the religious and holy spirit of the season.

At the Christmas meeting of Beta Pi Theta, held December 10 in the Library Club Room, Katherine Bebb gave an interesting talk on "Christmas Customs in France." The members then sang French Christmas carols, after which refreshments were served.

Dr. Clevenger's International Relations class held an interesting panel discussion at the meeting of the International Relations Club on Thursday, Jan. 10. The subject of the discussion was "Problems of the U. N. O."

Mariam Reilly a student from Pachucha, Pachucha Hidalgo, Mexico, is to speak on "Old Mexico" at the next International Relations meeting.

The Irwin members of the Texas Club were hostesses at the club party on January 21. Judy Powell sang, accompanied by Shirley Strane. The game, "Stealing from Your Neighbor," was played with everyone winning a prize.

The last meeting of Beta Pi Theta was held on January 14. Joan Wetzler gave a talk in French on her trip to New Orleans. Luette Stumberg played Chopin's "Revolutionary Etude" and a piece by Debussy. A French game was played during the latter part of the meeting.

Delta Phi Delta has made tentative plans to entertain in Powell Terrace, the housing project in St. Charles.

The Home Economics Club moving picture, "The Way to A Man's Heart," was presented last Thursday. It gave an excellent study of nutrition.

Plans have been made for a Home Economics Valentine party in February.

The Alpha Sigma Tau initiation is to be held on February 13.

"What Hast Thou in Thine Hand?" was the theme of the vesper program presented by the Student Christian Association on January 20. Members who appeared on the program were Emma Lee Morgan, Eileen Murphy, Joan Bohrer, Merryl Ryan, Jan Miller, and Sybil Ellis.

Judge Scott of the St. Louis Juvenile Court is to be the guest speaker of the Student Christian Association January 23.

CLEANING CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED TO THE COLLEGE P. O.

Pechtern
Cleaning Company

LET US KEEP

YOUR RADIO OR PHONOGRAPH WORKING THIS YEAR

DENNING RADIO CO.

VALENTINES

for everyone

HALLMARK CARDS

Ahmann's Newsstand

Yellow Cab

Phone 133

The Library Suggests A Good Book As Antidote For Examination Jitters

During the next few weeks while everyone is studying for semester exams, any form of relaxation will be welcome. Any spare moments before exams, or hours of collapse following exams would be enjoyably spent in reading some of the recent additions to the library, a few of which are listed here:

"Best American Short Stories," 1945
 "Portrait of a Marriage," Buck, Pearl; "Marriage of Josephine," Coryn, Marjorie; "He Brings Great News," Dane, Clemence; "Sleep No More," Derleth, A. W.; "The King's General," Du Maurier, Daphne; "Judd Rankin's Daughter," Glaspell, Susan; "West Window," Hartley, L. P.; "Night Has a Thousand Eyes," Hopley, George; "Daisy Kenyon," Janeway, Elizabeth; "River Road," Keyes, Frances P.; "Repent in Haste," Marquand, J. P.; "Far Away Music," Meeker, Arthur; "Orchard Hill," Seifert, Elizabeth; "Most Secret," Shute, Nevil; "The Gauntlet," Street, J. H.; "My True Love," Teilbet, D. L.; "Ever After," Thane Elswyth; "Friendly Persuasion," West, Tessamyn; "None So Blind," Wilson, Mitchell.

Brief sketches of the following books are furnished by the Library:

Costain, T. B. "Ride With Me," Historical romance of England and the continent during the Napoleonic Wars. Sir Robert Wilson is a prominent military figure, but the story is primarily about Frand Ellery, publisher of a London newspaper, and Gabrielle de Salle, a French refugee.

Hobart, A. T. "Peacock Sheds His Tail": Vital importance of understanding between U. S. and Mexico is the theme in this novel of an international marriage between Concha Navarro and Jim Buchanan. They are products of different civilizations and traditions, and typify the conflicting forces in modern Mexico.

Hunter, B. M. "Manchu Empress": This novel concerns the machinations of Tzu Hsi, last empress of China: a colorful, ambitious, and ruthless woman whose three passions were power, pleasure, and hatred of Europeans.

Christmas Travel Rugged

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

(If you find the answer please notify the editor.)

On the afternoon of December 19 some four hundred and fifty Lindenwood Lassies were turned loose and told to run, not walk, to nearest train and get home just as fast as the slow-moving conveyances would take them. So after waiting for this day three months the lassies were off.

With scores of people shoving first to the right and then to the left we pushed our way into what is commonly known as Union Station to many people but what is known as Fred Harvey's to you know who.

Finally the trains left and we were homeward bound. School was never like this. Standing in line for two hours to get in the diner and then being told that the diner was closed. Waiting all day for the first call to breakfast and finally hearing the last call for dinner.

Ah, yes, travel. Travel! Don't talk about travel! Now, don't go way I didn't mean it, come spring vacation I'll be battling the bags once more. And will love it.

Langley, A. L. "Lion Is in the Streets": Picture of a politician: Hank Martin, picturesque peddler who started as a champion of the little people and became Governor of the Magnolia state. He grew drunk on power and retribution overtook him. Verity, his wife, though recognizing her husband's gifts, could not remain blind to his faults.

Lewis, Sinclair. "Cass Timberlane": A novel of husbands, wives, and marriage in Grand Republic, Minn. Judge Timberlane and his young wife spend several stormy years before becoming adjusted.

Nordhoff, Chas. & Hall, J. N. "High Barbaree": Alec Broode, one of two survivors on a wrecked Catalina flying boat adrift on the Pacific, relives his boyhood and in imagination finds the fulfillment of a youthful dream.

"O. Henry Prize Stories of 1945." 22 stories: 11 about the war.

Pinckney, Josephine. "Three O'Clock Dinner": The aristocratic Redcliffs entertain the aggressive Hesenwinkles at Sunday dinner in a comedy of contrasting standards and social position in contemporary Charleston.

Ullman, J. R. "White Tower": Martin Ordway parachuted into a Swiss Alpine valley overshadowed by the Weissturm, a high peak never scaled from the valley. Martin and five others, trying to escape from reality, organized a party to make the attempt. Powerful description of the ordeal of climbing, exhaustion, and intense cold.

Add—Definitions

The Stone Age: Anywhere from sixteen to sixty. And the bigger the stone, the better she likes it!

A bottle of perfume that Willie sent was highly displeasing to Millicent.

Her hands were so cold
 They quarreled, I'm told,
 Through the silly scent Willie sent
 Millicent.

Flattery: A commodity that makes everybody sick except those who swallow it.

Final Exams Near

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

Heretofore, there have been many applicants for enrollment in Lindenwood for the next year, but the number received to date far exceeds that of previous years. Throughout the country, there is expected to be an increase of 700,000 college students, and many who plan to enter next September will be disappointed to find their applications arrived too late. Mr. Motley urges friends and relatives of former students to apply at once if they desire to be considered for next year's enrollment in Lindenwood.

CLASSICAL & POPULAR
 RECORDS—SHEET MUSIC
 CARDS GIFTS

ST. CHARLES
 MUSIC HOUSE

230 N. Main

Victory Clothing Drive Now In Full Swing at Lindenwood

Christmas morning as we gaily unwrapped our packages, we were content with the world—happy to be warm and comfortable in our own homes. We saw the happily shining faces of our brothers and sisters and we were thankful they had not seen the death and destruction of the war.

Yet in other lands, little pinched faces with the nightmare of war still fresh in their memory, huddle together with inadequate clothing, shelter and food. Christmas to them is just a story. Their little souls are seared by their acquaintance with fear and deprivation.

There is still great need among these peoples, both little children and grownups. No world can be secure, no world can long remain at peace while these conditions exist. Right now among their great needs is clothing. Right now there hangs in the closets of American homes, enough clothing, considered unfit for wear, which will give warmth and comfort to threadbare millions in foreign countries. These people are not asking for Utopia—but only for serviceable things like your old coat—the one with the frayed edges but a warm lining, or a baby blanket so long stored away.

The Victory Clothing collection launched a nation-wide campaign January 7th to obtain 100,000,000 garments together with bedding and shoes for our destitute allies in Europe, China and the Philippines.

Mr. Motley has reported that about 500 garments were turned in here at Lindenwood the first day of the drive. The box will remain in the hall in Roemer for further donations, so look through your clothing again, and see if there isn't something else you will give.

Dr. Gipson Named Head Of Counseling Committee

Owing to pressure of work, Dr. Marion Dawson has resigned as chairman of the Committee on Counseling. In reorganizing the staff for counseling, Dr. H. M. Gage has appointed the following committee: Dr. Gipson, chairman, Dr. Schaper, Miss Morris, Miss Isidor, Miss Albrecht.

The counseling committee organizes the counseling program and confers with the counselors at regular meetings. In Lindenwood's counseling program, counseling does not end with registration, but is a continuing service and is concerned with all aspects of a student's life and work.

TRY US—

PICTURES

TO BE PROUD OF

KIDERLEN'S

568 Madison Street
 Phone 1204

MEET YOUR FRIENDS

AT

S CHAPPE'S
 WEET
 HOP

1507 Clay

Phone 1214

Molly Freshman Settles Down After Vacation To Study For Exams

Dear Diary,

Whee! Did I ever have a good time while at home. More men! More dates! More fun! And now we're back at L. C. Not exactly the most pleasant thought I've ever had, but it's not so bad. At least we have memories to last us until that most important day in June comes around.

Getting back to school was quite a problem. Travel nowadays just isn't what it is cracked up to be. Will take me weeks to recuperate from the effects of my trip.

Oklahoma! Oklahoma! What a wonderful show. All the adjectives floating around in my head can't describe how wonderful I think it was.

There has been so much going on these last two weeks that I hardly know where to begin. Guess I'll begin with the dining room. Rather like my new table, in fact I guess it can be said that I do like it.

Gave some clothes to the Clothes Drive and from the looks of the boxes in Roemer all the other girls did too. I think it's wonderful the L. C. Lassies are so generous.

Wish it would snow. The campus was so pretty just before we left and I didn't have any film then. Now I do and it won't snow.

Entered my man in the Romeo con-

test. Hope he wins, but whether he does or not he's still my Romeo.

With semester exams coming up soon, I'm beginning to wonder just how much knowledge has been crammed into my head and how much I failed to absorb. Will find out soon enough. Burning the midnight oil, sitting up until all hours of the night and morning, doing what, why playing bridge of course. But getting back to exams, I really do intend to do some studying.

Class bell just rang so I'm off. Be seeing you after the terrible last days of exams are over.

With my love,

Molly

P. S. Keep your fingers crossed for me.

Student Activities Group Sponsors Two Fun Nights

Hope you made it over to the Gym for Fun Night January 12. Everyone had a big time playing bridge, shuffle board, ping-pong and volley ball. The refreshments were welcome after playing so hard. In case you missed it—there's going to be another one next Saturday.

Friday night will be the hay ride, alias the sleigh ride, unless it decides to snow again. The programs are sponsored by the Student Activities Committee.

STRAND THEATRE

St. Charles, Mo.

Tues-Wed-Thurs. Jan. 22-23-24

Merle Oberon in

THIS LOVE OF OURS
 with Charles Korvin-Claude Rains

Fri-Sat. Jan. 25-26

Phil Harris-Leslie Brooks in

I LOVE A BANDLEADER
 and
 William Gargan-Nancy Kelly in
 FOLLOW THAT WOMAN

Sun-Mon. Jan. 27-28

Joan Leslie-Robert Hutton

in TOO YOUNG TO KNOW

Tues-Wed-Thurs. Jan. 29-30-31

Van Johnson-Faye Emerson in

BORN FOR TROUBLE
 and
 Humphrey Bogart-Ann Sheridan in
 IT ALL CAME TRUE

Fri-Sat. Feb. 1-2

James Craig-Frances Gifford in

SHE WENT TO THE RACES
 and
 The Story and all events leading
 up to the Japs' Unconditional
 Surrender
 APPOINTMENT IN TOKYO

Your St. Charles
 DRUG STORES
 Welcome YOU

REXALL DRUG STORE
 SERVICE DRUG
 TAINTER DRUG
 STANDARD DRUG

AT YOUR SERVICE
 Our interest is to serve you
 Better

We Telegraph Flowers



PARKVIEW GARDENS

1925 Randolph

Opposite Blanchette Park

PHONE 214

"Say It With Flowers"

Flowers for Valentines

BUSE'S FLOWER SHOP

400 Clay Street

Phone 148

We Telegraph Flowers