

# LINDEN BARK

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No. 10



The Romeo of 1946: Frank Reaves, of Kansas City, Mo.



Most Marriageable: Ensign Kenneth W. Huffman.



Most Kissable: George Gillette.



Most Intelligent: Bill Cochran



Most Athletic: Doran Phillips

## Easter Finds Campus Ready For Vacation

The time for Easter vacation has arrived. Tomorrow many students will be leaving the campus to spend a short visit with their families. Other girls will remain here on campus to observe the holiday. Each girl will make use of every spare minute during vacation. Then, before she realizes, vacation is over and she must return to work as classes begin Monday at 11 o'clock.

Every Friday at noon during Lent, the Student Christian Association sponsored a Lenten Service presented by each of different classes. These services were concluded on April 12, when Jeanne Loore spoke on "The Joyous Time of Easter" and Emma Lee Morgan sang.

The choir has been busy, too. On Sunday afternoon, March 31, they sang on station KFUE. At this same time Lucette Stumberg, pianist, Margot Coombs and Mary Lou Proctor, violinists, played. On Palm Sunday the choir presented an Easter Concert, similar to their Christmas program.

Prof. F. A. MacMurry and the Symphonic Band will present a concert tonight. Everyone who heard the last concert will not want to miss this one.

The vespers service on Sunday, April 7 was sponsored by the Mu Phi Epsilon. It featured several piano selections by Betty Tabor and Harriet Hudson. Emma Lee Morgan enchanted the audience with her voice.

Another important date in the activities of the campus before Easter was the dance on April 13 sponsored by the Freshmen.

The Bunny Hop, the Freshman Class' pre-Easter formal, was held last Saturday night. The amusing bunny motif was carried out on the microphone, the bandstand, and throughout the gymnasium. Beneath the huge sparkling ball in the center of the floor were balloons forming an Easter basket.

The couples danced to the music of Johnny Kamp's ten-piece orchestra. Intermission entertainment was presented by the groups who entertained at the Jefferson Barracks Veterans' Hospital. Members of the upper classes were guests of the Freshmen.

## Madame Lyolene Returns To Campus With News of Fashion's Latest Edicts

Madame Lyolene is back at Lindenwood again. And she is as glad to be here as we are to have her with us for the month of April.

The most exciting thing about Madame Lyolene this spring is her plan for the future. As soon as she receives her final citizenship papers, which should not be later than July, she will leave for Paris. She will fly back to the United States and Lindenwood each Spring and Fall for her months' work with the girls. While in Paris Madame Lyolene will work with Jeune Fille Hein in designing clothes for the young college and high school girl.

At present Madame Lyolene is working with Johns Fredricks in New York and also in the Rhode Island

## Lindenwood Is Host To College Science Meeting

The Annual Regional Science Meeting was held at Lindenwood last Saturday, April 13. Forty-one young men and women from nearby colleges attended the meeting which began at 9:30 a. m. in the Library Club Room.

After a short introduction by Shirley Simpson of Maryville College, president of the College Section of the Missouri Academy of Science, five students read papers on research work that they have been doing.

At 11 o'clock an intermission was called during which officers for next year were elected. The guest speaker, Dr. Peterson of Coe College, gave an address at 11:20 a. m. on "The Social Responsibilities of Science." This was followed by luncheon in the Lindenwood Dining Room for the members of the T-triangle Club and their guests.

The reading of the papers was resumed after the luncheon. Two of these were by Lindenwood students. Peggy Kendall read a study on "Vinyls" and Virginia Moehlenkamp's paper was entitled "Separation of a Perfume Ketone from a Carbinol Mixture of the Newport Industry." The remaining three were by students of Fontbonne and Maryville. One of these was on biological research and another interesting one was "Measuring Vitamin C."

The schools attending were Maryville, Harris Teachers College, Fontbonne, Missouri School of Mines, Fontbonne, Missouri School of Mines, Missouri Valley College and Lindenwood.

## Press Club Contest Entries To Close On April 23

The Press Club Contest ends April 23. Students who wish to enter any of their writing, must have the entries in the Journalism Office by this date. All girls of the college may submit any articles printed in publications this year, excluding the Linden Bark Literary Supplement.

The winner of the contest will receive \$5.00 at the pre-commencement recognition ceremonies.

## Yvonne De Carlo Selects Frank Reaves, Dana Vincil's Entry, As Lindenwood's Romeo



Miss Yvonne De Carlo, Universal Pictures star, who selected the Romeo of 1946.

## Jan Miller Heads SCA

Jan Miller was elected last week to serve as president of the Student Christian Association for the year '46-'47. Besides her work in the S.C.A., she has been active in the Indiana Club, Encore Club, as vice president of the League of Women Voters, as a Student Council representative for the Sophomore Class, and on the Linden Leaves staff.

The other new officers are vice president, Virginia Beasley; secretary, Joan Bohrer; treasurer, Catherine Moore.

At the last meeting of the S.C.A. for this year, the new officers were introduced to the student body. Also at the meeting four Freshmen presented a panel discussion on religion. Betty Sue Perry (Protestant), Mary Vilbig (Catholic), Helen Krasner (Jewish), and Ruth Ann Ball (Christian Scientist) each gave the strong points of her religion.

## This Is The Torrid Tale Of Tanned Torsos Toasted Tender

Every year when the robins first appear and the violets stick their lazy heads up from the earth, we all start watching for the sun bathing season.

Coming early this year some of the gals are already sporting nice cocoa brown tans. But this article isn't directed at those lucky creatures. It is for the more unfortunate who though struggling, are still hoping to be brown by Easter vacation.

With toes pointed toward the sun, they lie in misery for hours on end. They fight off all the little varmints and gremlins the outside world calls insects. They suffer the heat and the consequences of a sunburn all for the glory of having a tan.

Armed with the necessities of an afternoon of sunbathing they are off to the terrace by the tennis courts. The necessities include: A blanket, pillow, cards, radio, money, magazines, stationery, sunglasses, cotton for the eyes, baby oil for the skin you love to touch, pen and pencil, paper for bridge scores, water for the cotton for the eyes and some foolish people take text books. Let's listen in:

## Autographed Pictures Of Movie Star To Be Presented To Winners

The Linden Bark presents Lindenwood's Romeo for 1946—Frank Reaves of Kansas City. His picture was entered by Dana Vincil, a Freshman, from Tulsa, Okla. Frank, a Major in the Air Corps, served with the 15th Air Force in Italy during the war. He is interested in football, and is a St. Louis Cardinal fan. His other main interest is flying. Now he is living in Kansas City.

Lindenwood's "Most Marriageable" man is Ensign Kenneth W. Huffman, U.S.N.R. Linda Fee, who entered his picture, says it's the real thing. Linda, a Freshman, met him in Dallas, Tex.

Our "Most Athletic" man is Doran Phillips. His picture was entered by Vonda Geane Jones, a Freshman from Lyons, Kan. When asked if it were true love, the reply from Vonda was, "Could be!"

Bill Cochran, entered by Margaret Whitmer, was chosen as "Most Intelligent." Bill attended West Point, and was graduated from a School of Mortuary Science in St. Louis. Margaret, a Sophomore, comes from Wichita, Kan. She and Bill met on a double-date last spring. Their engagement was announced several weeks ago, and the date for the wedding has been set for June 28.

The "Most Kissable" man is George Gillette of St. Charles. He was entered by his wife, Caroline Gillette. George was recently discharged from the Army Air Corps, and now he and Caroline are living in St. Charles. When Caroline was asked, "Is he the most kissable, in your opinion?" the

continued on page 6

"Now where shall we put the blanket? Here's a nice spot. Of course our heads will be down hill, but anything goes just so long as we get a tan."

"Let's play bridge. I'm tired of just lying in the sun. And anyway you can get just as good a tan playing bridge. Ooooh, there's a creature on me. Knock it off. Well, don't just stand there looking at it. It's going to bite me."

"Oh don't be silly. That little bug couldn't hurt a flea. So sit down and let's get on with the bidding."

"All right, but how was I to know that it wasn't a big bug?"

"Oh look, I'm getting red. Look, look everybody, there's a red place."

"Look at me. I'm not getting a thing, except freckles. Just call me the freckle-faced kid."

And so the story goes, on down through the ages. The women used to protect their lily white skins but that was in the days when women had no say in what goes on in the world. But now never underestimate the power of a woman. So suntans here we come!

### Spring Has Sprung

Spring is here for sure now. If you can't tell it by all of the flowers that have been blooming, you can certainly tell by all of the sun tans that the girls are sporting.

As soon as the sun bathing season officially opened the girls crowded to the golf course to start on their annual "Sun-tan" campaign. Many of the girls spend their free time lying out on the lawn by the tennis courts or on the golf course, but some of the gals have acquired tans by just playing a few sets of tennis between their studying.

There is one thing to watch out for though, kids, and that is becoming too enthusiastic about your sun bathing. A few minutes every day is much better for your skin and your tan than a few hours one day a week. If you do happen to get a good old fashioned burn, however, don't forget that the health center is willing to help you.

Here's hoping that you all get beautifully tan and can go home at Easter looking as if you had spent the winter vacationing in Florida rather than going to school in Missouri.

### It Belongs To All

Come on all you chillen—Sibley's new club room is officially open, and has been since noon of March 3. It will be open to students, dates, parents, and friends every Sunday from 1 until 10:30 p. m.; it is only open for club meetings during the week. Strikes, which have delayed the production of glass for the table tops, have necessarily delayed the opening of the club room for common use.

Although it is in Sibley hall, Sibley has no official claim on it—it belongs to all of the students of Lindenwood College. The entrance is not through Sibley, but on the Nicolls side of the building.

It not only boasts a piano and radio, but also a record player. It's all yours!

### The New College Woman

Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence College, believes that out of the war has come a new figure on the American campus—the college girl who is mature, earnest, informed and with a mind of her own. The college woman, in general, has been regarded as pretty, popular, and someone to decorate the football stadiums, open cars, and ballrooms of America. The war, however, has altered the character of the college woman. Women in colleges are showing greater seriousness in several ways: They are more politically conscious and more critical of their own education. The approach of the college woman to politics is usually by way of the classroom. She seeks knowledge by which informed decisions about politics can be made. With this knowledge goes a new sense of power. Inside the college classroom, she does not passively accept the educational ideas of her professors. She is beginning to ask more questions about the courses she is required to study. To judge from her attitude, it will not be long before she tells the educators what kind of education women need and insist on having.

In short, the college woman of this generation is more adult, more mature, more serious and more conscious of the role she can play in the life of her country than ever before.

### Gracie Gremlin



Hi kids. Stop days are wonderful, aren't they. Nice for that tan we're all trying so hard to obtain. Too bad the sun in Missouri doesn't shine every day as it does in some of the places you read about. But give us time and we'll be a neat golden brown.

With nine-weeks tests over everyone is sitting pretty, waiting for the next tests to start studying again. But gals, please remember, the next tests will be the final ones, so while you're out trying to get a tan, take a text with you and do a little studying. Just a fair warning.

### FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Students who expect to be in the academic procession are asked to have the measurements for their academic costumes taken before they leave for Easter vacation. Students should come to my office and sign for the number of invitations which they wish to have for commencement.

It has been suggested that students talk over with their parents while they are home whether or not they wish to apply for an assistantship in any department of the college next year. Blanks will be available soon after their return from Easter vacation for application.

The Junior English Examination will be held April 29 from 4:00 to 6:00 p. m. in room 211. This Examination must be taken by all Seniors who have not already passed it and may be taken by members of the Junior class who wish to do so. The list of the spelling words from which choice will be made for one question in the Examination may be obtained in this office at any time.

My best wishes to you all for a happy Easter.

ALICE E. GIPSON

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### ALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Jane McLean

With the sun getting hotter and hotter and actually appearing once in a while, the whole color of Lindenwood campus is changing—from the green of the foliage to the bright or subdued shades of the flowers to the brilliant, glaring, blinding red of a number of the girls who overindulged in the first happy stint of sun-bathing.

As the sun went down on the evening of our long-awaited stop day, a glow began to radiate forth and reddened the sky over the dorms. Girls who had not been out that day merely stood around some of their burning friends and got even a better tan, without the unbearable heat, the pesky animals (in the form of ants, flies, etc.), and the long, long walk to and from. They are peeling now, some of them, and have realized that their efforts were in vain, that they must now try again to regain that husky color and sore skin that is such a trial to get. But out they will go—to get redder and redder and hotter and hotter and sorer and sorer—until even their families will not recognize them. But it's fun.

Easter vacation begins tomorrow. Need it be told? This campus will probably be even more deserted than football stadiums during the baseball season. The group that is at this

moment so closely together will, in less than twenty-four hours, be beginning to scatter across the United States—for as far as time will let them go.

After Easter, the time will be flying by so rapidly that it will hardly seem that you have unpacked before you will be packing again for that long trek homeward for the summer—and for some—forever—except for visits back to Lindenwood.

Through all the dorms now are girls wandering from one room to another, looking around, peering in, trying to decide just exactly where it is they wish to live next year. With four or five choices from which to pick, most everyone will be pretty satisfied, and the Sophomores-to-be needn't feel that all is lost for them—that all the rooms will be taken; there will be Freshmen here next year who will have to take what's left—you won't be put out of your own choice for them, probably.

Remember, it's hard to spend your days standing in classes. Don't get so burned that no one can come within ten feet of you. We'll never learn moderation, but it's fun to have a tan so very early in the year.

'NUFF SAID

### Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion

#### Majority of Students Favor Firm United States Policy Toward Russia---Confidence Shown In Success of United Nations Organization.

"Should the United States give in to Russia on the question of Iran?" This was the question submitted by the Linden Bark's campus poll this week. Of the 64 girls polled, 12 per cent answered "yes" and 88 per cent said "no."

When asked "Do you think a firm foreign policy endangers world peace,"

40 per cent believe it would and 60 per cent think it would not. Many of those who answered no did feel the United States should watch our step.

There seemed to be marked confidence in the U.N.O. as may be seen in the fact that 86 per cent of the students polled answered "yes" to the question "Do you think the U.N.O. can succeed better than the League of Nations."

### Jean Lohr Gives Her Junior Organ Recital

Miss Jean Lohr of Litchfield, Ill., gave her Junior organ recital on April 2, in Sibley Chapel. She was assisted by Miss Margaret Ann Kendall, violinist, who was accompanied by Miss Marjorie Elster.

The program:  
Organ—  
Fugue in E Flat (St. Anne)...Bach  
Piece Heroique.....Franck

Violin—  
Prelude No. 8 (W.T.C. Book I)  
..... Bocche ine-Willeke  
Serenade ..... D'Ambrosio  
Tango ..... Rasbach  
Organ  
Triptych .... August Maekelbehrge  
Improvisation on "Puer Natus Est"  
Improvisation on "Ton-y Botel"  
Concerto Gregoriano .... Pietro Yon  
Adagio  
Finale  
(Orchestral parts played on the piano by Paul Friess)

### Lindenwood Instructor Returns From 2,000 Mile Eastern Rat Safari

After a 2000 mile rat-hunt, Charles C. Clayton, instructor of journalism at Lindenwood College and editorial writer for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, returned to the campus on April 4. Mr. Clayton, as the representative of the Globe-Democrat, with seven city officials, composed the St. Louis Clean-up Committee, whose business it was to study the collection and disposal of rubbish, and the control of rats. This committee made a study of the methods of various cities, comparable in size to St. Louis.

Mr. Clayton started on his journey on March 17. The first stop was Milwaukee. From there he went to Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore, and Cincinnati. He also made a short and interesting visit to New York.

In most of the large cities, he said, the waste was disposed of by incineration. At the Pittsburgh disposal plant, there were 900 tons of garbage.

This amount had been collected within the week, and due to the limited facilities of the incinerators had to await burning over the week end when no collections were made. While in Baltimore, Mr. Clayton visited the Johns Hopkins' Laboratory where he had the opportunity to observe many experiments with rats.

In Washington, Mr. Clayton was officially accredited as a Capitol correspondent and is now admitted to the Press Gallery of the Senate and House. The actual honor was obtained when he signed the Correspondents' Book which has been in existence since 18 0. To make use of the privilege, Mr. Clayton attended a meeting of the Senate while the discussion of the Wage Bill was in progress. To make the trip thoroughly complete, the cherry blossoms were in bloom and there was a dinner at the National Press Club.

If You Don't Attend Church, Can You Really Afford Not To?

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WORSHIP 11:00 A.M.

Best wishes for a very happy Easter

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The Early Life of Mayling Soong Chiang.

by Marcia Kelly

MUCH of Madam Chiang, Kai-shek's fascinating, vivid personality she owes to the influence and training of her "Americanized" father, Charlie Soong, who was educated in the United States and returned after his graduation from Trinity College to modernize his native China. Many times during the first few years he was back in China, Charlie felt discouraged about his future, and finally a good friend suggested matrimony as a cure. Subsequently Soong married a Miss Ni, a cultured woman of unusual charm.

Six children were born to Charlie Soong and his wife—three girls and three boys. Mayling, the fourth child and the youngest of the three girls, was born in 1898.

It is the custom among our writers to sentimentalize over the joys of childhood freedom, but life for a Chinese child of the past generation was far from being a careless appreciation of this world's pleasures. His training really began when he could remember and recognize a picture, sometimes at three, sometimes at four years of age; then he was started on his "characters," the ideographs that form the Chinese language. It is an immeasurably bigger task to learn them than to remember our alphabet and its combinations. The little Soongs, however, were to be spared the less important refinements of the classic Chinese education. Shanghai had several foreign-style schools to which Charlie Soong gravitated as naturally as a dove flies home.

When only five years old, Mayling entered Ma Tyeire, an American school for Chinese girls in Shanghai. Since Charlie had aided in founding the school, he had special privileges. Although Mayling was much too young, he made arrangements to have her tutored. She lived in the dormitory with her elder sister, Chingling, who was also attending the school at the same time. Mayling, however, was a very nervous child. One of the teachers discovered that she often woke up at night with fits of trembling. On such occasions she would rise, stand erect, and repeat her lessons until the early morning hours. Therefore, Mayling was soon sent home to be tutored there until she went abroad a few years later.

As a child, Mayling was extremely plump. In her own words, "I was so fat when I was a little girl that my nickname, 'Little Lantern,' was given to me by one of my whimsical uncles. Mother put me in thickly padded cotton clothes in the wintertime, and I waddled around in them. I remember when I was three or four years old I used to fall down after every two or three steps, because the clothes were so thick and clumsy, but as I was so well padded not only with clothes but also with fat, I cannot remember being hurt very much. I had two queer little queues on top of my head, which were tied with red string and then rolled into round loops. These were popularly known as 'crabholes,' and were quite a la mode for little girls of that period. Mother always dressed me in flowered designs, a short jacket with two side closings one over the other and tied in the back, and long trousers. Later when I grew older Mother put me in boys' clothes, presumably because I was such a tomboy, and she thought that since I acted so much like a boy and seemed more natural in my older brother's clothes than my older sister's, it killed two birds with one stone. But in reality my brother, T. V., outgrew his clothes so quickly that every two or three months new ones had to be made for him, and I fell heir to his outgrown ones. Up to the time I went to America when I was ten years old, I wore boys' clothes."

Mayling and the other Soong children were at home during the summers, and their education continued under tutors. They went to the home of an English woman in the mornings to study English and Latin; in the afternoons an old scholar who had tutored their father when he returned from America came to the Soong house to give instructions in the Chinese classics. At noon the three little Soong girls rode home from their classes in one rickshaw in the sultry, blazing sunlight, giggling or playfully slapping one another. After lunch they were supposed to take a short nap, but when their mother was asleep, they crept out to the back garden to play their favorite games.

One of Charlie Soong's dearest dreams was that his children (including the girls) should go to America to complete their education—an unheard-of thing! Gossip flashed in and out of Shanghai about the "radical Soong" who was going to send a girl to a foreign country to be educated, but he politely turned a deaf ear to the protests and general comments. When Mayling was six years of age, her eldest sister, Eling, ventured to America in 1904 to enter Wesleyan College in Georgia. In 1908 came Chingling's turn to go to Wesleyan. When the usual preparations for her departure were underway, the baby, Mayling, declared that she wanted to go along too. She was only ten and, of course, much too tender to enter college, or even leave home; but it seemed that on a certain medicine-taking occasion her parents had made elaborate promises, and Mayling now held them to their word. She went.

Mayling and Chingling sailed on the Pacific mail steamer *Manchuria* in a party of Chinese students bound for America, all under the protection of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Wan Bing Chung. Upon the girls' arrival at Wesleyan College, special arrangements were made, and Mayling stayed on the campus where she was tutored with another little girl of her age, Eloise Ainsworth, the daughter of the college president. This worked so successfully that a third child, Claribelle Marshall, was included in the group, and the three formed their own unofficial class. Eloise, Claribelle, and Mayling were quite happy, but they had one common longing—the perpetual desire to be as important as the big girls. The big girls had secrets and clubs from which they were excluded; so instead of being left out completely, they formed their own club which they called the "Tri-puellates."

Mayling, who was to specialize in English literature when she grew a little older, was just at the age when she loved to use long words. She would try them out first on Eling, watching out of the corner of her eye to see the effect on her big sister. "I've just met the most attractive girl, sister," she said once. "She's my new friend; she's been so nice to me. She's invited me to her box tonight. Oh, she's simply fanisating."

Having nothing to do one day, Eloise, Claribelle, and Mayling decided to start their own newspaper. Mayling was literary editor, and the other two divided the jobs of art editor and reporter. It was probably the only paper of its kind in the world, for though there were five copies issued every day, no two were alike. Since each one cost five cents and since the paper was ordinary school exercise paper, there was no overhead; and the Tri-puellates had twenty-five cents to spend every day after their labors. The most trying part of the whole affair was in agreeing how to spend it—on ice cream altogether, or partly on salted peanuts, or on candy. A university student in the East heard about this paper and wrote to them,

requesting a copy to put on record as the product of the youngest editor in America. He did not include the nickel, and they wrote to him scornfully, pointing out his omission. "Especially," they wrote, "as it is costing us two cents to send this letter." He then sent the nickel to his anxious dealers, and all was well again.

While the two older girls found it difficult sometimes to learn American customs and idioms, Mayling slipped very easily into the school environment. She considered it just as big a treat as did her two companions when they scampered off for a day of hazel-nutting or when one of them had a nickel with which to buy and share cheese crackers or all-day suckers.

During the summer months, the three sisters usually traveled about the country, occasionally visiting friends or attending summer schools. One summer when she was attending a school in the North, Mayling was asked by a history teacher to describe Sherman's March through Georgia. "Pardon me," said Mayling, "I am a Southerner, and that subject is very painful to me."

After Chingling returned to China, Mayling, being left alone, decided at the end of the spring term of 1913 to go to a Northern school as her brother, T. V., was now attending Harvard. Since T. V. and Mayling were the only Soongs now in America, their parents decided, too, that it would be better for both of them to be near one another; so Mayling entered Wellesley the next autumn as a freshman. Mayling regarded T. V. as her guardian, and she found many opportunities to go over to Cambridge to see him.

Mayling was very popular with the Oriental students at Harvard and other colleges throughout the East. As one friend put it, "There always seems to be some nice Chinese boy or other on the doorstep of Wood." One of the other Chinese students living in the same house with T. V. caught a glimpse of Mayling once as she was going into the drawing room to wait for her brother. Homesick for China, he stared at the young girl and dreamed romantically for days thereafter. Later after T. V. had introduced his sister to the young Chinese boy, Peter Li, they dated quite frequently. Apprehensive of a family-made marriage when she returned home, Mayling became engaged at one time to Peter while she was at Wellesley, but later the engagement was broken.

A brilliant student, Mayling majored in English literature and minored in philosophy. It is said that she particularly loved the stirring conflicts of Arthurian romances. She studied French and music (theory, violin and piano) all four years, and also took astronomy, history, botany, English composition, Biblical history and elocution. She also received credit for a course in education taken in the summer of 1916 at the University of Vermont. Mayling did not go out extensively for athletics, but she enjoyed swimming and tennis. During her junior year, she was elected a member of Tau Beta Epsilon, one of the six local Wellesley societies, open only to upperclassmen, and devoted to semi-social, semi-serious pursuits.

She wrote and spoke beautiful, idiomatic English with a flavor which was Southern rather than Oriental. It is told that, not liking Wellesley on her first day, she walked into the office of the late Edith Souther-Tafts, then Dean of Residence, and drawled, "Well, I reckon I shan't stay raound here much longer."

As a college girl she wore the sturdy American shoes and skirts common to her fellow students, but often had a bright silken Oriental touch about her blouse or jacket. "She was at that time," says a friend, "a graceful, charming young woman with easy manners, a delightful hostess, and popular with her college mates." She

Dusk and the Shadows.

by Marie Mount

AGNES gave the revolving door an impatient shove as it turned her out into the late afternoon sultriness. There was a sweetness and fragility outside, though, which the brittle coolness of the air-conditioned office building lacked. She noticed the man ahead of her hesitate and half-turn.—Mr. Kendall! Oh no. She positively couldn't bear that insipid mediocrity of his THIS evening—as if she ever really could be sincerely nice to him. He was so completely, so odiously Mr. Average Man, neatly packaged in a blue serge suit and filed away under Minor Executive. With an elaborate show of preoccupation she groped in her white pouch bag; it would look as though she were hunting for bus fare—although she always got her dime out in the washroom when she put her comb in her purse.

The bus would not be along for a few minutes, so Agnes peered with vague yearning into the jewelry store window. The clerks were carefully, lovingly returning costly baubles to the black velvet cradles. Only one clerk was still engaged with customers. Solicitously he pored over trays of gently glittering rings, pointing out various pairs. The young man, casually handsome, had his arm loosely around the girl's waist. She had that artless, half-wondering radiance of a woman who has newly realized the illuminating tribute of a man's love.

Agnes ached with a sense of intrusion, and she hastily shifted her gaze. Her own transparent reflection on the plate glass shot anguish through her longing. The lusterless eyes stared back at her. Her limp, brown hair was clean but left a question as to whether she ever put it up at night; her teeth were nice, but the uneasy tracery of lipstick served only to emphasize the sallowness of her skin. The studied immobility of expression contributed a blur of the nondescript to her features. Not tall, not short, she moved with a slight uneven stiffness which proclaimed her inner tensions. One hand plucked furtively at the pleats of her blue linen suit. It had seemed so festive when she started for work, but now the perky crispness was wilted just enough to be ordinary, pathetically commonplace.

had been in America so long that some of her friends felt a great deal of apprehension about her return to China, fearing that she would not be happy in her own land.

Mayling Soong graduated from Wellesley in the spring of 1917 and was named a Durant Scholar, the highest academic distinction conferred by the college.

She then returned to China a beautiful, vivacious young woman, possessing strongly the characteristic Soong dominance. Thus through the influence of her father, Mayling obtained the fine education that she did; and because she was influenced by her father's Americanized ideas, it has been said: "The only thing Oriental about Mayling Soong Chiang is her face."

The thought occurred to Agnes that this drabness characterized her whole being with discomfiting accuracy; there had been an agonizing anonymity about her from the time she was born the fifth grandchild—and thus no novelty. She was an only child, the single outlet of her parents' ambitions. They had both been subject to the eagerness for recognition which the insignificant members of large families feel, and in this thin little girl they saw their vindication, vengeance, and redemption. Their disappointment and disillusionment came early. Grandma Painter's first pronouncement on the new baby was prophetic of the tenor of subsequent family opinion: "Well, she looks healthy enough, but she's not going to be any belle."

The idea of beauty thus over-ruled, hopes fled to the child's intellect under the impression that plain little girls usually are studious and destined for cloistered halls of perpetual learning where they distinguish themselves by memorizing more Greek and Latin poetry than anyone else and by doing fruitless but voluminous research on the life cycles of bugs with imposing names. It was in connection with this hypothesis that Agnes' childhood became an ordeal of frantic competition with a precocious, completely extraverted cousin. Freddie emerged victor in the sand-box, and their being in the same grade in school provided the basis for further comparison. Once commenced, the contest spread to other lines of endeavor, and even the recital platform was appropriated as an arena for the struggle. Her hysterical efforts to satisfy her parents' goading frustrated many of Agnes' later attempts—enough to lose for her the family approbation which might have released her from that vigorous striving. Study as she might, Freddie received one of the ten scholarship medals in high school, while her standing was number eleven. Miss Hunter, the piano teacher, said that Agnes was talented in music, but Grandpa liked the way Freddie played the best because it was louder. Agnes had secret ambitions to be a nurse, but one day during a vacation from their freshman year in college Freddie had drawled, "You know, Aggie, I've decided to go pre-med. Don't you think I'll make a brilliant surgeon?" Agnes turned to the business world. Her parents were gone now and she had moved to another city, but the ingrained sense of ineffectuality persisted.

Covertly Agnes watched Mr. Kendall waiting in stolid patience on the right of the group at the bus-stop. She crept around on the left side and managed to be one of the first to board the bus. She gloated perversely at finding a seat near the rear beside an elderly woman who was scarcely visible beneath a prodigious collection of ill-assorted packages and bundles. Warily she watched Mr. Kendall forced into a front seat. He glanced at her briefly and favored her with one of his carefully impersonal, rising-young- continued on next page

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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businessman smiles. Mr. Kendall's head was long and thin from the back view, and his hat surmounted it with stern disdain for tilt or dash. Freddie's waspish wit would have revealed in his stoic personality, too. "Oh, but yes! He and his kind are the salt of the earth, the great middle class they are always yapping about. Settled, conservative, the Rock of Gibraltar—and likely to move just as far!"

If only the bus didn't empty too soon so that Mr. Kendall, from his exalted prestige of minor executive, would feel called upon to sit with that mousy little bookkeeper, what-was-her-name, Miss Painter. It increased Agnes' irritation to realize that this would not be confronting her had it not been for Miss Winters. They had planned to go to dinner and a show tonight, but when Agnes hurried into the office this morning she found the girls a squealing knot of ecstasy around Miss Winters' desk. Cries of "Oh, how WONDERFUL, Dolly!" and "How super-drooling, darling!" separated themselves from the mass of unintelligible shrillings. Someone managed an unconcerned "Hi, Aggie," which broke Dolly Winters off in the middle of her animated recital of he-said-and-then-I-said. She swung around and became coquettishly contrite.

"Oh, Aggie, hon, listen. Bill—you know, that first looie with the convertible?—well, he's in town on just a couple of days' leave and he called last night.—Honestly, kids, I wish you could have heard him! He said, 'Darling, I just have to see you.' He thinks he's going to be shipped over right after this, and he said we had some talking to do!" Dolly's cunning little smile had insinuated much and plunged her satellites into confidential, conspiratorial giggles. "So, Aggie, sweet, would you mind too terribly if...?" She became wordless in plaintive supplication.

"Why, no. No, of course not." Agnes had tried to match the general effusiveness.

"That's so PRECIOUS of you, dear. And really, I insist on a rain-check!" The arch sweetness carried a grating overtone of patronization which rasped Agnes' disappointment into silent fury. Oh, well, she needed sleep anyway, and she would have been pretty late getting home from the show... But even that feeble comfort fell valiantly protecting its own defiant lie...

The bus careened to a halt. Several passengers lurched towards the exit, and Mr. Kendall rose. A quick flash of panic faded in Agnes' recognition that this was his stop, that he wasn't coming back to find a seat near her. As he approached he peered at her momentarily. Through the gold-rimmed lenses, his gaze was inscrutable... A curt nod and he swung off the bus. An unidentifiable irritation teased at the edges of her consciousness...

Agnes got off the bus a couple of stops later. She stood on the corner until her indecision should resolve itself. Tonight she wanted something to vary her maddeningly invariable pattern of life. She crossed the street and walked along toward the block of neighborhood stores. Maybe she would find something she would like there.

A dart of pink fluff flitted across her path, startling her ridiculously.

"Daddy!" "Daddy!" The child's voice was high and clear, and it ascended to a trill of delight as the man who had just slammed the car door swung her in a high arc above his head. He set her back down on her dancing little legs and followed her up the walk to the apartment house entrance where a young woman in a freshly starched pinafore was waiting. As he reached for the knob of the screen door, he kissed her lightly, a half-casual little tenderness with more meaning than substance. Agnes averted her stinging eyes.

Strolling on, measuring her gait to consume the time which was in excess for her, Agnes carefully avoided any

attention to the people around her. Her sense of detachment, of enforced aloofness, was carving a hideous void in her being... she would concentrate upon the beauty of the evening. The sun was stretching the soft, green shadows over the precisely clipped lawns and striking rainbows in the whirling water-plumes from the sprinklers. The air was still, poised in a cherished sweetness, while golden-pink wraiths stood transfixed in the sky. An azure gloom seeped into the low places...

Sounds insinuated themselves into Agnes' disciplined perception... the whirr of the sprinklers, the drowsy mourning of the turtle doves, the crooning of insects, a father's call to his sons, the laughter of a family at their evening meal, the vehement baby's crying... Oh! it was no good! She was as one impaled on the sign post at the cross roads; having toiled this far, she was powerless to move on, forced to witness the passage of others and yet herself deprived of even the joy of sorrow...

Despondency tugged at her feet as Agnes mounted the stairs to her third-floor apartment. She felt in her purse for the key. The same dull characterless click and she was home. Agnes found a sardonic pleasure in reflecting on this, but the flamboyant jangling of the telephone prevented her dwelling upon it.

Probably a wrong number... "Hello? ...Yes, this is she..."

Strange, Mr. Kendall's voice was not quite as she had remembered it. There was definitely something engaging and friendly in it.

"Why no, as a matter of fact, I haven't seen it... Yes, I've heard it was good, too... That would be very nice... Eight would be just fine..."

Agnes hummed tunelessly as she inspected her new apple green sharkskin. It had cap sleeves and shirred fullness in the skirt which made her figure look soft and graceful. She had planned on saving it for her vacation, but one should look nice for the boss. Agnes had to smile at the coyness of that. Honestly, she sounded just like Dolly Winters. But after all, Mr. Kendall WAS nice looking. His conservative clothes made him look quite dignified... and he WAS rising fast in the company...

Agnes went over to open the window. In the purpling sky billows of golden-pink were sinking contentedly into azure gloom.

## A Thought While All At Sea.

by Elizabeth Davidson

I awoke that particular morning to find the bed rolling from side to side. Completely mystified, I opened one eye and saw a round glass window which revealed a tossing green liquid without. Suddenly my surroundings became clear to me—I was on a boat. Then I proceeded to open the other eye. Now I caught a glimpse of my mother digging into a suitcase. Triumphant she pulled out a tube of lipstick, turned to the mirror, and saw that I was awake.

"Well, it's about time you woke up," she said. "It's a lovely day. Why don't you go up on deck till time for lunch?" I decided that was an excellent suggestion, jumped from my berth, and began my daily struggle with buttons. After I had accomplished this task, I turned for my mother's inspection. She nodded; so I scampered through the doorway and down the passageway. I came to a halt in front of the elevator. The elevator man had told my little "gang" that we were using this means of conveyance entirely too much. In the future we could be passengers only when our parents accompanied us. Hopefully I decided to make another attempt for passage. I took my stand, feet wide apart and hands clasped behind my back, and looked longingly at the man in the black uniform. Oh well, I thought, there always has

to be one "stinker" in the crowd. I looked at the gray steps going up, ever up. There were only two flights to climb, but to me those steps were the Matterhorn itself. I took a deep breath and began the trek upward. A few steps from the summit of the "gray mountain" took me out on the deck with its bright sunshine and laughing people. I decided that now was the time to begin my daily round of the ping-pong room, gym, swimming pool, library, and deck tennis court.

"Elizabeth." I turned and saw that Sister Mary and Sister Elizabeth were sitting behind me. It was the former who had addressed me, and as I moved toward her deck chair I saw a familiar object lying in her lap. It seemed that I was just the size of her niece in Ireland; therefore I was used daily as a model. Oh, darn, I said mentally as she slipped the soft wool garment over my head, for the yarn always tickled my nose. Sister Mary turned to her companion. "Just another three inches and the ribbing. I'm certain that I'll have it finished by tonight."

Sister Elizabeth smiled and nodded. "We're leaving the boat tonight, Elizabeth," she said. "Ireland should be coming in view any minute now. Why don't you ask Father Joseph if you can use his binoculars?"

Ah ha, here was something quite unexpected. I rushed over to the tall man in black who was leaning on the rail. He looked down at me over his silver-rimmed glasses. "What can I do for you?" he inquired.

I looked up at his hair, which had a white streak from brow to crown as though Jack Frost had run an icy finger over it. "May I look through your spy glass at Ireland?" I asked.

"Of course you may." He held his binoculars up to my eyes and adjusted them for me. There in front of me lay a beautiful green island. The sun was running a race with a cloud across the green meadows and dancing on the window panes of the cottages along the way. A tiny boat was entering the harbor, its white sail billowing. A tiny road which looked as if it might have been paved with gold wound its way over the hill. How like a fairy island it seemed to my eight-year-old mind. I handed the glasses back to Father Joseph. "Thank you very much," I said. Then I turned and walked away slowly. Wouldn't it be wonderful, I thought, if I could keep sailing from one fairy island to another all my life? Of course it would, replied my conscience, but you know you can't. Oh, well, I said to myself, and decided to begin my daily round.

## Career Woman.

by Miriam Schartzel

More than anything else in the world, Laura wanted to be head buyer for Town House. She was one of the assistant buyers, and Chris Overman held that esteemed position of head buyer. Nothing could shake her from her post; yet if she didn't leave, it would be impossible for anyone to take her place. Laura meditated over this in the quaint pink and green kitchenette of her tiny Manhattan apartment, as she stirred the Welsh rarebit. She thought about it as she set the single place with gay fiesta dishes, and she was still thinking about it when she turned the charming greige studio couch into bed for the night.

The next morning when she arrived at Town House, everyone was agog with excitement. The fiancé of one of the assistant buyers had been discharged, and she was leaving to get married. No one had even known she was engaged. Town House did not employ married women.

Of course, thought Laura. If I can only get Chris married off, I'd be in line for head buyer.

That night on the phone to the most eligible man she could think of: "Brad, I'm having a small dinner next Saturday night. Poor Mr. Brown across the hall is so lost and lonesome since his wife went to take care of her mother

... And would you pick up Chris Overman—I think her amusing talk will be just the thing..."

Humming as she set the walnut dropleaf table with the beautiful inherited Spode, Laura complimented herself on how smoothly everything was going. She had planned each detail to put Chris in a very favorable light. She wore a simply draped soft grey crepe hostess gown with a single gold strand encircling her throat. Her natural blonde curls were brushed into a naive Psyche knot. She wanted to be an unobtrusive background for the flaming Chris. Brad was tall and handsome and suave. The sophisticated Chris was sure to appeal to him.

Mr. Brown arrived first, grateful for the invitation.

Then she heard Chris' studied, low-throated voice outside the door. Chris and Brad walked in. Chris was wearing a low-cut black jersey with a knee deep slit in the skirt. Her straight brunette hair was lacquered into a jet coil at her neck. She was tremendously striking, and the way that Brad looked at her made Laura feel sure her plan was succeeding.

After dinner when Laura opened the desk drawer to get out the cards for gin rummy, Brad said, "Laura, isn't that a Chinese checker board?"

"Why, yes; I think it's fun on a rainy afternoon."

"I haven't played that in ages. What do you say we—"

Chris said with her bored, raised eyebrows, "Re—ally."

Laura got out the gin rummy cards.

The four concentrated on the game, playing hard. During a lull, Chris put her fourteenth imported cigarette into her slender ebony holder. After Brad lit it, she said, "I'm throwing a little cocktail party tomorrow. Why don't you all drop up?"

Laura was very happy; another chance for Chris and Brad to be together. Brad was quite a man-about-town, but Chris was worldly enough to appeal to him. And then she could be buyer.

The next day, rather to Laura's surprise, Brad came to get her for Chris' party. She took advantage of this opportunity to praise Chris to the hilt.

"Chris is very striking, isn't she?"

"Hmmm."

"I said don't you think that Chris is striking?"

"Yes, she certainly is striking."

Was there a trace of irony in his voice? She tried again, a little desperately.

"But Chris is considered one of the best dressed women in the business. And you seldom see anyone so coolly poised. She's just perfect in every detail. Chris never betrays any emotion—she's hard as nails. She's like a gorgeous bronze statue."

"So she is," Brad replied to this animated outburst.

Good, Laura thought. He's amused at my naivete. He really appreciates a woman of the world. And I'm sure that Chris must be fascinated with Brad. They're so alike.

Among the brittle clinking of cocktail glasses, the brittle witticisms of the rather bored group, the brittle, sharply chic women—the most brittle thing in that brittle room was Chris. Not a hair out of place, and not an emotion. Every word she uttered, every movement she made, was studied and coldly perfect.

Soon Brad joined the group of men clustered about her. Laura's spirits soared. She was happy that these two similar people were on the way toward making her career.

When Brad appeared with "May I take you home?" she accepted gladly. She was anxious to hear that her plan was succeeding.

They drove in silence for a while. Brad seemed to be thinking.

Suddenly he said, "I'm so weary of brittle people, machine-made people. Laura, you're so human, so free, so real. You're like a breath of fresh air. Laura, do you think you could ever learn to love me?"

## Bulletin Boards.

by Ann Bodenhamer

When we arrived on the Lindenwood campus, most of us were loaded down with special pictures and scrap-book items with which we were going to decorate our rooms—memory snapshots, several poses of "him," a ribbon from the going-away corsage presented by Uncle Jack at the train station, and countless other little nothings that possibly could make a cold dormitory room more like home. We even brought with us the necessary tacks and glue.

Then we discovered that the college would have absolutely "no tacking or gluing things on the walls." Special bulletin boards were to be provided. So we just bravely smiled and glanced at the truckloads of "trimmings" that were going to have to be scrambled together on those way-too-small pieces of beaverboard staring blankly down at us from the walls. Oh, dear, this wasn't at all like home! There were no such restrictions there. We could have hung souvenir napkin rings from the chandelier if we had wanted and all the "Back Home For Keeps" masterpieces could have been plastered at various intervals with adhesive tape. This was going to be difficult!

Well, we got out the scissors and sliced off the unnecessary background from Aunt Hattie, and cut off the lower portion of Van Johnson on skis. The prized best-friend picture had to go right in the center of Grandpa trying to get the motorboat started, and half the leering face of Brother Ben simply had to be covered by Robert Walker. (After all, who was the more handsome?)

Hours of work went into the arranging of those bulletin boards. We placed and replaced. We moved Tom from under the pressed roses to a more prominent position in the "rogues gallery." We finally discarded a heretofore highly-valued movie star portrait for a picture of someone we loved just a little more. Yes, and we threw a lot of other stuff away.

That was the beginning. By the casting aside of a few things that were the past, we made way for the new. But not too quickly. We clung tenaciously to the old before accepting something unfamiliar. No friends we could make in college would be as loyal and kind as the ones we had had in high school. ....

Time, however, changed that attitude without our being aware of it in the least. Time saw to it that before long some of the old pictures disappeared from the bulletin boards, and in their places snapshots of roommates and new friends went up. We packed away the favor from the senior prom and hung up a menu from "The Hasty Puddin'."

Those bulletin boards are us (not we)—changing constantly, shifting likes and dislikes, opening new doors we hadn't known existed.

They are us (not we) in another way, too. They are the definite expressions of our personalities. Some boards are dominated by Cornel Wilde, some by pennants, box-tops, and autographs, some by letters, telegrams, and long distance phone-call notices, some by pictures of a sweet, brown-eyed sailor, some by dozens of girl friends, or perhaps boy friends, some by a loving mother, some by clippings, some by snapshots, and some by calendars. ... But they are all everlastingly us. (Not we. ...)

The sloppy girl has her half-torn souvenirs pinned up at every angle with whatever happened to be handy—paste, scotch-tape, or hat pins. The neat girl has everything in even rows, all four corners of each picture carefully tacked down. The artistic girl has a pattern to her bulletin board arrangement, and more than likely, a clever scheme of decoration.

That is the bulletin board—the record of college life—the diary of a freshman—the dreams of a girl.

## Dear Tommy

by Jo Anne Smith

Miss Fischer's Academy  
Brookhaven, Conn.  
February 14, 1945

Dear Tommy,

Your roses came this morning. The florist brought them just before I went to my French class.

Oh Tommy, I was so thrilled! And you should have seen the faces of the girls as they crowded around, waiting for me to untie the satin ribbon.

I'm afraid that I didn't concentrate very much on Napoleon this morning, or on the fundamentals of what "x" equals. But I bet that Napoleon didn't worry too much about the affairs of state on Saint Valentine's Day either.

It's time for my piano lesson with Professor Wintters so I will say goodbye for today, and thank you again for the roses.

With love,  
Mary Ellen

February 24, 1945

Dear Tommy,

It's Sunday and it's raining. For two hours I've been curled up on my window seat watching the rain and thinking of you.

The strains of Debussy's "Clare du Lune" are coming from the room across the hall. Jane plays it every Sunday afternoon.

Last week Mother sent me a new formal from Marshall Field. It's all pink and silver. I'm saving it for my first dance with you. Do you realize, Tommy, that we've never danced together? But we will make up for it sometime, won't we?

It's nearly time for tea, so goodbye for today.

With love,  
Mary Ellen

March 20, 1945

Dear Tommy,

Thank you for the chocolates. It was wonderful having a whole box to myself. I bit on every piece and there were only two pieces that I threw away. They had jelly centers.

I got an "E-" on my art poster. Don't you want to touch me?

I'm so sorry that you can't come for the spring dance. We would have had such a wonderful time together.

My friends are disappointed too. They are simply wild to meet you, Tommy.

I can just hear you saying "I'm flattered beyond words," but please try to make it for the May dance. It will be the last one of the year, and I want to see you so very much.

Goodbye for today.

With love,  
Mary Ellen

March 30, 1945

Dear Tommy,

Just a note to say that I love you too, and that I will write as soon as finals are over. Wish me luck, darling. I'm planning to wear bags under my eyes for a week.

All my love,  
Mary Ellen

April 10, 1945

Dear Tommy,

Congratulate me! I passed everything. Even piano.

Our spring vacation starts the sixteenth and lasts for ten days. I'm going to Florida instead of home. Grandmother sent me such an enticing invitation that I simply couldn't refuse.

How do you like the typical April weather? It hasn't missed a day raining in Connecticut.

It's time for chapel so goodbye for today, dear Tommy.

All my love,  
Mary Ellen

April 24, 1945

Dear Tommy,

I've been back at school for three days. Florida was wonderful!

Thank you for the Easter lilies. I

received them just before I left school, and words can't tell you how sweet I think you were to send them.

I know that you must have enjoyed that long awaited fishing trip with your father, but how could you stand to pick up the worms?

It's dreadfully late. The eleven o'clock bell rang two paragraphs ago!  
All my love,  
Mary Ellen

May 1, 1945

Dear Tommy,

It's May Day and everything is beautiful.

This afternoon six of us rented bicycles and rode three miles on a country road—the kind that you only see in a painting. We came back with daisies and maybe poison ivy. I'm not sure yet.

The girls are more than hurt because you aren't coming to the May dance, but I understand. Someday you will come and I'll be here to meet you.

Goodbye for today, dear Tommy.

With love,  
Mary Ellen

May 31, 1945

Tommy darling,

This is goodbye. I had everything planned that I would say, but now all I can say is goodbye, and thank you for the memories.

I wish with all my heart that there could have been a real you, not just a sketch of a handsome lieutenant drawn in charcoal by an art major.

Tomorrow is the first day of June and I leave for home on the third. I've already sent my trunk, and your picture and candy boxes are tucked in the tray.

I know that I've been foolish in making an imaginary person out of a bit of charcoal and drawing paper, but the other girls have so many beaux that it was almost imperative I have one too. However, you've understood all along so I know that you will now.

This isn't goodbye forever, Tommy, because I know that someday, somewhere I will meet you, and you will know too.

Until then, goodbye, dear Tommy, and thank you for everything.

As ever,  
Mary Ellen

## The Girl Next Door.

by Marjean Hanna

I woke up with a start and hastily clambered out of bed. This was the day I was to meet my playmate! The girl next door was coming today! Forgoing my usual storming as to whether my socks reached to exactly the same place on my chubby legs, I raced downstairs.

"Mother! What time is it? Has she come yet? Well, when do you think she'll come?" Questions poured in an endless stream, occasionally broken by boulders of food which merely caused the torrent to rush more swiftly between them. "What does she look like? Is she nice?—I don't think I'll like her." No, I wasn't at all sure that I would like some bothersome stranger sharing my sandpile and the nook in the wall which was hidden by forbidding evergreens.

Time seemed like an ant—in a hurry by never getting anywhere. Finally I spied a car stopping in front of the brick house where "she" was going to live. "They're here. They're here!" My excitement vanished and suddenly I was reluctant to meet this person who was about to enter my life. I slowly crossed the room and opened the door. Then I saw her.

We must have made a funny picture upon our first meeting. Two slightly hostile children were being shoved forward by two mothers who, since they had known each other before, were already engaged in amicable conversation. Our silence deepened and I fought a wild desire to turn and run back. She was rather homely, this girl next door—small and thin and

speckled! Limp tan hair, bobbed and shingled up the back, could never be called her crowning glory.

"Hello."

"Hello." Silence.

"Run play with Mary Jane, dear."

More silence and squirming. After a little more prodding, we finally started off. I decided to show her the yard.

"There's the sandpile. That's the swing." As we made our slow and studied inspection, hostility and restraint evaporated. I knew I was going to have fun with my newly acquired playmate.

"Let's go play in the sandpile!"

## A Soldier Returns.

by Mitzi Wayne

I was on my way to New York when I first met him. His seat on the train was opposite mine. For a while we were both very busy reading magazines, but that soon became tiresome. I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew, he was picking up my magazine from the floor and handing it to me. My "thank you" started our conversation.

His name was George Cutler, Lieutenant (j.g.). His home was in Long Island; he was twenty-five years old, unmarried, and very recently discharged from the Navy. That was as far as the conversation went. Neither of us delved into past histories, but I couldn't help thinking that there was something different about him. I thought at first it was the expression in his eyes, hurt and fearful, like a puppy who has just been spanked.

"Stop dramatizing every situation," I told myself.

When the first call for dinner was announced, George asked me if I'd join him. I'm usually rather hesitant about chance meetings on trains, but he was good company and kept me from being lonesome. I accepted.

The diner was three cars away from us. It was when we came to the door of our car that I first realized something was wrong. The train was going very fast; there was quite a pull on the door and George couldn't open it. He had only one arm.

We looked at each other for a moment and then I helped him open the door. Not a word was spoken until we were seated at our table. George began. He talked all during dinner. I said very little, waiting for him to get everything out of his system.

He was in Guam when it happened. His arm was shot almost entirely off. There was nothing to be done but have it amputated. He was in a hospital for months, and because he especially requested it, his family was told nothing about his loss. All they knew was that he was recovering from a shell wound.

He was engaged to a girl he had known for five years, and now he said he would have to break the engagement. He couldn't bear to have anyone he loved tied down to a cripple.

This is not an unusual case. Hundreds all over the world had the same thing, more or less, happen to them. But this wasn't something I was reading about. This boy was sitting across from me at the dinner table, his eyes pleading with me to give him a girl's viewpoint.

I said what I could. I told him what I would do if I were his sweetheart. I said that if I were truly in love with a man, it wouldn't be because he had two arms, or two legs, and that the loss of these wouldn't and shouldn't change my love.

We talked for a long time and for some reason I thought he felt better. I said goodbye to him the next morning. He tried not to show how worried he was, but like everything else, it showed in his eyes.

I received a letter from George two weeks later. His accident had been quite a shock to his family and girl, but that was soon over. He was to be married in a month. I've heard from him several times since then and

have also received some letters from his wife. George is practicing law and he and his are very happy.

Knowing about George makes me feel better. As long as love still wins out, there is hope.

## D'ya Remember the Time ...

by Corinne R. Weller

It had been a hot summer—the hottest I can remember. While lying beneath my favorite shade tree I could watch for hours the slow wavering ascent of the heat waves as they rose heavenward from the parched earth. It was open season on day-dreaming, and I was getting my full share.

"Hey-you, Lazy! Rise and shine! Hit the deck!"

I awoke with a start, while my dream castles crumbled before my eyes. The gossamer wings on which I had been soaring heavenward disappeared, and I plummeted earthward—back into grim reality. It was some time before my groggy mind could grasp the full significance of my rude awakening. Even in this deplorable condition I knew that something big was in the air besides my dream castles. With great effort, I turned over and gazed into the eager faces of my comrades. I groaned at the sight, and returned to my former position.

"Wake up!"—more insistently this time.

I knew by the tone that they were not to be ignored. I freed myself from the arms of Morpheus, and steeled myself for the great news.

"We're going camping—out in the country—!"

"In a cabin for a whole week!"

This gushed forth as water from a mountain stream. I shook my head in an attempt to clear the foginess, and after subduing the excitement of my two friends, I asked for it all again—slowly. By this means I was able to extract the general idea that we were going on a week's camping trip out on a river.

Now I was fully awake. Within a short time our plans were underway. We were to live in a cabin which lay a quarter of a mile above the river, supplies were to be purchased that very afternoon, and we would pack and be off on our great adventure at the crack of dawn the following day. The seemingly insurmountable barriers of parents' consent, sufficient finances, transportation, and such were defeated in short order. The following day we were off.

Our first discouragement was the location of our cabin. It lay two miles from the main road; the last quarter of a mile was down a narrow, unused, country lane. Our next was when we caught the first glimpse of our future home. I can laugh to myself as I write this, but we were far from laughter that morning. The "cabin" stood back in a small grove of trees, almost completely hidden by the weeds that had taken over the front yard. Its roof was caving in, its doors were hanging loosely on one hinge, and inside were filth, dust, and cobwebs. At one time this ramshackle heap of lumber had been a home. But now it was deserted and quite uninhabitable. I could not help thinking of Sweet Auburn in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." However, we decided to at least look the place over before giving up our plans. Further investigation revealed many favorable things. There were cupboards for our supplies, candles, two old kerosene lamps, some bed springs, a well, and one big room which would serve as our bedroom. The only drawback to the room was that soy beans were stored there. We felt much better after our exploring expedition, and voted to stay.

Unpacking was the next big job. By the time this was accomplished and we had got settled to some extent, our enthusiasm had almost returned to its earlier proportions. The thoughts of fried potatoes, cocoa, steaks, and roasting ears cooked over an open campfire didn't exactly dampen our spirits either.

We had a hilarious time—feasting, joking, singing, telling ghost stories, and just talking around our campfire. The suddenness with which darkness came was startling. I remember looking up at the sky just before. The stillness, the salmon-colored sky, the blue haze that hung over the ravine near where I stood—all of these spelled storm. Then darkness closed in.

It was different trying to sleep. Our imaginations seemed to be too alive to let any noise go unnoticed. We could hear the hoot-owls in the forest, and the mice as they gnawed or scampered across the floor. That night I heard my first real coyote. Its weird, lonely, call made my blood run cold, and for the first time in many years I was afraid. But these were sounds that were explainable. We knew from whence they came. Those that sounded like stealthy footsteps on our porch, the creaking floorboards, and the steady breathing of an invisible intruder—those were the ones that gave us chills and kept our hearts in our throats.

Then the rain came. By then we didn't mind, even if the roof did leak right over our beds, for the steady patter of the rain on the roof drowned out all the inanimate, terrifying sounds. How it poured! The wind and thunder seemed to rock the very house, jagged forks of lightning streaked across the pitch-black sky, and always the incessant patter of the rain. Outside the elements raged. Then suddenly, it stopped. The moon floated from behind the black storm clouds, and the drenched earth seemed to settle down to sleep for the few remaining hours before daybreak. I shall never forget that night.

Next morning we were again awakened by the rain on the roof. How dark and cold it was! We held a council of war and decided to leave as soon as possible. We didn't want to be trapped in this isolated cabin for another night. Later we might not be able to get out. We packed up our supplies, put on sweaters, jackets, and anything else that would protect us from the chill of the cold rain. Outwardly we seemed to hate leaving, but we knew that inside each heart lay another emotion—not sorrow.

The walk up our lane was in itself a nightmare. The lane was a sea of mud. How often we slipped and fell into that oozy bog! In the half-light of early morning it was difficult to see our course. It took over an hour to cover that quarter of a mile. Luckily when we reached the main road a farmer came by and offered us a lift into town. We were covered with mud, soaked to the skin, and all on the verge of nervous collapse and double pneumonia.

It took some time to recuperate. But still when we get together we talk of our camping trip and adventures. We have no misgivings, now; we remember it as one of our greatest times. I shall never forget it.

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## THE CLUB CORNER

The Future Teachers of America entertained the St. Charles teachers at a tea on March 29 in the Library Club Rooms.

The Home Economics Club elected officers for next year on March 28. The officers-elect are: Louise Ritter, president; Ann Nichols, vice-president; Alice Hughes, treasurer; Merlyn Merx, secretary. The meeting was held in Sibley Club Rooms.

St. Patrick's Day brought to the campus the annual Commercial Club tea. Using the theme of green and white the Library Club Rooms were decorated with carnations and candles. In the receiving line were the officers of the club, Mary Lee Nathan, president; Ann Barnes, vice-president; Jody Liebermann, secretary-treasurer; and Miss Albrecht, sponsor of the club. Ice cream, assorted nuts, cookies, and tea were served. Dr. Florence Schaper and Dr. Alice Gipson poured the tea. Attending were the members of the club and their guests.

"So you Want a Job in Hispanic-America?" was the topic of Dr. Mary Terhune's talk for the Commercial Club last Tuesday night.

Dr. Terhune talked on the possibilities of getting jobs as commercial workers in the countries of Hispanic-America. She pointed out that there aren't as many jobs as many would have you believe and that contacts should be made before going down. Clothes for all the North American seasons should be taken to most of the countries but you should let the location of the country decide what clothes to take.

Miss Eloise Voss of the Celanese Corporation of America talked to members of the Home Economics Club on March 28 in Sibley Club Rooms. Miss Voss told the story of man-made fibers from the standpoint of wearing qualities and care. It outlined the factors to consider in choosing fabrics and how each should be handled in order to secure maximum consumer satisfaction. Such information is growing more and more pertinent as new products are being put on the market and new uses are made of those products with which we are already familiar.

## Romeo Contest continued

answer was quite an emphatic, "Oh, say, you're not kidding!"

The pictures were judged by Yvonne De Carlo, Universal Pictures star. Miss De Carlo is currently being seen in a new release, "Frontier Gal." Large autographed pictures of Miss De Carlo will be presented to the girls whose entries won the contest. The presentations will be made in chapel.

A display of all entries will be held on first floor of Roemer Hall.

## Clothing Classes To Present Annual Style Show On April 24

The annual style show presented by the clothing construction classes will be given in Roemer Auditorium on Wednesday night, April 24.

About 45 girls will take part in the evening's events, wearing almost a hundred different outfits ranging from brunch coats and beach robes to formals and dinner dresses. The students have made everything they will model, and they also designed the clothes themselves. In this way the girls display their ability to sew as well as demonstrating their understanding of fashion and design and its application to fabrics.

Miss Donalee Wehrle, who is in charge of the arrangements for the entire program, predicts this year's show will be "bigger and better than ever." Working with her are Richard Orr, who is helping with the staging, and Miss Mary Elizabeth McCoy, who will assist with the modeling.

At the conclusion of the style show, refreshments will be served in the Library Club Rooms with the aid of Miss Genevieve Howe.

Martha Jane Hardin will read the commentaries for the program. "With Madame Lyolene and Miss Wehrle both working on a thing it can't help but be good," she points out.

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## HALL OF FAME



This week the Linden Bark nominates as one of the outstanding girls of the year for the Hall of Fame—Jean Lohr of Litchfield, Ill. Here on campus our candidate lives in Butler Hall, where she may be found at almost any time, willing to lend a helping hand. Besides her many extra-curricular activities, Jean spends much of her time in the Music Department, assisting both faculty and students, and giving performances herself.

Besides being gifted in piano and organ, Jean is the possessor of a beautiful voice, and has a rare talent for speaking before groups.

Among her activities this year are: Vice president of Beta Pi Theta, president of the Choir, president of Delta Phi Delta, and president of the Senior Class. She is also a member of Mu Phi Epsilon and Future Teachers of America, and is a Student Counselor.

Among Jean's outstanding characteristics are her sunny smile and her pleasant disposition. Look her up—you'll like her too.

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Easter Greetings To All

## Molly Freshman Acquires Sun Tan And Dreams of New Easter Finery

Dear Diary,

Spring! It's here and I'm taking it all in. Playing tennis to get a tan since sunbathing isn't exactly legal yet.

Wasn't the April Fool issue of the Bark wonderful? Put the faculty back in that land of make-believe. And what a way to give them out. Six o'clock in the morning!

Summer clothes are all the rage now. Have been to St. Louis several times and have returned with quite a few purchases. Must say St. Louis is a bit different from my hometown when it comes to finding clothes.

Does anybody have a big box that I can have? Mom is afraid she will have to pack for me when she comes up so to set her mind at ease I'm going to send home all my winter clothes.

Aren't the Romeos handsome? Too bad my man didn't win but I guess Miss De Carlo and I just don't agree on the subject of men—but she did pick some cute men.

Have been taking ever so many pic-

tures lately. As everyone else has done, we took some by the Lindenwood airplane the other day. Sure do hope they turn out.

Actually had a date the other night. Blind, of course, but not literally this time. Had a lot of fun and we now own one corner of the Terrace Room. Well, I think we ought to. Started to bring some of the uneaten food back with me but decided maybe they were going broke on the small amount of clear unadulterated profit.

It's so hot. Am dying of the heat. And there doesn't seem to be a thing that I can do about it. Teachers should all have their classes outdoors but some of the teachers don't believe in democracy, so we sit in class and roast.

The time has come for a game of tennis. My tan needs a little repairing so we're off. Will be so glad when May first comes, if you get what I mean. Be seeing you.

With my love,  
Molly Freshman

## Two Lindenwood Girls Receive Music Honors

Two Lindenwood students have received top honors in the Young Artist's Contest in St. Louis. Miss Emma Morgan, a Senior, of Camden, Ark., and Miss Lucette Stumberg, a Sophomore, of Austin, Tex., both received notice of honors won in the annual contest which was held for the capable students from colleges and private studios in the St. Louis area.

Miss Morgan placed first among the singers and Miss Stumberg received honorable mention.

## Alumnae Day To Be Feature Of Commencement Program This Year

Plans are already being formulated for the commencement programs. Alumnae Day will be back to its usual pre-war gaiety on the Saturday before Baccalaureate, June 1.

Dr. Charles F. Wishart, formerly president of the College of Wooster, Ohio, will give the address for the Baccalaureate Service on June 2. The speaker for the commencement exercise has not been chosen.

He: "May I kiss your hand?"  
She: "What's the matter, is my face dirty?"

## THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

by Genee Head

Weddings seem to be in the air and June 28 seems to be a lucky day. Just a few of the weddings scheduled for that day are Shirley Gilliatt's, Margaret Whitmer's, and Addie Landrum's.

Rupe's here again. The most intelligent Romeo for 1945 is back from the wars, and Pat Latherow has him. We're wondering when the wedding bells will start ringing.

Seen with a sharp-looking Navy man last week end, was Ann Mitchell. Seems to this reporter Ann always has a good-looking man on campus. Whether Army or Navy, it makes no difference.

Rolla, Mo., must be quite the place. A bunch of the gals are going down there again for Easter. Could be that the men outnumber the women there by about 100 to 1. Could be.

One of the 1946 Romeos was on campus last week end too. Busily talking about the wedding in June were Sonny Whitmer and Bill Cochran.

Was great to see Miriam Brown back on campus last week end. Miriam is now a Kappa at Missouri University.

Ting-a-ling. There goes that phone again. Probably for Betty Hunt. Squeaky calls at least once a day now. Soon Betty will be in the class with Carol Bowman and her "OH, what, again."

Say, who was that good-looking soldier with Betty Clark, last week? . . . . . I thought her fiance was back in civies!

Boy, Jean Lohr really rates. It seems that Eddie traveled about a thousand miles out of his way to see Jean. . . . . and then she wouldn't say "yes."

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