

Are You Ready?
Black Coffee
Books
Cram Sessions

LINDEN BARK

Enter Him In
The Romeo
Contest

Volume 21—No. 5

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, January 23, 1945

\$1.00 A Year

Red Cross Unit To Begin New Courses; Will Continue Others

"American fellows continuously came up to thank the Red Cross for what they had done for them when it should have been just the reverse." Kathryn Horton, Red Cross Staff Assistant, who has been overseas 17 months talked to the Y. W. C. A. January 17, and she said that the previous statement was constantly told to them by service men. They all felt that they couldn't begin to repay the boys for the great job they are doing for the American people.

Our Red Cross work here is important too, and last semester the courses were successful. This semester there is more to be done.

The courses offered are: First Aid, an advanced course continued from first semester, Miss Ver Krutzen is the instructor; Sewing Class has had orders to rush a number of kits, and there is lots of work to be done. Jayce Robinson and Marian Clark conduct the classes on Tuesday nights between 7 and 9 p. m.; Nurse's Aid will start the first week of the new semester. A medical examination is required by a doctor, and the hospital work will be done at the St. Charles Hospital. The course includes 35 lecture hours and 45 hospital hours, before receiving caps. The working hours can be transferred to your home hospital; Staff Assistant, the girls taking this course learn every phase of the background concerning the Red Cross. You are equipped to do filing and recording. Last year the girls worked on campus; Canteen will meet on Mondays at 2 and 3 p. m. A prerequisite is either a Red Cross Nutrition course or a Foods course at Lindenwood. The canteen course consists of 12 lecture hours given by Miss Rugaard, and working in a canteen serving soldiers at St. Charles or St. Louis.

Eligibility for the instructor's (Continued on page 6)

Interesting People And Social Events On Special Program

Our spring program offers many interesting people and social events.

Ida Krehm, pianist, will give a recital Thursday evening, January 25, at 7 p. m. She is coming to St. Louis as soloist for the St. Louis Symphony.

February 5 the college is to be honored with a recital given by Mr. Farbmanfi, concert violinist of the St. Louis Symphony.

Dr. Femster will show a movie titled "Brother Frances" Tuesday, February 6th.

The certificate Speech Recitals begin February 15th.

"Public opinion in Post War World" is Mr. William Lydgate's topic for a talk to be given at 6:30 February 20th.

A Concert will be given February 20th.

Kathleen Bacon will be a campus guest the 23rd and 24th of February, and she will give a recital the evening of the 23rd.

March 1, Earl Spicer, baritone, will give a program at 11:00.

Tau Sigma's Recital is March 2nd.

Jerome Davis, educator, author and correspondent will give a talk March 8th.

Spiritual Emphasis Week is March 11th-17th. Dr. Harmon is in charge and there will be many interesting programs throughout the week.

Student Council All School Party is March 17th. It will be a St. Patrick's Party.

Y. W. C. A. will have Paul Harris as their speaker March 21st.

All College play is March 23rd. March 25th the Vesper Choir will give an Easter Concert.

Edwin Peterson, member of Association of American Colleges is to be campus guest the 26, 27, and 28th of March. His topic is "Creative Writing".

BUY WAR BONDS!

Midnight Oil and Fuel May Be Rationed But Finals Still Go On

By Betty Gilpin

Don't give up hope. You too can escape imprisonment. You too can get off with a short sentence. Ever since I first entered Lindenwood in 1932 I have been working on a foolproof method of passing final exams. At last I am prepared to publish the results of my extensive research entitled, "Foolproof Method for Passing Finals", guaranteed to fool no one.

The most important thing to remember while preparing to prepare for exams is DON'T WORRY. Sit down. Light a cigarette. If you don't have a cigarette, use the lighted match to set the waste basket on fire. This heats the room, creates a diversion, by taking your mind off the impending ordeal, and the 68 degree ceiling temperature. However, take care not to burn your fingers. Not only is this extremely painful, but also it is not conducive to a cheerful state of mind. A cheerful state of mind is of the utmost importance.

At this point, it might be a good idea to locate your notes or text-

books. Don't walk across the room to get them. You must conserve on valuable energy, (War time, you know). Merely insult your roommate. She will lose her temper, pick up the books and throw them at you. (If you are seriously injured, just forget about exams and go to the infirmary.)

Now you have your books. Thumb through one just to get in the mood. Big book, isn't it? not very interesting either. Build up your morale by telling your roommate how low your morale is. This conversation may develop into something interesting. Maybe you'll learn some good gossip.

Such intensive study is hard on a growing girl. Why don't you go to the Tea House and get a little nourishment? The place will be crowded with other students, but don't be discouraged. Shove right up to the counter. Get me a coke too while you're here.

Say, that is an idea. Let's drown our sorrows in "the pause that refreshes" and forget about finals. There's always next year.

HALL OF FAME



This smiling face belongs to Montelle Moore a prominent member of the Junior Class, Montelle hails from Mexico, Mo., it isn't hard to understand the hometown's boast of beautiful women. We agree, indeed.

Heading the Junior Class as President, Montelle still finds time for outside activities. She's a valued member of the Home Economics Club, the International Relations Club, the League of Women Voters, and the Athletic Association.

Her main interest lies in the Home Ec. Department—those lucky people. She has plenty of charm and wit, so there's never a dull kitchen where Montelle is working. Some lucky fellow is really going to have a mighty fine cook and home manager someday.

Take an extra minute to get to know Montelle, and you'll understand why we and Irwin Hall agree that—she's strictly Hall of Fame stuff.

Deanna Durbin To Select Lindenwood's Romeo Of The Year

Hear ye! Hear ye! The Romeo Contest is now open, so come one, come all—bring the pictures of your heart throbs—past, present, or future—to the Linden Bark office or turn them in to any member of the Bark staff.

Once a year L. C. gals are given the opportunity to flaunt their men before the whole school. We realize every girl thinks her man is the handsomest, the most wonderful and a flock of other superlatives. Now's your chance to prove it.

It makes no difference whether he's a 4 F, G. I., leatherneck, or blue jacket—anyone and everyone is eligible. The Bark regrets that the real McCoy can't be entered so, for the time being, his picture will suffice.

He'll have six chances to win for there are winners in five different types, namely the most kissable, (well! !), the most marriageable ('nuff said), the most athletic (well, again! !), and the most intellectual (what brains??)—plus, the HIM—the LINDENWOOD ROMEO.

Denna Durbin, Universal Movie Star, has graciously consented to carefully examine the pictures—and although it will be a tough job—to choose the winners. Each winner will receive a personally (Continued on page 5)

FINAL EXAM WEEK AT LINDENWOOD OPPOSES 'SAVE FUEL' DECLAMATION

Basketball Season To Open February 8 At Font Bonne College

The basketball team will play its first game of the season Friday night, February 9, at Font Bonne College in St. Louis. The team has not yet been chosen.

This will be the first time we student wanting to go to the have played Font Bonne. Any game may find adequate transportation facilities posted on the bulletin board outside the physical education office.

Second Annual Press Club Gridiron Dinner To Be Held Feb. 28

On February twenty-eighth the Press Club will drag all skeletons out of the news closet and let the public know about the bones.

This will be Lindenwood's second annual Gridiron Dinner. During the course of the dinner several skits will be presented by members of the club. Nothing or no one will escape the cutting words of the press and no one will enjoy the antics more than the people who are ridiculed the most.

The dinner will be held in Ayres Dining Hall for members of the Press Club, the faculty and the student body.

Several committee chairmen have been appointed by Marjorie Green, president of the club.

Sun Tans and Diamond Rings Herald Lindenwood Homecoming

Ah, back to school after three delightful weeks of dashing hither, thither, and yon and having a perfectly glorious time. Girls are still having those midnight gab sessions to catch up on all the news. My, some of the experiences would make you'd blood run cold.

Marilyn Mangum had quite an exciting time on her way to and from the deep South. You should hear the tales she tells of majors, brigadier-generals, tipsy porters, and a carload of German prisoners. First, Marilyn's drawl seemed to rattle the porter, for he put her in a berth formerly belonging to an Army major. Quite complicated indeed. Then the poor porter fell off the train and broke his neck. Marilyn was disgusted—the unfortunate accident made her two hours late.

Despite the travel complications some of the girls saw quite a bit of the good old U. S. A. before they returned to the campus. Betty Gilpin went dashing off to New York to see her favorite lieutenant-commander—her father, and spent a grand week giving her regards to Broadway, Times Square, Central Park, and the Empire State Building. Nancy Papin went up Chicago way to see the horse show, and Ginny Gilreath traveled down to Oklahoma City to visit her friend Jackie Schwab.

B. J. Daneman and Betty Jo

Exam Schedule Posted: Registration To Be Concluded This Week

Director of War Mobilization Byrns, says that heating must be cut down. However, the Lindenwood lassies will be making some heat of their own this coming week cramming madly for final exams. Yes, the time for "midnight" oil burning is definitely drawing near.

The schedule for the first semester examinations are posted across from the Dean's office in Roemer Hall. The exams will begin Monday, January 29 at 8 a. m. and will continue through Friday afternoon, February 2, thus making a very busy week for both students and teachers alike.

Registration for second semester courses will be concluded by January 22. Course cards will be given out in room 104, Roemer Hall, January 23, 24, 25 from three until five o'clock. These are the only times that they are to be given out. About eight new students are expected second semester.

After the last final Friday will come a grand and glorious weekend—no worries—maybe, then even Lawrence Tibbitt will sound as good as Frankie boy, who knows? In the meantime, teachers will be in mass huddles trying to decipher exam papers and (Continued on page 5)

MacIlvaine are true examples of what happens when one basks in the warm Florida sunshine. I'm sure those weeks of beach combing agreed with them, for those rich brown tans make the rest of us look perfectly anemic. And speaking of Florida, Dot Heimrod is another lucky soul who ventured down to the Sunny State. She spent a week at Hendrick's Field with her brother.

Many of the girls spent quiet and uneventful Christmases. It was fun, they claim, just to catch up on lost sleep. The Home Ec. students spent most of their time in the kitchen, amazing mother with the strange dishes they learned to concoct, leaving little trails of flour and unwashed dishes for mother.

The gleaming diamonds on third fingers, left hands all over campus are evidences that several girls did not come back empty handed and are well on their way to matrimony. Liz Murphy is sporting a beautiful ring from that captain of hers, and Shirley Sagness is another engaged woman. Minota Bayliss's John ws home after 27 months in the South Pacific, and she, too, is wearing a brand new ring. Some people have all the luck.

Exams are all too near, but the pleasant memories of a wonderful vacation will keep up the morale until the ordeal is over.

A Motto For Exams

Finals are an ordeal. To obtain a copy of the exam schedule you must shove and get shoved in the small mob that constantly writhes around the bulletin board on first floor Roemer. Then you must endure the intolerable chatter of the few fortunates who have tests on Thursday and Friday. Last but not least you must study. The faculty seems to stress this last unpleasantry.

One controversy that inevitably arises with the approach of finals is Cramming vs. Not Cramming. "Cram and pass", cry the supporters of Cramming. The Non-Crammers yawn and say, "Cramming is so fatiguing." The Non-Crammers have something there. It's difficult to pass an exam if your eyelids go on a sit-down strike from lack of sleep.

Yes, finals may be an ordeal, but here's our motto. Don't let them get you down, or keep you up."

The War Needs YOU

"War Work." The very sound of the phrase sends one's thoughts to rolling bandages, knitting sweaters, saving waste paper or collecting scrap metal. All of these things may seem boring when viewed in print. But did you ever stop to think there is some interesting war work going on here at Lindenwood.

Are you participating in one of the Red Cross Classes? There is any number of things we can do. Nurse's Aid Classes start second semester.

Knitting isn't too bad either once you learn which end of the needle to hold up and at least one basic stitch. There would be lots of satisfaction to know something you made with your own hands is warming a handsome bombardier. Get your yarn now.

Last but not least is our duty to entertain the servicemen. Wouldn't all of you be willing to give an intensive evening of studying for a dance in the gymnasium?

Try it once !!!

Resolutions Toward World Peace

This year, more than any previous year and possibly more than any future year, we should, in the early days of 1945, take time, make time, to form a set of resolutions and good intentions for the coming year.

In this year which may be the decisive year in our war for democracy, there is much work to be done, bond selling, Red Cross work, and rehabilitation work—not to mention our tasks here on the Lindenwood campus, being a good citizen, keeping our scholastic record high, and smiling when we've got the blues.

The new year is not a year for self pity, weakness of purpose, lack of will-power, lack of faith, or laziness. This year, above all others, we should resolve to smile, to fight, and to win, on the campus, in our lives, and in our country's struggle.

How About You?

When a Lindenwood freshman was asked, in a Bark opinion poll, if she thought the seriousness of the war justified the drafting of 4-F's into the Army, she laughed and said, "Are you kidding? I want somebody left that I can date."

If these words are typical of the flaming patriotic fervor that burns in our students, another log should be thrown on the fire. Now, when men are fighting, dying, and starving, is not the time to sprawl comfortably on your inner spring mattress and gripe because of the man-power shortage, because cigarettes are scarce, because clothing is hard to find. For "They also serve who only stand and wait"—patiently and without complaint.

What Is Your Opinion?

Vital important problems are facing the present convening Congress. Their decisions may shape the entire strategy and length of this war. A heavy task is resting on their shoulders for wise answers must be made.

Our President has told us of the pressing need for radar equipment, artillery, ammunition, cotton duck, bombs, tires, tanks, heavy trucks, and Superfortresses for the Army—in order to have a speedy end to this war. The Navy needs bombardment ammunition, rockets, cruisers and carriers, and some kinds of aircraft. Will we be able to meet this shortage of materials with our lack of manpower labor?

In today's Bark Barometer of Opinion, these questions are discussed, with a survey of college thought. Although we do not directly vote on these measures, it is essential that we form constructive ideas. Remember, the war is being paid by the life's blood of our fathers, brothers, and sweethearts.

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Whatsa matter, kids? Why so blue? Oh, I know, Finals. Well, don't let them get you down, 'cause, golly, you've lived through it before, haven't you? All you gotta do is study a little, get enough sleep, eat right, and keep a stiff upper lip when the teacher tosses one of those little blue books at you, and you'll sail right through exams without suffering any ill effects. Good luck and smooth sailing.

OF ALL THINGS

Elsie Lindenwood says: "A good line is the shortest distance between two dates."

Times haven't changed—it's only the words. Grandfather wanted a girl and a gig. Dad wanted a flapper and a flivver. Son wants a Jane and a plane.

For those who are not convinced brevity is a virtue, remember—the story of the creation of the world is told in 400 words; there are but 297 words in the Ten Commandments, and only 1321 in the Declaration of Independence.

Add definitions.

Orator: A guy who is always ready to lay down your life for his country.—Army and Navy Journal.

Moral Indignation: Jealousy with a halo.—H. G. Wells.

A Bit of Poetry

"I sing no governed firament,
Cold, ordered, regular—
I sing the singing discontent
That leaps from star to star."

—Don Marquis

When we have lady helicopter pilots will they be called spin-up girls?

Philosophy in Verse

"There was a dachrund, one so long

He hadn't any notion
How long it took to notify
His tail of his emotion;
And so it happened, while his eyes

Were filling with woe and sadness,
His little tail went wagging on
Because of previous gladness."

It's an Ohio University tradition that students form a cheering section of their own at all varsity games, sitting together in reserved seats, and helping the cheerleaders urge the Bobcats on. The seats, incidentally are the best ones in the gym.

To be eligible for membership in the cheering section—and all students are eligible—the only requirement is that students attend the practice sessions given by the cheerleaders in the Men's Gym.

FALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Jane McLean

A week from today, do you know what you'll be doing? You'll be taking an exam, or you'll be studying for an exam, or you'll be sitting in the Tea Room drowning your sorrows in coke trying to forget an exam. Not much choice, you say? Well, no, but keep up your spirits by thinking of the week-end to follow—nothing at all to do—but to recuperate and prepare for another semester.

Friends won't be friends next week, and roommates will be glowering angrily at each other as one decides that because she doesn't have an exam tomorrow, she'll listen to Inner Sanctum, while the other one will tear her book apart page by page and start stuffing it in her mouth to keep from screaming as the "squeaking door" squeaks on and on throughout her chemistry experiments and E. Lit. essays.

There really isn't anything dreadful connected with final examinations. It's just sort of a tradition built up that not to worry one's self into a quivering quandary is to be too cocksure, and therefore a definite candidate for an F. And that not to stay up until 3, 4 or 5 in the morning is to be admitting weakness of character, not to mention stamina. (I hope I'm convincing you of this.)

Four-fifths of the students here have seen or are planning to see "Oklahoma". Last week, all that

could be heard practically anywhere on campus was, "Pore Jud is daid—", or "Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry," or "O-o-o-oklahoma—". It was most interesting to hear; but rather fraying to the nerves of some of the more musically minded, whose sense of harmony was somewhat wounded to hear all of these and other melodies emanating from several different locations at once.

Typical Elsie came around again the other day. She keeps reminding me to remind all of you that the Rer Cross still has its quotas to meet. I keep telling her that you are aware, and are doing all you can, gladly. She says she knows, but that often, it is much easier to sit and talk or smoke instead of giving, some time to those boys who are giving up years—and lives—for us.

The basketball season is upon us again. It really seems to be the popular sport of Lindenwood. The day after the first practice, the number of girls stiffly limping around—unable to climb stairs or walk faster than a step a minute—was quite a tribute to the game.

Until next time, when I'll see you again, here's the best of luck to all of you in your examinations. If you think you can do it, you can—so everyone think hard for the next week, and make Lindenwood proud of us—as we are proud of it.

BARK BAROMETER OF CAMPUS OPINION

Seventy-Two Percent of Girls Here Favor Work or Fight Law.

When the President delivered his message before Congress a few days ago, he burst forth with requests touching some 5,000,000 people. Before victory can be reached, the combat losses will be heavy, he pointed out. To back this decrease in our munitions, we must enlist the services of more men and women into our war effort.

The enactment of a war service act and a law to bring about 4,000,000 4-F's into the war effort, is one of his chief requests. Under such an act, the 4-F's would be made to work or fight, according to their reclassification of physical status. The great need for war workers in the production of war goods, has become a distressing problem. Lindenwood women, when asked "what they thought of the drafting of 4-F's in the light of the seriousness of the war," approved 72 per cent to the idea. The remaining 28 per cent felt the need was not that essen-

tial. Another proposed issue of the message is the possible drafting of nurses. As the Army needs 18,000 more, and the Navy 2,000 more, he feels the present Selective Service Act should be amended to call on an estimate of 27,000 nurses from the 280,000 registered nurse supply, without any grave effects to civilian life. Sixty five per cent of the campus agree to this plan, while 35 per cent are not in favor of it.

When the girls were asked what they thought of a work draft for women between 18 and 38, the idea was disagreed by 58 per cent. On the other hand, 42 per cent are for it. Also, 58 per cent feel that deferred farm workers should now be drafted, and 42 per cent disagree.

These are important questions confronting our Congress today. The decisions reached, may or may not, obstruct our road to international peace in the near future.

Faculty Welcomed Christmas Vacation

There's no place like home. Even the faculty are saying that this year. Due to wartime traveling condition, many of the annual conventions were not held. This year's plans offer a striking contrast to those of 1941 when the majority of faculty members were attending conventions during vacation.

Mr. Eickhorst was at the University of Illinois working on his thesis.

Miss Gordon attended a speech convention in Chicago.

Miss Werndie visited friends in Houston, Texas.

Miss VerKruzen spent two week ends skiing in Bear Mountain, New York.

Mr. Orr's suntan came from Florida.

PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Registration with your advisors must have been completed by Monday, June 22. Course cards will be distributed Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of this week. Be absolutely sure that your schedule is completely filled out on the yellow card you will be given and that every hour of work is accounted for.

The second semester will start Feb. 5th.

Students Council Holds Open House

The Student Council entertained the members of the student body and faculty at Open House, Saturday night in the Library Club Rooms from 8:30 to 10:30.

Bridge and dancing were enjoyed by those who cared to participate. Cokes and grandma cakes were served for refreshments.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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JAMES HILTON
A Critical Essay

By Mary Tillman, '47

James Hilton is a present day author who has commanded much attention by his imaginative, moving style of story telling, and his great ability to create environment, character, situation, and philosophy.

Hilton's father was a schoolmaster in one of the many private boarding schools in England. He was a pacifist even before he would admit it—not to such an extent as to be termed a conscientious objector, as he would do his part if necessary, but firm enough in his convictions to impart to his son a certain degree of hatred for anything as sordid and ugly as war. Young Hilton's aversion to regimentation of any kind, and his desire to create fanciful, idealistic worlds, such as "Shangri-la" may be attributed to the early training he received from his father.

Hilton was publishing works at the early age of seventeen when he began a series of articles for the *Dublin Irish Independent*. Still today, he continues writing articles and short stories for papers and magazines while not engaged on the work of a novel.

It is difficult to draw too definite a parallel between Hilton's personal life and the plots or theses of his books. Hilton's life was that of an ordinary English boy, almost too typical to stand out in any way. His stories are quite the opposite, as can be clearly seen in *Lost Horizon* and *Random Harvest*. The former takes as its setting a purely imaginative world, much too perfect to be of this earth. It commands a great deal of mental exercise and has several dramatic moments balanced equally with quiet beauty and humor. The main theme, however, runs true to Hilton's form of terse prose, sprinkled evenly with bits of sentiment and imagination.

Random Harvest has a fine, stable background; that is, the idea of loss of memory from shell-shock is perfectly plausible. Hilton, however, weaves love, the changing social order, and character study into the plot. One finds the story so engrossing merely as a good yarn that it is possible to overlook the minor flaw that occur in piecing the rather dis-jointed novel into a complete, rounded book. In this work actor and sentiment. The main extreme care to portray carefully each character brought into the story, from Rainier himself to Chet, his older brother, and Ponderby, the drunken actor. Each character is amply described to the reader who is left with a clear cut picture in his mind.

One book of Hilton's which to me does not equal his earlier works, nevertheless, a rather brave attempt to please his readers. In *We Are Not Alone*, Hilton cares nothing for the factual-minded reader who desires the minute details of the murder trial—the evidence, the testimony, and the grounds of the verdict. He presents his plot in barest outline, leaving it vague in description,

concentrating his efforts on character and sentiment. The main objection to this method is that it is rather difficult to reach the heart strings of enough people to make such an undertaking profitable. If too much sentiment is written into, or implied within a story it has a tendency to become too soft and lose its appeal for the realistic minded. This trait of Hilton's is his main weakness.

Romanticism is woven into every theme, if not in abundance at least to such an extent that it is definitely noticeable. It causes his characters to become weak and insignificant. It is difficult to picture a truly good person without becoming mushy and idealistic. This is what Hilton attempts in many of his books, particularly in *Mr. Chips* and the "little doctor".

Also in character portrayal Hilton tends to introduce people of a complex nature. They are either suffering from mental deficiencies such as Charles Rainier, or are definite introverts forced by circumstance to lead an extroverted life. Such a character is the doctor. However, in presenting these complexities, Hilton is consistent in keeping his characters in strict adherence to the role which they are playing.

Hilton frequently employs the character foil in his works. He attempts to contrast the strong and the weak, the calm and the passionate, the patient and the impatient. In *Random Harvest*, Charles Rainier is, of course, under a mental strain. He is chronically nervous, restless, and forever bothered and worried over his personal condition or his business affairs. His wife on the other hand, is a quiet, gracious lady, always prepared for any emergency which might arise; she is patience personified. In *We Are Not Alone*, the doctor is a sentimental, understanding, highly introverted person. To offset him, Hilton introduces his wife who is a robust, aggressive, overly demonstrative woman with none of the calm, desirable traits of her husband.

The detective fan will find much of interest in the works of James Hilton. His ability to create suspense and hold it throughout a novel is excellent. The facts are camouflaged in such a way as to prohibit one from recognizing them as significant until the proper moment is at hand. Then when the trap is sprung, revealing all, one finds that he has been very cleverly kept in the dark.

Hilton possesses a truly original style of writing. Not only his ability to tell a good story, whether it be real or imaginary, but the manner in which he presents it is outstanding. His command of vocabulary, color words, sentence structure and descriptive detail, and his insight into human nature make him a popular author. His sentimentality is his chief weakness; if not checked it will undoubtedly become too dominant and overshadow his finer qualities.

The true test of a great writer is his universality, his lasting appeal to people of all ages. As Hilton is a young, new author we mean to future generations. He

has commanded a certain amount of respect from the present age. His permanent value is yet to be discovered.

MUD

By Janet Brown, '48

Mud—soft, squish, dirty mud—is one of the pleasantest memories of my childhood. Mud, for the young, has just one use—mud pies. Mud pies were the joy of my life. I was fortunate in having a large muddy place to play in, conveniently located in front of the playhouse, and the mud pie center of the neighborhood. Everyone came, and we had more fun with mud than most children do with many expensive toys.

Mud pie making, was, to us, a fine art, involving the careful selection and preparation of ingredients. Only the very best mud could be used. Our greatest need was for pots and pans, and seeking them became an amusement in itself. Since my mother, for some reason, objected to letting us use her pie and muffin tins, we were forced to hunt in more unfavorable places than our clean kitchen. The best source of supply was the town dump. Most children fascinated by old and worn out things, sooner or later, discover this place, especially exciting in our case because it was the residence of an old, motheaten goat. Though he was chained, we were always sure that he would suddenly pop out from behind an old bedstead and butt us around. We never ventured very far into believed that very bad things lived there, but the outskirts usually provided us with sufficient utensils. Most of our dishes were broken, but we had one beautiful blue coffeepot that was whole—except for a tiny hole in the bottom. By holding a finger over the hole, or gluing it with mud, we could use it. The coffeepot, one of our most treasured objects, was always cared for tenderly and never left in the driveway as were most of our other playthings. Succeeding ages of children played with that old coffeepot, until some unfeeling grownup threw it away.

After all our utensils were in place, we attacked the problem of ingredients. To most people a mud pie consist of mud and water with maybe a little sand for season, but not to us. We put everything—ground flower petals, leaf juice, coffee grounds, and perfume, if we could get it. The one thing which set our mud pies above all others in that locality was our icing. Other children were frequently allowed by their mothers to make icing out of flour and water. Such was not the case in our mud pie center. We wanted something different, something that would be the epitome of icing. The answer was in our own barn—Daddy's fertilizer. It was colored—red and white, and easily mixed, suiting our need perfectly. For years we used this; Daddy often wondered why he bought so much fertilizer and got so little rich soil in return.

Finally, after all our preparation, we were ready for the grand part of mud pie making—the mixing. Finely sifted dirt and water boiled in the sun were mixed together. We were very scientific ing. Finally sifted dirt and water in exact proportions. Our processes were very similar to our mother's with one added refinement of our cakes. This incantation while we mixed to insure the success of our cakes. This incantation must have had great power, for it seldom failed. I don't remember it exactly, but it went something like this. "Mix, mix, mix, mix," while we are mixing, and "Bake, bake, bake," while we baked. Adding a little water to the fertilizer and spreading the whole mess over the top, we had our icing. Sometimes we sprinkled

tiny clumps of mud over the icing to resemble chocolate and viewed the completed product with pride.

The inevitable aftermath of an afternoon of baking was an attempt at playing store. We would carefully arrange in the cakes in a tempting display and then the trouble would start. Everyone wanted to be storekeeper. Since we were all equally stubborn, this part of mud pie making usually ended in a mild free-for-all.

We didn't limit ourselves to mud pie making alone, however. We had a special for mud that is unheard of elsewhere. Many complicated and nitriguing systems of mud pie making exist, but I have never heard of anyone else who knew how to make a "mud belly." This lovely sounding occupation was the very essence of mud fun. I don't know quite how it developed, but it became one of the seven wonders of childhood.

A mud belly was quite difficult to make. It consisted of a hole about the size of a pie tin filled with water, and then covered over with mud. The unlovely name came from its resemblance to the plump tummy of a baby which feels rather bouncy when you poke it with your hand. This was our main purpose in making mud bellies—to bounce on it with your hand.

Naturally these were extremely difficult to make, and not every mud belly attempted was a success. The first part, digging a hole, was comparatively simple. Anyone can dig a hole. Ours were almost always nearly oval in shape, although we occasionally tried something fancier. The hole, when completed, had to be filled with water, and then began the step requiring skill and patience. Mud had to be added to the water in the hole until it was exactly the consistency. When it was a little stiffer than thick gravy it was time for the third part. Fine dirt was sprinkled over the top and carefully patted down until we had a crust thick enough to allow you to place your hand there with out getting it muddy. When you pressed gently on this crust it would seem to spring back into place. Sometimes when you pressed gently, our hand sunk through and the mud belly was a failure. At other times your hand would fail to bounce, signifying that the mud underneath was too stiff. We would work on his mud belly for hours, experimenting with new methods, testing, and commenting on each other's until finally we grew tired. This occupation had a very amusing aftermath, too. From the surface, the mud belly looked like solid ground, and unwary parents were apt to walk trustingly across it, sinking suddenly in mud up to their ankles. The mud belly was very popular with adults.

I no longer play with mud. It is not proper for the college girl. Mud is now a thing abhorred, something that gets all over shoes, clothes and people. It is shunned by all. Yet, it would be fun to once again place my hand on a good, bouncy mud belly, or to prepare painstakingly an extra-super special mud pie.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
MORNING !

By Sally Cramblit, '48

It's Christmas morning. Six handsome Marines are pleading for daets while you smile coyly and twist a golden curl. One particularly ardent, titian-haired Marine grasps your shoulder. You wake abruptly to find it's only little brother breathing down your neck. Immediately you are angry. You tell him that six o'clock is an awful hour even if it is Christmas; that you have no intention of getting up; and you threaten to

do something horrible if he doesn't go away. However, remembering the subscription to *Harper's Bazaar* that you hope he's giving you for Christmas you smile sweetly, call him "brother, dear", and dive madly under the bed for your slippers muttering to yourself about "freckle-faced brats".

After stumbling on your robe in the dark and making a very undignified entrance into the living room, you clothe yourself in the dignity that becomes the eldest daughter of the house and sweep gracefully up to the tree.

The tree isn't exactly Christmas personified. Since Junior insisted on putting it up on December the first it has begun to shatter. Since Junior also insisted on trimming it, the tree leans slightly to the leeward. The lights are concentrated in one spot giving an interesting though wierd effect.

The clan has gathered 'round—Mother and Father slightly bewildered but still game, Grandmother in kid curlers and glasses perched precariously on her nose, and last but not least, dear, dear Aunt Nell and Uncle Todd, who have been visiting for the last six months. Aunt Nell has an iron jaw and clammp hands; Uncle Todd has a hearty laugh and a store of time worn jokes.

Mother punches father (none too gently) and in response he rubs his hands together and with a hollow laugh announces that it is time to open the presents that Santa left. Uncle Todd titters, father smiles gratefully and hands out the packages.

With murder in your heart you gush to Junior about how you adore the hideous bed jacket he's given you. The large mysterious package turns out to be a volume of "Modern Masterpieces of Literature" from dear, dear Aunt Nell and Uncle Todd. You grin rather weakly and tell them there was nothing you wanted more—well anyway it will make a good door stop.

Father looks rather bewildered when he discovers he is the owner of seven identical neckties. Mother is insulted over father's gift of a book on elementary cooking, and Junior cries because he didn't get an air rifle. Uncle Todd is rather perturbed when he discovers that his sweater lacks several inches of meeting over his front, and Aunt Nell is shocked at finding herself in possession of a peek-a-boo blouse. Grandmother alone is blissfully satisfied with a flannel night gown in one hand and a hot water bottle in the other.

Everyone giggles self-consciously; Uncle Todd tells his traditional Christmas story; father ambles down to fix the furnace; and mother attempts to console Junior. Your teeth chattering, you sit hunched on the couch staring dumbly at the pages of "Modern Masterpieces of Literature". When the house was warned to an average ice-box temperature, you go your separate ways to dress.

Once you reach your room you weep a few bitter tears over "Modern Masterpieces". You make a few feeble attempts to dress, but your bed looks so comfortable, besides you know exactly what breakfast will be like. Grandmother who hasn't had her false teeth fitted will chump on her toast; Junior will spill a glass of milk; and Uncle Todd will liven up the crowd with "Why the chicken crossed the road."

Draping your robe over the nearest piece of furniture you crawl into bed. Let's see, where were you? Oh, yes... that ardent Marine had just grasped your shoulder.

PATRONIZE OUR
ADVERTISERS

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

HILDA

By P. A. Love, '48

When I was a toddler, Hilda seemed kind enough. My mother thought her a most valuable maid and came to trust her completely. But about the time I started to school, Hilda began to change. Whether she resented being no better than a servant, or whether she became cocky with her own importance, I'll never know. I was too young to figure out what had happened; all I knew was that I suddenly began to fear and hate her.

I remember it was very hard for me to eat vegetables and fruits. Just the thought of them made me gag and really become physically ill. Hilda had the job of feeding me when Mother was out, and how I dreaded those personal little lunches with only two of us. I used to walk slowly home from school at noon, praying every step of the way that my mother would be home. Finding her out, my next move was to look fearfully down at the table to see what hated vegetable was on the menu for the day. After I sat down and ate everything else on the plate, Hilda would command, "Eat your vegetable".

"I'm not hungry", I would reply in a very low tone, not daring to look at her. She then slapped me hard on the face, after which I would chockingly down the hated bite. The tears spilling silently out of my eyes only seemed to infuriate her all the more, and she would continue to slop each time more viciously. I knew my mother had no idea what was going on, and yearned to confide in her, but the look in Hilda's eyes warned me she'd win, if it came to a showdown.

I hated to stay alone in the house at night with Hilda. Dreaming fantastic dreams the night long made me toss and turn and often kick the bedclothes off. Bending over to cover up a sleeping child did not seem to bring out the maternal side in Hilda. She always grabbed me by the shoulders, shook me till I was wide awake, turned me over and spanked me, and then threw the covers over me and scowlingly threatened a worse spanking if I kicked those covers off again.

These things could be borne without too much hurt, as they were mainly physically degrading. But the cruelest act of all was one that made me go through the most extreme mental torture a child that age can experience.

Hilda would talk to her friends on the phone by the hour about the meanness and unfairness of my mother. She covered everything from the smallness of her room to the unjust slave driving qualities in my mother.

I would sit huddled up in the darkest corner of the room, my eyes on the floor. "How could Hilda say that about my Mother?" I just couldn't understand; to me, she was perfect. And I wondered, deeply upset, how Hilda could say those things when my mother was out, and at the same time, be so friendly with both Mother and me when Mother was home. I wanted wildly to run out of that room, away from that monster who hated my mother, but I wouldn't give in and let her see my weakness.

She had a snakelike fascination for me that would finally make me look up and stare at her, my eyes questioning and unbelieving. Hilda would look straight at me and utter some of her worst insults about my mother, her insolent dark eyes defying me to do something about it. She was safe because she knew my mother would believe her before me, and I knew it. I knew, too, that if I told on her, Hilda would take it out on me in every possible way.

My little body and mind became flooded with painful aching, with suppressed longing to bite and scratch and throw Hilda out of the house. Then when my mother walked in the front door, I would hold on to the sides of my chair to keep from screaming to her everything Hilda had said.

Sometimes when Mother and I were alone in the house, I'd gather my courage, clench my fists, walk up to her, and open my mouth. But the words wouldn't come. When she sympathetically asked what I wanted, I just said, "Nothing", and, my head sagging with defeat, turned and ran out of the room.

Then one day when I was seven, Hilda went to the hospital with a high fever. My parents kept the seriousness of her illness a secret from me. But on the way home from school one afternoon, a neighbor child told me that Hilda had died that morning. At first I was frightened and upset, as this was the first time death had touched my life. Then a feeling of freedom stole over me, and I was even more frightened by my wickedness. And I thought of how I would have to pretend to be heartbroken. All at once a sadness did come to me—a deep sadness because I couldn't feel sad.

MY CAT

By Barbara Brown, '48

The only pet I have ever owned was a cat. He had no name. He was just referred to as Cat. You called him anything you happened to be thinking of at the moment. Now, after he has gone, I have thought of a million names which would have suited him. I could have called him Elmer because he sometimes acted like an old country boy. Bounce would have been fine because on some sunny day you could have looked out the window and he would be bouncing around in the green grass after grasshoppers.

He was by no means a Persian cat. His fur was short. He was white with black spots scattered about. There was a black spot on his head between his ears, one on his left front leg and his tail was black with a white tip on the end. He was a small cat. He had long bony legs which made him look as if he were standing on stilts. His body was never too thin. He had green eyes which were sometimes yellow, with small black slits in the center when he was contented and large black dots in the center when he was mad or when I was picking on him. This was no ordinary looking cat. He wore on his face the silliest look I do believe I have ever seen upon a cat. He would actually smile. There is no way of explaining it, but the corners of his mouth were turned up when he was happy or when he had just finished a bowl of milk, and the corners of his mouth would turn down when he was mad.

Mostly what made the cat so unusually crazy was his actions. I can never remember seeing that cat drink water from a bowl. He just wouldn't drink unless he could play in the water as it ran from the faucet. When he was very small he got into the habit of howling for someone to turn on the faucet for him. He would sit on the edge of the basin and slap the water with his paws. Then he got to reaching down with his claw and pulling out the rubber cork just to listen to the sucking sound it made. When his face was dirty he would dip his paws into the water and then rub them over his face. That's a smart cat.

I know that cats carry germs and diseases of every kind, but this one didn't. I gave him baths, which he hated as all cats do. I would get a wash tub and put warm suds in it and gather up all

the strength I had into one hand and hold him in the water. I would scrub him with a soft brush, being sure not to get any water on his face. He always stood with his paws clinging to the edge of the tub, ready to spring out at any chance. I could see him getting madder with his ears going flatter against his head, but it wasn't hurting him at all and he wasn't going to be in the house unless he was clean.

There was always a pillow in the back bedroom for him to sleep on. He was there most of the time except when the telephone rang. Then he would jump and run down the hall like a herd of horses and jump onto the stool beside the telephone. He always would howl till someone answered it, then jump down and run back to his pillow and go to sleep as if nothing happened.

At times he could be so sweet, but most of the time he was mean. It was my fault because I had teased him from the first day I got him. But I never kept playing if he wanted to stop. I never hurt him. Cat was mine, and I loved him.

"CIRREIDA, A CHRISTMAS DOLL"

by Pat Lloyd, '48

Toys were everywhere—hundreds of lovely dolls with long golden curls and big blue eyes, their satin dresses spread out around them as if on hoops; squads of tin soldiers standing stiffly but expectantly; tiny trains waiting at miniature depots. Confusion ruled over all, for it was Christmas Eve in Santa Claus's workshop.

Santa bustled about the room picking up last-minute items for little boys and girls who might have been forgotten by someone less thoughtful than that old saint. Before making a selection, he looked carefully at all the toys to be sure that each one he put in the huge sack slung over his broad back was exactly right. Several times he glanced at a doll sitting dejectedly on a high shelf, a doll dressed in gingham. Her usually happy face was clouded, for you see, she wanted so much to be one of the toys who would soon travel high over rooftops in Santa's sleigh and finally be laid beneath a shining Christmas tree. The brown yarn braids, all of four inches long, which hung down to her waist added to the sadness of her expression. Cirreida—for that was her name—felt sure that those same braids were the reason she had been left sitting there unwanted. Each time Santa looked thoughtfully in her direction, she held her breath, almost bursting with the hope that he would stride across the room and put her with the lucky toys to be delivered that night.

Once she felt sure her wish was going to be granted, for he picked her up and looked at her, but the results were not the ones for which she had hoped. The jolly old man put her back and took one of the beautiful dolls dressed in satin. It was at this point that Peter, the fat black teddy bear sitting next to Cirreida, had said, "Settle down. Don't get so excited. You many as well give up. With all those dolls to choose from, do you think that Santa would ever take you? Who would want a doll like you, anyway? You with your pug nose and those silly braids. Not a chance."

This and the taunting remarks of Teddy's friends, added to the fact that the time of Santa's departure was near, made Cirreida resigned to spending her Christmas right there in the workshop instead of in a house filled with happiness and cheer. As she thought of all that she was going to miss, tears filled her eyes and

dropped down on her braids. She covered her despondent face with her little cloth hands and sat thus until she heard a jovial voice boom out, "Here's what I want. Just the doll I've been looking for." With that Cirreida felt a strong hand grasp her waist and life her from the shelf. Curiously, she peeked through her fingers. Right before her she saw the face of Santa Claus. He was holding her up in the air and laughing from the top of his white head to the bottom of his boots. Cirreida's heart fell; he was laughing at her. He hadn't seen her pigtailed when she was in the shadow, but now she wasn't going to be taken along after all. But after hearing his next words, she knew she was wrong.

"You're going to make a little girl mighty happy tomorrow, Cirreida. Yes, sir. You'll just fill the bill."

It seemed only a second until the sleigh was speeding through the cold December air. The toys, listening excitedly to the jingling bells and Santa's shouts to his reindeer, were tucked in under a heavy fur robe. They were talking of what lay ahead of them.

"I'm going to a little boy in Iowa," said Fleas, a black stuffed dog. "He wrote to Santa way last month asking for a dog just like me."

"Where is this Iowa?" asked Marie, a beautiful French doll with black curly hair. "I go to a very rich girl in New York City. I know she will want a doll like me."

"Where are you going, Cirreida??" asked the baby doll snuggled down next to Marie.

"I don't know," Cirreida replied softly.

"Ha," said Peter, who had been bought along with several other teddy bears. "Whoever gets you will have a funny present. Look at those braids streaming out behind you."

All the toys started laughing. Cirreida, who had been so happy a minute before, was overcome by sadness. Suppose the little girl to whom she was being taken didn't like her? Maybe Peter was right—who would want a doll like her—a doll with a name like Cirreida and a pug nose and yarn braids? But why had Santa said what he did, and why had he brought her along? Perhaps it was just a joke. Perhaps he didn't mean to leave her with some nice little girl who would love her. She pushed the fur robe away from her, so she could get a breath of fresh air. Everything was wrong in Cirreida's world—she was going to be deprived of the thing she wanted most. She wiggled away from toys crowded so closely around her. At that moment the sleigh turned sharply, and Cirreida was thrown from her precarious position. She went flying through space, until she felt a sharp jerk. Peter, who had made such fun of her braids, had caught one of them as she toppled over the edge of the sleigh. Amid screams of the dolls and shouts of advice from Santa, Cirreida was pulled back to safety.

"I though you were gone for good, Cirreida," Peter said in a quavering voice as he tried to stop his paws from shaking. "If it hadn't been for those braids, you would never have seen a Christmas tree."

With those words, Cirreida remembered what had been forgotten in the excitement following her rescue—worry that perhaps she would be a disappointment to some little girl who was eagerly waiting for morning to come. She hadn't time to think about it now, though, for the sleigh was gliding down to a snow-covered rooftop, and before she knew it, Santa was taking her from her place. It hadn't been a joke; she was really going to be given to

some little girl. The toys who were left behind called farewells to her.

"Good-bye, Cirreida."

"We'll miss you."

"Take care of ze braids," balled Marie.

Santa walked across the roof, boots squeaking in the snow. With a grunt and a groan, he climbed the chimney. Cirreida took one last look at her friends waving good-bye from the sleigh; then she was gone. Faster than you can say "Merry Christmas", they were in the living room. The only light burning were those on the tall green tree standing in one corner of the living room. Cirreida was placed among the many gaily wrapped gifts which lay on the white cotton around the base of the tree.

"Now be a good girl, Cirreida," admonished her "and behave as I have taught you."

With that the jolly old fellow left her. In the stillness the worries that had besieged Cirreida when she was in the sleigh returned to plague her. She liked the house the comfortable looking furniture, the evidences of a happy, well kept home. But would the people of the house like her? Perhaps Santa was wrong about her being "just the doll" for the little girl who lived there. Maybe she wouldn't want Cirreida—a doll with brown braids and a pug nose. Maybe, like so many other little girls, she had asked for a doll with long curls. But worrying wouldn't help. There was nothing to do now, but wait—wait until the family should come down to see the toys that had been left in the night.

Cirreida sat quietly for a long time, hoping that a little girl in a long flannel nightgown would soon come running down the stairs, and with squeals of delight sweep her off the floor and hold her lovingly in her arms. But all the time, one thought was racing through Cirreida's mind, "My braids, my braids. Who wants a doll with funny braids."

The night had been long, but finally the stars became dim, and a new Christmas day dawned. Cirreida heard a rustle upstairs, the sound of someone moving about excitedly. It was only a moment until the sound shifted to the staircase. Cirreida took a deep breathe. In a few seconds, she would know the worst. Quickly she brushed her hateful braids over her shoulders, so they wouldn't be quite so obvious. Then there was no time for primping. For a little figure in a long flannel nightgown seemed to be flying across the room. She stood momentarily before the tree; then with a happy cry, she knelt down on the floor. And as she bent over to take Cirreida in her arms, two long brown braids slipped over her shoulders.

"Oh, look, Mother. She's my own dolly. Why, she even looks like me."

Kathryn Laue

Conversation is a wonderful thing, but there are times when one wishes that man never learned to talk. So think Nelly Clark, Miskegon senior, and Jane Geyer, Battle Creek junior at Michigan State College. bSunday evening they tried to study for their respective tests but were constantly interrupted by bubbling sorority sisters who wanted to talk over the good times of the Thanksgiving weekend. Finally, in desperation they posted this sign outside their door: "So glad you had a good time. We did, too. Have tests tomorrow, so goonight."

BUY

WAR BONDS

NOW!

THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

Those Florida gals think they're pretty smart—and no wonder—when you get a look at those BEAUTIFUL Tans. Agree, Betty Jo Millvaine and D. J. Daneman?

Have you cast your eyes on those added attractions of sparklers on the third finger, left hand? Dan Cupid must have collaborated with Santa Claus this past holiday season. And how. Open up those eyes and look at the beauties on: Flo Clair, Shirley Sagness, Abbie Sarah Kirtley, Dot Shaeffer, Minota Bayliss, Liz Murphy, Gwen Macy, and Mary Lou Peterson. Congratulations, gals, it's really swell.

Speaking of Marye Lou Peterson's ring, she claims there's a little extra special meaning to her. Seems as though her man, Marsh, designed it and had it specially made for her. Isn't that something?

What's wrong with Jan Gund? Is she by any chance losing control over her swimminb classes? Or at least, her last Wednesday afternoon one? I didn't know that the latest ideas of teaching came from the bottom of the pool. Maybe it's a false rumor that the class got extra brave and threw her in. How 'bout it, A. A. prexy, enlighten us little ones?

If you see formals floating about the dorms, pictures of old flames being tossed out the windows, and the Soph. gals practicing their dance steps, don't get excited. They're just preparing themselves for a super-deluxe dance at Scott Field, Feb. 16. Some of those pessimists are bandaging their toes already. Why, gals, what do you expect.

Our little blond bomber of Butler, Daphne Jenkins, has picked the highest cloud on which to float. She got word the other day that the dream Marine lovie of hers, got the highest award given to a Marine flyer. Well, not only that but he is going to broadcast his experiences. Naturally, Daphne has her ear pinned to the radio already. And who can blame her, I ask you?

Why are Marty Young and Jo Garvin packing their grips for summer? Come now, girls, give forth on the secret. Could it possibly be that trip in the making—Colorado bound. The object: One whale of a good time.

Congrats to Dorothy Hedrick, Freshman from Sedalia, Mo., who said goodbye to L. C. and Irwin Hall, to take up the bonds of matrimony. Nice work, if you can get it.

Speaking of marriage, Jackie Whitford is in the market. At present she's willing to settle for a diamond. And who isn't? Here's wishing ya' lots of luck, Moonshine, in the days of terrific man shortages.

Butler explain yourself. Who's the hotshot radio announcer and where can you get the wonderful bubble bath? Isn't a radio program something new in the way of college life? Come on, gals, give forth. We're all ears, by way of New Orleans.

So long for now gals, and do write the fellows. They treasure their mail twice as much as we do. Imagine.

Congratulations to Dr. Garnett

Dr. and Mrs. Garnett are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, James Larr, on Sunday, January 15.

Freshman Have Gay Time At Pinafore Party In Butler Gym.

Two hundred-fifty Freshmen forgot about their studies for a few hours last Friday night, while they tripped lightly around the gym re-enacting their childhood days. Dressed as kids, they attended a "Pinafore Party" in the Gym. The girls played kiddies games, such as "Drop the Handkerchief", "Three Deep," and "Muisal Chairs". Then after a program presented by members of the class, they danced to the juke box and ate ice cream bars and drank cokes.

Nadine Ziern Wins Christmas Doll Dressing Contest

The prize for the cleverest doll entered in the Christmas Doll Dressing Contest has been awarded to Nadine Ziern. Rosy Haynes' entry was voted the most original. The ribbon for the prettiest doll had to be divided seven ways, because the co-contributors of this doll were Marjorie Benson, Alice Christiansen, Sibil Ellis, Shirley Lierk, Joanne Patton, Jean Sims, and Helen Wheeler.

Many children receiving the dolls dressed by Lindenwood students had a merrier Christmas because you spent a few minutes of your time and a few dollars of your allowance. Congratulations not only to the winners of the course, but also to everyone who entered a doll. The dolls were given to the Barkham Memorial in S. Louis.

Twelve largest of United States colleges and universities, as listed in a survey by Preident Raymond atter of the University of Cincinnati, are University of California, Columbia University, New York University, University of Minnesota, University of Michigan, University of Wisconsin, University of Illinois, Ohio State University, University of Texas, University of Washington, Northwestern University and Wayne University.

A Dallas publicist calls Lady Nancy Astor "the English Clare Luce," and all concerned can consider themselves evenly insulted.

YELLOW CAB

PHONE 133

Deanna Durbin To Select Lindenwood's Romeo Of The Year

(Continued from page 1)

autographed picture of her—lucky boys.

So, gals, scour your rooms (no reference to cleaning them, natcherly), drag out all them "cherce" pitchers you have, and turn them over to the Bark office. But, before depositing them, take time out to make a note on a separate piece of paper, of his name, where you met him, what branch of the service he's in, and whether it is true love or just a passing fancy.

February 1 is the deadline, so have your entries in by then. You may enter as many as you wish, and if necessary, contact Mr. Ordelheide for a wheelbarrow to convey them over. And as has been said before, it'll be tough, but try to pick only your favorite 50—per person, that is.

O. K. kids, let's run 'em.

Swimming Meet Won By Sibley Hall Team

The swimming finals for the intra-murals were held just before Christmas vacation. The candle race was won by a team from Butler Hill: Jessie Wilson, Danny Jane Priest, Jean Davidson, and Willie Viertei. It was a fascinating relay for the spectators. The girls had to swim two lengths of the pool with a lighted candle, one after the other until all four had completed the race.

Sibley's Hall's team: Ann Hardin, Phyllis De Haven, and Sally Thomas won the Medley Relay.

In speed events, Ann Hardin of Sibley won the crawl by swimming three lengths of the pool in 21.4 seconds. The breast stroke was won by Phyllis De Haven of Sibley in 31.4 seconds, and the back crawl by Virginia Mitchell of Irwin in 31.2 seconds.

In form swimming, Marie Szilagy of Sibley won the front crawl. Joanne Swanson of Sibley won the back crawl, and Danny Priest won the breast stroke.

In diving competition, each girl did a racing front dive, back flip, and one optional dive. Joanne Swanson won first, Danny Priest, second; and Peggy Murray of Niccolls, third. For the optional dives, Joanne did a front jack; Danny, a forward somersault; and Peggy, a back jack dive.

Final Exam. Week At Lindenwood

(Continued from page 1)

decide on semester grades.

When you go to your first class Monday, February 5, at 8 a. m., minus a number of finger nails, just remember one thing, you have a new semester to work on and you can profit by past experience. And if you're still wondering about your outcome on the cause the co-contributors of these exams then look back to Shakespeare and you'll find that he said, "All's Well That Ends Well."

The long hair pin, says a Paris style flash, is returning to popularity, though as we recall this sinister device it wasn't popular whne it was popular.

A Christmas Letter From Paris Written By Major Park of A.M.G.

This Christmas was celebrated all over the world by the members of the Armed Forces. We wonder just how Christmas was spent in the far flung battlefields and fronts. The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Major Glenn H. Park to his family on Christmas Day from Paris. Major Park, who is with a Civil Affairs Team of the Allied Military Government entering Paris on the day of its liberation, August 25, is the letter of Barbara Park, Lindenwood Sophomore.

"There was no need of arising early since the day was declared a holiday by the military. Consequently, it was 10 o'clock when I got up, and, after a cup of coffee, I drove over to pick up a major and three captains. We went to the American Cathedral for the 10:45 services. The services were Espiscoppl, beautifully conducted, and the Cathedral itself provided a magnificent setting. It was crowded with U. S. servicemen and women, with a very few civilians adding some variety to the almost solid mass of khaki color. The sermon was naturally one for members of the service, yet the skill with which the usual Christmas theme was put together and delivered made it inspirational and moving. However it did not need to be moving, as was evidenced

by alot of 'nose blowing' not due to heal colds. The standard Episcopal service gave much opportunity to drop on one's knees and silently pray for the one thing our hearts were so longing for—our families—so very far away in physical fact, but so very, very close to us in spirit. After the service we all gave attention to our eyes parted furtive but unapologetic attention to our noses and reddened eyes and drove back to our respective billets.

"After a small turkey dinner with our five officers at the billet, I got some small boxes and wrapped little containers of candy prepared from my overplentiful supply of Christmas candy. At three I struck out in my jeep and delivered them to boys and girls I've met in the usual routine all over Paris. At 4:30 I dropped in for tea at the home of a Danish woman who was entertaining a few of the 'international' group. The group, four Danes, two Russians, two Englishmen, two Frenchmen, and one U. S. Army major. Left there on the subway for the billets of the headquarters staff of officers of my department for one big Christmas dinner. After a short drink of cognac, we sat down at a round table to a grand Christmas dinner—turkey and everything and managed to whip up a semblance of spirit to properly recognize the occasion.

"At 8 p. m. we gave a Christmas party for 42 orphan children in which I had a very important part. The place for the party was donated by the Elizabeth Arden beauty establishment just two floors above our office. A gymnasium was decorated and a huge tree placed in one corner. Maame Stewart, our French interpreter and I, with a driver and a Sergeant, took over a staff car and big bus and drove out to the orphans' home for the children. They were, of course, all ready and waiting, patiently shepherded by six nuns who had them washed so clean they fairly shone. The girls wore dark blue dresses and caps and the boys wore short little breeches and sort of a 'Boy scout' khaki shirt. Although a very cool day, they disdained their coats. Their ages were from 5 to 7, and many of them were so bright and interesting looking. After a short program with singing and a magical show, Santa Claus came in and bedlam reigned. He distributed a bag full of candy and toys to each and you can imagine the expressions on those faces as they dug into the bags. I sat down amongst a group of the little girls and was immediately almost smothered by sticky faces pressed to mine. Had two on my lap, about three on each side, and two or three pawing over my head. I absolutely had to be rescued by some fellow officers. Of course, during the program, we had a great time, and, although the kids were undoubtedly made happy, the grownups giving the party were made much happier, and somehow, the world seemed a little brighter when we delivered our cargo back to their 'home'.

"And thus I spent Christmas Day, 1944. Not a very interesting day to record, but what went on in my heart went directly to you without the need of a written record. And what I got in return has been a source of strength and happiness. Anyone who denies the strength of prayer has not been very close to the 'Giver of all good things.'"

Swedish onlookers are mystified by jitterbugging as done by our interned fliers. This is an jointe limber and muscles in t American exercise for keeping the joints limber and muscles in tone for more jitterbugging.

STRAND

Tues.-Wed.-Thurs.,

Jan. 23, 24, 25

2—FEATURES—2

"THE MASTER RACE"

with Stanley Ridges

George Coulouris

Osa Massen

and

Peggy Ryan

Ann Blythe in

"BABES ON

SWING STREET"

with Freddie Slack and

His Orchestra

Fri.Sat., Jan. 26, 27

John Waayne in

"TALL IN THE SADDLE"

with Ella Raines

Sun. Thru Wed.

Jan. 28 thru Jan. 31

"HOLLWOOD CANTEN"

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2—FEATURES—2

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with Fred MacMurray

and

"KANSAS CITY KITTY"

with Joan Davis and

Bob Crosby

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THE CLUB CORNER

The members of the Texas Club donated tools for working with leather material to the service men in the hospital at Temple, Texas.

Six new members will be initiated into Alpha Psi Omega Wednesday night.

Tau Sigma presents its recital this spring, but unknown to most of us, behind the scenes they are already working hard. It promises to be one of the best.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home", was the subject of the panel discussion at the last Home Economic meeting. An open discussion followed the panel and plans were made for the next meeting.

Lindenwood Gals Fail To Catch A Man At Sadie Hawkin's Shindig

By Pat Lathrow

Catch yer man. At last the L. C. lassies had a chance to catch him at the Sadie Hawkins dance Friday night January 12. But they were sadly disappointed to find that Li'l Abner had eyes only fo' Daisy Mae. He danced most every dance with her and when Mac's Merry Maids quit playing their captivat' strains, Li'l Abner sat on the hay bales in Skunk Hollow gazin' into Daisy Mae's eyes.

Mammy Yokum kept things hot with her smokin' pipe an' 'tis rumored she pulled off a prize fo' that thar garb she created. Mammy's other name, they say, is Jackie Foreman. Li'l Abner looked amazin'ly like our own Minnie Anderson and thar was a strikin' resemblance between Daisy Mae and Leone Flannikan. Daisy Mae gotta big book, "Ten Easy Lessons on How to Catch Yer Man." Now why do you suppose they gave that to her? Pappy Yokum talked himself out and sang jus' like Peggy Brazel. He gotta prize too.

They all had lotsa fun playin' tug-a-war, havin' fluffly races, potato fights, and finding out who had the biggest bift-a-gab. Donald Duck honored them with a quack-in' song and thar rumba, tango, adagio, Hempleman-Szilagyi pair starred again in their 1-2-3 dance. Jo Hulson almost brought tears with her songs 'bout our boys.

To top off the evenin', Mammy Yokum preserved turnips, corn, and kickapoo joy juice took the parchness out of their throats after the strenuous square dancin'.

Ah just wanta take ma hat off t oall the lile wimin in A. A. fo' makin' this hyar party a great success.

A new Mexico A. & M. College coed, home for vacation, forgot about not cussing around her mother and came out with a colorful little phrase she'd learned in German class—"Mein Gott."

Then she caught herself. "That isn't so bad in German as it is in English, really, Mother," she explained.

"Yes", replied Mother, "But I don't like 'golly' in any language."

A. A. Makes Changes In Its Constitution

The Athletic Association had a recent meeting and made some changes in the constitution regarding awards. Instead of giving a cup to the girl winning 1000 points, a sweater will be given to a junior or senior who has won 2000 points. After 1000 points are won, class numerals will be given. An emblem will be awarded for 750 points and a letter for 500 points.

It is now possible to make 600 points in one sport instead of the former 400 points. All girls on teams will get 25 points if the game in which they are taking part is postponed.

These awards are limited to A. A. members only.

Red Cross Unit To Begin New Courses; Will Continue Others

(Continued from page 1)

course in swimming demands successful completion of a standardized senior life saving course, girls above the age of eighteen, and enrollment in the semester's class at Physical Education Department since no private lessons will be given this year for late entrants. Mr. Eddie Knapp, examiner, will be on campus in the middle of April.

College credit and opportunities to pass corresponding Red Cross tests are given for beginning and intermediate swimmers, advanced senior life saving, and instructor classes in swimming are also offered. A functional study may be installed.

The Senior life saving will be continued in the spring. For entrance a girl must be able to swim 440 yards—forty lengths of the campus pool, surface dive, tread water and float for a minute each and execute a simple dive. This work entitles one to assume full guard responsibility at a pool and to teach in summer camps.

The Blood Bank is coming in April. The releases will be distributed to each girl wishing to give blood. There is a great need for Surgical Dressings—the meetings are held on Thursday afternoons from 4:30 p. m. The quota was filled first semester, but since the advancements on both fronts, we will have more supplies soon.

Donalee Wehrle, a president of the Lindenwood Red Cross Unit, has worked hard to get this program functioning, and she asks for your complete cooperation. The National Red Cross Roll Call is March 15. The funds raised are used by the Red Cross.

Beads and junk jewelry are playing an important part in helping the servicemen in the Pacific Islands. It takes the place of real money and the natives help guide the men back to their lines and do many acts of service for the disabled. Northwestern University had a drive and collected 654 pieces of cast-off jewelry.

Prof. Daniel Jones, head of the London University college's phonics department suggests an international alphabet from which any language could be written, the alphabet to be based on the Roman alphabet.

CHIT CHAT ABOUT CHARMIN' CHICKS

By Babs Wexner

Need I ask if you had a wonderful Christmas—by listening to all the oohs and aahs about campus—it seems Johnny Mercer's "Accentuate the Positive" will hit the nail right on the head.

Shirley Sagness, Elizabeth Murphy, Minota Bayliss, Gwen Macy, Ruth Painter, and a few other beaming faces got their Christmas presents in the form of sparklers. Congratulations gals—they're awful pretty.

Christmas presents from overseas were quite plentiful this year from the looks of the many trinkets the gals have been wearing. Betty Roark received a shell bracelet and necklace from the South Pacific. Mary Ann Million and Eilleen Murphy are wearing Australian coins on a bracelet. Bob, the man of Winnie Reynolds life, brought her back a bracelet of Japanese money—Oooh. Jinny Case is also sporting a bracelet of sixpence which she received from England.

Allene Francis, the cute red head that lives in Niccolls, got a stunning dinner dress for Christmas. The dress is green and with her red hair—Wow, I bet she looks good.

Montelle Moore and Mary Tillman have been brightening the winter scene for us—with their gay ski sweaters.

Here at Lindenwood with the smell of snow clearly sniffable, it is hard to believe that B. J. Daneman and B. J. Mac Ilvaine have got a Florida tan again.

Jo Huson is doubly sure of good luck now that she has a small horseshoe dangling from her belt.

How I love those Senior hats. And me—a poor little sophomore—but there'll come a day.

Enough of this chatter, so I'll wind for now with fianls driving me—Madly yours,

BABS

Pictures, Finals, and Oklahoma! Fill Diary of an L. C. Freshman

Dear Diary:

Back again after three wonderful weeks at home. And the things that happened to me. I met the most wonderful man and he loves me, yes he loves me, at least I think he does. But enough about that, everyone in school has already heard about him.

Hated to come back, but now that I'm back it does seem nice to see all the gals again and to hear their stories about the holidays.

Just a few more days until final exams. Then the fun begins, or should I say the knowledge begins to be absorbed—until after each final anyway. Thought maybe I would get to go home between the end of the finals and the beginning of the second semester, but no such luck. Seems that I have two finals on Friday, and none on Thursday, but such is life.

Second semester sounds like fun with all the parties the clubs are planning.

Oklahoma! Oklahoma! After waiting so long we at last got to

see it, and believe me, it was worth waiting to see. Think the whole school went to see it.

Got my picture made for the annual the other day. Was late to my appointment. Horrors. And after seeing those clever posters they had up. How could I?

Mom was real much surprised to see me when I got home. She, with all her work, had forgotten that I was coming. So I had to take a cab home, only to discover when I arrived that I didn't have enough money to pay the nice man. All ended well though, cause my little brother hadn't opened his piggy bank yet. It's broke now though.

My new schedule is really neat—nothing to do before eight o'clock in the morning and after five o'clock in the afternoon. Really nice, huh? I'll say.

Must be dashing now. Got to start studying for those horrible old final exams. By now. Adios. See I've already started learning my Spanish.

My love,
Molly Freshman

Harriet Van Riper Discusses Vocations In Religion at Assembly

Miss Harriet Van Riper spoke on "Vocations in Religion" at a recent convocation. Miss Van Riper is a traveling fellow with the Presbyterian Church.

Miss Van Riper pointed out here are several ways to serve the church. Some of these ways are serving as a minister of music, a minister of art, missionary or as a travelling fellow.

Sixteen years of night class attendance earned a bachelor of business administration degree at Cleveland College of Western Reserve University for Mrs. Millie C. Boning.

WAVES training at Smith College received circulars from a tattooing firm offering to "beautify American womanhood with anchors, flags, battleships, tracer shells or anti-aircraft guns."

Bob Hope complains that his audiences begin to laugh before the punch line. Veteran burlesque goers have been known to recite the gag along with the comic.

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"Punch" predicts a string of hamburger stands across England after the war. Which, if the wind is right should break up many a fox hunt.