

ENTER HIM IN THE ROMEO CONTEST

LINDEN BARK

WRITE
HIM
TODAY

Vol. 23—No. 6

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, February 22, 1944

\$1.00 a Year

Two Lindenwood Girls Donate Blood To the Red Cross

"Boy, I'm going to do this like Deanna Durbin did in that movie. I'll just stick the arm out and say, 'Have a pint of blood on me.'" That's what one Lindenwood girl said when she left with her roommate to go to St. Louis to donate blood. All of us were waiting for them to return. We wanted a corpulent by corpulent description of donating blood. Everyone reads about the painless process by which you give blood, but a first-hand story always makes for better proof. And while the two of the adventurous spirit went forth, the rest of us stayed at school and wondered.

They didn't come home on stretchers on in an ambulance. Instead they came home with a medal which read: "Red Cross Blood Donor Pro Patria." We were relieved, but not convinced until we examined their cheeks under a strong light. No sign of paleness. While this dubious examination was going on, they were protesting, "Why we didn't even feel a thing. Child's play, absolutely." When we showed signs of being convinced they left fine, the gave us the detailed description.

"I loved the way they fed us for the kill. When we went in they brought us glasses of fruit juice and some cookies. Had a big time." Being college girls it was only natural that they start with food element. After being properly "fattened," they were ushered down a row of desks. A nurse wrote statistics on a card, then handed them over to another nurse. "This nurse stuck a thermometer in my mouth and a needle in my finger. She got a bunch of blood to find my hemoglobin," explained one brave girl. "Everything was easy so far, but that stuff about 'terrors of the unknown' caught up with me. Mystery was ready to set in when they led us to the room with the cots. Everyone was so nice, I don't know why we should have felt funny, but we couldn't help worrying."

The girls lay down on the cots and began chatting with the people on the adjoining beds. "Look-

ed like bank night so many people were there," mused one girl. "A nurse put a tiny tube in a vein in my arm and told me to open and close my fist. Still couldn't feel a thing. Why we just lay there talking and having a big time. Sure did feel patriotic, I looked in the bottle to see if that blood wasn't red, white, and blue. Before we knew it, the nurse said it was all over. Then she told us to go into the canteen and have milk and cookies on them. We didn't waste any time. They were so nice to us I'll be glad to go again when my eight weeks are up."

All of us looked at the bronze pin and at the inscription "Pro Patria." We decided we wanted one, too.

Press Club to Give Gridiron Dinner On March 21

The members of the Press Club voted at their last meeting to introduce to Lindenwood on March 21 "The Gridiron Dinner." The idea of gridiron dinners was originated by the National Press Club. At an annual dinner newspaper men drag all skeletons out of the news closet and let the public know about the bones through a series of skits given during the dinner. Nothing or no one escapes the scathing remarks of the press, and no one enjoys the antics more than the people who are held up to ridicule.

Campus personalities and politics will be the target of Lindenwood's Press Club, but without "malice afore thought." The dinner will be held in Ayres Dining Room for the Press Club, the faculty, and student body. The skits, written, directed, and enacted by Press Club members, will be given during the dinner hour.

Emmy Gumm, president of the club, has appointed the following committee to write the skits: Chairman, Dorothy Heimrod; Jane McLean, Eileen Murphy, Althea Hooper, and Carol Landberg.

Alumna Donates Pictures of Class of 1886

Mrs. Anna Cooper, a member of the class of 1886, has donated to the college a number of pictures of Lindenwood girls who were here in '84, '85 and '86.

The pictures are hanging outside of Mr. Motley's office, and many of us will be interested in the styles of that day and age. Mrs. Cooper, who lives in Monterey, Cal., is 80 years old.

The Advisory Committee on Religion held its second meeting of the year in the library club helpful suggestions for the conference on religion were received and the final plans for the program were made.

Buy War Bonds.

HALL OF FAME



She's here, she's there, she's everywhere! She is the old vim, vigor and vitality personified. That's right, she's Pat de Puy! Pat, a senior, is our nominee for the campus Hall of Fame. If you keep your eyes open you may see her sometime, dashing around the campus attending to some of her many interests.

Pat has been chosen by her classmates as president of the Senior Class. She is a member of the League of Women Voters and of the International Relations club. She is also on the Student Activities Committee and on the Religious Advisory Committee, besides being in "Who's Who in American Colleges." Pat, one of the best liked girls on the campus, is an all-around student, and displays the spirit which is typical of a Lindenwood girl.

Military Strategy Needed For Leap Year Campaign

By Carolyn Trimble

The men who make out income tax reports say that January 1 is inventory time, but a girl "takes stock" along about February 14. Whether it's the background work preparatory to planning spring offensive or whether it's just to assure herself that she retains her charms, no one can say. Regardless of the motive, two days after the birthday of the man who emancipated slaves, the scheming female devises a plan whereby she may obtain a few more "slaves."

By this time, your tabulating is done; you know whether or not you got orchids, telephone calls, or candy in plump heart-shaped boxes. And you know only too well if it was your roommate's candy you ate, and not your own.

Something to be desired? Only a comic valentine, only a whiff of somebody else's roses, only a "and he said" of some other girl's telephone call. If that's you, then you're the one they were think-

All School Play "Ladies in Retirement"

The Lindenwood College Dramatic Department will present the murder tale "Ladies in Retirement" March 24 in the College Auditorium. "Ladies in Retirement" was written by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham and was a success on Broadway and in the Motion Pictures. Its setting is on the Thames estuary outside of London.

Miss McCrory will direct the play. Tryouts were held Monday, February 21 in the Little Theatre.

Religious Emphasis Week--- Beginning of Lent

Dr Gage Attends Meetings in St. Louis And Cincinnati

Dr. Gage attended a meeting on the Reunion of the Association of American Colleges and the National Conference of Church Related Colleges in Cincinnati last week. He will make a later trip to New York City to confer with the directors of the Association of American Colleges.

Last Tuesday he met with the subcommittee on the program for Education in Government. The meeting was held at the home of Chancellor Throop of Washington University. Louise Grant Smith, attorney, is chairman of the committee.

Thursday night he met President Hutchins of Chicago University at a reception, and later heard him speak on "What is Liberal Education."

Dr. and Mrs. Gage entertained the faculty with a lovely tea last Tuesday afternoon.

Buy War Bonds.

The Conference on Religion, an annual observation at Lindenwood, has arranged for a number of speakers to make addresses to the students through this week. The theme of all of these speeches will be Christian pioneering in the new world. There will be questions asked as to what real service we can do to make the new world better than the old. Specific suggestions will be made by the speakers in discussions through the conference.

The purpose is to think through the problem of what can be done in the world to avoid mistakes made in the past and to produce a more ideal society.

The name for the program chosen by the committee is Conference on Religion. It is appropriate that this conference comes at the beginning of lent. The significance of the lenten period is found in a re-examining of personal life and of the world in which we live with a view to improvement through spiritual means. Having become awake to the problems it is hoped that we will do what we can in concrete action to help solve these problems.

The conference was opened by Dr. George Sweazy, Pastor of the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, who spoke on the subject of the pioneers home base. He said it is assumed that we must strengthen our own personal religious living of our Christian institutions at home in order to pioneer successfully in our approach to the outside world.

Three chapel addresses are given during the week, with Dr. Gage and Miss Morris talking to the student body, and a special lenten worship service Friday. The Friday lent service is the first of a series of Friday chapels during lent in which a special sacred solo will be rendered each time, accompanied by scripture and prayer to produce an atmosphere of worship. The Thursday convocation address will be given by Dr. Merlyn Chappell, Secretary of Port of National Missions. The theme is "Christian Pioneering". Opportunity will be given for discussion at the close of the address.

The highlight of the week will be a symposium at Vespers on Sunday, February 27, in which three outstanding speakers will give brief addresses on what may be done in the new world. The speakers are Rabbi Julius Gordon, of St. Louis, Dr. Hampton Adams, Pastor of the Union Avenue Christian Church, St. Louis, and Rev. F. J. O'Hern, of St. Louis University. An opportunity for questions will be given at the close of the symposium.

The Conference on Religion and the annual lenten services are arranged under the auspices of the Advisory Committee on Religion and the Y.W.C.A.

Any suggestions or questions that develop in the minds of the students during the course of the conference will be welcomed by the committee, and can be given to Dr. L. B. Harmon, chairman of the Advisory Committee on Religion, or Janet Schaefer, president of the Y.W.C.A.

Lindenwood Family Catches Spirit—Serve Boys All Over World

Mr. Motley announced this week that the Lindenwood Family had bought over \$33,000.00 in War Bonds—more per capita than any college of its size in Missouri. The largest single sale was \$7,500.00.

"It is a fine thing for a college woman to own War Bonds at the expense of some cosmetics, dresses, cokes, etc.," said Mr. Motley as he told of some of the luxuries that girls had denied themselves.

There was a lot of human interest in the bond buying. One girl had her bond put in the name of her fiancé. The co-owners ranged from fathers to grandchildren and sweethearts.

Mr. Motley also announced that the Red Cross was coming to Lindenwood in March. Their goal is to get every girl on campus to join the organization.

Day Students Are Volley-Ball Champs

The Day Students won the volleyball championship Friday night by defeating Sibley Hall, 45 to 22.

The score at the half was 23 to 13 in favor of the Day Students. A large audience saw a great display of teamwork as the new champions piled score upon score. Sibley played a fine game, but they were on the defensive every minute and were unable to hold back the tide of the game.

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EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE
Carolyn Trimble

ADVERTISING MANAGER
JANE McLEAN

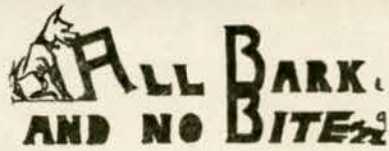
EDITORIAL STAFF

Shirley Friedman
Mary Ann Nesbitt

Patricia Walsh
Jane McLean

Becky Yoder

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1944



By Emmy Gumm

No visible signs of such, but spring is on the way which means dashing off on gay week end jaunts for some of us. So here are a few suggestions to take or leave at your will.

1. Use discretion when packing. Place essentials (*) in one bag and luxuries in another.

2. Grab a taxi at the last minute and dash for the station. Rush to the gate and argue with the little man there until you are finally convinced you are really at the wrong gate.

3. Shove through the mob to your own gate. Let some handsome male knock your hat off so that he can pick it up for you (**), and he might offer to carry your six magazines, three pound box of chocolates, knitting bag, golf clubs, and Shakespeare text book for you (***).

4. As you step on train spill contents of hat box (4*). This is even more effective than having one's hat knocked off.

5. Barge into the diner ahead of everyone else. Grab a seat with the best looking officer in the car (5*). Study menu carefully while the waiter stands by patiently, then change order at least twice (6*).

6. Run for your life.

P.S. A few miserable details have been skipped.

P.P.S. Moral of this tale . . . stay on campus and read a good book.

Footnotes:

(*) La Grip, "Dissertation On Travel Trials and Tribulations When On Trains", pp. 4. Essentials include tooth brush, make up, "his" picture, bobby pins, night clothes, etc. This bag is checked at the station and sent on ahead.

(**). Ibid., pp. 51. Thank him.

(***). Treat M. Kindly, "Manners For All Moods," Vol. 5, pp. 9. Shakespeare is a necessary evil on all trips. You have no intention of reading, but clutching him close eases your conscience and gives you prestige . . . so we are told.

(4*). Iyam Soc Lumsy, "Art Of Packing," pp. 51. Contents of hat box include four hats, stationery, loose-leaf note book (very loose), diary, saddle oxfords, two pair anklets, Hershey bar, deck of cards (also very loose) and other odds and ends.

(5*). Ibid., pp. 00. Don't look disappointed when he pulls out all the pictures of his beautiful fiancée whom he hadn't seen for fifteen months and whom he has loved since they were children and etc, etc. . . .

(6*). E. T. Right, from a lecture "Why Not?" Complain about the service, complain about the food, demand your check, argue over the amount, gaze at the scenery while you hesitantly sip three glasses of water.

Jo Lea Horton came back from an extended week end at home with a new pair of silver wings. Debbie Higbee received a beautiful green orchid Valentine's Day and hasn't decided yet who sent it! Flo Clair had quite a house party. She took Marge Irwin, Jinny Gilreath, Jacqueline Schwab, and Donna Lee Wehrle to her home in Rothville with her. Speaking of parties, Eileen Murphy received a dozen beautiful T-bone steaks from home and invited twelve lucky girls down to Irwin for dinner.

Joke:

What did the mayonnaise say to the ice box?

"Close the door, darling, I'm dressing."

'nuff said.

Love is like an onion

You taste it with delight
And when it's gone you wonder
Whatever made you bite.

—The High School Buzz

Cuthbert Enters Linden Bark's 1944 Romeo Contest

Cuthie dear:

I'm so proud of you—being in the army only a little more than a year and already being made a P. F. D.—Private for the Duration. I don't know how your C. O. has managed to get along without you all this time, but now he'll see what a brain he missed.

I got a letter from a friend of yours or something—a guy named Herkemer Jerk. I was so pleased I didn't know what to do, so I celebrated by having a date with the most wonderful fellow you ever saw—outside of you, Cuthie. He was a tall, blond Merchant Mariner—oh boy. But all the time I was dancing with him, I kept thinking how much I wished you were here.

Valentine's Day has passed and the place was just simply littered with roses. Of course, I wouldn't have traded all the roses on campus for that sweet bouquet of Australian sagebrush or whatever it was that you sent me. I loved it, really I did. I wore it in my hair, and what do you think happened—all the curl came out.

Honey, I'm going to enter your picture in the Romeo Contest that is now open here at school.

You may not win the most marriageable or the most athletic or even the Romeo itself, but you give a darn good race for Pin-Up boy of 1944. I'm rooting for you.

If you do win, I'll get you a date on your next leave with the Pop queen—or at least I'll get you an introduction. You'd better not date her. I'd never see you again.

Hey, by the way, what do you mean, "Who is that cutie who's been having her picture in the last few issues?" That, stupe, is Gracie Gremlin—an imaginary character. And I didn't like that crack about "Why don't you have your picture made by the same photographer. He does things for people."

Lots of girls have gotten into honorary sororities. Of course, as yet I haven't. But the only reason is because they don't want a brain of my calibre to outshine the rest of the members.

Have to get along now. We live by bells here, and one is calling me away from you, dear Cuthie. Until the next time, I am your little cherry seed

Always,
Gertie.

The World Outside

Many girls here at Lindenwood seem to avoid discussing articles of current interest. The discussions for the most part are frivolous and fligthy, shallow and uneducated. Occasionally, it would serve to help enlarge your field of knowledge if you went over a paper carefully and discussed it with a group. Dig down deep, grope for the facts, present arguments—debate them. Don't reserve your education for your classes; carry a bit of it to your dormitories.

Many of the girls will be voting this year; all of them will be voting in 1948. To be good voters you must be intelligent voters. To be intelligent you must know what is going on in this world of ours.

Don't avoid the facts. Spend some of those extra minutes with timely events. It will help later on as well as at the present time. Let everyone know that a Lindenwood girl is a well-educated woman.

Our Third War Easter

As we approach our third war Easter we should take some time out from our activities to meditate upon the significance of Easter—what it really means to us and how conscious we are of it. Now, more than ever, we need religion. Our boys over there have an unsurpassed faith in God, for that is one of the things for which they are fighting—freedom of religion. They are fighting a battle for peace, just as Christ fought for Christianity; they are giving up their lives for something they believe in, just as Christ gave up His life for the thing that He believed in.

Easter this year does mean more than just a new dress and hat, it means faith in our country and in God, and hope for those on the battlefield.

Washington And The Cherry Tree

Washington's Birthday—a day we greeted, in high school, with out-flung arms because it was a holiday; a day we greet, in college, with reverence and thought and affection for the father of our country.

But no matter what, on this day we still connect Washington and the cherry tree. Whether this tale is true or not is irrelevant. Its moral still holds good. Did you ever stop to wonder how many people would have told the truth about that tree? Some might have said the wind blew it down; others—that a beaver had chewed it; and still others—that they didn't know their own strength and leaned on it. There are very few who would have said simply, "I chopped it down with my little hatchet."

What would have been the consequences had someone told a fib? Well, Father would have believed their story or he wouldn't have. That's evident. And if he had believed it, what then? Most likely, the culprit would have felt like a typical heel for lying and getting away with it because of the faith his father had put in him; or if he hadn't believed it, the path to the woodshed would be trodden by two pair of feet—one fast, masterful, and intent; the other—slow, dawdling, and not very anxious to reach the destination.

Let's apply the principle of truth to Lindenwood. For instance, a girl cuts class. Her reason—she slept through it. The real reason—she hadn't prepared her lesson. Now, there are few girls here who would give the real reason. It would be silly—it wouldn't get them anywhere. The teacher would look at them with scorn and put down a nice, big, F—in her grade book. But if the girl said she slept through class, what would the instructor do then? Why, he would smile sweetly, saying, "That's all right. Don't worry about it." And he would wonder if the dear child were ill or just so plain tucked out from studying that she needed the sleep. And what to write home to your parents about those grades you made. Oh dear!

Try putting Washington in your place—what would he have done? That's right, he would have, and he'd have been beyond all possible aid if he hadn't.

Leap Year

1944! It has finally come—the year millions of girls have been waiting for has arrived. Leap year is here again.

Every four years tradition sees to it that women may take the initiative in the art of hunting and wooing the opposite sex. Leap year gives a girl twelve whole months to conquer her favorite man. This is the time to prove to him you are the dream girl he has worshipped for so long. One month is already gone.

The best of luck to all of you—and happy hunting!

Something Has Been Added

Have you noticed anything new? Well, just look this issue of the Linden Bark over carefully before you do anything else. The Bark staff has done its spring housecleaning and has installed some new furniture. Yes, you guessed it—our "Furniture" consists of the new form of five columns. This is the first issue of the Bark using the new form, which enables us to print more news and at the same time conserve paper for the war effort by doing away with the wide margins. Out with the old and in with the new . . . from now on you will have a bigger and better Linden Bark, which means five columns of school news instead of four.



Gracie Gremlin is watching all Romeos this week. Wouldn't you be proud to have Him acclaimed Romeo of Lindenwood College? So take him from his pedestal on your desk or dresser and submit him to the Romeo contest.

Home Economics Class Starts Serving Lunches

The Quantity Cookery Class served the first luncheon of the semester to 16 students and faculty members Monday, February 14. These luncheons are served on Mondays and Wednesdays.

This course is one of the requirements of the American Dietetics Association for students desiring to qualify for dietetics internships upon graduation from college.

Persons wishing to have lunch must make reservations in advance in the Home Economics Office.

"I draw the line at kissing,"

Said she with fiery intent.
But he was a football player
And over the line he went.

—The Holtonian

There are meters for voice,
And meters for tone,
But the best way to meter,
Is to meet'er alone.

There are letters that chatter,
And letters that moan,
But the best way to letter,
Is to let'er alone.

—The Dodger.

THE CLUB CORNER

The Commercial Club sponsored the lecture of Mary A. Dilley of Katherine Gibbs schools. All the students were invited Tuesday, February 15 in the Library Club Rooms at 5 o'clock.

The Commercial Club gave a tea Wednesday, February 16 in the Library Club Room from 4 to 6 p. m.

The meeting of Pi Gamma Mu was held Monday, February 14 at 5 o'clock in the Library Club Room. Dr. Homer Clevenger gave an interesting talk of economic problems of the post-war world.

New members are Lynn Jackson, Pat Youmans Wagner, Eloise Rowland, Janet Schaefer and Marjorie Allen.

El Circulo Espanol met in the Library Club Room, Thursday, February 10. There was a panel discussion on South American problems. Those participating were Jane McLean, Marie Szilagyi and Maridee Hill.

The Triangle Club held its first 1944 meeting, February 8, in the Library Club Room. After a short business meeting eight new members were initiated. They are: Jane McLean, Virginia Moehlenkamp, Emma Lou Harris, Marion Erlandson, Carolyn Hempelman, Jean Paulson, Jane Swalley and Hildegarde Stanze. Jane Swalley spoke on her experiences of working at the TNT plant. The club sponsored a March of Dimes drive for Infantile Paralysis. Over \$48.00 was collected. Ayres Hall contributed more than any other dorm. Girls who helped in the campaign were Joann Settle, Shirley Riedel, Betty Syler, Florence Goodin and Jane Dowdy.

Pi Alpha Delta met Tuesday, February 15, in the Library Club Room. Five active members were initiated: Mary Reeves, Josephine Scott, Jean Baim, Phyllis Maxwell and Marguerite Little. Two associate members are Hildegarde Stanze and Wilmoth Schaefer. Refreshments were served. There was a program of Medieval University songs and hymns in Latin.

To market, to market
To buy a beef roast.
Home again, home again,
Lettuce on toast.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A DAY AT THE SAINT
LOUIS ORDONANCE PLANT

By Melba Lee Gray

Buzz-z-z-z. There goes that alarm clock. It's six o'clock and time to get up to get ready for work. "O-o-o", your inner self keeps saying, "If I could just roll over and go back to sleep." In spite of the great temptation you dress hurriedly, snatch a bite of breakfast, and start on your way.

"No matches or lighters, please," the guards shout. "Madam, may I see your purse?" a guard asks pleasantly. You fumble around and after much trouble present him with your purse which he looks through to make sure you have no weapons with which to perform sabotage. This is, after all, the United States Cartridge Plant; therefore, precautions cannot be too numerous.

In a jiffy you find yourself standing in line. This time the line is for the purpose of ringing in. Occasionally you see a familiar face so you give some greeting. Oh, here comes your boss.

"Good morning, Jeff," you say gayly. Everyone is called by his first name here, even the big bosses.

The hours slip by rapidly. It is already time for first rest period, which means ten free minutes and a chance for coffee and doughnuts. Now that you feel refreshed you settle down to your work, which may be any one of a hundred things at this plant.

Why is that line forming at the canteen door, you wonder. A glance at a watch tells you it is noon. The clatter and chatter of the canteen resembles a flowing stream because it seems never ending. With the lunch half-hour gone you return to the business of work.

The afternoon passes slowly. There is an afternoon rest period which everyone likes, but best of all the workers like the four o'clock checking out time. You gaze up and down at the long line by the time clock, seeing faces that show weariness and physical strain.

The guards have just finished that final purse inspection. That little inner man keeps saying, "Free! Free! You are free for sixteen hours."

Buzz-z-z. There goes that alarm clock again. It is time to get up to go to work. You don't care, though, because you like your work and the people.

THE LONG DISTANCE CALL

By Jean Milroy

"Deposit one dollar and ten cents for three minutes please," said the operator.

I was calling home at last. The next voice I heard was that of my mother.

"Hello."

In that hello was an expression of greeting mixed in with a questioning tone. I suppose she was rather surprised as well as a little worried about getting a telephone call from St. Charles, Missouri.

"May I go home with Betty during Christmas vacation?" I finally managed to say.

"Talk louder; I can't hear you." Practically screaming, or so it seemed to me, I repeated my question.

"May I go home with Betty during Christmas vacation?"

"Not for the whole vacation surely?" came from the other end of the wire.

"Oh, no!" I hastily answered. It had never dawned on me that she would think I wanted to stay the whole vacation.

"Just a minute while I ask Dad."

Then came those few seconds of waiting for the verdict. All kinds of thoughts ran through my mind. "Maybe they won't let me go. It would be so much fun to visit in Chicago. Wonder what they're saying? I wish she'd hurry up and answer. I wonder how

much time I have left."

"Yes, you can go," finally broke the suspense. Followed by,

"Just a minute Grandma wants to say a word."

I had put in my call during the dinner hour on Sunday. The whole family was there—Mom, Dad, my sister, Grandma, Grandpa, and a visiting aunt from California. In rapid succession they all spoke a few words into the telephone.

"Saw Rai last night; he looked swell," from my sister. Rai is my boyfriend in the Navy, and knowing he was home and I was here made me feel pretty blue.

"Got twenty-three pheasants yesterday," came from Dad.

I replied with a "You ought to send me one."

"Yes, I got quite a few," was the answer so my hint must have missed its mark.

Grandpa sent a "smacker" over the 300 miles of telephone wires; my aunt said that I sounded the same and Grandma added a little advice.

A wave of homesickness swept over me as I stood in the phone booth in Nicolls Hall talking with my folks at home. It was all I could do to attempt to answer everybody. A mixed longing for the three minutes to end and wishing for an extension of time battled in my mind.

"Good-bye now, Jean," stopped all thoughts running through my mind.

"Good-bye," I poured into the mouthpiece in my quavering voice. I hung up the receiver and walked out of the booth with tears rolling down my face.

A COLLEGE DAY

By Joyce Jones

There are two courses to follow in dormitory life: the collegiate course or the conservative course. First let us consider the weighty problem. One should never be too strongly influenced by the crowd, but it is generally accepted that the collegiate, or untidy method, works out for the best in a dorm. This being settled, allow me to relate the happenings of a college day.

I get up at seven o'clock because I don't think I'm any better than anyone else; neither does my eight o'clock Theory teacher. My well rounded education which I am seeking is already beginning to curve. I have thus far learned to make a bed in record time, jump into my clothes like a fireman, and keep both eyes open at the breakfast table. All the way to breakfast I help the other girls complain about the food we will be served. It's really very good, but then a good college student never admits this, and I want to be a good college student, of course.

After breakfast my worries begin. How can I get out of reciting in class today? I accept the fact that I can't cough every time my Civ. teacher looks at me. I used that excuse yesterday. I finally decide to pray today and faithfully do my outside work "henceforth and forevermore." After an answered prayer, I turn towards my next class and sit through an agonizing hour, wondering if my roommate's laundry has returned with its usual fresh, clean smell of fruit and cookies.

After lunch there is the mad rush to the post office. The box is empty! Oh well, I won't have to answer any letters, I think consolingly. In the next class my well rounded education is flattened as I try desperately to post with the horse. All is in vain, and I decide that it is much easier to walk. Then comes, my downfall. I find that all my concentrated hours of practice on the bed with my scale book before me have been futile. "A piano is necessary," I am informed at my lesson. Oh well, "That's life" as they say in Brazil. Then comes the previously planned afternoon study hours of peace which are

hastily disregarded for a trip to Schappe's.

After dinner a quiet settles over the campus, except on the second floor of Nicolls, where life goes on as usual. School work, which must never interfere with our nightly letter writing, is started about ten o'clock, and we study far into the evening. After the ritual of preparing for bed, that is, exclaiming "I give up!" over the weekly English theme and turning out the light, we retire.

So ends a college day and begins a new one, in which I will no doubt, because of lack of sleep, begin my letters thus: "Am having a wonderful time. Wish you were here—instead of me."

THE RED HAT

By Helen Schroeder

The sun hadn't been down long; a few lights were beginning to pierce the nazy mist that hung over the city. I was lying on the bed in my hotel room, watching the city of Omaha take on its night cloak. Only half conscious that now after the slight let-up of a day's activity, Omaha was coming to life again. I was gazing lazily from my window, watching a gathering crowd eddy its way into a theater just across the street from the hotel.

What really woke me from my daze was a very startling red hat, worn by someone who was going against the movement of the crowd just outside the theater. Not until the wearer of the rather audacious hat had reached the outside walk, did I know for sure that she was a very young woman, and from her actions, an important one at the time. It was all too evident that the wearer of the red hat was expecting someone, and was getting nervous at his late arrival.

At first she merely walked up and down the sidewalk in front of the theater, clicking the heels of her red shoes that matched the hat. As time wore on, and she had glanced nervously at her watch, she began to walk faster and look about for some sort of help that she must have known wasn't there. Once I thought she contemplated calling a cab for she walked to the curb, but just as she raised her hand to do so she seemed to catch herself, and instead she walked back towards the theater.

The spring and spirit of her body, that had been so evident a short time before, now had disappeared. She walked dejectedly to the side wall of the theater, leaning her now limp body against it. The red hat was still just as startling as before but the vivacious being that had worn it seemed gone.

Although it might have seemed like hours to her, it was only within a short time that a tall young man, dressed in evening clothes, stepped from a taxicab that had driven in front of the theater. It didn't take him long to find the red hat and recognize the face beneath it. In a nonchalant manner he approached the girl, made a few motions with his hands as he spoke briefly to her, and returned to the waiting cab. The girl in the red hat turned the opposite direction the cab had gone, and as she soon was out of the reach of the theater lights, I lost sight of the red hat forever.

WHENAS IN RAYON
SUSIE GOES

By Virginia Moehlenkamp

Whenas in rayon Susie goes
Then I, too, know—as each girl knows

There's naught so nice as nylon hose.

Once when I cast mine eyes and see

The several wrinkles at her knee
The sight, it sore distresseth me!

PARODY WITH
APOLOGIES TO HERRICK

By Carol Chamberlain

Keep your boy-friend while ye may,
And let his kisses smother,
For if you let him get away
You might not catch another.

That serious detriment, the draft,
Is fast the field depleting,
So trim your rigging fore and aft;
Prepare for rough competing.

The situation is explained
With terms like man-power shortage.

Oh, many a lovely lass has
deigned
To consider post-war courtage.

Then be not coy—that's out of date

To lure Tom, Dick, or Harry;
But get him now, at any rate,
Or you may never marry.

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE
CHARACTER I'VE MET

By Margaret Marshall

"We want to buy a rowboat,"
Dad shouted for the third time in to the ear of the dockmaster.

"Oh, yes. Excuse me. I'm a mite deaf," was the reply. I've got just the thing for you folks. Say, you're from Illinois aren't you?"

We admitted that it was true. "So'm I. Just a little town though; don't suppose you ever heard of it. Name's Fairfield."

"Fairfield!" we echoed. "That's where we live!"

At this statement a look of surprise and pleasure came over the old man's face. In a far away voice he said slowly, "It's been fifty years since I've seen anyone from home." He was silent a moment, then continued:

"My name is Andy Hall. I was born there in Fairfield. Lived there till I was twenty. I can remember Squire Bonham—used to live in a big house on a corner. And Pete Bradbury; and Laura Porter—she was my school teacher; and Judge Elliott. But I guess you wouldn't remember them," he finished shaking his head.

"I do," spoke my grandmother. "I remember them all. Squire Bonham still lives in the same house—it's right across the street from us. Pete has his garage where the old livery stable used to be. Laura's passed away. And Mr. Elliott was my husband. Seems as though I remember your name, too, Andy."

The old man shook his head, remembering his lost youth. "Well, well." He was silent another moment, then—

"I'm going to tell you something I've never told any living person—something I've been trying to forget for many years. Mrs. Elliott, do you remember when Clem Slocumb was killed? . . . A pal of mine and I had been drinking pretty heavy that night and we were feeling pretty mean. Well, 'twas around midnight, and we were walking home when we saw Clem coming toward us. Neither one of us liked him very well, so we struck up an argument with him, and pretty soon it became a regular fight. I had a knife with me, and I got so excited, I jerked it from my pocket and stabbed Clem about a dozen times. He slumped to the ground, his face and body a bloody pulp. As I gazed at the crumpled heap on the ground, something seemed to snap in my brain. My friend and I looked soberly at each other. We knew we would have to get out of town immediately. Neither of us had a horse but I had a bicycle and Joe managed to steal one from John Wilson. That same night we left Fairfield and neither of us has ever been back."

"We worked our way south until we reached Texas. Joe got married to a little girl down there

in a couple of years, so I hit the road again. I served as a 'jack of all trades' until I settled down here about fifteen years ago. It's not bad; I get to live in the shack over there and I get enough to live off of. I've saved enough to pay for my burial and I know that time won't be far away. That's why I'm telling you all this. If you ever see any of my kinfolks back in Illinois, ask them, if you will, if they remember Andy Hall."

"Well, it was a boat you came after, wasn't it? Come over this way; I'll show you just what you need."

ON THE COUNTLESS
TIMES I'VE BEEN BROKE

(A parody on William Browne's "The Countess Dowager of Pembroke.")

By Marthann Young

Underneath this flattened purse
Lies, of all my sins, the worse.
Your daughter's charged—forgive me, Mother;
Oh, false wealth has slain another.
But shortlived will be my glee,
For they will send the bill to thee!

BLOW, LOVELY NOSE

By Marthann Young

Blow, lovely nose—
To you that waste my time for me,
So like a rose—
When I resemble it to thee,
How pink and puffed you seem to be!

O nose that sniffs,
I shun to have your presence seen,
When only whiffs
Of unknown pleasures are a dream,
That can't be smelled but only seen.

Small is your claim
To beauty when distended so,
It's you I blame
When my sad face is all aglow,
With futile energy I blow.

I hope that you
The common fate of all mankind
May now subdue,
And let me have some peace of mind.
How can you be so unrefined?

TROOP TRAIN

By Betty Jo McIlvaine

My heart fluttered as I saw the line of soldiers. Were they all going to board this train? I had purposely placed my hat, coat and gloves on the seat next to me. Now I would be forced to share it with a soldier. I sank farther into the corner. A big brute, at least six feet tall and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, entered. His wrinkled uniform bagged in the knees, yet his coat seemed three sizes too small. A "fag" hung limply out of the corner of his mouth, stray pieces of hair straggled out from under his hat, and his face resembled a broom. I was petrified. He glanced from one empty seat to another. Then he plunged toward my adjoining chair. Just as he reached his destination, the train gave a terrible lurch. He sprawled in an empty seat across the aisle. Since everyone was watching him, he decided to stay there.

One such incident was enough for me. I prepared to move to a chair beside a lady—just any lady. I looked around. Horrors, there weren't but two other women in this coach and they were sitting together. I resigned myself to my fate.

Perhaps I could outwit the soldiers by pretending to save the seat for a friend. But that farce couldn't last forever. At last I had a brain storm. I would merely ignore everyone and anyone who contemplated taking that seat. If he asked me to remove my coat, I would—but not until

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

he had gathered enough initiative to ask me.

The car became filled with mining soldiers. My sense of fair play and patriotic spirit were aroused. But how could I maneuver it so that a tall, handsome soldier would sit next to me?

An R.A.F. pilot walked by. He didn't bother to glance down. If he had noticed the empty seat, I would have been only too happy to remove my things. Perhaps he would walk back again. Meanwhile several Air Corps cadets entered the coach. I eyed them suspiciously. Were they sweet, rugged, or wolfish? I couldn't tell at first glance. They were certainly neater than the first soldier who approached me. One of them, a sandy-haired youth with sparkling white teeth, glanced my direction. He smiled as I hurriedly looked out the window. I fervently wished he could read my mind.

While all these things were whizzing through my brain, a short thin emaciated fellow in an ill-fitting private's uniform stopped near me. His doleful eyes sought mine.

"Miss, could I trouble you to remove your coat?"

He held his cap in his trembling hand while he fearfully awaited my reply.

"Of course, please do," I lied in a cheerful voice. Fate had taken care of my destiny.

"AND LINDENWOOD BELONGS TO YOU"

By Betty Jean Loerke

"Grandma, tell me about when you were a girl and went to Lindenwood." My great granddaughter plopped down on the floor near my chair and stretched out a pair of gangling brown legs. Somehow she never tires of hearing me relate my old girlhood adventures, and now that she too is looking forward to Lindenwood, she likes to picture what college life was like back in the 1940's. So for the 'nteenth time I began:

"Well, once upon a time, back in the time of the second World War I was a student at Lindenwood, just as you will be five years from now. Of course life was very different then. We had to make the trip all the way to Lindenwood in an automobile, and, since in those days we had no synthetic gasoline, we had to save our gas coupons for a long time in order to make the trip. I remember that I was wearing a tailored blue plaid suit when I arrived, and my, how I loved that suit! It was made of good old-fashioned wool. We had none of these spun glass creations that you youngsters delight in today. It's a wonder to me how you keep from catching your death of cold, the way you run around in the middle of winter in transparent coats. But, to get back to Lindenwood, I had the nicest room on the ground floor of Nicolls Hall. It was furnished with maple furniture and we had matching drapes and bedspreads made of a cotton material, which would seem dreadfully old-fashioned if you could see them now. But to us they were the very latest thing.

It seemed as if we girls were always hungry, even though we stuffed ourselves at meal time in a most unlady-like manner. Our parents and relatives would send us boxes of cookies (they were round pieces of sweet dough, baked in an oven) and candy that really was candy, nothing like those sweet tablets you eat today and call "candy." In fact all of our food then was different from today. Oh, we'd heard about powdered milk and eggs, but I was twenty-one before I ever ate any. We hadn't even dreamed of Synthenizolide. We always cooked our food on stoves and sometimes it would take two hours to

prepare a meal! We'd have gasped in astonishment if someone had said, "In sixty years you'll be cooking a whole meal in a Synthenizolide cabinet, all in about ten to fifteen minutes." And when I was a girl we had to wash all our dishes by hand. You have it so easy today. You just put the dishes in the Dishwasher, turn a switch, and it does the whole job of washing and drying.

I remember we used to have feasts in our room at college after "lights-out." We'd pull down the shades so the night watchman couldn't see our light. You see, light from the inside went right through our window glass then, and you could see in a window as well as out. There wasn't as much privacy then as there is today when one can look out but not in.

Your great grandpa was a soldier in the war then and I used to write to him every night. Sometimes, although it seems unbelievable, it took as long two or three months for him to get my letters, even when he was as near as India. Of course you've read all about the great World War in your history books and you know that it didn't end until 1947. Well, in 1945 your grandpa was home on leave and he came to see me at college. My, but he looked handsome in his uniform. I was a Junior then, and I got special permission to have dates on week nights. I remember we sat out in the old green swing in front of Ayres and he told me all about the triumphal march of the United Nations into Berlin. You see, he was there in Germany when Hitler surrendered his entire Nazi Army, what was left of it, and then committed suicide. It certainly was thrilling to hear him tell about it.

When I think back on it, though, our college life would seem very soft to you. We had compulsory physical and military training for boys during war time, but we had not yet come to require it for both boys and girls during peace time. In those days when a war came we found ourselves unprepared. Of course, it's been almost sixty years now since the last war and we're still at peace, due to Old Father Roosevelt's wise post war planning. Who'd ever have thought he'd last for six more terms after his third!

In my day girls were taught to play basketball and tennis and to ride horseback. Sometime, when you go to the Zoo, take a look at a horse and imagine what it must have been like to ride one. We never dreamed that our great granddaughters would be flying their own planes, and experimenting with individual wings and motors strapped to their backs.

Here my great grand-daughter interrupted me: "But, Grandma, how did you ever manage to live back in those days?" I only smiled and remembered another little girl more than sixty years ago who asked her great grandmother that same question.

A Review of Arnold Bennett's

THE OLD WIVES TALE

By Marion Goellner

Have you ever witnessed a young girl's becoming old? Probably not, for there are so many people in the world who every day are undergoing the slow but steady change that we have neither the opportunity nor the desire to watch it. It is part of us, of our existence here on earth; therefore, we accept it as a fact. We are born, live our life span, and then die. All of this is accomplished in about 65 years and attracts no great attention from the modern age. We come into the world quietly, with a slight squall, are announced in the local newspaper, we then die

as quietly and as unobtrusively as we entered, with a brief mortuary astride our head. Here is life from its beginning to its end. What are these important changes taking place within us that determine when we are old and when we are young, and perhaps even more important, what bring about these changes? This is the theme of Arnold Bennett's book and is stated quite effectively in the first chapter. He says "... Every stout ageing woman is not grotesque—far from it—but there is an extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout ageing woman was once a young girl with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. And the fact that she change from the young girl to the stout ageing woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifying the pathos."

The plot is a simple one concentrated around the lives of the two main characters, Constance and Sophia Baine. Born in a small middle English town, the two girls are reared as beings of the culture of the age. Their life is not eventful, nor is it entirely monotonous. They have an occasional wedding, a visit from a relative, a bit of scandal now and then, or perhaps a death. Constance, the elder of the two, marries a Mr. Povey, a young business man, and settles down to live peacefully and "forever" in the town of her childhood. Sophia, however, causes the family disgrace by eloping with the ever wonderful Gerald Scales. The life each one leads in the world she has chosen, the trials, hardships, disappointments, sorrows, joys, hopes they face, and their final meeting many years later, is the whole substance of the story. Bennett has taken an insignificant truth in life and has converted it into a powerful and gripping novel. Growing entirely out of the developing theme and character, the story could easily have been a fantasy, but Bennett makes it very logical and realistic. We feel that every incident is fool-proof, that it could easily happen to you or to me and that it is happening to millions everyday. Although the action is rarely keyed up to a high point, it certainly does not move slowly and things happen fast so that the story never becomes boring. The arousing of suspense is not an important factor in the plot. The story is perfect without it and, therefore, it isn't essential or necessary. Bennett does foreshadow certain events, but it is done in a calm, subtle way as if to say to us—"Didn't you know that's the way it was going to happen?" For instance, when Sophia meets Gerald, she never admits being in love with him or contemplating a run-away marriage. She merely says, "He is my hero, come to me from another world. He is my miracle." Thus when we learn that the impetuous girl has actually defied all family standards and tradition and eloped with the young man, we are not deeply surprised, for it is so very true of Sophia's character. We really expected her to do such a thing.

The characterization in the novel symbolizes Bennett's art at its perfection! Sophia and Constance Baine are not just people in a book; they actually live and breathe before our very eyes. He has mastered the device of realism without the use of vulgarity. He paints people as they really are, looking at them impartially. We see Constance Baine, aristocratic, good-natured, benevolent, with an angelic sweetness, and little sense of humor. There are many people like her today, people who marry, settle down in a small town to a rather uneventful life, who combine a career as home-maker and as a helper in their husband's business. Such was Constance! As a wife, she became self-

possessed, a social success, well liked and respected. She was never striking, outstanding or beautiful, perhaps she never wanted to be. She was content with the little things life had given her and she asked for no more. In this and many other respects, she was in sharp contrast to her sister, Sophia. Although both are the heroines and both are treated through the eyes of an impartial observer, yet to me, Sophia stands out as Arnold's creative genius at its best. In her youth she was haughty, bored, possessor of an undefinable spirit, and entirely aware of her own little power which she turned off and on quite easily with only a slight toss of her pretty little head. She is presented as she really is, good and bad, and we are allowed to take our own views. I felt myself loving and admiring her despite the fact that Bennett tells us she was touchy, a flirt, a little selfish, that she required diplomacy and did not render it. As she progressed in life, her character developed, but at heart she remained the same—a proud, undefeated, beautiful, young spirit. All her four years of unhappy marriage, her sickness, were not enough to daunt that spirit in any way. It hardened her mouth, to be sure, and "... her eyes became the eyes of one who has lost her illusions too violently." It was said of her that experience had taught her that awful truth in life, "She knew what people were!" Life treated her badly, stripped her of her youth, her love, her family, all that was dear to her, yet she remained resourceful, independent, and strong. She realized that it was through her own folly that her life had turned out the way it had. She had chosen her own path and would not go back. It was this fierce pride that governed poor Sophia's existence and eventually brought about her unhappy end. Yet, we cannot help admiring the woman, and I think this is what Bennett would have us do. Sophia was harsh when Constance was kind, she was independent when Constance was submissive, and she was strong when Constance was weak. Without Sophia's recklessness and pride, without Constance's sweet serenity, the story would not have been effective for the one governs the other.

Mr. Povey may be referred to as Bennett's perfect "type character." He represents the young, too capable little business man of a small town. Very correct in his manner, he bathed himself in sympathy and yet desired to appear a man of oak and iron. He is one of those creatures who are successful financially, lead good lives, make good husbands, rear "nice" children, and remain very dull.

Mrs. Baines is perhaps the least clearly defined of all Bennett's characters. I never felt as if I knew or understood her completely. Bennett might have inserted her to typify the middle-aged housewife and mother of that period. She took pride in her domestic accomplishments, maintained a curious but polite attitude toward her daughters, and exercised a good amount of self-pity toward herself, asserting that her family gave her a great deal of trouble and what did she ever do to deserve it all.

In general we might sum up Bennett's method of characterization in several points. He depicts them as they actually are, making them faithfully life-like. His characters are not static, but change and grow with the story. The use of antithesis is quite apparent not only in the character of Constance and Sophia, but also in those of Gerald Scales and Mr. Samuel Povey. Bennett most effectively portrays his characters by the little personal comments he makes from time to time. In so doing he takes even bigger advantage of his reading audience by unconsciously instilling in

them greater emotions of love, pity, and contempt for the lives of those he narrates. Simple and direct, he doesn't use lengthy discourse to describe the physical characteristics of the person, but merely characterizes them with a single phrase or sentence which is far more convincing and powerful. Examples of this are his treatment of Gerald Scales who, he says, "... was the only man in Five Towns who spoke of dogs as having sex" and thus snocked society, and again in the person of Miss Insure who is spoken of as "existing big nabit." This conveys to the reader far more than long and tiresome descriptions could ever hope to.

Although the story of Constance and Sophia Baine could have taken place in any number of locations, it is the setting that makes the novel so vivid and real. The story could not have been about a large city when life moved freely, it just had to be about a place called Five Towns. To those of us who have lived at one time or another in a "small town" no more need be said. We know what it is, but for those more fortunate few who have graced their lives in a modern city with bright lights and wide streets, Bennett's narrative will open up a new channel of experience. Geographically Five Towns is located on the River Trent in England. That is all we need know really, that, and the fact that it contained five public houses, a bank, a barber's, a confectionery, three grocers, two chemists, and five drapers. Bennett goes much further than that, however. He looks into the hearts of the town itself and into the lives of the people who resided there. Five Towns is more than just a geographical point on a map; it is "an architecture of ovens and chimneys, atmosphere bleak as mud—where houses are crammed together in slippery streets, where housewives must change white window curtains at least once a fortnight if she wishes to remain respectable." We feel as if Bennett perhaps actually knew such a place as he could not have depicted it so clearly. Presented in a slightly ironical way, he pokes fun at the primness of the age in a very humorous and amusing style. He says, "It was an era so dark and backward that one might wonder how people could sleep in their bed at night for thinking about their sad state." Then again, "Happily the inhabitants in that era were passably pleased with themselves and never quite suspected that they were not modern and quite awake. They did not foresee the miraculous generation which is us. A poor, blind, complacent people!"

The use of symbolism is very effective in a number of instances. In the first chapter he speaks of the town as "modest, unnoticed rivers, natural simple country..." In the character of Gerald Scales, much symbolism is used. He represented a world little known to Five Towns. He belonged to France, to her gay frivolity, her painted women and distinguished gentlemen, her bottles of wine on little white-covered tables, her loud and boisterous crowds of drunken men. To Sophia, her life in Five Towns symbolizes that from which she wanted to escape, long, monotonous days, the same people, the same houses, no excitement, no great passion. Gerald, her husband, stood for reckless adventure on life's road, a gay fling with little thought for tomorrow, music and laughter, the rustle of taffeta skirts, the light in a young girl's eyes.

Bennett's style is simple and restrained. He is not a sentimentalist but depicts facts. The story doesn't shape toward his own devising but things are merely allowed to take their own course. His superb realism and

(Continued on page 6)

Life Isn't Bad In the Health Center---With Company

Poor Nurse! The girls in the Health Center are either sick enough to need a lot of attention or well enough to want to get out. And when they can't get out, they naturally turn to some diversion which usually leads to mischief. Either way it means a lot of work for Nurse.

Her day begins at 7 a. m., when she bustles in the room in her starched, white uniform. The suddenness of the bright light knocks the patient out of that precious sleep everyone craves so much. The first thing Nurse says is, "How do you feel this morning?" Then she sticks a thermometer in your mouth and is off again.

Breakfast arrives before your eyes are well opened. After the tray has been taken away, you settle down for the rest of the sleep you didn't get, when the doctor comes in to see how the patient is progressing. Now for that sleep. But no, your thoughtful roommate has brought your mail—which is always welcome—or at least your hometown daily.

By this time you are disgustingly wide awake, so you turn on the radio in hopes of hearing some good music. But no, Ma Adams is giving the world her delicious new recipe for Super-Deluxe Goolash. . . . "It saves your meat portions for that dinner party next week-end, yet contains the necessary food value of a big, juicy T-Bone steak and is quite tasty." The mention of a T-Bone steak in this meatless age is enough to make anyone's stomach play tricks. Enough of that.

After lunch you can get that nap unless you are convalescing in the ward. Then a hot bridge game or gab session takes up most of the afternoon. The radio is almost nil from 4 to 6, unless you are a faithful follower of "Portia Faces Life" or "When a Girl Marries."

After dinner, letter writing and the radio occupy the evening until lights out. A glass of fruit juice and a "good night" from Nurse means windows raised and eyes closed.

The Time Has Come The Bark Staff Says To Talk Of—Men

On February 29 the pictures of your favorite men will go to Hollywood where a Universal star will choose the 1944 Romeo. The Bark staff has narrowed the list of stars, and the probabilities are: Barbara Stanwyck, Maria Montez, Deanna Durbin and Diana Barrymore. One of those flicker queens will select Romeo and the winners of the "type" classes. The winning men will each receive an autographed picture of the star.

Edmund Hartmann, Universal writer and producer, who is a personal friend of Charles Clayton, journalism instructor, wrote the staff to tell Lindenwood a Universal star would be glad to choose Romeo. If you want your man to be looked over by an actress, bring his picture to Room 18, Linden Bark office.

With each picture submit a paragraph about where you met him, what he looks like, what branch of the service he's in, and any other interesting data. You may designate the class you wish him to be judged in: the most athletic, the most marriageable, the pinup boy of '44, the most intellectual and the Romeo. The Bark has extended the deadline for entries until February 29.

Don't forget February 29 is the day you let everyone know you think he's wonderful.

Pal: "How come?"

Rookie: "The Sarge reminds me of Moses."

Rookie: "Everytime he opens his mouth the bull rushes!"

—The Collegio.

Student Council Plans Are Held In Abeyance

Sally Dearmont, Student Council president, has announced there are no special activities scheduled yet for the second semester. Sally said there will be no dances for a while "since Jefferson College is being closed and the boys are being shipped out of Lambert Field." She added, however, that Lindenwood may entertain RAF boys who will be stationed at Lambert Field.

Sally said that "it will all take time, but the college will arrange for us to have some dances if it is at all possible."

Lindenwood Defeats Harris Teachers By Score of 21-18

In one of the most thrilling and exciting basketball games ever played in Butler gymnasium, Lindenwood defeated Harris Teachers College by the score of 21-18 last Wednesday night.

Moey Rutledge and Barnard who was from Harris each made 12 points. Moe scored at least one basket in every quarter and played an all-around good game. Helen Bartlett and Flo Claire also scored baskets.

Freshie Platt and Nancy Papin did a swell job of guarding. They intercepted many passes and both had a lot to do with Lindenwood's final victory.

Other members of the Lindenwood team include: Flo Barry, Lillian Prewitt, Gayle Armstrong, Helen Bartlett, Jane Murphy, Carol Hempelman, Lovie Langenbacher, Ruth Wayne, Jean Melroy and Patsy Powell.

On February 25, at 7:30, Lindenwood will play Merrville.

Butler Hall Host to Air Cadets At Dance

The Butler Hall and Day Students' dance was held Saturday, February 5 in the Butler Gymnasium. The Jefferson College Air Cadets were the guests of honor. The girls were very lovely in their gay formal swirling to the music of Johnny Kemp's orchestra.

Everyone had a wonderful time and the dance is still the main topic of conversation at Butler Hall.

A.A. Initiation Friday, Feb. 19

The new members of the Athletic Association that were initiated Friday, February 19 are Ada Welder, Mary Margaret Brinkman, Marilee Hill, Joanne Shroeder, Carolyn Harris, Elsie Lipscomb, Mary Ellen Bennett, Doris Jones, Kay Struppell, Marion Erlandson, Barbara Lomax, Montelle Moore, Ibbie Franke, and Elizabeth Storey.

Nine New Students Register For Second Semester

Lindenwood welcomes nine new students for the second semester. Four of them have registered for the first time on the campus and five have returned to college.

Students who have returned include: Betty Faulker, Gordon City, Mich., Mary Jean McDonald, Washington, Mo., Billie Allen, Oklahoma City, Okla., Polly Woolsey, Lakewood, Ohio and Jane Swalley, day student.

The new students are: Martha Patterson, Lebanon, Ind., Phyllis Lover, Des Moines, Iowa, Dorothy Moore, Lubbock, Texas and Betty Porter, River Forest, Ill.

Lenten Services Begin This Week at Lindenwood

Lenten services for 1944 will begin Friday, and will be held every Friday through Lent in Roemer auditorium. Dr. Lloyd B. Harmon, director of religious activities, has announced that the program each Friday will feature a sacred solo which is provided by the Music department, the reading of an appropriate scripture selection, a prayer and the benediction.

The purpose of the services is to lead in an experience of spiritual growth up to the climax and triumph of Easter, Dr. Harmon explained.

The soloists are listed below: February 25, "Cast Thy Burden On the Lord," Hamblen—Pauline Tilley, Katherine Pemberton, accompanist.

March 3, "In Thee, O God, Do I Put My Trust," Spieker—Emma Lee Morgan, Martha Ann England, accompanist.

March 10, "Christ Went Up Into the Hills," La Farge—Freda Marie Eberspacher, Colleen Johnson, accompanist.

March 17, "Easter Carol," Martin Shaw—Virginia Donovan, Martha Ann England, accompanist.

March 24, "At the Cry of the First Bird," Guen—Eloise Mulendore, Harriet Hudson, accompanist.

March 31, "Christ Is Risen," Rachmaninoff—Jo Ann Person, Dorothy Shaeffer, accompanist.

The College Conference on Religion and the annual Lenten services are arranged under the auspices of the Advisory Committee on Religion and the Young Women's Christian Association.

Many Vocations Are Now Open To Women Miss Dilley Reports

Today's career girl must choose between the satisfaction of serving in war industry or the security of a job with an assured future according to Miss Mary Ann Dilley, a representative of the Katherine Gibbs Schools. Miss Dilley is touring the mid-West, and visited Lindenwood last Tuesday.

"Men are admitting in hushed tones and in wide-eyed amazement that women are capable workers in fields heretofore labeled 'For Men Only,'" Miss Dilley told members of the Commercial Club. She encouraged girls to deserve such praise by specializing in some field in order that they be more efficient workers.

Post-war job hunting will not be as easy as today's employment seeking. Miss Dilley quoted statistics from the files of placement bureaus as an example of the great demand for workers. The enrollment of the Katherine Gibbs Schools is 1500; last year there were 5500 calls for their graduates. "In the post-war business world the trained girl will get the job and hold her own in this man's world," Miss Dilley prophesied. "Work to attain the seven qualities that make a good career woman—intelligence, technical excellence, personality, background, good taste in dress, a good speaking voice, and good health," was Miss Dilley's final advice.

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

Teacher: Well, the part that was original was no good and the part that was good was not original. —The Washingtonian

Boy in blues
Girl in lace
The man in the moon sees a fond embrace.

Boy gives a kiss
Girl gives a sigh
The man in the moon hears a little white lie. —Collegio.

It's Spring Now At the Greenhouse

By Jane McLean

Have you been to the greenhouse lately? No? You ought to go. Besides seeing all sorts of beautiful flowers, you'll see little signs warning you against touching the beautiful flowers, and if you look closely enough, you're likely to see Heimrod rooting among the nasturtiums for the poor little blooms that unluckily put their faces in her way—disregarding all signs about touching the beautiful flowers, carrying them stealthily to her room where she plops them uncereemoniously in a round glass bowl. (She may even add a red carnation for an accent point, if there is one handy.)

Let's get away from Heimrod and back to the greenhouse. Put a guard on the door, though. She'll be back.

When you walk in the door, at least at this time of year, you are astounded by a gleam of yellow from the myriads of daffodils that are in bloom. Here and there among the yellow are pots of brilliant cyclamen and Christmas cactus. There's even an aloe blooming. At the back of the first house are the nasturtiums, trying their best to overcome their disadvantage.

In the next greenhouse are the zinnias, the snapdragons, more nasturtiums and a flaming bouganvillea vine. All over these first two houses trail vines of various sizes and shapes.

When you walk into the last house, your first impression is likely to be that of walking into a jungle. Huge philodendron vines practically hide the little pond. A tall rubber tree grows unexpectedly out of a mass of ferns that lines one wall. It's warm and damp and sticky in this room—just the climate needed for the tropical plants that grow there, including the beautiful orchids.

There are fruit trees, too—an orange one and a lemon one. The lemons reach the size of small grapefruit; the oranges—the size of small grapes.

Probably the only person on campus who knows the names of all the plants in the greenhouse is Dr. Dawson. Her "Cult" classes will know them, soon, or they'll know the reason why they don't. Dr. Dawson is in her glory when she is over working among the pots (that could be a slam on her assistants). It is she that is the keeper of this touch of spring in the middle of winter.

But, oh-oh, here comes Heimrod for the daffodils.

Yes, my husband's work is very absorbing.

"What is his business?"
"He makes blotters."

Moron: "Is it possible for you to dig me up a girl for tonight?"

Double moron: "Sure, but why ont take a live one."

—The North Star

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SOCIETY GOSSIP and GAB

By Jane McLain

We hear that Jo Butters is traveling to New York this week to see Bill. Don't forget to come back to L. C., Jo, even though New York will probably be awfully nice at this time of year.

Swede is doing all right by Elsie Marshall. This Valentine's Day really hit the jackpot; the Marines do it up in style. He sent her roses, a telegram, and to top it off, he called her. Nice work if you can get it.

Lou Mallory has finally pinned herself down to one man. She went home a couple of weeks ago to see Bill, who couldn't get there, so she came back engaged to David.

Ayres Hall girls have a variety of interests. Pearl Marie Krug and Shirley Eagle had a big week end last week; they had their limit of dates—with ferry command pilots, naval cadets, and naval officers.

Poor Betty Fox had the measles and her Rob is to come soon. The measles didn't last long, so we're happy about her quick recovery.

Talk about lack of dates, Catherine Hunter did all right one Sunday. The merchant mariner who was to be shipped out unexpectedly showed up while Catherine was entertaining a naval cadet. She dropped him with her roommate while she went to tell the m. m. goodbye. Things like that could lead to complications.

Have you ever seen the stationery that Patsy Jo Powell gets from Paul? It's really personalized. Did you give it to him, Powell?

Mary Ross McFaddin and Dodie Swilley are going to Arkansas for a little visit. Have a good time, kids?

And two more visitors to Arkansas last week were Betty Roark and Joyce Vestal. Betty took Joyce with her when she went down to Russellville to see Dick, and Joyce came back madly in love with Dick's best friend. It seems mutual.

The girls who went to the Lambert and Mexico dances must have had a good time. There was kind of a rosy glow all over campus the next couple of days.

Seems like everyone is having visitors. B. J. Daneman had guests from Dayton last week end, and Mary Ann (Nezzy) Nesbitt had four from Oklahoma.



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Signs of Spring---Housecleaning Time Has Arrived

Spring is the time for love, flowers, and housecleaning. Since Dr. Finger has been checking the rooms in each hall, that dust-and-cobweb task has been moved up a month. If F.D.R. can change Thanksgiving, why can't we get away with spring housecleaning in February?

Two eager little beavers emerged from their beloved, if somewhat dust-covered room, and dashed for the broom, dust pan, and mop. Better get started quick, 'cause after all, when would they decide on such a drastic move again?

Together, heave! The dresser, the desks, the chairs, and various sundry tables in the hall helped make more confusion. Friends who didn't have Tarzanic abilities simply didn't get past the jumble. "Now to find our lucky penny. Heads you sweep the room and I mop... Tails, I lose. My word, how do you suppose all that dust got under the bed?"

The banging and bumping must have disturbed their friends below. However, when they came to the top of the stairs, they turned right around again. It seems they preferred the noise to the clouds of dust they would have had to fight their way through.

With the dust all gone, the big problem was how to arrange the room. They might as well do the job right as long as they were at it. Whew, time out for a cigarette and a conference about the matter. How about putting the dresser between the beds on the east side of the room? Heave, puff, heave, puff! A groan—the room didn't look balanced. They decided to try putting the foots, (or is it the feet?), well, anyway, put the beds together and the dresser on the south. There were only two drawbacks to that super brain storm, but they could be remedied. All they would have to do was set the walls out six inches so that the beds would fit, and install another light plug for the dresser lamps. Well, only one other alternative. If this didn't work, they could always put it back the way it had been.

THE SAFETY VALVE

To the Editor:

Why can't something be done about these people who are constantly bored and do nothing but complain of nothing to do? Have those people ever thought of all the grand things there are to do on this campus that are really fun? There is almost always some sort of a tournament going on. If those people would exert themselves enough to walk over to the gymnasium they could benefit immensely. At the same time, if they were civic-minded enough to take an active interest in organizations on campus, they would find these clubs and their work interesting and really not boring at all. If these same girls would try to like others and mingle with these, rather than stay with their very few friends who as they do spend their free time reading the popular magazines, eating, smoking, and complaining their school years away. There is no reason for any girl on this campus to be bored. If she would forget herself for awhile and exert her lazy self to get out and do something, the whole atmosphere of the campus would be different. But how can these girls be motivated? Let's try to do something about it!

Sincerely,

—DISGUSTED.

Twenty minutes more, and every stick of furniture was set in its new and approved place, the clean draperies and curtains were arranged, mirrors were gleaming, and ash trays freshly washed. The two eyed the room critically and glanced at each other with a look of relief and satisfaction. The only thing out of place was the lucky penny which had slipped to the floor. When Tired Tessie leaned over to pick it up, she glanced under the bed. She frantically got down on her hands and knees to get a better look—maybe her eyes were deceiving her, she tried to tell herself. Exhausted Esther saw her alarm and also took a look. There, like Bugs Bunny, whom poor George can't ever get rid of, lay a fresh layer of dust. Two and a half hours labor, and for what—more dust!

A few minutes later friends walked in, exclaimed over the room, and when there was no reply, turned to note two "dead ducks" sprawled on their respective beds, too dejected even to move.

Advertising Class to Take Charge of Bark Advertising

The Advertising Class under the direction of Mrs. Barbara Skinner is taking over the advertising for the Linden Bark. The girls will prepare the copy to be submitted to the advertisers for approval.

The class is going to try to secure customers in the St. Louis area who have things that would interest the students of Lindenwood.

A questionnaire has been prepared by the class to find out the buying limit of the girls. This will be used to determine which ads would be most profitable in the Bark.

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JEWELRY



Madame Olga Petrova, star of theatre, screen, and vaudeville, will speak Tuesday night in Roemer Auditorium. Madame Petrova has written several plays including, "Bridges Burned," "More Truth Than Poetry," "Daughter of Destiny," and "The Orchid Lady." She has also written many short stories and verses.

DESTRUCTION

Within my hands I clasped the paper weight
And watched the dancing glints of sun perform
Their jumping-jack routine and shoot their blaze
Of dusty light into my squinting eyes.
The heavy crystal globoid, cold to touch,
Imprisoned tiny bits of mystic stuff,
Sharp little chips of rose and blue and white
Surrounding wine and lemon-yellow shapes.

My searching fingers paused, relaxed their hold,
Then hurried the teasing globe down on the floor.
Splinters of glass and showy beads lay scattered.
Shattered glass deeply cut my fingers.
Showy beads hotly burned my blank eyes.
—Shirley Goodman, '44.

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The Old Wives Tale

(Continued from page 4)

seeing into the hearts of his characters cannot be surpassed.

As we look back over Bennett's book we wonder—was it worth doing? Surely the style, the characterization, all the elements that go to make up a fine story are there, but from the standpoint of theme—is it worth doing? We see two brave young girls tripping gaily forward to meet life and then we see two old women plodding wearily through the routine of endless days. The change is gradual, yes, but it is there and we are aware of it. Bennett never allows this fact to escape our observation. Sometimes he says, "Constance was getting older—she no longer has a waist line. Sophia's hair is turning a little grey." But then he also tells us that Constance is beginning to lean on her son, she doesn't want him to leave her. Sophia finds herself getting a little fidgety and cross at times. We know what these are the symptoms of and that's why the book is so pathetic—two beautiful women growing old—it leaves you with an odd feeling. Their lives weren't ever happy ones and this only intensifies the pathos. Constance is pictured as being contented, as having the things she wanted but did she really?

"Was Constance happy? Of course—there was always something to be done—something on her mind—something to employ all her skill. Her life had much in it of laborious tedium—tedium never ending—and monotonous—she and Samuel worked hard—rising early, working consistently, pushing forward, and going to bed early from sheer fatigue, week after week, and month after month as seasons changed into season."

And what about Sophia? What about the years in France spent alone after Gerald had deserted her, her becoming manager of a boarding house where work and work alone counted? Don't you think she saw herself growing each day a little harder, a little more contemptuous, a little more resentful? As a woman between forty and fifty "... the obese sepulchre of a dead beauty," she had no right to passions and

tears and homage or even the means of life. It was silly and disgraceful. She ought to have known that only youth and slowness have the right to appeal to the feelings. Constance pitied Sophia but she, herself, had only on a few occasions known the true meaning of contentment. Sophia envied Constance one thing only, her son Cyril, and he was not worth the breath on which his name was uttered.

Thus they grew old together, two lonely little old ladies patiently waiting for the end. Constance weak and submissive as always, her sweet face a little saddened by her trouble, Sophia still defiant and haughty and proud, but, oh, so tired.

When the end came Constance's soul kept on saying, "I'm a lonely old woman now. Once I was young and proud. And this is what my life has come to. This is the end!" Sophia, gazing at the sinewy, thin, sunken, phable corpse of her husband, realizes that "youth and life always come to this—everything comes to this. He once was young and proud and strong as for instance when he had kissed her lying on the bed in that London hotel in 1866 and now he was old and worn and horrible and dead." It was the riddle of life that was puzzling and killing her. She and he had once lived and loved and burned and quarreled in the glittering and scornful pride of youth. But time had worn them out. My life has been too terrible, she thought. "I do not want to die, but I wish I was dead."

This book is more than just a story of two women. Those of us who are brave enough to face reality know that the meaning goes far deeper than that. We place the book down with a little feeling of remorse for the sad broken Constance and Sophia, for all the women like them in the world today, and we ask ourselves a little quietly, "Just what is life?"

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"ADVENTURE IN IRAQ"
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Ruth Ford

Fri. - Sat. Feb. 25-26

2—FEATURES—2

Walt Disney's
Feature Length
(technicolor)

"VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER"

—and—
"ROOKIES IN BURMA"
with Wally Brown
Alan Carney

Sun. - Mon. Feb. 27-28

Deanna Durbin in
"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER"
with Pat O'Brien
Franchot Tone

Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday

Feb. 29-Mar. 1-2

Pat O'Brien in
"THE IRON MAJOR"
with Ruth Warrick

Fri. - Sat. Mar. 3-4

2—FEATURES—2

"MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S BLESSED EVENT"

with Lupe Valez
Leon Errol
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"GHOST SHIP"
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"DESTINATION TOKYO"
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