

Popularity Queen To Be Crowned On April 21

One of these girls will be crowned Popularity Queen on April 21. The candidates are: Florence Barry, Jacqueline Schwab, Lynn Jackson, Peggy Proctor, Sally Dearmont, Betty Ann Rouse, Polly Woolsey, Marilou Rutledge, Pasty Powell, Bobbie Burnett, Helen Bartlett, Marge Allen, and Donalee Wehrle.

These 13 girls were presented at student chapel two weeks ago. Voting for the Queen took place the same night at special house meetings in the dormitories. However, the Queen will not be announced until the ceremony which will be held preceding dinner in Ayres Dining Hall.

The annual elaborate ball which usually accompanies the crowning of the Popularity Queen has been dispensed with this year in favor of a simple ceremony in the dining room, with a reception in Ayres Parlor immediately following.

Dr. Gage and Dean Gipson Attend College Meeting in Chicago

Dr. Gage and Dean Gipson attended the annual meeting of the North Central Association of Colleges in Chicago, March 22-25. The chief topics of discussion were: Adjustment of Colleges at present to war demands, survival of colleges when war students are suddenly withdrawn, and postwar college problems. Dr. Gage also attended a meeting of the Commission on Teacher Education, of which he is a member.

Dean Gipson will go to Cornell College, at Mt. Vernon, Iowa on April 25, to represent Lindenwood College at the inauguration of Russell David Cole as president of Cornell College.

The Dean will also attend the girlouri Academy of Science Meeting, April 28. At the meeting she will give a paper on "The potential Content of an Idaho Antier Community."

Freshmen Give Big Sister Party For Upperclassmen

A "Big Sister" birthday party was given for the upperclassmen by the Freshman class on March 30, in Ayres dining hall. The evening's entertainment included several skits presented by members of the Freshman class. During dinner, music was provided by the Freshman "dance band". Highlight of the evening's entertainment came when the dining room was darkened and individual cakes with candles were placed in front of each guest, the band playing "Happy Birthday."

Among the skits presented, the one which afforded the most amusement was a take-off on a student meeting, with Sally Dearmont quietly reading her announcements, Bev Wescott's "reminders", and Bobby Burnett's timid announcement of sports activities.

Jean Sturner acted as master of ceremonies.



Here are Lindenwood's new Dietitian Aides. At left is Miss Druzella and at right Miss Debby Higbee

Lindenwood Girls Win Caps As Red Cross Dietitian Aides

By Patricia Walsh

The varied activities in the Red Cross exemplifies the true patriotic spirit of the Lindenwood students.

In November, 1943, the first Dietitian Aid group was organized in St. Louis. Two Lindenwood girls, Debbie Higbee and Druzella Hanshew, both majors in Foods and Nutrition, joined the class. They went into St. Louis every Tuesday and Thursday to attend classes from 7:30 to 9:30 p. m. After completing 20 hours of lecture they received their uniforms. The next step in their training was to complete 15 hours of supervised apprentice work in a hospital. They were assigned to the Jewish Hospital to complete their training. They were "capped" February 4, 1944, at the Red Cross headquarters with a number of Dietitian Aides

from various schools in St. Louis. After the "capping" exercises the girls were full-fledged Dietitian Aides.

They are expected to give four hours of voluntary service to the Red Cross each week. Both Miss Higbee and Miss Hanshew have given approximately 50 hours of service since they completed the training.

The type of work the girls encounter includes working in the special diet kitchen preparing special diets and food for the patients in the hospital, working in the Central Diet Kitchen where food is sent to the various sections of the hospital, and working in the Dietitians Office, helping her with her work.

Because of the war the hospitals are so understaffed that assistance of this type is of great value.

Room Drawings For Next Year to Be Held April 18

The room drawings for next September will be held on April 18. The college has the largest number of students enrolling than ever before in the school history at this time of the year.

Every room that is not held by its present occupant is an open room. Students of the three classes are called in according to their seniority. Mr. Motley summons them according to the order of their deposit, but the seniors get first chance. Mr. Motley says it seniority. Mr. Motley summons of several rooms that you want to choose from.

Junior-Senior Luncheon Held At Missouri A. C.

The Junior-Senior luncheon was held at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis on March 25. There was no arranged program, but everyone joined in singing. There were two toasts, one given to the Senior Class by Donalee Wehrle, the other given the Junior Class by Pat de Puy. Each Senior was given a gardenia and the money necessary to pay for her picture show ticket.

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TWILLA GRAHAM IS CHAIRMAN OF L. C. RED CROSS CHAPTER

Faculty Put On Grid At Press Club's Annual Dinner

Over 500 faculty members and students spent an hour or so watching themselves be "roasted" on an off-the-record Gridiron Dinner sponsored by the Press Club, on March 24.

The "Roastmaster", Emmy Gumm, began the dinner with a speech in which she inaugurated the new addition to Lindenwood's line of traditions. Mr. C. C. Clayton, sponsor of the club, following in the footsteps of the national Gridiron Dinner, offered the single toast of the evening.

Between courses, skits—or "take offs" on campus personalities—were presented. The first one, "Frankie Wows 'Em Again", was farce on the housemothers of the various halls. Donalee Wehrle as Mrs. Arends, Sue Beck as Miss Mottinger, Drue Hanshew as Mrs. Holt, Carolyn Trimble as Mrs. Stanley and Betty Miller as Mrs. O'Rear made a hit with the students as they swooned over *Sintra* and fought over a card table.

The second skit, "A Keyhole View," was the Press Club's idea as to what goes on behind the closed doors of a faculty meeting. The outstanding members of this were Mary Ann Nesbitt as Dean Gipson, Beky Yoder as Dr. L. L. Bernard, Lou Mallory as Dr. Dawson, "Bugs" Rouse as Mr. Stine, Dorothy Heimrod as Miss Staggs, and Carol Landberg as Dr. Schaper.

The third and last "take-off" was entitled "Lindenwood of the 1990's." Patsy Jo Powell as the streamlined dean of the 1990's and Marge Irwin as the similar head of personnel gave the ideal rules and regulations of the college to be.

Basketball Teams Win at Monticello And Washington U.

The basketball and swimming teams went to Monticello three week-ends ago to compete in the tri-meet held there with MacMurray and Monticello. In basketball, Lindenwood defeated MacMurray by a score of 28-4, and won over Monticello by 24 points with a score of 32-8. Since the swimming scores have not been totaled the winner of the meet has not been determined.

Lindenwood's first and second basketball teams played Washington University teams two week-end ago at the university. Lindenwood's second team won its game by a score of 10-9. The first team defeated the U's first team 16-11.

The riding team went to Jacksonville that same Friday night to attend a riding meet at MacMurray the next day. The L. C. team lost by 2 points, with a final score of 721-723.

The girls enjoyed the meets, and appreciated MacMurray's and Monticello's hospitality. They are anxiously awaiting the meet to be held at Lindenwood in the near future.

Blood Donor Mobile Unit To Be On Campus On April 25

Twilla Graham, a member of the Junior class, was elected Chairman of the Lindenwood Branch of the St. Charles Red Cross Chapter at a convocation March 28. Other officers are Vice-chairman, Jacqueline Schwab, a Junior; secretary, Mary Ann Parker, a Sophomore; and the treasurer, Marjorie Green, a Junior.

One of the Red Cross courses offered at Lindenwood is the Dietitian course. This helps in canteen work. The Staff assistant courses are open now. Each lecture is given by a well known Red Cross worker from St. Louis or St. Charles. They give the history and the organization of the Red Cross and their principles.

7,300 bandages have been folded by the Bandaging class on Monday and Thursday. In eight hours the average number of bandages folded by one person is ninety six. If 200 girls would work for eight hours 19,200 bandages could be rolled.

The College is sending cakes and pies to the service men at the U. S. O center in St. Charles. The money is taken from the organization, by Miss Cook, that can best afford the expense.

The Red Cross Blood Donor Mobile Unit is coming to Lindenwood April 25. Those over 21 can volunteer but those under must have their parents permission to donate blood.

The Red Cross is our opportunity to serve. Every little bit helps.

Press Club To Sponsor News Writing Contest

The Press Club is sponsoring a news writing contest as an organization project. Every girl in school is eligible if she has had some of her work published either in the *Linden Bark* or the *Linden Leaves*. One girl may submit as many as three different entries before the deadline May 1.

Cash awards will be given to the winners at commencement exercises. Three judges, Mr. Charles Clayton, Miss Agnes Sibley and Dr. Kate Gregg, will select a winning entry from each of the two classifications.

One of the classifications will include all news writing done in the *Bark* and *Leaves*, and the other classification will be for any type of writing which has been published in the literary supplement of the *Bark*. The latter group will include essays, term papers, short stories, and descriptoins.

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LINDEN BARK

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

Subscription rate, \$1 a year

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

Member Missouri College Newspaper Association

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TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1944

The Meaning Of Easter

Easter is the time for brightly colored eggs and perky little bonnets. Remember when you used to jump out of bed excitedly to hunt for the basket the Easter Bunny had left you? Later that morning you appeared in Sunday School in a frilly dress, straw bonnet, and white laced shoes. When you went out to play, your mother cautioned you to keep your new shoes clean.

Then you started wearing heels, and a silk dress, and a smart little sailor hat. You felt you were really growing up. During the preacher's sermon you stole sly glances at the hats around you. Yes, they were all pretty; but, with a sigh of satisfaction you decided yours was the smartest one there. Those were the good old days . . . Or were they? Did you ever stop to think that Easter meant anything more than an excuse for a style show?

This Easter many people wore their last year's bonnets. They had more on their minds than the ribbons and flowers on their heads. They listened to the story of The Resurrection, that they had heard so many other Easter Sundays, with new interest, taking hope for the future in words from the past. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . ." And the men in far off places were also finding strength and courage in that same sermon . . . "He restoreth my soul. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me . . ."

College Women At War

Newsweek Magazine raises a question that is of vital importance to every college woman on this campus. Is the college woman doing her part in the war effort? Margaret Barnard Pickel, in charge of the War Work Information Bureau at Columbia University, has attacked women for their reluctance entering any field—armed service, factory, etc.—that might hasten the end of the war. The excuses given, as she states them are: "1. the work might be too dull for their well trained minds; 2. they didn't like being told what to do; 3. their mothers might worry about them."

Everyone of us on Lindenwood campus wants to feel she is doing the best she can. While we are here, we can work with the Red Cross; during the summer, we can take part-time jobs that will aid some important industry; and after graduation, we can take a full-time job that will speed the day of victory. Shall we, the college women of Lindenwood, prove Miss Pickel to be wrong in her assertion, or do we want it to stand as it is today—that we are slackers? It is up to us.

Sophomore Class Attends Ice Capades

The Sophomore Class, for their annual class party, attended the Ice Capades of 1944 at the Arena in St. Louis on March 21.

Four chartered busses and two street cars took the 150 girls directly to the Arena and returned them again to school after the performance.

Mr. Motley secured excellent seats for the class—four rows of floor seats directly in the center of the huge hall. Everyone enjoyed herself immensely—consuming hot dogs by the pound and cokes by the gallon.

Probably the most effective feature of the Ice Capades, outside of the galaxy of skating stars, was the use of a purple ray, that, when turned on certain colors treated with a chemical substance, gave off a wierd, beautiful glow.

Faculty Goes Back To School At Senior Party In Their Honor

A novel idea was used by the Seniors in their annual faculty party, March 31, in the library club rooms

This "school room" party required that the faculty come dressed in gingham and cottons, as grade school children. The Seniors enacted the role of teachers, taking the faculty back to their school days by entertaining them with kindergarten games and "spelling bee."

The Seniors awarded the "students" diplomas at the end of the program, and gave them refreshments in a sack, carrying through the idea of the old fashioned school days.

Gracie Gremlin



Gracie is just too, too excited about the Popularity contest. She simply can't imagine who will be the Queen, because they are all so wonderful. Since she isn't eligible herself, she stated she would be very happy to hear that any one of the 13 candidates is the lucky girl.

Lillian Mowrer Tells of War Experiences In Campus Address

Mrs. Lillian Mowrer, "Journalists Wife", who spoke at Sunday Vesper Services, March 26, has seen "history in the making." She has accompanied her journalist husband on several trips abroad and has been present at such important events in world history as the stirring speech given at a meeting of the League of Nations by Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, preading for his country at the time when it was in serious danger of being attacked by Italy.

She was also with her husband, who acted as interpreter, in a party which accompanied Benito Mussolini on a speaking tour of Italy before his ill-starred rise to fame. At this time, said Mrs. Mowrer, Mussolini did not "shine as an orator"; he was so insignificant that she hardly noticed him.

Mrs. Mowrer, who is also a writer, explained that the reason newsmen have difficulty in getting real truth from European countries is that these countries accuse them of creating unrest there in order to further the interests of the newsmen's own countries. For this reason, she continued, it is important that a newsman make the right contacts, for with the right ones, it is much easier for him to get the truth.

Mrs. Howrer said that after this war, before everlasting peace can ever be established, all nations must disarm and build up international relationships. In order to do this, all the peoples of the world must learn citizenship in the true meaning of the word.

War Restrictions Cut Easter Holiday To Three Days

Due to war time restrictions Lindenwood's Easter vacation began on Good Friday and classes were resumed yesterday.

Many Lindenwood girls were at their homes celebrating the holiday with their parents and friends.

The Easter program on campus included the singing of the "Cantata" by the choir and religious services conducted by Dr. Harmon. Many of the girls who remained on campus went to churches in St. Charles and St. Louis for Easter Sunday.

Buy War Bonds.

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Emmy Gumm

Guess who dropped in on us last week. None other than Flipperty-gibbet Gremlin, our little friend from last year. Remember when the gremlin family came sailing in on us and then finally sailed away leaving Flipperty-g, to get "educated?"

If you've been on your toes, you've probably known she was around for quite some time. She is sure to be around when alarm clocks don't go off for 8 o'clock classes, when rooms get dirtier and dirtier, but you just can't find time for cleaning, and especially when you go in for a huge exam and the mind becomes that proverbial blank. Yep, wher that happens you ought to know Flipperty is on the beam.

She says she's been here all year—ever since the very first day—just doing her duty (?) and picking up a bit of school "larnin's" here and there.

She snuck up on me. But after dropping my notebook with a bang and interrupting lectures in two classes and having my pen run out of ink three times and all in the same day, I knew F.-G. was about, and sure enough, when I listened that special way, there she was, sitting on the end of my pen with ink all over her green dress and an impish grin on her face.

"Heavenly days—it's you." I hoped I sounded friendlier than I felt. One discovers sooner or later it is the best policy to keep on the friendly side of gremlins—especially little girl gremlins in green dresses.

"What do you mean, 'Heavenly days it's me?' Of course it's me. That's obvious." I could see we were going to get places fast. "I only meant I was surprised to see you. It has been quite some time since—"

"What makes you think so?"

I tried desperately to control myself. After all, not everyone has the power that I have to see gremlins, and my puzzled classmates were staring at the end of my fountain pen and shaking their heads. I realized I had spoken aloud.

Flipperty held her repulsive sides and howled hysterically.

"I hope you croak," I said silently.

"Frogs croak. I'm a gremlin."

I almost jumped out of my seat. This little imp could even read my thoughts. Why, of course, last year she gave me some marvelous information about what people were thinking. I remembered then. "Croak or not—you were my star reporter once."

"Aha, and what I couldn't tell you now."

LIFE HISTORY OF A JOKE

Birth: Freshman thinks up a joke in study, chuckles mirthfully, waking up two seniors in back row.

Age: five minutes: Freshman tells it to senior who says, "I've heard it before."

Age: one week: Senior turns it in to the Editor as his own who thinks that confidentially . . . Well, you know what!

Age: three months: Editor has to fill up space, prints joke, crediting it to school paper.

Age: 10 years: "College Humor" prints joke as original.

Age: 50 years: Seventy-five radio comedians (?) simultaneously discover the joke and relate it amid howls of mirth from the orchestra (\$5 a howl).

Age: 100 years: Teacher begins to tell this joke in class.

—Hyde Park Weekly.

The La Salle Collegian offered this smile provokin' topic . . .

Women's faults are many . . . Men have only two . . . Everything they say, 'n everything they do!

I watched her slide down my pen to the point, then flop gayly on to my notebook. She rubbed her hands on the paper, leaving a smudgy trail.

She stopped and quirked her head to one side. "I could tell you something if you wanted to know."

I blotted the ink spots silently, hoping if my plan failed, she wouldn't know I was also trying to blot her out.

"And don't you think you don't need some news, either." She pulled herself out from under the edge of the blotter and shook her skirts.

A failure at 20, I resigned myself to my horrible fate. "O. K., F.-G., give."

Now she was coy.

"Well, maybe."

"Oh, really," I sighed, "this is too much."

"Take POLLY PERCIVAL for instance."

My ears pricked up—I hadn't heard anything about Polly, but leave it up to Flipperty.

"She is going to have a visitor soon. A lieutenant in the Air Corps. She's been writing to him all this year."

"How unusual." I didn't mean to sound sarcastic, but after all, at least 494 of the 495 girls at L. C. have been writing to someone all this year.

"And she's never even seen him."

"Punch line. Flip I'll call you from now on." I tried to sound casual—Hmmm—here was a different angle to the story.

"And", continued F.-G., "EILEEN MURPHY has Phalam's navigator wings. Another fast worker. But I won't go into detail."

"Take it easy. Wait until I take this down. I've got to take notes on the lecture now."

"Well, if you don't want to listen—"

"Oh, it isn't that." Fool. I kicked myself. Now she'd get stubborn and wouldn't work for me.

The little ink-spotted gremlin spread her wings and stuck her nose in the air.

"I can take my news elsewhere." And she shot away muttering something about JAYNE MANN'S commuting roommate and going to see Bill two week-ends in succession and something I couldn't understand.

I've waited and waited, but she just won't come back. So life is becoming dull and I'm getting to class on time, a neat notebook and having the bobby pins stay in my hair at night. If you sense her around, give her a shove my way.

—Nuff said**

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

The Junior English examination will be given April 12, from 4 to 6 o'clock in Room 225, Roemer. This examination is open to all members of the Junior Class.

DR. ALICE GIPSON

Home Ec. Girls Dye Eggs For Children

The Home Ec. girls played Easter Bunny when they dyed 12 dozen eggs for the children of the Markham Memorial in St. Louis. Last week the eggs were displayed in Roemer Hall. There were ducks, chickens and rabbits nestling in the grass of the table arrangement and eggs with flowers and pictures sketched on them.

He: "May I kiss you?"

She: "Heavens another amateur."—Pantograph.

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THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE FAUVES

By Eileen Murphy

In 1905 there emerged at the Salon d'Automne the beginning of a new area in the development of modern art. From 1901 to 1905 a group of the most original artists of France banded together for the betterment of art by assembling the experiments of half a century. It was their idea to demonstrate, through group organization and showing, that they had discovered a new way of painting.

To the people who viewed the exhibit of the Salon d'Automne the names of the painters were not familiar; for it included the works of Henri Matisse, Andre Derain, Maurice de Vlaminck, Georges Roualt, Albert Marquet, and Raoul Dufy. However, the public soon bestowed the collective name of the "Fauves", the wild beasts, upon them. Their room of paintings at the Grand Palais became known as the "cage of fauves".

I think this show of the fauves in 1905 must have aroused much the same commotion in the art world as did the American Armory Show of 1913. The critics seemed to think that the last semblances of propriety, correct drawing, and sane coloring had departed from the works of these young moderns. Indeed, the critics heaped more criticism upon the fauves than upon their predecessors—Zezanne, Seurat, and Van Gogh. Whereas there had been a quality of harmonious coloring in the works of the Post-Impressionists that had found favor, the flaming atrocities of Derain and Vlaminck found only adverse criticism.

Although the fauves were united in idea they differed in style. For certainly a person would see no similarity between the decorative paintings of Matisse and Dufy and the highly simplified, heavily painted works of Vlaminck, Derain, and Roualt. However, they were all experimenting in "rhythmic fields central to modernism". Very early they rejected both impressions and neo-impressionism. As time went by it became quite evident that the motivating influence behind their searching was the example set by Cezanne, although I seriously doubt if Cezanne would have liked being called the father of the modern art which they typify.

Henri Matisse has been called the chief of the fauves. He was the first of that group of artists who were influenced by and developed from the leadership of Cezanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh.

For ten years he was an official copyist in the Louvre. Then slowly, and with scholarly caution, he moved towards radicalism; suddenly, in 1905, he came forth as chief of the fauves.

Matisse was once told that he drew like a five-year-old child; he replied to this that he tried to see things with the clearness and simplicity of a child. Really, he shocks his audience, not because he knows too little, but because he knows too much. It is not that he could not draw, but he had learned exactly how much drawing was worth. He was almost too logical. His early pictures seem not to be an emotion remembered in peace, but an emotion reconstructed in logical activity.

In *Modern French Painters*, Gordon states:

"Matisse was the leader of a school which distrusted its own ability. It realized painfully how extreme brilliance too often is but reflected light, as in a diamond, not evidence of real internal fire. To get at those qualities of the first order, which lie within itself, it ruthlessly tramples upon qualities of the second order, which alone would have been sufficient to gain for it reward as an academic painter. To keep alive the

spirit it modifies the flesh."

Matisse's greatest personal gift is his use of color. He uses the same kind of color as do other artists, but his results are quite different. He combines a quality of unexpectedness of color with variety. For example in "The Young Sailor", the boy wears a bright blue sweater, brilliant green trousers, his eyes and eyebrows are the same green, one lip is green—the other red. He sits on a red chair, painted against a pink background. However, this seemingly odd use of color does not irritate one's senses . . . indeed the effect is quite pleasant.

Matisse wrote: "Expression to me is the art of arranging in a decorative manner the various elements used by the painters—the place occupied by the figures, the empty spaces around them, the proportions. Everything that has no utility is harmful for the reason that every superfluous detail will occupy, in the mind of the spectator, the place of some other detail which is essential."

Then, according to Matisse's own definition, his art is an art in which size, proportion, and color as seen by the eye are not important; the importance lies in the way the painter treats the objects. His is an art in which there are unusual surface treatments, a definite Oriental flavor, and a most original use of color . . . "in a word, a sensuous vision enclosed within the boundaries of pure design."

Georges Roualt is more or less the isolationist among the fauves. Through my reading, I gather that Roualt by his own individual art could have aroused as much controversy as Matisse and could have exerted as much influence, but he chose to go his own way quietly, without fanfare or acclamation.

Roualt adopted his particular style of painting early in his career. The influence of his early experience as a designer of stained glass windows is very evident. From this he drew "certain elements of simplification, strength, and colorfulness."

He has completed his art so fully that one cannot develop from him . . . but merely has to de Roualt over again. He is unlike Matisse, for whom decoration was enough; Roualt wished his pictures to be more or less prophetic. He wanted to present his clowns, dancers, prostitutes, and judges in a different light from Lautrec and Degas.

Roualt's coloring is deeply clouded yet seems to glow with some inner light. His pictures have "the illumination of transparencies", and he separates his color with broad lines that give much the same effect as the lead settings of stained glass.

The methods of expression used by Roualt are merely the natural result of what he wishes to express. In *Art in the Western World*, Robb and Garrison state: "There have been few mystics in modern art who so surely reach into the verities of life as he." Roualt was fundamentally a romantic-realist; he aimed above all at psychological effect and drama.

The art of Andre Derain is truly French. He was one of the most learned of the fauves. Indeed some critics think that he has been oppressed by too much knowledge. Although he came under various influences, he declined to follow any particular one, but developed his own style or styles, for it seems that he has achieved success in various fields. This is the normal development of the classical tradition modified first by the influence of Sezanne and then by his own personal ideas.

In his painting Derain denies the naturalistic element even more than Cezanne. Another characteristic of his work is his use of color—his greyed greens, earthy reds, siennas, and iron

greys. His restricted use of color was not because of lack of skill but by choice. And this restraint produced some strange and delightful effects.

Derain's work is full of a sort of vitality. He very clearly sets down what he believes to be important, discarding anything which might detract from the preception of his aims.

Maurice de Vlaminck was the most passionate painter of the fauves. He based his art on "excited handling and vivid coloring." There seemed to be some violent force which drove his brush. Although their techniques are very different, there seems to be quite a similarity between Vlaminck and Von Gogh. There is the same excited handling, and the same intense coloring.

A picture of Vlaminck's is not a "moment of emotion recorded in tranquillity", but rather a "moment of emotion recorded within its duration." A state of being is recorded within his pictures. Although they may vary in intensity as his emotions vary, Vlaminck is essentially the same at all times. Early in his career, he started painting rich, appealing landscapes in his own inimitable style—a style from which he never chose to escape. Naturally there is a certain repetition which tends to become monotonous if too many of his works are viewed at one time, however there is a certain spontaneousness about his work that is always unexpected.

Vlaminck's painting is so very personal that it cannot have much effect on future works, although his innovations have had a though his innovations have had a definite effect on the art of to-

Raoul Dufy and Albert Marquet are two other painters who were members of the original fauve group. Although they were not destined to reach the heights attained by Matisse, Roualt, Vlaminck, and Derain, they each have been successful in their own limited field.

Dufy was influenced by Matisse, but he developed his own particular decorative method. His style is somewhat child-like . . . drawings overlaid with patches of pure color. Lately some of his drawings have appeared in magazines such as *Vogue* and *Harper's* and are quite refreshing.

Albert Marquet, according to Sheldon Cheney failed to "add up to form-expression in the modern meaning." In fact, he went back to one impressionism and a sort of "posterousque realism".

By 1920 the fauves had split up and were often in disagreement with one another. However, the school is not considered to have failed. Indeed, it had done its work well, for it had broken down the conservative barriers. As Shelon Cheney says: "it had given body to modernism."

There could be no better summary written, I believe, than the one by Sheldon Cheney: "The fauves, in summary, served modern art doubly. They affected the focus of the revolutionary effort in 1905, consolidating the gains made by formerly separated and lineily rebels, giving body to a school; and, about 1910, they dispersed their members and inspired, in the light of a generalized modern doctrine, the researches and achievements of a dozen related but divergent experimental painting groups."

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THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING ONE RADIO

By Betty Miller

"But, Daddy, tonight's the night that Glenn Miller comes on, and I've got to hear him."

"I can't help it. That commentator comes on at the same time and I can't miss the broadcast. He's about the best one I know of on foreign affairs. You'll have to listen to 'what-ever-his-name-is' some other night."

"But, Daddy. He broadcasts on certain nights only. You can listen to that old commentator any time."

But, as usual, Daddy wins, so I go off in a corner and sulk while he listens to news about the war, a subject which I am usually interested in, but not when Glenn Miller is on. Oh, what a life, I'm thinking, when I see Mother sliping and push a button which changes the station to a program of recipes.

"What in the world are you doing???" yelled Daddy, jumping up from his chair. "Can't you see I'm listening to that man?"

"But wait, this will last only thirty minutes and then you can listen to your news broadcast," says Mother, contentedly settling down in a deep, soft armchair and listening as her program begins.

"To-night, we are going to learn how to make coca cream cake," droned the voice on the radio. "You will love its full, rich, chocolate flavor. Listen closely, now. Here we go. Our ingredients are: 2/3 cup lard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and" . . . click . . . "Allied bombers. They are now battering at Berlin by day as well as night."

"Frank, I thought I told you I had to listen to that. I'm having the bridge club over tomorrow and I want to make a cake like that."

"I'm sorry, but I got to this radio first and I'm going to listen to the station I want," spoke Daddy, very firmly.

"Germany reports extremely bad weather along the whole line of battle today," continued the radio, "and indicated that the Allies were . . . click . . ." adding eggs, singly, beating well after each addition."

"Mary, if you change that station again, I'm going to get mad," yelled Daddy.

"I have just as much right to that radio as you do, Frank Adams, and I intend to hear how to make that cake," Mother stated calmly, drawing her chair closer and listening more intently.

"Blend lard, salt, and vanilla. Add sugar gradually" . . . click . . . "almost to the suburbs of the Italian capital."

"That's the last straw, Frank Adams. I just won't listen to the rest. I can't get a thing out of it this way, anyhow. Just for that, I'll buy a recipe and make that cake if it kills me. But don't think you'll get any of it, because you certainly won't."

Mother stalked haughtily from the room.

"Well, there's no use listening to the broadcast now," Father, "I've missed the main part and it doesn't last much longer, anyway. It seems as if a person can't even listen to his own radio program any more."

With this, he too, stomped disgustedly out of the room.

I quickly ran over to the radio, switched the station to Glenn Miller's program, and settled contentedly in a deep, soft armchair. As I listened to the strains of that sweet music, I found myself thinking. "This life isn't so bad after all."

IT HAPPENED TO ME

By Virginia Moehlenkamp

All this year—month after month, day after day—I've heard wonderful accounts, from one source and another, of love at first sight. I, however, have always been on the receiving end of these stirring accounts. Never have I held that position which every college girl craves; never have I been able to unfold my tale of conquest.

I've sat in dormitory rooms, at soda counters, in hotel lobbies and theaters listening to one girl after another give a "blow by blow" description of her greatest thrill. Inwardly I've wondered always how such things could happen. I must admit I've thought many times to myself, "This is all nonsense. What girls won't do just to have an opportunity to hear themselves talk!" And even though my conversations with myself have been convincing, not one of my private tete-a-tetes have been convincing enough to remove that little spot of envy that has settled on my heart.

Several weeks ago the president of the D. A. R. chapter in DeWitt called me up. She asked in a voice dripping with juicy sweetness if I would care to attend a tea the nineteenth of this month (which was yesterday) to which twenty-five young Naval Cadets had been invited. I had been to one tea given by the D. A. R., and I vowed that it was to be the last one.

Now as I think back upon that day. I wonder what prompted me to accept. I had no premonition of what was to come—I've never laid claims to being psychic. At any rate, I did say yes, and I'm thanking my lucky stars I did."

The day arrived, and in all physical aspects it was (or seemed to be) just like the day before. At three I slowly took a bath (using my new Bubbly-Wubbly Bubble Bath soap); and by four, I was practically ready to set out upon a venture I was sure would be boring. I thrust my hand into the depths of my closet and snatched a dress at random. Again fate guided me, for the dress was a light blue linen and most becoming. Allowing myself fifteen minutes to slap some make-up on and give my hair a lick and a promise, I sat down for five minutes to reprimand myself for ever accepting the invitation.

When I arrived, I walked up the steps and onto the wide veranda. On the opposite side near the table with the cookies and orange juice I saw him. He looked up and smiled—and then it happened to me.

MECHANICAL JOE

By Jean Kreigh

"Just give it to me," he said, "I can fix it, or any other typewriter." This was Joe speaking; he had been with us only a short time, and I, having no experience with his mending talents, handed my machine over without a murmur. He rushed gleefully to his workshop, and came back immediately, without the typewriter.

Here, he said, presenting me with a pen-and-pencil set. "Use these. You don't want a clumsy old typewriter." He paused for a moment and then said, "Now, have you any more things to be fixed?" Bewildered. I replied that I had not, and he went tripping to his basement workshop. A few days later I found the typewriter; it was in the basement pushed behind a rubbish heap—brutally murdered. Death had been caused by a blunt instrument.

I should have recognized this as an omen and politely declined Joe's help even though his repair work was free. Several days later after I had put aside the incident of the typewriter, Joe approached me with offers to fix my radio; I

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Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

(Continued from page 3)
was elated. I should have known better, when I saw that among the repair tools were a hammer and a cold chisel, but I was inexperienced. I could hear him working, whistling as he employed the hammer and cold chisel. The whistling grew louder, and the pounding heavier, and then—and then, there was a ghastly smash. Too late I realized that my radio had breathed its last.

Joe came upstairs with a smile on his face and a package under his arm. "The tubes are a little loose," he explained. "I've brought you some records. You'll get much more good out of them than out of a radio."

"Thanks awfully," I said vaguely.

"Oh, think nothing of it," he said. "Any time I can help At once I thought of what had happened to my typewriter and decided to see what was the fate of my radio. I went to the rubbish pile where my typewriter had last been seen, and in its place was the framework of my radio—stabbed through the back with a cold chisel.

Joe was a problem with us. We were going to have to refuse his "fixing ability," but the U. S. Army took care of that. He was soon in the mechanized unit at Fort Sheridan. We didn't hear anything for about two weeks; then one morning we got a letter from the government. Joe, who had overhauled all the tanks, had been shot as a spy. It seems that of his division

IT IS ALL SO RIDICULOUS

By J. A. Hulson

It is customary to wear your best clothes to most social occasions. By that I mean a dress, a hat, a pair of pumps, hose and gloves. On most women all this attire looks exceedingly becoming and flattering. On me it looks as I feel - - - tortured. I will admit that once in a great while, when I happen to feel beautiful, I can get all dressed up and be in my glory. However, those times are few and far between.

I'm a wash-out in black dresses. I envy women who can wear them. It's not only the color that I don't like; it's the style of the dresses as well. Tight, slinky skirts are my ruin. If anyone should yell "Fire," I'd be burned alive. You can no more walk or run in those skirts than in shackles.

Shoes are another thing that drives me to distraction. As I'm flat-footed, I can't wear low-heeled shoes and still have my legs look like anything, so I wear high heels. When I don't think about them, I can walk and be perfectly at ease, but should I try to act dignified or sophisticated, something happens. I've nearly permanently injured myself at such times. One time in particular stands out all too clearly in my mind. I was going to meet a blind date. He was standing at the bottom of a flight of stairs, and as I approached the stairs I thought "Oh, oh, I've got to make a good impression." I started down the stairs - - - tripped, and landed at his feet. I made an impression all right but not the right kind.

Really, don't you think the way women dress is absurd? I've thought about it a lot. Clothes were meant, in the first place, to keep one warm. Well, when I think of that and then look at the women of today, I wonder what happened. Anyone will have to admit that silk hose certainly are not warm, and yet because they are pretty and flattering, women have worn them for centuries. My opinion is that clothing today is more for beauty than for warmth, comfort and protection.

A hat is one article that drives me mad. I like a strong, durable felt hat that (can be worn) in the

rain and will still hold its shape. But when it comes to "dress clothes", a felt hat is out of the question. A "dress hat", in my estimation, is either a smattering of nothing with a froth of veiling that you slap over one eye, or a "picture hat" that looks like a tent. Now both of these hats are very becoming, the first especially, because it is feminine. But I still don't like them. After an hour of wearing the small hat over my eye, a terrible headache keeps me in misery for three hours. The big picture hat is just as bad but in another sense. The brim is so big and wide that whenever I try to talk to someone I usually poke his eye out. This style of hat is also great fun on a windy day.

Dress gloves, on the other hand, are entirely unnecessary because they don't keep your hands warm, they fit too tight and cut off the circulation to your little finger, and they are too easily lost or left behind.

No, when it comes to clothes, warm, durable jodphurs or big woolly mittens, soft, bulky sweaters, and helpless moccasins are my favorites. I guess because was reared a tomboy, lace and frills have no special appeal to me, but my common sense helps a lot. I know most people will say, "Pooh, she's just eccentric," but they will have to admit that I have spoken a few truths.

OUTLINE OF HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

Prepared in the nature of a Humanities Assignment.

By Nancy Johnston

1. Contrast life during High school with that of grade school. Grade school days were characterized by studies, constant association with my girl friends, and a cool disregard for the breaking heart of one of my classmates who was in love with me.

High school days were quite the opposite—the distinguishing features being studies, girl friends, and the breaking of my own heart. This occurred not once but many times, and had I not been liberally equipped with the blue of youth, I fear the pieces could never have been firmly stuck together again.

2. When did high school life begin?

My high school life began at the tender, innocent age of twelve and that word *innocent* cannot be stressed too much. When I first entered the door of P. C. H. S. on official business my face was covered with freckles and innocence, not with the pancake make-up and streaks of mascara by which my friends now recognize me. At that time I had not attained my present Amazon-like stature. Little girls did not look at me and run home screaming, "I won't take any more vitamins." I actually wore a size four shoe.

3. Characterize high school days.

High school days were characterized by constant warfare and rebellion. Many attempts were made by the students to overthrow the cruel, despotic teachers. The faculty took advantage of its position to demand heavy work from the students and to levy taxes, usually in the form of band and typing fees. Members of the governed class participated in many skirmishes among themselves. I was kept very busy in attacking the girl whose boy friend appealed to me and defending my rights against the girl who appealed to my boy friend.

4. Define the terms *superintendent*, *principal*, *study hall*, *date*.

(a) *Superintendent*—a frightening creature who usually remained in his office, but who possessed an uncanny skill for turning up at the wrong time. Example: the time we were taking the office door off its hinges so it would fall on his head. The

superintendent was also known by such names as "Baldy" and "C. M."

(b) *Principal*—a creature even more frightening than the superintendent. She collected absence excuses and incurred much dislike because of her skill in detecting forgeries. It was rumored that this woman toured the country on a broomstick, but this was never proved.

(c) *Study hall*—a period of forty minutes spent in flirting, whispering, flirting, going to the library (to flirt), passing notes, sharpening pencils, and flirting. Studying was permitted and even encouraged, but the student body never adopted this practice.

(d) *Date*—It is a matter of controversy whether this custom actually existed or is just a legend. Many of the leading scholars are turning to the latter belief, but some insist that they actually remember having dates, which were some kind of social engagement.

AN AMERICAN'S BODY

By Jo Lea Horton

Billy Bob Grimes loved to walk under the downtown awnings on his tip toes and let the scalloped edges bump against his straight brown hair. It helped him in believing that he was growing tall like his dad who could stand on a foot stool and touch the highest object in the house—the entrance hall light.

He would never cry when he fell down or got hit; instead he would grit his teeth and pitch in harder than ever. "Only sissies cry, and by-golly I'm no sissy." On the other hand he liked to sit at the piano and pick out pieces or use his stubby fingers for drawing pictures on the margin of all his papers. It was not so much caricatures of the teachers as it was sketches of airplanes; plans and more plans formulated and built in his mind. That was going to be his future. He was going to be an airplane designer; he had decided that when he was just a little tyke—all of five years.

Billy Bob liked to remember his last birthday. Mother and Daddy and Suzie were standing around the table in the comfortable dining room smiling and singing "Happy Birthday" to him. The cake was decorated in green and pink; there were ten green candles and green letters that spelt "Happy Birthday, Billy Bob." As he had told the boys, "Gee, whiz, fellows there was even pink frosting." My mom's the best cook in the world.

While playing marbles he'd stick his tongue out of the corner of his mouth as if it helped to place the marble on the right path; just as the smudge of dirt stuck on the end of his freckled pug nose helped.

His shoes invariably had the toes scuffed out of them; the reason for that was that when ever he walked any where he would pick out a stone and kick it out in front of him all the way to his destination. His mother therefore, would never let him wear his good shoes except on special occasions and to Sunday school.

Some boys build caves, others build shacks and form clubs, but Billy Bob and two of his pals, Jimmy Fields and Hall Malt, constructed a tree house in the corner Sycamore in the side lot next to Billy Bob's house. They built it of used lumber, and even had a roof for it. As the tree had a gentle incline, it was easy to scramble up the hand-made ladder steps to the private habitation of theirs. That was the place where they did all their dream-castle building. Here they made fortunes, drove big block-long Cadillacs, owned cattle ranches in Texas and became influential men of America, maybe presidents. This house held the secrets of their schemes which they plan-

ned for the next water-gun fight against over-sized, sandy-haired Pete Card and his gang.

Like his forefathers before him Billy Bob was creative and self-reliant; all this the modern education helped to draw out faster and bring forward quicker than in "Grandpa's day." His dream castles were as much a part of this as any thing else. Some day he would be something—maybe not a big influential man as he said, but one who would lay foundations for a home of his own on such firm, concrete ideas of American boyhood.

A Review of Stephen Vincent Benet's

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

By Mary Lucile Blount

The author states plainly and clearly the objective which he hopes to attain in his attempted epic, "John Brown's Body." He declares to the reader that his purpose is to present a cyclorama, centered around the Civil War. A panorama is defined as "a series of large pictures arranged to unroll and pass before the spectator." A cyclorama is "a panama on the interior of a battle field, or the like, appearing as in the natural perspective, the spectator standing in the center." The main action takes place on the various battlefields of the Civil War. The spectator, then, is standing in the center, viewing the action. As time goes on, the fighting shifts from north to south, and east to west in a circle; the turn of events intending to carry the readers' interest from one scene to another as smoothly as if it were shown on the screen. The pictures, of course, are lyric ones, but many are as vivid and exciting as a western movie. By words the author gives us a deep insight into the lives of the heroes, and reveals to us as no picture can, the depth of character, the immense struggle and the humbleness and dependence upon a Greater Being, of the men upon whose shoulders something of the outcome of this terrible struggle which was to determine whether our Union should live or die.

Stephen Vincent Benet has given to America one of her few epic poems. If it does not compare in continuity of thought with those so familiar to us, if it lacks the thrilling suspense of *The Odyssey*, or if the wording is not so powerful and effective as that of *Paradise Lost*, the author has still, to a degree, been successful, for he hoped, even though his epic should fail, to show the way to another who might be more successful than he. He has most certainly proved that America does not lack a theme for such a work; that the Civil War has affected the whole world, and that its thrills, terrors, trials, and tribulations provide a theme as fascinating and gripping as that in any epic ever written.

He has succeeded only to a degree, however, in presenting a complete cyclorama. He shows prejudice in his portrayal of the generals by using subtle remarks, some flattering, some quite degrading, to invoke the reader's admiration or resentment for the men whom he is representing. He has tried to be impartial, I believe but for the most part his uncomplimentary remarks are directed toward the northern men and their tactics. Grant, it is my opinion, is exposed to more criticism than he deserves. Benet told in one place of how Grant's father, Jesse Grant, tried to wangle a contract "for army harness" for his son, and in another instance he said that McDowell might not have done quite so well in a certain difficult situation as Grant would have done, but that McDowell was "nobody's fool," and McDowell "saved his men."

Benet's wording is excellent in some passages, but less eloquent

in others. Seldom does one find a more beautiful passage than,

If it is

"An enemy of the sun, who has so stolen
Power from a burnt star to do this work.
Let the bleak essence of the utter cold
Beyond the last gleam of the most outpost light,
Freeze in his veins forever."

one more liltling than

"Strike up, strike up for the April moon
And the rain on the lilac spray!"

one more final than

"This is the dark hour,
This is the ebb tide,
This is the sunset,
This is the defeat."

or one more full of contrast than

"Under the brittle leaves
the sail was alive,
But stripped for battle too,
for the unending
Battle with winter 'till
the spring is born
Like a green leaf uncurling,
so slightly, so gently,
Out of the husk of ice and the black and white snows."

There are some passages, however, that have no charm at all, and seem quite crudely stated, such as

"So he wrapped his child in the dead girl's shawl
And sent her politely to Uncle Paul,
With a black edged note full of grief and scruples
And half the money he owed his pupils."

and

"The tag line found him too tired to dread it,
And he died as he lived,
with an air, on credit."

The order is a little confusing, for Benet skips from one scene to another with no warning. The abruptness of the changes makes the book seem a little unpolished, and, in places, too involved to be interesting. One gets accustomed to his style later on in the story, when the characters have become familiar, but, for the first three or four chapters, it is quite bewildering to the reader. A word or two, used as connectives, would tend to unify the subplot and make the story much easier and faster reading.

His battle scenes are blurred with too much description. For instance, the site of the Battle of Gettysburg would have been quite clear, had he given only the first few pointers, but he proceeded to explain in detail, thus baffling the reader who might not have the ability to separate the important facts from the subordinate details.

He gives impressions of various people without explaining their origin. For example, without preparing the reader for the appearance of another character in the story, he presents a picture of Judith Henry, and relates in detail, her thoughts and emotions without telling us her connection with the story.

Benet emphasizes a few relatively unimportant events, and slights some very important ones. I feel that too much emphasis was placed on the beginning battles, and not enough on the final defeat and complete surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox.

The Battle of Gettysburg was well handled. It was clear in most details, and many scenes were vivid.

The inset called "The Shrine of Gettysburg" is, in my estimation however, as out of place in this story as to use a homely illustration, an elephant in a doll house, for, in the midst of one of the

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most vivid battle scenes of the war, the author depicts a family picnic, with fried chicken to eat. Not only is the train of thought broken, but also the time setting is changed for the only time in the entire work. This causes a very serious discard, because, after reading it, one loses the pitch, the seriousness, that he has worked toward from the beginning of the book.

The character study is most unpredictable in that some of the characters are painted so clearly that one feels that he knows the person, while others are so entirely different from any one who might read such a book, that it is almost impossible to understand their motives or their actions.

The portrayal of Robert E. Lee is, I believe, the most magnificent, the most truly human, I have ever read. Benet says that he had three sons, one who worked a gun with the Rockbridge Battery, and two who were cavalry generals. He described him as having a broad forehead, deep eyes, straight nose, sweet mouth, firm lip, and clearly set head. He was loved and idolized, took his burdens and bore them well, believed in God, yet did not preach too much. He believed in following duty, was great in victory and in defeat, was always himself. He was kind, but not disobeyed, was a good father, loving husband, ideal friend. He had some humor and played mild jokes, did not seek intimates, yet drew men to him, did not seek fame, yet did not protest against it. The author stresses the fact that he knew sorrow and loneliness, but was not embittered by them. One of Lee's soldiers said of him. "General Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man that I would follow blindfold." Jack-

son stated, "I have never seen such a fine looking creature," and "Better ten Jacksons should die than one Lee." The picture Benet painted of General Lee, sitting in his tent, silhouetted against the light of his lamp, is so breathtaking and beautiful that one is thrilled by the direct simplicity of the words.

There is no such portrayal of a northern general. Instead, Benet takes for his representative character, Abraham Lincoln, the President of the Union. This characterization also is effective, for though he stated that Lincoln was lacking in the social graces and charming manners of Lee, he emphasized the goodness of heart which endeared him to each and every one of the readers. Benet depicted him as being a patient man, determined, sad, self-conscious, and always searching for something unattainable. He was a strong man, having the power to make a decision and to maintain that decision against all odds and criticisms. He was deeply religious and prayerful, and his prayer moved me more than any other passage in the book. Benet showed how Lincoln awaited his opportunity and then took advantage of it, how the preservation of the Union was his one great aim, and how all other things were secondary to it. It is Lincoln's prayer that reveals his true character, and shows his inner self. Perhaps it is because this portrait comes from within rather than from an onlooker, that it is nearer the heart of the reader.

The minor characters are not treated so effectively, Benet creates a feeling of unbalance between the North and South. The southern characters in the subplot are strong, and of the gentility of that section of the country, but there is no such portrayal of

a northern aristocracy. Those whom he has chosen to represent the North are of a very common type, and not of the higher class, as are the Wingates. The story of Jack Ellyat in no way represents the whole of the northern populace. The North had an aristocracy also, one as noble and decorious, if not as picturesque, as that of the South. If, however, Benet chose to show only one family of wealth and means, he should have portrayed one Northern family that was good, intelligent, and law abiding. The story of Jack Ellyat and Melvin Vilas is interesting, but in no way typical. I can see no real reason for the stories of Curly Hatton and Skippy, as they add to the confusion caused by too many characters, and make no real contribution to the story. The stories of John Vilas, Jack Ellyat, and Skippy could have been omitted, and in their stead Benet might have placed the story of a truly Northern family.

"John Brown's Body" is a story that grows more effective as one studies it and thinks on it. It is difficult to read and understand, but, once read, the hidden meaning of certain passages come into view, thus opening new doors and arches into new and different fields of thought. It is like stepping from a light into a darkened room. At first everything is black, and one gropes about for something on which to hold, but as he stays, he gets accustomed to the dimness, and the objects in the rooms become clearer. After a time, he discovers that the outside is viewed much more easily from a darkened room than from one flooded with light, and that the windows and arches of that room become passages into new ways and paths, rather than doors which shut out the rest of the world

from his knowledge.

TO THE RESCUE

By Virginia Case

Sonny was slumped in the shiny mahogany boat. His head was bumping against port side; his feet propped up on starboard side. "Water Pal" was sweeping up and down with the motion of the white-capped waves, Welldon, popularly called Sonny, was totally unconcerned about this uncomfortable position because he was too busy chasing Japs in his dreams, or should one say nightmares?

"Hey, Bloke, wake up." Son started up with a sudden yell, "Geepers, you don't have to scare a person half—"

"Never mind," interrupted Sergeant Moran of the State Police. "Get to the wheel of this boat and start it. I'll pull up anchor. That scatterbrained Leisha has tipped over in her sailboat about a mile out."

"But Sarge, I—"
"Start this boat, now!"
"All right, but you're—"

Sonny's voice was drowned out by the sound of the motor. With a sudden start the boat raced forward. It hit a wave in a thirty degree angle; the occupants were left drenched to the very bones.

"What are you doing?" shouted the Sergeant, gasping for breath.

"I don't know. I tried to tell you that I've never had the wheel alone before. Close your mouth, Sarge, before you get a mouthful of 'H²O.'"

Moran gave Welldon an abrupt push and grabbed the wheel. As it hurried toward the overturned sailboat, "Pal" boasted a white mountain spray on each side of her stern. She caused massive waves which undulated in grim defiance against the natural motion of Huron. The boat hit the

coming waves with such force that she could almost see herself popping bolts right and left.

"There she is, Sarge. Kiltie's with her."

Two pieces of eyes beheld a bedraggled freckle-faced, pug-nosed Leisha. She raised a hand and impishly showed her brace-bound teeth. Sitting next to her on the overturned boat was a very wet black Scotty barking excitedly but clinging decidedly to his companion.

Sonny cut the motor, and the girl and puppy swam to the boat. She handed Kiltie in first; then she reached out two dripping wet hands, so that the two men would be able to pull her in.

"Hi, Sergeant," choked Leisha. "How do you like the change of scenery?"

"Young lady, this is definitely the last jam that I'll get you out of."

"Now, Sarge, you know"—the motors conveniently started up with a sudden deafening blast. Sonny gleamed back at the red-faced patrolman who was covering up his immense relief by a gust of sputtering.

SOCIETY GOSSIP and GAB

By Patricia Walsh

Sonny Kronenberg's correspondence has reached a drastic point lately. Her male "pen pal" decided to meet her in person. Chicago was the place and last last week-end was the date.

Donalee broke the all-time record for getting dressed and into St. Louis when she rushed in to see Clark, who is awaiting orders.

Eloise Rowland is in ecstasy over her star sapphire from Johnny.

Bev. Busher—weren't you surprised at receiving a telegram April first?

Franny Wiley is back in the groove after being in Tulsa.

Jaynn Mann is expecting Walt the week end after Easter.

Eileen Murphy and Dorothy Heimrod both got wings. Heimrod brought hers back from Omaha.

Ruth Neef and Jane Bash also came back from Omaha. That must be a popular place.

Spring Has Sprung---Cuthbert Writes of Girls and Easter

Darling Gertie, Received your Easter present of an egg. Too bad it wasn't cooked quite long enough. I took the box right out and buried it where it will serve as a convenient booby trap for any Jap that happens to get within smelling distance of it. It was the egg that odorized, wasn't it? Or was it some of your sachet you liberally sprinkle in everything you send?

Nice to hear about all those engagements at your school. I'm enclosing a seed pod from a tropical flower that resembles a cigar band. Put that on your finger and wear it.

So you had to stay on campus Easter, did you? Too bad, but I'll bet that you got lots of studying done. Or am I just being funny? It probably is very pretty there now and you could enjoy the pleasant beauties of nature that surround you on every hand.

Oh, say, I meant to tell you—and I am. I met a girl the other day who reminded me so much of you that I almost got homesick for you—almost. Of course, there was a slight difference. She was tall and you are short, she is dark

and you are light, she is slim and willowly and you are—well, pleasingly plump—and un-willowly, she is pretty and you are . . .

I was interrupted for a little while. Had to peel potatoes for a day and a half—fortunately. Where was I. Oh yes. I had a couple of dates with her, just friendly little chats, you know. I was thinking of you all the time. You know that.

How those teachers at your school must cut up. They are worse, I guess, than we were when we were in grade school. It's a good thing that there aren't many faculty parties or the poor Senior Class would be on its last legs. Your Miss Werndle must be quite a card. I guess, though, that I'd rather have an egg than a great big old box of sawdust.

Well, enough chatter for this time. Let me hear from you sometime within the next lunar month. By the way, there's a great big full moon out tonight. Got to get out and enjoy it—alone of course—of course.

Oodles of love to my oomph girl—oomph spelled with a capital UGH. Pardon me . . .

Alice Marble Talks Benefits of Athletics For College Girls

Alice Marble, well-known tennis player, spoke to a delighted group of Lindenwood girls March 22 at 7 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium.

Miss Marble talked about the advantages of sufficient rest, a lot of exercise, wholesome foods and a good morale for the college girl of today.

Alice Marble won the women's national singles tennis championship four times. She has now retired from competitive tennis and is only playing benefit games for the Red Cross and the armed services.

Senior gals have glamour,
Junior gals have bait;
Sophomore gals have well-known lines.
Freshman babes have dates.
—Register.

Students Revel In Luxury of 'Stop Day' on March 30

Stop day. At last L. C. students had a day of rest. As Dr. Gage walked down the aisle and stepped on the stage various emotions could be witnessed on the faces of the student body. Then Dr. Gage announced what we had all been waiting for. Did you ever hear such cheering and clapping as followed Dr. Gage as he left the auditorium on March 29?

Came the next day—stop day—and its lackadaisical schedule. Up at 12 o'clock, lunch at 12:20, then the rest of the afternoon in which to do what we pleased.

Some went back to bed, others caught up on the latest gossip or wrote letters, and a small minority could be found poring over their books. Still others spent their time in the great outdoors, communing with nature, or whatever they do.

A day of leisure, peace and rest does a soul good once in a while. (At least it helped ours.) The day following stop day found everyone entering classes with energy plus and the dark circles vanished, along with lessons prepared and a neat appearance. It does us good to take a day off once in a while; or is that obvious? Anyway—THANKS, DR. GAGE ! ! ! ! !

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AHMANN'S NEWS STAND

Honor Societies Announce Election of New Members

The honor sororities on the campus announced their new members at a convocation on March 20.

They are:

Alpha Sigma Tau:

Caroline Levy, Jane McLean, Mary Ann Parker, Elizabeth Tabor, Jean Paulson, Emmo Lou Hannis, Nancy Nagl, Marion Erlandson, Jo Ann Butters, Frances Watlington, Patricia Youmans Wagner and Betty Jean Schroer.

Poetry Society:

Winner of 1943-1944 Poetry Contest, **Phyllis Maxwell**, "The Window"; Honorable mentions, Jane Schmidt, "Confusion"; Nancy Johnston, "Gray Scene".

Other members: Donna Deffenbaugh, Margot Overmeyer, Ruby Wilson, Betty Miller, Barbara Park, Joan Davis, Marthann Young and Marie Szilagyi.

Pi Alpha Delta:

Mary Swalley, Jean Baim, Margaret Little, Phyllis Maxwell, Josephine Scott and Mary Reeves.

Associate Members:

Hildegard Stanze, Wilmoth Schaer, Patsy Geary and Mary Tillman.

Sigma Tau Delta:

Mary Lucille Blount, Patricia Conrad, Joan Emons, Marian Goellner, Caroline Levy, Ida Francis Lewis, Jane McLean, Ruthe Meyer, Betty Miller, Virginia Moehlenkamp, Eileen Murphy, Ruth Neef, Carolyn Niedner, Margot Overmeyer, Mary Ann Parker, Betty Ann Rouse, Betty Tabor, Carolyn Trimble and Mable Wilkins.

Alpha Psi Omega:

Pat Conrad and Betty Ann Rouse.

Pi Gamma Mu:

Lynn Jackson, Patricia Youmans Wagner, Marjorie Allen, Janet Schaefer, Eloise Rowland and Beverly Wescott.

Beta Pi Theta:

Hilma Dodson, Betty Tabor, Betty Kilbury, Connie Fuqua, and Jo Ann Butters.

Mu Phi Epsilon:

Betty Roark, and Dorothy Schaeffer.

Alpha Mu Mu:

Polly Percival, Doris Jones, Jean Lohr, Reva Niemann, Katherine Pemberton, and Lillian Pre-witt.

English officer in a fashionable west-end restaurant: "I should like a porterhouse steak drowned in mushrooms, some delicately brown toast and plenty of butter."

Waiter: "Pardon me, sir, are you trying to order or just reminiscing?"—The Web.

More from Aurora:
"I took her riding—the little angel walked back.
I took her skating—the little angel rolled back.
I took her boating—the little angel swam back.
I took her airplane riding—the little angel!"

—McMurray College Greetings

THE CLUB CORNER

Sigma Tau Delta held a tea March 23, in the Library Club rooms from 4:30 to 6 o'clock. The purpose of the tea was to honor upperclassmen majoring in English and all Freshmen and Sophomores making S or E in English. Mrs. Gage and Dr. Gregg, Miss Isaacs and Miss Sibley poured. Music was provided by Marjorie Phillis and Betty Tabor.

BUY
WAR BONDS
TO-DAY

HALL OF FAME



Once in a while you can see her in Ayres where she lives, but more often than not, she can be found at the library or the Tea Room.

Shirley Goodman, latest addition to the Hall of Fame, gets around these days. She's the Literary Editor of the Annual, Senior representative on the Student Council, Vice-president of Sigma-Tau Delta, Vice-president of the Poetry Society, Treasurer for Pi Alpha Delta, member of Who's Who, and a member of Alpha Kappa Delta at Washington University. Besides all this, she has won two Sociology awards.

Now, do you wonder why she's never at home? In addition to all her accomplishments, Shirley is well-liked on campus, and displays that good old L. C. spirit.

tiums. Brown glazed pottery plates and red and white napkins were used to carry out the festive mood.

A springtime flower arrangement was the focal point of the Easter breakfast arranged by Patsy Pate, Alice Campbell, Betty Gilpin, and Barbara Park. Iris, daffodils, clarkia and violets were the flowers used. For place cards, jaunty little Easter egg figures were set up with the names of the guests printed on their stiff white cardboard collars.

Other tables that were arranged for special occasions were ones for a war bride's first luncheon, a porch supper, Dad's birthday dinner, a child's party, and a tea for college friends. Members of the classes who also set up the tables were: Joan Emons, Patsy Sharick, Ruth Wilson, Joan Davis, Elaine Grav, Doris Schneider, Charlotte Hare, Dorothy Ann Wood, Mary Gaston, Lois Hachtmeyer, Rae Ann Colchensky, Betty La Barre, and Babs Wexner.

FAD

By Mary Ann Nesbitt

'Twas the night before Stop Day

And all through the dorm Barry was cutting Until all were shorn.

The hair flew left
The hair flew right
The hair flew everywhere
'Twas never such a sight!

'Twas the day after
And all over L. C.
The many oohings and aahings
Filled the shorn girls with glee.

Moral: Cut your hair and be done with it.

Wrinkled Brows and Midnight Oil Remind Us It's Exam. Time

"A simple sentence is a complete thought joined by an infinitive and a participle." Or is that right? That sounds more like a nomination absolute." And so go the thoughts of the upperclassmen, because they are taking the Junior English examination tomorrow afternoon.

Two parts of hydrogen and two parts oxygen equal to water, but a split infinitive plus a misplaced modifier equals chaos. There's no rhyme or reason. They just learn the rules and hope they don't get confused. From 4 until 6 tomorrow the upperclassmen will try to remember just what it was they learned, if anything, in freshman English.

For the last year or two the juniors and seniors have been

concentrating on learning "more and more about less and less." Rules for punctuating restrictive clauses were on use in a lab. and J. B. Watson says nothing about predicate nominatives. The day of reckoning caught about half of the upperclassmen unprepared. 'Course it will be a field day for the English major, but what about the unfortunates who major in science, math, and psychology. That deficiency must be corrected—and quickly. Out come the grammar books and worried expressions. And that's why "English in Ten Easy Lessons" has been chosen the book of the week. The best-seller is read most frequently in the tearoom, and the most-heard comment is, "I didn't want that diploma anyway."

Dr. L. L. Bernard Distinguished Professor

Dr. L. L. Bernard, new professor on the campus this semester who teaches history of Social Thought and Sociology, is well known in his field, nationally and internationally. Dr. Bernard is a member of the International organization, L'Institut Internationale de Sociologie. He served as vice-president of the Brussels Congress in 1935. He is also a member of the Masyrak Sociological Society of Czechoslovakia, and has been named an honor medalist by the government. He is an active member of the Society of Historical Investigation for the Historical Society of Argentina.

Dr. Bernard has written several textbooks which are now in use in the United States and Great Britain. His **Social Psychology** is now being translated for use in Mexico.

His latest book, **War and its Cause**, will be published early this summer. The first part of the book is devoted to the history of war, how it was conducted from primitive to modern times. In the second part of the book, Dr. Bernard discusses the different causes of war: psychological causes, over population, imperialism, economic and political causes and geographic boundaries. He also discusses Hitler's theory of Geopolitics: Central Europe, Germany, is the heartland of the world island of Eurasia. Therefore Germany is the guardian and should capture the world island first. Later he plans to settle with the smaller world islands of North and South America. The last chapter deals with what might be done to prevent future war.

Dr. Bernard is a member of the following honorary fraternities Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, Zeta Phi, Alpha Kappa Delta of which he was president in 1937.

Dr. Bernard was president of the American Sociological Society in 1932. He is now the editor of the "American Sociology", and associate editor of "Sociological Forces," and "Sociological Science".

Dr. Bernard gave the annual address at the Alpha Kappa Delta chapter at the University of Illinois last week-end.

STRAND

Tue., Wed., Thurs.

April 11-12-13

Frank Sinatra

in

HIGHER and HIGHER
with Jack Haley
Michele Morgan

Fri.-Sat. Apr. 14-15

2 FEATURES 2

Gloria Jean

with

Ray Malone

and

a grand musical cast in

'MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT'

&

Chester Morris

in TOURNADO

with Nancy Kelly

Sun., Mon., Tues.

April 16-17-18

NO TIME FOR LOVE

with Claudette Colbert

Fred MacMurray

Wed., Thurs. April 19-20

2 FEATURES 2

Humphrey Bogart

in CRIME SCHOOL

with the

Dead End Kids

&

GIRLS ON PROBATION

with Ronald Reagan

Fri., Sat. April 21-22

2 FEATURES 2

Allan Jones

in SING A JINGLE

with June Vincent

&

Government Film

(in technicolor)

MEMPHIS BELLE

Sun., Mon., Tues.

April 23-24-25

THE SULLIVANS

with Thomas Mitchell

Anne Baxter

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