

Come On Girls! Romeo Contest Opens This Week

The Linden Bark announces the third annual "man-of-the-moment" contest. Last year, Dorothy Lamour selected the ideal Lindenwood Romeo. The Bark staff is withholding the information about who will choose this year, but they assure you it will be someone of equal importance.

An innovation this year will be the division of the pictures into different classifications such as the most handsome, the most athletic, the most kissable, the most intellectual, and the best candidate for matrimony. Your Romeo may not be the glamour type, but he should certainly fall into one of the divisions.

Each picture turned in must have the following information attached: where you met him and how, whether or not it's love, what he does at school, in the armed forces or at work, and describe him as to height, coloring, and his best attributes.

Although most of the young men entered will probably be in the armed forces, don't let that discourage those of you who have civilian pictures. No partiality will be shown. Hunt up all your pictures and take them to Room 18, the Linden Bark office, opposite the post office, any time up to and including Valentine's Day. Remember the limit set for the number of pictures turned in by each girl is 100.

Donna Werhle Wins Fur Coat In Essay Contest

A sable blended muskrat for Donna Werhle. Donna was surprised too, but that is just what happened. During Christmas vacation Donna was notified that the Leppert Roos, fur company had selected her essay for the prize winning essay on "Choosing Furs for My Wardrobe."

Donna said that she went into the Leppert Roos store, and she was shown many lovely coats to choose from. She chose from these a sable blended muskrat.

The prize winning essay entered by Donna Werhle, was entered in the beginning of the contest. It was not selected by the faculty committee, but by the Leppert Roos Fur Co.

Faculty Member Gives Reading of Play

Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon, an instructor in the speech and dramatics department, gave a reading of "Watch On the Rhine" by Lillian Hellman, Sunday night, January 24, in Roemer Auditorium.

HALL OF FAME



The Hall of Fame is happy to hail Miss Peggy Lindsay as its member of the moment. Peg has done herself and Lindenwood proud by listing her name on the rolls of numerous scholastic societies.

In 1940-41, she received the Pi Gamma Mu award, wrote several essays and stories which were published in the Linden Bark, and joined the Arkansas Club.

Since that year, she has become a member of the German Club, Alpha Sigma Tau, League of Women Voters, and International Relations Club.

1942-43, her senior year, finds Peggy ably filling the positions of Literary editor of the Linden Leaves, president of Sigma Tau Delta, and president of El Circulo Espanol.

Peggy possesses a sweet personality, and rates 1-A by all who know her.

'It Was The Craziest Dream'--- Christmas Vacation In Retrospect

We've all returned to school with memories, gossip and crazy experiences galore! Of course the most frequently heard statement is: "You mean there were men in your town!"

Mr. Motley's advice, "Just smile girls and you'll get what you want" proved quite true. The only thing he forgot to mention was: "Don't smile at soldiers!"

As usual, trains were late, derailed and overloaded. Of course the Lindenwood girls were also overloaded with baggage and naturally bags under their eyes.

The girls who were lucky enough to have dates during vacation, came back decorated with newly acquired pins, medals, bars, wings, and anything else they could lay their hands on. A few girls even brought the men back.

While scanning the campus we discovered "one" girl actually studied

STUDENTS BURN MIDNIGHT OIL AS BLITZ OF FINAL EXAMS HIT CAMPUS

Residence Halls Have Collection of Best Sellers of the Year

Seventy-five new books have been distributed among the halls. These books are a variety of best sellers consisting of fiction, non-fiction, and mysteries.

Among the fictions are: Robe, by Lloyd Douglas; Song of Bernadette, by Franz Werfel; Look to the Mountain, by Le Grand Cannon, Jr.; Mrs. Parkington, by Louis Bromfield; "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, by Skinner and Kimbrough; This is My Best, by Burnett, and We Took of the Woods, by Louise Dickinson Rich. The last three books were chosen by the Book of the Month Club in December.

Among the twenty-seven mysteries are: Topper's End, by Cole and Cole; Murder in the OPM, by Leslie Ford; the Moving Finger, by Agatha Christie, and other thrillers.

In the non-fiction group is Report From Tokyo, by Joseph C. Grew, United States Ambassador to Japan, 1932-1941. The purpose of this book, says Mr. Grew, is to overcome a fallacy in the thinking of a large proportion of my fellow countrymen about our war with Japan. That thinking is clearly influenced by pre-conceived but unfounded assumptions as to Japan's comparative weakness and vulnerability in war."

Another book in the non-fiction group is, United State Service Emblems. This book has pictures of the uniforms and insignias of the Army, Navy, Marine corps, nurses and A. W. V. S. It shows the insignias of all of the branches of Coast Guards, Air Corps, and Civilian defense. The

(Continued on page 7)

New Courses Are Offered for Second Semester

First semester finals are with us once again; in fact, the week of Feb. 1 to the 5 will be a very busy one for students and teachers alike. If they are not studying they will no doubt be worrying—or should be!

Exams started Monday, February 1, at 8 a. m. and they will continue through the week until Friday afternoon. Registration for second semester courses will be concluded the week before finals. Students are to obtain their schedules from their counselors, and course cards will be given out on the second floor of Roemer Hall, January 27, 28, and 29, from 4 until 5 p. m.

Second semester classes will begin the Monday following exams. At this time there will be many new courses offered. The grade I courses are: motor mechanics and photography, taught by Miss Carr; and the private life of the Romans, by Miss Kathryn Hankins. Grade II and III courses are as follows: Comparative Mythology, philosophical background of human relations, by Dr. Harmon; applied psychology, by Miss Morris; educational and vocational guidance, by Dr. Schaper; piano pedagogy for children, taught by Miss Englehart, (open to music majors only); and introduction to music literature.

There are a few changes in courses such as the labor problems course will become a survey of world economics. World literature will take the trend towards a special study of Oriental times and literature, and will be taught by Dr. Gibson. The course under Dr. Bernard, Women in Community Life, will have special reference to women in war work in their own communities. Psychology or Religion and the Philosophical Background of Human Relations, will have special application to war situations also.

Lindenwood Students Aid Exchange Club With Community Sing

A community sing was sponsored by the Exchange Club of St. Charles at the high school auditorium January 21.

The main purposes for conducting this sing were to build up morale and to encourage the buying of defense stamps. The admission was a 10c defense stamp. They plan to make the sing a permanent feature.

The Lindenwood girls who participated in the program were: Virginia Donovan, Jerry Oppenheimer, Marion Hardtke, Lady Morgan, and Jean Esther Morris.

LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1943

Midnight Oil

Once again the midnight oil will burn for the Lindenwood girls who are pouring over the text books and notes which they have never read before! Yes, the final exam period is here, or maybe we could say—its just another one of the interesting features of the year provided by Lindenwood!

Start working, fellow students! Lets make our friends and parents proud of those grades we make. Good luck to all!

Zero Weather Ahead

"If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" That is what we have all been wondering lately—especially the day it was 6 below zero. Riding outfits, boots, woolen scarves and gloves, long stockings, fur coats, and just about every extra sweater that could be found, was worn. Zero weather for most of us . . . physically and mentally . . . is just around the corner . . . SEMESTER EXAMS ! ! ! ! !

Brave New World

Many things go on behind closed doors of which the world is unaware. One of the most mysterious of these doors is the one leading to the laboratories of America's chemical experts.

It is a common occurrence to hear "the man on the corner" loudly proclaiming his ideas on the postwar world to come. But when you ask him for proof, he is at a total loss. From the American Scientist's magazine comes an almost unbelievable picture of this future world. Scientific revolution has kept pretty much in the dark until well-prepared to spring a new and daring invention, but under the driving impetus of war, a generation of research has been telescoped into a few years. Although the magic of our laboratories has been mobilized against the axis powers, it will still be mobilized after the war, to bring forth and protect a "brave new world."

Great strides have been made in the science of electronics, which is used on the fighting lines, in the locating devices which detect the presence of enemy planes many miles away and locates submarines lying in wait for convoys; petroleum chemistry has revolutionized synthetic rubber, and also perfected a non-inflammable gasoline for use in airplanes and synthetic lubricating oils for the sky trucks of the future; the biochemists have discovered penicillin, a new drug which is 100 times stronger than sulfanilamide; and the field of agriculture has made possible the discovery of new plastics.

Our world of tomorrow is going to be nothing short of Thomas Moore's "Utopia", and just as exciting to explore. Every person in the United States will have an important role to play, the success of it depending upon the cooperation of everyone.

Send Us Your Romeo

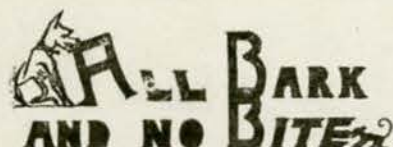
In April, 1941, the headlines of the Linden Bark blazed "Lindenwood College turns Co-ed". And, after Christmas, when the Romeo contest begins, everyone really believes it! Dignified Roemer Hall will be filled with pictures of the current handsome heart-throbs. Between classes, deep sighs will be heard from the vicinity of the picture display. While most of the Romeos will probably be sailors, soldiers, or marines—don't let that keep out the civilians. Some of you so-called fickle young ladies will be interested to know that there isn't any limit to the number of Romeos turned in by each girl. Dig out all your pictures—even those that have been turned toward the wall for some reason or other—and loan them to the Linden Bark before Valentine's Day. All pictures will be returned (unless someone on the staff takes a special liking to one of them).

Letter To The People

The staff of the Linden Bark would like to remind the readers they are cordially invited to express their views of the news and opinions concerning the happenings on the Lindenwood Campus. This newspaper is put out by students for the interest of the students and we feel everyone should be able to be seen in print, if not heard, on this campus. Now is your chance. May we hear from you?

Don't forget Uncle Sam on your Valentine list this year—say it with war stamps.

Your discarded silk and nylon stockings are needed for the war effort. Enlist them for service at the stocking salvage booth on the campus.



By Emmy Gumm

It is unanimously agreed that everyone came back with one of those "Oh happy holiday" feelings about the Christmas vacation. It is also quite evident everyone had the eagerness to get back to it all; the 8:30 rush to the Cupboard every night, listening to "Lights Out" in a dark room with all the gang, eating pop corn at the Strand and banana splits at the Princess, and all those little things that mean Lindenwood to us. Yes, it's a fine thing, this being back

— chin up —

Speaking of being back, the trains were certainly overrun with nice soldiers, sailors, marines, and what have you. JINNY PYLES made quite a killing. She returned with the young man's wings and evidently his heart. He called her from California last week. MARGE IRWIN (on the same train) came back with the shocking news that she found a more than slightly inebriated chief petty officer in her berth, sleeping away despite the miscellaneous hat boxes, coats, luggage, etc. he so complacently reclined upon. Six sailors came to her rescue and removed the stupefied body. JINNY BAUSKE, LOIS ANDERSON, and MIMI HANNA had an interesting old (about seventy, they say) sergeant to entertain them all the way back. Lois seems to be carrying on quite a correspondence with him—just after taking Don's pin, too.

— only —

The army has taken over Senior Hall again. JAN THOMAS' "jeep" man, Lt. James McColgan, was here for the week end, and Lt. George Harden stopped off on his way to Texas from Ft. Devon to see CAROL BINDLEY. And RUTH HAINES' "Grib" is always there in spirit. She hasn't been able to study one bit since he called her from Quantico, Va., t'other night. MIMI HANNA would welcome any information toward the identity of the two hit-and-run freshmen who came out of the library in such a rush one morning. A door hit Mimi in the head and knocked her flat. The culprits took a peek to see if she was still alive then hurried away on their way. The victim is sporting a nice cut on her right temple and a more or less unhappy attitude concerning freshmen in general—two in particular.

— three —

Never let it be said Lindenwood girls didn't help the prosperity of the jewelers this year. To say the new diamonds on campus are beautiful is a fine example of gross understatement. Look for yourself. SHIRLEY GROSS is flashing her "forth-finger-left-hand" around Butler. BILLIE VAREE FOUTS is the lucky girl in Sibley. BETTY MYERS received a diamond from Gene, and DOT BAILY'S ring is from Dr. William Dotson. JANE MEREDITH went to see DICK in Kansas (he has been in Alaska for two years) and she returned with a "knuckle-duster" that makes your eyes bulge—a huge black diamond. CORALEE BURCHARD leads the way in Ayres Hall with her ring from Eddie Ogden. Many chests are decorated with shiny silver wings, and several fraternities lost some handsome hardware over the holidays, too. Those ornamented with new pins are ALTHEA HOOPER (Kappa Sig), POLLY PERCIVAL (A.T.O.), and BARBARA STEBERG (Beta).

— more days —

Congratulations to our two brides, Mrs. Stanley Corl (the former KAY

THE SAFETY VALVE

This column is devoted to the students of Lindenwood to permit them to let off steam. Our readers are invited to contribute to the column. The students' name must accompany each letter as evidence of the good faith of the writer, but a nom de plume will be used if desired.

WANTS TO STUDY

Dear Editor:

I'm crazy about Lindenwood College. I'll always stick up for it and abide by its rules, but when it comes to the point where you have to give permission to "study", when that's what we're here for, well, then, I really can rave.

Have you ever tried concentrating after 11 o'clock, in a room full of people? It's not very easy is it? Uncomfortable too. Your thoughts always wander back to that nice cozy bedroom of yours and how you could learn so much more there. Why couldn't the lights remain on till 12 during six week periods? After all, is that asking too much?

MORE TIME FOR CHAPEL

Dear Editor:

Why doesn't the administration allow a longer period of time for chapel? There was a time when I enjoyed going to chapel, and I went to every one; but it seems to me that if they want a larger attendance, they will have to set off a longer space of time so that we won't be rushed around so much to get to lunch. Chapel is a matter of deciding on chapel or lunch. I know girls that plan ahead whether they are going to lunch that day, or chapel. Now is that right? No. Why doesn't someone tell the guest speakers just what that little bell means. Some of them seem to think that it reoccurs at intervals to keep the students awake.

Sincerely,

Why don't they.

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ANDERSON) and Mrs. ANGIE HENRY NOBLE. Lt. Corl was on campus last week end, and Angie is pleased with Uncle Sam for transferring Flight Officer Noble to a near by field in Missouri. M. J. TARLING has been shopping for her trousseau. She is marrying Vick this month.

— of —

LOUISE LILSON is having much trouble with Bills these days—and they aren't the kind that come in an envelope from the corner drug store, either. May the best man win, Ollie. DOT HEIMROD journeyed to Omaha last week to attend the Creighton Military Ball. In the last issue of the Bark LOU MALLORY mentioned she would like the boy at the florists for Christmas. Imagine her surprise when a big box of roses arrived at her door Christmas morning from none other than the boy at the florists himself. Might be something in this advertising business at that, girls. It is rumored around campus that one of our proverbial "campus widowers" has purchased a diamond ring. Who is the lucky girl?

— finals —

Maybe you've heard:

Refinement . . . The ability to yawn without opening your mouth.

Conscience . . . An inner voice that warns us someone is looking in.

Relatives . . . Inherited critics. Originality . . . Undetected imitation.

— 'nuff said —

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

I LEARN TO FLY

Sophia Anne Russell, '46

I had had my take-offs, landings, S-turns, stalls and forced landings. The next thing on my flying schedule was a ninety-degree angle turn. The take-offs and landings hadn't given me much trouble because I had a good sense of balance. S-turns were tedious but not really difficult. The stalls had made me feel as if my stomach and heart had deserted me but I hadn't really minded them.

On this particular morning after having four and one-half hours of flying behind me I falsely thought I could cope with almost any situation that might present itself. I came blithely out to the airport, walked to the plane with my instructor, Mr. Jones, climbed aboard the trainer, fastened my safety belt and proceeded to rev up the motor to check the sparks. Mr. Jones handed me my earphones and told me to take off.

As there was a southwest wind up, I took off into the wind on the northeast runway, my favorite. I made a good take-off, my spirits soaring with the plane. After climbing to four hundred feet I made a gentle turn to circle the field and clear traffic. When I had left traffic I trotted down the r-p-m's and climbed to two thousand feet with slow right and left turns. Keeping the altitude at two thousand feet, I headed toward section three, my practice ground.

Mr. Jones informed me over the earphones that he would make a ninety-degree turn and then I was to try one. In a ninety-degree turn the wing tips are perfectly horizontal with each other and the nose of the plane is kept in a straight line with the horizon. When it was my turn I made my fingers relax on the stick, slowly but firmly pulled the stick to the left, all the while using my left rudder pedal. Oh, it seemed so easy at first that I peered out the window to see the funny way old *terra firma* looked from that angle. Right then it happened.

I had let my attention leave the controls and horizon and now we were in a power spin. I've seen power spins in the movies and they've made my hands clammy, but being in one myself was an entirely different matter. Suddenly I realized what an insignificant thing I was up in the vast expanse of sky and how easily my life could be blotted out upon the ground below.

Some people faint, some grit their teeth and pull out of it. I just closed my eyes tight shut and gave myself over to that deadly though almost delightful feeling of falling and falling. Then I became conscious that Mr. Jones wasn't doing anything about controlling the plane and in a flash it dawned on me that Mr. Jones was leaving it up to me to pull out of it. With this realization, my mind cleared for action. I opened my eyes, pulled the nose of the plane up slightly and gently straightened her out.

It all sounds simple, but when you are several hundred feet above everything that's solid nothing is too easy. Mr. Jones' calm voice came over the earphones, "Go in for a landing." That was all he said. I was in something of a daze as I entered traffic, idled the motor, and glided in for a landing. The plane hit the ground, bounced slightly, then settled down and we rolled up to the hangar. I cut the motor and sat still, trying to swallow the lump that had formed in my throat. Mr.

Jones tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You're a flyer, Sophia."

For the first time I realized how frightened I had been, and tears began collecting back of my eyelids. Mr. Jones had said I was a flyer though, hadn't he? I brushed my eyes, found a grin and stepped somewhat shakily from the plane.

EPISODE ON A BUS

Carolyn Trimble, '46

As the driver stepped on the brake pedal, he opened the green glass doors of the bus. Immediately a stream of passengers filed by the fare box and began scrambling for seats. A little boy, still out of breath from running to catch the bus, fell into a seat near me. Dirt covered his face, sullen and dull with ignorance. A delicately chiseled mouth, too beautiful for the other features, kept the countenance from being nondescript. Shaggy blond hair hanging over a low forehead almost hid his incredibly blue eyes. His dirty hands strayed from the pockets of faded blue jeans to his mouth, to the window, and back into the pockets. "Five cents to go to town. Could buy some candy. Bus stopping. Got to change?" The child murmured disconnected sentences to no one in particular.

People stared at him, but the curious glances had no effect. Although he was about twelve years old, he did not care what people thought. His own thoughts, spoken aloud, rambled on. "Get some money. Go to the show. Cowboys, Bang! Bang!"

The lady beside him jumped at the last outburst, then looked at him fiercely. The boy laughed as he turned to the window and stared at the passing houses.

Rows of houses, painfully alike, held no charm for a boy. As he glanced at the woman, he mischievously began whistling. His eyes held a gleam almost savage.

Watching his antics, I could not keep from wondering what environment had produced this creature with almost classical features and such a disposition. I leaned toward him. "Where does your father work?"

"Nowhere. Mom takes in washings. She was brung up on a farm." Those beautiful lips closed over dirty teeth and the eyes plainly said that he was talking no more.

I shall never know anything more about the child, but I cannot quite forget him.

BUBBLE BATH

Carolyn Niedner, '46

Splash! Water flew three feet in all directions from the white porcelain bathtub; suds trickled down the sides until a smooth, wet carpet covered the floor. The center of attraction in this commotion sat comically inside the tub, a tiny three-year-old young lady with yellow curls piled carelessly atop her bobbing head. Her baby hands reached out to catch the shiny blue and silver bubbles and to poke a daring fore-finger into one of the mysterious but enchanting balls, only to see it vanish into a few smatters of soap. Surely Cinderella could have been no more disappointed than this child when her chariot returned to its original pumpkin character. But in a moment, forgetful of the disillusionment, the little girl clenched her fingers into a beating, spluttering motor of fists, and stirred the water into billows of soapy foam and gossamer bubbles. She could no longer

restrain herself, and opened her mouth to emit a gleeful squeal of delight while she slapped both flat palms into the mass of froth. The notes of the cry changed from joy to sudden surprised fear and pain; her blue eyes blinked and squinted; the slippery pink body stood erect in the tub, shaking and quivering, until Mummy came to wipe out the stinging soap from her baby's eyes, wrap the frightened child in a long white bath towel, and soothe away her tears.

AFTER THE BRUSH OFF

Bette Cole, '46

Some girls actually sit down and wait for the moment of revelation. Even in our hard boiled generation there are enough such complexes to make Susy look like an amateur. I often regret that the idea of revenge went out with the blood-and-thunder drama. Toying with the thought of a stiletto is a much more healthy reaction than retiring to a chest of lavender and old lace and gently lowering the lid. The only sane attitude is trying to keep a middle course—somewhere between murder and melancholia. Pretend nothing has happened and you're in for a life of chronic. Maybe your lips can move and talk and your legs navigate with reasonable ease, but otherwise you are a case history. You are suffering; my pet, from what comes under the all-embracing head of "shock." Your future has suddenly been removed—cut right out of the picture. Like any operation, it's bound to have unpleasant effects. The treatment is not yet to find another man. That would be like serving roast beef to a patient coming out of ether. In the first place you don't want him, and the second place try and find him. If you should stumble on an unsuspecting and attractive male, your lack of sleep, curtailed diet, and the desperate look in your eye whenever they play a Strauss Waltz would soon remove him far beyond the horizon. There's no point in wasting a perfectly good man on a health cure.

"Get interested in your studies" is another prescription about as effective as soda for a bubonic plague. Careers are wonderful occupations but very poor substitutes.

You might buy a new outfit. But this is one time when even Schiaparelli falls flat. When your soul feels like an old burlap bag, everything you put on is going to look like one.

The trick is to suffer but not give up. You don't always have to grin in order to bear it. Get out when you're fortunate to be invited. Only don't expect a trip to a local movie to turn into One Night of Love. Carry on with your lessons. Don't resent the campus because it isn't a rose-hung bungalow. Pep up your wardrobe even though your heart isn't in it. Maybe your sweet little Alice-blue gown is wrapped up with desire under the lilacs, but face the fact that it might look a little dowdy in the heart of town. Play both ends towards the middle and you'll come out ahead of the game. You'll still have your memories, but they'll be filed in the proper place. They won't be cluttering up the decks, and yet they'll put that three-dimensional look in your eye whenever you sit in front of an open fire.

Remember, there's a place for everything. And as soon as everything is in its place right then and there is the time to start hunting for "the man."

WAR'S END

By Elizabeth Anne Rychener, '45

War was over! On the Barnes College campus, there had been no classes for three days. January twenty-ninth, when the news of the armistice had been broadcast, a victory holiday was declared by the president of the college. On the streets of the small mid-western town of Barnes, Missouri, there was great rejoicing, similar to the excitement of a carnival. Parades of all people, large and small, young and old, rich and poor, transformed Main Street into an American highway where men lost their hats and small children, singing, yelling, and whistling, were pushed and jostled by the throng of merry-makers.

The day following, there was a spectacular celebration on the college campus. Unlike the day before, Main Street was as lifeless at midday as it usually was at midnight. All the townpeople tramped to the magnificent bonfire, bringing their contribution to the blaze. Everyone was jubilant.

Betty, a sophomore, was happy, too, when she was with her two chums, June and Dorothy, in the midst of the rejoicing mobs; but when she was alone, her heart seemed either to beat too rapidly, or to stand still. Where was Vic? Was he still in Hawaii or had he been transferred? How was he? Was he still alive? These questions haunted her whenever she was alone. It had been over five months since she had heard of him in any way. If he was all right, why hadn't he telegraphed or written? Betty, thinking back to the time when Vic could write to her, remembered that he wrote very seldom.

On the first of February, as she did every other day, she walked to the college post office for her mail. Returning to the dormitory, she scanned her mother's usual Monday letter. Betty could always rely on those regular notes from home. Nevertheless, she felt dejected because there was no word from Vic, and there was an empty feeling inside her as she climbed the stairs of the dormitory and entered her room.

She flung herself on the bed and ripped the cover off the little weekly paper that her grandmother sent her from Archbold, Ohio, where Vic lived and where Betty spent part of every summer. As she had done many times before, she looked for familiar names in the casualty list. Charles Norton, with whom she and Vic had so often double-dated, had been on the list the week before. Her eyes followed the list of names and suddenly jumped back several lines. Aloud, she read, "Sgt. Victor W. Eash, killed in action, Darwin, Northern Territory, Australia." Australia? He had been transferred!

Staring at the line again, she finally realized what she had read and tears gradually came to her frightened eyes. Burying her white face in her pillow, she relaxed her hand, letting the paper fall to the floor. Quiet sobs, then hysterical cries broke from the depths of the pillow. For a few seconds, her mind was a blank; then whirling thoughts began to crowd in. Was it true? Eyes closed; the message came again and again, as if from a ticker-tape machine, "Sgt. Victor W. Eash, killed in action, Darwin, Northern Territory, Australia." Then, like a news-reel, her memories of Vic poured into her dizzy mind.

As she lay trembling, she recalled their first meeting. It had been in

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

the grocery store where Vic was working the summer of 1940. She had shopped for Grandma. He asked her to go swimming on his afternoon off. That was their first date; there had been many more.

"I'll never forget," she sobbed, "that first kiss. It was on the front porch at twelve-thirty. He kissed my cheek, said, good night, and ran.

"At Madalyn's swimming party, Vic ducked me—he didn't think I liked it. On our picnics, he never let me fry the steaks, but I guess they tasted better anyhow. Vic, oh Vic, didn't you love the slow pieces Frenchie's band used to play? We always danced those together. I'll never, never go back to Grandma's 'cause you'll be gone forever! I can't go back unless you're there!

"Vic always enjoyed surprises. I remember the time when he and George drove to the cottage for Labor Day. Mother and I had planned a round of golf that morning; I was in slacks on the davenport. All of a sudden, a toot such as no other horn but Vic's could give—then there was a car door slamming and he walked in the back way. He acted as if he were an old timer about the place, too. For a minute I couldn't believe I was awake. What a surprise!

"What's the use of trying to make good when there won't be anyone to make good for? Why did it have to be someone so young and good? I can't work in a hospital now, Vic. I'll be wishing you were in that bed getting well from the wounds of this filthy, hellish war! Vic, your picture doesn't even look like you anymore! You're laughing at me; stop it—stop—please stop!"

Betty stared at the picture of Vic that she had taken from the head of the bed and slammed it on the floor. The glass broke, and her cries broke with it. They became ugly sobs.

Betty was gentle, kind, and loving, as a rule, and she had withstood the blows of each news broadcast so well that she almost shocked herself by her new actions. She had held whatever bitterness she had had inside her so long that when the final blow came, there had to be an escape. She was alone, however, and glad she was alone.

While she was asking God why Vic had to die, the door opened, and Dorothy, Betty's roommate, and June came to ask Betty to go with them to the tea room. When they saw her lying on her bed with her face in her pillow, they looked questioningly at each other.

"Betty, what's kickin' you?" Dorothy joked.

"Shh," said June, who was more observant than Dorothy, "She's in earnest. Honey, please tell us what's wrong."

Betty flung her arms around June's neck and once more began to cry hysterically. "Vic's dead! He's—he's gone for good! Oh, June!"

Dorothy picked up the paper and, knowing Vic's last name, she immediately looked through the E's in the casualty list. There it was—"Sgt. Victory W. Eash." She showed the name to June, who was holding Betty tightly but tenderly.

In broken phrases, Betty tried to tell her friends of Vic's last goodbye. "He called me—called me long distance from Fort Eustis, and—and—and—told me they were sending him to Hawaii. That was—that's all he could say."

"Come on, Betty, pull yourself together. Sometimes they make mistakes," Dorothy proffered factually,

At that moment, the house phone rang, and Dorothy, who hated sad scenes because she didn't know how to be sympathetic like most girls, ran to answer it.

She returned to the room and whispered something to June. "Betty sweetie, there's somebody downstairs to see you," June repeated the message.

"You go, Dot; I can't. I don't want to."

"If you would try to realize how much it would help, Betty, you'd go. You see, you've got to keep on going, and now is a good time to start. I'll bathe your eyes, and powder will help a lot." June was trying to help Betty.

"I suppose it's John. We had a fight Saturday night. He says he loves me, but I'll—I'll—I'll—never love anyone but Vic." She was crying steadily again.

When she finally felt calm enough to go downstairs, Betty left June and Dorothy. As she descended to the first floor, she imagined herself in her grandmother's house. She had a date with Vic. Shaking her head, she stopped on the second floor to wipe away the last tear and told herself reproachfully, "You must be calm; you must—you've got to. Just don't think for awhile."

On the first floor of the dormitory her house mother, pointing to one of the parlors, said softly, "Dear, your guest is in there. He's been waiting a long while."

"Thank you; I'm sorry I'm so late." That was all Betty could say. Listlessly, she walked toward the door. There was a figure of a man looking out of the window, his back to the door. John had worn that blue suit Saturday night. As Betty entered the parlor, he turned around.

"Vic!" Betty cried faintly.

Vic kissed her tenderly and said, "Surprised you, didn't I, honey? I know we're too late to celebrate with anyone else, but let's go out and drink one toast to the armistice. I've got things to talk to you about."

Dot was correct about mistakes.

MOON-STRUCK

Reba Crowder, '46

Overhead a full moon shone brightly. A cool summer breeze moved the leafy branches of the linden trees slightly, but no sound, except the soft rustling of the leaves, could be heard. Here and there, couples in evening dress wandered inaudibly, their arms interlocked. Once in a while the soft strains of a popular tune drifted out across the campus.

Beneath one of the linden trees on a painted green bench sat a girl and a boy. One of his arms rested on the back of the bench around her shoulders; one of his hands held hers tightly. The look in their eyes held the mutual understanding of a common feeling between them, and to all of his loving glances she returned a misty look of satisfaction and a heavy sigh of contentment.

Turning her eyes toward the moon she breathed, "Isn't it a beautiful night?"

"It is a beautiful night," he murmured in her ear, "but it wouldn't be without you."

"Don't be silly, sweet. I know I shouldn't believe half of what you say, but you do say the nicest things."

"You know I mean everything I tell you. If you could only realize how much I love you, you wouldn't treat my words so lightly."

"Isn't that song just too beauti-

ful?" she said, after humming a few notes.

"I guess so," he said rather disgustedly. "I've been seeing you every week end for about two months now, and I've asked you to marry me three times. But you always evade my question. Will you please give me a definitely positive or negative answer?"

"Did I tell you about the spread we had in our room last night? Well everyone on third floor was there, and we had piles of food—apples, cokes, popcorn, cake and sandwiches. It was really super!"

He drew his arm down to his side and released her hand. Dramatically he said, "I did not ask you about what you did last night; I know the music is beautiful; I know the night is beautiful; but I want to know if you will marry me."

Her eyes darted swiftly about, avoiding his glance, and her moist hands moved nervously. She lowered her head timidly. After biting her painted lips in deep concentration a short time, she looked up and thrust out a pale, rigid left hand. From the third finger glittered a small diamond.

CHIC

Susan Blue, '46

A Chicago and Southern transport air liner circled Lambert Field. People bustled to the silvered fence as the wind nipped their ears and fuzzed their hair. Mist and dismal fog hung on the eyelashes and cheeks of the shivering crowd. Noses glittered like polished apples. Gloveless hands sought pockets. Feet stamped. People, with their rolling eyes seeking the roaring airplane, shrank into coats and shurried in circles close to the fence.

The door of the main building opened and a man in a United States Army uniform escorted a fashionable young lady out of the warm station. Unaware of the close scrutiny, she smiled at her companion. Her green hat, with a feather flickering in the brisk gale, sloped to the right eye. The auburn hair curled over the back side of the hat in a leather-bob. The dark green of her plaid coat, with its hugging squirrel collar, combined with a shade of tomato red, which, when the stripes crossed, speckled the fabric. A belt, corresponding in color to the other accessories, bound the waist. Indeed each item of her ensemble accented her Miss-America figure and Rembrandt beauty. Matching green shoes bobbed gracefully down the steps to the edge of the field; two toes, covered with sun-tan colored hose, wiggled in the toeless pumps; while plain green gloves and cloth purse with conceivable luggage capacity added a practical touch to the Made-moiselle costume.

YOUNG LADY

Carolyn Trimble, '46

A red velvet dress hugged her youthful body and fell in soft folds about well-shaped legs. The shoes, merely straps of suede attached to high heels, gave her more dignity than the usual sweater and skirt. On her arm she carried a fur coat, and she had clipped a rhinestone pin to her hand bag. Earrings, the twin mates of the clip, glistened beneath the blondness of her hair. She wore no hat; the light above her formed a silver halo about her head.

The face, not unusually beautiful, caught my attention when I noticed

the deep-set green eyes encircled by deep shadows. Those naturally dark rings, not marks of fatigue, formed a background for impish eyes that sparkled under heavy black brows. Light blonde hair, brushed into fluffiness, framed a face too wide for true beauty. The fair coloring and heavy jaw hinted of her German parentage, but the French grandfather had given her high spirits and vivaciousness which showed in a pert red mouth—the last bit of color in this scintillating face. But I noticed a tiny white scar hidden beneath the bright lipstick. As the lips parted in an expectant smile, slightly irregular teeth gleamed whitely. She stepped forward as she smiled, and extended a hand tipped with scarlet nails. Her date had arrived.

BACK FROM SAINT LOUIS

Carol Chamberlain, '46

Sally shuffled laboriously up the front steps of Nicolls Hall, a large tanned, attractive girl in a three-piece blue suit. She stopped a moment and shifted her packages. Catching her breath, she crossed the porch and struggled through the heavy door. She stopped at the desk to sign in, grateful for the chance to lay her bundles down. Picking up the pen in her slim brown fingers tipped with long, dark-red nails, she shakily scrawled her name. Her thick, wiry black hair fell in disorderly waves over her tailored shoulder. Dark brows were drawn together in an effort to keep black-fringed lids, heavy with fatigue, from closing. She straightened, rolling despairing blue eyes toward the three flights of stairs she had yet to climb in order to reach her room. She slid her tongue over fuchsia lips, noticing that her lipstick tasted dusty, and wondered if her face was dirty. It was. She picked up her parcels, grunted, and began the tedious climb up the stairs. At the top, she hesitated a minute, and then, relieved by the ebbing of painful tension, she dragged down the hall to her room. Slamming her books on the desk, she peeled off her coat and carefully hung it in a closet. She flung herself wearily on the bed, breathing deeply, and immediately fell into exhausted slumber.

ALONE

Carolyn Boerstler, '45

The familiar fur coat and black-veiled hat disappeared and the gates of track eleven clanged shut. Slowly I turned and started back through Union Station, my floppy rubber boots shuffling an appropriate accompaniment to my mournful thoughts, for suddenly the realization of the number of miles between home and me poured into my mind like a flooding river, drowning out all other thoughts. The high vaulted ceiling of the station seemed to move upward and backward to make room for more emptiness. The worn brown waiting benches were now filled with strangers traveling to unfamiliar places. The huge blackboard was marked with schedules for other people, and red caps were now waiting for their bags. Already the quick voice of the man announcing the arrival and departure of trains seemed impersonal and directed to anyone but me. Strange faces swept past me; foreign-looking people pushed against me; but I was suddenly, completely, and entirely alone.

Interesting Prose And Verse by Student Authors

THE DEAN WON'T LIKE IT

By Carol Landberg, '45

As the taxi careened wildly down the street, three girls in the back seat were tossed violently from one side of the speeding car to the other. Joan Smith, a tall blonde, was the leader of the trio; sensible Beth Parker held to a strap of the car for protection; Patty Wright's red hair foretold a fiery temper and an impatient nature. The driver of the taxi seemed to be the only one of the quartet who was enjoying this wild ride to the railway station train depot—the destination of the girls.

Joan screamed as the taxi screeched around a corner, "We're supposed to be conserving rubber for defense, but you wouldn't know it the way this fool driver goes over the curbs. Oh, look, the station! But what are those police wagons doing there?"

Beth turned to her with a smirk, "My dear, they're awaiting our arrival, no doubt. I told you not to swipe souvenirs from all the restaurants."

The taxi driver, overhearing their conversation, supplied additional information. "The F.B.I.," he said, "has been conducting a spy roundup here, and the police are taking the spies to jail personally."

Meanwhile, sensible Beth peered at her watch. "Step on it driver! We have exactly five minutes until our train leaves."

The driver slammed on his brakes as Patty asked, "Is this the right station—Union Station?"

Quickly turning around, the driver stared at her with a peculiar expression on his face. "You said Delmar Station before—this is it."

Leaning forward, Joan spoke sarcastically. "I said distinctly Union Station, and it's now only four minutes till train time. We must catch that train or we'll have triple cuts and no exams in all classes missed. My word, driver, hurry! The Union Station!"

The driver obediently accelerated the motor of the cab, swimming around a corner, barely missing a fire hydrant; and headed back through the network of streets that characterize metropolis such as St. Louis. The girls once more began to jolt from one side to the other.

Patty, worriedly, began to ask, "If we miss the train what will the Dean say? What will my parents say? What will Bob say if I don't arrive for our date tonight?"

Joan, looking at her watch anxiously, answered her. "Bob can live without you for one more day; your parents will maintain that you are still as scatterbrained as ever; and the Dean—well, deans will be deans and there's no telling what she'll say." Leaning forward, she tapped on the glass which separated the driver from his passengers. "Driver can't we go faster?"

Beth was leaning out of the window straining her eyes for the first glimpse of the massive building. "I see it! I see it! And we have still two more minutes until the train pulls out."

The taxi driver slid around another corner on two wheels and screeched to a stop in front of the station, grabbed the girls' bags, and dashed into the revolving door, the girls at his heels. "O.K. Here you are safe and sound."

Beth stopped Joan. "You pay the driver, honey, 'cause Pat and I have exactly ten cents apiece. We'll divide the expense later and pay you back."

Joan checked herself, leaned over, and whispered in Beth's ear, "Did

I hear you correctly, my dear? Do you know I have a mere one dollar bill in my purse?"

Beth herself was rather surprised now. "What did you do with all your money?"

Joan smiled. "I might have asked you the same question. Well, I bought that cute hat we saw when we were shopping yesterday—it was just exactly what I've been looking for. I am, therefore, practically broke. I'll try to pay the driver, however; it won't be too much, I hope."

Anticipating her question, the cab driver extended his hand. "One dollar and twenty cents."

With a sigh of relief and regret, Joan handed him the money and turned to follow the others, who had gone to inquire about the train schedule. "Hey!" They stopped until she caught up with them—they always waited for Joan to forge ahead. Hurrying ahead, Joan questioned the stationed manager, "Has the train for Chicago left yet?"

With a tired expression on his face, the station manager patiently looked at her. "What train, lady? The last train left one-half hour ago and the next train doesn't leave till eight o'clock in the morning."

The girls stared at him aghast. "What?"

Regaining her voice first, Joan spoke hurriedly. "That can't be right. The conductor in Columbia told us that the train for Chicago left at midnight. I asked him myself. What can we do here all night? We can't sit on our trunks in the depot for eight hours. Kids, where can we stay? Do you have any relatives or friends here?"

Beth answered, "I seem to recall the name of one of mother's college friends. I wonder if she would remember me. Where's the phone booth?"

The station manager, quite accustomed to such predicaments, callously pointed his finger in the direction of a far corner. "There."

The girls quickly gathered up their gloves, purses and other feminine accessories and ran toward the phone booth. Their luggage remained in a rather dejected-looking heap in the center of the station floor. People waiting wearily for trains sat up and looked after the flying girls as their high heels clattered on the marble floor.

"What are we going to use for a nickel? Does anybody have a slug?"

"Don't be funny at a time like this, Pat. We're in a serious financial condition at the present time", Joan said as she searched frantically through her purse. "I found a nickel in my compact, my 'mad money', she said a moment later. "What are we going to say to her, Beth?"

"I honestly don't know. Perhaps she'll be asleep at this time of night and won't like being awakened by a stranger." Beth stepped into the phone booth, opened the directory, and began looking through the columns of Blacks, "Albert Black, R. M. Black, Black, Black, and more Blacks. Let me see—she was called Z or A. Here it is, kids! Z. Black on Madison Avenue. I'm going to call; so keep your fingers crossed."

Beth entered the booth again, switched on the light and nervously dialed the number. Patty and Joan could see her lips move and noticed varying expressions on her face, but they could not hear what she said.

Hopping impatiently from one foot to the other, Patty exclaimed, "She's been in there for ages. What can she be saying?"

But Joan motioned her to keep sil-

ent, "Quiet moron! Beth's probably reviving her mother's college days and telling Miss Black all about her experiences and family since they left their Alma Mater. Oh, Glory, some day maybe your children will call me in Podunk and ask to spend the night. I shall insist that the infants come out at once just for old friendship's sake. No doubt the little dears will possess the same small amount of gray matter that their mother owned in her day."

Patty, giggling, "I can say the same about your future offspring, also. Here comes Beth! Beth, what did she say? Can we stay with her overnight?" Joan stood aside, dignified as excitable Pat bombarded Beth with questions.

Finally Patty stopped for breath and Beth recounted the conversation. "She was very gracious to me and invited to spend the night if we don't mind sleeping three in a bed. I told her we were rather used to the practice and wouldn't mind a bit. She was really super, no kidding. I'll bet Mom and she had some rare experiences when they attended Wassely together. Come on! I told her we'd take a taxi out right away."

Joan stepped forward. "What are we going to use for money to pay the cab this time?" she asked. "None of us has a cent."

Beth turned to her impatiently. "If only we hadn't gone to the wrong station first and then received the false train schedule, we'd still have enough for a taxi."

Joan looked at her dejectedly. "You know, I have a sneaking suspicion that all the blame for this mess lies at my feet."

The girls stared at each other and then burst out laughing. "You go on, it may seem to be your fault, but it makes no difference now. We're here to stay. We're victims of fate and puppets of the gods as Thomas Hardy would say. Let's go! We'll take a taxi, and I'll borrow the money from Miss Black until we get back to school." Beth grabbed Pat and Joan by the hands and dashed for the door. "We'll catch that train tomorrow morn and arrive at Northwestern safety in spite of ourselves."

I SAW HIM

Louise Mallory, '44

I saw him go up to a world
Far away from the earthly things;
I saw the light come in his eyes
As they pinned his Silver Wings.
I saw the pride in a master's touch
As he caressed his sturdy craft;
I saw the plane rise from the earth,
As a bird from a homing raft.

I saw him twirl and twist the plane
As a master reveals his hand;
I saw him bring it back to earth,
As a machine tamed by man.
I saw him step from the cockpit
With a conqueror's swag'ring walk;
I saw his eyes seek mine for praise,
But my throat was to ofull for talk.

I saw him go up to a world
Far away from the earthly things;
I saw the sky possesses the man,
And I knew the feeling it brings.
I saw the horror on the faces,
And heard the crashing echoes sing;
I saw the people gather 'round
A pair of broken Silver Wings.

LITTLE DRESDEN LADY

Patsy Payne, '46

Through the window of her antique shop, I could see her sitting in a old rocking chair and glancing now and then into the street. When she saw me coming up the walk, she smiled, waved, and then opened the door.

After I had entered the shop, she led me into the main room, where her husband was seated comfortably smoking his pipe. We exchanged greetings and then she left to get hot tea and surprise delicacies. When she returned, she served us and then seated herself again in the old rocking chair. Tucking her tiny feet under the chair and rocking to and fro slightly, she inquired of my activities during the week. Her lips moved slowly and carefully over the words she spoke in her small, shy voice. Her eyes twinkled when I told her of my school activities, and she nodded her head now and then as if agreeing and comparing them in her mind with those of her own in days long past. Her small and wrinkled hands held a white lace handkerchief which was very noticeable against the darkness of her dress.

After finishing our tea, we sat quietly and listened to the peaceful ticking of the clock. Being very understanding, she realized that my weekly visits were for rest and quietness.

As I watched her relaxing in the old rocking chair, she looked inanimate, like a little Dresden lady.

THE PROMISE

Jerry Oppenheimer, '45

The leaves are damp, brown indistinct forms,
Lifeless, helpless
Against the will of the rain and wind.

The ground is mush with cold fall rain
Resigned to the dreary months ahead,
No longer full of the struggle of life.

The skies are heavy with gray
As though the weight of distrust
in the world
How somehow reached their unattainable heights!

While man paints the annals of history black with hate and red with blood,
God colors his world with hopeless despair.

Like a lost chord found again
Out of the dark a promise sings,
A shining pair of silver wings!

WHAT IS LOVE?

Virginia Bauske, '43

Does it grab one's heart on a string
And swing it madly above
Like a cowboy's lariat?

Or is it soft, gentle, possessive?
What is this feeling I have?
I'm on a black hill
With a neon world beneath.

I'm driving madly down a white road
My hair whips and my eyes sting.
I'm laughing and tearful.
I'm a perfume bottle
A weeping willow, a golden sunset.
As I in love?

AN IMPORTANT DECISION

Marian Kinney, '45

When a person has almost completed his freshman year in college, he should have formulated definite ideas about a course to pursue in later years, but not so I. Every day a different profession becomes my hope for the future. The problem of a vacation, however, is not new, for six years ago I was worrying about the same thing.

Interior decorating at one time attracted no little of my attention, but as drawing is definitely not my specialty, this artistic hope gave way to a more likely one—the hope of being well acquainted with household mechanics. I must attribute this desire to my father, who is very efficient when electrical appliances need repairing or clocks just will not run. After I had practically electrocuted myself I deserted this field. It dawned on me that an author's life was the one for me. On further study of literature, I begrudgingly admitted to myself that writing was a rare gift and one which could be developed only by an arduous labor.

Grim reality gradually closed in on me during my senior year in high school. I should prepare myself for some occupation, for I could not expect to live indefinitely at the expense of my parents. Such conclusions sobered me from my intoxicating dreams. Exactly what could I do for myself? What had I accomplished thus far?

The story of my life, though exceedingly interesting to me, can boast of no great discoveries or conquests which would benefit anyone else. Like most of my friends, I have led a sheltered life, letting my parents worry about my safety. With an older sister to share the limelight, I was not spoiled. Now, I thank my parents for letting me win my own moral victories.

The only discoveries of which I can boast are those discoveries of self which do not come at once, but after months of anguish. On looking back, I cannot recall any great disasters in my life. I did not lack anyone to love, for always near me were two of the dearest parents, a sister to quarrel with and still adore, two of the most marvelous girl friends, and a sweet-natured cat. When we moved to another city after my graduation from high school, I was not confronted with any serious problems. Is a new adventure ever a problem?

College has been even more delightful than I had expected—delightful with its joyous hours of social life and the thrill of learning. School has taken on a different aspect after all of these years. It is an institution for preparation for a better life, brightened with sunny hours of recreation instead of a good time dulled by studying. Although I have not yet decided on a vocation, I am certain of one conclusion—that we are all here to aid one another and the supreme aim in anyone's life should be, in some way, to contribute to the welfare of humanity. I wonder if I would make a good social worker?

The Pirate's Parrot

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Worrying about his car.
His tires we're flat
No gas could be "gat"
By jingo, he wouldn't get far.
Little Jack Horner
Tumbled out of his corner
For he had solved his worry.
He got in his car
And sped like a star
To the nearest junk pile in a hurry.

NOT GOODBYE

Ellen Wadley, '45

This isn't goodbye, my darling,
I'll only be gone for a day.
Forget your fears and dry your
tears,
We'll meet again—some way.

The job that we do—live we or die
Surpasses our love for each other;
Fighting for right and for freedom
We sacrifice all that we must.
No parting too long—no cost too
dear
So long as we fight for the just.

We will avenge that mother in
Norway,
We will avenge that son at Ba-
taan;
Wake Island will not be forgotten
Nor the men who fought 'gainst
Darlan.
We will remember a village in
Europe—
The world echoes her name—
Over battlefields we hear this cry,
"Lidice dies not in vain!"

This isn't goodbye, my darling,
I'll only be gone for a day.
For when the sea is once more
free,
We'll meet again—some way.

Ten Little Lindenwood Girls

Ten little Lindenwood girls
Standing in a line;
One tripped another one
And then there were nine.

Nine little Lindenwood girls
Stayed out rather late;
One was "campused"
And then there were eight.

Eight little Lindenwood girls
Shoutin' to high heaven;
One split her vocal chords
And then there were seven.

Seven little Lindenwood girls
Performing some high kicks;
One fell over backwards,
And then there were six.

Six little Lindenwood girls
Stomped the double jive;
One stumbled off the beam
And then there were five.

Five little Lindenwood girls
Prancing 'round the floor;
One wore herself all out
And then there were four.

Four little Lindenwood girls
Going on a spree;
One spent all her money,
And then there were three.

Three little Lindenwood girls
Did the Susie Q;
One got all tangled up
And then there were two.

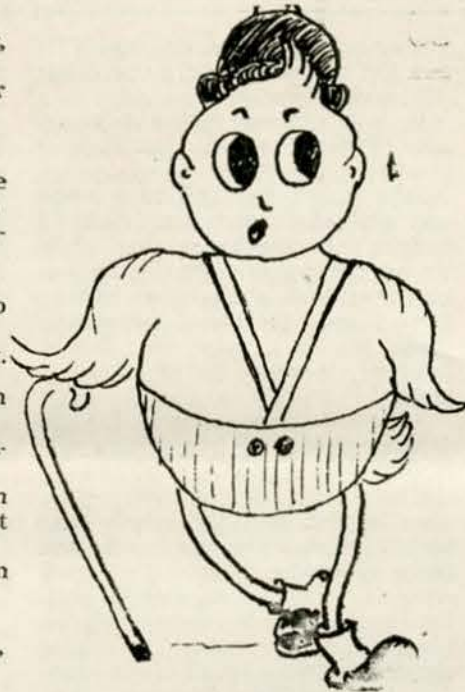
Two little Lindenwood girls
Studied 'til night was done;
One couldn't take it
And then there was one.

One little Lindenwood girl
Said, "This is no fun!"
She turned to marriage
And then there were none!

—Jinny Bauske

"Dearest Annabelle," wrote Oswald, who was hopelessly in love. I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the widest stream in the world for a word from your lovely lips. As always, your Oswald.
P. S. "I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain."

VATCHFERB



This is the VATCHFERB that is watching all PRESENT "PUPES" who may be the FUTURE FLUNKS of tomorrow. So get on the beam, you PRESENT "PUPES" . . . and LEARN the "LES" TIE the "TEACH" and you won't be a FUTURE FLUNK.

The Tatler comments on:

The Ideal College Girl

1. Does not cut.
2. Does daily homework.
3. Does not like boys.
4. Does not come home late.
5. Does not exist.

(Bet we had you scared there for a minute).

CAPITAL TO CAMPUS

Fashion Front

Here are a few things for co-eds to expect along the fashion front:

Last year's Easter costume won't be out of style this year—among the few new styles are shorter packets and the empire silhouette, both fashion right and economical. You have the word of the War Production Board for it.

Metal fasteners are short. Use of button closings is being urged by WPB, which points out that a sizeable stock of fresh water pearl buttons is available. They dye satisfactorily.

Dyestuffs are likely to be curtailed. Consequently, WPB advises against black, dark green or brown for summer sheers.

Denim, seersuckers, sheetings and corduroy are needed for work clothes. But percales, print cloths, broadcloths and organdy are not as tight. However WPB advises against cotton evening clothes this year, as cottons will be needed more for daytime wear.

As to those stockings, to come back to an old war-torn friend—rayons still will be available but not as satisfactory in very sheer weights as in heavier. Use of at least 100 denier is advocated by WPB.

Women with college degrees—any degree—may now qualify as junior engineers in the government by taking a short tuition-free course at any college which offers engineering, and can get together enough candidates to justify classes. Persons who successfully complete such courses may get a junior engineer's job. Salary, \$2,000.

Wage and Hour Division of the

THE POETRY CORNER

By Virginia Fly
August, 1941

Someday . . . Perhaps

An evening cool, yet warm
Hushed to the music of crickets hid-
den in the grass—
A breeze blowing ripples into midget
waves—
A cushioned seat on the winding,
willowed river bank—
A sun-marked arm warm across my
shoulders—
. . . Bliss

A rounded, long-traveled moon
Sifting soft light on the water
Startles dull ripples into twinkling
lights as of a distant village.
A strong hand closes over mine—
. . . Peace

A fire among the trees across the
way
Burns brighter, rouses me.
The waves humming on the shore
murmur softly—yet persistent-
ly—"It isn't true."

. . . Doubt
Thoughts tumbling through my
troubled head
Speak louder than the muted waves
and leave no room for calm
therein.

A smooth cheek brushes 'gainst my
hair—
. . . Hell

You do not love me any now.
The moon has cast its spell over you
until you do not know the truth;
But some day you shall love,
And who may know?—
Perhaps I'll be the one.

A shoulder stirs behind my head—
. . . Peace . . . Again.

Department of Labor wants women for jobs as "junior wage and hour inspectors" in 12 geographical regions of the U.S.

Qualifications call for either two years of experience in business methods and records, preferably records relating to wages and hours—or four years of college study, with 12 hours in courses such as labor economics, accounting, business organization, etc. Salary is about \$2,300 to start.

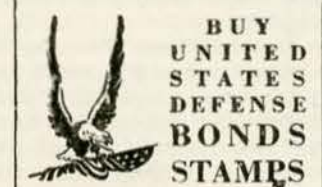
Womanpower

One of three of the nation's largest aeronautical firms is at work on a womanpower plan that makes good sense. By the way of the American Council of Education, the firm sent questionnaires to college deans of women to discover whether co-eds would be interested in continuing their education for a year as "engineering cadettes" on the company payroll—then take a regular job with the firm.

The response from deans has been terrific!

Altogether, the firm wants 1,000 women. They must have had two years of college, including some mathematics. Now the company is getting in direct touch with the colleges.

For VICTORY



THE CLUB CORNER

Wednesday, Jan. 20, Y.W.C.A. had an interesting meeting at which time Miss Carol Nulls gave a talk on "Missionary Work in New Mexico" Caroline Levy was on the program also.

Tuesday evening, Jan. 26, the Future Teachers of America listened to a report on Stuart Chase's pamphlet concerning "Post-War America," given by Louise Mallory. Virginia Donovan sang two numbers, accompanied by Jerry Openheimer. Mary Blackhurst was in charge of the meeting.

Wednesday, Jan. 27, a meeting of the Poetry Society was held in the Library Club rooms at which time Adalaide Caraker was initiated as a new member. Plans were discussed concerning the booklet to be published jointly with Sigma Tau Delta.

Friday, Jan. 29 at 3:00 p. m., members of the Lindenwood family enjoyed themselves at the Residence Council Fun Hour which was held in the Library Club rooms. Cokes and doughnuts were served to the guests.

Tuesday, Jan. 19, Delta Phi Delta met at 7:30 in the Library Club Rooms.

Wednesday, Jan. 20, El Circulo Espanol held a meeting at 5:00 p. m. in the Club Rooms.

Thursday, Jan. 21, Kappa Pi members gathered in the Club Rooms for a meeting. At 6:45, Alpha Mu Mu met in the Fine Arts Building.

Wednesday, Jan. 27, the League of Women Voters met at 5:00 in the Library Club Rooms.

Thursday, Jan. 28, at 4:00 the members of the Encore Club held a meeting in the Club Rooms.

Lindenwood's Chicago Club held a Christmas luncheon in the English Room of Marshall Fields, December 21. Louise Mallory, president of the club, was in charge of the program. Alumnae present were Grace Quebbeman, Doris Nahigian, and Dorothy Sorgenfrei.

Members of the Indiana Club were entertained at a Christmas party in the Library Club Rooms, Friday evening, Dec. 11. The program was under the direction of Drue Henshaw, president and Jody Seips, vice-president of the club.

Colored Movies Shown of Yellowstone Park

Karl Maslowski presented "From Seashore to Glacier", a colored moving picture, to a large audience in Roemer Auditorium on January 21.

Before showing the pictures, Mr. Maslowski told the audience how a group of hardy explorers discovered a large tract of land in the north-west corner of Wyoming in 1870. They saw geysers gush a thousand feet into the air; boundless plains and sky-searching mountains scattered with wild game. The men were perplexed about how to commercialize this land. One suggested that it be made into a national park, and that was done in 1872.

The pictures showed in detail the lives, habitat, and the codes by which a large variety of protected fish, birds, and mammals live in Yellowstone Park.

This one should be appreciated by all taking a modern language:

Fond Mother: "Yes, Jane is taking French and Algebra. Say good morning to Mrs. Jones in Algebra, dear."

—Notre Dame Scholastic

Gerties' Romance Is Rationed As Army Launches Offensive

Dear Gertie:

To think our beautiful friendship has come to an end! Now I can't eat more than two helpings, sleep more than eight hours, nor think of anything but your deep limpid pools (eyes), your golden tresses, and musical voice. What am I saying? I didn't mean to tell you how much I cared. Perhaps you're wondering what's happened to me. It isn't that I don't want you to be patriotic but this time you've carried things too far. You didn't have to tell Herbert Huffbox that you were in love with him, too. Imagine my humiliation when I received a letter from "Handsome" Herbert, as he calls himself so inappropriately, telling me that the Navy would carry on where I left off. He reminds me of the definition of a neck—something you get a pain in when the dope who takes you out for the first time wants to. Gertie, he's just not the man for you, but I'll step out of the picture. I suppose you do have a mind of your own, although I can't see how anyone could be in love with Herbert except Herbert and maybe his parents.

Someone just this minute brought me your sweet letter. How can I ever end our love now? But I must be firm. First let me answer your letter. The Butler Stunt Night sounded most interesting—especially for the girls. Nothing like watching the faculty and administration take their hair down.

Speaking of hair, I've never heard of anyone actually wanting a G. I. haircut—much less a girl. That must be college, as you would say.

Again I must say good-bye, dear Gertie—this time maybe forever. I signed up for foreign duty, so we

Best Sellers In Residence Halls

(Continued from page 1)

proper way to display the United States flag when alone and when in a group is illustrated. And, as if not complete, there are illustrations of how to address letters to service men properly.

Death In Families of Two Faculty Members

Lindenwood's deepest sympathy is extended to Miss Walker and Miss Kohlstedt. To Miss Walker on the loss of her brother, Mr. John Walker of Golconda, Illinois, and to Miss Kohlstedt on the loss of her mother, Mrs. Kohlstedt of Philadelphia.

Tommy got very tired of the long sermon at church.

"If we give him the money now, ma, will he let us go out?" he asked in a loud whisper.

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may never meet. Our paths are severed, but I shall never forget you.

No longer yours,
Cuthbert

P. S. Here is a copy of the last poem I shall ever write. Now that our love is cold, I can't feel poetically inspired. It's called "The Honorable K. P."

I think that I shall never see
A job as sloppy as K. P.

K. P., where greasy arms are pressed
With pots and pans against the chest;

K. P., where stand the chefs all day,
Barking orders at their prey;

K. P.'s who may in evening wear
A spot of gravy in their hair;

K. P., where all the yardbirds hop
To nonchalantly wield a mop.

Poems are made by fools like me
And so's the list for that darn K.P.

EXCHANGE . . .

The little moron took cream and sugar to the show because he heard that there was going to be a serial.

The one that stood in the middle of the intersection with a piece of bread waiting on the traffic jam.

The one that put mercurochrome on his pay check because he got a cut in his salary.

Just to prove what science can do: A lad looking through a telescope muttered: "Gawd!" "G'wan," said his friend, "It ain't that power—
—Notre Dame Scholastic

And then there's the one about the fellow at the St. Louis-Washington game who couldn't understand why the team was penalized for holding, when he was getting away with it.

Willie in a fit insane,
Thrust his head beneath a train.
All were quite surprised to find
How it broadened Willie's mind.
—Notre Dame Scholastic

He couldn't express himself before. But now at last they've found his train of thought. (Gory story).

ADAM

Whatever troubles Adam had,
No man in days of yore,
Would say when Adam cracked a joke,
"I've heard that one before."
—Stolen.

Mae West used powder;
Clark Gable uses lather;
My girls friend uses lipstick;
At least that's what I gather.

—The Torch

Just some fellow getting technical.

VALENTINES

—for—

EVERYONE

—at—

AHMANN'S
NEWS STAND

EXCHANGE . . .

Call it poetry if you wish, but here's another one of those classics:
Romanca—A date,
Perchance—Out lata,
A classa—A quizza,
No passa—gee whizza!

Athletic Girl: "What does he do?"
Chorus Girl: "What is he worth?"
Society Girl: "What does he read?"

Average college girl: "Where is he?"

What is a Girl?
Girls are opposite of boys;
Boys are rough:
Rough is what queens wear
around their necks;
Necks winter will be cold;
Cold is what makes ice;
Ice is frozen water;
"Water you doing tonight?" is a question;
A question is a problem;
Therefore, girls are a problem.

"I understand kisses speak the language of love."
"Yes?"
"Yeah, let's talk things over."

Daisy June—"My dad takes things apart to see why they don't go."
Leo—"So what?"
Daisy June—"You'd better go."

—North Star.

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History Repeats Itself--Or, It's Never Too Late to Be Sorry

By Jinny Bauske

Oh, Oh, its happening again — those well-loved final exams are almost upon us! There's just nothing quite like them.

The poor rusty upperclassmen have annually struggled through them—yes, we admit, we are a sad looking lot now, but really, we were once as happy and gay as you freshmen are, of course that was before we had ever heard of that horrid word "final".

We want to preserve our sweet innocent youth, and if you follow these study rules you're bound to stay innocent if nothing else.

1. Start gathering your two pages of notes together an hour before the exam. (If you can't find them, just give up looking for if that's all the notes you have they won't help anyway.

2. Turn all the lights down low and get real comfortable—you're bound to fall asleep in no time at all.

3. If you don't have an exam, catch up on your visiting—people always love to have visitors at this time.

4. Dope of all kinds is excellent. Take a lot of it—you'll remain awake for weeks after exams and then you'll have to take more dope in order to sleep.

5. Accept all dates—you may never

accord with resolutions made in private. have the chance again.

6. Sleep all you can and if you miss an exam, don't worry—there's still another set in June.

7. Limit yourself to four packages of cigarette a day. You'll only need one match for you'll naturally chain smoke.

8. Get your reservations in early for a nice comfy bed in the infirmary after exams—or maybe you should order a slab at the morgue.

9. Write a ten page letter to the love of your life—this will show him you're too bright to waste time studying.

All kidding aside tho, best luck with all you're exams. If you happen to follow these rules you're bound to flunk now but you'll avoid the June rush.

Winners of Doll Contest Announced

The Y. M. C. A. as in past years, sponsored the doll dressing contest, which is held in order to provide dolls for needy children at Christmas. The dolls, which were entered in the contest, and judged, were later given to the Markam Memorial, which distributed them where they were most needed.

Many hours were spent on the dolls, in order that they might be beautiful and originally dressed.

Great care was taken in judging the contest and prizes were awarded to Joyce Birge for the most original doll, and Shirley Eagle for the best dressed doll, Helen Bartlett and Kay Anderson second places in each respective division. As for the prize given to the class who handed in the most dolls, the seniors came out on top.

He—"You're the first college girl I ever liked."

She—"What's the reason?"

He—"Aw, all the ones I ever met knew so much."

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'Bremen Town Musicians' Given By Children's Theatre

For its first broadcast since the Christmas holidays, the Lindenwood Children's Theatre of the Air presented "The Bremen Town Musicians" over station KFUE, Saturday January 23 at 11 a. m. The script was written by Jean Bowsby, and directed by Miss Octavia K. Frees, head of the radio speech department. Characters depicted were: The Story Lady, the Donkey, the Cock, the Hound Dog, John, Elisa, and the Robbers. The cast included Jean Bowsby, Monty Bayliss, Ellen Wadley, Freda Eberspacher, Marge Irwin, Carol Bindley, with Lady Morgan providing the music.

SAFETY VALVE

(Continued from page 2)

Dining Room

Dear Editor:

Why must we have assigned tables in the dining room? The privilege of sitting with one's friends is reserved for very special occasions and the week-ends. Why couldn't we sit with them through the whole week?

Most of us know each other now, at least by sight, and the Freshmen have been exposed to the little customs of Lindenwood in the dining room, and as for manners, if they don't know by now, they are hopeless cases.

There would be too much confusion if there were not some organization but why not let eight girls get together and sign for a table? There would be less trouble for Miss Foster, in that it would eliminate assigning everyone to tables.

I have heard many of the girls express this opinion, and believe that it could be worked out satisfactorily. Why don't we give it a try, anyway? —Student

Life is just one fool thing after another. Love is just two fool things after each other.

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Exhibition of Silk Screen Color Prints In Fine Arts Building

An exhibition of new silk screen color prints, circulated by the New York Museum of Modern Art, is now on display in the Fine Arts Building on second floor. The exhibition began yesterday and will continue through to Feb. 22.

There are 35 silk screen prints by members of the silk screen group and WPA artists, and also an introductory display showing the equipment and technique of making a print. The silk screen process, while as a purely creative art, is an ancient method of reproducing pictures. It consists of a stencil made of silk through which the paint is squeezed onto the paper beneath. By stopping out certain sections of the design with glue and by re-printing several times, a variety of color, form and texture is achieved. These original works of art are produced in limited editions by the artists themselves who do all the printing by hand in their own studios.

Mr. Martin urges students to visit the exhibit during exam. week, Friday, Saturday, and evenings after four o'clock. Some of the prints are for sale.

STRAND

St. Charles Missouri

Wed.-Thurs. Feb. 3-4

Victor Mature, Lucille Ball
Freddy Martin & Orch.
in "SEVEN DAYS LEAVE"
&
"OVER MY DEAD BODY"
with Milton Berle
Mary Beth Hughes

Fri.-Sat. Feb. 5-6

2 FEATURES 2
Weaver Bros. & Elviry
in "THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
&
Richard Arlen, Chester Morris
in "WRECKING CREW"

11:30 P. M. Saturday, Feb. 6th

Special Midnite Show
"THE CAT PEOPLE"
with Simone Simon
—plus—
Name Band Musical
Community Sing
Cartoon & Novelty

Sun.-Mon. Feb. 7-8

Continuous Sunday from 2
"HERE WE GO AGAIN"
with Edgar Bergen
Charlie McCarthy
Fibber McGee & Molly
Ray Noble & Orch.

Wed.-Thurs. Feb. 10-11

2 FEATURES 2
"CHINA GIRL"
with Gene Tierney
George Montgomery
&
"KID DYNAMITE"
with the Dead End Kids

Fri.-Sat. Feb. 12-13

2 FEATURES 2
"CALL OF THE CANYON"
with Gene Autry
&
"YOUTH ON PARADE"
with John Hubbard

Sun.-Mon. Feb. 14-15

"SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU"
with Clark Gable
Lara Turner

Sun.-Mon. Feb. 21-22

"BLACK SWAN"
with Tyrone Power
Maureen O'Hara

Yellow
Cab

PHONE 133