

Student Board President Presents Resolutions To Lindenwood Students

Resolutions concerning the students' cooperation on campus problems were presented to the student assembly by Miss Doris Banta, president of the student government. These resolutions were drawn up at a recent meeting of the student board representatives:

I. Compulsory chapel attendance—everyone is entitled to be absent from three daily gatherings, and two cuts are allowed from Vespers and convocation together. Anyone who cuts more than his share is subject to be campused.

II. Dress—girls may wear slacks on Saturdays until 4 p. m., but never off campus unless given special permission; a student must not wear ankle socks on Sundays; no improper attire covered by a coat; and head scarfs are not to be worn in the dining room. Disobedience to this rule subjects the guilty party to a fine of being campused.

III. Conduct in the residence halls must be greatly improved. NO intoxicants, or evidence of, are allowed in the halls at anytime—anyone who fails to observe this latter rule is subject to withdrawal from school.

IV. Off campus conduct of each girl must be in keeping with the rules of Lindenwood—one girl's actions reflect on the entire student body.

V. Dining room etiquette—girls are assigned to special tables so that order and manners may be carried out.

Doris then read a letter from Dr. Schaper asking the students' assistance in making democratic life on campus more dominant and effective than that of last semester. It was a challenging letter with the understanding that the continuance of our honor system of self-government rests upon the better judgment of the entire student body.

Miss Betty Proctor, vice-president of the student government, gave the students a first hand account of what it was like three years ago when we did not have the privilege of governing ourselves. It was the 1940 senior class who drew up the constitution for Lindenwood's present-day form of campus democracy. Betty impressed on all present restrictions involved unless cooperation on the part of each and every student is displayed.

'Uncle Guy' Motley Ill With Cold

"Uncle" Guy Motley was conspicuous by his absence from the campus last week. He was compelled to spend a few days at home by the fire, sipping hot tea and catching up on much needed rest in hopes of curing a threatening cold.

Members of the Bark staff and the student body wished him a speedy and complete recovery and requested his immediate return to their midst.

Famous Photographer



Miss Margaret Bourke-White, famed author and photographer, will be Lindenwood's guest speaker on Tuesday evening, February 23, at 7:30 in Roemer Auditorium.

Noted Photographer To Speak Tonight At Convocation

Margaret Bourke-White, famous author and lecturer and first woman to be accredited a war photographer by the United States Army, will speak at Lindenwood College at a convocation at 7:30 o'clock tonight in Roemer Auditorium.

Miss Bourke-White's lecture will be one of her first after her return from the British Isles, where she is covering the war for "Life" as an official war photographer attached to the Eighth Air Force, Bomber

(Continued on page five)

A Poet Writes to Others, Not Himself, says Paul Engle

In an interview, Mr. Engle explains poetry.

Upon the question of poetry as an occupation, Mr. Engle says there are two things that the poet wants to do.

"First—To make the poem, that is make it out of your own responses to many things. 'Second—get a response from the person who reads the poetry.'"

"A poet," says Mr. Engle, "writes to other people, hoping that there will be somebody to listen; he doesn't write to himself." Mr. Engle said that some people have the erroneous opinion that poets want to be different, and to live to themselves. That is not true in America, he said, the poets and the poetry are friendly

In explaining the poetry of America, Mr. Engle said. "There is a lot of poetry now being written and a lot being published. In America, the poetry is extraordinary because of its wide variety." Good examples of its variety are shown by: Carl Sanburg with free verse in his poetry about Chicago; Robert Frost

MADMOISELLE MAGAZINE TO SELECT LINDENWOOD'S ROMEO OF 1943

Work Progresses Rapidly On 1943 Linden Leaves

The Annual office has been busy getting the Linden Leaves ready to go to press. Ruth Haines, the editor announces that all pictures for the class sections are near completion. All new students should have their pictures made by Saturday, February 20.

Because of the war it is necessary to eliminate all color from the book this year. The cost of materials and labor in producing the annual has reached a new high. The staff is trying to turn out the book with the same limit on the budget as in former years. The films that Dieckman's uses have been rationed to 40% of what was used in previous years. It was necessary to turn in all old metal plates before new ones could be made, since the engraver's metal has been rationed, too.

The theme for the 1943 Yearbook will be one that will be long remembered. Pay your dollar down today and be one of the owners of an annual, the doings of 1942-43. It is also your ticket to vote in the popularity contest finals.

If you want one of last year's annuals for your own, come into the annual office with three dollars and Ruth will be glad to give you one for keeps.

An idle, sleeping War Stamp album is a war casualty. "Say Yes" this month to the Treasury's plea to fill up that album and get a War Bond.

Entries Reveal There Is No Man Shortage On The Campus

Miss Kay Long, midwestern editor of Mademoiselle magazine, will select the Lindenwood Romeo of 1943. In a letter accepting her selection, she said the pictures would be taken into her New York office so the entire staff can help her choose the winners of each group.

The contest closed last Saturday. Judging from the number of pictures turned in, the man shortage at Lindenwood College is not as bad as has been rumored. This year's total bettered that of last year. No young lady exceeded the limit of 100, but one of our students turned in five Romeos.

As soon as the winners of each of the five groups have been announced, all the pictures will be put on display in Roemer Hall. The five classifications are the most handsome, the most athletic, the most kissable, the most intellectual, and the best candidate for matrimony.

Practically all of the young men that adorn the dressers at Lindenwood are in the armed services or are already packing their bags to leave. So the hearts seem to be fairly well scattered over two continents.

As to the question "Is it love?", Lindenwood women are about evenly torn between true love and platonic friendship. The young lady who turned in five Romeos said about each one that it was not love, but certainly could be.

Most of the meetings were quite romantic. Many of them were blind dates, so take heart. Maybe the next one will be nice. Several girls met their Romeos at young people's religious conferences.

The winners will be announced as soon as the judge makes her selections.

Administration Member Is Married During Christmas Holidays

Miss Mary Ellen Bibbee, assistant director of Student Guidance and Personnel, was married to Major Samuel Sprigg Jacob of the United States Army on December 19, at Miss Bebee's home in Athens, Ohio. After a honeymoon during the Christmas holidays, Mrs. Jacob returned to her duties at Lindenwood.



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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1943

Spring Housecleaning

Perhaps Spring housecleaning isn't as interesting as producing a term paper, or an hour of "fanning the wind" but we'll wager it won't take a minute longer. Of course, if you fail to employ the proper system; you may turn up burning some midnight oil.

Anyone can be successful in this task, so often spoken of in scorn—even by you. Yes you, a simple girl with a yen for meticulous surroundings. It would be ultra foolish to take this household druggery on alone. We would suggest you draft ten freshmen, or five sophomores should be capable of doing the job well, and in a very short time.

As the **entrepreneur**, you must treat your employees with respect. Encourage them to experiment with their own ingenuity. Do not enrage them by giving too many orders. In order to secure, from them, good results. It would be clever on your part to allow five out of each ten minutes for a rest period, alternating with cokes, cigarettes and sandwiches. Perhaps even excite their activity by an occasional stimulant.

Of course you wouldn't be expected to exert any physical energy. Just stand by to administer any first-aid that may be needed.

Music, of a medium tempo, will supply any suggested need of incentive for specialization.

Don't Cheat Yourself

"Be still and know that I am God." This quotation from the Bible signifies the feeling that we all should have during Chapel.

Now, more than ever, there is need for spiritual guidance. We are all under the strain of extra work and worry. There is no better place to enjoy spiritual freedom than in the quiet of Chapel and Vespers.

President Gage gives us a sympathetic understanding, not only of problems connected with school, but of things which will concern us throughout our entire lives. College is one of the final pressures which mold the adult individual and we can greatly benefit from the advice which President Gage gives us.

The girl who skips Chapel or Vespers is cheating herself. We should not throw away all this which is being offered to us.

Are Those Days Gone Forever

What is to become of the Liberal Arts College if everyone keeps replacing Latin and logic with riveting and radio? Are the homes of tomorrow going to be streamlined in characted as well as in looks? What will the future do without the enjoyment of the piano and singing? Without the appreciation of such artistic efforts as painting and sculptoring? How will the people of tomorrow travel if they have no knowledge of languages and know nothing about the history of the cities and lands they visit?

These are all questions that are in the minds of the students of today, to say nothing of the educators themselves. It seems that the army and navy have taken over so many college facilities for the training of men and women for essential war work, that all liberal arts courses are being rapidly replaced with the technical courses. The demand for war workers in industries definitely curtails all liberal educations. The average four years of college training and experience in the cultural arts is receiving a severe amount of brushing off. The present day college junior and senior feel the need to get into the war effort more dynamically than just going to class hour after hour, day after day. It is a hard dose to take, but realize that if you are in college, you are one of a chosen few and the building of the world of tomorrow rests on someone else's shoulders beside the mighty Atlas's. The long grind of four years in college seems to take the zip out of many freshman and sophomores, who turn willing to the concentrated training of business school or government courses with salaries.

Did you know that graduates make up only 2% of the present day population; that they have a higher standard of living than the non-graduates; they show the advantage in the types of jobs held and the incomes received? Have you ever stopped to think how many uses there may be in later life for the subjects you are studying in school right now? Although you may not realize it, these courses are really an important part of your preparation for life and also a preparation for your **life work!**

Yes, the sacrifices that your family makes to give you a college education are greater than you think, but you know all of that. Don't cheat yourself out of all that you have at your finger tips . . . you are smarter in school than out.



By Emmy Gumm

If you're suffering from "what-did-I-ever-do-to-deserve-such-a-roommate" it is only that you haven't tried to get down to the source of your trouble. The simple cure is to try to understand your roommate. Decide to which category she belongs. She is either a freshman or an upperclassman. Not so difficult, nest pas? Now all you've got to do is to realize that she is only human. For instance, if she's a freshman think of the fun you can have teaching her to smoke. You can help develop her sense of humor and instruct her in the way of Life, Love and Men. And you can smile condescendingly at any suggestions she might offer, and call her "child"—that always makes both of you feel good. If you happen to be unfortunate enough to be a freshman with an upperclassman for a "roomie", console yourself with this thought, if you get fed up with being told you have never experienced the great emotions she has and consequently you can never understand her dramatic situation, you can always write home about what a complete "stinker" she is when you run out of all the other news.

Who borrows all your read cash?
Who smokes the last one in the pack?

Your roommate.

And who knows, some day you may have to call upon that brat, who is forever skipping off for the week end with your favorite hat and your last pair of precious Nylons, to do you a favor. When you get drafted and you decide to send home that glamorous photograph you had taken your junior year maybe you'll ask the "brat" to send it for you. And could you blame her for sending the one made during your freshman year instead—the one with the toothpaste-ad smile — and having your raven locks tinted pink and your eyes painted Kelly Green, if you acted nasty about the hat and hose deal? And those facetious bits of originality she insists upon enclosing in every letter you send your Beloved. Even though she has never met him and most likely never will she just knows he adores her little witticisms, and you can thank her for making you work twice as hard as you used to at being funny so that you out-do her (or at least keep up with her). If she's one of those that always prefers your date to hers just mark it off to good ridance. If he couldn't see through her line you certainly wouldn't want to waste your time on such a fool. See, there is something nice about them all—it depends on the way you look at it.

Who breaks the furniture and lamps?
Who uses all your postage stamps?

Your roommate.

But what to do with the "roomie" who eats all the food you get from home; who compliments you on your excellent taste by using all your favorite cologne? And worse still, the Jolly Polly who whistles and sings—especially the mornings she has an eight o'clock and you could have slept until ten; and the hearty 'Hail There Good Fellow' slap-you-on-the-back and the vigorous "Come on Weakling" wash-your-face-with-snow types? We musn't forget the Martyr. She's the best example of all. We love her. She's the one who makes your bed for you and turns it down at night. And she hangs up your clothes and cleans

CAMPUS LAUGHS

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike,
Yet different somehow.
What difference?

Oh, yes. I see it now:

It's the thoughtful look on the
face of the cow.

POLITE. While we were waiting for a traffic light the other night, we read an interesting sign on the back of one of those huge cross country trucks:

This truck stops for all R. R. Crossings, Redheads and Brunettes—and will back up ½ mile for a Blonde.

Twas the night before pay-day,

And all through my Jeans,

I searched and I hunted for

The ways and the means.

But nothing was stirring

Not even a jit,

The silver had walked out

And the greenbacks had quit.

Hasten! Oh Hasten! O time is thy

flight,

And make it tomorrow just for to-

night.

Thoughtful Verse

The Lord gave us two ends to use;

One to think with, one to sit with.

The war depends on which we

chose;

Heads we win, tails we lose!—

Pennsylvania Guardsman.

the room when she knows you're too busy to help, and then explains to everyone that you don't really mean to be the way you are—you just forgot. Unbearable? Heavens no. These are the best roommates you could ever hope for. Why just THINK of the character they are helping you build. But in case you weaken and bang her on the head the next time she squeezes her 6 B's into your neat 4 A's, just remember this:

Who's a constant pal to you?

Who overlooks the things you do?

Who knows and loves you through

and through?

Your MOTHER.

—'nuff said—

THE POETRY CORNER

HE LOOKS

By Virginia Brown

As if the Greeks had sculptured him

from stone,

So hard his muscles and his flesh do

seem.

His countenance, unreadable, un-

known.

To me, who oft have judged with

clear esteem

The thoughts of friends—of his I

only dream.

As if the very sun had dropped so

low

Its rays had caught and lingered in

a stream,

Then wintered into crisping curls

that glow.

As if a forest mist had lodged to

grow

Within his eyes, so vague, mysteri-

ous, veiled,

As fathomless as oceans where ships

gc.

As if his heart had been down deep

impaled

With ice that chilled his love—but

I can see

What's hid from others, his warm

love for me.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

Keithann Chapman, '46

The door-bell blasted forth for the fifth time, and Mitzi hurried across the room to answer it: "I'm coming!" Her short legs did not make for much speed in a flowing, ankle-length net skirt; she reached the door, however, and, opening it with a heave, came face to face with Nick Lansing, the first guest to arrive at her party. He was a tall, handsome fellow, with dreamy blue eyes and crinkly blonde hair. The whirling snow made crescents of white on each of his broad shoulders and hung about his black coat and top hat.

"Do come in, Nick. My, it's cold out. I hope it won't spoil my party."

Why, even the coldest blizzard couldn't keep us away from one of your parties, Mitzi."

"Nick Lansing! There you go again. With such compliments, no wonder you are always the life of the party."

Nick and Mitzi walked across to the roaring fireplace. A little French maid came in to carry away Nick's now wet wraps. The two young people chatted gaily until interrupted by many voices and a banging on the door. As Mitzi eagerly opened it a second time, a host of boys and girls swarmed in like bees around their queen. After coats were put aside and the first greetings exchanged, two by two the guests spread over the room. Mitzi suddenly had an inner sensation that such little groups were indifferent to the others, and a fear arose in her heart that her party wasn't "clicking." She searched her mind frantically for a solution. I could suggest bridge, but they don't care for that. Or we could play games—oh, they might think that childish. I wish it were time for dinner now so that we could all have something to do, she thought.

Nick sat by Coral Wilson and Johnny Martin, who were deeply engrossed in reviewing the latest Rita Hayworth movie, each of them adding a different comment. He watched Mitzi with his sharp eyes, and suspecting what was wrong, decided to settle matters by his own methods. Quickly he went to the parts of the room where little groups were formed, whizzing from one to the next. At last he was back in his own chair, thinking regretfully, "Well, there's a time for everything, and this looks like the place where you lose your reputation as being the life of the party, Mr. Lansing!"

Once again he gazed at Mitzi, and she met his look with such beseeching eyes that he stood up and started towards her. He hadn't seen the cord of the radio that reached from one wall to the other, and little did he know what was to befall him. Wham—bang—crash!!! There sprawled Nick in the middle of the floor, a vase and end table encasing his body; for not only had he fallen, but one of his long legs had upset the table by the sofa. For a moment no sound escaped the lips of the others except faint "ohs" and "ahs"; then, a booming laugh broke forth from Johnny, and the others joined in with side-splitting hysteria. The laughing subsided after a few minutes, but not to the former silence for such mirth had broken the timidity, and the party was a pleasure to behold.

"Aha! You saved your reputation and the party too," thought Nick to himself gleefully.

WATCH THAT EXCESS!

Marjorie Phillis

Heave, sigh, and another sigh! What's this? A state of premature enchantment? "Nice work if you can get it"—I've got it. My date for the dance is six feet of man with light roun hair and hazel eyes; he is a good dancer and a cheerful, full of life person—nice to have around.

It's fun, eh what, this business of figuring out your future? Think of the satisfaction you get. If it doesn't materialize?—well, it's the dream that is important, not the outcome. So says William Saroyan in an indirect way in his "Pomegranate Tree," and I agree with him.

This "modern prophesying" has good points other than the pleasure derived from it. It is unusual training for the imagination. It might be of value in writing some delicate description or in narrating a vivid sketch. One who really "counts" things vividly in his mind will surely possess a creative imagination.

In addition to this boon, the person who looks ahead presents an optimistic attitude to the world. One who can contemplate the realization of his desires today is definitely an asset. That kind of person is needed in our uncertain world. By maintaining a bright outlook, he can bolster the morale of us who see in the rear future little left for ourselves which will penetrate the gloom successfully.

Remember this when—"Indulging again?" comes a contemptible voice from within.

"Not in the sense you're implying" I retort. "I'm only doing my part in brightening my outlook, as all good citizens should."

"Well," comes the reply in a tone suggesting consideration, "that's all very well, but how do I know that you won't carry it too far?"

"Ah, I have you on that one. I'm protected against that by my favorite axiom, "Nothing in excess."

EVERY YEAR A LEAP YEAR

B. Tabor, '46

If only women could propose, too! Then maybe this upset world would be righted and Reno would have less business. Just think of the many lives that have been unhappy because the man could never pluck up enough courage to pop the question. And so far, the woman has not yet had the privilege of proposing. Therefore, instead of being able to show her true feelings and possibly to create happiness for two or more people, she is either doomed to spinsterhood or to a marriage with another man less suitable. This innate shyness, which is common to many men, could be somewhat alleviated by the boldness of women. Of course you say that some women are bashful, too. And you are perfectly correct in this assumption. Yet the shyness of the woman could be balanced by the boldness of the man or vice versa.

But at this point you are probably thinking, "What if they are both too timid to propose?" It is a very sensible question, and it has a logical answer. If two people are both so shy that neither can propose, there would be a bad state of affairs if they should marry. Each one would already be withdrawn into himself, and his living with another person of the same temperament would further this tendency until both would live a life of narrowness and self-interest. Instead of improving each other, as an ideal marriage between two people should, the man and wife would be detrimental to

each other.

On the other hand, if a woman who is an extravert falls in love with a man who tends to be an introvert, she should propose if the man is too timid. Then after the marriage (if he accepts) the wife would bring her husband out of his retiring tendencies. And if the wife is too excitable, her husband would work toward tempering this fault. The marriage would be one of improvement and progression—a marriage of happiness, because a woman could propose.

Therefore, if the social order of the day would approve of women's proposing, there would be many more happy marriages. Usually a woman jumps at the first chance she gets even if this proposal is not the one she really wants. The woman cannot be blamed because the social barriers of today keep her from finding out if the man she loves returns her affections. But if these restrictions were abolished, the woman could talk frankly to the one she cares for and possibly avert the unhappiness of several lives.

Many women will object strenuously to this point of view and say that men should always propose. But, nine times out of ten, the one who objects will be a lovely little "glamorous - puss" who has a date every afternoon and every night. But what about the ugly ducklings like me? Maybe if we women would take the initiative, the men would really find out that there is beauty beneath our skin, and many more of us would live "happily over after."

CAUGHT IN A SNOW STORM

Myonne Stueber, '46

Hot, jazzy music blared from the car radio. Two hooded figures huddled close together in the two-door sedan, keeping time to the music with their feet. Mother and I were on our way to Fayetteville, Arkansas, for the week end. All that we could see through the frosted windows was the white painted line of the highway reflected by the car lights. I shrugged my shoulders and gave a sigh of contentment. My breath was frosty, and looked like smoke rings. With my fuzzy mittens, I rubbed a small opening on the frosty window, just big enough to press my nose against the pane and look out.

The landscape seemed to fly by. Trees stood straining against the cold winter wind, their ice-covered branches stretched toward the sky. I made a wider opening and looked toward the heavens. They appeared smoky and white. "It looks like it is going to snow, Mother," I remarked as my teeth chattered and I brushed my hands together.

"Only thirty-five more miles to go," she replied. "I hope we can make it before the snow; snow isn't so good for mountain driving, especially at night."

Somehow the hot, jazzy music seemed to lose its appeal. The sky became milkier and there were no stars. Then a few small white flakes began to fall on the hood of the car—slowly at first, then faster and faster until vision became blinded by the falling specks.

"If only we had chains on the car I'd feel much safer," Mother said. I thought, "if only we were there I'd feel much safer."

We drove on in solence rounding bend after bend. The small opening I had made on the pane had become frosted again, and I rubbed another small space. All I could see was a blanket of snow. Trees looked as if they had been painted white, and

the wind howled about the car like a wolf waiting to strike. I was scared. Mother did not take her eye off the road. I began to think terrible things. What if we ran out of gas? What if the engine should die! Would we ever get there?

Mother's foot slackened on the accelerator. She shifted into second gear and we began to slide slowly down the mountain. The storm seemed to blow the car almost off the road. Mother then shifted into first. Slowly and cautiously we made our way, moving a foot at a time. Down and down we came. Once the right back tire skidded to one side; I sat rigid and looked straight ahead. Mother gave the wheel a quick jerk and we were back in the middle path again.

We passed another road marker; I could hardly distinguish the numbers on the snow-covered sign. "It's about twenty-five more miles, Mother; it won't be long now," I said.

With that the engine sputtered and the car swerved to the right. We were in the middle of a snow embankment. Mother and I exchanged glances. I couldn't let her know I was scared. We checked each other for bumps and bruises. We were both all right. I tried to open the door; it was jammed. With some effort on the part of both of us we pried open the door, and climbed out, shivering and stamping my feet to keep warm.

Not a farmhouse, or a village, or a living soul was in sight. Mother followed me out of the car. We huddled together and decided to walk against the blinding snow but found that we could not. We returned to the car and decided to wait there until morning. An old laprobe was all we had with us. It was black and scratchy; but it felt good and at last we settled warm and snug. The snow storm had not let up. The wind still howled about the car and our breath became frosted the minute it left our lips.

The next thing I knew I was in a warm, cozy room wrapped up in a warm flannel night-shirt. A roaring fireplace at one end of the room glowed in the night. "Mother, mother," I called, "Where are we?"

She replied sleepily, "A farmer and his wife found us, dear; go back to sleep. I'll tell you about it in the morning."

ETCHING OF AN EAGLE

Ann Garwood, '46

On the highest peak of a lofty mountain, where the air is pure and the sky is a deep, deep blue, high above the cool grey mists of the morning, perches the Zeus of the bird kingdom, the eagle. His talons clutch the twisted topmost bough of a rugged pine, majestic though it has been bleached and bent by the biting blasts of a century of winters. He is a superior bird, powerful, bold, and relentless.

Through the gauzy wisps of fog his hard and piercing eyes disdainfully survey the valley below. Countless mammalian prey will soon be the victims of his tearing claws and strong, fierce beak. Though poised for his swooping, spiral, silent-winged descent, he hesitates. He does not shrink from the ghastliness of a bloody forage. No, his eyes have an eager, greedy gleam. Then why does he hesitate?

He is loath that so distinguished a bird as he must lower himself, even for a moment, from the Olympian heights of his mountain domain to the habitat of the inferior creatures of the earth.

AFTERNOON OF A FAUN

Pat Foran, '46

One rainy day in Texas, having nothing else to do and knowing that the sun would soon be out again, I went upstairs to my rumpus room to listen to the wonderful collection of classical records bequeathed to me by my grandfather, founder of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra. After having listened to masterpieces by Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saen-Sans, Gvofe, and others, I came upon my favorite, "Afternoon of a Faun," by Debussy. It had always intrigued me with its weird Aeolian and Lydian scales, characteristic of the early music and the whole-tone scale used by Debussy, and it could always conjure up visions of nymphs, fauns, and satyrs romping in some secluded glade. But this afternoon my imagination was stirred even more than usual. The room was filled with twilight, the huge leather chair was lethargically comfortable, the rain pattered soothingly on the shingles, and the haunting strains of flutes carried me into Utopia.

I found myself in a strange and beautiful land, Beneath my feet was thick turf, dotted with exotic flowers in all shades and tints. Above was a sky of turquoise in which pink chiffon clouds played tag. To one side was a deep green sea and on ahead was a forest. Above all towered a huge purple mountain, which, with the sixth sense given to all who dream, I knew was Olympus. Picking up my bow and quiver and straightening the gold cord which bound my short white tunic I started toward the mountain. When I was well into the forest, I found a bubbling spring. I stopped to rest and to refresh myself and realize that I was not alone. A group of fauns were piping away in accompaniment to a dance which was being performed by a group of centaurettes and their handsome escorts. I then noticed that this was no ordinary spring, either, and the bubbles were in reality the laughing faces of pixy-like maidens.

Suddenly the faces disappeared, the dancers stopped their gaiety and the music ceased. Looking up I beheld the handsomest face I had ever seen. It was a huge faun and evidently some very important person. He began to pipe and as the weird, seductive music played about my ears, my body began to sway in rhythm. I soon found myself dancing and whirling, light as a feather and free as a breeze. In this fairyland I felt as though time and age were nothing and there was no such thing as trouble.

I suddenly came back to reality as a familiar voice drifted through the haze. "Patty, for goodness sake, please come set the table. Your father phoned hours ago and you're going to be late for your date." With a sleepy "Yes, Mother," I turned off the Victrola and staggered downstairs.

I have sought and will continue to seek again and again that wonderful place I once found in a dream.

TAKE IT EASY

Jane Murphy

"Hello, Mrs. Smith? Say, Edith, this is Mary McGuire, and Mrs. Jones told me that Mrs. Henderson told her that Sally Bennett's husband told her—he's in the grocery business, you know—that next week they are going to start rationing peanut butter. My stars, what would John do without peanut butter? Why, he won't eat butter, and we couldn't get along without peanut butter. I'm going down to Mac's store right now before anyone else hears about rationing," Mary McGuire blurted out. She was clutch-

ing the telephone with hurried nervousness.

"But, Mary," implored the unexcitable, easy-going Edith Smith, "peanut butter is so expensive now. It was about fifty cents a pound the last time I bought any, and it is probably higher by this time, and you know it's unpatriotic to hoard. We'll get all the peanut butter we need, I don't think I'll buy any."

"All right, Edith, when you are going without peanut butter, don't say I didn't warn you," and with that Mrs. McGuire quickly dropped the receiver into its place, seized her coat and hat, and fairly flew to the grocery store, where she found several of her friends who had received the same inside information. These women each bought about ten jars of the precious delicacy at fifty cents a jar. The next day the papers carried the report that a ceiling price of thirty-nine cents had been placed upon peanut butter, but that there was no need to ration it. Poor Mary McGuire and her friends had all that expensive peanut butter which would crowd their shelves and to dry out."

Though Mrs. Smith was a quiet little woman, she was still human, and she wasn't going to pass up the chance to say, "I told you so."

"Who can be calling at this hour?" grumbled Mrs. McGuire, wiping the dish water from her hands onto her clean starched apron as she waddled to the telephone. "Hello—Oh, Mrs. Smith. How are you? Did you have a good time at Juli's party yesterday? I hear . . ."

"Yes, I had a wonderful time. She served peanut butter sandwiches and she had peanut butter loaf and coffee for desert, and then she sent some peanut bu . . ."

"Did you hear that the Jones baby is awfully sick?" interrupted Mrs. Maguire, for the word peanut butter was taboo in the better circles.

Mrs. Smith was willing to let the trend of the conversation change now, for she felt she had been successful in proving to Mrs. McGuire that the early bird sometimes misses the worm.

GLIMPSE AT THE HORSE SHOW

Dorothy Colliton, '46

As the girl rode easily into the ring a stream of cutting wind caught up her dark hair and tossed it back. The simple neatness of her blond-colored habit contrasted with the russet brown of her mount. From somewhere a voice shouted instructions to canter. The face below the small hat grew tense; the hands gripped the reins; every muscle strained for perfection. The perfectly timed gait that followed drew a look of pleasure from the girl rocking in the saddle. As the horse slowed to a walk, her movement changed to a gently swaying motion. By this time, the frigid drizzle of rain had eaten her face into a glow and blown her hair back to reveal the red coldness of her ears. Then came the hardest test of all, a figure-eight canter. Her expression showed confidence and determination as the horse splashed through the water standing in puddles between the rail and the center of the ring. All went well until the second crossing, when the horse broke the beautiful canter and slowed to a trot. If the rider felt disappointment or nervousness, she concealed it very well. She frowned slightly, set her face, and with the expertness of the trained horsewoman soon resumed the easy canter. This over, her strained arms relaxed, the legs that had been so stiff in the stirrups bent slightly, and her mouth curved in a smile. As she left the muddy ring for the warmth of the stable, the wind lapped at her long hair and full riding

VATCHFERB



This is the VATCHFERB that is watching all HOSTESS HURRIERS who beat the butter, waste the water and dress the salad before the HOSTESS gets a chance to help her helpers. Are you making serving a sight by being a HOSTESS HURRIER?

YANKEE LOVE SONG

Jinny Bauske

I've a sweetheart in the army
And the navy and marines,
And he's bound to be right in the thick
Of all the fighting scenes.

He's a most respected fellow,
Yet he's full of life and fun;
I'm not jealous tho I know that he
Is loved by everyone.

He is tall and strong and handsome,
In a special kind of way,
Tho he's young, he's had his troubles,
And his hair has turned to gray.

He's as strong as any ox in war,
In peace, he's like a lamb,
And I love him, 'cause he's wonderful,
. . . My darling Uncle Sam!

CAMPUS LAUGHS

"My father knew a month before his death when he would die?"
"Who told him?"
"The judge."

Host (doing the honors)—and that is a portrait of my great-great-grandfather.

Visitor — Wonderful! Why, he doesn't look any older than you.
—the Booster

A professor asked a student to make a sentence or verse with the words "analyze" and "anatomy" in it. The following was submitted by a precious freshman:

"My analyze over the ocean
My analyze over the sea
Oh who will go over the ocean and bring back my ana-to-my?"
—The Pantograph

"Is 'trousers singular or plural?"
"They're singular at the top and plural at the bottom.—Salina News

Latest: A naval bombing beam that trained at Pensacola recently to sink a heavy Jap cruiser. They have a brand new theme song: "Pensacola—Hits the Spot."

History teacher: What is the elastic clause of the Constitution?
Bright Student: The congressional

Help Toward Victory
Big Demand For
Volunteer Workers

"I'll help towards victory!" That's the saying of every Lindenwood girl who plans to work this summer.

Do you realize how many jobs are open to young girls at the present time. For example there's office work of all kinds—clerks, receptionists and stenographers. There is an opportunity for everyone to help, even though her special qualification is often not listed. The conditions governing voluntary work are mainly the hours one can give regularly, her past experience, her ability to undergo training and her hobbies. No office has found anyone yet who is of no use in voluntary work.

There is widespread demand for volunteer workers in the local housing schemes—many localities need volunteer workers to keep lists of available rooms up-to-date. Women are needed to take nutrition exhibits in local stores. They take their turn selling war bonds at the stands in public places.

Being a volunteer is different at times. Sometimes the delays and bottlenecks in instruction make it impossible for a woman to appreciate the real need for her services. Nevertheless, the need is serious. Come on, you Lindenwood girls, and help towards victory!

Eight More Students
Welcomed at L. C.
For Second Semester

Lindenwood welcomes eight new students and three former students who have returned for second semester.

Former students who have returned to campus for another term are: Carolyn English, Lafayette, Indiana; Frances Elnore Wherry, Arlington, Virginia; and Marjorie Allen, Pueblo, Colorado.

Our new students and friends are: Dorothy June Hoeb, Madison, Illinois; Janet Rose Neustadt, Evansville, Indiana; Barbara Mae Shirey, Waterloo, Iowa; Ruth Almira Painter, West Lafayette, Indiana; Margaret Ann Humphreys, Oilton, Oklahoma; Patricia Waldron, Oak Park, Illinois; Jackie Bond, Oak Park, Illinois; and Nelle Frances Eastwood, Grayville, Illinois.

stretch.

Jones: "I've had this car for years and never had a wreck."

Smith: "You mean you've had this wreck for years and never had a car."

Visitors: "What a glorious painting I wish I could take those lovely colors home with me."

Artist: "You will, You're sitting on my paint box."

Major: "Don't you know how to stand at attention?"

Rookie in oversized uniform: "I am sir. It's my uniform that's at ease."
—The Booster

Patsy: "How is your rat who swallowed the half dollar?"

Betty: "No change yet."
—The Booster.

My girl friends waist is 42,
She eats her meals in haste.
And so you see, it's really true
That haste makes waste.

A nut at the wheel

A peach at the sight

A turn in the road

Fruit salad that night.

—The Booster.

THE CLUB CORNER

Twenty girls were initiated into the Athletic Association at a club meeting February 15. An announcement was made about the Tri-school meet to be held at Monticello College March 13.

Mu Phi Spsilon met February 16. They discussed plans for Sunday Vespers.

Delta Phi Delta prepared the "Victory Sing".

El Circulo Espanol initiated seventeen new members February 17. Jo Ann Butters was elected vice-president to replace Lucille Lincoln, who is now attending Texas Christian University. The program presented was a selection of Spanish music.

Victory Sing Is Sponsored By Delta Phi Delta

Delta Phi Delta sponsored a V Sing last Thursday. Coralee Burchard, president of the sorority, spoke on "Music in War".

The program included the "Star-Spangled Banner", "Sing, Sing, Sing", "Songs for Our Fighting Spirit", "Marine's Hymn", "Anchors Aweigh", "Army Air Corps", "When You Wore a Tulip", "Daisy Bell", "Took My Girl Out Walking", "The Band Played On", "Alouette", "Faith of Our Fathers", "America, the Beautiful", and they ended with the Pledge of Allegiance. Various members of the sorority led the songs. Virginia Donovan sang the solo part of "Army Air Corps".

Noted Photographer To Speak

(Continued from page one)

Command. Miss Bourke-White flew to Britain to take over her duties with the A. E. F. late in the summer.

Miss Bourke-White is not merely a photographer—she is a student of human problems. In 1937, with Erskine Caldwell, she was the author of "You Have Seen Their Faces," a study and social survey of the South. Her most recent book is "Shooting the Russian War," which tells of her experiences in Russia in 1941 and 1942.

She was born in New York City. Her father, who was an inventor, introduced her to the mysteries of mechanics and natural history. During her senior year at Cornell, she turned to photography, which previously had been a hobby, as a career.

Her first book was a series of photos of the Otis Steel mills in Cleveland, which the president brought to publish as a private edition.

"Fortune" sent her to Germany to cover industries of the Reich. She photographed some places with such thoroughness that she landed in jail—later the government apologized.

Russia was too close to miss, so she packed her bags, left the Reich for Moscow. She recorded the cities, the steppes, the first documentation that had ever come out of Soviet territory.

In 1939 she again traveled to Europe, snapping pictures of the Balkans—the industries and peoples along the Danube, where since time immemorial there has been little peace.

In Miss Bourke-White's talk, she will not merely be a woman discussing art, but she will come as a person who has made a place as a leader in a comparatively new field—photography.

Army Brats Club To Sponsor 'Know The Army' Project

At a special meeting on Tuesday night, February 16, the Army Brats Club of Lindenwood College decided to sponsor a project that will enable each girl on the campus to "know the army." Each branch of the Army will be taken as a separate subject and the insignia, both sleeve and shoulder, will be posted on a bulletin board in Roemer Hall. The function of this branch and possible pictures of it in action will aid you in recognizing the men when you see them. When a soldier or officer appears, you won't have to nudge your neighbor and ask "What outfit does he belong to?" You'll know what his sleeve insignia means, his rank, what uniform he is wearing, what his branch has done and is doing in the present war effort, and where the different camps are located that train men of his unit. Why you'll be a walking book of knowledge.

There is nothing that is undertaken, however, that does not need the help of every girl on campus, so the club is asking each girl to write on the sheet of paper placed in her hall, the names of every person that you are acquainted with that is in the Army. Be sure to list his name, branch, and where he is stationed. He'll be proud to know that you are interested in what he is doing and where he is located.

Any of the information concerning the Army that you have, will be of great value to this organization and Dorothy Dickey, the new president, will be glad to have you turn this in to her. The other officers are Helen K. Wells, vice-president; Jean Graham, secretary-treasurer, and the reporter, Kay A. Corl.

Charter members of this organization are Sally Huff, Harriet Scruby, Margot Overmeyer, Dorothy Davies, Carol Landberg, Esther Dalby, Hope Ryder, Rosemary Nissley and Betty Ann Rouse.

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Letter to a Lindenwood Lass From Her Man In The Army

My Darling Gertie:

All is forgiven. Your sweet Valentine saved the day. One of the privates laughed and said it was a comic, but I didn't think so. Oh, how could I have been so cruel to you? To think that I was almost the cause of losing you completely forever. But now, life can be beautiful. I find myself singing and trilling happily even when on K. P.

Glad to hear you had so much fun exam week—parties every night, and loafing in the tea room all day. Just one question, though—when did you study? Or did you?

You poor juniors and seniors. It's my opinion that you're too old and creaky to take any phys. ed. except good old-fashioned walking. A group of you in the conditioning class ought to hobble before the Dean and tell her your troubles.

Senior Hall and a Blue Jean Ball sounds "swaive". So the Terrible Ten of Senior Hall and Coney Island finally made their debuts. Someone down here got a letter from Bev "May Haw" Wescott, and she said that she and Jan and Glo and Marge and Ginny accepted the engraved invitations by telegraph. Also hear

they came with fur coats over their blue jeans and sweat shirts with corsages and nose-grays. She said that Dr. Schaper ended up Dr. Lather in the receiving line after going through brushes, shaves, etc. Too bad you were caught without a floor show, but it must be nice to be able to whip one up. Such talent.

The freshman party the same night sounds "blazee". Certainly nice of them to hang wedding rings all over the gym for Miss Bibbee—or I'd better say Mrs. Jacob.

You said life was peaceful. I'd say 'no' after all that. You should try army life sometime, because the social life at least is really peaceful. Must say good-night now, my dearest little sugar puss.

I love you,

Cuthie

P. S. Now that I have you back, I'm poetically inspired. Here's one called Chow Note.

At the mess hall over a tough beef stew

A friend of mine said, "Pal, I'm through.

It's time to switch to the enemy, When the Infantry swallows the Cavalry."

The Palace
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Dearest—



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to
\$1.35



P. S. Be sure to get several pairs . . . rayons take 24 hours to dry.



How Is Your Room-Appeal? Hints on Spring House Cleaning

"Spring house cleaning"—the very sound of the words produce pains and aches in many a back. Maybe a definition of spring house cleaning would be an aid to all you future wives. Spring house cleaning is a perennial female disease (as stated by the men!) It's the process of cleaning up those corners you've missed all year and breaking up many a happy home of spiders!

I know its kind of fun to move the little piles of dirt from one corner to the other—you'd be surprised how many things you find valuable long-lost bobbie pins and other nick-nacks.

Then there's an old saying—"Your closets reveal s your personality." Now girls—stand up for your rights,

after all, isn't a closet naturally rather dark and crowded! It's really one of the best hiding places in the world but what women wants to hide her personality in such an atmosphere?

In Colonial days, women were supposed to be weak and beautiful—spring house cleaning was done by the servants. Today a woman comes tearing out in a pair of blue jeans, moves the piano with one hand and vacuums the rug with the other hand—then to top it all she ends up at night on the 12 to 8 shift at the local welding plant. We are certainly real women today—spring house-cleaning is just a form of amusement to us. "Incidentally girls—have you cleaned your room this year?"

JABBER from JINNY

By Jinny Bauske

The latest campus gossip is that the love bug has hit Senior hall. Carol Bindley (Stinky, to you) says it's the real thing—Tommy's the man!

Mimi (Minnie) Hanna has added a little special something to her future life—come up and see it sometime!

Jean Ream tore home to see Doug who is home on leave. When she returns, life—if that's what you can call it—in Irwin Hall will center around Miss Ream's room to hear the latest details.

Elaine Workman has been very busy lately. Her new man at Lambert Field—a Lieutenant at that—has taken her to the base for dinner and keeps her well occupied with phone calls.

Lucky Louise Malory went up to the University of Illinois to a Delta Gam dance and came back with the exciting news that the place is running over with men. Sounds unbelievable, and certainly calls for an investigation.

Have you ever heard of the wonderful romance of the former Louise Pankey? Ask her about it—maybe you'll all keep up with your correspondence more regularly.

Some female parasites in a certain dorm calmly consumed the colored maid's lunch one day last week. After all, girls—there's plenty of food in the dining room—try eating it for a change.

Guess that's all the news for the present—see you in the next issue! Oh, incidentally—I'm in love too!

Sensational Society item from Ra-leigh, N. C. News and Observer: "Mrs. R—Mother of the bridegroom, was attired in a soft blue lace dress which fell to the floor."

INTRODUCING . . .

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Alpha Sigma Tau Sponsors Popularity Queen Contest

The honorary Liberal Arts Society on the campus, Alpha Sigma Tau, is again sponsoring the ball for the Popularity Queen of Lindenwood Campus and for her court.

While these plans are under way, the Linden Leaves staff is up on its toes getting the voting in line for the 1943 Popularity Queen of Lindenwood College. The Editor, Ruth Fiaines, announced in chapel on February 16th, that the first voting would take place Tuesday at Student Chapel.

Every member of the student body will take part in the voting and on the following Tuesday, the ones that have made a deposit on their annual for this year, will be eligible to make the selection for the queen from the thirteen girls that received the most votes by the secret ballot.

This event is one that everyone on campus looks forward to and we are depending on each one of you to make this the biggest election yet.

Water boy: "How's the team coming?"

Coach: "Like counterfeit money. The halves are full of lead and the quarters won't pass."

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HALL OF FAME



The Hall of Fame pays tribute to Jean K. Graham. Jean is now climaxing her fourth and final year at L. C., and in that space of time she has won the respect and admiration of all with whom she has come in contact.

Jean is a member of the League of Women Voters, International Relations Club, Triangle Club, and is on the "official board" of the Army Brats. Everyone is familiar with Jean's cheery greeting and smiling countenance. She is ever-willing to give her assistance in the furthering of new and worthy causes.

We, the members of Lindenwood's family hail you, Jean Graham.

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Lindenwood's Children's Theatre of the Air Presents Two Programs

The Lindenwood College Children's Theater of the Air presented "Adventures of Peter Rabbit" over station KFUE, Saturday, February 6, 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, Peter, Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail, Mama Fluffi, Mr. Bushytail, Mrs. Redbreast, Sammy Tortoise, Mr. McGregor, and Mr. Mouse. The cast included Ellen Wadley, Jean Bowsby, Florence Clair, Freda Eberspacher, Sue Beck, Carol Bindley, with Lady Morgan providing the musical background.

On Saturday, February 20, the Theater of the Air gave "The Frog Prince" written by Doris Nahigian, one of last year's students. Miss Octavia K. Frees directed with Lady Morgan at the piano. The characters were the Story Lady, Princess, King, and Frog Prince. Those in the cast were Jean Bowsby, Ellen Wadley, Marge Irwin and Florence Clair.

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Wed.-Thurs. Feb. 24-25

2 FEATURES 2

"FLYING FORTRESS"

with Richard Green

&

"MARGIN FOR ERROR"

with Bennett

Milton Berle

Fri.-Sat. Feb. 26-27

2 FEATURES 2

Burgess Meredith

in "STREET OF CHANCE"

&

Roy Rogers

in "SUNSET SERENADE"

—plus—

"ONE DAY OF WAR"

—RUSSIA, 1943

Sun.-Mon. Feb. 28; Mar. 1

"MY SISTER EILEEN"

with Brian Ahern

Rosalind Russell

Wed.-Thurs. Mar. 3-4

2 FEATURES 2

"The WAR AGAINST

MRS. HADLEY"

with Edward Arnold

Fay Bainter

&

"SMITH OF MINNESOTA"

with Bruce Smith

Arlene Judge

Fri.-Sat. Mar. 5-6

2 FEATURES 2

"JOURNEY FOR MARGARET"

with Robert Young

Lorraine Day

&

"WE ARE THE MARINES"

March of Time Feature

Sun.-Mon. Mar. 7-8

"A YANK AT EATON"

with Mickey Rooney

Ian Hunter