

## Senior Class Elects Ruth Haines As May Queen

### Miss Betty Proctor Reigns At Ball As Popularity Queen

Miss Betty Proctor, president of the senior class, reigns as the Popularity Queen of 1943. Her selection was revealed at a ball on March 12 in Butler gym. Carol Bindley was chosen as her First Maid of Honor, and Florence Barry, her Second Maid of Honor.

At 9 o'clock, trumpets announced the presentation of the Queen and her court. Members of Alpha Sigma Tau carried green and white streamers and made an aisle among the students. The ten members of the court walked in, two by two, and grouped themselves around the throne at the far end of the gym. They were Kay Anderson Corl, Lois Anderson, Rena Eberspacher, Ruth Haines, Peggy Lindsey, Janet Thomas, Sally Dearmont, Virginia Donovan, Dorothy Heimrod and Mary Pate.

Next came the Second Maid, Flo Barry, dressed in a smart navy and white formal and carrying pink carnations. The First Maid of Honor, Carol Bindley, wore a pearl-embroidered champagne net formal and carried purple iris with pink ribbons.

Then, after a momentary hush the Queen entered, followed by bursts of applause. Betty wore a fuchsia and purple dress with a large bouquet of roses and small lavender flowers. She knelt before her throne and the flower crown was placed on her head by the First Maid of Honor. After the Queen and court were greeted by the congratulations of the students, the dancing began again.

The Missourians furnished the music for the ball. Jane Merideth, president of Alpha Sigma Tau, announced the names of those in the court. Dr. Dawson is the sponsor of the sorority. The committee in charge of the dance and presentation consisted of the chairman, Jeanne Harmon, and Grace Gray, Lynn Jackson, and Phyllis Verploeg.

### St. Louis Pastors Speak At Lindenwood's Religious Conference

The Conference of Religion was climaxed last Sunday evening by a symposium of speakers from leading St. Louis churches. Those who participated in this program were: Rabbi Julius Gordon, Shaare Emeth Synagogue; Dean Sydney E. Sweet, Christ Church Cathedral; and Father William J. McCucken, St. Louis University.

Dr. Hampton Adams opened the conference by addressing the Vespers' audience of March 14. Throughout the week, forum discussions of religion were held in the Library Club rooms.

### Reigns Over Popularity Ball



Lindenwood's 1943 Popularity Queen, Miss Betty Proctor, president of the senior class.

### Home Economic Club Holds Food Sale In Residence Halls

Four evenings during the past two weeks, members of the Home Economics Club prepared popcorn and popcorn balls, candy, apples, and cream puffs in the cooking laboratory. The girls then sold the articles throughout the various dormitories.

The proceeds derived from these sales will be contributed to the National Home Economic's foreign fellowship fund which furthers the studies in the United States of girls from foreign countries.

### Esther Lee Bride Is Guest Speaker at Home Economics Club

Miss Esther Lee Bride, home economist for Union Electric Company in St. Louis, was guest speaker at the regular meeting of the Home Economics Club which was held Tuesday evening in the Library Club Rooms.

Miss Bride spoke on the opportunities in business of home economically trained people and what the em-

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### Lindenwood Will Have A Victory Garden This Year

Lindenwood will have a Victory Garden this year, the O. G. A. (Office of Grounds Administrator), has announced. In an interview, Mr. Ordelheide said: "our goal is a complete garden for victory to supplement the regular garden that the college farm has every year, includes such vegetables as are considered of greatest importance—green leafy vegetables—these are: kale, turnip greens, green lettuce, cabbage, and broccoli."

One acre is being set aside for the planting of beets, carrots, onions and

turnips. "Potatoes and sweet corn come in for their share also. Of these, we will plant almost three acres (about twenty-five bushels of seed potatoes)—a nice little victory garden in itself." In this connection, St. Patrick's day was appropriately observed by the planting of the potatoes.

A varied and abundant supply of beans is being anticipated. Soybeans have begun to appear in the American diet and their possibilities on the Lindenwood diet are being

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### Miss Sally Dearmont Chosen As Special Maid of Honor

Ruth Haines, senior from Rivermines, Mo., was elected Lindenwood's May Queen of 1943 by the Senior Class last Wednesday, March 17. She will be crowned at the annual May Day celebration on Saturday, May 15. Attending her will be a group of maids representing all four classes and a special Maid of Honor, Sally Dearmont, a junior from St. Louis.

In addition to the Maid of Honor, the queen's court will consist of Doris Banta and Joyce Burge, seniors; Florence Barry and Virginia Donovan, juniors; Betty Waters and Jacqueline Schwab, sophomores; and Kay Barngrover and Sophia Russell, freshmen. These maids were elected to represent classes at a series of class meetings held on Wednesday.

The senior class has taken all the tradition and beauty of the past years into consideration in planning this year's May Day celebration. The activities begin on Friday, May 14th, with a senior carnival and supper for all students. This promises to be a gala affair to get one out of the daily book routine. On Saturday, the day is started off with an All College Horse Show at the stables. The big event of the week-end will be the crowning of the May Queen in the afternoon; the senior class and the physical education department are cooperating in the program. After the crowning there will be a formal dinner in the dining room for all students and guests on campus. Tau Sigma will present their spring dance recital at eight o'clock of the same evening.

The week-end would not be complete without some special chapel program. The Convocation for that day will be held at eleven in the morning with Capt. Mary Bell as the guest speaker. She has been a guest on our campus once before and we feel that it is a special privilege to have her on this occasion as it is also the day set aside as "I Am An American" day. In the afternoon after dinner, there will be a tea in honor of the May Queen and her party.

This May Day festival is once again the greatest event on our whole school calendar and everyone will want to be here all week-end to enjoy the round of activities with their friends and family.

### Orchids on Display By Botany Department

The Botany department urges everyone to visit the greenhouse. Do you know that there are four real orchids in bloom over there? Go over and see them—they speak for themselves. Don't lay a hand on them, though, says Dr. Dawson.

# LINDEN BARK

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EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE  
SUE BECK

EDITORIAL STAFF

Kay Anderson Corl  
Carol Bindley  
Jinny Bauske

Mary Lee Johns  
Alyce Ward

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TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1943

## Has Spring Sprung?

There's an old saying that if you can live in Missouri you can live in any state. Missouri has a grand variety and display of weather; even the poor birds are fooled. The Robbini return in March and they sit around freezing till the fickle weather man makes up his mind.

A person can never safely state in a letter or over the phone that the weather here is perfectly marvelous because no doubt as soon as you've made the statement a snow storm, rain or a miniature cyclone will result—never commit yourself on the subject of Missouri weather—it isn't a sure subject.

## More to Come

The Sports day held at Monticello College on March 13 was the first of the series of the Tri-College Sports Day. The purpose of these events is to give participation to as many girls as possible in sports. The Lindenwood girls who attended the first sports day of this kind are proud of the invitation and the opportunity they had to go. The honors that our girls won in the athletic meet have been recognized by all of the students on campus and we want them to know that we are looking forward to the second sports day which will be held on Lindenwood campus April 18.

## Stamps For Victory

One of the greatest opportunities exists on Lindenwood campus for the purchase of Defense Stamps. It is something that has long been needed and the Freshman Class has set off at a high pace to put stamps in every student's stamp book. The booth that was put up for this specific purpose will be maintained for an indefinite time by the members of the Freshman Class in order to give each person on campus a chance to secure all the stamps needed to make a bond.

We must keep up with other American citizens in the drive for Victory and we can best do our part by buying Defense Stamps. Take advantage of the sale. The stamps are on sale at the special price of 10, 25, and 50 cents.

February, March, April . . . . . whee! April at last and that not only brings All Fool's Day, Texas San Jacinto Day, but that means that Easter is coming too.

Now Easter is a very special time of year, and even though you may not have a new outfit to wear on that day, everyone is looking with much hope to the 25th of April. The Easter bunny seems to be making such a late trip, that it is a little difficult to ward off our tired feelings concerning this everlasting winter weather.

We wish that whoever wrote that letter about Easter egg hunts and sent it the staff, would please write one to Mr. Bunny and ask him to bring plenty of Easter eggs. He'll have enough gas saved up by then to bring the eggs in his Peep, and then there will be so many, that the sophomores can give an Easter egg hunt for the whole senior class. Won't that be great? Just imagine the wacky seniors, with grey hair and cobwebs, out bending their joints in an Easter egg hunt? Wheeeee!

## Press Club to Sponsor Contest For Best Journalistic Writing

The Press Club announces a writing contest which will be open to everyone on campus. The prize will go to the best piece of journalistic writing submitted and published in a campus publication during the year.

The rules and judges will be announced after the next meeting of the Press Club.

## Home Economics Department Is Represented

Eight student delegates from the Home Economics department will represent Lindenwood at the annual Missouri Home Economics conference to be held at Jefferson City, Missouri.

Pearl Payne, vice-president of the state student club, will be in charge of a panel discussion at the general meeting.

## ALL BARK AND NO BITE

—Emmy Gumm—

News flash: GRUMPY GREMLIN RETURNS TO FACTORY:

Mr. Gremlin was called back to his old job in the factory, cutting short his career as a news reporter for the Linden Bark. With him are his wife, Fifinella, and his son, Wilbur the Widget. His daughter, Flippet remains at L. C. to carry on with the snooping and to get educated, (her family hopes).

FLIPPET IS CONFUSED:

"Where ever did they find them?" questions Flippet concerning the curious nicknames she has discovered around the campus. For instance, there is "STINKEY". Now why call a perfectly adorable little girl that awful name? And "CHOO-CHOO". Can you imagine? Then here is "CORKY" and "SWEETY" and "HERBY" and "GIG" and all for no apparent reason. What is behind some of these oddities?

IT REALLY HAPPENED:

"Frankie" Morgan, rather the former Miss Morgan, had four dates with him, and guess, what—she married him. Now what's this we've been preaching about taking the initiative. Guess we know what we're talking about.

DID YOU KNOW:

That someone borrowed a box of crackers from "COOKIE" over a month ago and that even though she reminds them three times every day they haven't paid her back yet? There must be a proper word for people like that.

That "CORKIE" and "DOT" bought themselves some beautiful venetian blinds for their room and while they were **tying** them to the curtain rods someone's sissors slipped and they cut the cords that work the blinds.

That the favorite pass time in Butler these days seems to be throwing shoes around? What with rationing, too.

That we might as well grin and bear it—spring ain't sprung yet and those new outfits will just have to stay in the closet a while longer. It's sad, but one consolation, it can't last forever. And while we're on the subject of weather, this rain is good for something besides taking all the curl out of our hair. I'll bet you haven't noticed what marvelous mud pies this soaked Missouri soil makes.

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE:

With the girls who complain that they're tired of being told they don't realize there is a war on, yet they don't put any effort forward to help in any way. You'd be surprised at the number of girls who haven't bought even ONE twenty-five cent war stamp.

With these: (only don't tell me.)

WAR DICTIONARY:

Barrage—where you park your car.  
Squad—to stoop.  
Jeep—call of a baby chick.  
Bomb—a hobo.

POEM:

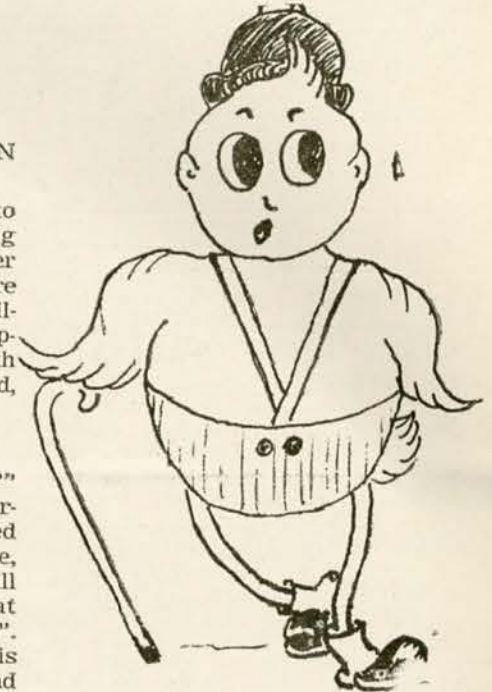
Oh heart, oh me  
I love he  
But he loves she  
And she ain't me  
So me and he  
Aint we.

(Through the courtesy Mac Murray College Greetings)

LAUGH OF THE WEEK:

BETTY GILES walking on her

## VATCHFERB



This is the VATCHFERB that is watching all PETES. From what he sees he knows that every PETE needs a PEEP. If you and you and you will shuffle out your sheckles we can get A PEEP for PETE and may REPETE.

Don't worry if you have all F's  
And A's you have but few;  
Remember that the mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you.

—The Booster.

## THE SAFETY VALVE

In the last issue of the Bark you suggested a new goal for the war bond campaign, 'A Peep for Pete.' Everyone seems to think it would be a good idea so why don't we do something about it? War Council, we'd like some action!

—ALL OUT FOR WAR

Dear Editor:

For many of the freshmen, this will be the first Easter away from home and I think it is our duty to make the mfeel as "un-homesick" as possible.

What about a big Easter Egg hunt out on the campus just like we usually have in our own back yards? The upper classmen could have it for the freshman with a prize to the girl who gets the most eggs.

If anyone has any suggestions, why don't you send them to the Safety Valve?

—WHY NOT?

knees in the middle of Grand in front of Fox Theatre. Alright, so she turned her ankle but it was still funny. She thought so, too, especially when she had to walk all over town with huge holes where the knees in her hose used to be.

Dedicated to Betty:

There's no one near when I go out  
Looking very neat;  
So why is there always a crowd  
about  
When I fall in the middle of the  
street?

—'nuff said—

P. S.—Flippet wonders what BEV WESCOTT has against those poor little white rats. The result should be interesting.

We're in the Army

Sergeant: When did you blow in?  
Private: With the last draft, sir.

## THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

### WITHOUT A BUZZ

Jean Esher Narris

Terry just couldn't bring herself to say goodbye. Goodbyes are so hopelessly final. No, she would simply raise her eyelashes that were (she had been told) out of this world slowly to his, radiate a meaningful glance into his heart, droop the lids with a romantic sweep, delicately allow a barely audible sigh to diffuse through the air, and sadly drift out of his life.

If she never saw him again, Terry knew that she would always remember Mr. Allan B. Sawyer, who had been her voice instructor for the past year. Her heart had been dedicated to Mr. Sawyer ever since his acceptance of the position of director of music in the Sidney Public Schools. She remembered with a shudder how ridiculously young and frivolous she must have seemed to him at their first meeting, the try-outs for the cappella choir. "Miss Teresa Ann Mason," his voice boomed, and stumbling to her feet, Terry walked confusedly to the piano.

"Lord, what a name! Isn't there a short cut?"

"Yes, sir—Terry." Blushing furiously, she felt as if she were six feet tall and all arms and legs. This is what they mean when they talk about the awkward teens, she thought.

"Well, that's a relief. You've had a big build-up, Terry, but you've got to show me. Now, do your stuff." He played the "G" arpeggio.

Terry's mouth formed an "ah"; she took a deep breath and—nothing happened. Her blush deepened, and she tried again. This time something did happen; a squeak! Undaunted and fiercely resolute, she began once more and, arriving safely at the high "g", her voice wavered, cracked, and died away. At this point Terry felt perfectly certain that someone would begin singing, "Deep Purple" in honor of the amazing hue of her face.

"Well, you've still got to show me" and in utter disgust, Mr. Sawyer called the next name amid roars of pitiless mirth.

After the first humiliating meeting, things were easier. Terry even brought herself to begin studying with the new director, and, while Mr. Sawyer's affection for his charming and talented pupil grew, Terry's pinning love for her handsome and brilliant young teacher took deep root and blossomed. She 'showed him.'

Then one day in choir he announced that they were going to give the operetta, "Sweethearts", and that try-outs would be held the following week. After waiting two agonizing days following the try-outs, Terry, on her "umptieth" trip to the bulletin board, found posted the cast of "Sweethearts": Sylvia—Teresa Ann Mason. That was all she saw. As friends swarmed around her with congratulations, she saw Mr. Sawyer coming toward them, smiling. She edged away from the group and said excitedly to him, "Oh Mr. Sawyer, I'm so happy. I just know I'll die of a nervous breakdown."

"It'll be two months of slavery, Terry, and you'll have to give some of the boy friends the air. From now on, I'm your doctor and I'm prescribing plenty of rest from now till the final curtain. Work hard, little girl, and you'll have Sydney at your feet."

Terry's worshipping eyes gazed into space. Oh, why did he have to be married? Golly, he was handsome. Aloud she said, "I promise to

be an obedient patient, Doctor."

He wasn't kidding; Terry worked harder than she had ever done—ten pounds worth, in fact. But just being near him and riding home with him after rehearsals was reward enough for any kind of work. They gave four performances, packing the auditorium each time, and he had been right: Sidney was at her feet. Having collected enough money for the choir to buy Mr. Sawyer the recordings to Tchaikovsky's "Fifth Symphony," Terry presented the album to him over the footlights after the last performance. Although she had written an elaborate speech, the words left her, and she made the presentation with a few simple and sincere words of gratitude. Then someone appeared with a dozen American-beauty roses for her, and, bowing to the wildly applauding audience, she felt like a Flagstad after the closing night. When the curtain had fallen, Mr. Sawyer came back stage, took both her hands, and whispered, "You're a real sweetheart, little girl."

All these memories flooded through Terry's mind while she was planning her dramatic exit—her exit out of Mr. Sawyer's life. Yes, this was the end, for entering college would mean the end of youth and all its happiness.

Beginning her last silent goodbye, she raised her out-of-this-world eyelashes—and sneezed! Damn! Now she'd have to say something. She gulped, sucked in a deep breath and plunged on bravely, if a bit statically. "I want you to know, Mr. Sawyer how much I appreciate your (yulp) interest and how much I've (gulp) enjoyed working with you." Oh, why didn't he stop looking so darned—well—pensive! "You've taught me so much and I guess I..." Heavens! He was putting his arm around her!

Well, Terry, we've all enjoyed this year and I think it's been a very successful one. Now I want you to promise me two things. Don't overuse your voice in college or you won't have one long—that's first and foremost. Second, keep me posted on how you're getting along." His tone became that of an affectionate uncle.

Terry, ignoring the uncle part, breathed softly, "Oh I promise; I promise faithfully."

"All right, little girl. Now goodbye and the best of luck." He leaned over and kissed her gently on the cheek. Lord, she must be dreaming! He had kissed her! Terry simply stared, open-mouthed. Why she'd lived for this all year, and now—gosh, it didn't even give her a buzz. He must be wacky in his old age, she thought. Throwing back her shoulders, Terry smiled calmly up at him. "So long, Mr. Sawyer."

### TO A FRIEND

Virginia Lee Fly, '44

For days and days I watched you,  
And tried to steel my nerve  
To speak, and say "How are you?"  
But you had your reserve.

I passed your home quite often  
And hoped you might appear,  
And yet I hoped you wouldn't:  
My heart was cold with fear.—

I wanted you to like me  
And grow to know me, too,  
For I was very lonely  
And wanted to know you.

The bud, once closed, is open,  
The fragrance lingers on;  
The rose will be our token,  
Until we meet anon.

### KARL

Barbara Aranoff

The men called him a weakling, and perhaps they were right—perhaps they were right. He didn't look like a soldier. He was very slender; he had a gentle voice; and his hair was as soft as a girl's. His features were small and delicate, his chin not quite as strong as might be wished and his hands were small and white and fine. He had been a violinist once, a great one in his own way, but the people hadn't cared for his exquisitely sensitive performance. They had wanted to shout songs and march to military music. Most of all, he seemed weak because he hadn't the art of brutality. Karl has been a misfit all his life, and now he was in the army.

It had been discovered that he was very talented at military strategy, and the state, which used each individual to the best advantage, made good use of him.

He worked every day in a small office. There were a hook for his coat, a big table, a chair, and an electric light overhead—that was all. On the table was a large, detailed map, and in a drawer were a number of tablets of white paper, some red pencils, and a box of pins with different colored heads. These were his tools. The pins were stuck in the map to show where the armed forces were. Each colored pin head meant something different; for example, the black were tanks; the blue, light artillery units. Then he planned the next move and placed the pins accordingly. As pins were moved on this map, so did men move at the front. In his office, dispatches came constantly, so that he knew almost immediately the results of an action and could plan the next step. He scrawled instructions in red pencil on white paper and sent them out.

In his small office Karl locked away his emotions, and using only a cool, untroubled mind, he made many decisions: "It's worth a hundred men to take that bridge," or "the refugees are clogging up the roads. Fly over with machine guns. We're going through." He managed to carry out, somehow, every assignment that he was given, and his superior officers were pleased.

Usually Karl was quite a distance from the front, but on one occasion it was necessary for him to go to a newly occupied city for certain vital information. He brought his equipment with him so that he could carry on his work as usual and was given a little room on the second floor at headquarters for an office. He made an appointment to confer with the men he had come to see, a captain in the air force, at an inn in the evening. It promised to be interesting for a man whose world was dominated by colored pins and red pencils.

Promptly at eight, Karl entered the inn and went immediately to a small table in the corner. A boy in an aviator's uniform came over and told him that the captain was a little late returning from the afternoon's raid and asked him to please wait. Karl relaxed a little, ordered a small beer, and began to look around. He hadn't been here before because the soldiers always gathered here, and he knew they didn't like him. A number of men in uniform were seated at a table near him, talking in rather too loud voices. The town had been captured the day before, and somewhere out in the darkness hundreds of homeless people were hurrying away from the guns of

the invader, some not quite fast enough. It was sultry August, and a fly buzzed drearily against a window. It seemed he had been there for hours, and still the captain did not come. The voices of the men at the next table grew louder:

"What does a bombing look like from above? I should think it would be sort of like stepping on an ant hill."

"Well, no, it's very different really. When you step on an ant hill, the ants run out in all directions, but when you bomb a building, everything just stops."

A boy, quite out of breath, entered and crossed to Karl's table. With difficulty, he controlled his voice and delivered his message: the captain had been shot down in flames over enemy territory. Karl seemed to hear his own voice saying, "We must count on losing some pilots each time. It can't be helped." Karl walked slowly out into the hot night and as he went, he heard one of the men say, "Aaim's improving! Got a troop train this morning!"

Not a leaf stirred in the dark, motionless trees, and the night was oppressively humid. Karl walked slowly down a street that was deserted except for a sentry at the corner, and he could hear his own footsteps. He turned away from the center of town and walked on in the faint gleam of a half moon. He was glad to get away from the continual noise at headquarters. There were no guns firing in the distance that night, and for the first time all summer he heard a cricket.

Suddenly there was a slight sound at the right. A faint sigh had sounded like a whisper in the dark. He turned, and in the half-light he could see a figure by the side of the road. His flashlight revealed a man seated on the ground beside the broken body of a child. The man glanced up for a moment, and then his eyes dropped. He was ragged and unshaven, and his left arm was draped in a rough, increasingly scarlet bandage. Karl, deep in his own thoughts, was so jarred that he was silent for a moment; then he spoke:

"Here! What are you doing there?" He was surprised that his voice sounded so harsh. There was no reply, and once more he demanded, "What are you doing there? Why haven't you gone with the others?"

The man looked up into the light. His face was pale, and he looked very tired, but Karl saw only the look in his eyes. They were wide and unseeing, like the eyes of a lost child. They no longer held hope of fear or anything but emptiness. Then he began to speak in a dull rambling tone.

"I couldn't go . . . you see . . . she had never been alone . . . she was afraid . . . I could not leave her alone in the dark . . . I promised . . . she wanted to see the dawn . . . but she was afraid . . . you see the dark and then the dawn . . . she never saw dawn . . . she wanted to, but she never did . . . why not?—why?" and then, "you're one of them, aren't you?"

Karl was suddenly ashamed of his smartly pressed uniform and shiny boots. He wanted to help this man, but he heard himself saying coldly, "Well, you can't stay here. You'd better go while there's still time. You're a fool if you don't." The man looked down at the huddled form beside him and was still. Karl turned and walked away into the night.

He was shaken by this brief encounter, and he gradually realized why. Here was a man who no longer

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## Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

### COLLEGE GIRLS' SLANG

Rosemary Nissley

The skillful and pungent speech used by college girls everywhere is a hodgepodge of superlatives taken from bits of literature, comic strips, movies, and the favorite "Maudie" series heard over the radio. To a foreigner the expression "let's put this show on the road" would be baffling, but said to a college freshman it simply means to depart to some other place. Most of the conversation among the new fall freshmen was filled with lingo popular in their home town. Some of the expressions are new, but a few familiar give lines are the same with perhaps a little regional variation.

The favorite word of the moment, used promiscuously through all sentences, is "but how cheap". It could mean amazement, annoyance, or something beyond comprehension, or any number of other things.

If you simply *adore* or *love* a thing it is referred to as *being a dearie*, and to be more positive, "You're a hog about it." Conversely, if a college girl loathes something she may clearly express herself with, "it curdles me," "how repulsive," "simply excruciation," all meaning that she "just can't cope with it."

When meeting a class-mate on the campus the greeting exchanged is "Hello, bag!", "What are you featur-ing?" "What's cooking?", but when "not much is going on," you feel "like the walking dead." To start a letter with "Well, put on your shock absorber 'cause this will strictly send ya" is quite popular and prepares your reader for the masterpiece that follows.

The subject of boys has added a number of expressive words to collegiate conversation. If a boy does not seem especially exciting or "on the beam" he is lumped together as a "droop, drool, Joe Corn, drip, or—most popular—"bird." A "wolf" is widely known as a boy who snatches other boys' girls. He is usually identified by the other boys yelling "timber" when he enters a room.

Through these modes of expressions, Betty Coed shows her snappy and up-to-date personality and is "Miss Popularity" in every crowd. If she knows and remembers these sharp bits of nonsense it shows she is up in the world of college life. If she is a "smooth cookie" she knows "flirt" went out with the bustle and knows today's "wolves" admire a "classy chassis" hitched to a "pair of good gams"—in short, "she's really stacked well!"

### HOW I HATE HATS!

Marion Erlandson, '46

In the handbook published to instruct Lindenwood students in the proper conduct of a college girl, there is one instance which states that it is compulsory for every girl to wear a hat when invading the city. Such a regulation shows the extent to which hats have become an essential part of so-called correct attire, for this one requirement alone makes it necessary to wear them while shopping, while dining, and while dancing. Further evidence of the extent of their wear may be found in fashion magazines where, to add insult to injury, they are now being shown with sports outfits as well as for dress.

Why do I bring this up? It is because I dislike hats with such intensity that it is quite true to say that I hate them. Then, if others feel the same way, why were they

ever invented? Truthfully, I don't know. They are utterly useless. A small bonnet perched above one curl certainly has neither the power to conserve bodily heat nor to generate warmth of its own. They are definitely unable to protect one from the wind, and more often than not catch the wind rather than divert it. They are not shields in time of wet weather. Anyone who has been surprised by a storm when wearing a hat knows that personal comfort must bow before the crowd. All is risked to preserve the anhydrous state of the small felt waffle and its waft of veiling.

All the frills that may adorn the so-called head-covering will not serve my purpose. A bouquet of flowers will not protect me, and, on the contrary, an over-turned flower pot certainly will not flatter me. It is stated by the authorities of our school that girls traveling into St. Louis must be prepared to represent the school by their appearance. As an argument for wearing hats, that statement can be easily dispensed with, I shall be glad to appear as evidence.

Hats not only distort a person's face and both disarrange and camouflage the hair, but also destroy grace of movement. I spent one whole Saturday bus ride observing the reactions of the passengers. One lifted her chin to a pugnacious height so that she might peek out from an immense brim. Another turned her whole body from side to side so that her hat would not slip. "Clumsy" would be inadequate to describe these actions.

The next time members of American Womanhood raise their hats to freedom, may they assert that freedom and remove them for good.

### IS IT BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST?

Brown Folker, '46

She was a small girl, hardly more than a child and when one looked at her it brought forth the protective instinct. She was standing on the street corner waiting for the light to change. She wore navy blue with a touch of yellow here and there, yet she would not stand out in a crowd for she was indeed insignificant as a bit of thistle down amid a blanket of apple blossoms. The light changed and she made her way across the street to the park. After finding a bench facing the statue of Lincoln she sat down and looked up at it. Around her there were soldiers and other service men but she didn't seem to see them or their winks or raised eyebrows.

From her bag she took some peanuts and tossed them to the squirrels and pigeons that were scampering around at her feet. All the while she looked about unseeingly at the people passing by, the children roller skating on the sidewalk, the nurses wheeling baby carriages; she heard unknowingly fragments of lovers' conversations, political arguments, and various war theories along with the frightened, knowing talk of servicemen. She seemed from outward appearance to be simply a young girl in a park but when one looked more closely and at her eyes it was plain that she was in a world of her own.

She remembered how she and Mark had come to the park on his day off, how they used to sit for hours and plan their future; what fun they had had. She could see his face now as he excitedly told her about the apartment he had found that was a "walk-up and two doors

over." How stubborn he had been when he insisted that they wait till he could support them both on his salary. Then came the day when he suggested that they be married in the city hall right away. How tight he had held her when he carried her over the threshold of that tiny apartment.

Then one day Mark came home from the office with the news. Soon after that he was gone. Letters, tears furloughs, tears.

The girl twisted the rings on her finger. She reached into her purse for a handkerchief and a torn clipping fell out.

"S. S. TRINIDAD SUNK . . . NO SURVIVORS".

### REVOLVING-DOOR PHOBIA

Marion Hardtke, '46

During the summer in which I acquired my first business position, as so many girls do, I met another stenographer with whom I lunched every day. We had found an eating place which suited the two of us and we made daily visits there, going through the revolving door to the small tables inside. On one occasion when the passage was crowded Nannette, my friend, invited me into her quarter of the revolving door. She felt we could conserve space by going in together. It is that one small act this is responsible for what I call my door phobia today.

From that eventful noon, whenever I see a revolving door in action somewhere in front of me, I have a sudden and uncontrollable urge to slide into a section just going by that usually has already been occupied by some other person. This urge is strong enough to set me at a trot, or a dash, up to the door. Sometimes I reach my objective and sometimes I only half-reach it and find myself with an arm and purse caught in the door.

For instance, on the occasion of my being in Chicago's dignified but busy Field Building on La Salle Street, I had ascended from the basement grill. Through the crowd of immaculate business men I caught only the faintest glimpse of the La Salle Street door revolving at its regular speed for the noon-day lunch. I felt that urge again and dashed for the door. The fact that the hats and brief cases of two prosperous bankers were knocked askew did not bother me, but when I found myself bumping through the doorway out of rhythm with the movements of the fat man in the section with me, I was indeed embarrassed. The poor fellow was not aware of what was hitting him, for the very limited space of the section and the almost unlimited bulk of his body made it impossible for him to see me bumping along behind. I was thankful for that. I was thankful, too, that he never saw my face because, as he was discharged into the street, I stayed within the section of the door for a complete revolution and ended up where I had begun, only to greet dozens of amazed and amused faces.

I worry about this phobia constantly now because I cannot seem to free myself from it. For a while I tried to avoid all doors that revolve. But finally I could stand the effect of this solution no longer. I just simply had to get into the Field Building again. And upon entering, a similar encounter ensued. I tried to discipline myself into control, but such control got out of hand and kept me standing before one door while it revolved ten or twelve times and while a half-dozen people gathered in line behind me, waiting for

me to make up my mind.

But perhaps I should not give up my phobia. Indeed, would not some scientist find it interesting? Perhaps it will someday make history in the scientific world.

### PETER PAN WAS ALL WET OR WHY I GREW UP

Carol Chamberlain, '46

I am skeptical about those people who pat their friends' children on the head, sigh, and with tears misting their spectacles exclaim that childhood is the best time of life. "Of course," they tell the children, "you don't appreciate it now, but you will when you get as old as I am." Then they go off to a night club saying, "No, you can't go now. Wait till you are as old as we are." Maybe Peter Pan enjoyed being a child all his life, but I think he was crazy. When one grows up, he has worries, but childhood troubles are very much bigger—at least they are to the child. I am a very good authority on trouble, for I cannot remember very many instances up to the eighth grade when I was not in difficulty.

To begin with, I was the wrong size to stay out of trouble. I was short, skinny, and slender-boned. Every other child in the neighborhood made me look like an anemic shadow, and I have never known a school nurse who did not think that I was undernourished. Nevertheless I had plenty of good food, warm clothing, and good medical care under an approved and expensive doctor. I was almost never sick—I simply could not run as fast as the others because my legs were not so long. I could not hit as hard as the others for a similar reason. Consequently I would come home night after night in a bruised and raging condition. One could not say that I lacked spirit. I can remember countless times when I squabbled with the neighbor children over the boundary lines separating our back yards. We would stand with our toes behind the accepted line, just daring one another to cross it. And then I wondered why my mother laughed.

I had just as much trouble with my friends, except that they were on my side. Once we threw a rotten tomato into someone's car. We scarcely dared to go out of the house for three weeks after that. We all lived in terror of being caught. There were many other incidents, now forgotten, that made life comparable to that of any gangster hiding from the police.

I suppose I could call my nurse my friend. She certainly hauled me out of fights in which I was on the bottom layer. Nevertheless, I felt that she used her authority much too often. She would force me to come home for meals, take a bath every night, get to school on time, say my prayers, and go to bed without a bedtime story. At times she was quite forceful about these little tasks. I cannot say I have never been spanked.

I must have been a worry to my poor mother. I kept a basement full of stray cats and a bedroom full of turtles. I brought home many poor report cards. How she stood it I shall never know.

Now that is all over. I have only myself to answer to, except when I go home. When I am home I have trouble, but not so much as formerly. I enjoy growing up immensely. I can hardly wait until I shall be a full-fledged adult. How I hate people who tell me I shall never grow up!

## Interesting Prose and Verse by Student Authors

### WHERE COTTON IS KING

Lynn Jackson, '45

While walking down the thickly crowded street one busy Saturday afternoon, a heavy-set man with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his fat, round face began thinking seriously about a plan which had been in his mind for some time. The street was in the town of B'ville, deep in the heart of the cotton-producing county, Mississippi. As Mr. Crofton watched the farmers and their families walking up and down the sunny streets late in the hot, sultry fall, he realized how important cotton was to all the people in the town and especially the merchants. Every Saturday the town was filled with hundreds of cotton farmers, who, as soon as a bale of cotton was sold, would start out for town to buy supplies for another week or two. A young girl would always stop in a dress shop and try on all the styles until one struck her fancy and she would empty her purse of its hard-earned money. The mothers of the families would head for the grocery stores and stock up on provisions for their brood. The men usually lingering on the street corners and told big tales of making four bales to the acre or some just as large.

Mr. Crofton beheld this spectacle every week, every month, and every year during the fall months. He realized that he truly lived in a part of the country where cotton is really king. This idea, which had come to him several months before, as he had watched the throngs of people shove their way down the somewhat narrow sidewalks was to have a cotton picking contest in which the best pickers over the South would come to compete for valuable prizes. He had seen what huge crowds had been attracted to corn husking contests, and this seemed an ideal way to put B'ville on the map.

After weeks and weeks of serious work on the project, this wild dream became a reality. Mr. Crofton took his idea to the Chamber of Commerce, put it before the people, and he even went to the governor of the state, who became so interested in the idea that he proclaimed September 20 of each year to be known as Cotton Harvest Day. On this day of each year the contest was to be held. In addition to the highlight of the day, which was to be the actual contest, were to be the election of a queen and her court and the crowning of the queen before the newsreels of important motion picture concerns and the clicking cameras of the spectators.

As the day of the contest neared, hundreds of people from all sections of the country began pouring into B'ville to witness this first attempt of a national cotton picking contest. The great day finally came, and assembled in one large field were pickers from the Rio Grande Valley, the Arizona plateaus, the Mississippi Delta, the bottom lands of Georgia and the Carolinas, and numerous pickers from the home state of Arkansas. They were nervously and anxiously waiting for the end to see who would carry away the crown and the \$1,000 which went with it.

The scene was a picturesque and colorful one. Big, white bolls of cotton had burst open and hung ready for picking in the late September sun. The appearance of the field suggested millions of large grains of popcorn, just freshly popped over an open fire. Down the long, narrow rows of the huge field the wind moved through the foliage of the cotton stalks, showing the South's

"white gold" in all its glory.

Standing at the edge of the field were the stiff figures of the contestants, with their long, white sacks hanging from their shoulders. Their ears were waiting for the sound of the starter's gun. Their fingers were trained and ready to snatch the white substance from its surroundings. The prize was worth fighting for, and many had come long distances for this chance.

Another feature of interest was the spectators, who formed the background. Excited farmers had deserted their own fields for this occasion of utmost importance. Here and there Negro "mammies" with their pickaninnies shuffled through the crowd. High school boys and girls, happy about their holiday from school and studies munched hot dogs and drank cokes. Dignified business men made estimates on how much cotton the winner would pick in the two hours allotted the pickers. Even the society women forsook an afternoon of bridge for this important event. The families of the contestants eagerly awaited the outcome of the judging to see if they could carry away part of that all-important \$1,000. Everybody was jovial and everybody had a good time.

After the long two hours were over, after the contestants had brought their precious bags to the judges, the name of the winner was finally announced amid cheers from all sides. Most of the spectators hurried from the field, now black from the hurried picking, to their cars and home, while others remained awhile to discuss among themselves whether the money had been awarded to the proper contestant. Since the livelihood of the people of B'ville depends, in one way or another, upon cotton, the entire population is deeply interested in this climax to a perfect cotton season. Mr. Crofton's idea had, indeed, been a great success.

### NO STARS

Adelaide Caraker, '43

(New member of Poetry Society)  
There were no stars in the sky that night.  
The long black arms of the oak tree reached outward,  
Curving, twisting, ending in thin finger-like branches.

I sat in a swing  
Under that huge web of silhouetted black limbs,  
Regarding the moon whose face was only dimly visible;  
Whose light was only reflected, not shed.

This was no lover's moon  
The sky all around was a dull, filmy gray,  
There were no stars  
My thoughts were broken, confused;  
I was searching, I think, for contentment—  
For something to lift me from this purple mood.

"Why are there no stars?  
I want to see them!"—I thought,  
Like a child who wakes in a darkened room.  
There were no stars shining in my soul that night;  
I missed their glittering warmth.

Then I remembered: "The stars are always there,  
They may be hidden, but they are there."  
... Sparkles pierced the murky atmosphere...  
The stars are always there.

### AFTERTHOUGHT

Jean Esther Morris, '45

I heard him laugh, then sneer and say:

"Oh, woman! thou art false and weak;  
The Fates have made thy heart of clay—

Those evil hags wished to seek  
Some angel-creature, seemingly,  
To tempt and torture men like me  
And help to weave our destiny.

"Thy clay heart stretches to receive  
As many victims as may strike  
Thy fancy; those who will believe  
Thy soft and loving words so like  
A Theseus who pledged at sea  
To Ariadne true to be  
And helped to weave her destiny.

"Man loves but once — or maybe twice—"

He stopped a bit to ponder there.  
Perhaps the thought of some past vice—

But, no, man's heart is true and fair.  
"Man's love abhors inconstancy,  
But woman flaunts her charms, and we  
Must trust to her our destiny."

The frigid moon cast down a beam  
Which lighted on his doubting eyes;  
And in that look 'twould almost seem

His argument the truth belies.  
Oh, foolish man! Now dost thou see  
But woman flaunts her charms and  
And help to weave our destiny?

### HOW I READ THE NEWSPAPERS

Marjorie Severson, '45

Every Sunday morning, before I start the tasks of the day, I wander sleepily into the living room in search of the morning paper. I have always vowed to get up early one bright and cheerful Sunday morning in order to get to the paper before it is scattered from the living room to the breakfast room. I have never quite accomplished this feat, but I'm young yet. Of course, the very first thing I look for is the funnies. By the time I get up, however, my brother and sisters have a monopoly on this particular section of the paper. They are so engrossed with "Lil Abner" or "Tarzan" that they simply ignore my plea for a part of it. When they are quite finished with every word, they very graciously present me with the whole thing with the warning that it is nearly time for Sunday School.

First, I settle down to assuring myself that all my heroes of the world of fiction are quite safe in their adventures until next Sunday. Next, I explore the less interesting part of the paper for possible news of some of my friends, of parties I might have missed, of sudden weddings, and so forth. By this time I am feeling slightly ashamed of myself for not getting to the really important news of the world. Consequently, I turn to the first page and glance at the headlines. If President Roosevelt has said something of importance, I read every word of it, being a devout follower of his. By this time I am feeling very serious about the war and attempt to discuss it with my father. Dad, however, is worrying about what he is going to say to his Sunday School class and is not impressed in the least by my unusual interest. About this time the rest of the family come down the stairs fully dressed. Dad, noticing that I am still in my pajamas, gives me a threatening look, and I'm off to get dressed for Sunday School or church.

### WHY NOT A RAINY DAY?

Virginia Ann Cornell, '46

Perhaps I am different from most people, but I prefer rainy days to sunshiny ones. There is a pervading gloom that seeps into every place and everything, but I like that gloom. It brings me a sense of triumph for some unknown reason. I seem to feel that there is bound to be sunshine after the rain, just as there is happiness after sorrow. When it is rather misty and cool with perhaps a brisk wind blowing, I feel invigorated, yet soothed.

I walk in the rain in old clothes and low-heeled shoes, leaving off a hat so that the rain will drench my hair. I splash noisily through puddles and often stop to look up to see the grey clouds pouring out their seemingly endless stream of moisture on me. When it is raining at night, a friend and I take mile-long walks, never saying anything but thinking our own individual thoughts. Once in a while we attempt a bit of philosophy that seems to fit into our mood at such a time. I can think better with the rain pounding on the sidewalks beneath my feet and spraying my face with wet coolness. Of course, I can think too, about my passion for raindrops when I am in the hospital with double pneumonia, but that is beside the point.

The only time that I feel in a mood for writing is at a time when I am in a small, cozy room with absolutely no electric lights burning, and when I can hear the wind howling and the rain beating in synopated rhythm on the roof, I curl up in a huge armchair with my legs slung carelessly over one side and scribble little bits of ideas or descriptions that come to my mind, seeing only by the faint light that comes from the cloudy sky outside my window.

To end a perfect day (according to my tastes), I can think of nothing more enjoyable than snuggling down between warm blankets and listening to the beat, beat, beat of the raindrops until I fall asleep.

### FERRIER—1942

Marjorie Severson, '45

A smile, a wave; then she was gone,  
As an eagle suddenly free.  
No arms of love could keep her here;  
She was needed across the sea.

An ocean, a bomber, and one lone girl,  
With eyes fixed straight ahead,  
She has seen her country's flag unfurled

And soldiers newly dead.  
Through, through mist, an English plane  
This American girl flies alone—  
Planes for the "Tommies"—planes for the "Yanks",  
Protection for those at home.

We scan the skies with vultures grim  
Wheeling 'cross Heaven's dome  
When the Eagles of Freedom have  
cleansed those skies  
She will come flying home.



(Continued from page 3)

lived. He moved, and breathed, and spoke, but the life had gone out of him and left a shell as a reminder of what once had been. Far better, Karl thought, to kill a man than to leave him to wander about on earth, robbed of his mind.

Suddenly Karl could not see the road for the many swirling sheets of white that rose before his eyes—white with red, writing, and he could not hear the cricket for the sound of his own voice: BOMB THAT CITY FOR A FEW DAYS, AND IT WON'T BE HARD TO TAKE. He walked faster and tried to think of something else. THE REFUGEES ARE CLOGGING THE ROADS. FLY OVER WITH MACHINE GUNS. WE'RE GOING THROUGH. He must think of something else. IT IS WORTH A HUNDRED MEN TO TAKE THAT BRIDGE. WE MUST COUNT ON LOSING SOME PILOTS EACH TIME. IT CAN'T BE HELPED. He decided he shouldn't have come to the front, and he remembered a special train running back for supplies. AIM'S IMPROVING! GOT A TROOP TRAIN THIS MORNING! He found himself at headquarters and went inside. The lights hurt his eyes. SHE WAS AFRAID TO BE ALONE IN THE DARK. He went up the stairs toward his office. WHEN YOU STEP ON AN ANT HILL, THE ANTS RUN OUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS, BUT WHEN YOU BOMB A BUILDING, EVERYTHING JUST STOPS. He walked down the hall to the door. YOU SEE—THE DARK AND THEN THE DAWN. We went in and closed the door behind him.

They found Karl in the morning, his gun beside him. Papers were strewn about on the floor—papers on which had been scrawled the plans for a big advance involving hundreds. In his hand they found a paper on which he had written a few words: "They were men! My God, what have I done?"

The two soldiers downstairs talked the matter over.

"I always told you he was queer. There's no place in the army for a man that'll crack like that."

"Remember last night? When he came in, he was mumbling something to himself."

"Funny! He had a little smile on his face. You'd never think he was going to do that."

"I told you he was queer."

In the afternoon, a young man in uniform entered the building and went upstairs. He walked down the hall and into the little office that had been hastily put in order. He unwrapped a brown paper package and took out some tablets of white paper, several red pencils, and a box of pins with different colored heads. He sat down at the table and started to work, whistling.

#### ALBERT HALPER'S CHARACTERS Ellen Wadley

Albert Halper's books are generally concerned with social reform and show intense knowledge of the conditions under which a portion of American citizens are forced to live. He is not an analyst of society—he is a recorder of the lives of human beings. Perhaps his books are sordid but if sordidness, in some instances, is necessary to present truth, he does not hesitate to make use of it.

Halper's characters are human, interesting, and different, because he is not afraid to delve into the seeming futility of life as he chooses to describe it. He does not try to analyze but merely gives a picture of life as he knows it—life of the underprivileged in the Chicago slums. His characters exist, love, and want a chance for happiness—

just as any American does who has been taught to expect such experiences, not as privileges but as his inherent right. Always in the background, however, is some dominant power which seems to override all the hopes and ambitions of these people—some fate which places opportunity just within grasp, only to snatch it away again.

There are many characters in all of Halper's novels, but they are so distinct and individual that the reader is never confused. Halper seems purposely to use many characters in order to give a greater prevailing impression that all people's lives are ordained and destined by events over which they themselves have no control. However, through his clever use of many characters, and through the artistic way in which he handles each one separately, the reader is more easily able to accept the incidents which are presented as true, and to find reality—sometimes, perhaps, too much reality—in each of his novels. For example, in *The Chute*, Halper shows excellence in handling large crowds of people, without once allowing their individualities and characteristics to melt into one. In the mail-order house, the very definite impressions that one has of the various order pickers, the girls in the "chicken yard", and the girls employed as wrappers are never for a moment lost sight of.

We never learn by direct analysis just what the author himself thinks of his characters, but only through scraps of conversation of the characters themselves do we learn his real feeling toward them. Although he employs very little dialogue, the bit that he uses, intermingled with description, is put to very good advantage. In *The Foundry*, to show the distinction between Kubec, the dull Slovak, and Kubec's timid wife whom he could not understand, Halper first contrasts their inward natures by use of implied descriptions and then by a bit of short but effective conversation. When Mrs. Kubec, childishly exalted by a lovely sunset, joyously calls her husband's attention to it, his only remark is, "I don't think it rain for another two days—the sky is too red."

In both *The Foundry* and *The Chute*, Halper uses a certain distinct similarity of characters. Although they are clear and individual in comparison with those of other authors, they may be called types with him in that he uses them in both of these novels. Mr. Emmet Mangan of *The Chute* may be compared to Jack Duffy of *The Foundry*. Both are possessed of dry wit, sardonic humor, and an attractiveness for the opposite sex. They both possess a strange mixture of qualities—bravado and chivalry, gentleness and rudeness, and a disgust at what they are, but a seeming inability to rise above their hopeless situation. They are, somehow, more human and likable than all of the other characters in either of these books. Something pathetic in their outspoken bravado makes the reader pity them, knowing at the same time that they are too much the rascal to deserve other than disgust. These two men are, in these respects, the strongest characters depicted by Halper in either *The Foundry* or *The Chute*; for they have the strength of their convictions.

Although the ideals and ambitions of the characters seem to be in a state of retrogression, the characters may be said to be developing for the very reason that they are retrogressing. In the beginning of the book, *The Chute*, Rae Sussman's greatest ambition is to see her brother Paul realize his ambition to become an architect. Circumstances however, prevent her from saving any of her money for his future edu-

cation, and eventually she marries the man she loves because she has no alternative. Her development is from that of an affectionate sister to a girl, who, because she is overcome by poverty, lowers her morals and ambitions; consequently she must pay for her mistake.

Every main character in *The Chute* is characterized more by the setting of the book than by description or conservation. The setting of this novel, and also that of *The Foundry*, is, as in Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native*, practically an individual character in itself. It motivates the thought, action, and dialogue to a very great extent, and it even makes the plot move along. The setting is made much more vivid by the interesting descriptions and by the author's ability to make the reader realize that such places and conditions do actually exist. His word choice is simple, and in many instances, on the same grammatical level as that of the characters themselves. Mr. Halper's description of the chute, in the mail-order house, is so clean-cut in its bitterness of personification that the reader has no difficulty in sensing or understanding the characters' reactions to it—to this gaping hole, animal-like in its voracity. He says of it: "The huge cylinder, measuring about twenty-five feet in circumference, was bolt-studded, reaching from the ceiling and driven through the floor. There it stood, huge and sinister, its iron mouth wide open, demanding to be fed. There it stood, a monster, insatiable, its gulletning for more goods." One of the yawning yaw workers says of it, by way of explanation: "That's the chute. That's what gets all of us nuts."

Because all of the characters are unable to overcome their environment, the reader comes to recognize evidence of Mr. Halper's belief in fatalism. The characters all seem to be puppets who have no control whatsoever over their life but are dominated by some power which they do not even know exists. Even though each one has a definite hope, ambition, or love toward which he strives with all his forces, he never quite attains it. Although the reader is led to believe that this ambition may be obtained, the author treats it in such a sordid fashion that the reader knows, in reality, that all hope is lost long before such an idea is evident to the character.

Paul Sussman, the boy who had dreams of becoming an architect but had to go to work in the mail-order house instead, is the most prominent case of thwarted ambition. Just as he finds his dream about to come true, he is forced to give it up because the mail-order house will pay him home than he could earn as an apprentice; besides, at this one particular moment, his parents, always in need of money, need it even more than ever. The lives of all the characters in this one book represent a vast multitude of forces battling against odds they can never overcome, but at which they continue to fight, never realizing the futility of their actions.

An arresting character is Mr. Myerson buyer for the men's furnishing department of the mail-order house. The effect on him, of the atmosphere in which he finds himself, engages the reader's attention immediately. At each ringing of the shrill bells—the bells which call for packages to be sent down the chute—one more bond of restraint snaps within this man's brain, and the reader is able, in a sense, to foretell the inevitable outcome. It is impossible not to pity a man of such strong character and intellect who is compelled to go down before the unseen forces of a machine—forces

which, because he cannot see them, he cannot combat or even understand in their entirety.

Aside from being tossed about and thrown aside by their environment, the characters must also battle their own wants. The majority of them have conflicting desires and are torn within themselves as to what they should do—which course they should take—Rae Sussman, who loved her brother very dearly, was fiercely and bitterly determined that he should have the advantages of a college education, or, at least, have more opportunities than those offered by a high school. To this end she hoped, worked, and saved—only to have all the savings swept aside by an unforeseen occurrence. Torn between her desire to begin saving again and to marry the man she loved, she found she had no choice—she had to be married.

The setting in both *The Foundry* and *The Chute* dominates the lives of the characters to a great extent but it does so in such a clever way that the reader is never bored by the seeming hopelessness of their somewhat sordid lives. The characters react to situations in much the same way as we would expect anyone to react, never realizing that their every move and thought is planned for them and occasioned by their surroundings. A harsh, unyielding setting makes their lives ugly and pitiable—a way out of which no solution is given. In spite of all their misfortunes, however, the characters themselves remain very real and lifelike.

John: "Do you know what the genius said to the moron?"

Bill: "No."

John: "Hi, Bill."

## STRAND

St. Charles, Mo.

Fri.-Sat. March 26-27

2 FEATURES 2

"ICE CAPEDES REVUE"

featuring

Ice Capades Company

Jerry Colonna

and others

&

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES

MARCHING HOME"

with Allan Jones

Jane Frazee

Phil Spitalny and

His Hour of Charm

All Girl Orchestra

Sun.-Mon. March 28-29

"IMMORTAL SERGEANT"

with Henry Fonda

Maureen O'Hara

Tues., Wed., Thurs.,

March 30-31; April 1st

"HITLER'S CHILDREN"

with Bonita Granville

H. B. Warner

&

"JOHNNY DOUGHBOY"

with Jane Withers

Sun.-Mon. April 4-5

"STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"

with Bing Crosby

Bob Hope

Fred McMurray

Barbara Lamour

and a host of others.

Sun.-Mon. April 11-12

"GEORGE WASHINGTON

SLEPT HERE"

with Jack Benny

Ann Sherridan

Charles Coburn

## JABBER from JINNY

By Jinny Bauske

News seems to be rather scarce lately but this may be due to six weeks' exams which are keeping us plenty busy. Oh well, here's the latest news flashes on campus:

Helen Boyd received a long distance call from David who is in San Francisco. That man calls her from all over the country — he's really trained.

Jo Ann Butters returned from her trip to Florida with a beautiful tan. This past week end her one and only was here for a visit—what luck!

Have you noticed? Phyllis Gambill is now wearing a pair of golden navy wings. Doesn't Chadie rate anymore?

Juanita Cook's Tommy came up to see her for one week end and now she's going home to see him. Something tells me its the real thing!

Dotty Schaeffer is at the present, pining for Jack. The rest of the time she's purchasing the "Star Times." (Jack is sports reporter of this paper).

Now for a few more song hits: "Let's Get Lost"—Students during a six weeks exam period.

"Murder, He Says"—Dr. Garnett's statement as he watches his practice teachers.

"Love Me A Little"—The dogs on the campus.

"Heavenly Highway"—"HOME"

"There Will Never Be Another You"—To Jerry from Jinny.

"You Can't Say 'No' to a Soldier"—Need I say anything after this one?

Incidentally, if any one is interested in giving me news for this column, I'll be glad to put it in. Bring all news to room 209 Irwin. Bye now!

## THE POETRY CORNER

### WHITE MAN'S SIN

by Dorothy Jeanne Dickey

The Indian prayed,  
But drought came.  
The Indian danced,  
And rain fell.  
The Indian drank,  
Then thanked the Gods.

The white man danced;  
And drought came.  
The white man prayed,  
And rain fell.  
The white man drank,  
Then danced again.

## Mr. Motley Takes Fishing Trip In Southern Missouri

"He was getting rusty," says Dr. Stumberg, so "Uncle" Guy Motley is taking a long deserved vacation. He has gone to Southern Missouri to fish and will go to Texas via Arkansas later on. He said that he would be back at Lindenwood around April 1.

This is the first vacation that Mr. Motley has had in three years. Mrs. Belding says that she has nearly a hundred letters that students have written to him, and they haven't stopped coming in yet. Which only goes to show how much "Uncle" Guy is missed.

## Tri-Sports Day At Monticello College Is Big Success

The Tri-college sports day events were planned by student committees from Monticello College. The day began with registration in the Student Lounge, which was followed by lunch in the Main Dining Room. After lunch the girls made a tour of Monticello College and played ping pong.

A one-thirty the basketball game began. The swimming meet followed at five thirty. The girls who represented Lindenwood in the sports have reported that Monticello girls are perfect hostesses, and made their visit a most enjoyable one.

Although Lindenwood came out third in the total points of the day, they won honors that every student on campus should be proud of. In the swimming meet Flo Barry won first place in the one hundred yard crawl (speed); Jo Anne Butters won first place in back stroke (form); Peggy Hornaday tied second place in breast stroke (form); Carolyn Hempleman won first place in diving; and Pat Foran won third place in diving. Other team members from Lindenwood that participated in the swimming meet are: Edith Ann Mullins, Marion Erlandson, Betty Daneman, Alice Wonder, and Barbara Manbul. The total of points of the swimming meet were: Monticello 65, Lindenwood 46, and Mac Murray 31.

The basketball scores were: Monticello 12; Lindenwood 12, and Mac-Murray 18. Lindenwood girls that participated in the basketball games were: Gail Armstrong, Amy Lou Clulland, Nancy Gamble, Emelien Hubbel, Jane Murphy, Nancy Papin, Mary Ruth Platt, Patsy Powell, Betty Ann Rouse and Mary Lou Rutledge.

## Esther Lee Bride Is Guest Speaker

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ployer expects of the prospective employee.

Miss Bride organized the home service department of Union Electric and has seen it grow to a staff of 21 trained women. Before that she taught in the public schools in Mexico; was selected for teaching and research work in the Federal Department of Home Economics on one of the department's Missouri projects.

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## The Navy Takes Over Again--- "Handsome" Herbert Returns

Hi, Gertie, ol' girl—

Remember me? How could you forget? "Handsome Herbert Huffbox—that's me. Boy, did I put a fast one over on your favorite man, Cuthbert. I wrote and told him you were in love with me, and that the Navy was taking over from here on out. Ha! Ha! Ain't I a card? Bet I worried him to death. Didn't get you into trouble, did I?

You told me Cuthbert was a poet. Well, you haven't heard anything yet. Bet you thought I was dumb. Well, here's one out of sympathy for those poor guys who can't convince their girls that a woman's place is in the home.

"My love was off to war's great strife,  
Torn like a page from out of my life,  
Adventure and glory were there to take,  
While all I had was a throbbing ache.

I could roll a handage, knit a sweater,  
Or keep her informed by cheery letters;

## Speech Recital Presents Certificate Miss Marjorie Irwin

Marjorie Irwin, speech certificate student, gave a most enjoyable presentation of Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon" last Thursday evening in Roemer Auditorium.

Marjorie wore a lovely gown of pink crepe, three quarter length sleeves with ruffles of the same material around the sleeves and low-cut neck. She wore a white orchid in her hair.

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Isn't that "swaive"? Sometimes I'm so smart that I scare myself. Course I'm still an ordinary seaman, but the Admiral's all ready to let me step right into his shoes.

Boy, I should have been at the "Pop" Queen dance. Popular girls always buzz around me like moths around a flame. Sometimes I get tired of being such a ladies' man, and especially where I am, 'cause I haven't cast my eyes on a gal in months. I'm getting so rusty that I probably won't even remember how to pick one up.

Religious Emphasis Week makes life rather quiet, doesn't it? Six weeks exams help calm one down, too. I've given up cantelope and watermelon and women for Lent.

Say, did you hear about the gal who had buck teeth? Cheap, weren't they? Ha, Ha! I'm killing myself. You certainly must look forward to my entertaining letters. Before I close, tell "May Haw" 'to make up a name for me, too.

All the gals love me,

Herbert.

P. S. One thing I've got to see before I die—a Senior Hall basketball team. Ha, Ha! That's really a riot.

## Three L. C. Students Enter Indoor Tennis Tournament

Three Lindenwood girls entered the St. Louis District Indoor Tennis Tournament March 20. Patsy Powell and Marjorie Stevenson entered the singles, and Mary Lou Rutledge and Patsy Powell entered the doubles. This Tennis Tournament is an annual affair and ends March 8.

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### Miss Eva Englehart Is Married to Henry Douglas

Mrs. Emma Englehart, formerly of Kirksville, Mo., who resides at 507 Clark street announced the marriage of her daughter, Miss Eva Englehart to Corporal Henry H. Douglas of Washington, D. C. The ceremony was performed on February 27, in the manse of the Union Avenue Christian Church in St. Louis. Dr. Hampton Adams read the ceremony.

The attendants at the wedding were the mother of the bride and Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Englehart, uncle and aunt of the bride. Mrs. Hampton Adams of St. Louis was also present.

Corporal Douglas is in the Army Air Force and has just been sent on a new assignment. He is a graduate of Oberland College and before entering the army was a member of the staff of the Library of Congress. He is recognized as an authority on Far Eastern affairs. Numerous articles which he has written on the Far East have appeared in national magazines and newspapers.

Mrs. Douglas is a graduate of Kirksville State Teachers College and Oklahoma City University. She was on the music faculty at Kirksville Teachers College from 1926 until 1928. She has been on the music faculty of Lindenwood since 1929 and is now continuing her work at the college. Mrs. Douglas received her Masters degree in 1937 from the American Conservatory in Chicago.

### Spring Play to Be Presented March 26

Final rehearsals for the spring play, "Charles and Mary," are being completed. The play will be presented March 26, under the direction of Miss Octavia Frees.

The leading characters are Minota Bayliss as Mary Lamb; Nancy Nagl as Charles Lamb; Juli Conger as Mr. Lamb; Marye Lou Peterson as Mrs. Lamb; Dorothy Dickey as Becky; Sophia Russel as Jane; and Jean McLean as John Lamb. The stage manager will be Jean Esther Morris.

### HALL OF FAME



We nominate to the Hall of Fame—Marion Rutledge. She is the first freshman to ever enter the realms of the Hall of Fame. She is what we would term an All American college girl. She is already noted for her outstanding ability and superb action in sports. She is best known as "Moey".

"Moey" is the vice-president of the freshman class, president of Nicolls Hall, a member of Tau Sigma, A. A. A., and the head of inter-mural sports for the freshman class. Her other activities are: a member of the riding team, hockey team, and the Terrapin Club.

You are sure to find "Moey" participating in all sport activities on campus and we are very proud to pay tribute to her.

### THE CLUB NEWS

The Encore Club sent 136 crossword puzzles mounted on card board with the answers on the back to Jefferson Barracks. The puzzles will be used by convalescent soldiers.

Sigma Tau Delta gave a tea last Tuesday for majors and minors in English, and freshmen students having an average of S or E in English. Dr. Gregg and Dr. Gipson poured. The decorations and refreshments carried out the St. Patrick's Day theme. Lady Morgan played the piano.

The Home Economics Club was entertained by Miss Esther Bride, home economics director for Union Electric, last Tuesday in the library club rooms.

The German Club met in the library club rooms on Wednesday the 10. They played games in German, such as bingo, word games, and number games. Refreshments were served.

The International Relations Club met in the club rooms March 11, and Dr. Harmon spoke to them on "The Place of Religion in Post-war Reconstruction."

### Lindenwood Will Have Victory Garden This Year

(Continued from page 1)

seriously considered. However a perplexing problem confronts Mr. Orderheide here. It seems that rabbits have added the soybean to their list of edibles also and it may be necessary to place guards in order to keep the little robbers at a distance.

Every available fence post is being utilized for the purpose of tomatoes—a vegetable which ranks high on the rationed list. In case anyone is perplexed by the vines growing along the golf course fence and around the paddocks, those won't be imported rose bushes, but rather our Victory Garden's tomato vines.

Last year, 644 quart cans of tomatoes and several hundred quart cans of beets and beans were canned in the Home Economic kitchen. A similar project is being planned for this year's crops—hopes are that this supply will greatly exceed that of last year.

The little moron thought he was going to die, so he went to the living room.



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