

Read the
Student Authors
in This Issue

LINDEN BARK

Watch for
Winner of
Romeo Contest

Vol. 21—No. 7 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, February 24, 1942 \$1.00 A Year

Ruth Dayton Reigns As Popularity Queen

Brevity Is Word For Lindenwood Girls' Fan Mail

We are aware of the fact that during these pressing days TIME is an important element, but who would guess that brevity would reach right in and land in our own mailbox? It all started when the Lindenwood Romeos began writing to their lady-loves omitting the name and putting only a box number for an address. In such an instance the delightful missive goes to the box of the college secretary who, upon opening it, realizes instantly that a letter containing the endearing salutation "Beloved Angel" or "My Dearest Sweetheart" etc., has not only got into the wrong church, but the wrong pew as well!

An amazing number of this sort of mail comes every day. The majority of them possess the box numbers that are printed in Lindenwood advertisements in the various magazines. At some boys' schools it is a popular fad to write notes to girls attending adjoining colleges using the same box numbers as they have.

Ruth Spiegel received the cream of the crop for this year, though. During an air-raid practice her picture was taken with a group of other students and the pictures were published in several papers and magazines. One of the more daring Romeos at a neighboring Iowa college cut the picture out of a "Collegiate Digest" and pasted it on an envelope. He addressed it to Lindenwood College and drew a circle around Ruth's face with an arrow pointing to the words "This one". She confesses it was somewhat of a surprise, but with the help of her friends she answered her "fan-mail". She admits that if this keeps up, considering the way assignments have been doubled up, she will have to give up the idea of answering the fan letters that are sure to start pouring in any day now, and she'll have to hire a secretary.

L. C. to be Represented At War Conference

"The Mobilization of College Woman Power" is the title of a conference at Monticello College, Alton, Illinois, to which three Lindenwood representatives will go. Miss Mary Bibbec, Ruth Dayton, and Phyllis Branstetter will attend the conference, which is to meet February 28 and March 1. The purpose of the conference is to put before the college women of the Middle West some of the answers to: "Why Must We Mobilize?" and "How Shall We

(Continued on page 7)

HAIL THE QUEEN!



Ruth Dayton, Lindenwood's new Popularity Queen who was crowned at the Victory Dance in Butler Gym Friday night.

Dorothy Lamour Now Choosing Winner of the Romeo Contest

With the arrival of the last Romeo entry, the Bark staff got busy and shipped all the pictures off to Hollywood. They are now being judged by Dorothy Lamour, Paramount Pictures star.

It could never be said Lindenwood girls don't know how to pick their men. Practically every type of man known to angling females since the beginning of time was represented in the collection — the dashing smoothie; the serious, diligent, young business man; the collegiate, "let's have fun!" type; yes, and even some earnest, poetical-looking youths. And—did you mention patriotism? The army, the navy, and the air corps, were all well represented.

Probably at this very moment, Dorothy Lamour is tearing her hair and wringing her hands trying to make a choice from all this masculine pulchritude.

We should know the results of her mental strain by the time the

next issue of the Bark comes out, if everything goes on schedule. When the pictures come back, they will be on display in Roemer hall. So, all you contestants keep your fingers crossed and perhaps your Romeo will be the one with the red ribbon.

Three Students Give Speech Recitals

A speech recital was given by Peggy Proctor, Mary Jo Morrill, and Ellen Waoley in the Little Theatre, Friday, February 18.

Peggy Proctor gave "Formality at Siwash" by George Fitch—he dilemma of two freshman boys and their first formal dance. Arthur Kober's "Is Shirley Insulted" given by Mary Jo Morrill was a delightful skit of the secretary who was never sure just when she really was being insulted. Ellen Waoley presented "Woman Proposes" from "Victoria Regina" by Laurence Houseman.

Polly Pollock and Ruth Haines are Maids of Honor.

Girls Celebrate With V-for-Victory Dance

The Annual Popularity Queen Dance last Friday night in Butler Gym celebrated the crowning of Lindenwood's 1942 Popularity Queen, Ruth Dayton. She was chosen from a group of ten other nominees, who made up her court. Polly Pollock was chosen to be her first maid of honor, and Ruth Haines, her second maid of honor.

At an appointed time, the orchestra stopped playing and two buglers came forth to announce the coming of the Queen and her court. Members of Alpha Sigma Tau bearing yellow streamers, made a pathway among the students, and the procession began. The court consisted of Grace Quebbeman, Kay Anderson, Margaret Chapman, Ruth Schrader, Harriet Dillman, Ruthe Shartel, Rosemary Edminster, and Carol Bindley. Dressed formally, each of the girls carried a nosegay of blending colors. Next came the second maid, Ruth Haines, dressed in a white crepe formal and carrying pink flowers. The first maid of honor, Polly Pollock, wore a lovely pink net and black velvet formal and carried a colonial bouquet identical to that of the second maid. The maids were followed by Ruth Dayton, the Queen, who wore a stunning black and turquoise formal. After being crowned by the first maid of honor and seated on the throne, she was greeted by the congratulations of the students. Her bouquet and crown were made of yellow and white flowers, the colors of Lindenwood.

Soon after the crowning, the Queen led a grand march, and dancing continued. A high spot in the evening, was the "V for Victory" dance. After being demonstrated by two of the students, everyone joined in, and had a glorious time.

The gym was colorfully decorated for the occasion, in yellow and white. Streamers hung from the ceiling, and Lindenwood pennants lined the walls.

The "Missourians" furnished music for dancing, and Lindenwood girls celebrated the crowning of their new "Pop" Queen.

An unusual feature of the court was the fact that Margaret Chapman, gay queen of last year, was back again among the eleven most popular girls in the school.

LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1942

Let's Stick To It

Now the shock of being at war has subsided, there is a tendency to let our war spirit lag. Here on the campus, we listen to war news from the front and then snap our radios off and promptly forget about the whole affair. We throw our coats on at the sound of the bells and dash down to the air raid drills—then return to our rooms, resentful of the interruption to our study routine. We go to First Aid classes and take turns being broken-leg victims, rolling bandages, and applying artificial respiration to others. All this in an airy, carefree manner.

Certainly we are right in not allowing ourselves to become victims of war-time hysteria. But we must not forget all these experiences are a part of a great emergency in the life of our nation—perhaps the greatest in its history. We must remember we are liable to be in a real air raid some time, where it will be necessary to know how to conduct ourselves. We must remember this First Aid course is being given in a hope we can perhaps give relief to some real victims wounded in this great battle.

Let the Lindenwood students show that, while they can keep cool and poised, they can be inwardly very much alive and of service to their country now while the emergency lasts.

The Man of the Year

After seeing Dorothy Lamour play opposite various leading men we'll know for sure the type she really prefers when she returns the picture of the ideal Romeo at Lindenwood. There is a representative of almost every well-known type of young man in the large number of pictures entered in the contest during the last two weeks. Aside from the range in types the majority of the men had one thing in common—over half of them were in uniform.

Miss Lamour's task is not an enviable one, however. The choosing of one picture from so many handsome ones is going to be a difficult job, but we'll leave it up to her good taste and await her decision anxiously.

All the western democracies were overly optimistic when they placed bets on the Millennial Dawn:—what came up like thunder was something very different!

Last Sunday, America celebrated the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. One Sunday in December, America mourned the death of a sustained peace. Irony, isn't it, that one day should draw such a contrast in character. George Washington fought to unite civilization; Hirohito fights to destroy it!

Conserve Your Time

With the condensation of school work involving lengthened assignments and therefore more work for all L. C. students, the wise use and budgeting of time becomes even more necessary than before. In his letter endorsing the present sixteen week semester, Dr. Gage said, "Economy of time is the key to the solution of the problem of getting more work done in less time." The aim of every girl should now be to get her work done in the shortest time possible, providing the standard of work is not lowered, and to maintain good health. Make use of the time schedules given out, and let's have fewer wasted hours!

Banish Those Cobwebs!

Springcleaning! And almost immediately pictures pop into your mind—miles of floor to be waxed, stacks of dishes and silver to be cleaned, and rows of rugs to be beaten. This is an annual spring duty which everyone looks forward to with much misgiving, but looks back on with a clean feeling. After its over you can walk into a shining room and relax in the nearest chair with no cobwebs beckoning firmy fingers.

If the cobwebs are banished from your room, turn to yourself. Sweep out the dust that may have accumulated and start with a clean-swept memo! How about doing all those little things you've meant to, but never seem to get around to??



Sound off a salute of a thousand guns in honor of Ruthie Dayton, our newly-crowned Popularity Queen. And right regal she was too, sitting on her throne flashing the famous smile that has made friendly history for four years on the old campus. "H" will be remembered by the old timers around here as a screwy freshman in overalls dashing around the lawn with a butterfly net catching "bugs 'n things" for Dr. Talbot. As a sophomore and junior she became very prominent in campus activities, serving on the Sophomore Council and attaining membership in Alpha Sigma Tau, Beta Pi Theta, the Athletic Association, The Triangle Club, and the Orchestra. The major activities of her Junior year were serving as president of the Residence Council and second maid of honor to the Pop queen. This year she was chosen for "Who's Who" and is doing an able job of Presiding the Student Body. More intimate details of Queen Dayton's life are that she is nuts about that cello she lugs around with her (she's also nuts about a guy named Matt), and you can't make her tell what her middle name is even if you give her the third degree.

-hail-

Science Prof: What happens when a body is immersed in water?

Coed: The telephone rings.

—Kiped from The Missouri Miner.

-to-

Last week being Valentines, when everyone ran around spouting hearts and flowers and got sick eating too much candy, the dormitory chatter switched to what the gals have been talking about all year anyway—men. Right here and now we'll bet our whole March allowance (yes, and yours too) that Charlotte Ching is the only girl on campus with a real, live, honest-to-goodness Count as the biggest heart on her bracelet. Charlotte met him at a party given at the International House during Christmas vacation. He's Count Peter Pollok Von Parnegg, and he doesn't like to be called Pete, either, because it's too American. Count Von Parnegg is from Zprich, Switzerland, and has studied at the University of Paris and at Vienna. He is now at Columbia University, although his family is in Haiti. He is a Phi Beta Kappa, speaks German, French and English fluently, is five feet eleven, and is fair but with dark hair. Charlotte says that he has called her twice from New York, and that he hopes to come to Lindenwood some time. Need we add that Lindenwood also hopes that he will?

-queen-

Six new girls came on campus at the beginning of the second semester. Purdence Buffington is from Iowa, but has been doing p.g. work at a high school in California. Betty Giles graduated from high school last May and is from Marion, Ill. Ernestine Herter is Genevieve's "little" sister and transferred here from Coe College. Twilla "Twitter" Graham was here year before last, dropped by last year for an hour or two at a time and finally decided to make it permanent this year. Gayla Fletcher went here for two years, took life easy for a semester, and has now returned to begin her junior year. . . . Doris Nahigian felt awfully bad about having to get her heart back from Con, especially around Valentine's day, but there's no question about the fact that

From the Office of the Dean

I feel that the new semester is proceeding very well. For the most part the students have done satisfactory work, and many of them have done excellent work. With the acceleration of the new program, however, the feeling is that students this coming semester will have to make the best possible use of their time. Absences from class among some students should be greatly reduced, and certainly some students should take far fewer week-ends than they took last semester. Since the acceleration of the program means increased work, there should be very great attention on the part of the students to their health which means getting sufficient sleep, and eating and exercising properly. I feel that the students, however, are beginning in good earnest the work of this semester, and I send best wishes to you all that it may proceed and be completed in satisfactory manner.

—ALICE E. GIPSON.

Dodo's heart belongs to "Ethan Frome" until after Thursday night. If you should suddenly come upon your roommate with both legs tied in a knot behind her neck, don't be alarmed. Someone has just been doing a little homework for First Aid . . . The birthday party for D. J. Mathias that was thrown down at Eastlick a week or so ago was sure fun . . . The Butterick Style Show was excellent, but couldn't compare with Sister Sibley, the snow queen of the historical dorm . . . Speaking of snow, imagine our surprise to suddenly come upon Dr. Schaper and Mr. and Mrs. Martin, all sans dignity, having a snowball fight out in front of Butler. Dr. Schaper said Mr. Martin didn't fight fair. He kept his glasses on so she didn't dare hit him . . . We hear rumors that some of the Residence staff members are having to take a verbal rottenegging when they perform their duties . . . shame shame, is that nice? . . .

-dayton-

DID YOU KNOW???? That there are ¼ as many Dr. Peppers as cokes sold in the T House . . . That Betty Proctor had dinner dates three nites in a row, and that the man in question sent Valentine candy to the entire Senior Hall . . . That Jane Henss went home to be Maid of Honor in a weddin' . . . The calamity of the week occurred when Helen Marie Dean's boyfriend came clear up from Kentucky to see her, only to find her in the Infirmary . . . (Psst, he came back again a week later.) . . . That Hendrick Isben was the great uncle of Marge Isben . . . That "Willie" called Annamae Rhumann from California . . .????

THE POETRY CORNER

FLASH BACK

The definite sharpness of fall
Is about me—
In trees that are stark, black angles,
In a flat, round moon that must
have been drawn in the sky
With a compass—
In the wind that is cold and clear
as logic.
But a sheen of moisture covers a
blue-black pavement—
And rain, just fallen, has a soft,
sweet smell—
So for a moment
There's mist on the moon,
The trees are curves,
The wind whispers nonsense,
And I remember
Spring.
—Ann Ferreira

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MY CHILDHOOD MOUNTAINS

By Helen Boyd, '45

There was nothing lacking in that little hotel at Three Bridges, and when I say that, I have reached the superlative of compliment. I went up to my room and stowed away my luggage, and then went down to take a look at the surroundings—that scent was worthwhile. Across the trail by which we had come was a table of sloping rock which stretched away for more than a thousand feet and slanted very gradually toward the river, while from the eastern edge of the mountain, peaks rose abruptly, showing patches of snow wherever the trees shaded them from the sun. Away to the north were two sharp summits, and between a V-shaped opening through which I saw, a few miles away, the dead-white outline of another peak. The peak was the highest point in that section, rising to something over ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. This entire view seemed a solid mass of ice and snow, contrasting strongly with the dark green foliage of the lower hills. The landscape attracted and held me like a magnet.

Speaking of mountains brings to my mind something that makes me smile. Did you ever stop to consider how your ideas of men and things change as your years accumulate? Ideas are a good deal like your clothes. You buy a new dress and are proud of it. By and by you notice that you have outgrown it, or that it is getting threadbare, and you get another. It may be something entirely different because your taste has changed, or perhaps because you have grown wiser and, therefore, make a better selection.

I can remember back to the time when I was about six years old and lived in a little hamlet in New Hampshire. There was a lake, some five or six miles long, and its vast expanse shamed the ocean in my eyes, although all the knowledge I had of oceans was what I had gained from pictures. From the shores of that lake rose mountains that seemed to reach the sky. I used to wonder how it was that the sun in the morning, and the moon at night, ever managed to crowd over the tops of those masses of earth and rock and shine down into our little valley. I called them mountains as did everybody else who lived in the vicinity. Maybe they were mountains of a sort, but when contrasted with those of California they are like tallow candles compared to arc lights—not the biggest sort of candles either, but those with which you decorate a Christmas tree or adorn a birthday cake. When I go back to my former home (which I do now and then) I can but wonder whether I have grown taller or those mountains have shrunk. This difference is a strange feeling, but I suppose it comes from the fact that I have become educated and know what goes to make up a real, simon-pure mountain, the kind found in the West.

The mountains of my childhood were only little lumps spread over the surface of the ground, like the walnuts you put on the frosting of a cake, but they hold a place in my heart that nothing else can fill. I love those mountains dearly. I should like to live in those peaks once more, so that I might look from my window and see their white tops rising and half burying themselves in the flying clouds, a sight I shall never forget. I should like to live once again in my beloved childhood mountains.

A LOVELY PARTY

By Lell Lewis, '44

Cedar Carlyle was excited. Tonight she was going out with the older crowd, and that should prove that she was growing up, should it not? Anyway, fifteen years old is not so young, especially when she acted so much older, as Tom Cornell had told her she did. And Tom certainly should know about women, because he dated the most popular girls in the older crowd, Lillian Camby was said to be his best girl friend, but Cedar did not believe it, because Lillian was not sophisticated enough for men to love. That was probably the reason why Tom had asked her instead of Lillian to go to the big annual dance tonight. Of course that was the reason. Why had she not thought of it before? She had been terribly flattered and thrilled when Tom asked her for the date, but she had wondered then why he had asked her, a member of the younger crowd, to go with him on such a big occasion as this. Why—he was in love with her, that was it. She must remember not to "hand him a line," or even pretend that she cared, because he would probably ask her to marry him right then, and she could not think of such a thing because she had promised Larry Warren that she would marry him. Larry was sweet, but he was so young—only sixteen. Of course she would keep her promise to Larry even if she fell in love with Tom and had to live in misery the rest of her life. Larry had not liked her going tonight, but since he was engaged to her, he would not stay mad long.

"Cedar, come and eat your dinner," called Mrs. Carlyle.

"Just a minute, Mother."

Cedar stalked reluctantly into the dining room and took her place at the table. Her glossy hair was softly waved and her sparkling, deep blue eyes flashed with nervous excitement. After taking a few swallows of milk, Cedar excused herself. Mrs. Carlyle followed her daughter upstairs. "Cedar," she said, "I wouldn't have given my consent to your going tonight if I had known you would get this upset. You haven't eaten all day."

"But I'm not hungry, Mother."

"Cedar, my dear, in a way I'm glad you're going tonight, because now you will see that this older crowd is no more romantic and mysterious than your own group of young people. They are a few years older, of course, but they haven't always been that old, remember. I want you to have a nice time tonight, but after this, Cedar, I hope you'll be willing to stay in your own group and grow with them to that age which you think so fascinating now."

"Oh, Mother, how silly."

"Perhaps, but we'll see," said Mrs. Carlyle hopefully.

* * * *

Here they were, dancing in each other's arms to soft music—she and Tom. When they had first arrived, Cedar had felt that her white organdy looked too childish. Now, however, she saw that the older girls were not wearing "slinky" gowns but plain, ordinary dresses like her own. This made her feel more comfortable, but she could not help being a little disappointed.

Someone tapped Tom on the shoulder then. Cedar found herself dancing with a red-headed boy. He did not talk much; so Cedar began looking around for Tom. Finally, she saw him talking earnestly with June Smith—Lillian Camby's best girl friend. Cedar suddenly felt so

weak she had to excuse herself. She tried to walk off the dance floor as a worldly-wise woman might walk. As she entered the dressing-room, her eyes fell on Lillian Camby. Cedar began combing her hair and tried not to look at the older girl. She was thinking how heartbroken Lillian must be because of Tom's having "dropped" her for someone else. Cedar must tell her someday that it was not her (Cedar's) fault that Tom had stopped going with Lillian. It was just that she was not sophisticated.

Cedar's thoughts were interrupted by Lillian saying, "Oh, hello, Cedar, I didn't see you. Are you having a nice time?"

"Marvelous," said Cedar, "and you?"

"It's a lovely party," Lillian said smiling. "Well, good-bye now."

As Lillian walked across the room to the door, Cedar felt sorry for her.

"Oh, Lillian, will you ever forgive me?" Cedar asked pityingly.

"Forgive you for what?" Lillian asked.

"For coming with Tom tonight," Cedar said.

"Oh, that." Lillian laughed. "Don't think another thing about it. You see, Tom and I quarreled about a week ago. I knew he would come with someone tonight, and I'm glad it's with someone as sweet as you. Tom and I will get back together just as we always have, so don't worry anymore about it. I have to rush now. I'll see you, Cedar."

"Bye," Cedar said weakly.

Realization flooded into her. She felt hot and then cold. She discovered suddenly that her head ached terribly, and she was weak from hunger and excitement. She wanted to go home. She wished Larry were there to take her. He might be young, but he had never taken her out because he was mad at another girl. He took her out because he wanted to.

Cedar gathered up her courage and walked into the ballroom. She found Tom. "I don't feel well," she told him. "Will you take me home please?"

"Why, of course, Cedar. I'm sorry," Tom said.

Mrs. Carlyle softly called as Cedar passed the door, "Did you have a nice time, dear?"

"It was a lovely party," whispered Cedar tearfully.

Mrs. Carlyle smiled knowingly at the semi-darkness as she said, "Larry called tonight and said he would probably be around tomorrow morning for tennis."

"Thanks, Mother."

How had she ever thought that she wanted to be in the older crowd?

A GREAT OCCASION

By Helen Marie Wohlford, '45

As the sound of the police car sirens became louder and louder we realized that in a few minutes the place would be alive with policemen. Frantically Jim and I sought a safe hiding place and awaited the moment that would find them in the midst of the trouble.

No, we weren't fugitives from the law—just innocent bystanders anxious to see some real excitement, yet not wishing to be too close to the scene of action. The police cars arrived just in time, however, to put a stop to an incident which might have meant the loss of life for one negro. Although fights with knives such as this fight are not so very uncommon at Sharp End, this was

the first time that I had ever had a chance to witness one. Jim and I were certainly not going to miss such an opportunity for excitement.

After a struggle the police finally settled the argument and the large crowd of extremely happy negroes continued their merrymaking and celebration of June "teenth."

As my friend and I were returning home rather weary from the day's experiences, we recalled how earlier in the day, after promising to be very careful, we had received permission to spend the day watching the negroes celebrate this great day for them, June 19th.

Each year when this day rolls around people find themselves with no colored help whatsoever, as all over the South elaborate plans are made for the celebration. A sunrise breakfast is always the first event of the day for the negroes in San Angelo. After that, in the early afternoon you may find practically every negro and many white people seated in the baseball stadium ready to witness a "rip-roarin'" game between the Black Panthers and the Terrible Tigers. We agreed that our money had not been wasted, at least as far as getting laughs was concerned.

The scores of negro men, women, and children ambling in front of the white section dressed in almost every possible color combination and striving to the utmost to "show off" furnished an afternoon of the funniest imaginable entertainment.

The bright lights of the town at night had strange effects on the negroes, and before very long it became quite uncommon to find a sober negro on the streets at Sharp End. For this reason my friend and I had to be careful to stay safe inside our car and well away from any such streets.

As my friend and I came once again to the point of discussing the incident involving the police, we were satisfied that our day had been a most entertaining and enjoyable one.

MY FIRST BEREAVEMENT

By Celia Tucker, '45

My first real sadness was the death of my dog, a beautiful, large white Spitz, named Spiffy. He was the truest friend I ever had. I raised him from a puppy of six weeks, until he was nine years old. Of course we had our ups and downs. He would follow me to school, and in a fit of rage I'd lead him home again. Spiffy would fight with other dogs, tear the postman's pants, and bury bones among the flowerbeds.

When I would pour my troubles into his ears, his eyes would look very sympathetic. Spiffy would growl if he thought someone was quarreling with me. In a way he was like a conscience. Although he knew he was violating a rule when he slept on my bed, it was his favorite pastime.

One morning I found him lying on the porch, peacefully asleep—in sleep he would never awaken from. The sun shone on his beautiful white coat. Some cruel person had poisoned Spiffy. My father had a box made, and we buried him in the rose garden. Later the house was silent. Gone were the padding feet, the warning barks. But there were smudges on the window pane, and white hair matted in the rugs. His pail of water stood on the back porch. But the trusting, romping dog with the friendly wagging tail was gone.

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

THE LITTLE LAMB SUNNY

By Virginia Gilreath, '45

This isn't the story of "Mary and her little lamb" quite, but at times you may think it sounds a little familiar. My lamb was all of what Mary's meant to her, and maybe a little more.

Perhaps you might be interested to know just exactly why I happened to have a lamb as one of my pets. During the summers, I, with my family, always went to our ranch in Nevada. It was a wonderful place; where you could see for miles, go on hikes, have picnics, ride when you liked, and spent a leisurely summer. It was on one of these hikes, with my dog, that as we were sitting on top of a hill, watching the beautiful sunset, we heard the cry of a small lamb. At first I didn't think very much about it, but my dog was at once eager to discover where the noise was coming from, and what was the matter. He dashed off, without my even noticing, because I was too engrossed in my own thoughts to go with him; and soon, almost before I had realized he had gone, he was back and begging me to go with him. I, of course, was reluctant to go, but after he became so impatient, I dragged myself away from the dying sun, and went with him. As we kept on going, the sounds grew more distinct and mournful, and then we were upon this small ball of white fur. At first the lamb was very frightened and tried to get up, but I noticed he had fallen into a hole, and hurt his leg, and couldn't walk. I picked him up and carried him down to the house, where my father put a splint on his leg, and told me he would be able to be back with the flock in a week or two.

I didn't think much about it, because I had never paid very much attention to sheep and their habits, but after I went to bed my mind kept going back to the event of the afternoon and I finally told myself that if I would go out to the barn, in the morning to see it maybe it would ease my mind. The next morning I got up, got a bottle, put a nipple on it, and filled with milk, and ventured toward the barn. I found the lamb huddled in a corner, and went toward it to give it the milk; but it was still afraid and wouldn't let me come near it. Later that day I tried again, and this time it did take the milk, but wouldn't let me touch it. Twice daily I tried this, and before the first week was up he would greet me with a little cry as I came into the barn.

The days began to fly by, and now he was able to walk, although not too steadily, and I knew he would soon have to go back to the range. But I put that out of my mind, thinking only of the present. He no longer had to stay in the barn and lot, but went roaming around as he pleased. He spent most of his time sleeping in the sun, and growing so fat he waddled as he walked. I had named him "Sunny" because I found him at sunset, and he seemed content to do nothing but sleep in the sun and grow lazy. This was a silly name, but I had always been childish about pets, and I thought the name fit him perfectly. We had great fun together, Sunny, my dog, and I, and it seemed almost impossible that it was already August. We always left the cabin in the latter part of the month, so I decided it would be best to put Sunny back in the flock before we left, just in case he came wandering back.

I took him up on the range myself, but he seemed more than anxious to get back with his former playmates, and didn't see me casting downhearted looks over my shoulder, or lagging down the mountain side. Every day I would walk around the range, hoping to see Sunny coming toward me; sorry that he had left his peaceful, quiet life at the ranch house. But he never did, and we left the ranch the next week, so that I never saw Sunny again.

WONDER REALM

By Carolyn Boerstler, '45

The path, firm and hard under my feet, curved abruptly, enticing me on. Little white stones lined the way, contrasting brightly with the green beyond them. On a level with my wide-open eyes were curious tall shrubs. Then the dangling ends of vines caught my glance, and I looked up to behold palm trees spreading protective leaves over me. Crowding next to them were coconut laden trees with scarfs of vines carelessly tossed around their shoulders. Fan-shaped boughs seem waiting to be chosen by a slave and carried away to a palace to stir the torrid air in the presence of a savage queen. The warm, moist atmosphere lay like a heavy blanket around me. Everything was quiet, too quiet. No sound of bird or animal—not even a human voice reached my ears. The only break of the solid silence was the patter of rain on the glass roof. On a glass roof? You see, I was in the large room of the hot house in Shaw's Garden. Although not a botany student, I went by special bus with the class to study one of the largest botanical gardens in the world.

At the end of the curving path was a door. Such commonplace thing as a door came as a shock, for with the walls and heating system so cleverly concealed, and the skylight making it all the more natural, I indeed felt like a second Stanley or Livingstone. But after passing through this commonplace door I was again lost in a world beyond, for I had stepped into the fern room. Strange that the hundred different shades of green, so closely crowded together did not clash. And nature seemed even more wonderful as I turned the delicate fern leaf over to observe the little brown spores by which they reproduce. Above stretched the curtain vine, so called because from the high position string-like roots drop close together, forming a curtain.

The path curved again, and began to shape downward, heavily banked by masses of fern, until it disappeared into a deep grotto. I stooped and glanced through an arched bridge where a waterfall dropped into a lilled pool. Some people would have thought the movement of the fern on the pool's edge due to a slight breeze, but I know, in such surroundings that it could only have been a fairy or two.

Arranged simply in front of a frosted glass and banked with fern was the final and most impressive display. Eighty or ninety orchids in full bloom seemed to fill the room with their exotic colors. The fact that an orchid, without an odor, lives in a fine seed-like soil, carefully kept moist and protected from handling, did not interest me. I wanted only to glory in their flaming brilliance, yet delicate shape. I hope some day to grow them myself.

Standing on the balcony off the main room I glanced up at the

rainy clouds and greatly regretted the fact that a visit to the rest of the gardens would have to be postponed. Below, in the precise, geometrical gardens, the proud statue of Juno smiled up at me through the rain drops, and she, too, seemed to be looking forward to another visit to Shaw's Garden, a wonder realm.

ALMA MATER

By June Spandet, '45

Loyalty to one's high-school alma mater is akin to first love. You may grow beyond it and erase the initials, but the worn spot is always there.

If I were to insulate my heart with several thicknesses of anti-feeling board and take off my rose-brimmed specs, I could then tell you what M. H. S. really looks like. It was positively the last word, still wet from the presses, back in 1888. Now, speaking bluntly, it is a two-story pile of bricks supporting a questionable roof, chimney, and flag pole. Originally it looked like a rectangle whose sides had been pushed out in an arch formation by an ever-mounting student population. Finally, when the arches reached the ceiling of their endurance, wings were added. It consoles me to think that in the beginning there was a campus. I don't ask for rolling acres of green lawns and guardian trees, and I realize that the founders couldn't foresee a hard road, cement sidewalks, a church, an alley, and two houses as looming up to reduce our grounds to a row of hedge jealously guarding two plots of ground about ten by thirty feet. Nevertheless, the building does rather give the impression of being extremely chummy with the street. The vines help, though, and in spite of my assumed state-inspector manner it touches me to see those vines clambering up the facade doing their very best to hide the scars of, shall we say, maturity.

In fact, I am so touched I trot out my rosy specs to view the interior. I will have to admit that the steps do have a kind of dug-out appearance. You can laugh if you want to, but it rather makes me feel that I've left my mark in that school when I see those hollow steps. Without the benefits of my wonderful specs, you would say that the corridors were made for two small people at best and one and a half large ones at worst. But you would be surprised what an elaborate one-way traffic system and a great deal of courtesy does for this situation. The floors may look warped and hazardous to you, but really they are kept spick-and-span with their countenances always bright and shiny on Monday morning from their weekly oiling.

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best of what we have, and the result is a paradox—a poor grade of building fairly bursting with the highest grade of spirit.

I AM A PART OF IT

By Mary Stumberg, '45

I placed the two vases of bright yellow flowers upon the altar, one on one side and one on the other, and then turned to the dark, dismal church where a few beams of light had managed to escape from the chill of the morn into the last row. As I stood, with my back to the altar facing the empty rows of seats, I remembered how I had felt six years before when I seated myself on the last row for the first time. The Episcopal Church was the last church to go to services in before I chose the one to pledge my membership for life. During the service it occurred to me that church was something that people came to, but of which they were no part. Why, the preacher and the officers did the work and the congregation sat and listened.

The next date I remembered was Easter Sunday in the year of 1935. I was dressed in white and was seated in the first row. The occasion was my admission to the Episcopal Church after being taught the catechism and the beliefs of the church. During the ceremony again my mind returned to the same idea as to the first time of entry to the church, that the congregation just sat and listened. I, however, joined, for the services were very formal and quiet. The atmosphere of the church made me more concerned about the services, and about my service to this church.

The date had changed again, it was March 4, 1938, and I was present at a church meeting. It was planned that the young women of the church should prepare the altar for early communion each Sunday. This meant one girl each Sunday should be at the church by six-thirty to prepare the wine and decorate the altar.

"Sing! Sing Mary!" I blinked my eyes and again I heard a voice. "What are you dreaming about, sleepy head. Don't you ever get any sleep?"

I was wide awake, out of my trance, and then I realized I was singing in the choir. I had fixed the yellow flowers, the rosy wine, and the white, cubed wafers. It was past seven, the choir was singing, communion had commenced, and I knew that all the church and activities were not only a part of me, but I was a part of them.

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Interesting Prose and Verse by Lindenwood Authors

JERRY

By Helen Devine, '44

On that Wednesday afternoon, Jerry sat in the linit room with his mother and Aunt Claire as they talked about what they had got other members of the family for Christmas. Looking at Jerry, one would never have guessed that he was even the least bit bored with the conversation.

He was a tall, thin, tow-headed boy about nine years of age. He wore a brown tweed knicker suit, a white shirt, a brown tie, and brown knee socks. Jerry's position gave him the appearance of a man of forty years or better, like a member of Parliament. His mother had drilled him time and time again as to how he should behave when company was there. She frequently glared at him when he had done something wrong. So he sat in this high-backed chair, his hands in his lap, his back at a right angle to the seat of the chair, and the expression of his face made him seem to be intensely interested in what his aunt and mother were saying. He was interested in learning what his cousins, Tom and Bill, were getting for Christmas, because they would give him a nickel if he told them. This business of making one-hundred percent profit was not bad. When he told Tom that he was getting a football, Tom might even give him a dime, for that was especially good news.

Jerry became so engrossed in his thoughts of making this money and of the fun he would have by annoying his cousins a long time before telling them, that he lost his dignity and began to swing his legs, tapping the floor with his foot on every forward and backward stroke. One glancing eye from his mother was the only inspiration he needed to regain his previous position.

There was a familiar light present in those huge eyes. Could it be true that this would be in the eyes of such a stately gentleman? Yes, that old spark of mischievousness sprang from Jerry's eyes as they peered out of their corners at his aunt and mother. When they were not looking, he snickered to himself. "Why Tom and Billy would be just itching to know this news. He sure would kid them."

It was astounding how quickly those eyes changed to very demure, innocent ones when his mother gave him a smile of approval upon his wonderful behavior.

Even Aunt Clair complimented him, telling him what a polite young man he was becoming. She wished that her son would do just half as well. Jerry gave a timid smile and held the door for her as she left.

His mother called him into the kitchen, giving him a large piece of chocolate cake as a reward. Jerry grinned, "Gee! it was really worth all the trouble." He finished his cake, then left the house, being very careful not to slam the door. He dashed toward Billy's and Tom's house.

DEBUT

By Betty Jane Waters, '45

I looked at Yeonne out of the corner of my eye and silently laughed. She looked so queer in her Oriental costume that I wondered if I looked the same in mine. We wore long baggy pants, tunic blouses, black wigs topped by Cleopatra headdresses, and gold kid shoes with pointed toes. The occasion was not a costume ball. We were both extras in the ballet and were waiting for the final "o. k." on our costumes and make-up.

Perched on the top of a huge trunk we watched the hustle and bustle of the stage crew as they pushed the scenery and proprieties into place. The stars were behind stage warming up for the performance, doing all their intricate leaps and bounds. I imagine there was more excitement than usual, for it was the opening night in Chicago for the Ballet Ruese de Monte Carlo. Colonel Basil, who is the director of the ballet, was walking about chatting with the stars and issuing commands to the stage crew. Noting what a big man he was, Yeonne and I decided it would be a terrible thing if he ever lost his temper. Little did we know ! ! !

There was something thrilling about being back stage. The atmosphere was quite foreign, for all the dancers spoke French; and when we saw Boranova, Riabouchinska, Danaoav, Lichine, and other great stars running around back stage—it added to the excitement of the evening.

The ballet to be given that night was "Cog Dor." All Yeonne and I had to do in the first part was run out on the stage during the blackout and hold a cape that the dancers would give us. We felt a trifle uneasy though, because the directions had been so vogue and the director had spoken French half the time. Oh well, we thought, this will be fun, and there's nothing to it.

Finally everything was in readiness. Our costumes were approved, the dancers took their places on the stage—the ballet began.

As Yeonne and I stood in the wings waiting for our cue, we became nervous. She wondered what would happen if she tripped on the stage, and I didn't think we could find the correct spot on the stage in the blackout. Each moment seemed an eternity—then—blackout. Someone pushed us out on the stage and our time had come ! ! !

The excitement of being out on the vast stage made us forget our fears and we watched the ballet with enjoyment. The dancers twirled and leaped. Finally the Queen made her entrance. She was so lovely and petite that Yeonne and I couldn't take our eyes off her. The maids of honor took off her bejeweled cape that she wore and handed in to us. Suddenly we heard a rustling behind stage. The wings started swaying

back and forth and someone started to shout directions on the stage. As the dancers would pass us, they gave us such queer looks that we decided the excitement was directed towards us.

What was that person saying? My three years of French did no good, but I did catch one word. Something was wrong with the cape ! ! ! We held it just as the dancers had given it to us and we couldn't figure what was wrong.

It seemed years before we left the stage. How we made our exit properly will always be a mystery to me, for we were so flustered that we couldn't watch the rest of the ballet. As I walked off the stage Colonel de Bosil grabbed my shoulders and shook me till my teeth rattled. I was so frightened I thought my knees couldn't support me, and poor Yeonne stood helplessly by. Finally he calmed down and told us we had ruined the ballet. The opening night was ruined for him, and we were stupid, ignorant fools. We had not turned the Queen's cape around so that the audience could see the jeweled decorations. Furthermore, we had not listened when he called to us out on the stage.

The more we tried to explain to the Colonel the angrier he became. Finally the stage director came to our rescue and told him he had not told us to turn the cape, and that we followed the directions he had given us. Colonel de Bosil glared at the man and then walked off.

The rest of the evening was a night mare to Yeonne and me, but it was an experience we shall never forget. We avoided the Colonel, but each time we went out on the stage he stood in the wings and watched us like a hawk.

I guess we really didn't ruin the ballet, for the next night the Colonel greeted us with smiles and actually spoke to us ! ! ! He probably had forgotten the whole incident, but we really made sure of all our new directions and didn't give him a chance to notice us again ! ! !

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE AN AUTHOR

By D. D. Chapman, '45

"I Should Like to be an Author" is rather startling, isn't it? Yes, I think so too, coming from one who can't write worth a darn, puts punctuation marks where they shouldn't be, and starts the beginning where it should end.

To write about any kind of a book, a poem, a story, or a play would be the essence of my ambition. If I could keep my public on the edge of their seats, biting their nails to no end, trying to guess the ending of a

murder mystery, I would be overjoyed. Or else make them feel like fluttering away in the realm of dreamland after reading my poems. Even a story which encourages and helps one to succeed would satisfy my objective. Moreover, if I could write a play with a moral in it, so that one could take something away with him I would be more than pleased.

Furthermore, if my writing could be accepted and go down as a classic it would then be ranked amongst Shakespeare, Poe, Mitchell, and Steinbeck. If my writing could be a joy and read by young and old alike then students need not wish me dead before I had my writing published. If my comedy of errors could be considered improvements upon the language, if my writings could be put to music, translated into many languages, I would not ask for more. Anything I would do or say would be copied and quoted. My art of description would be simple, yet immensely significant, high, sharp, steep, dark, inaccessible—what more need be said?

Golly, I don't want to be an author, I want to be God ! ! !

ILLUSION

By Emelyne Gumm, '44

The road is bumpy and deeply rutted, running in a straight path from gate to ranch house—to the south lie pulsing meadows of grain—to the north mammoth mountains protrude with huge peaks of chalk-white rock. Dusk is here; and I gaze longingly down the road. Through the gate along the rocky path a phantom horse canters merrily toward me—coming with glistening head thrown back, his mane swaying rhythmically with his gait, and swishing gently against his glossy neck. Joyfully he flounces his head from side to side, loving the caress of his mane—and he starts as he hears my whistle and he whinnies our own special greeting, the sound oozing from his throat in a strange low tone. With inexplicable pangs I sense the anticipation of our meeting—knowing well that the faster he draws near, the sooner he will disappear. An eager horse, racing to greet his master—and how sad the thought of separation—of no more races at sunrise—of the truth of lost love.

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Spiritual Emphasis Week Observed On Campus

Religious emphasis services were conducted last week by Dr. George E. Sweazey of Tyler Place Presbyterian Church for the students of Lindenwood. Dr. Sweazey began the services at vespers Sunday night, February 15. He spoke on Monday and Wednesday at noon, and on Thursday at eleven o'clock.

Each afternoon, Dr. Sweazey chatted with the girls and discussed personal religious problems with them in Dr. Schaper's reception room. Wednesday evening he held an open forum after dinner in Ayres Parlor.

The Reverend Mr. Day of the Overland Episcopal Church conducted the first of his Lenten meditation services in the library club room last Friday morning at 7:00. He will continue these Friday morning services until Easter.

Sunday the services took a turn for the patriotic. In honor of Washington's birthday an early morning flag-raising ceremony was substituted for vespers.

After breakfast, the girls assembled around the flagpole in the center of the quadrangle to the stirring notes of Jo Shuffield's trumpet and Barbara Tennant's drums. As the flag was raised they sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Posy Edminster gave a prayer and Doris Nahigan read some selected poems. The program closed with "America, the Beautiful."

Dr. H. W. Janson Taks to Students On Modern Art

"That may be art, but—" This is often the remark to be heard at an exhibit of modern painters. Before most abstract or surrealist paintings you can find a puzzled individual trying to find in a canvas of pure design some recognizable form. Although in daily life he is constantly apprehending other abstract forms, he views the deliberately painted abstract and makes the usual "that may be are, but—" remark.

To that remark Dr. H. W. Janson gave a reason why in his lecture on "Modern Painting and the World Wars", February 12. Dr. Janson is Professor of Art History at Washington University. He is a native of Estonia and took much of his work at the university in Hamburg, Germany. His talk was in the way of a preparation for the exhibit at the St. Louis Art Museum, "Trends in American Painting". This show is subdivided into several classes of isms ("handles attached to modern trends by the critic")—Realism, Romanticism, Expressionism, Fantasy and Surrealism, Abstraction, and Primitivism. As a preview of the exhibit and explanation as to the evolution of modern painting his lecture was illustrated with colored slides.

Dr. Janson showed the progress of painting from the nineteenth century portrait in which the artist captured in oil a good likeness of his subject at a particular psychological and physical moment, to the Abstract in which he works with color, form, line, and texture to create a pure design which bears no obvious relation to visual experience.

HALL OF FAME



For complete versatility, originality, and charm, we nominate Kay Anderson for the Hall of Fame. Since Kay came to Lindenwood she has virtually "had her fingers in every pie" on campus. There is nothing Kay cannot, or will not gladly do to support any school activity.

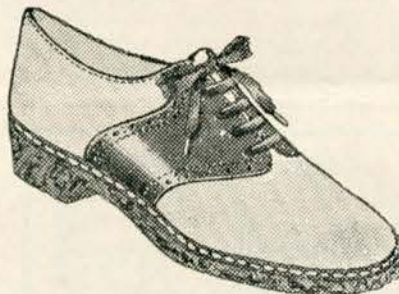
Some of her more special talents include: playing the piano; drawing (most of the attractive, collegiate posters you see around campus have come from Kay's brush); serving a mean tennis ball; using up Ken's time; working occasionally in St. Louis; and, in her spare moments, being an economics major. Kay has that rare quality that makes her easy and fun to work with.

This year she seems to have had a vice-president jinx and has held this office for the Athletic Association, the International Relations Club, and the Student Council. In addition to this, Kay is president of the Missouri Women's Athletic Association and a member of Kappa Pi, national art fraternity.

With all her activities, Kay never seems too swamped to have a good time. Her familiar smile and winning personality, are one of the bright spots of life on 3rd floor Sibley.

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Lindenwood Science Students Keep Up With The Time

Lindenwood is keeping up with the development of science which this war world has brought about. Triangle Club, the science and mathematics organization, has more members than ever before. At the meeting Monday night, February 16, seventeen new members were initiated into the group.

Triangle Club has recently become affiliated with the Science Clubs of America, a national organization.

As evidence that science is coming to the fore, the botany department is literally blossoming out. Fifteen to twenty-five varieties of tulips and narcissi splash the benches in the greenhouse with bright colors, and rare hyacinths fill the place with their fragrance. In the back room with its carefully regulated temperature, the last of the orchids are in bloom.

Botany students have also been enjoying exhibits of wild flower prints, copied from water colors by a special process which has beautifully reproduced the natural color of the flower.

Advanced students in the chemistry department are doing special research work, and plans are being made to send at least one representative from Lindenwood to a science convention at Kansas City in April where she will give a report on the results of her experiment.

War Schedule Brings Larger Assignments

Lindenwood is studying hard these days—probably harder than it has in many years! Last week as the result of a vote of the student body, the date of graduation was changed from June 15 to June 1.

This earlier graduation will enable many students to enter the summer sessions being held in colleges and universities all over the country. But it also means assignments must be lengthened to make up the two weeks of work that will be lost in June.

The effect of this change is evident on the campus. Last semester one chapter of a text was a good night's assignment, but now two chapters seem to be the average. Students who studied in the library only one hour are now stretching their reading to two or more. The "Cupboard" looks bare these days compared to a few weeks ago. Time that once was spent over a cake and cigarette is now being devoted to English literature, shorthand, or the science lab.

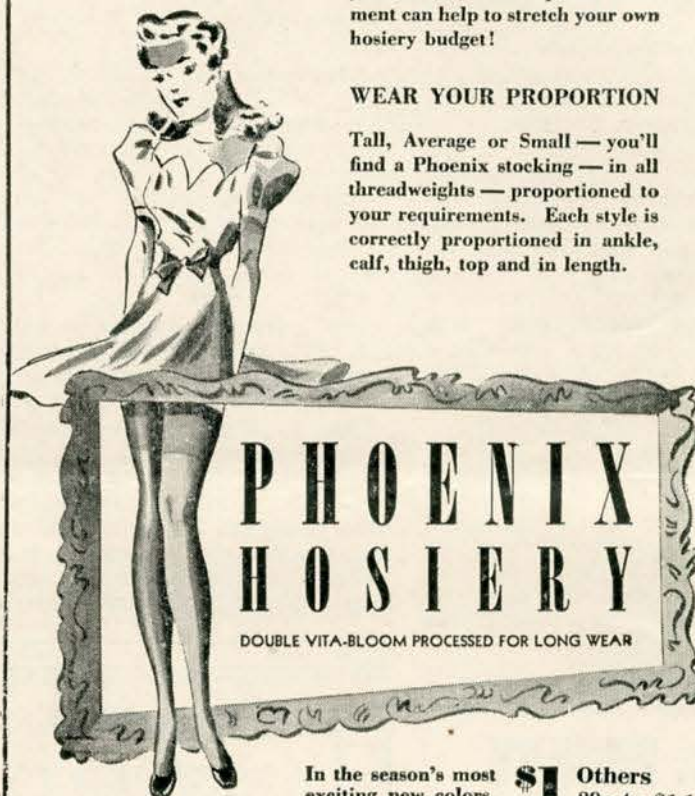
A survey is being made to determine the time lost in idle chatter of "visiting". Each student has been supplied with a chart on which are marked the days of the week and the time of the day from reveille to taps. Every hour that is wasted will be recorded on the chart, and from the results of this survey suggestions will be made to decrease the wasted time and put it to good use.

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Mrs. Davenport Predicts Women Will Be Drafted

Women will soon be drafted predicted Mrs. Marcia Davenport in a lecture to students of Lindenwood, Wednesday evening, February 11. After the draft registration of men is completed, there will be a registration of women. The feminine draftees will put down their qualifications, and will be assigned to jobs for which they are best fitted.

"This is a war of industrial production," Mrs. Davenport told the girls.

The United States will have to make and get there first with the instruments of death. Women will figure prominently in this industrial race.

Two million young women will enter industry who had no intentions of doing so. And many more may run tractors on farms, for agricultural production will also be important in his war and in the peace.

Lindenwood girls should get out in front of that, decide what they want to do and get ready to do it. There will be jobs other than running machines for women of superior mental ability, Mrs. Davenport assured them.

Mrs. Davenport is a music critic, novelist, biographer, and magazine writer. "Cultural Life in America" was to have been her lecture topic. Her audience was startled to hear her say, "Unless the people in this country realize quickly what the nature of this war is, it will be futile to waste time talking about culture."

Mrs. Davenport wasted no time talking about culture. She talked about war. We do not realize that we are in a total war. We didn't invent it, and we don't want it, she explained. But we must realize just that. We must quit talking about "defense" and take the offensive.

"Fear won't do any good," Mrs. Davenport cautioned, "but facing the facts will help us win the war. Good morale does not mean unawareness of what is going on."

Repeatedly she warned the students this is their war; they must fight it, pay for it, and fix the peace afterwards. She told them they were in for something very tough. The personal inconveniences which they are already experiencing are trivialities. The things they are doing are important, but nothing to the importance of things which must be done.

L. C. to be Represented at War Conference

(Continued from page 1)

Mobilize?"

Principal speakers will be: Douglas Miller, author of *You Can't Do Business With Hitler*, a 1941 best seller; Herbert Agar, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal and author of the 1934 Pulitzer prize, *The People's Choice*; and Blair Moody, Detroit News, and author of *Boom or Bust*, which deals with the question: "After the war, what?"

25 Years Ago

Nicolls Hall had a birthday last Friday. The building was twenty-five years old, having been dedicated February 20, 1917. The dormitory was the gift of Colonel James Gay Butler as a memorial to his pastor, S. J. Nicolls.

THIS FAN LETTER WAS DELIVERED



With only her picture circled on the envelope Ruth Spiegel received this letter from a student at an Iowa College.

Ideal Man Defined, But Where Is He?

For generations women have been searching for an "ideal man". Many have thought their man was ideal, but few shared their opinion. So, we have taken a poll in an attempt to tell you what we think makes an "ideal man":

Barry: Any man that can put up with me, and like me as well with my hair up as down!

B. J. Kearfott and Sara Beck: He should be tall, good-looking, have a good personality, be well educated, have good background, be a good dancer, that is, if you like to dance, and be thoughtful,—which most men aren't!

Pat Lee: He must have wit, a sense of humor, be a good conversationalist, versatile, and above all,—ambitious!

Ruby Sharp: Blond, with blue eyes,—just like Danny!

Ginny Bauske and Mimi Hanna: Just dark, with black curly hair, big

black eyes, long black eyelashes,—and beautiful tweeds, just to add a little color!

Doris Banta: A man that can be both silly and serious, that is, having two sides to his nature: gay and silly, and intellectual and serious!

Shorty: Bob!

Judy Moore: I think he should be intelligent, a good conversationalist, understanding, make a pleasing appearance, and he may be far from handsome,—providing, of course, he has the rest!

Polly Pollock: I have no analytical mind when it comes to a question like that. There's just one, and I see him as a whole!

"Chap": He must be honest, sincere, thrifty, patient, and —!

Mr. Clayton: One who is not susceptible to feminine wiles, who likes outdoor activities, and who doesn't talk too much,—and means it when he does!

Bobby Burnett Gets Horse For Christmas

There has been some excitement down at the stables due to the belated arrival of Butterfly MacDonald from New Orleans. The lively 7-year-old mare's owner, Bobbie Burnett, received her as a Christmas present. "Bubba" is a chestnut horse with three white stockings and a blaze. The mare is a registered saddle horse, and been shown in numerous shows in the three-gaited pleasure class. She rides and drives.

This is the first time she has ever been out of the South, and as her owner stated "She saw snow for the first time this week, and it really had her buffaloed!" She is a beautifully gaited and highly spirit-

ed little horse, and she is clever, too. Every time Bobbie enters the stall "Bubba" will nose around in the coat pockets until she finds the apple or carrot that is always hidden there for her.

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Juniors Score Victory with Successful Date Dance

Valentine's Day has come and gone, but the memory of the Valentine Dance, given by the Junior Class, is still fresh in the minds of nearly all of us. Decorated with red hearts from one end to the other, both floating from the ceiling and hanging on the curtained walls, Butler gymnasium was a picture for sweethearts in red and white. Names of girls and their dates were printed on hearts everywhere, and this proved to be one of the most interesting features of the evening. Large red and white candles with heart-shaped reflectors stood on either side of the room at regular intervals.

Ruth Haines, Doris Banta, and Betty Proctor, officers of the Junior class; Miss Morris, class sponsor; Miss Bibbee, and Dr. Betz were in the receiving line. Rena Eberspacher, program chairman, announced the following program, composed of some of the Lindenwood girls and their dates; Dixie Smith, who sang "Just a Kiss In the Dark"; Chuck Stewart, "This Love of Mine"; Mary Dillion, "I'm in Love With You, Honey" and "I Love You Truly"; Virginia Donovan, "Lover, Come Back to Me"; Victor Tate, "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody"; Dorothy Bailey, "Will You Remember" from "Maytime"; and Chuck Stewart again, singing "Humpty Dumpty Heart" and "My Last Goodbye".

Red hearts bearing fortunes in rhyme were given to each guest at the dance, thereby carrying out the motif of the evening as well as giving couples added enjoyment.

The Juniors are to be complimented on the success of the dance and the lovely way in which the decorations and program were carried out, and to the originality displayed.

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2—FEATURES—2
"NIGHT OF JANUARY 16"
with Ellen Drew and Robert
Preston and
"THE WOLF MAN"
with Lon Chaney, Claude
Raines and Warren William

Sun.-Mon. March 1-2

"PLAYMATES"
with Kay Kyser

Wed.-Thurs. March 4-5

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW
with Jimmie Durante, Phil
Silvers and
Second Feature

Fri.-Sat. March 6-7

"CONFIRM OR DENY"
with Don Ameche, Joan
Bennet and
"HONOLULU LU"
with Lupe Valez

Sun.-Mon. March 8-9

"SON OF FURY"
with Tyrone Power and
Francis Farmer

Sun.-Mon. March 15-16

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Commercial Club Shows What Well Dressed Girls Wear

The importance of correct grooming when applying for a position was stressed at the Commercial Club's style show last week. Supervised by Mrs. Spenser, stylist at Stix, Baer and Fuller, two models demonstrated the clothes suitable for the low income and higher income brackets.

When applying for a job personal appearance and poise are important in making a good first impression. One's dress should be suitable, in good taste, and becoming. The costume should fit your job; taking into consideration where you work, what you do, and who you meet. In a Social Welfare office too elaborate clothes would tend to make the people feel inferior. At the same time, the secretary or receptionist for a man of high position must choose clothes appropriate to her surroundings, and that will meet the approval of her associates.

This calls not for quantity but for quality. The clothes modeled were interchangeable—they could be worn for town or country, and for work or play. For the more economical wardrobe a navy-blue three piece suit (fitted top coat), a blue and white hat, and a blue and white print suit-dress were shown. By substituting various accessories the two outfits could be dressed up and changed in appearance, taking the place of many of the pieces in the wardrobe of the more extravagant person. Stress was laid upon avoiding cheaper goods in place of expensive. It is better to have a few nice things and make them do with accessories.

Several members of the Commercial Club, dressed as they would for an interview, asked Mrs. Spenser to criticize their choices and to give them helpful suggestions as to the styles a person of their type should follow.

Washington Chorus Gives Entertaining Concert at Lindenwood

The Washington University Chorus, under the direction of Charles Galloway, entertained Lindenwood in Roemer Auditorium last Tuesday night.

The chorus, made up of both men and women, jointly opened the program with the Star-Spangled Banner. Three selections from Bach followed the national anthem, with two Czecho-Slovak Folksongs arranged by Deems Taylor ending the first part of the program.

The men's chorus offered four selections including "Away to Rio" and "March of the Peers". Following the intermission, the women's chorus gave several renditions among which were Edward Greig's "My Johann" and Franz Lehar's "Gold and Silver Waltz".

Both choruses joined to close the program with Tschaiakowsky's "Immortal Song", a variation of his B-flat minor symphony.

Miss Eleanor Debney, who accompanied the chorus, shared the rounds of applause that followed the closing notes of Washington University's Alma Mater.

Athletic Association Gives Unique Party For War Relief

The Athletic Association of Lindenwood held its annual fun-night on Friday, February 13, in Butler Gymnasium. Anyone who paid 5 cents was admitted. Optional expenses later on in the evening were 5 cents for a hot dog or for a coke. Profits from the party were put into a fund for War Relief.

The AAA had really gone to some trouble to make the occasion an enjoyable one. The gym looked like a Lindenwood edition of the rogues gallery. The walls had been covered with a mass of posters—glamour and slap-stick poses of Lindenwood girls 10 years from now. If any of us were in doubt about our futures when we arrived, we were certainly awake to our possibilities (or drawbacks) when we left.

A special program had been planned. Louise Panky did a Spanish tap dance; Mary Dillion sang a group of numbers, concluding with her own incomparable song, "Dreaming Empty Dreams of Love"; and Lady Morgan completed the program with a bit of swinging-out on the piano in real a-la-Morgan style.

When the program was over, everyone was free to dance, eat, or play Bingo down by the band-stand, where Marge Allen, Bev Wescott, and Janet Schaefer were taking turns calling out numbers and distributing prizes. (These had been donated by some of the students on campus).

We are sorry this was just an annual event and we cannot have a chance to repeat a very fine evening.

Music and Speech Recitals Start

Many students will be receiving diplomas or certificates this June, so now is the time when recitals are scheduled to start.

In the speech department, Doris Nahigian is first on the list. She will give "Ethan Frome" next Thursday night in Roemer Auditorium. Following this a month later, Rosemary Edminster will give "The Old Maid." Sue Beck, who will offer a series of miscellaneous sketches, and Pat Giese, who will appear in "Arsenic and Old Lace," will conclude the speech recitals.

In April, the Music Department will begin its series of recitals. The following are scheduled: April 14, Dorothy Bailey and Marjorie Moberg with Pat Potter as accompanist; April 21, Coralee Burchard and Dorothy Isabell with Jerry Oppenheimer as accompanist; April 24, Evelyn Wahlgren in her senior recital and April 28, Geraldine Pitts and Virginia Donovan with Marjorie Moberg as accompanist. Several other performances will be given in May. These will be announced later.

We urge you all to show your appreciation of the hard work these girls are putting in by attending as many of these recitals as possible.

THE CLUB CORNER

By Polly Pollock

In a joint meeting of the League of Women Voters and the International Relations Club, Thursday, February 12, there was a panel on "The Influence of the Eight Points on the Peace." Those leading the panel were Shirley Goodman, Ann Gardner, Mary Jo Shepard, and Marion Wettstone.

Beta Pi Theta, French fraternity, met Monday, February 16, in the Library Club Room. The chief entertainment of the meeting was the playing of "Bingo" in French, which proved most uproarious. Refreshments were also served.

Members of the Triangle Club, science organization, initiated fourteen new members at their meeting February 16. New initiates are Adelaide Caraker, Marge Allen, Virginia Rose, Barbara Boldenberg, Evelyn Cohen, Gloria Crosby, Gloria Stunkel, Barbara Wayne, Beverly Wescott, Harriet Sage, Rowena Ott, Gloria Douthitt, Lynn Beck, and Corinne Baker. The Triangle Club is affiliated with the Science Clubs of America, whose charter will soon be posted on the bulletin board on third floor Roemer, outside the biology department office. The purpose of this organization is the popularization of science.

Pi Gamma Mu, social science fraternity met Wednesday, February 18, and discussed the "Influence of Economics and Religion and Ethics on the Peace." The panel was lead by Miss Whitehead and Dr. Harmon, and students Joyce Burge, Jane Mauk, and Doris Banta. Adding to the interest of the discussion were the remarks of Dr. Gage and Dr. Sweazey, who was a special guest.

Meetings scheduled for this week:

Today:—
5:00—Future Teachers of America (Club Room).

7:00—Alpha Sigma Tau (Club Room).

Wednesday:—
5:00—Sigma Tau Delta (Club Room).

7:00—Alpha Mu Mu (Fine Arts Building).

Thursday:—
5:00—Kappa Pi (Club Room).
6:30—Poetry Society (Club Room).

His First Love

He whispered words of love to me;
(I shudder when I think of it).
He held my hand so tenderly—
(It makes me want to throw a fit)!

He said for me he'd do or die;
(And I, the fool, believed that line).
He spoke three words that made me sigh—
(The thought makes chills run down my spine)!

But now I know those words he phrased

Were meant, for me, to be a gag;
For every morning when it's raised,
He speaks them to a waving flag.

It makes me burn when I recall
His words won't measure one small dram;

For it wasn't me he loved at all,
But someone better,—Uncle Sam!

B. J. G.

Society Gab and Gossip

By Ruby Sharp

Comes word from Mrs. Phil Yoder, the former Willie Fischer, that she is quite definitely the happiest girl in the world. We all join together in wishing her the best of luck, always — We haven't yet heard whether "Butch" Fooks is married or not. If so, she also has our heartiest congrats.—Heard Applebaum is really doin' fine at U. of I. She's already going steady. — Ruthie Hyden was escorted to the recent date dance by her Charlie. He surprised her by coming down for the weekend.—The same weekend found Ann Hamilton in raptures over Jack's visit. — Spring will soon be here, and Betty Merrill is counting the days, counta' Steve will be here in March.

More wedding news of interest to both old and new L. C. girls is the marriage last Wednesday of Rosanna Veach and Bob Bruere. Rosanna was graduated from Lindenwood in the class of '40. Her sister, Virginia, was maid of honor, and a beautiful one, we know. Our best wishes go to Rasanna and Bob.

Betty Proctor is quite the girl about campus nowadays with ardent letters from two navy men arriving in a constant stream. And we hear that Polly Pollock really scored a mark by talking to her Bill in Boston twice last week, all of which goes to prove that absence does make the heart grow fonder.

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