

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 19—No. 10 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, February 27, 1940 \$1.00 A Year

Dr. Gipson and Others At Convention of Deans

Dean Gipson spent the last half of last week in St. Louis attending the National Convention of the Deans of College Women, which met in the Hotel Statler. Dr. Gipson was in St. Louis during the entire convention, as she had an important position on the entertainment committee.

Miss Hooton also attended the convention on various days. Groups of teachers from Lindenwood went to St. Louis to see the exhibits of educational interest. Many new ideas in every department of college work were offered.

Dr. Schaper was present at personnel meetings at the Coronado Hotel, held in connection with the convention.

• College Calendar •

February 27—Tuesday:

6:30 p. m.—Alpha Sigma Tau (Club Room).

February 28—Wednesday:

7:30 p. m.—Program and social meeting of faculty—Dr. Ernst O. Melby, Dean of the School of Education, Northwestern University, speaker (Club Room).

11:45 a. m.—Lenten Service—Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, St. Louis.

5 p. m.—Speech Recital (Little Theatre).

February 29—Thursday:

5 p. m.—League of Women Voters (Club Room).

8 p. m.—Ted Shawn Dancers.

March 3—Sunday:

6:30 p. m.—Vespers—Dr. Calvin Dobson, St. Louis.

March 4—Monday:

5 p. m.—Illinois Club (Club Room).

5 p. m.—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Meeting.

6:30 p. m.—Freshman Class Meeting.

March 5—Tuesday:

5 p. m.—Student Recital (Sibley Chapel).

6:30 p. m.—Poetry Society (Club Room).

March 6—Wednesday:

11:45 a. m.—Lenten Services—Dr. George Sweazey.

5 p. m.—Athletic Association meeting (Club Room).

6:45 p. m.—Y. W. C. A. Meeting.

March 7—Thursday:

11 a. m.—Speech Recital.

5:30 p. m.—League of Women Voters' Dinner (Hollywood).

6:30 p. m.—Alpha Mu Mu (Club Room).

March 8—Friday:

6:30 p. m.—Sophomore Formal Dinner Dance.

March 10—Sunday:

6:30 p. m.—Vespers—Mrs. Eleanor Sikes Peters.

March 11—Monday:

4 p. m.—Pi Gamma Mu tea (Club Room).

4 p. m.—Flower Show—St. Louis—Dr. Dawson.

6:30 p. m.—Spanish Club (Club Room).

Miss Bailey Honored

M. T. Conferred by Technologists

Miss Bailey has been presented the degree of M.T., which is Medical Technologist, and has received the code of ethics of that organization. The body of American Medal Technologists is chartered by the state of New Jersey and is given the legal right to confer the degree in any state. It is the only body chartered by law to confer this privilege.

Among the rules adopted by the organization at a convention in June, 1939, are the following:

"The Case history, diagnoses and laboratory findings of a patient are absolutely confidential and shall not be discussed with any person other than members of the staff assigned to care for the particular patient, or a laboratory consultant."

"Technologists shall not discuss the competence, faults or judgments of a patient's attending physician or surgeon in the presence of such patient or the friends or relatives of such patients."

"Technologists shall report their findings only; never attempt to make or suggest a diagnosis under any circumstances, except in so far as it is self-evident in the report."

"Observe the golden rule, abide by it; remember, you are serving humanity not yourself."

Unusual Honor, Washington University

Lucile Vosburg, a senior, was elected into the Missouri Beta Chapter of Alpha Kappa Delta, national honorary sociology fraternity of Washington University, on February 16. This fraternity admits to membership only graduate students in sociology and a limited number of under-graduate students who have distinguished themselves in the study of sociology in Washington University, or in neighboring colleges of equal standing.

Miss Vosburg's work in sociology has been done in the department of sociology in Lindenwood College. She is the first student to be admitted from Lindenwood College.

Case Workers Will Visit St. Louis Institutions

Miss Morris has arranged for a most interesting study for her Case Work class. It is planned that during this course the class will visit many of the interesting institutions in the vicinity of St. Louis.

Among many of the institutions that the girls will visit are the Barnes Medical Social Work Department, the Detention Home, the Probation and Parole Department of Police Station, the City Sanitarium, The Emmaus Home, the Personnel Department of Famous-Barr Company, the Social Service Extension, the United States Re-employment Office, the Occupational Therapy Hospital, and the Municipal Child Guidance Clinic.

Universal Day of Prayer

Vesper Address By Kirkwood Minister

Rev. Ralph D. Evans, pastor of the Kirkwood Presbyterian church of Kirkwood, chose "Prayer" as the subject of his vesper address, Sunday, February, 18, which was the universal day of prayer for all college students.

The speaker pointed out that today we have a different conception of prayer from that of the days of the old-fashioned prayer meeting. He said that prayer might be compared to dynamite—spiritual dynamite—as it is the greatest power, but the one least used. We are familiar with power in many forms; the gigantic transformers surrounded by high wire fences, great dynamos, and the earthquakes which make men tremble. Prayer, Mr. Evans said, is a power greater than these. It holds the parts of the earth together, holds the planets in their courses, makes the growing things grow, and sustains our lives.

Prayer must be defined as exerting effort to relate our course of life to the powers of God so that these be available to us. We must seek a way and follow it. Some say that prayer is not logical, or that it does not show good judgment to talk to a God who seems so far away. Many things on which we depend for a living defy all laws and do not seem logical. For example, there is the piping of water a great distance against the laws of gravity. When we understand this, we can see the logic of prayer—other laws brought into relationship with it make it logical.

Mr. Evans said that there are three areas in life in which we feel the need of prayer. The first is in our own personal lives. We complain about dictators, yet if we would apply the test to our own lives that we do to Hitler, we would discover that universal weaknesses are our own weaknesses magnified on a larger scale. Making a living, meeting problems such as sickness and death, and adaptation make the confusing total called life. Life is a puzzle, but every puzzle can be worked out. We are all searching for the key to life. Mr. Evans explained by giving as an example, a savage who, walking through the jungle, suddenly comes upon an airplane. At first he is bewildered by the great silver bird, but there are two assumptions which he can make almost immediately. First, there is a mind behind the airplane; it had a creator; and second, there is some way to make the thing work. This can be compared with life, and we should pray for an understanding of it.

The second area in which prayer is a vital thing is in living together. There is friction in every relation of life, and problems separate us from relationships, the three most important of which are: Ourselves with self, ourselves with God, and ourselves with others. We need prayer to give us wisdom in our relationships with others for this

Honor Announcements Cover Many Activities

Eighteen girls have been announced as the new members of Alpha Sigma Tau, membership in which is the highest scholastic honor the college can offer. The group includes two juniors, Ruth Fawcett and Margaret Duff, and the following sophomores: Louise Olson, Winifred McQueen, Jean Bishop, Betty Maude Jacoby, Jennie Lynn Sager, Kay Abernathy, Betty Hartness, Ann Ayres Earickson, Dorothy Graham, Jane Henss, Dorothy Owen, Polly Pollock, Louise Mailander, Janet Goodjohn, Harriet Heck, and Gloria Stunkel.

Mary Jean DuHadway, Dorothy Owen and Jane Steinmann are the new active members of Pi Alpha Delta, and Jacqueline Morrison has been admitted as an associate member. Peggy Turcott, Pearl Lammers, Jeannette Lloyd, and Mary Helen St. Clair are the new additions to Pi Gamma Mu, while Billie Vance and Harriet Heck have joined the rhyming circle of the Poetry Society. Sigma Tau Delta has added the names of Margaret Cannon, Dorothy Felger, Dorothy Graham, and Jeannette Lloyd to its roll, while Dorothy Berger, Jane Johnson, DeAlva McAllister, Coralee Burchard, Laura Nell Harris, Frances Shepard, and Mary Ann Tolleson are swelling the ranks of Delta Phi Delta.

Genevieve Kniese has been made a member of Mu Phi Epsilon and Alpha Mu Mu has accepted Coralee Burchard, Esther Farrill, Dorothy Isbell, DeAlva McAllister, Dixie Smith, Evelyn Knopp, Lois Anderson, Janice Martin, and Rena Eberspacher.

Three budding "Katherine Cornell's"—Donna Brown, Sarah Jane Murfey, and Doris Nahigian have been pledged to Alpha Psi Omega. The Home Economics Club has welcomed six future housekeepers: Dorothy Felger, Peggy Flint, Catherine Lague, Ruth Schneider, Kay Wagner, and Harriette Wilson.

The new senioritas of the Spanish Club are Mary Jean Bailey, Annette Bledsoe, Virginia Feller, Barbara Fletcher, Elizabeth Haughey, Nancy Hopkins, Peggy Lindsay, Gloria Smith, and Jean Wallace. The new members of the Triangle Club are Dorothy Graham, Florence Golden, Dorothy Franz, Catherine Lague, and Jennie Lynn Sager.

relationship is the most concrete.

The third area in which there is a need for prayer is in the affairs between nations. If rulers would regard God as supreme, there could be no strife between them. The only power great enough to save us has not been called upon. Prayer is the greatest means of knowing God: We should pray that He become the guiding light of nations.

Dr. Lucinda DeLeftwich Templin, a former dean of Lindenwood College, and now the principal for a school for girls in El Paso, Texas, attended the Deans' convention in St. Louis the past week.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1940

The Linden Bark.

"There's a patch of old snow in a corner
That I should have guessed
Was a blow-away paper the rain
Had brought to rest.
It is speckled with grime as if
Small print overspread it,
The news of a day I've forgotten—
If I ever read it."

—Robert Frost

—Sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam,
Yet in his hand a spade he also bent
And in a bag all sorts of weeds, Y same
Which on the earth he strewed as he went,
And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.
Spenser.

Representation of the Best and the Highest in Coming Event

The crowning of a May Queen is to Lindenwood what the coronation of a king is to the British Empire. The May Queen exemplifies, as does a king, all that is best and highest in the college. There is only one difference; the King of Britain inherits his throne.

This one point makes the Queen of Lindenwood a true representative of her college. To be chosen for this coveted position, a girl must be pretty, studious, and respected by her friends. It is a position to be envied; only girls of character can hope to rule as queen.

Of no less importance in careful selection are the attendants to the May Queen. A maid of honor from the junior class and two attendants from each class are chosen with as much discrimination as is the queen. Those girls are lucky who have "beauty and brains" enough to become members of the royal party.

The election of the May Queen and her attendants is to be held February 29. The former queens of Lindenwood have set a standard of loveliness which is a challenge to maintain. Each girl should consider it her duty to help choose the most out-standing representatives of her class as attendants to that girl who will receive one of Lindenwood's highest honors—queen of the May Fete.

The Wind and Green, March Brings

February's snow and rain has been left behind and now the March wind is upon us. March is Spring and green. Trees are sprouting green buds and flowers are beginning to come out of the soil to open into beautiful petals, streams are hurrying down their beds in rapid motion along beside the green meadow-lands, birds are building nests, and figures are talking of gardens, flowers, and maybe love. Everyone is happy. "It comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb."

For the Romans, March was the first month of the year until the adoption of the Julian calendar in 468 B. C. Until 1564 when Charles IX inaugurated January as the first month of the year, March had been the first of the year in France. Scotland followed France in 1591. In 1752 March was no longer the first month in England, but the third.

The Romans called the month of March, Martius, from the God of War, Mars. Hlyd-monath, which means "loud or stormy month", was the term the Anglo-Saxons used for March.

Elizabeth Thompson Honored

Each year Theta Pi, the local chapter of Beta Pi Theta, the national French fraternity, awards a medal to the freshman doing the most outstanding work in French. The award is based on grades and on general scholastic standing.

The medal this year was awarded to Elizabeth Thompson. Honorable mentions were received by Jane Meredith, Eleanor Wilcoxson, and Kate Taylor for their very excellent work.

Latins Study Chinese Poetry

Pi Alpha Delta met Wednesday evening, February 14, at 6:30 o'clock, in the library club rooms. Members of the organization, students in the Virgil class, and Miss Hankins, sponsor, were present.

Dr. Betz spoke informally to the group on "Chinese Poetry". His subject was unusual as well as interesting and entertaining. Coffee and ice cream pie were served before the close of the meeting.

• Diary •

By L. J.

- Feb. 14 Valentine's Day with loads of candy, flowers, wires, and letters—low and high feelings—"I'll shoot him if he doesn't come through"—Keen dinner last night to herald the great day.
- Feb. 15 More candy and food—gee, my good resolutions are shot—preparations for the week-end—some have already left, the lucky stiffs!
- Feb. 16 Off for a very new kind of week-end on an army post—sounds like interesting fun.
- Feb. 18 Back after a keen time—more snow-oh, dear, will spring never come?
- Feb. 19 Classes again and more slushy snow—suppose we should start a Blue Monday Club?
- Feb. 20 Student chapel tells us how to act toward a receiving line—most helpful for all—picture taking is fun when there is a whole gang around and you aren't the only sour face—out to eat our weekly hamburger.
- Feb. 21 Sunshine in spots, maybe the sun is afraid to show its face—sophomore jackets came—Lenten speaker very good.
- Feb. 22 Washington's birthday and more sun—sophomores have their yellow day with their jackets—know they are very proud of them and why shouldn't they be? Norton's "Daddy Long Legs" very good.
- Feb. 23 Tomorrow's the big day and everything and everybody is in full preparation—hope the rain doesn't take over!
- Feb. 24 Tonight's the night—campus looks like that of a co-ed school—gee, will 8:30 never get here? Too sleepy to write about the dance now, more tomorrow.
- Feb. 25 Last night was really one to be remembered—never before has a dance been so much fun—keen orchestra, swell decorations, dancing really held sway—good old student board! More dates on campus today.
- Feb. 26 Blue Monday again after the week-end we've been waiting so long for—oh well, it was scrumptious while it lasted.
- Feb. 27 Mail so soon? Will wonders never cease? No, just the Bark, but at least, it always makes good reading.

Happiness Theme Of Final Sermon

Dr. J. Walter Malone's last address here at Lindenwood was on "The Temple of Happiness". He said that Jesus always began his sermons by saying that religion and happiness could go together. People nowadays want too many material things and don't like to give time for spiritual thoughts. Happiness is not in what one possesses. Many men and women have lost the soul of happiness in exchange for dominance. The truly great happinesses are love of home, love of church, and love of fellow men. When one sacrifices himself and lives with God in his ideas and ideals, then one is always bubbling over with happiness.

Death of Distinguished Relative of Miss Stookey

From the Globe-Democrat by special wire from Los Angeles the Linden Bark learns of the death of Dr. Lyman B. Stookey, physiologist and pathologist. He was a relative of Miss Stookey, of Lindenwood's faculty. He was born in Belleville and is a member of a well-known St. Clair County family. In Who's Who it is stated that he received his doctor of philosophy degree from Yale and later studied several years at the University of Strassburg. He was formerly professor of physiology at the University of Southern California. During the war he was named medical advisor to the United States selective service. He was also pathologist to the Clara Barton Hospital.

According to Whos Who, his brother, Dr. Byron Stookey, is probably even better known as a neurological surgeon in New York City. Dr. Byron received his M. D. from Harvard and later studied in Geneva, Vienna, and Berlin. He was professor on neurosurgery at Columbia University and is now director of neurological surgery at the New York Neurological Institute.

Mu Phi Members Perform

Mu Phi Epsilon met at Miss Englehart's home on Thursday evening, February 15. All of the members took part in a program.

Irene Altheide played Bach's "Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor." "Chromatic Fantasy" (Bach) was played by Cordelia Buck. Mary Ahmann played "Intermezzo, E Major" (Brahms) and "Capriccio, D Minor" (Brahms).

Dorothy Nieman played Chopin's "Black Key Etude", and Vera Jean Douthat sang "Si Mes Vers Des Ailes" (Han). Peggy Ann McCoid played a violin solo "Air From Concerto (Goldmark); Polly Gray "I Heard a Forest Praying" (Peter DeRose). Beverly Mayhall played "Night in Spain" (Haubiel).

Clearman Heads State Club

The Nebraska Club has been organized with Harriet Clearman, president; Jerre Lewis, vice-president; Ruth Faucett, secretary and treasurer.

The group has had several socials. There was a picnic last fall and a luncheon at the Athletic Club in Omaha during the Christmas vacation. And February 16, the club had an ice skating party at the Winter Garden.

Ground Hog Sees Shadow February 2, Sunny Day

Friday, February 2, meant more to Lindenwood than just the day when four bus-loads of girls went to see "Gone With The Wind." Yes, you've guessed it—it was Groundhog's day. After the cold winter of this year, Groundhog's day was a time awaited with hope and anticipation. Everyone wished for cloudy weather; but was it cloudy? Oh, no. The sun decided to shine brilliantly.

It has been rumored in certain circles that Jerome Groundhog is something of a sissy—the cold weather killed him. Of course this is merely hearsay; we're inclined to believe that nothing could kill Mr. Groundhog after all the years he's been at work. But the fact remains that the sun shone on February 2. Mr. Groundhog saw his shadow—and he's probably running yet.

READ THE
LINDEN BARK

A variety of poems — some of them clever imitations of traditional techniques, others effective innovations decidedly modern in style — and several interesting kinds of essays make up the material of this supplement. It has been chosen from an abundance of good manuscript, more of which will appear in later numbers.

WESTPHALIA BLUES

by Ann Earickson, '42

Study, in Mr. Webster's indispensable little book, is defined as "to apply the mind to; to try to learn thoroughly." The truest part of this interesting information is the word "try." My mind is like a bucking bronco—no sooner do I discipline it than it gives me a ferocious kick, and I must stop and attend to my injuries.

Picture a well-lighted room (a forty-five-watt blub, six feet above my head), and a comfortable chair. Place me in the chair, and thrust a history of Europe into my hands. Now turn down the radio, and please get out of the room. I am ready to study.

The first paragraph is easy. "S' a snap," I mutter, as I glance through the remaining eighteen pages to the end of the chapter. Like a happy moron, I proceed with confidence through two more paragraphs. I am deep—only up to my ankles, though—in the Treaty of Westphalia, when the door opens. "Why," asks a grinning head, "did Cab Calloway have to give up gardening?"

Now this has taken me off my guard. Westphalia and Calloway are not to be alluded to in the same breath. I am defenseless. "Why?" I gasp weakly.

"Somebody hi-de-ho!" and her diabolical laughter echoes down the empty hall.

With this gem of humor imbedded in my brain cells, I find it hard to return to my former concentration. My reading is something like this: "The peace also recognized (hi-de-ho!) certain important changes in the political (it's not funny!) status of the powers involved. The Holy (wish I'd seen Cab Calloway last week) Roman Empire, though continuing to exist (what time is it?) as a formal entity, was practically dissolved, since (what radio programs are on tonight?) each prince in Germany was recognized as a sovereign power, free (Gosh, it's hot!) to make peace or war and to govern (I'm hungry) his own state independently." My bronco mind has kicked me right behind the eyes. I have to stop.

What chance do I have? I mean well, but when asked a question the next day in class, Cab Calloway, the grinning head, and "hi-de-ho!" will all rush through my brain (there will be plenty of room for all!), and none will give me any clue to the provisions of the Peace of Westphalia. There I will sit, a martyr to the cause of Cab Calloway and his gardening!

My roommate, a sober girl with the weight of the world of botany upon her shoulders, invariably wants to study while I am wrestling with my bronco, and I unflinchingly try to concentrate while she tells funny — I'm being optimistic — stories. Our home life is not happy. The demon Study is constantly raising his slap-happy head between us, and though we both try to down him by ignoring his existence, he returns again and again. We are left no alternatives; we have to study.

Perhaps some day someone will invent a tablet, which, when swallowed, will make the provisions of the Treaty of Westphalia a part of

me. As it is, I suppose I will have to continue to chew and absorb the pages of a history book—and I don't like them. They give me indigestion.

WANDERLUST

by Dorothy Ann Graham, '42

There was a cloistered maiden fair
Who longed to travel far,
So slipped she from her bow'r
While sky held not a star.

She was a knave, so thought the guard;
So well it did her hide,
Her coat of mail—so fast it was
The steed that she did ride.

She knew not, as she rode along
That she'd soon be defeated.
A knight mistook her for a thief
And then she was deleted.

Full little knew she how to just
Nor yet to manage horse,
And soon the fatal blow was struck;
With blood was paved her course.

As from her mount to earth she slipped
The knight looked back at her;
Then knew he that the victory won
Would make his life a blur.

So turned he back and to her side,
When from her head the casque
He raised with gentleness and ease,
His face became a mask.

She was his own, his sister dear
From whom he'd been a year.
By grief made blind his sword he seized
And on it fell her near.

ROMANTICISM IN MODERN LITERATURE

by Jeanette Lloyd, '40

In several periods romanticism has been the dominant factor in the development and progression of literature. A certain degree of romance is necessary in the life of any person or any race of people, and "every age has had its portion either directly in action or vicariously through literature."¹ During the years following the World War there was a need for romance in literature to balance and offset the sordidness of reality. However, because of the rise in the economic status and the abundance of currency there was a period of realism, brought about to a lesser degree by the experiences of the War, as many of the novelists had been in it and were filled with the grimness of the existing conditions in the world. As long as the era of prosperity lasted, the literature tended more towards the realistic mode than it did towards the romantic, but with the world-wide depression, the pendulum of literature swung to the extreme and romanticism was revived with somewhat of a vengeance. When the majority of the people were suffering financial losses and experiencing conditions which they had not known for some little time, they were not over-anxious to hear of the squalor in the tenements, or the oppression of labor by capital — they were too wrapped up in their personal conditions to care much for the woes of a sick world. A means of escape from their troubles was needed, and this means was offered through romantic literature. The style of such literature had been set by earlier twentieth-century writers.

A fine example of this type of romantic novel is *A Little French Girl* by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. The plot is somewhat of a character

¹Hatcher, Harlan, *Creating the American Novel*, p. 192.

study, as a young girl of sixteen is the main character and the entire book turns around her life. The girl, Alix, was born of a French mother, who lives a most indiscreet life divorced from her husband, and an English father, who comes from a very conventional old English family. Miss Sedgwick contrasts the French and the English peoples in their ways of living, their opposite moral concepts, and their general philosophies of life. Alix is more dominantly French than English, but the boy with whom she falls in love is a typical Englishman; therefore, Miss Sedgwick accomplishes her interesting comparison. The action of the novel takes place in both countries, and from the vivid descriptions one feels that the authoress is familiar with her environments that she selects for her characters. The novel has a happy ending for the main characters, which is, of course, to be expected. It is a delightful bit of reading but one is conscious of its romantic elements. The characters of Alix, Toppie, and Giles are too nearly perfect to be truly representative of humanity. Anne Sedgwick introduces realism into her novel in the character of Madame Vervier, the mother of Alix, who has many of the characteristics of the French people. The novelist has an individual quality and "refuses to follow any literary form. She represents the novel of international relations,"² in this instance, the contrast between English and French characters and life.

One of the best romantic writers of this period is Hugh Walpole. In connection with romanticism I read two of his novels, *The Cathedral* and *Harmer John*, of which I preferred the former. Perhaps the fact that *Harmer John* was written after *The Cathedral* and many of the same characters were used might have prejudiced me in my selection, but those same characters seemed entirely different in the later book. Somehow, they did not seem as vital or as alive, probably because they were sublimated by his new characters. In both of these books Walpole sets his stories in cathedral towns. As he was reared in just such a town, he understands the forces at work among these people and has a grasp of the total situation. In *The Cathedral* the author builds his story around the family of the canon of the cathedral, and particularly around Canon Brandon. He is a highly romantic character—a man with lofty ideas and ideals, who thinks that he is superior to those around him. The Brandon family, with the exception of the Canon, who is a bit on the imaginative side, seemed fairly real to me and I enjoyed going through their experiences with them; however, the plot was far too well-made to offer any element of suspense, or to demand any great vital interest. Walpole builds Brandon up to his pinnacle carefully, and then step by step he disintegrates his character. With the first step in his destruction, one realizes that Brandon is progressing towards an end that is inevitable because of his wrong and perverted attitudes. I was conscious of the moral in the novel, but it was not obvious enough to ruin the story for me. The effect of the cathedral on each of the main characters I thought really interesting. Walpole depicts each of the emotions—hate, pride, love, and fear with incredulous reality, as if he might have, at sometime in his life, been affected in each of these ways by the

²Quinn, Arthur, *American Fiction*, p. 582.

³Hatcher, Harlan, *Creating the American Novel*, p. 275.

cathedral. As I read through the novel, I was acutely aware of the power of such an impressive and symbolic building, and realized how it could have affected those who lived "within its shadow." In this novel Walpole treats a group of English people, and I felt that he was setting forth his personal observations of such individuals; he comments freely in both of these novels on the typical English life. In *Harmer John* he gives the impression of the cathedral town from the viewpoint of a foreigner who is the central character. Harmer John is a Swede who comes to the cathedral town after the death of his mother because she had lived there in her youth and had told him a good deal concerning the place and the cathedral. The Swede lives in the town but a short while, yet he effects the lives of all who come into contact with him. This novel seemed less plausible and less real to me than *The Cathedral*, perhaps because of Walpole's treatment of the central character, which I considered not too good. In both of these books, religion is the prevailing force. The author uses religion as a background, and allows his own religious sentiments to permeate his works. True to the romantic method, Walpole tends towards the spectacular events, and narrates many incidents in an overdramatic way, particularly in the life of Brandon. The philosophy of Walpole is anything but deep—he is really an optimist; consequently, I do not think that he could ever write anything typically realistic or anything really profound, but his *Cathedral* is a novel well worth reading for his eloquent descriptions and for pure enjoyment.

A romantic novelist deals with the "supple realm of the past or of the fancy where one can, by asserting his imagination, exercise authority and soften or rearrange details at will."³ Conrad is another romanticist; he considers a novelist as one who "creates a world of the imagination out of his experiences as colored by his temperament."⁴ As a boy Joseph Conrad was a great reader and he particularly loved books which concerned the sea and travel; as a young man he spent a few years on a British ship and experienced the things about which he had read and thereby obtained first-hand information. In his novels of the sea, Conrad is at his best because he is on wholly familiar ground. As an example of his romantic novels, I read *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. The story dealt with a negro who worked on a boat, the *Narcissus*; the whole action took place during one voyage of the *Narcissus*, at the end of which the negro died. Here Conrad explored the field of psychology, as the negro, Jim Wait, is continually haunted by the fear of dying which he pretends to control and hide until the last moment of his life. The entire novel is the study "of a sick negro's mind, pathetic, brutal, mysterious, repulsive like his face, and of its sentimental influence upon a ship alive with men, no two of whom are much alike."⁵ Not only in his characterization of Wait, but in that of all the sailors Conrad is superb. He pictures them as he either saw them or as he knows they should be from his experiences, and the resulting effect is good. I could never quite figure out whether Conrad had actually had this experience or whether it was purely fictitious. To one who has a love for the sea, this book should be of great interest. In it he has captured

⁴Cross, Wilbur, *Four Contemporary Novelists*, p. 10.

⁵Cross, Wilbur, *Four Contemporary Novelists*, p. 36.

the impulsiveness, the restlessness, and the great freedom which belong only to the open sea. I particularly enjoyed *The Nigger of the Narcissus* because it was all so foreign to me; I had never realized the tremendous force and power of the sea upon the sailors. Conrad's novel seems to have a spirit of pessimism and cynicism; however, he revolts against such criticism saying that those are the things from which "a writer must steer clear if he would be loyal to his emotions."⁶ Yet Conrad declared that the history of men on this earth could be written in "one phrase of infinite poignancy—They were born, they suffered, and they died . . . And yet it is a great tale."⁷ This statement alone seems to me to be saturated with cynicism and pessimism.

Romantic novels are a means of idealizing life, exploring new fields, entering into adventures which would otherwise never be experienced, and escaping from the monotony and tribulations of everyday life; consequently I feel that they have a definite place in our literature. As long as they do not become filled with mawkish sentimentality and "slush," I hope that they remain as important and popular as realistic novels.

⁶ Cross, Wilbur, *Four Contemporary Novelists*, p. 44.

⁷ *Ibid.*

DELIGHT IN DISORDER 1940 Style

by Marie Smith, '42

A sweet disorder in the dress —
Around the college, oh, but yes:
Saddle oxfords, knee socks too,
Sweaters; and gay kerchiefs blue
Capture a mass of flying curls —
Tradition of true Lindenwood girls.
Long dangling ends of bright ribbon
A *Vogue* style not too neatly done;
Charm gadgets dangle from the
necks,
A fashion flash from Peck and
Peck's.
A favorite from the very first,
Bright Scotch clan plaids — each
girl is versed.
Although she may not dress in
sable,
Oh well, at least she's comfortable.

SIMPLE ATTEMPT AT SIMPLICITY

by Marjorie Anne Bogenschutz, '43

The steel needles were long, grim-looking things, and I surveyed them with nervous doubt. They appeared far from friendly, almost sinister, and my bold determination to knit one of those too, too adorable sweaters began to wane. The directions, which all the girls said were ridiculously simple, seemed as complicated as a problem in higher mathematics.

Gathering my courage, I grasped the needles, according to instructions, and started the tedious knit-two, purl-two routine. After a weary hour of faltering, stitch-dropping labor, I was forced to admit that the domestic things of life were not for me. Much better, by far, that I buy my sweaters in the department store!

Gone was my rosy glow at the anticipation of making something myself. The tangled mass of wool I had on my hands had lost its colorful appeal and I heartily wished I had never laid eyes on it, or talked to the treacherous salesclerk who so blandly assured me, "They just knit themselves, dearie, rilly they do."

Distastfully, I stuffed the offending mass into my new knitting bag and hung it on a convenient hook. Then, with a sigh of relief, I went to a movie, where I learned to forget how to knit.

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVER

by Marion Wettstone, '42

Come with softened voice and
manner.
Morpheus holds my love forever.
Tears to water buds of living,
Strength may gain from his own
giving.
How can I with mortal weeping
Hope to waken one so sleeping?
Rather turn I from his resting,
With sorrow still my heart
investing.
And seek another one to wed
E'en though my soul's forever
dead.

UPON MISTRESS SUSANNA SOUTHWELL, HER CHEEK

by Margaret Barton, '41

Her fairy cheek
A kiss does seek,
But blushes pink
Do stain her modesty meek,
Though she returns a wink.

THE SCHOLAR

by Helen Bandy, '40

One hand held
Her bent head
As the scholar leaned over her
precisely neat notes
Of small school-teacher-perfect
penmanship,
Prima-donna-like lapping
The glare of the study lamp.
One short, small-nailed hand held
her head
As she muttered:
"The hypothesis states . . .
X equals Y-AB²
Correlation results . . .
The phenomenon presents . . .
However . . . moreover . . .
nevertheless . . . therefore."

The fluttering notes in the glare of
the study lamp
Took her eyes to the door
Where he stood in the shadow.
"I came to say I love you—
Nothing more."
Nothing more.
Her hand brushed the small
symbols,
Lost itself in the folds of her lap.
Helplessly,
Dumbly,
She was lost,
Despite
However . . . moreover . . .
nevertheless . . . therefore.

TROUBLED THOUGHT

by Judith Johnston, '43

Now that Christmas is over and
we are all supposed to be happy,
it discourages me to think that I
have something troubling me—but
to top it all off it's a man.

Yes — a man — but he's wonder-
ful. He does everything in just the
right way — he's handsome and he
has a wonderful personality.

He tells me he thinks the world
and all of me, which, by the way,
makes me very contented at the
time.

He gives me wonderful presents.
He never fails to send me flowers
on every occasion and he always
remembers my mother. Sometimes
I'm even jealous because he treats
my mother so nicely. He is forever
calling her—and oftentimes he
doesn't even ask to talk to me.

Well, what is really worrying me
is that last fall he invited me to
spend spring vacation in his home
and he hasn't said a word about it
since. I saw him at Christmas time
and when he kissed me goodbye he
merely said, "Well, my dear, I'll
count the days until I will see you
again." Of course I love him any-
way; but aren't grandfathers rather
dense when it comes to a young
girl being in love with a boy in the
same town in which they live?

SNOWBOUND

by Mary Catherine Downs, '43

In the little town of Pana, Illinois,
the first flakes of snow are always
greeted with joy by the young in
heart, for snow brings the promise
of coasting and sliding on the hill.
If it promises to continue and the
temperature is favorable, many trips
of inspection will be made to base-
ment, barns, and garages through-
out the city to ascertain whether
last year's sled, which is perhaps,
too, the sled of the last ten or
fifteen winters, can be made to
coast again. Necessary repairs and
preparations are made—a missing
board replaced here, a screw tighten-
ed there, a little sandpapering done
to remove the rust from this one's
runners, a little oil applied to make
this one guide more easily, an old
rope replaced, or, perhaps, a brand
new rope fastened on a bright new
sled. All wish to be ready to take
immediate advantage of the snow
when it comes.

Often this first snow fall may
prove disappointing; it may con-
tinue for but a short time and then
stop or change to rain. But some-
times conditions are favorable and
the ground is soon completely cover-
ed. Then it is with light hearts
that the young shovel snow from
the sidewalks or wade blithely
through on their way to work or
school, and it is with joy that they
formulate plans for coasting on the
hill. Usually it is about four o'clock
(after school is over for the day)
that a crowd begins to gather. With
apprehension the early-comers test
the snow. Has it been packed firmly
enough yet by passing cars? Are
there any bare places? Is it possible
to turn the corner at the foot of the
hill? How far can one go? At
last the verdict! The snow is in
perfect condition for coasting!

Up the hill trudges the crowd, up
the hill dragging sleds, then swish,
on them and down again, then three
or four blocks back to the top again
and down again. Over and over,
time and again, the crowd repeats
this process. On, on—some miss
their suppers; others go in late;
some leave for the night; others
take their place—on and on go the
coasters, down the hill and up again
—down the hill, the thrill of skim-
ming, gliding over the snow, hold-
ing the sled firmly on the road, miss-
ing the harrowing curbstone at the
side, steering around other coasters,
stopping, then slowly climbing up
again, exchanging stories with other
coasters on the way, stories of un-
avoidable collisions and breath-
taking escapes. On and on the
coasters go, laughing, talking, slid-
ing, on and on, far into the night,
as though fearing almost to stop
lest it be their last, their only
chance, to coast this season.

On and on they go; for coasting
is a wonderful way to spend a day,
an evening, a brief portion of one's
life. On go the young in heart,
bound to make the most of every
moment, bound by the enchantment
of the snow.

LULLABY

by Pauline Gray, '41

Sitting at her piano by the open
window,
From my room I hear her playing.
Warm notes steal in and soften the
night,
Coming together as they meet,
Moving into unexpected chords.

In the daytime
She teaches tiny fingers scales.
And counts one, two, aloud.
Thin, limp, and stooped,
So depressing to see.
I always hurry past the yard
Looking up or down,
Or just humming to myself.

But when night comes again,
I listen for the keys.
The runs like dripping water
Fall upon my eager ears.
The dying echoes of these chords
Fade gently into space—
The notes prick my listless fingers;
And I fall again to sleep.

A BIT OF RIBBON

by Jean McPherson, '43

It seems strange, as I look over
them, that they once meant so
much to me. And that piece of baby
blue ribbon — how excited I was
when I wore it tied around a corsage
of the deepest red roses. It recalls
the most exciting night I have ever
spent —

There is something breath-taking
about the coolness of a taffeta form-
al as it swirls about your legs; and
your first formal is the most pre-
cious of all. As you dress upstairs,
so eager to add the final touches,
you know there is enchantment in
being just a wee bit late; but how
hard it is to keep from racing
downstairs. In your eagerness you
almost miss the gayety in sister's
new perfume. Of course you can't
be simply reeking with "Toujours
Moi," but a little dab makes the
evening just a bit more grown up.
There is still nearly an hour before
time to go, but you hurry down the
back stairs to the ice-box, where
the crisp flowers with their baby-
blue ribbon shimmering at your
slightest touch await to add the
last, most important detail of pre-
paration. Back upstairs again, for
you must see yourself in the full
glory of flowers, ribbon, "Toujours
Moi", and formal—all part of that
night of all nights, your first formal.
Of course any father is likely to
make the same mistake, but how
embarrassing when you finally
descend, not enchanting with roses
and "Toujours Moi," but a little
domestic with a faint aroma of
bacon! —

All that seems vague and far
away, almost as if it had never real-
ly happened at all, but was just part
of a childish dream. The ribbon now
binds together a group of letters
that mean much to me today. It
seems to link childhood with some-
thing a little more mature. I wonder
if my "maturity" of today will be
the adolescence of tomorrow? I
suppose it will. Perhaps tomorrow
my tiny bit of baby-blue ribbon will
bind together something far more
lasting than a corsage or a bunch
of letters.

SONNET

With Apologies to Wordsworth

by Susan Kent, '42

School work is too much with us;
night and noon,
Eating and loafing, we lay waste
our powers:
Little we see of much worth that
is ours;
We have thrown our time away;
and much too soon
We start to turn our books to the
light of the moon
And find we must be working at
all hours,
Though we'd much rather sleep as
as do the flowers.
We find in all our work we are
out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd
rather be
Most anything but just a student
torn
"Tween work and play, worn out;
so that I might
Have glimpses that would make me
full of glee
And prove that I'll not always be
forlorn,
But free someday, and graduate
with delight.

F. B. I. Is After You

Federal Agent Speaks at Chapel

Mr. Norris of Sioux City, Iowa a representative of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, spoke in Thursday morning chapel, February 1. He was accompanied by Mr. Pratt of Indiana.

Mr. Norris explained how the F. B. I. is setting up a program for the protection of products of those industries which deliver to the Army and Navy. They are giving protection against espionage as prior to 1938 there were 35 espionage cases reported, while in September 1939 there were 6,000 cases. There are 214 per day reported at the present time.

The department of Justice Investigative Agency handles one hundred different violations of criminal laws, Mr. Norris said. It covers the United States and all its possessions, having a personnel of 850 with 52 officers. Those selected for this service must be between the ages of 23 and 35, must be graduates of law school and have three years experience, or be a graduate of an accounting school and have three years experience. They must take a mental and physical examination for a three months training period, before going to Washington, D. C.

Not all criminal cases are handled in the way that is generally known. Scotland Yard has sent representative to our bureau to study our methods and we have done the same with theirs. Mr. Norris gave an illustration of the use of fingerprinting in investigation. He explained the clearing house effect of the bureau of fingerprinting in Washington.

At the Technical Laboratory in Washington, D. C., the men examine the evidence picked up at the scene of the crime and sent in by law enforcement agencies. They will go out and testify when necessary.

At the conclusion of his talk, Mr. Norris answered questions on his subject.

Interesting Recital By Music Students

The students' recital on Thursday, February 15, in Roemer Auditorium was a most enjoyable one. Pauline Gray opened the program singing two numbers, "Dreams" and "Sunlight". Cordelia Buck played Beethoven's "Concerto, No. 3, C Minor", the first movement. This was very well played and everyone listened most attentively. Genevieve Kneise played two cello solos—"Old Italian Love Song", and "Bourree Nos. I and II (Suite No. 3)". This last was written by Bach. These were the first cello solos played here for sometime and were indeed different and new.

Vera Jean Douthat sang "The Pool of Quietness" and "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes".

The last number on the program was a piano solo by Margaret Anne McCoid. This was Beethoven's "Concerto, No. 4, G Major", the first movement. This was another very interesting selection and the audience was most interested.

For both piano numbers, Mr. Thomas played the orchestral parts on the second piano. The accompanists were Janice Martin, Evelyn Wahlgren, and Dorothy Nieman.

What Worship Means Explained By Chaplain

A candlelight worship service, conducted by the Y. W. C. A., was held Wednesday, February 7, at 6:30 in Sibley Chapel. The service was led by Dr. Malone, and his sermon,

"Come Let Us Worship", accented the solemn tone of the gathering.

The organ prelude, "Starlight", was played by Dorothy Nieman, and the invocation was given by Marguerite Dearthmont. The scripture reading by Lucille Vosburg was followed with a prayer led by Kay Wagner. Pauline Gray sang a lovely solo, "The Three Virgins."

Dr. Malone's address carried the same deep thought and reverent feelings that are characteristic of his sermons. "Worship," said Dr. Malone, "is the daring assertion of man that God is present as a reality both in man's heart and in his church. There are two types of worship—objective and subjective. The objective is formal worship wherein God's presence is recognized by song and offering. Subjective worship is that feeling in the heart of each of us that God is a part of our being. We need both types of worship in order to obtain a complete understanding of God. Worship is that which will draw us nearer to the true meaning of life."

"Flying North" Requires Courage

"In the spring, Jesus lifted the burden from Man's shoulders. He chose the road farthest North." With this expression of trust, Dr. D. C. Boyd, of Belleville, Ill., emphasized his vesper sermon on Sunday, February 11. Dr. Boyd used in his address an illustration familiar to all of us—that of the southward flight of the birds in the fall, and their slow trek north again when spring returns.

"In the fall," said Dr. Boyd, "when the air grows colder, we see huge flocks of birds flying south. These are the thrifty, careful, care-free birds, seeking an easy life and a refuge from the hardships of the winter. Then again when spring slowly returns, we see one bird, then another, then a few more making their dangerous return to the north. They come not in flocks as when they flew south, but alone—only the brave and strong dare the long, hard trip north."

"Mankind is like the birds. The majority of men are content to stay at home and live soft, easy lives. But there are a few who dare to push on north, and because of them we have our country and our civilization. Birds fly south and men stay at home because of fear; birds fly north and men push on into new lands because of a sense of responsibility, love, and courage. Few of us hear this call to push forward; only a few of us can meet it."

"Jesus heard the call, and He took the longest trip north. He left an easy life, and chose the road to struggle, persecution, and death. People could not understand Him, because He was not afraid. But through this courage, He lifted a great burden from Man's shoulders."

"We must all prepare to take the trip north when our time comes."

How To Seek Employment

The Commercial Club met on Wednesday, February 7, at 5 o'clock in the library club rooms. Dr. Schaper spoke on the subject, "I Find My Job". She told of the many different ways in which jobs could be obtained, and all during her talk she referred to many of the pamphlets and books she had with her. She told of how important application letters are, and how often-times one's job will depend on such a letter. When speaking on the teaching profession, she told how there were more than 2,000,000 people in the teacher's profession.

Following the address; a business meeting was held.

BUILDING UP TO A LET-DOWN

by Dorothy Felger, '42

For weeks I anticipated its coming and even counted the days. For weeks I haunted a few stores and dress shops of our small city looking for the right formal for the big occasion. And what a struggle I had deciding on just how to wear my hair that night. All my preparation was rewarded, however, for at least the day of the junior-senior banquet came! Being a senior that year and having had the same experience about 365 days previous, I was no longer "scared" and was a little less excited. Nevertheless, my fingers persisted in trembling as I applied the nail polish; and, unable to get dressed in a sane manner, I dashed madly back and forth from my bedroom at the front of the house to the bathroom at the back. The time for the expected appearance of my date came and passed much to my relief because Mother had a reason for calling me "Poky." At last being ready, I began the usual pacing—clock-watching—window-watching procedure. Mother laughed at me as mothers do at daughters and told me to sit down and relax but not to wrinkle my formal, the result being that I perched rigidly on the edge of the davenport "like a bird ready to take off," said Daddy. But my flowers? Why hadn't they come? Last year the florist had brought them out very early. And where was my date? I eagerly watched every car that came down the street in hopes of its being a black Pontiac.

But the expressions that came upon the respective faces of Father, Mother, and Daughter at the sight of the jolopy that rattled to a noisy halt in front of the house were a mixture of surprise, curiosity, and wonder. From behind the wheel of an aged Model-A Ford climbed my date! For a minute utter disappointment was my only feeling; then I opened the door to admit my grinning escort. Personally, I didn't see anything very cheerful about having to ride in one's new blue marquisette formal to the one formal dinner dance of the year in that—"open-air crate." The wind would simply ruin my hair. Boys were so inconsiderate. Now all my expectations were ruined, and I wanted to stay at home.

However, after he had explained to my amused parents and to slightly infuriated me that his parents had suddenly driven to St. Louis and that this was the best he could get on such short notice, I calmed down a bit and condescended to ride in it. About five minutes later the florist finally brought my corsage. Mother was as jittery as I and stuck both of us several times before my corsage was pronounced safely on. Then, bidding the family good-bye, my date and I hurried toward the car. Getting in gracefully was a science, but looking dignified or poised as we rode down Main Street was an art. One of 1928's earliest models, the conveyance bore many reminders of hard knocks. The right front door was loose, and its inside covering was gone. Blankets hid remnants of leather upholstery, and there were no window glasses in the doors. The horn emitted only a faint, raucous squawk which, compared to the combined noise of the motor, the squeaks, and the rattles, was almost unheard and of no practical use. Thus I went to the most important function of our high school year, and it was not surprising that people grinned as we passed. Confidentially, though, after I had become accustomed to the relic, I adored it; in fact, it was what made the evening so much fun and always to be remembered. For after the

Living In Africa with African Customs

Mrs. Gayle Beanland, who has been engaged for twenty years in the missionary service in Africa, spoke Sunday, February 4, at the vesper hour. She is located in Kameroun, in Africa, in the sleeping sickness area. The people with whom she and her husband work are those of the Negro type, but are of a different tribe than the American Negro. Mrs. Beanland's subject was "If I were to go to Africa" and she proved to be a very interesting and a clever speaker.

If a girl were to enter the missionary field there would be many fields open to her. Some of these are nursing, teaching of French, regular teaching, and evangelistic work. Mrs. Beanland gave examples of various girls who have gone to Africa to do such work. The young men and young girls who go to this section to do missionary work have American homes. Apartment homes are built and the people may live by themselves or with one or two other persons. Then if one is married and has a family they usually have a home of their own.

The work of the nurse is very great as there are only three European nurses, the rest being native nurses. These nurses work in the hospitals and care for the orphans. Since Africa is a pagan country the missionaries must contend with the superstitions that have arisen from the ancestors of the natives. However, now, the natives do not believe in these ideas as much as they used to.

There are very few Americans who are teaching French. Usually the Swiss people are engaged for such purposes. The native language is taught to the young children for the first three years and after that they are taught French.

In the regular teaching curriculum there have been many changes in the last twenty years. When Mrs. Beanland first went to this native country the girls in her class were from the ages of 6 to 16 and they all were married. That is, they had been picked by their husband-to-be and were to be married whenever the girl was out of school or was old enough to be married. The tragedy of old Africa was the many wives that each man had according to his wealth. However, this has all been changed and women in Africa have come forward and are no longer "things", but people.

The houses of the natives are made of bark with thatched roofs and are sown together by binds from the forest. The tribes do not eat human flesh when they are hungry, but only when they have been victorious over another tribe.

In closing, Mrs. Beanland said not to consider the African as unappreciative and unlovable; he is very appreciative and lovable as well as interesting and entertaining.

INTANGIBLE

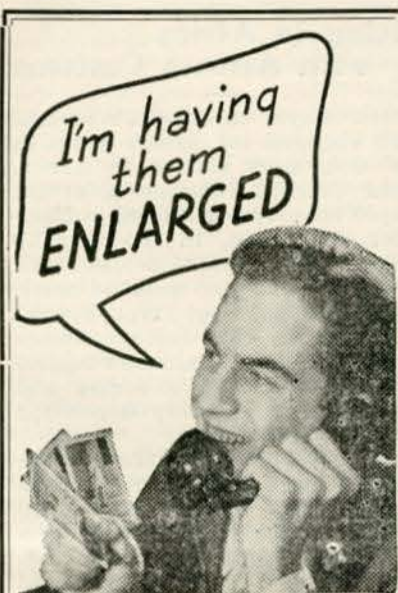
by Jane Harris, '42

Gray heaven, mists of clouds,
Peeps of white showing through.
Trace of sun's wavering hue,
Dark of night drifting near.

Star of sky, bright moon fade,
Voice of thunder clashing high.
Break of sky flashing nigh,
Drop of rain starting down.

Heart of nature, hush of world-
liness;
Breath of heaven toward godliness.

dance, as we were riding near the edge of town, the rear axle broke, and our decrepit but heretofore reliable Model-A had to be towed into town by a wrecker.



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Students Entertain In Sibley Chapel

Another student music recital was held Tuesday, February 6, in Sibley Chapel. The program consisted of piano, cello, voice and organ numbers. The girls were well received by the audience and proved their ability.

Coralee Burchard played "Solfegietto" (C. P. E. Bach) and "Romance" (Sibelius) on the piano. Following her, Janice Martin played "Sonata, D Major, No. 9" (First Movement) (Mozart). "Ave Marie" (Bach-Gounod) was played by Dorothy Isbell on the cello. Anne Welborn sang two solos, "He Shall Feed His Flock" (from Messiah) (Handel) and "Night and the Curtains Drawn" (Terrata). "Prelude in C Major Op. 12, No. 7" (Prohofieff and Prelude and Fugue, G Major (W. T. C. Book 11 No. 15) (Bach) were played by Frances Shudde and Marjorie Smith, respectively. The last number on the program was by Evelyn Wahlgreen who played "Sonata in E Minor" (Allegro con Brio) (J. H. Rogers) on the organ.

Typical Writing for Woman's Page

Mrs. Helen Morrin, Woman's Page Editor of the Globe-Democrat spoke to the Journalism class last Tuesday on the subject of feature writing and women's jobs on a metropolitan newspaper.

Mrs. Morrin in her position on the Globe-Democrat may be called upon to write feature stories, style and fashion articles, daily society columns, or to get interviews. Also included in her department are society photographs, dress patterns, funny-papers, syndicated articles on reducing, food and menus, and etiquette, and Katherine Darst's column.

In her work on the Globe-Democrat Mrs. Morrin has had the opportunity to interview many interesting celebrities, some of whom were Helen Hayes, Elizabeth Arden, and members of the Ballet Russe.

Mrs. Morrin gave the class a great deal of information on the field of feature writing, particularly concerning fashion writing and the pitfalls of society reporting.

BALLAD

by Jane Mauk, '42

There was a King in the Northern
Countrie,

High upon the highlands,
He sent his gallant Knight out
High upon the highlands.

Saddled and bridled and gallant
rode he

High upon the highlands,
He looked to the east, he looked
to the west

High upon the highlands;

There he spied his enemy sleeping
High upon the highlands,
The Knight shot and killed this
man

High upon the highlands.

The Knight asked, "King, what wilt
thou give me.

High upon the highlands;
O King, what wilt thou give to me
for I have killed your enemy
High upon the highlands."

"I'll give you gold, I'll g'v'e you fee,
High upon the highlands;
My eldest daughter your bride shall
be.

High upon the highlands."

The knight took his bride to live
High upon the highlands.
And forever more lived happily
High upon the highlands.

Meaning of the Cross In All the World

Rev. Paul Stumpf of Collinsville, Ill., was the Lenten speaker at noon Wednesday, February 21. He chose as his subject, "The Sign of the Cross." In the words of Matthew Arnold, he said, "The cross remains in history, and in the straits of the soul makes its ancient appeal." "Cross" is one of our most well-known words, Rev. Mr. Stumpf said. It is not legendary, but historical and is just as fixed as the American Declaration of Independence.

The cross is prominent in our art, architecture, and literature, but in the time of Christ it was cursed and despised by the Jews and detested by the Romans, for they would put none of their citizens to death upon it. The conduct of Christ on the cross transformed it from a sign of hate to a symbol of love. Art without the cross would be robbed of the beauty of Raphael; architecture would lose one of the form admitted to be most perfect; removing the cross would be to snatch Handel's Messiah and our inspiring hymns from the music lovers, and we would deprive literature of Tennyson's In Memoriam and Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness.

There is no hope for a redeemed society, Rev. Mr. Stumpf continued, without the coming to experience the cross of Christ. The individual sinner comes to the cross for forgiveness, and the suffering come for comfort. Christ suffered the most poignant pain, yet He did not need to suffer. The thinking men come to the cross, because they know that the cross is not a problem but a solution of a problem.

The cross does not need to be explained as much as it needs to be accepted, Mr. Stumpf concluded. Sensitive, thinking souls find it wherever they turn.

Minister Outlines Four Vital Points of Life

Rev. R. W. Fay of Overland, Mo., spoke Wednesday, February 14, in the series of Lenten speakers. Mr. Fay emphasized in his address the importance of distinguishing between the important and the trivial in both life and religion.

"The prophet Isaiah," said Mr. Fay, "raged at those who used trivial things such as symbols, sacrifices, and petty offerings in their religions. Even after they had repented of their sins, and spent a time in sackcloth and ashes, God seemed just as far away as ever. Isaiah tried to teach that religion and Man's relation to God are strengthened only by the important things—charity, love, and self-sacrifice. In quibbling over the unimportant phases of religion we often lose sight of the point of the teachings of Jesus. We should be concerned with vital things.

"Vital things are few; but that which is vital never dies. First, we should put our best into the task which we have to do, whether it be concerned with school-work, a job, or the business of living. Secondly, we should cultivate friendships—deep and lasting love for all humanity. Thirdly, we should face life bravely. We should meet hardships and bear them cheerfully, for they strengthen us. Lastly, we should cultivate prayer, for a relationship with God is vital to our souls. His patience, love, and good-will can become a part of us if we but wish it to."

"If we concern ourselves with these four vital points of life we will grow and develop day by day."

Gives Encouragement To Authors In West and South

Recently appearing in the Globe-Democrat was a story in which Lindenwood is interested, about James Herrick Gipson, brother of Dean Alice Gipson. Mr. Gipson said that the South and West are the best literary fields and that no longer should New York be the center of publishing books for New York is a world of its own and does not know about the moods and culture of the South and the great West.

Mr. Gipson is the president of the Caxton Printers, Ltd., book publishers of Caldwell, Idaho. The Caxton Press has been spending more than \$100,000 in the last several years introducing American authors to America. Dr. Gipson said that the American people really liked these new authors. The Caxton Press receives more than 1500 manuscripts a year and they come from all over the country and even some from foreign countries. Caldwell has now become a mecca for ambitious writers.

Mr. Gipson, a staunch Republican, was a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, and left the G. O. P. to become the state chairman of the Bull Moose party and also worked for the election of Theodore Roosevelt on that ticket. Mr. Gipson reads about 60 or 70 manuscripts a year of which 26 are picked for publication. He is an explorer of national reputation, and in 1927 he explored the famous "River of No Return" in Idaho.

He told how St. Louis has many possibilities for great books like 'Northwest Passage', A biography of William Marion Reed would certainly be very interesting, and books, too, on the part Missouri played in the Civil War, and how important the Mississippi River is.

A very close friend of the late Senator Borah, Mr. Gipson lamented that there will never be another Borah in Idaho, in fact, there will never be another Borah anywhere. He also stated, "And to think he was born only a short distance from here, well, Illinois' loss was Idaho's and the nation's gain."

THE MINING CAMP

by Mary Helen St. Clair, '41

Suddenly we saw it. The funny little dirt road had taken one last convulsive turn around the mountain side and there we were. After the beauty of the blue ridges, this, my first mining camp was so different that it seemed unreal. That people actually lived in those small, square, soot-blackened houses was inconceivable. Exactly alike except perhaps for the number of dirty, squalling babies playing in the grassless yards, the houses stood almost leaning on each other, as though common support was a mine tippie hung in a cloud over the mine hung in a cloud over the whole "holler." Three non-descript cows, ignoring the pack of gaunt gray dogs, ambled down the only street. With its dingy washing on the sagging line, even though it is Sunday, the last house is pathetically different. On the rickety front porch rail was a flower pot with one bright red blossom.

**JOIN
BOWLING
TEAMS**

Bowling, Golf, Ping-Pong

Presented by Physical Education Department

The physical education department urges all of the halls on campus to send representatives to the bowling tournaments that are held every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the bowling alley at the Lutheran Hall. The first week the intramural bowling tournament was held, Irwin Hall took the first place honors. The second week of bowling was carried off by the Butler Hall girls, and the third week of bowling was won again by the Irwin girls.

The highest score to be bowled by any of the girls that have participated so far is held by Mimi Ramey, with her total of 198 points for one game.

It is also urged by the physical education department that the girls playing in the ping-pong tournament play their matches off just as soon as possible, for the badminton tournaments are scheduled to start in the near future and the ping-pong tournaments are to be played off previously.

Any girls that are at all interested in the game of golf are asked to see either Carol Davenport, or Harriet Clearman, for it is hoped that Lindenwood will be able to organize intramural golf meets.

There are plenty of ways in which one can get her necessary exercise; why not cooperate with the different chairmen of sports and really make all the intramural meets worthwhile.

POEMS

by Mary Helen St. Clair, '41

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Long streams of pale green light
Gleam in the frightened sky;
Stars blink in surprise.
A giant is finger-painting
From beneath the northern ice.

TWO CINQUAINS

The wind
In lonely elms,
Silver edging the clouds,
Incense burned at midnight, are you,
My dear.

Last night
I felt I'd made
The world: the stars shone bright
At my command. Yet today I'm
Nothing.

THE KNIGHT ON THE SNOW-WHITE STEED

by Marjorie Smith, '42

A knight rode forth on his snow-white steed
One day from Donnersdee
To go in search of adventure and love,
Full bold and courteous was he.

His name was known in every land,
His tales of bravery were told,
And yet he longed for a lady's love
To have and always hold.

He rode his steed through every part
And many a terror did fight.
But ne'er did he find his lady love
To love at his delight.

This lady dear must be the best
In beauty and in care;
Her virtues fair, her morals high,
And qualities none but rare.

His search included every castle
Between the courtly wall.
Not once did he think of looking down
Where the poorer class fall.

And so he rode day in, day out,
He rode on his snow-white steed
Through forest deep, and by the sea
One day his path did lead.

His shoulders straight, his head so high,
His eyes, they failed to sight
The maiden of the poorer folk
With hair as black as night.

She took one look and gave her heart
Before she ever knew;
The knight who rode on the snow-white steed
She gave her heart so true.

He did not glance at this lonely maid;
But rode his steed on by.
She cast herself in the lashing sea
And so her love did die.

For days and weeks and months and years
This gallant knight did ride.
But ne'er did he find his lady love,
For on that day she died.

HOKKU

by Harriet Heck, '42

I
White dawn:
Frozen petals
Have smothered
Him who cannot
Now awaken.

II
Night flight:
Sleek black birds
Soar 'neath the moon,
Escaping hawks
Who follow them.

III
Rumbling liquid sky
Falls down.
Drowning earth
Pleads for respite.

All Bark and No Bite

by COTTON CANNON

THOUGHTS JOTTED DOWN WHILE RECOVERING FROM AN OVER-CONSUMPTION OF VALENTINE CANDY: Betty Runge and Virginia Short's valentines just the cutest ever; first some roses (red ones), then some violets (blue ones), then a lil sack of sugar (the sweet kind) followed by a wire saying "And so are you!" Get it? If you are squeamish, steer clear of the Olsen-Stunkle establishment on second Butler, for thereby hangs a tale a rat tail with a gigantic red satin bow, and a card bearing the sweet little sentiment, "In Memory of our beloved Roger, Deceased Feb. 2, 1940, A. D." One of the new Honary Organizations is the Sibley Swordfish club It was organized for the purpose of doing nothing, the rules and regulations are to do nothing A last minute report of the minutes, just flashed in, quote: "We're not doing anything these days."

xxx
THOUGHTS WHILE RECOVERING FROM BOB ZURKE, SORE FEET, AND GENERAL POOHEH CONDITION: Helen Farmer has received a radio from her lawyer-love, Bob Only station received without static P-R-A-T-T (Kans.) Nancy Bell, who bounced off to Hannibal to week-end with Ann Earickson, reports Twain to be a most charming fellow (And we don't mean the choo choo neither) Jacky Jopling, Jane Mauk and Martha Sosey decided to make a three-some for the week-end at Sosey's in Palmyra, Mo. . . .

xxx
WE NEVER BELIEVED IT TIL WE SAW: Two bathtubs lying on tummies in second Butler north wing. (There are witnesses to above statement.) Ed. note: They just walked out on their own four feet, laid down and died between four plumbers and six monkey wrenches Marge Dearmont on campus for a whole week-end, with the exception of Saturday when she traipsed to the city. . . .

xxx
MEMO: The keys to Mrs. Taylor's car are hidden in Kitty's handbag she doesn't want her Mamma to go home Somebody remember to sing "Happy Birthday dear George" in the dining room next Feb. 22 Stop in and hear Betty Kelley's new record It's her Johnny crooning five numbers for her ears alone, but she'll let you listen Ann Thompson has renewed her romance with Tulsa after receiving that picture Get acquainted with Penny Hewett's Uncle Larry, gentle reader He took a crowd of starving females to the Statler for steak Marjorie Green was missing Dayton so much, she had him shuffle down for the dance Spring sprung Feb. 22 when the Sophomore "Canaries" began to flit around campus Some birds Grace Quebbeman's favorite song seems to be "Study in Red" Could this be caused by Warren recovering from scarlet fever at Depauw? Four belles from Ayres, Lulagene Johnson, Tommye Lou Jones, Margaret Funk, and Marie Smith week-ended with Betty Macon at her home in Jefferson Barracks Had the lieutenants in dithers Peggy Hooker and Ann Earickson took in the Scabard and Blade formal at ye olde Purdue Dot Owen still smiling mysteriously over her stay at University of Arkansas Barbara Adams, who wears a sparkler on her fourth finger, very thrilled over the French nosegay from Dick

xxx
WHO WILL BE OUR POSEY

WHO'S WHO

Who lost her voice but for that squeak?
Who wears her hair with bangs this week?
Who has those big, brown innocent eyes
That obviously tell such awful lies?
Why, it's our oomph girl!

MOONIENE AND BLAKE

by Kay Abernathy, '42

Mooniene and Blake, two lovers true,
Planned on the morn to wed,
Till news came from the royal court
That Blake must sail instead.

As dawn broke on their wedding morn
His ship sailed from the bay.
With tearful eyes she waved farewell
And longed that he might stay.

Two years passed by, and each morn's dawn
Found Mooniene by the sea,
Watching, hoping every ship
The craft of Blake would be.

But one cold morn a ship with news
Was brought by wintry wind.
Bold Blake was lost in a dreadful storm—
Would ne'er sail back again!

The sweet Mooniene, oh, wretched maid,
Went once more to the shore,
Climbed high upon a rocky cliff
Above the sea's wild roar.

All day and night she sat and wept
And longed with Blake to be.
With broken heart and tortured soul
She leapt into the sea!

If this sad tale could but here end
Fate would not seem so mean.
But, shortly after Mooniene's death,
The craft of Blake was seen.

Bold Blake had struggled, battled home,
His ship a wreck 'twould seem,
To spend his life in sorrow's gloom
And grieve for his Mooniene.

Art Sorority Pledges

Kappa Pi Pledges for this year were welcomed recently. Those girls that were honored are Betty Lou Tatum, Ruth Schneider, Jean Stubbs, Jenna V. Giles, Maurine Marshall, Peggy Cassell, Marian Sautter, Helen Farmer, Marjorie Leverton, and Janet Thomas.

QUEEN?: This year a flower queen will blossom out at the St. Louis Flower Show scheduled from March 9 to 17. The candidates are to be chosen from five schools in the vicinity of St. Louis. The blossom from Lindenwood is to be chosen from the Botany and Cultivated Plants classes and will be voted upon by those groups. Pick your prettiest bud, girls, for it would be a "bloomin'" shame if we didn't win.

xxx
SAFETY TALK: Always keep both eyes open on Valentine day, because of the terrific traffic jam on Campus It's rumored that Uncle Guy C. Motley considered renting a stop light after a goodly number of freshmen were confined to the infirmary with broken hearts caused by tripping over messenger boys (Confucious say: Jay-walking college girl who causes wreck between two western union boys gets wires crossed.)

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Sidelights of Society

Truly A Carnival with Juniors, Hosts

Members of the junior class were hostesses at a carnival dance on Friday evening, February 9. The decorations were vari-colored pennants.

The carnival was complete with its soda pop, cracker jacks, and its side shows and other concessions. The side show included Tiny, the fat woman; the four Goon children; Lulu, the snake charmer; Punjab, the tall man; the Siamese twins; Lelani, the hula dancer; the wild woman; and a bathing beauty show.

Weight guessers, palm readers, corn guessing and ring tossing games, fish ponds and fortune telling provided entertainment for the evening. Prizes were given for the best costumes.

Looking Toward May Queen

On Thursday, February 29, at 11 o'clock, will be the election of the May Queen and her attendants for the spring festival, which will be given May 18.

The seniors will choose the May Queen and two attendants; the juniors, a maid of honor and two attendants; the sophomores and freshman classes will elect two attendants.

What Lindenwood Thought Of "Gone With The Wind"

For the past two and a half weeks the campus has been deserted over the week-ends, and slightly bare looking during the week, and small wonder, for the epic of the century has arrived. "Gone With The Wind" is with us.

The BARK was able to learn from some of the girls who have gone that the picture was truly stupendous, and that Vivian Leigh was most satisfactory, the costumes were lovely, etc., etc., but Clark Gable—Ohhhhhh . . . ! Ears ring with the glowing praises heaped upon our Rhett.

Tales also are coming in about the magnificent stoics who stand in line for four hours for the privilege of seeing the masterpiece, but we think we'll wait until 1943 and see it in style.

Book Reviews at Home Economics Club

On Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock in the library club rooms, the Home Economics club held a meeting. Peggy Hocker and Betty Kelley presided, and Jane Goran was in charge of the program.

Four book reviews were given. Harriet Wilson reported on "Fashions for a Living" by Jane Maxwell and Gertrude Warburton. "Land Below the Wind", by Agnes Newton Keith was reported on by Jeanne Osborn. Estelle Hays reported on "It's a Woman's Business" by Estelle Hamburger, and Dorothy Felger reported on "Fifty Little Businesses".

Five of the active members received red and white carnation corsages, which was in keeping with Washington's birthday. Cherry pie, ice-cream, coffee, and tea were served for refreshments.

Miss Phyllis Clarkson, a student at Christian College, was the guest of Alice Darneal last week-end.

Romance In Driving

Lindenwood's Teachers Use Care In Naming and Training Their Cars

Many of the Lindenwood faculty have cars and some of the cars have been given most interesting names. The drivers of these cars are from our own number and that makes them more human to us. Of course, we think they are human anyway, but sometimes their exams and tests give us a bit of a fright. However, cars can put almost everybody on the same footing.

Dr. Betz' Ford, Annabella, has lately had a new name added—that of Power—for the namesake just lately took a new better half. This was a bit disconcerting in some ways but the car and Dr. Betz both seem to be standing up very well. This car is for a good time and, since Dr. Betz likes to drive, it has an all-round good time. "My pet hate is having to turn around. I just hate to travel the same road twice! I like to drive, like country driving best, but I don't mind city traffic. I prefer the ditch to one of these big transport trucks if it should ever come down to making such a choice. My pet peeve is people on bicycles at night without lights." Dr. Betz used to have a cat which accompanied him on trips from his home in Cincinnati. The cat was a very good passenger and sat on his shoulder. "My only real car trouble has been a bad battery and this has now been remedied," Dr. Betz said.

Dr. Gregg is now driving her third Ford. Her first was called the Dusty Answer, the second was Paradise Regained, and this one is Nameless. She learned to drive in about 10 days—driving 50 miles a day to put the 500 miles on the car before she left for the coast. By the time she returned, she had ten thousand miles on the car. "My pet peeve is the impolite hoodlum who honks at me to make me go into the most impossible traffic. However, there is nothing quite so nice as snarly traffic. I do like the open spaces and the mountains, though. My first car was trained for birding—that is, it always stopped when it saw a bird to let Miss Karr get out to see it."

Miss Karr now has a car which she calls Rolet and has shortened to Rollin'. "Everyone who has a Chevrolet calls it a Chevy so I call mine the last part. I haven't had any car trouble and I like to drive in the country. My car doesn't know how to stop for birds so well as Dr. Gregg's" Miss Karr said that she gets a bit squeamish when a trailer truck passes.

When Dr. Dawson was asked if she had a name for her car she said, "My automobile? Mercy No!"

Dr. Harmon likes to drive in traffic and to take all the right-of-ways given to him.

Dr. Terhune says she hasn't named her car and her brother says she can't talk to it properly because she hasn't. She drives a Ford.

Miss Wurster drives a Ford but hasn't named it yet. Her old car was named Annette.

When Miss Scott was asked if she had a name for her car, she put on a most pained expression and said, "Why should I worry about naming my car when I have thirteen girls to look after?"

Miss Bailey had a most novel idea for the whole affair. She suggested that the students have a contest to see who could find the best names for the cars on the campus. Maybe that would be a good idea, Miss Bailey. Her car has many names but probably answers best to Little Eva. It will come to 'most any name that has blue in any shape or form

connected with it, too.

Many of the other members of the faculty and administration have cars but this is all that the reporter has had the time to see. Next time we'll try to get you all.

Pi Gamma Mu Meets

Pi Gamma held its business meeting February 12 and four new members were initiated. Jeanette Lloyd, Pearl Lucille Lammers, Mary Helen St. Clair, and Peggy Turchott were the initiates.

Vocal, Violin, Organ And Piano Numbers

There was a students' recital in Sibley Chapel, Tuesday afternoon, February 20.

Dorothy Isbell, accompanied by Coralee Burchard, played a violin solo, "None But the Weary Heart" (Tchaikowsky-Elman). "Connais tu le pays" (Mignon) by Thomas and "Let My Song Fill Your Heart" (E. Charles). Frances Shudde accompanied Gloria on the piano.

Nelle Motley and Marjorie Smith played two organ and piano numbers, which the audience enjoyed. These numbers were "Pastorale" (Guilmant) and "Grand Aria" (Demarest). "Organ Prelude, E Minor" (Bach-Siloti) was played by Virginia McCarthy.

Dixie Smith, accompanied by Janice Martin, sang "O Bimba Bimbetta" (Sibella) and "My True Love Hath My Heart" (Browning). Another interesting piano and organ number was played by Dorothy Nieman and Cordelia Buck. They played the last movement of "Concerto No. 4 in C Minor" (Saint-Saens).

Miss Frances Harper of Little Rock, Arkansas, visited on the campus last week. Frances attended Lindenwood last year and came back to see many of her friends.

Harris Ordelleide sang at a meeting of the young people of the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, on Sunday, February 11. His stage name, Harris Ordell, appeared on the program.

Harris is a pupil of Miss Walker.

Thursday, February 8, the Illinois club held a social meeting in the library club room in the form of a tea. Those attending were most of the 48 members of the club and Miss Anderson, club sponsor.

Jeanne Miller visited her aunt in Cincinnati, Ohio, the week-end of February 23. While there she attended the winter formal at the University of Cincinnati, where Jan Savitt played.

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Former May Queen at Carnation Show

Mrs. Charles Doris, the former LaVerne Rowe who was the May queen of Lindenwood in 1928, was a very outstanding figure at a Carnation Show held at the Hotel Chase, January 29-30. Mrs. Doris, whose father is a well known florist, showed some of her father's flowers, including the "Kokomo", a new carnation with a yellow center and edges variegated with yellow, brown and white. Mrs. Doris' picture appeared in several St. Louis papers concerning this flower show, and Lindenwood girls were interested.

Phyllis Steward went to Rensselaer, Ind., with Helen Kanne, February 14. While they were gone, they visited at Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Helen's home is in Rensselaer.

Peggy Dodge and Lulagene Johnson spent the week-end of February 10 in Rolla, Mo., where they attended the initiation formal dance at the Theta Kappa Phi House.

Gertrude Schmidt, a student of last year, was on the campus last week visiting Mary Dillon. Welcome back, Gertie.

Margaret Funk, Marie Smith, Tommye Lou Jones, and Lulagene Johnson spent the week-end of February 17 at the home of Betty Macon at Jefferson Barracks. While there, they attended the Post hop.

Sarah Jefferson visited Virginia Mering at Columbia, Mo., the week-end of February 3. Virginia was a student here last year.

FRISINA STRAND St. Charles, Mo.

Wednesday Feb. 28
"NURSE EDITH CAVELL"
with Anna Neagle
May Robson

Thursday Feb. 29
"A CHILD IS BORN"
with Jeffry Lynn
Geraldine Fitzgerald

Friday March 1
"SECRET OF DR. KILDARE"
with Lionel Barrymore
Lew Ayres

Saturday March 2
"Man Who Wouldn't Talk"
—and—
"SLIGHTLY HONORABLE"
with Pat O'Brien

Sun.-Mon. March 3-4
"BROTHER RAT and BABY"
with Wayne Morris
Jane Bryan

Wed.-Thurs. March 6-7
"HE MARRIED HIS WIFE"
with Joel McCrea
Nancy Kelly

Friday March 8
"RULERS OF THE SEA"
with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Margaret Lockwood

Sun.-Mon. March 10-11
"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"
with Fred MacMurray
Barbara Stanwyck

Wed.-Thurs. March 13-14
"INVISIBLE STRIPES"
with George Raft
William Holden