

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18—No. 9

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, February 14, 1939

\$1.00 A Year

From the Office of the Dean

The grades for the first semester are now out and Dr. Gipson finds that on the whole the grades are very satisfactory. Especially to be complimented are many of the freshmen, who proved themselves fine students throughout the entire first semester of their college career. Students who have not paid library fines or book bills will have to do so before grades can be given.

Dr. Gipson also commented on the new Roemer Silver Jubilee Lindenwood catalogue for the coming year. It has a fine appearance, and contains a complete description of the Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Building. It is one of the most outstanding catalogues.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, Feb. 14:

11 a.m., Ground-Breaking Ceremonies for the Lillie P. Roemer Fine Arts Building.

5 p.m., Home Economics Club.

5 p.m., Music Recital, Sibley Chapel.

6:30 p.m., Spanish Club.

Wednesday, Feb. 15:

4:30 p.m., Little Theater program.

5 p.m., Triangle Club.

6:45 p.m., Y.W.C.A.

Thursday, Feb. 16:

11 a.m., Speech Recital. Roemer Auditorium.

5 p.m., Beta Pi Theta.

Friday, Feb. 17:

8 p.m., Orchestra Concert.

Saturday, Feb. 18:

8:30 p.m., Sophomore Class sponsoring Date Dance.

Sunday, Feb. 19:

6:30 p.m., Concert, Miss Englehart and Miss Gieselman.

Monday, Feb. 20:

5 p.m., Meeting, Athletic Association.

6:30 p.m., Pi Alpha Delta.

Tuesday, Feb. 21:

11:30 a.m., Address, Dr. J. Walter Malone, of the University of Illinois.

Wednesday, Feb. 22:

11:30 a.m., Ash Wednesday Lenten Service, Dr. Malone.

5 p.m., Pi Gamma Mu.

6:45 p.m., Y.W.C.A.

Thursday, Feb. 23:

11 a.m., Dr. Malone.

5 p.m., Delta Phi Delta.

Sunday, Feb. 26:

4:30 p.m., Tea, Library Club Room.

6:30 p.m., Vesper Service.

Monday, Feb. 27:

8 p.m., Dr. Harlan Tarbell, 'Magic'

Assists In Science

Miss Elizabeth Heuser has been appointed assistant in the Biological department this semester, as the work has practically doubled with the unusually large enrollment in science classes. Miss Heuser is carrying on graduate work at Washington University, where she received a bachelor's degree last year.

U. of I. Speaker, Comes to Lindenwood

The Student Council and Y.W.C.A. are cooperating in planning a program that will begin the Lenten services. They have secured as the speaker, Dr. J. Walter Malone of Champaign, Ill., minister of the McKinley Memorial Church and the McKinley Foundation at the University of Illinois where he is a great favorite on the college campus and his church is always filled with young people. Dr. Malone is a friend of Dr. Harmon and it was through Dr. Harmon that Dr. Malone was obtained.

Dr. Malone will arrive at Lindenwood February 20 and will speak at chapel Tuesday and Wednesday at 11:30 and Thursday at 11 o'clock. He will also be available for student conferences during the day.

New Editor of Bark

Kay Lovitt, of Great Bend, Kan., a popular member of the sophomore class, has been appointed editor-in-chief of the Linden Bark. She is a member of the class in journalism, and has done active work on the Bark hitherto. She is known in campus activities, and last semester was appointed head of swimming. Taking Mary Louise Mills' place Kay will be on hand to receive news for the Bark from all organizations and individuals interested. She is also in charge of the advertising.

Author's Life Traced

Cyril Clemens Reviews Life of Mark Twain.

Cyril Clemens spoke on the topic, "My Cousin, Mark Twain", at chapel on Thursday morning, January 12. Being a relative of Mark Twain he told some most interesting and authentic stories about the life of this lovable author.

Mr. Clemens started with the childhood of Mark Twain and traced his progress as an author. Mark Twain was born November 30, 1835, in the hamlet of Florida, Mo., which is in the northeastern part of Missouri. At the age of 4 he moved to Hannibal with his parents and there went to the public schools. Twain's father died when Mark (then Samuel Clemens) was 12 years old, so he quit school and started working on a newspaper in Hannibal. He set type on the newspaper, which furthered his education due to the fact that he read all the classics in type.

Because he lived on the Mississippi, Twain's mind was turned toward the river and eventually he went to New Orleans. It was there that he gained the friendship of Captain Bixby and became a cub-pilot. In 1859 he obtained his pilot's license and at this time when he was on a trip up the Mississippi, shots were fired at the boat from Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. This was the beginning of the Civil War, so Twain immediately joined a regiment. His pen name, Mark Twain, was derived from his experience on the river, as it is really a river lingo

Many Aunts and Cousins of Beautiful Model, Lindenwood Girls

Lindenwood has the happy fortune of being able to claim Mary Helen Steed, the beautiful model in the current number of McCall's magazine who is advertising tooth paste. There are several poses of her. She is the daughter of Arthur Steed, Middletown, Ohio. Lindenwood lays claim to her because of her many relatives who attended here.

Mr. Steed's sister, formerly Mabel Steed (1901-3), now Mrs. E. A. Keithly, O'Fallon, Mo., and her daughter Helen Keithly (1932-37), now Mrs. Paul Ted Markham of St. Louis, a cousin of the model, attended Lindenwood.

The model's four great aunts received collegiate course diplomas with the exception of Miss Mattie Steed who attended in 1873-74, and who died at an early age.

The other great aunts are Julia Steed (1873-77), Mrs. James S. McClellan of Trinidad, Col.; Nettie Steed (1880-85) Mrs. A. D. Raffington of Hutchinson, Kan.; and Edith Steed (1887-89) Mrs. Lawrence T. Smith of Colorado Springs, Colo., all of whom received their diplomas.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Steed of 735 Jefferson St., St. Charles, who have celebrated their 60th anniversary, are Mary Helen's grandparents.

Mary Helen has modeled in New York for two years, is 23, and will be married in the spring.

used in telling about the depth of the water.

In 1863 he went to San Francisco where he worked on a newspaper, until he was "fired" a few months later. Mr. Clemens said that his cousin then went to the Hawaiian Islands and upon his return from there was asked to lecture on his trip. Although he was shy and didn't want to lecture, he was finally persuaded to do so and was such a success that he made a name for himself as a lecturer.

Following this, he went abroad and was immensely popular with the English people, who enjoyed having him tell jokes on themselves. Mr. Clemens mentioned the fact that Mark Twain always carried an old cotton umbrella with him. On the boat coming back Twain met "a fellow named Langdon" and fell in love at first sight with a picture of Langdon's sister Olivia and later married her. They settled down in Hartford, Conn., and their neighbor was Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was a very good friend of theirs.

Mr. Clemens brought out some interesting facts about the humorous character of Mark Twain, mentioning the point that he inherited his wit and humor from his mother. He had white hair and always wore white and was particularly interested in studying human nature. His language was colorful and humorous and he is quoted as saying, "In writing a story, get the facts first and distort them as much as you want to later." In 1907 Mark Twain

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New Building Begun; Ground-Breaking Today

Dr. Roemer Will Lift First Spade of Earth For Memorial Which He Gives.

This morning at 11 o'clock ground will be broken for the new Lillie P. Roemer, Fine Arts Building, the gift of President John L. Roemer in memory of Mrs. Roemer.

The ground has been staked off for the building, which will stand east of the Music Hall and north of the main driveway.

Today's program begins at 11 o'clock with assembling in chapel, where Dr. Harmon will offer prayer. Procession will be taken to the site of the new building. As it is to be a building for music and art, short addresses will be made by Mr. Thomas, dean of the music department, and by Dr. Linnemann, head of the art department.

Dr. Roemer will break the first spadeful of earth, after which the sod will be turned by students representing the various music societies and art societies of the college.

The program for the breaking of ground has been arranged by the Silver Anniversary committee. Dr. Gipson is chairman of the committee, and the members are Dr. Stumberg, Dr. Schaper, Miss Hankins, Miss Cook, Mr. Motley and Mr. Thomas.

The building itself with furnishings and improvements pertaining to the building will cost around \$200,000.

Keen competition has been shown for the construction and many bids have been received. The contract has been awarded to J. J. Wuellner and Son of Alton, Ill. St. Charles labor will be used as far as possible in putting up the building.

It is expected to be ready for occupancy by the opening of school next Fall, September 13.

Semester Brings New Girls; Come From Many States

Several new girls have come to Lindenwood this semester from various parts of the United States. Those who are classified as freshmen are Amelia Allen, Dallas, Texas; Helen Coulter, Seneca, Ill.; Harriet Craigo, Tulsa, Okla.; Margaret Funk, Great Bend, Kansas; Marjorie Murphy, Silex, Mo.; Helen Ousley, Mobile, Alabama; Virginia Stillwell, Evansville, Ind.; and Mary Jane Torling of St. Louis. Shirley Carlson of Chicago transfers as a junior, and Jeanne Waitt of Sioux City, Iowa, is a special.

BEREAVED

Sympathy is extended to Margaret Ann McCoid, who returned to the college Sunday night, from Niotaze, Kan., where she was called two weeks ago by the sad news of the death of her father. Mr. McCoid, who was president of the bank in Niotaze, has been ill for several weeks, with heart trouble.

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Kay Lovitt, '41

EDITORIAL STAFF

Margaret Hart, '41 Mary Virginia Lay, '41
Evelyn Jeanne Katz, '41 Mary Mangold, '40
Dorothy Miller, '40

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1939.

The Linden Bark:

"Hearts and darts and maids and men,
Vows and valentines are here;
Will you give yourself again,
Love me for another year?"

John Erskine.

Let All Consider George Washington

Even though today we laugh at the story of Washington and the cherry tree, it is impossible to deny that a few men of honor and integrity in high position would be of great value in this troubled world. Too many men are like the diplomat who said that he had been sent abroad to lie for his country. Promises are made and broken by the leaders of almost every country with the same careless ease they would use in breaking a string which stood in the way.

Washington was a strong and just man, honorable in all he did therefore let this country pattern itself after him and be likewise strong and just. No country can be defeated from within or without, so long as it is true to its best self.

Lindenwood's High Rating in the Fine Arts

Lindenwood girls have always known the importance of music and art in their lives. Lindenwood's "Patterns for Living" include music and art, for it is through these that each of us strives for perfection. Music and art reflect the spirit of beauty and in that we see the fulfillment of our ambitions and ideals. Music and art then are like a sea into which flow streams of our expressions and just as streams need an outlet so do our expressions.

Lindenwood girls have always been very fortunate in having access to music and art centers in St. Louis and have had material that would help to cultivate their tastes. Ground for the new Lillie P. Roemer Fine Arts building that Dr. Roemer has made possible will be broken today and with the completion of that building music and art students will have a compact laboratory in which to develop these patterns for living which will go far in making the cultured and competent women of tomorrow.

Happy "Holy Day" For Valentines

February 14 is celebrated in honor of St. Valentine, a bishop, who was a martyr of the church and put to death. For centuries it has been a custom to choose valentines on this day, and it was an old belief that birds mate on this day.

Valentine's Day at Lindenwood is a gay occasion—'mid candy, flowers, and telegrams. Very few people ever think of how this holiday originated, yet it ranks as such a triumphal celebration throughout the country. At this time the candy stores are gaily decorated with huge hearts which fairly put romance into one's heart. This day might officially be called, "Sweethearts Day", for in truth it is the one day set aside for the young romantics.

In the evening Miss Walter plans a lovely Valentine dinner for the girls. This day is looked forward to by all the girls, and may it carry memories long to be cherished.

Linden Bark Editor Completes Her Work

It is with regret that the Linden Bark staff loses its Editor-in-Chief, Mary Louise Mills. "Totsy", as everyone knows her, completes her work this semester and is going to be in St. Louis the rest of the year working. She plans to be at Lindenwood for graduation in June. Totsy has always been interested in the Linden Bark and last year was business manager at which time she built up the advertising of the paper most satisfactorily. Then this year her duty was doubled by being both business manager and editor. She has been most successful in her job and done her part to make the Linden Bark interesting for all the girls. So good luck and best wishes to you Totsy for a successful career!

Bible Contest Active

The Freshman Bible Contest offered each year to freshman has been announced and already 69 girls are enrolled. The contest includes Bible memory work, and winners will be determined by the accumulation of points in three written examinations. The first examination will be held February 17. At the close of the contest the three highest winners will receive money prizes, the first prize being \$25, the second \$15 and the third \$10.

An Upperclass Bible Contest is also offered and the project will be writing on a topic of Biblical literature. There are 10 enrolled in this contest. The subjects of the papers have to be turned in to Dr. Harmon before Spring vacation and the papers have to be finished by May 20. The first prize will be \$25, the second \$15, and the third \$10.

CAMPUS DIARY

By D.M.

Monday, February 6—Dear Diary—'Tis a new semester that greeted everyone's cheerfully woebegone expressions this morning—a new page, a new book takes the place of the old. Better sledding this time, I hope.

Tuesday, Feb. 7.—Many went to the Civic Music league tonight. Dates also appeared tonight but not for yours truly. Studies have already been piled on so high that I can't see through the maze of books. Privileges, wonders of wonders, have been granted to those wishing to stay in St. Louis over the week-ends; a special place has been provided.

Wednesday, Feb. 8.—Poetry was collected today from those who wax sentimental over the beauties of the world—Gloom still touches many countenances although they were brightened considerably when told of the coming boat trip, May 23.

Thursday, Feb. 9.—Dear Diary—Just imagine the horror, the fascinating horror of those in chapel today when big, slimy, oozy snakes, yes, I said snakes, appeared on the stage—That's what happened, diary.

Friday, Feb. 10—Everyone dressed up tonight for the big affair, the freshmen dinner dance, and looked very lovely in multi-colored gowns.

Saturday, Feb. 11—Again many trekked off to the city to buy clothes, attend the theaters and, others just to go.

Sunday, Feb. 12.—Church claimed some, others slept. After dinner there was a mad scramble for the post office. Mail is an important item on Sunday, more than on other days, it seems.

Monday, Feb. 13—Everyone is frantically hoping for the true spirit of the morrow to put forth its kindly hand and leave a tiny, even a very tiny heart, on her doorstep, even your, diary dear.

Tuesday, Feb. 14—Well, it's here. Is everybody happy, diary?

"AND TELL OF TIME"

by Laura Krey

Reviewed by Mary Jean Lauvetz, '41

What Laura Krey has given us in *And Tell of Time*, is a book in the *Gone With the Wind* tradition but whose characters are more refined and likable. It is a romance of old Texas during the reconstruction period, based to a certain extent upon historical events which the author heard of from her grandfather.

The many characters and interweaving plots make the book colorful and interesting. The development and maturity of Cavin's wife, Lucina, present many examples of courage and wisdom. The solution of her conflict—between the love of her homeland, Georgia, and of her husband—is a fitting climax to the novel.

The strumming banjos of the negroes and their spirituals alternate with reigns of terror throughout the novel.

And Tell of Time opens with the ending of the Civil War and the disillusioned and exhausted soldiers returning to their ravaged homes. It traces the history of a Texas family through Philip, a physician, to Cavin, his son, and to Cavin's children. Many adventures, some of them very unpleasant, take place during this hectic period of Reconstruction atrocities and politics, but Cavin carries the burden of postwar days well, and although he becomes weaker physically, he grows stronger mentally.

Miss Krey's prejudices against the

North are sung a little too lustily, however, for the book to be liked by everyone. In their speeches, the characters betray her indignation and sympathies to too great an extent.

The emphasis of the book is laid, as the title suggests, upon man's insignificance in the passing of time. It presents a vivid picture of the conditions in the South during postwar days and for those who are interested in this period *And Tell of Time* will be an especially entertaining story. Its quiet and charm leave one with much to think about after one has laid it aside.

Speaks On Snakes In L. C. Chapel

Dr. E. Willingham of the First Baptist church of St. Louis was the speaker in chapel at 11 o'clock Thursday morning in Roemer auditorium. Dr. Willingham's address was upon the subject of snakes both poisonous and non poisonous in the United States. Dr. Willingham said that most people have the wrong attitude toward these creatures and that a snake will not hurt a person until the snake itself sees that the human himself is afraid. As soon as a snake sticks out its tongue, that is a sure sign of friendliness.

The three types of poisonous snakes in our country are the Coral, which are about the width of a pencil, the Cotton Mouth, more commonly known as the Water moccasin, and the Rattlers.

Dr. Willingham had several different species of snakes with him, and a very unique demonstration took place upon the stage.

ROUND 'N ABOUT

What Ayres sophomore will be seen in the near future at the Bright Spot munching contentedly on a hamburger, the result of a telephone bet? The hamburger muncher bet He would call while Miss Gambler just knew He wouldn't and had forgotten that she even existed. Result: a telephone call, a hamburger and everybody happy.

Campus observation—A certain junior looking like seven days rain. "Hurry Home" Chet, for "It's Been So Long".

We wonder if Dr. Talbot misses her tea parties as much as her Comparative Anatomy girls do. All pleasant things must end, even the delicious refreshments eaten in the Lab. room amid the gory and bloody atmosphere of dissected cats and dogfish. The girls even commemorated their glorious days in a final tribute—a dirge to the dear dead days (to say nothing of the dear dead cats).

The clomph of wooden shoes and the sharp beat of tap shoes on Ayres steps are forever silenced. It seems that all Ayres were quite well aware of the dooming fact except one small freshman who proceeded to make a very apropos entrance at a very crucial moment.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

received the degree of Doctor of Literature at Oxford. Mr. Clemens closed by saying that he wished to impress on everyone's mind that in reading Mark Twain we often see his humor but too many times we miss his wisdom.

We are happy to present, in this literary supplement to the BARK, further examples of interesting literary work being done by students in the College. Appropriately for St. Valentine's day, there are included several examples of the sonneteer's art.

LOIS FINDS LOVE

By Lois Adele Brown, '42

At the tender age of sixteen the thought of a glorious vacation in Yosemite National Park suggested not only excitement but romance to me. I had visions of a handsome Forest Ranger sweeping me off my feet and riding away with me to his Ranger Station, far up in the wild and rocky peaks. I sighed, filled with ecstasy. Yes, I had been seeing too many western movies, where handsome Hal kidnaps the gal, and helped by his pal, keeps her corraled.

It was a long hot, dusty trip to California, but my hopes were high and my spirits good. My first impression of Yosemite was the smell of trees in the air, the feel of soft pine needle mats under foot, and the sight of beautiful rocky peaks and foamy falls. Everything was here but my Ranger. But this was only the beginning. We drove up to a Ranger Station. A handsome middle-aged Ranger stepped out, asked for my father's gun, sealed it, and returned it to him. He was too old for me. I must look further.

We found a wonderful place to stay. There were many people there, possibly thousands. All the cabins were taken, so we had to live in a tent. While unpacking we could hear our neighbor telling a wild tale about a bear to a friend of his, whose exclamatory Ohs! and Eeks! could be heard for many tents around. I wondered if I would wake up in the middle of the night with a brute of a bear licking the cold cream off my face. Such was the case of the ill-fated woman our neighbor was talking about. The hair on the back of my neck rose, but it fell as I thought that in any case, there was my Ranger.

Being finally settled in our tent, my sister and I decided to go exploring. After assuring Mother that we would befriend no bears, we trudged toward the campfire in the center of the camp. Many people were there, some singing, some dreaming, and some, well, they were young and love is grand! But I was still looking for my Ranger.

Somewhere, through the discordant singing of the tourists, I could hear the music of a swing band. In search of a change, my sister and I moved in its direction. To think that amid these wild and beautiful surroundings one could see such a sight as this. A sign read, "Bob Catt and his Prowlers, Admission 85c per person." Peering through a window I looked for my Ranger. But in vain, for the only Rangers who were there were either too old and stern or too interested in other guests to see a pale face with a frost-bitten nose peering through a window, looking for her Ranger.

Discouraged but still undismayed, I moved to new fields. A loud-speaker boomed that those who wished to go to the bear feed should board the open buses at once. We boarded a bus and proceeded down the road. With the moon in my eyes and my ears slowly turning the color of my nose, I dreamed of being snatched from the bus by my Ranger on horseback. He was wonderful! We watched the bears eat. Many bears swam in the stream. All were quite visible under the lights and proceeded to ignore us completely. There was a mother bear with twin cubs who slapped all the other bears who tried to take

food from her babies. We watched them for about an hour, and then returned to camp.

Mother and Dad met us. It was near the time for the fire fall. A Ranger stood a little space apart from the crowd, signaling to the top of an enormous cliff with a flashlight. My heart stood still. He was my Ranger! I knew it! He had no horse, but nearby was a motorcycle, which was just as good. With a blissful case of hero worship quite evident upon my face, I stared at him. I missed the fire fall. All I could see was him. In all my sixteen years I thought I had never seen anyone so handsome. Finally he turned and looked at me. He smiled, probably at the wistful look on my face, but to me that smile was a confession of true love. I have never seen my Ranger since that night, but I remember well how satisfied I felt when I returned home, knowing that in her sixteenth year, Lois found love.

A SUMMER NIGHT

By Dorothy Seymour, '41

Hushed is the day and healed in dewy dark,
All busy wings sleep-folded in the dim,
Sweet green, and silent is the weary lark;
The quiet stars shine out beyond their rim
Of shadow, that enfolds all lesser shades
Into itself, while the moon's waning gleam
Sinks through the ghostly tree-tops and then fades,
And night is fragrant with the flower's dream.

The turning tides of earth move slow and deep
In an immortal peace, from grief apart,
As though these could be reason now to weep,
Nor time to cause one tear to star;
Soft silence blooms, and oh that I could sleep,
But how, with a sharp wound cut in my heart.

IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN

By Dorothy Owen, '42

As I entered the room I heard one of the girls say, "Oh! he racks beautifully", and I wondered if "racking" were something like, only newer than, the Lambeth Walk. I was wrong again. The girls were discussing their favorite subject of horseback riding. It looked as if another Friday night would go by without any bridge playing, and it did. Then, someone conceived the brilliant idea that I ought to learn how to ride, so that I could join them on the weekly demonstration of their equestrianism. I just had a vision of myself on one of those four-legged, long-legged animals.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but the next morning found me clad in a borrowed, ill-fitting outfit of very tight breeches and boots which decidedly were not made for my feet.

My amount, named Laddie, was tall and lanky. I was told that he had a good trot and that I could easily learn how to "post" on him. "Posting" was farthest from my thoughts—all I was interested in was staying on the horse.

They brought Laddie up to the mounting block and so I didn't have any trouble in getting on. Once on the horse I dared take one glance downward. I felt as if I were on top of the Eiffel Tower. Land never looked so far away. I didn't have much time to worry about this, for everyone was ready to go.

At first, we walked our horses slowly. Little realizing what would

happen next; I basked in the thought that if it all was as easy as this, perhaps someday I too could be a good rider. This joy was short-lived, for the horses began to trot. Laddie, having no consideration for my only set of internal organs, jogged along while I bounced grotesquely on his back.

On the way back, the girls decided that I ought to canter my horse so that I would know what all the three gaits were like. Once Laddie got started on his way back to the stables, nothing could stop him. On he tore, not at a canter but at a gallop with me hanging on to his neck. And then suddenly, as we neared the stables, he stopped with a jerk and I flew over his head into the bushes.

Although the ground seemed far away, it certainly didn't take me long to get there.

FOLLOW THE LEADER

By Harriet Heck, '42

The American people are rapidly becoming a nation of sheep. We shake our heads in horror at the abject state in which the people of other nations are forced to live, the compliant lives which they are forced to lead, whereas in reality we are more to be pitied than they. In the dictatorship there is at least some reason for such conformity in ideas, personality, and behavior: the dictator demands it, and that, in a totalitarian state, is that. But in America, a nation that is supposedly free, where a man may live his life as he chooses so long as it does not become detrimental to the welfare of others, there is no excuse for such dogged imitation of the crowd as we have come to believe is necessary. This uniformity is noticeable in practically every phase of life, but perhaps the way in which it can best be illustrated is by an introduction to two typical Americans—Mrs. Smythe-Parkson and Mr. John Jordon.

Mrs. Smythe-Parkson is the typical American fashion addict. In 1929 she wore her skirts so short that they showed her pudgy legs off to great disadvantage; true, in 1932 she lengthened her clothes, but now they are back to where they were in the twenties, and she is blissfully unconscious of the fact that she resembles nothing so much as a baby elephant trying to imitate the more gracefully proportioned antelope. Mrs. Smythe-Parkson also wears her hair in the new brushed up style, accentuating her unlovely neck and features, although she would have been shocked if anyone had suggested the possibility to her five years ago. The list of Mrs. Smythe-Parkson's peculiarities could go on indefinitely.

John Jordon is another typical American. He is associated with an important business firm, seems to know the formula for success, and is recognized as quite a fellow among the boys at the club. He can talk to you about any subject from the political situation to the advisability of going to Niagara Falls on your honeymoon. He has an opinion about everything, the trouble with Mr. Jordon, poor man, is that none of his opinions are original. He goes to plays, listens to the radio, and is an avid reader. Whenever he comes across a statement he considers a good thing, he carefully stows it in a corner of his mind, and when the opportunity presents itself, he draws forth his bit of plagiarized wisdom, uttering it with the air of a Solomon pronouncing judgment. Thus Mr. Jordon has built up a personality which is anything but individual; he is merely a carbon copy of well-known writers, philosophers, and statesmen.

Naturally, we shall always have

Mrs. Smythe-Parkson and John Jordon with us—it would be a queer world if we didn't, and one in which perhaps none of us would care to live; but can we call America free when her people are imprisoned by convention?

KENT OF WALES

By Jean Anderson, '41

Young Kent of Wales one blithe spring day
Mounted his horse and rode away.
"I go to seek adventure gay,"
Said charming Kent of Wales.

Young Kent of Wales saw a maiden fair
With flashing eyes and raven hair.

"For a glance from her eyes the world I'll dare,"
Said gallant Kent of Wales.

Young Kent of Wales went dashing down
To the gates of the castle in the town
To win the maid in the silken gown,
Thus handsome Kent of Wales.

Said Kent of Wales to the knight so bold,
"For your daughter's hand I'll give much gold."
"But the maid is promised," he was told.

Desolate Kent of Wales.
Said Kent of Wales, "There are other girls
With laughing eyes and dancing curls
Who'll be glad to wear my price-less pearls."
Oh fickle Kent of Wales!

THE BAREFOOT GIRL

By Barbara Thompson, '42

For the past several years I have planned to write an essay on going barefooted, but now that the opportunity has come I scarcely know where to begin. As far back as I can remember one of my greatest joys has been the removing of my shoes. The first thing I usually do on returning home is to take these confining articles from my feet; for it has always seemed to me that shoes are an expression of our subservience to the demands of civilization. No longer are we able to feel the slickness of the grass and the substantiality of the soil. All this is lost by placing a strip of leather between ourselves and the very heart of nature.

This act of wearing shoes has always been a source of contention between Mother and me. When I was very young I was often embarrassing her by removing my shoes at the most inopportune times. As I grew older and started to school, my shoes became more a part of me, and I began to lose some of my first ecstasy of freedom and to bend my soul into the irons of this suppresser called civilization. Although I would wear shoes all day, I always reserved for myself a few minutes after school when I could eat an apple with my shoes off.

During the winter time it is not so difficult to confine my feet, but it is when spring and summer come that my hardest struggle begins. Many times this past summer I have answered the door and greeted some unexpected friend with my shoes and stockings off. My father maintains that this idiosyncrasy is a remnant of mountaineer ancestry, although I claim it to be a thing of even more ancient origin. In order to further my cause I always turn to the great masterpieces of Grecian and Roman art. Who has carved a statue of beautiful Diana returning from the chase with flowing garb and uplifted hand, but shod in

oxfords? Who has painted a picture of Venus rising from the sea-foam wearing high-heeled pumps? Of course I realize that I am no Grecian goddess and that my longing for classic unrestraint is futile. Nevertheless I cling to my dream that some day at dawn I may look over a field of high green oats and, without my shoes, fling back my head and run and run until I feel myself lifted from the world of mortals into the realm of fantasy.

HISTORIC NEW HARMONY

By Mary Jo Shepard, '42

New Harmony, Indiana, being very close to my home town, has afforded me many pleasurable Sunday afternoons. As I stroll down its tree-lined streets, I realize that for more than one hundred years now, the weary ghosts of Father Rapp's clansmen and Robert Owen's followers have aimlessly wandered these lanes. Lost souls are they. They were crowded from their homes and buildings by a generation that thinks nothing of ripping out a wall or two to install a series of French windows; of changing roof lines; of adding sun parlors; of cutting in front doors to Rappite buildings that were intentionally designed to be entered only after one walked through the garden. A ghost, as anyone knows, likes to have his haunts undisturbed. He can't do an efficient job of haunting in a house that is forever being changed about. But now if the present plans are realized, New Harmony's ancient and historical buildings will be given back to the ghosts—the building restored to their original sizes and shapes, their furniture replaced, everything put back in order, just as the sturdy Rapps and idealistic Owens left things over a century ago.

The little southern Indiana town is internationally famous. As my family has often told me, about 1803 Father George Rapp led a band of Wurtemberg craftsmen from their native land to free America, where for ten years they lived in Harmony, Pennsylvania. Then, in 1814, George Rapp and one hundred of his followers started exploration of the "West" in search of a better agricultural country, one with milder climate and lying near a water highway. In June of that year they settled on land lying fifty miles from the mouth of the Wabash River. By the spring of 1815 the whole community from Pennsylvania had arrived at Harmony, Indiana. The industrious Germans soon had laid the foundation for a more than substantial town. What they built had so far never needed to be rebuilt. But believing in a second coming of Christ and practicing celibacy in order that they might be better prepared for this event, the society barely survived the century.

About the time Father Rapp and his people were building their Harmony, Indiana, Robert Owen was establishing his co-operative cotton mill colony at New Lanark, Scotland. Consequently he was interested when approached by an agent of Father Rapp, who offered to sell him the estate of the Germans in Harmony, Indiana. In 1824 Robert Owen came to America and bought the town of Harmony for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He renamed the town New Harmony and established a community of equality. Owen was not the only noted person who worked hard to build a socialistic Utopia on the banks of the Wabash. To New Harmony came men like Thomas Say, the conchologist; Josiah Warren, with his printing press; William Maclure, the geologist; and of course, David Dale Owen, who be-

came the first United States geologist. But even with the aid of these brilliant minds the social experiment failed. Nevertheless you can see why the preservation of the building of New Harmony would be of great historic value.

As I recall reading in a newspaper of several years ago, so far as is known there are only two homes in New Harmony that were built during the Owen period. However there are some twenty-six residence buildings and four public buildings that were built in the days of the Rappites. All but a very few of these buildings are being lived in today. For the state to purchase for purpose of preservation all of these buildings would bring an immediate housing problem to New Harmony. And there are undoubtedly some families who will prefer to continue to live in their remodeled Rappite and Owenite homes.

This particular difficulty does not arise in the preservation of public buildings. Among those structures to be considered is the Rappite Community House. "Old No. 2," as it is usually called, remains in remarkable condition. It has been suggested to convert the aged building into a rooming house where students could spend their week-ends while studying "history on the spot." The Germans also built Fath Rapp a two-storey brick residence. The house is in the same block as the fort, and tradition says that the two were connected by an underground passage. Though the Rappite Fort first served for defense, in later years it was utilized as a wooden mill, later a flour mill, and a granary. It has served many purposes besides those already mentioned, as a museum, then as a store, and even as a library. Dr. David Dale Owen used the fort to store his geological specimens and for his work in chemistry. Now it has stood vacant for many a year. If it is acquired by the state, residents of New Harmony believe that it will serve as a museum to house the overflow of relics from the present museum. Then there is the old Opera House. When the first stage performance was given the hall was rated as the second largest theatre in Indiana. Wishing to preserve such landmarks as these, the citizens of New Harmony hope that the state program may go so far as to include reconstruction of some of the Rapp buildings that have long since been torn down. The monuments these pioneers left are exceedingly helpful in studying their life and habits. I hope that the residents of Indiana will contribute generously so that this reconstruction project may go forward. Little New Harmony has always been a community of great fascination to me, and I wish it might be preserved for others to visit.

WHAT WILL TELEVISION BRING?

By Eloise Stump, '42

Today it is said that a man's life is his own; and it is quite true that, for most people, privacy is not hard to obtain. However, there seems to be a new era at hand which may change man's private life entirely. It is evident that television is a wonderful thing, and now that it is about to be perfected, the whole world is eagerly awaiting it. But has anyone stopped to consider the disadvantages this new invention might bring?

It makes no difference now whether your hair is combed or make-up perfect when the phone rings. What if it is Jim or Bob? He cannot see you anyway; or, if it happens to be that boring Mrs. Jones calling to invite you to an afternoon tea, she will not be able to

see the unpleasant faces you make as you quickly think of an excuse. Yes, it is quite helpful when you can hide revealing facial expressions behind a pleasant voice. However, television will change all this. How inconvenient it will be to have to rush to a mirror everytime the telephone bell tinkles! It will be practically impossible to lounge in pajamas in the morning; and as for the wearing of curlers and cold cream in the day-time—those will be almost unheard-of things. It would be extremely embarrassing to have friends see you looking your worst.

Not only will television deprive people of privacy, but it will also encourage them to be lazy. How much easier it will be to visit friends in a few years! One will only have to turn on the television set, instead of having to go several miles for a visit as he does now. Even business may be transacted from the home. It will be much more convenient to dictate letters from a comfortable living room than from the hard chair of an office. Of course, not all things can be carried on in this manner, but there will be much less going and coming than there is today. Sports, such as football or basketball, will not need a bleachers' stand, because there will be no one to sit in it. Most people will prefer to sit in their own homes and watch the games rather than to get out in the rain or cold. It will be much more comfortable to do that.

However, it will not be so much fun to stay at home and go to the movies or the theater, even though there may be more comfort. In most small towns there is nothing for young people to do but attend a movie on "date night". With television perfected, they will have to sit in the parlor with Mama and Papa, and have the movie brought to them.

Of course, as I have stated before, television will have countless advantages; however, when I hear people talk of how wonderful it will be to have everything brought to their homes, I wonder if they have ever stopped to consider the disadvantages television will bring.

THE NIGHT

By Phyllis Smith, '41

The stars do brightly shine the whole night through
Over blooming countrysides, where all is calm,
While sweet cool breezes blow about a rendezvous
Found under laced leaves of a graceful palm;
Or do above the towns and cities wink
Where many sleep in quiet solitude,
And others must needs like awake and think
Between the dark midnight and dawn subdued.
In these the hours most solemn and most still,
Night holds the world in beauty and in rest,
All labors of the day forgotten till
The morn comes with renewed strength and zest
But I again alone do work this night
While others rest, a sonnet I must write.

PERFECTION: ASSET OR LIABILITY?

By Ann Earickson, '42

I shall begin this essay with a modest statement: I have perfections. I am not perfect in every respect, of course, but I have come to one conclusion: no one can exceed me in independence and resourcefulness.

Independence and resourcefulness are two points always stressed by lecturers who wish to build fine

young people. "Be resourceful—make something out of nothing. Use your head! Be independent—stand on your own feet. Don't let anyone put anything over on you!" Good advice, as far as it goes; but it sometimes goes too far!

Take, for example, the instance of the clothes line. My roommate and I bought the clothesline for a mere quarter. Cheap, we thought, for all the convenience it would afford us. (Cheap for all the trouble it brought, too.) We waited until the morning we did our washing to put up the clothesline. We had no hammer, no screw driver, and no permission to drill holes in the wall. Here my resourcefulness and independence came to the surface with a bang! I climbed upon a chair, and using my hair brush for a hammer, I proceeded to drive a screw into the plaster. That failing, I hit upon the scheme of using my nail file as a screw-driver. It worked, to a certain extent. That is to say, it worked until we had hung the clothes on the line, and attempted to tighten it; then everything fell, with a wet and squishy sound, into the middle of the floor. We tried a second time, a third time, with the same results. At last we were able, with the aid of string, thumb tacks, and paste, to anchor the clothesline. As I write this essay, I glance with fear and trembling above my head at the column of damp garments. Will the clothesline hold, or will the tap of my typewriter keys bring it down? And if it does come down, what will my resourcefulness conjure up next? I am afraid to think.

But I am not going to worry. Some day my resourcefulness and independence may get me into something more than messes. Then, too, the clothesline may hold. Just let me warn you, if you are independent and resourceful, to let your roommate take charge—mine had to in the end!

"IT'S A HIT"

By Jean Anderson, '41

I stood on one side of the broad archery range watching Ann get ready to shoot the last round of the tournament. She was wilted from the strain; shooting sixty arrows at one time is a Robin Hood accomplishment. The day was perfect, luckily—warm, still, with vivid sunshine high-lighting the dull green turf covered by an inverted-blue-bowl sky. Ann, slim and dark, turned to her chum. "Tighten this arm guard a little, will you, Ruth?" Ruth accomodatingly adjusted the leather guard. Ann drew off her glove and examined her nearly blistered finger tips. She jerked her coral sweater smoothly over her hips and stooped for her bow. Feet braced, body straight, head flung back, she tensed for the final trial. The bow bent slowly until the arrow head was forced back to Ann's cheek. Seemingly, she caressed it for a second, then released it smoothly. The arrow curved as I have seen trout curve in a leap from a mountain stream. A satisfying little "whack" declared a good hit. "It's in the gold!" someone shouted. A bull's-eye. Ann, suddenly reckless, shot her last five arrows so quickly that they seemed to nudge each other into the target. As the last arrow swished away, the girl's shoulders dropped. She laid her bow down with painful accuracy before throwing herself on the split-log bench. As she kneaded the sore arm muscles between her fingers, she was heedless, at least for a minute, of the high score being chalked beside her name.

READ THE
LINDEN BARK

Talented Pianist Delights Audience at Lindenwood

Another in the series of Co-operative Concerts was presented Tuesday evening, January 31, in Roemer Auditorium. Erno Balogh, composer and pianist, was presented. Mr. Balogh played in his first group: "Primo tempo" by Ciaia-Bartok, "Alla turca" by Mozart and "Sonata No. 8" by Beethoven. His second group consisted of a group of Chopin's. In the third group Mr. Balogh played: "Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 15 (Rakoczy March)" by Liszt, two of his own compositions and "Whirligig" by Beryl Rubinstein. He ended his concert with the ever popular and beautiful "Blue Danube Waltz" by Strauss.

Mr. Balogh has achieved success in Europe as well as in America and his beauty of playing delighted his audience at Lindenwood.

Valentine Day Recital

Ten students from the music department will appear this afternoon in a recital in Sibley Chapel, at 5 o'clock. The program follows:

Presto AgitateMendelssohn
Evelyn Knopp.
Sonata, Op. 2, No. 1.....Beethoven
First Movement,
Doris Nahigian
Novellette, B Minor, Op. 99.....
Schumann
Maxine Courtney

Voice:
Plaisir D'AmourMartini
Southern SerenadeKlemm
Pauline Keehner
Come Unto Him (Messiah).....
Handel
Gypsy KinFarley
Pauline Gray

Piano:
Faschingsschwank.....Schumann
First Movement
Evelyn Wahlgren
Organ Fantasia and Fugue, G
Minor.....Bach - Liszt
Mary Abman.

Ensemble:
Adagio ReligiosoBecker
Violin, Marjorie Collins
Cello, Janet Evans
Organ, Ruth Jayne

SONG HITS

St. Louis Blues—Saturdays in the city.

Jeepers Creepers — The morning after.

Thanks for the Memory—Finals Are Over.

I Won't Tell A Soul I love you—Mary Mangold (???)

My Reverie—Monday after a week-end.

Ain't Misbehaving—Or ex-campus-ed kids.

My First Impression of You—New students at L. C.

There's a Far Away Look in Your Eye—Or students in class.

My Heart is Unemployed—500 Lindenwood girls.

This Is My Last Affair—Gerry Stroh.

Angels with Dirty Faces—West End Kids.

Those Funny Old Hills—Ozarks of Missouri.

Why Must I Be Tormented—Or term papers.

Nice Work If You Can Get It—Or a straight E average.

You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming—Or bells ring for class.

What do you know about Love?—or the fellows back home.

Never In a Million Years—Or will spring vacation ever come?

How Can We Be Wrong?—Linden Bark Staff.

WHO'S WHO

Let's give the juniors a break,
This one is tall and stately,
At all times she's well-composed,
Nothing disturbs her greatly.

Spring Clothes Debut, Pastels Still Popular

Paris applauds pastels. Every tender spring shade from eucalyptus green to a spirited cyclamen color will be found to accentuate your new outfits. Pale blue will be very popular with navy or copperwood accessories. Beige suits are smart with colour such as gay plaids or stripes. The casual plaid jackets are so smart when worn with a tailored shetland wool skirt. The new skirts are entirely plaited, and when the plaits fall open a different color of material shows, which is a very new idea for skirts. Hattie Veigh McFarland wears a smart blue plaid wool jacket with a plain skirt, and she chose a yellow Brooks sweater as a smart complement.

Suits are indispensable, and the dressmaker types are ever popular with the stunning costume suits for dressier occasions. The furs most shown on the costume suits are lynx and fox; however, many of the dressier suits and coats are untrimmed this season. Beige black, and navy are the three basic colors this season, but the shades are shown in varying degrees making possible many new colors for accessories. Be seeing you in your new spring togs soon!

What Valentine's Day Means To Certain Lindenwoodites

Have you all noticed how many have dug out all the old address books and started writing to the old friends from way back? It's not merely a sign of friendship, Valentine's day is approaching. We, at Lindenwood don't ask for much, but just a little something on this day of days does make a difference. Lent is coming that much is true, but certainly a measly two pound box of Whitman samplers between a pair of roommates can be downed within twenty-four hours. A few Valentine day desires have been brought into print, they are as follows:

Mary Mangold — A convertible Buick rounding the curve.

Eastlick seniors—A Cadillac phaeton for merely shopping purposes.

Jackie—Just a letter from a "cousin".

Loti—Just a letter.

General opinion—Fewer wooden shoes when cleaning rooms.

Louise Carter—More time to study.

Betty Stern—A smaller appetite.

Katzy—Just a pleasant word.

Louis Hines—More Errol Flynn pictures.

Jerry Stroh—Less perplexing questions that won't "stump" a person.

Mary Esther—A trip, to Lincoln.

Jane Waite—A "swift" recognition.

Betty Parrish—More Mickey and less mice.

Marilyn Riggs—A greater power.

Mary K. Farr—A little more Still-water that runs so deep.

READ THE
LINDEN BARK

Come Out For Basketball!

FULL TEAMS
WILL BE
CHOSEN SOON

Root For Your Favorites!

Many Join In Bowling

Watch The Sport In
Lutheran Church Alley

Teams For Dormitories
Well Organized

IN AYRES HALL—

Peggy Dodge, Captain
Barbara Johnston
Maxine Bucklew
Virginia Stern
Evelyn Rickabaugh

IN BUTLER HALL—

Louise Olson, Captain
Betty Clark
Dorothy Seymour
Flo Vellenga

IN NICCOLLS HALL—

Frances Anderson
Betty Bugher, Captain
Adele Herwitz
Alice Reid

IN SIBLEY HALL—

Kay Abernathy, Captain
Amelie Allen
Mary Books
Ann Erickson
Pauline Keehner

DAY STUDENTS—

Harriet Dalton
Dorothy Keyes
Helen Meyer
Zoe Whitmire, Captain
Adelaide Wilke

Sidelights of Society

Saw American Art Works

Dr. Alice Linneman took 50 girls in to the Art Museum in St. Louis last Saturday. They saw the various work of American artists which were on exhibition, and also Thomas Hart Benton's "Susannah and the Elders", which has been so greatly criticized, despite the convictions of several artists that it is not as bad as it has been publicized.

Hotel Privilege Granted

The Melbourne Hotel located at Grand and Lindell boulevards in St. Louis has been selected as a place for Lindenwood girls to stay while in the city. The girls may stay only Friday or Saturday nights and while there Mrs. Lawlor, the hostess at the hotel, will be in charge of the girls. Freshmen and sophomores must return to the hotel at 12, and juniors and seniors at 1 o'clock. If the girls do not abuse the privileges granted them it is certain they will derive much pleasure from this new permission.

Pierrot and Pierrette At Freshman Dance

On Friday evening in Ayres hall at 6:30 o'clock, the freshman class entertained the faculty and entire student body at a formal dinner and later at a dance in Butler gymnasium. The decorations were carried out in the St. Valentine motif, and favors were given.

Later in the evening a stunt was given by nine members of the class which included a ballet with a Pierrot and Pierrette dance.

The New Yorkers played for dancing. Mary Alice Hudson, president of the class, was general chairman, and was assisted ably by other members of the class and council.

Elaine Eckenroth spent the weekend at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Aileen Stegall visited between semesters at Christian College, Columbia, Mo.

Carol Davenport visited friends in Chicago over the week-end.

Kay Wagner visited Lois Ward, her former roommate at Lindenwood, at her home in Libertyville, Illinois.

Mary Kern spent the mid-semester vacation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Jones of Webster Groves.

During mid-semester vacation Marilyn Patterson visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Wood in Webster Groves, Mo.

Laurabeall Parkinson and Virginia Short spent the week-end following semesters at their homes in Mt. Carmel, Ill. Gerry Rasdal was a guest at the home of Laurabeall Parkinson.

Concert Well Attended

Lindenwood was well represented at the Civic Music League on January 17, several taxis full going in. The League presented Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo-pianists who gave an interesting program. The program included selections from Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and other modern composers. It was a widely varying group and gave full opportunity for the pianists to show their ability.

River Trip Planned

Last Wednesday Mr. Motley told the girls of the proposed boat trip in the Spring. He wanted the opinions of the girls about the trip. The idea was greeted with a great deal of enthusiasm and shouts from the students. The trip is planned for May 23.

Are We Considerate?

A press clipping on Dr. Schaper's bulletin board is of particular interest to Lindenwood girls, possibly as a lesson in etiquette. The writer of the article is annoyed at those people who insist upon smoking in the buses. He frankly says that as a patron of one of the county bus lines, "the most flagrant offenders of the No Smoking Allowed rule are some pert young ladies from a fashionable St. Charles boarding school who labor under the illusion that posing with a cigarette gives them a superior, sophisticated air." A note added at the end of this reads, "We have no fundamental objection to women smoking—although the habit is purely artificial and is conducive neither to health or anything else—but there is a time and place for everything."

How do Lindenwood girls feel about this matter? Maybe it would be more polite to think of others and save the smoking for trips on the chartered buses. Anyway it is something to consider.

Sermons on Wednesday Continuing Through Lent

Lenten services will begin at Lindenwood February 22, with the coming of Dr. J. Walter Malone from the University of Illinois and will continue each Wednesday until April 5.

March 1 the speaker will be Rev. Robert Fay of the Episcopal Church of Overland, March 8, Rev. L. V. McPherson of the First Presbyterian church of St. Charles will speak. Rev. Champ Ellis of the Baptist church will be here March 15; Rev. C. H. Rohlfling of St. John's Evangelical church will be the speaker March 22; Dr. Scarborough of the Fifth Street Methodist church will speak March 29; and Dr. Harmon will end the lenten services April 5.

THE TATTLER

Bernie Rubins welcomed back into the fold after an extended appendectomy . . . It must be wonderful to receive long-distance calls all the way from Los Angeles . . . Mal believing in love at first sight . . . Art Gum erasers needed for the Eton Collars . . . Ask Loti about the jitterbug she danced with at Central . . . Hear that a certain group of Butlerites had quite the time in Clayton not so very long ago . . . Hear Katzy is having the double trouble . . . Betty might like Kelley, but she's much more partial to "Brown" . . . Barbara Jean Clark winner of a lump sum at photo-parade nite . . . Gerry Rasdel had a "short" but provident week-end . . . Anne Beard corresponding in chemistry formulas . . . Marilyn Patterson lost in the "woods" . . . Bid with Dolph last week-end . . . June Baker still having the "line" in Nicolls . . . Kay Wagner back from the windy city after having visited her ex-roommate . . . Every night at 10 the second floor east wing of Nicolls looks like a Madame Sylvia salon . . . Wanted! An alarm clock for A. J. and Betty . . .

Helen Dondanville and Evelyn Rickabaugh visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gass in Cottleville, Mo., during mid-semesters.

Mr. Rohlfling Stresses Need To Face Life Squarely

The vespers speaker on Sunday night, January 22, was Rev. C. H. Rohlfling, pastor of St. John's Evangelical Church.

He spoke on facing life squarely. He used a comparison of Jonah and Zacchaeus. Jonah tried to run away from God. This is impossible for God always knows. Today there are many ways in which men try to run away from God. They use alcohol, which makes them believe they are what they are not.

Some people show their fear of life by blaming others for everything which goes wrong, he said. Many people find escape in a world of fantasy and daydreams. This is all right if it is not carried too far so that the dreams become more real than reality. Some people even find escape in a form of religion. They say to themselves that no matter what they do God will forgive them and they don't need to try to do good.

As long as King Saul walked with God all went well with him but when he turned to soothsayers, trouble came upon him and he ended his life in despair. Jonah was forced to return to do what God wished him to.

Zacchaeus on the other hand ran to a place where he could see Jesus and offered to do whatever He thought right in returning what he had taken wrongfully. We must have contact with God. The finest education is valueless without a contact with Jesus. Jesus teaches us to face life squarely because that was what He did. If we face life squarely we will receive the great reward of having Jesus by our side always.

The solo "Oh Rest in the Lord", was sung by Therese Larson.

Margaret Macdonald visited Suzanne Zemple, former Lindenwood girl, at her home in Lewistown, Ill.

Ruth Ashton went to Ft. Leavenworth for the week-end.

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HUNING'S

STRAND

TUESDAY, FEB. 14
BARGAIN DAY
"FRESHMAN YEAR"
with Dixie Dunbar

WED.—THURS. Feb. 15, 16
Claudette Colbert
Herbert Marshall
in "Z A Z A"

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17
PHOTO PARADE NITE
Dick Powell—Anita Louise

SATURDAY, FEB. 18
ON OUR STAGE
"LULU BELLE and SCOTTY"
The Royal Family of Radio
with a company of W. L. S. Artists

—ON OUR SCREEN—
Lulu Belle and Scotty
with Roy Rogers in
SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

SUN.—MON. FEB. 19, 20
"STAND UP AND FIGHT"
with Robert Taylor
and Wallace Beery

WED.—THURS. Feb. 22, 23
"SNOW WHITE AND
THE SEVEN DWARFS"

FRIDAY, Feb. 24
Maureen O'Sullivan
in "SPRING MADNESS"

SATURDAY, FEB. 25
"LITTLE TOUGH GUYS
IN SOCIETY"

SUN.—MON. Feb. 26, 27
"PARIS HONEYMOON"
with Bing Crosby

WED.—THURS., March 1 & 2
"ST. LOUIS BLUES"

FRIDAY, MARCH 3
"OFF THE RECORD"
with Pat O'Brien
Joan Blondell

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