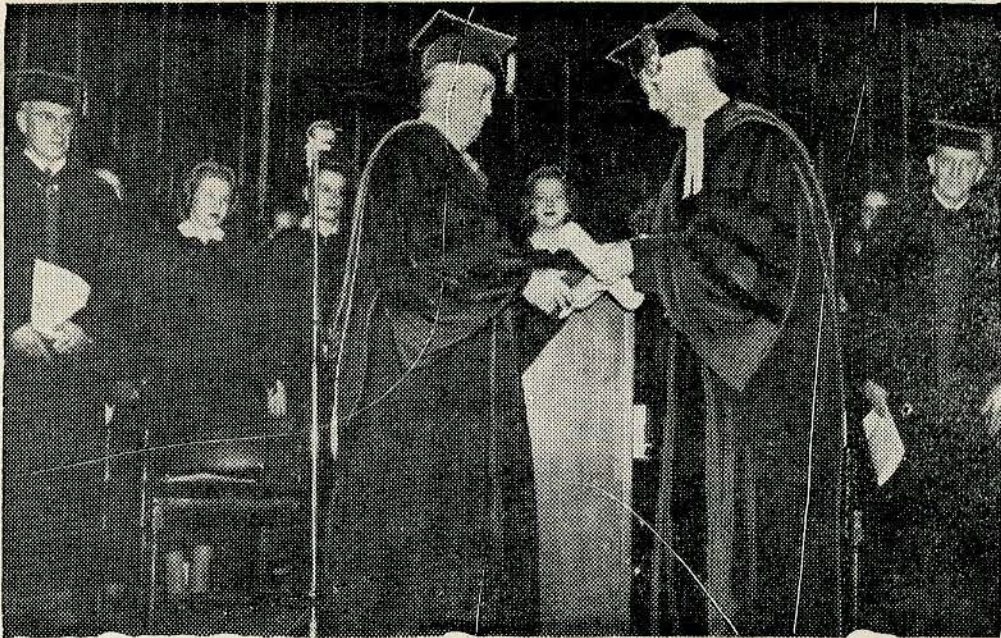


Investiture Of Dr. McCluer



The Rev. Dr. James W. Clarke, president of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, congratulates Dr. Franc L. McCluer, following his investiture as the college's fourteenth president

Connie Kane Crowned Queen By Jean Peck At Annual Harvest Ball

Connie Kane, of St. Paul, Minn., was crowned Queen at the second annual Harvest Ball, given by the Freshman Class Saturday night. The dance was held in Butler Gym—festively transformed to an autumn setting of pumpkins, corn stalks, and bright harvest hues. Chosen from thirteen girls elected at a special Freshman meeting, Queen Connie represents the choice of the student body. She was preceded to the throne by the eleven maids and crowned by her special maid of honor, Jean Peck, of Anderson, Ind.

The court consisted of: Carolyn Furnish, Kansas City, Mo.; Jean Hunter, Neosho, Mo.; Alice Jeter, Jonesboro, Ark.; Jean Loo, Honolulu, Hawaii; Mary Marlin, Eldorado, Ark.; Pat Perry, Fort Worth, Tex.; Mary Martha Sivals, Mid-

land, Tex.; Barbara Sprengle, Winchester, Va.; Evelyn Zane, Honolulu, Hawaii; Bobby York, Gray's Knob, Ky.

Stunningly attired in pink net and carrying a bouquet of yellow roses, the queen was the center of attraction the whole evening. Her maid of honor, Jean Peck, wore green net and carried yellow chrysanthemums. The court carried varicolored mums. Both the queen and special maid are blondes.

The Harvest Court walked to the dais through an aisle formed by the dancers; they were announced by Lynn Lapp. Music was furnished by Herb Mahler's band, and orange sherbert punch was served in the lounge. Dr. Marion Dawson is the sponsor of the Freshman Class.

Music Department Presents First In College Telecast Series Of Programs

Lindenwood's first telecast was presented over KSD on October 20. The program, sponsored by the Music Department, was the beginning of a series on "Education Through Television." Lindenwood, in cooperation with KSD, is one of the first colleges to present such a series.

Dr. Leon Karel acted as commentator. The program presented a history of music from the ancient Greeks to Bach. A selected group of the Choir, under the direction of Milton Rehg, sang a Greek chant, "Hymn to Apollo"; a Latin chant, "Gloria Domino"; an Italian chant, "Adoramus Te Christe" by Palestrina; and two English madrigals, "The Silver Swan"

by Orlando Gibbons, and "Now Is The Month of Maying" by Thomas Marley. Pat Shoot took the part of a teen-ager in the introductory scene. Members of the choir were: Elizabeth Bates, Elizabeth Becker, Mary Jo Flournoy, Lucille Jackson, Ann Garner, Mary Lou McNail, Marjorie Moehlenkamp, Joan Stewart, Barbara Watkins, Mary DeVries, Jean Blankenbaker, and Jean Shelton, accompanist.

The television broadcasts will be presented every two weeks. The next program, to be given tonight, will be about botany. It will be under the direction of the Biology Department.

Nancy Dana Elected Chairman Of Campus Chapter Of Red Cross

The Lindenwood Chapter of the American Red Cross was officially organized Monday evening. Miss Mary Pottorf, faculty advisor, introduced Miss Hunter, midwestern colleges representative of the American Red Cross, who summarized the activities of other Red Cross college chapters in the midwestern states. Dr. Kate L. Gregg will be the campus representative to the St. Charles chapter.

Officers and members of the council are: Chairman, Nancy Dana; vice chairman, Eloise Macy; secretary-treasurer, Kay Pemberton; Council Members Shirley Pollock, Marie Koch, Ann Nichols, Virginia Morrow, Margaret Burton, Alice Smith, and Sally Joy.

The first project of the Lindenwood Chapter will be the collection of old tennis balls, which will be used for rehabilitation of veterans who have lost the use of their hands and feet.

Series Of Student Receptions Given By Dr. McCluer

After several semesters of wondering what the President's house looked like when it wasn't being used as a temporary Health Center, L. C. students had the opportunity to make a tour of the house in a series of receptions given by Dr. and Mrs. Franc L. McCluer.

At the receptions, the students were permitted to wander from the basement to any place they could discover in the house.

Punch and cakes were served. Mrs. McCluer was assisted by wives of the faculty members.

Dr. McCluer Inaugurated As Lindenwood's 14th President In Impressive Ceremony

Dr. McCluer Greeted By Alumnae

Dr. McCluer was welcomed as the new president of Lindenwood by various organizations and friends at a luncheon in Ayres Hall following his inauguration.

Greetings from the alumnae were given by Mrs. Henry K. Stumberg, president of the Alumnae Association. Mayor Homer Clevenger welcomed Dr. McCluer on behalf of the city of St. Charles. Among other speakers were Russell L. Dearmont, a member of the Lindenwood Board of Directors; Supt. Stephen Blackhurst of the St. Charles Public Schools; Hubert Wheeler, Commissioner of Education, State of Missouri; Thomas Allan Brady, of the Association of American Colleges; Blanche Hinman Dow, representing the American Association of University Women; Scott R. DeKins of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, and President Henry Gadd Harmon of Drake University, representing the delegates present.

A reception for the delegates and alumnae in honor of Dr. and Mrs. McCluer was held in the Lillie P. Roemer Fine Arts Building from 2:30 to 5 p. m. Dr. and Mrs. McCluer, Dr. and Mrs. James Clarke, and Dean Alice Gipson received. Members of the faculty were hosts and hostesses.

Punch, served in the East Parlour, was poured by the following: Jeane Sebastian, president of the Student Council; Dorothy Roberts, president of the Senior Class; Joanne O'Flinn, president of the Junior Class; Jean Shelton, president of the Sophomore Class; Lynn Lapp, temporary chairman of the Freshman Council, and Audrey Mount, president of the Student Christian Association.

The West Parlour was decorated at one end with a banking of white chrysanthemums and green vines. Congratulatory baskets of flowers for the McCluers filled the hall.

197 Institutions Are In Academic Procession

Dr. Franc L. McCluer, one of the nation's leading educators, was inaugurated as the fourteenth president in Lindenwood's 121 years at the annual Founder's Day Convocation on October 23. One hundred and seventy-nine colleges, universities, and learned societies were represented in the academic procession which opened the inaugural program at 10 a. m.

Responding to the charge to the president, Dr. McCluer said, "I accept the honor of the presidency of Lindenwood College with a pride which I am sure you will pardon and a joy which I am equally sure will abide."

"Good tires and high speed do not lessen the need for good driving," he continued. "To overcome the confusion, inhumanity, and destruction of our day we must rely on clear thinking, humane feeling, and exercised good will."

"Here is the responsibility of a liberal college, a responsibility that must be accepted one might say with 'delight of battle,' for varied attacks on this liberal tradition persist. For instance, it is said it requires too much time and the four years should be shortened, but it is obvious that in the new day there will be more time for thought and education just as surely as there will be more need for it. Foolish as it may seem to many of us, there are those who hold that young women who have not settled upon a career other than marriage need make no effort to seek a liberal education, as if personalities with disciplined minds, able to think logically and courageously and sensitive to the meaning of our culture, will not be better citizens."

The Rev. Dr. James W. Clarke, president of Lindenwood's Board of Directors

(Cont. on page 3)

L. C. Haunted! Students Flee As Mrs. Sibley Materializes

Rain—great sheets of it—streamed from dingy skies on the Lindenwood campus—the contribution of the elements toward a somber Halloween.

When nightfall brought little lessening of the downpour, students began to fear that the weather would keep Mrs. Sibley's ghost, always delicate, from making her annual visit. (As everyone knows, only the infirmary's three most special kinds of pills and a cup of hot formaldehyde saved her from triple pneumonia after she was soaked to the skin in last year's storm.)

But the students had reckoned without the spirit and the mystical powers of Mrs. Sibley. While mortals in 1947 were cre-

ating storms with dry ice, Mrs. S. and her friends discovered a way of controlling rain once it has started. This information—generally used in that world to prevent uncomfortable underground seepage, caused by too much moisture—stood Mrs. Sibley in good stead Friday. And thus it happened that shortly before midnight, when Mrs. S. rose to keep her annual appointment, the precipitation had slowed to a damp and persistent mist.

Her flowing white robes gathered daintily around her, Mrs. S. floated gracefully into the chapel. A few moments later the strains of the traditional "Rock of Ages" could be heard outside.

(Cont. on page 3)

Lindenwood Authors

Lindenwood authors make their first bow in this edition of the Bark. Included in the literary supplement will be a wide variety of selections and interesting prose and poetry by student authors.

We are proud to publish the supplement because the literary standard of Lindenwood writers has always been so high. An hour spent reading this section will be profitable as well as enjoyable.

L. C. To Westminster - Come Again

The members of the Linden Bark staff read with interest, and some amusement, a recent letter from Arnold E. Mintz, editor of the Columns, Westminster College paper.

We hasten to explain that we did not give you of Westminster the editorial cold-shoulder. It so happens that the Bark went to press several days before the first Lindenwood dance. Thus the story had to be written in advance—which, as everyone knows, happens frequently on a biweekly paper—and it was necessary to keep the account of the evening short and general.

Let us hasten to make clear in print how truly glad we were to have Westminster men as our guests of the evening. We are most anxious to promote friendly relations between the two schools and to make the new president, of whom we have already grown so fond, feel at home. None of us can think of any better way to accomplish this two-fold purpose than to have Westminster men visit Lindenwood often. And even if we gloat a little now and then over snatching your president, remember that we like you and will do our best to make you like us.

Ghosts And Goblins

All these things about witches, goblins, pumpkins, and broomsticks which make their appearance on the night of October 31, are fun to know about, but how many of us know how Halloween night started.

Many centuries before Christmas, Halloween originated. The Druids ushered in the new season with a lavish feast. On this same date the Romans held a feast in honor of the Goddess of Fruit. Then in the eighth century, the Christians established October 31 as All Saints' Day.

One of the traditional customs of the pagan period was the building of huge bonfires to ward off the evil spirits which reigned on this night.

Many years ago in Scotland and Ireland the bobbing of apples was started. Another popular practice was to place three dishes upon the hearth. The first was filled with clean water; the second, with impure water, and the third, empty. Each person, blindfolded, placed a finger in one of the bowls. The first bowl signified you would marry a maiden or youth; the second, a widow or widower; and the third signified that you would marry a bachelor or an old maid.

Supernatural elements are involved too. Children born on October 31 are said to be possessed with certain mysterious faculties.

Through these customs of the ages our modern Halloween is a combination of pagan practices, and religious superstitions. It is quite safe to say that this night of merriment is enjoyed by both young and old.

Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

Student Poll Reveals Flat Rising Prices Pose Problem On Campus As Well As In Washington- 37 Percent Get Increased Allowance From Home

The chief topic of conversation lately seems to be high prices and what is being done to combat them. This problem is not only native to Lindenwood, but is world-wide in effect.

President Truman has called a special session of Congress to discuss the control of the higher cost of living. He pointed out that unless this Congress passes the necessary legislation, we will be faced with runaway inflation.

The Bark has conducted a survey in order to determine to what extent higher prices have affected the students. The following questions were asked several students on campus:

- 1. Has your allowance been increased to meet high prices?
A. Yes—37 per cent; No—37 per cent; No allowance—26 per cent.
- 2. How have you revised your budget to meet higher prices?
A. The majority of the girls have made no change in their budget. Several say they are cutting down on clothes, food, movies and concerts, and are walking more.
- 3. Which increase in price has affected you the most?
A. Most girls have been affected by the higher cost of clothing and food, with clothing being at the top of the list.

LINDEN BARK

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GRACIE GREMLIN



Hi kids Ya know I just about died the other day in chapel when the speaker had to roar above the din made by sooooo many girls coming in late. Then some of the girls insisted on reading letters, talking, and laughing during the entire twenty minutes. At the risk of being a deadbeat may I suggest that we treat our campus guests with just a trifle more courtesy. Here's to a quiet chapel.

OF ALL THINGS

A prett girl,
A rainy day,
A little curl,
Straight as hay.

Did you hear about the man that worked in the sieve factory? He led a strained life.

The girl who used to cry for an all day sucker is now happy with one for an evening.

Where there's a will, there's a lawsuit.

The cynic wasn't very nice
Who said with horrid snigger,
That every fellow has his price,
And every dame her figger.

He: "Say, whatever happened to those old-fashioned girls who used to faint every time someone kissed them?"

She: "Huh, whatever happened to the old-fashioned boys who made them faint?"

Bill: "What do you do when in doubt about kissing a girl?"

Bob: "I give her the benefit of the doubt."

Teacher (after writing LXXX on the blackboard): "Tell me, what does that mean?"

Sweet Young Thing: "Love and kisses."

Oh put not your trust in women
I'm a woman and know by birth
That a woman is always too clever
For the cleverest man on earth.



By Janet Brown

Bishop, Brown, Burba, Burton, Bush, Chandler, Dana, Grey, Gross—Hold it, that's enough—I'll sign. What fiend incarnate dreamed up this exquisite form of torture for new and old members of A.A.? Pity the poor girl who was taken to Emmaus mumbling—J, J, J, who is that girl beginning with J? A.A. isn't the only organization that initiated this week—at least five or six others got their pledges in. Some few of the more energetic Sophs have collected a fall bouquet—the reward for being a "Joiner."

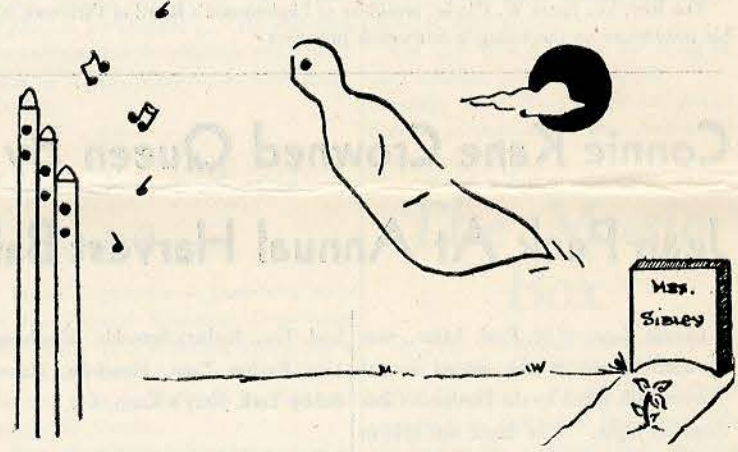
Lindenwood, the oldest women's college west of the Mississippi, paid the price of age last week and underwent an attack of ghosts—culminating in the appearance of the one, the only, the incomparable Mrs. Sibley. Our patron saint, true to tradition, yanked herself out of the great beyond and entertained curious and frightened spectators with several organ selections. Later in the night Dr. Roemer's dogs could be heard, howling at the witch's moon. Those who saw the movie this week are now firm believers in the occult—seances will be held in the Rec Room.

What better place than a girl's school—not a women's college, very few students act like mature women—for rumors to run wild. A million and one have been whispered about recently—mostly malicious—fine thing for adult college students to be indulging in.

Another example of the immaturity of many students is the cheating prevalent on campus. It may have been cute in high school—but L. C. doesn't regard it as a particularly charming trait. After all, that smart girl next to you during the quiz won't be there in four years to supply answers. What then? Ignorance.

Cleanliness is next to godliness dept.

Have you heard about the girl who sleeps on top of her spread so she won't get her sheets dirty? And the girl who washes her bobby pins when she washes her hair? She doesn't want any loose dirt hanging around.



Understand there's been quite an eruption in Fulton this week. It seems the "Willies" objected to their Westminsters men attending a Lindenwood dance. Hope L. C. hasn't been the cause of strained relations... but... we'd like to see Westminster again sometime.

Has anyone noticed the huge improvement in chapel and convo speakers this year? With a few exceptions, the speakers have been entertaining, informative, and thought-provoking—we've even had a few interesting accents to spice things up. It's a good thing we do have speakers from the outside world—otherwise Lindenwoodites would get so tied up in their own petty doings we might forget there was another world. Strange—this interest in ourselves, our friends, our teachers and our men—and the total apathy registered toward world events. How many of us have heard of the bill in Congress to cut freedom of the press? Or are we up on the latest developments in Palestine? Come on Lindenwood, let's show a little interest in spots beyond the linden trees. It's time we dropped this high school attitude.

Daffynitions:

Quartet: A group of four, each of whom thinks the other three can't sing... Suntan: A condition that's yours for the basking... Old-timer: One who remembers when bureaus were furniture... Bore: A person who is here today and here tomorrow.

There sure were a lot of beautiful women on the Freshman Court—and a lot of pretty ones not included on it. Linden wreaths of the week to all good-looking Freshmen—L. C. has reputation, whether deservedly or not is open to speculation, as the home of beautiful women, and the Freshies are certainly contributing their share. Nice dance, too.

"It's been too noisy on campus to study. And it's too far to walk to the library, and besides we must listen on the radio." Why doesn't some brilliant soul think up a new excuse? Of course the faculty members are soooo helpful. "You had too much to do to study for this class, dear. Well, just study for this class first and don't worry about the rest." Most of us have only about six teachers, all demanding that their precious subject come first—whether it's a major or a requirement.

Ed. Note—Any incoherency in the above column is the result of a night spent mopping a flooded room. A waterpipe got overly energetic. Also the result of a bad case of senile dementia, megalomania, corsicoff-syndrome, hemanopsia, algisia, necro-philia, and impartial re-dentification.

He told me the old, old story
Until I believed it true,
But after we were married—
Then, any old story would do.

THE CLUB CORNER

The Press Club held initiation services last Tuesday for twenty-five new members of the Linden Bark and Linden Leaves staffs.

Charles C. Clayton, sponsor of the organization, spoke briefly, and plans for St. Louis field trips were discussed. Officers for the year are: President, Susie Martin; vice president, Jeanne Gross; secretary, Emily Heine; treasurer, Mary Schwartz.

Parliamentary procedure was discussed at the first meeting of the League of Women Voters, held in the Library Club Room. Plans were completed for a tea to be held on November 9, and the date of the next meeting will be November 11.

The first meeting of the Indiana Club was held on October 1. The following officers were elected: President, Betty Keighley; vice president, Pam Kahre; secretary, Sally Joy, and treasurer, Vivian Brubaker. Plans were made concerning the club budget and Monday was set as meeting day.

Circuit Judge Michael Scott, juvenile judge of St. Louis, told of his experience with delinquent children at a meeting on October 22 of Pi Gamma Mu, honorary social science society.

New officers for this year are: President, Mickey Schwarting, and secretary-treasurer, Genelle Phillips.

Kappi Pi, honorary art fraternity, initiated nine new members at its first meeting on October 8. They are: Alice Baber, Sandra Chandler, Caroline Fritchell, Dona MacNaughton, Arminta Nichols, Helen Ray, Sue Stegall, Dorothy Walker, and Joyce Shoemaker. Officers for the year are: President, Marie Koch; vice president, Caroline Fritchell; treasurer, Dorothy Walker; secretary, Alice Baber.

Triangle Club was addressed Thursday night by Dr. Sigmund Betz, who spoke on weather forecasting.

Thursday night Alpha Sigma Tau heard Dr. Gregg, professor emeritus, speak on "The Lindenwood Girl of the 1840's."

L. C. HAUNTED Cont from pg. 1

and pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, presided.

Although she was obviously in a great hurry to return to her comfortable home after the concert, Mrs. Sibley graciously consented to be interviewed. Her most significant statement concerns Lindenwood's new president. "I think very highly of Dr. McCluer," she said. Could she be saying in her coy way that she has fallen in love with the man already? If so, what of Dr. Roemer, with whom she allegedly has had a romance? Can it be that the ghost of the college's illustrious founder has become frolicsome, frivolous, and PICKLE in her old age?

"I think Lindenwood has improved through the years," she told reporters. "It is more beautiful than ever, and I am proud to be its founder."

With that remark she turned and moved off, through the haze, toward the cemetery.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Parts of the roof were slightly burned in a fire at Ayres Hall last week. At 7:45 a. m. several girls on the second and third floors noticed smoke and flames shooting up from the roof over the kitchen and notified Miss Foster, dietitian.

The fire, attributed to a faulty motor in the kitchen, was extinguished by the yard men before the St. Charles fire department arrived. Damage, by either fire or water, was slight.

Academic Procession



Jeane Sebastian, president of the Student Government Association, leads the academic procession into Roemer Hall for the inauguration of Dr. McCluer as Lindenwood's president.

DR. MCCLUER, Inaug. Cont. from pg. 1

Dr. Guy E. Snavely, executive director, Association of American Colleges brought "greetings and best wishes from his (Dr. McCluer's) 639 fellow presidents of the member institutions of the association." He spoke on "The Church-Related College in the Atomic Age."

Dr. Nelson Vance Russell, president of Carroll College, Wauskeha, Wis., used "Redeem or be Crushed" as the theme of his address. Of Dr. McCluer he said, "His personality and philosophy are the most important factors in Lindenwood's opportunity to aid in redeeming the world."

The colorfully robed members of the academic procession presented a varied and interesting pageant against the clear, bright Indian Summer day, as they marched through a guard of students from Irwin Hall to Roemer Auditorium.

An overflow crowd heard the ceremony outside by loudspeaker broadcast.

The Lindenwood Choir, directed by Mr. Milton Rehg, sang.

Dr. Harry T. Scherer, a member of the college's Board of Directors and pastor of the Webster Groves Presbyterian Church, gave the invocation. The dedicatory prayer, after the investiture of the president, was given by the Rev. Dr. B. Frank Hall. Dr. Alice E. Gipson, dean of the college, extended greetings from the faculty and Jeane Sebastian, president of the Student Association, expressed the best wishes of the student body.

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Jonathan C. Hollyman.

Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage, who retired from the Lindenwood presidency in June, 1946, was present at the inaugural ceremony.

The annual hayride for all members of the Athletic Association was Friday, Oct. 31. An enjoyable time was had by all.

It's a good thing to begin at the bottom in everything except learning to swim.

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Yaysnoff Sisters To Give Recital Nov. 10

The internationally famous Yaysnoff sisters, June Tanyis, and Iris Alexan, drovna, will present a recital in Roemer Auditorium on November 10. Of Polish-Russian, and French ancestry, these sisters have toured the capitals of Europe and parts of Asia since they began giving recitals when they were ten and eleven years old.

Their program here will include such songs as Rhapsody in Blue by Gershwin, Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 2 by Chopin, and The Blue Danube by Strauss.

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AHMANN'S
News Stand

"Blood Brothers" versus the "Booger Hollow Boys"

By Joyce Shoemaker, '50

WHEN I was small there were no other girls my age living on Copperhead Hill, commonly known as Rattlesnake Mountain. Therefore, I tried to tag along with my brother and his gang of tested "Blood Brothers." Of course a girl wasn't accepted into the club right off, so I had to work myself up from door-keeper to regular member. I did many things to advance the club, sweeping the barn out before meetings, running errands, and buying refreshments with my allowance. When the members played Cowboys and Outlaw, I was the Outlaw.

But the real test of my ability to be a true member came the Saturday when there was a scheduled rubber-gun fight with the gang from Booger Hollow. It was my job to keep each gun loaded, and to spy on the enemy. The only rule of the battle was "No fair shooting at the face." This rule was soon broken

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though when Weezil, the leader of the Booger Hollow boys, shot one of our gang in the face and sent him home crying. That made us short one man, and immediately a rubber gun was thrust into my hands. My brother told us that the first one to "get back" at Weezil would receive special honors in the club. I was determined to get these special honors, and I stretched the rubber bands on my gun back to the last notch.

Meanwhile, Weezil knew we would be on the search for him, and he ran to hide. After hunting all over the place I finally came upon Weezil sneaking around the back of a neighboring house. He saw me, and raised his gun to shoot me. Frankly, I was quite afraid that I too would get hit in the face, so I ducked behind the woodshed. Then I jumped out again and shot at Weezil. The rubber band hit him in the eye, and he began to jump up and down crying as blood started from his eye.

I was really scared now, so I ran home, and hid under the bed. I stayed there a long time. In the next room I could hear my parents talking about Weezil losing his eye.

Meanwhile, Weezil was released from the hospital. There was nothing wrong with his eye except that it was very black. It seems that when I shot him, in his excitement he jabbed his gun into his face, and cut a small gash just above his eye.

I received the special honor. I didn't have to sweep the barn anymore, run errands, or spend my allowance for refreshments. I was a true member of the club.

The next day a family with three girls moved next door, and I resigned from the "Blood Brothers" to form my own club, the "Secret Order of Madam X."

STRAND

Wed-Thurs. Nov. 5-6
Matinee Daily 2:00
Yvonne De Carlo in
SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE
(in technicolor)
with Brian Donlevy

Fri-Sat. Nov. 7-8
2 - FEATURES - 2
Jon Hall in
THE VIGILANTES RETURN
with Margaret Lindsay
and
Tom Kelly, May Robson in
ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

Sun.-Mon.-Tues. Nov. 9-10-11
Continuous Sunday from 2
Cary Grant in
THE BACHELOR AND
THE BOBBY-SOXER
with Myrna Loy
Shirley Temple

Wed-Thurs. Nov. 12-13
Dick Haymes, Vera-Ellen in
CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA
(in technicolor)

Fri-Sat. Nov. 14-15
Lionel Barrymore in
DARK DELUSION
with James Craig
Lucille Bremer
and
Barry Fitzgerald
Sonny Tufts in
EASY COME EASY GO
with Diana Lynn

Sun.-Mon. Nov. 16-17
Susan Hayward
Lee Bowman in
SMASH-UP

THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

By Dot Steiner

Congratulations to Dotty Moss on her recent engagement. That's a mighty pretty ring on your finger too.

Cute Jean Robb on her way to Miami University for a gay week end. Say hello to Bud for us, Jean.

Guess everyone has heard that Tippy Tipton, after a long courtship, finally received her Phi Delta pin.

Did you notice—Lucy Jackson headed for the Lindenwood T.V. broadcast. . . Jackie Fish evading the issue the night of the October 11th dance.

Jean Sebastian was in Rolla, Mo., for a few days. Our loss was George's gain.

Seen on the Beaten Path—

The Freshmen wondering who will be their Queen—Audrey Gilbert losing weight from answering the phone so many times—Shari Hansen with her new torchy voice—Sandy's new song "Someone Should Put Glue On My Saddle"—Annie Nichols and her upsweep hair style—Fran Johnson throwing water on herself—Butler girls in a song fest—Half of L. C. studying for a Humanities quiz—Connie Darnall back from her appendectomy—The student body getting mighty perturbed at the dive bombers in chapel—Marie "Fashion Plate" Koch looking like Vogue Personified these days—Almost forgot to mention that Mary Schwartz also has a nice pin, S.A.E., no less—Barb Sprengle and Westminster—

Baby Bush embarrassed by Mr. Motley—Virginia Morrow posing for the Halloween float in Veiled Prophets parade—Barb Glasson and the rest of the eleven o'clock swimming class a bit wet for chapel—Betty Spitzer wearing Howard's Phi Delt pin—All the gals having their pictures taken and looking oh so glamorous—Diañ and Karl—Gwen McCracken with a luscious white orchid from Bill—Shirley Adams and her roommate getting their names mixed—Since the linden leaves are falling with the coming of autumn, let's wait till next issue and they'll be crackling with news.

Art Classes View Old Masters At City Museum

Members of the art classes visited the St. Louis City Art Museum recently to view the exhibit of old masters commemorating the 40th anniversary of the museum. The collection, valued at \$5,000,000, included a famous Cezanne painting.

Of course I had to tell her she looked like a million—and I meant every year of it.

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'Pop' Ordelheide Is Twice A Grandpop

Harry Ordelheide, better known as "Pop" to Lindenwood girls, became, within three weeks, the proud grandfather of two new children.

The first grandchild, Jean Margaret, born September 19, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Ordelheide. Mrs. Ordelheide was Dorothy Gehlbach and is a member of the Class of '29. She served as registrar of the college for several years after her graduation.

Cherrie Anne, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Harris Ordelheide, was born October 13, which made "Pop" grandad all over again.

"Pop" Ordelheide has been at Lindenwood for thirty-four years.

S. S. Lindenwood Laid Up After Honorable War Record

The United States Maritime Commission has announced that the SS Lindenwood Victory has been laid up in the James River at Hampton Roads, Va.

The Lindenwood was commissioned during World War II and named for Lindenwood College. The college received this honor because of the active part it played in the war effort.

The SS Lindenwood has been idle since August 13, 1947, when she arrived at New York from a voyage to Antwerp.

Lindenwood College donated funds for a library aboard the ship for the members of the crew.

THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



A new picture has been hung in the gallery of the famous. Willie Viertel, president of the Athletic Association and Beta Chi, is this week's candidate for the Linden Bark's Hall of Fame.

Hailing from La Mine, Mo., Willie has spent the last four years in Butler Hall, fighting for, and defending, the intramural plaque. A member of Terrapin, riding team, Triangle Club, Willie has found time to pass her water safety instructor's course and retain a place on the Dean's Honor Roll.

Anyone interested in finding Miss Viertel can locate her on the hockey field, in the riding ring, tea hole or asleep—her favorite activities. Congratulations to one of L. C.'s outstanding Seniors.

Janet Brown Attends Association Press Meet In Minneapolis Minn.

College editors got together and swapped headaches at the 23rd convention of the Associated Collegiate Press in Minneapolis, Minn. Yearbook editors discussed lack of money and rising printing prices, while news editors reported on student apathy and faculty opposition to college newspapers. Four hundred delegates from thirty-two states and Canada were present to hear talks by the members of the Minnesota University's School of Journalism and to participate in round-table discussions led by representatives of printing and engraving companies.

The Minneapolis Star Tribune gave a luncheon for the delegates, featuring a group of brief, informative speeches. Friday night the annual ACP banquet was held and the delegates were addressed by Mr. Hovey on the "Battle of Washington." Janet Brown, editor of the Linden Leaves, attended from here.

Dr. Parker Gives Series Of Addresses

Dr. Alice Parker of the English Department addressed the Joplin branch of the American Association of University Women, and the Kansas City regional workshop recently, on ideas gained through interchange of opinions at the International Federation of University Women conference in Toronto, Ont., which she attended last summer.

First Student Recitals So Be Given Today

The first of the Tuesday afternoon student recitals will be given today in Sibley Chapel at 5 p. m. Those participating will be Jane Morrissey, Kay Pemberton, Barbara Ann Little, Ann Garner, Dorothy Goodman, Lucette Stumberg, and Marjorie Moehlenkamp.

MUSCLE BOUND

By Nancy Bailey

Athletic Association—

Results of the archery, golf and tennis singles intramurals are as follows: Archery, Butler; golf, Irwin; tennis singles, Ayres. Tennis doubles will be completed later. Practice is now in progress for hockey intramurals.

Hockey Schedule:

Lindenwood vs. Washington U., November 8, 10:30 a. m., there.

Lindenwood vs. Maryville, November 15, 10:30 a. m., here.

Lindenwood vs. Principia, November 22, 10:30 a. m., there.

The A. A. would like to get two bus loads of girls, so all are urged to come.

Miss Ann Ross, who held the national diving championship from 1944-46, gave a demonstration Tuesday, Oct. 28. She demonstrated the half-gainer, front dive with half twist, front and back jackknife, full twist and the difference between pike, tuck and layout positions.

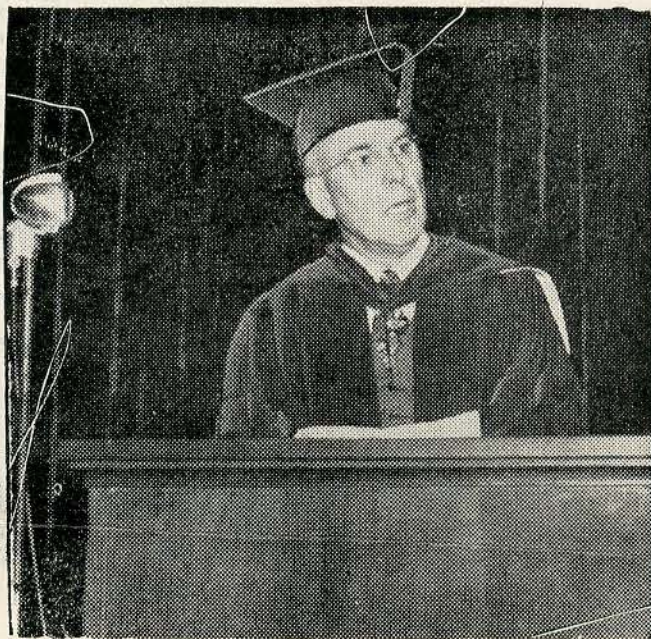
Sixty-four new members were initiated formally into the Athletic Association on October 29.

Beginning November 10, the Physical Education Department will sponsor Faculty Play Night. It will be held every two weeks, alternating Monday and Wednesday nights, from 7:30 to 9:00. A few of the activities planned are swimming, table tennis, volleyball and square dancing.

Tau Sigma has added ten new members to its active group of five girls. New members are: Betty Bishop, Pat Matusak, Ann Hudson, Sandy Chandler, Frae Johnson, Connie Schwieger, and Ann Gardner.

Terrapin initiated eight new members October 22. They are: Barbara Sprinkle, Nancy Dana, Mary Bemis, Carolyn Hughs, Carolyn Fritschel, Alice Mack, Alice Smith, and Ro Evans.

Inaugural Speaker



Dr. Nelson Vance Russell, president of Carroll College, delivering the charge to Dr. McCluer at the inauguration ceremony on October 23.

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A Day with George

By June McCullough, '50

WATER filled Bunnie's nose and mouth and trickled down the side of her neck. "My lord!" she shrieked; "I'm drowning."

She jumped up and out of bed to behold the maker of the ocean into which, in her dreams, she thought she was sinking. "George," she moaned in sleepy misery.

George Phillip Marton, aged four years and thirty days, son of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Marton, Jr., and one of the most diabolical, fiendish little angels God had ever made. He didn't look the part at all. Instead, he resembled one of the cupids on a valentine. His hair was sun-blond with numerous and interesting curls. He had cheeks which glowed an eternal pink, and to complete the picture, a tiny mouth and blue eyes with eyelashes like butterfly wings.

This was the sight which Bunnie saw, as she opened her eyes on a new day. It was useless to try to ask George why he had poured water on his long-suffering mother, because George could not or rather wouldn't talk. The doctor had told Bunnie that he was perfectly capable of producing sound, but that he just didn't have any incentive for talking. Bunnie had tried numerous methods. She had even attempted to scare him, but George was apparently fearless. That was the trouble with him. He did everything and anything. George was endoweed with a tremendous amount of energy, but he never seemed to point it in the right direction. A typical day, such as yesterday, consisted of his managing to slip away from his mother's watchful eye, trampling down one neighbor's flower garden, dumping a pan of dirt in another's kitchen, and finally, kicking in a basement window which necessitated a trip to the hospital to sew up a two-inch gash in his leg.

Bunnie thought of yesterday as she stared at this child she had produced. "Oh," she moaned, "what will he do today? It's not that I don't love him. I do, but if he could just be a little more normal. He looks so beautiful, but I think Hitler would be safer to live with."

"Uh!" mumbled her husband, Phillip. "You say somethin', honey?" Bunnie contemplated Phil as he unfolded his long, sleepy form from his bed. "Yes, darling. I was just reflecting on Little Human Dynamo here. How I wish I had a nice safe job like setting off bombs or something."

Phil looked at his little wife; he was at loss for words. He knew what she went through with their offspring. What he couldn't understand was from whom did George inherit his destructive traits? Bunnie was sweetness personified, and he himself certainly wasn't any criminal. Well, he thought, I'd better get up and help Bunnie start the day. Maybe he'll behave a little with that cut on his leg.

George had been standing at the foot of his mother's bed clutching the glass with which he had poured the water on her. As she came toward him, he calmly eluded her grasp, and skipped over to an open window. Plunk! Out went the glass. Whack! went Phil's hand on George's little bottom.

George let out the piercing shriek which had repeatedly proved he did possess lung power. When this passed, he looked at his father, jumped up and down, and smiled. Bunnie melted. "How can we get mad when he smiles like a little angel?"

After breakfast, Bunnie kissed Phil good-by, and asked him if he still intended to come home early to paper the den they had both been working on for the past week. He said he did, and patted his wife encouragingly on the shoulder. "Bye honey," he said, "and George—nuts! What's the use?"

When the screen door had closed, Bunnie turned to regard George. He was busily sailing a boat made of toast on a

sea of milk poured from a half finished cereal bowl. As he pushed the "boat" back and forth, he hummed softly to himself, and looked angelic. "If you can sing, George," his mother asked, "Why can't you talk?"

George only smiled, and kept on singing. Bunnie wearily took George's fingers out of the milk, and led him to the sink. George watched the little white drops of milk drool on the clean linoleum. He hummed a tune as he watched them. "I wonder what he's singing now," she asked the faucet under which she put her child's hands. "I think he must make up his own tunes."

George merely gazed up at his mother with sea-clear eyes. "Now, my sweet," Bunnie said, "I'm going to put you in the back yard. Nancy Farley, from next door, is going to come over and play. Maybe the influence of a nice, quiet little girl will have some good effect on you."

Bunnie watched George walk out into the back yard. He really was such a happy little boy. She wondered why he always hummed his funny little tunes. Look at him flitting around my flower garden, she thought. Here comes little Nancy. I hope she has a good influence on him.

Bunnie turned from the window to clear away the breakfast dishes. Suddenly she heard odd little squeals from the back yard. The harried mother rushed out on the back porch. She saw a most unusual sight. There was George jumping up and down in front of Nancy. He was trying to sing at the top of his voice. His arms were waving madly in the air, and his little face was tortured as he screamed his tune. Poor Nancy was terrified. She couldn't imagine what was the matter with him. Suddenly, George seemed to have had enough. He lunged at his playmate with all his strength, knocked her down and began pounding her. Nancy's lungs were going full blast by this time. Bunnie rushed down the steps to the children, and pulled them apart. Mrs. Farley had heard the commotion. She came running out, and picked up her child. "Bunnie," she said, "I'm not exactly blaming you, but you'd better do something about that youngster of yours."

With that she marched off, carrying screaming little Nancy under one arm. "I give up!" said Bunnie.

She dragged George into the house. He regarded his mother with troubled eyes. Bunnie always hated to look at him during these crises, because his expression seemed so unfathomable. "Now you're going to stay in the house the rest of the day. Goodness knows what you'll get into, but at least it will be your own house."

Bunnie went on about her ritual of cleaning up the kitchen. At times she thought vaguely about how quiet George seemed. Just before she tossed out her greasy dishwater, she remembered the overflowing ash trays in the living room. Both she and Phil were extensive smokers, and their large ashtrays always managed to be filled to the top.

She went into the living room, but when she came to the ash trays, they were empty. That's funny, she wondered. Now what . . . suddenly her eyes swept to the archway of the sunroom. "Dear God," she screamed.

There stood George. He was a greenish purple color, and wet, sooty ashes crumbled down the side of his tiny face. "Ooo!" he commented.

Bunnie clutched him into her arms, and dashed out to her car. The wait in the hospital was a nightmare. The faithful stomach pump divested George's little organ of about thirty undigested cigarette butts and accompanying ashes. Finally the nurse brought Bunnie her youngster. "He'll be all right now, Mrs. Marton," the nurse said. "Just keep him quiet, and don't let him devour the contents of any more ashtrays."

Poor Bunnie collapsed into a chair after she had put George to bed. I'm at my

wit's end, she moaned to herself. If only he'd talk. If only I could figure out what's the matter with him. What makes him do these things. Listen to him humming up there. There must be a reason why he does that. Well, I'd better start lunch. Phil will be home soon, Bunnie trudged to the kitchen.

When Phil came in the door, Bunnie rushed to him. "Oh, darling," she groaned. "George beat up Nancy, and ate cigarette butts, and almost died and—oh Phil!"

Phil soon stopped Bunnie's tears, and heard the story of the morning's happenings. He looked very grave. "gee, Bunnie," he said, "I just don't know what to make of him. Somehow if we could just get him to talk, I think we could straighten him out. Let's forget about it for now, and concentrate on finishing our den this afternoon. I should be able to put all of the paper on the wall, and you can finish painting those motifs on the end tables."

Bunnie and Phil worked like slaves all afternoon. Bunnie painted little red motifs on two white end tables while Phil struggled with the wallpaper. Finally they had finished. The effect was very nice, but the two young Martons were almost too tired to enjoy it. "I'll go make some coffee, Phil," said his wife. "Come down when you wash a little. Wonder what George is doing?"

Later, Phil and Bunnie relaxed with coffee and cigarettes. They talked about their attractive den, how happy they were to have finished it, and their mutual problem, George. "That reminds me," Bunnie said, "I'd better see how our little dear is doing. Back in a minute."

She reached the door of George's room, opened it, looked in, and saw no George. His little bed was empty. "Uh oh!" said Bunnie as a foreboding feeling crept over her.

She went into her room, and into the bathroom; no George. Then she went into the den. "No!" she screamed at the sight which met her eyes. "George, you dragon," she went on.

The beautiful new paper was covered with George's art work, all done in red. The paint can had spilled over, and the dripping substance made a mockery of Bunnie's motifs on the sides of one little end table. George studied his raging parent with his unfathomable eyes.

Bunnie jerked George from the den, and dragged him to the bathroom. "I don't believe in scaring children," she ranted, but this calls for drastic measures. I'm going to fix you once and for all."

She reached the wash bowl, and with her free hand, grabbed a box of bath powder. She dumped it in the bowl, and hoisted George up so he could see the process. Then she turned on the water, and the powder slowly began to wash down the little hole in the middle of the bowl. "See that powder washing down the drain?" Bunnie yelled. "Well, that's what I'm going to do to you if you don't behave."

George watched the powder whirl down the drain with fascinated, horrified eyes. Where did it go? he thought. There's nothing left when it goes down there. I don't want to go down that hole. "Oh, mommie," George cried in very plain words, "I don't want to go down that hole. I love you and Daddy."

"Well, I don't—" Bunnie began. "George," she screamed, "you talked, oh darling, you can talk. Say it again." George did.

Bunnie dragged him downstairs to Phil. "Phil," she cried, "George talked. He actually said something. Say something to Daddy, baby."

George raised his deep blue eyes to each of his parents. A rapturous expression spread over his angel face. He opened his mouth. "My bonnie lies over the ocean," he sang.

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TABLE OF CONTENTS

A Day With George.....	June McCullough	1
Summer Storm.....	Coy Elizabeth Payne	1
Indian Summer.....	Jean Moe	1
"Snips and Snails and Puppy Dog's Tails".....	Barbara Allen	1
The Disaster.....	Anne Margaret Watt	2
Cherry Pie for Dessert.....	Carolyn L. Fritschel	2
Spring Reverie.....	Gayle Leebly	2
The Ozarks.....	Mary Ann Smith	2
January, 1937.....	Sally Joy	2

Summer Storm

By Coy Elizabeth Payne, '48

SULTRY air
All still
Brilliant day
Sky pale
Valley damp
Men mill
Quiet leaves
Bugs shrill

Fresh'ning air
Lungs fill
Dark'ning light
Green hail
Valley dark
Men thrill
Leaves dead
Bugs still

Driving wind
Clouds roll
Flying hair
Dust hill
Spatt'ring rain
Blotched sill
Blackened sky
Men chill

Indian Summer

By Jean Moe, '50

AUTUMN is a mysterious time of year. It is one of wonder and excitement. One morning when you go outside, the trees have suddenly been transformed into hues of golden red, and there are funny little cobwebs clinging to the sky.

As I write I can look far out into the distance and see the green of the hills framed by the golden maize and surrounded by the newly decorated trees. This is a picture in itself, as beautiful as nature could produce. Even with all this splendor I remain a little sad.

Memories are always difficult to dismiss at the snap of the finger. My memories are not sad, for they are of home. Home, to me, is walking in the crisp fall leaves and listening to their crunch and rustle. It is the morning frost and the Halloween pumpkin, the football games and bonfires afterward that I shall miss.

Often I would waken to the calling of the birds, making their yearly migration to a warmer climate, and I would listen to the autumnal rain intermingling with the falling acorns and wonder if I would always be a part of this Indian summer.

Now I am away from home and although it isn't the same autumn that I knew, I can reminisce and recapture these memories until I find myself at home again.

I can remember many times when my brother and I would get up with the sun and rake the newly fallen leaves and jump into them for minute-like hours. There were hay rides and bonfires, and many little unimportant things that will always bring smiles.

Memories like these are why I like the autumn. They will always be a book that I may open any time and read to my heart's content.

"Snips And Snails and Puppy Dog's Tails"

By Barbara Allen, '50

HOW often I am reminded of my good fortune in having two brothers! "Especially younger brothers," enviously sighs my best friend in a state of blissful ignorance, since she is an only child. If, on occasion, a question rises in my skeptical mind I am always told by my maiden aunt, Sophie: "Really, dear, they're blessings in disguise." A very good disguise, I might add. But then, life would be so phlegmatic without them.

Dale, the older, is more thoughtful, although this is difficult to determine. He always remembers birthdays; and one year he surprised me, or perhaps shocked is a more suitable expression, by presenting me with a fine Remington automatic rifle. Considering the fact that he knows I love to read, I shall in all probability receive a subscription to *Boys' Life* this Christmas. I am a lucky girl!

When he was only five, Dale first showed real signs of genius. During Sunday School, in one of those rare moments when the little dear was not beating his cousin on the head (they always got along beautifully), his teacher contrived to hand him a card on which was depicted Jacob's struggle with the angel of the Lord. Peace "reigned supreme" all morning as Dale sat staring raptly at the beautiful angel.

Shortly after dinner when the family had settled for one of those nice autumn Sundays, it was rudely brought to life by the excited barking of our dog, Major. My mother characteristically tore outside like a shot-out-of-a-cannon and, reaching the scene first, promptly screamed bloody murder. Father simply blanched and said "My Gawd!" or words to that effect. For standing there in all his glory on the very rooftop was Dale. Resplendent with chicken feathers, he was poised there prepared for his solo flight.

Numerous memories overwhelm me at this point. For instance, the day Dale jumped off the high diving board, his first time at the pool. It took only three men to pull him out and as many women to calm Mother. One of his minor escapades, this.

Then, of course, I'll never, no never, forget the night that I returned from boarding school to find a cozy family of rigid black snakes nestling in my bed. I knew then that I was really at home! Only eight-year-old David could have aspired to such hospitality. Father merely shrugs and says, "Boys will be boys." Mother a little more tactfully explains that this is just the way David's scientific mind works, but I contend that there must be some logical explanation for snakes in one's bed, birds' nests in the china cabinet, and the use of our butter dishes as a moth hatchery.

Variety Of Prose And Poetry By Student Authors

The Disaster

By Anne Margaret Watt, '50

There was great activity in the little village of Ponohaku. Tomorrow Princess Noelani was to marry Alberto, the handsome young son of Manuel Diaz, the Portuguese missionary.

The deep blue ocean lay still and calm under the rays of the setting sun, and further inland small waves gently lapped the shore. All week the natives had been making preparations for the wedding and now they hurried to finish before nightfall. The festivities would begin at sunrise and there would be singing, feasting, and hulas for four long days.

On the beach, fires glowed brightly and over them stood tall, strong, bronzed men turning the kalua pigs and the calves on the spits. Others tended the underground ovens where fish, sweet potatoes, and breadfruit were baking. Fat, good-natured women, barefoot and clad in holokus bustled to and fro, carrying huge calabashes of steaming food and preparing luau tables.

Through the village went Holulii, the chief, supervising the work. There must be nothing but the best for Noelani. After all, wasn't she going to marry a white man? Holulii was a great strong man, with a kind face, twinkling black eyes, and grizzled grey hair. He was a powerful ruler and was dearly loved by all his people. As he walked through the village they stopped their work to greet him, but when he had passed on they immediately resumed their work, eager to be finished before nightfall. At length Holulii came to the edge of the village, where a group of men were putting the finishing touches on the new hut which was to be the home of Noelani and Alberto. Satisfied that everything was progressing smoothly, he turned on towards his own hut.

Leinani, his wife, was sitting on the lanai, gazing at the ocean with a puzzled look on her face. In her lap lay the beautiful white silk holoku, Noelani's wedding dress, on which she had been working. The sun had disappeared on the horizon and a pale moon appeared in the sky. Activities in the village were dying down as the natives went off to their huts for the night. At one end of the beach a fire glowed brightly where several men remained to tend the ovens and spits throughout the night.

Holulii turned and looked at the ocean; it was as still and smooth as glass—not a ripple marred its surface. Never before had he seen the ocean so still, and there was a strangeness about it. He felt oddly disturbed but said nothing. Indoors he could hear Noelani humming softly. Leinani rose and gathered up her work and went indoors. Holulii followed.

It was a long time before Holulii could go to sleep. He was restless and tossed and turned on his mat. The night was very still. The activities in the village had long since ceased and there was not a sound to be heard—not even the usual pounding of the surf on the sandy beach. A fly buzzed angrily into his ear, breaking the stillness; outside an owl hooted. Both Noelani and Leinani were peacefully sleeping, and he could hear their gentle breathing. At last he dozed off.

A short while later he awoke, not knowing what had wakened him. Then he heard a shout from outside. Something in the man's voice made him jump up and run out. In the dim light he could make out the ocean. It was no longer still, but was churning and lashing wildly, and what he saw filled him with terror! A gigantic wave was swiftly rolling in towards shore! He stood frozen, his heart in his throat, watching. It came nearer and nearer. Uttering a hoarse cry he dashed back into the hut and woke Noelani and Leinani. Stumbling, he pushed them out of the hut and started running inland. Behind him the huge

wave broke with a thundering crash and he could feel water churning around his knees. It began to pull him out with terrific force and only with great effort did he manage to wrap himself around a kukui tree. When he looked back half the village was gone and a second wave, larger than the first was rolling in. With a deafening roar it too was upon the village. Before Holulii's very eyes Noelani and Leinani were caught up and carried out to sea and he could feel his tree give away at the roots. Then with a terrible swishing, sucking noise the water receded, dragging with it the kukui tree and Holulii. A third wave broke and was followed by two or three smaller ones. All day the sea foamed and lashed and waves splashed up on the island, but finally towards evening the waves subsided, leaving a clear, calm ocean. Upon the water there was no sign of any disaster. No one would have known anything had happened unless he neared the island on which had been the village of Ponohaku. There remained only a barren stretch of beach and the sad story of a wedding that had never been.

Cherry Pie for Dessert

By Carolyn L. Fritschel, '50

Phyllis stood in the middle of her mother's kitchen hastily surveying the familiar room as she tied a clean apron around her waist. Everything looked so natural that it surprised her. It was so much the same she could have pretended that she was grabbing a snack after dashing home from East Side High. She could have pretended, but she didn't. Today her mind was far from a reminiscent mood. As she began to move around the kitchen in quick, purposeful steps, her hands flew from this dish to that pan. She gathered her utensils on the table.

No sooner had she begun the preliminaries of preparing dinner than a stout, middle-aged woman dressed in a stiffly starched blue maid's uniform pushed open the swinging door.

"Phyl, baby," she beamed and gave the girl a little hug. "Your daddy phoned me up not fifteen minutes ago an' told me he was in a fix. He said that you was gonna try to give this dinner tonight even if your mama did have to go off in such a hurry, and would I please help. Well, of course he knew I would. Phyl, you look tired out."

Phyllis' rather amused smile relaxed into a momentary laugh as Emma's rattled greeting ended in this concerned observation.

"This is just the natural after-exams look, Emma. Everybody at school has circles under their eyes when finals are over."

The two of them looked almost comical together—Phyllis so tall and slim in a high-necked blouse and the skirt of the suit she had worn on the train that morning, Emma with a figure all round bulges, and so short that she had to look up at the girl she had once "sat with" as a child. Phyl could remember that Emma had always come to the Wilson household to clean on Mondays and Fridays. On special occasions she would help in the kitchen as she was going to do tonight.

Yes, tonight was a special occasion. Not in the usual, gala manner, though. Phyllis thought that tonight would be more mixed up than today had been, and how everything would ever be normal again was beyond her.

"It's just too bad your mother had to go off to your grandma's this week end—with your father invitin' all his soldier friends for dinner an' everything," chatted Emma.

"I guess Dad's orders made the decision for her. She'll be busy packing us all off to Japan between now and summer," answered Phyllis.

"I can't believe it," said Emma, shaking her head. "When they told me yesterday I couldn't believe it. Think of all o' you bein' way off there."

"That's what I am thinking of—all of us way off there," Phyllis sighed. "And me about to get my diamond," she muttered.

"Now, Phyl, baby. Don't you go gettin' those ideas again about rushin' to get married. You know your father won't hear to it." Emma stood rubbing the dessert forks with great vigor.

"Will you please polish these bread and butter knives when you're finished there?" Phyllis said in a restrained tone.

For the moment Emma took the hint of changing the subject. "What are you goin' to have for a company dessert?"

"I thought I'd have time to make pie with this can of cherries I found."

"Ambitious," said Emma.

"I have to use my Home Ec major some way," Phyllis said in a low voice.

"You don't want to go to your father's new station, do you, Phyl? You want to stay here with Jack." Emma did not even make a pretense of working now.

"That's right," was the only answer.

"Now what's the Major goin' to say to an idea like that?"

"He's already said."

"I can imagine. Your father's pretty set on keepin' the Wilsons under one roof—wherever it is," Emma said.

Phyllis jerked the rolling pin out of the cabinet. Her brown eyes narrowed. "But the folks have Jimmy. Just 'cause I'm the girl doesn't mean I have to be 'Baby' all my life. If only Dad would realize that I'm grown up enough to be married. We'll be splitting up some day, so why can't it be now?" Everything spurted out at once. It was awful to feel underestimated. Then she set her jaw with the determined steadiness that it had maintained ever since she had arrived home from school that day.

Phyllis had anticipated a discussion with her father. She had armed herself in the true Wilson fashion which was her paternal inheritance and plunged into the subject of Jack and her engagement and the orders for Japan and her one great desire. Phyl and her father had always been able to agree on anything, but this was different. If only the biggest thing hadn't been the one to be different.

Just as Phyllis was pulling her pie out of the oven, Dad came out into the kitchen to mix the drinks. They looked so much alike—father and daughter. Mother had always said that it was unusual for a daughter to have both her father's looks and his disposition.

"Smells good out here," he observed. "That's some dessert you're fixing, Baby. I want you to come in and greet the boys when you're finished there. Sort of try to be hostess, you know."

"Do you think I can fill the bill?" she answered. And then she was sorry. "Sure, Pops," she tried to cover up.

Phyllis ran up the back stairs to her room. One whisk of the powder puff, a renewal of bright lipstick, and the comb fluffing out her dampened curls completed the hasty make-up job. Now she would have to go and smile at all those fat, old waistlineless men. She knew every one of them. They often gathered in the Wilson recreation room to laugh behind their clouds of smoke about army days and army life and the army in general. They

would be in high spirits tonight, all congratulating Dad on his orders. Sometimes Phyllis thought they acted like a bunch of silly little boys playing soldier with tin guns. Dad would probably refer to her as "his youngster" and call her Baby. That lifetime nickname had never really bothered her until tonight.

Phyllis strode into the living room to greet everyone as graciously as she could. She honestly tried to take her part with all of the poise and grace that the occasion demanded, and was so busy that she failed to notice how closely her father's eyes followed her as she moved about the room. He had on his company smile. His friends asked the usual, "How's school?" and "Haven't you grown a bit?" Then the captain who was perched uncertainly on Mother's antique chair boomed out, "I've been hearing a lot about this young man of yours, Phyllis." Of all things to say on an evening like this! Jack had been the subject of today's controversies and he certainly wasn't up for general discussion just now. Phyl fearfully took a darting glance in her father's direction. The forced smile was gone. In one mellow moment his eyes darkened, became warm. She was so surprised that she did not understand. She was not exactly sure what she had expected, but this sudden expression of warmth was baffling to her. Dad looked rather like the days when she would bring home an "A" on her report card.

Then he took her arm and said, "Is everything ready, my dear?" He always called Mother my dear!

"This is Phyllis' dinner tonight, you know," he announced as they led the group to the dining room. He squeezed her elbow. "And she made a cherry pie for dessert!"

Spring Reverie

By Gayle Leeb, '50

During my entire year at Lindenwood I have dreamed of my hill near Pelican Lake in Minnesota. Many nights I have lain awake in my maple bed watching the flickering lights slip around the window shade and had sleepy dreams that I am lying on the top of Devil's Hill, a short walk from our summer home. As the light makes reflections on the pictures over the bed, I imagine that they are the stars sparkling in the dark sky. I turn over to evade this dream, but the creak of my bed springs reminds me of the fall crickets chirping all around me as I lie in the tall alfalfa. Sometimes the hum of a lonely motorboat buzzes in my ear, but it startles me when I discover that it is only a plane flying over the dormitory. As I lie in the darkness, more and more images come out of my subconscious mind. I remember one August night when I walked to my hill to listen to the ripple of the waves. Each wave would hit a sharper pebble or a dull one, sending chords of music to my ears. The splash of a fish would cause a discord; the tinkling of the silver maple leaves would sound as if they were ringing from the back of a large orchestra pit. Many times the night owl would hoot in the dark. Even the low moans of the sleeping cattle would blend into my musical composition. My hill was high. It would rise to catch the twinkle of light from the stars to form an open air theater for me. My dreams take me back now, but soon I will be able to purchase a ticket to my own open air concerts.

The Ozarks

By Mary Ann Smith, '50

YOU are but foot-stools to the Mighty ranges of the West, Time, the enemy of all, Has worn down your lofty peaks That soared amid the clouds. Your rushing mountain streams Have widened into gently flowing rivers. Your cliffs, tall unbroken walls of rock, Are but the sloping sides Of rolling hills. Though Shorn of your once majestic grandeur, You lie in simple beauty Unsurpassed.

January, 1937

By Sally Joy, '50

OUTSIDE in the murky night the en- during rain beat unrelentingly. It splashed, ran into overfull gutters and rushed toward the river overflowing from three weeks of the January downpour.

As we were newcomers to the Ohio River Valley, the neighbors felt it their duty to explain the antics of the capricious river. Every January, because of melting snows and heavy rainfall, the river seeped over its banks and threateningly gurgled in basements for a few days, then returned to its old path for another year. "Nothing to become alarmed over," they explained, when we first noticed the muddy substance creeping into the basement. "It never gets over two or three feet deep."

It had been four days ago that they had said that, and now as I opened the door to the basement steps and peered at the water slowly ascending to the third step from the top, I wondered if they still believed it would subside. That morning I had been able to measure the depth of the water by walking halfway down the steps and dropping a rope with a stone tied to the end of it. But the rope was too short now and most of the steps were under water.

I returned to my book but found it difficult to concentrate on the *Bobsey Twins on Blueberry Island*. I wondered if we were going to move or if, like everyone around us, we would put all the furniture on the second floor, where it presumably would be safe. The house was cold, as we had had no fire in the furnace for over a week, and I threw some coal on a few dying embers in the fireplace but only smothered them. I drew my jacket tighter and curled up in a large chair.

I was almost asleep when a loud beating on the front door woke me. Before I could get there to open it, two burly policemen in dripping raincoats and hip boots stomped into the house. Mother and father appeared from the kitchen and listened with anxious expressions as the policemen explained that the river was rising steadily, that the whole street would have about four feet of water on it by morning, that more rain was expected, and that the police department was cooperating in moving anyone who desired assistance.

Father turned to me. "Get the crates in the attic. We'll start packing immediately." He looked over at the policemen again. "What time will the van be here?"

"In five hours—at two a. m."

I rushed upstairs, leaving the conversation at this point. Two a. m. That gave us five hours to pack. I wondered where we would go. How fast was the water rising? Were the neighbors moving too, or did they still think the water was going down? But now—those crates. I had to get them downstairs.