

## Lindenwood's 1946 Harvest Queen



Chosen by the student body, Miss Joan Hierholzer reigned over the Harvest Ball on October 12. — With her are Miss Nancy Fanshier, at left, and Miss Joyce Nelson, the First and Second Maids of Honor.

## Nine Lindenwood Seniors Are Selected For Who's Who In American Colleges

Nine Seniors have been chosen to represent Lindenwood, in the 1946-47 edition of "Who's Who In American Colleges and Universities." The girls selected are Erle Dean Bass, Helen Horvath, Louise McGraw, Keltah Long, Marian Pendarvis, Colleen Johnson, Margaret McKinney, Margaret Kendall, and Margaret Marshall.

These students were chosen after their qualifications had been carefully considered. The basis upon which the selections are made include character, scholarship, leadership in extra-curricular activities, and potentiality for future usefulness to business and society. The "Who's Who" is published annually, and consists of nominations from all leading colleges and universities in America.

The honors Lindenwood's representatives hold are numerous and varied.

Erle Dean Bass of El Dorado, Ark., was president of the Junior Class last year, and is vice-president of the Senior Class this year. She is vice-president of the Student Council, and a member of Beta Pi Theta, and the Red Cross. She was awarded the Eta Upsilon Gamma Scholarship at the 1946 commencement.

Helen Horvath, a St. Charles girl, is editor-in-chief of the Linden Leaves; is a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, and the Choir. She is president of the Annual Board; vice-president of the Day Students; and is a member of Der Deutsche Verein; League of Women Voters; Sigma Tau Delta; Beta Pi Theta; and is treasurer of Pi Gamma Mu. At commencement last year, she was awarded the Progress Prize in Voice.

Louise McGraw, who comes from Williamstown, Ky., is the president of

Student Council; president of Future Teachers; secretary of the League of Women Voters; and president of Sigma Tau Delta. She was assistant editor of Linden Leaves, 1945-46; and is a member of Pi Gamma Mu, and the Instrumental Association.

Keltah Long hails from Elizabethtown, Ky., and is secretary of Der Deutsche Verein; president of the Instrumental Association; vice-president

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## Full Program Planned By Student Christian Association This Year

Student Christian Association, one of the outstanding organizations at Lindenwood, began its year with the vesper services on October 13. The speakers were Jan Miller, Nancy Kern, Keltah Long, and Betty Sue Perry.

Every Lindenwood girl is a member of SCA and the programs are planned with her problems and interests in mind. The activities for the semester include student panels, outside speakers, a tea at Thanksgiving time and a Christmas program. Each year the SCA sponsors the collection of Christmas dolls, clothes, and gifts which are sent to Markham Memorial in St. Louis.

This year's officers are: President, Jan Miller; vice-president, Virginia Beazley; secretary, Marian Pendarvis; treasurer, Frances Jones. Other cabinet members are: Mary Morris, Beverly Odom, Keltah Long, Susie Perry, Jane Morrissey, and Marilyn Mangum.

## Joan Hierholzer Is Chosen To Reign Over Harvest Ball

Senoritas stard and caballeros sighed as Her Majesty, Queen Joan Hierholzer, made her entrance.

The scene was Butler Gymnasium, transformed for the occasion into a harvest setting in which pumpkins peeked out from behind the shocks of cornstalks. The time was the evening of October 12, and the occasion Lindenwood's first Harvest Ball.

To the melodious strains of "You Are Too Beautiful" and the applause of her admiring subjects, Queen Joan made her way to the throne where she was received by her First Maid of Honor, Nancy Fanshier and her Second Maid of Honor, Joyce Nelson.

Waiting with them on the dais were the members of her court, chosen by the Freshman class. They were: Mary Virginia Gard, Mary Lou Brite, Barbara Lou Bender, Elizabeth Bates, Jean Baker, Barbara Lehman, Patricia Babcock, Harriet Deal, Sally McGehee, and Martha McGarstin.

The suspense which had been mounting all evening was broken as the fanfare was played and Louise McGraw, president of the Student Council, announced the maids as they preceded their Queen down the dance floor.

The Second Maid of Honor, Joyce Nelson, looked stunning in a strapless red velvet formal with a red choker trimmed with rhinestones. She carried the queen's crown of small yellow mums on a small pillow to the throne.

The First Maid of Honor, Nancy Fanshier, in a black off the shoulder taffeta gown, was equally striking.

Into the tide of pleasure and satisfaction swept Queen Joan, attired in a white tulle formal with a coral necklace that blended with her bouquet of

## Dr. Kate L. Gregg To Give Address At Annual Founders' Day Convocation Thursday

### Thirteen Freshmen Elected To Serve On Class Council

Thirteen members of the Class of '50 have been elected to the Freshman Council, the temporary governing body of the class. The council members will serve during the first nine-week period, after which permanent officers will be elected.

At the election in Roemer Hall on September 28, the following Freshmen were named to the council: Niccolls Hall representatives, Marilyn Maddux, Jean Baker, Charlotte Nolan and June McCullough; Ayres Hall, Marilyn Adair and Jean Jones; Butler Hall, Katherine Louise Young and Suzanne Ellis; Irwin Hall, Eleanor Walton and Gail Leebly, and Sibley Hall, Pamela Kahre and Dorothy Moss. Pauline Stark has been appointed by Miss Jane Marker, the class' faculty sponsor, to represent the Day Students.

The council has elected officers as follows; Miss Adair, president; Miss Kahre, secretary, and Miss McCullough, treasurer.

### Celebration Marks 120th Anniversary Of Lindenwood

Dr. Kate L. Gregg, professor emeritus of English, will give the annual Founders' Day address on Thursday at 11 a. m. in Roemer Auditorium. Her subject, "Days of Old," will recount the story of the founders and benefactors of Lindenwood.

Dr. Gregg, who has taught English in Lindenwood for twenty-two years, retired last June. Dr. Gregg is now running for representative of St. Charles County on the Democratic ticket. An authority on the history of St. Charles and Lindenwood, she has for many years given lectures on the interesting historic sites of this region to the students during their first month of school. Some of her paintings have been hung in the tea room.

The graves of Major George C. Sibley and his wife, Mary Easton Sibley, in the cemetery on the campus, will be decorated again this year. Because

### Frances Greer, Met Star, To Give Concert Friday

The young and versatile Metropolitan Opera star, Frances Greer, will give a concert on October 25, in Roemer auditorium.

In 1942 the Arkansas-born soprano won the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air contest, and since then she has added a record of press notices and honors to her name which many an older artist might have envied.

Since her New York debut she has been in forty-eight performances in four seasons with the Metropolitan Opera Company, and she has been soloist for more than a thousand network radio broadcasts.

Her operatic career began when she was a student at Louisiana State University. Here she starred for three successive seasons in the New Orleans Spring Opera Fiestas; next, she became a charter member and star of the Philadelphia Opera Company. Her actual bow to the Metropolitan audience was Mussetta in the opera "La Boheme."

white daisies, red daisies, yellow mums, that matched the flowers of her crown, and large yellow chrysanthemums.

As Miss Fanshier placed the crown on Miss Hierholzer, proclaiming her as Queen, the applause filled the gymnasium.

Joan is the gorgeous blonde pride of Texas who was chosen the 1946 Harvest Queen. Her home is in San Antonio, Tex. Nancy Fanshier is from Lake Bluff, Ill., and Joyce Nelson from Moss Point, Miss.

Herb Mahlar's orchestra furnished the couples with delightful music while delicious punch was served in the lounge.

The refrains of "Good Night Sweetheart" brought to a close the first dance of the school year which was sponsored by the Student Council.



DR. KATE L. GREGG

of the meat shortage the Lindenwood Alumnae Association will not have a luncheon.

Lindenwood, founded in 1827, is the oldest women's college west of the Mississippi River. It was originally known as a female seminary, and did not include modern college courses in its curriculum. The first building, a log cabin, accommodated twenty girls. In 1856 the cornerstone of Sibley Hall was laid, and the hall itself was completed and dedicated in 1860. During the 1880's the wings were added and soon after other halls were being built. The first large cash gift to the school was left by Judge S. S. Watson.

### Miss Isaacs Represents College At MacMurray

Miss Elizabeth Isaacs of the English Department represented Lindenwood at the centennial convocation of MacMurray College for Women at Jacksonville, Ill., this month. More than 130 delegates representing colleges throughout the country attended the convocation, which was a feature of MacMurray's centennial celebration.

# Ghosts and Goblins

"An the Gobble-uns 'll git you—ef you don't watch out!"

Remember when you were a little tot, how these lines stamped a fearful image in your mind. Goblins, ghosts, and witches: Those mysterious creatures spoken of only in hushed, timorous tones.

The climax of your terrors arose to its height on Halloween. This superstitious day originated many centuries before the Christian era. The Druids ushered in the new season by a great and lavish autumn festival. On this same date, the old Romans held a feast in honor of their Goddess of Fruit; and 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 great bonfires to ward away the evil spirits that reigned on this night. The people gathered around the fire and related stories. These stories accompanied by queer noises, trembling shadows, and mystic tricks, were the forerunners of our modern ghost story.

The annual bobbing for apples arose many years ago in Scotland and Ireland. Another popular practice was to place three dishes upon the hearth. The first filled with clean water; the second, filled 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 empty bowl signified that you would remain a bachelor or old maid.

Not only were romantic elements involved in this celebration, but the supernatural, as well. Children born October 31 are said to be possessed with certain mysterious faculties.

By these accumulative customs, our modern Halloween is a combination of pagan practices, classic beliefs, and religious superstitions. Halloween remains a night of ghosts, goblins, mystery, and merriment.

# What's Your Politics

How would you vote? If you were to go to the polls and cast your vote in the election, two weeks from today, would you be able to do so intelligently? As the voters of tomorrow, we should try to become better informed about the political issues present in this particular election.

Many of us, unfortunately, do not concern ourselves as to why a meat shortage now exists, but, rather, are chiefly interested in when, if ever, will we again be able to buy meat whenever we like. Yet, this very shortage is as important a political issue as the O.P.A. or our foreign relations.

Although the majority of us here at Lindenwood are not yet eligible to vote, we should all conscientiously consider the outcome of this November election. Not only will it determine which political party will control congress and very probably the senate, but it shall also have a profound effect on the 1948 Presidential campaign. We will be voting then and certainly we will want to do so intelligently.

# Crowded Campuses

Do you and your roommate have only one closet between you? Are you sleeping in bunks? Is living space so crowded that life is impossible? Do you yearn for your huge room at home? Then think, for just a moment, of the unfortunate students at universities, who are crowded into even tinier cubicles than those that decorate third floor Nicolls.

Some of the universities have been forced to utilize old barracks as dormitories. In one boy's college in Maine the entire Sophomore class is housed in an old Navy base on an island and row to school every morning. After three years of army or navy life it must be fun to return to college and be shoved into a barracks again.

Other schools have redone hospitals, or have parceled out their students to individual homes, where they share the house with children, grandparents and old-maid aunts. But the living conditions, though inconvenient, do not have such a permanently harmful effect as the overcrowded classes. Classes for under thirty, the largest size for a class here, are unheard of in most overcrowded universities.

In many schools classes are scheduled from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m., yet it is necessary to broadcast some lectures over a public address system to the students seated outside the overflowing classroom. Students, hungry for an education, are willing to overlook these minor inconveniences. In view of all this, our complaints look rather silly, and our living conditions appear luxurious.

# Authors In This Issue

The Linden Bark features every month a supplement containing poems, short stories and essays written by members of the composition classes. In our first supplement we are featuring a few of the articles submitted. This not only enables you to see your name in print but you have the satisfaction of knowing you have created something others are interested in.

# LINDEN BARK

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EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE  
Janet Brown '48

ADVERTISING MANAGER  
Joyce Heldt, '49

### EDITORIAL STAFF

- |                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
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# GRACIE GREMLIN



Say kid! Have you and your man tried out the Sibley Club Rooms yet? Soft lights, stacks of records, cards, sheet music, a smooth dance floor, what more could you ask out of life? Try it out this week end and see if it isn't as much fun as a trip to St. Louis. In addition to being much easier on the overworked wallet of your date. See you there this Friday night!

## FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Although college has been in session only a little over a month, most of you have discovered the opportunities and experiences offered to you in college. You have made acquaintances of girls from various parts of the world; you shall listen to well-known speakers and artists, and you shall know the girls you have met better as the year progresses, by attending clubs and meetings with them.

The primary goal you should strive to reach at Lindenwood is not to produce excellent grades, but you must try to obtain knowledge which you will retain throughout your life. If you do study, and try to budget your time, the good grades will come with this.

The first grades will be in October 21. However, these grades are only reports of grades which are low. You may discuss your difficulties with your faculty advisors, and decide what is causing you to make these low grades. These grades do not go down on the permanent record, they are to show you and your instructors how you are progressing.

The object of every college woman should be to be well-balanced in every manner, and to be an asset to her community.

The faculty is ready to assist you in any way it can.

—ALICE E. GIPSON

## 9 Seniors In Who's Who

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of International Relations; Student Council Representative of the Junior Class, 1945-46; treasurer of the Poetry Society; and assistant editor of the Linden Leaves, last year. She is a member of the Athletic Association; Alpha Sigma Tau; the Triangle Club; and is treasurer of Sigma Tau Delta. At the 1946 commencement she was awarded the Biology Prize.

Marian Pendarvis of River Forest, Ill., is secretary-treasurer of Alpha Sigma Tau; a member of Pi Gamma Mu; Beta Pi Theta; the Triangle Club; Terrapin; and the Athletic Association. She is organization editor on the 1946-47 Linden Leaves staff.

Colleen Johnson's home is Caldwell, Kan. She is president of Mu Phi Epsilon; treasurer of Delta Phi Delta; a member of Der Deutsche Verein; the



by Janet Brown

by Janet Brown

We came early to tea this week and caught Mrs. Sibley admiring a picture (cut from a General Biology book by James Watt Mavor) of Paul, her newest flame. Paul is the skeleton who spends the week hanging docilely in a glass cage in the back Biology lab. Mrs. Sibley could hardly wait to tell us all about it. It seemed that the Major couldn't make it to the Harvest Ball; so Mattie Evelyn had gotten her man, Pithecanthropus, to bring a friend, and the friend turned out to be Paul. He wasn't much to look at, but he was really a smooth dancer. She hadn't expected to have much fun, but everyone at the dance was having such a marvelous time, that before she knew it she was enjoying herself.

The orchestra was the best she had heard for a long time, and there were so many men! And didn't the Queen look lovely! She thought the whole court was attractive—those Freshmen certainly are a good-looking bunch. It was nice of the Student Council to sponsor a dance so soon in the year—did we think that now the school might give another one? She knew where Paul could get some extra men.

Sunday night Paul took her to the Sibley Club Rooms. Again she hadn't expected much, but it turned out to be very cozy. After all, few dance halls have such comfortable couches or such uncrowded floors. There was a good collection of records for them, too—some for dancing, fast or slow, and some for just listening. At this point she began to sing her newest theme song, "It's Only Human to want to fall in love, but who wants to be in love in vain?" They had talked another couple into playing bridge and won a coke. Mrs. Sibley said she had heard a rumor that the Student Council would provide darts, checkers and other games for their amusement, and that there would soon be an ice-box for cokes. Paul says if she will go there every week, instead of into St. Louis, he'll have enough money by the next dance to bring her a real corsage, not one composed mainly of Pro-

tococcus, hyaline cartilage and Elodea.

Mrs. Sibley had to stop here to blow her nose. There were so many colds around—probably the effect of late hours kept while everyone crammed for tests. Why on earth was every teacher giving a test? She was stiff, too, from hockey practice, but this year the cemetery was going to put up a good fight for that intramurals plaque. None of this business of letting someone else do it; this year she herself was going to get in and play. Besides, you have to have some way to lose the extra pounds gained from Lindenwood food and too many trips to the tea room. The only letter she had received this week—isn't an empty mail-box the most dismal sight!—was from an old friend who complained of the meat shortage. They were roasting rabbits to mix with their beans, but Mrs. Sibley had good meat in the dining room every night. How does Miss Foster do it?

Mrs. Sibley paused to pick off a slightly benumbed Lindenwood wasp. They seemed to be all over the place—some energetic, some registering the after-effects of a dull lecture by dozing, and some completely, absolutely, entirely defunct. Butler Hall had certainly given a nice serenade the other night; they were the first hall to sing last year, too. She wished they would come closer to the cemetery, though. The clock in Miss Werndle's lab was having its own serenade; it yips and moans at odd moments.

When we reminded Mrs. Sibley that Founders' Day was coming, she straightened up and pulled her dignity around her. This after all was her day. It was pleasant to know that Lindenwood girls, grateful for the college that had already come to mean so much to them, wanted to set aside one day each year on which to honor her. She and the Major had not had an easy time, but it seemed worth it now when she looked around at the many buildings replacing their one small log cabin. It had been so different then—she drifted off into reminiscing and we slipped back to the dorm.

## Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion Poll Reveals That Lindenwood Students Change Their Minds---Eighty-five Per Cent Shift Furniture In Their Rooms---Radiators Present Biggest Decoration Problem

"Now, if I stand on top of the chest of drawers and you push it from window to window, I can hang these curtains,—maybe." Oooh! My sainted aunt, I've hit the same finger again."

The aforementioned were run-of-the-mill remarks of LeCites as they struggled to make a home away from home. One should suppose that after a month of school the air might have cleared a little, but such is not the case. A recent Bark Barometer poll reveals

that 85 per cent of the girls have rearranged their furniture since the initial effort.

Further statistics on decorating problems show that 80 per cent do not have trouble with their roommates in selecting a decorative scheme for their rooms. The biggest problem for 45 per cent of the girls was the radiator; 50 per cent were concerned about lack of space; 5 per cent found difficulty in matching drapes and bedspreads with wallpaper.

Red Cross; the Encore Club; Choir; the International Relations Club; and Alpha Mu Mu. She was awarded the Music prize of Progress in Music Theory, and the Sigma-Iota Chi Scholarship.

Margaret McKinney, who comes from Baxter Springs, Kan., is president of Pi Gamma Mu; president of Sigma Tau Delta; and a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, El Circulo Espanol, the Sociological Society, and the Future Teachers of America.

Margaret Kendall, better known as Peggy, comes from Granite City, Ill., and is a member of Der Deutsche Verein; the Orchestra; Encore Club; Alpha Sigma Tau; and Sigma Tau Delta. She is treasurer of Triangle

Club; and was the winner of the Chemistry Prize for 1946.

A product of Fairfield, Ill., Margaret Marshall is president of El Circulo Espanol; president of the Encore Club; and business manager for the Linden Leaves 1946-47. She is a member of Alpha Sigma Tau; Pi Gamma Mu; Tau Sigma; the Home Economics Club; the International Relations Club; and the Commercial Club.

He: "I see by the paper that on one of those South Pacific islands a good wife can be bought for what amounts to \$3."

She: "Why, that's terrible."

He: "I don't know. A good wife might be worth it."

# The Linden Bark Literary Supplement

## Sunday Afternoon

by Genevieve Elliott, '49

A hot breeze stirred the sandpapery leaves of the large elms. Jenny wren sat listlessly under the shade of the Feidlers' grape arbor, which had been her family's summer home for many years. Close by a ceaseless stream of cars cruised up and down Elm Street, their passengers seeking relief from the damply hot afternoon. New London, a small Iowa town of fifteen hundred, was certainly not teeming with activity on this sleepy Sunday afternoon.

"Golly, I wish there was somethin' to do," G. A. muttered to himself as he sullenly crushed a huge black ant beneath the heel of his scuffed brown oxford. A lock of dark brown, wavy hair hung limply over his hot forehead. His large blue eyes drooped behind a fringe of thick-planted black eyelashes. Freckles were sprinkled like paprika across his small, impudent nose. G. A. had been sitting on the back steps for ten minutes mulling over in his mind the possibilities for recreation on this perfectly good afternoon. I 'spose I could play football, he thought, but no, it's too hot for that. Baseball? No, that too was ruled out for the same reason.

The steps were becoming rather warm beneath the thin blue overalls his mother had made him put on for fear his Sunday clothes would become soiled. G. A. decided to go indoors and make an inventory of the activities of the rest of the family. He banged the screen door, crossed the sweltering sun porch, and entered the kitchen with another resounding bang of the door. "Shh," his older sister Roberta admonished him, "don't you know Mother's trying to sleep?" G. A. didn't trouble to answer. Both of his older sisters were finishing the dinner dishes. He sat down and tried to tell them about the hike which the boy scouts were going on the next evening. He was promptly "shushed" by a sharp "Listen!" from Roberta. He listened—but heard nothing except: "I was taken for a sleigh ride in July," sung passionately by a male crooner. G. A. was unimpressed.

He then remembered the marble cake which had been served at dinner. "I'll see if there's any left," he resolved; whereupon he proceeded to search methodically for the hidden delicacy. After looking for it on top of the refrigerator and in the storage cupboard he finally located it in the bread box. By this time, Betty, his eldest sister, had become aware of his search and immediately took action on the matter: "G. A., we just finished dinner." This admonition, however, failed to stop G. A. He stuck out his lower lip stubbornly and continued cutting a huge slab of cake. It was soon disposed of since G. A., to all appearances, possessed a bottomless stomach.

All possibilities of anything interesting happening in the kitchen had vanished from his mind. He decided to see what Scott, his younger brother, was doing. He went into the alcove—no Scott! He explored the darkened living room—still no Scott! As a last resort G. A. decided to look for his brother in the basement. His efforts were rewarded to the small boy had taken refuge from the heat in this cool spot. Ronnie Orndorff, Scott's little friend, had come over to play with him, but what were they doing? Coming closer, G. A. discovered that they were painting with some bright blue enamel. Having made a crude home for Scott's pigeons out of an orange crate, they had decided to beautify it. Some of the paint made grotesque designs on the two boy's faces. G. A.'s unexpected entrance had surprised them, and Scott implored his brother not to tell his parents of the projects under way. G. A., being a soft-hearted boy and not wishing to see his brother punished, promised he

would not divulge the secret. After watching the procedure for a few minutes he became disinterested and climbed the stairs back to the first floor.

Opening the door at the top of the stairs, he was shocked at the blast of hot air which greeted him. Again he flopped himself on a kitchen chair. This certainly is a hot, boring afternoon, he reflected. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could go in swimming? Yes, wouldn't it? Already he could feel the cool water of the Country Club Lake lapping around his hot body. Well, I certainly won't get there sitting here, he thought. Immediately he sprang from the chair and covered the flight of stairs to the second floor by taking them two at a time. His mother and father were sleeping fitfully on their twin beds. Their being asleep didn't bother G. A., however. He tried to arouse his father, but this was not an easy task, and it took several attempts before Mr. Feidler had returned to partial consciousness. "Dad," G. A. wheedled, "take us out to the Country Club, will you?" Dad, however, was not enthusiastic over the prospect of struggling into his clothes, leaving the cool house, and driving to the Country Club with a hot wind whipping his face. "Oh, I don't think so, G. A.," Dad said, trying to put off his son.

But G. A. was not to be put off. "Please, Dad," he whined imploringly. "Where are Scott and Ronnie?" Dad asked, relenting a trifle.

"In the basement," G. A. replied.

"What are they doing?" Dad probed.

"They're painting," G. A. could have bitten his tongue out; he had let the secret slip.

"Painting!" Dad exploded; "painting what?"

"Old orange crates," G. A. answered.

"I imagine they have paint all over them," Dad said dejectedly.

"I'll clean them up," G. A. generously offered.

"All right," Dad said, "if you clean up, I'll take you all swimming."

"Well," G. A. thought, "me and my big mouth. I certainly did stick my neck out that time. How in heck am I going to get the paint off of 'em?" he asked himself.

G. A. languidly made for the basement to look over the tough job which awaited him. On reaching the cool refuge he found the boys in a worse condition than he had expected. Looking them over, G. A. had to admit that the blue made quite a charming effect on the hair of the two towheads. His little brother's hair wouldn't be so hard to clean since he had a "butch." But G. A. groaned with dismay when he gazed on Ronnie's tangled flaxen curls.

The afternoon hours were rapidly waning. The arduous task which lay ahead of G. A. would have to be accomplished with the greatest speed possible. But how was this to be achieved? His chemistry set would certainly yield some magic compound, he reassured himself. He got it out and reviewed in his mind the experiments concerning paint which he had worked upon. Turpentine, although a paint-remover, was not particularly speedy. Alcohol? No, he discarded this compound also for its slowness of action. "Gee, I'm really up a stump," he thought. He had experimented

## Dishpan Reverie

by Jean Heye, '49

I love to wash the dishes,  
The dishpan is the sea;  
My hands are deep-sea divers,  
They bring dishes up to me.

## Reflections

by Jo Anne Smith, '50

"The world is so full of a number of things I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Those words by Stevenson kept repeating themselves over and over in my mind as I leisurely strolled through the park one Saturday morning in early spring.

The laughter of children echoed over the lake and on down the paths. The ringing music of the organ grinder set my steps at a swinging pace, and I took an extra whiff of the spring air as I jaunted along.

I passed nursemaids pushing walkers and balloon-tired baby carriages, and dodged children on whizzing skates and bicycles, while I paused for a minute to watch a little old man manipulate his puppets which sold for twenty-five cents each, or two for forty-five.

After a while I stopped under a weeping willow and sat down to rest. I had been there but a short time when a sandy-haired child approached me and surveyed me as only children can survey.

He looked like any other child, but yet there was something different about him. His eyes seemed to say, "Look at me again. In me, are the thoughts that you once had; in me, dwells peace and tranquillity."

When I looked at him a second time, he asked me why I wasn't on skates or flying a kite.

This was a question which required a little thought, before answering. At twenty, one doesn't say "I'm too old," but neither does he contemplate the idea of racing through the park on ball bearings—even if it is Saturday. Then, too, his eyes were speaking again. They said, "Every day is an adventure, and I am the knight who goes forth to find its many enchantments. Yes, I know the secrets that you have long forgotten. I speak the language of the flowers, and I know what the wind whispers when it plays around my window."

I woke up to find two blue eyes watching me intently, and realizing that I still hadn't given him an answer, I told him that I had hurt my ankle. With that, I got up and began hobbling down a path. I didn't need to look back, to know that those eyes were still holding me in their gaze, but what else was there to say to a child clutching a handful of gumdrops and still believing that he is watched over by nymphs and fairy godmothers.

with another compound, but what was it? "It starts with 'a,'" he reflected. "Hmmm. Acetone!" He pounced on the word as a dog pounces on a bone. Quickly he procured some chemicals and proceeded to clean up his unwilling victims. In fifteen minutes flat he had separated the blue paint from the white boys. Then he was pounding up the stairs to tell Dad and get his bathing trunks.

## "... There's A Man Over Here and A Man Over There..."

by Gwendolyn Rosier, '49

### I HOW TO ENTERTAIN A STRANGER

There are many types of strangers and many ways to entertain them. But in order to narrow the subject I'll take only a few of each.

First there is the Gusher, a stranger who is common to all afternoon social affairs. She (I take that pronoun because it usually is a member of that sex) has no more than been introduced to you than she's gushing over your new hat or your pet canary that hasn't sung for years and is molting so badly that it resembles something out of a museum. She asks about your children, and as you explain you're a spinster she gushes on, "Oh well then, how's your husband?" By the time five hectic minutes have slipped by she has asked you the ages of all your children and your husband's business, deplored another's hat and asked you if yours isn't the same as last year's. This type of stranger does not have to be entertained; she entertains herself. Her attention flits from one thing to another so fast that even Superman couldn't keep up with it. All you have to do is to keep your head nodding. It doesn't matter which way you nod it. Thus, the Gusher has been entertained.

There is another type stranger that could be called the Clam. This character appears to be lost in another world. Try as you may, the most you'll be able to salvage from him is a curl of the upper lip. The Clam has been known to drive the most experienced hostess to the state asylum. You may chatter away gaily about the latest adventure of the town scapegoat or become very sober and stuffy and discuss Darwin's theory on evolution, but all you'll get in response is the upper lip-curl. At last you resort to the closed-lip policy yourself and play aimlessly with the tea cup on your lap. Another solution is to talk to yourself, but beware of this method. It might lead to town talk. So in the solution of the Clam you can see that he is determined to be the aloof character, and even the suggestion of a medium rare tenderloin steak with all the trimmings wouldn't stir him to talk.

The third and last type of stranger that I'll discuss with you is the Enthusiast. This is the person everyone would love to know, but when he is found his life is at stake. To him, you can suggest anything from pushing peas across the floor with his nose to moving the grand piano. The response will always be a vehement affirmative. This is all very fine, but soon, if the Enthusiast happens to be of the fairer sex, she will become interested in the way you have arranged the den. She decides it should be done differently. All along you've had a splitting headache and have been just waiting for this moment to rest. As you murmur a faint, "Oh I know it's a mess, but let's not bother now," you notice that the couch is now crosswise and she has the desk chair piled on top of the radio and is happily humming in her off-key voice, "Good, good, good." At this minute all you can think of is "D-, d-, d-," but you smile bravely and pick up the Wedgewood vase that is dangerously rocking on the edge of the moving desk. In short, show this stranger an upset or off-balance room, a pile of dirty dishes, a cherry tree that needs picking, and she is in her glory. Oh, for the Enthusiast.

So let me briefly reiterate the three types of strangers mentioned here and ways to entertain them. First, the Gusher, who babbles incessantly about nothing in particular and is entertained by a mere nod of the head. Secondly, the Clam that is satisfied with himself and only that. There is no possible

way to entertain him and all you can do is to keep yourself amused in a quiet way and not bother him. And lastly the Enthusiast, who is as content as "Elsie the Cow" just to be doing something. Therefore the logical conclusion is to give this stranger a task to do.

### II

#### THE MAN BEHIND THE MIKE

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is your Crunchy-Munchy breakfast cereal man bringing you the up-to-the-minute news from nowhere—oops, I mean anywhere. No, no, no. What I meant to say was, here is your late news from somewhere—" So the Crunchy-Munchy man goes on **ad infinitum** trying to find out where his news did come from. This is the type of announcer that makes a person stop and ask himself why a certain Italian ever was allowed to develop this thing called radio.

The Crunchy-Munchy man often sounds as if he has a healthy mouthful of his product tucked securely below and behind each of his "store" molars. His s's sound like the twelve o'clock whistle and more often than not, he pictures himself as a great dramatic star. His vocal tones are as soft and mellow as a carrot and as melodious as a stalk of celery at a fashionable quiet formal dinner.

As one turns his dial in utter frenzy and pauses a moment, someone new is heard. "Is that a voice I hear?" he asks himself, "or is it a kitten purring?" Then the thought that it's the Sunday Symphony seems fairly feasible until he realizes it's only Wednesday. The voice is only that of Passionate Paul pleading with you to have a new 22-inch steel fire box furnace and damper regulator installed.

"Keep out the cold, wintry blast. Never fear you will freeze to the kitchen cabinet handles," he coos. As one sits with his bamboo fan in one hand and a perspiring glass of iced tea in the other, he begins to shiver and wonder why he'd never thought about the new furnace before. "After all," he reasons, it's nearly winter. Then looking at the calendar, he realizes that it's only the sixth of July.

Passionate Paul could suggest anything from murdering one's twelve children to using a strong solution of lye on the face to rid oneself of wrinkles. His pleadings would be followed. He is a modern Pied Piper. Because he has learned the art of cooing so beautifully, he doesn't sell his product—he hypnotizes his unsuspecting clients into buying it. He may be commonly called the "Frankie" of the radio announcers.

Whereas Mr. Crunchy-Munchy tries to get straight to the point, although he never quite makes it, Passionate Paul delights in taking the long way around and brings in any human interest angle he can find. Almost all announcers fall into these two divisions. There are a few who manage to go right down the middle lane. But those few are worth their weight in double-spaced script.

### III

#### HOW TO LISTEN TO A LECTURE

Before going into the basic principles of listening to a lecture let me give you my main advice: Everything goes at a lecture, but if you're wise, you won't.

Having dispensed with this point, let us move ahead and turn our minds to what will be needed for the lecture. Candy, preferably the kind that is hard and wrapped in cellophane, is the first requisite for the evening. When the lecture becomes unbearably dull, this candy is what will liven things up by rolling down your lap, landing on the floor with a crash, and then proceeding to rattle down the long inclined floor. One thing further about the candy: Be sure to crunch the cello,

## LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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# Variety Of Prose And Verse From College Authors

phane paper in the palms of your hands. The effect is charming.

Next on the list comes a heavily scented handkerchief that is to be drawn from your purse at various intervals when the room becomes filled with hot air. Fan yourself furiously so that the fidgety old gent sitting at your right will be overcome and forced to leave. This will give you a place on which to drape your mink-dyed coney and put your new suede pumps. By putting your pumps in that place, you avoid having to walk down to the front of the inclined room, barefooted, to search among gum wrappers, three pieces of your hard candy, and several odd shoes for your own.

Besides the candy and the handkerchief you will need a hat. Now contrary to some who would say that just any hat will do, I say you must have one of those new Hollywood creations with the fourteen inch crown, chicken feathers, and clouds of veiling. Anchor it on securely so that when the frustrated bald-headed man behind whispers a "Lady, would you mind taking off that camouflaged tree?" you can smile sweetly and make a futile attempt, waving your arms in the breeze so as to further distract poor "baldy's" attention. At last, in utter despair, he will lean forward with murder in his beady eyes and tell you not to bother.

By now the list is complete; so let's go to the lecture. As you rummage in your bulky bag for bus fare you notice large black print on the lecture ticket saying, "Promptly at 8 p. m." Glancing at the hands of your watch you notice they point shockingly to 8:25; the auditorium is therefore a murky cavern as you enter.

After trying three times to get into the right row and crushing several very good arches, you at last find your seat. Quietly you unbutton your coat; as you come to the last button it falls to the floor with a resounding "clink." Because you don't want to forget it, you double up, crane your head down, and let your right hand explore the unknown. Success! "That was easy enough," you mutter to yourself. Little do you know what is coming next. Yes, that's right, your veil catches on the seat in front of you, and though you struggle vainly—it is impossible to dislodge yourself. At long last you manage to tear your way out.

After you've heard five minutes of the lecture you suddenly choke wildly on your hard candy. At first you try to stifle the cough with a handkerchief, but it's the one with all the perfume to which you have just found yourself highly allergic. This situation, although you try your best not to, causes you to go into a fit of sneezes. It wakes the baby three rows down, and the "dear little thing" begins to accompany you in its high, clear, un-learned soprano.

I don't know why it is, but as soon as one person starts to cough the whole room soon sounds like a tuberculosis sanatorium. That is the effect you have on the once quiet room. This state usually prevails for a good half hour. And it is the lecturer's duty to talk above the din. But as is the case more often than not, you notice that not only everyone is coughing, sneezing, or blowing his nose, and the baby is still crying, but the lecturer himself is having his own personal convulsion.

As the quiet roar subsides the dear old lady next to you leans over and in a stage whisper says, "Say, dearie, ain't you Marilda Slomback's seventh cousin?" And because it isn't quite clear whether she asked you if it wasn't a lovely lecture or a rainy night, you smile blandly and nod your head, "yes." Upon gaining this knowledge, she takes you under her wing and explains how she's had kidney stones and doesn't get around much any more. She tells you how her brother died seven years ago last May and how her

knitting is progressing. All of her conversation is carried on in that cracked whisper. Suddenly you look around and see that everyone is standing up. "Has someone fainted?" you scream. The bald man turns to you and with that curl of the upper lip says, "It's all over, lady."

So once again let me say: Anything goes at a lecture, but if you're wise, you won't!

## A Leap-Week Date

By Dorothy Drake, '49

"Hey, Dot! Got a date for Friday night?" The slow shake of Dot's head made her friend exclaim, "My gosh, girl. Here it is Leap Week, and our sorority supper tomorrow is the best time for a date. You can't let your golden opportunity go by." No, thought Dot as she watched the girl scuff down the school hall, I guess I can't. Since the beginning of Leap Week the day before, she had been thinking of the situation. Her friends were already getting dates for the coming week. But she was not too enthusiastic about "backward" affairs to which the girls took the boys. "If I dated a lot and needed to pay a certain boy, it would be different," she reasoned. "Yeah, but there must be someone special you'd like to ask," her friends argued. Dot knew that Jack, the "big man" around high school, was the person she would like to ask. He and Dot were good friends, and their few dates had been swell. But, she mourned, no danger of anything serious ever developing. Though it would be fun to take him to the supper.

For the rest of the day, the more Dot thought about it, the more she convinced herself that it was a good idea. By the end of classes on Thursday she was ready to ask Jack for the date and waited for him in the main hall at school. Finally he came ambling down the hall toward his locker. Dot straightened from her leaning position against the showcase, shifted her books, took a deep breath, and slowly approached him. Don't seem excited or urgent, she warned herself.

"Jack, got a minute to spare?"

"Hi, Dot. What's on your mind?"

"Well, as you've probably heard, our sorority is having a big supper over 't Ruth's tomorrow night, and I wonder if you could go?"

"Oh," Jack paused slightly, then slowly answered, "It sounds swell, but Jim and I have thought about goin' t' the city for the basketball tournament, so I can't promise now. Would it be okay if I tell ya' later?"

"I guess I c'n take a rain check on your answer," Dot tried to joke. "But I do hope you can go."

"So do I, but we'll see."

Dot thought about his indefinite answer all Thursday night. By Friday morning she had decided to help Jack to say "yes." Accordingly, before school began she talked with Barbara, Jim's girl.

"Barb, how 'bout trying your persuasive powers on your steady? Maybe you could talk him out of goin' to the city tonight."

"What do you mean about goin' to the city?" Barb asked with surprise.

"Hasn't Jim told you?"

"No."

"Well, the boys may go down for the basketball games. But I asked Jack for a big date tonight. If they go, it's off; but if they don't, it's on. So —"

"Jim didn't say a word about bein' gone tonight. I was planning on a date, too. That makes me mad," Barb snapped.

The bell to begin classes rang then. Dot could tell from the tone of the girl's voice that Barb was planning some action. At noon when she saw Jack for the first time that day, he did not acknowledge her greeting. She thought it was strange but decided maybe he did not see her. The next

time they met, he seemed to avoid her again. She soon learned the reason for his strange actions. She saw Jim coming down the hall and stopped him.

"Jim, what's the matter with Jack?"

"You should know."

"I should know? What do ya' mean by that?"

"Well, since you put me on the spot, I guess I'll have to tell you. After you talked with Barb this morning, she got mad at me for not telling her I might be gone tonight. But I hadn't told her because I didn't know of any such plans myself."

Dot's eyes widened, and a frown appeared on her face. "I asked Jack what the deal was," Jim went on, "and he got sore when he realized you'd interfered."

Dot started to speak but quickly stopped as a tragic thought flashed through her mind. She stared at Jim with a puzzled expression on her face. After a long pause, she spoke. "I guess maybe I did mix things up and get everyone mad. Perhaps the best thing to do is break the date."

With that, Dot walked away. She was all mixed up in her thinking at first, but she had to face the facts squarely. Jack doesn't want to go with me, she finally admitted to herself; the trip to the city was only an excuse. Well anyway, I'd better find him and break the date before things get more complicated. She stopped him in the hall between classes.

"Jack, wait a minute, will you?"

"Yeah."

"I hear you and Jim are goin' to the games tonight, so I guess our date is off. I'm sorry though."

Not waiting for his reply, she left. Well, that's over, she thought. But I wish it weren't; I think the date would have been so much fun. But when a guy practically turns you down, it's no fun. Yet, I can't let this hurt me. Jack isn't the only boy around here who dates. Maybe there'll be chances for me to date later on; at least I hope so.

That evening Dot did not know what to do for entertainment; she was restless. She could not get comfortable in any chair and thumbed absent-mindedly through several magazines. She turned on the radio but could not find a satisfactory program. She wandered out to the kitchen but found

she had no appetite. While she was there, the telephone rang. As she rushed to pick up the receiver, she silently prayed that it would be Jack. But the call was for her dad. She now had to make herself realize that it was too late for Jack to call. I shouldn't hope anyway, she told herself firmly; after all, he'd turn me down. But a girl always likes to have a date.

Finally her dad offered to take her to the show if his wife did not object to his going out with a young lady. "Why Dad, I'd love to go," Dot convinced herself. She ran up to her room to put on some lipstick and comb her hair. She did not bother to change from her sweater and skirt and threw a plaid coat over her shoulders. As she was coming down the stairs, the front doorbell rang. "I'll get it," Dot called. She threw open the door to reveal a friend standing before her with a broad grin and a questioning look on his face. Dot gasped, and in the short, silent period which followed she was emotionally confused. Quickly Jack came through to solve everything.

"Our trip to the city is off; so I believe we have a date tonight. How 'bout it, shall we go?"

"Jack. Come in, come in. I'll have to change, but it'll only take a minute. Then I'd love to go."

## On Nuts and Things

By Jean Kiraefy, '50

SOME people think I'm nuts. You probably will too when you read this—um—oh, for lack of a name, I'll call it an essay.

My favorite hobby is reading books I can't understand. The first one I ever attempted was Darwin's *Origin of Species*. I read this book from cover to cover. The theory of evolution was so much a part of me that I even fooled my biology teacher, but the awful truth was that I didn't have the least idea what I was talking about!

I don't understand poetry. The simplest text confuses me so that I might as well be attempting Greek. (Jeepers, don't get me started on that. Aeschylus' *Choephoroe*, Sophocles' *Oedipus, King of Thebes* and Euripides' *Iphigenia in Tauris* are my favorite Greek dramas.) Greek or no Greek, when the rainy days come along, nothing pleases me more than reading

## Torrid Tranquillity

by Carol Clayton, '49

I am stretched prone

In the soft but scorching wood

Of a dilapidated dock,

Lazily listening

To the sluggish water

Lapping against rotting piles.

The burning fingers of the sun's rays, hypnotically hot,

Caress the length of my body,

And a sensuous indolence diffuses through my being,

As slowly and completely as gentle rain takes possession of the earth.

Imperceptibly the warmth increases.

The apathetic rhythm becomes a

Pulsating beat

Of vibrating heat

Which pounds, and pounds, and pounds like a hundred turbines.

The searing fingers of the sun leave my skin taut and dry. Shimmering reflections in the water augment the fire of the sun.

I submit to the power of the penetrating rays,

And I am happy in my torrid tranquillity.

## Thoughts At Sea

by Beverly Brunelle, '49

I wonder what a sailor's thoughts be

When he sees no land but only sea.

When at night he sits in solitude.

And the moon casts a black and silvery mood

O'er the endless waters that meet with the sky.

Does he think of his friends whom he has seen die?

Can the beauties of nature numb the pain

That in a heavy heart has lain?

Or do they only increase his sorrow,

Knowing his friends will have no tomorrow?

Will his heart be heavy or will it be free?

I wonder what a sailor's thoughts be

When he sees no land but only sea.

here and there in a collection of deep, sad poems such as "The Waste Land," "La Figlia che Piange," "Gerontion," and "A Cooking Egg" by T. S. Eliot. I can read poems on the same order as these over and over again, but I never really appreciate the beauty of the lines because I can't comprehend the true meaning.

Several years ago I was very much interested in the thoughts and beliefs of famous people. Reluctantly I dug into my well-worn purse and trudged down to the bookstore to buy *Living Philosophies* by Einstein, H. G. Wells, John Dewey, Sir James Jeans, Theodore Dreiser, Beatrice Webb, and other well-known personages. After perusing this collection of nonsense I promised "never again" because I was so confused about simple living, who thought what, and the like that the hermit life seemed the only alternative.

Lately my subjects have been much more sensible and very interesting. Besides reading Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, edited by Morley and Everett, the *Follett Spanish Dictionary*, *La Catedral* by Blanco Ibanez, *Les Quinze Joies de Mariage* by L. Simon, and the *New York Bar Examination Review Quiz*, I've been browsing around in a book on psychiatry to find out why people think I should be in an insane asylum.

## Packing

by Mary Titus, '49

SHE filled her trunk with useless things.

She folded fifteen fragrant springs into her bags—a bright starched fall, A soft white winter; she took them all. She left her shoes and hat behind To take what loveliness she could find. She bought a filmy dream to fold into her purse; she paid in gold. The money she had when she was done Was only a copper disc of sun. She fled with her wealth, and from afar We watched her seeking a dream-bright star.

## Crazy About Horses

By Jean Fulton, '50

"HI Ho, Silver!" Those were practically my first words. Since earliest childhood I had pestered my parents for a horse. When I was six, my dreams of riding on the back of a spirited animal came true. It did not even bother me that I shared the pony with my brother, my sister, and three younger cousins. We were quite a sight riding down the street on a pony so small that when I reached the age of twelve my feet dragged the ground by some four or five inches.

At fourteen years of age I stopped riding the pony because my uncle kept referring to us as the ant and the elephant. I again started my campaign for a "big" horse like the one Gene Autry rode. My grandfather, who lived on a farm, heard my despairing cry and gave me a baby colt which I immediately called "Dynamite." It made me very angry when they shortened the name to "Ole Dan." Such an ordinary name! It became very apparent, however, that Ole Dan would be far from a riding horse, so he was sold and I again started my sales talk.

Some dreams come true. Mine did. In other words, this summer Nip, a three-year-old saddle mare, came into my life. She is a dark bay with one white foot and a white dew drop on her forehead and nose. She is a beauty. My roommate says that there are only two things discussed in our room—her fiancé and my horse. By summer vacation Nip will have her training and with what training I get here in the art of horseback riding, we will jog along together over the rolling Ozarks.

## THE CLUB CORNER

Carol Clayton was elected president of the Press Club. Other officers elected were: Vice-president, Casey Jones; secretary, Bonnie Lumpkins; treasurer, Dot Roberts.

The Spanish Club, El Circulo Espanol, has elected officers for the year 1946-47: President, Margaret Marshall; vice-president, to be decided on at the next meeting; secretary-treasurer, Miriam Reilly.

Officers elected for this year's Texas Club were: President, Lucette Stumberg; vice-president, Joyce Smith; secretary-treasurer, Linda Fee.

Beta Pi Theta, the French society, elected as this year's officers: President, Marie Mount; vice-president, Carol Clayton; secretary, Jane Barbara Morrisey; treasurer, Fannie Straus.

## Fashion Forecast

The new important silhouette is in the sleeve and hemline. . . . The normal armhole retains its position with perhaps a deeper set-in sleeve. . . . Look for such variation as the lantern sleeve, the over-blouse sleeve, the musketeer sleeve, the bell sleeve, the double push-up balloon sleeve and the shoulder flange sleeve. . . . Some sleeves have additional interest with a set-in contrasting band or trim. . . . Also accepted is the simple three-quarter sleeve, the cap sleeve and the long fitted sleeve.

Longer hems make news. . . . The graduated back hem, the harem skirt, panel overskirt drape and apron tunic important. . . . Bustle back appears frequently on evening gowns. . . . Ballerina length returns both in evening dresses and cocktail afternoon dresses. . . . Peg silhouette is treated in various versions and adaptations. . . . Side drape and overlap flounce popular. . . . Jacket dresses, important. . . . Doll waist appears on dresses, suits and evening gowns. . . . Rounded dropped shoulder look, high neckline important. . . . Much bead and sequin trim encircling high neckline. . . . Feminine look is stressed throughout all collections. . . . Capelet shoulder makes its appearance on many dresses and side-button-down dresses, back-button-down dresses popular.

There is a soft dressy feeling in suits. . . . Sleeves are full, usually pushed up or draped on top and fitted down to wrist. . . . We are getting away from the square shoulder and are definitely leaning toward the rounded soft look. . . . Tuxedos will still be good with variation such as belted back and very loose fronts. . . . The longer jacket and longer skirt appear in all collections. . . . Large hip pockets important. . . . Tunics popular. . . . Watch for sleeves that are full above the elbow. . . . Draped, folded or puffed.

Interesting treatments on fall dresses: Rows of fringe borders on skirts. . . . Pure wools combined with plaids or faille. . . . Sheer wools trimmed with velvet on collars and cuffs. . . . Jeweled beading and sequin trim on circular high neck woolen dresses. . . . Lace or marquisette set-in midriff. . . . Lavish accent on end of balloon sleeve. . . . Two-tone combinations appearing on a good many dresses.

Materials appearing frequently: Sheer crepes and wools. . . . Combination of solid wools with checks and plaids. . . . Some satins in black and brown. . . . Colors popular: Beige, the gamut of greens, vintage red and of course black. . . . Watch for winter white, all neutrals and wine reds.

When we consider the still existing limitations upon our designing freedom which continue to restrict us in the application of certain style features, it really is remarkable to what extent American designers have succeeded in bringing about so complete a change

## Lindenwood Girls See Prophet Parade

How about that? A chance to watch the Veiled Prophet parade—and on a school night, too! I'll bet Lindenwood has never before had an opportunity to view Mardi Gras on a small scale. I can just imagine what a thrill it will be. . . . surging throngs, hilarity everywhere, gorgeous floats, color, gaiety, holiday abandonment. . . .

Let me see—we've been standing on this same spot for an hour and a half. Oh yes, I certainly didn't underestimate the teeming humanity. Any moment now I'm expecting something momentous. Why, oh why didn't I wear my loafers? When will I learn that these four and one-half-inch platforms were not meant to stand on? I hear a confused babble of shouts, sighs, and whistles around the corner. That can't mean—well, well, will wonders never cease? A float approacheth! I must admit it is a very resplendent creation. Another and another and another. I congratulate them—the ball is now rolling. It really isn't my appreciation of beauty that has degenerated—how can I possibly exclaim ecstatically when the characters beside me so enjoy tiptoeing up and over my platforms while I experience nothing but acute discomfort? My purse, coat, and hat seem to be in a definitely uncooperative mood tonight. I'm having to battle

for complete control over my apparel. All moves in a cycle; first my coat slips from a shoulder, next, one or the other glove falls beneath someone's tread, finally, part or all of the contents of my purse fall to the pavement. I am at no loss for diversion—my attention is divided between the passing parade and my own sad situation. Ho hum, now that I've finally assembled a vague sort of order about my person, the voice of the masses proclaims the end of the spectacle. What to do for the remaining hour and one-half presents a problem.

One famished mortal pitted against 500,000 in undoubtedly the same condition will be a dangerous and fruitless endeavor, I fear. Luckily the other, girls are adept at commando tactics. We seem to have a temporary hold on a booth in this drugstore. My miserable state demands remedial action in the form of a couple of hamburgers, a malt, a banana split, a few dozen cigarettes, and, perhaps, a candy bar. How this interim has flown—

The bus, overflowing with weary but happy individuals. Ahhhh, I don't believe I'll ever forget this episode in my life—what's a little suffering as compared to the indelible impression all this has made upon us. So I day dream through tomorrow's classes—How marvellous the ball will be. . . .

## THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

by Mary Titus

Jo Wetzler, better known in Butler Hall as "the fire bug," really celebrated her moving in room 210 with what is known as a house warming. In case any of you are wondering, it was a flaming success.

Date Bureau Headquarters are located in Butler—room 208. Any girls desiring dates, inquire there. For further information see M. L. Evans-Lombe.

The delightful mingled aroma of gardenias, roses, and carnations penetrating Ye Olde Halls tells us that the Harvest Dance has come and gone. Lindenwood girls certainly weren't forgotten,—orchids galore, and plenty of men!

Wanted: A ape, very dumb. Apply Mary McKinney, Ph. D. club, Butler Hall.

If you wonder why Georgia Wanderer has been looking a little dazed lately, just glance at that pin on her sweater and you will know the reason. Yes, the one and only Dave has presented her with his fraternity pin. Congratulations Georgia!

Gail Frew was really "shaking a leg" at the last formal dance. Say, Frew, just who WAS this MAN?

Dedicated to Buse's:

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Sugar is sweet  
And florists, too.

"Cripple Crable" swings around on those crutches like Tarzan, maybe a wee bit slower, but who wouldn't with an extra fifty pound leg to carry around!

Feather bobs are again becoming popular. If you don't believe me, ask Dorothy Fink, Mimi Turner, Shirley Griffiths, Nancy Scovil, Deanie Thomasson and Billie Smith. Dern cute, aren't they?

as now appears for the new season. All in all, the new season is one of charming sparkle and glamour in styling, in fabric combinations, and in a general colorfulness which lends zest and femininity to the style scene of this gay post-war era!

## Vela Montoya Presented Spanish Dances Friday

Friday evening the students and faculty of Lindenwood were entertained by Vela Montoya, one of America's greatest exponents of authentic Spanish dances. Routines of old Spain rather than old Mexico are her specialty and these steps so symbolic of the old world held her audience spellbound with interest. Montoya comes to us after a season of many successful appearances where her vitality and forcefulness have won her the tribute of "Queen of the Castanets."

She shows perfect coordination from the clicking of her castanets to the movement of her lightning feet—the dancer makes use of every muscle in her body to interpret each dance to its fullest meaning. It was delightful to watch a dancer who used not only her hands and feet, but her eyes, her elbows, even her shoulder blades for expert effect.

Montoya is American born but of Spanish descent. She has danced since childhood and spent the several years making personal appearances. Since her debut Montoya has evoked the praise of nation-wide audiences and professional critics as well. Her costumes are designed by Montoya, herself, and planned especially to suit each dance.

Lindenwood was very happy to welcome this honored guest and it will be some time before we'll forget such unique and lovely dancing.

## OF ALL THINGS

Lindenwood Sophomore: "What is the difference between a cat and a comma?"

Freshman: "I don't know. What is it?"

Sophomore: "A cat has claws at the end of its paws, and a comma is a pause at the end of a clause."

## Quotation Marksmanship

G. De Maupassant: She wept like a gutter on a rainy day—

J. K. Jerome: Idleness and kisses, to be sweet, must be stolen.

O. Wilde: Women are meant to be loved, not to be understood.

H. Youngman: She was an old maid, waiting for someone to happen.

H. Stromberg: Her kisses lipnotized him.

Anon.: Always listen to the opinions of others; it probably won't do you any good, but it will them.

## "Tish" To Be First Offering By College Dramatic Students

"Tish," Mary Roberts Rinehart's uproarious comedy, will be the first presentation of the Dramatic Art Department this year. The play will be given November 15, under the direction of Miss Glo Rose Mitchell.

Letitia Carberry, a blunt, but lovable middle-aged spinster, is the central character of the play. In her attempt to lead a simple life, she falls in and out of romantic, financial, and even international tangles.

The play takes place in three acts, introducing thirteen characters. Try-outs for these parts were held October 17 and 18.

## Dr. Reeves Addresses Students On Christianity

Dr. Reeves was the guest speaker at convocation last Thursday, and Dr. Harmon gave the opening prayer.

Dr. Reeves told of his experiences in France, Holland, Germany and other European countries where he has been for the past two years. He described the young people, their Christian training, and the interest which they show in politics.

He said that Communism against the Christian church is Europe's big problem, and that extensionism in France and Switzerland is growing.

In concluding, he urged us to think more about Christian training, and its great blessings to mankind.

## "America Faces East" Address By Mrs. Fisher

Wealthy Honinger Fisher, one of the five best informed, most brilliant and effective speakers in America, addressed the student body at a convocation Thursday, Oct. 10, on international affairs.

Tall, aristocratic, and crisp in manner, Mrs. Fisher's remarkable address, "America Faces East," built immediate confidence in her knowledge of her subject. None of her material is "dated" and she speaks with authority on peoples and places; she knows the lowly plus the high-ups. Her very evident thorough understanding of oriental political and economic conditions proved to be even more valuable and timely in view of recent events in that area.

## If It Is An Old Turkish Custom Nancy Gannaway Knows About It

### Students Make Plans For Thanksgiving Vacation

Students are already making plans for the Thanksgiving and Christmas vacations. It won't be long until they take the first trip home. Although the Thanksgiving vacation is just a short one, from November 27 after classes until December 2 at 8 a. m., the Christmas holiday, from December 17 after classes until 11 a. m. January 3, will provide plenty of time to get re-acquainted with families and friends.

Dean Gipson has announced the first three Friday morning classes which will be missed January 3 will be held on Saturday morning, Jan. 4.

### Book Fair

The Hagedorn Book Shop in St. Louis will hold a "Book Fair" on the campus early in November. Plans are now being made for this event. A number of new books will be exhibited at the fair to encourage reading among the students.

## Lindenwood Welcomes Transfer Students

Campuses all over the country have been overflowing with record-breaking enrollments. This condition hasn't impaired the quality of instruction but it has reduced, if not diminished, the comforts heretofore offered students. Veterans are forced to live in one-room government houses or trailers, while dorms are doubled up over their usual capacity. At some universities coeds are even staying in converted fraternity houses. Eating out is only one of their many problems; they are forced to stand in line for everything.

Many of you older students have noticed a few new faces in the upper classes this year—they are the transfer students and have come to us here at Lindenwood appreciating all the comforts a school of this size offers. It is from these students we hear of a few of the conditions on the university campuses. They help us appreciate the things we have always taken so much for granted, the friendliness of our faculty, the comforts of a well-rounded school week, and facilities at our disposal whenever we desire them.

There are seventeen transfer students in all and we are very happy to welcome: Barbara Barnett, Priscilla Jane Bogue, Frances Sue Bright, Carmen Chandler, Rosalee Cheney, Dorothy Louise Cox, Mary Lou Dast, Sally Elam, Maurice Etheridge, Rebecca Hardy, Betty Jean Hillenkamp, Eloise Joan Macy, Audrey Eloise Mount, Nancy Jean Neef, Betty Rogers, Johanna Lee Schwarting, Patricia Ann Shoot, and Barbara Jean Watkins. We hope they will spend a very happy year here at Lindenwood.

## FROM THE SIDELINE

Athletic Association is off to a good start this year! Following their street supper September 17 they gave a party in the Gym to explain the purposes and activities of A. A. to the Freshmen.

Achery, golf, and tennis intramurals are finished and the results are:

Golf—Niccolls; tennis—doubles, Irwin; singles, Ayres; archery—Ayres.

Hockey intramurals are next on the list. Be sure to get your practice hours in before November 4 because the intramural games will begin then. Practices will be Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 4 p. m.

Housewife (hearing a crash in the kitchen): "More dishes, Mandy?"  
Mandy: "No, ma'am. Less."  
(Sante Fe Magazine)

## Founders' Day Evokes Memories Of Lindenwood's Eventful Past

by Mary Neubert

It is time for Jennie to leave for Lindenwood. Her bag is packed and includes three calico frocks for school; two woolen ones for Sunday and occasional visits to town; a new brown bonnet lined with light blue (a copy from the latest edition of Godey's Magazine); her worn Bible and her needlepoint.

The stagecoach has arrived and with it a feeling of dread as the last goodbyes are called out and Jennie begins her long journey to college.

She finds Lindenwood half-hidden among oak and linden trees and overlooking the beautiful Missouri River. The one brick building consists of four stories. The kitchen and large plain dining room, with its long wooden table and chairs is in the basement. The reception offices, president's study and living quarters are located on the first floor and the dormitory above.

In the center of this dormitory is an enormous stove. And what a trial it is in winter! He smokes and spits and roars in a masculine manner, and threatens to burn the whole house down. Along one side of the room is a wash stand and pitchers of water, which are carried by hand. There are about twenty girls with Jennie and they have many enjoyable times together.

The students sit on the floor in "Hall" during study hour. The teacher, with her door open, is supposed to keep a watchful eye, but being of a romantic nature, she is generally engrossed in a novel or, remembering her own school days, takes pity on her pupils and overlooks many of their pranks.

Sunday is the most trying day of the week and everyone is thankful there are only four a month. There are trials all day—a long walk to church, a very long Presbyterian sermon, a prayer equally as long, with Jennie standing first on one foot, then the other. After the weary walk home, there is an hour of religious reading in the afternoon.

Rules are very strict here at Lindenwood in 1863. Students are allowed to correspond with only two persons and these must be approved by their parents. All letters addressed to improper parties are destroyed. Shopping must be attended to on Saturday and

in company of one of the teachers. The visits of young gentlemen, unless near relatives, are not permitted. Disorderly conduct, such as boisterous talking, laughing and romping is not allowed. Tattling is positively forbidden. No pupil can attend balls, parties, circuses, etc., during the session. Every girl is required to keep her textbooks neatly covered with calico or some cheap goods.

Each morning Jennie attends chapel exercises first and then an hour of Bible classes. Among her other studies are English Composition, Shakespeare, Natural Philosophy, Ancient History and Alexander's Moral Science.

The president of the college teaches this Moral Science. One day he left for the afternoon, and the girls were determined not to learn their lesson. As the afternoon wore on the boys from the military school stopped at the window but the students were in a corner and not to be seen. About three o'clock they decided to look at the lesson. By the time the president returned, each girl understood it perfectly and recited it for him.

Time passes quickly here. With the leaves falling and October nearly over, a Founders' Day program is under way. Thirty-six years ago Major George C. Sibley and his wife, impressed with the need of a school for the higher education of young women, purchased 120 acres of land. The first building was erected in 1831. It was made of logs and accommodated between 30 and 40 students.

It won't be long now till Christmas and Jennie is looking forward to her vacation with a happy heart.

## Masquerade Party Is Next Social Event

The entire student body is invited to a masquerade party in Butler Gym on November 2. High-lighting the evening will be a style show given by the Harvest Queen and her Court. Contests, games, and other sources of entertainment will be furnished.

Each person must come in costume. Prizes will be given for the most original costume. Refreshments will be served.

## THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



The Campus Hall of Fame presents for its second candidate Miss Jan Miller, president of the Student Christian Association for 1946-1947. Jan is from Indianapolis, Ind., and is a Junior. She resides in Sibley Hall, and is an active participant in many campus organizations. This semester she is a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, Encore Club, Student Activities Committee, Pi Alpha Delta, and League of Women Voters.

In her Freshman year Jan was a member of the Halloween Court. Last year she represented the Sophomore class at Student Council meetings, and this year she is busy working on the Linden Leaves Staff.

## Radio Class Presents Two Original Skits

"The Dream of the Sugar Lady," written by Hazel Clay, will be the next program to be presented by the Lindenwood radio class over the St. Louis station, KFUD.

Next on the radio schedule will be Gwen Rosier's "It's a Date," the first in a series of radio programs to be presented here. This skit will introduce the college life of Jeanie.

## Harvest Ball and Veiled Prophet Have Molly Freshman's Head In A Whirl

Dear B.J.

Remember that smooth formal I got just before coming down here? Saturday night I had the first opportunity to wear it, and did I ever gfrt like a queen! Honestly, the Harvest Ball was one grand affair. If I can come down from this silver-lined cloud I have been floating on, I'll tell you all the minute details! First of all, mainly, and to begin with is the MAN in question. Some eighty men came over from Scott Field and the one I got was really a killer-diller. . . . even have plans for a future date! To go on with more material things—Joan, our freshman beauty, really added prestige to our class. When she and the other girls came out for the coronation I was so excited I thought I would die. Even if I do say so myself, the class of '50 has some right good lookers.

You may be having fun tearing around in your new '46 Buick, but I bet you don't have as much fun as we did the night six chartered buses took us in to the Veiled Prophet Parade in St. Louis. Each bus was filled to capacity, so with that crowd all singing various types of songs, you can imagine the noise involved. Not to mention the fact there was a crowd of some 500,000 to contend with on the streets of the city. That is one experience I'll never forget.

This afternoon I was in a definitely blue mood. Perhaps I should say grey, because the whole trouble was caused by the difficulty in getting my clothes clean! How I long for Mom and the washing machine. It is absolutely impossible to get my socks clean—that's why I have been going without them so often. Of course, when a little hole appears or a button zings off leaving a gaping buttonhole,

that is exasperating too!

We have cultivated a few pets on campus. Pests, that is! We file in to chapel and vespers and then swarms of belligerent little wasps buzz in after us. They keep us pretty busy ducking and dodging.

Before I have to duck and dodge from the eyes of my instructors tomorrow I better retire to my books.

Love,

Molly

## Mme. Helene Lyolene To Return To Campus

Madame Helene Lyolene will return to the Lindenwood campus early in November. A noted New York dress designer, she will lecture to the art and clothing classes, and hold private consultations with girls interested in designing.

Of aristocratic Russian parentage, Madame Lyolene has designed in Paris and New York, although she is in Paris at the present. Madame Lyolene is also connected with Nelly Don in Kansas City.

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Edward Arnold

Tues-Wed. Oct. 29-30

Gail Russell-Diana Lynn in  
OUR HEARTS WERE  
GROWING UP

Big Halloween Midnight  
Show Wednesday Night,  
Oct. 30, at 11:30 P. M.  
Carl Esmond-Leonore Aubert in  
THE CAT MAN OF PARIS  
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