

Hail To The  
Halloween  
Queen!

# LINDEN BARK

All Out  
For The  
Victory Loan

VOLUME 26

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NUMBER 2

## Lindenwood Goes Over Top In War Chest Drive



Lindenwood College students whoop it up in celebration of going "over the top" in the War Chest Drive. Lindenwood's goal was \$2000 and the college subscribed \$2246.31.

## One Of These Thirteen Freshmen To Reign Over Annual Halloween Ball

One of these thirteen girls will reign as the Freshman Halloween queen on November 2. The other twelve will form her court. They are:

Beverly Bacon, Betty Bland, Beverly Burnell, Carol Clayton, Judy Haggerty, Barbara Hencke, Marie Koch, Ann Mitchell, Judy Powell, Mary Ann Putnam, Ann Steckenreider, Grace Stewart and Teddy Proctor.

The queen will be crowned at the annual Halloween Dance in Butler Gymnasium.

Tonight the thirteen candidates will model three costumes, sport, afternoon dress and evening dress, in a style show in Roemer Auditorium after which the entire school will cast their ballots for the queen. The announcers for the style show are Beverly Adcock, Ann Klein, Shelia Shannon, and Bertha Ward. Gwen Rosier, Torene Williams, and Doris Marlin will entertain in the intermissions.

The identity of the queen will be revealed at the dance. She will be crowned by the first maid who will re-

ceive the crown from the second maid. The Freshman sister class, the Juniors, will form an aisle for the queen. The announcer of the court will be Dona Lewshee, and Pat Elliott will be mistress of ceremonies.

Arrayed in tacky Halloween costumes the girls will dance to the music of Prof. Fletcher MacMurray's Swing Band. During the intermission there will be a floor show, provided by Mitzi Wayne, Juanita Pardee, Mary Morris, Mary Artman, and a quartet, the Six Nicks, Teddy Proctor, Patty Palmer, Janie Hirton, Shirly Strane, and Kay Blankenship.

A group of twenty-five elected Freshman representatives planned the style show and the dance. Under them were five committee chairmen: Jean Temple, decorations; Dorothy Olsen, flowers; Margaret Burton, entertainment; Kay Blankenship, arrangements; Teddy Proctor, invitations. Anyone who would be willing to work on these committees will be welcomed as they need help.

## Here's One Student Who Never Has Trouble With Her Spanish

Having trouble with your Spanish translations? There is a certain Niccolls Hall resident this year who would make an ideal Spanish tutor. She is Miriam Reilly, a Freshman, who was born in Pachuca, Mexico, where she lived until she came to the states two years ago.

Miriam's family lived in the foreign colony in Pachuca with about one hundred British, French, German, Swiss, and American families. Her father

is a mining engineer for the Mexican branch of the American Smelting and Refining Company. This company established a school in Pachuca with four English-speaking teachers, and many Mexican students, as well as colony students, attended school there.

Since the Pachuca school includes only the first eight grades, Miriam was privately tutored for her freshman and sophomore years of high school. During her last two years, she attended the Boistow School in Kansas City, Mo.

## Lindenwood Gives \$2,246 To War Chest

Over the top! Lindenwood had contributed \$2246.30 to the War Chest Drive. The College's quota was \$2000.

Ayres Hall led the campus in per capita contributions, having given an average of \$5.15 for each girl. Niccolls Hall ranked next with an average of \$3.68 from each girl. Butler Hall, Irwin Hall and Sibley Hall followed with an average of \$1.91. The total amounts from each dormitory are: Sibley, \$176.75; Ayres, \$375.79; Butler, \$240.10; Irwin, \$245.76; Niccolls, \$468.40; and the faculty and other members of the Lindenwood family, \$739.50.

A convocation was held on October 18, to announce and celebrate this achievement. Prof. F. G. McMurray directed the newly organized marching band in several snappy marches. The band's twirlers gave a demonstration during the program. Following the program, a picture of the entire student body was taken on the front steps of Roemer Hall.

Guy C. Motley, secretary of the college, was chairman of the campus campaign, with Dr. Alice E. Gipson as chairman of the faculty division. Dr. Florence W. Schaper was chairman of the student division.

## Miss Elizabeth Watts Is New Member Of Lindenwood Faculty

Miss Elizabeth Watts of the Art Department is also a new member of the Lindenwood faculty. She recently received her master's degree from University of Iowa, where she was working as assistant in the art department.

## Tribute To Dr. Stumberg Is Paid By Dr. A. M. Schwitalla In Founders' Day Address

### Residence Halls Elect Officers And Plan Weekend Programs

Elections of residence hall presidents and their staffs were held last week. Mary Lee Nathan is president of Butler Hall, and Frances Claire Jones, Marilyn Mangum, and Pat Latherow are proctors of the first, second, and third floors, respectively.

The president of Ayres Hall is Mary Lynn Scip. Her proctors are Nancy Kern, Joyce Robinson, and Betty Ullery.

First, second, and third floor proctors from Sibley Hall are Virginia E. Beazley, Jackie Whitford, and Doris Miller. Jane McLean serves as president of the Residence Council as well as president of Sibley Hall.

Joyce DePuy presides at Irwin Hall with the aid of Eleanor Ann Hedrick, Joann Schroder, and Dorothy Ann Wood.

Niccolls Hall is represented by Jean Beagle. The first floor proctor is Mary Ann Putnam. Anne Klein and Peggy Vilbig serve on second floor. Third floor proctors are Chloe Wherry and Kathryn Horslund.

The Residence Council is planning to sponsor week-end programs this year. Thus far, a bingo party and a treasure hunt have been offered the students on Friday nights.

### Madame Pandit Urges Freedom For India

Madame Pandit, a member of one of the foremost families in India, spoke here October 18. Madame Pandit said India deserves its independence from England.

She explained many of the social, economic, and religious problems that exist in India today, and at the close of her address, she answered questions asked by the audience.

## Five Fearless Freshmen Footloose In Fearsome City Find Fun And Frolic

"Jessie, hurry up and sign me out—the taxi is here."

With these few words as a farewell to Lindenwood, the five greenest freshmen of the year started out for their first look at St. Louis.

We flew down the front steps and jumped into the cab. For a few minutes we tried to assume a decorous manner which we knew all sophisticated young college women should have. The only drawback was that none of us felt very collegiate or very sophisticated. As we neared the city we all started singing "Meet Me In St. Louis."

The cab let us out at Hotel Statler and our day began. We were all just a little bit disappointed by all the old buildings and the slightly gray pallor that hung over everything. However we were duly impressed with Jaccards, Stix-Baer-Fuller, Famous Barr, and Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney. We need not remind you

### Students Urged To Make Full Use Of Student Health Center

An impressive tribute to the late Dr. B. Kurt Stumberg, Lindenwood College physician for thirty years and a member of the Board of Directors, was paid by the Rev. D. Alphonse M. Schwitalla, S.J., dean of the School of Medicine of St. Louis University, in delivering the annual Founders' Day address last Thursday in Roemer Auditorium.

"A College Health Program" was the title of his speech, which commemorated the opening of the new B. Kurt Stumberg Health Center.

"In honoring Dr. Stumberg, we are honoring a man who has given the greater part of his life to Lindenwood College, to the alumnae of Lindenwood College, to the faculty of Lindenwood College. We are giving back what he himself created," stated Dr. Schwitalla.

He emphasized that today health is in the forefront of our thinking, that Congress has appropriated large sums of money to use in establishing health programs and centers throughout the country; that a great deal of research is being carried on; and that each year great new advances are being made.

"The healthy mind in a healthy body is a motto for all our young people," Dr. Schwitalla said. Our minds can face the trials of life, he continued, much better when our bodies are not sickly and weak—we need physical strength to have mental ability for a fuller, greater, better life.

Dr. Schwitalla urged the students to strive for a physical development that will fit them into the position they hope to hold.

"You have a tremendous opportunity here in the health service that is being offered to you," he continued. "Use the Health Center—to keep

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE)

that it was our first time in St. Louis when we say we bought every little knick-knack that caught our eyes.

Feeling very swank and still flush with our first month's allowance, we decided on the Terrace Room for lunch. We sailed in, gorged ourselves with food, and nearly collapsed when the bill was presented. Two of us were in favor of dish washing, but the majority ruled, so we paid—and how!!

Leaving the Statler we started on another shopping tour. "It's funny how fast money goes," someone remarked about 5 o'clock. No one disputed this fact. All agreed that we had better start for home while we still could.

With the Freshman's usual lack of foresight, we thought it would be much fun to ride the bus back (silly girls). Fun indeed! It was a sad-looking five—loaded down with packages and bundles that dragged out of the St. Charles bus.



## October's Bright Blue Weather

"Blue skies", brown leaves crunching under foot, a restless urge to be outdoors—that's Indian summer. The acrid smoke from burning leaves drifts in the classroom window to remind us that it's time for wiener roasts, around a glowing bonfire. Long sunny afternoons invite us to take a hike or just to explore the tantalizing corners of the campus. More than ever we find concentrating on lessons impossible, so finally we abandon the hopeless task of study in such glorious weather. And so we say "Adios" to Spanish verbs and such until the next rainy day.

## Lindenwood Authors

In this issue the Linden Bark presents the first "Literary Supplement" of the year. It is composed of essays, short stories, and poems written by the authors of Lindenwood College.

We believe the articles in this edition of the "Literary Supplement" to be interesting and of a wide variety of talent which will intrigue the reader. We hope the other authors on campus will be encouraged to try their ability.

## Goblin Time

Weird, wicked witches whisk westward with the woeful wind! Hallowe'en is here again with its atmosphere of suspense and intrigue. But still we love the more tangible things—wiener roasts around a bed of glowing coals on a crisp fall evening make us forget the drudgery of studying. Toasting marshmallows, some to a golden brown and others to an ebony black add to the fun. To top it off, we harmonize (not always too beautifully) on our favorite campfire songs—then leisurely walk back to the dorms under the ghostly shadows of the leaf-stripped trees.

This spells the magic of Hallowe'en on the Lindenwood campus. The climactic event of the season, to end our suspense, is the crowning of the Hallowe'en queen, whose identity has been kept a secret.

## Deliverance or Doom

With the coming of the atomic bomb, we have begun a new era in the world. An era that can see the making of a prosperous and peaceful world, or the complete destruction of everything on the earth. What to do with the bomb and its secrets is a weighty question and is now being pondered over by some of the country's most brilliant men, though they aren't the only ones that are thinking about it. On every street corner, over every telephone, and in every room around the world the same question is being asked. What should we do with the atomic bomb? Should we give the secret to the world or should we keep the secret and hope that the nation that next finds it will use it peacefully? Much can be done if the bomb is used as a peacetime product. In it there is enough energy to run the world without having to worry about oil, water power, or coal. The world would be prosperous, but the question remains, What shall we do with the atomic bomb?

In this issue the Bark Barometer reveals that Lindenwood students, like the rest of the country, are divided in their opinions. But it is a question we must face, and our generation must live with the answer.

## Education and Democracy

The truth of the statement, "A little education is a dangerous thing," was never more apparent than at the present time. Nazi Germany proved to the world how hazardous a half-ignorant people can be. Lack of proper education was directly responsible for what Hitler and his followers were able to do to German youth. Textbooks were destroyed, universities were closed, and professors who attempted to teach the truth were forcibly "converted" to the Nazi viewpoint or were taken care of by the Gestapo. Those who craved education were deprived of it.

The majority of American students do not seem to realize the extent of their educational opportunities or the importance of education in connection with government. We must know and understand our contemporaries in other countries, as well as in our own, before we are fit to become voting citizens. By exchanging cultures with other peoples, by practicing religious and racial tolerance, and by restoring educational privileges to youth all over the world, we can stamp out the prejudice and hate that breed war.

We have the opportunity. Let's take advantage of it!

## LINDEN BARK

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## Gracie Gremlin



Hi kids! Have you noticed the noise in Chapel and Vespers? If you haven't then you must be one of the persons who insist on reading letters, talking, and laughing while someone is trying to pound something into your head. I don't want to seem too critical, but you might learn something if you would pay attention. Here's to a quiet Chapel.

## FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

College has been in session only a little over a month, and yet it must have been recalled to you all anew how rich college life is in opportunities of all kinds. The meeting for the first time of girls from all parts of the country, the renewing of acquaintances from last year, the chance to hear speakers and artists of national and international reputation, the opportunity of fellowship in club meetings,—these are all important.

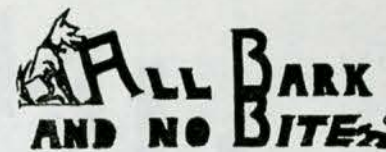
Of chief importance, however, and this all of you who are of college calibre will sooner or later realize is the opportunity of knowing what scholars, inventors, scientists have thought and invented and discovered in the past,—in other words, the opportunity of learning of these things and of becoming through study and mental discipline an educated individual. All over the world outside of America educational institutions have been badly dislocated or entirely destroyed by the frightful war through which those countries have gone. Here there is still freedom for study and leisure for study.

It is an enviable privilege that you students of Lindenwood have. And I believe that most of you are endeavoring to profit by it. I am much pleased at the reports of the attitude toward your work which most of you seem to have, from the reports of your professors. I hope that this spirit will continue through the year. I desire all sorts of good times for you, but this to the end that you may make at the end of the year an academic record of which you and your family will be proud.

Alice E. Gipson

## Three Faculty Members Attend History Meeting

Three members of the Lindenwood faculty, Dr. Myrna Boyce, Dr. Katt Gregg, and Dr. Homer Clevenger, attended the first meeting of the year of the Greater St. Louis Historical Society last Friday night. Dr. Roland G. Usher spoke on "Post War Problems." At the meeting it was announced that Dr. Clevenger has been elected vice-president of the society.



By JANE McLEAN

It wasn't a very good picture when compared to those of Cezanne or Van Gogh, but it was a picture of an autumn scene—all reds and yellows and purples doubly showing because of their reflection in the turquoise-tinged pool. There was a light brown path, too, covered with the dead, tissue-like leaves that had fallen from the avenue of maples lining the path. Above, the sky had the hazy bluish overtone, common only in the autumn months.

It was just a picture hanging on the wall, but somehow it held a strange fascination for me. After looking at it for just a few minutes, I began to feel somewhat like a present-day Alice-in-Wonderland—being slowly drawn up into the picture and onto the path among those maples.

Some people might call it just an overdeveloped imagination, but there I was—actually walking along the path by the pool. And I could see much more than showed to the casual observer. Overhead was a flight of mallards, looking for a place to rest—just such a place as the pool by which I was walking. The leaves weren't only on the ground now, but in the light autumn breeze that was rippling the water, they were softly being carried to the ground. There were the usual fall sounds—the cries of the birds, the whisper of the light wind through the leaves, the crisp sound of the earth beneath my feet as I walked. It was all there—and it was a picture no longer, but an actual place, an actual experience. I could feel the wind, and see the water, and hear the mallards calling to one another before they

came down to the pool.

It seemed, too, as though I had been there before—sometime, somehow. The scene was not the familiar part of the feeling, but the atmosphere, the friendliness of the surroundings, the beauty, all seemed to make up something that I had known before I had entered this fantastic world through which I was now walking. It was strange, the place I was in, and yet I wasn't worried because I knew my way around, and there were many things there to help me—the tall, quiet trees, the rustling of the drying grass, and murmur of the water—all seemed to be telling me what to do and what to see and where I should go next.

I was there a long time, and all that time things got clearer. I became an integral part of the scene.

And then, without a warning, someone said, "We'd better go. We're late already." For a minute, I couldn't think of what we were late to, or who could be calling. Then I snapped back to reality—I had been sitting there for almost fifteen minutes staring at a picture—not a very good picture, either—of an autumn scene and seeing myself there in it. The mallards were no longer overhead, nor were the leaves falling to the ground, nor the water rippling in the wind.

I walked outside, onto the campus, and realized then that in that picture I had been seeing my years at Lindenwood—the naturalness, the friendliness, the beauty of it.

The picture isn't a good picture, but to me, it is the most beautiful I know. NUFF SAID

## Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion Lindenwood Divided on Keeping Atomic Bomb Secret; Approves Its Use Against Japan.

The decision which Congress will make on the control of the atomic bomb is one of world-wide importance. Scientists agree that atomic energy can be man's deliverance or man's doom. Opinion throughout the country is sharply divided. Every newspaper and magazine is featuring news and editorials on this vital subject. Because we consider it a question of such importance, a poll was conducted on the campus on the basis of the following three questions:

Do you believe that the United States should keep the atomic bomb a secret?

|               |             |
|---------------|-------------|
| Conditionally | 3 per cent  |
| Yes           | 57 per cent |
| No            | 40 per cent |

Do you believe the control of the bomb should be turned over to the World Security Organization?

|     |             |
|-----|-------------|
| Yes | 63 per cent |
| No  | 37 per cent |

Do you believe its use against Japan was justified?

|     |             |
|-----|-------------|
| Yes | 84 per cent |
| No  | 16 per cent |

One student said that it should be turned over to the World Security Organization because "If it is left in the hands of one nation, there will be too much temptation to use it. The World Security Organization is well represented by the world and could make intelligent control of it."

Another student disagreed because "The World Security Organization has so much to control that it would not give the bomb enough consideration."

"The use of the atomic bomb was inhumane, but in order to bring the war to a swifter conclusion it was justified," was the opinion of another student.

## Peggy King Named Chairman of Red Cross Chapter

The Lindenwood College Chapter of the Red Cross, already active on the campus this semester, has chosen its officers for the year. They are: Peggy King, senior chairman; Elizabeth Murphy, vice-chairman; Jean Sebastian, secretary; Harriet Hudson, treasurer; and Miss Donna Lee Wehrle, sponsor.

Instruction in various branches of Red Cross work will be offered to students again this year. These courses and their chairmen will be announced soon.

## New Members Added To Faculty To Teach Modern Dancing

The most recent addition to the Lindenwood faculty is Mrs. Elizabeth Schneider who will teach modern dance.

She was graduated from the University of Wisconsin where she studied dance. A few years ago in New York she received instruction from two of America's foremost modern dancers, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman. And, this past summer, she studied at Colorado College under Hanya Holm.

She will have three classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

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## THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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## Dining Room

By Janet Paisley Brown

The clatter of five hundred forks and knives,  
The chatter of five hundred shrill voices,  
The patter of five hundred clapping hands,  
Fills the room.  
The smoke from five hundred cigarettes,  
The jokes from five hundred playful minds,  
The cokes bottles of five hundred thirsty girls,  
Litter the room.  
Lindenwood eats here.

## Ode to a Postoffice Box

By Janet Paisley Brown

Oh, small brown box,  
Holder of all my hopes,  
Bringer of all my happiness,  
Fill yourself full of letters for me—  
Letters of fun,  
Letters of work,  
Love letters,  
Bring me some mail—  
Oh, small brown box.

## The Music of Mozart

By Virginia Steinke

The well known music critic, Pitts Sanborn, has said, "Of all the composers, Mozart would perhaps be the hardest to spare, for no one else has been so great in diversity, has had such copiousness, such irresistible profusion of beauty." Throughout all Mozart's compositions there is a wealth of beauty, "a purity of conception" which is found only in the works of a genius. There is literally no form of music which Mozart did not write exceedingly well.

As an opera composer, Mozart has no superior. According to Mr. Sanborn, it was Mozart's "acute insight into human nature which made him, as a composer of opera, one of the sharpest limners of character in all drama."

It is interesting to note that there is little German influence in Mozart's music except in certain songs and his opera *Die Zauberflöte* (The Magic Flute). His style and spirit were distinctly Italian. The polish of his style and his exquisite sense of measure were typical of the best Italian tradition of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Until Mozart wrote *Die Zauberflöte*, his operas were Italian. In June, 1791, Mozart was asked to write the music for *Die Zauberflöte* by Emanuel Schikaneder, a wandering theatrical manager. Schikaneder had quite an astonishing career with numerous scandals and lawsuits. He finally settled in a small theater located in the outskirts of Salzburg, Germany. For his shows Schikaneder chose anything which he thought might bring in the public's money—plays or German Singspiel. Occasionally, he was successful. When he asked Mozart to write an opera for him, it was after a long run of bad productions. "Schikaneder had a story in mind and would write the libretto—as to the music, Wolfgang might, to a certain point, consult the taste of connoisseurs, and

your own glory but have a particular regard to that class of persons who are not judges of good music."

Schikaneder promised Mozart "handsome decorations" if he accepted the offer. Mozart thought it over. Schikaneder was a Mason, which was one reason Mozart felt he should help him, although Mozart's father was a strong Catholic. Aside from that, there might be a profit in it. And, lastly, it was to be a German opera—something new for the Vienna public which was accustomed to the Italian opera. The idea was irresistible to Mozart, for it gave him a chance to realize his greatest musical ambition—a true German opera. So, he agreed to write it.

Schikaneder was so close to ruin that he had no money to advance. Mozart agreed that Schikaneder should pay him any small sum for the original score on condition that all copies should belong to Mozart. In the end, Schikaneder paid Mozart one hundred ducats, kept the score, all the copies, and coined money on the success of *Die Zauberflöte* for years, while Mozart and his wife, Constanze, struggled with creditors.

*Die Zauberflöte* is ridiculous; "a combination of morals and magic, Freemasonry and fairy tale, allegory and doggerel." This opera is the first pure German music-drama. While writing this, Mozart forgot everything except his ideals. He forgot Schikaneder's obnoxious poetry and the improbable plot. The German comes out in this score with overwhelming conviction. All the purest sentiments of the German mind are shown in the phrases which do not bother to dismiss the foolish story. Love, faith, friendship, and trusting devotion were the forces which guided Mozart's brain in writing this masterpiece.

This opera flows along serenely with a lovely melody which broadens into solemn, mystical choruses which portray Mozart's spiritual ideals. *Die Zauberflöte* has become an indispensable part of German life. It is embedded into the hearts of the people from the Danube to the Rhine.

Mozart's other operas, *Don Giovanni* and *The Marriage of Figaro*, have more universal appeal than *Die Zauberflöte*, but the latter is something the former are not—the beginning of a new German art.

Mozart received the symphony form from Haydn. Haydn developed the sonata and achieved far-reaching results with his string quartets, but failed to realize that the symphony was going to develop from a small ensemble of strings and a few other instruments to a blending of every voice known to music. Haydn produced wonderful string music but he never sensed the potentiality of wind instruments. It was Mozart who brought the orchestration to the highest peak in his age. He left the field ready for Beethoven.

When Mozart began his *Jupiter Symphony*, considered by some critics to be the most extraordinary work in the history of music, he was in a very depressed frame of mind. He wrote it shortly after the death of his six months old daughter, Teresa. His wife was constantly ill; there were always doctor bills to be paid and never enough money to pay them. Teresa was the fourth child of Mozart's

to die. No one but Mozart could endure such overwhelming disasters and then produce such masterpieces.

Mozart was a serious symphonic composer. His conception of the symphony is perhaps less remarkable than the development he showed from one composition to the next. If each symphony had been written a few years after the other, it would be more comprehensible. But he wrote his three greatest symphonies in a period of eight weeks: *The Jupiter* (C Major), *The E flat Major*, and *The G Minor*. The beautiful *E flat* has been given the honor of being Mozart's farewell to youth; the *G Minor* is supposed to be the result of all the tragedy in his life; the *Jupiter*, his salute to the future. This may or may not be true, according to one's taste for reading things into music. Mozart himself had no such ideas. He wrote these symphonies like everything else in pure creative power for spiritual and mental satisfaction.

Among all the symphonies of Mozart, not one can equal the dignity, loftiness, and skill of the *Symphony in C Major*, commonly known as the *Jupiter Symphony*. The introduction, called *Allegro*, begins with the principal theme constructed on two subjects. One, at times is bold in character and the other is restful. The second is gay almost to the verge of hilarity. The *Andante* is very expressive; it is composed of exquisite melodies, brought to an end by a coda. The *Minuet* movement is one of the gayest and most charming of all his numbers. There is a swing, an "elasticity of movement," at once light and free, a gaiety and freshness which belongs exclusively to Mozart. The *Finale* is the masterpiece of the symphony. It is built on four themes developed in fugal treatment.

Mozart wrote score after score of church music, but his masterpiece in this form is his unfinished *Requiem Mass*. The circumstances preceding the writing of the *Requiem* and Mozart's spiritual and mental reactions to it seem almost incredible.

Just after Mozart's last son was born, he was extremely downcast because he didn't have enough money to pay the regular expenses of the birth and Constanze wanted extra money. He and Constanze were in Baden when the child was born, but Mozart returned to Vienna to continue his work in a lonely room. At this time he seemed crushed.

On a hot, stifling day Mozart was disturbed by a slow knock on the door. A tall, thin, solemn stranger entered the room. The man was dressed completely in somber gray. Mozart was so startled by this man whose appearance was so extraordinary that it was a few moments before he remembered his manners and rose from his chair. After a few conventional remarks, the stranger handed Mozart a heavy white letter closed with a plain seal. Then, after a few vague directions as to where he could be reached, the man vanished. Mozart stood still for a moment and was overcome by an obscure terror, a peculiar sort of fright. Presently he read the unsigned letter. The letter asked Mozart to name his price for composing a requiem mass. If he were willing, the letter stated, he was to give the shortest time in which he could complete it. There was one more condition; he was to make no attempt whatsoever to find out who commissioned the work. Any attempt would prove futile.

Mozart tried to accept this offer as he would any other piece of work, but he couldn't. He had a premonition. This thing (as he named it) was a message from the other world—a call from Death! Shattered at this appalling thought, Mozart went to see his wife. He was determined to write this mass and was just as determined to let no one know just how he felt about it. Mozart merely told Constanze that he was going to accept the

commission and that there was nothing he'd rather write.

Mozart returned to Vienna and communicated with the stranger, naming his price, but offering no date for the finished work. The stranger promptly paid the desired price, promising an additional payment on the completion of the score.

This enigma had a very simple explanation. In Vienna, Count Walsegg had a fantastic desire to become a composer. He could play a 'cello fairly well, but had never composed anything. He made a practice of sending anonymous commissions to composers for music, paying them well and having the works performed in his house as his own compositions. The *Requiem* was to be a composition in memory of his deceased wife. The tall man in gray was his steward, Leitgeb. If Mozart had known the whole story, he probably wouldn't have believed it. For him, the experience was unearthly and sent from the other world. Nothing else could have so inspired the *Requiem*.

Mozart was unable to begin his work on the *Requiem* at once because of an annoying interruption. Emperor Leopold was to be crowned king of Bohemia and sent Mozart a commission to write the festival opera. When Mozart discovered that he was to write a new score for Metastasis's *La Clemenza di Tito*, a tragedy of the Italian vintage, he wished he had refused the job. *Tito* was a failure.

By this time Mozart was continually ill, pale, nervous, and weak. He returned to Vienna to complete his opera, *Die Zauberflöte*. Then he turned his attention on the *Requiem*. Lorenzo da Ponte asked Mozart to go to England with him, but Mozart refused saying, "I wish I could follow your advice, but how can I do so? I feel stunned, I compose with difficulty and cannot get rid of the vision of this unknown man. I see him perpetually; he entreats me, presses me, and impatiently demands the work. I go on writing because composition tires me less than resting. Otherwise I have nothing to fear. I know from what I suffer that the hour has come; I am at the point of death; I have come to an end before having had the enjoyment of my talent. Life was indeed so beautiful, my career began under such fortunate auspices; but one can not change one's own destiny...I must close. Here is my death song: I must not leave it incomplete." His remaining time was thus narrowed down for him; the stranger; suffering; the death song; death."

Constanze had every reason to know this. She was not ill any more—just ailing. Instead of being with Mozart and giving him a little care, companionship, nourishing food and peace, she remained at Baden. Mozart spent his last weeks alone in a deserted house, tended by an innkeeper and a servant. As Mozart's condition grew worse, friends told Constanze and finally she came home. Mozart told her that he was writing the *Requiem* for himself. "Constanze was terrified but Mozart tried to console her by saying, 'Those are not dreadful things, Stanzi darling, those are beautiful things. Death is very beautiful. Have I not said I think it the true goal of life?'"

Mozart then had an idea that he had been poisoned. It was a pitiful delusion; Constanze took him to a doctor who ordered that the score of the *Requiem* be taken away from him.

A short time later, Mozart's masonic brothers were having a festival and, with the help of Schikaneder, Mozart wrote a cantata for them. He came home happy and in quite good spirits. After considerable teasing, Constanze gave him his unfinished score, the *Requiem Mass*.

He worked feverishly, but slowly, knowing that he was destined to leave it unfinished. Of the twelve parts, he completed the first two; the next four he left in such condition that his

pupil, Sussmayr, was able to automatically fill the gaps; he left brief sketches of parts eight and nine from which Sussmayr carried out Mozart's ideas; the other parts are Sussmayr's alone. The night before he died, Mozart directed Sussmayr to use the fugue from the first movement as recapitulation, cimax, and ending. Marcia Davenport, who wrote Mozart's biography said, "The *Requiem* is one of the eternal epics of man. It is so much a mass for the dead that it transcends life, for there can be no death that has not cooled the fervor called living. Like life and its inseparable death, the *Requiem* is universal."

Mozart has been given the title "musician of musicians" by many critics. He is more often compared with Haydn than any other musician. Mozart learned from Haydn, but Haydn lived to learn from Mozart. Haydn and Mozart were the first composers to write "free-lance"—expressing themselves instead of writing to please some lord. After an examination of Haydn's life and compositions, it becomes evident that Mozart was the stimulus needed to free Haydn from the stiffness of his early manner. One of Haydn's finest pre-Mozartean symphonies, *The Farewell*, is often contrasted to his mature *Oxford Symphony*. The contrast is not a strikingly obvious one, but in his earlier symphonies, Haydn's personality dominated and limited his symphonic conceptions. In his later works, his personality expresses itself through more ample resources.

In more than one composition Haydn carefully studied the work of Mozart. This is most evident in Haydn's masses. For example, the *Christe* of his fifteenth mass; everything in it, the chromatic motion, the treatment of the appoggiatura, and the mature style resemble Mozart's manner more than Haydn's previous manner. Haydn has unquestionably seemed to learn from Mozart's music a fuller, rounder tone, a wider range in the development of themes, and a greater freedom in the combination of rhythmic figures.

Although Mozart's influence is obvious, it would be erroneous to say that Haydn was dominated by Mozart. Each maintains his own individual character and his own sense of beauty. As W. W. Hadow states it, "Their mutual debt was no more than that of Addison and Steele, the inter-communication of a method which each could employ for his appropriate end."

In Beethoven's early writing, many traces of Mozart's style and phraseology can also be found. It is particularly noticeable in Beethoven's first *Pianoforte Sonata*, whose opening phrase is almost identical with that of Mozart's *Symphony in G Minor*. On the whole, Beethoven's work is on a "grand-style"—large and free, lacking the daintiness of Mozart. Beethoven closely followed the pattern Mozart laid for the development of themes. He also accepted the form of Mozart's overture, which consisted of a simple allegro movement in free form usually preceded by an adagio introduction. Beethoven adhered to this form throughout all his symphonies.

Schubert was influenced by both Mozart and Beethoven. Schubert's *First Symphony*, except for its shortened meter is quite reminiscent of Mozart. Yet Schubert's works are not in a sense imitations; they have individual personality. He was the direct inheritor of Mozart and Beethoven, inheritor of Mozart and Beethoven, by circumstances and conditions. Schubert belongs to the great school of musical art which they established. "When Rossini was asked who the greatest musician was, he answered, 'Beethoven', but when the question 'What of Mozart?' was asked of him, he answered, 'Mozart is not the greatest, he is the only musician in the world.'"

Mozart was unique. His talent was absolute; his workmanship perfect;



# POETRY AND PROSE BY STUDENT AUTHORS

"his inspiration divine; his productive-ness fabulous." He was actually no more prolific and no more of a genius of melody than Schubert, but he had a certain firmness and fullness of conception, combined with great advantages of training that made his versatility one of the most spectacular things in all art. As previously stated, there is no form of music Mozart did not write exceptionally well; there is no instrumental library that he did not enrich, and in that, Mozart stands alone.

"Mozart's music appeals to minds trained in the schools of art and logic. His music may be contrasted with architecture. It is built with the same instinct for proportions and the same fidelity of elemental structural laws that built the Parthenon and Chartres Cathedral. The surface ornaments of Mozart are like the scrolls and cherubs on a baroque facade; they may have diverted many people from the underlying structure, but those who see it as a whole know its universal value.

Mozart's musical genius presents so many faces that it is impossible to specify his determining quality as a composer. Through native endowment, his genius is remarkable for its "fecundity", variety, "unflagging inspiration", and spontaneous distinction. No other composer has so transmuted with his genius everything he chanced to touch.

In the mind of the layman, Mozart's most obvious qualities are probably brightness, serenity, and gaiety. His music can glisten and sparkle; it can have an "incomparable loveliness in repose"; but too much stress should not be put on the lighter side of his works. One need only listen to parts of his opera, *Don Giovanni*, the *Requiem Mass*, and the *G Minor Symphony* to discover the deep, tragic mood which Mozart has interpreted into some of his music.

"No biographer, no commentator, critic, or interpreter can reveal Mozart entirely. Every attempt to know him truly, to relive his life, is incomplete without his own musical revelations."

## Reflections on a Pigskin

By Irma Lou Rick

There's frost in the air, and if you'll take time for observation you will notice a faint mist is gathering on your every breath. The aroma of buttered pop-corn tingles your nostrils. You wait impatiently, feet snuggled under the worn Indian blanket, for that first kick-off—the kick-off that, for freshman and grand-dad alike, sets the tempo for a thrill-packed evening. The shrill of the starting whistle suddenly pierces all the night; the game is on.

Many a chilly October night I've spent—warmed only by my racing blood. The kick is good and we're off to the inevitable end—victory or defeat, with the former, of course, preferred! I live every excruciating moment on the field. A mad dash by the six-footer in maroon and he's downed on the 30-yard line. Maybe the first touchdown is the enemy team's—to suspense we then add fervor and determination.

I shed my boxy coat, as do many surrounding bleachers fans, and pause occasionally to shout, "Hoddie, read me the score;" my glasses lie at home on the buffet. The half ends with a demanding 6-6 score and the band belches forth its peppy school songs.

An arc of wintery blue stars covers the spacious level field and the breeze-rustled streamers on the goal posts at either end add color and gaiety to a calm night.

Soon the team reappears. With a background of shouts, the game is again under way and gaining momentum. A home-team dark-horse scores a touchdown while a seething crowd goes wild. This time the kick is good and the ball glides smoothly between the posts for that coveted extra point. Were on the top—we can't fumble

now with five minutes to play!

It's all over, kids; you can relax your taut expressions of doubt. Chalk up another point toward the finals and put on your dancing shoes. The gang's headed for Club Cherokee where we'll try to cheer up the defeated visiting team.

The memories are beautiful and—Oh so crystal clear. High school days are full of glamour and football games so full of fun. Those days are written in my history now; maybe some day I can rewrite them in the days of my children.

## Terry

By Margaret Marshall

Teresina's father, Tony, the Italian, ran the local ice cream parlor which served as a hang-out for the high-school crowd. I used to envy Terry, who was in my room at school, for she worked in Tony's after school and could have all the cokes and malts she wanted. She ate her meals there, too, because her mother, a fat, greasy woman who hardly spoke English, spent most of her time behind the soda fountain.

Soon I learned that the store was not a big party for the Tondinni children. They never stopped to play with the rest of us after school; they had to hurry to work—and they hated it.

I didn't see Terry the year we were high school freshmen; she was visiting relatives in Chicago. The week she came home she got a new Buick convertible. Mother told me that Tony had ordered it the day she was born as a present for her fifteenth birthday.

After this Terry became very much in demand. She had lots of fun driving the gang to football games and dances in nearby towns. Still, I wondered sometimes if her new popularity was as much for herself as for her new car. She began running around with the high school's "fast crowd" which was rather surprising since she didn't smoke and very seldom had a date. She liked the excitement, though, even when she got in trouble over a smash-up she had, and was called into court.

With Terry, money talked, and she talked money. Her father, always well-to-do, cashed in on the boom that hit our town that year, and Terry began making frequent shopping trips to Chicago's most exclusive stores. She had good taste and always looked nice, but she made the mistake of letting us know just how much each item had cost. I shall never forget the evening of the Junior-Senior banquet, when Terry's dress, a perfection of black lace, outshone all the others. There was one thing lacking though, that all the other girls had—a date. After the dance, we all drove out to the Glass Slipper. Terry came in her own car escorted by her younger brother. I felt sorry for her and even made Bob dance with her because she was trying so hard to have a good time and failing so miserably. She kept her chin up, though, and when later she told other people what a swell time she had had, we all kept still.

If it hadn't been for her brother John, she couldn't have gone out at night as often as she did. He used to wait for her in Wilkins' Cafe, so that when they went home, Tony would think they had just been out together.

It wasn't until graduation week that Terry realized she had been playing around too much. I remember the three long days and nights I sat up pounding Latin verbs into her head. She was a bright girl, but it was just too late. She stayed home from the baccalaureate services hopefully studying to make up the test she had failed. She was brave about it when she learned she still hadn't made it. But I was so upset, I went home after the exercises were all over, and cried.

That summer was hard for her, I know. She wanted desperately to go to college with the rest of us in the fall,

but Tony absolutely refused to send her. She picked out the most fashionable schools in the country, always confident she could win him over, but I knew she couldn't. Tony didn't believe in education for girls and wanted to keep Terry at home. I knew, and she did, too, that when she became of age, Tony would send to New York or Chicago to get her a husband; and I wondered whether she would accept such an arrangement.

One day she confessed the whole story to me. "I just don't know what to do," she cried. "Pop just won't send me to school. I've thought of leaving home, but I know if I did I could never return; he would literally disown me. Mr. Cooper has offered me a job in his factory office, or if I want, he'll give me recommendations to get a job in the city. But Pop won't let me go. He says that no daughter of his will ever have to make her own way; he has plenty of money. But he makes me work at the store just the same!"

It was a week after that, that someone told me that Terry had finally left home. She was back a few days later and came by to tell me about it.

"I had a big fight with Pop Wednesday night about going away to college next year. He finally told me if I didn't like it at home I knew what I could do about it. So I left. I spent the night in the hotel and took the bus to the city Thursday morning. When I went to the station, I hoped Pop would see me and make it all right for me to come back; but he didn't come, so I had to go ahead. I went to my aunt's house, and she called Pop. He came Sunday—acted as though nothing had happened—and we came home together that evening."

Then she told me that her brother had run away from home only a few months before, because of an argument with his father. Tony brought him back, too, and very few people in town had even known of the occurrence. "Surely," I thought, "Tony will realize that his kids have minds of their own. He just can't keep on dictating like this!"

And so it happened; for the next time I saw Terry she looked happier than I had ever seen her before. "Guess what!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Honestly Pop and Mom have been swell to me since—since I've been back. They talk to me like I was really grown up. They even asked my advice about some things and seemed to consider my suggestions." I had never seen Terry break down before, but now tears splashed down her cheeks as she said, "Oh, you'll never know how good it is to have them understand. Why, it's just like an American family!"

It wasn't long before the question of college came up again. However, the argument this time was not so heated as before, though Tony stood firm. After I left, I got several post cards from different sections of the country; evidently Terry was really getting around. In a letter she explained that Tony was letting her have a "big splurge" so she wouldn't feel so bad about not going away with the rest of the kids.

When I went home at Christmas, I learned that Terry still hadn't given up her idea of college. I was pleased to hear that she was going to go back to high school the last semester to make up that lost credit. When she told me this, she added, "I know now that I've got to get away from home. Here I either sit at home, work at the store, or I'm shuttled from relative to relative about the country in hopes I'll get some "sense" pounded into me. I want to live my own life, and I want to be like other girls. And when I get there, I'm going to work hard, too, and really accomplish something."

I didn't see her graduate, but everyone said she looked lovely in her long, white dress. Tony and his wife, well-scrubbed and in their Sunday-best, were beaming proudly on the front

row. Afterwards, the parents stood and talked, the way they always do, about what fine young men and women their children were growing up to be. I think it must have been this that made Tony realize that education is worth working for; because the very next day he gave Terry the money to enroll in whatever school she wanted.

"Gosh, he's been wonderful to us lately," she confided, "but I still won't believe it until I see him sign the check for the full year's tuition."

She was right; it was only a thing of the moment for Tony. Gradually his benevolent feeling passed away and things were much as before. He waived Terry's questions with a "We'll see" until it was too late.

Time passed slowly for Terry. She again made frequent trips to visit relatives, and her father was pleased when she went out with their Italian friends. She even went "steady" with one of them for a while, and when I came home she told me her plans.

"I'm more determined than ever about going to college now. And I'm going to study Italian. I want to be able to speak it without any grammar mistakes at all. You know why, don't you? It won't be much longer till Pop decides I should be getting married, and it'll have to be an Italian if I want to be even friendly with my family. As long as that's the way it is, I want to educate myself enough to get an aristocrat as long as I'm getting."

At this I mentally washed my hands of the whole affair. I had tried so hard to encourage her to fight to be an American. But now I realized there was no more that I could say or do to influence her.

The second semester found her in college—just a year and a half behind her friends. It was a great triumph for her; she had finally reached her goal—but I wasn't glad any more. It could have been the chance she needed to get away from those foreign ideas, but instead she went back to them more and more.

Last week-end I went home to her wedding. I was her maid-of-honor, "for old times' sake," she said. But I cried at the wedding, and it wasn't the kind of tears that are usually shed at weddings. They were tears of disappointment.

## The Little Man

By Joan Bohrer

The intermission was over. People settled restlessly in their seats as the orchestra filed, black-coated, onto the stage. The musicians picked up their instruments, flipped their coat-tails behind them, and began the soft murmur of tuning. The house lights in the huge auditorium dimmed as the stage lights flashed on brilliantly, reflecting the white of shirt front and cuffs, and the gleam from the bells of the horns. When the orchestra became silent, the rustlings of programs in the audience ceased. There was an expectant hush. Then the two men stepped on the stage; with the growing rumble of applause they walked swiftly and purposely across to the center of the stage. The little man sat down with characteristic brusqueness at the concert piano in front of the orchestra; the tall, broad man strode to the podium, and demanded the attention of the symphony. An interchange of glances, quick and meaningful, and the conductor raised his hands. The audience stirred in quiet contentment, listening to the familiar chords of the opening theme. The attention throughout the performance focused on the hands of the little man. Those strong fingers built mighty music with certain, sure motions. As he played, the audience did not think of the hours that little man had spent at his piano, practicing the runs, trills and chords so brilliantly executed. They heard and saw only the ease and unconcern with which he performed.

During those few moments when the

little man waited for the end of the orchestra interlude, he swayed on the bench, hands folded in his lap, eyes closed and dreaming. With concentration and a deep love for his music, he threw himself with all the fervor of an accomplished musician into the concerto. Once, as he sat straight and still in an interlude, there came a mighty blow from the tympani that seemed to strike directly into him. He shuddered violently and stretched his hands once again to the keys.

The concerto slipped away quickly under the pianist's fingers. The French air of the second movement gave way to the Russian melody of the third, and all too soon that final movement crashed to a climax. Somehow the little man down there at the piano, almost bounding from the bench with the force of his chords, had, with his colleagues in the orchestra, created a feeling that surged and swelled within his listeners in the audience. This pent-up emotion released itself in thunderous applause for the little man and his music.

He remained motionless on the bench for a moment, perhaps freeing himself from the magic of that music. Then with his customary decisiveness he arose from the piano, bowed deeply to that audience, and stretched out his hands in a gesture endearing to them. He turned, bowed then to the orchestra, and shook the hand of the tall man on the podium. Never stopping applauding, the people followed him with their eyes as the little man walked off into the wings.

## Expressing My Heart

By Sheila Shannon

Arriving at Lindenwood over two weeks ago placed me in a situation I hope never to go through again in my life. I am homesick! No doubt I am not the first girl that has been homesick on the campus of Lindenwood, but this time it seems to affect me most.

My mother has written me faithfully, but whether that helps or makes matters worse I cannot tell. Looking at my parents' pictures on my desk makes it impossible for me to swallow the lump in my throat or to keep the tears from my eyes.

It isn't that people haven't been nice to me or considerate. It is just that there is nothing here to fill the big empty hole in my heart. I've been away from my parents before, but I always knew I could go home when I wanted to. Now I feel as if I'm stuck.

I look forward to Christmas more than I did as a small child believing in Santa Claus. Certainly not for the gifts but for the fact that I shall be home again. Then I get a blue, depressing feeling, for I know the vacation will be short and I'll be back for five long months.

Right now I wish I were home to do little errands for my mother. Do things I always disliked doing. I wish I might be able to run about and do the small tasks my father asked of me which I thought so bothersome. I deeply regret every second of worry or grief I have ever caused them.

People say I will be so glad in future years that I stayed. I wonder if they realize how a homesick person suffers. Surely they do. I know how right they must be, but weeks seem like centuries to me.

In church at times I can hardly keep from letting out loud sobs. It must be that God's strong presence there makes me feel closer to Mother and Dad.

My studies are a blessing, for they keep my mind occupied. I really enjoy my school work because I feel as if I were accomplishing something, which is my purpose in being here. At least I get that much satisfaction.

Perhaps as time goes on I will feel better—although I must make this confession: I have wished several times that they would give Lindenwood back to the French and let me go home.



## THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

"Great decisions to be made," says Betty Hunter after making a trip home to see Borden for the first time in four and one-half years.

We all have been drooling over these specials that arrive so frequently, but, girls, lift your hats to Barbara DePuy, who has had six calls from "Army" in Brooklyn, and Marvel Ayres.....hers come every night all the way from Kentucky!

Isn't Jo considerate to let Harley leave for two whole days just to visit his mother!

Might mention here that Betty Jo Burch and a brother of Jan Miller are doing very well.

Have you noticed the new lockets Shirley Reidell and Skeed Wilson are wearing (from St. Charles boys, I hear)?

The bread mold that was missing from Biology lab found its way into Mary Landberg's bed.

All upperclassmen should investigate the new idea of vinegar tubs the girls in Niccolini are raving about.

Pandy Hurst has one button and a large rip left over from Girl Scout days.

Seeing so many men on campus you might not get to meet them all, so here is who some of them belong to: Carol Thompson, Virginia Frank, Eileen Murphy's Bob, Jane McCrede's Mike, Elaine Gray's Bill, Betty Kilbury's Bill..... only a few.

Jean Sebastian visited in Columbia and met some interesting "characters," but failed to bring any home with her.

Orchids of the month to Audrey Romann. She was elected the "Sweetheart" of the 399th Infantry Regiment in Germany. There are only 3,000 men in the regiment!

Gene Head says, "He was just here 10 days!"

Rita Finck and her correspondence are getting more interesting every day.....in fact the shock is terrific.

We hear Willbrand is hungry these days.....getting double helpings at the head table.

Marilyn Robison attended the wedding of Sonny Goulden, a former L. C. student, last week-end

## ECHOES FROM THE GYMNASIUM

A mock initiation on October 24 accounted 75 girls with the Athletic Association—roughly speaking. The gals will be formally initiated tomorrow evening.

The Association intramurals—golf, tennis and archery—draw to a close sometime this week. Peggy Vilbig captured the tennis tournament (6-1, 6-3). Her opponent, Judy Powell, won the semi-final match against Pat Latherow; Peggy figured in the semi-finals with Virginia Frank.

Hockey spotlights coming and past sport events. The team captained by Nancy Papin played Harris Teachers College last Friday. The cheer leaders, Jo Ann Emons, Jane Merrill, Carol Thompson and Anne Mitchell, pepped up the crowd with peppy yells.

The following make up the team: Nancy Papin, left wing; Betty Bishop, left inner; Virginia Boschert, center forward; Donna Boughman, right inner; Jean Gross, right wing; Rita Finck, left half back; Jo Ann O'Flynn, right half back; Mary Vilbig, left full back; Syrilka Roseberry, right full back; Ruth Waye, goalie.

Substitutions: Marie Szilazyi, Julie Paul and Marie Stiert.

All Out For The Victory Loan

## Miss Genevieve Howe Is New Head Of Home Ec Department

Lindenwood's Home Economics Department has a new supervisor. Miss Genevieve Howe, who is head of the department, is teaching classes in foods, nutrition, and home and family living.

Miss Howe received her master's degree in Science in Home Economics at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. Other graduate work was done at the University of Washington and Kansas State College. She was a member of a national honorary scholastic fraternity throughout her undergraduate and graduate work.

At the beginning of the war, Miss Howe served as chairman of the radio division of the nutrition committee for Rochester, Minn., under Dr. Russell Wilder of the Mayo Clinic and National Research Council.

During the summer of 1945, Miss Howe was instructor of Home Economics at Kansas Teachers College at Emporia, Kans. Last year, on week ends, she took the dietitian's place in one of the Mayo Clinic Hospitals. She was connected with the child development experiment which is being conducted by the Mayo Clinic under the direction of Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich. This is an eighteen year research program that is concerned with encouraging each child to develop his own best possibility.

Of the things Miss Howe likes best about Lindenwood, she said she particularly liked the girls, and their friendly, courteous attitude. Her aim: To make the Home Economics Department one of the best on the campus, and to raise the quality of home living for as many girls as possible.

### HAVE YOU HEARD.....

.....about the little moron who put iodine on his pay check because he got a cut in salary?

.....or the moron who put corn in his shoes to feed his pigeon-toes?

"Hallo, old man, I haven't seen you for some time."

"I've been in bed for seven weeks." "That's too bad. Flu, I suppose?" "Yes, and crashed."

A recent newspaper ad of an accounting school was headed: "Short Course in Accounting for Women."

Not long after the ad appeared a note reached the school's director. It said: "There is NO accounting for women."

Classify—To improve one's self socially.

## HALL OF FAME



Here's our candidate for the Hall of Fame for this issue of the Bark. She's that peppy, all-around girl from Alton, Ill., and at present Butler Hall. She's Joan Emons, also known as "Infirm-ary."

As a Senior she is vice president of the Student Council and vice president of the Student Christian Association. She's also a member of A. A., Beta Chi, Encore Club, Future Teachers of America, Red Cross, Sigma Tau Delta, and Tau Sigma.

But mostly we think of her as a cheer leader, a song leader, or a tap dancer. Never, never, do we think of her as a kindergarten teacher which is exactly what she is going to be. Ask her to tell you some of her experiences as a practice teacher.

Let's give 15 rahs for a swell gal, Jo Emons!

## Founders' Day Address

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

healthy; not only for that, but to learn discretion for the future in the choosing of a doctor or physician.

Dr. Schwitalla is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University and holds honorary degrees from Tulane University and Lawrence College. He has been dean of the School of Medicine at St. Louis University since 1927.

The B. Kurt Stumberg Health Center was converted during the summer.

The invocation of the Founders' Day Convocation was given by Dr. Silas Evals, followed by a solo by Miss Pearl Walker accompanied by Miss Janet Coulson, "The Spirit Flower." President Harry M. Gage of Lindenwood College gave the benediction.

A feature of the day's observance was the decorating of the graves of Lindenwood's founders, Major and Mrs. George C. Sibley, on the campus.

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## Student Christian Association Plans Program For Year

The theme for the Student Christian Association meetings this year is "A World to Build." For this building of a new world the members of the S. C. A. have developed the following theme: First, better personal adjustments which will free the individual for happier and more effective living; second, the solving of such natural problems as labor and capital relationships, race and class prejudice, delinquency and political corruption; third, improvement of our international relationships which implies an understanding and appreciation of other nations, a willingness to pool our knowledge and efforts and to yield our loyalty to the United Nations.

In an atomic age we are safe only if we accept and promote the spiritual values of life. It is the thesis of the S. C. A. that religion has much to offer in the righting of a confused and discouraged world.

On October 17, in the Library Club Room, Dr. Fred McKinney spoke to the Student Christian Association on the problem of "Personal Adjustments in a Democracy." Dr. McKinney, who is a member of the psychology department of the University of Missouri, used as his theme the idea that man has spent so much time in developing and conquering the world that he has failed to conquer himself. Education, he said, is the best method by which people can adjust themselves to a unified way of living.

The next discussion will consider the problem of educating people for a new and better world. The speaker will be Mr. Kreshnayga who will speak on the "Religion of India" on November 7.

## OF ALL THINGS

L. C. girl's man says, V. E. Day has come. V. J. Day has come. Now I'm waiting for V Me Day.

The sad thing about most diets is they do so much for the will power and so little for the waistline.

A conversation between women always concerns who, why, how, when, and wear.

Privacy Preferred Now Scientist, please use your tact. Dear television, is a fact, And don't endeavor to invent A mechanism competent To let the artists on the air Look in and catch me unaware!

"Can you help a poor blind man?" "Here, take a look in my bank book." "Gosh, you're broke!"

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## THE CLUB CORNER

A new club on campus, the Arkansas Club, elected their officers last week. Jackie Foreman is president, Milene Cook is vice-president, and Mary Swiley is secretary-treasurer.

Triangle Club met Tuesday evening with Miss Weindle as speaker.

Keltah Long is president of the Instrumental Organization. The orchestra section elected June Schatzman as president and the band section elected Marie Isbell.

Tau Sigma finished tryouts, and now the members are working on their recital to be given December 13.

The first club to use the new ovens back of the Tea House was the Encore Club.

## Miss Barbara Troxell Presents Concert For Lindenwood



Miss Barbara Troxell, soprano, thrilled her audience in Roemer Auditorium Friday evening, October 26, when she presented her concert. She was called back for four encores by her enthusiastic audience.

Miss Troxell was chosen from some 400 applicants for the 1945-1946 Lucius Pryor Award. Mr. Pryor chose her as the young singer most likely to attain stardom in the concert field.

Small brother to sister's soldier friend: "You may have to wait for Sis. Mom isn't through briefing her yet."

## STRAND THEATRE St. Charles, Mo.

Wed. Thurs. Oct. 31-Nov. 1 A picture every American must see. Dwight D. Eisenhower's THE TRUE GLORY also Wally Brown & Alan Carney in ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY

Sun. Mon., Nov. 4-5 John Garfield-Eleanor Parker Dane Clark in PRIDE OF THE MARINES

Fri. Sat. Nov. 9-10 Claudette Colbert-Warren William in IMITATION OF LIFE

Sunday Nov. 11 for 4 days In Technicolor STATE FAIR with Jeanne Crain-Dana Andrews Dick Haymes-Vivian Blane & a Great Cast



## Sister of Celebrity Reveals What It Is Like To Bask In Reflected Glory

Wandering about the campus of Lindenwood this fall is the sister of one of the nation's foremost baseball players, —Bob Feller, star pitcher of the Cleveland Indians. Marguerite Feller is a tall, dark, and attractive freshman and is majoring in business.

Marguerite says the real exciting events of her life are when she has watched her brother Bob, who is 10 years her senior, play baseball. Watching fans clamor over her own brother and demand his autograph seems to send a tingling sensation up and down her spine. Even her hometown goes wild in anticipation at the thought of his yearly visit. Great preparations are made for the annual "Bob Feller Homecoming Day."

"I couldn't imagine what life would be like if Bob weren't a baseball star," Marguerite explains. She seems to get as much enjoyment out of his popularity in the public's eye as the rest of his followers. Marguerite does admit that football is her favorite sport but she doesn't dare mention this to Bob.

Since Bob has been in the navy for the last four years Marguerite is looking forward to his return to big league baseball with great anxiety along with his other loyal fans.

Marguerite said, "The only thing I don't like is the self-conscious feeling I have when people point me out as Bob Feller's sister. Otherwise everything is perfect!"

## Three Members Of Class Of '43 Return To Campus For Visit

Last weekend three graduates of the class of '43 were on campus visiting. They were enroute to different places and stopped by to see friends here on campus.

Miss Ruth Haines stopped by while enroute to Columbia University in New York where she will continue her research in chemistry. She is looking forward to receiving her doctor's degree next year. As a Lindenwood student, Miss Haines will be remembered as the May Queen in 1943.

Another visitor to the campus was Miss Doris Banta who was president of the student body for 1942-43. She is a Senior in the law school of Cornell University in Ithaca, N. Y. She was awarded a scholarship for 1945-46 in recognition of her work as the highest ranking student in the senior class. She will also be the editor of the Cornell Law Quarterly for the current year.

On leave, Lt. Betty G. Proctor of the Wacs dropped by for a short visit on campus a few days ago. She will return to Camp Upton, N. Y., where she is doing physical therapy work in the medical department. Lt. Proctor was president of the senior class in 1942-43.

## Black Cat Arrives Week Ahead Of Halloween

One of Niccoll's proctors has now turned protector. Last Tuesday night, Mary Ann Putman was called upon by one of her charges to evict a black cat which was found perched on one of the beds on first floor. The job was completed and "Put" returned calmly to her room, leaving the rest of the hall in an uproar.

## A Vicious Circle

An appointment is a date. A date is a sticky fruit. A sticky fruit is a prune. A prune is something full of wrinkles. And something full of wrinkles is too darned old. So please cancel my appointment.

## Candid Comment

There are few gluttons when it comes to food for thought.

One of the hardest jobs of reconversion is making a school pupil out of a vacationer.

A college education never hurt anyone who was willing to learn something afterwards.

The world is full of willing people: some willing to work, the rest willing to let them.

## Dress Designer



Madame Lyolene, New York dress designer, who will arrive on the campus November 5.

## Mme. Lyolene Returns To The Campus To Begin Lectures Nov. 5

Mme. Helen Lyolene, noted dress designer will arrive in St. Louis November 4, and will begin classes at Lindenwood November 5. She will lecture to the art and clothing classes, and hold private conferences with any girls wishing to consult her. She will remain on the campus for about a month.

Mme. Lyolene is of aristocratic Russian parentage, but began her dress designing career when her family lost its fortune in the Russian Revolution. Before the war Mme. Lyolene designed in Paris, but she is now in New York. She also instructs at the Rhode Island School of Design and spends some of her time in Kansas City, Mo., with Nelly Don. Most of her creations are done by actual draping rather than drawing.

"How you have changed! You used to have thick black hair and now you're bald. You used to have a ruddy complexion and now you're pale. You used to be stocky and now you're thin. I'm surprised, Mr. Gordon."

"But I'm not Mr. Gordon."  
"Look! You've even changed your name."

## Molly Freshman Studies For Tests And Relaxes With Treasure Hunt

Dear Diary,

Buzz-buzz. Hi, there. Gotta dash in a few minutes but wanted to say a few words. Been so busy with classes and so forth. Mostly so forth, as you well know after having been at college for such a long, long time.

What did you think of that Humanities test I took the other day? It was really something. The upper-classmen got quite a bang out of the amount of studying we Freshmen did for a four weeks test, but we had to study sometime and since we always say, "never do today what can be done tomorrow,".....well.

Called my folks the other night. Didn't get to say anything because it wouldn't have done any good. Mom was so excited at just hearing my hello that I couldn't get a word in edgewise. Good thing I reversed the charges. Would have felt gypped had I paid for the call.

Aren't the girls in the Hallowe'en court good-looking? Sharp chicks all of them. Can't decide which one I like best. Maybe I can tell from the style show tonight.

Having group pictures made was fun. Course I wasn't in many of them but

getting out of class for even fifteen minutes was a thrill.

The dining room sure has calmed down since we have assigned seats. Like my table fine but I don't know any of the people there. Will know them before the period is over.

Now that the weather has turned colder we're getting some wear out of our winter clothes. Seems so nice to have a lot of new clothes. But then I'm a college girl now and had to have some new duds.

Hats off to the Residence Council! They're really doing a swell job of entertaining us on the weekends that we don't go to the city. The Treasure Hunt was really super.

Let's have a dance. It's been so long since I've been to a dance. Of course, I realize that men don't grow on trees around here but all the same I'd still like to go to a dance. Formal or informal, makes no difference to me. Just so long as I dance.

Well, diary dear, I gotta dash to class now, but stick around, I'll be back.

With my love,  
Molly

## Ballet Russe Proves Popular With Many Lindenwood Students

Seventy one Lindenwood students attended the Ballet Russe at Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis last Friday. Two buses were chartered to provide transportation.

On October 23, thirty-one Lindenwood girls attended the opening Civic Music League concert. Miss Jean Dickenson, soprano, sang the lead in the Italian opera, "Rigoletto".

Alec Templeton, pianist, was guest soloist at the St. Louis Symphony concert Sunday afternoon, October 28. Fifty three students, the largest group to attend a Sunday afternoon symphony concert, represented Lindenwood.

"Baseball reminds me of the household," he remarked, "there's the plate the batter, the fouls, the flies, and on."

"And it reminds me of marriage," she retorted. "First the diamond where they are engaged, then the struggles and the hits, then the men going out, and finally the difficulty in getting home."

## College President's Life Not All Fun

So you'd like to be president of a college! Well, contrary to popular belief, such a position includes more than sitting behind a big, impressive desk and issuing orders. This will give you an idea of what goes on in the professional life of President Gage:

On October 24, Dr. Gage attended a Board of Directors' meeting of the McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago. Yesterday found him serving as host for Dr. George A. Works, the Lindenwood Educational Counsel. A meeting with the Committee on Finance and Investments of Lindenwood College is also scheduled in our president's ever-ready "little black book."

Following these engagements, Dr. Gage will journey to Des Moines, Ia., where he will present the address at the golden anniversary of the Iowa Schoolmasters' Walt Whitman Club. It is interesting to note that the entire proceedings of this organization are carried out on Walt Whitman's farm. The meetings are held in the barnyard.

Two "smart" young things were talking at the top of their voices in an affected jargon in a bus. At last the conductor could stand it no longer. As the bus neared a stopping-place, he called out in a high pitched voice:

"Darlings, here's too, too sweet Smith Street."

After that silence reigned.

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