

COLLEGE WOMEN MUST WRITE OFF WAR'S EDUCATIONAL DEFICIT

Dr. Stradley Offers Challenge In Founder's Day Address

"It is up to the women of this college generation to write off the educational deficit created by this war," Dr. Bland L. Stradley, vice-president of Ohio State University, declared in his address at the annual Founder's Day convocation last Thursday.

The convocation was given by Dr. Lloyd B. Harmon following the processional. Dr. Harry Moorehouse Gage, president of Lindenwood, introduced the speaker. The subject of his address was "Our Heritage and the Future".

"We are assembled here today to salute the founders of Lindenwood College—Major and Mrs. Sibley, Colonel Butler, Mr. Watson, and the others—and their followers in service—the trustees, the administrators and the faculty—who have given their talents and means to build this college and who have guided it through its noble history from a log cabin to the beautiful campus we see today," Dr. Stradley said.

"These founders were men of God," he continued, "They left to you—this generation of college students—a heritage in the form of a fine Christian college because they wanted the best things in life to live and to grow through the centuries, because they wanted the hidden spring of truth uncovered, knowledge advanced and translated into the lifestream of society.

"They wanted unborn generations to have the joyful experience of culture and refinement. They wanted you to enjoy the personal benefits that arise out of good and useful citizenship in a true democracy. They wanted you to stand for honesty rather than dishonesty; for tolerance, not intolerance; for love of humanity not hate; and for a fair treatment of all races.

"When we receive the chaotic state of the world today, we can see the dangers these founders

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Bark Reporter Finds Mrs. Sibley's Ghost A Very Gracious Spook

The hour was midnight. The spirits walked the earth, and the wind cried soft in the tree-tops. Shaking with cold and fright, I stood in the dark and knocked politely on Mrs. Sibley's tombstone. The hard, smooth surface was cold beneath my hand. Suddenly I heard a soft voice say, "Coming," and Mrs. Sibley's ghost appeared. She perched gracefully on top of her grave and munched Ghost Toasties. She generously offered me the box, but I refused.

After Mrs. Sibley had finished her Ghost Toasties, and wiped her hands on the hem of her shroud, we began to chat. She said she was sorry that I couldn't be there

Harry James' Fans Jump and Jive As Trumpet Beats It Out

Harry James (!!!!!) played a one-night stand to a full house at Kiel Auditorium October 25. Three busses loaded with anxious L. C. girls plus a few more left the campus around 6:45 P. M. Wednesday night and headed for the city. In spite of conflicting noises—the busses' backfiring and the singing—the trip was uneventful but fun.

After swearing up and down that the driver was lost, we finally arrived at the auditorium, only to be greeted by a mob of James fans who were already waiting. Some thirty minutes later, the doors were opened and the great surge began; there was a mad dash for seats.

More time was spent in just waiting, then, one by one, the members of the band came out, tuned up, and last but by no means least came Harry James. While the lucky people downstairs danced, we had to sit by in envy. Even then our feet couldn't keep still.

Some of the favorites on the program were "Sleepy Lagoon", "Back Beat Boggie", "Cherry", "Two O'Clock Jump", and "I'll Remember April". It was indeed a good show.

F. T. A. Initiates New Members; Plan For University Speaker

Approximately twenty-five new members were initiated into the Future Teachers Association at its first meeting on October 26, in the Library Club Room. Superintendent of St. Charles Charles City Schools, Mr. Stephen Blackhurst spoke to the group.

Dr. Charles A. Lee of Washington University will speak on "Education in a World of Peace" at a joint meeting of the Future Teachers and the International Relations Club on November 9, in the Library Club Room. Dr. Lee has made a study of this subject for many years and is an outstanding authority.

Visitors are welcome to attend the meeting.



Donalee Wehrle, who has been elected President of the Lindenwood Red Cross Unit.

Red Cross Elects Its Officers And Chairman For Year

The Lindenwood Red Cross Unit has organized and made plans for carrying out its program for the year. Donalee Wehrle was elected president at a students meeting this semester. The other officers are: Vice-president, Jacqueline Schwab; secretary, Mary Ann Parker; treasurer, Marjorie Green, all of whom were elected last year.

Chairmen of the committees are: Surgical Dressing, Virginia Gileath and Ruth Stevenson; Sewing, Joyce Robinson and Marian Clark; Blood Donor, Caroline Levy and Betty Fox; Staff Assistants, Flo Clair; Home Nursing, B. J. Daneman; Nutrition-Canteen, Jo Lea Horton and Peggy Proctor; Publicity Betty Schroer; Waterfront, Marian Erlandson and Eloise Baim.

Surgical Dressing classes started last Thursday and the rest of the activities will begin soon. Mrs. Rush and Mrs. Hellrich assisted with the surgical dressing group.

Ethel Barrymore Colt Tells Of Her Life On The Stage

Ethel Barrymore Colt, actress and opera singer, entertained Lindenwood students on October 20, with an informal lecture interspersed with light classical numbers. Daughter of the actress Ethel Barrymore and a member of America's first family of the theatre, Miss Colt explained she would much rather sing than act.

On seeing her mother in "Camille", Miss Colt at 7 decided she would like to act. However, her mother "never brought the theater home with her" and "her home life was almost disgustingly normal". The public thought it unusual that Ethel Barrymore should be the mother of three children, and on inquiries, her daughter replied, "Well, I always understood that I was born."

To the aspirants of the stage in the audience, Miss Colt explained that no one is born knowing how to act. Acting is a business, an art, a craft, and the only real dramatic school is experience. She dispelled the belief your name will help you in your career by saying that a name

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HALLOWE'EN QUEEN CROWNED AMID GAY FESTIVITIES OF HER SUBJECTS

Residence Halls Elect Officers For 1944-1945

The Residence Council met for the first time last week in the Library Room for the purpose of electing their officers. Jacqueline Schwab, president of student body conducted the election. Miss Ruth Neff, senior, from Omaha, Nebraska, was selected president, Ruth is president of Butler Hall this year. Miss Edna-Mary Jacobson, senior, from Grand Haven, Michigan, was elected secretary.

Dr. Finger was present at the meeting and brought up different problems which concerned the Council.

The Freshman and new students are probably wondering what the Residence Council is on the campus. The Residence Council consists of the presidents of the dormitories and their staffs. The members consist of one staff from each floor in the residence

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Press Club Initiates New Members; Elects Officers For Year

The Press Club held its first meeting Monday, October 23, in the Library Club Rooms. The new members were initiated. The pledges took their oath and received a corsage with each part of the corsage representing a requirement for members of the Press Club.

The new members are: Sarita Sherman, Pat Latherow, Joan Elson, Rita Allen, Ann Hardin, Genee Head, Marjorie Green, Dorothy Shaeffer, Barbara Park, Betty Gilpin, Jeanne McDonald, Merryll Ryan, Kathleen De Croes, Phyllis Maxwell, Virginia Moehlenkamp, Lovetra Langenbacher, Sally Cramblit, Caroline Levy, Betty Fox, Marian Clark, and Betty Jean Schroer.

The officers elected for the year are: president, Marjorie Green; vice-president, Dorothy Shaeffer; secretary and treasurer, Babs Wexner. The club made tentative plans for the year.

Thomas E. Dewey Is Voted L. C. Choice for President

Dewey is Lindenwood's choice. The returns of the election November 2 were: Dewey, 244; Roosevelt, 112; Thomas 1. The election was held as much like a National Election as possible with everyone registering November 31 and voting November 2 in Roemer Hall. Each student voted by secret ballot in individual booths.

The League of Women Voters sponsored the election. The registration was carried on by having a booth in each dormitory with Receiving Judges and Clerks.

The Rallies were held Monday, October 30, the Democrats met in room 211 and the Republicans in 331. Both rooms were filled with

To the appropriate strains of "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody", Miss Alice Christiansen, the Halloween Queen walked to her throne. Alice's appearance was greeted with a roar of applause. Waiting at the throne were Joane Patton, first maid of honor; and Mary Ann Wood, second maid of honor. Grouped about the throne were the Queen's ladies in waiting, Misses Colleen Bedell, Janet Crabbe, Betty Crawford, Margaret Eberhardt, Pat Lloyd, Jan Miller, Helen Record, Audrey Renner, Sharon Richard, and Jessie Wilson. Alice was received by Joanne her first maid of honor, and crowned Queen of the Halloween Court. After the ceremony, Alice, lovely in her sky blue net formal, was surrounded by admiring friends. Joane Patton, dressed in white marquisette; and Mary Ann Wood, in blue net trimmed with sequins, were also heartily congratulated, as were all of the Court. When asked how it feels to be a Halloween Queen, Alice, her smiling face set off by a crown of bronze and yellow mums, replied, "Nerve racking."

The Halloween spirit was evident in the wide variety of costumes seen at the ball and in the grinning jack-o-lanterns and corn stalks that adorned the gymnasium. Bathing beauties, hoboes,

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First All School Play Of Year

"The Fighting Littles", the first all-school play of the year, will be given November 10. It is directed by Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon, head of the department of speech and dramatics. The play, adapted by Carolyn Frank from a novel by Booth Tarkington, is the story of an average American family and their troubles.

Jean Davidson, Patsy Geary, Electa Groszkruger, Beverly Butcher, Dale Lange, Helen Ditson, Joan Swanson, Julie Paul, Deloris Baim, Carolyn Coons, June Locke, Marie Szilagyi, Martha Robinson and Joan Emons will fill the parts in this popular comedy.

supporters of their Party. Lots of enthusiasm was shown by all participants. Several speeches were given at each meeting.

The Republican Chairman was Dorothy Heimrod, and the Dormitory Captains were: Nicolls, Mary Lou Landberg; Sibley, Jackie Rock; Ayres, Alice Christiansen and Joane Patton; Butler, Ruth Neff; Irwin, Joan Elson; Donalee Wehrle.

The Democratic Chairman was Lynn Jackson, and the Dormitory Captains were: Nicolls, Peggy Brozelle; Senior, Marjorie Green; Sibley, Keltah Long; Irwin, Joan Schroder; Butler, Mary L. Nathan; Ayres, Earle Dean Bass; Day Students, Mary Lou Gillette.

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Jeanne McDonald, '47

Jane McLean, 46

Gracie Gremlin Says:



Hi, kids. Just got a letter from a guy in France, and, golly, he sure is doing his part. How about you? Why don't you kinda look around the L. C. campus 'n' see how many war activities it offers? There's plenty to do—so, c'mon, let's all pitch in and bring Johnny back home a little faster. How 'bout it.

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Next week the first reports will come in of the students who are finding their work in college rather difficult. You teachers as well as your counselors will take to you in regard to your work. Do not hesitate to go to your teachers if you have questions in regard to your study difficulties. I do not, however, anticipate that there will be any great number of students who will be found to be doing unsatisfactory work. By and large, I think you are taking your year at college seriously and realize that this is a time for putting your best efforts forth in your effort to make the very most of this time that has been given you for education when so many people in the world are deprived of that opportunity.

Let me briefly state what I feel are some of the great advantages you may gain from being in college.

It enables you to find out what your talents and abilities really are. Very often students coming to college for the first time are not sure just wherein their capabilities lie. There certainly is a good opportunity to discover that here.

Not only does it give you opportunity to take stock of what you have in talent and abilities but also of who you are. You are in competition with students from all over the country. You have an opportunity to discuss all sorts of questions with them and therefore can take stock better of your ability to hold your own with the classmates and dormitory-mates with whom you are associated day in and day out.

This leads me to the third point which is that you have a chance to find out in college just how deep your principles are as regards right or wrong. You will find always the students who are cynical in regard to questions of conduct, and no student who enters college can escape the test of just what her actual standards are.

You have also an opportunity through study and through the valuable discussions among your classmates, to become really an informed person—a person who does not depend upon emotional reaction and prejudices for information on life today, but one who really appreciates the value of accuracy in statements an accur-

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Jane McLean

Now that the excitement of choosing the Hallowe'en Queen is over and all the gay, goddy get-ups packed away in moth balls or achets for another year, attention here—as all over the United States—turns sharply to the national elections to be held next week. Speculation is running rife over the entire campus as to which of the two main candidates will be chosen. Political parties are forming themselves at L. C. and all advance signs seem to indicate that the Demos are going to give the Republicans, who hold the upper hand here, a good, rousing fight. Dorothy Heimrod (R.) and Lynn Jackson (D.), as heads of the parties here, are canvassing the student body to get everyone out to vote.

The ouja board in Sibley Hall went completely cockeyed when asked who the next president would be, but it was very definite in asserting that Lindenwood is going to lose the forthcoming hockey game with Maryville unless M. V. K. gets her mind back on business, and certain girls on the team quit smoking. With the shortage of cigarettes now assailing the populace, that won't be too difficult at all; probably those old souvenir corncoqs will be blossoming out here and there.

Guess everyone has seen those big, bright "A's" adorning the arms of 50 or so girls. The Athletic Association had a great time during the past week with their pledges, and certain pledges had gay times pulling fast ones on the actives. Minnie Anderson would like to get her hands on those certain ones that short-sheeted her bed.

A new chapter introduced herself to me the other day. She said she wanted her name in the paper, but no one seemed to pay any attention to her. She calls herself Typical Elsie. This week she didn't have much to say—rather the shy type, you know. But she did want me to tell everyone that the only way to save money this year—is to remember to take your coke bottles back so you won't have to pay a dime.

To be serious for a moment. It looks as though the American Navy is really cleaning up the Japs out there in the Pacific. Everything probably isn't as rosy as it reads, however; and those boys need all the help they can get—and more. Every girl here on campus knows someone who at this moment is fighting half-way around the world, and wants with all her heart to be able to do something for him. The Red Cross, headed by Donalee Wehrle, is organizing its classes and work-rooms for the year. Everyone should get into some part of it—it's all necessary and it will help greatly.

Probably the happiest "person" in the world today is Mr. Aloquacious Bamboozle. He's the Little Man who lives in one of the water bottles on "Bugs" Rouse's table. He got married the other day to a wonderful girl, Burdo Van Twitter, who lived in the other bottle. Bev Butcher took charge of sending the invitations to the honored guests and Marye Lou Peterson gave a linen shower for the newly-married couple. It's quite a happy group—that table—never a dull moment.

—'Nuff Said—

Why Not ?

For over 150 years American mothers have been encouraging their young sons with the words, "Just think, you may grow up to be president." Yet this hope has never been extended to a member of the female sex. Why not? Why has the United States never elected a woman president?

When the precedent of a male president was established, women were not even allowed to vote. The custom was set up exclusively in a "man's world". Since that time it has been proven a woman not only can checkoff a candidate's name on an election ballot, but also that she can take an active and intelligent part in politics. An outstanding example is Clare Booth Luce, representative from Connecticut.

Nor is Clare Luce the only woman in this country today who is holding down a man's job. Everywhere women are marching into the male world of industry—on the assembly line, in the office. Even the army includes in its ranks both female officers and enlisted women.

Obviously then it would not be such a fantastic step to elect a woman president. Certainly no woman could have put the world in any greater turmoil than have the leaders of today.

So, Miss Lindenwood, look forward to the day when you can say to your daughter, "Just think, dear, you may grow up to be president."

Add Japanese definitions: An island is a body of land entirely surrounded by an American fleet.

Bring V-E Day Nearer

With each day bringing victory one step closer home, we are in serious danger of becoming too optimistic about the war. While we all realize that rapid gains are being made on all fronts, this is no time to let up on the war effort.

Soldiers, sailors, and Marines are paying with their lives that we might live in a free country. Is it asking too much for us to donate a pint of blood that they may live, or buy that extra bond so that they may have adequate equipment? As the war goes into its final stages there comes a greater need than ever before for the support on the home front. The Allies are now on the offensive, but still are faced with the final, crushing defeat of Germany and Japan. It is up to us here at home to back our fighting men and assure them that we are behind them 100 per cent in any endeavor they may take.

When V-E day comes, let us all pledge ourselves to the re-dedication of support so that there will be no general let-down on the home front which would prevent prosecution of the war against Japan to final victory.

Good citizenship is a campus tradition. Register and vote in Lindenwood's presidential election.

With the invasion of the Philippines, Tokyo is convinced that Gen. MacArthur has learned his strategy from the old Chinese general Long Hop.

Lindenwood Authors

About once a month the Linden Bark presents a literary supplement composed of essays short stories, and poetry written by members of the English composition classes.

This issue of the Bark has its first supplement for the year. We know the girls have unusual talent in writing, and this is an opportunity to show your ability. Your talent is worthy of recognition, and should be encouraged. By printing this sheet we hope these ends will be attained.

Aside from the purpose of giving recognition where recognition is due, we hope the printing of the literary supplement will be an added inducement to the students to work their hardest on their compositions so they will have the satisfaction of seeing their own handiwork in print. If it means the budding of a great genius on our campus, we will be more than satisfied.

During the year contests are sponsored for literary work written by the students. We want lots of enthusiasm by all of you.

Good intentions fall like snowflakes in the street. Good intentions like snow are smashed by heavy feet.

Count your blessings one by one, divide them by selfishness, add charity, subtract luxury tax, and apply immediately for relief.

THE SAFETY VALVE

If you feel like climbing on your soap box and doing a little screaming, the Bark Staff will be your audience. We'll print your complaint, with or without your name. Everyone has peeves they'd like to blow off about. The Bark is offering you an opportunity to tell Lindenwood what you don't like and why. Turn your letters into the Bark office or a staff member.

Dear Safety Valve,

We are in hopes through this article we can make a plea to the students to answer the telephones instead of letting them ring and ring. The girls who don't live right next to the phone should take pity on those who do because it is usually left to them to answer the phones. Irwin has assigned their girls a certain night when they are on phone duty and I understand it is successful. Maybe some of the other dormitories could try this method. Next time you call one of your friends and it takes for ever for someone to answer, remember when you hear the phone ring instead of thinking I'll let someone else answer it, why don't you! !

Student

acy in facts.

College also gives you an opportunity to develop a sense of responsibility for the conduct of your own life that many of you have not had. Here you have to make many decisions which formerly were made for you by your parents. You can find very soon just how capable you are of assuming this responsibility for your own life. I think in that regard college can give you extremely valuable training.

DR. ALICE E. GIPSON

Trees and Shrubs Class To Visit Pere Marquette Park

The trees and shrubs class, chaperoned and guided by Dr. Marian Dawson and Dr. Talbot will spend the first week end of November in Pere Marquette State Park near Grafton, Ill. The class, complete with vasculums (glorified tin cans to you), will collect specimens of vegetation found in the park. Reservations in the lodge were made for the girls by Dr. Dawson.

Field trips to the Zoo and to Shaw's Gardens will be conducted by Dr. Dawson and Dr. Talbot beginning November 18.

Senior Psychology Majors Take Course In Seminar Study

The Psychology Department is offering a course of Seminar study to all Senior psychology majors. The class meets every Monday afternoon to discuss current problems, as seen through the eyes of a psychologist.

The current discussion is centered on the psychology of the campaign of the various political candidates.

Next in the list of problems will be the discussion of what is to be done with the German people after this war is won. Should the rehabilitation program be a hard or soft one? These are problems foremost in the minds of our civilization. Through an intelligent understanding, these girls will be able to formulate their ideas to the benefit of the majority.

She sat alone in the moonlight,
Deserted by women and men;
She swore by the stars above her
She'd never eat onions again.

—The Ottawa Record.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Some of the best creative writing by Lindenwood students appears in the Literary Supplement, which is published once a month. The manuscripts selected for publication are examples of especially well-written prose and poetry, and an effort is made to include, during the school year, a wide variety of types of writing—from the most technical research paper to the most romantic poem.

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HEARTS OF THE YOUNG

By Louise McGraw, '47

The huge tank struggled desperately against the tightening grip of Kentucky mire. Groaning painfully, it made one last effort to escape the oozing muck, but to no avail. Across the road a sister tank had also become hopelessly enmeshed in the thick red bog. The driver was perched on the top of the tank proclaiming to the surrounding country-side that he had never seen such blankety-blank mud in any of the three other camps in which he had been stationed.

A steady stream of automobiles filled mostly with "white collar" workers flowed down the highway and into Gate One of Ft. Knox. It was a very bad time of the day to be traveling—so bad, in fact, that a military policeman was required to direct the traffic. Thoroughly enjoying his job, he yelled instructions at first one motorist and then another.

"All right. Hey! You in the grey Chevi . . . move on. The grey "Chevi" sputtered indignantly at the M. P. and lurched forward. The occupants too lurched forward.

"Edwin, dear, do you have to be so abrupt?" gasped Mrs. Graham.

"Now Laura, don't start telling me how to drive," returned Mr. Graham. "I didn't want to come this early anyway. I've been out on the road at this time of the morning before, and I know how crowded it is."

"Well, I just wanted to get to Louisville when the stores first opened so we could finish our shopping and get home early. Geraldine, dear, I noticed some very pretty formal dresses advertised in the papers in the morning."

Geraldine, the elder daughter of the Grahams, was sprawled comfortably in the back seat gazing out the window with a "bored-with-it-all" expression which she assumed at frequent intervals. The affected boredom, however, soon changed to unmistakable disgust. "Now Mother, if you're referring to those terrible things at Selman's, I simply won't have them. Why, they're absolutely stinky."

"Why dear, I thought they would look so nice on you—pink would go perfectly with your fair complexion. And they all looked so youthful. What did you have in mind?"

"Oh, I don't know, but it certainly wasn't anything 'youthful'. Mother, you know that my whole social career in high school next year depends on this one prom. I absolutely shudder at the thought of appearing in public in anything that would make me look less than nineteen. After all I'm practically sixteen which is almost nineteen and you just have to dress your age these days."

The younger daughter, "G. G." . . . or as her parents preferred to call her, Gwendolyn Garvey, . . . suddenly whirled around and confronted her sister. "You are just fifteen years and five months."

"Well, I'm two years and three months older than you are, so there. And furthermore I'll be going to the Junior Hi Jive two weeks from Friday night, and that's more than you can say."

"You can't go unless someone asks you, Smarty. And yesterday in the hall I saw Doug Gregory talking to Sydna Billings. Yah."

"Oh, you did not."

"I did, too."

At this point, Mr. Graham decided to exert a bit of parental discipline. "Girls, if you don't stop quarreling we'll turn right around and go home. I don't think you fully realize, Geraldine,

day about innocent people who are black-jacked and robbed by soldier hitch-hikers. To me they all look the same. We don't know who he is or anything about him. No sir, my better judgment tells me not to do it."

"I know, Edwin, but he looks so pitiful over there all by himself. If our Jimmy had lived he might be in the same predicament this very minute . . . away from home in an army camp, perhaps short of money, and no friends. It just breaks my heart to see poor boys like that."

"All right, Laura, but if anything happens . . ."

In the back seat amid giggling and hurried prepping a place was made for the prospective occupant several moments before the car had finally stopped. After a vehemently whispered debate it was decided that he should sit in the middle.

Much against his better judgment, Mr. Graham stopped the car, lowered the window, and gruffly addressed the soldier. "Young man, would you like to ride to Louisville with us?"

"Yes sir, That is, if you're sure it won't inconvenience you any."

"Not at all, not at all. Just climb in the back seat with the girls. Glad to have you," valiantly lied Mr. Graham. What some men have to do to please women. Some women probably have an overdeveloped mother instinct though and can't help it. I guess Laura's just one of those women. She didn't pick out such a bad looking chap at that. Come to think of it, he does look different . . . rather clean cut, I'd say. Has a nice firm jaw, determined chin, and grey eyes that look square at you.

"Edwin. Look out!" cried Mrs. Graham. "What in the world are you thinking about this morning. You almost hit that car."

WHAT IS THE NIGHT

By Phyllis Maxwell, '47

It's heavy black paper slapped against the sky.
It's hunks of glass glued on for stars.
It's dead trees, like clenched fists, threatening the sky.
It's stark, ugly street lamps casting pools of dirty light.
It's wierd, contorted shadows chasing wildly across the highway.
It's crudely painted harlot crying her wares.
It's an Italian mother in the wrenching pains of birth.
It's the frightening, sordid death of those who fear life more than death, and yet scream madly to see their blood flow red.
It's sad farewells, tears of joy, soft sung lullabies.
It's dark shades drawn to hide the evil and the goodness of life.

that I had to leave the office today just to take you and your mother shopping for a-a 'prom dress'. If you and Gwendolyn can't behave as sisters should, the whole trip's off."

"Why, Father. All I said was . . ."

"That's another thing. Don't call me 'Father'. Makes my skin crawl. I've been 'Daddy' to you for fifteen years and I don't like the idea of being suddenly called 'Father'. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy, but all I said was . . ."

"Geraldine. That's enough."

Mrs. Graham being a typical mother understood Deanie and G. G.'s petty arguments much better than did Mr. Graham, although she never asserted this fact. Sometimes it was just better to avert a man's attention than to make an issue of a minor thing. "Edwin, look at that poor, lonesome boy standing over there all by himself. Why don't we give him a ride to Louisville? He can sit in the back with the girls."

"Now Laura, you know how I feel about giving rides to soldiers. There's a story in the paper every

she murmured, "You remind me of a man I once knew. Tell me, is your name 'Richard'?"

"No, it happens to be Bob—Bob Clark. But I was thinking just now that you remind me of someone I know too."

Deanie breathlessly leaned forward, lifted an eyebrow, and whispered, "Yes? Do go on." Goodness, results were certainly sooner than she expected.

"Well, back home in Clydeville, Ohio, there's a girl who lived next door to me. When we were little kids, we used to play together all the time. I guess she's almost through high school now."

"Oh, but Deanie's just in the ninth grade," gleefully put in G. G.

The look flashed from Deanie to G. G. can best be described as pure hatred. At that moment Deanie clearly understood why natives often threw the second girl-baby to the crocodiles.

"Did I hear you say 'Clydeville, Ohio'?" inquired Mr. Graham.

"Yes sir. I've lived there all my life."

"Well now, that's what I call a coincidence. I used to go through there quite a bit on business. Have some mighty fine people up that way. I guess you know Tom Cullen, don't you?"

"Yes sir. He and dad are great friends. They go fishing together every summer."

"You don't say. I've been fishing up in that part of the country too. What did you say your name was?"

"Bob Clark, or rather Bob Clark, Jr."

"Why, I know your dad. I can't begin to count the times Bob, Tom, and I have fished in Long Pond. Man! We used to flirt out some whoopers. So you're old Bob Clark's boy . . . Tell him sometime that you rode to Louisville with Ed. Graham. By the way, this is my wife, Laura, and my two girls, Geraldine and Gwendolyn Garvey."

"I'm very glad to know all of you, although it seems as if I've met you before."

"I wish you'd call me 'Deanie'. All my best friends do," whispered Deanie, at the same time leaning forward and again lifting an eyebrow to emphasize the word 'best'.

G. G., not to be outdone, also leaned forward and in a ridiculous croak, suggested, "You may call me 'G. G.'. It sounds much more personal."

"Bob do your prefer blondes or brunettes?" inquired Deanie, casting a superior glance at dark-haired G. G.

"Oh, I don't know. Girls don't interest me any more."

"But don't you believe in destiny? It's so tragic when two souls are meant for each other and one soul doesn't recognize the other one as his . . ."

"Are you talking about Doug Gregory, Deanie?"

Oh, why were sisters born anyway bitterly thought Deanie. Was there no justice? Why couldn't the door on which G. G. was leaning suddenly open and spill the hateful little stinker onto the road?

Conversation had rolled away the miles so rapidly that they were almost in downtown Louisville before they knew it.

"Bob, is there any certain place you want out?" asked Mr. Graham.

"My, goodness," exclaimed the surprised Mrs. Graham. "Don't tell me we're here already. I must have been napping all this time. Bob, you must drop down to see us often—we live at Danville, and we'd love to have you."

"Well, thanks a lot, Mrs. Graham. I may take you up on that. You can let me out at the next corner, Mr. Graham. My wife's waiting for me at Walgreen's. I wish you had time to stop and meet her. She's really tops."

"Why don't you bring her down

to see us next Sunday and stay for dinner," asked Mr. Graham, after receiving the "O. K. signal" from Mrs. Graham.

"If you'll promise not to go to any extra trouble, we'll be glad to come. But Margaret wouldn't want to put you out, Mrs. Graham."

"Really it won't, Bob. Now we'll be looking for you all next Sunday—so scoot along and give Margaret an extra big kiss for us."

"Well, thanks again for everything. Goodbye, everybody. 'Be seein' you."

"So long."

"Goodbye."

"Bye-bye," yelled G. G., as she frantically waved both arms out the back window.

Deanie was apparently looking at the stores on the opposite side of the street. Maybe she and her mother could compromise on a not-too-youthful dress for the "prom." After all, what did it matter? For that part, what did anything matter if one's heart was broken?

When Mr. Graham remarked, "Fine boy. Yes, sir. Just like old Bob," no one noticed two little tears which rolled down a sad little face and disappeared into the upholstery on the back seat.

"ELMER"

By Nancy Hardy Kern

My friendship with Elmer was comparatively short but extremely interesting. One October afternoon our "gang" was hiking through the woods when one of the boys gave the yell, "Who Wants a Snake?"

Impulsively, for I'd never before touched a snake, I shouted, "I do!" I knew absolutely nothing about snakes except that one of the girls in town had a huge blacksnake for a pet. I admired the girl very much—she was not "queer" as one might expect a snake-lover to be—she was one of the most popular girls at school.

Well, there I stood staring blankly at this foot-and-a-half garter snake as it slithered through the weeds. Naturally, I couldn't back down now—every one was expecting me to pick it up. When I realized that no one else would touch the creature, I gritted my teeth, braced myself, and grabbed at it.

I really don't know who was the more surprised, the snake or I. Certainly I was, for I stood there and visibly shook as the snake writhed and twisted frantically in my hands.

At last I managed to grasp him behind the head and as he coiled around my arm I bore him to the nearest farm house, where I deposited him in a mason jar with a bit of screening for a lid.

The next morning I could scarcely wait to inspect my new pet. I raced to school and appropriated an old biology cage for his home. Now the question was, how could I transfer him from the jar to the cage? My sudden courage of the day before had disappeared completely and I wondered how I had ever managed to touch that strange looking object. He seemed rather quiet, though—perhaps he wouldn't object to my handling him. I gingerly poked my hand into the jar and pulled him out. Why, the poor thing was cold. Was he dead? . . . No, he wasn't—there, he had moved a bit. Suddenly I remembered that snakes were cold-blooded and that he would become warm if I held him in my hands.

As I sat there I discovered a most amazing fact. Snakes were not slimy as I had always been told—they were soft, and smooth, and cool. What's more, they didn't struggle constantly; this one seemed quite content to lie in my hands.

That was the beginning of my friendship with Elmer. A strange friendship, you are thinking. Yes, it was strange. It caused a lot of

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

comment, too, but I found out more about snakes during those few months than I ever could have discovered by reading dozens of reptile books. The entire high school took an interest in Elmer, and most of the students overcame their fear of snakes to a great extent merely by handling this one. You may ask, "But wasn't he dirty?" No, he wasn't. Perhaps that was because he received a weekly bath—just a dip in cold water, much to the amusement of the biology teacher, but nevertheless a bath.

Elmer went along almost everywhere with me. He added a realistic touch to my snake-charmer's costume for a Halloween party, and he was a spectator at most of the basket-ball games that season. At every game someone was sure to approach me and ask, "May I please hold Elmer?"

Whenever I hear someone shriek "OOOOOH, a nasty, horrid old snake!", I can't help feeling amused. After all, I have survived an "acquaintanceship" with a snake and am, I hope, none the worse for it.

CELE

By Helen Horvath, '47

The fairest skin that I have ever seen belongs to Cele. And the most exasperating fact is that under beating sun or singing wind, it remains fair, without any assistance from oils or expensive creams. She's the enduring type, for from the day, twelve years ago, when I first met her, that fair skin, soft blonde hair, and contagious laugh have not changed in the least.

Late yesterday afternoon I was standing at our garden gate, surveying the washed-off world. Down the pasture and over the road, I could see a steady procession of Guernseys splashing through the creek and winding upwards on a narrow beaten path. Not too far behind came Cele. It was an attractive picture—the clean hillside, green grass, and the woman with her staff driving the lumbering cows.

I began to daydream. What was this attractive woman doing, wasting her life on a farm?

When she was first married, she and her husband had lived in the city. But as her parents grew older and unable to fend for themselves, the couple moved back to her old home in order to help. The plan at that time was for Max to take over the heavy outside duties—ploughing, milking, and threshing, while Cele would help inside—getting meals, churning, and looking after her mother. Hired help at that time was still abundant. A good plan, but one which did not foresee the trouble that lay ahead.

Before many months after their arrival, Cele's father, enjoying the calm breeze out on the lawn one morning, quietly left the world.

The responsibility that the old man's death placed on Max was doomed beforehand to failure, for he had a racking cough that soon developed into a chronic illness. Thin and trembling, at times he cannot leave his bed for days. Quite a burden on Cele.

Gradually, too, her mother is becoming an invalid because of old age. All the weight of owning and operating a large farm rests on the capable shoulders of Cele. Her day is never done—early on a summer's morning, I can look down on their blackberry patch, and there she is, big protecting straw hat on hurrying along between the rows of berries; when we are settled for the evening, Cele must go out to the barn and milk; in the late twilight, she walks through her flower garden, pulling out a weed here, and picking a few flowers there.

On Sundays she does take time out to attend church, and much as she'd love to, she cannot belong to the Ladies' Aid, for that

organization would monopolize too much of her valuable time. In other spare moments, she relaxes by helping her mother patch countless quilts together.

It must take a great deal of courage for Cele to face all her problems—an invalid mother, a sick husband and the wearisome routine of farm life—yet I could not recall a time when Cele did not break through all her troubles with a smile.

CRYSTAL CITY, MO.

By Celeste Salvo, '47

The origin of Crystal City was almost, one could say, an accident. The city did not grow into a success because it was a fertile, cleared-off stretch of land peering out its east windows at the Mississippi or because it was a center for "big business" in the commercial world. Instead, it had to wait for science to expand enough to recognize the wealth hidden in the vast deposits of silica sand. Spanish soldiers and French fur traders had given way to American settlers, Missouri had become a state, and the Civil War had come to its tragic end before such a recognition was known.

Starting with the year 1769, the present location of Crystal City was under the ownership of Spain. All land east of the Mississippi and west of the Rockies was Spanish territory, controlled by a Spanish governor, who made liberal offers of land to persons desiring to settle there permanently. From 1769 until 1797, the settlers could take homesteads only on the Mississippi banks. They were allowed from four to six arpents of land front by forty back, which gave them from one hundred thirty-six to two hundred four acres of land. This rule was not uniform, but if more land was granted, it was as a special favor to persons rendering some service to the Spanish government. However, after 1797, the head of each family was allowed two hundred arpents of land for himself, fifty for each child, and twenty for each Negro he brought with him. Altogether, his property could not exceed eight hundred arpents. This was the origin of ownership of many tracts of land known as "Spanish Grants."

All this territory had been the undisputed home of Indians and native animals before the settlers began to pour in. In the southern part had dwelt the Delaware, the Shawnee, and the Cherokees tribes. They had been peaceful and friendly toward the invaders, having successfully covered up their wounded pride at seeing their land taken over by white settlers. The Osage had inhabited the west section of the land and, unlike the former tribes, had been very savage and warlike toward the invaders, causing them no end of trouble.

The pioneers who penetrated those "western wilds" settled amid savage Indians and dangerous beasts, while carving out comfortable homes for their wives and children. They were without roads, bridges, mills, blacksmith shops, and other essentials for the welfare and convenience of the community. Every person carried a gun at all times and owned at least one dog. Each family raised a patch of flax, one of cotton, and a little corn. This was sometimes ground at one of the two mills or often it was beaten into a coarse meal by pestles in a mortar. It was a well known fact that about one-fourth of the inhabitants had never seen or tasted white bread—corn was all they knew. The two mills in the settlement barely cracked the corn and made no meal at all. Frances Wideman owned one of the mills. It was believed by the neighbors that he was a sorcerer and could conjure up the devil. One night his brother, John, asked to grind

a little corn for himself. Frances granted the request but told his brother to watch out for Old Nick. When John got the mill "to going", the stones began to turn so fast he became alarmed, shut off the water, and went home without ever grinding a thing. He told, later, that his brother had set the devil upon him to interfere with the mill so that he couldn't grind.

The settlers manufactured all their own clothes out of the skins of wild animals or out of flax or cotton. Every home had the old-fashioned loom and the big and little spinning wheels in them. The men made these pieces of machinery by hand. All the women knew how to use them. The men wore buckskin suits and coon or fox-skin caps in winter. In the summer, their suits were of either flax or cotton and they wore straw hats. Their shoes had buckskin tops with rawhide soles, called shoe packs or moccasins. The women's dresses were of home-made cotton goods. Great rivalry raged among the ladies then, in regard to getting up new and beautiful patterns of checked or striped cotton dress goods.

Venison, bear meat, wild turkeys, and wild honey were in great abundance. Settlers who had cows to produce milk really lived in a land "flowing with milk and honey." Bee trees filled with honey were found everywhere. The only cost was the labor of getting it. All the sugar that was used was made at home out of the sap of the maple or sugar trees. Coffee was a foreign article and so expensive that the first settlers could not afford it. However, the pioneer housewife could really set a good table with all that abounding food.

From best information, John Hilderbrand was the first white man to settle in what is now Jefferson County in about 1774. He was of French descent and built up the first real settlement in that wild and uncivilized territory. It took courage to overcome the difficulties of establishing a home, but Hilderbrand took pride in being the first person to start a settlement on the Saline Creek in the northeastern part of the county, which he called the Meramec Settlement.

There was no post office nearer than St. Louis, not a road in the county, and no store at all. The settlers did all their legal business in St. Louis, traded there, and got their mail there also. The currency used at that time was gold, silver, or dressed or shaved deer skins. Taxes could even be paid in skins. All the land between St. Louis and Ste. Genevieve was filled with savage Indians and wild animals, and travel was made extremely dangerous. Francisco Cruzat, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Louisiana, desiring to remove the perils along the way, offered 1050 arpents of land to anyone who would establish and keep a ferry across the Meramec. Jean Baptiste Gomoche, a Frenchman, accepted the offer and established a ferry called the Lower Ferry. For this valuable service he was granted the land at the mouth of the Meramec, where he started another small settlement.

It was after that—in 1818—that Jefferson County was organized by an act of legislature of the territory of Missouri on December 8. On January 8, 1819, it became a separate county bounded by St. Louis County on the north, the Mississippi River on the east, Ste. Genevieve, St. Francois, and Washington Counties on the south, and Franklin County on the west. It contained about 628 square miles. The surface was generally hilly. In the northern and western townships, the ridges were very narrow at their summits and separated from each other by deep ravines. The county was drained by the Meramec River, the Little Rock, Graze, Sandy, Joachim, Muddy, Isle du

Bois and other creeks which flowed into the Mississippi, keeping all parts of the land well-watered. Many springs abounded, producing superior-quality water. The table lands possessed good soil and the uplands had abundant forests. The timber of the uplands consisted principally of oak and hickory. On the low lands and along the streams one found the sycamore, maple, walnut, buckeye, and cottonwood. Excellent building stone existed, along with considerable quantities of iron and zinc ores. The lead supply seemed inexhaustible.

In 1776, roadmakers, cutting through the forests between St. Louis and Ste. Genevieve to establish the first roadway west of the Mississippi, may have noticed the abundance of sand in the hills that walled a wide valley opening on the Mississippi halfway between the two settlements, but they did not dream that one hundred years later the sand would cause the beginning of a great factory, now one of the world's greatest producers of polished plate glass.

In the early 'thirties, a few capitalists formed a company in New Haven, Connecticut, called the "Missouri and Illinois Mineral and Land Company," with the purpose of seeking out and entering such mineral, agricultural, and timber lands as might become valuable. Composing the company were John Tappins, W. H. Bidwell, Charles Stoddard, James A. Smith, John S. Cavender, and others. They sent out Forrest Shepherd, a mineralogist and geologist, who located Shepherd's Mountain, the Muddy coal diggings, the large amount of lead and pine lands, and the silica or sand rock on the east side of Platin Creek in Missouri.

Because of the Civil War and the depression following it, the New Haven Company accomplished nothing in regard to the new-found discoveries until about 1865-70, when it disposed of almost all of its property. The sock was put up and sold to Dr. W. H. Bidwell, at that time editor of the *Electric Magazine*, in New York.

In the fall of 1868, Bidwell, Shepherd, and Professor Vincent of London, England, came west to examine the different properties, first visiting Iron, St. Francois, and Ste. Genevieve Counties and lastly, Platin Rock in Jefferson County. At the sand banks they proposed to build two plate glass factories. Professor Vincent thought the crystals in the sun were the most beautiful he had ever seen. Shepherd said that "it was only a question of time when a great industry would spring up here". He left for England the next morning. Mr. W. S. Jewett, residing near the sand banks, shipped, by request, two casks to the Thomas Glass Works in England where it was tested and found to be of superior quality.

During the winter, Dr. Bidwell got up a stock company in London of some \$400,000 capital. He had the charter duly recorded, appointed a manager, Ched Blake, and engaged a number of skilled workmen to come over the next spring to help build the works, after which they were to have regular employment in their several vocations.

In the meantime, the London stockholders learned from St. Louis correspondents that the Drake Constitution required a person investing a dollar in manufacturing to give security for two more under the "double liability clause." When the Englishmen learned this, they let Dr. Bidwell and his sand banks alone. The St. Louis Board of Trade tried to assist Bidwell, but failed. Captain E. B. Ward, of Detroit, Michigan, a man of large capital, heard of the scheme and bought Bidwell's claim and other avail-

able adjoining lands in 1871. He then organized the "American Plate Glass Company" of Detroit, with a capital of \$150,000.

In May, 1872, Captain Theodore Luce, the superintendent in charge, started operations. By the fourth of July he had one house nearly completed. There were many obstacles to overcome: brush had to be cleared off, plans made, houses built for the men, and supplies obtained. Because it was envied by St. Louis, the company did all its business in Detroit. They got supplies and machines from there and employed Detroit mechanics as much as possible. The new city was even named "New Detroit". At the first annual meeting at the main office in Detroit when someone asked how the native settlers liked the name of the new town, it was replied that they had a name of their own, "Crystal City," which seemed more appropriate and so the name New Detroit was dropped. When the company had exhausted the \$150,000, the capital was increased \$100,000. When that was absorbed, bonds were issued to the amount of \$200,000.

By 1874, a small furnace which made the glass was in operation but it was off color and not a success. Meanwhile, Captain Ward had died. The glassmaker became so sunstruck that he was incapable of doing any business, and because it was hard to fill places and because of the financial panic of 1873, the works finally succumbed. The trust deed which had been issued to secure bonds was foreclosed and the property was sold for \$25,000 to a new organization called the Crystal Plate Glass Company.

The president of the new company was Ethan Allen Hitchcock of St. Louis, who resumed operations under the able management of Superintendent George F. Neale in 1874. The machinery was overhauled and the works enlarged until they were the largest and most extensive in the country. The company owned 760 acres of land, of which 200 represented the deposit of sand, inexhaustible in quantity and absolutely pure in quality. Ninety-eight per cent of the sand was pure silica. The company also retained ownership and control of Crystal City. It provided over 300 cottages for its operatives and contributed to the maintenance of two schools, one for white and one for colored children. The state ran these schools for six months and the company ran them four.

A large handsome two-story frame building, containing a library and gymnasium, was built for the use of the employees. The store was a two-story brick structure over a basement story and contained besides the general store, the superintendent's offices on the first floor and a public hall on the second. A railroad, three and one half miles long, was owned and operated by the company under another corporate name, connecting Crystal City with the Iron Mountain Railway at Silica. Another railroad, one and one-third miles long, connected the works with the coal landing on the Mississippi. About 1200 men were employed at the time.

About 1891, the company realized the need of a union church in Crystal City where all employees could attend the services. The corner stone was laid and the foundation for a stone church was built. For unknown reasons, the erection of the church was delayed and it was not completed for two or more years. Because the members of the Episcopalian faith were in a majority by the time the building was finished, it took the name of Grace Episcopal Church. Matthew Elliott, assistant superintendent drew the plans for the English style building. Hitchcock designed the park surrounding the church and super-

Interesting Prose and Verse By Lindenwood Authors

vised the planting and care of the trees, shrubbery, and flowers. The grounds were designed to resemble an English park because the English settlers missed their native country and this tiny spot of English landscape soothed their lonesomeness in their new home.

By 1926, so many Episcopalians had either died or moved away that the board of directors granted the use of the church property to the Presbyterian Church. In June, 1926, the Reverend Mr. W. O. Davis of Fordyce, Arkansas, became the new pastor and is still there today.

The residences of the city were beautifully laid out on elevated tracts of land overlooking the glass works and the valleys of the Mississippi. The streets were all fenced in from the public. What land was not used for homes was planted in wheat in order that the company could have straw in which to pack the glass.

Where but a few years ago wild animals of the forest and mountains were the terrors of the settlers, now the roar of immense machinery was heard. The company had two societies for its employees. One was the "American Legion of Honor" and the other was the "Order of the Sons of St. George", which was open only to English and Welsh people. The company was still progressing into a finer city and the citizens were proud of their homesteads which through the years had gathered that look of security and steadfastness that usually accompanies age. They had, from the beginning brave lull kinds of perils, but it had been worth it—a new city had been added to the United States.

MEMORIES OF A SWAMP ANGEL

By Barbara Buckley, '47

In the memory of those people who lived in Southeast Missouri recollections are constantly reoccurring, little remembrances of the Mississippi, of cotton choppin' and cotton pickin', of Saturday nights when the country people come to town, of the damp springs, and the crisp autums. Having once lived there they can never entirely forget the land, the people.

Swampeast Missouri

Years ago the Missouri "Boot Heer" was nothing but mushy timberland, but now one fertile cotton field stretches to meet the next. Only a few stumps remain to remind us that the ground we cultivate was once a majestic cypress forest with knobby knees protruding from stagnant water. We are proud of our fertile flat lands and our drainage system—countless ditches that crisscross the land, rangnig in size from tiny rivulets to small, sluggish rivers.

There is something about the flat lands that holds you fast. No matter where you go you always come back. You cannot overcome the longing for the roads—straight narrow ribbons that bind the country together. As you glide along the smooth highways there are no hills to obstruct your view. The country roads are narrow, rutty mazes that bisect the fields, meeting each other at odd corners. Following these little roads is a fascinating pastime—you never know where a road will end; you can jog along for hours, never crossing your path and always coming out at the highway, without driving more than five or ten miles in any one direction.

Some deplore our lack of mountains, streams—of scenery. The Mississippi is our scenery, and we watch with absorption its water level; we revel in its width and mud. We compare the tallness of our cotton, the greenness of alfalfa, the richness of our black soil to that of more ill-favored sections. I have yet to see a view more scenic than a field of

white cotton frothing from the boil, or one more interesting than our Indian mound with its grass trampled by men seeking the key to its secrets. We have our quota of picnic spots too. In one park the trees are all of a uniform height and make a straight line across the sky.

Oh, we complain about our weather. It's either too cold, too hot, too wet, or too dry, but there is a poetic quality about the stillness that hangs in the July sun and the heaviness that pervades the air that eludes description. You can see the heat ripple around you and feel the dust whirl under your feet as you walk along the railroad tracks on your way to town. You shiver at the clammy fingers of a fall mist as it settles around your shoulders and forget it as it drifts away. "Indian summer" brings a perfect mildness of weather that is made for picnics and hayrides. It's hiking time and you scuff along through falling autumn leaves that play a little tune as they break under your feet. The clouds drifting across the moon on a mysterious Hallowe'en night add to the illusion of witches on their broomsticks riding just over your head. Our winters are mild. I cherish a rare gem the memory of a snowman we made when I was six—the only one I've ever seen.

I suppose that my section of the country is really not as outstandingly superior as it seems to my loving eyes but no one could persuade me to trade my halo as a "Swamp Angel" for the crown of any Queen.

Interlude

I was tired, exhausted from standing all day parcelling out candy, tobacco and other sundries to the Saturday crowd. As I stood there gripping the counter I seemed to become curiously detached from the scene around me. The crowd milling around inside the store was blurred in my vision but now and again a figure would come into sharp focus.

A wizened old negro woman shuffled across the floor to gossip with another old crone. As she talked her toothless grin showed appreciation of her own wit; the conversation grows more hilarious and she shook with silent laughter in the manner peculiar to negroes. A young woman with a baby at her breast appeared out of the crowd and lead the old woman out of the store. She called back a parting to her friend and disappeared into the mass of humanity milling around on the sidewalk with her skirts flapping about her ankles.

The dress of two girls wounded my sensitive sense of color with their flamboyant Saturday best. However, their above the knee cotton print skirts topped with cheap, revealing sweaters in clashing colors, high-heel, run-over, rummage sale pumps, anklets, and artificial flowers in their straightened hair was the best of negro fashion. They giggled around the store to attract the attention of the zoot-suited negro youths passing around the luke-warm stove whacking each other on the back in encouragement of crude wit, flirted provocatively with them, and swaggered out of the store encircled by black arms in cheap plaid sleeves.

My attention wandered to three men leaning on a barrel of flour, holding a languid discussion. Their suits were ragged, their shirts gray with dirt. Their shoes were parting from their soles, their socks full of holes, and their hats battered. But they leaned, after spending their weeks earnings, complacently chewing tobacco, never thinking of tomorrow or next Saturday, socialably commenting on the cotton crop.

My weary gaze moved on but I was interrupted by a slovenly voice asking the price of two-for-a-nickel cigars and I turned automatically to reach for the cigars and a tencent box of snuff.

One Cent's Worth

"Do you want something?" I asked the small boy who came timidly into the store on a busy Saturday afternoon.

The boy must have been at least seven, but he was only about the size of a properly nourished five-year-old. He was dirty; his coveralls, cut down from a pair of his sharecropper father's, oozed from filth from every fold. His unioned shirt, another hand-me-down, as clumsily patched, and his little calloused feet were bare. His skin was coarse, chapped, and covered with crust of dirt; his homecut hair was a pale grey yellow, but his faded blue eyes were alive with the adventure of going to town on Saturday.

"Do you want some candy?" I asked as he approached the candy case and stood woefully before it.

"Yes, ma'am," he confided shyly eyeing the candy, carefully weighing in his young mind the appearance and probable sweetness of each kind represented.

Decision was difficult—some of the candy he knew to be toothsome, but from experience he knew he could get more of some cheaper kind. This was a problem that he had to solve anew each Saturday.

"What kind do you want?" He pointed to an array of cheap gumdrops with the relief that follows the solution of a difficult problem.

"How much do you want?"

"One cent's worth," he answered, proudly displaying his wealth—a damp penny clutched in his grimy little paw.

I counted out seven sticky gum-drops—a penny's worth as he watched me to make sure I made no mistake, put them in a small brown paper sack, and gave them to him in exchange for his precious penny.

He walked out of the store, not timidly as he had come, but full of confidence in his purchasing power, unaware of poverty—rich with his "one cent's worth" of candy.

A CRITICAL ESSAY ON THE WORKS OF LEGRAND CANNON, JR.

by Barbara Leverenz, '47

Down-to-earth simplicity—perhaps this describes Legrand Cannon's works better than any other single phrase. Critics and book-reviewers have tried to classify it with other works of fiction, but to no avail. Mr. Cannon is freshly original—he has created a new style of writing, vivid with the natural and everyday occurrences of life, and unfettered by the highly-colored unrealistic so common in many works of fiction of this day. Orchids to you, Mr. Cannon. If, in this troubled and exciting time, you can succeed in winning so vast a reading audience by portraying life as it normally is, without the high-strung nervous tension of war days, you deserve none less.

There is no doubt that *Look to the Mountain*, Mr. Cannon's most recent work, stands head and shoulders above his two earlier novels, *The Kents* and *A Mighty Fortress*. Nevertheless, his early works are far from inferior.

A Mighty Fortress, an example of Cannon's earlier work, expounds the power the author has at the tip of his pen. Readers of this early work predicted a great future for the young author were not overly astonished when *Look to the Mountain* was so royally welcomed. The main figure of the book is young Ezekiel Poole, the preacher who couldn't see three feet ahead of him because he was such an odd fellow. He marries, not because he is in love, but just because any variation from his uncolorful duties as church assistant would be a welcome change. I somehow feel that Legrand Cannon must be the world's most unpretentious writ-

er, merely because all his characters portray such unassuming rectitude. Zeke's extreme sensitivity is cleverly revealed when Cannon delves into his inward thoughts and motives with unrelenting mercy. It is my opinion that Legrand Cannon is the type of person who can psycho-analyze man or beast without a moment's hesitation.

Legrand Cannon, Jr., is forty years old. Yale and Harvard can both boast of having had him within their gates. The business world kept him occupied during his twenties, but after ten years at the clanging market he turned to writing. Mr. Cannon is a handsome, thoughtful type of person. His writing displays this slow-moving, thorough temperament. He possesses a vivid imagination and a genius for small detail, as evidenced, for example, by his description of how a porcupine is gutted within the pages of *Look to the Mountain*. No, there is nothing spectacular about Legrand Cannon, but there is something very human and real. The pace of his narrative is slow, yet it keeps the interest in that one well-contrived event follows the next.

Look to the Mountain is a charming story of a young pioneer couple who settled at the foot of Mount Chocorua at the time of the Revolutionary War. Whit and Melissa are the main characters, and, what is more, they are about the only ones. Herein lies the beauty of Mr. Cannon's writing; he doesn't play around with characters; on the contrary, he concentrates on a few main ones and then proceeds to present them in such a way that you will know their inward thoughts as well as you know your own. There is notning sentimental or sticky in his portrayal, either.

Whit Livingston is about the most stubborn "critter" you can ever hope to meet, be it in print or in flesh. He just won't take "No" for an answer. This is clearly illustrated in his experience of building a fireplace for his bride Melissa. T he determined youth might be said, as in the scriptures to have "made bricks without straw." The glory of the completed fireplace triumphantly overwhelmed the youth—when I say "triumphantly overwhelmed," I mean that in its full literal sense. For three days and nights he labored so intently that he did not take time for eating and sustenance. At the end of the third day, after placing the last brick, he fell off the roof where he had been inspecting the chimney and, in doing so, seriously injured his head. In regaining consciousness, after careful nursing on the part of his wilderness companion, Jonas Moore, he could only remark "I finished t' chimney."

When Melissa Butler married Whit Livingston, she knew that she was marrying a jewel. She had worked in her father's saloon long enough to see what a low and degenerated flesh the majority of men are. Whit Livingston was different. He hated liquor and didn't bother to hide the fact, even at the expense of constant ridicule from his "over-soused" father, and acquaintances in general.

Whit joined the ranks of the revolutionists at Bennington where the American forces defeated the Hessians. He entered the battle because he had heard vague reports that the British had turned Indians loose to harass the settlers. When he got to the ranks of the battle he was surprised to find no Indians and a group of men who were fighting for a cause other than protecting their women from Indian raids. This is just typical of Cannon's unprecedented genius of putting himself into the shoes of a character of the past so fittingly that he can visualize the quaintest of situations. Who else could look upon the Revolutionary War

in such an unconcerned, almost humorous way, but Legrand Cannon in Whit Livingston's boots.

The book shows the pains the author has gone to in order to make a historical picture of minute accuracy, written in a thoughtful, unhurried style. In his unpretentious way, he keeps up a smooth current of thought which keeps the reader "purring with contentment." His pioneer characterization is the result of careful study of the descendants of the New Hampshire settlers. For the past twenty years, Mr. Cannon has spent all the time he could spare near Mount Chocorua admiring the beauty of the mountain and adjacent countryside. The work stands as proof of his untiring and relentless search by its thousand and one small details which, for example, illustrates how one frontier woman treats another, how an old fashioned mowing contest goes off, the far-off modes of speech and dress, and even how a sledge is built without nails or pegs.

The following is an excerpt from a book review of *Look to the Mountains*, written by Robert Littell for the *Yale Review*: There is a robust freshness of feeling, an understanding of primitive courage and simplicity, a sense of the free and lovely wilderness from which they carved a spare living with heroic fortitude of soul and muscle. There is also an intricate knowledge of the details of living in those times which shows that Mr. Cannon has read sympathetically of their records. It is also a novel which renews our respect for our ancestors, and makes us wonder where we shall find the forests to frame and challenge the courage of the future pioneer.

In final summary you can truthfully say of Legrand Cannon that he has given us a book which not only gives the greatest reading pleasure, but also offers a serious challenge for a better livink in viewing the fortitude of the early American. *Look to the Mountain* is a book which bears the reading attention of one and all, not because it is a book which seems to be quite a fad at present, but because it is solid, backbone reading material.

If little Red Riding Hood were alive today,
The modern girl would scorn her,
She had only one wolf to meet,
Not one at every corner.—The Blue Jay.

October features football plays
From which I'm not exempt,
You ought to see the passes
That those college boys attempt
—Varga.

YELLOW

CAB

PHONE 133

Bark Reporter Conducts Student Poll on Peace Plan

A few weeks ago the United States, Great Britain, China, and Russia announced they had agreed on "tentative proposals" for a new international organization. It was to be called "The United Nations" and it is designed to maintain peace and security.

The general outline of the new "League of Nations", if accepted as now set up, will be simple, and flexible. Almost all its power will lie in the hands of 11-nation Security Council, which will be dominated by five "permanent members," the United States, Russia, Great Britain, China, and in due course, France. In addition to these there will be six members who will be elected by the General Assembly to serve for two years. The General Assembly will be made up of representatives from all "peaceloving" nations. There will also be an International Court of Justice and a Secretariat.

There are two points which have not yet been decided upon. One of these is the question of voting procedure in the Security Council. The B-4 were all in agreement that in the case of aggression by a nation that is not a member of the Security Council, the vote would have to be unanimous. But in the case of one of the 11 being the aggressor, Russia was not willing to be left out of the voting so that the vote might not be vetoed.

The second problem was that of the public opinion in the U. S. Such questions as these arose, How much responsibility and authority would the U. S. be willing to give its representative in the Security Council? Would he have to get permission from Congress each time that force was to be used against aggression? How much of its war-making power would Congress be willing to surrender?

In an interview with Dr. Homer Clevenger, he said, "The blueprint for an international organization issued by the Dumbarton-Oaks Conference is probably the most important document produced since the war. Since the four leading Allied Nations (United States, Great Britain, Russia and China) have conferred and agreed upon the general principles, there is reason to believe that the world will hear more of the United Nations. The important thing to observe from now on is the reaction of the American Public to the Dumbarton-Oaks Plan. The points of disagreement are likely to center around the question of using force to suppress any aggressive acts on the part of any nation."

After talking to Dr. Clevenger an attempt was made to find out what "John Q. Public" on the campus of Lindenwood thinks.

Earlene Ransome—"Looks all right to me so far, but there are a lot of points that need to be cleared up."

Eileen Murphy—"The theory behind it is all right but I can't see how it will work unless certain things are cleared up."

Marge Allen—"I think it's necessary to have a peace plan."

Jane Bullock—"I don't even know what it means."

Jody Schroder—"Frankly, I think it's going to fail, because there's too much psychological conflict among nations."

Ruth Painter—"I think it's a good idea. I'm all for it and I hope if it comes into effect that the outcome will be more successful than that of the Quadruple Alliance."

Jackie Schwab—"I think it should work out except that I don't see how we can keep Germany from secretly preparing for another war."

Latham Twins—"It's a good idea if all the nations will co-

operate and let the decision of the court be final."

Dot Wiesner—"What is the Dumbarton Oaks Peace Plan?"

Caroline Levy—"What has been done about Russia's attitude and how will it be ironed out?"

Jan Gund—"I don't even know what it is. I don't have time to read newspapers."

Ann Rode—"I think it's very good and I hope it works."

Sara Lou Dorton—"Really, I don't know anything about it."

Dannie Priest—"Hot Stuff."

Jackie Rock—"I hope it sticks if it goes through."

Joan Crawford—"It will be a good thing if it is passed and the nations stick to it after it is passed."

Louise Eberspacher—"If the nations stick to it, it will be a success."

Ruth Neef—"I don't know, I really haven't thought much about it, though I have read it."

Suite 202-204 Irwin—"We believe that if Russia can be convinced that the plan will be successful, all other details can be worked out to the satisfaction of all nations."

Carol Landberg—"I'm in the midst of my washing and I can't think of a thing to say."

Teddie Davis—"It's wonderful."

Frances Watlington—"After having read it, I think that there are some loose points that will have to be worked out in time, however I think it's a good blueprint."

Ibbie Franke—"I think it's a very important thing and that everyone should take an interest in it because the results will lead to a permanent peace, we hope."

Barbara Heller—"They tell me it sounds okay."

Dee Hill—"It's a very deep subject."

Peggy Proctor—"I don't think it will work."

Alice Hirshman—"Well tell me about it first."

Betty Gilpin—"I think China is in a pretty sad state to have as a sister in the main."

Pary Kirkbride—"Physics, Ethics, English Lit., Dramatic Art and now you ask me about Dumbarton Oaks."

Visit Dr. and Mrs. Gage

Miss Catherine Gage, niece of President Gage, arrived on the campus October 23 for a two day visit with Dr. and Mrs. Gage. Miss Gage's home is in California.

Doris Jones Father Dies

The Lindenwood Faculty and students extend their deepest sympathy to Doris Jones whose father died in Ft. Worth, Texas, on October 20.

Residence Council Elects Officers

(Continued from page 1)

halls with the exception of Nicolls where there are two from each floor. The president of the Residence Council is an ex-officio member on the Student Council.

The functions of the Residence Council are: to improve the living conditions and the general welfare of the residents in the residence halls by discussion of hall problems; to make suggestions to the Student Council relative to the welfare and happiness of the residents; to maintain quiet during the study hours in keeping with democratic practices; to promote college spirit by sponsoring college functions throughout the year.

The presidents of the Residence Halls this year are: Senior Margorie Allen; Butler, Ruth Neff; Ayres, Polly Woosley; Sibley, Martha Ann Young; Nicolls, Jane Moore; and Irwin, Joan Crawford.

Ethel Barrymore Colt Tells Of Her Life On The Stage

(Continued from page 1)

will get you a first job—but not a second.

Miss Colt's first stage appearance was at 18 in George White's "Scandals" at which time Ethel Merman's blues voice was her ideal, she said. But several months of singing blues convinced her that she wasn't the type and she took up opera singing as a soprano, later appearing in the title role of "Martha" in the summer of 1943 in New York and last winter in "Il Travatore."

The most interesting experience in her career, Miss Colt said, was when she toured the country with the Gitney players. This road company performed for the smaller towns in the South and Middle West. On one of these tours to a small southern college, Miss Colt asked the students for questions at the end of the performance. One pig-tailed student asked shyly, Miss Colt, if you had a chance to be an actress, would you?"

This was not her first visit to St. Louis, for Miss Colt has played in the St. Louis Municipal Opera.

The enthusiastic applause of the Lindenwood students brought Miss Colt back on the stage to sing as an encore George Gershwin's "Summertime".

Gave Interesting Lecture on "The Cherry Orchard"

Sam Pierce, a representative of Miss Eva Le Gallienne's company, playing at the American Theatre in Anton Chekhov's famous play "The Cherry Orchard," gave an interesting lecture, complete with color slides, on the play and its stars, in Roemer Auditorium last Thursday.

In the forty years since Anton Pavlovich Chekhov wrote "The Cherry Orchard," it has remained one of the theater's masterpieces. It is back on Broadway now in a fourth revival, this time a Carly Whartoi-Margaret Webster production which stars Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut.

The play with the original Broadway cast remained at the American Theatre through last Saturday.

Give to the War Chest

Contributions to the War Fund are still being turned in and anyone who has a donation to make should give it to Mr. Motley.

The Sixth War Loan Drive will begin November 11, at which time Lindenwood will attempt to beat the mark set last year.

HOOF NEWS

They walk, they trot, they canter, and added to this, they're planning big and exciting events this year. Yes, its Beta Chi, the new riding club. The lovers of horses those for their officers: president, Nancy Papin; secretary-treasurer, Marie Szilagyi; chairman of entertainment, Carolyn Hempelman; chairman of program committee, Lynn Jackson. The new members are: Harriet Blair, Alice Boutin, Shirley Boyt, Jo Emons, Nancy Dana, Pat Evans, Jo Garvin, Ann Hardin, Carolyn Hempelman, Jan Horowitz, Jo Hulson, Otilie Iles, Lynn Jackson, Nancy Kern, Betty Kirk, Helen Lant, Jackie Morrill, Nancy Papin, Sarita Sherman, Jeans Sims, Ruth Stevenson, Marie Szilogyi, Sally Thomas, Babs Wexner and Betty Roark.

Riding along with Miss Helen Young, sponsor of Beta Chi, the Hoof News promises "horses of fun" for all, this year.

A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.—H. Thoreau.

Theatre of the Air To Resume Programs Again Over KFUD

The Radio Class, under the direction of Mr. Charles . Orr, presented its first radio program of the year last Saturday. The script, written by Miss Betty Jean Loerke was entitled "Ghost in the Hollow." The cast included: Betty Jean Loerke as the Story Lady, Sue Prentice as Powder Puff, Ibbie Franke as Thump Tail, Patsy Geary as Big Ears, Sonja Chicotsky as Fuzzy Tail, Rosemary Dron as Stumper, Mary Washburn as Bunny Blue, and Elizabeth Keen as Bunny Pink.

The "Children's Theatre of the Air" will be presented as announced from time to time over station KFUD in St. Louis.

Twenty-Five Alumni Return to Lindenwood For Luncheon, Meeting

About twenty-five Lindenwood Alumni returned to the campus for Founder's Day. They attended and then were entertained at a luncheon in Ayres Dining Room where Dr. Gage presided. In the afternoon they gathered in Sibley Parlors and carried on their routine meeting, according to Miss Pearl Lammers, President of the Alumni Association of St. Charles. The ladies enjoyed visiting with her friends and classmates and are looking forward when more Alumni can return to the campus for Founder's Day.

Badminton Tournament To Be Held In University City

Badminton fans now have the opportunity and are invited to participate in the fourth annual badminton tournament sponsored by the University City Badminton Club, November 15 to 18 at University City High School.

It is not necessary to belong to a club to enter the tournament. You may enter novice to championship classes. Further information can be obtained from the physical education office.

Sibley and Butler Win Tennis And Golf Tournaments

The teams of Sibley and Butler Halls are the winners of the first intra-mural competition in golf, tennis, and archery. The tennis singles was won by Danny Jane Priest of Butler and the tennis doubles by Pat Latherow and Mary Helen Morrow also of Butler. Carolyn Hempelman and Betty Ann Rouse of Sibley won the golf tournament and Marie Szilagyi and Helen Bartlett of the same hall won in archery.

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and
Jane Frazee and
Charles Starrett
in
"COWBOY CANTEEN"
with Vera Vague
The Mills Bro.

Sun.-Mon., Nov. 12-13
Joyce Reynolds
in
"JANIE"
with Robert Hutton

Tues.-Wed., Nov. 14-15
"THE HAIRY APE"
with William Bendix
Susan Hayward
John Loder

Thurs.-Fri., Nov. 16-17
2—FEATURES—2
"ATLANTIC CITY"
with Paul Whiteman
Henry Armstrong
and their Bands
and
"ADDRESS UNKNOWN"
with Paul Lucas

Saturday, Nov. 18
Simone Simon
in
"JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE
HERE ANYMORE"
with James Ellison

Sun.-Mon., Nov. 19-20
Pauline Goddard
in
"I LOVE A SOLDIER"
with Sonny Tufts

Tues.-Wed., Nov. 21-22
Veronica Lake
in
"HOUR BEFORE DAWN"
with Franchot Tone
and
Harold Peary
in
"GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST"

Thursday, Nov. 23
Thanksgiving Day
Continuous from 2:00
"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"
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SOCIETY GOSSIP and GAB

by Barbara Park

Poor Marian Clark is in a dither. She received one of those "Am year was given in Sibley Chapel Tuesday, October 24th, by Mr Paul Friess, organist. shipping out—please write me" telegrams from Bob, and she doesn't know which Bob sent it. Imagine.

Lindenwood girls have decided there is simply no use in studying any more. After all, if it's knowledge you want, why not go to the Wee-Gee board? It sees all, knows all, tells everything; and my, some of the things that board has told us. How about that, Ann Rode?

If you see a bunch of Butler girls quietly swooning away on the floor of Butler parlor, calm your fears 'cause it's just Connie Swinger beating out some of that sweet and low-down boogie in the true Pete Johnson style.

Sometime when you have a lot of time, ask Barbara Buckley how she met that lieutenant from Alabama. Some deal that.

Carolyn Hillgoss is going up to I. U. next weekend to see The Man. And from what I gather from Bob's picture, Chili is going to have a mighty good time. Betty Jo McIlvaine is going, too, to see Bennie. These lucky people.

Those smart Freshmen in Niccoll's have certainly devised a unique way to aggravate house-mothers. You merely place a barricade in front of the third steps. It's infallible, but I'm warning you—don't try it.

Have you seen Bonnie Mahme's new pair of Navy wings? And have you seen Bonnie's ensign? Both make me positively green with envy.

"Just a few more days, Gilpin, and A. T. will be here." For the meaning of these words, ask Jacqueline Whitford. She will tell you only too well.

Isn't it funny how all the little girls with those huge red letters on their arms are so stiff in the joints that they can hardly move? Of course, the A. A. mock initiation wouldn't have a thing to do with it. Oh, No.

Last Tuesday Betty Kirk was frantically trying to get rid of two men who came to see her kinda unexpectedly. Of course, high school friends are nice,—but Bert is so much nicer.

Patsy Polin is really floating on that well known pink cloud. Her Navy man is coming to see her, and it seems that he's quite a celebrity. March of Time's All American V-12er. Not bad.

G'bye for now. See ya next time.

Did you hear about the two fellows who got off the bus in a small town? One came to town for good. The other was a marine on furlough.

New York Designer



Mme. Helen Lyolene To Be At Lindenwood Four Weeks This Year

Mme. Helen Lyolene, noted dress designer, arrived at Lindenwood yesterday for a four week visit. While she is here, Mme. Lyolene will speak to the student body as a whole and will hold private conferences with any girls wishing to consult her. She plans to coordinate the art and clothing classes and to lecture to them.

Mme. Lyolene is of aristocratic Russian parentage. She began her career as a stylist when her family lost its fortune after the Russian Revolution. Before the war Mme. Lyolene designed in Paris, but now she is situated in New York. Most of her creations are the result of actual draping rather than drawing.

A bulletin board will be put up in Roemer Hall telling more about Mme. Lyolene's work.

Lindenwood Leaves Staff Completed And Starts To Work

The staff of the Linden Leaves is now complete. Members chosen for the staff were announced last week by Carol Landberg, editor.

The assistants to the editor are Marge Allen, Ginny Moehlenkemp and Carolyn Levy.

The Business Manager is Lynn Jackson. Her assistants are Rita Mae Allen, Kathleen DeCross, and Ann Hardin.

Dorothy Heimrod is head of the Advertising and Jane McLean, Betty Anne Rouse, Lovetra Langenbacher, and Sally Cramlit are her assistants.

Polly Woolsey and Eileen Murphy are members of the Art Staff.

The photography committee is headed by Donalee Wehrle and her assistants are Helen Bartlett and Virginia Gilreath.

Betty Jeanne Schroer is chairman of the Literary staff. Barbara Park and Helen Horvath are her assistants.

Members of the organization committee include—Marge Green, Dot Schaeffer, Betty Fox, and Sarita Sherman.

THERE'S A SUBSTITUTE for everything, it seems, except war! —Phoenix Flame.

Uncensored Notes From The Diary of A Freshman

Dear Diary,

So this is Lindenwood. We arrived September 21, to find that our own private little worlds were left at home and that now we are a part of a large family in which everyone must take a part.

Well, our first few days here were a series of parties, just one right after another, with our big sister, looking after us and telling us the what's, where's and why's of the campus. Glad we had those big sisters—they really helped us poor freshmen out.

After four days of fooling around things began to take on a serious look and a few of us began to get scared. But after our schedules were completed we found they weren't so horrible after all.

Classes started September 27— with a bang so Wednesday night was spent studying. Guess we are really started now. At least that's what they keep telling me.

Saturday practically the entire campus went to St. Louis, crammed full of places not to go, what not to do and more pleasant thoughts about what to buy. We returned to the campus that night loaded down with the wonders of the city. Then cries could be heard that went something like this,

"Human Adventure" Shown At L. C. Classes

From out of the hands where Man had his earliest beginnings has come a new and unique type of talking motion picture. Its leading character is Man and its story is the rise of Man from remotest savagery to civilization. The film, called "The Human Adventure," was produced by the largest archeological research organization in the world, the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, under the scientific supervision of Dr. James H. Breasted, famous archeologist, historian and director of the Institute.

"The Human Adventure" grew directly out of the researches and explorations of the Oriental Institute—the first and only laboratory for the study of what Dr. Breasted describes in the film as "the most remarkable process known to us in the universe; the rise of Man from savagery to civilization."

Like a modern magic carpet the film carries the audience by airplane through the lands where civilization first arose—Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Anatolia, Iraq, and Persia, whither the institute has dispatched altogether some 14 expeditions. Eight of these are observed while actually engaged in the scientific recovery of the lost chapter of the human adventure.

This film was shown to the Humanities classes last Thursday night under the supervision of Dr. Wilhelmina Feemster.

Sitting in a crowded street car, a man noticed that his friend had closed his eyes.

"Wassamater Sick?" he asked. "Oh, I'm O. K. but I hate to see ladies standing."

—The Colegio

"My feet ache," "I lost my pig skin gloves," "We nearly got lost but a nice policeman found us," "anyone got a cigarette?" and "Why did I order such a big steak?"

Lucky, that 's the "ABC's" of the campus. Of course, you know that I'm referring to the dance with Smart Field. I heard that it was very nice—just heard so though—because my name starts with "F".

They just call me "crip" since I went out for hockey practice. Wasn't too mangled but I did look kinda like "Humpty-Dumpty" for a while, but now I'm beginning to look like a human again.

Called my folks the other night. They said they miss me, but I sometimes wonder about that. Dad said he missed my coming in at 2 o'clock in the morning. My won't they be surprised when I get home and they discover the changes that Lindenwood has made on me. By that time I will have forgotten what it's like to stay up after 12, how to dance, what a date is, and that I don't have an assigned seat in church.

My love,
Molly Freshman.

P. S. I'll be seeing you, so don't run off.

Hallowe'en Queen Crowned

(Continued from page 1)

prize fighters, and a myriad of other bizarre characters danced to the music of Mac's Merry Maids, the Lindenwood swing band. Singers with the band were Betty Hunter and Peggie Brazle. A specialty number on the marimba was performed by Helen Stahl.

Following a grand march around the gymnasium, prizes for the most original costumes were awarded by Dr. Marion Dawson, sponsor of the freshman class. First prize for the most original group went to the Three Woodsmen, Jody Shroder, Liz Murphy, and Eileen Murphy. The Three Woodsmen, it seems, chopped down a willow tree near Irwin Hall to add a bit of realism to their costumes. Another prize winning group were the Four Cards, Pary Kirkbride, Genee Head, Elaine Gray, and Barb Heller. First prize for the most original individual costume was awarded to P. A. Love, who also acted as master of ceremonies in announcing the Hallowe'en Court. Honorable mention was taken by the Minnie Anderson family.

Cider and doughnuts were served during the ball.

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THE MUSIC BOX

By Dorothy E. Schaeffer

The opening number on the program was **Prelude and Fugue in E Minor** by J. S. Bach, sometimes known as the "Short" of "Cathedral". The unusual feature of this composition is its slow, broad lines. There is a supposition that Bach got his idea for the fugue subject from the sound of a night watchman's horn.

Mr. Friess' next selection was the **Fourth Symphony** by Widor. It is one of the eight symphonies which he has written for organ. Of the six movements in this symphony, four were played—the "Toccata", the "Andante Cantabile", the "Scherzo", and the "Finale". The "Scherzo", was the first of all staccato pieces ever written for the organ. Previous to this, it was thought that such a piece would be impossible for this instrument.

The latter part of the program consisted of a group of four shorter compositions. "Sarabande" taken from the suite **Braques**, by Seth Bingham, a young, contemporary American composer, is characterized by the contrapuntal styles of the pedal and accompaniment.

The **Cuckoo** is in the form of a scherzino, and based on the call of the cuckoo. The composer, Powell Weaver, is also a contemporary American composer.

Pastorale, one of Alec Templeton's very few organ compositions, is written in his usual harmonic scheme.

Mr. Friess concluded his program with Leo Sowerby's **Comes Autumn Time**, an overture written originally for orchestra. In this composition, the rollicking, exciting, main theme is contrasted with a quieter, more varied theme. This piece was the actual beginning of Sowerby's more modern style, and was transcribed by Sowerby himself as an organ solo.

You you know all the girls are wearing red this year? Little Red Riding Hood wore red and just look at the wolf she caught.

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THE CLUB CORNER

The Athletic Association had its Mock Initiation Tuesday, October 24. They initiated 70 members who had completed their tests. The requirements for membership included two hours practice for three different sports plus taking a beginner's test in your chosen sports. The club wants to encourage the girls interested in joining to keep working and join the Athletic Association second semester. The formal initiation is scheduled for Wednesday, November 1.

Sigma Tau Delta, the honorary English fraternity, will have its initiation Thursday, November 2.

International Relations Club held its first meeting October 12. The 19th Century Europe Class had a Panel Discussion titled "Proposals of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference." The members of the class discussed the peace of 1812 with peace terms of Dumbarton Oaks Conference.

The League of Women Voters has been working on the books collected last year for soldiers overseas. Last year the student body was asked to give donations for The World Service Fund. The Service Fund wouldn't accept any books with pencil marks in them so the members of the club have been giving their time and energy erasing the marks.

The Poetry Society has announced the prize for the contest they are sponsoring. The winner will receive a free membership to the club, and the girls who are second and third will get honorary mention.

Triangle Club held its initiation Thursday, October 26. They initiated one new member: Jane Schatzman. Dr. Talbot gave a talk on her work at the Michigan Biology Station and Ohio State Biology Station.

The Army Brats held their first meeting of the year Friday, October 27. The new officers for the year are: president Barbara Park, vice-president, Mary Lou Mercer, secretary and treasurer, May Wohlsholm.

Pi Gamma Mu met Monday, October 30 to initiate the new members.

Terrapin Chooses Nine New Members

Nine girls have been elected members of Terrapin out of the 19 who tried out for the organization. The girls had to perform a stunt, demonstrate swimming strokes, and diving ability. The new members are: Phyllis De Haven, Peggy Murray, Ann Hardin, Miriam Brown Helen Bartlett, Virginia Michel, Joan Swanson, Annette Hoffman, and Carolyn Stevens.

Home Economics Department Is Enlarged This Year

Home Economics Department is pleased with their new additions this year. "Home and Family Living," taught by Miss Staggs, Head of the Department, is a new course. Wandering through the food and clothing lab, your eye will be caught by additional storage spaces. In the foods lab there are new cupboards and sink. In the clothing lab also are new cupboards, and dummies which are used in Dress Design. An additional office has been added to meet the demands of the Department.

The Home Economics Department has about forty majors in different phases of Foods, Clothing and Textiles.

President Gage Gives Vesper Address On Meaning of America

"What America Means to Me," was the subject of the Vesper's address given by Dr. Harry Moorehouse Gage, president of Lindenwood College Sunday evening, October 22.

Dr. Gage read a letter written by James B. Hodgson, good friend of the president. In his letter it was pointed out that the opportunity to learn was always at hand in America, regardless of age. A sincere desire is all that is essentially necessary.

This thought was applied to the general text of his address. Our privileges are vast in America, and it is hoped that we take advantage of our rich inheritance.

College Women Must Write Off Wars Educational Deficit

(Continued from page 1)

were trying to avoid. They were wise men. They were good men. They sowed good seed on fertile soil. You have reason, indeed, to be thankful for your rich heritage. But that is not enough," he warned. "To my mind, a fine inheritance constitutes a great responsibility and challenge. Because of the background and the opportunities you have had, great things are expected of you.

Challenge of Future

"If you are to be ready for the tremendous responsibility which will be yours, it is essential that you approach excellency in your individual and collective records at Lindenwood. If you wish to be classed as excellent, you must be better than good. Good enough will not permit you to play with the Cardinals because only the excellent can qualify."

He presented the important task before us by saying, "It is apparent that this is a great day for women in America. They are doing their greatest patriotic duty by preparing themselves to carry on the work of the world, while the men are fighting to save this world from those who have chosen to destroy it.

"The women of this country have made a marvelous contribution to our war effort in industry, in commerce, on the farm, in the professions, and even in the armed forces.

"I note on the front of your latest catalog that Lindenwood College is 'dedicated to the Art of Living and the Arts of Peace'. I like that dedication. As I read it, and reread it, it seemed to me to be an excellent statement of our great need today. Someone has said that technology and science have made the world into a neighborhood and that war has made the neighborhood into a slaughterhouse. Can Christianity convert that slaughterhouse into a community? This is the dilemma in which we find ourselves. Dilemmas are challenging. Our war torn world demands the highest type of Christian leadership—individuals trained in the 'art of living and the arts of peace.

"From the home to the area of international relations, intelligently trained men and women are needed for all types of service. The task ahead of your generation is a tremendous one," concluded Dr. Stradley. Ruth Wayne and Carolyn Hepleman.

Game Postponed

The first inter-collegiate game which was scheduled for Friday, November 3, was postponed because of bad weather. The Hockey game with Harris Teacher's College will probably be played in the near future. The next scheduled game will be with Maryville. The members of the team are: Nancy Papin, Betty Schroer, Jean Milroy, Lynn Jackson, Lovetra Langenbacher, Audrey Renner, Minnie Anderson, Helen Bartlett, Jacquie Rock,

HALL OF FAME



Yes, take a good look, girls. The Hall of Fame presents Marthann Young, a Sibleyite, better known as Marty. She is a Biological Science major, and you can see her hard at work any hour in the laboratory gowned in her chic lab coat that reeks with embalming fluid. Dr. Talbot's assistant also finds time for painting and drawing including portraits. Man, she's good . . . just take a look at some of her pictures on exhibit. Speaking of artistic creations, she is also excellent in dressing extreme hair styles.

Say, does anyone know a bird? Marty wants to know who they are and what they know.

Marty is the Sibley Hall president, a member of Poetry Club, League of Women Voters, Residence Council, and president of D. T. W. Chapter of the FMA.

Yes, she is a busy person, but never too hurried to stop for a good laugh. 'Tis the laughs that count, Marty. Here's our best wishes for continued good work and just being you.

P. S. The only skeletons in her closet are those pennies she is saving to pay the way to California.

Twenty Freshmen Attend Military Dance At Mexico, Mo.

Lindenwood College was represented by twenty freshmen at the annual formal Hallowe'en dance of the Missouri Military Academy at Mexico, Mo. Girls attending the dance were: Helen Record, Louise Kerr, Marthella Mayhall, Dannie Jane Priest, Jane Decker, Nancy Kern, Alice Christiansen, Shirley Lierk, Norma Olson, Barbara de Puy, Mary Lou Landberg, Sibil Ellis, Connie Swiger, Edythe Peart, Carolyn Stevens, Mary Lou Staley, Peggy Murray, Prudence Porter, Margaret Eberhardt, and Margaret Whitman.

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CHIT CHAT ON FASHIONS

By Babs Wexner

Thirteen is usually considered unlucky but at the Freshman style show this ancient superstition was disproved. The thirteen gals looked so cute I had a terrific time deciding which one should get my vote—so after due deliberation and much consideration I finally decided on Roosevelt.

For the typical Lindewood outfit, Betty Crawford wore a brown and white shepherd check skirt featuring pockets of the same material as the brown fitted blouse. The solid brown belt trimmed with the criss-crosses of brown checks completed the outfit. Jessie Wilson looked typically collegiate in a pleated plaid skirt, white cardigan sweater and pearls. Colleen Bedell wore a white long sleeved blouse. Mary Ann Wood looked very trim and business-like in her air force blue suit. The skirt had kick pleats and an American beauty sweater was worn under the collarless jacket.

Jan Miller's outfit consisted of a green plaid skirt, worn with a red blazer over a fluffy white cashmere sweater. The red in the plaid matched the red of the blazer—hot stuff.

To please the Lieutenant outfit, Joanne Paton wore a black crepe dress with cap sleeves. For color Joanne wore elbow length fuchsia gloves and matching fuchsia hat with black trim—black purse and shoes were her other accessories. Helen Record looked a bit like our Russian Allies in her sable dyed muskrat which was worn over a brown wool dress. A matching fur hat, brown alligator pumps, and handbag added the finishing touches. Margaret Eberhardt made a very stylish picture in her tailored grey striped wool dress, brightened by a red leather belt and red purse. She wore a red off-the-face beret type hat, black cuban heel pumps, and black gloves. Sharon Richard modeled a pink jersey dress with a two-piece effect, the long blouse was trimmed with gold nail-head buttons. Sharon also wore a black coolie type hat and other black accessories. Pat Lloyd's costume consisted of a two-piece black dress with a blouse having front fullness and embroidery in rose and green. Pat's pink feather hat matched the pink in the embroidery of her dress. Her other accessories were black gloves, black purse, and pink suede sandals—Pat, where did you get 'em?

Dressed in evening attire our college bells looked like Cinderella. Alice Christianson looked perfectly charming in a white crepe dinner dress with gold embroidery and sequins. Alice's long white gloves and gold evening bag completed a very lovely picture. Audrey Renner wore an attractive gown of black marquisette over tafetta. Audrey's gown had a baby blue bodice with rows of silver embroidery and a large bow at the waist line. Janet Crabbe wore an evening dress of pale peach tafetta which featured a scalloped neckline and a skirt of three tiers. For contrast, Janet wore violets at her waist and in her hair.

See, what I mean about thirteen being a lucky number? Well, guess I'll be breezing along for now soooooo cheerio with puddles of fashions.

BABS

She took my hand with loving care,
She took my costly flowers so rare
She took my candy and my books,
She took my eye with meaning looks,
She took all that I could buy,
And then she took the other guy.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

Dr. Gage Attends Meeting In Iowa

Tomorrow Dr. Gage, president of Lindenwood College, will leave the campus for Des Moines, Iowa, where he will attend a meeting of the Iowa State Education Association. From Des Moines, Dr. Gage will travel to Kansas City, Mo., to take part in a meeting of the Missouri College Union at Rockhurst College. Yesterday Dr. Gage attended the regular semi-annual meeting of the Board of Directors of Lindenwood.

First Hockey Game To Be Played Here Against Harris Friday

The first inter-collegiate game will be played Friday, November 3, at 4:15 on the hockey field here when our stars meet with Harris Teacher's College of St. Louis. "We have a good team", declares Miss Ver Kruzen, the coach, "so come out and root for them". The members of the team are: Nancy Papin, Betty Schroer, Jean Milroy, Lynn Jackson, Lovetra Langenbacher, Audrey Renner, Minnie Anderson, Helen Bartlett, Jacquie Rock, Ruth Wayne, and Carolyn Hempelman.

FAR IN WESTERN BROOKLAND

Far in a western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know.

There in the windless night-time
That wanderer, marveling why,
Halts on the bridge to harken
How soft the poplar sigh.

He hears: long since forgotten
In fields where I was known,
Here I lie down in London
And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About their glimmering weles.
—Alfred Edward Housman

A girl met an old flame who
had turned her doyn and decided
to high-hat him.

"Sorry," she murmured when
the hostess introduced him to her,
"I didn't get your name."
"I know you didn't," replied the
ex-boy friend, but you certainly
tried hard enough."

LITTLE THINGS

Little things, that run that quail,
And die, in silence and despair!

Little things, that fight, and fail,
And fail, on sea, and earth and air!

All trapped and frightened little things,
The mouse, the coney, hear our prayer!

As we forgive those done to us,
—The lamb, the linnet, and the hare—

Forgive us all our trespasses,
Little creatures, everywhere!

—James Stephens
—MacMurray College Greetings

QUOTABLE QUOTES

"In addition to giving the public what it wants, a newspaper has to give it something it does not want," commented Herbert S. Agar, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, recently.

"Of course, you can't stay in business by merely giving people something they don't want," he added. "So, in addition to the popular features, a newspaper has to give the public something it doesn't know or isn't willing to admit it wants—which is a combination of the truth, the relation of what is happening, and what ought to be taking place in the world."