

COUNT ON YOUR
OWN BLESSINGS
THIS
THANKSGIVING

LINDEN BARK

DRESS A
DOLL
FOR
CHRISTMAS

Volume 21—No. 3

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 21, 1944

\$1.00 A Year

FULL PROGRAM PLANNED FOR THIRD WARTIME THANKSGIVING

SIX LINDENWOOD STUDENTS CHOSEN FOR 1944-45 WHO'S WHO

Girls Selected On Basis of Campus Citizenship, Interests

Six Lindenwood students are among those included in the 1944-45 edition of "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES." The girls selected are Jacqueline Schwab, Betty Schroer, Virginia Gilreath, Carol Landberg, Barbara Wertz, and Marjorie Allen.

These students are chosen conscientiously and impartially on a basis of academic success, campus citizenship, and intelligent and honest participation in student organizations in which they have been elected officers. Colleges are limited in their nomination of candidates for "WHO'S WHO", and the selection is made on a percentage basis.

The offices and honors held by these girls are many and varied.

Marj Allen who hails from Pueblo, Colo., was a member of the Freshman Council; Triangle Club; secretary of Sigma Tau Delta; president of Alpha Sigma Tau; on the Sophomore Council; vice-president of Beta Pi Theta; Beta Chi; International Relations Club; secretary of the League of Women Voters; Senior Assistant of the Linden Leaves; Press Club; president of Pi Gamma Mu; on the Advisory Council of Religion; Popularity Court 1943-44; received a Home Nursing Certificate in the Red Cross; Student Counselor; A. A. Certificate; Linden Bark "Hall of Fame" and on the Dean's list, 1943-44.

Betty Schroer of St. Charles is a member of Pi Alpha Delta; Home Economics Club; Athletic Association; president of Alpha Sigma Tau; Publicity Chairman for the Red Cross; Literary Editor of the Linden Leaves; Student Counselor; on the Y.W.C.A. Cabinet; secretary-treasurer of the Day Students, and on the Dean's

(Continued on page 8)

Christian Association Sponsors Annual Christmas Doll Contest

Hurry! Hurry! Turn in your dolls for the Annual Doll Contest that the Christian Association is sponsoring. Prizes will be given for the most beautiful, the most original, and the best dressed dolls. There will also be a prize for the doll with the greatest number of dolls.

On December 6 there will be a "Sing and Sew" in the Library Club rooms after dinner. A program of Christmas music will be presented.

The dolls are to be turned in between December 8 and 12. They will be on display in Roemer Hall the week before we leave for the holidays.

Sixth War Loan Drive Opened November 20; To Hold Campus Rally.

"Lindenwood opened its Sixth War Loan drive on November 20" according to "Uncle Guy" Motley. Last year the college raised \$92,000 and bought the Mustang Flyer which carries our schools name.

In this drive our nation is asking for \$14,000,000,000 and we all want Lindenwood's share to make a dent into this huge sum. An all-campus rally is being planned to show our enthusiasm.

Any bonds bought at home by our parents can be allocated to the college. This doesn't necessitate sending the bond or any money, only word from your parents that the credit has been given to Lindenwood.

Did you know a jeep only cost \$900.00? Our \$92,000 of last year would buy over 100 jeeps.

You can be begged, but this War Loan drive is VOLUNTARY!

Dr. George Works Named Director of National Roster

Dr. George A. Works, of the University of Chicago, who is Lindenwood's educational counsel, will succeed Dr. Leonard Carmichael as director of the National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel. Dr. Works who was president of the University of Connecticut, is now dean of students and a university examiner at the University of Chicago.

The roster has been responsible for placing more than 50,000 professionally trained men and women in the Army and Navy war research and industry.

Furman university has been granted \$5,000 per year for new books for a period of three years and \$10,000 for the same period of time to be used for re-cataloging.

Markham Memorial, which is situated in one of the poorest districts in St. Louis, will receive the dolls. Every doll will then go to a child who would otherwise not have a Christmas. Many have never owned a doll. Once a mother used the handmade clothes of a large doll for her own baby.

Buy your dolls now. The stores have good selections now but they won't last very long. The dolls need not be original and their clothes need not be handmade, so if you aren't too good with a needle and thread, then buy a doll.

Make yourself happy, by making the children of Markham happy.

ON COLLEGE BOARD



Phyllis Maxwell Is Chosen to Represent Mademoiselle at L. C.

Phyllis Maxwell, a sophomore from Mt. Vernon, Illinois, has been chosen by Mademoiselle magazine to represent Lindenwood on the college board this year.

Mademoiselle has organized the College Board on practically every campus in the country. Phyllis's duties will be to cover the campus from head to toe, inside and outside the classroom and dormitory, and to report on war activities, new courses, charities, volunteer work, fads, fashions, in fact, everything that's new. She will receive four assignments a year.

All the work completed and submitted counts toward her application for Guest Editorship. When stock-taking time arrives late on April—end of the College year—the brainiest fourteen members are whisked to New York for the month of June to slide in with Mademoiselle's own editors to be Guest Editors and go everywhere and see everything with the regular staff.

We all wish Phyllis a lot of luck and congratulations.

Phyllis' poem, "Art," was published by the National Poetry Association in the Annual Anthology of College Poetry. The Anthology is a compilation of the finest poetry written by the college men and women in the country. Phyllis's poem was chosen from thousands of poems submitted.

Lieut. H. A. Hartwig Now In Paris With The Army

Lieut. H. A. Hartwig, formerly an instructor at Lindenwood, is now in Paris with the 13th. Traffic Regulation Group. Dr. Mary Terhune of the Modern Language Department received a card from him, dated October 10th, in which he says, "Paris is still beautiful and the French welcomed us with open arms. Everything is fine save for the lack of coal; no place to warm up."

EDGAR C. TAYLOR TO DELIVER THANKSGIVING DAY ADDRESS

Dance Club Formed On the Campus With Genee Head President

Ecnad Club, the new dance club on campus, held its first meeting October 31. The club has been organized as a junior dance club. Everyone who is interested in dancing, is invited to join the club.

At the first meeting the officers for the year were elected. They are: Genee Head, president; Pary Kirkbride vice-president; and Bonnie Mohme, secretary-treasurer. Other members are Marian Clark, Jo Hulson, June Gordon, Jacki Morell, Elaine Graq, Barbara Heller, Alice Hirschman, Billie Jean Norwood, Helen Mathews, Anne Feldman, Sue Higgins, Dee Fisher, Joanne Reagan, Henrietta Kolocotrouis, Phyllis Zoellner, Marybeth Botth.

In the future the club is planning to practice all types of dancing in order to improve its technique. The meetings will be held every other Tuesday, at 5.

Eileen Murphy Wins Praise For Dress Design For Nelly Don

Miss Eileen Murphy, Junior of Mount Vernon, Ill., has received word from "Nelly Don" that they are using her dress design in their spring line production. This is the dress design with which Eileen won first prize last spring in which Mrs. James A. Reed, "Nelly Don", of the Donnelly Garment Company in Kansas City, Mo., sponsored on the campus.

The dress is a grey two-piece crepe with a rose pebble crepe

Turkey and All the Trimmings on Holiday Menu

Again this year, Lindenwood girls will spend Thanksgiving at school. Due to transportation difficulties, only a one day vacation has been set aside.

Thanksgiving Day on campus will be a busy one. At 9 o'clock, the annual hockey game—Freshmen vs. Upperclassmen—will be played on the hockey field.

At 11:30 A. M., Edgar C. Taylor, President of the Taylor School in St. Louis, will speak to us in Roemer auditorium.

The Thanksgiving dinner in Ayres Dining Room will be a traditional one—complete in every detail. The menu includes:

Fruit Cocktail		
Celery		Olives
Roast Turkey		Cranberry Sauce
		Oyster Dressing
Mashed Potatoes		Giblet Gravy
		Buttered Peas
		Head Lettuce Salad
		1000 Island Dressing
Hot Rolls		Butter
		Pumpkin Pie
Coffee		Milk
		Salted Nuts.

Open house will be held in the Library Club Rooms from 8:30 to 10:30 p. m. All students and their guests are invited to attend. Sandwiches and punch will be served.

This is Lindenwood's third wartime Thanksgiving—may it be the last!

dicky. Mrs. Reed is sending Eileen one of the dresses and a \$25.00 check for the use of her sketch.

Bark Reporter Finds Out Who's Thankful for What and Why

By Barbara Park

fourth at bridge.

Thanksgiving is coming, and once again Lindenwood girls think about all the things they have to be thankful for. First of all, they are thankful that they live in the good old U. S. A., but when asked what else they are thankful for, they inevitably raise an eyebrow and say, "Why, men, of course!" Occasionally, however someone is found whose opinion differs, and here are the results:

Betty Kirk—is thankful that they are still making cashew nuts.

Genee Head—is thankful for telephone calls.

Polly Woolsey—is thankful that she is an American citizen.

Babs Wexner—is thankful for those two postcards that she received from Herb in that German prison camp.

Bonnie Mohme—is thankful for Don.

Libby Knight—is thankful for a

Betty Gilpin—would be thankful if there were 48 hours in a day so she could sleep longer.

Jean Sterner—is thankful that her three roommates wear size 11.

Marie Szilagyi—is thankful for friends.

Mary Lou Sneyd—is VERY thankful for Texas.

Ibbie Franke—is thankful that Lambert is going to be open again.

Marilyn Vineyard—is thankful that we can still have plenty to eat on Thanksgiving.

Jo Anne Hulson—will be thankful for an B in Biology.

Dot Heimrod—is thankful for so many things that she cant think of any one thing in particular.

Mr. Clayton—will be thankful when the Thanksgiving issue goes to press.

Phyllis Maxwell—is thankful for goldfish and green apples.

Truth Is A Weapon For Peace

Before, during, and after the first world war, powerful German, French, and English news agencies controlled and censored all news reports to and from a great portion of the world. They distorted news sent to them from the independent American agencies and in return sent to America only the news that they wished us to print. During World War I the French, German, and English governments actually controlled these agencies, using them to spread propaganda.

At the present time in Germany and all the lands still under German rule, news is printed in the words of Goebbels. At official press conferences he tells chosen German correspondents what to write, when to write, and how to write the news. For long years the Japanese people have read only what their government has desired. They have even printed a special children's newspaper teaching them the basic tenets of totalitarian government.

The French and English agencies have stayed close to their government's skirts for political and financial favors.

After this war is won, as a part, a very important part of world peace, we must have international freedom of information. It is agreed that the task is not a simple one, but it can and must be done to prevent further world conflicts. In order to bring about this freedom we must have no censorship of news in time of peace, no abortative telephone or telegraph rates for correspondents, and no governmental control of news sources or agencies.

If independent allied news agencies can be set up in the principal countries of the world we need not fear so much for our future security.

This editorial was adapted from Mr. Kent Cooper's article "Freedom of Information", which appears in Life Magazine. Mr. Cooper, who is at the head of the Associated Press, has been crusading for freedom of information since the last war. "Freedom of Information" is an article that every civic-minded college girl should read.

Thanksgiving Time

Now is the time for Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving for little things, for the smell of burning leaves, maple trees in autumn dress, russet apples, slow-falling rain, pumpkin pie, roast turkey, the glow of an open fire, and the whistle of the north wind.

Thanksgiving for big things, for the fundamentals upon which our democratic life is built, the fundamentals for which our forefathers shed their tears and their blood, for freedom of press, religion, speech, and enterprise.

For these things, for little things that make life beautiful, and for the big things which make life good we give Thee thanks O' Lord.

It Is Your Red Cross

"Your Red Cross is at his side" was the slogan of a recent Red Cross drive. Do you know just what it means? Yes, you gave a dollar or so—but how much did you really give? In the sheltered life we live here at L. C. we can scarcely realize how little our dollar was as compared with the contributions our men are giving.

Our men are out in the thick of things, out where they have to think fast, and not think of the sacrifices they are making. To them the Red Cross isn't a matter of dollars and cents. It's more a matter of what the Red Cross can do for them. To illustrate, when a soldier has been working all day, the coffee and doughnuts the Red Cross can give him are really appreciated. Then if he is wounded, he is given blood plasma from the Red Cross Blood Bank as soon as possible. If he is troubled with problems at home the Red Cross is there to help him. If, by chance, he is captured by the enemy, he gets letters, books, and packages through the Red Cross.

Our fighting men are glad we have a Red Cross. Isn't it the least you can do to contribute to it as much as possible while they are away? The Lindenwood Chapter has provided us with numerous ways of contributing. So come on gals, let's show our men that we're really in there fighting with them, so that they can come home soon.

Back The Teams

Lindenwood come out with your teams! Our athletic teams spend many of their free hours practicing sports so we can uphold our name among the other colleges in athletic events. It is our duty as students to back them up and show our spirit by giving them our support from the side lines.

When the intra-murals begin again, get up a good team for your hall and don't default to anyone at the last minute. If you don't end up winning, at least you can say you participated and did your part.

The Verdict of the People

Now that the straw-voting is over, the fourth term is on, and your radio tube has burned out—we should, all, whether Republicans or Democrats get behind President Roosevelt, and give him our whole-hearted support. For now, more than ever before, cooperation is needed on the home-front, not only from the voter of today, but you, Lindy Lindenwood, the voter of tomorrow. We are, all, on the same highway, but this time we must not detour—but go straight forward to our ultimate goal—world wide peace.

LINDEN BARK

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BARK BAROMETER OF CAMPUS OPINION

Are you in favor of universal military training? If not, you are in the minority of the girls on Lindenwood campus. This question is one of the vital current problems of our country. General George C. Marshall has made the proposal of military training as the only alternate to a large standing Army and Navy after the war.

President Roosevelt has suggested women might be included in the training program.

The educators of the country are urging a satisfactory method whereby college education and military training can be combined. What do you think? Military training for men might increase the length of time young people must wait for marriage.

The Bark has conducted a cross-section poll on these questions:

1. Are you in favor of universal military training after the war?
2. Should it be applied to men and women on an equal basis?
3. Do you think provision should be made for college students to continue their education while in training?

This is the first poll the Bark has conducted. The Staff is planning to have a poll in each issue. The questions will deal with current problems of the world. To get regional differences of opinion, the viewpoints of girls from the North and South have been separated.

In general the results indicate that approximately 55 per cent of the girls questioned are in favor of universal training; 99 per cent are against men and women being trained on an equal basis; 65 per cent are in favor of training during college.

The opinions of the North and South on a percentage basis are: Question one—North, 51 per cent for the training; South, 75 per cent against it. Question two—North, 99 per cent against; South, 100 per cent against. Question three—5 per cent of both North and South girls are in favor of the training during college.

Three More Weeks 'Till Travel Time

You can start marking off the days on your calendar, and calculating the number of hours between now and 10 a. m. Thursday, December 14, for then Lindenwood will adjourn for a three week vacation. Mr. Motley reports that most girls have already made their reservations for transportation home.

Classes will be resumed 11 a. m. Monday, Jan. 8. Because of the extended vacation, three days of work will be made up by Saturday classes. On Jan. 13, Wednesday classes will be held; Jan. 20, Thursday classes; and Jan. 27, Friday classes. The inevitable finals are scheduled to begin Jan. 29—but maybe you'd rather not think about that yet.

Shirley Riedel and Helen Graybill, natives of Montana, think that they should get a little head start on their vacation. They have to travel two days and two nights before they can unpack their bags and help decorate the family Christmas tree. Genee Head regrets that she must spend forty-three hours enroute to her home in New Mexico. She believes that Lindenwood should grant traveling time.

The girls in Sibley Hall gather in the Tea House or in the dorm and, say, the plans they are making for their Christmas party will make this the best since last Christmas.

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Jane McLean

Turkey time is here again, and praise be to President Roosevelt, it could not be more opportune. Typical Elsie, that usually happy, carefree soul, is looking quite poorly lately—deep purple eye shadow isn't quite her color—and sleeping in classes isn't quite her teachers' ideas of attentiveness. Thursday will be her day to shine, however. Sleep till convo, eat a huge dinner, then sleep till Friday classes.

There's going to be a grand exodus Wednesday afternoon. Seems like half the campus will be moving out—okay, though, for it will give the other half a chance to relax.

Donalee Wehrle is taking a gand to Eureka—about six tenths of Senior Hall and one-eighth of Sibley. Lots of others are going home too, as returning prodigals, others as guests of those prodigals. Andre Kostelanetz will be in St. Louis Thanksgiving evening—there will be a large representation of Lindenwood there.

Well, the first play of the year is history. The "Fighting Littles"—it certainly was a success, and a great relief from the strain everyone is under. I'm still trying to convince Typical Elsie that Patsy Geary doesn't always go around eating eucalina and throwing baseball bats around the living room, and that Julie Paul really isn't in the habit of spinning and shrieking in strange costumes.

Guess everyone is having trouble with wasps flying around the confines of their rooms. It's always quite a puzzle as to how they get in—when the windows are shut up as tight as can be,

they still buzz madly about. I hear that when wasps do try to get inside, the weather is about to change—that snow is on the way. Who knows, perhaps we'll have a White Thanksgiving.

After Thanksgiving, talk will center around who's going where and going to do what during that long-awaited Christmas vacation. Of course, first of all, every Saturday will see great numbers of girls in St. Louis—in every store in the city—hunting for those hard-to-find presents for those hard-to-please friends. Christmas present time is just as great a strain on the poor cab drivers as it is on clerks and customers. They open the door, help the occupant out of the cab, then follow her into the dorm picking up stray packages that keep dropping here and there along the walk.

L. C. Girls had a grand time at Maryville last week. One group went in to the hockey game and after it was over, chased away their blues by going out to Ann Rode's house and having a big time—raiding the icebox, and just generally raising the roof. Tootie and Jacquie stayed on their diets though. You know, they're getting so slim hmm that the only way to be sure they're around is to look for little thin shadows.

The Red Cross is still calling, gals. Don't forget, there's a great demand for blood donors immediately. Any of you who want to and who are able to give blood for those wounded, stop in at the blood donod center on Olive street in St. Louis. They'll give you an appointment, and you'll be doing a great part in bringing your men and all the others, home sooner.

'nuff said

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 peevish, 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:

I just would like to know how you feel about political machines on our campus? In America we have a democracy and we do not approve of political machines. Here, at Lindenwood, we feel that our democratic way of life should be encouraged and appreciated. Still, we find some of our upper classmen hold secret meetings to get organized for our elections. In the first place, these girls are violating the rules of fair-play and in the second place, they are not upholding the standards that upper classmen should uphold. Don't you think that these girls should feel rather guilty?

ONE WHO KNOWS.

SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE IS NOW ON. BUY BONDS!



FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

As another Thanksgiving Day approaches let us be thankful for these among many other blessings which we enjoy:

Let us be thankful that we live in a country which still gives us the right to express our political opinions, as was done in the campaign and election just concluded last week—one of the few countries in the whole world enjoying that privilege.

Let us be thankful that we have guaranteed to us and in effect the inestimable benefits given us by our Bill of Rights—one of the few countries in the world having those rights.

Let us be thankful that in a world torn by anguish and insecurity we are living in the midst of beauty and security.

Let us be thankful for the opportunity to study and learn and through these to gain in intellectual and aesthetic appreciation.

Let us be thankful for the opportunity given here at college to make lasting and worth-while friendships.

Let us be thankful that we live at the doorway of a great city where in an infinite number of ways we may become conscious of the achievements of mankind in aesthetic, industrial and social directions, and may learn from these, if we will.

For these and many other blessings let us be deeply thankful, but in a spirit of humility, for we possess them not because of our just desserts but because of our good fortune.

Let us then strive to be worthy of these things.

ALICE E. GIPSON.

The Garden Club of Alabama has decided to establish a garden in memory of the veterans of World War II.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

In this issue of the Literary Supplement are printed the successful entries in the Poetry Society contest, including the prize winning poem, "Fall Leaves", by Jane Blood.

The prose selections consist of a short story, two informative essays, three character sketches, an informal essay, and a critical essay.

Contents

POETRY:

Fall Leaves.....	Jane Blood
He Speaks.....	Jane Blood
To A Snowflake.....	Polly Gannse
Aftermath.....	Patsy Geary
Street Car.....	Maridee Hill
Black.....	Annette Hoffman
Just A Memory.....	Annette Hoffman
Tomorrow.....	Annetta Hoffman
Mist.....	Keltah Long
Poem.....	Keltah Long
My Mother's Eyes.....	Keltah Long
Studying a la Poe.....	Esther M. Parker

PROSE:

Donald Culrose Peattie.....	Virginia W. Blattner
About A Sweater.....	Alice Hirshman
An Orchid For You.....	Lois Hachtmeyer
Transportation of Tomorrow.....	Lois Hachtmeyer
The Most Interesting Character on High School Faculty.....	Helen Zeidner
Two Golden Days.....	Joanna Swanson
Uncle Jake.....	Winifred Williams
Of Brats and Barbers.....	Abbie Sarah Kirtley

DONALD CULROSE PEATTIE

By Virginia Wood Blattner

No writer in America has made a place for himself more distinctly his own than has Donald Culross Peattie. While he has successfully written novels, biography and poetry, first and foremost he is a nature writer. It would be difficult to confuse Peattie with any other author, for whether he is writing an historical or biographical novel, his own autobiography, pure philosophy or a scientific treatise, the whole is definitely Peattie throughout, a happy combination of the many sides of the man—scientist, poet and philosopher.

Librarians often have difficulty in classifying his books, but all agree that they can't go far wrong if they catalog anything and everything he writes "natural history." For Donald Culross Peattie's mission in life is to make his readers aware of the world of nature around them. Over and over again he makes it clear that his interest in nature is first in his life. In his autobiography, *The Road of a Naturalist*, he says: "I have talked in poor parables, if I have not been plain about the fact that Nature in its most timeless sense is my religion." Again he says: "If ever a man had riches, I have and know it, and the last of these with which I would ever part is the one that nothing in heaven or on earth could ever take away from me. Call it my faith—my belief in the Nature of things."

That Peattie should be a writer was to be expected. His father was a journalist; his mother a novelist, essayist and literary critic for *The Chicago Tribune* for twenty years; and he married a novelist. He grew up to the tune of the typewriter's click and books were the center of things. The entire family read books, talked books and wrote books. Even as a child, it came easy for Donald to write poetry and plays as well.

But why Peattie became a naturalist is another matter. In his childhood there seemed to be no special approach to nature except through his "love of beauty, pleasure in wonder and interest in the curious." However, there must have been something in that background conducive to science because one of his brothers became a geologist and the other an engineer.

One would not expect a naturalist to come out of a great metropolitan city like Chicago. Nevertheless (using the very words he himself used in his biography of

Linnaeus) here "was born nature's tender lover who would awaken all the world to intense enthusiasm for his beloved." The summers of his youth were spent in the Blue Ridge Mountains where his mother took the children for vacations and to recuperate after serious illnesses. In these mountains Donald found himself happiest as he explored the out-of-doors and it was here when he was twenty that it came to him "with the exaltation of a conversion" that he wanted to be a naturalist.

He had tried work in a publishing house in New York and after two weeks had fired himself for "willful incompetence." He found himself at twenty a "restless mental mugwump" with a desire to write and nothing to write about. His dislike for his job and the city of New York led him to botanical gardens and natural history museums, which seemed to offer comfort and satisfaction. One day at the Bronx Botanical Garden, the scientist in charge was impressed with Peattie's interest and asked him to sign his name in the book of visiting botanists. Peattie says: "I did not feel like a forger, I knew I had begun to identify my weedy self." At that moment a naturalist was born for he himself tells us that a man becomes a scientist the moment he wishes to be one.

A naturalist must have "a long view and the quick sight." No doubt Peattie had the latter and the former began to be acquired at Harvard, where he now went to study entomology under Wheeler, the great ant man, botany at the Herbarium and philosophy under Perry and Bruhl. After his graduation cum laude his first position with the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction in the Department of Agriculture gave him first hand knowledge of plants from all over the world and brought him in contact with many outstanding plant men.

After his marriage to the novelist, Louise Redfield Peattie, with whom he has collaborated in novels, he edited a nature column for a Washington, D. C., newspaper and his colorful writing career began, though it was not until after he had returned from five years in France that he began to write his books about America and Americans that many critics brand as classics.

His *Almanac for Moderns* published in 1935, described as an essay in biology in three hundred sixty-five parts, consists of short vividly written reflections on and interpretations of the various manifestations of nature. In prepara-

tion for this book Peattie says in his autobiography: "I began to remember and listen and write down what I wanted to find out about the cycle of the year and the time of man." Mark Van Doren says of the book: "Not merely is it the best book of its kind that I have read in years; it is one of the best books I have ever read. I suspect it of being a classic." *Singing In The Wilderness*, which the author calls "a salute to John James Audubon" appeared the same year. It is an idyllic biography and love story of Audubon against a beautifully painted background of American nature.

Peattie's greatest appeal is to the lay reader. It has been said that he has done for the plant world what Dr. Alexis Carrel has done for the medical world. For instance, his *Flowering Earth*, perhaps his most scientific book, is not burdened with chemical formulae nor has it a formal botanical glossary. He believes that a nature writer is a "popularizer" of science and his business is not so much to instruct as to kindle enthusiasm. He calls himself more reporter than scientist because he takes his readers into living nature.

Peattie is not content merely to point out the beauty of nature. He is concerned also with its meaning. He never fails to stress the oneness of nature as he has seen it and felt it. In *Flowering Earth*, he pictures the web of life, with its interdependence of all the different forms of life—birds, insects, plants and animals, including people. He proves that the fates of every living thing are bound together. "For all only one life, but all life is one." The Supreme Command is Nature itself. Order rules the universe and that order cannot be outraged. Both *An Almanac for Mod-*

erns and *A Book of Hours* are concerned with the rhythm of the universe and the cycle of man.

He believes that science should be made available to all for he says: "Knowing life better, a man will worship life more. Americans count on Science. Thinking people will not accept even a God they cannot scrutinize." He insists that every age should have its own attitude toward nature. Romanticism sufficed for the Victorians, but in each age, new attitudes meet new truths and new hungers. Today there are no new species to be discovered. Now instead Science must learn about the seasonal and diurnal rhythm of living creature; life histories; relation of organisms; environmental factors, etc.

Most of all Peattie would have Americans reverence America's living world. He doesn't put up signs urging conservation of her natural resources but he shows again and again how prodigal Americans have been of their country's wealth; how since pioneer days man has destroyed the wilderness. He says we cannot make America over again as

it was in the beginning but we can come to what's left of our heritage with a patriot's reverence. No term better describes Peattie the writer than "poet in prose" for his prose style is distinguished by a lyric touch that gives a continuous sense of beauty. It isn't difficult to understand why he won the Witter Bynner poetry prize in his senior year at Harvard for every novel, every biography, every book of natural history he has written has the poet's clear beauty of style. As he loves the world of nature, so he loves the world of words. These words sing and his sentences and paragraphs have rhythm.

Few books today or of any age can approach the pure ecstasy that is to be found in *Singing in the Wilderness*, *Green Laurels* or *The Road of a Naturalist*. "The sky was the color of a junco's wing."—"The morning air was quite glittering with bird song."—"To be free, to be true, to follow a bird in the woods, or an impulse with his pencil, to Audubon, these were riches when all else was destitution."—"Sweden, an icicle hanging from the eaves of the North Pole."—Every paragraph, every page sparkles with beautiful thoughts tenderly expressed. There are critics who accuse him of over-sentimentality, of romanticism. In the prosaic world of realism that exists today, his refreshing beauty is like a drink of pure spring water to a thirsty traveler.

In everything Peattie writes, there is great attention to detail and a complete knowledge of his subject, obtained from years of study of source material and first-hand knowledge of localities gathered as he and his wife and sons leisurely roam over America. For ever since he became a free-lance writer, America's out-of-doors has

Prize-Winning Poem

FALL LEAVES

By Jane Blood, '48

It was as though the breeze
Caused the leaves to speak.
Crisp, colored oak leaves hint of
ageless secrets;
Smooth, languid pine trees en-
gage in conversation;
Shy, weeping willows invite us
neath their branches.
Little bushes ask questions,
Tall, majestic giants respond
with stern dignity.
Leaves fall like used words—
A pattern of beauty.

beckoned him from every section. In *Forward The Nation*, an inspirational tale of adventure dealing with the Lewis and Clark expedition, every accurate detail is evidence of his step by step journey over the old trail. And the source material that he lists at the close of his books is most impressive. Years of preparation precede the writing of everything he produces. He tells us that he spent twenty years getting ready and two years writing *Flowering Earth*.

And yet there is nothing formal, tiresome or conventional in his method of presentation. Again he shows the poet's touch. Often he presents both novels and biography in the form of flash-backs, with superb interludes of impressionistic writing. Even his autobiography is in no sense, the conventional biography. Never a date, no formal order of time, a flash-back to years past, a bit of philosophy there, a pause to teach some beautiful nature truth and yet all adding up to a perfect, completed thing. In *Green Laurels*, his most comprehensive book, embracing the lives of the great naturalists he wrote of

the ones who pleased him most, and the facts that interested him about them, caring nothing for complete life stories or proper sequences. As he once said, "Everything thorough and dull I have tried to leave out." But when the book is finished the reader feels he knows those naturalists intimately. Peattie's characterizations are excellent. Critics have said he is over-heroic. True, there is never a villain and even the faults of his heroes are dealt with sympathetically. It is as though Peattie would have no dealings with any character he did not love and that he has a tolerance for and an appreciation of all mankind.

On first thought there would seem to be little connection between Science and Poetry, but Peattie tells us that poetry and scientific writing do go hand in hand for "the winged word, which is the poetic word, gets there fastest." So Peattie, like Thoreau and Maeterlinck, has been able to give to accurate scientific reporting the luminosity of poetry.

In addition to being both scientist and poet, Donald Culross Peattie is a philosopher. Perhaps the "long view and the quick sight" that the scientist must have as he carefully and painstakingly examines the natural world, develop the philosopher's insight. Peattie can no more help being a philosopher than he can a poet or a naturalist. Every book that he has written reveals the philosopher's views of life to some degree. Even in the more technical volumes like *Flowering Earth*, there are to be found on every page great general truths that the author has arrived at. *An Almanac for Moderns* and especially *A Book of Hours*, which concerns itself with man's destiny and follows the natural cycle of twenty-four hours from sun to sun, most nearly approach pure philosophy.

His philosophy of life embraces a firm belief in God and humanity; a keen appreciation of the beauty and blessings of the universe; and an optimistic faith in a happier future for mankind, even in the face of present adversity. "The future is my favorite tense. I hope I shall not be afraid to live in it until the end." Peattie expresses his beliefs on every adventure in living from birth to immortality.

His own ideal marriage has been responsible for many of his thoughts on that subject. "That life is doubly fortunate in which a man finds himself single in his two main convictions, love and religion." "There will be but one mate and when she comes he will know her—and to life he is grateful for her, because he cannot tell her from life itself. She is its flower, his need, its earth." "He who travels alone travels fastest but not so far." "Our children are our very selves, miraculously extended into the time stream, where our own mortality cannot touch them."

Peattie's great joy in his work has called forth some of his most beautiful philosophy. He tells us that a man who loves his work is paid twice over; that "of all things under the sun a man may love, the living world he loves most purely. In nature, nothing is insignificant, nothing ignoble, nothing sinful, nothing repetitious. All the music is great music, all the lines have meaning."

In his autobiography, written in 1941 when America was facing the fact that a great world conflict was being forced upon her, Peattie was doing much thinking on the subject of war and peace. What place could a nature writer find for himself in a world given over to total warfare? "I have not much violence in my blood. I have faith in science, I believe in the reality of ethics. I have beheld beauty. Intelligence is five hundred million years behind instinct in its utility; the termites settled their social organization ages ago and now wage war only against ants, never among themselves." "Individuality is the very essence of living things. Dic-

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

tators require surrender of self. It takes more effort to be one's self than it does to be part of a tramping regiment." In closing his autobiography he expresses the hope that he may be a water-carrier for society, a sort of Gunga Din, bringing refreshment and comfort to the troops of the battle-field of life.

Death for Peattie holds no terror. "It is even good to die since death is a natural part of life." "It was a little moment that of dying, and after came a long immortality." "So man who comes out of darkness goes not into it—he goes toward the open, the great free steppes—a spirit mounted upon stallion body, a tireless rider who swings from steed to steed."

Peattie has no fear for the future of America. "Man can hear the long trumpeters; he lifts his head to listen. He beholds a few who stand out far ahead. The best of the rest follows stumbling by their light."

And finally in judging Peattie, the naturalist, the poet, the philosopher who says: "I am part of life, and stand in judgment before those creditors, my ancestors, my decedents and my neighbors,"—let him be answered by his own words: "To paint a man or a bird or a tree simply as it is, to live your life with a great love for life, to leave sons behind you, to leave something done as well as you could do it, to have loved a woman with honor and fire, these would suffice a man."

Donald Culross Peattie is much more than a "water-carrier" for society. He brings them all that makes life worth while and the struggle worth the cost. He, too, is a "Singer in the Wilderness."

POEM

By Keltah Long

Did you see the woodland rose
Nodding in the breeze?
Did you see the tiny thorns,
The knotted stem, the veined
leaves?
Did you hear far up above
The song the cardinal sang to all?
Did you hear the clear, clean notes
The mate returned the call?
Did you smell the new-cut hay
That covered the wide field over?
Did you smell the fragrant flower
Of the grass and clover?
Did you taste the running water
That flowed from underneath?
Did you taste the earthy flavor
That it carried from the deep?

MY MOTHER'S EYES

By Keltah Long

Like the sky after an April
shower;
That's the color of my mother's
eyes.
Like the calm of a storm-heaved
sea;
That's the peace in my mother's
eyes.
Like the rose climbing an ivy
bower;
That's the beauty of my mother's
eyes.
Like the dancing leaves on a
wind-blown tree;
That's the twinkle in my mother's
eyes.

STUDYING A LA POE

(A Parody)

By Esther M. Parker, '48

Once upon a midnight dreary
When my eyes were weak and
bleary
From such heavy study o'er my
books,
While I thought and concentrated
Suddenly was consummated
That I somehow over-rated
All this learning got from books.
Ah, distinctly I remember
I got by that last December
When I bluffed the young professor
with my charm;
In my hands he was just putty,
It was then I learned that study
Made the skin so much less ruddy
That I dropped intensive reading in
alarm.
I burned the candle at both ends,
And then I tried to make amends

To get back where I thought I
ought to be.

But now I've lost my looks
So I gotta take up books
Cause the teachers—the crooks—
Are gonna fail me!

ABOUT A SWEATER

By Alice Hirshman, '47

The crisp tissue paper crinkled as Cathy jerked the top of the box off and delved into its contents. There it lay—a blue sweater—her sweater, folded in store-like precision. As she looked at it she recalled so vividly:

They had been walking home from school together, she and Bill, and laughing at those moron jokes that were the thing to laugh at now. Bill had stopped for a moment and happened to glance in Phieffer's window. "Look, Cathy, that sweater in the window—it's as blue as the sky—the sky I'll be fighting and killing in soon." Just a flicker of seriousness had Bill shown her then. For he was Bill, crazy and wonderful, but serious—never. And she was Cathy, the girl he always took for granted. Of course, he did take her to dances and Friday night movies and he always had a special signal for her when he was going in a football game. But it was for granted that he took her most of the time.

They were gone—those words that Bill had said. But Cathy knew she would remember. And remember she did—even as they cut across the grass a few minutes later and ran up the porch steps so Cathy wouldn't be late for supper. "See you around," he called after her. She had panted a breathless, "Right," slammed the screen door and dashed into the house.

Yes, she remembered them—"The sky I'll be fighting and killing in" (And be killed?)—as she pulled the sweater out of its box and over her head. Five more minutes and he would be here! Here for her to go to their last high school "juke-box" dance. They were the glorious Seniors—Class of '43—graduating into what (A mess as they cheerfully put it!) This was one of the last times they would all be together. Of course, their whole crowd would be there—Chuck yelling for hotter records, Dopey wanting smooth stuff. Eileen asking for anything, "Just anything," by Sammy Kaye. Cathy groaned cheerfully inside for she loved IT all, and groaned not too cheerfully outside because she couldn't find her lipstick. Only three more minutes and Bill would be here—she couldn't find her lipstick! "How horrible, how gruesome—Mother, where can it be?" "Cathy, dear, it's where you always put it—in your right hand coat pocket."

"Got it—thank you."
Cathy remembered, too (And be killed?), when she and Bill were in Mike's. There were two cokes in front of them—one with the straw lying beside it, Bills; the other with the straw slightly chewed at the tip, Cathy's. Yes, everything was the same. Same battered nickle-lodian—maybe different songs, same gossip—maybe different people. Still it was unchanged as it had been all their high school years. For how long—a week, maybe a month? All this flashed through Cathy's mind. The same-ness, changing. Bill sensed it, too.

"Hey you, in the blue sweater, come out of it! Can't act this way when the end is supposed to be gay—only a day left, Cathy."

Yes, a day now. A year, a week, only a day of Bill now. Then Bill would be Army, no, not Army—Air Corps, (a very distinct difference, he had gaily told her!) Was it to be the end? Of course, it was the end of these times together. But she could still be gay, couldn't she? That's why she wore the sweater now that Bill had liked when she first wore it and they had gone to their last dance together! First and last—strange, isn't it! Last, yes. This was one of their last times together for a while. The

last of drinking cokes with Bill—the last with Bill. She wondered if he would twist his neck in an Army collar—like a lion in a cage—if they were starved too much. She wondered if he would shove his eyebrow up at something an officer might say to which he wouldn't agree—as he did when Miss Cook had sputtered in Civ class about the Capitalists—as he did when Cathy wasn't quite on time. Anyway, she was going to be gay—the same gay Cathy who was always around. . . . "C'mon, Bill, we have time to get to that movie this evening!"

Cathy still remembered (And be killed?). They talked easily and freely with each other as they always had. But they talked about a different subject this time—not about their parents, nor music, nor Roosevelt's fourth term—but themselves.

"Cathy, I love you."

"Bill, I've always loved you."

She was happy now. Completely, fully, unbelievably happy. No one, no one could be this happy—such a wonderful choked up feeling. See yourself, Cathy, just an ordinary girl in an ordinary blue sweater—and he loves me. Bill loves me.

"Bill, look, you will write as often as you can, won't you?"

"Cathy, you know I will, every day, but you'd better keep my morale up, too."

"I will, Bill. I will."

Yes, Cathy remembered—"the sky I'll be fighting and killing in soon" (And be killed?). There were the letters. They did come every day, well, almost. Sometimes, two every other day—with free scribbled in one corner and Aviation Cadet William Richards in the other. They came from Texas.

"Cathy, it's a great life! The planes are gorgeous creatures."

They came from Missouri with discouragement for he was afraid of "washing out."

"Cathy, it's a grind. This flying business isn't as romantic as it sounds. But I know I can make it." From California with hope for he only had a month left.

"Cathy, not very long now. I'll be a pilot in all that the word is—hard work, struggle, achievement. Proud? Of course I am."

Then IT came—the telegram. "Will be home Thursday for a week's leave. See you. Love, Bill." Cathy tore home deliriously from Red Cross. Wednesday, and Bill would be here Thursday!

"Mother, oh, Mother, isn't it wonderful—I'll actually be able to see him! Mother, is my sweater back from the cleaners—you know, the blue one I've always liked?"

Cathy remembered then (And be killed?). She was with Bill—but a new Bill. A Bill to match the bright lieutenant's bars, the immaculate uniform, the tiny wrinkles around his eyes, and the clear, definite movement he had. Yes, he was sure of himself—and why shouldn't he be? He could fly! Fly those beautiful and dangerous airplanes.

"Cathy, you're looking specially super in that blue sweater tonight. You know I'll be going across. Cathy, you're something I'll be holding onto—holding onto in my mind."

Cathy remembered all of the words—"the sky I'll be fighting and killing in." And be killed? Yes. Be killed—killed. Dead. One of the dead who has been killed. She took the blue sweater—her sweater—her Bill—folded it, laid it slowly, carefully in the box. Into the box. The tissue paper fell limply.

JUST A MEMORY

By Annette Hoffman

A look, a laugh, a crazy grin,
Brown curly hair, a dimpled chin.
An autograph book, a game of
bridge,
Skeet-shooting out on Walton's
Ridge.
A folded letter, a burning tear,
The last short day that he was
here,
Just a memory.

AN ORCHID FOR YOU

By Lois Hachtmeyer, '47

Raising your own orchids is fun. It sounds impossible because we think of an orchid only in the florist's window and not in our own homes. But why not turn the corner of your room into a miniature greenhouse?

For a dollar and a half you can buy one orchid plant from any reliable dealer. Buy at least two to give a wider range of color to your display. The best time to start is in the spring when the plant is just beginning to grow.

Before the plant arrives, build the greenhouse. It takes but a few dollars and a little knowledge of construction. With a can of paint and a brush you can make it artistic enough to put in any room in the house.

The skeleton of the box is five, thirty-inch square panes of window sash. Four are used for the sides, the back, and the front. The other pane is hinged on to the top to act as a lid. Tiny holes are in the bottom for the circulation of air. In the box is a galvanized tin tray that is filled with crushed rock. On the top of this tray is a wooden platform of tiny slats where the orchid plants will stand.

As you must have a heating system in your home, you must also have a heating system in your greenhouse. A seventy-five-watt bulb suspended in the box will give enough heat and will also light up your show case. The temperature must never be below fifty degrees and never above seventy-five.

Put the case in a place where it will get enough sunshine in the winter. Since the plant cannot stand too much sunlight in the summer, shade the box and raise the lid about three inches.

The orchid needs little care except to be watered and cleaned. Once a week saturate the plant in a bucket of water. Every evening water it with a small spray. Rain water should be used because the city water contains chlorine and alkaline which will destroy the food in the roots. Whenever you see that the leaves are dirty, wash them with soap and water to keep the pores open.

Your orchid is just as delicate as any house plant. It will give you definite signs when you are not giving it the right kind of care. If the leaves become soft, the plant has too much or too little water. If the leaves are wrinkled, the pores are clogged with dirt. If the leaves are black-speckled, the humidity is too high and the temperature too low. A nutrient solution used once a month to replace the watering will cure all of these ailments.

Your first bloom will be envied by everyone. The graceful leaves and the drooping flower remind you of a ballet dancer. The leaves are the prettiest of any flower. They stand directly from the stem. The broad surface is very stiff and differently colored by the network of veins that make artistic designs.

There are many different species, but the one you will probably get when you start your collection is the Lady Slipper. This purplish-pink flower is most frequently used in corsages and decorations. The only difference between the common variety and the lesser known ones is the coloration. Every orchid has three petals and three sepals. Two of the petals are in a set while the third is in the form of a lip or a sac. In all varieties this lip is a different color from the rest of the flower.

The orchid shows many beautiful and colorful flowers. They range from a purplish-pink to a greenish and brick color. A very striking coloration is a yellow mixed with a purple and white. To paint a picture of an orchid requires an expert for the blending of colors.

6th. War Loan Drive Is On!
BUY BONLDS !!

TRANSPORTATION OF TOMORROW

By Lois Hachtmeyer, '47

Today the production lines of airplane factories are producing the machine of tomorrow. This is the helicopter which is now used only in the armed forces. Customers have been trying to buy a helicopter for civilian use but these premature buyers have met with no success.

Newspapers, magazines, and factory bulletins, however, have been advertising this "flying windmill" to encourage civilians to buy it after the war. It will be an easy assignment for the factories to make a four-seated helicopter with the cost to the public at \$1,500. It will have a one-hundred horsepower engine with an average speed of eighty miles per hour. Mr. Sikorsky, who is a pioneer in the field of aviation, predicts that it will cost as much to run a helicopter as it does to run a middle priced car. You can fly nine air miles on a gallon of gasoline, which is equivalent to twelve road miles. Little wear on the tires will be an additional saving.

I have always wondered if the controls of the helicopter were difficult to master. But the public has been assured that the mechanism is simple. There is a lever to the right of the driver, a control stick between his knees, and two pedals on the floor. The righthand lever lifts the plane up into the air. The control stick increases or decreases speed and makes the plane go backward. The stick is also used in turns, using the right or left pedal according to the direction of the turn.

It takes three hours of practice flight before a solo trip can be made. An average intelligent person can master the controls in a few hours but one must also learn the sense of flight as far as direction is concerned.

The American home, business life, and social atmosphere will necessarily be changed. The lawns of many homes will be made into a miniature airport for the use of the helicopter. A search light also will be needed for night landings. This in itself will be an added expense for all families. The business sections will need airports to accommodate their customers and employees. Many can use the flat roofs as an adequate substitute. Stores are now planning for their post-war field with blue prints in process or completed. The space needed for parking is ten feet.

More people will be able to live in the suburbs or the country and yet work in the large cities. A helicopter will enable a man to go sixty miles in less than an hour. The service stations will install an airfield for their new customers. The helicopter can use the regular automobile gasoline.

At first these planes will look queer. Your first ride will be anything but enjoyable for it takes time to accustom yourself to the flight. The plane never seems to be going in any one direction. It appears to run side foremost. It always tilts slightly in the direction that it is going, especially as you gain speed. This tilt is quite noticeable to the occupants. Also it is possible to ascend into the air in a straight line perpendicular to the earth for one mile.

The helicopter will not only promote better traveling conditions, but it will also provide work for post war America. Planes will be built, and business sections will be improved for this new marvel. Soon the Saturday night theme will be, "Dad, may I have the helicopter tonight?"

PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

Interesting Prose and Verse By Lindenwood Authors

THE MOST INTERESTING CHARACTER ON THE HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

By Helen Zeidner, '48

Miss Newman had originally come from Cuba, where she had been, she said, connected with the Diplomatic Service there. Just how she was connected, she never revealed. However, she came to Forest Park High several years ago, and was the only Spanish teacher in that school. But as far as we were concerned, she was The Authority on Foreign Affairs and World Events. Spanish was secondary to her philosophy and ideas of correct living. We did not mind this, however, as her ideas intrigued and amused us. Usually, half of the seventh period was spent listening to Miss Newman's violent anti-fascist, anti-British, anti-Russian, anti-this and that, arguments. Because it was the last period of the day, we were usually too bored and tired to disagree very seriously with her, but occasionally one of the students, who had no definite ideas on anything, would bait her by perversely saying the wrong thing. I don't think she realized he was laughing at her, as were we all, and that made her all the more earnest. She hated to be contradicted, and he knew it. When she got to the point where her patience was sorely strained, she would shake her shoulders with disgust and declare we were all stupid parasites and she didn't see much of a future for America with gobs like ourselves to govern it. Any further argument on our part met deaf ears. She was a most dogmatic person.

But where, finally, Spanish was concerned, she was anything but dogmatic. Here, she was flexible, ambiguous, almost vague. Any student could make her see the sense of his translation of a page of Spanish, if he only argued long enough. She would tell us precisely what we would have on a test, and then, with no conscious desire to trick us, she would present something entirely different. It was useless to tell her. We credited it to absent-mindedness when we were not too furious. But we managed to struggle through the year with a minimum of knowledge of Spanish and a maximum of confusion.

Of all the teachers on the faculty, Miss Newman stood out. I think she missed her vocation. She would have made an excellent revolutionist, or even a politician, though definitely a leftist. But I am grateful to her for adding to my senior year a touch of imagination and humor.

TWO GOLDEN DAYS

By Joanna Swanson, '48

There are two days of the week upon which and about which I never worry—two carefree days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday with all its cares and frets, all its faults and blunders has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought. I cannot unsay a word that I said on yesterday. All that those past twenty-four hours hold of my life, of wrongs, regrets, and sorrow, is in the hands of the Mighty Love that can bring out honey from the rock and sweet waters from the bitterest desert—the Love that can make the wrong things right.

Save for the beautiful memories that linger like the perfumes of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine, it is now God's.

And the other day I do not worry about is tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as is its dead sister, yesterday. Tomorrow the sun will rise in splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds; but it will rise. Until then, the same Love and Patience that held

yesterday and holds tomorrow shines with tender promise into the heart of today. I have no possession of that unborn day of grace. Tomorrow—it is God's day; it will be mine.

There is left for myself, then, but one day of the week—today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day. It isn't the experience of today that drives men mad; it is the remorse for something that happened yesterday, the dread of what tomorrow may disclose. And so I journey but one day at a time.

Therefore, life is our day—God's and mine. And while faithfully and dutifully I run my course, and work my appointed tasks, on that day of ours, God the Almighty and All-loving takes care of yesterday, the prelude to life; and tomorrow, the launching into eternity. These are God's days; leave them with Him.

STREETCAR

By Maridee Hill, '47

Jerk, jerk!
Grin, smirk.
Negro, white
Day or night,
Sit, stand.
Dirty hand
Over mine;
"Dirty swine,
Go away!"
That I say
To myself.

Smell, noise;
Small boys,
Baby, mother,
Small brother
There together.
Oh, I'd rather
Be anywhere
Except here.
"Dirty swine,
Go away!"
This I say
To myself.

Eyes smart;
Frightened heart.
Negro tall
Down fall
By my side
Where I hide.
Can't bear more;
There's the door,
Opens fast;
I speed past.
"Dirty swine,
Go away!"
That I say
To myself.

But aloud
I say,
"Excuse me"
Politely,
Make my way
Along the floor
To the door
And safety.

TOMORROW

By Annette Hoffman

Tomorrow is another day,
And skies will be as blue.
The sun will have as bright a ray,
The birds a song as true.
Tomorrow is another day;
Thy sadness will have gone.
Tomorrow is another day;
My heart can carry on.

TO A SNOWFLAKE

By Polly Gannslé, '48

Oh little flakes in winter air
That fall so slowly,
Don't you care
If restless children cannot play
Outside this cold and stormy day?
They're peeking out o'er frosty ledge
With mournful glances;
Wind and hedge
Seem mocking them and mutely say,
"Your best-laid plans have gone astray."
The children had a picnic planned
Upon the pasture—
Now it's banned.
You softly falling crystal stars
Are in effect but prison bars.

UNCLE JAKE

By Winifred Williams, '48

Uncle Jake, as he was known throughout the countryside, was indeed a character. If he had ever been endowed with another name, it had long since faded into oblivion. Probably, had anyone been so rash as to question him, he would have pulled thoughtfully at his ragged white mustache and drawled, "Well, young fellow, Uncle Jake's done right well for quite a spell, and I guess it'll still do for the likes of you."

It was generally agreed among the townspeople that he was a "worthless old so-and-so" who would probably come to no good end. Yet, there was a sort of magnetism in his tart comments which compelled people's attention, if only to hear where he would direct his sarcasm next. His chief delight lay in upsetting the poise of any young man so impudent as to dispute his supreme authority. Anyone thus inclined became the prompt recipient of a stinging blow to his self-importance. This gratified the onlookers no end, and greatly enhanced Uncle Jake's reputation for caustic wit.

Uncle Jake's indolent nature was allergic to work. When dire necessity threatened, he roused himself to a minimum of effort in a decrepit old sawmill, of which he was the sole operator. During these spasmodic bursts of activity, the local inhabitants rushed their wood to the mill to be sawed. Doubtless they were afraid (and justifiably) that Uncle Jake might not again be seized by the impulse to work for quite some time. He carried on a little desultory farming which apparently furnished sufficient food for himself, his wife, and his twelve children, all boys. Presumably, all twelve of his offspring inherited his own large appetite.

After his wife died at the age of forty, he and ten of his sons led a haphazard existence in their ramshackle old farmhouse. Sprawling squarely in the midst of a cluster of shaggy trees, the aforementioned dwelling had every qualification for the perfect haunted house. At any rate, it certainly enjoyed that reputation. The doors were invariably half off their hinges, and the rickety stairs were a trap for the unsuspecting visitor. Indeed, hearing the old building creak and groan in the winter wind made one wonder whether the skeletons in the closets had decided to appropriate the place for their own use.

Uncle Jake and his sons had formed a string orchestra of which they were inordinately proud. They jumped at every opportunity to show off; in the absence of such an opportunity, they took it upon themselves to create one. Every dance, party, or other gathering supplied an excuse for them to burst into music. The patience of the long-suffering public was amazing, considering the frequency with which it was forced to endure these trials.

Perhaps the only reason that Uncle Jake's eccentric habits were tolerated at all was the feeling of sympathy that he evoked. Despite his faults, there was something likeable and rather touching about the old man. Erratic, undependable, and sarcastic though he was, Uncle Jake probably could claim a warm place in the heart of nearly everyone in the county.

MIST

I wandered in the gray-green grass
at dawn
And crunched the blades beneath
my feet;
I stood until the mist had cleared
and gone
And left the earth with bright-
ness sweet.
I sat upon a rotted maple stump
at dusk
And felt the mist upon my hair;
I stayed until the sun had faded
into rust
And left the earth of brightness
bare.

OF BRATS AND BARBERS

By Abbie Sarah Kirtley, '48

The first day I met Floyd Bartlett, I knew that there would never be any love wasted between us. He was a man in his late forties, and I was about thirteen at the time. He was short, with an inner-tube waistline, and a mania for loud shirts. His hair looked like streaks of grease on a piece of repulsively dead-white paper. He wore thick-lensed glasses which made his eyes look like black water-bugs swimming in dirty water. When my mother introduced us, I took his proffered hand gingerly, hoping that he didn't rub off. He smiled, displaying a set of teeth that reminded me of a yellowed piano-keyboard, dabbed here and there with gold paint.

"My, what a fine daughter you have!" he smirked. (He thought my mother very nice, she being a widow, and rather attractive. This probably explains his sickeningly sweet attitude).

"Yes, but don't you think she'd look better with shorter hair?" my mother inquired. (At the time my hair was long and stringy and straight, but for some reason I was proud of it and refused to have it cut. Mother kept thinking that if she got people to agree with her, maybe she could convince me, but, poor thing, she never seemed to realize that this only made me all the more stubborn).

"Well, now, maybe I could help you," Floyd returned. "I used to be a barber in my younger days!" I knew it! I knew it! I realized now why I hadn't liked him. "Barber" was one of the most dreaded words in my vocabulary.

"I'd be glad to cut it for you," he was telling Mother. "She could stand quite a lot taken off." He turned around to leer at me. I could picture him mentally rubbing his hands together and chortling gleefully.

"We-ell, I don't know. She doesn't seem to care much for barbers," Mother said doubtfully.

"Oh, we'd get along just fine, wouldn't we?" He squeezed my arm playfully. I looked up at him with the most withering glance I knew how to assume, and if I had been a spitting child, I'm quite sure something drastic might have happened. However, Mother, who is very sensitive to my moods, realized that all was not going well, and with some sort of an excuse, dragged me away.

That night I dreamed he was chasing me with a pair of shears about the size of a saw, with a brilliant red turkish towel tied around his head. I have seen Mr. Bartlett many times since, for he has an office near my mother's. He never fails to tug playfully on a lock of my hair and make some asinine remark about how long it is. Although I am completely over my fear of barbers, to this day whenever I see him I feel that I am going to be ill. I am sure that he feels much the same towards me, because when my mother is not around, he gets that murderous gleam in his eye that I would certainly not like to see in a dark alley.

I can't understand why he doesn't like me, though, unless it could be because of the time I stepped on his sore corn, (accidentally, of course), when he was trying to talk to mother. Oh, yes, and the time he offered to take me to the circus and I brought along six friends. However, that surely couldn't have made him dislike me. I can't understand it! We must have funny chemical reactions or something!

HE SPEAKS

By Jane Blood, '48

His words were the blue of Egyptian skies;
No shadow or cloud-form to hide
from my eyes
The richness and fullness and
depth
Of his words.

AFTERMATH

By Patsy Geary, '47

A love is lost,
So quietly, so softly fled,
Seeking other hearts, new dreams,
fresh hopes,
And yet it lingers;
No pounding passion this,
Raining tempest o'er heart and
brain,
But wraith-like, it haunts eternally
The trackless cavern of my soul.
Chill winds whisper from long-
forgotten past,
Strumming into melody the broken
twisted
Strings of my love's lute;
So soon, so soon,
A love must die so soon.

Winds that blow from sandy
shores,
Have you in your wandering
Touched her while she slept,
Whispering to her heart the melo-
dies you sing to me—
Plaintive, minor melodies
That seep into my heart and dwell,
Repeating without culmination,
"So soon, so soon,
A love must die so soon?"
Love flees and leaves a vestige of
her going,
A sigh that 'scaped from naive,
guileless lips,
A sigh that knows no pause, no
end, no change.
My mind sighs, too,
It cannot be, it cannot be,
Pounding, pounding, like beating
ocean upon quiet sand.
But always, ever-present, never-
pausing,
The old familiar words sound
through my heart;
So soon, so soon,
A love must die so soon.

BLACK

By Annette Hoffman, '47

Black hands holdin's to the street
car rail,
Black eyes starin' at the morning
mail.
Black feet patten' to the music's
throb,
Black mouth yellin' at the crazy
mob.
Black backs bendin' to the heavy
crates,
Black hearts pinin' for the long-
lost mates.
Black minds thinkin' in the morn-
ing light,
Black bodies sleepin' in the black
of night.

DARKY'S WINTER

How Ah hates de dismal winter
When de win' am blowin' high!
Ah 'spies dat win' aroun' me
Dat make me groan 'n' sigh.
Dat snow keep fallin' on me
To chill a body through.
Dat win' it nip de nose 'n' toes,
'N' turn de fingahs blue.
Blazin' fires 'n' heavy clothes
Will keep yo' nice n' warm,
But—clothes am few 'n' wood am
scarce
Whar Ah libs on de fa'm.
Mah wife am sad, mah chillum
sick,

Dis wintah cause' it all.
De days am grey 'n' awful long.
Seems yeahs since way las' fall!
De good Lawd make de wintah,
So Ah guest Ah can't complain,
But Ah knows when dis am ovah,
Ah'll welcome springtime rain!

Barbara Parks.

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Flash! Mysterious Monster Terrifies Timid Sibleyites

Terror reigned over third floor Sibley last Friday night. The reason? A furry monster invaded the domain of Room 05! (Editor's note: Only those with a stalwart heart should continue.)

It happened at precisely 7:00 o'clock (Central War Time, of course.) on a windswept, rain-swept, upswept, downswept night—just fit for a murder! (Scared, kiddies?) Oty Iles, completely unaware of the evil that lurked behind those closed doors, sailed gayly into her room after a delightful (?) dinner in the dining room. An then—AND THEN, a blood-curling shriek pierced the silence, and Sibley Hall literally raised from its foundations. (You would, too, if you ever heard Oty scream!) When the dumbfounded cellmates retrieved their footage, they came tearing to the rescue!

Before their very eyes sat the monster! He was a dull, drab brown furry beast, with jagged teeth, gleaming like spears, his eyes darting fire and clammy claws making footprints on Oty's desk. Complete panic and confusion seized the mass of would-be supporters. The pleading cries of "Help! Save us! To the rescue! SOS! A moi." (Editor's note: We know our French!) echoed through the stately halls, Bonnie Mohme, Jeanne Sterner, and Majorie Cashman, the gallant souls, flung open the door, feeling like Joans of Arc. But at the sight of the hideous creature calmly sharpening his claws on the top of the desk, sent Jeanne scurrying to safety on a chair, Bonnie to the radiator top, and Maj hovering in a corner! Their frantic voices brought others to the res-

cue, but they, too, sought the safety of an elevated place. (Huddled left to right on the bed were: Mary Lou Wood, Dee Hill, Leone Flanigan, Ann Rode, Sally Matthews, Joe Hulson, and Nancy Owen.) Ah, but their caution was all in vain, for the monster bared his fangs and, with a snort, lunged at the terrified females! More screams and futile cries! ((My, isn't this horrible))

Minnie Anderson arrived on the scene with a shoe box. (Fashion note: Her armor consisted of bright red mittens and a yellow scarf wrapped around her neck.) But the monster, being a very smart monster, was elusive and still continue his mad charges around the room.

Jacque Rock and Jane McLean announced the arrival of our heroine! (Sound effects, please. Tada-da-ta-da-ta! Thank you.) Betz Kirk (!!!), a refugee from Dr. Dawson's laboratory, looking very knightly in her array of an overseas helmet, white knee length galoshes, a marine fatigue uniform, and a pair of boxing gloves advanced fearlessly toward the intruder. Every one held her breath. This was it! With one brave trust, she clutched him! (Ain't this exciting?) The brave-hearted Betty Gilpin, another refugee, with a sweeping gesture, opened the door for the victor. Down the stairs she bore the struggling victim! Amid cheers of triumph from the terrorized maidens, she flung the nasty usurper—a baby flying-squirrel—out into the dark and rainy night.

Apologetically yours,
Park and Clark.

Lindenwood Symphonic Band First Concert

Lindenwood Symphonic Band gave its first concert this year on Tuesday, Nov. 21, featuring soloists to introduce the different tone quality of various solo instruments. This is the first band in Lindenwood's history, and after the concert the audience acclaimed its success.

The program included:
The Star Spangled Banner.
InvercargillLithgow
Cradle SongHauser
Keltah Long, soloist.
Light Cavalry Overture.....
.....Von Suppe
Helen Joan Stahl, soloist
American Folk Songs.....
.....Stephen Foster
Marie Isbell, soloist
ReverieBuchtel
Loverta Langenbacher, soloist
ConchitaForrest
Betty Lee Stephens, soloist
Pizzicato PolkaStrauss
Anitra's DanceGrieg
Sextette for flute, oboe, clarinet,
French horn and bassoon.
Grandfather's ClockWork
Audrey Romann, soloist
Pierrot and Pierrette.....Buchtel
Jan Beard and Bobby Marshall,
duet.

MaritanaWallace
Princess of India.....H. L. King

The girls who participated in the band concert were: Flute and piccolo: Marybeth Booth, Jane Blood, Kathryn Stokes, Dorothy Trenchard, and Jean Davidson; clarinets: Kathleen De Croes (solo), Jane Beard, Jean Ann Roberts, Suzanne Dixon; (second) Bobby Marshall (solo), Shirley Riedel; (third) June Schatzmann (solo), Wilma White, Betty Bartin; oboes: Keltah Long (solo), Marthella Mayhall; bassoons: Audrey Romann, Pat Colglazier; saxophones: Jean Milroy, tenor: Kathleen De Cross, (double), Jessie Wilson (soprano) cornets: Betty Lee Stephens (solo), Lucille Ramsey, Betty Swisher; trombones: Emily Perry, Barbara Wright; horns: Lovetra, Langenbacher (solo), Dorothy Schaeffer; euphonium: Ann Treadway; string bass: Betty Meredith, Colleen Johnson, Kathleen Fink; sousaphone: Doris Jones (double); percussion: Marie Isbell, Helen Joan Stahl, Minnie Anderson, Winnie Reynolds; piano: Betty Blasingame; cello: Mervyl Ryan (solo), Harriet Blair, Joan Bhrer, Betty Paccatte; violins: Doris Jones (solo), Margot Coombs, Helen Gene Graybill, Marie Isbell (double), Carol Combs, Norma Blankenbaker, Mary Swiller, and Miss Werndle.

New Concert and Dance Orchestra Makes Appearance

The instrumental music department has been doing a creditable piece of work this year in building up new musical ensembles. The concert orchestra, directed by Mr. F.G. McMurry, made its first public appearance on Founder's Day when it furnished the music for the procession.

The dance orchestra, a fourteen piece group also directed by Mr. McMurray, played for two hours of dancing at the Hallowe'en party. The soloists for the band were Betty Hunter and Peggy Brazel. Helen Joan Stahl was featured in a marimba solo.

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AHMANN'S
NEWS STAND

The Uncensored Diary of A Lindenwood Freshman

Dear Dairy,

I told you not to run off—that I'd be back, so here I am.

Anderson, Bartlett, Boutin, Clair, Daneman, De Haven, De Croes, oops, pardon me, I keep forgetting that I've finished A. A. initiation. No more climbing up strairs blind folded, wondering where on earth I was; no more cleaning active rooms after their parties; no more balcony scenes; no more tongue-twisting list of names. At last I'm a full-fledged member.

The Birthday Dinner for those who celebrated their birthdays in August, September, October, and November, was lovely. With the lights out and the candles glowing on the little cakes, the dining room was filled with impressive awe.

Ordered my annual the other day. Wanted to be sure that I got one.

Still have an unlucky name. For the last dance the Freshmen whose last names started with M through Z got to go, so I was left out again. Oh well, my time will

come—that is if the manpower doesn't run out.

The fall play, "The Fighting Littles" was a huge success. Hope we have more of those this year.

Skip Day, Stop Day, that's all we hear nowadays, wish one would materialize, but I suppose they think we'll forget those in time as we are supposed to forget a few other things, but how can we when the upperclassmen keep talking about the "good old days."

Twenty-three days until vacation! then we go down to the station—how dear that song is to my heart these days.

Thanksgiving sounds promising—turkey and all the trimmings. But let's not forget all the people who aren't fortunate enough to have turkey on Thanksgiving and who may not have enough to eat that day. Sounds like a speech, but I haven't forgotten all those people and I hope that no Lindenwood girl does.

Bye now. Got to go to the tea room before it closes. Be seeing you.

Encore Club Is Host To Student Body At Armistice Tea

Members of the Encore Club were host to the student body and faculty at a tea on Sunday, November 12.

Red, white and blue decorations carried out a patriotic theme in honor of Armistice Day. The menu consisted of cake, ice cream, coffee and nuts. Each plate was decorated with a small flag. There was not a program but music was played informally throughout the afternoon.

The Encore Club stands for Lindenwood traditions and anyone who has a member of her family attend school here is eligible for membership. The club respects the idea of the "School of Our Mothers" through which over eighty girls and possibly more have a right to belong.

Graduate Sociology Courses Offered To Faculty

Advanced courses in Sociology are being offered to several members of the faculty who have expressed an interest in doing graduate work in Social Sciences. Dr. L. L. Bernard has, with the approval of Washington University, offered to conduct on this campus courses for those who are interested.

6th. War Loan Drive Is On.
BUY BONDS !!!

"Lindenwood Girls Are Tidier In Appearance", --Madame Lyolene

"Lindenwood girls are tidier in appearance this year," Mme. Helen Lyolene, noted French designer, who is a guest of Lindenwood College this month, believes "sloppiness" is a habit. If we are sloppy in our dress, then it will overtake our mentality, and eventually our entire outlook is not neat. It is essential that we look clean", she explains.

Mme. Lyolene is conducting fashion classes for the home economic and art design students. In addition to this schedule, she gives weekly lectures and holds innumerable personal conferences with college students. It is her desire to help young girls with their clothing problems.

Though generally known as a dress designer, Mme. Lyolene has had teaching experience. She has been a member of the faculty of the Cooper Union School in New York. There she conducted day and night classes.

She has lectured at Milwaukee for the Gimbel Brothers, to the women of that city. From her own personal experience and knowledge, she showed these women how to use commercial patterns, so they will fit all types and kinds of body builds. "The average daily attendance was 750 women," she remarked.

In Madame's fall collection, she introduced to the fashion world a lovely bridal party creation, in jacket and skirt motif. The bride's gown was in the traditional white, while the maid of honor was attired in a light violet. Light pink and light blue made up the bridesmaid's gowns. This work was done in a specialty French shop in New York.

Previous to Mme Lyolene's arrival, she was in Kansas City, Mo., at the Nelly Don factory, working on wholesale blouses and lounging pajamas.

Twenty-two years of designing have made Mme. Lyolene one of the designers of international fame in the fashion world. She is eager that young girls of col-

lege age take an interest in their personal appearance, so they will possess the neatness, elegance, and well-groomed tastes in their dress.

Having arrived in the United States in 1939, Mme. Lyolene will become an American citizen in April. "I'm so grateful, however, I do not expect to break my ties with Paris after this war in won and travel is permitted," she stated. "It is my intention to divide my time between France and this country in future years."

She suggested the casual, nonchalant mode of dress is the general dress tendency of the college student. We can achieve this comfortable air and still be well-groomed. The girl should never overdress. For instance, the full, youthful skirt is more appropriate than the tight, drape dinner skirt, with possibly a slit effect for evening. For daytime wear, a straight, "not tight," skirt for off-campus tends to be the current favorite.

"Girls should steer themselves away from the purples and the greys. You can wear those colors when you're much older. Use the bright colors now, and remember," she added, "black is always good."

Mme. Lyolene will return to New York to design her spring collection for the specialty shop. She concluded by saying, "I'm very happy to be here, as it is my best time, when I work with young people. I am looking forward to my next visit to Lindenwood in the spring."

Dr. Terhund Elected Head Spanish Teachers

Dr. Mary Terhune, professor of Spanish, has been elected President of the Missouri Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of Spanish, at a meeting held in November.

STRAND

St. Charles, Mo.

Fri.-Sat. Nov. 24-25

2 FEATURES 2
Roy Rogers in
SONG OF NEVADA
&
Jimmy Lydon in
Henry Aldrich
BOY SCOUT

Sun.-Mon. Nov. 26-27

Continuous Sunday from 2
Edgar Bergen
Charlie McCarthy in
SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD
with Bonita Granville

Tues.-Wed. Nov. 28-29

Robert Taylor in
SONG OF RUSSIA
with Susan Peters

Thurs.-Fri. Nov. 30-Dec. 1

Eleanor Powell in
SENSATIONS OF 1945
with W. C. FIELDS

Sun., Mon., Tues. Dec. 3-4-5

Gary Cooper in
CASANOVA BROWN
with Teresa Wright

Wed., Thurs. Dec. 6-7

Charles Boyer in
GASLIGHT
with Ingrid Bergman

Fri.-Sat. Dec. 8-9

Deanna Durbin in
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY
with Gene Kelly

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THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

By Genee Head

Butch cuts are in style again. Take notice of Barbara de Puy's the next time you see her.

Donna's Clark finally arrived, and then she beamed more than ever.

Niccolls Hall is still the same. For the information of the people who answer phones and get the screwy names for answers. Here's a list of monikers with sufficient explanations for them.
 "Bugs"—Betty Ann Rouse.
 "Freshie"—Mary Ruth Platt.
 "Buzzy"—Barbara Wertz.
 "Phid"—Phyllis De Haven.
 "Tootie"—Helen Bartlett.
 "Ibbie"—Elizabeth Franke.
 Niccolls Hall is still the same.

Coke bottle barricades, short-sheeted beds, door-slamming sessions, continuous ringing of alarm clocks and switched dresser drawers.

It was nice to see Ginny Fly and Barbara Waye on campus again. Both graduated in June of this year. Come back to see us again, gals!

Seen on campus together lately have been Jo Crawford and Sgt. Bill Gage. Bill is visiting his parents, President and Mrs. Gage.

Jeanne Clark got a surprise phone call the other day, and what a surprise! Jim was in St. Louis and on his way to Chanute Field to become an instructor.

Speaking of ramontic happenings. How about this one. Virginia Mitchell and Ted met on the campus of the University of Arkansas last week under a tree where they had previously started going steady, became pinned. This time they became engaged. But I hear from some very reliable reports that the wedding is not going to be under the tree.

In the line of "wings," Barbara Park got a pair from the Navy the other day.

Swooning the other night after seeing Van Johnson at the local movie, were Celeste Salvo and Pattie Hobart.

Second Semester Plans Promise Wide Variety Interesting Programs

Looking ahead to the second semester, Dr. Alice Gipson, academic Dean, has planned for us a varied program including both speakers and musicians. Visitors on campus after Christmas vacation will be:

- January 25 — Ida Krehm, pianist.
- February 5—Harry Farbman, violinist.
- February 18—William Lydgate, lecturer.
- February 23-24—Katherine Bacon, pianist.
- March 1—Earle Spicer, singer and lecturer.
- March 8—Jerome Davis, lecturer.
- March 26-28—Edwin Peterson, lecturer.
- April 12—Louis Abler, lecturer.
- April 19—Edmund Giesbert, lecturer.
- April 29—Jean Browning, soprano.

Entertain Dr. and Mrs. Works

Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Gage held open house in honor of Dr. and Mrs. George A. Works of the University of Chicago Wednesday afternoon.

6th, War Loan Drive Is On. BUY BONDS !!!

HALLOWE'EN QUEEN AND HER MAIDS



Alice Christiansen was crowned Halloween Queen at the party held in Butler gymnasium on Oct. 27th. Miss Christiansen is pictured in the center and to her left is Joanne Patton, first maid of honor; to her right is Mary Ann Wood, second maid of honor.

Personal Shopping Bureau Set Up For Lindenwood Students

A personal shopping bureau—exclusively for Lindenwood girls! Three attractive young women, Miss Herma Wilder, Miss Julia Jarvis, and Miss Helen Draude, have been chosen by Stix, Baer and Fuller in St. Louis to help Lindenwood students with any shopping problems that they might have.

Any time you wish their services, just call at the Personal Shopping Bureau on the Mezzanine floor of Stix, Baer and Fuller and they will be very glad to help you.

The service is brought to us through the courtesy of the Personal Appraisal Committee.

Students Asked To See Counselors Soon

All students should arrange to see their counselors as soon as possible for their second semester plans, urges Mr. R. C. Colson, Registrar. Registration is not complete until the girls have met with their counselors and have decided definitely on their course for the next semester.

Patronize the merchants who advertise in the Bark.

Journalism Class Visits Globe-Democrat; Dines at Castilla

TARCOMBED - EBOIG Now stand on your head, turn yourself inside out, and try and figure it out! This is the situation in which the members of the Journalism class found themselves when they visited the Globe-Democrat in St. Louis on November 6. Twelve L. C. girls tripped through the spacious newspaper offices, under the guidance of Charles Clayton, faculty member of Lindenwood's Journalism Department.

Down in the press room, we found the old saying, "Hot off the press," quite true. It was hot alright and the press was moving so fast, we couldn't even tell if Dick Tracy had caught Shaky yet. The funnies were being run for Sunday's newspaper. And trying to decipher the front page from its upside-down and backward form, is quite a task.

The Globe-Democrat is one of the most modern newspaper plants in the country. It consists of six floors, plus the basement and sub-basement, all of which we investigated. The various offices of business, circulation, display advertising, and want ads were closed at the time of our tour. However, the editorial, teletype, composing, and press rooms

were buzzing with full activity. The photography department amazed us with their skill and proved to be of particular interest when they developed a picture especially for us.

The organization of a news paper plant is very well planned. Efficiency and convenience are the prime factors in the output of the daily paper. All the departments are built to the advantage of the workers. Speed is the essential element that contributes to the up-to-the-minute coverage of news by the Globe-Democrat staff.

The class members enjoyed a dinner at the Castilla preceding the tour. At the conclusion of the "walk," we were thankful we had eaten heartily, in order to build up our energy. Just ask any member of the Journalism class, and I'm sure they'll agree that putting out a daily newspaper is no small undertaking, neither is taking a tour through one.

THE MUSIC BOX

By Dorothy E. Schaeffer

Miss Gertrude Isidor, violinist, gave a recital on October 18th for the Women's Club of Sedalia, Mo.

Her first group consisted of numbers from the Pre - Classic period. "The Cuckoo" by Daquin is early program music of this school. It portrays the echo effect which was very popular at that time. The dignified, stately, "La Folia," was transcribed for violin from a Corelli theme and variations, by Fritz Kreisler. The last number in this group was the "Andante" movement from Mendelssohn's only concerto for violin. It is in song form, characterized by its beautiful, singing melody.

For her second group, Miss Isidor chose numbers from the modern school. "The Mosquitos," a humorous sketch, in keeping with the title, was written by Fairchild, a modern American composer. "In A Garden" is a descriptive number full of thrills, cadenzas, and fancy bowings, written by the Italian, Tirindelli, a former teacher of Miss Isidor's. "Prelude" by Samuel Gardner is a brilliant number in the modern idiom; "Romance" by Sinding is a romantic serious number; and "Waves at Play" by Grasse, a blind violinist-composer is impressionistic in mood.

Miss Isidor concluded her program with two movements from the Concerto in D Minor by Wieniawski, a 19th-century composer. The slow, melodic "Romance" is contrasted by the fiery, gypsy-like character of the "A La Zingara." This concerto is a product of the Romantic school and comes from the Standard Repertoire of Violin Concerti.

Dr. Gipson Attends College Meeting

Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Academic Dean, represented Lindenwood College at a meeting of the Church related colleges and associations of American Colleges in Omaha, Neb., on November 15.

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THE CLUB CORNER

The gals from the Lone Star State have started a new club on the campus—the Texas Club. The main project for the year will be to send money and equipment to McCloskey Hospital, a rehabilitation center, in Temple, Texas. The 26 members of the club have chosen for their officers: President, Babs Wexner; vice-president, Doris Jones; secretary, Sonja Chlicotsky; and treasurer, Mary Elizabeth Murphy. Spurs, ten gallon hats, boots (and O'Daniels) promise big things from the Texas Club this year.

Alpha Psi Omega, the national Speech and Dramatics fraternity, gave a tea November 16th in the Library Cub Room.

Eighteen English students were mightily proud November 2, after their initiation into Sigma Tau Delta, the honorary English fraternity. The new members are: Virginia Blattner, Alice Boutin, Barbara Buckley, June Fields, Patsy Geary, Betty Gilpin, Lois Hachtmeyer, Maridee Hill, Alice Hirschman, Helen Horvath, Lovetra Langenbacher, Barbara Levenenz, Betty Jean Loerke, Louise McCraw, Barbara Park, Celeste Salvo, Sarita Sherman and Gail Willbrand.

Beta Pi Theta, national honorary French fraternity initiated members at its first meeting of the year on November 6th.

The new members are: Yvonne Corlton, Jo Hulson, Margery Kinkade, Betty Kirk, Betty Jane La Barre, Jean Lohr, Marian Pendarvis, Suzanne Prentice, Marie Szilagyi, Mary Tillman, Patricia Tuttle, Babs Wexner, Dorothy Wood, Earle Dean Bass.

The officers of Beta Pi Theta are: President, Betty Kilbury; vice-president, Marjorie Allen; secretary, Marie Szilagyi; treasurer, Dorothy Wood.

The fraternity is planning for its program of the year, a study of French customs.

Pi Alpha Delta, honorary classical fraternity, entertained all students taking work in the classical department on Friday, Nov. 10, 1944.

The conditions of membership were explained and there were refreshments and music.

The officers for this year are: President, Virginia Blattner; vice-president, Mary Swilley; and treasurer, Mary Reeves.

The number of our flag on the golf course was all too popular the day of the Commercial Club's scavenger hunt. After dashing madly from the golf course to the gates and all around, the members finally calmed down long enough to enjoy a picnic supper in Butler gymnasium. Five doughnuts were given to the five winners of the scavenger hunt. They were: Dorothy Gnaegy, Gwen Macv, Helen Thompson, Jane Griffith, and Genee Head.

The Baptist Sunday School Class met Sunday, November 12, in the Y. W. C. A. Parlors in Sibley Hall. The officers of the Baptist Student Union for 1944-1945 are: President, Harriet Hudson; 1st vice-president, Marian Clark (membership); 2nd vice-president, Jacqueline Whitford (Social); third vice-president, Joan Settle (Devotional); Secretary, Joanne Garvin; and treasurer, Anne Hardin.

The University association at Louisiana State University has begun a tutoring project to help one another in their studies.

Dr. Nathan Marsh Pusey, former professor of classics at Wesleyan University, Conn., was recently formally inaugurated as 11th president of Lawrence college.

Christian Association Sponsors the Annual Thanksgiving Offering

During November all of us have been busy with varied Thanksgiving plans in the making. However, this has been no time for us to forget the less fortunate people, who have been doing without, in order to meet their meager existence.

When we think of that meal off campus, full of extra rich calories or those added cokes that put on the added pounds; or those packs of cigarettes that we consumed too hurriedly—we realize that those small sacrifices could have been made, in order that a sizeable Thanksgiving offering could have been given to the underprivileged children of the Markham Memorial Settlement House in St. Louis.

This institution is located in the midst of the most unpleasant living areas in St. Louis. Not only do the underprivileged children benefit by this offering, but the children of other nations also.

This year the emphasis has been placed on the student body to do without its waste, so that others might gain. From this small personal privation, it may enable some child to have a new sweater, tasty food, or an attractive toy for Christmas.

Final arrangements for the collections were made by the Christian Association were announced in the Student Meeting. The goal has been set. Lets make sure that Lindenwood reaches the prescribed goal by giving all that we possibly can. It's never too late to contribute, so that we might gain a personal satisfaction from the sharing at Thanksgiving time.

Too! Oompah!—The German Band Is Here

If you suddenly hear the strains of "Auch du Lieber Augustine" floating over the campus, you can be certain it is the German band rehearsing for its first public appearance. This band has been organized for the first time at Lindenwood by Fletcher MacMurray. It will be used for special numbers between halves at games to add pep to the crowd, for special assemblies, at Kiwanis meetings, etc.

An enthusiastic group of five girls make up the band: June Beard plays first clarinet; June Schatzman, second clarinet; Audrey Romann, bassoon which is used for the base; Ann Treadway, baritone; and Betty Stevens, trumpet. They play German folk and dance tunes especially arranged for five instruments. Their distinctive type of music features many tunes having their origin in Germany: "Vier Hier," "Lore Lii" and other similar ones which have a humorous turn. These originated as German game tunes just as our "London Bridge is Falling Down" in this country. Mr. MacMurray is hoping to get costumes for the members to suggest German folk dresses.

It will be of interest to music students to know that participation in small ensembles as well as all types of public appearances count points towards a music award which will be given at the end of the year.

Represents Lindenwood At Home Economics Meeting

Montelle Moore represented the Lindenwood Home Economics Club at the National Convention of the American Home Economics Association held in Chicago in June. Miss Moore was asked to model a bridesmaid's dress in the fashion show.

Montelle, President of the Junior Class, comes from Mexico. Mo. She is a major in Home Economics.

HALL OF FAME



Here she is. This week's bid for the Hall of Fame. She's Omaha, Neb's, pride and joy—Dorothy Heimrod. She's that prominent figure on campus, who has a host of friends wherever she goes. Living in Senior Hall this year, finds her making her headquarters at the tea house, or Dr. Dawson's study. (She is the assistant in that department.) You might ask her about a steak sometime, too.

The laugh Heimrod possesses is worth a million dollars and possibly can't be equalled on campus. She has that L. C. spirt in fact, so perfect, that many friends themselves wanting to be as active as she is among the college life.

Last spring, Heimrod attended the International Relations Club Conference at Fremont, Neb. She represented the Lindenwood Club, of which she was the president.

This fall you found her on duty welcoming the new and old faces, as the Y. W. C. A. "big sister" chairman. Her cheery smile made many a girl feel at home in the new atmosphere.

Other activities have been the Y. W. C. A. Council, Press Club, Advertising manager of the Linden Leaves, vice-president of the Commercial Club, stage manager of various plays, treasurer of the Tringale Club, and Spanish Club member.

So, here's to Sister Heimrod, she's a darn fine girl.

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CHIT CHAT ON FASHIONS

By Babs Wexner

Here I am again giving you a buzz (or am I) on ole Bell Bark. With your mink out of moth balls and the moths in your mink—it seems all too wonderful that fall has finally fell.

You'll die when you hear this—Jo Settle, Jo Wetbler, Peggy Brazo, Danny Priest, and other campus cuties have dyed already. Yes, if you were to ask them where they got the new sparkle to their hair, they'd probably blame it on the sun—but my doubts are cast.

I always thought elves and pink elephants on the wall were only an imagination of the mind, but Ginny Gilreath has me all confuse' and amuse' with her soft-soled, suede, elf-like shoes. See what I mean? Confusin'—but comfy! Is that right, Ginny?

Phyllis Maxwell, P. A. Love, B. J. Loerke, and Jo Emons have been setting the vogue for campus attire by wearing their sweaters tucked inside their skirts and a sport belt at their waist. It looks real neat, gals.

If your legs get cold these November days, take a look at Judy Frinrock and your problem will be solved. Judy looks might keen and warm in her long socks which always seem to match her sweaters. Oh, to be able to knit.

Our "Tom Sawyer's" on campus, Bugs Rouse, Pat Polling and Eddie Peart have started a new fad of wearing Little Boy Hats. If you feel like turning masculine get one—they look mighty sharp on Bugs, Pat and Eddie!

To get on the serious side for a minute—let's all be thankful for Thanksgiving this year, for the headlines, for the advancements on all fronts and your navy or army wings you wear so proudly. These are your assurance that Bill, Herb, or Bob will be home soon.

Let's also be thankful for the fact that Lindy Lindenwood still considers her campus outfit very important and not fall down in this as Wendy Wellesley did. Bye now with fashions of thanks. —BABS.

TREES—PRO and CON

Jan Struther, author of "Mrs. Miniver," really started something when the Saturday Review of Literature printed her parody on Joyce Kilmer's poem about trees. This is what she said:

"I'll never see, where'er I roam A tree as lovely as a poem. A tree is just a thing that grewed But only man can make an ode."

Quite properly Betty Smith, author of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn", replied in kind:

"I'd rather say I hated fleas Than be like youse what runs down trees."

Where'd I be, I'd like to know If o'er in Brooklyn no tree did go!"

Also quite properly Phyllis Maxwell, of Lindenwood College, author of..... replies in kind:

Trees are nice and strong and tall Lovely in spring, lovely in fall. But my dear, here's the rub, What's the matter with the shrub?

Freshmen Girls Host To Scott Field Army Men

One hundred freshman girls entertained at an informal dance in Butler gym on November 4. Their guests were men stationed at Scott Field, Illinois. The dance was also open to other students with dates.

The music was furnished by Dick Radford's band from 9 to 12 p. m. Punch was served in the lounge during intermission.

Window at Coe College Is Dedicated to Lindenwood's President

A stained glass window was dedicated to Dr. Harry Moorehouse Gage, at Coe College's homecoming vespers November 12, in the Sinclair Memorial Chapel on Coe College campus. Dr. Gage was president of Coe from 1930 to 1941. The window was a gift of the class of '39 in appreciation of Dr. Gage's many years of service to the college. The president and Mrs. Gage were present for the dedication exercises.

Dr. Gage left for Emporia, Kan. November 19 to make a survey of the College of Emporia with Dean Roberts of Princeton. He will return to the campus Thanksgiving morning.

Dr. Gage is chairman of the examining Committee for all colleges affiliated by the Presbyterian Church to determine the institutions with prospects of life and growth, with which the church should cooperate.

Senior Class Plans Christmas Dance

The Senior Class has invited Scott Field men to their formal dance and buffet supper to be held in Butler gymnasium, Saturday, December 9. Dick Rayburn will play for the dance from 8 to 11 P. M. and then they will go to the Library Club rooms for the buffet supper.

Some Junior girls will serve at the club rooms. The Seniors plan to carry out one motive for both events which will probably center around the Christmas spirit.

WHO'S WHO

(Continued from page 1)

List 1943-44.

A product of Kellogg, Iowa, Ginny Gilreath is an active member of the Athletic Association; secretary of International Relations Club; Residence Council; was Student Council Representative her Sophomore and Junior years; is president of Y.W.C.A. and served on the Y.W.C.A. Council; Future Teachers of America; Linden Leaves Staff; Student Counselor; Red Cross; and received a certificate in Elementary Education in 1943.

Barbara Wertz, better known as Buzz, comes from Evansville, Indiana and is a member of El Circulo Espanol; Tau Sigma; Alpha Sigma Tau; treasurer of Sigma Tau Delta; Triangle Club; President of Indiana Club; Encore Club; Press Club; Linden Leaves; Student Counselor; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Senior Class President; A. A. winner of the Sigma Iota Chi Scholarship in 1944; and on the Dean's List 1943-44.

Jackie Schwab of Oklahoma City, Okla. belongs to the Home Economics Club; Oklahoma Club; International Relations Club; Sociology Club; Future Teachers of America; Red Cross; was attendant to the May Queen her Freshman and Sophomore years; a member of the Hallowe'en Court; Maid of Honor in the Popularity Court; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet; Student Counselor; vice-president of the Missouri Home Economics Association; received a certificate in Home Economics in 1943; received honorable mention for Elementary Costume Design in 1943; and last, but by no means least, is president of the student body.

Carol Landberg comes from Ft. Knox, Ky. and is a member of Alpha Sigma Tau of which she was secretary-treasurer; was president of the Army Brats; secretary of Y.W.C.A.; secretary-treasurer of International Relations Club; treasurer of the Athletic Association; Editor-in-Chief of the Linden Leaves; member of Sigma Tau Delta; Major Terrapin; Press Club; Der Deutsche Verein; Triangle Club; Red Cross; Student Counselor; "Hall of Fame" in the Linden Bark; and on the Dean's List 1943-44.