

Fill Those
Half-Filled
Stamp Books!

LINDEN BARK

Hail To The
Freshman
Queen!

Vol. 23—No. 2

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 2, 1943

\$1.00 A Year

Miss Betty Shook Is Hallowe'en Queen

Founders Day Address Presented By Dr. Gregg of English Department

Tribute was paid to Lindenwood's founders, George and Mary Easton Sibley, and Samuel S. Watson, and to two men, father and son, who gave 66 years of continuous service to the school, Dr. John Henry Stumberg and Dr. Bernard K. Stumberg, in the annual Founder's Day address given by Dr. Kate L. Gregg of the English department in Roemer Auditorium last Thursday.

The first era of Lindenwood came to a close in 1877 when Samuel S. Watson, last of the "original three" died, Dr. Gregg said. Mr. Watson, a resident of St. Charles, served as local representative on the board and contributed substantially to the financial support of the school. Before his death, Mr. Watson suggested Dr. John Henry Stumberg, another St. Charles resident, be chosen to take his place.

Dr. J. H. Stumberg became the bridge between the Lindenwood of the founders and the New Lindenwood, Dr. Gregg continued. He supervised the tearing down of old buildings and the erection of new ones, including the two new wings on Sibley Hall; he looked after the Watson farm—at that time the college's chief means of endowment. His last recorded act for the college, in 1903, was the renting of Mary Easton Sibley's cottage, before his death in June.

In October of the same year, his son, Dr. B. K. Stumberg, took his place on the board. A well educated physician and surgeon, Dr. Stumberg was proudest of the fact that in 1918 he brought the college through the influenza epidemic without the loss of a single girl.

Under the watchful eye of this local board member, one and a half million dollars worth of buildings and ground improvements were brought about, including the building of Butler Hall, 1914; Nicolls Hall, 1916; Roemer Auditorium, 1921; Irwin Hall, 1924; the Library, 1930; the president's home, 1941;

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Little Theatre Will Present Their First Play Thanksgiving

Lindenwood's Little Theater will present its first play of the season, "You Can't Take It With You," on Thanksgiving day, it is announced by Miss Mary Gordon, head of the Speech and Dramatics department.

Tryouts for the play were held October 26 and 27 in Roemer Hall. Miss Gordon conducted the tryouts and reported that there was an unusually large number of tryouts.

"You Can't Take It With You" was first presented on Broadway, where it was a hit, and later made into a movie.

LINDENWOOD'S TRIO OF TWOSOMES



Here are the three sets of twins who are bewildering Lindenwood students and faculty this year. From the left: Ruth and Ruby Walker, Elizabeth Jean and Joan Davis, and Lillie and Lilla Latham.

Saturday Classes Begin at L. C. November 13

At the request of the railroads, the dates of Christmas vacation have been changed. The new dates are from noon Wednesday, December 15 to 11 a. m. Thursday, January 13. After taking all factors into consideration it has been decided that Saturday classes will be held to make up for work lost through the extended vacation.

Classes will be held all day on the following Saturdays:

November 13—Monday classes.
November 20—Tuesday classes.
November 27—Wednesday classes.
January 15—Thursday classes.
January 22—Friday classes.

The days to be made up are indicated above opposite the date.

The semester will be extended one week. Final examinations begin on January 31 instead of January 24, the new semester beginning on February 7. College will be closed at the scheduled time in the spring, the extra week being made up by the accelerated program the last semester.

Mrs. Sibley's Ghost Commends L. C. Girls For Aids In Defense

By Mary Ann Nesbitt
and
Carolyn Trimble

Mrs. Sibley again kept her midnight date with Lindenwood. She stepped from her grave under the Linden trees and started her eerie walk toward her chapel. Every fire escape was lined with pajama-clad girls who were waiting to greet the ghost with shrieks and wide open eyes.

When Mrs. Sibley began playing the girls listened silently. Two trembling Linden Bark reporters slipped in the last seats of the last row of Sibley chapel as the organ swelled to the bars of "Rock Of

Y. W. Style Show Gives Pre-View of Campus Fashions

The 13 candidates for Hallowe'en queen presented a style show in Roemer Auditorium last Tuesday evening. The entire student body gave ohs and ahs of approval as the newly-turned professional models walked across the stage. Each girl modeled a sports outfit, an afternoon dress, and an evening gown.

Looking typically collegiate were Betty Fox in a yellow sweater and a matching box-pleated skirt; Jeanne Clark who wore a beige tweed suit with a light blue angora sweater and matching angora socks; Katherine Moore modeling a red sweater over a red, white, and blue plaid skirt; Ruth Stevenson wearing a rust sweater and a brown skirt.

Charming afternoon dresses were worn by all the models. Emily Berry modeled a black crepe dress with black accessories. Betty Shook wore a white wool dress with a V-necked scalloped neckline. She also wore a muskrat coat over her shoulders.

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Sally Mitchell and Marie Szilagyi Are Maids of Honor

As the Warsaw Concerto softly played, the master of ceremonies announced, "And now we present your Hallowe'en Queen, Miss Betty Shook." Betty, lovely in a white lace dinner dress and carrying an arm bouquet of yellow mums, was greeted with riotous applause. Awaiting her at the throne were Sally Mitchell, first maid of honor, dressed in ice blue satin trimmed in rhinestones; and Marie Szilagyi, second maid of honor, in white tulle trimmed in lace and gold. With these two were the Queen's ladies in waiting, Misses Betty Fox, Emily Berry, Jonelle Sample Jean Clark, Kathrine Moore, Patsy Sharick, Jane Patterson, Imogene Leach, Ruth Stevenson, and Ann Hobbs. Betty was received by her first maid of honor who completed the ceremony by crowning her Queen of the Hallowe'en Court.

Immediately following the crowning, the grand march, lead by Dr. and Mrs. Gage, Dr. Terhune, and Janet Shaffer, passed by to pay homage to the Queen and her court.

The season's theme was effectively carried out in transforming the gymnasium into a gala Hallowe'en setting. Bales of hay were topped with devilishly smiling jack-o-lanterns. The spirit of the night was carried through in the costumes. One met every conceivable creature from a Lieutenant (J.G.), and his lady, to "The Gruesome Twosome" ghosts to you.

The awarding of prizes, defense stamps, for the most original costumes was the high light in entertainment during the dancing. The prize for the best group was given to the group of upperclassmen of Irwin who presented a mock Hallowe'en court. Gayle Armstrong, as master of ceremonies, did the honors. First in this memorable procession came the torch bearers, sweet and innocent in pig tails and nighties. And then, and then, came those raving beauties, those slinky creatures one dreams about—when one has a nightmare. When all the ladies in waiting were assembled, there was a profound silence, breath-

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First Radio Broadcast To Be Given Nov. 6

The first radio broadcast this year will be presented by students of the Speech department, on Saturday, November 6, it is announced by Prof. John Stine, instructor in Speech and Dramatics.

The sketch, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," will be heard over KFUE at 11:30 a. m. The cast is incomplete.

At our questions about this Hallowe'en night Mrs. Sibley remarked that the girls had given her a prop-
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LINDEN BARK

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Tuesday, November 2, 1943

What Do You Think?

One of the pertinent questions on every college campus this year is the proposal that the voting age be lowered to 18. This subject was first raised when the government lowered the draft age to 18. Not only should the young men who are vitally concerned be aware of this question and able to talk intelligently on it, but also the young women such as are represented on this campus. These women are the ones who, in a few years, are going to have a mighty voice in the running of our country; for with the conclusion of this war women are going to be more important in political affairs than at any previous time in our history.

If the government today considers our young men and women mature enough at this age to carry on our democratic principles by giving their lives, why should they not consider them mature enough to uphold these same democratic principles by voting?

Lindenwood women, wake up! We are not in a little world of our own, completely shut off from the rest of the world. We must begin to think about these highly important questions upon which our lives are so completely dependent.

What do you think?

Indian Summer

We have never seen any advantage to our third-floor room (unless climbing stairs is considered good exercise) until we looked out the window. Before us is fall landscape—a picture framed by limp window curtains. The clean brilliance of a fall afternoon etches sharp outlines—the beige stubble of a field complements the goldness of an oak tree which throws ribbon shadows across the tennis courts. That gold tree, haughty in its beauty, overshadows the trees with warm brown leaves. Those golden leaves, shimmering when the wind blows, catch and hold attention. It is the subject of our picture.

Far away, across the fat mounds of stacked corn stalks, the green of distant trees meet the brightness of the fall sky to form the background. This landscape must have been painted by a master Titian for a splash of red moves back and forth across the scene. Two squads of girls are playing hockey, and one girl wears a scarlet sweater. The players shout to the girls fireceely concentrating on making their horses stay together in "threes." Everyone is charged with sunshine and the energy of a fall breeze.

Suddenly the sun dips behind a cloud, and my picture is drab. The gold tree is too bright against the sensible winter browns and grays. The brilliance, the crispness, and the shimmer went with the sun.

Perhaps it is a warning that winter will steal the Indian summer only too soon—a suggestion that we admire this beauty while we can.

Keep Fit For Victory

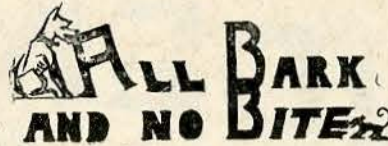
Early to bed, early to rise, makes a woman healthy, wealthy, and wise—if she doesn't take too much physical fitness.

But that's no slam on the physical education department. It's just that Lindenwood girls in their endeavor to get "fit" for the war effort have overdone the good thing. We found muscles we didn't know existed; we had to be pried out of bed on Wednesday and Friday mornings after the Tuesday-Thursday sessions. Those mental pictures of trim conditioned bodies and rippling muscles took a back seat to the extremely realistic physical aches. (You simply can't talk yourself out of a dull ache that penetrates every muscle you possess.) For three weeks we viewed "conditioning" as a form of torture devised to wreck the mind, body, and morale of the college girl.

But just like the first hundred years are the hardest, the first three weeks were our "bugaboos." Now we run about the hockey field with square shoulders, high heads, and a long easy stride. Well, some of them anyway. Then there's a fine spirit of competition—who can do the most deep knee bends without falling on their prespiring noses. Yup, it's great fun—particularly if you have a strong back.

We really do have fun, though, and our enormous class might make room for a couple of new recruits. After you see how "fit" we are, you'll be signing up for second semester.

Loosen up your purse strings and tighten the strings around the Axis. Buy War Bonds and Stamps!



By Emmy Gumm

When I read John McCutchen's editorial on Indian Summer I thought (as any modern, intelligent person would) that all that stuff about the falling leaves carrying Indian Spirits on their backs was a lot of tomfoolery, so imagine the jolt I got when one of those dern dusty yellow Runcinate laminas landed on my shoulder and started Ugh-ing softly in my unsuspecting ear. Overcoming the desire to screech and run like blazes, I called on all the training of self control I've ever had along the way, and merely raised an eyebrow weakly and said in the firmest voice possible under the circumstances, "W-wha-what are you doing on my shoulder, yo-you apparition of the American aborigines?"

"Just looking," it said, settling itself in a more comfortable position on my fuzzy-sweatered arm.

"Oh, and do you see anything?" I sneered weakly.

"Yep, sure do. See lots . . . I get around," it said, nodding droopy feathers under my nose.

"How interesting," I said, hoping they wouldn't think I was absolutely inhibited (and wondering if I might be at that) when I told them about this in the Cupboard . . . that was, if my feeble legs ever got me that far.

"If you'd stop shaking I might tell you some of the dirt I've heard around here," it said.

"I'm really not interested," I encouraged, clamping my quaking knees together. And who's shaking?"

"Well, maybe you wouldn't exactly call it dirt," it said.

I could see that my companion wasn't going to be snubbed so I started on my way to class with him clinging to my sweater. Needless to say I bounced along as much as possible without being too obvious . . .

"Lay that pistol down, Babe, dada dee dum-dum," it schreeched.

"Really, must you sing that song?" I asked.

"Hmm, thought all you gals liked it." Pistol packin' Mama, lay that . . . Well, come to think of it I guess I ain't no Frank Sinatra, at that," it laughed, tickled to death with itself.

"No, you certainly aren't. And you don't act like any Indian spirit I've ever heard of," I said, deciding there just wasn't any point in trying to ignore him, he just wouldn't ignore.

"To tell the truth, I bet you ain't heard of enough of us fellows to really know how we act." It thought this was a scream. I thought so too, especially when it curled up its edges and held its sides from laughter. "I'm really on the beam today," it said, and I know if it could have possibly reached them without falling, it would have nudged me in the ribs and gone "tch-tch."

"Well Really," I said. This was getting to be too much.

"Oh, I get around. I know a few things. Guess I saw IBBIE FRANKE and that long-lean-lad she brought back with her from her weekend at Purdue. Guess I saw the campus "widower" come calling Sunday. Almost missed him this year for the first time in nigh on six years, too." It paused for a moment of reflection, or what ever spirits pause for.

"If you see so much, what did you think of the serenade Irwin gave Founder's Day?" I said.

"Pretty good voices in the bunch. I liked the candles, too. And Sunday I saw a whole gang of people goin' in to their tea. Tried my derndest to get in, too, but they kept brushin' me off their collars. Got a peep in

From The Office Of The Dean

To the Student Body of Lindenwood College:

This week completes the first marking period and students should feel free to go to their teachers and find out the grades which they made this period. Instructors will be glad to assist students with low marks.

There will be another marking period before Christmas. Reports from instructors indicate that students are working well and that even if the grades of some were low this marking period because of adjustments, it is hoped that they will have a satisfactory record before leaving for the Christmas holidays.

—Dr. Alice E. Gipson
Academic Dean.

the window, anyway. Lots of good looking things around . . . candy, tea, pumpkins, fall clothes, legs . . . just lots of good looking things." And if I had never heard a voice leer I did then . . . it simply smirked.

"OK," I said. "I give up: What else do you know? But please make it snappy. I haven't much time and PLEASE stop jumping around. People are beginning to stare.

"Thought you'd be interested. Anyway, CHARLOTTE HARE and MARIELLA JIRKA went home for a gay weekend with their families, and then there was the senior dance at the Jefferson that went over with such a bang," it said.

"And I suppose you were at the senior dance and saw it all?" I was beyond subtle stage and decided sarcasm was the only way.

"Nope, but I hear things, I get around," it said.

"So you've mentioned before," I muttered.

"And BOBBIE BURNETT acquired a shiny pair of Navigators wings . . . poor Jim . . . sometimes I wonder about these females," it shook sadly. "And CARRY LEE LANEY was happy for awhile when Captain V. ROLLIN almost came to see her on his way up from Florida to Nebraska. Too bad he couldn't make it. While we're on the subject, FRANNY LEWIS is really doing alright. Her man at Scott Field sends her a letter every day by special messenger or else calls her long distance. Hmmm, sometimes I wonder about these males, too."

"Know anything else?" I didn't want to rush things, but I was almost at Roemer.

"Well, there are the two "Sampsons of Irwin" who are always beating up on their undersized suitemate . . . it's a sad case. One of 'em calls the other her "fat facer" roommate, and the other one is always slamming the other's beautiful flowered chest that takes up most of the floor space in the room. They're two wild women, that ADELE and JOAN. Which reminds me, for just about the best looking room on the campus I'd cast a vote for COLEEN RANKIN and JO LEA HORTON. It's all bright green and white and I've tried and tried to get in through the screen for a little visit but no luck so far." I could feel it peering at me hopefully, but I wasn't in a helpful mood so I just ignored it.

"Do you speak French?" it asked. "No," I said, wishing it would dry up and blow away.

"Neither do WHITTEN and TANNER. Since they've met those two French fliers they've become well versed in the art of pantomime," it said.

"You're pretty well versed yourself," I said. "Where did you pick up that amazing vocabulary . . .

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THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

AND WHY NOT STRAIGHT HAIR?

By Mary Celeste Hirsch

I like my hair, not just because it is mine but because it is pretty. Really it is. It is long, glossy, and alive, but it does not curl. Therefore, I am the only person who thinks it is worth the hair pins that I roll it up on at night. All of my friends have curly hair, not just slightly circling outgrowths of the epidermis, but locks that rival the waving tresses of a heroine, or a hero, in a novel. They treat me with the same patronizing, sympathetic kindness that is extended to a blind man selling brooms. When someone new enters our "crowd" one of my old comrades feels compelled to veil my affliction by telling how clever I am when it comes to designing hats, making swan dives, or chasing the neighbor's dogs.

I am, however, fond of these people who merely look upon my disgrace with pity; my enemies are those who feel nature could be improved on. People usually despise individuals who embarrass them. Hence, because it mortifies me to have my straight hair discussed, I loathe those human beings who insist on mentioning it. I avoid hairdressers and all other members of that species known as beautifiers as though they were a three-day accumulation of dirty dishes that needed washing. Dodging these creatures is not as simple as one might think. Many crusaders for curly hair work on the same principle as a plain clothes detective. Once I read an article about one of those crime eradicators who joined a "gang" of criminals so that he could expose them. To show how a member of the anti-straight hair group uses these methods, I will give an example: One day I called upon an old acquaintance of mine—a girl who had always had the good taste to refrain from mentioning my misfortune. Just as we had almost decided that Sue would not be such a "horrible mess" if she would wear a different shade of lipstick, my ally's mother walked in. She sat down and picked up a magazine, but instead of opening it, she just stared at me. She leaned forward; there was an interested gleam of anticipation in her eye. I knew what was coming even before she said, "You know, your hair isn't really straight. You have just tried to make it curl against the natural wave, instead of with it." She "raved on" for hours telling how to make my hair whirl into cork-screw ringlets by massaging the scalp in a south-by-east direction, by combing it with circular strokes, and by brushing it for an hour daily in the morning sun. I finally escaped by promising to return soon and let her wash and set my poor, too-much-discussed locks with her very own hands. From that day until this I have never so much as walked past that house.

Why am I subjected to all of this embarrassing criticism? It is really quite simple to explain—people with curly hair have more organization than people with straight hair. Once upon a time, long before the prince had awakened Sleeping Beauty with a kiss and Jack and Jill had walked up the hill, the Our-Hair-is-Not-Straight-Like-Every-one-Else's Club held a great convention. These members of humanity were outcasts of society because their hair insisted on kinking when other people's obeyed the axiom about the straightest distance be-

tween two points. They realized that this disturbing situation had to be remedied. First they decided to find a way to straighten their locks. They tried twelve thousand, four hundred and three different methods in an attempt to do so, but all involved much labor and expense; also the straightness disappeared at the first sign of rain. At last they abandoned this effort. In desperation they decided that if they could not eliminate the cylindrical tendencies of their hair, they would capitalize on it. A great advertising campaign (it is still being carried on today) was launched for curly hair. Certain members of the club were told to write books in which emphasis was placed on the heroine's wavy tresses, with equal stress on the scrub-woman's straight hair; others were to write sonnets to a ringlet that perched over some lady's little ear; others were to undertake the project of curling the hair of non-club members; and still others were to mingle with people whose hair showed no tendency to bend, and spread propaganda about the virtues of waving locks. This plan succeeded so well that the positions of people with straight and curly hair were reversed. Now it seems that we possessors of straight locks must, until the end of time, apologize for what people with curling tresses have convinced us is our bad fortune. We never ask—except in timid whispers—"... and why not straight hair?"

THE STEW

By Caroline Levy

America may be the melting pot of the world, but New York is the stew. In this mixture we find Tony Mangeri, the ice man; Jacob Greenstein, the delicatessen man; Maria Schmidt, the candy maker; and Thomas Vandersnort, the big banker. And no place, not even New York, can exist without Dinty McNulty the policeman.

In appearance, Officer McNulty is quite outstanding. This is due to his daily consumption of the vitamin B beverage—beer. His hair is sandy colored, his eyes blue, and his nose a delicate pink—due to the wind of course. To continue the description of Mr. McNulty, it is best to say his physique resembles a miniature Coney Island roller coaster—a slow, but sure incline from the feet to the head and then a sudden drop downward.

In character, Officer McNulty (as he is sometimes called) has a heart of gold along with other amiable qualities. The gold previously mentioned, however, does not carry over to the collection plate on Sunday, but usually, on such occasions turns to nickel. This nickel coating, on the other hand, may turn to a precious platinum one.

Then, too, Mr. McNulty has a very broad streak of bravery. This trait may be seen in a little incident that occurred last winter. Tony Mangeri was trudging home, dog tired after a hard day's work at the ice plant, when two gunmen pounced upon him and took his week's wages. As soon as he dared, he screamed for help and good "Old Dinty" came to the rescue. He practically burned up the soles of his shoes, as he raced over the ice-covered sidewalk. When he finally caught up with them, a gun battle began. Three shots were fired. On the ground lay two dead escaped convicts and a seriously wounded Dinty McNulty. This encounter did not stop our "Irish potato" long; before we knew it, he was back in the thick of the stew.

WHY DO SUCH THINGS HAPPEN IN A CIVILIZED WORLD?

By Caroline Levy

I sat tensely waiting for the adventures of June Mickey. Every day for the last two years, I've sat before the loud speaker waiting to hear "... and now Cock's Onion Juice Company presents the further adventures of June Mickey. June was a lovable girl. Life, however, had treated her cruelly when it snatched her husband from her. She never knew what happened to John Mickey. It was believed that he was drowned when the freighter *Maybelle* was torpedoed. Some of the survivors from this disaster had been found on a deserted island. Among these poor souls was an amnesia victim. The remains of the crew were returned to the States, and after much care, all were restored to health. June, during the year's separation from her husband, had befriended Tom Reynolds. He was a grand chap and was very much in love with June. Tom at last won our heroine's affection and the day for their marriage is on hand, as Chapter Sixty in the second series is about to begin.

"And now ladies and gentlemen, Cock's Onion Juice Company presents the next chapter in the true life story of June Mickey. Remember, if you like this program, you can let us know by using Cock's Onion Juice. It's the only product of its kind in that it does not leave any objectionable breath."

The story unfolds. Everyone is assembled in the lily-decked chapel. The altar is covered with proud flowers, satin ribbons, and palms. Candles burn, throwing their rays upon the couple kneeling before the minister. The minister reads the ceremony and the bride and groom listen closely. The sobs of the emotional ladies of the congregation mingle with the distant thunder. There is a strange atmosphere of impending disaster. Tom and June rise. The minister extends the ring toward the bride-groom and says, "If there is anyone who knows any reason why this couple should not be joined in holy matrimony, let him speak."

There is a loud clap of thunder. From the rear of the chapel a voice rings.

"I must speak. June, . . ."
From the doorway steps a tall figure. A suntanned young man moves toward the altar. There is another crash of thunder and then . . .

"If you want to know who this mysterious stranger is and what effect his stopping the wedding will have on June Mickey, be sure to listen to tomorrow's chapter. And now let me tell you about the product that makes this story possible," says the announcer.

For five minutes he tells about the advantages of Cock's Onion Juice.

Oh, such nerve! Why do advertisements have to cut off the best part of a story? Why do such things happen in a civilized world? Why?

WALKING

By Ruthe Meyer

Practical people scoff at walking. They consider it a lack of intelligence to walk aimlessly along, communing with nature and thinking of the spiritual side of life. They probably call such walkers peculiar. Their idea of a walk is traveling from one place to another on foot. Why, they ask, should a person de-

liberately waste time and energy walking with no destination in mind?

The poets, however, present another view. They take long walks worshipping nature and the divine spirit who created it. They find, in walking, relief from the pressing realities of life.

The hunters and sportsmen walk for the pleasure of walking, which makes them feel strong and healthy and important. They also find forgetfulness from the worries of their life. Is it not, they ask the scoffing people who think themselves the only sane people on earth, what we are seeking, this momentary escape? And I, who am neither sportsman nor poet, and certainly not practical, agree with the hunter.

Once I dreamed of being a famous writer. I even wrote poetry and short stories, and they had for their subjects long jaunts through the woods. I wrote of the freedom of the open road, of the peace and quiet and coolness of the pine forests, of the music of the flowing brooks. Nothing original, I admit, but it was my very life.

When I moved from the land of the pines to the flat lands of the Rio Grande Valley, I felt hemmed in. Hemmed in by a wide flat plain! No matter where I walked, it was too flat, too treeless. I longed for the feel of pine needles, the roll of a hill beneath my feet, for the shock of the cold water as I waded a brook.

To me, walking is the breath of life. The scenery is not all there is to walking, but it helps me in my thoughts as I walk briskly along, as I tarry by a wild peach tree in all its splendor, as I drink from a merry brook, or as I stop to talk to a small negro boy who gives me a bashful, toothless grin.

While walking to school, I emerge from distant worlds and wonder if I shall be late but in a moment I am lost again in dreams. Dreams are very dear to men. I realize more, as I did not when I was younger, that most of my dreams will never come true. But nevertheless, I refuse to let them tumble in ruins about my feet. A great man once said, and most people have found it to be true, that the reality is seldom as sweet as dreams.

I keep my dreams securely locked in my mind, planning to bring them forth the next time I feel the earth move beneath my impatient feet.

Give the poet his poems, the hunter his guns, the sportsman his sports, the lover his loved one, but give me the earth and two willing feet to roam it.

DIRT

By Betty Ann Rouse

I thoroughly enjoyed being filthy dirty! Did I see you cringe at that statement? Never mind. I do not feel badly about it, for you are merely conforming to society. I, too, would have been shocked if I had not been given the talent of being perpetually dirty. But you see, uncleanness is a definite art which can be developed to a high degree or left in the primitive stage. I was lucky! From birth until now, I have never found it difficult to be in that pleasant condition.

There are various types and ways of satisfying a love for dirt, depending mainly upon the age of the person in question. Perhaps I can illustrate this better to you by using myself as an example. During infancy I crawled on the floor. This action would displease my mother to

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Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

DIRT

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the point of hysterics. I would gurgle contentedly and stick my beloved black thumb into my mouth. At the age of two I fulfilled my love of dirt in a more mature manner. I was constantly on the look-out for a dirt pile. Then I would stand at the exact proper distance from it, count three and start running. When I came to within two feet of that pile, I would take a leap through the air and come down head first to be covered by that damp, crumbly substance. Then I would walk home to be scolded, at the same time laughing joyously as the hunks of dirt fell from my hair to the sidewalk. In no time at all, I was five, and discovered the benefits of chocolate ice cream cones. My friends managed to look rather dirty by just trying to eat the delicious ice cream in the accepted way. But I could not be outdone. First I would smash the cone against my face, and when I was certain that my whole face was completely covered, I would grin happily and watch the melted ice cream trickle down my dress. During the tom-boy stage, it was very easy to reach the high point of perfection in dirtiness, for the trees, dogs, vacant lots, attics, and the whole world in general seemed to be helping me—everything, in fact, except my parents. They were a nuisance and irritated me greatly, for they seemed to think it necessary to wash before every meal. It became a routine for me to be sent away from the table to wash since I would never think of doing it of my own free will. I would have been a disgrace to myself and to my gang, if I had. I was always careful not to wash any higher up than my hands, so that the high-water mark would show at my wrists. Also at this age of life came the realization of the uselessness of baths. Nothing could be more pointless than sitting, yes, just sitting in a pool of water, and that is exactly what I did, when I took a bath. I sat! The only movement during my bathing would be the movement to get out!

Now that I have left the adolescent stage, I fully agree with conventions. Dirt is intolerable! Still I must admit that I was rather fond of it as a child. What is that? Do I still have any temptations to get dirty? Really, my dear, I can assure you you outgrow that impulse. It is really most repulsive and ————Oh, look! A truck load of dirt passing right below this window! One . . . two . . . three . . . CRASH!

THE BARGAIN

By Virginia Lee Fly

November 21, 1940

Dear Mother,

Do you remember my writing you that I might room with Pat? That was about a month ago, wasn't it? The plan was formed rather suddenly. One night Pat was sprawling across my bed, and we were relaxing a bit after dinner. Suddenly she sat up on the edge of the bed.

"Let's room together, Jane. Franny is going to move in with Marian in a month or so—as soon as Marian's roommate gets a single."

Of course I didn't stop to think at all and said "Okay" just as lightly as if I were answering an invitation to walk over to the Tea Room. The sensible thing would have been

to tell her that I'd think it over. But I never do the sensible thing.

Pat and I had had so much fun together, and we had worked together so much that it seemed to be an ideal situation. We began planning how we could arrange the room and discussing the color scheme. Pat would come in, plop herself on the bed, and twist her hair as she talked about drapes, rugs, spreads, and many other things which would make a room especially attractive. Her eyes are naturally very expressive; and, as she talked, they would shine until the shine became contagious. I was as enthusiastic as she. Every day I tried to think of something else which we might use on our room, and at night we'd turn on the dim lamp and try to think of a place for everything. I loved to sit tinker-fashion on the floor and try to visualize a place with gay drapes; a rich, deep red rug, blue wall paper; delicately colored spreads; a reading lamp by an easy chair; and a small bookcase with a low hassock beside it. It was a lovely dream, but now something has happened. I can't quite explain it yet, but perhaps I can tell you more another time.

Lots of love,

Jane

November 22, 1940

Dear Mother,

I think I understand why I am losing interest in rooming with Pat. Today I realized that she has some habits which irritate me. In the first place she isn't very neat about her room. She shoves books and papers into shelves as a workman shoves coal into a bin; she litters her bed with letters, hose, notebooks, purses, gloves, and any articles which haven't a place; she covers the dresser top with hair pins, powder, lipstick, mascara, kleenex, and a dozen other containers of make-up. She doesn't stop at making her own room look as bad as a messy boy's but comes into my room and makes it almost as bad. She flings her coat at a chair, her books on the foot of the bed, and herself on the pillows at the head of the bed. When she goes out, the bed looks as if the cat had been playing on it, and the rug as if the dog had chased his tail all over it. And her coat is still draped from the chair arms and seat to the floor.

In the second place she swears abominably. The least irritation will bring out a lusty "damn" or "hell's bells." I know I hear such expressions at least twenty times a day, and I don't like it a bit. And besides this, Pat is spoiled. She wants her interests to be considered first and her word to be final. I'm sick of all of it.

I wish I could just tell Pat that I think we wouldn't get along. I'd like to find someone else to room with—perhaps Dot. I don't know what to do. I'm afraid that I'll hurt Pat if I say anything; and, yet, I think it's silly for us to try to live in the same room. I need your advice.

Love,
Jane

November 23, 1940

Dear Mother,

This morning I decided that I just must tell Pat that I think we shouldn't room together. After several futile attempts to say something of what I felt, I asked her to come to my room this evening. About eight-thirty she breezed in. For the first time in weeks, she sat on a chair instead of the bed.

"Hello! Wat'cha doing?" she asked.

"I'm trying to study for tomorrow's chemistry quiz. It's going to be tough. Have you started on it yet?"

"Oh, no. I'll work during the wee hours and get up at five in the morning," she said.

I tell you, Mom, that's just like her. She doesn't study until late at night and then gets up before the roosters crow in the morning. Imagine living with someone who keeps those study hours.

Pat must have guessed what I wanted to talk to her about, because she acted as embarrassed as I felt. Finally I said, "Say, Pat, I've been wanting to talk to you about us rooming together."

"You've changed your mind, haven't you?"

"Well, yes and no. You see, Pat, I've been wondering if we'll get along. We are so different and our habits are so unlike that I'm afraid we'll clash. Would you rather room with someone else?"

"Well, I don't know, Jane. I might room with Martha. Maybe you're right. We sure aren't the Siamese twins when it comes to everyday ideas."

"That's the way I feel about it, Pat. It isn't that I dislike you. It's just that there are things in our personalities which don't go together. Do you see what I mean?"

"I get'cha. It's swell that we both caught on before it's too late."

Well, that's over, and now I can relax again. The odd part of it all is that she seemed anxious to get out of the bargain too. I wonder what she meant by "everyday ideas."

Love,

Jane

November 24, 1940

Dear Mother,

Imagine my surprise when I overheard Franny and Marian talking about me. This afternoon I was sitting in the parlor reading the paper when the girls came back from a class and sat down by the desk in the front hall. Evidently they were in the middle of a discussion, for Franny said, "Oh, Pat was just as happy as she could be when Jane told her that."

"But, why? I can't understand why Pat doesn't want to room with Jane."

"Well, Marian! You know how Jane is. Everything has to be just so-so. Her bed has to be made before she goes to class, and nothing can be out of place. She goes to bed by eleven o'clock every night. She's just too prissy."

"I didn't know that. They certainly are different, though."

I felt as if I were a culprit listening to them. Really now, Mother, am I that bad? To hear them tell it, one would get the idea that I'm just like the proverbial "old maid." Just because they're untidy, they think that everyone else should be. Well, I guess I shouldn't worry about what they think. It's just a matter of opinion anyway, and maybe I am too prissy—maybe it's a good thing that I did overhear them.

Lovingly,

Jane

THUMP TAIL VERSUS BIG EARS

By Patricia Conrad

Story Lady: Hello, boys and girls. This is your Story Lady. This morning I have a story for you about some soft, white bunnies. There are two bunnies named Thump Tail and Big Ears, and a little girl bunny named Powder Puff. You'll have to come out

here to Briar Patch with me. All the bunnies in Fluff Tail County are gathering here today. They're coming to see who can nibble the most lettuce leaves, Thump Tail, or Big Ears.

Over by the hollow of the oak tree three girl bunnies are talking. Let's listen to them. FADE. Bunny Blue: (Fade in) Oh, I'm so excited about the race!

Bunny Pink: So am I.

Bunny Blue: I think you're so lucky to be the mayor's daughter, Powder Puff!

Bunny Pink: I do too.

Bunny Blue: Just think of going to the party with the winner of the Lettuce Nibbler Contest.

Bunny Pink: And winner for the whole county.

Bunny Blue: Tell us, Powder Puff, who do you want to win the race, Big Ears, or Thump Tail?

Powder Puff: I don't think it would be very nice for me to say which rabbit I want to win the race.

Bunny Pink: Why not?

Powder Puff: Because maybe the one I want to win won't win.

Bunny Blue: What difference would that make?

Powder Puff: Well, you girl bunnies might tell that I wanted the other bunny to win. That might hurt his feelings.

Bunny Blue: But we promise not to tell, Powder Puff.

Bunny Pink: Let's don't make her tell if she doesn't want to.

Bunny Blue: No. Let's talk about Big Ears and Thump Tail instead.

Bunny Pink: Yes, let's do.

Bunny Blue: We all know Big Ears is handsome.

Powder Puff: And he has such smoothhh fur.

Bunny Pink: Big Ears wears pretty red ties, too.

Powder Puff: But Thump Tail is so sweet.

Bunny Blue: And he's very polite.

Powder Puff: Why I dropped my blue lace handkerchief the other day and what do you think?

Bunny Pink: What?

Powder Puff: Thump Tail and Big Ears both saw me drop it.

Bunny Blue: What happened?

Powder Puff: Well, Big Ears pretended he didn't see it.

Bunny Pink: He did?

Powder Puff: Yes. But Thump Tail bent way over, picked it up, and handed it back to me.

Bunny Blue: That just shows how nice he is!

Powder Puff: Do you know what I really don't like about Big Ears?

Bunny Pink: No, what?

Powder Puff: I don't like the way he talks about himself all the time.

Bunny Pink: I don't either.

Powder Puff: Why, he's always bragging about how he can swallow the biggest carrot.

Bunny Pink: Or how he can hop over the hills faster than anybody else can.

Bunny Blue: And he always brags about how he can beat Thump Tail in any race.

Bunny Pink: I don't like bunnies who brag.

Powder Puff: Neither do I! Well, girls . . . I'll tell you . . . That's why I hope . . . (whisper) . . . wins the race. (laughter).

Both Bunnies: Oh, Powder Puff, I hope so too! FADE.

Story Lady: (Fade in). There's Big Ears strutting past the ladies. He's stopped to talk to his friend Honny, now. FADE.

Big Ears: Hev, Honny, isn't that girl over there in the pink dress Powder Puff?

Honny: Where, Big Ears?

Big Ears: Over there by the hollow in the oak tree.

Interesting Prose and Verse by Student Authors

Hoppy: Ya mean the purty one?
 Big Ears: Yeah.
 Hoppy: Sue, that's Powder Puff.
 Big Ears: I think I'll go over and tell her she'll be going to the party with me tonight.
 Hoppy: But how do you know? You have to win the race first.
 Big Ears: Look Hoppy, you're kind of a dumb bunny, aren't you?
 Hoppy: Why am I a dumb bunny?
 Big Ears: If you were smart you'd know I was going to win this race.
 Hoppy: How, Big Ears?
 Big Ears: Well, I beat him in the Carrot Collecting Contest, didn't I?
 Hoppy: Yes.
 Big Ears: And last year I beat him in the Lettuce Nibbler Contest, didn't I?
 Hoppy: Yes.
 Big Ears: I'll win this year too.
 Hoppy: But how do you know?
 Big Ears: Well . . . I'll tell ya. (whisper) Anybody around?
 Hoppy: No . . . nobody around.
 Big Ears: See this pair of blue overalls I have on?
 Hoppy: Yes.
 Big Ears: Well right down by my left leg there's a special pocket. And in this pocket I keep some extra lettuce leaves.
 Hoppy: Oh . . .
 Big Ears: And I've already nibbled on them. So near the end of the race I bend over to look like I'm tying my shoe.
 Hoppy: But you're not, are you?
 Big Ears: No. I'm getting the extra leaves out.
 Hoppy: Then you drop them on the ground.
 Big Ears: Sure. And that way I have more lettuce leaves for the judges to count than Thump Tail has.
 Hoppy: Say, that's sure smart!
 Big Ears: Well, I'm a smart bunny. And I've already put pepper on Thump Tail's lettuce leaves.
 Hoppy: What for?
 Big Ears: To make him sneeze.
 Hoppy: To make his sneeze?
 Big Ears: Sure. When he sneezes he'll have to stop nibbling.
 Hoppy: Yes.
 Big Ears: Then I can get ahead of him in time to pull out my extra lettuce leaves and still win the race.
 Hoppy: But Big Ears, ya know, that's cheating!
 Big Ears: So What?
 Hoppy: You might get caught.
 Big Ears: I won't get caught. I'm too smart. FADE.
 Story Lady: (Fade in). There's Thump Tail going over under a shady tomatoe vine. I guess he's going to rest until the race begins. Let's listen to what he and his friend are saying. FADE.
 Bunny Grey: Thump Tail, look at Powder Puff over there.
 Thump Tail: Yeah, say, she's really pretty.
 Bunny Grey: Look at those big blue eyes.
 Thump Tail: Yeah, and that pink frilly dress.
 Bunny Grey: I love pink frilly dresses.
 Thump Tail: Yeah, and look, she's got a pink umbrella to match.
 Bunny Grey: And she has just about the softest fur I've ever seen.
 Thump Tail: Yeah. Ya know what?
 Bunny Grey: No, what?
 Thump Tail: I'm going to win this race!
 Bunny Grey: But Big Ears always beats you.
 Thump Tail: I know it, but he's not going to beat me this time.
 Bunny Grey: No?
 Thump Tail: No. If I go carefully, I'll beat him.

Bunny Grey: Say, I hope so.
 Thump Tail: Do you know why I want to win?
 Bunny Grey: No, why?
 Thump Tail: Because I want to take Powder Puff to the party.
 Bunny Grey: Gee, I don't blame you. She's really nice.
 Thump Tail: Yeah, and she smells real good, like . . .
 Bunny Grey: Like what?
 Thump Tail: Like fresh PINK CLOVER!
 Bunny Grey: Oh, I love fresh pink clover!
 Thump Tail: I know she smells like fresh pink clover because the other day I picked up her blue lace handkerchief.
 Bunny Grey: Ya did?
 Thump Tail: Yeah. Then she smiled at me. Geeeeeeeeee . . .
 Bunny Grey: I'll bet you're in love with Powder Puff.
 Thump Tail: Ya know . . . I think so too!
 Bunny Grey: Then ya gotta win, Thump Tail, ya gotta win!
 Thump Tail: Yeah. Well, it's time to begin the race. So long.
 MUSIC (to bounce him over).
 Hello, Mr. Mayor.
 Mayor: Hello, Thump Tail. And there's Big Ears. Are you ready to begin?
 Both: Yes sir.
 Mayor: Go over to your places, boys.
 BACKGROUND: (crowd gathering, talking, laughing).
 Mayor: It is now time to begin the annual Lettuce Nibbler Contest for the whole of Fluff Tail County. Big Ears will nibble on the east side. Thump Tail will nibble on the west side. The rabbit who nibbles the greater number of lettuce leaves the faster will be the winner. And the winner shall have the honor of taking my daughter, Powder Puff, to the party.
 SOUND: (noise of the crowd).
 All right . . . on your mark, get set, ready, go! They're off, folks. Each bunny jumped into his row and began nibbling the minute they got the signal. That Big Ears is going fast. He's two lettuce leaves ahead of Thump Tail. But Thump Tail is going carefully. Thump Tail keeps looking over toward the oak tree. Then he nibbles all the faster. I wonder what's over by the oak tree. Why it's Powder Puff standing over there.
 Big Ears has slowed down, and Thump Tail is now even with him. I've never seen such a close race! They're in the middle of the patch now. Thump Tail's ahead of Big Ears. (Cheers). He's two leaves ahead of Big Ears. But he's stopping . . . (SOUND . . . SHOUTS, SURPRISE). He's put his head back . . . why it looks like he's going to sneeze.
 (SOUND: DON'T STOP THUMP TAIL, ETC.)
 Thump Tail: Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . .
 Mayor: Ah, he didn't sneeze. But what a race. If Thump Tail hadn't stopped to almost sneeze I believe he would have won the race. Big Ears is up with him now. But Thump Tail's hard at work again. (CHEERS, ETC.)
 Why Big Ears is bending over . . . looks like he's tying his shoe. What a time to bother about tying a shoe! And Thump Tail is . . .
 Thump Tail: AH CHEWWWWWW.
 Mayor: Folks . . . the winner . . . BIG EARS!
 SOUND: (CHEERS, BOOS, NOISE, TALKING, SHOUTING).
 Congratulations, Big Ears. You did a fast job.

Big Ears: I sure did. And tell Powder Puff I'll be over to take her to the party.
 Mayor: I'll tell her, but you tell me, why did you take time to tie your shoe in the race?
 Big Ears: Tie my shoe? Oh . . . well . . . I knew I had plenty of time . . . FADE.
 MUSIC: SOUND: Group noises and talking in background all during following. Bunny party music in and under same.
 Big Ears: (Fade in with noise and music.) Har, har, har . . . I think that's my best balloon trick. How'd you like that, Powder Puff?
 Powder Puff: That was very nice, Mr. Big Ears.
 Big Ears: I can do that trick better than anybody in Fluff County.
 Powder Puff: Oh, yes. Do you know know where Thump Tail is?
 Big Ears: Don't worry about him. I'll show you a good time.
 Powder Puff: I just wondered where he was.
 Big Ears: There he is, over in the corner. I bet he's sad because I beat him today.
 Powder Puff: Oh . . .
 Big Ears: Here comes your father. That means it's time for me to do my jumping tricks.
 Mayor: Are you ready, Big Ears?
 Big Ears: I'll show you something that'll open your eyes.
 Mayor: Quiet, quiet everybody. (SOUND: FADE OUT NOISE AND MUSIC).
 Big Ears is going to jump over five rows of punch bowls. It's quite a jump. Ready?
 Big Ears: Now watch everyobdy. (MUSIC: JUMPING UP HIGH).
 Different Bunnies:
 1. Lcok, as he jumped up, something flew out of his pocket.
 2. What is it?
 3. It's green.
 4. There's a box too.
 5. Give it to the mayor.
 NOISE & EXCITEMENT.
 Mayor: This green is a lettuce leaf . . . all nibbled. And this box is full of pepper.
 SOUND: CROWD OHS AND AHS.
 Mayor: So that's what he was doing when he bent over to tie his shoe. I knew there was something funny about that. He must have pulled out the extra lettuce leaves then. And this pepper made Thump Tail sneeze.
 CROWD: (SOUND: CONFUSION IN BACKGROUND).
 Spontaneously:
 1. Send him out.
 2. Never let him back.
 3. He's a cheater.
 4. You can't cheat around here.
 5. Where is he?
 6. He ran out the door but don't worry . . . he'll be punished!
 Mayor: Thump Tail, come over here. (QUIET).
 I proclaim you the honorable and rightful winner of the Lettuce Nibbler Contest. (SHOUTS, HOO-RAY, ETC.)
 Thump Tail: Thank you, Mr. Mayor. And do I get to be with Powder Puff the rest of the party?
 Mayor: You certainly do. And here she is. (LOW CROWD NOISE AGAIN).
 MUSIC: LOW AND ROMANTIC.
 Powder Puff: Hello, Thump Tail.
 Thump Tail: Hello, Powder Puff.
 Sav. would you like to take a walk in the moonlight?
 Powder Puff: Oh, yes!
 MUSIC:
 Thump Tail: Ya, know, I'm the happiest bunny there is, tonight.
 Powder Puff: You are? Why?
 Thump Tail: Because you are with me.

Powder Puff: Oh, Thump Tail . . . Do you know what?
 Thump Tail: No, what?
 Powder Puff: I wanted YOU to win all the time!
 Thump Tail: You did?
 Powder Puff: Yes, I did.
 Thump Tail: Boy, I'm the happiest bunny there is. Yes sir, I'm the happiest bunny there is!!
 MUSIC UP:
 Story Lady: And that's the story of Thump Tail and Big Ears. Listen again next Saturday. I'll have another story for you.
 Goodbye . . .

SECURITY

By Shirley Goodman

Twisting the metal knob with fingers cold
 As icy window panes, she leaned her back
 Against the fine-carved solid walnut door.
 The bumpy carvings made her pull away.
 She moved to touch a tiny china dog, An English bull that squatted on the shelf,
 Then stopped, afraid to feel its fragile form.
 She would not break the smoothly perfect lines
 Of slippery satin spread upon the bed
 But pressed her hands against the polished frame.
 She sank into rich carpet, emerald-green.
 Then pressing hard through rug both soft and thick
 She felt the floor beneath, straight, hard, and strong.
 The floor would never crack or break or stop
 Supporting beds and chairs and lamps and doors.
 The floor would never disappear and leave
 A pair of feet to dangle in mid-air.
 —Shirley Goodman, '44

THE SAFETY VALVE

This column is devoted to the students of Lindenwood to permit them to let off steam. Our readers are invited to contribute to the column. The student's name must accompany each letter as evidence of the good faith of the writer, but a nom de plume will be used if desired.

Dear Editor:

Lindenwood women have always been complimented on their good manners. But where do they park those social niceties when they go to chapel and convocation? A speaker must compete with a beehive atmosphere that would plague the most self-assured orator. When there is a break between announcements, the din is deafening. I am wondering when L. C. girls are going to remember to bring their manners to chapel.

ANNOYED.

Dear Editor:

To talk to some of the students in Lindenwood College you would never know that our country is at war. It is commendable that we buy war bonds, but it is equally commendable to know some of the current events of the war.

Miss Mildred D. Kohlstedt, Librarian, reports that the daily newspapers are the least called for of the reading material in the library. Come on girls, "get on your horses" and let's go!

M. A. N.

Dr. Gregg Presents Founder's Day Speech

(Continued from page 1)

and the Memorial Arts Building. He supervised the remodeling of Sibley Hall; he aided in securing hall furnishings and other improvements—the dining room, the gymnasium, the laboratories, and the landscaping.

In concluding her speech, Dr. Gregg said, "As we look around the campus, we see evidences of his useful career in all aspects of our college life. Only one building has risen without his watchful supervision, and even of Sibley, it must be admitted that he made it over, inside and out. Not a hall or room has been furnished without the advantage of his good taste. For forty years he devoted himself to the beautification of the campus. The redbud trees, the dogwoods, the crabapples, the wealth of shrubs and evergreens—all are testimony to his sense of beauty and his devotion.

"When spring wafts the spicy fragrance of the viburnum around us, when the pin oak by the Library entrance stands in unbelievable autumn splendor, when the snows of winter bend the arborescences and turn the hollies into miracles of design, we shall remember—remember and bless God that these two have lived."

Dr. John MacIvor, president of the Board of Directors, pronounced the invocation, after which Miss Pearl Walker, accompanied by Dr. John Thomas, sang "Cherished Dream of Our Founders." The service was concluded with the group-singing of the Lindenwood hymn, "School of Our Mothers." Following the luncheon, an alumnae meeting was held in Sibley Hall.

Senior Class Holds Dance At The Jefferson Hotel

Lindenwood College was host to the Senior class and their Lambert Field dates at a dinner dance in the Continental Room of the Jefferson Hotel on October 23.

The girls were met at the Melbourne Hotel by the Lambert cadets, who were brought there by bus. The college provided taxis for the entire group to the Jefferson.

The evening began with dinner at 7:30 followed by dancing until 12:30. The chaperones were Mrs. Mary Ellen Jacob and Mrs. Eva Douglas from Lindenwood, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Florio from Lambert Field.

All Bark And No Bite

(Continued from page 2)

surely not from the Indians."

"Well, I've been here for quite a few falls now. And then, I get . . ."

"I know, you get around," I added for it.

"Yep, sure do."

"You're becoming sort of monotonous. I think you—" but before I could tell it what I thought a whisp of wind puffed by and away went the little spirit humming "Pistol Packin' Mamma" at the top of its voice, and I think I can be free from spirits until next fall. At least I'm playing safe and dodging all friendly, garrulous looking leaves.

PUT YOUR
ADVERTISEMENTS
IN THE
LINDEN BARK!

Lindenwood Students Prove Versatile Defense Workers

By Carolyn Trimble

Jane College, the lady credited with versatility, has definitely proved that she knows about more things than books, social graces, and men. Last summer more than one bathing suit was exchanged for a version of the office girl's costume.

Your answer to the question, "Where did Lindenwood girls work during vacation?" stacks up something like this: defense work, secretary, defense work, work in a bank, defense work. It would seem the girls decided a government pay check more than compensated for the utterly grotesque picture they had to wear as an identification badge.

The G-girls of Lindenwood have worked in defense plants and in government offices from Chicago to Arkansas with every sort of co-workers from fan dancers to ex-Cardinal stars. A few names, a few places, and a few impressions give a thumbnail sketch of this type of employment called defense work.

Mel Bennett helped "keep 'em flying" by working at Pullman Standard Car Manufacturing Company as a general clerk in the employment office. Most of the Pullman company has been converted into a plant that makes wings for Douglas Aircraft. This plant in Chicago is so new that the first plane completed by the combined efforts of the two companies flew over the Pullman buildings a few weeks before Mel left for school. For the information of you air-minded girls, those wings gleam on C-54's and C-57's. Incidentally, the personnel defense course Mel took here last spring helped in landing the job. Her impression of defense work was: "most enlightening."

In the employment office of the Pine Bluff Arsenal were Margot Overmyer and Snooky Baim. In this plant, under the command of Chemical Warfare officers, Margot and Snooky interviewed prospective workers. Every person employed by the arsenal had to apply through the office, and the interviewers talked with everyone from the G-2's, lowest unclassified laborer, (not a new draft number) to the highly-paid chemical engineers.

Margot learned what "It takes a 'l kind" means. Among the people she interviewed was a deputy sheriff who told her all about the first man he killed. And there were so many illiterate people! Margot hopes that someone can convince them education is probably here to stay; she certainly got tired filling out appli-

Miss Betty Shook Is Freshman Hallowe'en Queen

(Continued from page 1)

less waiting. Who was the Queen? Would the announcer never tell us? There was a blare of trumpets, a rather anemic squeak to be exact, craning of necks to see SIERRA SIREN Queen of all living spoons.

The prize for the prettiest costume was awarded to Pat Waldron, who dressed as an Arabian dancing girl. George Humphreys and Minnie Anderson received the prize for the most original costume—"Hickory Dickory Dock" or The Mouse.

The Ball was sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. Cokes and doughnuts were served during the evening. At twelve o'clock strains of music issued forth from the Sibley Chapel. Mrs. Sibley's ghost has never missed playing for us on Hallowe'en.

cation blanks for people who couldn't write their name. Snooky realizes now what government red tape is. Every report had to be typed without errors, and the number of carbon copies required was unbelievable.

Helen Schuppe worked in the Army and Navy physical education office at Purdue University, but she never really got around to concentration on her job. The office was always filled with handsome men. The ex-Green Bay Packers that drifted in and out were particularly intriguing, in a muscle-bound way. After a little filing, Helen was convinced they had the Notre Dame backfield; those "iskies" are hard to pronounce, too. But it was interesting work!

Judy Finrock, the lucky girl who worked with a fan dancer, spent her summer in a Dayton, Ohio, telephone office under the auspices of the government. She and four other girls routed all long-distance calls that went out from Dayton. With the aid of books of impressive size, Judy could tell the generals and colonels at Dayton, Wright and Patterson Field just how they could telephone to Australia. Priorities were all important, and it was Judy's job to "listen in" to see that no one abused the privilege. The 15,000 calls handled a day were to all parts of the world, to all kinds of people, for all sorts of things. The record call of the season was a five-hour conversation from Dayton to Los Angeles.

And now you want to know who worked with an ex-Card. Elaine Gray met the ball player at the Emerson Electric Company of St. Louis. The defense work of this company is the reason you couldn't buy a fan this summer. Except for the famous personage, the job had a tendency toward boredom. Elaine took inventory all summer.

These girls came back to school with good-looking new clothes in their trunks, but there are also a couple of bonds in the safety deposit box at home. The work was fun, instructive, and good experience, and most of all it helped in the war effort.

New Books to Appeal To Every Reading Taste Now In Hall Libraries

How is your conversation? Can you discuss all of the recent best sellers, or do you just sit back and wish that you had an opportunity to read some of these good books? All right, here is your big chance.

Each residence hall has been provided with many new books dealing with all types of novels. Among the humorous stories are "Benchley Beside Himself" by Robert Benchley, and "C/O Postmaster" by Corporal Thomas R. St. George. Also available is John P. Marquand's new novel "So Little Time", the Book of the Month Club's choice for September. In mystery there is "Cats Prowl At Night" by A. A. Fair. Those interested in biography will enjoy "Citizen Tom Paine" by Howard Fast. War stories include "G. I. Jungle" by E. J. Kahn, Jr., and "Journey Among Warriors" by Eve Curie.

During the school year more shipments of books will be received and distributed in the residence halls.

Invest in the Future—Buy War Bonds Today!

Mme. Lyolene To Visit Lindenwood November 14 to 19

Mme. Helene Lyolene, world famous stylist, will be Lindenwood's guest during the week of November 14 to 19. Mme. Lyolene specializes in designing for young women. She will address the Home Economics classes and will speak at a student assembly during the week. A dinner is being planned in her honor, with St. Louis stylists among the guests.

Mme. Lyolene's life is somewhat like a fairy tale. She was born of Russian aristocratic parents who lost their fortune after the Russian Revolution. Consequently, this cultured woman was turned out in the world to get along as best she could on her own talents. She began designing because she liked beautiful clothes. Although she had practically no knowledge of designing, she became successful because she knew how a dress should look.

Since the war Mme. Lyolene has been designing in New York, now the accepted style center. She has no artists working for her. Most of her ideas come from actual draping rather than from drawings.

Meet Your Student Council—It Is Working for You

By Becky Yoder

We wish to introduce to the new students on the campus the Student Council that you may understand its functions. The council is a board composed of seven members elected from the different classes by the class members. The Board acts as mediator between the faculty and administration and the students, with the best interests of both in mind. The Board enforces the rules of the Student Constitution. However, it is not entirely a penal board.

Whether we realize it or not, we students owe a lot to the Council. We take it and all the privileges it has brought us for granted. Perhaps if we knew the before and after story of the Council, we would understand and appreciate it more. Before the year 1939-1940, not only the scholastic but also the social affairs were controlled by the administration. The night owls of the campus wouldn't have been happy because the master switch was pulled at 10:30 every week night. The hostesses in the dining room were faculty members. It was compulsory to attend every meal, and out of the question to go to dinner without hose on. At that time, a chapel cut was unheard of.

The Board's first and last goal is justice. They give each girl who comes before them more than a fair chance. Being students themselves, they understand the students' point of view.

We are especially proud of the Board this year. Sally, as president, is a born leader and a natural friend.

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Gossip and Gab

By Carolyn Trimble

'Twas a busy time—what with six weeks' test, Hallowe'en beauties, and a bang-up good party. But what L. C. gal can't take such minor details in her stride and still find time to squeeze in some excitement.

From observation and more than a little Tea Room gossip, it would seem the navy supplied most of the excitement for the last two weeks. Big item number one was the dinner dance the seniors gave for the cadet officers of Lambert Field. Any explanation or elaboration is unnecessary 'cause it doesn't take kitty brains to imagine that the affair was absolutely super.

But the seniors weren't the only lassies who managed to get some attention from the lads in navy blue. Beverly Busher, Becky Yoder, Louise Eberspacher, Betty Jane Daneman, Peggy Hornaday, Polly Percival, Catherine Hunter and Rosemary Nissley let the cadets know that there is a sophomore class in this ladies' school.

These blind dates and new conquests are all very interesting, but three girls have seen "the" man. Jackie Holsinger's George has been here twice lately, Jean Milroy's man visited for several days, and Flo Jones is trying to forget that Johnny just left. Three more navy men—Lindenwood seems to be partial to the navy.

That is, all except Margot Overmyer. Her lieutenant was here for five days, and Mo is still in that well-known pink cloud. Her roommate Betty Miller has her heart all settled on the Army Air Corps in the form of one blond cadet, but the lieutenants are trying to change her decision. One week-end a lieutenant in chemical warfare tried to convince her that he was big man; the next a blue-eyed bombardier made his bid for her affections. Perhaps she'll tutor us in the fine art of winning hearts and influencing men.

The days of buzzing off to another college for the week-end are not gone completely. Betty Herring took in Purdue escorted by the number one man in her life. Fine deal that!

"You know what, kids? Clark is going Thursday." Dona Wherle will explain those eight quoted words.

And so you see, the talents of Lindenwood women are still appreciated. They're in demand, they are—it says so right here!

Irwin Hall is still echoing Happy Birthday—Nancy Knott had an original "birthday cake" at her surprise party recently. It was green with red filling. It also contained seeds! Guess what?? Beky Yoder is a big girl now, too. She celebrated her birthday with cake and ice cream and most of Irwin Hall.

Now that we are settled down to the old routine we can begin to look around and see what's new on the campus. Our Freshmen are right on the beam. Betty Syler was named the "Sweetheart" of Company A at Camp Barclay. Having seen her once it is not hard to realize why.

**BUY MORE
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
TODAY!**

Mrs. George Sibley A True Pioneer Woman of Missouri

Are you the girl who thought it took an untold amount of courage to leave home and go to college? You probably did quake in your new I. Millers, but after you hear the story of Mrs. Sibley, you will place yourself in the category with all good sissys.

When she was only 15, Mary Easton, daughter of an influential St. Louisian, married George C. Sibley. The groom, not content with the booming St. Louis of 1815, toyed with thoughts of Ft. Osage and the Indian territory. The lovely and vivacious Mary told her husband she would follow him anywhere. It's not strange, is it, that Mary Sibley hung out her first dish towel in Indian territory.

The bride did not bury her graciousness and charm in the wilderness. Instead she endeared herself to the Indians and soon began to teach the Indian children. Her teaching obviously did not hinder her social activities, for she was known for her hospitality. Explorers and traders basked in Mrs. Sibley's friendliness more than once, and the home with its 20 windows was a mansion worth visiting.

The talented lady must have been interested in the youth of her day. When she and her husband left Ft. Osage and came to St. Charles, Mrs. Sibley opened a school for young ladies. Ann Russell, daughter of a founder of the Missouri Pacific railroad, was the first student in the new school. She and her five classmates found a schoolroom shaded by linden trees and one instructor who was Mrs. Sibley herself. The kindness of "Aunt Mary", as the girls called Mrs. Sibley, quickly dispelled any homesickness, and the first classes of Lindenwood College met in the fall of 1827.

Ten years after this inconspicuous beginning, Lindenwood's increased enrollment demanded a new building. Another 10 years brought the enrollment up to 50 students, and in 1857 the Sibleys deeded their school to the Presbyterian Church. After giving the school to the church, Mary Easton Sibley and her husband did not completely relinquish a claim to their girls, and they continued to guide the school. It was Mrs. Sibley's concern and attention in those early years that made our school the fine laboratory that it is, and our Founder's Day is a tribute to that lady and her husband.

Movie Presented to Humanities Classes

The movie "The Human Adventure" was given in Roemer Auditorium Wednesday evening, Oct. 20, for the benefit of Humanities students. The film showed the rise of man from savagery to civilization. It was produced by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

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Cuthbert The K. P. Specialist Hears About Lindenwood's Ghosts

Cuthie, Pumpkin:

By the time you get this letter Hallowe'en will have come and gone, and I'll be about gone with it. Jack-o-lanterns always did scare me, remember, Cuthie. And this year I'll be more scared than ever because you won't be here to protect me. The only thing I'm going to have this Hallowe'en will be Percy. You remember Percy, don't you? He's that simply terrible pre-med student with the beautiful wavy black hair and blue eyes and cute dimples and broad shoulders and tall and handsome—but I just think he's awful, really I do, because I'm true to the Army.

Life around school is pretty bad right about now 'cause everyone is knocking themselves out worrying and studying over their six-week's exams. The tea-room is just packed about 3 o'clock with kids moaning over what those awful teachers did to them. You know, Cuthie, sometimes I think the teachers don't seem to realize we students have to have time once in a while to go over and get a coke or tow or three. I think they're trying to sabotage the

coke industry.

I'm kind of glad you aren't here, pork chop. All the freshmen have been looking so beeyoutiful lately. They are having their pictures taken for the annual and they are just blossoming. I don't like to have you around where there are pretty freshmen. You might go and get the idea that you are a young puppy again.



We had a fashion counselor out here at school a couple of weeks ago. You'd be surprised at who she asked to be an example for bad posture—and it wasn't your Gertie. Nope, this time it was one of our dignified juniors.

Well, I guess that's about all from this end of the line for this time. I hope when you get this that you will be on K. P. so this cheerful epistle will cheer you up and held you go back to your potatoes feeling at peace with the world.

With chicken and noodles of love, I remain always yours,
Gertie.

Dr. Gage Attends Two Meetings

Dr. Gage attended the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Coe College on October 22, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Dr. Gage was president of Coe College for 22 years, and is a member of the board.

On October 23, Dr. Gage attended a joint meeting of the Steering Committee of North Central Association and the Committee on Preparation of High School Teachers by Liberal Arts colleges, in Chicago.

Alexandra Tolstoy Speaks On "War and Peace"

Alexandra Tolstoy spoke at Lindenwood on October 27. Miss Tolstoy, daughter of Alexander Tolstoy, the celebrated Russian author, told of her father's novel "War and Peace." She served as his secretary.

After a discussion of her father's work, Miss Tolstoy answered student questions and gave a short discussion of the economic and political life of Russia today. Miss Tolstoy left Russia in 1929.

Mrs. Sibley's Ghost Talks To Two Bark Reporters

(Continued from page 1)

erly terrified reception, and she had enjoyed her walk in the rain from the graveyard.

Mrs. Sibley promised she would return again next year. She always wonders if the Hallowe'en Court will be as beautiful as the year before. With another word of praise for Lindenwood girls she glided through the door and quietly slipped to the cemetery.

PARKVIEW GARDENS

WILL DEDICATE THEIR NEW FLORAL SHOP

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1943

HOURS: 1 to 9 P. M.

To observe the opening of the new, modern and enlarged floral shop, the Parkview Gardens have designated Sunday, November 7, as Dedication Day. On this occasion, from 1 o'clock in the afternoon until 9 p. m. the new shop and adjoining work rooms and greenhouse will be open to the public. Free flowers will be distributed to all ladies visiting the shop. Attractive attendance gifts will be awarded at 9 p. m.

ATTRACTIVE ATTENDANCE GIFTS

BEN RAU, Proprietor—PARKVIEW GARDENS

(Opposite Blanchette Park)

THE CLUB CORNER

The Army Brats met on October 25, to talk about their constitution and to decide on the time of meetings. Officers will be chosen at the next meeting.

Delta Phi Delta, honorary society for members of the Public School Music department met last Wednesday. They discussed plans for attending the Missouri State Teachers' Convention this week, and the dinner being given for the Lindenwood College Public School Music and Education majors at Hotel Statler this Thursday.

The Poetry Society at its meeting on October 18, discussed plans for its annual poetry contest. Officers of the club are: President, Ginny Fly; vice president, Shirley Goodman; secretary-treasurer, Louise Mallory.

At the Future Teachers of America meeting on Monday, October 18, rationing was discussed. Members of this organization did the rationing for the school. Mrs. Staples spoke to the club, and plans to attend the Missouri State Teachers' Convention and dinner this week were made.

The Commercial Club met on October 20. Officers for the year are: President, Betty Miller; vice president, Phyllis Greenwood; secretary-treasurer, Snooky Baim; recorder, Harriet Scruby. Activities for the year were planned. The club has decided to give a tea in February featuring the Valentine motif. They are also going to hold their annual picnic in the spring, and give a Hollywood Social at some time during the year. They plan, also, to take a trip through a St. Louis factory or business office, and attend a play. New members were initiated. Mrs. Staples spoke on the correct clothing for business women. The sponsors of the club are Miss Sheahan and Miss Albrecht.

Der Deutsche Verein had its initial meeting on October 19, in the Library Club Room. The meeting was attended by faculty and students interested in the advancement of German literature, language, and culture. The officers for the year are: President, Caroline Levy; vice president, Virginia Moehlenkamp; secretary, Marianna Carter; treasurer, Helen Bartlett. The sponsor this year is William Eickhorst.

HALL OF FAME



What makes an all-around Lindenwood girl? Smiles, personality, friendliness, brains, and good sportsmanship. That's why we nominate Barry, because she seems to have a double dose of all these qualities.

If you have a quick eye, you may catch a glimpse of her dashing around the campus between her varied activities, for she is a member of the Riding Team, Terrapin, Tau Sigma, and A. A. She was president of the Junior Class and Secretary of the Student Council last year, and she was recently elected Vice President of the Student Council for this year.

The fact that she was attendant to the May Queen for three years and attendant to the Popularity Queen last year adds the feminine touch and charm to complete this all-around campus favorite.

Y. W. Style Show Gives Pre-View of Campus Fashions

(Continued from page 1)

Patsy Sharick appeared in a two-piece yellow velvet dress with rhinestone buttons with black accessories. Ann Hobbs modeled a gold wool dress over which she wore a muskrat coat.

The evening gowns gave each girl an air of glamour and sophistication. Marie Szilagyi wore a blue net formal trimmed in lace. Sally Mitchell appeared in a light blue slipper sat n gown with rhinestone accessories. Joelle Samples modeled a champagne net dress trimmed in gold sequins over which she wore a blue velvet jacket also trimmed in gold sequins. Imogene Leach wore a black crepe dinner dress with a green and fuschia chiffon skirt. Jane Patterson modeled a black crepe dinner dress with a jacket trimmed in gold sequins.

The style show was sponsored by the YWCA. Each girl modeled clothes from her own wardrobe.

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TAINTER DRUG STORE
SERVICE DRUG STORE
STANDARD DRUG STORE

First Tri-Sports Day Held With Monticello And MacMurray

A tri-school sports day will take place between Lindenwood, Mac Murray, and Monticello. The event will be held at MacMurray College in Jacksonville, Illinois on November 20. The three girls' colleges will compete in a horseback riding meet and hockey games.

The members of the Lindenwood hockey team who will participate at this meet are: Mariella Jirka, Carolyn Hempelman, Mary Jackson, Jean Milroy, Lovetra Langenbacher, Marilou Rutledge, Otilie Illes, Patricia Powell, Freshie Platt, Helen Bartlett, Jacqueline Rock, Ruth Wayne, Nancy Papin, and Florence Barry. The members of the riding team include: Nancy Papin, Flo Barry, Marilou Rutledge, Gayle Armstrong, Jo Ann Butters, Debby Higby, Libby Magnuson, Ada Waelder, Marie Szilagyi, and Betty Roark.

During the month of November the Lindenwood hockey team will play at Maryville and Harris Teachers Colleges. The hockey season is just beginning and there is still time for girls to join the team.

Future Teachers Aid With Registration For Ration Books

Food Ration Books number four were issued to 552 students and teachers on October 21. The registration was conducted by members of the Future Teachers of America. These girls also conducted the registrations in the St. Charles public schools. The Future Teachers have been helping with registrations ever since rationing started.

Among those who helped were Freda Eberspacher, Jane Garrett, Betty Clark, Rita Mae Allen, Frances Watlington, Adele Cheek, Louise Mallory, Juanita Creech, Donalee Wehrle, Phyllis Kobe, Earnestine Brown, Melba Lee Gray, Virginia Gilreath, Jacqueline Schwab, Pearl Payne, Jeannette Gund, Dorothy Jean Lutton, Mary Aldridge, Helen Bartlett, Althea Hooper, Ginny Fly, Ruth Painter, Patsy Jo Powell, Micky Seip, Florence Barry, Frances Wherry, Mary Blackhurst, Carrie Lee Laney, Jo Ann Person, Sue Beck, Barbara Burnett.

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AHMANN'S
NEWS STAND

Mrs. Staples Gives Advice to Students On Fashions

Mrs. Virginia H. Staples, Lindenwood's fashion counselor who was on the campus from October 18 to 23, held interviews with individual girls and met with groups to discuss the latest news in the world of clothes and good grooming.

The interviews were held daily from 8 a. m. until 5 p. m. Mrs. Staples helped the girls answer their personal problems about the selection of their winter wardrobes and gave advice on how to make the most of the assets they have. The group talks dealt with makeup, budget counseling, posture, and selection of wardrobes.

Mrs. Staples advises tall girls to wear big accessories and brims while the small girl should stay away from these and concentrate on apparel that will make her appear taller, such as vertically striped furs and fabrics, smaller hats, and solid colors. She distributed good grooming charts to every girl with whom she talked, designed to help her look her best.



STRAND

THEATRE

St. Charles - Missouri

TUESDAY-WED-THURSDAY
Nov. 2-3-4

2-FEATURES-2

"HEAVEN CAN WAIT"

(in technicolor)
with Don Ameche
Gene Tierney

-and-

"GOOD LUCK MR. YATES"

with Claire Trevor

Friday-Saturday Nov. 5-6

2-FEATURES-2

"THE KANSAN"

with Richard Dix
Jane Wyatt

-and-

"SLEEPY LAGOON"

with Judy Conova

Sunday-Monday Nov. 7-8

Continuous Sunday from 2

"PRESENTING LILY MARS"

with Judy Garland
Van Heflin

Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday

Nov. 9-10-11

"CLAUDIA"

with Robert Young
Dorothy McGuire

FRIDAY (Only) Nov. 12

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Irving Berlin's

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Sunday-Monday Nov. 14-15

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