

Turkey  
Time  
Is Here

# LINDEN BARK

Read Your  
Literary  
Supplement

Vol. 23—No. 3

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 23, 1943

\$1.00 A Year

## Dr. Florence Schaper Leaves Lindenwood For Duration

Dr. Florence W. Schaper, Lindenwood's first woman faculty member in the armed forces, will report Thursday to the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipman's School (Woman's Reserve), Northhampton, Massachusetts, for two months preliminary training. Dr. Schaper received her commission October 23, as Lieutenant (J. G.), signed by the Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox. Dr. Schaper was granted a leave of absence last June to become effective when she received her commission. However, after the war she will return to Lindenwood.

After her short training in Northhampton, Mass., Dr. Schaper expects to be assigned as District Director of the Womens' Reserve in one of the National Districts. She will be responsible to the commandant for matters relating to enlisted personnel and women officers.

Dr. Schaper was graduated from Lindenwood College in 1918. She received her M. A. degree from the University of Missouri, and her Ph. D. from New York University. In September 1922 she returned to Lindenwood as an instructor of Sociology. From 1924 to 1940 she was professor and chairman of the Department of Sociology.

In 1940, Dr. Roemer established the office of Student Guidance and Personnel, with Dr. Schaper as director, replacing the office of the Dean of Women. The two main objectives of this office are: the development of more clear democratic procedure in campus government, and realization that Lindenwood students are young women who recognize their

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## Miss Phyllis Maxwell Wins First Prize In Poetry Contest

The contest is over and the winners are chosen. The Lindenwood Millays have been duly honored by becoming members of the Lindenwood Poetry Society. Eleven poets submitted twenty-two poems.

The winner is Miss Phyllis Maxwell from Mount Vernon, Illinois. The first prize is a free membership in the society. The winning poem is entitled "The Window". It describes the physical appearance of a window and also the life seen within the window.

Honorable mentions were given to Jane Schmidt, from Eldora, Iowa, and Nancy Johnston, from Platte City, Missouri. "Confusion", the

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## JOINS ARMED FORCES



Dr. Florence W. Schaper, Director of Student Guidance and Personnel, leaves Thursday to report for duty at the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipman's School (Women's Reserve) at Northhampton, Mass.

## Full Program For Lindenwood's Thanksgiving

Lindenwood students will again celebrate a war-time Thanksgiving by eating their turkey at school. Classes will be dismissed on Thursday only, and Thanksgiving at home is out for the duration for most of the campus. An all-day program has been outlined for the holiday.

At 9 o'clock Thursday morning the freshmen will meet the upperclassmen in their annual hockey game. After the hockey game, the students will assemble at 11:30 a. m. in Roemer Auditorium to hear the Thanksgiving address by Howard Elliott of St. Louis.

The Thanksgiving dinner in Ayres Dining Hall will be a traditional one, complete in every detail from gold napkins to pumpkin pie. The menu includes grapefruit supreme, celery and olives, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, oyster dressing, mashed potatoes, giblet gravy, buttered peas, head lettuce salad with thousand island dressing, hot rolls and butter, pumpkin pie, coffee, milk, and salted nuts.

Thursday evening at 8 o'clock Miss Mary Gordon will present an all-school cast in the first play of the year, "You Can't Take It With You." Minota Bayliss, Patricia Conrad, Anita Egan, Barbara Buckley, Betty Scott, Carolyn Hughes, Connie Fuqua, Betty Ann Rouse, Betty Jean Loeke, Ann Bruce, Donna Deffenbaugh, Phyllis Maxwell, Kay Duff, Jane McLean, Freda Eberspacher, Kathleen DeCroes, Elsie Lipscomb, Elizabeth Magnuson, and Celeste Salvo will fill the parts in this popular Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman play.

For the last two years Lindenwood students have given up their Thanksgiving holidays as another of their contributions to the war effort. This Thanksgiving at school is planned as a traditional one, one that will be as pleasant as a holiday at home.

## Bark Reporter Finds Out Who Is Thankful For What and Why

Comes another Thanksgiving, and time to think of some of the many things we are thankful for. A poll of the campus reveals the opinion varies. Two times out of three the response will be "SLEEP," or that they are thankful that they are Americans. But after you hint past these answers you find the students are thankful for an infinite number of things. The findings:

Nancy Knott—is thankful for her man.

Ruthe Meyer—will be thankful when her hair grows out.

Ibbie Franke—is thankful for bridge games.

Betty Tabor—is thankful she's an American.

Betty Jane Crisp—is thankful she finally got a letter!

Betty Kirk—is thankful for food.

Connie Fuqua—is VERY thankful for the Air Corps!

Eleanor Hedrick—is thankful that she's at Lindenwood.

Donna Deffenbaugh—is thankful for cokes.

Betty Scott—is thankful for letters from Johnny.

Genevieve Brauer—is thankful for a month's vacation.

Carolyn Shanks—is thankful for an understanding roommate.

Ellen Stevenson—is thankful for her new engagement ring she has waited six months for!

Mary Carolyn Gaston—is thankful for grandma cakes.

B. J. Daneman—I'm thankful for MEN!!

Adele Cheek—thankful she is "free" at last.

Emmy Gumm—is thankful she doesn't have any afternoon classes.

Nancy Owen—is thankful for her trip to Columbia.

Becky Yoder—is thankful for Santa Claus.

## Who's Who?

Eight Lindenwood students are included in the 1943-1944 edition of WHO'S WHO AMONG STUDENTS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES. The girls selected are as follows: Sally Dearmont, Pat De Puy, Ruth Heyden, Janet Schaefer, Shirley Goodman, Bobby Burnett, Lell Lewis, and Beverly Wescott. Students for this honor are chosen conscientiously and impartially, taking into consideration character, scholarship, leadership in extra-curricular activities, and potentiality for future usefulness to

(Continued on page 6, col. 3)



# LINDEN BARK

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Tuesday, November 23, 1943

## Cheer Them On

Thanksgiving day not only means turkey, but lots of fun, too. A hockey game is scheduled that morning at 9 o'clock between the freshmen and upperclassmen. Judging from last year's game, it should be an exciting struggle. The girls have been out battering themselves up twice a week getting ready for this game. Let's all go out and help our respective teams along—verbally, we mean! At four p. m., after the big turkey dinner has had time to digest, we'll get another treat down stables way. The first and sub riding teams will compete for the honors of the day.

Because of Saturday classes, Lindenwood will not be represented at the tri-meet at MacMurray next week. Although the girls are disappointed, they are determined to make up for their absence in this meet at the two meets in the spring, one of them at Lindenwood.

The girls have worked hard to win their places on these teams. They, out of the large number of girls who participate in these sports, have been chosen to represent Lindenwood. They practice endlessly in order that they may be able to bring back the honors from the meets. They are doing it for Lindenwood. The least we can do is give them our support and encouragement. Don't just mentally cheer them on, get out and show your enthusiasm!

## Good bye and Good Luck

Dr. Florence Schaper is leaving us. It is needless to say that we will miss her. Every student on the campus feels the same way—from the newest freshman to the oldest senior. The things she has done for Lindenwood during the twenty-one years she has been here can never be underestimated. The entire school will be waiting until that time, not far distant, we hope, when she will return.

After a few weeks here, after a girl has a chance to get acquainted with the school itself, the other students, the faculty, the administration, after that time, then Dr. Schaper begins to become some sort of campus tradition. You see her walking around the campus, greeting everyone she meets with a cheery "Hello there!" And you see her in the Personnel Office doing everything she can to help everyone that needs it.

Yes, we will miss seeing her and having her with us, but with her memory in our hearts and her ideals of right so firmly imbedded in our minds, the time until she returns will not seem quite so long, nor her absence in the office quite so striking as if she had gone leaving us nothing. The best wishes of the entire faculty and student body go with you, Dr. Schaper, and all the best of luck to you in your new assignment.

## Saturday Classes

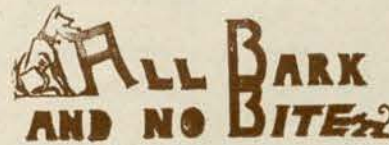
And you and you and you! Everyone of us stumbles out of bed on Saturday mornings to the tune of a 7 o'clock alarm. But an alarm at 7 sounds better than a recording of reveille at 6. There's a rumor, too, that defense workers manage to work six days a week and overtime, but that's not for these old college gals. No sir, we've got to have a big day in St. Louis, fighting crowds for some divine bit of fluff that would buy eight or ten war stamps. Besides, we need two days of rest after going to classes for five days—or do we?

Other colleges have classes six days a week, and the students aren't mental wrecks. For five Saturdays we should be able to stand the strain. We can let the jeans and plaid shirts hang on the back hook in the closet and save the new dress for a later trip to the city. We can remember we're having Saturday classes so that soldiers can have furloughs. We can remember we will have four weeks' vacation at Christmas time. We can remember a Lindenwood girl is known for her sportsmanship, her ability to work smilingly at a worth while task. We really didn't mean it when we got that pained look on our faces!

## Thanksgiving Day 1943

As the Thanksgiving season approaches, in this second year of our active participation in the war, every girl in Lindenwood should give serious consideration to the significance of the day and its meaning to her as an individual.

It is not paradoxical to say that seldom in our country's history, and never in our short lives, has there been so much reason for giving thanks; for, although we are at war and our hearts are heavy with all of the apprehension which war creates, yet we are today the most fortunate nation on earth. We have a homeland no enemy can invade; our armies are victorious in battle and our people are united at home; we have far more than adequate shelter, food and clothing; we have an opportunity for education unsurpassed by any group; and, above all, we have the privilege of going freely to the church of our choice to return thanks for all of these blessings.



By

EMMY GUMM

Your reporter has just realized that Thanksgiving is not only just around the corner, but half way up the block and almost here! In the good old days when vacations were the vogue that thankful holiday didn't have a chance to sneak up on any one . . . No sir, we looked forward to it starting around the third of October, and all the rooms proudly exhibited various home-made calendars of every sort. Everyday an eager L. C. lassie would scratch out the date and sigh. "Only forty-nine more days and I'll start for home . . . only thirty more days, etc." until the calendar was a big scratched up mess and the wonderful day had at last arrived. But now with our accelerated programs and jammed up traveling conditions a holiday sort of sneaks up on us and it doesn't seem quite as important any more. But Thanksgiving IS important and now as much, and more, than ever, and we must think about it.

Since the first celebration of our oldest American holiday we have gotten away from the original meaning. You can remember the days when it meant football games, homecoming queens, pom-poms, turkey, dressing, and all the trimmings. But the war is pushing us back to the old real meaning of Thanksgiving. True enough there will be few big reunions of families, but the people are realizing they have something to be thankful for and that soon they will have even more cause for hThanksgiving. Add up a few of the things you are lucky to be enjoying . . . the score is much larger than you thought, isn't it? Take an inventory and be ready to receive this old holiday with proper greetings.



Campus life goes on as usual. Not that I eavesdrop, but some people just talk too loud. Sooo . . . overheard in the Cupboard:

Margaret Chace: "What do you want most in a man, Franny? Brains, wealth, or appearance?"

Franny Lewis: "Why, appearance, of course, and pretty darn quick, too."!! (What's wrong, is Wyoming too far away, Franny?)

And then there is the girl living on second floor Irwin who was so sure of herself and so used to having her own way that she wrote her diary three weeks in advance.

The other night at dinner two Lindenwood faculty members were discussing various classes, students, etc. A third member sat patiently waiting for the other two to begin eating. Finally he gave up and asked the first professor, "Will you pass the nuts, Professor X?"

Professor X frowned, "Well, probably, but they certainly don't deserve it?"

'nuff said.

## From The Office Of The Dean

I am urging every student to enter the Christmas story contest. The usual prizes for these stories will be offered this year. The story should be a suitable length for publishing in the Bark. The stories will be published in the last issue of the Bark before the Christmas vacation.

Each story should be signed with a pen name and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the pen name and the real name. Stories submitted should be in my office on December 3, by 5:00 o'clock.

DR. ALICE E. GIPSON,  
Academic Dean.

## Gracie Gremlin



I am Gracie Gremlin. I am looking at the crabbers on the campus. A crabber is a person who crabs about 8 o'clocks, crabs about Saturday classes, crabs about two-hour labs, crabs about assignments. Now you know you can't be happy when you crab so much, and it always makes it seem worse when you do. HAVE YOU BEEN A CRABBER THIS MONTH??

## 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.

To the Editor:

Why not wear slacks on Saturdays? Many of us have free hours when we would like to relax in our favorite jeans. So why not let us wear slacks when we don't have any classes? We are now allowed to smoke in the dining room on Saturday night, but many of us don't smoke. If we are allowed to smoke in the dining room on Saturday just why can't we wear our slacks in our leisure time?

Pro Bono Publico.

Coed: "I'd like to get a pair of shorts for my gymnasium."

Clerk: "Certainly, Miss. What size is your gymnasium?"

# THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## Honorable Mention

### GRAY SCENE

By Nancy Johnston

The scene is dull and somber,  
Cloudy, a gray sky slashed by  
black trees,  
A girl in a red coat walks across  
my vision.  
I am glad when she is gone.  
She doesn't fit here.  
The scene is meant to be gray,  
Gray, and dull and bleak and  
majestic.

## Honorable Mention

### CONFUSION

By Jane Schmidt

I am the quiet one.  
I love pastels, light shades of lip-  
stick, and languid, muted music  
that haunts one's memory.  
Serene and calm am I, and gentle as  
the rain that falls from heaven.  
I am the essence of all tenderness,  
and kind and sweet are words that  
fit me well.  
Never does my voice rise high in  
anger or contempt,  
It's always low and soothing, erasing  
words that were not meant.  
I am the quiet one—so all the world  
thinks.  
But underneath my smooth veneer,  
exists a girl the world has not met  
A gay, young creature that flirts  
with life and tints her lips a  
daring red.  
Carefree, haunting, and unholy,  
She is quickly lost, forgotten slowly.  
She is a symphony unfinished, play-  
ed with technique and abandon.  
To her belong life's laughter and the  
pain of bitter tears.  
I am the quiet one; so is she  
I wonder which is really me?

### TIME WAS

By Jane Schmidt

It was so very long ago  
We laughed and loved together,  
And walked among untrodden ways  
In every kind of weather.  
It was so very long ago  
I thought I had forgotten.

So many years have passed since  
then \*  
When we two were as one,  
And shared our laughter and our  
tears.  
Our heart break and our fun.  
So many years have passed since  
then  
I thought I had forgotten.

I thought I had forgotten you  
And all you'd meant to me,  
I thought I had forgotten dreams  
That never came to be.  
I thought I had forgotten  
But I know I never shall.

### ECHO

By Jane Schmidt

I stood atop a lofty hill  
And shouted out your name,  
And scarcely had I breathed once  
more  
When back to me it came.

I saw you as you'd once been mine  
And felt a surging pain  
My heart took up the ringing cry  
And echoed it again.

### SMOKE

Like a long trailing ribbon of blue-  
grey chiffon  
Born of fire and flame.  
Circling and rising above the trees,  
Going back from where it came.

## SOLILOQUEY

By Phyllis Maxwell

A  
Tear,  
A  
Shining  
Crystal,  
Fell  
Slowly  
A  
Measure  
Of  
Sorrow,  
A  
Bit  
Of  
Joy,  
Absorbed  
In  
The  
Rush  
Of  
Life.

### ART

Swift strokes of a pencil,  
Rough canvas and thick paint  
Swift strokes of a brush,  
A finished masterpiece,  
Slung by a silken cord.

### POOR THING ?

Hair perfectly coiffured,  
Face well-bred,  
Eyes expressionless,  
Body stiff in virginity,  
Figure well dressed  
Show window manikin,  
Oh, What you missed.

### THE APPLE TREE

It stood fifty years,  
Ashamed of its nakedness in the  
winter,  
Proud of its glory in the spring,  
Died with the cold of the winter,  
Rose, drunk with the wine of the  
spring,  
Bore its fruit with dignity and  
stateliness,  
Thrilled to the song that the blue  
bird sings  
Apple trees are human things.

### MEDITATION

Oh God, would that my soul had  
wings that I might fly into the  
blankness of the blue grey sky and  
not return till darkness brings the  
night owl and the song he sings.  
Into Eternity where there is no  
lust and there is no greed.  
Where there are no honor and there  
is no creed. Where there are no  
great and there are no small and  
a dull grey shroud hangs over all.  
Where there is no grass and there  
is no sky.  
Where there is no death and time  
goes by. A place where I can lay  
my cares away and just be noth-  
ing day by day.

### THE ARRIVAL OF WINTER

By Barbara Park

The faint tip tap of the autumn rain  
Splashed against my window pane,  
And lulled me into quietude  
A rather pensive, blissful mood.

Then the lazy rain stopped falling,  
I could hear the winter calling  
The lordly wind with all its thunder  
Bent the bowing shrubs asunder.

The growing branches low were  
swaying  
"Twas Winter's forceful way of  
saying  
"I am here, I've come at last,"  
My peaceful quietness had passed.

## WALKING IN THE RAIN

By Ruby Wilson

Rain descending, beating, blending  
Sprinkling all the earth with fire  
Pompous men condescending  
To hold in check their wrathful ire.

Ladies wailing in the trailing  
of their gowns through city streets  
Hurrying, scurrying, sliding, gliding  
To their home and safe retreats.

Merry mirth and joyous laughter  
"Can't you hear the school girls ?  
Dismay and tears replacing cheers  
At the sighs of stringy curls.

Splashing, thrashing through the  
water,  
Outward gladness to proclaim,  
Childish troubles all forgotten  
While walking in the rain.

No one knows life's greatest joy  
Better than a little boy.

### GOING HOME

By Donna Deffenbaugh

Tick, tock goes the clock,  
Scurry, flurry must hurry,  
Glump, bump goes my heart.

Clumsy fingers all thumbs  
Cannot get my buttons done,  
Glump, bump goes my heart.

Tap of high heels along the hall,  
Thump of suit case off the wall,  
Glump, bump goes my heart.

Roar of motor, yellow flash,  
To the station-dash-lash,  
Glump, bump goes my heart.

Hiss of steam, clang of bell,  
All aboard, the trainmen yell,  
Home, home goes my heart.

### DARKYS WINTER

By Barbara Park

How ah hates de dismal winter  
When de win am blowin high  
Ah aspise dat win aroun me  
Dat makes me groan and sigh.

Dat snow keep fallin on me  
To chill a body through.  
Dat win it nip the nose and toes  
'N turn de fingers blue.

Blazin fires 'n' heaby clothes  
Will keep yo nice 'n' wa'm,  
But clothes am few 'n' wood am  
scarce  
Whar ah was on de fa'm.

Mah wife am sad, mah chillun sick  
Dis winter cause it all  
De days am grey 'n' awful long  
Seems years since way las fall.

De good Lawd make de winter  
So Ah guess ah cain't complain  
But ah knows when dis am ovah,  
Ah'll welcome springtime rain.

### RED ROSES

By Betty Miller

They came today,  
Red Roses in a silver box.  
I scarcely could untie the bands,  
Of gold and silver wrapped around  
Nor still the tremble of my hands,  
And my hearts loud, beating  
sound.

They came today.  
Red roses in a silver box.  
And I saw that sweet, long stemmed  
array  
From a misty haze, for a little  
while  
Then my hand became steady and  
brushed away,  
The lingering tear drops. I smiled.

## THE SAX TUMBLES ALONG

By Nancy Johnston

The Sax tumbles along  
Always landing on soft cotton  
And rising again  
Then other join it and  
They form a high and glorious  
pyramid  
Of tuneless melody.  
Suddenly, with a crash of brass,  
It falls,  
And nothing is the same  
But the soft exciting swish of  
rhythm.

### PHONOGRAPH RECORD

By Nancy Johnston

The shining black record spun  
And my thoughts spun with it  
Back to dances and parties,  
Sororities and fraternities,  
And the glory of driving seventy  
miles an hour  
On a long white tape measure of  
highway.  
The motor trips we took, I loved  
them;  
I want them again.  
I want the leader of this orchestra  
to come back.  
I want the war to end.  
So I won't have to depend on re-  
cords for my music  
And memories for my happiness.

### YULETIDE COMPROMISE

By Marjorie Dae Phillis

Almost at the foot of the stairs  
Janice heard a clicking noise nearby  
which registered correctly, even in  
her young mind—Pamela had re-  
turned from the Christmas Eve  
dance.

With nimble slyness Janice scur-  
ried to the foot of the stairs and  
turned left into the "front room"  
—reserved for guests. There she  
crawled up into a tight ball so that  
she could be comfortable while  
waiting for Pamela to finish her  
"goodnight" to Jim. Janice turned  
on the couch so that she faced the  
window. By concentrating on the  
roofs of the chimney tops of the  
houses across the street, she per-  
suaded her heavy eyelids to post-  
pone their inevitable meeting. Janice  
noticed that snowflakes on Billy  
Lowen's roof were doing a merry  
little dance, swirling rapidly in a  
circle and then quickly reversing  
their direction. She soon realized  
that this snowflake dance was only  
a prelude, for in the cloudless sky  
suddenly sailed a large, fluffy white  
cloud, which shook gaily—"Why of  
course," flashed through Janice's  
mind, "that is jolly Santa Claus  
laughing while he is getting ready  
to slide down the chimney to leave  
Billy Lowen's drum." She did not  
see Santa Claus actually go down  
the chimney, for at that time Pamela  
went by the room on her way up-  
stairs. Pamela's whispered singing  
was interspersed with stifled yawns  
which sounded assuring to Janice,  
for tonight Pamela would surely  
sleep soundly.

As Pam disappeared around the  
corner at the head of the stairs,  
Janice smugly emerged. She could  
hardly contain herself, for if Santa  
had just been to Billy's house, he  
would surely be on the roof now,  
groping to the bottom of his pack  
for Janice's lovely dancing doll with  
auburn hair, offset by green velvet  
ribbons.

When she reached the door of the  
living room at the end of the hall,

(Continued on page 4)

## Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

### YULETIDE COMPROMISE

(Continued from page 3)

Janice stopped in her reckonings as to Santa's whereabouts. Would Santa Claus be angry with her if she went in while he was fixing her presents. Mother had often told her that she must never try to see him because he didn't want to be disturbed when he was working—but still she had seen him laughing so jollily at Billy's house. Janice quickly weighed the problem, and as a result, she was turning the knob of the door when—GOODNESS! that must be Pamela coming down to eat the dessert she was too excited to appreciate at dinner.

Darting behind the grandfather clock, Janice selfishly hoped that Pam would not hear Santa, for she, Janice, wanted to be the only one who saw him. Pam went through the dining room into the kitchen; and since she did not pause, Janice's spirits revived, for Pam surely hadn't heard him. Then another terrible thought occurred to Janice—she could not see Santa until Pam left, because the dining room door was open, and as she went by, Pam sat facing the doorway. During the next few eternal minutes, Janice tortured herself with the thoughts that Santa might leave before Pam did—then she would have to wait another whole year to see him.

A soft ringing sound interrupted this last thought. That sound—it was certainly the little xylophone she had asked Santa for so longingly in the letter she had scrawled to him. Her sudden joy increased as the light in the kitchen flickered and Pam withdrew once more to bed.

Janice's smile of anticipation faded as she opened the door and found no Santa Claus. She surveyed the beautiful toys placed neatly under the tree, and when she distinguished a xylophone, some of her former joy returned—she had been right about the sound she had heard. What a wonderful Santa to leave her a xylophone and a beautiful doll with a pale green dress.

Janice's contentment with the toys absorbed her disappointment in missing Santa Claus so completely that she laughed delightedly when a little mouse ran across the metallic keys causing them to vibrate. For its tail flopping on the keys made the same sound that she had heard as Santa took the xylophone from his pack.

### DIARY IN IMITATION OF SAMUEL PEPYS

By Ann Gottlieb

November 3rd, 1943. Alarm went off at seven o'clock. Up at seven-fifteen. Felt cautiously with one foot for my slippers. Missed and hit the cold floor—most annoying. Woke my roommate—decidedly ungrateful person. Dressed hastily and so to breakfast. Lifted my morale with two slices of lean bacon, a piece of toast, and a cup of hot coffee. Then to the post office. Box never more empty. So to the library. Studied an hour. Then to Spanish—should have studied longer. Back to the library and then to English. Thence to chapel. Dr. Gage spoke to us. Twelve-fifteen and so to lunch. Supped, merrily forcing the conversation to distract my attention from cold noodles. Rushed to the post office. Letter from Tommy. Furlough starts December 30th. So excited left books in the post office and had to go back after them. Psychology at one o'clock—"S" for the six weeks. Then to tennis. Back-

hand horrible. Thence to American History. Had a "pop-quiz." Was indeed vexed. Classes over for the day and so to the Tea Room for badly needed refreshment. Had a glass of milk and a grilled cheese sandwich. Gained another pound this week. Back to the room. Ruth, Ruby, and Edy were there. Enjoyed cookies from home and in discourse fell to talk of the experiences of the past summer which did occasion much mirth. Six o'clock and so to dinner. Enjoyed baked ham and sweet potatoes. Sang songs and among others took great pleasure in the Marine Hymn. Back to the dormitory and from thence to the library. Studied 'til ten o'clock—Psych. test tomorrow. So to the room and at last to bed.

### PEA SOUP

By Katherine Moore

Into the chill, grey mist of the early morning I peered intently; through the open port hole I searched vainly for some object that could break through the heavy blanket of fog that hovered over the water. Only the weird blast of a passing fog horn pervaded the silence.

When we had boarded the steamer at Fort William, Ontario, the previous morning, a strange, smoky fog had hung low over Lake Superior. A death-like calm had stilled the water; an occasional breeze swept along before its long wispy fingers of fog. To see ahead more than two feet was an absolute impossibility; passengers collided with each other. The moisture in the air, added to the noticeable decrease in temperature, made an excursion on the decks an undertaking for only the most rugged. All during the night we had been awakened by the eerie and incessant shrieks of fog horns, each in a different minor key.

Still unable to see beyond the opening, I went up to breakfast. Almost immediately I noticed a strange atmosphere. In a brief time we were to reach the St. Mary's River and the "Soo" Locks. Several other ships had to pass through the Locks at approximately the same time as ours. Ordinarily this procedure is not in the least uncommon, nor any cause for worry. However, on this certain occasion there was no way of determining the number of ships, nor their positions, and the navigable channel is very narrow and treacherous.

Everyone went up to the bow of the ship near the appointed time to watch. To our left we could hear the drone of the light ship, and far to the right we recognized another signal ship. All around us we were conscious of the confusion of blaring horns of a great many different vessels. While we stood at anchor, for what seemed endless hours, the other ships seemed to be closing in on us.

Then, quite suddenly, our straining eyes were rewarded by the height of the masts of a ship close by, then those of a second and a third. The man at my elbow shouted, "Look, two more on the port-side;" then others joined in the chorus, each making a new discovery. Around noon the fog began to lift and thin out; we could discern the smoke stacks and upper decks of the nearest vessels. Directly before us lay two huge freighters, and on either side were scores of smaller ships. Ahead the great iron railroad bridge and the "jack-knife" bridge loomed against the sky. As our vision became clearer we saw that there was a fleet of nearly twenty-five vessels calmly waiting admission to the

channel. It was one of the strangest sights I have ever witnessed.

With a sudden rumble our motors were in action again and we began to move, progressing slowly at first. Passing through the Locks was a rather slow procedure. Then we were on the other side. As we drove off the ramp the sun was a dazzling ball set in a background of brightest azure. Nowhere was there the slightest trace of the fog in which we had been enveloped during the past twenty-four hours.

### THE LADY CAN'T DRIVE

By Joan Emons

At the age of twelve I made an important decision which has caused my friends, relatives, and parents many sleepless nights. I confronted my father one Sunday afternoon with a question concerning my decision. "Dad, I want to learn to drive." He didn't reply immediately but instead he buried his head in his arms and remained silent. I knew what he meant.

Four years later, after gathering up enough courage to face my father again, I asked him the same question. "Please Dad, couldn't I learn to drive?" The result was the same silent response. Determination seized me and I decided that nothing would stop me from learning to drive. I was sixteen and fully capable. (Well, at least I was sixteen!)

After discovering that I had enough courage to want to learn, I was confronted with a difficult problem. Who would teach me? Dad was too nervous and mother was too busy. That left my brother, age fourteen, who drove fairly well but who had no license. There was only one solution:—law or no law Joe would have to teach me! His response was opposite to the answer which I had expected. He would gladly teach me the fundamental principles of operating a car. I did not know at the time that jokingly my Dad had offered ten dollars to anyone who could teach me to drive a car. And who was Joe to reject such an offer?

For two days I sat in the car watching my brother drive. Not once did I get behind the wheel! I wondered if this was going to be worthwhile; this sitting there and observing, never getting to demonstrate my "hidden ability." The third day was successful. I climbed into the driver's seat and prepared for the thrilling adventure to which I had looked forward. After a word of warning and a prayer for my brother's safety, Dad watched me drive down the road accompanied by Joe, who was almost sitting in my lap—ready to grab the wheel at a moment's notice. Much to the family's surprise I returned safely and stopped the car. Joe, with a wide grin, proudly presented his protege and I congratulated him. It took a good tutor to teach me anything.

It has often been said that one can never escape the inevitable. This was the phrase my father muttered as he reluctantly climbed into the car, prepared to give his life for a worthy cause. In his mind he doubted the word "worthy." I drove him up and down the street, always conscious of his presence and thinking hard about which pedal Joe had taught me was the brake. When the ride was finished I climbed triumphantly from the car to show the family my accomplishment. However, I had made one big mistake—I hadn't stopped the car! I was safely on the ground while the Ford bearing my father went jerking up

the driveway. My heart sank as I had visions of my driving career ending before it had begun.

Miracles do happen! On a warm day in July, 1940. I passed my state driver's test and was issued a license. My mother was glad that I had accomplished my goal; Joe was proud and amazed at his pupil; Dad shook his head in wonderment. It is still his deep conviction that "the lady can't drive."

### "HOW TO TRAP A LAMBERT MAN"

Dedicated to Residents of Nicolls by Nancy Johnston

Each night in Nicolls a spirited conference is held on the subject, "Ten Thousand Reasons Why I Should Have a Lambert Man". Since this topic is of such supreme importance, I have prepared this brief handbook of instructions.

As in all hunting, it is necessary first to recognize one's prey. Any Sunday afternoon on campus just pick out the handsomest man in the most striking uniform, and he will be a Lambert man. The present belief is that they are all good dancers, tall and good looking with either curly blond or black hair, depending on the individual's preference. My suspicious nature leads me to doubt that each and every member of this group is tall and good-looking, but there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that they are all absolutely charming and desirable.

Now the next step—meeting the man. There are various ways to do this. The pick-up technique is sometimes used, but I shall not elucidate upon this method because I don't advise it. It's just one of those "out-of-harmony" things.

One of the best and safest ways is to get a blind date through a friend. This requires great diplomacy and skill. Finding a girl who goes with a Lambert man doesn't sound too difficult, but I must not mislead you. These girls are few. Occasionally they can be detected by their glow of happiness and slight air of superiority. If you can't spot them this way a little sleuthing on Sunday afternoon will usually put you on the right trail. Then begins the process that depletes both your patience and bank account. For best results it is absolutely essential that you stuff the girl with food to get her into an amiable mood. Even such rare delicacies as homemade cookies must be sacrificed upon the altar of "getting a Lambert man". After satisfying her in this way, begin to work subtly around to the subject of dates. Let me warn you now of what may happen. She may start then to tell of the wonderful times she has had with her wonderful Lambert Man. Once a girl gets started on this subject there is almost no stopping her. In this case one must be extremely clever, or the plot will fall through. Look a bit wistful, if that has no effect, break into loud and uncontrollable sobs. With a little coaching from you she will surely catch on that what you want is a date. And if she has any heart and appreciation of home cooking she will help you out.

If you are now saying, "That might work, but it's too much for me," then I recommend Method 2. It is an easier but riskier way. Occasionally an L. C. girl will be so careless or over confident as to leave her man sitting unguarded in the swing while she gets ready for date. This, girls, is your chance. Don't let timidity or early training stop you. Walk gracefully along. Waft a cloud

## Interesting Prose and Verse by Lindenwood Authors

of sophisticated perfume about you. When you get near the victim, fall. By this I do not mean a "landed hard on my knee and ruined my nylons" fall. What is needed here is a poised but natural-looking three point landing. If the fellow is a gentleman he will immediately be caught in your crafty trap. He will gallantly come help you up. You know what to do now—look up at him through your tastefully mascaraed eyelashes. From there on, use your own technique. And when you have a date with him, how about asking him to bring a friend for me?

### NEW ENGLAND

By Margaret Overmeyer

#### I

I am the ocean,  
A tide crashing on the rocks—  
A wane sighing and subsiding on  
the sand.  
I am a sea gull,  
Swooping, crying, shrieking—  
Riding on the wind, my white wings  
outspread.  
I am the sand gross  
Waving toward the sea—  
Breathing in the salt air.  
I am a rock,  
Bathed by the icy waters—  
The icy waters of the green Atlantic.  
I am a white pine,  
Towering over Maine's rocky coast.  
I am a slender, silver birch tree  
Hidden in New Hampshire.  
I am a stone wall,  
Ivy-covered, rambling  
Between hilly, rocky pastures.  
I am the worn White Mountains—  
majestic.  
I am the wooded hills of the Adiron-  
dacks,  
And a cold, rapid mountain trout  
stream.  
I am New England.

#### II

I am a sedate and proper house—  
Old and graceful doorway.  
Bulfinch was my creator.  
I am a salt-box house—  
Small and square.  
A seaman made me from the ribs  
of his ship  
Two hundred years ago.  
I am a rambling farm house;  
My roof is low, my floor-boards  
wide,  
My windows many-paned and small  
I am the old North Church—  
With famous bell tower.  
I am Faneuil Hall, "cradle of  
Liberty,"  
Busy market-place.  
I am the Old Cranbury Burying-  
Ground.  
I hold the grey stones of famous  
men.  
John Hancock,  
Samuel Adams,  
Paul Revere.  
I am your ancestors,  
Founding your town.  
I am you, reading the *Transcript*.  
I am your children, riding the Swan  
Boats.  
I am Boston.



### HE WAS NICE

by Ida Frances Lewis

"Anne, I'm doomed. The blow has fallen. Harry asked me to go to the Christmas Prom with him, and I accepted. Why on earth I did it, I don't know—just desperate, I suppose. Here I was for days before the dance and not a chance in sight—but Harry. At least I'll be there."

Jeanne looked at the telephone dolefully, her usual gay expression hidden; everyone but her had a good date for the all-important dance.

"And to think that I asked for a new formal for Christmas just to wear to that darned old dance. Why didn't I ask for a deck of cards to play solitaire with."

An expressive silence on the part of Jeanne.

"Yes, I know; I won't have a chance for a good time if I go at it in this mood, but why, oh why, do I always end up with a drip like Harry? That's well enough for you to say to go ahead and have a good time. Look at whom you're going with. You've got to get the kids to exchange dances with me so I won't be stuck with him 'alone' all evening."

"Well, okay."

"See you tomorrow."

Jeanne turned from the telephone with a sigh and flopped into a chair. She sprawled there a moment, then said, "Mother, what's wrong with me?"

"Honey, don't feel so badly; after all, this is only one dance. I know it's a very important one, but think of the other ones that you have gone to with 'good dates' as you call them. Anyway, what's wrong with Harry? He's always seemed like a very nice boy to me."

"Yes, Mother, he is a nice boy, but a girl does want something besides that in a date. He's such a terrible dancer and will try to dance to fast pieces no matter how much you hint. He never talks much and—oh, I don't know. I had one date with him and he was dead as a country church at midnight. I like him and all that, but there is a limit. Oh well, as Anne said, I might as well make the best of it. I could be sitting home. I just can't bear to think of the looks I'll get when I walk into the club with him though. Why didn't I tell him that I already had plans and then keep my fingers crossed."

"I don't think that you are being quite fair to him, after all you did accept, so you might as well be sweet about it. Maybe he's just bashful."

"Oh, I know, but—oh—"

The next day Jeanne rushed up the stairs, three at a time, and burst into her mother's room waving a letter madly.

"Mother, mother, oh guess what. Oh it's so wonderful. I'm so thrilled. Guess what's happened?"

"For goodness sake, calm down and tell me. Did you win a contest or merely inherit \$10,000?"

"Better than that. I just got this letter from Jerry—you know that cousin of Margaret's that I met last summer? Anyway, he's coming to visit them again Christmas and wants me to go to the dance with him. Isn't that perfect?"

Her mother looked at her questioningly and then, "That's wonderful, Jeanne, but what are you planning to do with Harry?"

If a bomb had been dropped, the effect would have been less startling. Jeanne stopped abruptly, and her expression became worried.

"Oh! I'd forgotten him. Oh! What

will I do! What will I do! What will I tell him. Mother, you are good at getting me out of messes. What shall I do about him. I might try to get him another date."

Mrs. Prestly said nothing for a minute. Then she replied, "This is one time I can't help you. Either you'll go with Harry as you promised or you'll give him some flimsy excuse and go with Jerry. Just remember this, Harry is counting a lot on going to this with you. I was talking to his mother this morning. She said she had never seen him so excited about anything before, although he tried to hide it. He is counting on this dance; it means as much to him to go with you as it does to you to go with Jerry! Of course he could get an own decision. I certainly wouldn't insult him by trying to get him a date; from what I've seen of him I don't think he would take that."

"Well, I don't see why I should sacrifice myself just to show Harry Roberts a good time. What about Jerry. Of course he could get another—but why should I chance his falling for some other girl. I'll just tell Harry that I had already promised Jerry and let him wonder, if he wants to."

With that, she flounced rebelliously out of the room.

Two days before the dance Jeanne dragged herself slowly into the house. She sank into a chair without even removing her coat and hat.

"I saw Harry this afternoon."

"You did?"

"I didn't tell him."

"You didn't! Do you realize that you have only two more days? He ought to have some notice. If you are going to break your date with him, you should have told him as soon as you decided."

"Don't I know it? My excuse is getting flimsier by the minute. Jerry gets in tonight, too. He's going to call as soon as he arrives. I'll have to have it settled by then. I just couldn't tell Harry this afternoon though. There was a gang of the fellows with him, he looked at me and oh—I don't know. It didn't seem the logical time. Why was I ever born!?"

"I—nothing. It's your problem. Only, Jerry is pretty sure of himself isn't he, or should I say of you?"

Disinterestedly, Jeanne replied, "Why, not unduly so; he just found out he was going to get to come, or I suppose he would have told me sooner."

After dinner Jeanne wandered restlessly from room to room. First, she would fiddle with the radio, then turn it off in disgust and walk to the telephone, stare at it, then go pick up a magazine. After leafing through it aimlessly, she would march resolutely to the telephone, start to pick up the receiver, then turn back to the radio.

Finally the sharp jangle of the telephone was heard. "Call for you, Jeanne."

"Oh, what will I do?" murmured Jeanne.

Mrs. Prestly looked at her with a hopeful gleam in her eyes.

"Hello."

"Yes."

"Oh, Margaret."

"What?"

"Sure."

"Bye. Thanks for calling."

She turned to her parents, "That was Margaret. The folks have been delayed so that they won't get here until tomorrow. Jerry is going to come see me the first thing."

Her mother looked straight at her, "Are you going to tell Harry or

aren't you? I'm ashamed of the way you are acting."

"I hate to call him, Mother. It's so hard to explain anything over the phone. I'll go and see him the first thing in the morning."

Two nights later Jeanne flew up the steps, her new dress with its full white skirt swirling about her; sequins sprinkled over the filmy mass sparkled almost as brightly as did her eyes. At the door of her mother's room she asked softly, "Are you asleep, Mother?"

On receiving a negative reply she promptly turned on the light and settled herself at the foot of the bed.

"I had the grandest time. Guess what. Harry's been taking dancing lessons on the sly—had it as a surprise for me. He can rumba the best of anyone in our crowd; he taught me some of the cutest new steps, and conga—oh my. He had a new tux—you saw it—and had their big car. Oh, Mother, he's changed. He said that he was sick with a cold when I had that date with him. Mother, it would have been awful if I had broken our date. He was counting on it so much and guess what! He's going to Yale next year, pre-med, and asked me up for the big fall dance. May I go? Please. Do you think, maybe, I might get a new dress for it?"

"I was dancing with Jerry (he came stag). He just calmly told me that he would pick me up at eight tomorrow night—no it's tonight now—anyway—he didn't even ask me—just told me. I told him I was sorry, but I had already made plans. You should have seen his face. He's so conceited. I thought maybe Harry would ask me for a date then—he did, too."

"You know, Harry wasn't half-bad; in fact, he's nice. Jerry is fun, but he is all on the surface while Harry is deeper—he's really got something to him. He's so interesting to talk to once he gets started. You know, I think I'm falling for Harry Roberts."

Her mother just smiled.

### JOE

By Martha Barshfield

Joe didn't resemble the usual run of sidewalk fruit stand proprietors. He was a tall, burly Italian whose smile was irresistible to any passerby. He would throw his head back and toss a hearty laugh at any remark that even resembled humor. His white teeth and black eyes would sparkle in the sunlight that always seemed brightest at the corner of Twelfth and Chestnut streets. Joe always wore the sleeves of his shirt rolled to the elbow; his worn trousers always sagged at the knees and the seat. Over this everyday apparel he tied a clean white apron.

Joe was particular not only about his clean aprons. It meant a lot to him how his little shop looked, there on the corner of the busy intersection. He would plan from day to day the placement of his apples, oranges, and other fruits, and to be sure his little stand was always tidy and inviting. In order to view his place of business from the shopper's standpoint, he would cross the street and stand cocking his head, rubbing his stubby whiskers, and mumbling to himself the possible improvements.

To Joe everyone was a friend and visa versa. Small children, laughing couples, elderly ladies and gentlemen

(Continued on page 6)

## JOE

(Continued from page 5)

alike enjoyed his company. The types of people who patronized Joe's shop were varied. Young hoodlums would grab an apple and run for all they were worth, leaving good-natured Joe to grin and reminisce of his boyhood days. Joe's ambition had always been to own a fruit stand and "let the kids come and go as they please." Profit meant little, and happiness all.

Long, sleek, black limousines could be seen stopping at the corner, from which stepped dignified ladies clad in expensive garb. Joe's apples were his pride and they alone increased patronage by this upper class.

The big rush season at the shop was Christmas. Little red bells tinkled and vivid green holly and mistletoe hung from every available nail. Callers during the holidays were many. Beggars wishing a minute's warmth, a smile from Joe, and a juicy red apple, would stroll back and forth in front of the windows until Joe winked a merry eye, which was his signal of welcome.

Fathers and mothers always purchased apples for their children's Christmas stockings at the shop, and the absence of "one of Joe's apples" was considered a cruelty by the younger folks.

Joe was indeed a friend to all, and his business was an established part of the civic life; but that cheery smile has vanished, and the corner of Twelfth and Chestnut streets is bare and empty. The passers by are not their usual merry selves, for a few nights ago, at twelve midnight, through the misty, fog-like rain, the screech of tires and brakes echoed at Joe's corner.

## EPISODE OF THE MOUSE

by Gail Willbrand

The nuns at Villa Duchesne were dignified to be sure. They moved silently and stately like ghosts drifting through the vaulted halls. Their habit of dress alone brought awe into my heart, and with a single cold look, I could be chilled into good behavior for coming weeks. There was one time, however, when "a member of the sacred" dropped her guard long enough for little humor to seep through her black robes.

I was in my room on the second floor struggling to pin my hair into curls before "lights out" sounded; for lights actually went out, and I was often left in pitch darkness groping for bobby pins. As I worked with the dexterity of an octopus, and fully as unorganized, I heard a scrambling in my wastebasket. I investigated and found to my horror, a mouse! There it was, frantically dashing up the side of the basket, slipping back, and climbing up once more. If I had stopped to consider, I would have done something rational! but true to the members of my sex, I ran screaming for Mother Doyle, the House Mother. She calmly asked what was bothering me at such an unearthly hour.

"A mouse is in my wastebasket!" "A mouse?" She groaned, looking absolutely lost. Pushing me aside, she swept into my room, peered in the basket and uttered a little gasp. Then she was gone. I stood wringing my hands trying to think what I had done to deserve so horrible fate, when back she hustled, waving a broom high over her starched hood. I wondered what possible good a broom could be in battling a rodent, but I meekly surrendered the responsibility to the slightly-rattled Mother Doyle.

She attacked systematically, first raining blows on the mouse's un-

## Wanted: Thirteen Names For Family of Gertie and Cuthie

All five hundred of us are god-mothers 'cause Gertie and Cuthbert, our white arts, are the grandparents of 13 of the most repulsive baby rats you've ever seen. Gertie and Cuthie, the F. F. V.'s of Lindenwood rat society, entered school last spring as wards of Bev Wescott. Wonderfully mad experiments were performed on them, but now in their old age they can sit in their cages and wrinkle their pink noses at their grandchildren.

On November 3, Gertie and Cuthie's daughter winked a pink eye at her husband in an adjoining cage as if to say, "What do you think of them? Frankly, I think they smell!" The stoic husband sat and calmly chewed his toenails; he wasn't interested.

But daughter must have learned to love them—all 13 of 'em, and it was a sad blow when two of the charming little creatures died. That law about "survival of the fittest" again; two of those little rats couldn't stand being walked on by Mother and 14 brother and sisters.

Even Bev with her enthusiasm for her charges can't call them lovely. They have no tails, a suggestion of ears, no hair, closed eyes, thin grayish skin, and they're beginning to grow whiskers. Only a mother could love them, but she must. She tried to bite Caroline Levy's finger off when that inquisitive girl wanted to peek at the babies.

These intriguing animals live in a silver cage in the Biology lab—room with a view and all. They sleep in shredded newspapers and eat bread crusts and lettuce leaves. They've solved the problem of garbage disposal. But there's one problem that hasn't been solved—the rats lack names. The best sugges-

## Dr. Schaper Leaves for Navy

(Continued from page 1)

responsibility as adult citizens.

During the years that Dr. Schaper has been associated with the college, she has come in contact with more than 5000 students. "I feel a very close tie between the alumnae and students," said Dr. Schaper. "I intend to keep in contact with the College and my old friends."

In addition to her Lindenwood activities, Dr. Schaper's interest for the past twenty years has been in Educational Sociology, especially in the Missouri Academy of Science, sociology section, and the American Sociological Society. She is also a member of the St. Louis branch of the National Vocational Guidance Association, of which she was president in 1941-42.

Thursday night there was an all-campus formal dinner in the dining room honoring Dr. Schaper. Sunday night she spoke for the last time before the student body.

suspecting head with the sweeping end of the broom. When the mouse refused to surrender, she poked at it viciously with the broom handle. Mother Doyle was visibly disturbed now, but did she give up? Not at all. In one decisive movement she picked up the wastebasket, mouse and all, opened the window and tossed them out. Turning on her heel, she flung over her shoulder, "The maid will return your receptacle in the morning."

And with that, she was gone, her full black skirts swishing about her dignified ankles.

tion to date is that they be named for the Hallowe'en court. But we're just wondering if the beauties would like such cunning namesakes.

## Who's Who In Colleges, 1943-44

(Continued from page 1)

business and society. The activities and honors of these girls has been varied.

**Sally Dearnont:** representative of Lindenwood at the Principia Conference, '41-'42; Good Citizenship Scholarship, '41-'42; President, Enchore Club, '41-'43; Popularity Court, '42-'43; Maid of Honor, May Court, '42-'43; Secretary of Y.W.C.A.; Publicity Chairman of A.A.; President of Student Council, '43-'44.

**Pat De Puy:** League of Women Voters; International Relations Club; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet, '43-'44; Student Activity Committee, '43-'44; President of Senior Class, '43-'44.

**Ruth Heyden:** International Relations Club; El Circulo Espanol; League of Women Voters, Sec. Treas., '42-'43, President, '43-'44; Sec. Treas. Indiana Club, '43-'44; President Triangle Club, '43-'44.

**Janet Schaefer:** President League of Women Voters, '42-'43; Treasurer A.A., '42-'43; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet, '42-'43; International Relations Club; President Y.W.C.A., '43-'44.

**Shirley Goodman:** Poetry Society, Treas., '42-'43, Vice President, '43-'44; Alpha Sigma Tau, '43-'44; Pi Gamma Mu, '43-'44; Sigma Tau Delta, Treas., '42-'43, Vice President, '43-'44; Pi Alpha Delta, Treas., '42-'43, '43-'44; International Relations Club; League of Women Voters, Vice President, '42-'43; Social Welfare Chairman, '43-'44; Press Club, '42-'44; Linden Leaves, Ass't Literary Editor, '42-'43, Literary Editor, '43-'44; Alpha Kappa Delta (Washington University), '43-'44; Advisory Committee on Religion, '42-'43; Student Council, '43-'44; Sigma Iota Chi Scholarship, '42-'42; Sociology Award, '41-'43.

**Bobby Burnett:** International Relations Club; El Circulo Espanol; Captain and Manager of Riding Team, '42-'43; President of Irwin Hall, '43-'44; President of Future Teachers of America Club, '42-'43; President of A.A., '42-'44; President of Residence Council, '43-'44.

**Lell Lewis:** Business Manager of Linden Leaves, '43-'44; Vice President Pi Gamma Mu, '43-'44; Vice President Alpha Sigma Tau, '43-'44; Sec. Treas., Press Club, '43-'44; El Circulo Espanol; International Relations Club; League of Women Voters; A.A.; Kentucky Club, '41-'42.

**Beverly Wescott:** Editor Linden Leaves, '43-'44; Secretary Beta Pi Theta, '43-'44; Chairman Big-Little Sister Organization, '42-'43; Vice President Missouri Academy of Science (College Division), '43-'44; Advertising Manager of Linden Leaves, '42-'43; President International Relations Club, '42-'43; Alpha Sigma Tau; Triangle Club; Pi Gamma Mu; Residence Council, '40-'42; Press Club; A.A.; Vice President Nebraska Club, '41-'42; Sigma Iota Chi Scholarship, '41-'42; League of Women Voters; Sec. Treas., Junior Class, '42-'43; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet, '41-'42; Representative of Lindenwood at League of Women Voters Conference, '41-'42.

The purpose of the project has been two-fold: First, to serve as an outstanding honor in which a deserving student, after displaying merit in college and accomplishing his goals, would be given recognition; second, to establish a refer-

## Mme. Lyolene



## Mme. Lyolene Noted Stylist Is Visiting L. C. This Week

Madame Helene Lyolene, well-known fashion designer, is visiting Lindenwood this week. She is conducting classes in designing and draping and is available for individual conferences with students.

Helen Lyolene has been one of the great designers of the Haute Couture in Paris for over 15 years. When war came to France she came to the United States and joined Hattie Carnegie as a designer. Later she designed for the specialty shop of Madame et La Jeune Fille. Besides being a designer, Madame Lyolene is also recognized as an excellent teacher. She taught costume design at Columbia University, and the School Art League of New York.

Mme. Lyolene began her designing career by creating costumes for dolls. Her success prompted her to transfer her talents to designing clothes for women. Her original styles soon attracted attention and she was started on a career that has made her an international authority in the world of fashion.

Mme. Lyolene specializes in designing clothes for young women. She believes that America will soon become the style center of the world.

## Miss Jane Seavey Has Painting On Display In St. Louis

"Sea Shells" an oil painting by Miss Jane Seavey of the Lindenwood Art Department, is on display at the St. Louis Art Museum in the third annual Missouri Art Exhibition.

The art students are working with charcoal and water colors. They are also experimenting in finger painting and texture study, both of which are new and unique fields. Texture study is a contrast of colors as well as textures. It is valuable in selecting wearing apparel and house furnishings. The advanced students are working in oils. All the students are planning to visit the St. Louis Art Museum within the next three weeks.

ence volume of authoritative information on the great body of America's leading students. The book therefore has become the established index of ideal men and women who are most likely to make a success of life.

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## Dr. Eddy Talks On Problems of War and Peace

Winning the war, winning a just and lasting peace and building a better world are the three main problems confronting us, according to Dr. Sherwood Eddy in his speech in the Library Club Room, November 2. He has traveled in every country of the world for the last 50 years.

Twelve years ago he saw the start of World War Two when Japan captured Manchuria.

The Japanese gave the Chinese opium, which made them weak. Dr. Eddy brought this evidence before the Japanese government. They refused to listen. He tries to keep hatred out of his heart by praying for his enemies, but he would fight to save his country.

"Hitler boasts of killing 1200 men. He is half genius and half neurotic madman," said Dr. Eddy. He does not stand by his agreements. When he broke the Munich pact only Russia proposed to stop him by proposing an eight power pact, England, France, Russia and five other bordering Germany. Chamberlain, Prime Minister of England, a pacifist, refused to agree.

Dr. Eddy believes war with Russia was the beginning of Hitler's downfall. "If Russia holds out, Germany will be beaten within the year. It will take two years for Japan if we get island bases." Dr. Eddy thinks Stalin is a great man. He is one of the greatest industrialists, leading 200,000,000 peasants from fifth place to second among the nations. He is a brilliant general, his only rival is General George Marshall of the United States. Along with Roosevelt he is the greatest politician. Stalin means steel. He is as hard and durable as steel. He is ruthless but not cruel."

The Russian Pact is the most important thing that has happened so far in the war. We have had a hundred years peace with Russia.

"The new world must be based upon Justice, Brotherhood, and Religion," he said. The American Negro is the bitterest now since 1620. The Russian atheists have no race prejudice. We have the greatest, along with Germany. In Mississippi the native will not educate or help the Negroes and they will not allow them to help themselves.

## Poetry Contest Winner

(Continued from page 1)

winning poem of Jane Schmidt, is the story of a quiet, unimposing girl that dreams of being glamorous. She wonders which is her right character. Nancy Johnston's "Gray Scene", has an appropriate title. It tells of a dreary and dull day.

The winning poem follows:

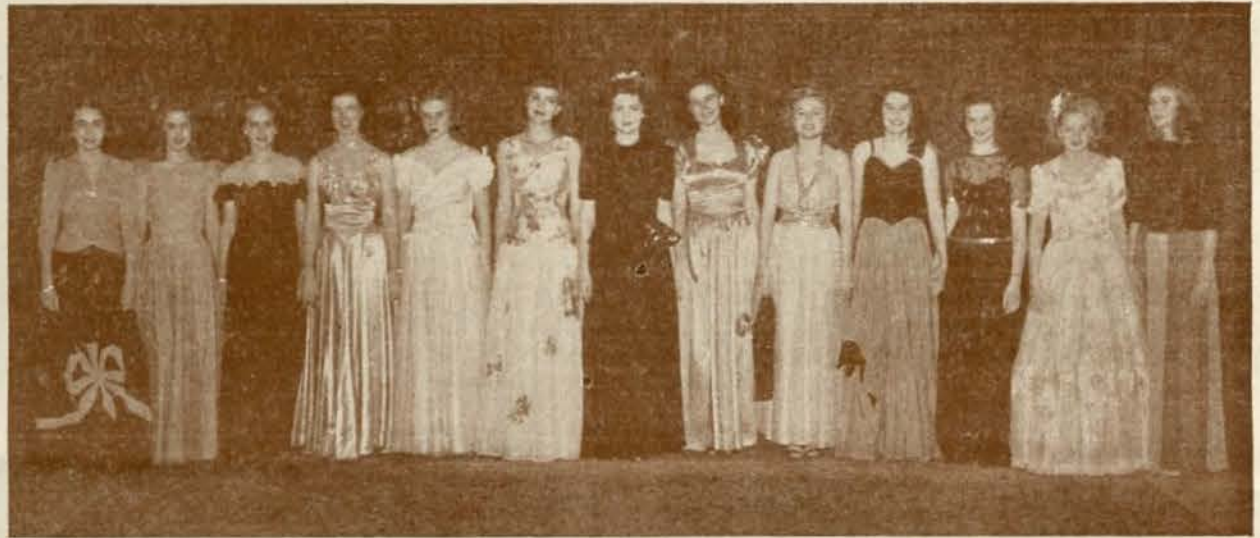
### "THE WINDOW"

By Phyllis Maxwell

Wooden sashes and glass panes,  
Sashes weakened with age,  
Glass mudded from burnt noses  
and damp fingers,  
A framework for people looking  
out who envy those on the out  
side,  
People looking in who envy those  
on the inside,  
People watching and people wait-  
ing,  
People loving and people hating,  
Yet, through the ages,  
Only a window,  
Wooden sashes and glass panes.

Poems which received honorable mention and which are accepted by the Society are found in the literary supplement of this issue.

## HALLOWE'EN QUEEN AND HER COURT OF HONOR



Presenting her Majesty, Queen of the Hallowe'en Court, Miss Betty Shook, and her maids. Miss Shook, third from the left, reigned over the Lindenwood Hallowe'en ball with her first maid of honor, Miss Sally Mitchell, fourth from the left, and her second maid of honor, Miss Marie Szylagi, second from the left. The other attendants, left to right are: Miss Betty Fox, Miss Katherine Moore, Miss Ann Hobbs, Miss Jane Patterson, Miss Ruth Stevenson, Miss Jonelle Sample, Miss Patsy Sharich, Miss Jean Clark, Miss Emily Berry, and Miss Imogene Leach.

## Cast Is Completed For Play To Be Given Thanksgiving Night

The cast of the Thanksgiving play, "You Can't Take It With You," has been chosen by Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon, head of the Speech and Dramatics Department. The play will be presented Thanksgiving evening.

The comedy concerns the everyday, hectic life of Martin Vanderhof and his strange assortment of family, friends, and motley collection of visitors.

Members of the cast are: Minota Bayliss, Pat Conrad, Anita Egan, Betty Scott, Carolyn Hughes, Connie Fuqua, Betty Ann Rouse, Betty Jean Loerke, Ann Bruce, Donna Deffenbaugh, Phyllis Maxwell, Jane McLean, Freda Eberspacher, Celeste Salvo, Kathleen DeCroes, Elsie Lipscomb, and Barbara Buckley.

The stage manager is Helen Bartlett; property manager, Dorothy Heimrod; and promoter, Jeanne Boellner.

## Place Your Want Ad In The Bark For A Nominal Fee

A new feature will appear in the Linden Bark soon. It will be known as the Want Ad Column. Anybody who has an article to sell or exchange should notify the Linden Bark staff and for a nominal fee, an ad will be placed in the paper.

Read the advertisements in this issue and when you patronize the stores and shows, be sure to tell them that you saw their ad in the Linden Bark.

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## Drumsticks To Cuthbert---and They'd Be Nice Here Too!

Dearest Cuthie,

How is my sweetest little drumstick this time? Gee, I can't wait to get my teeth into some delicious, delightful turkey Thursday—but I'll bet all us civilians will be substituting hot dogs 'cause you and your army will be getting and gobbling all the turkey.

We're going to have a play Thanksgiving evening—"You Can't Take It With You." That's what I told you about those pin-up girl pictures when you went into the army, but you just didn't seem to want to pay any attention to me.

Saturday classes have begun, too. You should have seen everyone last Sunday. They all looked like your K. P. potato peelings. (That doesn't sound very complimentary, does it?) Six nights studying a week—golly, I'll have to reduce your letters from two to one-half a month. I think I'll write in installments—like Edna Hemingway or Earnest Ferber or some of the famous writers.

You know, it's time to start thinking about Christmas presents. Got to do our shopping early. I've already started thinking about yours. I think I'll stop though; it's such a job—thinking.

Well, I have a lot of things to do so I guess I'd better stop wasting my time and yours. Oh, yes, I

think I forgot to tell you. The hall I'm in had a dance last week with the most beautiful men. Honestly, I met the nicest fellow—tall, blonde, an ex-football player. He's wonderful. He's going to take me to the play. Remember though, Cuthie, I only accepted just to keep myself from getting lonesome for you. You wouldn't like me to get lonesome, I know.

Well, that's the soup to nuts of this week's news and all the jabber from your own

Gertie.

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## CLUB CORNER

The Board of the League of Women Voters was entertained at a waffle supper at the home of Miss Wilhelmina Feemster, the sponsor of the organization on November 1. Plans were made for the year's work, and will be announced after the next meeting. The League of Women Voters is one of the largest organizations on the campus, and is open to any member of the student body.

The Y.W.C.A. announced its officers at the last meeting, as follows: President, Janet Schaefer; vice president, Lynn Jackson; secretary, Carol Landberg; treasurer, Freda Eberspacher. On November 3 the organization had as its guest speaker Sherwood Eddy, who is affiliated with the Y.M.C.A., and has traveled abroad extensively. On November 17 the Y.W.C.A. will have as its guest speaker a student from India, Nat Muzumdar. Mr. Muzumdar will dress in full Indian costume.

Beta Pi Theta, national French honorary fraternity, presents the following girls as its officers for the year: President, Jerry Oppenheimer; vice president, Marjorie Allen; secretary, Beverly Wescott; treasurer, Betty Zeigler; sentinel, Grace Gray Arsenau. The fraternity has chosen as its program for the year, progressive education in post-war France.

Beta Chi, the riding fraternity, consists of 10 girls: Marilou Rutledge, Gayle Armstrong, Elizabeth Magnuson, Marie Szilagyi, Florence Barry, Debby Higbee, Ada Waelder, Betty Roark, Nancy Papin and Jo Ann Butters. Marilou Rutledge is the manager of the riding team and acting president.

Miss Greenwalt, the sponsor, said that the riding team would ride in a meet with McMurray College at McMurray, November 20. Beta Chi is also sponsoring a horse show Thanksgiving Day.

A meeting of El Circulo Espanol, the honorary Spanish club, was held November 10, in the Library Club Rooms. Jo Ann Butters, the president, announced that 40 girls were initiated, some as active members and some as pledges. The program was furnished by three girls who had been to Mexico last summer—Emmy Gumm, Mary Herd and Hildagarde Stanze. To be eligible for El Circulo Espanol a student must have a grade of S or above in Spanish.

Alpha Psi Omega, Dramatic Art fraternity, has elected the following officers: President, Peggy Proctor; vice president, Minota Bayliss; secretary-treasurer, Sue Beck. Miss Mary Gordon, sponsor, announced that plans are under way for the year. Members and students who have been prominent in play productions were entertained at a picnic at the St. Charles park, in October. The members also entertained at a tea to which both the faculty and Speech Certificate students were invited. Their big production of the year, "You Can't Take It With You," will be presented Thanksgiving day.

The Indiana Club has elected the following officers: President, Barbara Wertz; vice president, Ruth Painter; secretary-treasurer, Ruth Heyden. Miss Anna Wurster is the sponsor of this club. A meeting was held in the library club rooms on

## HALL OF FAME



You can see her around campus, you can see her in the tea room, you can see her in the post-office, but mostly, you can see her in Sibley, 'cause that's where she lives—Peg Proctor—this week's nominee for the Hall of Fame. But no matter where you look, you have to look quick, because with all of Peg's interests, she's always on the go.

She is secretary-treasurer of the Junior Class, a member of the Encore Club, and an active participant in the campus plays. During her Sophomore year, she was president of her class and vice president of the Encore Club. As a Freshman, she was vice president of the class.

Just a completely all-around girl and one of the best-liked on our campus. Keep a sharp eye out for her, everyone, and you'll see what we mean.

## Tri-Sports Day Postponed Because Of Saturday Classes

The tri-school sports day that was to have taken place between Lindenwood, McMurray, and Monticello will be indefinitely postponed because of Saturday classes.

November 2, and each member told about her home town and nearby places of interest.

The Triangle Club held its first meeting October 12 in the Library Club Rooms. The following officers were elected: President, Ruth Heyden; vice president, Dorothy Heimrod; secretary, Lynn Jackson; treasurer, Helen Devine.

Miss Rachel Morris, sponsor of Pi Gamma Mu, reports the President of the organization will be Carolyn Platt. Beverly Wescott has been taken in as a new member. Miss Morris said the program for the year is to work toward a better understanding of cultures of people. Every girl in this organization is being prepared for some kind of participation in the post-war construction.

Dr. Raymond Garnett, sponsor of the Future Teachers of America, announces that members of the organization attended this meeting of the Missouri State Teachers Association on November 5, in St. Louis. Preceding the business meeting a Lindenwood College dinner was held at the Statler Hotel. Dr. Garnett said that the next meeting of the club is scheduled for November 16.

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## Post Office Is Most Popular Place On The Campus

Where is the most popular place in Roemer Hall? Every Lindenwood student visits it at least twice a day if not more. Even the faculty members make special trips there. What has it got that makes students sometimes miss dessert at lunch? What does it promise to account for the mad dash made by hundreds of girls to get to its doors?

It is known as the Post Office, Book and Stationery Store. It is situated on the bottom floor of Roemer Hall, but if it was in the middle of the golf course, it still would not lose its popularity. Along its walls are five hundred boxes with keys dangling from the outside of each. These boxes hold the secret of the Book Store's popularity. For found in these little compartments are the items which every Lindenwood girl desires most—LETTERS!

Letters from Mother, Dad, Sis, and Brother; letters from China, India,

Africa, England and Hawaii; letters from army camps, naval bases, marine stations, and air fields. V-mails and air mails. Letters containing joy and promise, disappointment and heartbreak. Some fat and bulging with news others short and uninteresting. Each letter bringing some girl closer to friends and relatives who are many miles away. Yes, it is no wonder the Post Office is so popular with Lindenwood girls.

## President Gage Attends Meetings In Des Moines, Cincinnati and Ohio

Dr. H. M. Gage attended the regional meeting of the National Conference of Church Related Colleges, last week. This meeting in Omaha was held to make plans for a cooperative union of the Church Related Colleges and the Association of American Colleges. Dr. Gage was in Des Moines and in Cincinnati the first week in November for the meetings of the Council of Church Boards of Education and of the Association of American Colleges. Dr. Gage said he hoped such cooperation could be achieved in a way that the religious and educational activities of colleges could be planned by a single body.

## Count Byron De Prorok Speaks At Armistice Day Convocation

Count Byron De Prorok, noted archeologist and explorer thrilled a Lindenwood audience by his interesting glimpses of world personalities and his experiences, at a convocation Nov. 9. He has been on eighteen expeditions during the last twenty-five years, mostly in North Africa.

While Count De Prorok was with General Wingate he found a mountain of 100,000 mummies. While alone he fell through four floors and was caught for forty-eight hours among the mummies.

Two years before the start of the war, while out in the Sahara desert his expedition heard the approach of cars. They stopped them and discovered they were Italian officers and a German Captain. They said they thought they were in Italian Libya, but the expedition took them back to Egypt. The German Captain was Erwin Rommel, the fox of Africa.

He told on many more interesting people, Amundson, Amelia Earhart, Otto of Austria. He thinks that America will be the moral and cultural hope of tomorrow.

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Bette Davis  
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FRI. - SAT. Nov. 26-27  
2-FEATURES-2

"DANCING MASTERS"  
with Laurel & Hardy  
Trudy Marshall

"SOMEONE TO REMEMBER"  
with Mabel Paige  
John Craven

SUN. - MON. Nov. 28-29  
"WINTERTIME"  
with Sonja Helne

TUESDAY-WED.-THURSDAY  
Nov. 30-Dec. 1-2  
Bette Davis & Paul Lucas in  
"WATCH ON THE RHINE"

FRI. - SAT. Dec. 3-4  
"SPITFIRE"  
with Leslie Howard  
David Niven  
— and —  
Roy Rogers in  
"SILVER SPURS"