

L. C. Students to Eat Thanksgiving Dinner On the Campus

Lindenwood is cooperating with the war effort by abandoning the traditional Thanksgiving holidays. Except for Thanksgiving Day, school will be held as usual.

This will be the first Thanksgiving Day since the beginning of World War II, and Lindenwood will celebrate en masse on the campus. Few of the students are planning to be "out of town" for this occasion, so a "full" day is in the offing for all who are present. The schedule for Thanksgiving Day is as follows:

7:30 until 8 a. m.—Breakfast. The morning will be climaxed by a hockey game between the upper classmen and the freshmen.

At 11:30 o'clock, an appropriate Chapel service will be held in Roemer Auditorium.

1 p. m.—Turkey Dinner in dining room.

3 until 5 p. m.—Tea dance in the gym with music furnished by Cal East and his orchestra. There will be open house in the faculty room, the Library Club Room and Butler gym.

6 o'clock—Thanksgiving tea will be served in the dining room.

A pleasurable evening has been planned under the direction of Miss Octavia K. Frees who will present a well chosen cast in the first college play of the season. "George Washington Slept Here." The curtain goes up at 8 o'clock sharp in Roemer Auditorium.

This is the extent of the Thanksgiving Day schedule with stress on two important subjects—Don't forget your contribution to the fund for underprivileged; and Miss Foster asks if you plan to have guests for Thanksgiving dinner to please make arrangements ahead of time.

Dr. Gage Awarded Honorary Degree From Coe College

Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage, president of Lindenwood College, was awarded the honorary degree of doctor of humanity while he was at Coe College, Cedar Rapids, participating in the inauguration of Dr. Charles A. Anderson as president of Coe College. For 21 years Dr. Gage was president of Coe.

Dr. Gage has also been awarded the degree of Doctor of Laws by Wooster College and Parsons College and with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Emporia College and Illinois College.

This honorary degree was awarded to Dr. Gage on November 12.

HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Hall of Fame—Janet Thomas, better known as Jay Tee. You'll usually find her laughing over nothing, even early in the morning.

This year Jay Tee has been elected to "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." She's the hard-working president of the Y.W.C.A. Besides that full-time job, Jan is vice-president

(Continued on page 8, col. 4)

WAR COUNCIL IS ORGANIZED ON CAMPUS BY STUDENTS AND FACULTY

War Time Careers For Women Are Discussed at Conference

Careers open to women during war time were discussed by twenty-seven speakers at a Career Conference held on Lindenwood campus November 13th and 14th. Lindenwood College, in cooperation with the St. Louis Altrusa Club, was host to representatives from ten universities and colleges of Missouri and Illinois. Dr. Florence W. Schaper, Director of Student Guidance and Personnel, was in charge of the conference. The purpose of this conference was to help prepare women for definite goals during and after the war period.

Many interesting authorities were present, representing personnel, health, radio, recreation, nursing, dietetics and nutrition, science, education and agriculture. Also, we had the honor of meeting a WAVE and a WAAC.

Friday night there was a dinner for the guests attending the conference followed by an informal get-acquainted gathering in the Library Club Rooms. At this time, the members of Altrusa demonstrated the right and the wrong ways to apply for a job.

Mrs. Jeanette Hindman Elliott is president of the St. Louis Altrusa Club. Working with her in planning the conference were the following club members: Miss Frances Clesse, Mrs. Francis Ferguson, and Miss Gretchen Vanderschmidt.

Classes Assembled Under Direction of Civilian Defense Corps

Lindenwood has organized a War Council to unite the war activities and efforts of every person on the campus.

Under the direction of the War Council, a Civilian Defense Corps is being organized, and its first test will take place in a blackout on Dec. 14. This blackout will cover a considerable portion of the Seventh Corps Service Command.

The Lindenwood War Council is composed of Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage, Ex-Officio; Mr. Guy C. Motley Coordinator; Dr. John Thomas; Dr. R. L. Garnett, Miss Mary Morrison, Miss Mary Ellen Bibbee, Doris Banta, Betty Proctor, Florence Barry, Peg Proctor, and Carolyn Trimble.

The evening classes being organized under the supervision of the United States Department of Education and the Extension Department of the University of Missouri began last week. The courses offered are engineering and drafting, radio technician, and personnel management. So far, 130 students and townspeople have enrolled. Some student classes are being organized under the direction of the Civilian Defense Corps, such as typing, first aid, motor mechanics and motor ambulance.

The War Council was first begun on November 9. Academic classes were discontinued for the day, and each of the four classes met separately to decide what to do for the war effort. Later, every person on the campus attended a mass meeting in Roemer Auditorium. Dr. Gage opened the meeting by saying that this meeting was characteristic of our life in America. We have the opportunity of talking things over in public assembly and arriving at decisions of importance by the free public expression of opinion. After a pep rally led by Mr. Motley, various members of the Council were called upon the report.

Doris Banta had recently attended a Student Service Fund Conference in Columbia, and told what they accomplished with this fund. She suggested that there might be some way in which we could contribute to the fund, Doris also suggested a student program on Armistice Day, followed by a bean soup supper.

Betty Proctor, president of the Senior Class, made three proposals. They intend to purchase a \$50.00

(Continued on page 7, col. 1)

Linden Bark Reporter Finds Out Who's Thankful---And Why

The season of thinking and thanking is here. After thinking it over, just what are we thankful for? A poll of campus reveals the opinion varies. Two chances out of three the response will be, "SLEEP" or that they are thankful to be living in the United States instead of in the war-torn European countries. After you hint past those answers you find the students are thankful for an infinite number of things. The findings:

Bey Sage—She's always thankful when she is in the tea room instead of in class.

Elaine Workman — Is thankful "Dick" is coming home for Christ-

mas.

Jean Ream—"Is so thankful 'Dud' is still in the United States."

Lee Alexander—Is thankful for "MEN"—(one in particular).

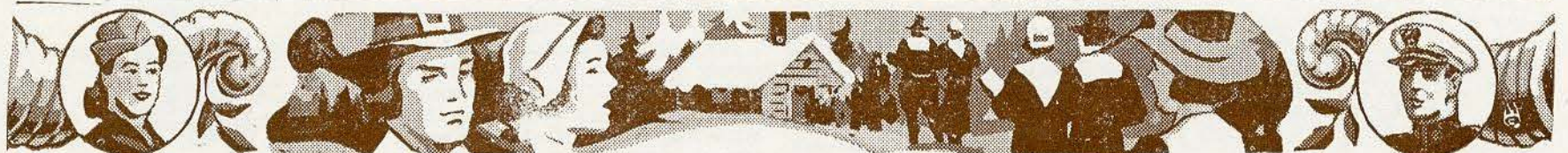
Lou Mallory—"Is thankful that we still have Thanksgiving."

Lorraine Westfall—She'll be very thankful when her hair grows long again.

Jane Johnson—Is thankful she can remember "Chuck's" long address over-seas.

Jerry Lewis—Is thankful she was able to return to school and that she lives in America.

Mr. Clayton—Is mighty thankful when the Bark staff gets their assignments in on time.



LINDEN BARK

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Entered at the Post Office at St. Charles, Mo., March 10, 1942, as second class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Tuesday, November 24, 1942

Thanksgiving, 1942

For the first time in twenty-five years, we are celebrating Thanksgiving during war time.

Now more than ever we should settle down occasionally to reflect on all we have to be thankful for. We go hurriedly from class to class with funny frowns on otherwise pretty faces, and we sit in the Tea Room grumbling about the assignments that insist on piling up, or brooding over empty mail boxes. Do we ever admit we're just about the luckiest girls on earth, living on a beautiful campus with so many swell friends? Don't you all agree it's a relieving thought that tests and assignments are really the main worries we are burdened with—or else something trite as "Why doesn't he write?" or "Who borrowed my fur coat?"

Honestly, it's time that we realize our opportunities and make the best of them. Even though it is grey outside it is warm and friendly inside and everyone of us can be thankful we're still having cranberry sauce and turkey instead of bombs and constant blackouts.

The Bark Is For Uncle Sam

The collegiate press of the nation is uniting to be a United Voice for Victory. We believe Uncle Sam may call upon the college press in the immediate future. And by this cooperative movement we feel we will be prepared when that happy day comes.

Here is the pledge:

"Without sacrificing editorial independence or their right to make independent judgments, editors and staff members of this newspaper agree to unite with all college newspapers of the nation to support, wholeheartedly and by every means at their command, the government of the United States in the war effort, to the end that the college press of the nation may be a united Voice for Victory."

The *Linden Bark* is proud to be included in this transition from local interest and information to national efforts and activities.

Dress A Doll

The Y.W.C.A. is sponsoring the campaign for dressing dolls again this year. Although we are busy with war work and our studies, we can still find time to fix a doll for someone for Christmas. Last year this campaign proved to be successful, and we can make it so this year, too. A prize will be given to the states who give the greatest number of dolls, and for the most original and the prettiest dolls. Dress a doll and help make some little girl happy—it will make you happy, too.

More Music With Sunday Dinners

We say "yes". Sunday is supposed to be a day of rest and quiet. Soft, semi-classical music during Sunday dinner has a relaxed, calm effect, and that is the atmosphere needed at least once a week. Then there is something to look forward to through a jazzy, helter-skelter week. A vote of thanks is extended to the string ensemble for making one of our Sunday dinners so pleasant. Let's have more of it.

Help Toward Victory

"Why can't we go into St. Louis by bus? Why can't more taxies hurry us to St. Charles? I can't get nylon hose! Why can't I buy a three piece suit?"

STOP! All of you—we are at war. These are such little things to give up, such minor inconveniences. There are our men in the service—our men in training camps all over the world. They are giving up their good times, their personal liberty, perhaps their lives. And we kick about nylon hose. Compared with the occupied nations of Europe we are living a life of luxury. Compared with Britain we are giving up very little.

Let's try to remember that we are at war and the next time we want something that isn't available, smile and say, "I'll help toward Victory!"

VATCHFERB



This is the VATCHFERB that is watching all V.B.D.'s Uncle Sam is selling a new kind of stamp and you don't need to write a letter to buy one. Are you a Victory Bond Dodger? Buy Defense Stamps TODAY and don't be a V.B.D.

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

I want to remind the students that the Christmas story is due not later than the Saturday noon following Thanksgiving in my office. Be sure your own name and pen name, both, are included in the sealed envelope with your story.

Attention of the students is called to the change in the college calendar, the dates of which are posted on the bulletin board.

Our next marking period will close Friday, December 1. Students may at that time obtain their grades for this second marking period.

I wish to convey my best wishes to all for Thanksgiving Day. A list of activities for that day has been posted on the various bulletin boards.

Dr. Alice E. Gipson

Famous sayings:

Said the boots to the cowboy: "You ride; I'll go on foot."

The big rose to the little one: "Hi, bud!"

One light to another: "Let's go out together tonight!"

One ear to another: "Funny we haven't met; we live on the same block."



By Emmy Gumm

While the fog came on little cat feet the seniors tip-toed off campus, pulling the neatest sneak day we've seen in a long time. The trouble is, the seniors won't talk. All we can find out about it is that everyone had a super time. Come on tell us—why did two members of the class return to the campus in a police car?

— are you —

The two unhappiest people on campus... ANGIE HENRY because her wedding which was scheduled for this week end must be postponed until January when Mark will get his furlough—they hope; and HELEN BENDER whose husband of one week is leaving Scott Field for unknown destination.

— dreaming —

KAN ANDERSON will become Mrs. Stanley Carl December 26. Lt. Carl is stationed at Hondo, Texas. Ask Kay how they met. It's right romantic! JUNE BRUCE received a diamond from Jim, a Sigma Nu at Wisconsin U. Their plans are indefinite because he will go into the Naval Air Corps January 15.

— of a —

Much news from Senior way. Notice the long face RUTHIE HAINES is wearing these days—all on account of "Dribble" who is leaving for the Marines. The handsome man RENA EBERSPACHER was showing around campus was none other than Lt. Malcom Gibson, of the Army Air Corps, who has just returned from England. Most popular girl in Senior Hall: BETTY PROC-TOR. Since school started 'way last September she hasn't received one phone call, local or other wise. Someone take pity on the girl and call 45, just ask for "Proc".

— White Christmas —

It's probably unconstitutional, and surely there is a law against it, but PAT SILKWOOD received nine letters one morning and all of them were from Paul. Most of us would give up desert for a month to hear

from "him" once a week—wouldn't we LINCOLN? What's this about FRITZIE HOLMAN receiving so many mysterious phone calls and cardless flowers? Any clues as to the identification of the secret admirer will be welcomed. TWILLA GRAHAM celebrated her nineteenth birthday by holding open house in 305 Irwin. After consuming the huge decorated cake the guests serenaded her with her favorite songs. Best present of the day was a gold fish bowl containing two speckled fish. She calls them "Salt and Peter".

— only —

Who can blame JEANNE MAC MURRAY for being all-a-twitter? When Lefty came down last week it was the first time she'd seen him for six months. He is stationed at Navy Pier in Chicago. BARBARA STEBERG rushed up to Purdue for the Military Ball, and BETTY MYERS weekendend at home in Kirksville, Jimmy stopped at L. C. on his way to Corpus Criste to see JEAN NOBLE. What's this about Bill coming clar from Iowa to see MARY ELLEN STICKLES only to find her gone for the week end? Too bad!

— 30 more days —

Attention Friday night stay-at homesrs. When things get dull stroll over to Sibley and join the fun. They hold mass bridge parties out in the halls every Friday night. Might be worth looking into.

— 'nuf said! —



THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SIGNIFICANCE OF A KISS

Bette Cole, '46

How important is a kiss? That is a question which is about as hard to answer as how high the sky is. The answer depends upon many elements—who is giving it and why, and what emotions go with it.

There are kisses that can scarcely be called world-shaking events—friendly hello and goodbye osculations and playful smacks. These kinds are given casually and quickly forgotten.

There are other kisses that are not so casually given and some that are never forgotten.

The matter of kissing is not to be taken lightly. The destiny of empires has been changed by a kiss. Marriages have grown from a kiss—and so, for that matter, have divorces.

It is quite a stunt for a girl to keep the right perspective on kissing. Life certainly must have been simple in the dear departed days when a kiss was as good as a declaration. If a girl found out that a man did not have honorable intentions when he kissed her, she had every right to swoon, wail, or to be good and thoroughly insulted.

Those were the days! Now if you get insulted over an evening that turns out to be more "rasslin'" than romantic, you are considered a stuffed chemise or a crabapple Carrie. You practically have to psychoanalyze a man from the age of four to figure out whether his kiss is an expression undying love or nothing more epochal than ennui.

If you take kisses seriously, you are in a fair way to have your heart broken. If you do not take them seriously—well, you are considered frivolous, at best.

I think most girls are naturally romantic about kisses. We are born that way. Remember, when you had never been kissed at all, how you dreamed about the first kiss? It was to be the man you loved, of course—and it would be so wonderful. Perhaps one night you dreamed that he kissed you. A kiss in a dream can be the very essence of romance. It can be terribly sweet and important.

In real life it did not turn out that way. You were fearfully disillusioned. Remember that, too? You thought the man was so marvelous, and when he kissed you there were stars in your eyes. The starry-eyed look sort of wore down as the days passed and he did not call you again. Then you met him one day, and he was so casual, just as if nothing had happened. Life was too grim for words. It is hard to go on feeling that a kiss is important if the party of the second part does not feel that way about it too.

But let us not put all the blame on the men. They can be pretty jealous and crabby, but a girl can always say no!

If a girl is clever, she can see to it that when she kisses a man he does think it is important. Here's how: First of all, don't rush around kissing everybody. That is the quickest way to make a kiss from you mean nothing at all.

If a man knows you've been caught under the metaphorical mistletoe by every Tom, Dick, and Harry, he is not going to feel wildly triumphant when he catches up with himself. If a kiss from you does not seem in the least important, who is to blame?

For another thing, make a man wait for a kiss. That is such an obvious bit of advice, you'd think every girl would follow it. Every-

body knows men appreciate the thing that is hard to get.

The setting for a kiss helps to give it the right importance. The soft light of the moon, fragrance of nearby flowers, the summer night wind in overhanging trees!

A kiss in such a setting has dignity, romance, and importance that can never be achieved by a hastily snatched kiss behind the kitchen door at a noisy party.

Finally, if a kiss is going to be important, it has got to mean something. I do not mean the kind one sees in the movies or reads about in books. In real life, at least an inkling of affection is usually in evidence before people rush into a rapturous embrace. In real life a deep and true passion is not suddenly conceived in the middle of a kiss and signified by the girl raising her arms and putting them around the man's neck.

In real romance, the love story has a preface. There are a few introductory chapters. In fact, the more preliminaries you can manage, the more exciting the first kiss will be.

How important, then, is a kiss? Exactly as important as you want to make it. It is up to you. A kiss can be just a moment's whim and all in a night's fun. It can be something very sweet and important—something that a man will remember, even when he is seven thousand miles away fighting in a battle or even after he has married you!

THERE WERE THREE COLLEGE WOMEN

Billie Varee, '46

With a little cooperation from Linda Lurke, Amanda May, and Betsy Camp, I shall try to give you my impression of the three outstanding types of college women I have seen at Lindenwood.

Linda Lurke came here for work. Yes, she really did. She is ambitious enough to want to become a lawyer. She will be a good one. I can tell by the way she has her abstracts and outlines before anyone else, by the way she listens in lecture classes, and by the questions she asks in the history class. Girls ask where she gets the time to look so beautiful. Her hair is always trim and neat; her nails, red and sparkling. The answer is simple. She has learned to use each minute precious.

Amanda May came to school for play. Play for her includes finding interesting men, seeking and holding the limelight, wearing the most unusual fashions, and just "getting by" in lessons. She made a low mark in civilization yesterday; but she was the only girl in class who had one of those new red shoulder bags for her books. So why worry? Amanda's chatter is gay and friendly; but she knows such a little about nothing.

Betsy Camp is the third typical college girl. She is a smart person; she knows all about the French chemists and the altitude of New York City. She is a kind girl; she makes friends easily and is happy most of the time. She is, however, not praised, not cultured, not very "lady like". Her parents sent her to college to be "finished". She has yet to learn not to chew gum, not to whistle, not to put her elbows on the table, and not to remain seated in the presence of an older woman. In the run of time she will be more popular than Amanda May, if she tries hard.

May I say, as I close, that any resemblances to persons living or dead are purely coincidental and should be considered as such?

BOSTON AT DAWN

Jaynn Mann, '46

A heavy blanket of mist filling the sky, hiding all obstacles from view, gradually lifts from the waters and creeps skyward. Little rippling waves flow quietly over transparent sheets of ice along the Charles River. Thin, wisps of yellowish foam swish against the shore. Ducks of all descriptions appear out of nowhere, landing silently on nearby stones or diving into the gently flowing waters in search of a morsel of food. Above, the sun struggles to penetrate the filmy vapor and to give light to the world. The faint glimmer of the new morning star twinkles through the misty heavens.

Night fades. Its screen vanishes suddenly. The red ball of fire in the sky strikes through, directing its rays on the water, and spreading a body of tremulous gold before us. Thin layers of ice melt instantly and become just another ripple of the blue-green waters. Now, flocks of ducks fly overhead, quacking noisily.

Across the narrow expanse is Boston's skyline, impressive and majestic. Directly in front of us rise the stately old mansions of Beacon Street, Marlboro Street, and Commonwealth Avenue. To the left, the once-golden dome of the State House, now a dark object, becomes visible. Beyond that, tall office buildings house the great industrial and financial section of the city. Before many more hours, the streets will swarm with people, hurrying here and there. Life will disturb the peace and tranquility of the new day.

HORSESHOE LAKE GETS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

Dorothy Colliton, '46

"The lake has frozen over!" What joy greeted that announcement; for rare were the times when we city dwellers could skate on real ice. Lessons lay neglected that night as all of us headed for the frozen lake. Night and winter had transformed the well-known scene. A fantastic necklace of lights encircled the vast, glistening expanse of blue-gray. Now and then a familiar figure was spotlighted, only to be engulfed, a moment later, by the darker pool of the inner ice. Naked black trees formed the background of the scene so lately invaded by human beings. White-robed slopes, sparkling with snow, fell away into the glittering surface. Around the edges, tiny edges etched the thin ice and ended in awkward points, making weird patterns. Here and there miniature pools of icy water oozed out as a warning of the approaching thaw. In the center stretched the inky and forbidding darkness, defined only by the tiny gliding dots. All about, the pure, unsoiled whiteness of snow slept where the wind had sown it, the dark hood of winter sky contrasting with the paleness of the earth. Over everything, the dead, cold whiteness of the moon cast a faint glow.

MAIN STREET IN MY HOME TOWN

Betty Tabor, '46

As I turn the corner into Main Street about eight o'clock in the morning, I find something refreshing and inspiring about my little home town. The street is washed clean by the shower which fell in the night when most people were soundly sleeping. On the bushy hon-

ey-suckle vines bordering the sidewalk, little raindrops gleam and glisten in the early sunlight like millions of scintillating jewels. A gaunt yellow, battle-scarred cat slinks across the road in search of scraps to fill his cavernous stomach. Just ahead a homemade shoeshop sign creaks mournfully as rhythmical gusts of wind slap against it. The caution light flickers on and off, off and on, like an overgrown and overworked lightning bug. Already the town loafer lolls against his favorite weather-beaten lamp post, awaiting his garrulous cronies, as a feeling of hushed expectancy for the bustling life of busy hours to come penetrates the invigorating early morning air. A few lonesome automobiles rest inertly against the worn curb which leads to the railroad tracks sunk into the pavement. The buildings gradually diminish in size until the road divides only rolling prairie acres, with occasional trees making dark splotches along its sides, until the hard, resistant surface finally dissolves into the distant horizon.

MUSINGS ON GROTESQUE BEAUTY

Harriet Taylor, '45

Laughter

One night after a hard day's work I was languidly watching some friends, thinking how foolish their actions were. At the moment they were wriggling and squirming in grotesque pantomime, vividly portraying Martha Raye and the three Ritz Brothers. Martha Raye was a perfect imbecile with a gaping mouth and swinging hips; The Ritz Brothers behaved like three ridiculous morons. Uproarious laughter followed each magnificent performance, one chorus of giggles after another. Distorted mouths revealed gold-filled teeth and fat red tongues. Eyes almost disappeared behind swelled cheeks over which popped a tear now and then. Imagine my horror when I discovered myself weak with laughter, too!

Ter: Brown Toes

I was lying on a sandy beach when I became interested in ten brown toes wriggling enthusiastically in the sand. They operated at short intervals—stopping and then suddenly continuing—as if affected by new ideas springing from a childish mind. Their movement seized upon my curiosity, and I turned my head to find their owner.

I gazed at a dark brown shape, first small, muscular legs, then a round fat tummy tucked into scanty swimming trunks. Two brown hands, their fingers moving harmoniously with the toes, were clasped behind chubby figure. A black, fuzzy head was peering upward into the depths of an umbrella tree. The body moved slightly and remained in balance with the tilted head.

Then, much to my enjoyment, the brown body turned and two big brown eyes, as large as onions, stared at me. They neither flickered nor blinked, but remained in one long gaze of bewilderment, curiosity, and innocence. As I watched the thoughts in those liquid eyes, my heart melted with love and understanding. Perhaps my own expression changed, for the corners of two fat red lips slowly extended themselves into a broad smile, as if their owner knew I loved him. I, too, felt that this little Black Sambo from Coontown loved me. All this had started with ten brown toes wriggling in the sand.

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

GLORY HALLELUIAH

By Lady Lavenia Morgan, '45

Glory paced the floor of the best guest-room. A portrait of Ulysses S. Grant stared at her from over the mantel. She felt a childish desire to stick out her tongue at the Yankee general and all the other Northerners. She had certainly succeeded, almost too well, in "getting even" with her hostess' friends for having such low opinions of her before she had ever arrived. After all, it had not been her idea to leave the placid South and come to this house party.

Why must mothers always interfere? grumbled Glory to herself. The correspondence of her mother with a former school friend had brought her here. Since they had been good friends, the women expected their daughters to have an inherent liking for each other.

Glory gazed belligerently at the likeness of Grant, as if he should have been able to answer her lamentations.

It isn't my fault that they hate me, she thought. I really wanted to be liked! But what was I to do? After hearing the dreadful things that Pat and the rest of those catty people were saying, I had to retaliate by being what they expected. "She'll have an accent that will drip like molasses!" "I hope she doesn't throw her arms around my neck and call me a great big strong, handsome man." Oh, it makes me furious. Well, I've been all they expected—and more!

Grant seemed to smile at Glory as if he thought her quite amusing. And that's the final bit of irony—their putting me in a room where that Damnyankee spies on me constantly.

Glory had been formulating a trick which would place everyone but herself in a most uncomfortable situation. She had noticed the jars of cold cream and metal hair-curlers on the dressers of Pat and the other female vixens.

"They're always so particular about how they look in the presence of the male guests. This is one time the men will see them in their worst moments. At last this hideous negligee that Aunt Agatha gave me for Christmas will be of use."

Glory stopped her impatient pacing and listened. The house was quiet. The ivory clock on the dresser indicated that it was four o'clock, so even the jitterbugs must have been sleeping soundly. Glory decided that the right moment had arrived. She stopped before the mirror, mussed her hair just enough to look as if she had been in bed, tightened the pink silk cord which encircled her waist, looked again at her chiffon negligee (simply dripping with lace), and dashed into the hall shouting, "Help! Thief! Murder!"

For a moment her voice echoed through the silent hall, and then doors flew open, and from all directions came the exclamations "What's up?" "Where's the homicide?" "Suffering cripes! Can't we get some sleep around this . . . ?"

"Oh, will you-all please come heah? Why, I do declare—I've just nevah been so frightened in all my bawn days! The mos' terrible looking old monstah was starin' in my window!"

"A 'man—staring in your window?"

"Yeah, it seems that sugar always attracts the flies," murmured Pat, uncomfortably conscious that she was a total wreck sartorially.

"We've never been bothered with burglars in this district," asserted Pat's best friend, Anny. But when all eyes were turned upon Anny's greasy face, she felt attracted to the nearest dark corner, where she made herself as inconspicuous as possible.

Ted, the more-brawn-than-brain type, looked at Glory and questioned "Listen, little Dixie-dame, are you sure those blue eyes of yours were seeing straight?"

"Why, Teddy, of cou'se I saw that monstah! I was just lying there in my bed trying to get some sleep fo'ah my door fizzled-out bones, and all of a sudden I saw that awful old head coming in my window."

Pat was losing patience. "Perhaps it was that last cocktail you had tonight."

"Oh, Pat, you-all jus' know that I'm a teetotaler! Why, my mothah belongs to the W.C.T.U. — even though Papa does sometimes drink a mint-julep or two."

"Well, there's no need to waste all this time out here in the hall jabbering. I suggest that we all go back to bed," said Pat. "I certainly hope that we didn't waken Jack; he got here about an hour ago, after everybody had turned in for the night."

"Don't mind me—I'm just the ice-man", interrupted an amused voice from the end of the hall.

Everyone became acutely conscious of the figure entering the group. He looked like any girl's dream-man—tall, blonde, and sun-burned.

"Oh, Jack, I'm awfully sorry we woke you up," exclaimed Pat.

"Think nothing of it, my dear. I merely came out to sling a salutation at an old friend of mine," lazily answered Jack, his green eyes absorbing everyone there.

Glory's face was white. "Jack Thornton! What are you doing here?"

"Well, well, the little lady actually remembers me! I knew my attending college in the South would sometime be an advantage. Tell me, Glory—just when and where did you acquire that accent?"

"Please, Jack—I—I—"

"The last time I saw you (it was the Spring Prom—remember?), you had a cute drawl, but it certainly wasn't like that corny accent you're using now. What's the joke?"

Glory cast a furtive glance at the questioning faces around her. She knew that the time had come when she must confess. "All right—I surrender. You may not believe me, but when I received Pat's invitation, I was terribly anxious to make you-all like me. If I hadn't arrived several hours too early and heard the discussion about me, I know this wouldn't have happened."

Pat was startled. "You overheard our conversation—when we were making such dire prophecies of what you'd be like?"

"Yes, that's it," confessed Glory. I was standing there on the porch starting to ring the bell. When I heard my name mentioned I couldn't resist listening. Naturally, the more I heard, the madder I got. Before I came I was determined that as an envoy from the South I would help change the North's attitude about Southerners. I was hoping so desperately that you would be nice and I could tell my friends at home how wrong they are about you Northerners. In the twentieth century it's silly for the different sections of the country to dislike each other. But after hearing your conversation I decided to give you-all a show you wouldn't soon forget."

"So you made yourself obnoxious in order to fulfill their prophecies?" asked Jack, who seemed to think the whole affair very entertaining.

"Yes, but I know I carried things too far. This scene tonight was all a part of my scheme to embarrass the girls. It seems that I'm the one who should be embarrassed," admitted Glory.

Ted guffawed at the mournful expression on Glory's face. "I thought you looked much too healthy to be an indoor girl. What about a game of tennis later in the morning—after the sun's up, of course?"

"I'd love it," cooed Glory.

"You know, Glory, I think we're going to have a swell time after all—if you'll forgive us for being such cats about the South," announced Pat.

"And if you'll save me every dance this evening," added Jack.

"And if you'll let be borrow that darling negligee of yours sometime," murmured Anny.

Glory was simply wiggling with joy. "You know, I think that the 'Nawth' is as solid as the South," she said.

A MEMORABLE RIDE

Jo-Ann Butters, '46

Mother and I rode across the last strip of pavement which we had to traverse before reaching our destination, Charles Sing Denman Woods, known more familiarly to the inhabitants of Des Moines as the Waterworks. As we entered through the gate designated for horses, our mounts knew as well as we, their riders, that they had reached their "going ground". We trotted briskly along a small portion of a bridle-path which meanders for thirty miles through the heavily wooded park. Near the verge of a bluff our steeds begrudgingly responded to a pull of the bit and stopped. Below us, above us, to the right of us, and to the left of us the terrain unfurled in a lovely panorama.

For a moment, everything—the trees, the grass, the bushes, the birds, the horses, even seemingly the river—ceased their accustomed movement and became silent and still. The late October day paused as if waiting for something to happen, though the sun still gleamed brightly. Then the brief lull terminated as the scene resumed its normal activity.

A slight breeze rustled through the golden tree-tops, and a few autumn-tinted leaves joined their companions on the ground. Red leaves, orange leaves, golden leaves, brown leaves, crumbled leaves, smooth leaves formed a mottled but artistic pattern upon the still verdant green of the grass. The elm tree directly in front of us was scantily clothed in a transparent mantle of yellow, like a strip-tease dancer when she nears the finish of her performance. Below the elm, the Raccoon River, which during the spring floods goes on a minor but nevertheless convincing rampage, glided its turning, muddy way downstream. The sky wore a brilliant dress of blue instead of the cloak of grey which it had assumed for several days. Not a cloud marred the sapphire expanse until, in the north, appeared a black dot which grew larger and larger. The observer could discern the oscillating of many wings. An aristocratic flock of wild geese were winging their way to their winter home in the South. As they passed over our heads, the birds at the ends of the line dropped back while those in the

middle surged ahead to farm a V.

On the east side of the river, which was slightly to our right, a bank of riotously colored trees rose in splendid array behind the desolation of dead reeds, brittle and cracking in the wind.

By turning our eyes left we could distinguish a wheat field which in summer rippled in emerald waves but which now lay in melancholy solitude. It did not remain lonely long, since a couple of dogs slunk stealthily from a neighboring woods and across a bordering bridlepath. Apparently a big hunt was progressing. Side by side the two companions crept into the stubble of cut wheat. Suddenly one caught a scent. Evidently in the far distant ancestry of this mongrel, for both could claim only a mixed family tree, had been a splendid hunting dog. He froze: one paw was lifted, head thrust out and tail held stiffly. His comrade also stopped, and in a moment a frightened bunny darted forth, speedily followed by the huntsmen. Before they could catch him, the rabbit had gained the safety of his hole. His disgruntled pursuers sniffed about for a moment and then stalked off with a philosophical air as if they were accustomed to failure. At this, the impatient horses, with a throwing of heads and a pawing of hoofs, signaled their desire to be off. Down a little hill, around a small bend, and we had left behind a scene which has indelibly printed itself on my memory.

BITS OF DESCRIPTION

Carol Chamberlain, '46

Becalmed

The sun glowed redly, then slowly began to sink behind the horizon, carrying the wind with it. The overhanging trees at the end of the bay drooped motionlessly into the shapeless, dark green shadow of the water along the bank. Fishing boats, each sitting on its image, shone faintly pink, or stood sharply silhouetted against the gray-blue mirror of the lake, which reflected the color of the cloudless sky, changing it not a shade. Above the boats wheeled watchful kingfishers, occasionally swooping down to snatch a fish from the glassy surface. The water breathed within the shadow of our boat, cool, deep, a green refuge from the glare of the setting sun. The flat decks lay sleeping, red and shiny, broken only by the shadow of the cabin. A spot of brightness cast by the reflection of the sun on the ancient kerosene lantern penetrated the darkness of the cabin roof. A cloud of gnats buzzed tirelessly around the smoky, greasy lantern. Above me, the sails hung pink and empty, flapping slightly, slashed with blue shadows, cutting great holes in the sunlight. Behind them towered the mast, its heavy ropes and cables stretched high into the crosstrees, which were scarcely discernible against the sun.

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ON BEING A NEW TEACHER

Betty Schoen, '43

I certainly don't envy you the first few weeks of your new job."

"Wouldn't be so bad if it were just the kids you had to put up with, but oh, their mothers!"

These and other remarks were given gratis and not infrequently when the "folks at home" knew I was going to teach school. I was not daunted in the least by their advice, since I felt I was truly going to perform some great service for humanity.

Good first impressions, to be made on my fellow-teachers were uppermost in my mind, as the first memorable day rolled around. Of course, the rumors concerning the very handsome new principal did not discourage my efforts.

At a quarter past eight, I walked nonchalantly, but with dignity — I hoped—into my domain. At twenty minutes past eight the principal, exemplifying all the standards that rumors had set for him, strolled into the room.

"You're Miss Schoen, I presume? I'm Mr. Conrad. I understand this is your first year of teaching."

"Yes, and I'm a little scared right now."

"Well, the first hour may seem a day long, but I hope you'll enjoy it—this is my first year here. We'll all try to help you as much as we can."

"Now that you mention help, I do need a little. The windows are stubborn, or I haven't eaten my spinach—anyway I can't budge them."

As he crossed the room to examine the windows, I had a feeling we were going to get along famously. He was such a gentleman, and here I was in dire distress. It was almost a Queen Elizabeth—Sir Walter Raleigh situation—until he reached up, turned the lock and with an absolute lack of effort, raised the window half-sash. The identical treatment was administered to each one, in turn.

My color changed from delicate pink to coral and then to stop-light red. I could feel my self-confidence, personal pride, and dignity shrinking—and all in such a few seconds. I knew he felt sorry for one of such inferior intelligence. My first blunder had been successfully completed in nothing flat.

By the end of the week I had regained my normal place in society. Then one morning at recess I heard scuffling feet in the hall, shouts of glee—a few of dismay, and as I looked up from my desk, Jackie, followed by a regiment of ardent admirers, entered the room. Between his thumb and forefinger he held an object—which seemed to be the center of interest. As he came closer, I thought I could see what it was—no, it couldn't be! Then remembering what eight-year-olds sometimes do, I changed my mind. "See," he lisped with a triumphant tone in his voice, "I pulled this tooth out all by myself."

As time went on I discovered these occasions were not rare, but rather ordinary. Patching skinned knees, acting as umpire at baseball games, now and then having to prove that I could knock a "homer", or paint a chimney for a Christmas assembly became routine.

I learned, too, how literally children take what information is doled out to them. Hygiene class with a lesson on the anatomy of the body was in session.

"How many vertebrae have we?"

Yes, Georgia?"

"Thirty-two."

That's correct. How many bones are there in the lower arm?"

"Two."

"Can someone tell me how many separate ribs man has?"

Billy was waving his arm frantically. "Yes, Billy?"

"Well Miss Schoen, women have twenty-four, but men only have twenty-three. That's cause God used one of Adam's ribs to make Eve."

New experiences? Plenty of them every day. I would not trade that year for any other in my life—either past or future.

"School is dismissed. I'll see all of you tomorrow."

JENNIE PLAYS THE GAME

Marian Morgan, '45

Jennie jerked angrily at the red pigtail which had fallen forward over her shoulder and bent her head to hide two huge tears threatening to overflow onto flushed cheeks. Up from the playground still floated cries of "Jennie li-ikes Tommy". The two tears plopped soundlessly on her spelling book.

"I do not. I hate him! I hate him!" Jennie looked around to make sure that she had not thought out loud. It would have made no difference even if she had, for there was no one to hear.

After school Jennie started to walk home with some of her friends. Two of them ran ahead; and when the others caught up, Jennie saw written on the sidewalk, "Jennie loves—." Everyone giggled except Jennie. She kicked the chalk out of their hands and crushed it on the sidewalk. "Oh, I hate you, too!"

Jennie ran, ran as fast as she could; and when she reached home, she went out into the back yard, climbed up into the apple tree, and sat there sobbing for a long time. Then she lifted one arm and wiped her face on the sleeve of her blue dress. She leaned out and broke off a branch covered with white blossoms, which she brushed softly, gently across her face time after time. For some unaccountable reason the fragrance reminded her of fall and burning leaves. She did not know why; it just did! After a while she heard a buzzing sound weaving in and out of the branches around her. She watched the bee for a time as it dropped from blossom to blossom. She thought, "I wish it were green! It would be so much prettier if it were green." And then she felt disgusted. She hated green. If she had to wear that old green thing again . . . !

Jennie dropped down to the ground and wandered aimlessly into the house. She stopped in the kitchen and peered into the refrigerator without interest. Even the chocolate-covered peppermint patties — 'I were her favorites—did not tempt her. Dejectedly she scuffed into the living room and sat down at the piano, struck one chord of "Chop Sticks", and decided against playing any more doing so might remind her mother that she had not practiced for three days, or four. She picked up one of her older sisters' favorite magazines and began to read on the first page she turned to. Disgusted, she threw it away.

"Tom, my darling, no matter what, I'll wait for you for ever and ever," she began in a sing-song voice. "Tom, my darling Tom!" Jennie blushed furiously.

That night Jennie lay awake a long time. For some reason there seemed to be lumps in the wrong places all over the mattress. There in the dark, Jennie felt terribly

alone. "I told them I hated them; but I guess I don't—not really. Only they must hate me, and maybe they'll never speak to me again. Maybe they won't even let me walk home with them again. Maybe—oh!" Jennie wailed; and her pillow felt hot and hard.

The next morning Jennie left her home long before school time. When she came to the writing on the sidewalk, she stopped and hurriedly rubbed a piece of white chalk upon the cement. She jumped up guiltily and ran fast for half a block, turned and looked behind her, and then casually swung her speller once around her head and walked on.

When she reached school, she found that her friends had forgotten all about the day before, and it was not until they had started home again that they remembered. There on the sidewalk was the same sign, "Jennie loves—;" but printed in huge white letters was the word "Tommy". The little girls giggled nervously and stared at Jennie. But Jennie was not angry at all. Eloquent she said "So what!" Haughtily she turned her back to them. For Jennie had almost given herself away—Jennie was laughing.

SUNRISE IN EARLY SUMMER

Jean Paulson, '46

We reined in our horses at the top of the long hill and, turning in our saddles, gazed at the country-side spread beneath us. The road, a slender brown ribbon edged by deep green foliage sparkling with dew, stretched down into the silvery gray mists of the low lands. Here and there a tree loomed dimly through the gray blanket, and the distant hill tops floated upon the eerie sea. Far in the east, the darker gray of the sky was broken by a few faint streaks of light.

Slowly a rosy glow spread through the sky, and suddenly, with an almost audible fanfare, the sun burst above the horizon, turning the gray mist to a fluff of rose. The landscape glowed with a dazzling brightness. The black islands gradually emerged in fresh green finery. At the same time the valley spread out its many-colored cloak, showing off the great fields of silvery green alfalfa, the patches of young corn in a black and yellow-green design, and a white house which, surrounded by brick-red farm buildings, provided the costume jewelry for the ensemble. The rows of weeds and grass in the ditches beside us sparkled like rhinestone straps over the shoulder of the hill. The sun had risen and the land was making ready for the day.

Writing home after a week end of varied activities, a frosh asked his roommate, "Don't you spell financially with two l's?"

Yeah, and 'embarrassed' with two r's"

—The Tomahawk

BLACKOUT

Patricia Tobin, '46

It was a clear night. But despite the feeling of peace and contentment all was not well. Even the trees, silhouetted dark against the heavens swayed to and fro with tense motions.

Far off somewhere in this magic realm of moonlight and diamond pin points of stars, ten men were lying silently in wait. They were ordinary men. Each in his turn had laughed at a comic strip, scoffed at rabid politicians, loved with passion un- equaled by enslaved men, and then bade goodbye to his loved ones, to go out into a wilderness and to fight for the freedom he loved. They were ordinary men, but each was destined to become a hero. Ten men that lay silently on a dew-drenched ground, awaiting the signal that would send them over the top. Out of the silence came the throb of a watch—its every tick lessening the beat of each man's heart.

"Two minutes of three. At three we go over," whispered a voice from the end of the line.

A hand from the heavens touched the scene. Full moon, stars, and landscape disappeared with one accord. There was only pitch dark and silence. Then, from out of that black nothingness there rose the shriek of bombs, the rattle of machine guns the roar of a far off cannon. And above this chaos could be heard the anguished cries of men suffering and dying alone.

But as suddenly as it had come, the tumult departed and all was peace and quiet once more. The cloud rose as if the great tragedy that heaven had blotted out was over. Stars blinked on again, one by one, as lights after a blackout, and the moon peeked out from behind a cloud. The world shone black and silver, beauty in the face of death. Ten men lay silent on that battle-scarred field—never to laugh or love again, never to lift their eyes to the glory of a new day. Ten brave men lay dead in muck and mud, shrapnel and debris—never to live again.

THE WILLOW

Betty Wright, '46

I saw a willow
A fresh green willow
With long slim branches
Bending low

A breeze stirred softly
Very softly
And swayed the branches
To and fro

I thought of dancers
Of graceful dancers
So beautiful
And light

I knew that springtime
Another springtime
Had come again
Over right.

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FIRST PRIZE

SOLILLOQUY IN A COUNTRY LANE

Virginia Ann Cornell, '46

Cushioned tread upon my brow,
Snow.
Syncopated teardrops,
Rain.
Ruffling of my dusty hair,
Wind.

Once my soul was latent and my
features hard, and knew I not
the passive joy of elements,
for limousines, sophisticates, be-
dimmed
my monotone of white, passed on,
while I would deviate
into some quiet, living land.

Thus weary of my stolid plight,
I burst my concrete shell; then
roamed into a cloister of a wood
and gliding through fenestral
green
Cascaded down a mountainside.

Honorable Mention

THE POET'S COLUMN

Marian Morgan, '45

Critics be damned.
Take as you will what I may
write,
And tear each line apart.
Sit up late into the night
Lamenting.
Say that what I've written holds
no reason
Holds no truth nor thought nor
rhyme.
Sit and read again
Weeping.
Tear your scribbling into pieces.
Say my mention is not worthy of
your books.
Then return to write—you cannot
Dying.
And at your crypt I'll write a
poem
You cannot tear apart.
If only you could understand
The words I write not with my
hand
But with my heart,
Singing.

INVENTORY

Virginia Moehlenkamp, '46

Many are the things that I love
best;
Snow upon a mountain crest,
Violins and big bass horns,
Christmas Eve and summer
morns,

Autumn leaves and cuckoo clocks,
Cellophane and old brass locks,
Trees in winter crusted with ice,
My grandmother's pair of tiny
dice,

Little curls on little heads,
China dolls and canopied beds.
'Most everything brings joy to me
Except a verse of my own poetry.

EQUALIZATION

Rozelle Schwartz, '46

They come to me with tearful
eye,
Their hearts are broken, their
men not true,
And use my shoulder on which
to cry . . .
What is there left for them to do?
Why must they always come to
me
To weep and shed their pretty
tear?
When very plainly they can see—
I break my own heart every year.

THE DEPTHS

Dixie Poynter, '45

The blades press like bristles
against my palms;
With nervous energy my nails dig
into dark soil.
Suddenly, the wind roars and
rushes, then calms;
My whole being relaxes, exhaust-
ed and worn from toil.

Through the grass and warm,
soft cover
I feel the hardness, solidness, of
the earth.
The bones of my body thrust
themselves to their mother;
My hazy mind clears; thoughts
seek birth.

It is of no use; the task is too
great;
Huge, impossible, beyond man's
small power.
Let all, unknowingly, keep the
waiting fate.
Why, failing, attempt I the world
to scour?

Let men exist in foul holes away
from the sun.
In diseased dungeons let them
die. Oh God!
Let children never know what
could have been done,
Never know where their small
feet might have trod.

Laughing bright eyes follow me
even now.
Comrades, fellow-dreamers, in
city-streets to remake,
Besides fighting tradition, in this
death hour,
Keep seeking me to design, re-
build, create.

I can do it, but must I look in
their eyes,
And say "I fail" and see their vis-
ions in my fall?
'Giver, give me the last of Pan-
dora's box that realism denies!
My body hugs to the beginning
of all.

ELEMENTS OF SUSPENSE

Virginia Brown, '45

When a thunder storm rages high
And lightning suddenly streaks
the sky,
Have ever you stood with bated
breath,
Awaiting the crash that sounds
like death
Hovering over us all?

Did you happen to see a news reel
That shows a ship with rising
keel
Which hangs a split second in
the air
Before it dives to its grave down
there
Into wise old Neptune's hall?

After a shower has washed all
clean,
And the rain has ceased, have you
ever seen
A droplet of water clinging still
So unsteady to your window sill
And waited for it to fall?

THE WISE MEN

Minota Bayliss, '45

Some men there are who talk a
lot,
And say the government is rot
Doing this and that and even
more.

But when pinned down to what
they think
Their faces fall; their voices sink
They've never thought of that be-
fore.

THE HOUR DRAWS NIGH

Marian Kinney, '45

As day is slowly fading,
And through the texts I'm wad-
ing,
I realize
Just how time flies;
The hour draws nigh for grading.

I might have studied harder,
And had a little ardor,
To learn of things
That make men kings—
To be a little smarter.

If I but knew some grammar,
I would not have to stammer,
When called upon
To give, anon,
The structure of the "drammer."

What could be evolution?
I know not the solution,
But Darwin had
To start a fad;
Gosh darn his contribution!

I think of these things later,
Of how it hurts my pater,
For me to flunk—
I would be sunk,
For failing shocks my mater.

So I will now endeavor,
To be just slightly clever,
And learn the things
That suddy brings;
"Tis better late than never."

MY WANDERING LOVER

Belle Sirota, '45

He held me in his arms,
Yet stared o'er my shoulder
At another girl's charms;
Each glance growing bolder,
My wandering lover.

He kissed me tenderly,
And then his lips grew cold.
His eye winked merrily
At a twenty-year-old,
My wandering lover.

He whispered in my ear
Endearing terms I love.
"I love you, Anne," I hear.
My bosom friend! Heav'n's above,
My wandering lover!

PASTORALE

Lady Lavenia Morgan, '45

A summer sky—
A soft wind blowing;
The blades of grass
Are pale blue showing.

White rows of fence
With trees alongside
Criss-cross the land
And gleam at noon-tide.

The atmosphere—
The smell of clover;
Tall stable spires
The farm watch over.

A thoroughbred—
A colt so dusky—
A perfect day
In my Kentucky.

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IMPRESSION OF THE OSAGE LAND

Dorothy Dickey, '46

Rich red invigorating soil,
You echo deeds of early pioneers
Who, weary from their seeking,
Settled down to cut your heart
With instruments that they
Had crudely carved from virgin
lores.

Never again will you lie
Serene as when the bison herds
Grazed in their listless way
Upon your fertile field.

Never will you hear again
The happy laugh of men
Who reaped their first great for-
tune
From your untouched, deep,
earthen heart.

Nor will you feel the warmth
Of the tears of pioneers
Who fought the wind and weather
To own you, but in vain.

Now deep within your heart
You hold them safely,
A monument you stand today
To all that pioneers once did
To give this rich, red soil
To me.

DESIRE

Nadine Ziern, '45

Out in the country
Where rabbits run wild
And bushes grow big, like trees,
And trees high as hills,
And green . . .

Out,
Where roads made of gravel and
dust
Wind into drive-ways and creeks,
Caking with pebbles and sand,
Out,

Where the meadow-lark pours
out his song
Echoing over valleys and
Singing through trees,
And sweet williams bloom in the
shade

Whiles the sun shines on baby
breath,
Out,
Where eevrything is fresh,
And green . . .
That's where I'd like to be.

NOT FOR EXPRESSION

Marjorie Irwin, '45

Soft and slow—sweet and low;
Lines of poetry drift and flow.
Lovely thoughts in a thrilling
song!

Yet strangely I think as I write
along
Some thoughts, some scenes,
some loves that bound
Were but to be felt, not written
down.

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AHMANN'S
NEWS STAND

Y. W. C. A. Sponsors Dressing Dolls For Needy Children

The Y.W.C.A., as in past years, is sponsoring the dressing of dolls for the needy children. They are asking each girl to dress at least one doll, and turn it into the Y.W.C.A. Prizes will be awarded for the best job of mending a doll's body and the most original wardrobe.

When the dolls have been turned in the club will give them to the Markham Memorial, which will distribute them where they are needed.

The next Y.W.C.A. meeting will be devoted to sewing on doll clothes. The Encore Club is going to cooperate by helping with the work.

The Y.W.C.A. feels that each girl should take this project seriously, for many of the dolls will go to the daughters of soldiers, who are in the battlefield giving their "all" for all of us.

War Council Is Organized On Campus

(Continued from Page 1)

war bond by the first of December and contribute it to the Chapel fund. They were in favor of a "Stamp Frolic Night." The price of admission would be a war stamp, the performance to be put on by the students. The Senior Class also suggested a War Work Booth where someone would be in charge to take applications of those who would like to do something for the war effort.

Florence Barry, president of the Junior Class, first suggested that we continue with everything we did last year. Several student courses were named, and some of these are being organized. They were in favor of a pamphlet, "Lindenwood on the Alert", composed of a pledge, resolutions, and a motto.

Peggy Proctor, president of the Sophomore Class, submitted five suggestions. The Sophomores wish to establish a war stamp booth for the entire campus, make surgical dressings under the auspices of the Red Cross, blood donations, taking part in U.S.O. activities, and organizing classes in first aid, motor mechanics, and nutrition.

Carolyn Trimble, representing the Freshman Class, gave two suggestions. They wanted to sponsor an all-campus bond sale, setting as their goal a stamp a week for every Lindenwood girl. They would also like one stamp a month for the scholarship fund. This Bond Booth has already been set up in Roemer Hall, and will be there once each week. They also suggested a bean supper a week.

Miss Hankins then summarized the faculty's resolutions, and promised to cooperate in any suggested war effort to the fullest extent of their powers.

Many of these suggestions are being put into practice, and the War Council will continue to meet to discuss plans and future developments.

If little Red Riding Hood were alive today,

The modern girl would scorn her, She had only one wolf to meet— Not one at every corner.

—The Blue Jay

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Seniors of Lindenwood are eligible to win one of the five Fashion Fellowships offered by Tobe-Coburn School for Fashion Careers in New York. These fellowships are awarded competitively on the basis of merit, which will be shown in the two papers you write, intelligence tests and your college record. Each Fellowship covers the tuition of the course. The winners must be able to finance their living expenses in New York for that period.

Graduates of the school are now occupying such positions as: Buyer, fashion coordinator, advertising manager, display stylist, advertising copywriter, fashion show director, assistant to fashion director, assistant buyer, service manager and training supervisor.

There are two papers to write. The first, is due December 5. It should be an autobiographical sketch of 500 to 600 words, or a comparison in not more than 800 words, of fashions this fall with fashions last fall, indicating the influences of the war. The second paper will be due on March 20. The subjects will be sent later.

Letter to a Lindenwood Lass From Her Man in the Army

My dearest Gertie—

Oh, how could you? I was looking forward to marrying you after graduation — yes, actually looking forward to it. And now, since the Career Conference held on your campus, you can't make up your mind which of five careers you want to follow. I seem to be completely overshadowed by these many careers. I just don't understand why you couldn't make a career out of marriage to me. I'm simply crushed and destitute. I can't even seem to put my whole heart and soul into K.P. duty any more. Please write and tell me that you can't decide about your career, so you're going to marry me.

All this war work your faculty, administration and students are planning to do made even the sour-faced Sergeant happy. In answer to your question about how I shot him in the leg, I want to tell you that it was an accident—but it won't be the next time. Sometimes I scare myself with these rash statements. It just isn't like me. I do believe the Army is going to make a toughie out of a former hairdresser. Who would have believed it possible? I'm even considering the removal of my waxed mustache that took me a year and a half to grow. The tragic deed hasn't been committed yet, though, so don't worry too much.

Senior sneak day amazed me, be-

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for

All Annual Pictures

Virginia Ann Cornell Wins Poetry Contest

Virginia Ann Cornell, a freshman, is the first prize winner of the Poetry Society contest. Her poem in free verse, called "Soliloquy in a Country Lane," entitles her to a free membership. Honorable mention goes to Marion Morgan, a Sophomore, who wrote "The Poet's Column."

Other new members of the Society are Virginia Bauske, Louise Malory, Minota Bayliss, Marjorie Irwin, Marion Kinney, Lady Morgan, Jerry Oppenheimer, Dixie Poynter, Belle Sirota, Ellen Wadley, Nadine Ziern, Virginia Brown, Dorothy Dickey, Virginia Moehlenkamp, Rozelle Schwartz and Betty Wright.

Y. W. C. A. To Take Thanksgiving Collection

The Y.W.C.A. will sponsor the Thanksgiving collection during the services in Roemer Auditorium on Thanksgiving morning. The money will be turned over to a committee who will decide the best way for distribution to the poor. The cabinet members of the Y.W.C.A. will take up the collection.

Linden Leaves Staff Chosen For 1943-43

The staff for the Lindenwood College Annual has been organized and is now at work on the Linden Leaves for 1943. Ruth Haines, editor, has planned a new year book that is in keeping with the war conditions and its limited priorities.

The assistant editor is Beverly Wescott. The financial responsibilities are under the management of Jeanne Harmon. Kay Anderson is advertising manager. The other members of the staff are as follows: Adelaide Caraker, Senior Editor; Carolyn Platt, Junior Editor; Carolyn Boerstler, Sophomore Editor; Eileen Murphy, Freshman Editor;

Business Assistants: Carrie Lee Business Assistants: Carrie Lee Lancy and Lell Lewis; Advertising Assistants: Emmy Gumm, Betty Anne Rouse, Mary Stanton, Jane Swalley, Louise Olsen and Betty Waters; Photography: Lou Mallory, Editor; Billie Fouts, Sophia Russell, Marge Tanner and Druzella Hanshaw; Literary: Peggy Lindsey, Editor; Shirley Goodman and Ellen Wadley; Art: Adah Louise Parkin-son, Editor; Dixie Poynter and Ann Leverentz; Freshman Assistants are: Patricia Walsh, Reba Crowder, Marjory Roberts, Patsy Payne, Patricia Tobin, Eloise Mellendore, Doris Muehlenbeck, Jean Paulhon and Pat Foran.

War Dictionary
barrage — when you park your car.

rifle—little or small.

squad—to stoop

panzer—an animal

colonel—part of corn

artillery—blood vessel

bomb—a hobo

admist bad flying weather

Jeep—call of a baby chick

Blackout—as "back out of garages."

—Paseo Press

STRAND

THANKSGIVING DAY
and FRIDAY

"CROSSROADS"

with William Powell

Hedy Lamarr

plus

Cartoon, News Events and

Community Sing

AMERICA SINGS

with Kate Smith

Saturday Nov. 28

2 FEATURES 2

"FRIENDLY ENEMIES"

with Charles Ruggles

Charles Winninger

Nancy Kelly

Sun.-Mon. Nov. 29-30

Continuous Sunday from 2:00

"WAKE ISLAND"

with Brian Donlevy

Preston Foster

Tuesday December 1

BARGAIN DAY

"HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT"

with Richard Carlson

Jane Randolph

Wed.-Thurs. Dec. 2-3

2 FEATURES 2

"PIED PIPER"

with Monty Woolley

Roddy McDowall

&

"MUMMY'S TOMB"

with Diana Barrymore

Brian Donlevy

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THE CLUB CORNER

The Sigma Tau Delta held a meeting in the Tower Room on the afternoon of November the 3rd. Peggy Lindsay, president, conducted the initiating of nine new members. They were Carolyn Boerstler, Marian Kinney, Carol Landberg, Marian Morgan, Betty Schoen, Joanne Seip, Jane Swalley, Harriet Taylor and Betty Jane Waters. Dr. Ailce Parker is the sponsor.

The Commercial Club met Thursday afternoon in the Library Club room for some comical skits that illustrated the trials and tribulations of the working girl. One skit dealt with "How Not to Be a Telephone Operator", and the second one showed two hopeless stenographers who were ready to take poison because there were no jobs for them. The meeting ended after plans were made for a coming party and ice cream bars were served. About forty members attended.

Friday night the Encore Club had a "Come As You Are" party. The variety of costumes made the evening quite a novelty and everyone enjoyed the games and refreshments. Sally Dearmont is president.

The Poetry Society held its first meeting Monday, November 23, in the Library club room. Officers of the Society are: Emelyne Gumm, president; Joyce Burge, secretary; and Shirley Goodman, treasurer. Eighteen new members were initiated and the winning poems were read.

Mu Phi met in Ayer's parlor Thursday night to discuss plans for a party to entertain the patrons of their fraternity in St. Louis. Miss Engelheart, sponsor, accompanied Coralee Burchard, Esther Farrell, Frances Shudde, Bertie Greer, and Martha England to the city to attend a supper given for them by the Mu Phi Alumnae and the Theta Chapter of Mu Phi.

Dr. Terhune met with the members of El Circulo Espanol on Wednesday afternoon, November 19, at five o'clock. Refreshments of sodas and cookies were served after the business had been attended to.

The social science majors and minors on Lindenwood campus were entertained at a tea by Pi Gamma Mu Thursday afternoon from 4:30 to 5:00 o'clock. Miss Morris is the sponsor for this group and led them in a discussion of Louis Adamac and his speech on tolerance and intolerance, and post war conditions. Everyone enjoyed the informality. Pumpkin pie and coffee were served.

The Y. W. C. A. presented Mrs. Bennington of the St. Charles Social Security Office Wednesday night at a meeting in the Y. W. C. A. parlors in Sibley. She discussed the need for the annual Thanksgiving offering that the Lindenwood girls make every year. Dr. Terhune is the sponsor of this organization.

GREETINGS

... to ...

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Outstanding Personalities Give Us Advice At Career Conference

There was much excitement on campus last weekend when the Altrusa Club entertained us with outstanding personalities of the business world.

Miss Virginia Miller, personnel Counselor, Amertorp Corporation, St. Louis; and Mr. Orden Oechsli, Personnel Director of same organization, informed those students attending the Personnel meeting how to secure a personnel position, and after securing it, how to be successful in the choice. Miss Miller advised that the best beginning for a career in personnel is to start at the bottom with a good business course, and to obtain proficiency in typewriting and shorthand. Also watch for opportunities. Mr. Oechsli said that to be successful you must be prepared. You must understand the objectives, and have technical knowledge of the processes. He said that the person should pick the type of industry she desires, must progress in the field, and must have sufficient academic preparation.

There are many sides of personnel to be considered, but the two main ones are the employment of individuals and the solving of personnel problems.

Mrs. Claire Harrison Cari-Cari, Continuity supervisor of radio station KWK, St. Louis, counselor for the Radio Station meeting at the Lindenwood Career conference, told of the wide and varied opportunities open to women in the Radio field. She informed the group of the important role that radio is playing in the struggle for democracy.

Many of the positions in radio formerly held by men are now capably filled by women, since many of the

"Snow White and Rose Red" Second Broadcast of the Radio Class

The radio class presented its second broadcast on Saturday, November 21. The script for "Snow White and Rose Red", was written by Jean Bowsby, under the direction of Miss Octavia K. Frees. Appropriate background music was furnished by Lady Morgan.

The players who took part in the production were: Jean Bowsby, Ellen Wadley, Freda Eberspacher, Carol Bindley, Minota Bayliss, and Kay Anderson.

The class prepares its own scripts and broadcasts every other Saturday morning over station K.F.U.O., number 85 on your dial, at 11 o'clock.

men are going into the army or filling many noncombatant government positions. Some of these positions that the women have taken over are: reporters and newsroom workers, pannel-board operators, modulating balance, executive managers, traffic managers, and many others. In radio there is not the prejudice against women workers that is found in many fields. This is due to the fact that radio is a comparatively new field, the first commercial radio program taking place shortly after the First World War Armistice.

Ensign Irene Teets of the Naval Procurement office, St. Louis, represented the WAVES. She spoke on the Training necessary for enlisted persons and candidates for officer's training school. The different schools of training are: radio operation schools, store keeper, bookkeeping, and stenography. The WAVES are entitled to the same advantages as enlisted men. Those advantages include insurance and opportunity for advancement in rank and pay.

Miss Gertrude Troemel, director of the department of fine arts at Fontbonne College in St. Louis, who spoke on the subject of Teaching, advised girls who plan to teach to get all the practical experience possible before hand. For an example she gave camp counselling as a good means for getting acquainted on a working basis with children. Miss Troemel spoke in favor of the small town teacher stating that a woman in this capacity is much freer to experiment with her own plans than a teacher in the city who operates under supervisors. Of course the small town is at a disadvantage at times in not having much variety in the way of entertainment, but she should make her own good times. A teacher should enter into the civic life.

Lt. Mead of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps was one of the most prominent of the Conference speakers. She looked very brisk and military in her tailored uniform and she spoke on the duties and opportunities in the service. She came from New York originally and saw the middle west for the first time when she joined the armed forces.

The conversation lead to everything that any civilian would want to know about and most of the girls were ready to sign up right away.

The trouble with most students is that they are clock-eyed.

—The Blotter.

ECHOES OF THE GYM.

The A.A.A. had an old fashioned barn dance in the gym Friday night Nov. 13. The atmosphere was heightened by the presence of a caged pig and a real live chicken. Square dances and games were the highlights of the affair. Twilla Graham and Florence Barry made excellent bar-tenders—root beer and pretzels were served.

Two hockey teams have been organized between the freshmen and upperclassmen. The following girls will practice Monday and Tuesday at 4 p. m., for the upperclassmen team and will meet the underclassmen team at 9 o'clock Thanksgiving morning.

Anderson, Banta, Barlett, H., Bastron, Boestler, Chailland, Chapman, Davis, K., Devine, Eberspacher, M., Johns, Lewis, L., Pate, Poynter, Ryder, H. Schaeffer, D., Stevenson, Wayne, Wodley, Verpleog.

The underclassmen team is as follows:

Chaffin, Daneman, Eddy, Folker, Gittinger, Hempleman, Hornady, Ingwerson, King, Latherow, Manbeck, Powell, Papin, Record, Rutledge, Turner, Williams, A., Williams, K.

A studio dance recital took place at 11 o'clock Thursday morning in the auditorium. These girls demonstrated what is going on in the modern dance classes.

Lindenwood had a competition hockey game with Maryville College at Maryville, Saturday, Nov. 21st. This is the first game of the year held off the campus. The players on L. C.'s team were chosen from Miss Morrison's hockey classes.

The results of the riding meet between MacMurray and Lindenwood were in favor of MacMurray, five and one-quarter points. This was the first competitive meet for Lindenwood's riding team this year as the team had been organized only three weeks when the event with MacMurray took place. MacMurray College is undefeated in their riding meets.

HALL OF FAME

(Continued from page 1)

of the Senior Class and a member of Encore Club.

If you seen her on the campus madly gathering leaves, pay no attention. She's just hunting up things for her grade school pupils in Lincoln School to draw. Also on this campus, she hunts up things for Lindenwood girls to enjoy, and is always ready to help do something for the good of Lindenwood. Aside from all this, we find we like Jan just for herself, and we'd like to have a dozen like her.

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