

The Turkey
Rings the Bell
For Holiday

LINDEN BARK

Lindenwood
Authors in
This Issue

Vol. 21—No. 3 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 18, 1941 \$1.00 A Year

Eleven Lindenwood Girls Elected to College Who's Who

Eleven Lindenwood girls have been chosen for the 1941-'42 edition of "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." They are: Doris Jean Banta, Arcadia, Mo.; Ruth Dayton, Otumwa, Iowa; Grace Quebbman, Western Springs, Ill.; Doris Nahigian, Evanston, Ill.; Margaret Cannon, Louisville, Ky.; Dorothy Felger, Norfolk, Neb.; Jane Henss, Newton, Iowa; Harriet Dillman, Waveland, Ind.; Katherine Anderson, Fort Worth, Tex.; Ruth Haines, Rivermines, Mo.; and Dixie Smith, Omaha, Neb.

The purpose of "Who's Who" is to serve as an incentive for students to get most out of their college careers; as a means of compensation to students; and as a recommendation to the business world. Eligibility is limited to those students who have completed two full years of college, and are rated as a junior or senior.

Miss Dayton is president of the Student Council, a member of the Iowa Club, Beta Pi Theta, and the orchestra.

Miss Banta is president of the International Relations Club, vice-president of Alpha Sigma Tau, secretary of the Poetry Society, assistant to the business manager of the annual staff, and a member of Beta Pi Theta and the Athletic Association.

Miss Quebbman is president of the Y.W.C.A., house president of Butler Hall, president of Pi Alpha Delta, and a member of the Student's Activities Committee, the Encore Club and the German Club.

Miss Cannon is president of the Poetry Society, advertising manager of the annual, and a member of the Senior Council.

Miss Felger is president of Pi Gamma Mu, president of the newly-organized Red Cross chapter, treasurer of Sigma Tau Delta, and a member of Alpha Kappa Delta, International Relations Club, German Club, Athletic Association, Beta Chi, and the Nebraska Club.

Miss Henss is president of Alpha Sigma Tau, vice-president of Pi Gamma Mu, a member of the Senior Council, International Relations Club, Sigma Tau Delta, and the Iowa Club.

Miss Dillman is president of the Senior Class, vice-president of the Triangle Club, and a member of Alpha Sigma Tau and the Indiana Club.

Miss Anderson is president of

(Continued on Page 8)

HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Hall of Fame—Ruth Haines.

Ruthie is the vivacious blonde president of the Junior Class who is never without her pep, her smile, and her enthusiasm.

As Social Chairman of the Y. W. C. A., she helped to make the style show a success this fall. Way back in 1939 she was in the freshman style show herself as one of the thirteen prettiest girls in her class. Last year she represented the Sophomore Class on the Student Council. She is treasurer of the Poetry Society and of the Athletic Association, and is a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, the honorary society of the liberal arts college, Sigma Tau Delta, the honorary English fraternity, Triangle Club, the honorary science fraternity, and Der Deutsche Verein, the German Club.

Bark Reporter Finds Out Who Is Thankful---And Why

Thanksgiving is here. The season when we wonder just what we are thankful for. In a poll of the campus it was found opinion varies. Two chances out of three the response will be, "SLEEP." But after you hint past that one answer you find the students are thankful for an infinite number of things.

The findings:
Who "Is Thankful" Why
Marjorie Vanderlippe—For Dick. Because he isn't in the Army.
Pat Potter—That I got that dollar paid down on my Linden Leaves.
Lynn Jackson—Lots of things, especially living in America.
Mary Virginia Oxley—That I just have chemistry one semester, I hope.
Ruth "H" Dayton—That we are still high and dry (use your own judgement).
"Sissy" Clarke—For a vacation.

FOUR-DAY VACATION MARKS THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION

Students Scatter in Various Directions To Have Turkey with Relatives and Friends



Dixie Poynter Reigns As Halloween Queen

In a gymnasium bedecked with jack o'lanterns and bales of hay Lindenwood students danced to the music of Bill Lemon's orchestra, Halloween night, and anticipated the crowning of their Queen. The empty red and silver throne standing majestically at the far end of the room added to their suspense.

Cowgirls, hobos, and pirates were only a few of the costumes of the excited spectators who cut loose to the lilting rhythms and let their hair down for an evening of fun.

At the appointed time four rope bearers appeared, and a broad aisle was made from the throne leading to the other end of the gym. Following were the two pages and the crown bearer carrying the silver crown upon a pillow. The court, received with a burst of applause, was as follows: Thelma Nabors, dressed in white net with a black lace trim, and Margaret Moles in red taffeta; D. D. Chapman, wearing gold chiffon, and Jackie Schwab

(Continued on Page 7)

Excitement began 'way back at the beginning of school with the announcement L. C. would really have a Thanksgiving vacation in spite of all the nasty rumors to the contrary. Girls immediately started making plans to go home with a roommate, visit a boy friend, have a houseparty, or merely spend a relatively quiet vacation at home or at school. But now the time is actually at hand, last-minute arrangements are still in the making and Lindenwood is a buzz of excitement-plus.

Betty and Peggy Proctor are leaving early to be two pretty bridesmaids in a wedding in Sullivan, Mo., their home town. Also in the wedding mood is Ruth Haines, who will commute between St. Louis and Lindenwood during the holidays, and be on hand when her brother, Frank, is married the 19th in St. Louis.

Marilyn Applebaum claims she will spend half her time in the dentist's chair while she is home in Decatur, and the other half dreaming of Christmas—in New York—with Julian.

Carol Bindley is traveling to Memphis, Tenn., where she will spend a happy vacation, and perhaps see "Pappy."

Maybe the most excited person on campus is Miss Helen Culbertson. Her Thanksgiving will be one round of dashing and rushing to make final plans for her wedding on the 27th. Needless to say, she is probably the envy of every girl on campus.

Polly Pollock is taking her roommate, Betty Merrill, to Tulsa with her, and if history repeats itself, the two should have a wonderful time. Also going to Oklahoma, only this time to Oklahoma City, is Bea Mideke.

Beverly Wescott and Janet Schaefer will be on hand to help Pat Potter celebrate her 19th birthday on the 21st. Sibley will be one big party that night.

Charlotte Galm and Nancy Fugate are going to Charlotte's home in Indianapolis, and Carolyn Liebschultz is taking Verna Lou Bowman home with her to Cincinnati. That also sounds like fun.

"Eureka, its Thanksgiving!" will be the slogan of Betty Beard, who is going home with Debby Higbee

(Continued on Page 7)



LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1941

Thanksgiving, 1941

Look, it's time we settled down a minute to reflect on all we have to be thankful for. We go doggedly from class to class with disturbing frowns on otherwise pretty faces, and we sit in the Cupboard denouncing 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 agree it's a relieving thought that tests and assignments are really the main worries we are burdened with—or else something as trite as "Why doesn't he write?" or "Who borrowed my raincoat?"

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 instead of bombs and blackouts.

Our Authors

The Linden Bark presents in this issue its first literary supplement of the year. Here the talent of Lindenwood writers receives recognition. Who knows but among their number is an Edna St. Vincent Millay, a Willa Cather, or a Dorothy Parker of the future. Read and appraise their writing. It is the literary work of your contemporaries.

And if you, too, have literary aspirations, polish your next themes more carefully, keep trying patiently. Some day one will come back with "Copy for the Bark" written at the bottom, and you may join Lindenwood's authors of today and tomorrow.

From Top To Toe

The weather changes, the news changes, and so does "la mode." Time was when long, flowing hair was all the rage on the campus, but the three-inch cut, better known as "the baby doll haircut" has taken its place. Around New York people are having their hair cut, and giving it to aid national defense.

No longer are the imported shetlands as numerous as they were two or three years ago. Domestic wools have taken their place not only in sweaters but in skirts. English tweeds are gradually being replaced by covert cloth and gabardine. Fuzzy angora, that once drove the males stark mad, are giving way to a soft rabbit's hair mixture. Loud plaid argyles are replacing the once popular fluffy socks.

Few of us realize how greatly we are affected by the present world situation, but just look around you and you'll see that not only news and weather changes.

Bravo, Thespians

If anyone feels in the mood for handing out laurel wreaths, the students in the drama department certainly deserve them. These people are the haggard-looking individuals who for the last month have been wearing themselves out dashing from dinner each night to play-practice and then back to the dorms at 10 p. m., to find a pile of homework waiting for them. But we can take our hats off to them for turning in a fine performance last week.

A Day From A Turkey's Diary

"Got up at six and ate my grain;
It looks as though I'm going to gain.
They've fed me more these last few days
And yet I hear them say it pays.
I think there's something coming off—
My turkey friends all wear a scoff.
Just what it is, I can't quite say—
They're taking us some place today.
I guess I'll go to learn my plight,
I'll finish this at ten tonight."

Alas! alac! at this sad date
The turkey's lying on the plate;
That diary's full of empty space,
The turkey's pen is still in place.
To point the moral, let me say:
"Every turkey has his day."

—B. J. G.



NOTES TAKEN BY A BARK REPORTER WHILE SOUND ASLEEP IN CLASS: Modern version of Lady with a Lamp—RUTH DAYTON with her flashlight clearing would-be ghosts out of Sibley Chapel so Mrs. Sibley wouldn't be frightened when she made her one-night-stand on Halloween... Now that JEANIE SWARR has finally finished Bob's sweater, DORIS WEISS has turned knit-wit... Could these two lasses be (like Gracie Allen) knitting backless sweaters for the boys at the front?... ANN FERREIRA would like to have a new sweater to wear under her newly acquired Alpha Delta pin... GLORIA "STINKY" STUNKEL is bubbling over her new flame... She's always humming "Jim" or "This love of mine..."

We're still wondering why DR. GAGE was walking across campus with a copy of the new Mademoiselle tucked under his arm... maybe he was just taking it home to LOUISE... All the girls are trying to date up KAY ANDERSON since she made such a dashing officer in the play... Better watch out or you'll fall under the spell of DEBBY HIGBEE... 'Tis said she is simply hypnotic... This week's gold football is awarded to BONNIE CAMPBELL who went to see her Ike play in the Illinois-Iowa game... After the smoke of the battle, Bonnie hiked out with six escorts for the evening—all members of the Illinois varsity... TOTS LINSEN and DONNA HALLIDAY have the system for keeping out intruders while they are studying... Sign on door: QUIET! DOPE! THINKING... CAROL BINDLEY celebrated her birthday amid a flowery bower... Twasn't space for one more posy in her room... DONA GENE MILLER, who likewise had a celebration, was very surprised to have happy birthday sung to her in whispers right after the clock struck midnight... LOUISE OLSON has a boyfriend who really had the right idea about what constitutes a good time... recently he and Olie hopped into a private plane and flew to her home in Joplin for the wk-end... RITA LAUDERSTEIN threw a room-warming Saturday night, with the result that all the third floor Niccollites who are on the heavy side of medium weight began to consult diet tables after the feed... What's this we hear about KINTA ABADIE going Western on us?... Must be 'cause of the wonderful dance at Western Military Academy... "BEV" MEYERS, you had better get over your yen for the attractive posters parked here and there on campus... They won't fit in your scrapbook... We hear that EVIE RICHNER, ALTA FERN CHIPPS, and LUCY GRAHAM are keeping the infirmary going strong... Is it the wear and tear of school work?... Could be.

Just to see if you are up on your campus gossip, try your luck at this pop quiz. If you read your assignment in the funny papers and hung around lab period in the Tea House, you should pass with an I+.

1. Who is the senior that received a proposal on the second date she had with a charmer from Scott Field? (Hint: She is a musician and is now composing a number entitled "This is so Sudden.")

2. Why does DR. TALBOT always carry an umbrella when she goes to get a drink at the second floor fountain? (We'll admit it's somewhat of a squirt, but it ain't no

From the Office of the Dean

Good wishes to everyone for a happy Thanksgiving vacation.

—ALICE E. GIPSON.

veseuvius.)

3. What is it that CAROL DAVENPORT is waiting for? (You may be able to find this one out by giving some of her pals the third degree.) The answers to these questions will not be found on any page in this issue.

Tomorrow is the day. You can now put that long-anticipated last X on your calendar or remove the final paper clip from the string that has dangled over your desk since the end of September. Yep—Thanksgiving vacation begins tomorrow, so bring on that turkey and the boyfriend back home... ALL ABOARD for the Lindenwood special car hitched to the caboose of the hometown express!!!!!!

New Students Are Stars of Amusing Comedy

No one can say that Lindenwood girls don't do things with style. Anyone who might have dropped in on the play of "Seven Sisters", presented on Friday night, November 6th, would have been more than impressed to see all the theatre goers in formal attire. This was, of course, a bit irregular. We have the Senior Class to thank for sponsoring the formal dinner beforehand and adding a touch of glamour to the occasion.

The play, itself, was very amusing and enjoyable. The story concerned itself with the comical efforts of Pierrot, ably played by Kay Anderson, to marry off the first three of the Gyerkovics daughters, so that he might have Pierrette, the fourth, for himself.

We have had an opportunity to see what some of the new freshmen could do in the way of dramatics. Peggy Proctor, for one, created a mild sensation when she drawled in her best lisp, "And thith ith ma birth thurtifikat". Barbara Wilks was an engaging little flirt as Mitzi (Pierrette), and Marianne Fauber was convincing as Gida Radviany, the slightly stupid, problem-child nephew. Other new students who turned in fine performances were: Ellen Shumacher as Mrs. Gyerkovics, a widow; Merry Winter as Sari; Shirley Goodman as Ella; Orlene Campbell as Terka; Jerry Oppenheimer as Liza; Ellen Wodley as Colonel Radviany; Jean Esther Morris as Michael Sandorffy; and Betty-Lu Godfrey as Janko.

Kay Anderson, Miriam Padfield, and Pat Giese were the three upperclassmen who took part in the play. Incidentally, everyone has been trying out Pat's play hair-do but with little success. Pat is still the only one who looks stunning in it.

Miss Gordon directed the play. Betty Banks and Alta Chipps were in charge of the production, and Marilyn Applebaum managed the stage direction.

Dr. Albert Britt Is Guest of Dr. Gage

Dr. Albert Britt, a distinguished editor and publisher, was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Gage during the week of November 2. While here he spoke at chapel, assembly Thursday morning, November 6, and at Vespers, Sunday evening, November 2.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HAPPY NEW YEAR

By Carol Banta, '44

Jerry sunk down in the easy chair by the sun-room window, picked up the 'phone, and dialed Maple 315. As she waited for a reply she stared out the window at the snow which was still falling rapidly. White, slippery snow—how she hated it!

"Hello." It was Mildred Bradley's voice.

"I thought you probably hadn't left yet," Jerry said.

"No," Mildred said. "Harry had to work tonight; so we didn't plan to go until late. What's up?"

"I just HAD to call you up, Milly," sighed Jerry. "I don't know what on earth I'm going to do."

"I was afraid your new formal wasn't going to fit," Mildred said.

"It isn't that," said Jerry. "I'm not going to the dance tonight."

"Not going to the dance?" questioned Mildred. "Didn't Dave come?"

"Certainly, he was here before ten this morning," Jerry answered. "It's my parents! They're afraid to let me drive nineteen miles on a snowy night like this. It wouldn't be so bad, but Dave's come all the way from the city just to take me to the dance, and they have to be silly about a little bad weather and not let me go."

"Gee, that's tough," sympathized Mildred. "What did Dave say?"

"That's what I'm worried about, Milly. We went out to Connelly's this afternoon with Jean and Fred and had everything all planned. I didn't dream I wasn't going to get to go until my flowers came a little while ago. Mother brought them up to me and said just as calmly as anything, 'Your father and I have decided you had better not go tonight, Jerry. He just came back from town and the roads are terribly slick.' I tried to argue her into letting me go, but when Mom and Dad make up their minds it's beyond me to change them. I called Dave, and he didn't act like he liked it any too much. He said he guessed I knew he had to go back tomorrow because the family had to have the car."

"Surely he can't blame you, Jerry," Mildred said.

"I told him how sumptuous I thought it was for him to send me gardenias and how it was just killing me not to get to go; but he didn't say much. He's so impulsive. I'll probably never see him again."

"Sure you will, Jerry," Mildred said. "Oh, oh, there's the doorbell and it'd better be Harry. It's twenty-five after ten and he's already fifteen minutes late. I'll be thinking about you tonight. Gotta go now, Goodbye."

"Bye," Jerry said, but Mildred had already hung up.

"A fine lot of sympathy I get from my best friend," Jerry said to herself as she walked out of the room. "I thought at least SHE would understand how much the dance meant to me."

In the privacy of the library Jerry cried for the first time in months. Her folks just didn't understand young people. They thought there would always be another dance, but there'd probably never be another one with Dave. Besides, this was New Year's Eve and the very first dance ever to be held at the lovely Valley Club. The decorations were beautiful, and Bill Bonnell's orchestra was going to play. The whole crowd would be there. Dave would go stag and flirt and dance with all the girls. Of course, if it had been Bert he would

WAR

By Elsa Beth Hays, '44

Blessed is the man that maketh no war,

For war is the unfolding of mankind into his worst;

'Tis pitiable and revolting

This fall of many empires—

Curse of curses and spell of spells, Lamenting not, thinking not

But to cast ourselves into a boiling pot

Already smoking black with its scorched viands;

All the clouds of rain cannot subdue that smoke once taken rise,

Foaming, expanding into unreal, appalling shapes of doom,

Black, eclipsing all of sun and joy

Taking our present serenity through hectic winds.

Why seekest these civilizations to destroy themselves?

Has an allotted time for achievement passed?

An answer to a tedious riddle has not yet been found in the laws—

So raise the banners, ye, salute the flag!

So on to the fields of battle and leave thy mission there

Don't let a thought of that ultimate end,

When all we notice is sharp wind

Blowing over a land barren except of ashes.

Ashes do not speak nor do they repair.

They would of probability say

They were not responsible for lying there

But ash that was; Heaven help you!

have come and stayed with her all evening and bored her to death with his conversation; but Dave wasn't that kind of a fellow. He believed in having a good time. Dave was the first fellow she had really ever liked; now she might just as well give up.

"Jerry!" it was her mother's voice calling her. "It's after eleven o'clock. Come on upstairs to bed. Your father and I are sorry about tonight, but we don't want you to take any chances. You needn't sulk any longer."

"I'm waiting up for the New Year," she said emphatically.

"All right, but it's silly," her mother said.

Maybe it was silly, but Jerry didn't care. They had kept her from going out, and she would wait up for the New Year if she wanted to.

She turned on the radio. Loud, static strains of "Everything Happens to Me" resounded through the room. How true! At the end of the piece the announcer gave the time, 11:30 p. m. She was awfully tired not to have done anything much all day. The next half hour would never be over. She just couldn't stand to think about the dance; she'd have to do something else. She picked up a magazine and began to read. She passed over the words for pages and pages without absorbing a thing. Finally—"It is now one minute and thirty seconds until twelve o'clock. Happy New Year and . . ." A machine pulled up in front of the house. Jerry snapped off the radio and bounded out on the porch. A tall boy in dress clothes stepped out of the car. She dashed down the walk through the falling snow and grabbed the hands which were extended to her.

"Darling," Dave said, "the dance just wasn't any fun at all without you, so I came back to wish you the happiest of New Years!" And he planted a kiss on her forehead. Jerry shivered. They walked arm-in-arm back upon the porch.

A CANOE CAMPER'S DIARY

By Roselise Hartmann, '44

July 14

So this is where the wilderness begins. Well, well. Bring on your wilderness! Bring on your moose! Bring on your lakes! Oops! Steady there, voyaguers, they've got us surrounded. That's a nice way to greet a group of guests, isn't it? Slapping them in the face, as we canoeists say, with a batch of waves, before they're a hundred yards away from the dock.

After all, maybe we should have taken a guide. He could wink at these whitecaps and murmur, "Now just take it easy; we have guests." We should be a group of sissies. Well, we'll show them. Hold everything, explorers, the enemy's upon us again. We'd better stay just a wee bit closer to shore, until we are able to get into the swing of the action.

What a vacation this is going to be! Here it is, all on the map. How can we go wrong? There's Winton, Minnesota. Here we go up, or is it down, Fall Lake to the rapids. We turn in on the first big bay to the west. We come to the rapids and the first portage; and then we follow Newton Lake, Pipestone Falls, Pipestone Bay on Basswood Lake, around Back Bay into Hoist Bay, and straight up Basswood to Prairie Portage. We cross the dam into Ensign Lake, Ima Lake, and Knike Lake, which leads us back into Basswood.

July 15

Well, maybe we'll do better today. We can always double back. Double and re-double. Before the trip is over, we are going to come to the conclusion that we should have stayed home and played bridge. Then we'd have missed all the fun with those air mattresses.

Everyone for himself with those objects. No puff, no sleep. There are twenty-eight middle-sized puffs to a mattress. And not a bicycle pump in the canoe load! I hear spruce boughs are soft enough to sleep on. At least you don't have to blow them up.

Our accomplishments of the first day aren't so disgraceful. The record shows two portages, no holes bashed in the canoe and no fractured ribs in us or the canoe. We learned a lot about Nature. If the sun just continues rising in the east and setting in the West, we ought to be able to paddle in the right direction.

July 16

It's uncanny, positively uncanny the way we get around. We've paddled through four lakes not shown on the map. Maybe we're looking in the wrong places or even on the wrong map. Perhaps we're in Nome, so we'll do as the Nomads do. Yes, this is the place where the portages are supposed to be so well marked. Portages!

What fun! What scenery! Of course, we're seeing some of it two or three times, but it's exercise whether you paddle in new places or go around in circles in the old ones. But that's what we wanted—exercise—with a capital E.

July 17

It's funny how I always get put on the outside edge which is nearest to the opening of the tent. I wonder what would happen if the bears came to call.

We should have brought along some carrier pigeons, or maybe we should have tied a string to the dock when we started out and unwound it as we paddled around. Then we could have followed it

MY NEIGHBORS

By Jamie Logan, '45

I live in a small town of four hundred and therefore have lots and lots of neighbors. Nearly everyone in two blocks is considered a neighbor.

My neighbors are both understanding and helpful, and are also always ready to do another neighbor a favor. They bring us cake, jelly, rolls; then we return the plate on which the good things come, with something different on it that we have prepared.

One day I was in the middle of making a cake when I ran out of sugar. I went over to one of the neighbors to borrow some. She told me to help myself.

When I left for college that same woman said she was going to write to me all the time, even if I didn't write to her. She said she'd understand how busy I would be and how many people I would have to write to. They all write me to do something for them and the funny part about it is that it is for my own good.

Another neighbor, my girl friend's mother, used to depend on me for a great deal to walk home nights from basketball games and other school functions with her daughter. Both the mother and daughter are very sweet and will do almost anything you ask of them. Of course there is a limit to everything.

Neighbors in general are nice things to have. I doubt very much if we would be happy without at least one neighbor. This is sometimes a difficult world but with a few friendly neighbors, the burden is greatly lifted.

I therefore conclude that people who live in cities do not have the advantages of neighborly companionship that we in a small town have.

TWO POEMS

By Mimi Hanna, '42

HOMER

Each word of Homer
Is like a clear rain drop
That delicately drips into a glassy
But flowing river.
And this river, fed by each
Word, glides on through the
Minds of many men.

THE STREAMLINER

As I stood in the moontouched
night
A flash of shining silver flew by.
A droning sound of whirring steel,
A platinum whip cut the dark hill
And then was gone.
It was a lightning dream in the
night.
And I was left standing in the
moonlight.

back. Daniel Boone even knew enough not to get lost in these forests. I've never seen such restless water, and the farther we get away from shore the more restless it becomes.

July 18

Imagine that! We were never lost at all. Now we are back on Ima Lake. You know—the one with the portage sign sticking up out of a rock cliff. We'll just call the other one Lake what?

What a beautiful country. Such pines, such birches, such sunsets! It surely is God's country. We'll be back again to see the rest of the lakes that we had planned to visit. Perhaps the lakes ought to come down and visit us. It gets quite dry at times down home.

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

CURTAIN GOING UP

By Lucile Quernheim, '44

Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Sh! Be quiet!"

"Oh, the play's going to start!"

As the audience settled in their seats and the house lights were dimmed, a second series of taps sounded. At this signal the curtain rose, disclosing the charming kitchenette of a well-to-do home. At least this is what the members of the cast fondly hoped the audience saw. Possibly the intensely imaginative souls present could suppose themselves to be in a theatre. More matter-of-fact persons saw only the basement light being turned off and two somewhat ragged sheets, draped over a clothes line, being pulled apart to reveal the presence of several odd pieces of furniture. An old stove and several cooking utensils showed that the setting was indeed a kitchen.

In substance this incident was repeated at the beginning of the amateur theatrical performance given in the basement of our home. Since no other furniture was available, the scent of all of our productions was laid in a kitchen. The cast usually consisted of six characters, five girls and one boy. In spite of the adaptations necessary to conform to the demands of a kitchen scene and a limited cast of six actors, our young minds were somehow able to concoct many and varying dramatic plots, which we presented with the utmost earnestness.

The first of this series, called "Mother's Birthday," was based on a story contained in *The Goody-Naughty Story Book*, which my mother, hoping that I might profit by its examples, had recently purchased. The story necessitated the complete process of baking a cake. Although this presented something of a problem at first, we finally conceived the idea of concealing a finished cake in the stove. During the progress of the play, the ingredients were mixed and placed into the oven. Now I can understand what it was that our mothers found so very humorous when, ten minutes after we had put in the batter, we removed the completed cake, not only baked but completely iced as well!

Our next production, entitled "Those Dreadful Twins," was a melodramatic tale concerning the mysterious disappearance of a basket of groceries. This plot was not obtained from a book. Oh, no! I was the proud author of that masterpiece. At the conclusion of the play, it was discovered that the groceries had not been stolen at all, but that the twins (one was tall and dark and the other short and blonde) had hidden them behind the kitchen door. Amazingly, none of us thought it as at all inconceivable that, although the action of the play covered the period of a week, an ordinary family should not once in all that time happen to shut its back door. As the play progressed, of course, there was a discussion of "whodunit," and we finally determined that the thief must be Mr. F., a prominent lawyer and our next-door neighbor. Since the good man's wife was present at the performance, my maternal parent was more than a little bit embarrassed. The audience was well pleased with the play as a whole. In our estimation, though, this attempt was definitely a failure, for just as we reached the climax there was to be a quick curtain to create an atmosphere of suspense. There wasn't. We ad libbed, continued to ad lib, and finally, the entire effort utterly ruined, had to tell the "curtain

pullers" we had finished the act.

Although in the following presentation we were careful to select reliable stage hands, another regrettable incident occurred. The two youngest members of the company, five and six years of age at the time, asked to surprise us with an original creation. When we at last consented, they further demanded a share in the profits and were finally given the huge amount of four cents each. Keeping the entire audience waiting, they immediately sat down on the basement steps to count their money, until they were at last dragged forcibly behind the curtain. The older of the two then announced that the other child would say a prayer, whereupon the latter appeared and recited a very nasty little nursery rhyme which was certainly never a part of the original Mother Goose. The rest of us were embarrassed almost to tears.

That play was doomed to continuous mishaps. Although all began well, someone missed a cue during Act Two, and suddenly we found ourselves plunged into the third act. This error might not have been too noticeable except for the fact that during the course of Act Three, "Grandma" was supposed to faint. Consequently, when we finally managed to end our misery and begin the act at its beginning, "Grandma" had to faint again. I accidentally appeared on the stage with my dress on inside out. "Grandma" saved the day by being inspired to remark that I should wash my clothes instead of wearing them wrong side out to hide the dirt.

The girl playing "Grandma" that day was rather a sorry sight. Since most grandmothers of our acquaintance had long hair, we had borrowed some switches to lengthen her short blond curls. Although the idea in itself was undoubtedly excellent, the switches were dark brown, and the result was a strange, two-toned coiffure.

Oh, yes! We had vaudeville, too. On one occasion my best friend's little sister sang, "Ask My Mother for Fifteen Cents," accompanying herself on a guitar. The guitar was out of tune, there were only two chord changes during the entire composition, and she was just a bit flat. From that time forth my friend plunked her own guitar. With it she led our orchestra. In addition to the guitar, the instrumentation included a mandolin, a harmonica, and a toy xylophone, the latter two of which could be played only in the key of C. Because of this and other difficulties, such as the utter lack of a sense of rhythm on the part of the mandolin player, the only piece successfully mastered was "Old Black Joe." This composition was proudly presented on each and every program.

Obviously these dramatic masterpieces which we concocted between the ages of eight and eleven could have had no great literary value. Still, I am quite certain that all of us, without realizing it, derived great benefit from them. In constructing these plots and adapting them to our limited stage facilities, we learned to develop a certain amount of originality. Then, too, our interest in dramatics has grown to include not only acting but the details of stage production as well. Most important, though, has been the development of our self-confidence. These plays and others in which I participated have helped immeasurably in teaching me to stand before people and say what I have to say without being utterly panic-stricken. But even had there been no lasting

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

WITH SPOON RIVER

By Geraldine Pitts, '42

In a very obscure hotel in the Chelsea district of Manhattan lives a little old man—spectacled, baldish, carelessly-dressed, seldom going out, and always wearing a well-known expression of "thin-lipped disapproval." But this odd little man is the same, who, in 1915 went eavesdropping on the outskirts of an old village cemetery, called Spoon River, and in taking the epitaphs of each dead denizen, has created a vital and vivid personality for two hundred and forty-five men and women speaking from their graves. This curious little man is Kansas' own Edgar Lee Masters, and this series of revealing epitaphs is that masterpiece of poetry—*Spoon River Anthology*.

This bit of literature is moving-picture poetry. On every page, in a few pungent sentences, stands a complete poem. Each poem could be a whole chapter of fiction if the work were only a novel, for in each poem there comes to life a character, and as the characters multiply, a whole town is built up before us. These inhabitants of the river hillside are anxious at last to tell the world the truth about themselves. This little township is a true cross-section of a typical small midwestern city giving out its hates, sacrifices, jealousies, callousness, smugness, hypocrisy, and frustrated dreams. These dead people are hard, cruel, completely local—no glamour, just facts.

The poems are strange tales. Some lives are tragedies, sordid and grim; others are pitiful romances, scandals, little histories of violence and tenderness, grotesque comedies, and preposterous melodramas. In all there is microscopic completeness and a universal humanity. A whole lifetime expressed in a few lines—how could they do other than completely arrest the attention of every reader? Here before you rises the truth about the village belles, the school-girls, the farmers, the blacksmiths, the doctors, bank-presidents, preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and the traveling salesmen, politicians, saloon-keepers and tramps, crooks, murderers, idealists, paupers, prudes, and on until these brilliant bits of brevity are a village before your very eyes.

Such sketches as make up *Spoon River* show an American environment through a haze of disillusionment, but, at the same time, they made this "historiographer" of men and women the chief poet of the middle era. Masters found the keystone to his great work in his many experiences ranging from life in a small country town, life in an uncle's run-down boarding house in Chicago, countless love-affairs (nurses, gambling-hall girls, "other" women and his well-born wife), to the life of a fashionable and well-to-do lawyer.

Twenty-six years have passed since *Spoon River* found its place in American poetry and the uniqueness and interest of such a collection of lines can never be duplicated.

benefits from our amateur theatricals, I shall never regret having spent so much time on them. Not even Helen Hayes in a Shakespearean drama could derive more pleasure from her art than I, when at the age of eleven I played the stern mother-in-law in "Philip for Short."

SHE WAS ALWAYS IN TROUBLE

By Alta Chipps, '45

The first time I saw Joan she was in trouble. We were in sixth grade, and she was sitting in the principal's office waiting to be expelled from school. It seemed that she had beaten up Donald Hadley for pulling her hair, and I must say she did a thorough job. Joan had just moved to our village. Our grammar school bridge club, who incidentally didn't know how many cards there are in a deck, thought she was very exciting. Immediately she joined our bridge club; no one was ever sorry, for Joan certainly kept things moving.

I remember the time she lit a firecracker under the principal's chair in study hall, and the Halloween she was put in jail for breaking 103 windows. Somehow it always seemed to be Joan who was blamed first.

If her mother hadn't died when Joan was very young, she might have been an entirely different girl. She and her sister were reared by a housekeeper who didn't care about anything except money. Perhaps this is why Joan is so clumsy and tactless. The embarrassing things that never happen to other girls always seem to happen to her. At her first high-school dance she misstepped, tripped her date, and caused him to break his leg. Nobody could really blame her, but everyone talked about it for a long time.

Two years ago we went to camp. Joan had a miserable time. The first day she left the water running in the shower. The damage amounted to \$250.00 and her father's anger.

Last spring Joan's engagement was announced. There were many showers and much excitement. Everything went smoothly until the wedding. Joan lost her veil, and kept the guests waiting quite a while. When she finally walked down the aisle she was the most beautiful bride I had ever seen. She approached the altar, knelt, and fell flat on her face.

Yes, it's sad but true. Joan's life has always been "trouble." But somehow I would never trade the exciting times I've had with her for the fun I could have with an average girl.

CALM

By Dorothy Norris, '43

The world seems to be all right
When you are standing on your head.

Thoughts seem to disappear with abandon

And worry takes misery for a short walk.

Clouds seem all fluff and the moon is an orange.

Why is the pain

So much more bitter after a calm?

LOVE

By Emelyne Gumm, '44

You came
And I welcomed you with up-turned hands

Hoping that you'd tarry,
Remembering other days.

You paused
And breathed tenderly on my cheek and lips

Making me quiver again
To the same old refrain.

You left
Why are you always so brief?
My impassioned eyes are dull
As before you came.

Interesting Prose and Verse by Lindenwood Authors

ADVICE UPON HOW TO READ A NEWSPAPER

By Lady Lavenia Morgan, '45

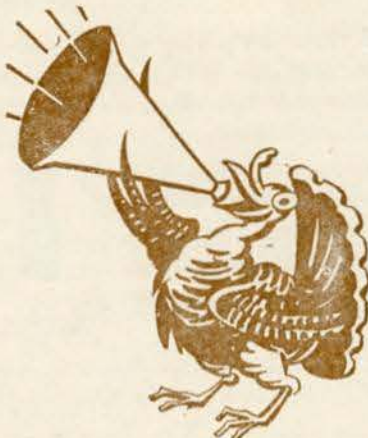
There are many and varied ways of reading a newspaper, and I think that I have experimented with all of them. Some of my methods are delightful, although most of them are irlightful.

The first thing to be considered in reading a newspaper is the place. Some queer people prefer a noisy spot, such as a library, a museum, or a cemetery. But as for me, I would choose some quiet and peaceful place, such as the living-room at home, where "silence reigns supreme." That is, if you can call it silence when there are two radios blaring forth, a piano being banged, an exciting bridge game going on in one corner, and a heated political discussion in the opposite corner. In such a calm serene setting I usually am to be found pouring over a newspaper, concentrating on the interesting items therein.

Of course, that little matter of time must be considered. By "time" I mean both the hour of the day and the hours spent reading the newspaper. Are you one of those persons who in the coldness of the early morning creep out on the front porch and between sneezes grab the morning newspaper? Such a person's thirst for news must be acute. I hate to admit it, but about the only time I read a newspaper is during the time that I should be doing something else. By that assertion I mean that when I have work to do or some assignments to be prepared, I unconsciously sink into an easy chair and begin glancing through the newspaper. I do this in order to "kill time" and thereby prolong into the future the torture of doing something constructive.

It is easy to glean information about a person's disposition by noticing to which section of the newspaper he devotes the greatest time. Many of my friends (I confess with a great deal of embarrassment) read only the comics. But my mind flows in deeper channels, for my favorite part of the paper is the women's section. This includes such outstanding literary features as articles on how to be beautiful, advice to the lovelorn, and recipes for cheese soufflé. A few of my more brilliant acquaintances have even been known to go so far as to read the editorials. Although I have not as yet attained such a high degree of learning, I hope some day at least to be so highly developed mentally that I shall enjoy reading the jokes used as fillers on the feature page.

I do sincerely hope that I have clarified for you this complex art of reading a newspaper. Surprisingly, I seem to be more confused now than I was at the beginning. Oh well, I'll just explain it by saying that I am so smart I am eccentric in my methods of reading the daily news sheet.



TWO POEMS MUSIC

By Lucile Quernheim, '44

When anger rises in your heart
And seething words you would impart,

When all you seek is one to wreak
Your wrath upon,
You've music.

You hear a melody, and when
To greater force it rises, then
Your mind impelled, emotions held,
It bears you on.
That's music.

Its tones a spell about you weave;
It takes you from yourself. You leave

All thoughts behind; at last you find
Your anger gone.
That's music.

A STORM

The rumbling thunder's distant guns
Forewarn a tempest on the deep.
Far off we see the storm god's fleet;
Now closer grey-black vessels creep.
A sudden night eclipses day,
As torrents pour and strong wind blows.

We hear his cannon, see their blaze;
The raging tumult swiftly grows.
He laughs aloud, the ancient god
That rules the black and swollen sea,
Triumphant now, as nature bows
In tribute to his majesty.

The tempest dies. The cloud ship
sails
Are tinted with a golden hue.
The ships embark and leave a calm
Untroubled sea of depthless blue.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Emelyne Gumm, '44

Yesterday the sun was here,
It enfolded me, and I kept
Some in my hand for future use,
Knowing I'd need it when you left.

Today the fog is everywhere;
I am wearing it like a dress.
It mingles with everything I touch.
I am cold and filled with distress.

My heart rebels—it knows love has
flown,
And it tries so hard not to see
What it knows well—that love is
brief:
My heart shrinks, and it grieves
for me.

You're gone, but still I have the sun
That I stole from you yesterday.
I place it carefully, to warm my
heart
That is shriveled and dying away.

MODERN MADONNA

By Dorothy Norris, '43

Don't cry, my dearest, I am here,
I heard you stir and start to wake.
I came because I knew that you
Would hate the dark, this lonesome
place.

You are so new—I know it's hard
To wake and find an empty room.
Yes, here I am to guard you well.
So back to sleep, my new born son.
You'll find your world of childhood
dreams

Awaits you as you close your eyes.
Your eyes so like another one
So full of life and love and youth.
He did not see his babe so sweet,
Nor hold you close to smell your
skin,

Nor watch you as you softly sleep.
You are too young to understand
The heartbreak of the world today;
The sorrow of a broken home;
Of bombs, airplanes, and dark air
raids.

Yes, go to sleep my baby sweet.
You drift into a dream—there's
peace.

WINNING GROUP OF POEMS IN POETRY SOCIETY CONTEST

By Ann Ferreira, '44

I

Mist
softly shirred around my shoulders
floats in scarves of palest grey
chiffon
around me and behind me
as I walk, enchanted,
in a still illusion of serenity.

II

The moon is a bride
Gowned in mist and veiled in stars
Drifting down an aisle of clouds
To be wedded to the night.

III

I look at you,
And reason comes to scorn
The sadness that I feel.
You are not sad—
You have not had
The sight of trees against the sky
Or water flirting with the sun.
Denied you.
Nor have you ever been forbade
The thrill of racing up a hill to
meet the winds
And listen to this talk
Of folk they've met in all the world's
four corners.

Silence does not bind you—
You can speak
As freely as you will
Your inmost thoughts to any
friend—

And you can smell the earth and
feel the rain
Or hear, at any time, the strains
Of Wagner's mighty cadences.
And yet I pity you—

Is it because you do not know
That trees and wind and water
could be songs

For you to sing,
That motion can be poetry,
And Wagner's shining music can
explain

The end of life?

THE CITY OF LIFE

By Barbara Goldenberg, '44

They say it's the roar of a subway,
A building eternally high,
The whirl of Park Avenue society,
A point where the sea meets the
sky—

But do they attempt to delve into
the heart
Of a city who's people are always
a part
Of the world and its future, its
present, its past,
With the feeling that "Big Town"
can never be last?

Do they stop to consider its people
are real?

Do they look at them quizzically, or
do they feel

That New York is a city that's built
on a scheme

Of the theatres, and night clubs,—
Utopia's dream?

There are those who ride subways,
they've nothing to hide;
And others who's town cars bear
labels of pride.

There are some who shine shoes or
press clothes or scrub floors;
And others who dictate closed in by
gold doors.

Can't they see that humanity really
lives there,

That there's hardship and struggle
behind the bright glare
Of Times Square, 42nd Street,
Broadway at night!—

Could it be they can't see,—is that
blind to their sight?

So they say it's the roar of a
subway,

The skyline, society's fling?
I think it's personification
Of a country that lets freedom ring!

THREE POEMS

By Jane Mauk, '42

AFTER THE SUMMER

Fall has come!

I know it from the scents my
nostrils feel—
The scents of burning leaves and
grass—caressing breezes—
The feeling vague and undefined
that seizes me;
And all things seem as dreams—
unreal.

Fall has come!

I know it from the sounds that
greet my ears—
The sounds of birds as south they
wing—schoolgirl voices—
The quick'ning of my pulse—I have
no choice—
But to be glad, nor head the passing
years.

Fall has come!

I know it as I see each leaf that falls
Each flower, each tree, each brown-
ing lawn or slope,
And in my heart arises one great
hope;
To feel, to hear, to see, to live
each year.

HOUSE TO RENT

We looked at the house for rent.
He saw
weedy, neglected grass,
A sagging roof on an unpainted
barn of a shack,
Neglect.

I saw
where the gentle rain had dropped
her golden tears
Upon a fresh, green lawn,
A dipping roof covering a season-
mellowed house,
Home.

A THOUGHT ON THE MOON

Like
A precious opal
Set in
Dusky
Damascus steel
Stainless
Pure
The harvest
Moon
Gazes over
The
Slumbering
Earth
Below.

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DYED IN THE WOOL

By Margie Ibsen, '45

The day I first became interested in popular music stands out very clearly in my mind. I was about twelve years old at the time and had—wonders of wonders—been allowed to stay up past my bed-time and sit in the same room where my young aunt was entertaining a group of her high-school friends. The radio was going full blast, and I faintly remember a game played with a milk bottle.

Suddenly I heard one of the girls say, "Oh, I love the way Goodman plays that number!" Well, I was floored! As for as I was concerned, it might have been Goodman's swing sextet or the New York Philharmonic's latest arrangement. So I finally mustered up courage enough to say, "How did you know it was Goodman?"

"Why by the style, infant," my informer laughed.

From that day on, I took an almost fanatical interest in dance orchestras and swing music. It wasn't long till I could nonchalantly announce to dumbfounded parents that they had just listened to Benny Goodman's opening theme, from Frank Daly's Meadowbrook in Cedar Grove, New Jersey. I had the drop on every announcer. I knew every band's style, theme song, soloists, and where the band was playing.

So my bewildered father wasn't much surprised, when I started describing everything and everybody in swing vernacular. I was a dyed-in-the-wool "ickie". I was "on the beam." Everything I liked was "sharp." Anything I disliked was a "feeble beat."

Meanwhile, I had learned to dance. At least I called it that. It was a sort of combination of a slide, two slips, a stumble, and a fifty-yard dash. But after several months of practicing behind locked doors, I saw that despairing look begin to fade from the eyes of my stricken partners. It wasn't long until the other girls were looking on in awe while Ibsen, with something in a letter sweater and rolled pant legs, took off on a chorus of "The One O'Clock Jump."

My record collection grew so rapidly that it became almost necessary to move either the furniture or the records. I had complete albums by Goodman, Shaw, T. Dorsey, J. Dorsey, and Glenn Miller. I have spent my entire allowance on a swing classic by Ellington or a jam session by Father Hines.

I organized a Swing Club. This group of jivers met twice a week in our recreation room. We played recordings and jammed to our heart's content, while my poor parents sat huddled in the living room, waiting for the house to fall around their ears.

Today, I have outgrown the craze I once had for swing music. I have tried to cultivate an interest in the classics and an appreciation for finer music. But when I hear Glen Miller take off on "Anvil Chorus No. 1 or II" I can't resist saying "Now listen for this break! Man, it's solid."

DITTY

By Rosemary Edminster, '44

A synchronized snake slid slowly by My grassy knoll one fine pink day. That synchronized snake then said to me,
"Good-morrow to you!" and slid away.

TWO POEMS

A COMPARISON

By June Zizek, '45

My love is as mild as the winds of fall
When the leaves come tumbling down;
And I hear him lovingly to me call
From without autumn's rainbow crown.

My love is as harsh as the winter's cold
When the snow comes drifting down,
And I hear him discordantly beckon low,
From without a frozen white crown.

My love is as true as the zephyrs of spring
When the rains come dripping down,
And I hear him softly call and sing
From without a fresh green crown.

My love is as fair as a summer's day
When the sun is shining down,
And I hear him joyfully call on his way
From without a shining gold crown.

SPRING—AND THE LARK

I heard the song of the lark, today
Come from the fields across the way—
The lark, true herald of the spring,
Joyous, in his welcoming.

Forwarded through his clarion call
The follower of long winter's thrall
Again to reign o'er all the earth
Releasing me from a frozen white dearth.

Once more the greeny grass will grow
From under its warm white blanket of snow.
And again I'll be happy, I'll laugh and sing,
For the lark has told of the coming of spring.

BEAUTY

Blue mists folded round the tops of trees,
Pearl-tipped drops poised on low-hung eaves,
Cool shadows stringing down a sunny hill,
Soft snow shelving soundlessly on a sill.
Deepening drifts piled high about the moon,
A quiet wind wafted o'er a blue lagoon,
The miracle of midnight masking light,
And gray-rose tints of dawn dismissing night.

BEFORE THE RAIN

Up, up! Into the sky the bluebird called
His plaintive note unto the darkening sky.
The weltering heat pushed down to stay the breeze
And break great caverns in the brown, dry, ground.
Out in the sweating fields the farmers toiled
And shaded eyes to view advancing clouds.
The frightened flies swarmed thickly on damp cows
That stamped and swished to soothe the sharp torment.
The nervous geese swung squawking from the ground
Into the limp dense thickness of the air.
The deepening sky rolled up in black like night
And here and there the jagged light burst forth.
From out their sheltering barns the farmers smiled
To see the earth receive the cooling rain.

TWO POEMS

By Carol Banta, '44

SOURCE OF LIGHT

I walk along the river bank
Underneath the towering bluff.
Perfect is my solitude;
My thoughts are made of cloud-like stuff.

Forgetting all my doubts and fears,
My mind rests in another world
Where mingled in a lively scene
Are spring's bright banners all unfurled.

Undisturbed the river flows
Beyond the bend which blocks my sight,
Just as my thoughts float out of reach
But leave my heart, source of delight.

NATURE LURE

Early in the morning
On top a rocky mountain,
Cooling summer breezes
Are waking me again.

They are whipping small wisps
Of hair against my cheek,
Giving new-found strength
To one who has been weak.

They are calling to me;
My heart can never stay.
I am meeting magic hills
That beckon me away.

I am loving nature,
Because she seems to me
Lovelier than any part
Of man-made mystery.

THE LOST CAUSE

By Bonnie Jean Myers, '44

Fear,
Ah yes,
Fear comes to me.
Sometimes wrapped in the stillness of dusk,
Or treading soft on the still night air.

I see my sweetheart marching;
My father and brothers marching;
To the endless roll of heavy drums
And the love of a country that with it comes.
They march toward a war because they must.
Although they know they will die in the dust
Of a lost cause—

Fear,
Ah yes,
Fear comes to me.
In the brightness of day, in the whiteness of clouds,
As they tread their way across a royal blue sea.

I see the outline of guns and tanks;
The explosion of fire, the bloody banks;
Of the river of Life as it flows slowly on.
For they march toward a war because they must.
Although they know they will die in the dust
Of a lost cause—

Fear,
Ah yes,
Fear comes to me.
Because I stand to lose all that I love
For the fighting of a war that will never end.
The bleeding of souls;
The death of life;
For war does not end with a silenced gun.
It always comes back to avenge the wrongs done.
So I can do nothing to save my love,
'Cept to comfort it and pray to the Father above.

For they march toward a war because they must.
And they know that they will die in the dust
Of a lost cause—

MESSAGE THROUGH MUSIC

Don't weep—I'm happy here
With colorful sunsets and sunrise bright;
With sunny days and starry nights;
And there is peace.

Don't weep—see, I'm smiling
At the puppies that play at my feet;
At the music that puts me to sleep;
And there is peace.

Don't weep—I watch over you
As you wake to meet the day;
As you bend your head to pray;
And there is peace.

Don't weep—there is peace— Don't weep.

YOU

Except for you I knew each person there
His name, his face, the way he lived and where.
As time went on I found that you belonged,
That I should see you day by day prolonged.
It took a while before we even spoke;
Desire to speak my judgment tried to choke.
At last I said hello, I know not why
Unless to see you stop and smile reply.
We sat and talked about ourselves, we two,
Our shiny hopes, the things we were to do;
To be with you meant not to wear a mask,—
To be myself was all that you would ask.

Contest Announced For Best Studied Library

Lindenwood's participation in the nation-wide Book Week has developed into a Book Year. During the remainder of the school year, a contest is being held for the best individual library here at Lindenwood. No wrappers, cartons, or coupons are needed to enter this contest, only a collection of good books. The prize for the best library will be \$15.00, second, \$10.00, and third, \$5.00. The prizes will be awarded at the end of school, so students, start collecting your books and remember, it's not the quantity, but the quality.

LOTUS

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Lindenwood Girls Organize Red Cross Chapter

A Red Cross Chapter has been started at Lindenwood. Lindenwood women are volunteering their services to give what assistance they can to national defense and to the war-torn democracies of Europe. Britain's calls for clothing for her shivering children are being answered right here on our campus.

Last Tuesday at a student meeting, the Lindenwood Red Cross Chapter was launched with an explanation of its aims and a plea for cooperation. The first actual work began Thursday afternoon when the knitters met in Ayres Parlor with a member of the Red Cross Chapter of St. Charles to receive their yarn and initial instructions. Friday, the new chapter sponsored a tea in the library club room to arouse interest and explain its work. Several members of the St. Charles Chapter spoke to the girls about the various projects.

Britain has recently issued an urgent call for night-gowns for children from two to twelve years, and one of Lindenwood's first projects is the making of about twenty of the nighties for the two-year-olds. Mrs. Thomas, wife of Professor John Thomas of the Music Department, came Saturday morning to the clothing laboratory to help the girls start their sewing.

Art Jarrett to Play For Dance on December 6

Art Jarrett and his new orchestra, made up of the members of the late Hal Kemp's band, will play for Lindenwood students and their dates on December 6, in Butler Gymnasium.

As a soloist Art Jarrett distinguished himself with Ted Weems and Isham Jones. At present he and his orchestra are recording for Victor records. He has co-starred in the movies with Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Ann Sothern, and Sonja Heine.

Besides being the holder of two tennis championships, Jarrett was the captain of the rowing crew at Brooklyn Prep. He played football and basketball both there and at his alma mater, Fordham University.

Rehearsals Start In Christmas Play

Rehearsals for the Christmas play have begun. On December 12th, "Granite," by Clarence Dane, will be presented under the direction of Miss Frees. Six persons have been chosen for the cast. Avonne Campbell will play Judith Morris; Doris Nahigian, the man; Marian Wettstone, Pordan Morris; Rosemary Edminster, Prosper Morris; Sue Beck, Panny Holt; and Jean Bowlsby, a Clergyman.

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Lindenwood's Halloween Queen With Her Royal Court



Presented from the left to right are Margaret Moles, Jacqueline Schwab, Janey Rasdal, Ann Perry, Eloise Rowland, Janice Hohtanz (first maid of honor), Dixie Poynter (Halloween Queen), Elizabeth McCabe (second maid of honor), Dorothy May, Betty Baggeley, Joyce Agapeau, D. D. Chapman, and Thelma Nabors.

Dixie Poynter Reigns As Queen

(Continued from Page 1)

in turquoise taffeta; Betty Baggeley, attired in black and white, and Janey Rasdel with a multi-colored flowered skirt and white waist; Joyce Augapeau and Ann Perry, both wearing blue; and Dorothy May and Eloise Rowland, each wearing white net and silver lace. The second maid of honor, Elizabeth McCabe, and the first maid of honor, Janice Hohtanz, wore white chiffon.

At long last, to a chorus of oh's and ah's, the Halloween Queen, Dixie Poynter, arrived carrying a large bouquet of bronze chrysanthe-mums. Her dress was of white net with ostrich feather trimming. She wore white kid gloves and her hair was in a flat braid at the nape of her neck.

Dr. Terhune, with her black lace mantilla, Grace Quebbeman, Miss Bibbee and Ruth Haines led the Grand March while the subjects paid homage to their Queen. Grace led the Queen down from her throne and Cotton Cannon was awarded the first dance with her.

After the excitement of the crowning had quieted down the prizes were awarded for the costumes. For the most beautiful individual costume, Mary Dillan was awarded a lollipop. Mary wore white calots and a white bolero embroidered with brilliant colored yarn. She had on white boots and a white Stetson. The prize for the most original costume went to Mary K. Kohlbray who was dressed as a fisherman. Her costume was a black oilskin and Sou'wester with a fishing net

thrown over her shoulder. This be-whiskered young lady also received a lollipop. A box of candy was presented to the most original group who called themselves the Oakies—Flowers of the Dust Bowl. Attired in appropriate garb, dirty rags and old hats, the girls went around with straggling hair and snagged teeth.

Doughnuts and apple cider were served in the lounge from tables decorated with black candles in yellow apples. The Y.W.C.A. sponsored the party.

Four Day Vacation

(Continued from Page 1)

to Eureka, Kan.

Mary Kay Kohlbray and Ruby Sharp will drive to Springfield, Mo., for a good time, and Lorraine Allen is planning to have fun in K. C.

Marge Vanderlippe and roommate Jan Thomas are leaving for Omaha, where they both live.

Two especially happy girls are Ruth Schrader, who will visit her "Gussie" in Chicago, and Gloria Stunkel, who plans to visit "Jim" in Michigan City, Ind.

Marion Wettstone is looking forward to a wonderful time with John, as she is staying at school for the holiday. Also anticipating Lindenwood's own turkey and dressing, plus cranberry sauce and all the trimmings, are Jackie Schwab, Janey Falter, Mary Virginia Price, Marjorie Green, Marian Kinney, Betty Webb, and Jean McMurry.

Wherever they are, Lindenwood girls will have wonderful times, lots to be thankful for, and a heap of stories when everyone gets back.

Students Give \$216 To The Community Chest

A total of \$216 was collected in the Community Chest Drive last week. According to Mary Jo Shepard, chairman of the Social Service Committee of the Y.W.C.A., the student contribution this year was more than the student contribution of any previous year.

The next project of the Social Service Committee will be the annual doll collection at Christmas time, and girls are already making plans for dressing dolls. Arrangements will be announced at a later time.

STRAND

Wednesday Nov. 19

"MARRIED BACHELOR"
with Robert Young
Ruth Hussey

THANKSGIVING DAY
and FRIDAY
'ALOMA of the SOUTH SEAS'
with Dorothy Lamour
Jon Hall

Sun.-Mon. Nov. 23-24
Continuous Sunday from 2
'NAVY BLUES'
with Ann Sheridan
Jack Oakie
Martha Raye

Wed.-Thurs. Nov. 26-27
2—FEATURES—2
'LADY BE GOOD'
with Eleanor Powell
Ann Sothern
—and—
'FLYING CADETS'
with William Gargan
Edmund Lowe

Fri.-Sat. Nov. 28-29
2—FEATURES—2
'IT STARTED WITH ADAM'
with Dianna Durbin
Charles Laughton
—and—
The Dead End Kids in
'MOB TOWN'

Sun.-Mon.-Tues. Nov. 30-Dec. 2
Continuous Sun. from 2:00
'SERGEANT YORK'
with Gary Cooper

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Two Trembling Reporters Talk to Mrs. Sibley's Ghost

By
Barbara Goldenberg
and
Patricia Lee

Shortly before midnight on Halloween a tall, whitegarbed figure opened the gate to the old Lindenwood cemetery. It moved lightly and without effort up the hill to Sibley Chapel and entered. Mrs. Sibley's ghost was paying her annual visit to Lindenwood.

As we huddled on the Chapel steps waiting to interview Mrs. Sibley, Barbara and I drew our coat collars tight against the chilly wind that raced sullen clouds through the night. We clinched our fists deep in our pockets, and tried to suppress the fear of unseen spirits that whispered through the trees. Then, just as we were wondering why we had taken such an assignment, the bell in the library began to strike 12, and the softly weird notes of "Rock of Ages" floated from the organ in Sibley Chapel.

As the last strains of her playing melted into the night, the watchman beckoned us into the Chapel. We entered. Every board creaked under us as we approached the silent figure seated at the front of the room. Barbara opened the interview while I scribbled the conversation (which was more like a quiz program) on a barely discernible scrap of paper.

"Have you heard that we have a new president?"

Mrs. Sibley seemed to draw the will to speak from some place afar, and in a deep monotone voice replied, "Yes, and he has the approval of Mr. Sibley and me."

"What do you think of when you are playing the organ?"

"My last number—'Nearer My God To Thee'." With this there was a pause as we scanned our minds for that list of questions we had made. They seemed to have escaped us in the presence of such a spooky atmosphere. We could hear the wind as it whistled through the cracks in the windows and flopped the blinds with a dead sound against the frames.

"Do you have a special message for the Lindenwood girls?"

"Our spirits are always with you. We know that you will always advance with the times. You must learn to face the present world conditions bravely, just as you have in the past."

"Do you think this generation of students has changed much from former ones?"

"No, not in spirit—that will always be the same."

Feeling we had detained our gracious hostess long enough, we thanked her for the interview and made a hasty retreat. But as we reached the corner of Sibley, we paused to watch a tall, whitegarbed figure move lightly and without effort down the hill. Mrs. Sibley's ghost had paid her annual visit to Lindenwood.

"Gay Gibson"

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Experts Give Advice On Make-up and New Hair Styles

"Daintiness and cleanliness are the best expressions of femininity," said Miss Crabtree, beauty counselor of Famous Barr who, with Mr. Joseph, hair styler, spoke before a large group of Lindenwood students and faculty last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Crabtree and Mr. Joseph spoke at the request of some of the students who wanted advice on their make-up and hair-do. Mrs. Virginia Staples, Lindenwood's Fashion and Budget Counselor, acted as hostess.

Explaining that she could best describe correct methods of applying make-up by demonstration, Miss Crabtree chose one of the students as her model. She started with a cream powder base, taking care to cover the entire surface of the skin. To apply the rouge, she put a slight dab of cream rouge on her index finger and blended it with her thumb. After she had obtained the desired tint, she applied the rouge to the model's cheek, working it up toward the eye. As she did this she explained that by working the rouge in various ways, long faces may be shortened in appearance, or round faces narrowed. Next, she covered the powder base with a thin film of powder and smoothed off the excess with a soft puff.

Before she applied the eye cream, Miss Crabtree stressed the use of a good eye lotion. "It relieves strain and soothes tired muscles," she said. She brushed away the powder from the model's eyebrows, and then smoothed a slight covering of cream over the eyelids. She explained the cream acted as a protective film. She blended the eye shadow toward the eyelashes then spread a small amount of cinnamon-colored cream toward the eyebrows. She applied the mascara with a slightly moist brush, explaining that would give the lashes a more natural appearance. Miss Crabtree used very little eyebrow pencil. She finished her demonstration by applying a burgundy shade of lipstick.

Mr. Joseph took over at this point and began by combing Miss Crabtree's hair in several becoming ways. He continually emphasized the stylishness of short hair. "The most popular cut is the three-inch cut," Mr. Joseph said. "The feather cut is extensively used because at that length the hair may be combed into a pompadour, a sport comb, or soft curls." He stressed proper care as the way to beautiful hair. "Your hair should be set at least three times a month."

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THE CLUB CORNER

By Patricia Potter

Beta Pi Theta, the honorary French fraternity, entertained the students of modern languages at a tea Wednesday afternoon, October 29, in the library club rooms. Mrs. Gage and Dr. Terhune poured, and the officers and members of the club received and served. Refreshments were lemon ice cream on meringue and carried out the colors of the society, purple, yellow, and white.

The Texas Club had its initial meeting Friday afternoon, October 24 in the library club room. Of the 39 Texans at Lindenwood, 24 were present to elect officers as follows: President, Frances Shudde (Amarillo), vice-president, Jane Ballew (Dallas); secretary - treasurer, Chaytor Bryant (Texarkana). Along with the usual talk of Texas, plans were discussed for the coming year.

The International Relations Club had as its speaker Wednesday afternoon, November 5, Miss H. L. Pickett of the League of Nations Association who spoke briefly on "The League of Nations in a World at War" and then answered questions asked by the members. Dr. and Mrs. Britt were guests at this meeting and Dr. Britt made some valuable comments. A large and interested group of girls were present and the discussion was lively.

Triangle Club met Thursday afternoon, November 6, at the home of Miss Lear, Miss Carr, and Dr. Gregg. Five student members were present, and Dr. Talbot, Dr. Ward, Dr. Dawson, and Dr. Eastman, who was welcomed as a new faculty member. The program consisted of tall scientific tales told by the members. Dr. Gregg helped Miss Lear and Miss Carr to serve hot spice punch, cookies, and mints.

Mu Phi Epsilon, national honorary musical sorority, sponsored a program for the local P.E.O. chapter at the home of Miss Helen Ely last Wednesday. Appearing on the program were Rena Eberspacher, Dorothy Isabell, Dixie Smith, Betty Killian, and Frances Shudde.

The Kappa Pi tea, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Martin, was held in the Library Club Rooms Tuesday. Of interest to the guests was an exhibit of lithographs, color lithographs, etchings, aquatints, and silk screen prints. These were done by graduates of the Art Department at the University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

Beta Chi, the honorary riding club, has added nine members. Requirements for membership include mounting and dismounting in good form, saddle and bridle a horse, and taking the horse through five gaits. The new members, include Audrey Holmes, Angie Henry, Verna Lou Bowman, Marjorie Allen, Polly

Dreyfus, Elizabeth McCabe, Minota Bayliss, Elaine Brumm, and Janey Rasdal.

At the club's last meeting, the following officers were elected: President, Louise Olson; vice-president, Florence Barry; secretary-treasurer, Ruth Petterson; and activity chairman, Margaret Chapman.

The three music sororities, Mu Phi Spsilon, national music sorority; Delta Phi Delta, public school music sorority; and Alpha Mu Mu, underclass music sorority, gave a tea last Thursday afternoon in the library club rooms for the faculty, administration, and music majors and minors. Presidents of the sororities, Evelyn Wahlgren of Mu Phi Epsilon, Coralee Buschard of Delta Phi Delta, and Virginia Donovan of Alpha Mu Mu, gave short talks on their organizations. Dorothy Bailey sang, Frances Shudde played a piano solo, and Dorothy Isbell played a cello solo. A large pumpkin filled with fall flowers was an unusual centerpiece on the tea table.

Visits Art Museum

Members of the Art Department and interested students visited the St. Louis Art Museum Saturday, November 8. Of special interest in the Missouri Artists Exhibit were two oil paintings by Gail W. Martin, professor and head of our Art Department. They were "Still Life" and "The Bathers."

Who's Who ?

(Continued from Page 1)

Missouri State Women's Athletic Association, vice-president of the Student Council, vice-president of Y. W.C.A., vice-president of the International Relations Club, and vice-president of the Athletic Association.

Miss Haines is president of the Junior Class, treasurer of the Poetry Society, treasurer of the Athletic Association, social chairman of the Y.W.C.A., assistant editor of the annual, and a member of the International Relations Club, German Club, and Sigma Tau Delta.

Miss Nahigian is president of Beta Pi Theta, president of Alpha Psi Omega, literary editor of the annual, Big Sister Chairman of the Y.W.C.A., and a member of Alpha Sigma Tau.

Miss Smith is president of the choir, Junior Council member, and chaplain of Mu Phi Epsilon.

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